

# Little Sister

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## 1 - The Beginning

I was here to see Megan, but Maria, her younger sister, answered the door, twirling a lock of light blonde hair and smiling. Maria was a year younger and, unlike Megan, small and slight of build. Megan, my best friend, had blossomed early. By the time we'd started high school, she was a pretty, athletic young woman, managing to make the varsity basketball team as a freshman. This past year, as a junior, she had clearly developed into the best player on the team.

It was the first Saturday of April and Megan had texted me, asking me to come over. She had seemed excited but wouldn't tell me what the fuss was all about.

"Hi there, Maria! Is your sister home?"

"Yeah, she is. We just played basketball in the driveway."

"Oh yeah? Did you win?"

Maria's face fell. "No. She always beats me."

"Well that's too bad."

"Yeah," she said dully.

I felt bad for asking the question. Megan was a star athlete. Of course, she'd won. Clearly, I'd touched on a sore subject for Maria. Entering the room, I noticed that the television was on. Looking for something to help me change the subject, I tried to figure out what she'd been watching.

The show was unmistakable. A woman in blue and red flew down from the sky, then stood up to the villain defiantly, hands on hips. Perfect! I watched that show too!

"You like Supergirl?"

Maria blushed. "Yeah, it's my favorite."

I leaned in conspiratorially. "Don't tell anyone, especially Megan, but I like Supergirl too. I kind of have a crush on Supergirl."

"You do?" she whispered back, eyes wide.

I nodded vigorously, and she smiled.

At that moment, Megan entered the room. "What are you guys whispering about?"

I gave Maria a serious look and made a zipping motion across my lips, then turned to Megan. "Maria was just telling me about your basketball game. She was a little sad about losing, so I was just cheering her up."

Megan shrugged and made the most big-sistery comment ever. "I can't help it if I'm just better than her."

Megan's expression brightened. She bounced up to me, grabbed my hand, and tugged me in the direction of her bedroom. "Come on, Jake! Let me show you my first basketball scholarship offer. It just came in the mail!"

As I followed Megan out of the living room, I looked over to Maria. She was seated on the couch, smile gone. Instead, her lips had formed a straight line, pressed together tightly, and she was watching Supergirl on television once again. I couldn't help but notice a strange intensity in her blue eyes that hadn't been there before.

## 2 - Progress

A month later, on my next visit to Megan's house, Maria answered the door again. She seemed taller and small breasts seemed to press her tight t-shirt into a more dramatic shape than it ever had before. Her crystal blue eyes lit up when she saw me. "Jake!"

She gave me an unexpectedly firm hug, then let me in. I couldn't help but notice she was watching Supergirl again. Reading my gaze, she commented on it.

"You told me before that you had a crush on Supergirl. Which do you like better, the show or the comic?"

"The comic," I answered immediately.

She cocked her head. "Really? I thought that you were going to say the show! The actress that plays her is really pretty."

"She is, but I've always had a thing for blondes and super-fit physiques. I like how the artists draw her in the comics."

I wasn't sure why I told her all of that, but I did. And it was true.

"So you like blondes?" she asked, seeming pleased.

I nodded.

"Blonde like me..." she said, eyes distant as she seemed to muse to herself, her voice dropping to a near-whisper.

"But super-fit? And strong? And with powers?" she said, voice returning to normal, eyes focusing on me once more.

"Something like that, yeah," I said, beginning to feel embarrassed. Why was I talking to Maria about this? I'd never told anyone about these fantasies of mine. For some inexplicable reason, I just felt as if I should tell her.

"Jake?" Maria's eyes were glued to mine, gauging me. "Do you think that fantasies and desires can change reality if we want them enough?"

I felt something in that moment. It was barely noticeable, but electric. The hair on the back of my neck stood. Maria looked slightly dazed, as if she had felt something too. I shook it away, however.

"Easy there, tiger! It's just a silly fantasy. In real life, I kind of want to go out with your sister."

Maria's reaction was unexpectedly vehement. She looked shocked, crestfallen.

"My sister?!" she said, voice rising to a near shout, brows furrowing. I got the feeling that I had just ruined some sort of special moment between us, a moment in which some sort of connection had been forged. "My sister's a bitch!"

She stormed off and slammed her door.

Megan appeared at the bottom of the stairs a moment later, looking around. "What was that all about?"

"I don't really know," I told her, shrugging my shoulders, honestly mystified.

### 3 - Growth Spurt

In mid-June, on the first day of summer vacation, I pulled into Megan's driveway to the sight of Maria, jumping up and down in celebration, blonde ponytail bouncing behind her. She looked significantly taller and more developed than she had the last time I'd seen her. Her face had always been pretty, but she was quickly gaining a curvy, athletic body to match. Megan wore a frown, gripping the basketball with white-knuckled hands.

"What's up, guys?" I asked, hopping out of the car, glancing at Megan.

"Nothing," said Megan tersely. She clearly didn't want to discuss it.

My gaze shifted to Maria, as she spun around to face me. A massive smile on her face, her blue eyes sparkled with pride.

"I beat Megan! 21-6!" she announced, then broke into a celebratory dance, chanting the score repeatedly.

I grinned at her enthusiasm, happy that she had finally managed a win. My smile instantly disappeared as I turned back to Megan. I could tell that she was seriously upset about the loss. I'd been her best friend for a LONG time, and I knew her all too well. That look wasn't simply one of exasperation at her sister's antics; there was genuine anger there about it.

I walked up to Megan, saying the words before properly considering their impact. "Aw, come on, Meg. Maria's gotta win once in a while, right?"

She threw the ball at me. Hard.

I caught it, feeling the sting on my fingers from the force of the throw. Megan was on the varsity basketball team, priding herself on her athletic prowess.

Megan stormed into the house. I sighed, set down the ball, and followed her inside. "Sorry, Meg! I didn't mean to make light of it. Seriously!"

She whirled, cheeks red, her shining chestnut hair swirling under her chin with the motion. "It's not fair, Jake! Maria has always been the baby of the family. She gets spoiled by mom and dad and the relatives. She gets sooo much more rope than I ever did at her age! But I always beat her at games and sports and stuff. That's the whole older sister, younger sister deal, right? It's what makes everything balance out."

She plopped into her dad's living room armchair, jaw still tense. "Lately, she's started beating me at family game night. And she's been getting better at sports, even though she doesn't really play any. Then today she beats me at basketball. BASKETBALL! That's my fucking sport, Jake! She doesn't get to beat me at that!"

I walked over to her and rubbed my hand on her upper back. "It's okay, Meg. It's one game. It's not the end of the world. You'll go back to beating her next game."

"I don't know... She beat me pretty bad, Jake," Megan grumbled. Her green eyes grew glassy. I knew what came next and took quick action to prevent tears from falling. I pulled her up from the chair and into a hug.

The hug was intended to be friendly, but her body felt wonderful against mine, and romantic thoughts about my best friend rose within me—not for the first time. Though her sister was beginning to close the development gap, Megan was an attractive girl—one of the best looking in school. I couldn't say I hadn't noticed as her body filled out over the last couple of years. I knew I was firmly in the friend zone, so I hadn't acted on it, but holding her against me like this made me long for a change in the nature of our relationship.

I felt wetness against my chest as we stood there, and looked down to see her eyes squeezed shut, tears soaking into my shirt. Damn. I'd been hoping to avoid that. Her body felt warm against mine, and I attempted to shoo away amorous thoughts before the feelings began to arouse me. Luckily, she pulled back from the hug just as my thoughts began to drift into libidinous territory.

"Thanks, Jake. You're such a great friend." She sniffed, wiped away the remaining tears. Her emerging smile was like the sun peeking from the parting clouds just after the passing of a storm.

Her gaze turned distant as I heard the door open, Maria entering the house behind me. Megan's eyes gazed over my shoulder, and I could tell they were following her sister's movement as she moved through the living room out of my sight, narrowing slightly with the hint of an emotion I wasn't used to seeing in her. Was it jealousy? As I heard the sound of Maria's bedroom door close, Megan's eyes snapped to mine with odd intensity.

"You know the weight training you're always telling me I should do to improve my fitness level?" she asked, her voice soft but abnormally fierce.

"Yeah?" I responded, slightly taken aback by her sudden passion.

"I'm in. Tomorrow at 8:00. I'll meet you at the school weight room."

"Okay!" I said, excitedly. I needed to put in some work this summer to prepare for next fall's wrestling season, and a workout partner would help keep me motivated. What excited me more, however, was the thought of what some weight training would do for her already nice body...

