

Halloween

After the workout video, Emily told us to go get cleaned up since she wanted to make sure we had enough time to get our costumes on for the Halloween trick-or-treating and party. Like all kids, I loved candy and since I had been working so hard to get my six pack abs I hadn't had any in quite a while. I was excited about getting to be Elsa, putting on her long blue dress and to put my long hair in one long braid instead of always having it in twin-side pony-tails. Jen would be Anna and so she obviously had to put her hair in two long braided pony-tails. She loved candy too, so we were both scurrying around quickly to get ready.

I slipped on the light blue dress and tightened the middle around my thin, firm waist. I then put on the purple sash and light, white cape. At the same time, Jen was putting on her black dress with the brown sash and purple cape. Soon, Jen and I were about ready and finished up by braiding each other's hair. We then headed downstairs and grabbed our matching candy bags. Hers was purple, matching her cape with pictures of Anna and Elsa on it while mine was light blue with pictures of Elsa and Anna on it.

A few minutes later, I heard Emily finishing up and heard her start walking down the stairs. I kind of stood up straight, correcting my posture, looked over and couldn't believe my eyes. Emily was, the most amazing Wonder Woman I had ever seen in my life. Gal Gadot could only dream about being this hot! As she slowly walked down the stairs, her deep red boots, with a gold bar running the length of the center front all the way up to the gold colored knee caps, bulged slightly with each step as they tightly hugged her muscular calves. Her buff, muscle-bound quads also expanded massively as she hit each stair firmly. The inner, meaty tear drop muscle protruded noticeably with each stride, extruding a powerful confidence. My eyes ran up the length of her gorgeous legs to her tight, short, blue leather skirt. It hugged her firm, rounded, protruding ass perfectly, barely covering its massive surface. That led up to a gold, V-Shaped belt with the letters WW in the center. Above that, the dark, maroon armor styled mid-blouse covered up her ripped six-pack abs but still looked stunning. She wore long, silver and gold trimmed fore arm protectors that had thick leather straps surrounding her wrist and palms. Her muscle-bound biceps and rounded, thick shoulders were completely exposed and looking as buff as a seasoned bodybuilder's. She had a golden shield attached to her left arm with thick leather straps and a gold band around her thick left arm. Emily also held a long, heavy sword in her powerful right hand. Her towering traps were covered by the long, strait dark hair that laid across them and down. And she wore a large, golden headband styled crown with a star embossed in the middle of it. As she approached me, her high-heeled boots made her even taller and she towered above me. My little sister was the picture of physical perfection and my knees got week just staring at her. She smiled, gave me a slight nudge with her shield and said, "You girls look great! Let's go get some candy!"

As we walked to the door, Jen or shall I say Anna, ran out first, excited to hit the first house for treats. Emily went next, and I followed closely behind. As I did, I found myself ogling my sister from behind yet again. With each powerful step, her legs bulged out to the sides, the muscle separation in her

hamstrings and quads was becoming Next Level. Her bulging, protruding ass stuck out greatly and I couldn't help but stare at her impressive, bulky triceps and shoulders. I tried to keep her about 5 feet in front of me for the best view possible.

We hit house after house over the next hour, taking in a massive load of candy. My favorite were the gummy bears while Anna's were the Skittles. Emily really liked the Reeses's peanut butter cups and Snickers. I finally had my bag about full as we had combed block after block and we stopped at a house we had already hit. It had full sized Snickers bars, so Emily walked back up to the door while Anna and I stood back on the sidewalk. As we did, a large kid in a Michael Myers from the movie Halloween costume stopped in front of us. He was big and looked really scary and was even holding a realistic looking knife with blood on it. He held it up to my throat and said, "Give me your candy bag princess, or you're gonna eat this knife." "No Way!" I shouted back at the big bully. He reached down, grabbed my wrist and twisted it hard. It hurt badly and I screamed in pain as I let go of the bag and he snatched it. Within a second of that, he looked at Jen, I mean Anna, grabbed her bag and ripped it out of her hands. "Hey!" Anna yelled at the top of her lungs, "Give that back!" He laughed and said, "What are you little Disney Princesses gonna do about it? Go get Sir Lancelot to help you." He laughed, turned and started walking away swiftly as Anna started to cry.

A few seconds later, Emily came up and said, "What's the matter Jen? Where's your candy." She was really crying now so I looked at Emily and said, "That big guy down the sidewalk just stole our candy." Em was pissed and started to make a b-line towards him. She looked really intimidating and her quads were in full flex mode as she powerfully ran towards him. Anna and I followed and just as Em got to him, two other kids came out from behind the bushes. They must have been his friends and watched the whole thing. They were laughing loudly as my bigger little sister approached them and one of them kind of stood right in the middle of the sidewalk, his arms on his hips, his legs spread wide, acting like he was easily going to stop her. As my sister got closer he yelled, "Slow down Wonder Woman! I don't want to hurt you..." He barely got out the final word and she was at full speed, jumped and flew thru the air, fist coked back and then BAM!!! She blasted him in the face with the hardest punch I'd ever seen in my life. Not even exaggerating but I saw blood burst into the cool air as his knees immediately gave out and he dropped to the ground in a heap. The other buddy yelled, "Look out!" to the Michael Myers guy as he still had his back to us. As he turned to look, Emily, still moving swiftly, jumped into the air again and hammered the other buddy square in the face.

