

Haircut

As my hero carried me towards the house, my mom threw a big, blue and white striped towel over our dripping wet bodies. My powerful little sister easily carried me all the way to the room in her strong, muscular arms. I was still giddy from our kiss and she was smiling at me from ear to ear as well. When we made it to the top of the stairs, Emily put me down and I immediately grabbed the towel and began drying her off. It was like drying off a marble statue as every inch of her seemed to be rock hard and chiseled out of stone.

I started at her very perky, rounded, power-laden butt. It was barely covered in her small bikini bottoms and the most glorious butt in the world to me. She stood still as I gently brushed her taut skin with the towel, her muscular arms hanging down at her sides, relaxed, but still full and very strong looking. As I pulled the cloth down her hamstrings, the roundness and hardness to them were like that of an Olympic sprinter. Her physique rivaled that of professional athletes much older than her and I was in awe of the physique my motivated little sister had created for me to ogle and caress.

After spending a little too much time on her hamstrings, I lowered the towel down and grabbed her perfectly tanned, diamond shaped calves. They were larger than my thighs and seemed to be the hardest, most rock-solid feature on her. They easily supported her weight and mine as well whenever she felt the need to throw me in a duffel bag and carry me around. Instead of being embarrassed that Em could do that with me, I was more impressed and in awe of her overwhelming strength. And anything she wanted to do that included me being close to her, I was ready and willing to do...even if that meant squeezing my frail frame into a little bag. Right now, that attitude was paying off bigtime as it was me who got to dry off her inspirational physique, not my mom or Jennifer...I mean Derek.

After finishing up that, I stood on the bed, now looking down at her a little bit as it gave me an extra two feet of height. I began to towel off her rounded, muscle-bound shoulders but her long, wet hair draped down upon them and was in the way. Realizing this, Em brought up her arms, grabbed the hair that covered both shoulders, and with her hands brought the air back and behind, then let it fall behind her, now lying on and down her muscle covered back. As she did that motion, her biceps flexed massively and tennis ball sized peaks graced the top of her gorgeous arms, sitting inches away from the side of her head. Instinctively, and without thinking, I reached out with my left hand and took her right biceps under my palm. God it was so big and hard.

“Oh ya Davey.” She said, “You’re just obsessed with these muscles now aren’t you?” I nodded yes while she hit a right arm biceps flex for me as I continued to caress it.

She really enjoyed showing off her muscles for me and continued to flex and relax her arm as she stared at my face and watched me become absolutely transfixed on it. Em then stopped flexing her arms, put her fingers in my long hair and caringly moved it past my cheeks and over the top and back of my ears. As she did, we met eyes. She then said, “Oh wow, you’re so cute now, I’m sure I’ll miss your long hair, but I’m really looking forward to seeing how cute you’ll be after a little haircut. I thought we might have another passionate moment, but she just smiled widely and then pushed me on my chest, making me fall backwards on the bed. “Now get dressed little one.” Em said with a smile as she grabbed her dry clothes and walked in the bathroom to change.

I was fearful that I would no longer be Em’s BFF and dreading what was going to change in our relationship now that she wanted two little brothers instead of two little sisters. I reached in my clothes bag and decided to put on a dress for the ride home and try to keep the same relationship in order. As I did, Em opened the door from the bathroom and stepped out. She was wearing small blue, silky running shorts, the bottom of her muscular glutes hanging out below the short material. She also wore a small, half cut crop top and her ripped abs and thickly muscled torso were clearly visible. She looked breathtaking as always and then told me how cute I looked in my pretty dress.

We gathered up our bags and Em reached out and grabbed my hand to lead us downstairs. I ogled her glorious behind as the muscle exploded in size and hardness with each powerful step...nearly bursting the seams of her small, blue running shorts. Moments later, we were saying our goodbyes to grandma and hoping in the car for the ride home. Derek sat up front with mom while Em and I sat next to each other in the back. I nestled up next to her and loved the feel of her full, meaty thighs against my legs. She was always warm and the heat from her pumped muscles always warmed me up too. Em continued to play with my hair and try to imagine what I’d look like with short hair after our upcoming cuts.

