

The Poster

The next day was one of the longest in my recent life. I had spent the past couple of years in and around my gorgeous, muscle building sister damn near 24 hours a day. Sleeping by myself was hard enough, but at least at home, on the rare occasions Emily didn't come get me to cuddle up and spend the night with her, at least I knew I'd be around her the following morning...and probably all day. Now I was 45 minutes away and the only cuddling I was doing was with a soft, unappealing pillow. Emily's buff arm or chest had acted as my pillow and this damn thing made out of cotton and feathers was not doing the job.

She told me to be patient, so all night long and now the next morning, all I wanted to do was text her or call her and hear her beautiful, athletic, strong sounding voice. I knew she was a little upset by the Bud Light model poster in my room, but what could I do. Eric had every right to put up his damn poster, and the girl was pretty, and fit, and had big boobs and long, sandy-blond hair. She was cute and I knew it, but I was hooked on Em. Every time I looked at that picture on the wall, I thought of my sister and how much hotter she was than Miss Bud Light.

I made minor chit chat with Eric over the next day and a half. He seemed all right, but like the baseball players at high school, he kind of was a bit cocky and didn't really respect cross country. He told me as he laughed, "Dude, your sport is my sports punishment!" Like I thought in high school, that should be a compliment, but I found out back then, it was more of a dig. The fact that I participated in a sport where the smaller and sleeker you were, the faster you ran, meant that I wasn't very muscular or strong, so in a fight, I was definitely going to get my ass kicked.

One small example I had was when one of the guys on our cross country team was dating this girl on the track team. Most cross country kids also ran track. Anyway, she threw the shot put and even though it wasn't a legal sport in high school, she practiced throwing javelin too and planned on doing it in college. Well, she wasn't overly huge, but she was definitely larger and stronger than us cross country guys. When she caught him making out with another girl at school, I thought she was going to kill him. She grabbed him by the tank top, whirled him around like a rag doll jumped on top of him and even took a couple of huge swings and slapped him silly. Me and another guy from cross country tried to pull her off, but she was stronger and madder than both of us and we were useless. It took a couple coaches to get her off of him and he stood no chance at his size against this girl that trained with weights all day and threw around those heavy shot puts.

Anyway, that instant proved that as cross country runners, we were just going to have to stick to dating cross country girls and keep away from fighting any of the guys at school who played sports where size and strength were needed.

Not that I needed to refer back to that story in high school to convey that as a 5'5" cross country runner, I definitely had to keep my cool around Eric and try not to upset him to a point where he may want to beat me up. He was in and out of the room quickly and I didn't see him much anyway, which I thought was a good thing. I could watch my shows, and listen to my music and not have to worry about him or his wants and needs.

It had been going on my second day without hearing from Em. I had been checking her SNAP, Insta and TikTok regularly. She made no posts and I didn't even see that she had been on the apps at all. Damn! I was missing her soo badly...how the fuck was I going to make it here. That's when I hear a ping on my phone. I looked down and saw it was a text from Em.

My heart raced and I immediately opened the message. *Hey there cutie! What Time do you get back to your dorm from practice?* It read. I answered swiftly with, *I'll be back at my room about 4:30.* I desperately wanted to ask why she asked, but I knew better than to question Em. If she wanted me to know something, she'd tell me. *Great, I'll text you back then pip. Sleep well!* She responded with another kissing face, heart emoji. My own, actual heart melted at that point and the biggest smile in the world covered my face.

I could hardly sleep that night. I was racking my brain, questioning, pondering why she was being so coy. It was fun, it was cute, but it was tearing me to bits just thinking about it. I tossed and turned but finally got some sleep from about 3am to 7am. At that point, my idiot roommate had been dumb enough to sign up for an 8am class and his alarm woke me up early. My first class wasn't till 9am so I should have had a perfect sleep schedule if it wasn't for him. Something they never tell you about as they're assigning roommates...they should probably look at class schedules when pairing people up.

So it was an exciting day and I couldn't wait to get to 4:30 when I knew Em would be getting back to me. I finished up with cross country and got back to the dorms for a quick shower and then to anxiously await Em's special text.

Eric was back too and I kind of gave him a quick, “Hey, what’s up.” And then crashed down on my bed to stare at my phone and wait. I was quickly surprised when the text came right on time. *You in your room?* Was the text that came thru. *Yep.* I typed back in immediate response to her. Then nothing. I waited ten seconds, then twenty, then thirty...what the hell was she waiting for. Em was the one who wanted to make sure I was available for her text at 4:30...now, at least a minute or two later...no response...

