

Halloween

It was an amazing night...obviously the best of our young lives up to this point. We both felt the euphoria that the FIRST TIME always brings. The feeling that you have finally reached life to the fullest. We had a mutually shared experience that no one could ever take from us as long as we lived. Everyone remembers their first time. Everyone relishes that moment like no other. No matter how many times you've done it since...how many partners...there will always be that first. The bond you have with that person will live with them no matter their path and it will belong to you...no matter yours. I had saved myself for my Emily. She had saved herself for me. I couldn't imagine ever leaving her side at this point and I prayed she thought the same.

We cuddled lovingly on those padded mats. In this place of years of pain and ultimate pleasure...it seemed appropriate to consummate our love in this basement of weights and agony and sweat. In her workouts, Emily experienced the pain that a vigorous workout will give her...and then she experienced the satisfying pleasure of rushing endorphins that the blood rushing through her pumped up muscles would then return. A satisfying feeling of accomplishment and self-worth. I had just provided her with a different kind of hurt from the FIRST TIME and then, ultimately, an incredible, satisfying pleasure on a whole different level than lifting heavy weights could provide to her.

I had awoken at this early hour and a warm sense of euphoria still flowed throughout my entire body and as I cuddled more deeply into her muscular grasp, I felt at one with my little sister like never before. No matter how huge, how musclebound, how strong Emily had become...and would become, she would always be my little sister and would be dear to me in every way.

I felt as one with my sister and watched her slowly wake from her slumber. As she peered into my eyes, a loving giddiness painted itself on her face and she squeezed my small body more firmly into hers. Emily's massive quad and calf wrapped around my two thin legs and her herculean arm simultaneously brought my torso into her heaving, muscular chest. I was completely immobilized in her strong, overpowering grasp and I was safe and contented as her warm breath wisped into me. She nuzzled her nose into mine and I loved how athletic and strong her face looked. I pressed my mouth into hers and we enjoyed the first, morning after kiss and true passion was evident.

The workout pads didn't supply the most ideal sleeping comfort and it was also just a bit cold down there now. Emily decided it was time to move our location and stood up, again carrying me like a small child in front of her. Her hard, rounded biceps poked firmly into my back and

legs as she easily walked us up the stairs and to the basement door. I was fearful that our mother would be up and see us in our naked state. Emily didn't seem to care though. She was as happy as she had ever been in her life and as I unlocked the latch, we headed out into the house.

As I feared, our mom was up and already preparing breakfast. Emily had demanded that her morning meal of a six egg omelet and fresh berries be prepared at precisely 7am daily. Em walked us slowly by the kitchen and just as we were about to pass and be out of sight, Emily's heavy weight, with me in her arms made the floor creek. My mom spun her head at the noise and I think she just got a fraction of a view of the back of my sister's buck naked glutes as she passed us around the corner. "Em, is that you?" I heard my mom ask.

"Yes mom....be right back down." She blurted as she rushed us up the stairs.

As she got to her bedroom door, my little sister put me down to go to my room and throw on some clothes. She patted me on my ass as I went and said, "Don't be long babe."

I smiled but as I started to open the door, I noticed my brother was already up and playing video games. SHIT, I couldn't walk in the room buck naked, he would obviously wonder what the fuck was going on and I was definitely trying to hide my relationship with Emily from him and my mom. I quickly closed the door, turned and rushed back to Em's room. I bolted inside before anyone saw me.

Emily turned her head towards me. She had a look of surprise on her face to see me back so quickly and also to still be naked. Emily was just pulling on some cute, pink panties up and over her muscle-bound quads and onto her gorgeous, rounded, full, muscular glutes. It was a sight of utter perfection and I was so glad I'd be able to nuzzle my face and cock into their gap on a daily basis. "What the hell Dave?" she asked, wondering why I wasn't dressed.

"Derek is up playing video games already, or probably still up from last night playing them." I answered. "I couldn't just walk in buck naked you know."

"Ok. Come here cuttie, I'll get you something." She answered as she turned towards her dresser.

I walked up and wrapped my arms around her thickly muscled torso and laid my head on her warm, broad, firm, bump covered back. I pressed my flaccid cock into her hard ass and felt its immense power as it felt like concrete as she stood slightly bent over. Emily reached her left arm back, grabbed my rod and said, "Relax little one. There will be plenty of time for that later."

