

“Come on, Allan! Let’s go see what Santa brought us!”

I grumbled into my pillow as my excited little brother, Kyle, bounced up and down on as he straddled me. I took a quick peek at the clock: 6:30 in the morning and he was already this hyperactive?

“Dude, what’s the hurry? We’ve got all day. Why not sleep in a bit more?”

“No way!” He refused, “I wanna get down there! I feel like this is the year! I’m gonna get big! I asked Santa for it!”

“Aren’t you a little old for Santa?” I groggily mumbled. Kyle was obsessed with muscle. Even at his age he wanted nothing more than to be huge. It was cute in a way, really. Maybe he was influenced by me and my own quest for size, but he took it on a worrying level. It was almost all he talked about when we were together. “Santa can’t make you huge, squirt.”

Kyle humphed at me calling him by that name. I specifically always used it when he started talking about getting big. “How would you know? Maybe he only gives the good stuff to those who actually believe!” He started bouncing on the bed again, a little firmer this time, “Now come oooonnnnn! Let’s gooooo!”

I sighed but couldn’t help but smile. “Alright. Alright.”

I motioned to get out of bed, but instead spun myself around, snagging Kyle in the chest and crocodile rolled us into the covers, wrapping us both up with him pinned beneath my chest. Kie screamed in surprise as he was brought underneath my sizeable bulk. He struggled and strained against my pecs as they pressed into his face, the weighty slabs of beef unyielding to his small hands.

“Arrg! Nooo!” He giggled as he tried to fight back. “Let me gooooo!”

“Not a chance,” I just chuckled and wrapped him in a hug, snuggling him like a stuffed bear as I pretended to fall back asleep. “I wanna snuggle my little bro while I still can. Maybe I don’t want Santa to make you huge. I like you like this. You’re easier to hold this way.”

Kyle continued to struggle, but it was fruitless. He was giggling nonetheless. “Yeah...well...just wait til I get huge later! I’m gonna be the one to do this to you from now on!”

I snorted, “Alright. You think Santa brought you some Beef Juice? Let’s go see.”

I acquiesced to his whim and freed us from the blankets and sheets. Kyle beamed at me as we stood there in our boxers, his head barely coming up to the base of my pecs. I had always been gifted with the good genes: 6’2” and laden with a good 275lbs of muscle built over the years. It was no wonder Kyle had developed a muscle obsession. I ruffled his hair and we went down into the living room where the modest pile of presents were sitting beneath the tree. Being parents of two boys wasn’t easy when it came for gift shopping, but my parents always made good.

I flopped down onto the couch as Kyle started to go through the gifts, eyeballing which ones he was going to open first once everyone was up. His eyes suddenly caught sight of the stockings hung on the mantle, his now literally bulging as a rather large package had been shoved into it. He raced over and snatched it from the hook, desperately trying to tug the large package that had been shoved inside. It took him a

moment, but he was able to pull out a large package that wasn't even wrapped. It looked like a tan mass compacted within a sturdy plastic. Kyle brought it over to me, grinning wide excitement.

"It's from Santon Claus!" He exclaimed. "Told you!"

"Uh...I think you mean SanTA Claus."

Kyle shook his head and held up the card that had come with the package. Sure enough the card was addressed "To: Kyle; From: Santon Claus." I flipped the card over to find a personalized note to him. I didn't recognize the handwriting at all, though. Wasn't mine or any of my parents'.

"Dear Kyle," I read aloud, "I received your letter from my good friend in the North Pole. I'm hoping this will give you all that you desire and more. Merry Christmas! -Santon Claus. P.S: Sorry it wasn't wrapped. My fingers are a bit too big for such delicate work."

"See? He totally can give you muscles!" Kyle smugly smirked. "Least his friends can at least!"

I watched as he undid the clasp on the package and pulled out a large hunk of fabric. It quickly unfurled itself and there on Kyle's lap was what looked to be one of those full-body zentai suits. Only this was laden with thick muscles. It looked like one of the ones I would occasionally catch him looking at online - only this was much higher quality.

"Woah!" Kyle's eyes were sparkling as he held it up in front of him. "Look at all those muscles!"

I laughed, "Well you were right! He was certainly able to give you muscle! Hope you enjoy!"

Kyle didn't seem to listen to my teasing. He jumped off the couch and held the suit up to his chest, his smile threatening to split his face in half. "I'm gonna try it on right away!"

He unzipped the suit, shucked his boxers off, and nakedly stepped into the suit. He fixed the suit's individual over his own and quickly slid himself up into it. It was quite the sight to see his lithe body "bulk up" in front of my eyes bit by bit. From behind I could see the suit's back was heavily padded in all the right places and as Kyle pulled the zipper back up using the attached drawstring, I could see that it had been customized to make everything look unnaturally real. It was like looking at the back of a pro-bodybuilder. Even the suit's ass had been detailed into a firm bubble-butt.

Kyle giggled as he turned around and pulled his boxers back up over the suit's flat crotch for modesty. The elastic was now pulled tight over the thicker quads now packed onto his legs. He stood proudly before me, puffing out his chest with a wide grin. The padded pecs bulged out in front of his chin, casting a small shadow over the six abdominal muscles stuffed onto his stomach. They were quite sizeable for his stature - like two soccer balls stuffed in under the flesh-colored suit. I was taken aback just just how detailed the suit was. It was like every muscle was covered - even the lats and traps which a lot of costumes would overlook. Kyle happily flexed his arms, a baseball-sized bicep popping up on each one.

"This is so cool!" He giggled. "Look at me! I'm a muscle boy!"

He proceeded to flex and pose a bit in front of me, allowing me to see the whole suit from each angle. His posture was a bit off, but that was to be expected. I just gawked at the suit's definition. Proportionally, he looked to be as big as I was in terms of musculature.

He gave one final flex, grunting as he pulled a most-muscular in front of me, "Grrrr! I look awesome! Look at my big, muscle boy muscles! Feel them!"

