

# Busted by my Sister

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*My sister takes control after catching me in her panties*

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I had the rarest of rarities - an afternoon home, alone. I could hardly believe my luck. My sister, Teresa, was out with her boyfriend, or at the mall or...who really cared, she was out. Mom and Dad had already left for their big evening out - a dinner and show night. So I was home alone, and it was a cold, blustery day, and there was no reason to go outside. Besides, I thought as I lightly stroked my erection, I have so many better things to do!

Using my sister's panties to masturbate was probably my most closely held secret. It's mostly because Teresa's hot. She's twenty-one and has matured into a full-bodied woman. She works out and constantly bitches about her weight, but I think that she's sensational. I don't much care that she's my older sister. I know a hot woman when I see one, and she's hot. And she's got a bigger body, not this size 0 stick without any meat on her bones. She's got the meat, the weighty D-cup breasts and the thick, lovely thighs. I've never really thought about having sex with her personally, but her body is definitely the kind of body that adorns my daydreams. And then there are the panties.

Oh, the panties! I remember it well - a torrid August night. A line of storms had just ripped through the area, and another was forecast. I was home alone, and I'll admit to being scared. So what would any scared 17 year-old do in such a situation? Masturbate, of course (do YOU have a better way to get through being scared?!). But as I was wandering around, scared, naked, and erect, I stopped by the laundry room. Ours is on the second floor, see. And a pair of my sister's panties were just lying there on the floor. Small. Red. Satiny. Sexy.

The thought hit with almost physical force. 'Wear them' the voice said. 'Wear them and jerk off and you'll feel sexy and cum so hard.' No teenage boy caught in the throes of hormonal chaos could resist such a thought. Yet somewhere in me, deeper, in a place that I barely recognize, I suddenly understood something. Wearing and masturbating in those panties was...right...for me. A necessary thing. Like a key tumbling the lock and opening the door to a deeper, better understanding, I saw the light, and that light said 'wear the panties.' So I did.

Never in my short life had I been that aroused, that stiff, that so desiring of jerking off as I was when I

tucked my erection and balls into the satin material of my sister's panties. I almost came right there. I ran into my bedroom and jerked off wildly. I stopped when I was about to cum, and did that two or three more times. Finally, I slipped out of the panties, and used them in my hands to stroke myself to my orgasm. It was a big, messy shot, with cum splattering down all up and down my stomach. I cleaned up quickly, and replaced the panties.

Since that day it has become a game. I am discreet and above all, cautious. I've been exposed to the bullying that exists in high schools, and I am friends with a couple of the gay guys in my school. That alone is a sin, and I'm labeled a fag-fucker just because I like to hang out with the gay kids. I don't care, and I don't let it bother me, but I also get it - and the kind of torture I'd go through at school if the guys knew I jerked off wearing my sister's panties would be unbearable.

Teresa is also pretty nasty. She's got this whole sorority-bitch thing going, and prances around the house like her shit don't stink. Worse, she treats me like I'm an idiot. So my sister learning about my occasional masturbation habit would be almost as bad as my school learning about it. I've never come close to having my sister bust me, and I get to use her panties about once a month.

So an unexpected winter afternoon was just the perfect scene for a quick pleasure session with Teresa's panties. I went into the laundry room and rummaged about a bit, until I found a pair. Rather frumpy by my sister's standards, they were pink with a full back, but satiny.

My prick was stiff in my jeans, and I daydreamed for a moment about lying on my back and stroking that cock with my panty-covered hand until it spurted my cum all over my belly. It was hard to suppress a grin at the thought. I grabbed them up and went into my room. I undressed and slipped the panties on my legs. I closed my eyes and rather languidly rubbed my cock until I felt nice and stiff. Nice and stiff. Nice...and....stiff...

"Jesus Christ, what the fuck!?" came a high-pitched voice laced with fury and disgust.

"Oh fuck!" I cried, sitting up. Yep, I'd fallen asleep. In her panties. On my bed. And of course she looked in and now that I was sitting up, she could clearly see that they were hers. My heart began racing wildly in my chest; I could not catch my breath, and I was unable to meet the blazing daggers shooting from Teresa's eyes. I grabbed the hem of the panties to yank them off, but Teresa was too fast. From training born of sports she moved, and was on the bed pinning my arms to my sides before I could effectively react.

"Get off of me!" I cried out. Her anger matched my adrenaline, and it was an even battle. The wrestling match was quick and physical, but I lost. I ended up on my back, my sister in her tight blue jeans and equally tight cream-colored sweater straddling me, pinning my arms to my sides, her hands behind her back to hold my wrists. I was not much of an athlete whereas Teresa was a naturally

terrific one. So I was now double-fucked. First busted, and now beaten.