She didn't hit him with as much force and he didn't go down and instead threw a punch back. He missed her by an inch and Emily quickly moved behind him, grabbed him around the waist and fell backwards, pulling his head up and slightly over her right shoulder. She hit the ground with her back but slammed his head into the hard grass first with all the power she could muster. His head hit with a thud and the impact knocked him out, or killed him. At that instant, I wasn't sure which. By the time I got there, one buddy was bloodied and laying on the ground with his hands covering his newly broken nose and the other was lying on the grass completely motionless. The tall Michael Myers guy looked down at Emily and said, "You fucking bitch! You're gonna get it now!" and he put our candy bags down and took

a step towards her. As he did, she said, “What are you going to do, hit me with your stupid fake knife you ass hole?” He chuckled, dropped the fake knife and grabbed a big, heavy flashlight he had in his belt loop. “Oh shit!” I thought. “If that hits Em, it could really hurt her.” Not thinking, I jumped up and grabbed his right arm holding the flashlight. He instinctively punched me right in the cheek with his left hand and my whole face went numb as I fell to the ground. I was a bit dazed but looked up as he then swung the large flashlight at Em. She raised her round shield and it blocked the blow. It obviously wasn’t a real, metal shield, but the thick plastic did the job and the blow was deflected. I couldn’t believe he was really swinging a big heavy flashlight like that. It could really kill someone.

He didn’t seem to care though and took two more bog swings at Emily. She wasn’t backing down or running though, and the adrenaline had kicked in big time. As she kind of circled around, arm’s length from him, I ran in and grabbed his legs. Em didn’t wait a second as he tried to kick me off and she flew in with a hard, powerful kick to his chest. She truly looked like the real Wonder Woman in action. The momentum forced his upper body backwards and since I was still grabbing his legs, he fell to the ground, back first. As he did, Em jumped on top of him, her full weight on his torso while I still held his legs tightly. I looked up and Emily landed punch after punch to his ugly ass mask. THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD! She must have hit that mask ten times before I could hear him begging her to stop. His arms raised up in defense but helpless to stop her assault. “Stop, Stop, Please Stop!” he screamed in a begging, high pitched voice. “Put your arms down!” she yelled back, her muscle-bound arm was cocked back, ready to strike. He just kind of still held them straight up in a non-working defense. THUD! She blasted him again in the mask. “Put Your Arms Down I Said!” Emily again demanded. After one more, half speed punch. The bully laid his arms down by his sides and said, “OK, OK, they’re down, they’re down.”

As I looked up, at the back of Emily, her shoulders and triceps were pumped and full. Muscle flexed tensely all across her back too. She then reached down, grabbed the mask and pulled it off his head. “What the fuck Brad?” she exclaimed as she stared at his bloodied face, bent up broken nose and long goatee. He was too embarrassed to respond, and as she slowly stood up, her buff legs intimidatingly straddling each side of his badly beaten body she again asked, “What the fuck are you doing?” I finally let go of his legs and stood up as well. Again he didn’t answer, looked at me, did a half roll to his stomach and bolted. He took off running like a deer being chased by a lion and disappeared into the dark. “Oh my God Em!” I said, “Was that Brad Teller?” “Ya...” she responded quietly, still kind of in shock. Brad Teller was probably ten years older than her, 23 or 24 I would guess. He was a neighbor 5 or 6 doors down the street and had actually babysat us not even three or four years ago. Here this loser was, stealing candy from kids and my 13-year-old sister just completely destroyed him in a fight and kicked the living shit out of him. With a laser focused stare, Emily walked over to the guy she had body slammed a few moments earlier. He was moving around now, but still completely dazed. She reached down, grabbed his wallet and took out his Drivers License and threw his wallet down on him. Emily then walked up to the first guy, still covering his bloodied face. “Give me your wallet.” She demanded. He immediately cooperated, reached down and handed Emily his wallet. She grabbed that license, threw the wallet back at him and said, “Grab your friend and get the hell out of here!” He did as she instructed and the two scurried off still dazed from the tremendous beating they had just taken.