I chuckled and gripped one of his shoulders in my hands, the soft cotton contained within dimpled easily to my strong fingers. "Looks like your muscles need a bit more work, bud. You might look big, but they need to be more solid!"

Kyle smirked, "Oh don't worry. They'll be harder than diamond by the end of the day! I'll be able to crush anything!"

He growled again and flexed once more just as our parents started coming down the stairs.

"I thought I heard a commotion down here," my mother remarked as she came down the stairs in her robe, my father right behind her.

"Mom! Mom!" Kyle shouted, racing to the front of the stairs and standing proudly before our parents, "Look what Santon Claus gave me! I got big muscles now!"

My mother looked over at me, confused. I just shrugged and shook my head, but gave her a reassuring smile.

"Well," she smiled and played along, "you better thank him for your new muscles." She reached out a hand and squeezed Kyle's presented bicep, purposefully only squeezing to dimple it a small bit. "Oh my! That's quite some muscle you have!"

Kyle chuckled and stood with his hands on his hips, "They're only going to get bigger and stronger! I already feel super strong! Watch!" He turned around and strode confidently over to the coffee table in the center of the room, setting his elbow down in classic armwrestling fashion. "Come on, Allan! Bet I can beat you with these new muscles of mine!"

I gave a laugh, "Alright, muscle squirt, let's see what you got!"

I sat down on the ground and gripped my brother's small hand within my own. The silk fabric glove covering his hand slid a bit in my grasp, but Kyle held firm. The boy on the other end of the arm gave me a wide smile and nodded to indicate he was ready.

"On three. One....Two....Three!"

We both tensed our arms, Kyle's face instantly showing signs of strain as he pushed against my arm with all his might. We had done this countless times throughout the years and while he was certainly a bit tougher than the last time we had wrestled, he was no match for me. My arm barely budged as he growled with the effort. I played with him a bit, allowing him to push me back a few inches, but then quickly fought back - slowly bending his arm to the left until my knuckles connected with the tabletop and I was victorious.

“Nice try, bro!” I commended. “Those muscles of yours actually gave me a bit of a fight.”

Kyle shook his head and looked down at his arm, flexing his hand meditatively, “No way...that was just a warm-up. I can feel something. Let’s go again!”

He put his arm back up on the table and I gave him another go. I gave the signal and we were off just like the last. It was a repeat of the last in every sense. Kyle’s strength was no match to mine. I gave him a bit of a play just to appease his fantasies and then brought it back to the same result. I smirked at him confidently, but Kyle didn’t seem to notice. He was focused on his arm as he shook it out, clenching his fist a few times before turning back to me with a determined grin.

We went at it for a few rounds, my parents chuckling as they went to go make breakfast and left us to our battle. Each round went like the one before: we’d start, I’d let Kyle win a bit more and more each time, but he easily plow him into the dust. From there Kyle would shake out his arm and we’d go again. After the fifth round, though, I was starting to notice something strange. The suit’s muscles seemed to bulge and flex in time with Kyle’s strain. I could have sworn I could see muscle fibers starting to ripple beneath the silk skin. Maybe it was just my imagination, but every time Kyle shook out his arm, it looked like the bulk of the suit was less like cotton and more like living muscle.

By the tenth round, my arm was starting to grow tired. I could smell the food our mother was cooking coming from the kitchen and I was starting to get famished. Kyle didn’t seem to be slowing down either and by this point the suit looked like actual, living muscle. It couldn’t have been my imagination either as I was actually having to fight back against him now. I had to put an end to it so I let him win, doing my best to make it look like I was using all my strength.

As my hand hit the table to the right, Kyle cheered and flexed his arms in victory. This time the muscles that bulged up looked like true muscle. They bunched up in such a way that mere cotton could never do.

“YEAH! I won!”

I chuckled, “Heh, good job, big guy. Looks like those muscles aren’t for show.” I massaged my tired arm and rolled my shoulder as Kyle giggled happily. “Shall we go see what mom’s got cooked for us?”

“Yeah!” Kyle exclaimed enthusiastically, “I need to feed these muscles if I’m going to get huge!” he flexed them again and his stomach gave a loud growl in agreement. He giggled and patted his abs which looked a lot more solid now, “See? They agree with me!”

I chuckled and got up from the table, both of us entering the kitchen to find a breakfast feast awaiting us. Our mom had all gone all out with the food: pancakes, eggs, bacon, toast, a casserole she had prepared the night before. It was all laid out on the table and waiting for us. Kyle wasted no time in digging in, loading his plate up with so much food it looked like he was trying to eat for three of himself.

“Woah there, sport,” my father laughed, “eat that much and you’ll explode.”

Kyle shook his head as he shoved a forkful of egg into his mouth, “nuh-uh! These muscles need lots and lots of food to grow bigger! This is just my first helping.”

My father gave me a sideways glance which I returned with another shrug and a smile. Knowing Kyle, he'd only eat half of it. It wasn't the first time he had done this. I just made myself a modest plate, my actual muscles needing the nourishment, and sat down at the table to eat.

Kyle made true to his word, though. As soon as he had somehow managed to clear his plate he went back for seconds, loading it up with just as much food as before. I joined him on this, but even I only filled mine up a little less full than before. Kyle wolfed this all down and then went on to finish off the rest of the smorgasbord much to all of our surprise.

"My..." my mother spoke up, "you were quite hungry today!"

"I told you," Kyle gave a large belch as he leaned back in his chair, his hand running over the bulge that had formed in his suit's abs stretching the fabric of his boxers even more than before. He at least looked content now. "I need a looooot of food to get huge!"

I took this as my chance to redirect the conversation to what Kyle originally wanted: presents. "Well maybe there's something under the tree that can help you burn off all of that food."

Kyle's eyes immediately lit up as I presented a box from under the tree and set it on the table in front of him. He quickly unwrapped it, paper flying to the floor as he uncovered the shoebox hidden within. His excitement quickly turned to curiosity as he tore the lid off, to find the gift I had bought for him: a pair of steel-toed boots.

"Wh-What's this?" he looked somewhat dejected at the gift.

