

## Muscle in the Fam – part 22

Elena leaned back in her chair, a huge smile on her face after just having a nice little encounter with her hero, crush and older brother Ethan. She was so giddy in his obvious attraction to her now stronger, bigger, more confident and muscular frame. Her chair nestled next to his, her heavy, powerful quad leaning against his fit, but much smaller, lean runners' legs.

The warmth created between the two limbs caused that additional heat that made small amounts of sweat pour thru her skin...causing a nice, moist connection between the two. Elena even pushed her leg more forcefully into Ethan's, wanting him to enjoy her loving touch. He did of course, and even pushed back at her leg a little, letting her know he enjoyed their sibling playfulness.

At the same time of course, Claire was reaching out her legs and had his right leg pinned between her two monstrous, rock-hard calves. She squeezed hard and he felt like his leg was in a vice as the pressure was so forceful and solid. He enjoyed her muscular touch though, and a smile was on his face as she kind of moved her legs, forcing his whole body to veer one way or the other with her direction.

Elena noticed the action though and could feel his body moving forcefully to and away from her thigh. She reached down with her right arm and placed her palm on the outside of her brother's right leg. So she was basically bending over, with Ethan's two legs pinned between her thickly muscled quad and strong right hand.

As Claire tried to move Ethan to his right...away from Elena, her younger cousin would pull hard against the force, basically pulling him back towards her. And as Elena was doing this, she smiled widely at Claire, letting her know she was having fun keeping her big brother as close to her as possible.

His lower legs in Claire's monstrous grip, his upper legs in his younger sister's powerful grasp, Ethan was trying to keep himself composed. What really didn't help, was that somehow, instinctively, as Elena's arm was draped in front of his torso, reaching downward to his leg, Ethan reached out his hand, getting a palm full of Elena's upper arm.

As it flexed hard while fighting Claire's powerful movements, Ethan was blown away. The triceps muscle bulged out with an awesome, rounded hump. It was long and really firm, and he loved the feel of her supple skin atop her fully flexed, ridiculously solid muscles. The elongated biceps had a distinct separation in the middle and the upper half and lower half of it felt amazing in his hand. And it was big...really big. Even with his decent sized hands, he wondered if he could even grasp half of its muscle-bound girth.

At this point, Ethan had Claire's long, gorgeous, muscular legs around his lower limbs, while he also had Elena clutching his upper legs tightly, smashed between her meaty thigh and strong

grip. At the same time, he had ahold of his sister's ridiculously buff upper arm. He was enjoying a slice of heaven and his member was more than aroused. He knew he couldn't get up to use the restroom again...at least for a while before he could calm things down in his pants.

He locked eyes with his gorgeous cousin sitting across the table from him. She had a wide smile on her face, as even with Elena's help, Ethan was unable to prevent her from kind of swishing him back and forth with her unbelievably strong quads and calves.

And as she did that underneath the table, away from the peering eyes of their parents, Claire acted like all was normal. She slowly reached out her hands and grabbed a baguette from the center of the table. Then, flexing her muscles way more than necessary, she clawed at the bread with her strong fingers, tore off a big piece of bread and keeping her right biceps fully flexed, brought the baguette piece to her luscious, full lips and athletic face for a bite. Ethan was tractor beamed in to her stunning biceps and watched intently as it flexed and relaxed during the bread tearing process. He then slowly fixed his gaze with Claire again and watched her take another bite of food.

Claire's jaw muscles flexed and relaxed while she chewed. Ethan was awestruck at just how amazing even Claire's jaw muscles looked to him. It was slow...deliberate...sexy! He had fallen head over heels for Claire and the simple act of her eating a piece of bread sent his hormones racing!

"Wanna' piece?" Claire winked as she asked out loud to her fellow graduate.

"Sure Claire...absolutely." Ethan answered his cousin in kind of a plain way in front of the folks, feeling the hot passion in his soul but trying to kind of cover that up...

But instead of just giving him a piece, hand to hand, Claire held out her left hand, motioned her index finger for him to come closer. With that, Ethan leaned inward at the table, allowing his face to get close enough for Claire to actually hold the baguette near his mouth. Ethan then took a bite of her bread, right off the end she had just ripped a piece from with her own, powerful jaw and teeth.

It was a bit of a magical moment to Ethan...having his stunning, buff, gorgeous cousin feed him in front of everyone...letting Jan and Linda know they had an obvious, special relationship. Even if the parents didn't know just how intimate they were with each other, they certainly knew they were close!

