

Mark n' Kel

Mark was just finishing up throwing the football around with his friends. He walked into the kitchen, his shirt off, muscles in his arms and large quads bulging, drips of sweat slowly running down his tanned, toned physique. "Here Mark!" Kelly yelled from just around the corner. In her hand, she held a large glass of lemonade, filled to the top with ice. She knew it was his favorite post-football drink and she had been ogling him through the family room window for the last hour. "Thanks!" Mark replied with a smile as he took the glass and quickly downed the entire amount. His thirst not quenched, he asked for another. His petite 18-year old little step-sister Kelly quickly grabbed the pitcher from the fridge and refilled the mug. She watched intently as Mark downed the second glass just as quickly. "Thanks again pip." He said as he tapped her lovingly on the top of the head and handed her the empty container. Mark then turned rapidly and walked down to his room to take a nice cool shower, washing the dirt and drying sweat from his muscular chest, shoulders and body.

Kelly had laser focus on his every step as he strode around the corner and down the hall. She looked down at the empty glass and slowly licked the edges for a small taste of her gorgeous older brother. Kelly knew it was wrong in some way to be infatuated with her step-brother, but she couldn't help it. He was tall, model good looking, muscular and athletic. He was supposed to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather, who was a professional football player many years ago for the Dallas Cowboys. He was really nice to her and Kelly probably confused his niceness for something more. She was frail by comparison, barely even 5 feet tall, thin and not athletic at all. On top of that, she wasn't the best at school either. Kelly knew she would have a hard time attracting a boy like Mark, so she just tried to be around him as much as possible, before the inevitable day came when he got a girlfriend. Oh, she'd probably be the best looking girl at university, rich, smart, lots of pretentious friends. Kelly almost puked just thinking about it. She gathered her thoughts, used the same glass and poured herself some lemonade. It was so good, so sweet, and still had the taste of her brother's lips on the rim she thought.

Later that evening, at dinner, Cindy, Kelly's mom made an announcement. "Kids." She said, "Steve and I will be going to Europe for the next 2 and a half weeks. I know you enjoy going to my parent's farm up state, so you'll be staying with them till we get back." "Wow!" Kelly exclaimed, "That's great!" Getting to spend almost three weeks alone with her older brother was basically a dream come true for her. "What!" Mark exclaimed in horror. "What about hanging with all my friends, and practicing football, and, well, the roads are all dirt, so I can't even skateboard." Steve, Mark's dad replied, "Son, it's two and a half weeks. You can fish and ride mountain bikes and hike an swim. Don't act like there's nothing to do. Besides, your grandparents won't be around forever and they're absolutely dying to have you up there." The mood at the table was a bit tense, but underneath, Kelly was absolutely beside herself with happiness. "Don't worry Mark." Kelly said, "It'll be lots of fun and I can try to catch your passes if you want to practice football." Mark laughed out loud, and then caught himself and said, "Sorry pip, I know you mean well, but I've got a cannon for an arm and you'll probably get hurt trying to catch my throws." She tried to nudge him into being happy about spending several weeks with her, but it didn't really help. Kelly was just going to have to try her hardest to make Mark happy once they got to the farm.

The day for them to leave finally came and they packed their suitcases for the trip. Kelly's was completely full and as she rolled it down the stairs it went "bang, bang, bang." It was heavy as hell and when she got to the back of the Tahoe, she couldn't come close to lifting it off the ground and into the vehicle. Mark quickly reached over, grabbed it with one hand and kind of heaved it up and in. Mark's bicep flexed greatly as he did it and Kelly's eyes were glued to every inch of it. Mark noticed and flexed it in front of her face. "See this sis." He said, "It's why I'm going to play in the NFL one day." Impressed, Kelly reached up and grabbed it. She didn't expect it to be that hard and kind of jumped her hand back. "Go ahead." He said, "You couldn't dent it if you tried." Up for the challenge, Kelly grabbed her older brother's bicep with both hands. She didn't have much strength and her fingers couldn't make the smallest of impressions on his rock-hard muscle. "Wow!" she exclaimed, "You're soooo strong Mark...that's amazing." He smiled, gave her a pat on the head and said, "Ok, Ok, gun show is over, let's go to the farm." With that, they hopped in the car, Mark in the back seat on the left, Kelly on the right. They made small talk on the way up and Kelly caught herself constantly staring down at her brother's muscular quads. He seemed to have caught her a couple of times, but she just turned her head or eyes quickly each time, acting like she was looking at something else.