"Rule one of my gym, little bro: Always wear steel-toed boots."

The look Kyle gave me then was one I'll always cherish. It was the look of someone who had desperately wanted something and finally got it. I had a home gym down in the basement that I had used when I started training for football. I had initially pitched it to my parents as that, but they quickly learned I was mostly in it to become a bodybuilder rather than for the sport. Kyle was always trying to get down there, but my parents forbade it as he was too young.

"Y-You mean..." Kyle was at a loss for words. He looked to my parents who smiled and nodded. I could almost see tears filling his eyes as he leapt from his chair and whooped in joy. "I'm free to use the gym now!?"

"Only with my supervision," I advised. "It was the only way I could get them to agree to it."

Kyle latched his arms around mine, squeezing me tightly in a hug. "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Can we start right now!?"

I chuckled, expecting this level of eagerness, "Sure. Go get dressed and meet me downstairs."

Kyle cheered happily and took off into his room. I chuckled and nodded reassuringly at my mother who was looking doubtful as usual and then stepped down into the basement where I quickly changed into a basic T-shirt and shorts and slipped on my shoes. The gym itself was equipped with the main staples having been built this up over the years. It was now almost everything a bodybuilder could ask for.

I heard clumsy clumping coming down from the stairs behind me and turned to see Kyle striding down the stairs with a proud swagger, looking like he owned the place. He was dressed in one of his old T-shirts and a pair of basketball shorts, his new boots neatly laced on his feet. The shirt clung tightly to the suit that he still wore beneath it.

"You...uh...you still going to wear that suit down here?" I asked cautiously. "I don't want you overheating with all that padding."

Kyle shook his head, "I'm not taking this off ever! I'm going to get huge with it! I don't even feel hot at all!"

"Well OK, but you better not collapse on me. Mom would kill me if anything happened to you."

He nodded and I began to go over each of the machines with him; detailing their usage and how to perform the motions. We started with simple barbell curls. I stood him next to them and showed him how to adjust the weights to the proper weight; starting him off with an easy 10 pounds to start. He eagerly gripped the barbells and started curling. I was expecting him to be off on his form, but to my surprise he started to pump them out with perfect rhythm. It was like he was a natural at this.

"Can we go with something heavier?" he asked after the tenth rep, "There are way to light to make me big."

"OK, tiger," I chuckled, "let's see if you can handle 20 pounds."

Kyle set the weights down into their holster, twisted the dial as I had shown him and then grunted as he lifted them back up, the 20lb weights proving more of a challenge. My current max was around 60lbs with them, well under the 100lb max this offered. For Kyle, 20 should be more than enough to get him started. He slowly lifted each one, strain evident on his face as he rose the left and then the right.

"Yeah," he grunted, "this is much better! I can feel it!"

He continued to pump, the movements slow and steady at first. I watched the muscles under the silk ripple and writhe just as real muscle should as the weights rose and fell in his hands. He started off slow, grunting softly with each rep, but then he started to quicken the pace, his grunts of effort falling by the wayside as he pumped rep after rep after rep like lightning.

After about fifty reps, he slammed them down into the holster and flexed, "HA! Those feel like nothing now! I'm actually getting stronger!" I had to do a double take as what stood before me was a bicep fully pumped - visible veins crossing the surface beneath the tight silk suit. Kyle looked at it with awe and ran a hand over the peak, squeezing it in his fingers. "Not just padding now!"

Before I could react, Kyle reached down, cranked up the dial on the weights and slipped them from their holster, growling in strain as all 50lbs hung heavily in his hands.

"Woah there, Kyle, that's way too much!" I cried out in fear.

I reached out to grab the weights, but Kyle stepped back, a determined look in his eye. "No! I need to get huge! No pain!" He roared as he slowly but surely rose the weight in his hand up, performing on tediously

slow rep and letting it back down. "No gain!" He growled again as he did the same motion with the other arm, only this time it I could see a distinct time difference in the rep.

I watched in shock as Kyle went back and forth, lifting the weights up and down, his grunts echoing around the padded walls. Each rep was still performed flawlessly and it took him less time to do it than the rep before. This was because I could see him starting to change. His once slightly tight shirt slowly stretched tighter around his chest as they thickened, his shoulders widening in time with his arms as they pushed his sleeves closer to their limit. The food gut he had was quickly receding, being replaced with even tighter, more rounded abs that before. Even his legs were growing wider; the thighs far from straining the loose shorts, but his calves clearly causing his socks to feel the pressure.

Kyle continued to pump his arms, his grunts now less out of effort and more from simply enjoying the thrill of it. He was curling them with ease just like he had done with the 10lb and 20lbs before. Once he had enough of the 50 pounders, he scaled it up to 60, the extra weight barely even registering to those meaty arms of his. By the time he set them back in their case, he was stretching his shirt to the very limit. He was fucking jacked!

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" he chanted, flexing his bicep hard. That was it for the sleeve as a loud RIP sounded through the room. "OH YES! It's finally happening! I'm huge!" He looked up at me with the biggest grin, "Best Christmas EVER!"

I could feel my face pale as those biceps bulked up from his little arms; the tattered remains of his sleeves dangling from his shoulders. Fuck they looked just as big around as mine! He had just curled my max with ease! As I looked him over, I could see his shirt now plastered over his chiseled chest, the fabric painted over his pecs but stopping short of his lowermost abs.

"Hee hee, speechless I see." he remarked arrogantly, stroking his bicep with one of his free hands. "I'm barely believing it myself." He suddenly got a wicked grin on his face, "Bet I can really beat you in armwrestling now!"

I gulped, knowing it was probably true after witnessing that display. I wanted to back out, but Kyle just grabbed me by the wrist and tugged me over to the bench press. Fuck he was strong now! I might have been taken by surprise, but I could tell even if I put up a fight it would have been fruitless. He just yanked me down to the bench press, setting his arm up in the standard position; fuck even his hand felt thicker than it had been an hour ago.

"Don't let me win this time," Kyle urged, but it was more of a demand or a warning.