## 4 - Preparation

The next day at 8:00 AM on the dot, I walked into the weight room. I found Megan looking nervous but determined, running a finger along one of the barbells at a bench press station. Her lustrous brown hair in a ponytail, mouth set in a determined frown, it was a far more serious expression than she usually wore. A bright pink sports bra, visible through her thin white t-shirt, held the full Bs that had finished filling in last school year. I still remembered the day she had told me the size of her new bras with pride. Perhaps not coincidentally, it had been the day I'd first begun to look at her as something more than just a friend.

Tight Lululemon leggings with strategically placed mesh cutouts completed her sporty look, and felt my heartbeat accelerate slightly at the sight of her lean, athletic form. Glancing down her slim but undefined arms, I couldn't wait to see how her body responded to proper weight training. I'd always had a thing for strong, fit women. And she looked as if she were ready to work hard.

"Okay, so I was reading up on how to achieve maximum results on body transformations, and I started on a super-protein heavy diet. I'm determined not to eat a single carb this summer," Megan announced flatly.

"Wow! You're really taking your summer workout regimen seriously, Meg. Good for you!" I wasn't so sure if I had the kind of willpower that it took to pull off a change in diet like that, but I resolved that if she could do it, I could do it too.

I proceeded to show her around the weight room, where we did super sets of exercises with no rest between. Working out like that always got the heart rate up at least as high as cardio even while doing resistance training, intensifying the effectiveness of the workout.

After two hours, drenched in sweat, I collapsed onto the mats at the side of the free weights area. "You're a machine, Megan! I am seriously impressed!"

Megan nodded as she sucked in another breath, skin glistening with moisture. "I'm... <huff>... going to... <huff><puff>... do another... <huff><puff>... round of the... <huff> whole thing now..." she managed, walking back to the first station to do another set of dumbbell thrusters without even waiting to catch her breath.

I shook my head, never having seen anyone work out so hard. Losing to Maria had *really* affected her! I showered, then checked in on Megan before I left. She was cranking out burpees, sweat-soaked t-shirt glued to her body.

The following day, Megan was in obvious pain as she walked into the gym a couple of minutes after 8:00. She said nothing about her discomfort, however, and proceeded to do our full body workout routine again. I was sore too, wanting to stop after an hour, but Megan continued on, so I sucked it up and finished the second hour as well. When I went to the showers, I marveled at her drive and discipline. Her muscles must be to the point of complete failure, yet still she continued to push herself.

The rest of the summer went by in a similar manner, from June through August, the two of us working out seven days a week until it was the day before school started for our senior year.

I rolled out of bed, stood before my mirror, and admired what an entire summer of working out like a maniac and healthier eating had done for my body. The extra fifteen pounds of muscle looked great and felt even better. My pecs and biceps bulged with every movement. My six-pack abs were visible and defined. I was as chiseled as an MMA fighter and looked more than ready for the upward move in weight class that I was certainly going to need to take for wrestling this fall. Pulling my workout shirt over my muscled frame, I watched the sleeves stretch in wonder. Maybe with a body like this, Megan would begin to look at me in a different light.

I walked into the gym to find Megan already in mid-workout. It was pretty typical for her to come in an hour before and after me to put in some extra time. Her gains had been at least as impressive as mine had been. She had stopped wearing a t-shirt over the sports bra after the first few days after the sopping shirt kept snagging on the gym equipment. I certainly didn't mind. It let me admire her increasingly defined midriff.

I watched as she rose from her set of bicycle crunches, checking out definition in her upper abs as she did. She already sported a four-pack, and I had no doubt it would be a full six pack to match mine soon. She had put on as much lean mass as I had over the summer—an impressive feat for a girl of her slender build. The hills and valleys of her arms made them a bit larger, but they had changed far more in definition than in size, looking carved and downright powerful for a girl. Her ass, thighs, and calves had each packed on an inch or two of sexy, feminine muscle and looked absolutely spectacular. Her breasts looked at least as large as before, despite the fact that she'd shed a significant percentage of her body fat.

"Think I'm ready for a rematch with Maria?" she asked me with a wide grin, catching my appraising eyes in the act.

"I don't think she'll know what hit her!" I said. And I meant it. Megan was the most fit eighteen-year-old girl I had ever seen. I couldn't wait to see her in action on the court!

"Right answer, Mr. Menion," she said, a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

A moment later, her slight smile faded suddenly as if a thought had occurred to her. She walked toward me and embraced me. "Thanks, Jake. Thank you so much for everything you've done for me this summer. I couldn't have done this without you."

I basked in the warmth of her words and their accompanying hug. It was like one of my many Megan-fantasies coming true! I felt my cheeks flush with heat and mumbled some sort of acknowledgement.

Releasing the hug, she looked up at me. "Wanna come watch the rematch after today's workout?"

"Of course!" I replied, trying not to sound too eager.

She winked at me, then went back to the weight bench to continue her workout.

## 5 - Rematch

After the remainder of our workout, we drove together to her house. I waited outside as she went in and collected her sister. I caught a bit of their conversation as they came outside.

"...lazing around the house, eating junk food, and watching reality TV. A little exercise will do you good, squirt!" Megan finished whatever she'd been saying with a haughty tone.

Maria rolled her eyes as she came out of the house, then egged her sister on. "I don't need to exercise, Megan. Some of us are just naturally athletic."

Maria wore a loose-fitting t-shirt and short shorts. It was difficult to tell inside the baggy fabric, but from the pleasantly rounded lumps occasionally visible as the shirt shifted on her chest, her breasts seemed to be roughly the same size as Megan's now, at least a cup size larger than they had been the last time I had seen her. Unlike her breasts, however, which were mostly obscured, her pert backside was clearly visible as it pulled her shorts tight. Its spherical swell



seemed to have gained at least as much firm muscle as Megan's despite drastic difference in their workout habits. The young blonde's legs looked longer and even more toned than Megan's now! With her slightly shorter upper body, they brought her to the same height as her sister.

Then she turned toward me, and I caught a glimpse of her face. Good God! She looked like someone who could grace the cover of a magazine! High arching eyebrows, long eyelashes, large, expressive eyes, full lips... She had been cute at the beginning of the summer; but she was beautiful now. Her development over the past few months seemed to be accelerating. She was only seventeen, but she looked to be more woman than girl already.

Megan, finished sizing up her sister, turned to look at me. I knew I must look surprised—or maybe in awe. That wouldn't do. I was here to support Megan, and here I was admiring her sister! Megan had worked so hard all summer for her moment to shine. *This* moment.

I pulled my mouth into what I hoped was an encouraging smile, praying that my eyes didn't betray the concern I felt over the development Maria had undergone. No wonder Megan had trained so hard! Look who she had to keep up with!

Thankfully, Megan didn't seem to notice anything wrong as she returned my smile. She let out a long breath, seeming to steel herself for this moment.

"You go first, sis. Maybe you'll have a chance if I give you the first shot," Maria said with a smirk, passing her the ball with a hard bounce pass. I smiled inwardly at her attempt at trash talking and at the brazen confidence she was displaying.

Megan's eyes darkened with her sister's comment, and she lowered her head, immediately driving toward her sister at an instant sprint, her hard-earned muscles tensing and popping as she moved. Maria seemed unfazed, casually awaiting her determined sister's approach. I cringed, fully expecting Megan to plow into her beautiful blonde sister, knocking her to the ground on her way to the hoop.

But that wasn't what happened.

Maria darted out of Megan's way, moving insanely fast despite her casual stance a millisecond earlier. Her hand snaked out to slap the ball away. Megan, clearly surprised that her sister had evaded her, hadn't yet noticed that she no longer had the ball. As Maria collected the ball, Megan jumped up for the layup. Her eyes widened as she realized that she no longer had a ball to shoot! She landed, head swiveling to look for the ball, finally seeing that Maria had taken it back to the edge of the driveway that served as a half-court line.

Megan turned and tried to run toward her sister and defend, but in her surprise, she stumbled. Maria launched her curvy form upward and shot the ball from the three-point line painted on the

driveway. The shot fell perfectly, and she beamed as she announced the game's first score. "3-0."

Megan scowled as Maria passed her the ball once more. This time, Megan stopped at the 3-point line herself, taking advantage of the significant space that her sister had given her. Maria moved quickly, however, erasing the distance between them in a heartbeat and leaping into the air just as Megan released her shot. The younger sister snatched the ball cleanly out of mid-air and landed just beyond Megan, ball in hand. She smoothly transitioned into a dribble, tagged the edge of the driveway and ran past a stunned Megan to lay the ball in. "5-0!"

The rest of the game proceeded in much the same manner, with Maria making moves of extreme athleticism look graceful and easy. Megan, meanwhile, looked more upset with every basket. By the time the score was 19-0, her scowl had reached epic proportions, eyes looking wildly angry. Maria stood at the edge of the court, dribbling casually, seeming amused at her sister's seething frown.