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Banged thru our room as someone was clearly at our door. I didn’t expect anybody, but Eric occasionally had a visitor, so I expected he would get it. But apparently, he wasn’t expecting anyone as he didn’t budge from his video game. Ugg, I thought as I got up, grabbed the handle and opened the door.

As I opened the door, I saw it was a delivery guy with a long round cylindrical tube. He asked my name and then said, yes, this is for you. It was from Em and I raced to open it up and see what was inside. It was really light weight and looked like a poster tube. I peeled off the top plastic seal, reached in and pulled out the rolled-up item. I placed it on my bed and began to unroll the paper.

I was unrolling it and exposing the image from the bottom up. It was the edge of a pool I could tell from the deck that met with the water by the model’s feet. As I continued to unroll the item, there were tan feet under a kneeled down, very tanned leg. The model was obviously kind of on a knee and I could immediately tell that the leg was heavily muscled. The lower leg, including a thick, rounded calf was being kind of mashed down by a gargantuan, well defined, full, muscle-bound quad. As I reveled more of the poster, the model’s bikini was exposed.

At this point, I recognized the bikini immediately. It was Em’s rhinestone covered posing suit! It made a gorgeous V-shape above the connection of where her muscled quad met her torso. Her abs were bulging beautifully and massively just above her sensationally decorated bikini bottoms. I continued to expose more of the model and the right quad was flexed enormously and it was up and out at a 90-degree angle from her body. So she was kind of sitting on her left leg, with her right out, like she was about to stand up. The lower leg shot down and her diamond shaped calf muscle on that leg was perfectly posed to show off its rock-hard, bi-cut flexed muscle. I was drooling at the sight of her bulky calf, but then started to move my eyes up her leg again, and took in the hanging, rounded, muscle filled hamstring which made her leg look even more muscle-bound than it already was.

Now half unrolled, I was flabbergasted at the awesome spectacle I was ogling so far and excited to expose more of the print. I now made it up a little further and could see her closest, left arm with her hand on her hip. Her lower body was profile to the camera, but she twisted her upper body to her left to expose her torso to the photographer. She was flexing her arm tremendously and the triceps muscle shot out of her thickly muscled wing. I hadn't noticed that kind of rock-hard, horseshoe sized shape to it before, and I was in absolute awe of it. I peered down slightly and noticed her forearm was powerfully flexed as well, and the way the light was hitting her body, I could see the thick, blood filled veins running down its surface.

By now I was pretty much a mess as I exposed more and more of my little sister's unreal physique and I had a half a woody already trying to escape my pants. Continuing to unwrap the gift, I got to just below her neck. Her thickly muscled pecs were pumped to maximum size and although she didn't have big breasts, her chest muscles protruded out tremendously and filled the rhinestone covered bikini top to maximum fullness. They also had a deep valley carved like granite between them and I imagined myself licking her sweat from their depths after one of her long hard workouts.

I had to take a breath as I think I had not taken one since I started opening the poster. I then gulped deeply and finally opened the print all the way up. Her right arm was up in kind of a full biceps pose, exposing her magnificent baseball sized biceps. It was fully flexed and the definition in the separated, three-tiered muscle was beyond belief. My sister had guns that some female bodybuilders might be jealous of and my tongue was hanging out of my mouth as I stared at her perfectly formed arm. In her hand, she held a tropical drink, with a cute pink umbrella in it, and it was obvious, by the very nice pool she was at, that it was supposed to be in some far, fun vacation getaway spot.

Her hair had been fully done up by a pro and it had a beautiful, long slight curl to it and she added color making it a gorgeous mix of blonde, brown and black. It layered wonderfully over her towering, magnificent, powerful traps and finished by lightly covering her massively rounded, heavily muscled shoulder cap. She wore a wide, stunning smile and her eyes gleamed and sparkled handsomely under the bright sun.

I was so overwhelmed with the physical, muscled, perfection I was staring at, I hadn't even noticed she had signed the bottom of the poster near her muscle-laden quad. It read, *Forever Yours Davey XOXOXO !!!*

My heart melted and an undeniable sense of happiness, giddiness and turned-on emotion coursed through every inch of my body. I could not have been happier at that moment. I then noticed a small post-it note as well that read; *Hey cutie, Put me up next to miss Bud Light!*

I was excited to put her up on my wall and walked over to where Eric's poster was. I quickly realized that Em's poster was several inches wider and taller than his, so I began taking it down to move it over. Eric immediately jumped up and said, "Hey man, I told your girl the poster is staying up."