I nodded and Kyle gave the count. This time it was much different. My muscles screamed in pain as I fought back against Kyle's strength. Both of us were straining as hard as possible, our might somewhat equal. I had the upper hand, though. He might have been stronger, but I had the leverage from being bigger. I could feel his meaty arm getting pushed backwards - Kyle's eyes showing genuine surprise and fear as I pushed it further and further back.

His hand was almost at the mat when he packed on a last surge of desperate strength, barring me from further progress. His arm was covered in veins as was mine now, the heat from our muscles scorching. That's when I noticed it: his bicep was pulsing as it held my hand back, throbbing in effort. Each throb only made it bigger, though and I could visibly see Kyle's entire body swell before me. His eyes were

plastered closed as he fought back against me so he was not aware of it, but I could see it. I could feel it. He was now winning. My hand was pushed back a millimeter and that was all Kyle needed. My blood was thumping in my ears so I couldn't hear the threads of his shirt snapping and popping as they too lost the battle against his muscles. Kyle let out a long, loud growl of effort as he pushed my arm back.

As my hand hit the padded seat of the bench, his shirt exploded, unable to keep the unstoppable muscle contained. He cried out in victory, jumping to his feet and raising his arms above his head. I could get a good look at him now. His chest was astounding. Pecs as big as basketballs on his short frame jutted out from his chest, covering the upper rows of his newly minted 8-pack in shadow. He brought his arms down and I watched the bulging mountains that had just decimated my own tower above me. His right arm seemed a bit larger, but that was just from the pump it had received from our battle. He looked like a miniature Mr. Olympia standing before me. Everything bulging up from his little body. Even his traps had risen up behind his neck, connecting just below the ears.

"I did it!" Kyle panted breathlessly. "I won!" He finally looked down to see the what his body had become. "WOAH! Look at me now!" He raced over to the full-length mirror I kept down here, flexing and posing for himself as he admired his new bulk. "I really AM huge! Look at all these muscles!"

I watched as Kyle ran his hands over his body, his thicker fingers running over his pecs and abs, gripping them as they passed. He flexed and posed for us both, his style and form perfect despite his inexperience.

"This is really me..." he muttered to himself as he felt up his muscles. "It's really real!" He looked at me with a tearful exuberance, smiling brightly and flexing for me once more, "Tell me what you think, bro!"

"Y-You look huge..." I could barely speak.

Just then I heard my mother's voice from up the basement stairs, "Boys? We're going to be going to a neighborhood part for a few hours. Make sure you don't hurt yourselves down there!"

"Don't worry, mom," Kyle called out in response. "We're just getting super pumped!"

I heard her laugh, "Well OK. Allan, please make sure he doesn't overly strain himself."

"Sure, mom." I answered in response, but it was too late for that really.

I heard the basement door close and Kyle waited to hear their car start and drive off before looking back down to me, a mischievous look to him, "You think I'm huge now? Just wait here and I'll really show you huge!"

He raced up the stairs, his boots clumping loudly on the wood and the tiling of the kitchen. I just sat there and tried to make sense of what was happening. My little brother was turning into a muscular freak right before my eyes. The worst part was that I knew this was only the start. If he had his way, he'd outgrow the entire city. I waited there for a few minutes before I could hear his boots thumping back on the kitchen tile and down the stairs. He walked with a new swagger as he slowly stepped down the stairs, each step heavy to show the weight behind it.

He got to the bottom of the stairs and I could now see he was decked out in his football pads. Or at least I thought they were his. As he got to the bottom I could tell they were too big for him. The pants were his, but the shoulder pads jostled slightly on his shoulders as he stepped down. He had pulled out my own pads and had them on!

“Hope you don’t mind me wearing these, bro! My pads were just a bit too small. Couldn’t even get my arms in.” He flexed them again and the biceps bumped up into the pads above, lifting them slightly off his chest. “I’m hoping to grow into these, though.” He strode across the floor looking like the cock of the walk and stood before the bench press. “I’m ready to try out some real weight now! Help me get this loaded! What was your max again? Let’s start there!”

“Kyle,” I tried to speak calmly and rationally, “This isn’t good for you. What if you’re growing too fast?”

“Santon Claus wouldn’t do that to me,” he replied simply. “He’s giving me everything I want and MORE! And I want more muscle! Now help me load the bars!”

He punctuated his last statement with a flex of his entire body, the veiny arms dangling from beneath my pads bundling up menacingly. He was certainly ready to use those muscles for more than showing off. I just sighed and started loading the bar, adding around 400 pounds, the max I was ever able to bench. Kyle then placed himself below it and took in a deep breath.

“OK bro! Time to get *really* huge!”

“You really sure about this, Kyle?” I tried to urge him away from going further.

“Yeah I’m sure!” he retorted sharply. “I’ve wanted this more than anything! Now get over here and spot me! Not that I’ll need it of course. With my new muscles I’m gonna be able to bend this bar like a pipe cleaner!”

He flopped himself on the bench, the pads clunking noisily as he shimmied himself into place below the bar. I took up position behind him, cupping my hands beneath the overladden bar to catch it in the worst case scenario. His dense fingers wrapped themselves around the bar and he looked up at me confidently. I gulped in worry knowing full well that even I could not handle this weight for more than a rep or two and I was an experienced bodybuilder. Kyle was just starting out and this could go very wrong very quickly.

Heedless to my fear, Kyle just gripped the bar tighter and lifted it up off the rack. The moment he did, his face turned a shade of red as he strained to keep it aloft. Veins once more snaked their way up his arms, feeding blood across the swollen mass to give them the energy needed for the task at hand.

“Kyle, please!” I cried out, the inevitable about to happen. “It’s too much for you! Just rack the weight and we’ll work out way up.”

“NO!” Kyle roared through clenched teeth. “I can.....do....this....AAARRRGGGG”

He began to lower the bar down to his chest; taking short, calming breaths as it lowered further to his chest. He stopped it barely an inch from his chest before pushing it back up. His face was bright red now, his eyes glaring at the bar above him as if trying to intimidate it to go up on its own. It slowly by sure pushed upwards, all 450lbs of iron hovered over his chest supported only by the two concrete pillars of

muscle that comprised his quivering arms. My face was white as a sheet as the bar finally cleared the rack and I was about to help him set it back into place, but it dove back down before I could react.