As we arrived at the hair salon a few minutes from home, we walked in and Derek was first to hop in the chair for a cut. Within seconds, long strands of hair were hitting the floor and the number six clippers on the sides and scissor cut on top had him looking boyish again. I was dreading the massive cut and knew I would miss my long hair and pony-tails. Em talked to the

stylist for a minute and then stood behind as she watched from a couple feet away. The stylist girl came at me with the scissors. She hadn't grabbed the clippers, like she had to cut Derek's hair so I was a little confused. I had expected to feel all of my hair falling to the floor and I closed my eyes, fearful of what I would open them to see.

Snip-snip, snip-snip, snip-snip I heard over and over again. It seemed like she was taking a lot more time and care in my cut than she had with Derek's. At this point I was kind of eager to just be done with it, wondering if Em would want me to be her BFF even though I was now Davey to her again. The cut appeared to be about finished and there was lots of brushing and light cutting going on. I knew there was still some hair left and as the stylist finally finished, and Em told me to open my eyes, I was greatly relieved. My bangs now hung low and had a side-sweep to them, long but barely brushing against the tops of my eyebrows. My full hair was still kind of long and layered as it hung down to just touch the tops of my shoulders. "It looks great!" Emily said excitedly as she smiled from ear to ear, and I had to admit I looked pretty good. Hell, wearing this dress still, I could probably be mistaken for Emily's little sister, but in a pair of blue-jeans and a loose t-shirt, I could certainly be her little brother.

Em had decided that she wanted to keep me as her BFF at least until the puberty blocker finally expired and I hopefully began to grow. As much as I loved being around my little sister and her insanely muscled physique, I longed for the day I could grow a few inches and not shop in the little boys and girls' section of Target.

Over the next year, Em and I remained BFF's and often cuddled up on the couch to watch a good movie. She tried to have me start sleeping in my old room with Derek, but if we ever watched a chick flick or scary movie, on almost every occasion, she would come in the room and carry me back to hers where she would drape her muscular arms and legs all over me. I would contently enjoy the heat and weight of her heavy limbs upon me as she slept and reveled in the fact that she still wanted to be close to me.

By my senior year in high-school, I had finally started to grow and I was stoked to graduate at 5'5" and 119 pounds. Gaining five inches and 25 pounds was amazing to me and I was now at least as tall as some of the girls. I still looked like a freshman, but at least I didn't look like a damn sixth grader. Em was now in her sophomore year and at 5'9" and 155 pounds of raw muscle, she was a sight to behold. She often wore short shorts and crop-tops and it seemed like every guy and girl at school envied her perfectly formed physique. She was somehow oblivious to them though and would only eat lunch with ME, everyday at the quad under the shade trees.

I wondered if Em would ever get a boyfriend but she didn't seem interested in them. I knew her only kiss ever was with me that one time in the pool at grandma's house and since I was still completely obsessed with my bigger, little sister, I hadn't kissed another girl either.

It turns out I was a pretty good runner and I was one of the top two on our school Cross Country team. At the same time, Em had taken to tennis and was on the varsity team as well. She would come to every one of my meets and cheer me on and I would attend all of her tennis matches. Watching her muscle-bound legs as she ran around in a little tennis skirt was mesmerizing to me and seeing her crush the ball and her opponents was a nice bonus. She was doing more sport specific training so Em didn't bulk up like she would have if she just concentrated on bodybuilding, but she was still a muscular stud and there were a few guys at school that I knew were interested in her.

We were both having an amazing year and I even earned a partial scholarship to the nearby state university for Cross Country. As an athlete though, I would be forced to live in the dorms and I knew I would miss the nights together with Em. Watching movies cuddled up together was basically our favorite thing and I was contemplating turning that scholarship down and simply going to the community college a few miles from our house.