I was a little bummed as I already wanted to drop to the ground and fuck my little sister again for hours. But she had her schedule and right now it was time to eat. I was smart enough to never get between Emily and a meal.

She handed me a pair of sweat pants and a bodybuilding supplement company t-shirt. I pulled on the sweat pants and tied the waist string as tight as possible, but they were still a little loose. I then threw on the t-shirt and began walking towards the door. The shirt was incredibly baggy, easily two sizes too big for my small frame and the pants were so long, they were tripping up my feet. Emily looked at me, walked over, grabbed my two hands in hers and began walking backwards, pulling me along and back towards the dresser. “You look ridiculous babe...I’ve got to find you something else...” she said.

Emily then continued to toss clothes around and dig deep into one of the drawers. Finally, she turned around towards me, and had a huge smile on her face. She kept the clothes behind her back and I was curious what she had picked out for me, but more impressed with the muscle-laden pecs just inches from my face. As I was preoccupied with that, Em slowly moved her arms out and held out my clothes. I knew by her smile she was up to no good and as I peered down at her hands, I saw why. She really didn’t have any clothes that would fit my small body anyway, so I wondered what she had for me.

She had somehow dug deep enough and found some My Little Pony outfit she must have had at twelve years old. It was a small light blue skirt and a pink top with the rainbow haired, smiling pony on it. I looked at Em and said, “Really???”

Emily laughed hysterically and I became enamored by her bouncing pecs and flexing abs as she chuckled. At that point, I realized I’d do anything for my little sister and playing the cute little pixie sister again for her this morning would be worth it to bring her that much joy. I grabbed the skirt and slowly pulled it up my fit, but thin legs. I didn’t think it would fit, but shockingly enough, it wrapped around my small waist perfectly. I then pulled on the pink shirt and it was a little tight but did fit onto my upper body well. At that point, even though I’d grown to 5’5” tall and had gained weight up to 125 pounds, I could still easily fit into my little sister’s outfits from when she was only twelve years old. To finish the little sister look, Emily pulled my long hair to the sides and affixed it in my patented side pony-tails. “Good gracious!” Emily said, “You’re still as cute a little sister as I remember from two years ago baby.” And she leaned down and planted a big kiss on my lips.

I stood happily in her My Little Pony outfit as she threw on a small pair of shorts and my track shirt, which she had cut the sleeves, sides and neck out of, to make it actually fit onto her herculean, muscular body. She then grabbed me and led me down the stairs and into the kitchen. I ogled her diamond shaped calves and bulging thighs with each stride and by the time we hit the last stair, my cock was already getting hard.

My mom saw us enter and she began to laugh hysterically as she saw me in Emily’s old outfit. “Aren’t you just the cutest little thing?” she said, still chuckling a bit. Although it was common place just a couple years ago for me and Derek to be walking around the house in cute little girl’s outfits and pony-tails, it had been a while so the look did surprise my mom a bit.

“That’s what I thought mom.” Emily quickly responded as she gave me a nice, firm, side squeeze as she stood next to me. Her towering, wide, muscular body making me look even smaller and more petite than I already was. My mom said “Smile.” As she had raised her phone and took a couple of pics. “Send that to me mom, send it to me. I want to post that.” Emily blurted out excitedly. I was glad I was making my little sister so happy right now, and the fact that she wanted to post more pictures of me and her together on her IG page made me feel great.

We then sat at the table as my mom prepared our food. I sat next to Em and she pulled my chair all the way over next to hers. They were touching and we were sitting so close, her rounded bulging shoulder leaned hard into mine, kind of pushing me over. And her thick, full quad pressed firmly against my thin leg and warmed it up with the heat emanating from its rock hard surface. I reached my hand down and began to caress her gorgeous leg...the feel of its full, muscle-bound bumps sent shock waves through my body and gave me a huge boner.

As I reached down and adjusted my erection my mom blurted out, “So Em, what are you doing tonight for Halloween?”

“Oh, well, I hadn’t told Dave yet, but I’m taking him to a party over by campus.” Em answered.

“Oh, that’s fun.” My mom replied, “What are you going as?”

“It’s a surprise mom, but I can’t wait to show you our costumes.”

I was immediately excited that Em was inviting me somewhere and glad I was now locked in to spend the evening with her. I asked my little sister what we were going as, and she simply gave me the same response she had just given my mom. Curiosity was definitely going to get the best of me till Em told me what we were wearing.