Megan came forward to defend her sister tightly, fouling the younger girl repeatedly as she slapped at the ball, finally giving her a frustrated shove. Maria didn't stumble backward as I expected, however. Instead, she not only maintained her balance but managed to bull her way forward, knocking Megan to the ground. After two bounding steps, she launched into the sky in a rainbow-shaped leap, slamming the ball through the hoop on her way down from the sky.

Maria had just dunked the ball! My brain had to repeat the thought before I could believe it. Maria had fucking dunked the basketball, as if she were some sort of NBA player!

Geez!

Maria caught the ball off its bounce on the concrete below the hoop, then tossed it over her shoulder. She shot me a brilliant, white smile before sauntering toward the house. "21-0. Game!" she called out to her sister, closing the door absently behind her.

Megan, the determined, buff, high school athlete whose confidence I'd watched grow all summer as she put in workouts that would give professional athletes pause, seemed shattered. She sat there, still down on the driveway, arms around her legs, knees pulled into her chest, fighting back tears.

"I couldn't even score against her!" she said, voice breaking with emotion, eyes looking up at me imploringly as if I could provide some sort of explanation for what had just happened.

I couldn't.

So I took a seat on the concrete beside her, leaned over, and pressed my shoulder to hers. She rested her head on it, and I felt her release a shaky breath. We sat like that for what might have

been an hour before she rose to her feet, head hanging low, and entered the house without a word.

I shook my head, still in disbelief at what had happened. How was Maria so good? I couldn't believe that she had developed athleticism—and a body!—like that without putting a lot of work in. Megan must have been wrong about her not working out. She had probably been training every minute that Megan had, doing it in secret so as to make Megan overconfident. Even then, to hold Megan scoreless? That was impressive. Megan hadn't taken this rematch lightly at all. All the time we were training, I'd been sure Megan would crush her hapless little sister. It was unbelievable to me that it had been the exact opposite.

## 6 - Game Night

When school started, I was getting appraising looks I never had before. My new and improved body seemed to be garnering unprecedented attention from the girls. But I had eyes only for Megan. We had continued to work out together, but only for about an hour every day, since we each had a number of school activities and practices, but with as much intensity as we could muster.

At first, shortly after the second loss to her sister, Megan's heart hadn't seemed to be in the workouts, but she had eventually come around. When she dominated the other girls in her first basketball practice of the fall season, it had helped restore some of her rattled confidence.

It was now mid-October, and I was at the first women's basketball game of the year to cheer her on. As I sat in the stands, watching Megan dominate the court, stronger and far fitter than anyone on the opposing team, I mentally mulled over the speech that I was about to make to my best friend. It was at least the dozenth time I'd practiced it, but I couldn't help myself.

*Megan, we've been friends for years, and I know you better than anyone. I know that you still have an embarrassing love for stuffed unicorns; I know that you have an unhealthy obsession with Justin Bieber music; and I've even been entrusted with your bra size! (This was where she smacked my arm, probably.) Over the past year, my feelings have changed. I still love being your friend, but I want to see if we can be more than that to each other. (Then the music would swell, and she kissed me—or so the scene played out in my mind.)*

I barely paid attention to the second half of the game, though as the buzzer sounded, I looked up to see that our school had won. I rose to my feet, summoning my courage, and walked down the steps to the side of the court where Megan was running off the court with a triumphant smile.

"Thirty points! Can you believe it?" Megan told me, beaming.

"I can, Megan!" I replied. I tried to think of my speech, but her amazing smile stripped the words from my mind. Desperate not to chicken out this time, as I had several times before, I forged ahead regardless.

"Megan, are you going with anyone to homecoming? 'Cause I was thinking maybe you and I..." My throat went dry and rather than risk choking awkwardly, I left the unasked, implied question hanging out there.

"Oh, that's so sweet, Jake, but I actually do have a date."

She did? She hadn't said anything! Why hadn't she told me?

"O-Oh! Okay. Great! Just thought I'd ask... you know, just in case..."

"You know what? You should ask Stephanie! The cute black girl from cheer? You two would be so cute together..."

Stephanie was cute. But she wasn't Megan.

## 7 - Homecoming

I did ask Stephanie to the dance. She accepted. We stood at the side of the dance floor, talking loudly to be heard over the loud music in the gym. I tried hard to appear interested in whatever the hell she was saying as I saw Megan stride in, looking elegant in a long, crimson gown that showed her the lean lines of her fit body to good effect. Her hair was up, gold earrings and arm cuffs giving a vaguely Roman look to her style. On her arm was Ron, the star receiver on the football team, already the recipient of a scholarship to play for the University of Florida next year.

Jealousy surged as I saw Megan looking at him with far too much interest.

Fucker.

Fueled by the sudden burst of emotion, I clenched my fingers, launching non-alcoholic punch outward to splatter all over the floor. Thankfully, it had missed Stephanie, as well as her white dress.

"Sorry!" I grumbled, then rushed off to find some napkins with which to sop up the mess.

On my way back, I saw another figure enter the gym from the far entrance. She was blonde, voluptuous, her arms and legs unbelievably toned in a short, tight, cobalt-blue dress. She wore no jewelry, as if subtly announcing that her body didn't need sparkling adornment to draw attention. As her face came into view, I saw that the dress matched her brilliant blue eyes and that her face was just as gorgeous as the rest of...

Oh. My. God. It was *Maria!*

Eyes jumped to the gorgeous blonde, like disgruntled Star Wars fans to twitter. She didn't seem to have a date but didn't slink into the dance like most of the other singles. Instead, she strode purposefully toward her sister, sexy stilettos clacking with every stride. When she came to a stop, I could see that she was taller than Megan now, by a good inch. Bustier too. In fact, as attractive as Megan was, every part of Maria was just... better. It was as if nature had allowed Maria to one-up her sister in every single category. I had thought Maria attractive enough to be a model before. Now I was certain of it! From her thick blonde mane to her gorgeous face, to her rapidly maturing body, the girl was every bit as attractive as the most beautiful women I'd seen on Instagram in the last month.

I couldn't hear what they were saying, but Megan didn't seem pleased about what was being said. She seemed even less pleased when she caught her date leering down Maria's décolletage. Whirling angrily, she smacked him hard across the face and stormed out of the gym.

Maria simply seemed amused by the whole thing. She leaned in to whisper something to the star receiver, then took him to the dance floor for a sultry dance. I couldn't believe Maria's nerve! It was like she'd planned all of this, just to humiliate Megan! Anger at Maria's gall flaring within me, I excused myself from my own date to go outside and look for Megan, to comfort her.

Pushing open the gym door with a clack, a billow of steam followed me out the door into the cool air. I looked around, but Megan was nowhere to be found.

I pulled out my phone and texted. "Saw what happened. U ok?"

No response.

Disheartened and feeling for Megan, I grudgingly returned to the gym, danced with Stephanie a few times, and glared at Maria from afar—not that she noticed. The girl was becoming seriously attractive, and—if what had just transpired was what it looked like—a serious bitch as well.

About an hour later, I felt the buzz of my phone in my pants pocket and excused myself once again. It was a text from Megan. "Sorry I missed your text."

Stepping outside, into the cool night, I punched the call button, but she didn't pick up this time either. Another text appeared on my screen as I ended the call. "Don't feel like talking right now."

We texted back and forth for a good while, Megan venting, me comforting, until Stephanie came outside to bid me a good night. I felt bad that I'd neglected my date for the remainder of the night, but she didn't seem upset. I think she knew that this wasn't a serious date and that my heart belonged to someone else. After I'd rushed out after Megan, I bet she'd put two and two together.

After Stephanie left, I continued to comfort Megan from outside the school via text until she, too, told me that she was calling it a night.

My heart ached for her and another flare of anger ignited within me. *You know what?* I thought to myself. *I should go in there and confront Maria about her bullshit right now!*

I started toward the gym entrance to do exactly that, when Maria exited the building. She gave me a heart-melting smile and waved as I neared her, and my anger seemed to fade away. I returned her smile in spite of myself.

Should I still confront her? Somehow, the radiance of her amazing face and the unmissable prominence of her eye-magnetic cleavage cast her behavior in a different light. How could someone who looked so angelic behave poorly? Still, enough of me felt the need to at least do something to defend Megan's honor.

"Maria! I can't believe you just danced with Megan's date! Right after he just disrespected her like that."

Maria looked hurt, her face suddenly crestfallen, a line of concern forming between her huge, luminous eyes. Her expression alone opened a cavity of guilt within me. Had I just hurt this gorgeous girl's feelings? Oh no!