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"Look at those arms...just...too much, right?" Jan said to Linda as she peered at her daughter's outstretched arms, thick looking, with muscles bulging all over them as she fed her loving cousin.

Claire rolled her eyes immediately at the comment, gave her mom a sarcastic grin and then hit a huge left biceps pose with her left arm. The bicep exploded up and outward, forming a huge

muscle body atop her thick arm. Ethan gulped in amazement at the perfectly shaped flex from his cousin, wanting badly to lick its massive hump...but he couldn't. Jan and Linda were gazing directly over at them and although they were giving little clues to their more than cousinly friendship...Ethan and Claire had to try to keep it unknown.

"Ya mom, I know...too much...but, I hope you're not too upset because I don't plan on stopping the lifting any time soon." Claire shot back with a crooked smile.

"Really? Really young lady? Well, it's going to be hard to get a boyfriend when you can bench press a bus!" Jan voiced her true concern as she shot back.

"Oh, I don't know Jan?" Linda intervened as always, "Maybe we just don't understand what this generation finds attractive. Maybe they hold different social opinions about what they find alluring in a boyfriend or girlfriend. Even though I know Ethan finds the tall, thin, Barbie type girls attractive, maybe there ARE guys out there who like girls with a little bit of muscle?" Jan finished...having no idea what her own son now found insanely attractive on a woman!

"HA HA HA!", Elena couldn't help but laugh. She knew how wrong her mom was and knew how infatuated her brother was with her and Claire's muscles. Jan and Linda could not have been more wrong and although she couldn't say anything, she wanted to rub it in their face just how mistaken they were!

Claire looked across the bread crumb covered table at Elena. She gave her that look like, "I know what you want to say but don't...Please!!!"

Elena just stared back and smiled widely...knowing the truth, but having the strength to keep it behind closed lips.

"And for your information mom, Elena and I get hit on all the time at the gym." Claire thought she needed to point out.

"Ya, by a lot of meat heads I'm sure!" Jan said back angrily.

"No mom, by all kinds of guys, so, I think you're a bit out of touch and should let me enjoy what I'm doing without shitting on it all the time." Claire finished.

"Well, I don't know if what you're doing is safe." Jan responded, "Travis said you and Elena are lifting way more than girls should be able to lift and he suspects you're doing steroids and probably giving them to Elena too?"

"We've been lifting for TWO YEARS mom! He's been lifting for three months and all of a sudden he should know how much I'm supposed to lift!...and I must be DOING STEROIDS since I'M STRONGER THAN HIM?" Claire blurted back.

“Hmmm, I don’t need you raising your voice at me young lady. It’s not normal for a girl to have so much muscle and no...you shouldn’t be stronger than your own brother, it’s upsetting him.” Jan yelled back.

“You’re infuriating mother! I can’t lift weights because it’s embarrassing to Travis that I’m stronger? That’s his fucking problem. What a joke...I’m outta’ here...and going back to the gym...which seems to be the only place I can be complimented and accepted!” Claire yelled back as she jolted up and bolted for the door.

Ethan peered over to watch his upset cousin. Claire looked SO HOT, even in her enraged state. Her large quads bulged to the sides with each maddening stride and the calves were so big, so muscular, Ethan hated to see Claire go...but LOVED to watch her leave.

Unfortunately for him though, Elena shot up to support her cousin and went running after her. Elena’s tight romper was really hugging her behind though and Ethan watched his sister’s muscle filled glutes flex hard and stretch the material greatly as she gave chase. Not only that, her right arm was carrying her purse, so the triceps in her arm flexed for him again. He wished his hand was still grabbing it, feeling it, caressing its magnificence. But off she was, racing out of the restaurant.

“Well shit!” Ethan thought to himself. He went from having his two muscle-girls all over him, wrestling with him, to sitting by himself in a matter of seconds. Gone was his sister’s impressively formed triceps and killer quads...gone were Claire’s amazing, diamond shaped calves.

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“See Linda...see Ethan.” Jan exclaimed, “Every time I try to have a meaningful conversation with her, she flies off the handle and storms away. Somethings wrong, now I believe more than ever Travis is right...she’s taking steroids.”

“I don’t think so Aunt Jan.” Ethan had to defend his lover.

“Well how do you know Ethan, how the heck do you know what she’s taking and not taking?” Jan asked sternly.