Her breasts heaved as she panted from the sudden exertion. And at that moment I felt a dawning new horror. The combinations were too incredible to consider, and yet...and yet I felt my erection not just growing but getting to full engorgement quickly.

Was it my sister, or her breasts? Was it how she was straddling me, and I could look down at her crotch, knowing what hid behind her jeans? Was it the long-term fascination I'd had for my sister's body, and now with it in such an intimate situation my own thoughts and body betrayed me? Or had I simply wanted to get caught in her panties to learn what would come next?

I shifted slightly and she grasped my wrists more tightly, and spun her head - I suppose to see what it would look like. Instead, when she looked at me again, I saw a new expression mingling with disgust and anger - deviousness.

"Why, little brother, why. Why do you have a hard-on?" she demanded. She pushed down on me, making it hard to breathe. Her weight, I realized, was more than mine. I'm a feather merchant, at five-eight one hundred twenty pounds. I think she has at least two if not three inches on me, and definitely thirty pounds. "Is it my panties? Or my tits? Or the fact that I'm sitting on your chest?" she snarled.

"Uh..."

"Shut up!" she fairly screamed at me. She pursed her lips as she continued to breathe heavily. Damned if I could not take my eyes from her heaving breasts, and damn if I was not contemplating underboob! "My god Daniel, it's been you shooting cum in my panties!" she realized. I closed my eyes. I could not face this any more, and sure enough the hot sting of tears formed in my eyes. "Oh you sissy. You goddamn panty-wearing sissy!" she barked, seeing the tears flood my eyes and drip down my face. "Wearing my panties, no worse, *jerking off* in my panties, and now you're all fucking hard but crying at the same time? Fuck," she said with such bitterness that it made me want to crawl into a hole. Forever. "Sissy." She said it like an epitaph.

She looked behind her again to see that my erection had not wilted. "What, the humiliation turning you on?" she asked softly, staring wide-eyed at me. She bent over, her face an inch from mine. I could feel her hot breath on my face. "Is this turning you on, brother?" she asked. "Is it wearing your sister's panties? Or me sitting on you? Or is it all of that and more, brother?" she asked, taunting me with her words. "There are obviously going to be changes around here, you little sissy, but then again, maybe you'll like that won't you?" she sneered. She bent even further forward, until she had her lips against my ear. "I'm going to challenge you, Daniel..." she hesitated. "No, *Danielle*. You are now Danielle!" she laughed at me as more fresh tears rolled from my eyes. "Tell me, Danielle, how hard is

your cock right now?" she asked softly.

I could not speak for several seconds, but my sister goaded me to answer by pulling the lobe of my ear into her mouth and biting rather hard on it. "Yes, it's really hard!" I cried out.

"Because you are wearing my panties, or because of the humiliation or what is it, Danielle, that turns you on so much right now?" she asked me in a dead-serious tone.

"Be-because I'm w-wearing your panties and because of the humiliation and because I love and have always loved your body," I admitted through heavier tears.

"Are you a virgin, Danielle?" Teresa asked next.

"Y-yes."

"Thought so," she said, sitting up and adjusting herself on me. She slid backwards, dangerously close to my erection. She bounced up and down a couple of times on my stomach, each time making me go 'oof!' "You like my tits Danielle?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You like my legs, my butt?" she asked next.

"Yes."

"And how long have you been using my panties to masturbate, Danielle?" she asked next in an icy tone.

"For over a year."

"Oh god," she said in pure disgust. "Your cum against my pussy, Danielle?" she shook her head, furious anew. "Damn you!" she cursed.

"I'm sorry!" I wailed.

"Save it," she snapped. "We have a situation and I am thinking about how I want to resolve it. And I think that I know," she said. She got off of me. "Sit up, bitch," she ordered. We were sitting next to one another on my bed, with my erection poking out of her pink, satin panties. She reached over and touched me, causing me to jerk away and cry out. "Now brother dear," Teresa said with such venom,

"it's only fair that I get to touch the cock that's been spewing goo into my panties!" She felt my cock, and it was wonderful! The feeling of someone else's hands on my erection went beyond pleasure to something sublime. And suddenly I didn't care that I was in Teresa's panties - her hands and fingers were doing something magnificent. Teresa stood up. "Stand up, Danielle. I want to see what I'm working with here!"

I stood, and simply obeyed. First Danielle had me put on a pair of her pantyhose over my legs. They were warm and tight and soft and slippery and (oh god) my cock got even harder. She made me prance around the room in front of her. Then the bra and one of her light-weight chemises she often wore to bed. I was wondering why she was stripping out of her clothes, and then she was standing in front of me wearing only a bra and panties while I was a caricature of a woman. "Lie down on the bed, Danielle," Teresa ordered. "Today you become my bitch. The first thing I want my bitch to do is to lick my pussy until I cream my juices all over your face!" she said. "MOVE!"