I responded quickly with "It is Eric, It is! I'm just moving it over to put up this poster of my sister." Oooops, I just realized that I let the cat out of the bag and told him the girl who helped me move in, the girl he met and knew didn't like him was my sister. He looked at me with a stern, *You're a fucking weirdo* look and said, "That bitchy, jealous chick is your sister?"

He then looked down on my bed to see the poster I was planning on putting up. "Jesus Christ dude!" He said, "You're not putting up a picture of some muscly chick on my wall."

I was at a standstill and knew I was in trouble. There's no way I could put the poster up if he didn't want me to. Eric was a lot bigger than me and could easily kick my ass. Right as I was wondering what the fuck options I had, there was another KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! At the door. I put his miss Bud Light poster on the table and walked to the door wondering who it could be this time.

My heart jumped out of my body and I think it stopped beating too. My tall, gorgeous Emily was standing in my doorway. She looked amazing. Her hair was as long and beautiful as it was in the poster and I leapt into her powerful arms for a strong hug and quick, but passionate kiss. She was wearing long, baggy sweat pants and a damn pump cover. They pretty much covered every bit of her muscle-laden body, except for her traps, which were clearly visible as the neck in her sweatshirt was cut with scissors to purposely expose those beauties.

Emily quickly put me down and walked up to Eric, her high-tops had a little extra cushioning, so it made her even taller than she already was. She was maybe an inch shorter than Eric, damn near looked him eye to eye and said, "Well Eric, this, oh what'd you call me...Bitchy, jealous, muscly chick, just gave her brother a gift. And he's going to hang it on the wall right here. And

you can move miss Bud Light over and make room for a girl who actually exists...not some beer bimbo who would never even talk to you anyway.”

He stood there a bit shocked that this chick had just got in his face and bashed on his poster. With that, she reached over, grabbed her poster and began to reach out and pin it on the wall. In an act of impulse, Eric reached out and grabbed Em’s arm forcefully and yelled, “You’re not putting that up!”

That was a huge mistake. With Eric’s hand still grabbing her formidable forearm, Em grabbed his wrist, jerked it hard and spun him around. She then did some ju-jitsu style trip and Eric fell face first to the ground right in front of me. Em landed her heavily muscled weight on top of him and still held his arm behind his back. Eric’s other arm was trapped beneath his own body and he was helpless to move.

Emily began raising his backward bent arm up the length of his back and he screamed in pain as he thought she might just break it. “Don’t! Don’t! Don’t! Don’t! Don’t!” he yelled as he thought she might end his baseball dreams with one quick thrust.

“Tell you what Eric.” She lectured him, “I was going to let you keep your little beer bimbo poster up and be cool about it, but now that you’ve turned into such an ass hole, I’m going to trash that and just hang my picture up on your wall. Is that ok with you?” she asked sarcastically as she gave his bent arm a little more upward pressure. “Ya fine, fine with me.” He answered quickly, now completely in her control.

“Good.” Em responded. “Now me and my brother are going to hang here tonight and watch a movie, so why don’t you find somewhere else to stay, got it.”

“Yes. Fine, Fine, I’ll find somewhere else tonight. Just please let me go” He begged her loudly.

“Good. Now that’s a good roommate. Let’s just keep this little interaction between us three and don’t go taking it out on Davey later, he’s got enough on his mind with school and sports... and me. I don’t need him worried about you or your baseball friends, got it?”

“Ya, I got it, I got it, I’ll be cool, I swear!” Eric lamented in very pained voice.

With that, Emily released the pressure on his arm and stood up. She briefly straddle leg posed above him in victory as Eric slowly rose to his feet, shaking his strained and almost broken arm.

He didn't even make eye contact with me as he quickly threw some clothes and his laptop in a duffle bag and quickly left the room.

I had just witnessed my hero damn near physically and mentally dominate another Alpha male in a matter of seconds. She could have basically ended his baseball career in a second and would have every right to do so as he had grabbed her first. Hopefully that scared him straight and he would leave me alone and avoid me as much as possible during our semester as roommates.