“Because I bought them for her.” Ethan admitted to her.

“What did you do Ethan?” Linda now interjected, realizing he was the source of her bodybuilding supplements.

“She was upset and crying one night mom.” Ethan looked over at his mom and answered.

“Apparently, she had been in an argument with Aunt Jan and Travis and they threw her protein powders away. I couldn’t stand to see her so sad, so I took her over to Golds and bought her everything she wanted. There’s pre-workout powder, protein powder, post workout drinks and creatine pills. But that’s it. No steroids...I swear.”

“That’s very sweet Ethan.” Jan said, “But please honey, don’t encourage her like that. She is very confused right now, and I think it would be best if she quit working out like that and getting so manly. I mean, would you or any of your friend find that kind of muscle on a girl attractive?”

“I don’t know Aunt Jan? I mean, she has always been cute, so I’m sure some guys will find her attractive anyway.” Ethan answered, not wanting to show his true massive feelings for Claire, but also at least putting the thought in his aunt’s head that not all guys would be repulsed by a girl with big muscles.

“Again Ethan. Thank you for being so supportive of your cousin, even though I know you and your friends would not be into that. But please, please, please, quit encouraging or helping her with all of that workout stuff. I know it’s just a phase and by next year, she’ll be on to some other focus.”

“Sure Aunt Jan. I’ll be sure to do that.” Ethan lied through his teeth. If anything, he was going to do everything he could to encourage her to get bigger, stronger...more muscular. He was absolutely addicted to her gorgeous muscles, but couldn’t dare say anything. Not now and probably not for a while, depending on how long they were going to hide their relationship from everyone!

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Claire and Elena pulled up to Golds. Claire was again furious at her non-supportive, non-understanding, Travis loving mom. She was going to hit the weights hard today, and couldn’t wait to start pumping some iron and relieving some stress.

She looked in her workout bag and realized that she had forgotten to put her shaker bottle in it. Like a complete muscle-mommy, she opened up the pre-workout container, took a scoop of the dry, cherry flavored powder, opened her mouth, leaned her head back and tossed it in. With her mouth full of the dry mix, she then grabbed a bottle of water, swished it around in her mouth with the pre-workout and swallowed.

Not the best way to take the supplement, but if you don’t have a shaker bottle, that’s how it must be done. Elena peered over at her older Cousin. Her face was so gorgeous, athletic and muscular looking. A small red drip flowed down her cheek from the unorthodox way she just had the pre. Elena leaned over and cutely licked Claire’s chin and cheek, cleaning off the liquid.

Claire laughed out loud, handed Elena the container and watched as she too poured the dry pre-workout powder into her mouth. Next, E dumped in some water and swished it around. Lastly, she took in a big gulp and swallowed the mixture. Her older cousin glued to the whole process for some reason.

Eleana turned her head over towards Claire. Her older cousin was staring below her chin. “What, did I spill some too?” Elena asked as she brought up her hand and kind of felt her chin and just underneath.

“No E. It’s just. I don’t know, it’s like as you took that gulp, your neck muscles flexed. They’re thick and kind of, well, huge.” Claire commented.

Elena brought her hand up and started kind of feeling her own neck with her hand, even kind of stretching up to look at it in the passenger mirror. She swallowed again and then flexed it. Claire was right, the elongated muscles running from just above her collar bone and up under her chin grew tremendously and had some actual size, definition and separation in them.

“Holy shit!” Elena said out loud, realizing Claire was right. Her neck was kind of buff!

“I know E.” Claire followed up. “Super-hot for some reason!”

Then, without warning, Claire leaned her head over and started licking and kissing her younger cousin’s muscular, strong, gorgeous neck. She loved the taste of her skin, her scent and her over developed neck muscles. And Elena loved that her gorgeous, athletic, tall, muscle-loving cousin was showing her this obvious attraction. Because she had an equally, if not larger, unannounced interest in Claire.

Elean closed her eyes, leaned her head back and purposely flexed it for Claire. She enjoyed every second of Claire’s moist touch. She imagined how amazing it would be to experiment with Claire. Feel her skin upon hers, feel her loving, passion-filled touch. The moment lasted for a brief thirty or so seconds, but would remain in Elena’s memory forever. Claire backed up, winked and wore a wry grin. She then motioned her head towards the gym and said excitedly, “C’mon E...let’s go kick some ass!”