My mom eventually walked over our breakfast and placed our plates in front of us. I don’t know why, but instinctively, I reached out, grabbed my fork, scooped up some of Em’s eggs and then brought it to her mouth. She opened her strong jaw and mouth and I inserted the fork. She closed her beautiful lips over the fork and I slowly removed it, leaving the hot eggs inside. She chewed them slowly, swallowed and then gave me a wink. As my mom sat down with her meal, Emily grabbed her fork, scooped up some of my eggs, brought them to my mouth and fed me as well.

As I slowly chewed and then swallowed the warm, delicious eggs, my mom said, “Well, you two are just as close as ever. I sure am glad to see you two getting along so wonderfully.”

With that, Emily smiled and said “Me too mom.” She then turned towards me, grabbed the back of my head, leaned her gorgeous, athletic face down and kissed me. She gave me a quick, but loving peck. I thought she was just going to give me that quick kiss, but as she started to pull her head away, our eyes met, an instantaneous spark fired between us and she leaned back in and we began making out passionately.

My mom sat there in surprised silence, her jaw hit the floor and she couldn't help but watch as Emily and I leaned and moved our heads forcefully and strongly into each other as we kissed. Our mouths, lips and tongues made all kinds of sloppy sounds. It lasted a good twenty seconds and it was definitely a sign to my mom that we were completely into each other. We were half brother and sister...but still siblings and I know my mom was immediately concerned.

"What is this!???" my mom said forcefully. Actually speaking up and taking an aggressive tone with my sister for the first time in five years.

"It's LOVE Mom!" my little sister shot back quickly.

"Yes, you should love your brother Emily. But not like this...it's just...just wrong..." She shot back.

"Really mom!" she replied back sharply. "When I was 12-years-old and wanted to get big and muscular, who supported me? He did." As she squeezed me firmly next to her. "When I needed someone to help spot me, who was there for me? Davey was. When I wanted to go to the mall or do anything fun, who was right there by my side? He was. When I got in a horrific car accident and thought I'd never walk again and might die, who was there every minute of every day, sleeping there, eating there, feeding me, rehabbing me, being a shoulder to lean on and share tears with...he was. Why would I want to spend years of my life looking, hoping to find someone as amazing and so in-tune with me as Dave when I already have him, right here?"

My mom had no answer. She couldn't dent all of the points my sister had just made and she knew she couldn't do or say anything that could possibly dampen our love and infatuation with each other. I extended my arm, wrapped it around Emily's muscular waist and leaned my head lovingly into her muscular pecs as I looked over at my confused mother.

After a few silent moments, Emily looked sincerely over at our mom and said, "Listen mom, I get it, I understand your concern, but we love each other deeply...I think we always have. We may have had a few rough patches, but that just proves that we can handle anything. I want you to support us mom, but we're going to be together from now on regardless..."

Still struggling for words, my mom took a few more moments, stood up, walked over and extended her arms for a love filled hug. Emily stood up and embraced her back knowing my mom had decided then and there to support us moving forward instead of opposing our "Wrong" relationship.

The meal then turned happy and positive and it was nice to now be able to show our true passion and love for each other in front of our family. I'm sure it was going to weird out my brother and as he walked down to take his seat at the table, Emily spoke up.

"Derek." Emily started, "We just told mom and I think you need to know as well."

"What's that Em? That you and..." He paused, looked at me in the My Little Pony outfit and continued... "That you and Denise are hooking up."

We all went wide-eyes in shock.

“How the hell did you know?” Emily quickly blurted out.

“Oh my God Em.” Derek replied, “He’s been infatuated with you ever since you started working out and getting buff. He quit playing video games with me and his friend’s years ago, just to hang out in the gym and watch you work out. He’s stared at your IG pictures every night for years, and you two are constantly going everywhere together. Pretty obvious really.”

Emily smiled widely, looked down at me, said, “I guess it’s good that everyone knows now.” And then we leaned our lips into each other for a beautiful kiss.

We made small talk with mom and Derek for the next fifteen minutes. Emily continued to feed me small bites of my breakfast while I returned the favor and fed her large, heaping bites.

“Well then.” Emily said when we eventually finished our wonderful breakfast of eggs and berries, “We’re going to get in a quick workout and then we have to go out and get our outfits for tonight.”