Although that decision could still be made later, I was nervous about something else more imminent. One of the guys from the baseball team asked her to prom. I hadn't asked anyone yet, since, I didn't even plan on going, but now that Em had been asked, I felt like I should ask someone too. I pondered and pondered and pondered, and eventually asked Em what she would think about me asking this girl Jill from the cross-country team. Em knew Jill since she attended all of our meets but a very slow and kind of fake smile covered Em's face when I asked her about it. Even though I could tell the response was pained, Em decided we could all go together as she would have mom rent us a limo and I could take Jill while she went with Blake.

Blake was a ok guy I figured as he was only one of a few guys who hadn't picked on or made fun of me for my small size at some point. He was kind of a stud himself and was the center fielder for the baseball team. Jill was a cute redhead that was slight like me. Jill stood about 5'4" and probably weighed 115 pounds, so we were about the same size.

The two weeks went by in a flash and the next thing I knew it was time for prom. I had rented a tux at the same place up the street as everyone else. It was black with a white shirt and a light blue bow-tie that would match Jill's dress. I was busy getting ready and then waited downstairs

for Em. As soon as she was ready, the limo was going to take us to go pick up Jill and then Blake.

I was sitting on the couch when I heard my mom finally finish up working on Em and come downstairs. She gave me a quick tie adjustment and I waited eagerly to see my sister. I heard her start coming down the stairs as her high-heeled shoes made a distinct, loud clacking noise with each forceful step. As she started coming down the stairs, I looked up in awe at the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen in my life.

Emily wore white, diamond covered high-heeled sandals with a one-inch thick diamond crusted bracelet around her nicely tanned ankle. Her dress was long and went all the way down to barely brushing the floor with each step. It was shiny and a mix of many light blue's, pink's and whites. It hugged her gorgeous hips and legs tightly, but there was a long slit up the right side and her heavily muscled quad flexed massively and was clearly visible as she slowly walked down the stairs. Her ab muscles pushed against the tight material around her torso and damn near cut through the shiny dress material as she breathed. The dress had no straps, since it was clung so tightly to her furiously muscled physique and there were small rounded breast coverings laying gloriously upon her thick, rock-hard, well-defined pecs. Em's muscular arms were uncovered and her right forearm and bicep flexed massively as she held on to the stair railing to avoid falling or tripping on her dress. Her sandy blonde hair was slightly curled and hung down and over her thick, rounded shoulder caps. My mom had done an amazing job on her makeup and had created the illusion of beautiful cheekbones, with soft face and dark eyes. Her glossy lipstick matched the shininess of her dress and my heart skipped a beat as I took in the insane beauty of my sister.

Emily slowly walked up, now towering over me at over 6'2" tall in her high-heels. "Holy Shit!" I exclaimed in awe, "You're gorgeous Em." She smiled widely and gave me a wink, knowing she had impressed the hell out of me. "I know." She said back, "I almost don't even recognize myself with all this damn make-up on." "Well...you could be in a fashion magazine no problem." I followed without hesitation.

My mom wanted a photo of course and had us stand next to each other in front of the mantle. As usual, I felt like a midget standing next to my little sister and the fact that her legs were bigger than my torso made me feel even smaller. We took a few pics and then, out of nowhere, Em decided to pick me up in a cradle carry in front of her. Her shoulder muscles and arm muscles flexed to immense size as she hoisted me up so I wrapped my arm around her right shoulder and towering trap. Em's upper body was rock hard and she stuck out her right quad

and gave it a huge flex as well for the pic. We were both smiling widely and I was always happy to be manhandled by my sister and especially right now. She was so buff and beautiful, I just couldn't take my eyes off her.

Eventually Em put me down and we made our way out to the limo. I couldn't get over how incredible my sister looked and I kept complimenting her all the way to Jill's house. Em took it in stride but told me not to get used to her wearing all this ridiculous makeup. I was ok with that since I ogled her bulging muscles more than anything anyway...but I still thought she looked insanely hot in her dress and lipstick.