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The girls hurried into Golds and made their way to the girls’ room. They pulled off their matching rompers and dug their workout clothes from their duffels. Elean gently moved the tight, light blue spandex shorts up her smooth skin. They hugged her calf and bulging quad muscles as they made their way up to her waist. Light blue was her favorite color and Elena loved the look of her growing legs and muscular glutes in the pretty shorts. Even she was starting to become amazed at the look of her own, large, thickly muscle-packed quads and she had to take a moment to flex them in the bathroom mirror...admiring her own physique, longing to improve upon it and become bigger, stronger and more defined.

Claire was partial to her version of Ethan’s short, track style running shorts. They were quite small and she loved the feel of the silky material as it slid up her densely muscled calves and thighs. She also loved the feeling of the slick fabric as it clung snugly to her massive, rounded, rock-hard glutes.

As Elena was checking out her own legs in the mirror, Claire stood up, turned her backside to the mirror and ogled her own gorgeous calves, ass and rounded, nicely protruding hamstrings. The way Claire’s gargantuan butt curved down and tied into her hammies was majestic and

when she started this bodybuilding journey, she never could have imagined her body becoming so absolutely memorizing.

After enjoying a few more moments of looking at their stunning reflections in the mirror both grabbed their tops and put them on. Elena was wearing a white sports bra that had a light blue trim, perfectly matching her tight spandex shorts. Claire threw on a track t-shirt of Ethan's that had the sleeves cut off and was also cut off just below Claire's breasts. It left her muscular arms and ripped, strong looking abs and obliques completely exposed to everyone.

Both girls looked absolutely and ridiculously fit and hot. They definitely sported physiques that fit well in a Gold's gym and everywhere they walked in the place, they were typically complimented and admired.

They spent five to ten minutes in the functional fitness area stretching and warming up with elastic bands. Then, ready for the heavy day of lifting, they headed over to the bench press area... "Oh Shit!" Elena exclaimed.

"What? What's the matter?" Claire asked caringly.

"Look Claire, look who's on that bench." Elena answered, pointing over to the bench press station where they were both headed.

Claire looked quickly, seeing her arch nemesis Travis, lying on the bench right next to the only open one in the gym.

"Shit. Should we start somewhere else Claire and wait for him to leave?" Elena asked her older cousin.

"Umm, No. Fuck it. Let's just go right over and do our thing. If he's fucking embarrassed he can leave, but we're not changing our plan...not one bit." Claire answered confidently, letting Elena know she wasn't going to be the least bit bothered by him.

"But take my bag over and get us set up. I'll be right back." Claire asked.

Elena took her duffel, walked over and put it down right by the bench next to Travis, who hadn't noticed her yet. At the same time, Claire ran out to the car. She grabbed the pre-workout and gave herself another scoop. She wanted the extra energy. Claire planned on lifting more than ever and wanted to be sure to out lift her crappy brother Travis...by a lot!

She hurried back inside, already feeling the tingling rush from the first batch of pre-workout, and surely to feel even more of that when this second scoop starts to take effect. She noticed Travis was lying down on his bench staring up at the ceiling and apparently didn't notice Elena yet. "Perfect!" Claire thought as she approached.

Elena had already prepped the bar with a plate on each side and was now lying down ready to get her first warm-up set in. With relative ease, Claire's younger cousin pushed out 15 reps and

quietly placed the bar back on the rack. She then got up and gave Claire her chance to lift. And it was effortless too. Claire was a bit stronger than E, and pushing up 135 pounds for 15 reps was quite easy. But she didn't put the bar down quietly. She purposely banged it into the metal hooks and let out a big breath, making some obvious noise.

Travis quickly turned his head and immediately noticed his sister and cousin right next to him. "Oh, hey Elena." He said, barely even looking at his own sister or acknowledging his existence.

"Hey Travis. Chest day today huh?" Elena said back.

As he peered at back at Elena, he was realizing just how muscle-bound his younger cousin was. "Jesus Christ she must have been working out daily and taking steroids like his sister." He thought to himself. "Her arms were buff, her legs were yoked. She definitely had been hitting the weights hard!"

"Ya...umm, just trying bulk up ya know. Entering that same bodybuilding contest you guys are at the end of the year." He answered.

Elena noticed he was trying to act like he wasn't flexing, but...he was totally keeping his arms and chest flexed while he talked to her. Making sure he looked as big as possible, instead of just relaxing and being friendly. But that's how Travis was. Always trying to put on an act. But when it came to pushing the iron, there couldn't be an act, you either were strong or you weren't, and at only a few weeks in to his bodybuilding career, Elena knew he wasn't. And she took the opportunity to make sure he knew she was watching...

