

Muscles in the Family – Part 28

Castle Land – Boxer Fire

Ethan walked back up to the girls after a very satisfying moment. They looked absolutely impeccably built and he took a big gulp as he arrived. Sure he had been with them both at home and in small family groups. But now, wearing somewhat regular clothes for girls these days, being in a very public place was a bit of a new experience. Watching them move and interact with regular people, that had to be in awe of the physical specimens that they both were, made Ethan appreciate and elevate them even more.

Here he was though, with both of the loves of his life battling for every spare second of his attention. Just a year before, he was taller, stronger and garnered the crush and ogling from the girl's while not paying it back in full. But now, he felt almost the opposite. Ethan was certainly the least strong of the three and now the middle in height as Claire had now become taller.

Not only that, but his once little sister had grown as well...and if she put on a pair of heels, they now looked eye to eye. But even in doing that, there was a huge, noticeable difference. Her thundering, muscle-laden thighs and wide upper torso almost began to dwarf his marathon runner's physique. Sure he was a highly trained athlete...but when your goal is to shed any unrequired pounds to allow your long, lean legs to carry your entire body as fast as it can over 26 miles...the sheer muscle density difference was becoming laughable.

Without a doubt, Ethan knew his little sister could easily overpower him and it gave him un-pure thoughts all the time and he often had to catch himself from making it too obvious around Claire and his mom. At the same time, Claire was becoming an absolute muscle-beast. Her long legs were filled to maximum capacity with gorgeous, rock hard, huge muscles. Her torso was thickening as her abs grew bigger and stronger by the day it seemed...and her arms and shoulders would make football linebackers jealous.

Just being around the red hot pheromones of these two physically superior girls gave Ethan a half-woodie. He was finding it harder and harder to control his own hormones. But he loved every moment of it and after the quick kiss with Elena and Claire, he decided they needed to finish up their bowling game and do something else fun.

After giving the attendant their bowling shoes back, Ethan grabbed Claire's hand and began to lead her and Elena out to the TopGolf area. He knew he could beat them at that as more technique is involved and pure strength isn't the advantage it is in most other sports.

As Claire and Ethan had almost reached the sliding doors that led to the golf range, they heard a distant call from Elena, "Guys, come back here...come back."

Claire and Ethan turned to see Elena thirty feet behind them standing in front of what looked like a punching bag attached to an outstretched arm.

Ethan and Claire smiled and laughed as they began to walk back towards Elena. She looked more than eager to test her strength against both of them via this Punching Bag arcade game. As you might imagine, it's an upright machine with a big punching bag hanging down from an extended arm. It's called Boxer Fire and has a platform and a flat screen that reads three digits.

The last contestant reached a max score of 688 and Elena was already determined to beat it...not even knowing anything about the machine other than that it had three digits and the max score was probably 999.

But before Ethan arrived with the plastic card with all of the gamer credits, a well-built, older guy in his 40's walked up to the machine. He was tall like Ethan and Claire and looked to be about 210 pounds. Elena stepped back and the three watched with anticipation as the bag slowly moved into place and all of the lights on the machine started flashing in different sequences as it awaited the strike.

With Ethan in the middle, Claire wrapped her arm around his torso and squeezed him against her rock hard, half exposed body. Elena wasn't going to be left out and she too reached her muscular arm out and around Ethan from the opposite side and pulled herself firmly against Ethan as well.

They looked on as the guy turned his body, extended his arm and elbow out and swung at the bag.

POW!

The bag shot up into the extended arm of the machine and with lights flashing and loud music playing, the scoreboard began to move. It obviously started at "000", but the numbers moved so rapidly you could barely make it out as they ran up to "500"..."600"..."700" in an instant. They then slowly moved up from there going to "800", "820", "840"...before finally settling in at 861!

The guy had certainly beaten the hell out of the 688 from the previous player, and he seemed all in all satisfied with the score. Judging by the size of the guy who just went, Ethan was already realizing that 861 as a goal was probably too far to reach. The big guy kind of shook his head in satisfaction and then kind of walked a few feet away to let Elena, Ethan and Claire take their turns. The funny thing about guys is, they're very competitive. Even though he didn't know Ethan and the girls, he was darn sure to stick around until they took their turns and he walked away the victor.