"You're right, Jake. I just... he complimented me and asked me to dance... I'm just not used to all this attention. I'm not used to having hot guys like him... like you... interested in me." Her long eyelashes closed for a moment. When they reopened, they were glassy. Glistening tears gathered at the bottom of her eyes, threatening to fall.

Hot guys like me? I wasn't sure what that was all about, so I ignored it. Now I felt downright awful. I'd made little Maria, now this gorgeous creature, cry.

"Maria, it's okay. I understand. It's just that you should think about Megan's perspective in all this. I mean, her date is checking you out—which is understandable I guess. You're a really attractive girl! But that's got to be hard on her."

"Yeah, I guess I forgot what it's like to have someone checking out another girl," she said, eyes still glassy, but no tears falling. Then she seemed to start, bringing a hand to her mouth. "Oh geez! That sounded completely narcissistic, didn't it?"

It did, now that I thought about it. But I was so enamored with the expressiveness of her eyes, the perfect skin of her face, that I hadn't even noticed.

"But even if it sounds bad, it's true! My body's just growing so fast, and there are these model scouts trying to hire me, and guys hitting on me. It's just a lot to take in, you know?" She reached out to touch my arm, eyes wide and imploring as they sought my assurance. The touch from her soft fingers felt electric, sending the nerve endings in my arm afloat.

"I'm sure it is, Maria. You *are* really developing fast. It's got to be tough. Just remember that it's tough on Megan too. That's all I wanted to tell you."

"You're such a good friend!" she said, then wound her arms around me in a tight embrace. I couldn't help but feel the warm tingle of desire from the feel of her magnificent body pressing into mine. "I wish I had someone like you..."

"You do!" I blurted. "I mean, I'm Megan's friend, but I don't see why I can't be yours too."

Now, why had I done that? That was bound to complicate things...

"You will?" Maria looked up at me hopefully. God! She was just so innocent. So completely unaware of the power of her mesmerizing eyes.

She threw her arms around me in an even tighter hug, one which pushed the breath from my lungs and numbed my arms. When she released me, she wore a brilliant, broad smile.

A mischievous spark entered her eye, and her full lips seemed to move in slow motion as they formed her next question. "Take me home, bestie?"

"Um, sure!" I said, spellbound by those scarlet lips of hers, trying to decide whether she was wearing lipstick or if that was simply their natural shade now. As I watched them move, the sudden urge to kiss her nearly overpowering.

I shook myself back to reality, however, and pulled back. If I didn't know better, I would have thought I saw the slightest trace of disappointment in her eyes as her smile faltered momentarily. It returned almost instantly, though, and I dismissed the thought as reading

something that hadn't actually been there. I hurried to the car, swinging around to pick her up, and brought her home. We made small talk, but I managed to keep my eyes on the road and off Maria's gorgeous face the whole time. I gave her a warm, friendly smile, as she hopped out of the car, then drove away. In the rearview mirror, I saw her standing at the curb in front of her house, watching me drive away, expression inscrutable.

When I got home, I called Megan.

"How did you know I wouldn't be sleeping?" Her voice sounded nasal. I could tell she'd been crying.

"I know you, Megster."

She laughed, but it quickly gave way to sobs. I spent the rest of the night listening, comforting. It was all I wanted to do. By the end of the night, she felt better. And I knew that helping her was the only thing that was important to me. I didn't realize it for months afterward, but that was the night that I fell madly, completely in love with her.

## 8 - Prom

"Maria's always talking about you, you know," said Megan. "She goes through guys like water these days. Hell, she goes through the guys I bring home like water too!"

Megan gave a wry smile, her alluring green eyes alight. It was an expression I adored.

Attractive as she was, over the course of the school year, Megan seemed to have come to terms with her status as the less attractive sister. Probably the less athletic sister too, as absurd as it was to say that about a girl with a basketball scholarship to the University of Florida, when her sister was entirely uninterested in school sports. But I remembered that basketball game last summer, and the ease with which Maria had dispatched Megan.

Maria had become something of a celebrity around school. Every boy seemed to want to date her. Those who worked up the courage to ask her out, as Megan had noted, seldom lasted more than one date. I had assiduously avoided her for most of the rest of the year, in spite of the fact that I'd said I would be her friend. She had been dangerously attractive before, and from the whispers and murmurs of the gushing young men all over the school, she had only become sexier.



"Maria told me about the night you brought her home from the homecoming dance." Oh, shit! She had! Was Megan upset? I had worked so hard all year to get Megan to see me as something more than a friend!

"About how you told her she should respect me. How you were the only man that night who didn't ogle her. How you've been the only man all year not to ogle her..."

I had been braced for a far worse reaction. But it seemed Maria had been truthful—or even generous to me in her depiction of that night.

"She actually told me that she envies me for having such a good friend. *She envies me!* Can you believe it? That's the first time she's EVER told me that!" Megan's eyes remained locked on mine, with an intensity that bordered on manic.

"Well, Megan, you know how I feel about you..."

"I think I do," she said, her eyes and the quiver of her lips imparting more meaning into that phrase than should have been there. I swallowed hard. Was this it? The moment where she realized how I felt about her? That I loved her?

Megan drew her face close to mine and kissed me. "And I love you too," she whispered. Momentarily stunned, I did nothing. Just sat there, unmoving, as she kissed me. However, I came to my senses as she began to pull back, eyes clouded in confusion. I lunged forward, wrapping my arms around her, pulling her close. Enjoying the taste of one another, we kissed hungrily for long minutes before bringing our make-out session to a close.

"I've been meaning to ask you something," I said breathlessly, hoping that this time, things went differently than they had the last. "And this seems like a good time to ask it."

I grinned the confused expression beginning to form on her face. "Will you go to prom with me?"

"Ha! I've been wondering when you'd finally ask me!" said Megan with a playful punch to my shoulder.

"Well, can you blame me for procrastinating after how badly my attempt to ask you out for homecoming went?" I blurted out.

"Homecoming?" she intoned. I could see the wheels turning in her mind as she thought back to it. "Oh! The game!" she said as she remembered.

"Wait! That was you asking me out? I thought you were just telling me that we could go out as friends or something. I thought it was a sympathy move! I never..." Her voice trailed off, and she

looked at me with even more affection, pinching my cheek. "You're so adorable, my little Jakey-wakey!"

"Okay, so rule #1 if we're going to start dating. Don't EVER do that again!" I laughed. She joined in my laughter, and we left the lunchroom table holding hands.

## 9 - Pool Party

Prom was magical. I don't know that I looked at another person the entire evening. Megan was captivating in her black, open-backed number. I was enthralled by the feel of her slender, fit body moving against mine to the music. I felt electricity as my fingers traced the contours of her bare, muscled back. Lips locked as we exited the school, we had both lost our virginity in the back seat of my car. Cliché, I know. But it was the best kind of cliché.

We spent the summer sneaking off together whenever we could, making out, making love... basically just taking advantage of our time together before we had to separate for months during our first semesters of college. I was going to school locally, in Atlanta, staying with my parents, while Megan was off to Gainesville to play basketball for UF.

When I came to her house to pick her up, I always waited in the car, texting her to come out, not wanting to bump into Maria. The system of avoidance I'd maintained for most of the school year had won me the girl of my dreams. Why mess it up now?

In late August, however, Megan asked me a question that would change all of that and put my nascent relationship to the test.

"Jake?"

"Yes, Megan?"

"Maria asked if I would bring you to her birthday party. She's turning eighteen this weekend, and she wants us both to come. You don't mind, do you? It's a pool party! Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Pool party, huh? That meant Megan in a swimsuit? Nice! But that also meant Maria in a swimsuit? Oh, God! Alarms went off in my mind. I still remembered our near kiss at homecoming. Could I keep my eyes off gorgeous Maria? Especially a version of her that was even hotter than the one that had been so hypnotic at homecoming, if the word around school was correct? I knew I would need to. My ability to brush off Maria's overwhelming looks were what had landed me Megan in the first place. It was far safer to say no.

As I looked at Megan's expectant face, her beautiful green eyes, however, I found that I just couldn't decline. "Okay," I said in resignation.

"Great!" she said excitedly. "My Maria-resistant man is coming! Can't wait!"

I really hoped that I was Maria-resistant.

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All week, I debated whether to click on Maria's Instagram feed. It was set to private, but I was sure that she'd approve me as a follower. Being a Maria-follower was something of a badge of honor among the guys at school, but I resisted. How hard could it be to avoid looking at Maria in a swimsuit? Sure, she was model-pretty. Maybe supermodel pretty even.

I could resist a supermodel.

At a pool party.

In a bikini.

I thought about her near-superhuman display of basketball prowess last summer. It had been exactly a year since then. How much stronger would she be? How much faster? She already knew I had a thing for powerful women.