"So, 185 pounds." She said as she quickly added up the weight of his barbell. "You just getting in some warm-up reps?"

"Umm, ya Elena, just ah....keeping it light today." He answered, surprised she was so quick to add the weight of his bar, but also knowing he just maxed out at just 8 reps with 185.

While they were chatting, Claire slid another 25 pounder to their bar, bringing it up to the exact weight Travis was lifting. "Hey E, your turn girl. Got 185 on here for us too." She finished as she glared over at her brother and his equally weighted barbell.

"Oh cool." She responded and she quickly slid onto the bench.

She lifted her muscular arms, grabbed the bar and seemingly, easily lifted it out and above her chest. Then, in a smooth, slow motion, she lowered the bar. It was fully controlled and descended all the way down and just nicked her protruding, muscular pecs. With an equally slow and controlled stroke, Elena lifted the bar all the way up to the apex. Travis was a bit in awe of his younger cousin's strong chest and meaty arms. He even noticed the triceps bulge and knew she was now getting pretty strong.

Elena repeated the exact same lift a second, third, fourth and fifth time. Travis was getting nervous, thinking his younger, girl cousin was going to press 185 pounds eight or more times,



out-lifting him, three plus years her senior. He gulped realizing his own weakness. But six was her last rep. Once it reached the top, Elena leaned the bar backwards and placed it on the rack.

Travis was stoked she couldn't lift it eight times like him and he confidently popped to his feet and slid two small ten pound plates on his bar. This brought his total weight to 205 pounds and he was going to show off a little, knowing the girls probably couldn't lift as much.

With Claire now under her bar and doing her reps, Elena stood behind, knowing she needed absolutely no help. She looked over at Travis and watched him start to lift the 205. One rep went up for him. A second rep went up. A third, slow rep went up. Finally, he tried to get a fourth rep at 205 pounds. But he slightly over-estimated his strength. His arms shook, his body flared in different motions, but it was obvious...he was stuck.

With a loud grunt, Travis gave it one more heave. Now with Elena and Claire obviously looking over, he had to admit defeat and let the bar slowly descend back down to his chest. Elena quickly stepped over, put her strong hands around the bar, and helped him lift it back up and onto the rack.

"One rep too many, huh Trav. Over two hundred pounds though, that's pretty good." Elena complimented him.

He was a bit embarrassed, but at the same time knew he had out lifted Elena at 185 so she probably was a little impressed with his 205 pound lifts. "Ya E. Seem to be getting stronger. Probably gonna hit 225 any week now I suspect."

"Ya, I'm sure you will Trav. Getting bigger already as well it looks like." She sarcastically complimented him again.

"Thanks." He responded. Not offering any admiration at all towards her, even though he knew she looked really strong and muscular for a girl her age.

As that was going on, Claire had loaded their bar with another ten pounds per side. "Ok E. Your turn over here, I've got it up to 205 for us. Let's see what you got."

Travis looked strangely over as Elena took her position on the bench again. She had just failed at 185 on rep six...or so he thought. How the hell was she going to lift over two hundred pounds? He had out lifted her by two reps at the last weight and had struggled with only four reps at 205. He figured she would get one at most. He sat on the end of his bench, contemplating one more go at a couple reps with 205, while he expected her to get none.

With equal weight on the bar, Elena again easily lifted the barbell off the rack and up in the start position. Slow and controlled, with impeccable form, she lowered it to her chest and then up. Travis knew how heavy the weight was and stared again in awe at her powerful rep. She again lowered and lifted the weight. "Two." Claire peered down and said.

"Three." Claire blurted out as Elena completed another cycle.

“Four.” Claire said with some excitement as she knew Elena was going for another.

This time, Claire looked dead over at her jerk brother. He had failed on his fifth rep and here was his younger cousin, about to lift exactly that number... “FIVE!” Claire shouted with enthusiasm for her younger cousin, who now just officially beat Travis best effort.

Then... “Six...Seven...Eight...Nine...Ten!” Claire called out loudly, watching with glee as she could see the confidence leaving her brothers gaze and serious self-doubt creep in.

As Elena placed the bar back on the rack, having completed her ten, pre-determined reps, Travis turned nervously to his bag, taking another big gulp of some sort of energy drink, thinking that would give him the strength to compete with Elena and Claire.