"Me first, Me first." Elena exclaimed as she released her strong grip on her brother and hopped excitedly to the main platform of the machine.

Ethan reached in his pocket and removed the plastic card and inserted it into the Boxer Fire game. Again all the lights started flashing and the bag slowly lowered down into position. Ethan and Claire stood just a few feet behind and Claire raised up her phone to record Elena's attempt.

Elena stood in an athletic position, ready to strike. From just behind, Ethan ogled the absolute unit that was his little sister. Her calves flexed majestically and her rounded, bulging thighs shot out to both sides as her body swayed back and forth while she readied herself for the forceful blow. Her heavily muscled glutes protruded out greatly in this position and they kind of flexed massively under the thin material of her shorts with her slow, methodical back and forth motion.

Ethan loved the look of her muscular back, and as Elena raised her arm and poised her elbow back and to the side, preparing for the strike, mounds of heaving, thick muscles flexed insanely behind her shoulder blade. Even though she was not 200 pounds like the guy who still stood a few feet away, wanting to watch Elena's turn, she looked every bit as strong and ready to do as much damage.

She leaned left, then back right and then, WOOOSH!

"Ha, ha, ha!" the older guy couldn't help but laugh as Elena had completely missed the bag.

Elena had been a bit over-zealous and lost her focus on the target. She looked at Claire and Ethan and smiled in embarrassment while they looked on and also wanted to laugh. But they held back and were more upset with some jerk that doesn't even know them, laughing at his sister.

Trying to help the situation and relax his sister, Ethan said out loud, "Try again E, try again. Just relax and don't worry about some jerk who didn't hit it very hard anyway."

The older guy looked at Ethan with a scowl, but kept from doing anything else as maybe he realized he shouldn't have laughed so loud and obvious at the girl he didn't even know and her struggle to hit the target. He kind of wiped the smile off his face and gave Ethan a bit of a nod. Not like he was apologizing out loud...but that was as close as he would get.

Composing herself and getting a serious look on her face to regain focus, Elena again took her position in front of the bag. Again, Ethan ogled the tremendously built ass and legs on his little sister and watched with awe as the sinuous muscles moved and flowed so majestically as she swayed back and forth. Again Elena reached back her arm and elbow, torqued her upper body, stepped forward and...

WHAM!!!

Elena struck with speed and ferocity like Ethan had never seen. The quickness and explosive power actually kind of startled Ethan and the massive noise the bag made as it was impacted

first by Elena's powerful fist and then as it made contact with the catching area for it in the machine were ear piercing.

Claire, Elena and the guy from earlier watched the scoreboard intently as the numbers began to climb. Ethan was still focused on the raw power-filled body of his incredibly muscled sister and he found himself staring at her gorgeous hamstrings and muscular calf muscles as she still focused intently upon the machine.

500...600...700...800...840...860...880...890...**900**...and finally stopped at...**908**.

"Yaaaaaa!" Elena screamed as she looked back at Ethan and Claire and had to hit a most-muscular pose as she smiled widely. Knowing she had just crushed the 861 score from the big guy before her, Elena was immediately feeling the adrenaline of victory.

Ethan ran up and embraced his thick, rock solid sister. She was so wide and so hard now, Ethan felt like he was hugging a professional bodybuilder. She immediately reached her muscular arms around her crush and easily lifted him off the ground as she twirled them both in happiness. Unprepared for the lift and spin, Ethan's legs flung out behind him during the rotations and he almost took out Claire with his long legs.

He was happy as a clam in her strong grasp and he secretly hoped she'd continue the spin forever. He was becoming addicted to the fact that his little sister was becoming much, much stronger than him and he thoroughly enjoyed her little shows of strength!

But Elena finally put him down and then shared a loving and congratulatory hug from Claire. Ethan watched the two muscular girls embrace and he appreciated the view of all these muscle covered limbs and backs and legs wrapping themselves into each other. At the same time, he caught the other guy walking up to get a better look at the result. He was almost in disbelief that this high school girl, whom he had just laughed at, had just blown away his own score! His huge ego couldn't let that stand and he was trying to sneak in another try while Elena and Claire were distracted.

He couldn't live with himself knowing that he was defeated by a girl so he needed to give the game another go. It was a bully move and Ethan thought it was bullshit. He was about to say something, but quickly realized he was out weighed and certainly out-muscled by this aggressive, 210 pound older guy.