They finally arrived at the farm and hugs all around for grandma and grandpa. It was a four bedroom house so Kelly and Mark would each have their own upstairs room, while the grandparents were down on the first floor. Grandpa tried to grab Kelly's heavy suitcase from the back of the vehicle, but he couldn't handle the weight and it fell to the ground. "Holy Cow!" grandpa exclaimed, "What's in there...rocks?" Kelly just smiled in embarrassment as Mark reached over, grabbed it with one strong arm and lifted it off the ground, carrying it inside for his petite little sis.

Mark dropped off Kelly's suitcase in her room and headed to his own. Of course she had the huge luggage and filled it full of more shoes and clothes than she'd ever need, plus threw in and a few books to read. They took a little while to get settled in and then were milling around the living room when Mark started complaining about not having a few buddies to toss the ball around with. Kelly jumped at the opportunity to make an impression with her older brother and said, "Mark, I'll play catch with you, I can run the patterns and be your wide receiver." Mark immediately laughed and said, "No offense Kel, but you don't know how to run patterns and you certainly couldn't catch my rocket balls." Trying way too hard, Kelly got mad and insisted she could do both. After a bit of convincing, Mark finally said, "Fine. Let's go play catch." And they both walked outside.

Mark drew up a simple hook pattern and had Kelly run the drill. It took a while, but her 5 foot tall, 95 pound frame ran the route and turned for the catch. The ball was hurled through the air and Kelly put out her hands for the catch. She didn't realize just how hard the ball was thrown and it easily jetted through her hands and arms and blasted her in the chest, knocking her to the ground. It even took her breath away and she laid on the ground, groaning and struggling to inhale some fresh, life giving air. Mark raced to her side and apologized 100 times while also asking if she was ok. A few tears were running down her face, but she managed to eventually gain her breath back and told her big brother she was ok. She dusted off and Mark walked her back inside for some water and a nice couch. Kelly sat down

inside and started to tear up. She had her crush all alone and had a chance to impress him, but she failed miserably and knew he'd never want to play catch with her again. It was a tough hour and after dinner, she decided she'd just go up to her room and read to take her mind off her failed attempt to bond more closely with her slightly older step-brother.

### The Necklace

While reading her romance novel, Kelly decided to take a little break and put her clothes into the dresser in the room. To her surprise, as she opened the top left drawer to put her panties in, she noticed a small, light blue box. Curious, she grabbed the box and sat down on a comfortable chair in the corner of the room. She slowly lifted the lid to the box and looked inside. What she saw was beautiful. It was a glimmering silver chain attached to a small round sphere with a blue stone inside. She thought she should ask her grandma about it, but it was so beautiful, she just had to put it on. Kelly stood in front of the full length mirror next to the dresser and clasped the necklace around her soft, thin neck. As she did, the blue stone seemed to turn bright for a flash and then returned to its normal shade. "What the hell was that?" she thought. She started shaking the stone several times to see if she could get it to flash again, but no luck. Kelly even tried to remove the necklace and inspect it further, but the clasp seemed to be jammed now, and she tried for several minutes, but just couldn't get it loose. She thought that was weird, but decided to go ahead and get some sleep now and have her grandma help her with it in the morning.

As she laid in bed, she just couldn't get to sleep. She kept thinking about her embarrassing performance playing catch and it was gutting her. Kelly felt like she had blown her chance for Mark to be impressed with her and wished desperately that she had been like a gazelle with her running and like a perfected athlete with her catching ability. Why did she have to be so short and weak? She knew Mark would like her more if she was tall and athletic, but that would never be, and Kelly cried herself to sleep knowing she'd never have him.

The morning seemed to come quick and as Kelly reached over to grab her phone, she noticed tons of wrappers on the small table the phone was laying on. She looked more closely and saw that they were the protein bars Mark had brought from home. "That was weird." she thought, why are all of these protein bar wrappers here. She didn't remember getting up at night. She had tried one of the bars a month or so ago and didn't like them. Why were they here? Kelly slid to the side of the bed, sat up, reached over and began counting. One, two, three, four, five, six. "Holy Shit!" she thought, I ate six of these. Shocked, she stood up to go to the bathroom and quickly kicked the empty gallon jug of milk that was lying there. "Damn." She exclaimed, she had also drank a whole gallon of milk. As she made her way around the bed, there was another batch of six protein bar wrappers. "What the hell!" she thought, she had drank a gallon of milk and ate 12 protein bars.