My palms began to sweat.

I focused on a mental image of my incredibly fit, lovely girlfriend, and it helped me to relax a bit. I was able to stay that way until I reached the party.

I opened the front door, walked through the house, and slid open the glass door in back.

Nothing could have prepared me for what I saw as my eyes found the edge of the water.

Long, thick, lustrous golden hair rose slowly from the surface of the pool, insanely long eyelashes blinking rivulets of water out of her eyes as it streamed down her divine face, over her succulent scarlet lips.

Her breasts broke the surface of the water next, barely contained by her white bikini's thin triangles of fabric. They were full, proud, and so exquisitely shaped that they quite literally took my breath away. Her body continued its upward ascension as she climbed the steps of the pool, water running down tanned flesh that was so achingly perfect that it almost hurt to look.

Sculpted arms shook off the clear, cool water in a graceful, willowy motion as her eyes began to rise toward me. Her abs and obliques came into view, chiseled into perfect relief. The gorgeous lines of her body swooped inward to a remarkably narrow waist, as if pointing my eyes to the perfection of her defined stomach, before flowing into rounded, muscled hips. Her legs were masterpieces, their endless length carved into miles of meandering silky flesh that defied all my powers of description.

As her eyes met mine, she twisted those gorgeous abs, turning her body slightly to reveal a heartbreakingly sexy ass that flexed into impossible firmness as she finished her ascension from the pool. She parted her lips in a smile that seemed to complete a part of me I never knew was missing. Her sapphire blue eyes were huge and unbelievably expressive. I felt drawn into their mesmerizing depths the instant her gaze connected with mine, sending my heartbeat racing.

How could anyone be this *perfect*?! I had been ready to ignore a supermodel. I hadn't been ready for this.

It was unnatural.

It was impossible.

It was right in front of me.

She was a fucking goddess.

"Jake! You came!" she gushed in a velvet voice, running up to press that unimaginably sexy body against mine. She smelled like roses, felt like heaven.

Her rippling torso was so defined that I could feel the movement of every muscle of her stomach against mine as her hips rolled subtly but erotically into me. The contact with her outrageously sexy stomach lasted only an instant but left me gasping in pleasure. I nearly orgasmed from her friendly hug alone.

"Now let's see that awesome physique of yours that Megan keeps bragging about..." Maria bit her lower lip mischievously as she reached out and took the hem of my shirt in her slender fingers. She pulled the t-shirt over my head, exposing the ripped physique I'd worked so hard for over the past year.

"Oooo... yummy!" Maria said, flinging my shirt aside to leave me standing there in just my swim trunks, visibly aroused. Maria gave a satisfied smirk as she surveyed my awed expression and rock hard erection, seeming to confirm something to herself.

Suddenly, Maria's eyes rose to something in the distance behind me. I heard the screen door slide open.

*Shit!*

I didn't turn to face her, not wanting her to see the tenting of my swim trunks. Luckily, she grabbed me from behind, covering my eyes with her hands.

"Guess who!" she giggled.

"Hi, Megan!" I tried to sound excited to see her, despite my fears that she would discover my visible attraction to her sister.

She gave a delighted squeak and spun me around, planting a huge kiss on my lips right in front of her sister. She doubled down, sliding her tongue into my mouth and pressing her body into me. She felt my hardness, broke the kiss, and smiled, lips millimeters from mine.

"Already turned on, I see. Glad you're so happy to see me!"

Relief flooded through me. She thought the erection was from her attentions—which it's continued presence now was. I supposed it wasn't too dishonest to go along with it.

"Of course, Meg! You know you're the only one for me."

I felt a pang of remorse for the attraction I'd felt for Maria just seconds before. But it truly wasn't anything serious. I loved Megan. Nothing Maria could do would change that, no matter how sexy the girl had become.

Even as I had the thought, however, I could feel Maria's aura behind me. It was this palpable sensual presence that drew my senses toward her, even as I made out with Megan.

Megan was all over me, hands roaming the smooth muscles of my back before tracing the lines of my abs and the swells of my pecs. I began to do the same, running my hands over the bare skin of her back, under the string of her bikini top. Pressing her body to me, however, I couldn't help but notice how much less firm it was than Maria's, how much less dramatic her body was in its curves and musculature. She was a beautiful, incredibly fit girl. I'd never perceived any shortcomings before, but it was like eating at a fine restaurant for the first time. You never knew what you were missing until you tasted something better.

When we eventually stopped to come up for air, Megan stepped back, snaking her hands around me back to her sides, shooting her sister a victorious glance.

Megan circled me to face her sister. "Happy Birthday, Maria. But remember that Jake's not one of your presents. You don't get to have him."

Maria seemed nonplussed, straightening to emphasize the three-inch height advantage she held over her sister, courtesy of her long, silky legs. "I wouldn't be so sure of that Meg. I can have anyone I want."

As they stood there trading barbs, I couldn't help but compare the sisters' bodies. Megan was fit, lean, athletic, and beautiful. And she couldn't hold a candle to Maria. Everything Megan had going for her, Maria had it and far more.

Every muscle of Maria's arms, her legs, her stomach was distinctly visible as it tensed, flexed, relaxed. When she moved, it was with a graceful elegance that made ballet dancers look clumsy. It added to an overall effect that made her seem hyper-healthy, supernaturally fit.

But the differences didn't stop there. As outrageously sculpted as Maria's body was, it was also impossibly feminine. Standing in profile before me, Megan's body, which had seemed so curvy whenever I'd held it in the past year seemed sticklike next to the dynamic lines of Maria's. Maria's lower back swooped inward to the most slender of waist I'd ever seen, despite the steel-hard abs that plated its core, before curving outward into a succulently tight ass, the tiny white string of her bikini bottoms the only covering of her supple, deeply tanned hips.

Maria's breasts, covered so minimally by her bikini top, swelled from her toned chest, erotically shaped perfection, seeming to symbolize her status as the ultimate specimen of the fairer sex. A luxuriant mane of shimmering gold poured over her shoulders and down her marvelously toned back, like golden baptismal waters crowning her earth's first goddess. Glints of platinum and bronze within each strand sparkled the brilliance of the summer sun, as if adorning her with priceless jewelry.

Her eyelashes were so long that I could actually make them out in profile. Her lips, so deliciously curved, their sumptuous red moist and inviting.

It really wasn't fair to compare them. Megan was human. Maria was something that transcended mere humanity. She truly did look like a goddess.

Something similar seemed to occur to Megan in that moment, her beyond-gorgeous sister looking down on her, and the tiniest hint of fear flashed in place of the brazen confidence that she'd had when she pronounced me hers to her sister. Megan's shoulders slumped ever so slightly. Maria seemed to pick up on Megan's change in demeanor, her tacit acknowledgment of the blonde's seductive superiority. She leaned back slightly, content that she had uncovered a chink in Megan's final layer of armor.

Maria's electric blue eyes turned to face me, the connection numbing my entire body with a wave of desire the likes of which I'd never experienced. It was like being touched by the divine presence of a nascent goddess.

"Maybe we should just ask Jake who he'd rather fuck?" The vulgar word seemed incongruous with the gorgeous mouth that delivered it from behind brilliantly white teeth and scarlet lips with that long, flexible pink tongue.

I panicked. I knew what I needed to do. I needed to pick Megan.

But I couldn't even take my eyes off of Maria. I imagined those perfect lips on mine, those teeth nipping along my neck, that perfect tongue touching the most sensitive parts of my body... and shivered.

What man could resist a celestial being like this...?

Maria laughed melodically. "Just kidding, Jake. I like you. I wouldn't want to put you in an awkward position like that."

She spun on her heel, magnificent tresses swirling behind her like the cape of an empress and regally strode up to another well-built guy, cuddling to him with a nefarious smile, eliciting an almost drug-induced expression of dopey happiness from the guy.

Maria had certainly come a long way from the young downtrodden girl I'd known a year ago. I supposed that having half the school wrapped around her little finger had boosted her confidence to the point that she felt that she could behave however she saw fit.

Megan turned to me wearing a shell-shocked expression. It looked as if the ground had been pulled from under her feet. Maybe it had been. I knew that she viewed me as her rock. And I was still trying to be that for her. It's just that Maria...

*...Maria.*

Swallowing hard, I gathered my composure and walked over to Megan, giving her a hug. I attempted to reassure her, keeping my gaze, though it took every ounce of will I possessed, from drifting back to Maria.

"Maria sure is a handful these days, huh?" I said jokingly, trying to keep any tremor of emotion out of my voice. I wasn't sure how Megan would react, but I thought that playing the whole scene off casually and jokingly would be the best approach.