Claire and Elena were still locked in a loving, happy and excited embrace so they weren't ready to take another turn anyway. But as the big guy took a punching position in front of the machine, Claire, Ethan and Elena again took their stance over to the side and watched with eagerness as the stranger took his shot.

POW!

The guy leaned back further and had struck the bag. It shot into the receiving bay with incredible speed and like before, the numbers began to rapidly increase in value. 500...600...700...800...840...850...860...870...880...892!

He had beaten his previous Power Score of 861...but was short of Elena's by plenty.

A bit dejected, and not laughing at Elena now, the guy looked over at Elena and asked, "What did you get again?"

Unprovoked, the cute, young, but heavily muscled Elena stuck out her right biceps, gave her arm a massive flex and said, "Umm...just 908 I think...but I'll probably go again to see how much harder I can hit it."

Ethan and Claire burst out with laughter. Ethan had always enjoyed his little sister's shows of strength and cockiness around him, but couldn't believe she was doing it to this total stranger. It was awesome to see his young sis out muscle and talk shit to a 40 year old man and Ethan's half-woodie was getting harder at the realization that she could do it.

The guy smirked a little and was obviously impressed with the sheer muscle size and strength of Elena. But with that going down, Ethan was keen on his turn at the game and walked to the platform, politely asking the guy to give him a bit of room. Still in a bit of shock that his two hardest punches were both weaker than that of this cute high-school girl, he backed off several feet and like Claire and Elena, waited to see how hard Ethan could hit the bag.

Ethan took his striking position in front of the machine and swayed back and forth much like his sister as he readied to hit the punching bag. "Woo, Woo!" Claire shouted as she ogled his long, lean, tan, athletic, runner's legs.

Ethan twisted his thin upper body forcefully, extended his arm and elbow back and struck!

Wham!

He hit the bag as hard as he could and stepped back to watch the numbers fly! 400...500...600...640...660...670...680...690...698! "Damn." He thought he hit it much harder than that, but it was obvious that his hardest punch was nowhere near as forceful as Elena's potent blow.

"That's so good! That's so good!" Claire said in encouragement as she ran up and hugged her cute cousin. Her strong arms practically squeezed the wind out of him and Claire showered him with several loving kisses as he stood a bit dejected from the weakness of his strike.

Ethan peered over at the older guy who was still watching. The guy had another smirk on his face, reveling in the fact that he was much harder of a puncher than Ethan. Immediately forgetting that he actually had a weaker punch than the young girl who had just gone earlier.

Ethan brought his attention back to his loving cousin and enjoyed a few more of her warm, loving pecks upon his face before she took her turn at the game. "Ok babe." Ethan finally said, "Your turn to throw a punch buffy." He then gave her large biceps a nice squeeze to feel the huge muscle before it attempted to land a powerful blow!

Claire was so tall now and so gorgeous. The fact that she was also covered with pounds and pounds of highly trained muscles made her exponentially hotter! Ethan had a hard time controlling his raging hormones whenever he had sight of her. Her legs were incredibly long and filled with large, defined, separated muscles. As Ethan looked on, he ogled the bulging quad and hamstrings and loved how they tied into each other so perfectly. Her structure was a gift from heaven and he had thoroughly enjoyed watching her turn into this female bodybuilder. And he couldn't wait to join her on her journey to eventually become a professional. The flowing, rock hard, growing, protruding muscle bodies covering her frame made even her slightest twitch or movement seem momentous.

With towering traps, wide, heavily muscled shoulders and biceps and triceps exploding from her arms, Claire stood at the ready for her turn. Like Elena, she kind of swayed back and forth a few times to position and focus on her strike. Her short skirt laid lightly, but beautifully upon her rounded, muscle-hump of an ass and Ethan was imagining the gorgeousness of the muscle just underneath.

Still getting ready, the way Claire's calves flexed and relaxed as the weight transferred from Claire's front leg then back leg and then front leg again made them form into rock hard defined muscles. They would become as hard as diamonds, before kind of relaxing into just heaping masses of muscle in her lower legs. It was a sight to behold and there was a lot of strength and power in that body, and both Ethan and Elena were anxious to see how hard she could hit the bag!