Kelly finished her quick trip to go pee and then came back to the bed. A bit of light was peeking thru the window and as she reached down to pick up the wrappers she noticed her arm looked bigger, fuller than it had ever looked. She quickly grabbed it with her opposite hand. It felt bigger, harder than she had ever imagined. Kelly decided to flex it. To her absolute shock, a rock-hard bicep appeared.

Kelly stood in front of the mirror flexing, feeling and ogling her fuller, fitter body. "How had this happened?" she wondered. Was she dreaming? Was this some sort of fantasy she secretly didn't even know she had. Kelly looked down again at the necklace and grabbed the blue spherical shape. Did this have anything to do with it??? Right then, there was a knock on the door. "Breakfast is ready kids! Time to rise and shine!" Kelly looked over at the clock which read 7:30am. "I guess everything starts early around here." she said back thru the closed door. "Yep kiddos." Grandma replied. "Hurry now...don't want the food getting cold."

Kelly grabbed her lulu lemon tights and pulled them on. It seemed tougher though. They normally smoothly shot up her skinny legs when she pulled them on, but it seemed as though there was a lot of resistance now. They seemed much tighter than before. She definitely noticed the new thickness in her legs but another strange thing was very noticeable. As she pulled the top of the tights around her waist, the leggings no longer reached down to her ankles. They only stretched to just below her thickening calves. For the first time, she noticed she might have grown taller too. Kelly pulled on her hoodie and threw her long sandy blonde hair into a ponytail and headed downstairs.

As she arrived at the breakfast table, Mark and grandpa were already sitting down. Kelly quickly gave her grandma a good morning hug before sitting down as well. As she did, she immediately noticed that she seemed to be almost the same height. Her grandma was 5'3" and Kelly was maybe 5 feet tall at most. She half dismissed it and sat down at the table. There was a big bowl of scrambled eggs, a pile of bacon and some fruit. Kelly took a couple big scoops of eggs, several pieces of bacon and a heaping of fruit. The taste was so good to her. Kelly couldn't ever remember eggs and bacon tasting so good. She would normally have a small amount of eggs and maybe two pieces of bacon, but this was delicious. Kelly gulped down the plateful of food in just a couple of minutes. She looked over at Mark, who had barely eaten half of his small helping of eggs and maybe one piece of bacon. As she reached to grab the remaining amount of eggs from the big bowl and the remaining 4 pieces of bacon she asked, "Hey, do you guys mind if I finish these?" To that, Mark said, "Go for it." And grandpa said, "Sure honey, whatever you like." With that, Kelly heaped the remaining eggs and bacon on to her plate and began to gulp it all down.

A few minutes passed and Kelly quickly finished her food. Mark had only eaten half of his first portion and grandpa asked him to finish the rest. "Sorry grandma." he replied, "It's good, I'm just not very hungry this morning." She said, "hmm, that's a first honey, I hope you get that appetite back soon, I've got lots of great meals planned for you kids." And she reached out to grab his plate. Kelly instinctively held out her arm and stopped grandpa and asked, "Can I have the rest of Mark's, I'm still hungry." "My

goodness young lady." Grandma replied, "You sure have a big appetite for such a petite little girl." Kelly just smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Grandma smiled and scraped Mark's remaining eggs and bacon on to Kelly's plate. As Kelly consumed the last of the food, Mark got up from the table to go take a shower. As he did, Kelly was struck by his hair. It seemed longer to her. His bangs hung down to his eyes and the length in the back went down to the base of his neck. It also seemed shinier as well. Kelly quickly commented and said, "Mark, I like your longer hair, it looks good." To that he replied, "Ya, I hadn't even noticed I'd let it get this long, but ya, I kinda like it too." and he headed upstairs.