"Pfft," she said, still unsmiling, eyes shifting to look past me to her sister. "You don't know the half of it, Jake. She can do things. Things that—" Megan trailed off.

I squeezed her and cut her off with a kiss. "Sorry. It's my fault. But let's not talk about Maria anymore, 'kay?"

Megan looked surprised... and pleased. As we talked, Megan grew less reticent and more talkative, more her normal self.

Giving Maria a nervous glance, she led me back into the house, then to her room. When we arrived there, she was all over me again, going down on me for the first time. Afterward, she slid up my chest and placed her face inches from mine, searching my eyes.

"You'd rather be with me than her, wouldn't you?" Her voice shook slightly at the end of her question.

We both knew who she meant. I answered firmly, without hesitation.

"Of course, Meg. You're the woman I love."

Her eyes filled with warmth and affection, and she kissed me deeply. Rolling to my side, tucking herself between my arm and torso, she began to run a fingertip along the grooves in my muscled stomach. We lay like that for a good while, until she fell asleep there, tucked inside my arm, comforted by my presence.

I, however, wasn't able to find the same sort of comfort. Unable to sleep as we lay there for an hour or two, visions of Maria playing through my mind, I extricated myself carefully from Megan and tiptoed away, quietly closing her door behind me.

I descended the stairs and headed for the front door, hoping to simply sneak away from the party. I didn't want to chance another run-in with Maria. It almost worked. I had almost reached the door, when I heard a sultry voice behind me.

"Leaving without saying goodbye?"

I turned to face Maria's angelic visage regarding me with amusement once more. It was as if everyone were simply a plaything to her now. *We probably are*, I thought wryly.

"It's okay, you know," she said, raising a hand to examine her nails.

"What's okay?"

Her sumptuous lashes rose, achingly blue eyes piercing as they met mine. "To prefer me to my sister. It's not something you can help. It's just how it is."



"Megan is my girlfriend. Of course, I prefer her!" There. I'd actually managed to say it! Take *that* Maria!

Maria frowned. For the first time, she seemed to have been caught off guard by something I'd done. For the first time in a long time, something hadn't gone as she'd expected.

She strode up to me, large breasts so firm that they jiggled only slightly as she moved. She slipped a hand behind my head and pressed her voluptuous, red lips into mine. Pillowy soft, they devoured mine hungrily, and I couldn't help but bask in the feel of it. I'd never felt desire so strong in my life. It was as if we were meant to be together. Her taste, the delicious scent wafting from her corn silk hair, it was all so intoxicating.

She ended the kiss with a slow, feathery withdrawal, stepping lightly back with that catlike grace she possessed. I was left stunned, lips still puckered, eyes still closed. Imagining.

"Think about that for a while, then let me know who you really prefer," she breathed, then spun and walked back out to the pool to play with another of her boy toys.

I watched her beautiful ass swing with the mesmerizing motion of her tanned hips as she walked, unable to look away. I stumbled out of the house in a stupor to my car and drove home. I didn't stop thinking about that kiss the entire time.

## 10 - Visit

That night, I agonized over whether to tell Megan about Maria's kiss, finally deciding to be honest with her. I would downplay my feelings of attraction to her younger sister as much as possible, but I needed to ease my conscience and tell her. Besides, the last thing I wanted was for her to learn about it from someone else—particularly from Maria herself.

The following day, I was back at Megan's house to help her pack for school. Thankfully, I hadn't run into Maria on the way inside this time.

"Meg, I've got something I have to tell you." She looked hesitant as I took her hands in mine, seeming to expect bad news. "It's Maria."

I heard Megan's sharp intake of breath. Her eyes began to widen. "She, um, kissed me yesterday as I was leaving."

Megan's eyes widened further, pretty features twisting in dismay. She began to pull away. I held her hands firmly, however, finding her eyes once more, even as she tried to look away from me.

"I didn't kiss her back! I didn't want her to do it... she just *did*." It was a white lie, of course. I *had* kissed her back. But I needed Megan to know that I wanted *her* not her sister. That much was true. I think.

Megan blinked rapidly, and tears began to form in her eyes, but she was no longer attempting to pull away.

"I love *you*. I'm attracted to *you*. And that's what I told her."

Megan's face brightened, even as a tear rolled down her cheek. "Y-you told her that? You told her you wanted me instead of her?"

"I did," I confirmed, nodding.

Her nascent smile blossomed fully. That might have been the happiest I'd ever seen her. She threw her arms around me and began planting kisses all over my face. I fell backward onto the bed, laughing. She stood above me, beaming, seeming to burst with joy.

"I know you have a thing for Supergirl, and I've been waiting for the right moment for this. And this is it!" she said with a wink, wiping away the wet streak on the right side of her face. "Be right back!"

I waited on the bed, curious what Megan was up to. It took a while to find out, but she emerged from the bathroom almost 30 minutes later. She had put on makeup, the bold mascara bringing out the green in her eyes vividly. Her shoulder-length hair, normally in a tightly bound ponytail hung loose, framing her alluring face. My eyes dropped to the form-fitting blue leotard top, molded to her firm, fit figure. A red and yellow shield adorned her chest, making it seem more impressive than normal. A yellow belt hugged her slender waist, with a short, red skater skirt draped over her hips and upper thighs. Knee-high red leather boots and a knee-length red cape completed the costume. Her Supergirl costume was of amazingly high quality and almost seemed to have been tailored to fit her athletic body perfectly.

"You're drooling," she informed me with a broad smile, snapping me out of my oglefest.

"B-because... I mean... *wow!*" I stammered, unable to help giving her another full-body appraisal.

She strode confidently toward me. "Let me show you just what a Supergirl can do..."

We made love three times before I was sated, all three with her in the costume.

"Now I see what *really* turns you on. But I'll have to save it for special occasions," she said with a wink as we lay in her bed together, thoroughly spent.

"Like when you come home for Thanksgiving?"

"Absolutely!" she agreed, placing a finger on my nose. "As long as you're a good boy while I'm away."

"I'll be a boy scout. Promise," I replied, giving her a kiss, then getting out of bed to finish helping her pack, dopey smile on my face.

## 11 - Departure

The following day, I came over one last time to see Megan off to school, only to be greeted at the door by Maria. Her look was more serious than it had been at her birthday party, her flirtatious behavior from the other day more subdued.

But God, though she wore more clothes this time, she somehow looked even sexier than before, her body seemingly having improved even on its previous perfection in just a few days. There seemed to be no end to the girl's ascending beauty!

She wore a blue halter top that left her tanned, impossibly defined shoulders and arms bare over tiny red shorts that left her long, smooth legs completely bare. Her massive blonde mane flowed down her bare upper back, caressing her skin with its soft, shifting tresses.

Seeing Maria in the red and blue outfit, I couldn't help but be reminded of Megan in her Supergirl costume yesterday. For the first time, I began to imagine what Maria might look like in that costume. Maria was the living personification of the hyper-fit, stunningly beautiful woman in the comics. Better even. The thought made my knees weaken with desire before I quickly shut it down.

Today was about *Megan*, not Maria! I couldn't afford to fantasize about Maria. Who knows what *that* would lead to!

"Megan's inside, Jake," said Maria matter-of-factly, pulling the door open wide and stepping aside to allow me in. Megan's mother and father were just inside, and they greeted me warmly.

Seeing a pile of luggage by the front door, I offered to help load the car. Megan's dad accepted, thanking me. Maria picked up the largest suitcase and handed it over to me. I took it, then felt it clunk to the floor. I had misjudged its weight. The thing was really heavy! I hefted it upward, leaning to the opposite side in order to lug it out the door to the waiting vehicle. I puzzled over the casual ease with which Maria had handled it. She had been able to pick it up and hand it to me with one arm, even extending it outward, as if it didn't weigh any more than a pound or two. I knew she was strong, given that she could outplay Megan, a scholarship athlete, not to mention dunk a basketball. But this was really something! Handling an eighty-pound suitcase with her arm fully outstretched would take an immense amount of shoulder and core strength. Then again, seeing just how insanely sculpted her abs were in her swimsuit the other day, maybe she really did have that much core strength! I shook away the thought, chiding myself on my train of thought once more.

Today was about *Megan*, not Maria! Remember that!

I helped Megan's dad bring her luggage to the car, load after load, until it was all stowed tightly away. Maria didn't help with any more of the bags, so I wasn't able to see whether she could repeat the feat. Maybe she had strained something last time and couldn't lift anything else.

"Is everyone going with you?" I asked Megan as we closed the trunk over the mass of luggage, seeing that the family was all outside now, her dad locking the front door of the house.

"Yeah, the whole family's going with me for a weekend in Gainesville. I wish it were you going with me instead," said Megan before her voice dropped to a whisper. "Instead, I have to deal with having my stupid bimbo sister around."