The numbness in my face was wearing off now and a red hot pain started shooting thru my face. I began to cry uncontrollably as the adrenaline started to wear off and fear overcame me. I could barely breathe, I couldn't walk, my knees got weak and I fell to the ground, an emotional wreck. Emily tried to console me and make me feel better, but it didn't work and the tears just flowed. Finally, my little sister reached underneath me, lifted me in her muscle-bound arms and held me tightly against her. I rested my head on her firm, warm chest and she slowly carried me home. I felt really comfortable in her strong arms and by the time we got home, I started to breathe a little more easily.

She opened the front door and put me down. "Now go get cleaned up." My sister said, since my dress was a mess and I was covered in the grass and dirt I had been rolling around in while I held on to Brad's legs. I ran upstairs and hoped in a nice warm shower. The hot water running down my body made me feel comfortable and other than a sore face, I felt pretty good. I kept going over the incident again and again. I still couldn't believe how fast Emily moved, how powerful her punches were, and how she had completely destroyed three much older boys in a matter of a minute or so. She was my hero and I really wanted to let her know how grateful I was for her. I finished up my shower, put on a pair of Victoria's secret PINK sweatpants and matching top, let my long hair fall freely over my shoulders and back, and headed downstairs. Unfortunately, Emily had already gone to her room and I heard the shower start again and knew she was up there getting cleaned up herself. I was really disappointed because all I wanted to do right then was give her a big hug and thank her for being so protective of us.

My mom saw my face and quickly grabbed an ice pack and held it against my swelling cheek. She had just heard the whole story from Emily and wanted to hear me tell it as well. She was really upset and was going to go down to the Teller's the next morning and give Ms. T and Brad a piece of her mind, and maybe even call the police. I don't think my mom realized just how badly Emily had beaten Brad up and that he probably needed to go to the hospital and was way worse off than any of us. She didn't seem to hear that part of the story though and only knew that this 23 year old man was stealing candy and getting into fights with little girls. Luckily, Jen was smart enough to grab all of our candy bags after the fight and there were three piles of it on the living room floor. We knew my sister's favorites and began separating the piles according to what everyone liked the most. It was way more candy than I would ever want to eat, but it was fun to have, and I looked forward to eating some of it when my cheek and jaw didn't hurt so much.

We were finishing up the candy separating and my mom instructed Jen and I to go to bed. "No." I pleaded with her, I wanted to stay up and tell Emily I was so grateful for her and that she was my hero. But my mom was emotionally upset about the events and wanted us to go to bed and get a good night's rest as it was my grandmother's birthday again and we were going to her house the next day. I pleaded a bit more, but I could tell my mom was not going to budge, so after bagging up my share of the candy, I regretfully headed upstairs. Jen did too and she got cleaned up and we turned out the lights and went to bed. After a while, I heard Jen breathing restfully and knew she had gone to sleep while I just laid there, wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

As I did in the warm shower, I played the fight over and over again in my head, thinking of Emily's powerful muscles, laying out men and knocking them senseless. How had my little sister become such an athletic stud, able to drop a man with one power-laden punch? I knew she was strong from all of her sweat inducing workouts, but knowing how to fight like she did, sent her stud status into outer space in my mind. How could I ever look at her the same again? I would just constantly be in awe of her muscular, bad-ass presence.

Just as I finally thought I might fall asleep, I heard the door creek open and looked towards the dim light. My sister's statuesque, muscular physique was backlit and her buff, athletic shadow cast across the room. She was wearing a small pair of cotton, running shorts. Her muscular quads burst out of them into a perfect, widely curved shape down to her small kneecaps. Her calves bulged outward in a beautifully sculpted shape, rounding down into her thin ankles and bare feet. Em's six-pack ripped abs were totally exposed as she was only wearing a white tank-top crop-top and her herculean arms rested powerfully, slightly pushed out from her muscular torso by her thick, protruding lats. Her rounded, cantaloupe sized shoulders were also dramatically illuminated and led my eyes to her solid, tall traps and substantial neck. She slowly held out her arm and curled her fingers inward, signaling me to come. I jumped out of bed and rushed towards her, wrapping my arms tightly around her torso, my head buried into her thick, muscular chest. Emily returned the loving hug and slowly walked us down to her room.

We laid down on the bed, face to face, my arms still wrapped around her muscular physique. Her heavily muscled legs intertwined with my thin stems. Her strong jaw and face inches from mine, Emily peered lovingly into my eyes and said, "That was really brave what you did tonight, grabbing Brad's arms and legs and fighting to protect me. Now I know I can always trust you and that we have each other's back." "I love you Em, I'll always have your back." I replied. "You protected us tonight, and took a big risk. You're my hero Em." I finished. She got a big smile on her face, kissed me sweetly on the lips and then pulled me tightly into her, her muscle-bound arms and legs grasping my smaller, weaker frame firmly. She closed her eyes, took a deep, satisfying breath, let out a big sigh, and slowly fell to sleep. Fully content in her strapping, muscle-bound hold, I also took a deep breath, let out a satisfying sigh, and slowly fell asleep...