My mom was still very curious as to what we were going to wear, but Emily was adamant about keeping it a secret and wouldn’t tell. I was going to run up to my room and throw on some workout clothes but Emily grabbed my hand and said, “No babe, your good as you are, let’s go.”

I had lived as Denise for several years so wearing the cute little outfit didn’t bother me. Emily was hit with a bit of nostalgia, seeing me in the pink top and skirt, so she was having fun with it. I figured I would be spotting Emily as usual for the workout, but instead, she had a regimented workout planned for me too. She had me doing lots of squats and a shit ton of ab exercises. My body was engulfed in pain as she pushed me to the extreme. Meanwhile, Emily was doing tons of chest exercises, biceps curls and lots of squats as well after I finished with the bar.

Her legs and arms were absolutely massive and pumped with tons of oxygen providing blood and they were solid as granite. My little sister looked as huge as ever and I again was fully rock hard myself and wanted to fuck her like mad. Emily wanted to bang too, but she had a mission today and told me to shower up and get ready for a trip to the Halloween store.

As I showered, I was pretty amazed at my own body too. Emily had made me drink a pre-workout fluid and it really paid off. My fit legs seemed to have a little more roundness and size to them and my abs were absolutely ripped. I was getting hard just sliding my slippery hands over my own body as I cleaned the sweat from my skin.

Eventually, I finished up and met my sister downstairs. As usual, she looked insanely amazing. She wore these sports shoes that had at least two inches of lift in the heel, which made her look a foot taller than me and also made her gorgeous, diamond shaped calves flex massively. She

had on a pair of thin, white yoga pants, which were almost see through and the striations in her ass were actually visible through the material as she walked. Em also wore a long sleeved shirt, but it was thin too and hugged her bulging muscles beautifully, making the shirt look like it was painted on her gorgeous, muscle-laden body. She had told me to wear a pair of my running shorts and a loose top to be able to easily try stuff on. I did as she asked of course, but knew I'd be hugging her massive, heat emitting body all day to keep warm on this cool day.

I asked Em on the way over what party we were going to attend. She let me know that there was a big one put on over by the college and that the first prize couple was going to win a 7 day cruise in the Caribbean! She was really excited about it and acted like we were going to try to win it. Knowing how competitive she was, I knew my little sister had some good costume ideas in mind.

We arrived at the Halloween store and finally I asked Em what we were going as. She said we would be superheroes. I was trying to think of who I could possibly be and figured probably Robin or Ant-Man. At the same time, I was thinking she would be a great She Hulk! We walked into the adult costume area and headed to a rack with a bunch of the popular Harley Quinn outfits. "Oh my God Em." I said, "You're going to be a smoke show hot Harley Quinn."

She just smiled widely at me, held up a top, and pressed it up against my shoulders and chest. "Wait, what are you doing?" I asked.

Em didn't answer, just handed me the top and then walked over and grabbed a few pairs of shorts. "Here." She said as she smiled again and handed me the shorts. Now carrying the top and shorts, Em walked me to an area with these skin colored breast. She held a few of them in her arms and grabbed my hand to take me to the dressing rooms. We slipped inside of one and Emily looked at me and said, "No babe, you're going to be a smoke show hot Harley Quinn."

She was serious about winning the contest and I said, "Babe, there's no way were going to win this trip if I'm wearing this." "No." she replied quickly, "The only way were going to win this trip is if you are wearing this."

I rolled my eyes as I reluctantly undressed and let Emily stick the realistic looking, individual breast cups to my chest. They were firm and looked very realistic I thought. With them affixed to my chest, she then slipped my head through the shirt top and pulled it down over the breasts. It covered the top of the fake breast cups but left the very bottom of the bulbous, rounded part exposed. I couldn't believe how real it actually looked and aside from being kind of cold, they even felt real.

Satisfied with that set of breasts and the Daddy's Little Girl shirt, Emily had me try on a couple of the shorts. We found a tight pair that fit well, but my bulge was going to be a little obvious. Of course Em was prepared for that too and then handed me an undergarment pair of short shorts that would basically crush my penis to a non-existent blob, making it look as though my

front was bare of any appendage. It was really tight and uncomfortable, but she said I'd get used to it and had to do it anyway to pull off the costume. She gathered up the top, breast cups and shorts and we headed to the check stand. As we were paying for the items and heading out, I asked, "Aren't you going to get a costume?" "Of course," she replied, "We're going there soon."