I glanced over to Maria, standing at least thirty feet away, near the front door. Her eyes flashed darkly at Megan's comment. It was almost as if she'd heard it. But that was impossible. Megan's whisper had been barely audible to me, and I was standing right next to her.

"I love you," I said, hugging Megan tightly to me.

"I love you too," she replied, eyes glassy as she stepped back. Megan's dad started the car, forcing Megan to wrap up our goodbye. They drove away, Megan waving at me, Maria gazing at me intently.

## 12 - Dream

I tried not to, but I dreamed of Maria every night, reliving the sight of her body rising from the water of the pool, the way her body had felt against mine as I had hugged her in that skimpy, white string bikini, the softness of her lips as they touched mine.

The erotic dreams left me aroused and drenched in sweat as I awoke each morning, heart leaping at the thought not of seeing Megan but of seeing Maria again. I forced away the unwanted thoughts every time.

Megan was beautiful. She was athletic. She was smart. She was fun. She was everything I wanted in a woman. So why did I keep dreaming of *Maria*? Damn it! So what if she's unbelievably gorgeous. Why did that give her the right to dominate my subconscious mind.

I let my head fall back to the pillow in frustration, knowing that it wasn't Maria's fault. It was mine. I couldn't blame my dreams on an innocent eighteen-year-old girl. This was my problem, and I needed to solve it.

I opened my phone to look at a selfie Megan had taken of the two of us at Maria's birthday party. But even as I tried to look at Megan, to be reminded of the love I felt for her, my eyes drifted to the figure behind her. She was partially obscured by Megan's face, but there was no mistaking the staggeringly perfect body as anyone other than Maria. I threw the phone onto my bed.

*Shit!*

No woman was irresistible, no matter how breathtakingly sexy she was. I just had to resist one girl. A girl that I would have to see again and again if I married Megan. but I could do it. I really could.

I wondered how Maria would look in a bridesmaid's dress.

*Damn it!*

Maybe I should try to find Maria a steady boyfriend. If she were taken, maybe that would fix things for me. Make me see her as something other than the most awesomely exquisite specimen of womanhood that she currently was. I was certain that I wouldn't have any shortage of guys lining up for the job.

A text chimed on my phone.

"Decide yet?"

It was from Maria.

"I'm with Megan," I replied.

There was no response.

## 13 - Thanksgiving

"...Have you seen her Instagram? She's only posted like ten really tame pictures. She's just so fucking hot! No posts for the last couple months. Don't you follow her, dude?" came my friend's voice through my headset.

"Nope. Hello? Dating her fucking sister, Einstein."

"You're missing out, man. Seriously. She is smokin'. Like out-of-this-world hot. Word is, Mr. Fry had a fucking heart attack when she walked into gym wearing a tight yoga outfit!"

I didn't respond, logging off my computer and stretching instead, finished with my gaming session. It was difficult enough to put thoughts of Maria out of my mind as it was, I didn't need my friends encouraging me to look at her socials. It was Thanksgiving, and I'd simply been killing time since our family dinner in the early afternoon, waiting for Megan to tell me when she was free. Moments later, the text from Megan arrived.

"Good news! Mom and Dad converted my room to a study, so Dad's letting me stay in the cabin over the holidays! So privacy. Yay! I'll text you the address. Meet me there whenever you can. :)"

I went to the bathroom, threw on some cologne, mapped the address on my phone, and drove over. I knocked on the door and waited patiently as footsteps came to the entrance from inside. The door opened to reveal Megan, once again in her Supergirl costume, the warm, yellow light of the lanterns emanating from the one-room rustic cabin behind her.

"Miss me?" she asked with a gorgeous grin, gliding into me for a kiss.

I had missed her. So badly. I was so looking forward to tonight.

"I've missed you too," came a sexy voice from behind me... and above?

I whirled and stepped away from the door into the open clearing. Megan followed closely behind.

"Up here," came the voice again.

I looked up. It was Supergirl. The real thing. Floating in the air above us. It was too dark to get a good look, but the faint light from the cabin reflected against the shield of her costume, deformed in the most delicious possible way by the two utterly perfect breasts it barely contained. The rest of her was hidden in darkness.

A sudden burst of red light shot out from somewhere in the shadows above the glowing S shield. Two red beams lanced out from the mysterious figure to the firepit next to us, igniting the firewood with a hiss, a crackle, and a billow of red-yellow flame.

Holy shit! It really was Supergirl! She had heat vision too!

The figure descended, time seeming to slow for my awestruck eyes. Firelight danced upward from her feet as she entered its luminous dome.

Her boots were thin, almost like cloth, stretching and tapering to fit the sleek contours of her calves. They stopped at the knee, smooth, bare thighs ran upward for what seemed like miles of mind-bogglingly shapely and completely flawless flesh. Eventually, the hem of a fire-engine red skirt, fluttering dangerously high on the tanned skin of her legs came into view. The cloth seemed to flare outward as she continued her descent to cover her firm, supple hips. A tiny yellow belt pulled the solid red fabric inward to encircle an impossibly narrow waist.

I began to hyperventilate.

Above the belt, a curve-hugging cobalt blue top began. It clung to each carved muscle, each canyon of chiseled muscle that made up her abs. Insanely defined bricks of unimaginable feminine power came into view, two by two, as she came closer to the ground, her abs and obliques flexing and popping into even more dramatic relief as she moved in flight. As the bottom of her ribcage came into view, the blue material of her top began to pull away from her torso to begin the long outward journey that her breasts made necessary.

My legs wobbled. My head began to spin.

As her breasts came into view, they cast a dramatically shaped shadow over Megan's gaping face. They were ample, proud, and absolutely spectacular. They were ripe and succulent, giving her stunningly hyper-fit body a nubile lushness that was awe-inspiring. A long, swan-like neck led to a delicate jawline, lusciously full lips, and a strikingly elegant face.

Maria's face.

Her azure eyes, so unbelievably expressive, invited me into their oceanic depths. Their spellbinding luminescence seemed to consume my consciousness as they glimmered in the crackling firelight. Thankfully, a swift blink from her shockingly long eyelashes broke my hypnotic

trance and allowed me the opportunity to see the high arched of her thin brows and sumptuous waves of golden tresses tumbling over her shoulders and down her scarlet-caped back.

*Maria was Supergirl.*

Except in real life. And so much more than the superhero had ever been in fiction.

She was far sexier than any actress ever to play the girl of steel. Light years sexier than any of the illustrations in the comics. Sexier than anyone. Ever.

I had thought her irresistible before, but that was nothing compared to what she looked like now. Her body's development seemed to have not only continued, but accelerated. She had reached an impossible level of perfection, the ultimate vision of what a woman could be. And it wasn't just her looks. She had been *flying* and using *heat vision*. I swooned, collapsing to the ground in the mere presence of this living incarnation of my ultimate fantasy. She was everything I'd ever dreamed of, yet somehow, impossibly, even more. She was the living embodiment of everything I'd ever hoped for but knew I would never have: a super-goddess made flesh.

My eyes, overwhelmed by the unimaginable beauty before them, sought momentary relief from this tsunami of sexual perfection they had just drowned in, flicking to Megan for a moment. She seemed diminished, gaunt, sticklike—withering under the radiance of the sun that was Maria. Megan's terrified eyes met mine, seeming to plead with me.

But I didn't receive the message. I couldn't. Not with Maria there. My mind didn't work. Couldn't work. My eyes moved once again, drawn inexorably to the deity before me.

Maria moved faster than I could see, taking the wrought-iron poker from next to the fire pit. Holding it before her, she bent it as easily as if it were made of rubber, then threw it, pinning her sister's arms to her sides and body to the outer wall of the cabin, trapping her.

"Only one of us deserves to be wearing this costume. And we both know that person is me."

Megan looked at Maria in disbelief. But Maria's attention had moved on to me.

"*How?*" I asked, my voice an awed whisper.

"I don't know, exactly." She pointed to her ear. "I just wanted to be like Supergirl. Ever since that day you told me about your crush on her. It just began to happen. Like our combined desires *made* it happen."

I felt my face flush as Maria continued.



"I just keep growing stronger, keep gaining more powers, and just keep getting sexier," she said, eyes wide in a coquettish display as the reflection of flames smoldered within them. "I'm already beyond the girl you showed me in the comics, don't you think?"

She walked toward me to give me a better view, ripped abs rippling the fabric of the costume, even as her luscious breasts strained the blue material above them. The thin red skirt swished about her toned thighs as she came to a stop.

"Every guy in school does favors for me now, Jake. I haven't done any homework all year, but my teachers are all men, so I just ask them to give me an A, and they do. It's sooo easy."