I lay down on the bed, on my back. Teresa stood over me, feet by my head. "Look up, Danielle. Look up at the pussy. Look at the underboob. Look at my body, Danielle, because you're going to be serving it for a while!" she said. She dropped down suddenly and hard, slamming her crotch onto my face, driving me into the bed. I was cut off from breathing, and then my face was rubbed painfully as Teresa began to buck her hips wildly, back and forth, on my head.

I began to get really scared from not being able to breath, so when she got off of me I gasped wildly for air, all just before she cut me off again. She did this several times, and before long I noted how wet she was, and how delicious she tasted, and that's when I stopped fighting and my mouth opened, my tongue sliding out. "Yes, bitch, you little bitch, lick my pussy, service me, make me cum"! Teresa demanded. She reached down and pulled the panties aside so that my tongue tasted my sister's pussy.

It was heavenly, hot and wet and spicy with a delightful aroma. I marveled at how the flesh felt under my tongue, and her reaction when I teased her clitoris. My tongue flew fast and hard over her body, drinking in the taste and savoring it. I was lost under my sister's body, but soon was aware that Teresa's breathing had changed. She gave a sudden cry and lurched forward hard, and I was driven down into the bed as Teresa gave in to the sensations of her evidently massive orgasm. But she didn't stop, instead, she rocked her hips back and forth so that my entire face, my chin, even my hair was doused in her juices. Finally, she climbed off of me.

"Get on your hands and knees!" she told me. I did as told, and then I felt my sister move until she was behind me. "Don't move," she said. SMACK! I cried out as an instant bloom of stinging pain erupted from the slap. SMACK! She got the other cheek. "Don't you move, bitch. You wanted to wear the panties, take the punishment!" she said. SMACK. SMACK! She kept alternating shots until the

sting never really went away, and each shot intensified it tremendously. I was crying again, this time in pain, but even then my erection didn't dwindle. And Teresa noticed.

"Okay, sissy," she said, "stand up." I did, and she positioned me in front of her. She was naked from the waist down, sitting there on the bed, with me standing in front of her. She reached out and stroked my cock through the panties and pantyhose. "Look at you," she said. "Wearing my shit, but your dick's as hard as a rock!" She almost sounded amazed. "You really like this don't you?" she asked.

"Y-yes," I moaned. All she was doing was rubbing her hand up and down on my shaft. It was arousing, but without the direct touch on my cock it was going to take a long time for me to cum. She seemed to read my mind on that.

"Oh no, you're not coming, not yet, anyway," she barked. She slapped at my cock, making me wail once more. She grinned evilly. "Sissy Danielle," she said quietly. "All it takes is some stroking of your cock and wearing my panties." She reached up and pulled down the pantyhose and the panties. When she took my cock in her hand I groaned aloud - it felt so good. "First time a girl's touched your c....not a cock. How about a clit? Yeah, that it's. The first time a girl's touched your little sissy-clit Danielle?" she mocked.

"Y-yes!" I breathed. She was lightly fondling it, sliding her fingers up and down the shaft. The pleasure was electrifying, and I was so close to coming. It was going to be huge, too.

Teresa slid my cock back inside of the panties, an act that made me groan in dismay. She gripped me again through the panties and began to stroke harder and faster. "You're gonna cum in those panties," she whispered, "and then you're gonna keep wearing them!" she told me. Faster she stroked, and pulled my erection away from my body to allow for improved stroking. My legs began to quiver and shake as my orgasm neared. I was panting, moaning, and trembling all at the same time.

"Oh oh oh, Terry, I'm gonna c-cum!" I moaned and then it hit. But Teresa released me, and sat back on the bed, crossing her legs and watching with a satisfied smile. The orgasm was hard but her stopping the touching did something. My semen spewed from my cock, filling the panties with the hot sticky goo, and without a place to go my own semen covered my cock and balls, and dripped down to between my legs. I kept pumping out cum, though, as my cock seemed to never stop. I fell to the floor on all fours, panting wildly.

"Stand up!" she barked at me, and I took a moment to stand on shaky legs before her. She'd shifted position so that her legs were spread, and despite just coming, I found myself staring down at her pink, swollen lips and contemplating her beautiful pussy again.

"Can I make you cum again, sister?" I asked timidly.

She smiled. "I guess you're getting there, aren't you bitch?" she nodded approvingly. "Things, as they say, they are a-changin'!"