"Kyle! That's enough! You've already proved you could do it!"

"I haven't - urk - proven anything! AARRGG!" Kyle's eyes burned with a ferocity I had never seen before. It was like watching a rabid animal tear into a corpse as if it was still alive. "I'm not stopping - ggrrggg - until I'm - uurruggg - HUGE!"

Kyle's roared as he shoved the bar up, his muscles audibly creaking and groaning as they fought against the weight. Two reps wasn't enough though. Kyle lowered it again, but this time there was a visible difference in how he handled it. His already perfect form got even sharper, pressing the bar up and down in a fashion even I had never managed to perform. It seemed to allow for effortless movement back and forth while keeping every muscle primed towards the effort. The first few reps were still slow, but he was picking up pace. About 20 reps in and he was smirking up at me, hoisting and lowering the bar in a steady rhythm like there was no weight attached to it.

"See bro? I'm unstoppable! I'm invincible! These weights mean nothing to me! Add more!"

I didn't try to fight. I loaded another 20 pounds onto the bar as Kyle pushed them out effortlessly until he was once again lifting them like a child would lift a q-tip.

"More!"

I bumped it up to a full 500lbs, hoping that would appease him, but that too soon fell by the wayside as his muscles creaked and groaned against the weights. I could see his chest surging upwards with each rep, the edge of the pads slowly receding - becoming unable to fully protect their full surface.

"More!"

I increased it to the full 650 pounds I had available in the gym. It was a pipedream for me to have ever lifted that much myself, but it was a goal I strove for. Kyle on the other hand found it to be only slightly more troublesome than the increases before. He faltered for a couple of rep, but then he was right back on the crazy train.

"More, Allan! MORE!"

"Dude, that's all the weight in the gym!" I hoarsely whispered. My throat was dry as a bone having been drained of all fluid from the sheer terror of watching my hulking brother lift a quarter ton of weight like it was nothing.

"Then get on it yourself, runt!" Kyle commanded, "Maybe then I can get a good pump!"

The look in his eye meant he was serious. He was in a lifting frenzy and until there was nothing more to lift he wasn't going to stop. I hopped up onto the bar, my butt seated firmly between his hands as they began to lift me up along with the bar. I felt a strange sensation of inertia as my entire body dropped to his chest before being lifted back up with a grunt from below.

“Grrr! This is it!?” Kyle growled up at me. “This is nothing to me! I can’t believe you’ve barely added any resistance!” He proved this by going into overdrive. My body was sent up and down like bunny hops on a roller coaster. “Look at that, bro! That’s what I can do now!” He roared and stood up from the bench, sending me flying across the floor a few feet away. “Look at me NOW!”

Fuck he was big. He had been big before, but now he was *BIG*. He still stood at his 5’4” height, but it was so packed with muscle that he was nearly as wide as he was tall. My pads no longer jostled on top of his massive shoulder; they fit him quite snugly. His own pants on the other hand were trying to desperately keep his thighs contained. The massive trunks caused the fabric to creak and whine pathetically. My jersey was fairing a similar fate as it painted itself across his chest. He let the weights fall to the floor with a resounding CRASH that shook the whole house. He loomed over me with a maniacal grin, pulling himself into a most muscular that caused my jersey to burst open along the back, unable to contain the dense muscle and mountainous traps. He just stared down at me as he chuckled darkly.

“Did I scare you?”

I nodded honestly. I was downright terrified at this point.

He let out a small giggle and he was suddenly back to his usual self. I guess this is what it feels like to witness Hyde turn back into Jekyll. He held out a meaty palm and helped me up from the floor.

“Sorry about that. I just got really carried away! All that lifting felt really goood!”

I massaged my throbbing backside where I had hit the matted floor, “Uh...yeah...I’ve had that feeling once or twice before...”

Kyle giggled and flexed for himself in the mirror, “Man I can’t believe how big I am now!” He flexed his bicep, causing the peak to bunch back up into the shoulder pad above, but this time it failed to move the rest of it. Everything on him was impossibly tight. He rolled his shoulders and grimaced a bit. “These pads are actually starting to get uncomfortable. Way too tight. Hey, you mind if I grow out of these?”

I looked at him gobsmacked, “How exactly do you plan on doing that!? You’ve maxed out the entire gym down here!”

He gave me a knowing smirk, “Like this!”

He stuck his leg out in front of him in a traditional thigh pose and - SNAP - that was the end for the tortured lycra football pants. They were decimated, blown to smithereens in less than a fraction of a second as Kyle’s thigh and calf exploded with muscular perfection. It had to of doubled in size and thickness jut from a mere flex!

“Not bad, right bro?” He shook the leg, causing the relaxed muscle to wobble atop his thigh before flexing it again into pure, motionless steel. “I feel like the suit’s been holding back a ton of growth all this time!”

I gulped as Kyle flexed the other leg. SNAP! The remains of his pants were atomized. The only thing left on his legs were his boxers which were somehow managing to stay completely intact. He turned and took a few steps toward me, his thighs now so huge they were rubbing up against each other forcing him to waddle, and stood in front of me with shining eyes that I could tell were hiding a devious intent.

"I'm gonna have to get a bit bigger to give some room for these legs..." He took a slow, steady breath, puffing out his chest like he was trying to inflate himself. Only he actually seemed to manage that. By the time he stopped his entire torso had doubled to match his legs, his pecs swelling into watermelons barely protected by my pads. "And then I'll get bigger muscles to fill all of that extra space..." He took another long breath, his muscles surging even more, crowding everything together. His traps rose up behind his head, almost to the tops of his ears. "And then I'll have to get even bigger to give those muscles more room to grow!"