Even the older guy knew this girl at the ready was probably going to beat his score too. He slowly raised his arm and took another sip of his beer. At the same time, he had a serious, but almost defeated look on his face as Claire was about to go.

Claire moved her weight to her back leg and twisted her muscle-covered torso. Her mammoth arm reached back and flexed hard for just a moment.

WHAAAAAAM!

Claire had thrust her body and arm forward so quickly she actually moved in a blur. Her muscle covered shoulders and arm had thrust forward with such speed and such strength, the punching bag blasted into the machine at a million miles an hour. It hit the upper arm of the machine so forcefully it seemed like she could have broken it.

The numbers were moving at light speed as well and they moved past Ethan's score almost instantly! 600...700...800...900...980...990...999!!!!!!

FLASHING LIGHTS!!! LOUD BELLS and WHISTLES!!! DINGS, BEEPS and more FLASHING LIGHTS!!!

Claire had hit the punching bag harder than the game could even register. The highest score possible was 999 and she reached it so fast and with such momentum, Ethan wondered if her force would have registered 1100...1200 or more if the machine had a larger scoreboard!

She smiled widely in utter satisfaction and accomplishment as she looked back at Ethan and Elena. Claire too hit a most-muscular pose and the size and shape of her muscles was absolutely incredible. Her neck seemed to double in size and it was filled with muscle and a huge, blood filled vein that ran up its length. It was framed by her two exploding, towering, thickly muscled traps that looked like something from the hulk!

At the same time, her shoulders turned into meaty, rounded masses that resembled giant cantaloupes attached to her upper arms. It would soon be impossible for her to wear even a men's large or extra-large t-shirt if they grew any more. In addition, her flexed biceps ballooned to huge, curved growths of immense size and shape, covering most of her torso and topped with her defined, rock-hard, horse-shoe shaped triceps growths as well.

As Elena and Ethan approached to congratulate her, Claire somehow reached her arms around both of them first. She squeezed them against her massive body and leaned back, lifting both of her cousin's feet off the ground. Claire then let out a victorious scream and shook the two slightly, letting their legs and bodies flail around a little as she held them air borne.

It was an incredible show of strength and Ethan and Elena loved it. Both were impressed with the meaty girl lofting them so easily and the raging adrenaline that coursed through Claire's exquisitely built physique was awesome!

Even Claire was impressed with her own strength and the giddiness of her smile made Ethan realize she was almost embarrassed at how strong and powerful she had become. She obviously had lost a little control and they all laughed as they realized it at the same time. Claire then put the two cousin's back down and they hugged and kissed each other in fun for a few more moments.

"Ya know, that muscle is all just for show." The older guy said as he had unknowingly to them, approached the trio.

Now really embarrassed that the youngest girl had beat his power score and the slightly older Claire had completely demolished it, he finished, "It won't do you any good in the real world when there's no faulty machine around to give you a hyped up score."

"What are you talking about?" Ethan asked with a stern and questioning look at this older guy that just kept hanging around them for some reason. "Let it go dude."

"Slow down partner." The guy replied to Ethan, "I saw your pathetic score and you probably shouldn't be taking back to anyone."

“Look who’s talking!” Elena shot back in defense of her brother. “You tried twice and I crushed your PATHETIC score, I do believe.”

“Little lady, you may be a great little gym TikTok girl, but trust me, your punch ain’t what the machine has you thinking it is.” He said back in a sharp tone.

“Oh, I think it is guy, and you probably wouldn’t want to take one of these on the chin.” Elena finished as she held up her clinched fist and flexed her biceps.

The muscle in her forearms and biceps was impressive, but the ego deflated older guy just couldn’t let it go and had to push it forward.

“Ok, ok.” The guy shot back. “I’ll let you take your best shot at me and I won’t even flinch.” He bragged.

“Now what the hell are you talking about?” Elena asked as she shook her head and squinted at the guy.

He was so eager to prove that he was actually superior to Elena, even though she had clearly proven otherwise on the Boxer Fire game. He put his arms in front of him and hung them down low by his belt buckle. “Seriously though. A little girl like you couldn’t even make a real man flinch, so it’s great that you did well on the game, but keep your smart little mouth and looks to yourself or they may get you into trouble.”