"The only one who continues to resist me," she said, her voice dropping into a mind-bendingly sexy purr. "Is you."

I heard Megan struggling against the bar that Maria had used to trap her. I thought about looking her way, thought about running over to try to free her. But I didn't. Couldn't. My eyes were glued to Maria by a force stronger than all the willpower I possessed—ironic given what she was saying.

She began to move again, circling around me, reaching out to drag her index finger along my shoulder, to my upper back until she came to a stop directly behind me. She leaned in until her lips nearly touched my ear.

"It's odd, don't you think? After all, I am your fantasy now, aren't I? Unbelievably strong..."

She gripped my right tricep with her slender fingers and squeezed. Pain erupted from the spot, and I winced. I could feel her soft lips rise into a smile against my ear at my reaction.

"...with a body too perfect to actually exist..."

I felt her full breasts press into my back, her chiseled lower abdomen push against my butt. Her hand released my arm and slithered over my chest, pulling me into her even more firmly.

My heart, already racing, screamed into another gear.

"...so sexy that she can have any man she wants..."

Her scent, already intoxicating, became completely overwhelming. My skin prickled with its heat. My arousal strained against my pants so hard it threatened to burst through.

She began to move again, nipples sliding along my back and arm, hip touching mine as she slid around my body.

“...and I want you. I’ve always wanted you.”

I heard Megan cry out in anguish, but in the same instant, Maria’s eyes found mine, and I was lost inside them, trapped as surely as Megan was, by her gaze alone.

She backed away from me, iridescent blue eyes never leaving mine, until she stood a few feet away.

“I’ve been nice. I’ve been patient. But still, you stuck with my bitch of a sister, even with your fantasy before you, ready and willing.”

Her chin dipped slightly, brows narrowing, the campfire flashing in her now-shadowed eyes.

I felt a chill course through me. She no longer looked like a golden goddess, but a dark goddess. Almost... *evil*.

“That’s when I realized the true nature of your fantasy,” she said, voice rising, becoming more commanding.

“You pretend you like good girls. You pretend you like patient girls. But you don’t. Not really. Deep down, you want strength. Impossible strength.”

Maria clenched her fists, tensed all of the muscles in her body. They seemed to grow even harder, more defined, more sculpted before my eyes. It was unbelievable!

“You want me to take charge.”

Maria grew another two inches before my eyes, red skirt rising further up her interminable legs.

“You want me to dominate.”

Maria’s red and blue costume rippled and changed color, her lush figure growing even more spectacular as it did, light hair fluttering as a wind seemed to rise out of nowhere.

As Maria began to stride forward, closing the gap between us, her costume finished its changes. It was black with silver trim. The S symbol, distorted by her ripe breasts, seemed to writhe upon her dark form as it reflected the light of the fire. Her midriff was no longer covered, its cobbled ridges and flawless, satin skin now exposed to the crisp air.

She marched toward me, slipped a hand behind my head, and kissed me. Not lightly like last time, but hard. I felt her teeth bite down on my lower lip, tasted the metallic tang of my own blood.

Her lips devoured me, her body slithered against mine eagerly. She had fully come into her power, embraced it. She knew what she wanted, and she was taking it. I could feel the unspeakable power radiating from her body, as it squirmed against mine. I was completely helpless against her. She could do anything she wanted with me.

It was too much. I spasmed into my pants, grateful for the release, even as I felt hardness instantly return.

Her hand slid down my stomach into the waistband of my jeans and tore it apart with a flick of her finger as she broke the kiss to allow me a moment to breathe, smiling.

"So it is a dark goddess you desire. I can feel your desire inside me, shaping me, feeding me power. Just *imagine* what I could be destined to become."

Her words hit me like an anvil. Recalling the unbelievable display of power just moments ago from the inconceivably sexy girl in front of me, my heartbeat pattered still faster.

Feeling faint, I had a vision. I imagined casual planet-crushing feats of strength as Maria turned mountains to dust under her slender but staggeringly powerful fingers. I saw her floating above masses of people calling out her name, waves of power rolling from her insanely ripped but beyond-sensual body. I imagined her molding the planet to her whims, ruling, dominating every other soul on the planet. I saw Maria slip her sexy fingers into her sister's hair and force her to her knees, bending the young brunette into a bow before her.

Maria shifted her hips, pulled up her black skirt, and mounted me. My shaft slid along her tanned, inner thighs as they guided me into her sex.

I became superhumanly hard. I somehow knew that I had suddenly been endowed with the ability to pleasure a goddess.

Her lips found my neck as I entered her, and I felt the heat of her breath on my skin as she gasped.

"Mmmm..." she murmured as I slowly pushed into her. Quivering, I gripped her firm, rounded hips and plunged into her as hard as I could. Her breath caught. I felt her body tense in surprise, felt her clamp down on me, slowing my upward drive.

But my ascent continued. She moaned, beginning to kiss my neck once more.

I thrust again, filling her completely. Her head snapped back and she issued a louder moan.

For an instant, I heard a sob in the background. It seemed distant, inconsequential. Maria looked up, past me. At someone else. She smiled darkly. I was too preoccupied to care.

Maria's head rocked forward once more, her lips finding my mouth again. Maria's hips began to undulate as I pulled out and found a rhythm. In and out, in and out. Every plunge into her body building our excitement. This was what our bodies were meant to do. This is what the last two years of our lives had been building toward. This was why she had become my deepest, darkest fantasy.

This was why she had become my goddess.

I exploded. I screamed. She cried out. Our bodies bucked in unison, synchronized in a surreal moment of ecstasy.

In that moment, I became hers. I had no more desire to resist. I welcomed her into my heart, welcomed her into my soul. She had dominated my subconscious for months; now she dominated my consciousness as well.

Maria's body surged as another burst of power roared through her, sex seeming to radiate from her now.

I completely lost control, crawling forward to wrap my arms around her leg, shivers running the length of my spine as my fingers caressed the magnificence of her flesh. I began to kiss her thigh, just wanting to be near her, to taste her skin. As my lips touched her divine body, I convulsed in the throes of complete euphoria, orgasmic energy blasting through me. I felt tears of happiness running down my cheeks as I took a moment to look up at her.

I had to have more.

She gave me the slightest of nods, giving me permission to continue as she struggled to speak after taking in the fresh infusion of beauty and power that she had received from our coupling. I ran my mouth up in the inside of her thigh, lips kissing, tongue trailing a line of moisture upward until I found her sex. It was moist. I was turning her on! *This* was turning her on. She was dominating me and dominating her sister by her presence alone. I smiled and almost laughed in joy, then set to work pleasuring my goddess.

Lurching, horrified sobs erupted from the other girl. What was her name? The brown-haired one? I couldn't think of it. But it didn't matter. Maria was all that mattered.

I felt the goddess tilt her head back and begin to moan. Her husky purr was enthralling, a sultry siren's song, heartbreakingly seductive. Pride surged within me as I realized I was exciting her. I doubled down in my efforts to bring her pleasure, pouring my heart and soul into it. I felt striations appearing in the smooth, polished surface of her ass and legs as my hands roamed them, looking for purchase. My fingers, however, were unable to dent the surface of her

liquid-steel lower body, muscles tensing and clenching sinuously inside the thin fabric of her skirt. Her movements continued to crescendo.

I pushed, licked, and worked her from under her skirt, mini-tremors beginning to ripple through the iron hardness of her muscled abdomen. I continued with frantic intensity until I sensed she was nearing release. Then I bit down as hard as I could, betting that this part of her was as super as the rest of her.

The world seemed to grow silent as Maria's gorgeous lips parted, mouth opening wide. Then she cried out with earth-shaking power.

For a moment, I thought I'd made a mistake. For a moment, I thought her scream was one of pain. Then the unmistakable bucking of her hips knocked me backwards into the grass before her. I watched her explode in pleasure, perfect body shuddering as every absurdly defined muscle in her body clenched in unison, then released.

She remained standing, legs quivering for a long moment as her urgent breathing began to slow. She let out one last, long, throaty moan of satisfaction, then gradually began to rise into the air once again, floating above us like the impossibly powerful dark goddess she now was.

"God, Jake. I've never let anyone do that," she said to me, still panting. "They've wanted to. They've all wanted to. But I wouldn't. I've waited. For you."

I beamed with pride, my own pent-up arousal exploding again with the simple knowledge that I'd been her first. Her only.

Maria turned to her older sister and gave her a heart-stoppingly brilliant smile. "I told you before, Meg. I can have anyone I want," Maria said, her face slipping into the shadows beyond the firelight's radius.

*"Anyone."*

The rest of her body slipped into darkness, and she was gone from sight.

She was right. She could have anyone. Especially me.

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