I looked up into my sister's beautiful, sparkling eyes and smiled widely. She smiled back, winked and said, "Let's put that poster up huh." I nodded yes and stepped on the chair in front of the wall to reach high enough to pin in the top of the poster. As I did, Em came up from behind me, wrapped her large, muscular arm around my thin torso and rested her head comfortably and sweetly on my back. I paused for a moment, enjoying her loving grasp, then finished pinning the top and stepped down to pin the bottom of the print. God she was gorgeous in that photo. An absolute dream of a girl, and she was my sister and my crush. How lucky can a guy be, I thought to myself as she still held me tightly in her arm.

After a few nice moments, she said, "Well, I know you'll love the poster, but how 'bout the real thing?" With that, she pushed me back slightly, lowered her sweat pants to the ground, exposing her luscious, gorgeous, tanned, muscle bound quads and calves. In another instant, Em raised her arms and lifted the pump cover off her tremendously developed upper body and threw the sweatshirt to the side. She now stood in front of me, perfectly sculpted and again wearing the dazzling, rhinestone covered bikini she knew I loved so much and now had a picture of her in, affixed to my dorm room wall.

She then reached down in her small overnight bag, grabbed a bottle of body lotion and tossed it to me. I stared back at her insanely muscular frame and she said, "Go ahead baby, drip it all over me. I want you to rub it in and over every inch of this meticulously crafted physique. I almost came right in my shorts immediately, but had enough sense to walk forward and pour the smooth oil on her heaving, dark, defined pecs. As I touched her upper peck with each palm, Em stated flexing and bouncing her pecs. The powerful muscle bellies pushed high away from her torso with each massive flex and my palms began to tremble slightly as they slowly rubbed the oil in her supple, firm skin.

As I concentrated deeply upon her chest, Em grabbed my waist with one hand, walked backwards and then sat on my bed. She then wrapped her enormously, pumped up, muscle bound quads around my torso and began giving me nice, tight squeezes as I continued to rub her bouncing pecs. I could have stayed on them all day, but she eventually instructed me to get her guns. With that, she hit a double biceps pose. I dripped a large quantity of the warm oil on her bulging biceps and forearms and swiftly began caressing their immaculate surfaces as well. Like with her chest, my little sister started flexing and relaxing her biceps. Making sure I could feel just how much unbelievable power and strength they contained.

Within a few minutes, Em told me to start massaging her beautifully muscled quads. I drenched them in oil as well and slowly began kneading the liquid into her legs. She was now a slippery, oil covered muscle babe and I was about to explode. Em knew just how turned on I was by her every delicate and power laden movement and slowly brought her foot up and began rubbing my Johnson. It only took a few back and forth motions by her exquisitely positioned foot and I exploded all over myself. She continued to push and stroke my member from the other side of my now soiled running shorts and the white goo eventually began running down my leg.

Like before, Emily wanted a little taste and swiped up a gob to bring to her mouth. She took it in and then licked her lips before leaning forward and meeting her firm, moist, full lips with mine. We began to make out passionately and I continued to rub her muscle filled quads with zest. I wanted to have sex with her soooo badly, but she was keeping to her word and making me wait. She grabbed hold of my torso so hard with her powerful legs, I could no longer breathe, but I didn't care, if there was any place I would be ok dying, it would be in the muscle-laden arms of Em.

We kissed and made-out lovingly for what seemed like at least a half an hour and finally, Emily started to slow down her aggression. As she relaxed, our passionate kissing slowly turned into cute, loving pecks, and we eventually separated and stared into each other's eyes. I just looked deeply at her and said, "I love you Emily." Again, she looked back just as deep and answered, "I love you too Davey."

With that, she relaxed her grip on me and told me to go shower and clean up, and she'd put on something comfy for movie night. I raced to and from the shower as quick as I could and then happily came back into my room to meet Em. Her idea of comfy was damn near the smallest pair of cotton shorts I'd ever seen, that barely covered half of her muscular glutes and crotch area. If she was still trying to turn me on...it was working. She also wore a small, short sleeved

crop top, and the underside of her pecs were exposed out the bottom of it, almost all the way up to her nipple. She was still the picture of sexy, beautiful, muscle sculpted perfection and she was showing off almost every inch of it for me.

With erotic thoughts running through my mind, we cuddled lovingly on my bed, and opened up my computer to stream the latest screamer. I knew she'd be as close to me as possible that night. This massive, muscular girl, that just physically overpowered yet another guy, still got frightened by movies easily. We held each other tightly during the movie and went to sleep comfortably resting my head on her bouncing, heaving, full pecs all night long.