As Kelly got up from the table to head upstairs, Grandpa reminded her, "Be sure to put something on that can get wet dear, we're taking the kayaks out on the lake to fish in a few. The fish are really biting right now!" "OK Grandpa." Kelly replied as she hurried up to her room. She wasn't the biggest fan of fishing, but she knew her brother Mark loved it, and anything she could do to be closer to him was a must. She pulled open a drawer and grabbed a bikini top. She pulled off her hoodie and nightshirt and stood naked from the waist up. "Oh my god." she exclaimed. Her small mosquito bites for boobs had grown fuller atop a thick, hard chest. She reached up and felt her hard upper chest and the well-defined valley that had formed between the left and right pec. On accident, she kind of flexed and they popped up significantly. "What the fuck?" she thought as she continued to caress and flex her new chest muscles over and over again. Then she realized she was able to flex them separately and began popping the left, then the right, then the left, then the right pec muscle over and over again. It was mesmerizing and insanely impressive. Kelly then began flexing all of her muscles, from her newly developed calves, to her thicker, strong thighs, to her biceps and chest again. She shook her head in disbelief at her new muscular and athletic build. Kelly got excited just thinking of how impressed her brother would be with her fit physique and couldn't wait to show it to him.

She heard Mark finish up in the shower and knocked on the sliding door to the bathroom. it was a Jack and Jill bathroom that connected their two bedrooms. He said, "Come in I'm good." She wanted to walk in with just her bikini top, but at the last second, threw on a crop top and opened the door. Mark was standing there with just a towel wrapped around his waist. His muscular upper body was still moist with water and his longer dark hair hung down even lower now, and slightly draped over his left shoulder. Mark turned his head to look at Kelly and his eyes almost burst out of their sockets. "Damn Kelly." he said, "When the hell did you get a ripped six-pack!" She smiled widely and looked down, noticing that her newly formed, ripped six-pack was clearly visible in her crop top, even if her larger shoulders, pecs and biceps were not. "Oh, thanks bro." she answered, "I've been doing lots of sit-ups lately I guess." "Well, its working." he finished as he walked by, patted her buff abs and closed his door to the bedroom behind him. Kelly's knees buckled and she nearly fell to the ground in satisfaction as her love had just caressed her six-pack as he walked past. "Oh my." she thought, "If he's that impressed with her abs, wait till he sees the rest of me.

Still giddy, Kelly made her way downstairs and outside to meet grandpa and Mark. They each put on a backpack that had snacks and drinks prepared by grandma and walked over to a shed that had the three kayaks inside. Grandpa grabbed his and said to Kelly, "These are pretty heavy dear, I'll come back and

get yours in a minute." As Kelly stood there, she watched Grandpa and even Mark, kind of struggle a bit, carrying their heavy, awkward kayaks down to the edge of the lake. She was feeling a little energetic though, so she decided to give hers a try. She leaned it up in its side, grabbed under the side of the seat and hoisted it up next to her, off the ground. "Hmmm, that's not that heavy." she thought, and she proceeded to walk it down to the lake. "Wow." grandpa exclaimed, "I didn't think you could lift it dear, but you actually made it look pretty easy." "Ya Grandpa." she replied, "I thought it would be heavier too. Must have been all those eggs I had for breakfast." With that, they hopped in the boats and began to paddle out into the lake.

As they paddled out, there was a buoy about 100 yards into the middle of the lake. "Hey Mark." Kelly asked, "Wanna race to that buoy?" "Sure pip." Mark replied, knowing she had never beat him at anything ever. "OK Go!" she yelled and the two started paddling. As expected, Mark took the early lead. By half way, he was easily two boat lengths ahead. But as he started to slightly tire, Kelly kept paddling with all her might. Her speed never slowed, and as they got to 3/4 the way there, she had pulled next to him. Mark looked to his left in shock, that his little step-sister was even with him, and he gave it every last effort. It seemed to work initially, as Mark again took a slight advantage, but with just meters to go, Kelly's boat tip pulled even and then banged into the buoy mere inches before his. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!" she yelled, "I can't believe I won! Oh my God!!!" Mark couldn't believe it either and shook his head in utter shock. He was disappointed in his performance but happy for his sis. She was giddy with elation and he slapped paddles with her in good sportsmanship, congratulating her for the win.