But our next stop was her hair salon. We walked inside and I figured she was going to get her hair dyed. But instead, we both had appointments. "What are you doing to me?" I now asked. "You gotta play the part and so do I." she answered as her girl and mine walked up to begin working on us.

My girl began working on my hair and said, "You're going to look great as a blonde." I was anxious, I'd never had my hair colored before and simply smiled back as she continued working.

What shocked me was when I looked over at Em and saw what her girl was doing. She began absolutely loping off chunks of her beautiful hair and I almost cried as her locks began hitting the floor. "What are you doing Em!" I yelled over at her. "You'll see Harley, don't be scared!" she chirped back at me.

I closed my eyes, fearful of what was going on and just decided to wait till it was all over. After over an hour, I finally opened my eyes as I felt my hair being pulled into side pony-tails again. I looked at this whitish blonde hair with a blur ponytail on one side and a pink one on the other. I then peered over to Em to see this jet black, shorter hair style that had enough length to have a little flow, but was definitely shorter than I preferred. Em was so hot, she could still look great, but I was dead curious to know what she was going to be.

Done with hair, my little sister drove us over to this other studio and we walked inside. There were a few Hispanic girls in there and they were giddy with excitement as we walked in. "Oh my God!" one of the women in her thirties said, you two are going to look insane in a couple hours.

They immediately had me put on my costume and then come out and sit in a chair. "Your abs are exquisite." The girl complimented me and I thanked her and had to agree. She then began working on me while the other two attended to Em.

I was not looking into a mirror so could not see what they were doing to Emily. My girl was applying a bunch of make-up to my face and neck and she worked on me for a while. After quite some time, she called the other girls over to have a look. “You are gorgeous.” One of the women said as she admired the work of the artist who worked on me.

They finally spun me around and I couldn’t believe what I saw. They had made me look like an unbelievably hot chick with white Harley Quinn makeup, red lipstick, blue eyeliner on one eye and red on the other. I had trickles of blood on my neck and a thin red cut on my forehead. They nailed it. I looked exactly like Margot Robbie from the movie and was in disbelief at what these artist was able to do to me. I stood up and the three girls began applauding at my look. Another one spoke up and said, “Wow! Harley Quinn but with better abs and legs...so hot!!!”

I was stoked as I looked at my reflection in the mirror and knew Emily would be pleased. She was still around the corner and I had no idea what they were doing with her. I had to wait a few more minutes but then finally I was invited back. My jaw dropped to the floor as I peered at my insane looking girlfriend.

She was huge...and Green! She wore small pair of ripped up, shredded jean shorts, like she had just turned into the hulk. They had covered her nipples with small pasties and then completely painted her in that darkish green hulk color. In addition, they had then outlined all of her gorgeous, pumped up muscles with a faint black color, making them look larger and bigger than they already were. Her hair was perfectly disheveled looking and she wore a pair of green high-platform shoes which made her three inches taller!

I couldn’t believe how awesome she looked and knew we had a legitimate chance at first place. The afternoon was now over after all of our shopping, hair and makeup work. It was already time to attend the party, and luckily it was going to be inside or Em and I would have frozen our asses off.

We thanked the girls for all of their hard work on us and took some pictures with them as well. We looked so amazing, they said they were going to post the pics to their social media accounts and try to use us as samples for them to show off their talent and grow their business. We were happy to do so and then left for the party.

As we parked at the event hall and began walking to the door we could hear hoots and hollers already. We were making quite the impact and fellow party goers were very impressed with us. I couldn’t take my eyes off Emily’s insane muscles. They popped from everywhere and as I mentioned before, looked larger than life with all of the green and black paint. Her biceps were

massive and of course her calves and quads bulged massively with each confident stride. I loved that she towered over me...and everyone else for that matter it seemed.

Just before we walked in the hall doors, I spotted a familiar car and stopped dead in my tracks as a sense of fear overcame me. “Oh shit!” I blurted out loud, “Look Em, I think my old roommate is here.”

Emily looked down at me with a grin, reached out her herculean, muscle-laden arm, grabbed my hand with hers and said, “Ya...I was counting on it!” and then swiftly led me inside...

Too be continued...