He inhaled again, filling his lungs to their maximum capacity. He looked like an overinflated teddy bear. His arms no longer lay flat at his sides as his lats fought against his triceps which by now were coupled with his biceps to rival beach balls in sheer size. His traps had surpassed his ears, his back billowing out behind him as his wrecking ball pecs jut out in front of him. He couldn't even take a step now for fear of those thighs tipping him over. Everything on him was creaking and groaning in strained resistance.

"I'm gonna tower over eeeeverythiiiiing!"

Kyle began to slowly exhale, new creaks and pops resounded through the basement gym as his body shuddered and then began to stretch into the air. I was bearing witness to my little brother's ascension - his head slowly rising up from the ground. In a few moments his head was level with my collarbone and still rising without signs of stopping anytime soon. He suddenly got a pained grimace as the sound of wrenching metal filled the room. I looked down to find one of his big toes had burst through the toughened steel of his boots. The thing was fucking huge too - nearly as thick as my fist!

"Hee hee! I'm getting big feet too!" he cheered as several other toes burst free from their steel prison with several metallic screeches. "I'm gonna be the big bro, now!" He wasn't lying. He was shortly able to look me in the eye, blowing a steady stream of air into my face as his head continued to rise. He giggled in joy as the rest of my jersey met its match and tore down the front of his chest, falling in tatters to the floor. "Can't call me squirt anymore! I could stomp you flat!" He lifted his foot just in time for it to tear the remaining leather apart. His thick ankles snapped the band that had valiantly managed to keep itself attached, no longer a match for the sheer mass packing onto my brother's frame. God those were some thick feet, covered with muscle and sinew. My own feet looked flat by comparison.

I took a step back as Kyle continued to stretch higher, giggling like a school boy as he craned his neck more and more to see me past his boisterous pecs. He hadn't gained any additional muscle; rather his current musclebound build was stretched over his long arms and legs. He still looked like a mammoth version of the Hulk, but at least he could move more freely. His muscles only now just barely rubbed up against each other.

The growth finally stopped as his hair gently scrapped the roof of the basement. Fuck he had to of been almost 8' tall now! He towered over me now, my pathetic pads barely even a necklace around his bull-thick neck. And I mean literal bull-thick, not just the neck of the bull itself. He reached his thick fingers up and simply snapped it in half, grunting just to do so. It barely needed a fraction of his strength to do that. He loomed over me, our heights reversed now. He was no longer staring at my chest, I was staring at his. He had to bend forward a bit to see me too, his shelf-like pecs blocking a few feet in front of him. I didn't like that mischievous smirk he had either.

“How do I look, little big bro?” he mocked. “You actually look rather cute from up here! In fact...” I could see what was coming and I tried to make a mad dash for the door, but Kyle was too quick. He wrapped his arms around me and slammed us both down to the ground, pinning me beneath his bulk. “I told you I was gonna do this to you later. Time for you to enjoy these muscles up close!”

I struggled against him, my face plastered to his pecs as he lay on top of me. The heat emanating off of him was intense and I could smell the sweet teeming off of him from beneath the suit.

“C-Come on...” I couldn’t help but whine at this point, “Let me go...”

“What? You don’t like snuggling with me anymore?” Kyle asked in mock dejection. “I always felt your muscles were nice and snuggly when you did it to me...hmmm...maybe they’re not big enough?”

My blood ran cold, “N-No! No! They-re quite big enough! I-I-In fact, let’s just snuggle like this for the rest of the day!” How could he still want to get bigger!?

“Nah! I gotta make my muscles nice and big so that you have plenty to keep you warm and safe when I hug you. Come on! I got an idea!”

Kyle picked himself off of me, freeing me from his clutches as he made for the stairway. As he got to the landing I could see this was going to be a tight fit. His mammoth back was almost a foot wider than the width of the stairs and there was no way they were going to be able to hold his weight. Just as soon as he stepped up onto the first step it creaked loudly, snapping in half before he could apply all of his weight.

“Oops! I guess I’m too heavy for the stairs!” He didn’t look all too apologetic when he said this. Instead he was beaming.

He looked back down at me and motioned for me to go up first. I jumped the broken step and quickly ran up the stairs to get out of his way. There was a loud CRASH as he simply walked through the staircase and began pulling himself up from the floor into the doorway. The door jamb protested every second of it. His bulk was too big for it to fit through it and I could see cracks forming in the plaster around it as his shoulders twisted and forced their way through. Thankfully he was able to get himself up and through without any more major damage to the house, but he was forced to stoop over to keep his head from going through the lower ceiling of the kitchen. Seeing him hunched over only made him appear even more massive.

Kyle made his way into the garage, once again shoving himself through a small doorway never meant to accommodate a gargantuan being such as Kyle. I followed him out as he stepped through the open garage door and stood next to our mother’s van. My stomach dropped the moment I saw it. I nearly retched at the thought. Kyle just smiled brightly.

“Bet I could lift this now?”

“Kyle...please...” I begged. “You’re already too big for the house...You’re huge now! Can’t we just stop here?”

He shook his head, "No way! I'm nowhere near huge! This is big, but I want to be HUGE!" He punctuated his statement with another apocalyptic flex, every muscle bulging and bunching up over his body. "I'll stop when I'm good and ready!"

I whimpered as he turned to face the van. I was glad it was Christmas so the roads were barren of any traffic. I didn't want this to become a spectacle. Kyle lowered himself down and placed his hands beneath the carriage of the van. His hands had to of been as wide as one of the tires alone. The strain was evident on his face, though as he began to lift the side of the vehicle up, the left tires leaving the concrete driveway as the veins across my hulk of a brother's arms surged to life. He slid his hands in further beneath the van, ducking down into a squatting position for proper posture for what was about to come.

He managed to get the 2 ton car up onto his shoulder, his face red and covered in sweat just from that amount of strain alone. I could see his body visibly growing once more as he kept the van aloft, muscle and height now steadily packing onto his frame. He gave a deep grunt and started to push with his legs, his knees quaking as they forced the insane amount of weight on his shoulders up. I could only watch helplessly, unable to do anything if something were to go wrong, but then again I had a feeling that everything would be fine.