Soon enough, we picked up Jill, and then Blake. We took pictures at both places and eventually made our way to the dance. I was a bit of a loner so just found one other couple from the cross country team to talk to while Em was whisked away to hang with all of the popular kids. Em wasn't friends with too many people either but Blake was. He had them in their big group and it was intimidating to me so Jill and I really didn't try to interact with them. As much as I was trying to have a nice time with Jill, I just kept looking across the dance floor to keep my eye on Em.

They were passing around a little flask and I knew Em didn't drink. It looked like she was not taking a hit from it and constantly passing it over to Blake instead. It was killing me to see her having so much fun with him, but I had to just try and stay in my lane and let her enjoy being a cool kid. Jill and I continued to hang a little and eventually started dancing. I was terrible as you might imagine but Jill was good and really enjoying the EDM vibes.

It seemed like we had been there at least two hours and to be honest, I was finally not looking over at Em every ten seconds. A slow song came on and Jill moved in and held me tightly. I returned the grasp and held her just as firmly. She was obviously slight of frame, unlike Em but she was enjoying it and so was I. We just rocked slowly back and forth as we kind of twisted around at the same time. By the time the second slow song started, Jill started to get a little bit frisky, looked me in the eyes and slowly moved in for a kiss. I felt her romantic energy immediately and just as we were about to meet lips, I hear a yell from across the room. "David STOP!" I looked over instinctively and Em was walking swiftly towards us. Her massive right quad kept exiting the slit in the dress and the three headed muscle was bulging greatly with each forceful stride.

The look on her face was an intimidating scowl and the muscles in her neck seemed to be expanding massively. I still wasn't 100% sure why she was marching over so forcefully but as she approached Jill and me, she reached out her muscle-laden arm, grabbed my hand and pulled me violently away. I still wasn't sure what was happening as she basically dragged me off the dance floor and out the front of the gym. She led us up to our limo and opened the door, practically throwing me inside. Em then hopped in behind me, smashing me beneath her massive, muscular frame, looked at the driver, yelled, "Take us Home!"

As the limo driver started driving us out of the parking lot, I was lying directly beneath Em and our faces were just inches apart, her mass easily holding me still and helpless beneath her. "Were you about to kiss her?" Em asked me loudly. Startled and scared, I laid there speechless, out of breath and not knowing how to answer. Again Em asked sternly, "Were you about to kiss her?" With great hesitation and a stutter I softly answered, "Um....I don't know....I mean...well...I..." Before I could finish, Em just looked me dead in the eye, bopped my nose with hers and ordered, "Kiss me!"

Shocked, I was motionless as Em lowered her lips to mine. They were warm and firm and I immediately returned the kiss. The initial peck turned into open mouth passion and I began twirling my tongue with hers as our moist, mouths met and danced over and over again. Her breathing became heavy and the wetness was intensifying as we made out. My gorgeous, muscle-bound sister had somehow developed a crush on me as well and seeing me about to kiss another girl had forced her into action. I took her bulging, muscular biceps in my hands and she flexed them and relaxed them over and over again. Our heads had become one and she was forcefully pushing her tongue deeper and deeper into me as her affection for me intensified.

It was a twenty minute ride home from the dance and it went by in a flash as the fervor of our mutual love and admiration for each other revealed itself. I had never been happier in my life and as we pulled up to the house, I just looked deeply into her eyes and said, "I think I'm in love with you Em." She slowly licked her beautiful, full, moist lips and answered softly, "...I know." And gave me a final peck on the lips before leaning her muscle-laden physique off of me, grabbing my hand and pulling me out of the door.

She smartly asked the driver to go back and give Blake and Jill rides home as she slowly walked us up to the front door of the house. My mom heard the limo and was opening the door as we were holding hands on the sidewalk. As we gradually approached, swinging our held hands together like little lovebirds my mom asked, "How was the dance guys?" I wasn't sure what to

say, but Emily looked contently at her and said, “Perfect mom. Absolutely perfect I’d say.” As she reached out and gave her a huge, loving, warm hug while Em looked wryly at me and flashed a wink and a sweet smile...