“Seriously dude, what the fuck are you talking about?” Ethan shot back.

“Hey man, no offense. I’m just saying you need to keep your little girl’s bragging in check or someone might bite off more than they can chew and get hurt.” He answered back sharply.

“Dude, just be glad that punching bag wasn’t you, or you’d be on your way to the hospital right now.” Ethan had to respond.

“Ha, Ha, Ha. She couldn’t hurt a fly and I’ll bet you twenty bucks on it.” The older guy offered loudly.

“What are you proposing now?”

“Seriously. I’ll give little TikTok fitness girl here one shot at my chin.” He replied, “If I stagger back even one step I’ll give you twenty bucks. If I don’t, you owe me twenty.”

“Sorry dude. Not interested. We’re outta here.” Ethan responded and turned his head to grab Claire and Elena and lead them out of the arcade.

But as he turned, somehow, Elena was already holding up some money and had a very pissed off look on her face. “Here’s my twenty bucks ass hole...where’s yours?”

Ethan was shocked and quickly grabbed Elena’s thickly muscled wrist to whisk her away from the scene. But she was stronger than him and the strength of her stance and flexing of her arm

was way too much for him to control. He realized that wasn't going to work and turned back towards the older guy to see him also pulling out twenty bucks and offering it up for the bet.

Ethan looked over at Claire, who had a scowl on her face equal to that of Elena and he knew she was pissed too. She probably wanted to punch this cocky ass hole as well and was secretly jealous that Elena was the one getting the chance. Her arms were crossed in front of her body and the result of her forearms stacked on top of each other made them look absolutely massive. Ethan gulped uncontrollably at the sight of such huge muscles and hadn't ever seen her wrists and forearms looking so meaty, so overly muscled and intimidating looking. But that was her point. Claire was raising her torso and trying to look as large as possible in support of her loving cousin.

Ethan then turned to Elena and the older guy and reached out to grab the twenty bucks from each...winner take all. With that, the guy placed both his feet slightly apart, to secure his stance. He then folded his arms in front of his body as well and said, "Ok TikTok...give me your best shot."

Ethan quickly looked at Claire, but her gaze was laser focused on Elena and the guys face. He then looked at his little sister, she was getting in the similar stance as earlier and began swaying back and forth to find her rhythm. She then twisted her heavily muscled torso and reached her arm back.

Elena had never punched anybody in her life and she began to doubt if the guy was right and in real life, her punch wouldn't do anything. Ethan at the same time wasn't sure either and he began to tell his little sister to stop and was going to call off the whole thing.

But before he could get out the word.....CLACK!!!

With the speed of lightning, Elena had leaned forward, twisted back towards the target, thrown her arm forward and struck the guys chin with her fully hardened fist.

His head jolted hard to the right and his hair flew wildly from her forceful blow...but then somehow...his head sprung back forward to face Elena. In an instant, Elena, Claire and Ethan were shocked that he could withstand such a strike and not even budge. But within a half a second, Ethan noticed a gush of blood start spewing from his lip, his eyes slowly rolled back in his head, and like a slow, timbering tree, he began to fall forward. Elena quickly moved to her left, and between himself and his sister, Ethan watched as the guy fell unconscious and face first into the floor...BLAM!

"Holy Shit E!" Ethan exclaimed, "You just knocked this mother fucker out!"

A massive sense of pride rushed over Ethan as his sister had just taken out a guy Ethan himself would never have even considered going against. He watched as her look stayed stern and angry looking and she said, "Take that you cocky piece of shit!"

“Well, I guess he won’t be calling you TikTok anymore E.” Claire interjected as she rushed to hold her gorgeously muscled little cousin in her own buff arms and look down upon the loser.

Ethan had the 40 bucks in his hand, showed it to the girls and said, “Ok you two, time to get the hell out of here ok.”

Claire and Elena wanted to stand over the jerk a bit more and gloat, but as he began to wiggle around and come to, they decided Ethan was right. Claire wrapped her thickly muscled arm around Ethan from one side. Elena grabbed him powerfully from the other and Ethan placed his arms on the towering and rock-hard traps and shoulders of his two girls as they escorted him out of the arcade and over to TopGolf...reveling in their victory and the extra \$40 they now had to spend on the crazy but fun filled evening...