Kyle continued to grunt as the van slowly rose up off the concrete inch by painful inch. As soon as he got it past the halfway point he growled and repositioned himself, spreading his legs further apart for more leverage. Muscle continued to pile on in droves, his arms inflating beneath the metal, his pecs and shoulders stretching out wider. I could see his traps pushing up against the metal as well, aiding in lifting it higher up from the ground. The grinding and churning of bone and sinew rolled like thunder as his bones grew denser and thicker to support the countless cables of raw sinew wrapping around his body.

He kept pushing until his legs were perfectly straight. I would have thought he'd lower back down at this point, but he kept going, lifting it up higher until his arms held it a solid 12' from the ground - a combination of his monolithic height and his long, trunk-thick arms.

He looked down at me in triumph, "Told you I could do it! I'm a monster!"

I could only nod, my jaw on the floor as I gazed up at the undercarriage of our family SUV - at least what I could that was not covered by Kyle's enormous hands. He giggled again and started to squat it. Just as before, he started off slow, but after only a few reps he was pounding them out like the van was weightless. When the squats got old, he went to a bench press position and then barbell curls when that failed to show much resistance. He was using out van as nothing more than a free-hand weight by the time his growth topped out. I was left staring at a 10' behemoth, its head surrounded by muscle on all sides as it effortlessly pumped the car up and down in its hand. It looked like a toy to him now.

Kyle eventually gave up on the van and let it drop to the ground, the shocks getting a serious workout as it bounced a few inches into the air before settling back down onto terra firma with a crash. He looked down at me and roared, slamming his massive fists into his chest in a triumphic victory howl.

"WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU DONE!?"

Both of us looked over to see our mother clambering out of the car in a blind rage, her eyes deadlocked on Kyle who looked way down at her.

“Look mom! Santon Claus’ gift really worked! I’ve got big muscles now!” He flexed his biceps and hoooooly shit they were huge. I knew they were huge before, but seeing them in action - on full display - I nearly passed out at the sight. They had to of been the size of the van itself!

I could see my mother desperately trying to figure out if she should be worried or furious. My father remained in the car. He either knew not to get involved or he was too busy gawking at the monolithic body Kyle now possessed. My mother’s attention turned to me, her eyes blazing.

“I told you not to let him push himself too hard!”

“It’s not Allan’s fault,” Kyle spoke up before I could get a chance to defend myself. “I wanted to be big and Santon Claus made me big!”

“That’s enough out of you, young man,” my mother hissed. I had to give her credit. Any normal person wouldn’t dare talk to a guy Kyle’s size like that. It was like a mouse screaming at an elephant. “You’re going to take off that suit now or I’m going to do it myself!”

For the first time today I saw something in Kyle’s eyes: fear. There were a few things in life you didn’t fuck with and one of those was your mother’s rage. It didn’t matter how big he was, he was still just a kid. I could see his mind racing, trying to determine his options. My mother took a step forward, holding up a finger.

“One...”

Kyle took a step back, but my mother kept pressing forward.

“Two...”

Kyle’s eyes were wide and panicked. Before my mother could get to three, he bolted and ran, his enormous legs pistoning himself down the road at breakneck speeds. In a few seconds he was gone and out of sight. My mother tried to cry out to stop, but it was already too late.

The rest of Christmas was a blur. I was sentenced to my room - more so out of self-preservation from my mother than out of her own demand - while my parents had gone out to search for Kyle. They gave up after a few hours, though. Wherever he ran off to, it was anyone’s guess. Even if he was a massive beast of a boy, it was still a big city.

It was a half hour until midnight. I was lying in my bed, tears filling my eyes as I stared at the ceiling. I felt like I was to blame for all of this. I could have stopped him. I shouldn’t have let him go that far. But really...would I have? Could I have actually stopped him? My heart ached at the thought of losing him.

Suddenly there was a soft tapping at the window. I bolted upright and saw Kyle’s face staring at me through the window. My heart skipped a beat as my mind came to a realization that I was on the second level of our house and he was looking into it from above, but at this point I didn’t care. I raced for the window and whipped it open, the cold Christmas air filling the room.

“Hey bro.” Kyle said simply, a weak smile on his face. “I’m home.”

"Kyle," I whispered to try and not alert our parents. I didn't think my mother would be able to handle this. From the window all I could see surrounding Kyle's head was muscular flesh, but it was perfectly smooth. His head was the same size it had always been, but the rest of him had to be gargantuan. "What the fuck happened to you?"

"I got big...way big! I'm finally huge!"

"You had us all worried sick!" I snapped. "Where did you go?"

"I was training in the mountains! Lots of big rocks I could use to pump myself up reeeeeaaaaallly big! I came back because I wanted to take you there! I got a surprise for you."

I now knew how my mother felt earlier. "You can't just go running off like that. Mom's going to freak even more when she sees you!"

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "I just didn't want to stop being huge. I didn't know what to do. Could you please just come with me though? I promise you'll love it!"

I sighed and acquiesced to his request. What's done is done and at least if I went with him I could make sure he was safe and maybe get him back home in the morning. Kyle giddily held up his hand, just a single finger alone was the size of our bedroom. I had no trouble walking out through the house and into his expansive palm. I tried to get a look at him, but as soon as I was out of the window, he cupped my into his hand and everything was pitch black. I was thankful I was trapped as I immediately felt my down forced into his skin by a ton of G Forces as Kyle rocketed us off into the mountains. I don't know if he ran or just jumped, but it was only a minute or two and we were in the mountains a couple hundred miles outside of the city.

It was there that I got to see the grotesque majesty that Kyle had now become. As I tumbled from his hand onto the rocky terrain of the mountains, I had to look way up at him. He easily eclipsed four stories by now and he was so lidden with muscle he was just as wide at the shoulder as he was tall. He was a monster. I didn't even stand taller than his little toe at this point. Somehow, probably because of the suit, his legs - wider than highway overpass columns - were still clad with his boxers from this morning.