Before he could even realize what had just happened though, Claire quickly slid under the bar and began her set. Travis tried not to look over and just peered at his phone as Elena began to count out Claire’s reps. “One...two...three...four...FIVE!”

At that point, Travis realized Claire was stronger than him too...but how much stronger?

Elena continued counting, “Six...Seven...Eight...Nine...Ten!”

Travis briefly sighed...“Shit, she could do ten reps too.” But his concentration was quickly broken...

“Eleven...Twelve...Thirteen...Fourteen...Fifteen...Sixteen...Seventeen...Eighteen....Nineteen...Twenty!” Elena finished.

SLAM! Claire crashed the bar so hard into the rack the whole gym could hear.

Claire then popped up, gave a most-muscular pose directly at Elena and shouted, “225 Time Girl!”

“Wooo!” Elena said back...then held out her hand for a powerful high five with Claire and said, “Let’s Do it!”

Travis had seen that his sister was becoming muscular, but the insane size of her biceps, shoulders, neck and traps when she did that pose knocked the wind out of him. “Holy shit she had gotten big! Really big...and strong.” He thought to himself...He was definitely convinced she was on steroids now and couldn’t wait to tell their mom about his gross, muscle-head of a sister when he got home.

Having taken the big gulp of drink, Travis again slid under his bar to get at least 5 or 6 more reps, proving to himself that he wasn’t such a weakling. But it didn’t go according to plan. The first three went up like before, but the fourth was a struggle again. Luckily, he had enough extra boost in his system and he was able to lift the fourth rep all the way. But as he started to lower the bar for a fifth time, he could tell there was a problem.

The weight felt immense and he already knew he was in trouble. In a last ditch effort though, to not draw the attention of Elena and Claire, who had lifted that same weight many more times, Travis kind of let the weight drop. It then bounced off his chest, and he then turned and twisted his body, allowing every last ounce of his strength to pour into the press...luckily getting it high enough to put it on the second angled bar holder on the rack. Sure it didn't go all the way to the top holder, but at least it wasn't stuck on his chest, making him ask Elena for help again.

As Travis kind of sat upright, thanking his lucky stars he didn't have a total failure, he again looked over at Elena laying on her bench. He was awestruck by the two 45 pound plates now on her barbell, equaling a 225 pound lift. It was a gold standard for novice lifters and as a guy, if you could lift two plates, you were pretty strong. For this young girl to do it...it was an insane accomplishment!

Claire helped with the lead-out. Now perched above her, Elena took a big breath, lowered the heavy bar, and then forcefully moved it all the way back up. "One!" Claire counted.

Again, Elena lowered and raised the weight... "Two!"

Another rep... "Three."

A Fourth, and then finally a Fifth for this young cousin and high school girl.

Travis couldn't take it. He couldn't stand to be so out-muscled by his cousin and bratty sister. She had just done five reps with more weight than he could even do four with. Without a word, he grabbed his bag and bolted up, wanting to rid himself of any future embarrassment from Elena and Claire.

Clink, Clank, Clatter, Dink.

One of the straps of Travis's workout bag was hooked on a bolt of his bench. As he tried to dart away, he dropped his handle on the bag and all the contents went spewing across the floor. His quick exit plan was dashed and he took a knee by the mess to start throwing it back into the bag.

Sensing his departure, Claire threw herself under the bar and began blasting out reps with 225.

"One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten!" Elena yelled, making sure Travis was well aware that his younger, bratty sister had just crushed him in bench press that day.

Claire jumped up off the bench, again hit a massive Most-Muscular pose and yelled out, "Fuck Ya E...This Girl Can Lift!"

It was a complete Alpha move and she absolutely did it to intimidate and embarrass her jerk older brother.

"Let's hit 245!" Claire then belted out, letting Travis know she was about to obliterate his max lift for the day.

After enduring Claire's insane strength, loud yelling and monstrous flexes, Travis again lifted his bag, knowing it was no longer hooked on a bolt, and he raced away. Claire watched with utter glee as he quickly made his way to the exit and out the doors to the parking lot...his tail between his legs.

Claire and Elena then looked at each other and started laughing hysterically. They had made him feel so weak and insecure, he actually ran away, not even finishing his workout and leaving them to enjoy the rest of their session in peace. The two girls now enjoyed a warm, loving hug, their two muscular physiques pressing hard against each other; mostly solid, moist, muscular skin against skin...