Kelly was a bit hot from the race and decided to take off her shirt and jump in the water. As she did, she swam under and over to Marks boat and came up. She put her arms up on his Kayak and as they laid on the side, the muscles in her arms bulged outward against its flat surface. "Damn!" Mark said as he looked down at her muscular arms, "When the hell did you get biceps pip?" Kelly was again embarrassed by such a compliment and blushed bright red and said, "Um, I don't know, recently I guess." He reached down in amazement and grabbed hold of her thick left bicep. Mark squeezed it to feel just how hard it was. To his amazement, it was very hard. "Flex it Kel." he asked. Still a bit embarrassed, Kelly slowly raised her left arm and gave it some pressure. To both of their amazement, it balled up into a beautiful rounded bicep muscle, dripping wet with lake water running down its smooth but rock-hard surface. Mark kept squeezing and caressing it, to the point where Kelly couldn't take it anymore and pulled away dunking herself underwater. While under, she couldn't believe what was happening, for the first time ever, her brother was openly impressed with her physique. She never dreamed in a million years this would happen and was unsure how to take the newly found attention.

She swam back to her boat and hopped back in. Her hard body dripping wet with cool lake water. Mark was just staring at her now and said, "Jeez Kel, even your back and shoulders have muscles now. You look amazing." Smiling uncontrollably, she paddled her boat around so she and Mark now faced each other. Kelly paddled right next to him and said, "Well bro, your looking pretty good these days

yourself." He kind of blushed and laughed too, taking one long, impressive look at his sisters new, fit, athletic and muscular physique as she continued by.

They paddled around and fished for the next two hours, soaking in the sun and having sandwiches and drinks. Kelly found herself still very hungry though and yelled out to Mark to see if he had any of his sandwich left. "Yep." he replied and he threw her the half he was not hungry enough to eat. Kel quickly ate it and washed it down with a bottle of water. Somehow, her line kept going off and she was catching all the fish. She had caught 5 trout, grandpa had caught one, and Mark was still at zero. Kel was feeling a little bad for him and grandpa announced that it was time to head back. Luckily, right then, Mark's line went taught. The pole bent and Mark exclaimed, "I got one grandpa, I got one." Kel and grandpa were both stoked for him and watched with glee as Mark reeled it in. He finally got it up to the boat and reached out to take it off the hook. As he did he exclaimed, "Oh, it's slimy and gross. Will you grab it and take it off the line grandpa?" "No Mark." grandpa said, "That's part of fishing. You need to take it off yourself." Disappointed, Mark reached out to take it off the line again. Again he exclaimed, "Ooooo, it's so gross and slimy though." and removed his hand from the trout. Without hesitation, Kelly quickly paddled over, grabbed the fish in her strong hands and removed it from the line, winking at her older brother as she tossed it in his kayak fish compartment. Mark was a bit embarrassed that his little sis had to take his catch off his line for him, kind of looked back at her and said, "Thanks." Kelly smiled widely, couldn't believe the nice turn of events today had taken and paddled back to the shore.

They all arrived at the shore and pulled their boats a few feet out of the water. Grandpa had to go pee so he left his boat there and ran up to the house. Mark picked up his boat and began hauling it up to the shed. The boat seemed heavier to him though now and he could only make it about ten feet or so before he had to stop and lean the boat back down on its side. Kelly picked up her kayak like before and it felt extremely light. So light in fact, that she decided to pick up Grandpa's boat as well. She held one under her growing, muscular left arm now and one under her right. She easily walked up the hill, past her struggling older brother and into the shed. She placed the two kayaks into their racks and walked back outside.

Mark was barely half way up the hill, so Kelly walked down to meet him and easily took the boat from him. She then, quickly and effortlessly strutted it up to the shed and placed it in its rack. When she turned around, Mark was standing there in awe of his little sister's new found strength and amazing, muscular physique. He instinctively walked up to her, his beautiful long hair lying over his right shoulder. Kelly was now only two inches shorter than Mark and as their eyes met, she instinctively reached up, gently grabbed the back of his head and pulled it forward into hers, locking lips as they both shared their first ever passionate kiss. They kissed for minutes, their tongues intertwined, their wet, moist lips leaning hard into one another. "How could this be happening?" Kelly thought, just a week before, she was licking a glass Mark drank out of, pretending this day might come to reality, but believing it probably never would. She felt so strong, so powerful at this moment, she reached her arms down around Mark's butt and lifted. To his surprise, his feet came off the ground in her powerful grasp. He quickly wrapped his legs around her torso and his arms around her neck, being completely supported

by his little sister's muscular, strong, physique. The passion and euphoria he felt in his sister's arms was intoxicating and he kissed her more passionately now than he could ever imagine kissing anyone. They were bonded now, and he never wanted to let go....