Kyle just stood at his full height, I'm guessing looking down at me, but it was impossible to tell. His small head was buried in muscle. His pecs stuck out from his chest with a shelf so large you could land a cargo plane on it and still have room leftover. His traps were mountainous in their own right, rising high above his head in rolling hills. From where I could see it was like three individual sets of traps stacked on top of each other. He had no neck in sight, it was all covered in bulging muscles.

"What do you think, bro?" he called down to me proudly. He flexed his arms - or should I call them boulders? Everything on him was colossal and I was having trouble making sense of what I was seeing. "I'm really big now!"

There is was again: big. Not huge.

"Yeah..." I called up to him, "You're HUGE!"

“HA! This ain’t huge! I could get even bigger than this, but I wanted to give you your gift before it went away.”

“Gift?” I looked at him bewildered.

Kyle presumably nodded and gave a short “Mhmm” in response as he reached his arms up behind his head. He seemed to fumble around for a moment, but then managed to find what he was looking for: the zipper of the suit. It was hard to believe that this was all from a suit. He pulled the zipper up over his tiered traps and down his back, shucking the suit off of him like a shedding snake. The fabric became lifeless, falling around his knees as he stepped out of them, still clad in his boxers somehow.

He stood before me, still gargantuan despite no longer having the suit, hands on his hips. “Step right in, bro! Your turn to get big!”

My jaw hit the floor again. It took me a moment to actually comprehend what he had actually said. “B-But...it’s your present...not mine...”

“Yeah, so I get to do what I want with it,” he said simply. “Sure I could get a bit bigger before midnight, but I wanted to share the size with you. You’ve always been a good brother to me so I wanted to thank you. Consider it my Christmas gift to you! Now hurry up and get in! The suit stops working after midnight.”

My mind wanted to object, but my body started moving on its own. I don’t know why, but it craved muscle just as much as Kyle did. In a few moments I had tossed my clothes off and flopped myself into the neck of the suit. It was there that I realized just how silly an idea this was. The suit had retained its size from when Kyle was wearing it, making a building-sized canvas spawled before me. I was like an ant trying on a giant’s clothes. I couldn’t even move some of the fabric around me; it was too thick and heavy with bulk.

Kyle didn’t seem to have an issue with it. He just reached down and quickly zipped the suit back up, trapping me within it. As soon as that zipper touched the nape of my neck, though, I felt it: raw, unstoppable power. The suit came to life around me, inflating like it was a giant Macy’s parade balloon; only this was being filled with muscle. I felt like my body was being covered in warm, writhing concrete. It’s a feeling very hard to describe, but it felt amazing. All around me the suit was taking on its original shape, lifting my head up higher as it took shape. My vision was quickly becoming filled with nothing but my own flesh - my pecs ballooning up in front of me, just as bulbous and thick as Kyle’s. I experimentally wiggled my fingers, amazed to find the feeling of rock and stone scraping at my fingertips. My toes also felt the walls of the mountain crevice around us as they pressed into them. I was in rapture.

It took a few minutes, but eventually the growth stopped, allowing me to stand up and look Kyle in the eye, our pecs pressing into each other as they competed for space.

“Looking good, bro!” he called over to me excitedly. “How’s it feel?”

I looked down at my hands, each one able to hold our house in the palm with ease. I was breathless. “It...it feels...amazing...”

Kyle giggled, “And that’s only the start of your gift!”

I looked at him curiously to see him winding his fist back. Before I could think of blocking, Kyle's fist slammed itself into my gut. I had just enough time to flex my newly minted 12-pack to guard and a thunderous blast ripping through the mountain at the force of the impact. I expected there to be a world of pain, and yet...it barely felt like he had even tried. It was more like he was playfully punching my abs to test their hardness and yet he had put everything he had into it. Not only that, but I was no longer looking at him in the eye. I was looking down at him once more.

Kyle caught my look of shock and giggled, "Like it? The suit takes any sort of effort and turns it into pure muscle! I've done a lot of thinking and...I want you to be the bigger bro again."

I felt a tear come to my eye and I wrapped my hulking arms around him, "Aww....thanks, big little bro! That means so much to me."

Kyle nodded and returned the hug briefly before stepping back and took a fighting position. I immediately knew what was to come and I firmed up my abs, allowing Kyle to unleash a flurry of blows into my gut. Each hit slammed into my chiseled abs, shockwaves surging out across the landscape one after the other. I moaned in joy as I felt my feet sliding across the ground, growing larger, longer, and thicker by the second. The landscape of muscle before me grew ever wider as muscle surged onto me. I flexed my arms, the mighty peaks finally coming into view past my towering deltoids, everything looking just as chiseled and craggy as the actual mountains surrounding me. Kyle's massive form was lost to sight as my pecs surged in front of me, but I could still feel him chipping away.

I continued to grow, allowing my abs to relax and still barely feel the blows Kyle was driving into them. Eventually I no longer even felt that; Kyle's fists were like mere taps to my diamond-encrusted hide. I took a lumbering step back, bursting through rock that had apparently been behind me, but I plowed through it like sand. I looked down to find Kyle's starry-eyed stare gazing back up at me, his head once again level with my abs just as it had been this morning. He beamed up at me I returned it in kind.

"Thanks for the gift, Kyle. I love it."

Kyle's grin grew wider and he flexed his arms, "We're muscle brothers to the end!"

Suddenly a bubble of light sparked up from the suit, rising up from my pec a few feet and then dissipating into the night. Another one followed it, then another, and another until I was practically glowing. It seemed midnight had come and the Christmas gift of legends was fading into the night. I was worried it would mean the end to our muscular venture, but as the final light vanished into the dark, I was still towering and brimming with bulk; Kyle too.

We both looked at each other, him looking a bit disappointed, but happy overall.

"Alright Mini Massive Man, how about we get you home? We still need to tell mom and dad that you're OK."

Kyle nodded, letting out a long yawn. It had been a long day and it seemed to be finally catching up to him. I chuckled and scooped him up onto my shoulders, allowing him to ride atop my impossibly sized back as we headed out to do what those gifted by Santon Claus do.

Whatever we wanted.