

# My Lovely Sister: Part VIII: First Date

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*With their relationship official, Kyle and Mandy go on their first date.*

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The following day could not have started out funnier. Mandy had arrived home from her part time job about the same time as my parents arrived home from work, and we spent the entire evening conversing without words; stealing glances, exchanging smiles and expressions, even giggling back and forth here and there. Our parents became confused as hell, and I began thinking that was the point. Late that evening, Mandy and I escaped to her bedroom and actually spoke verbally to one another.

Of course, before we did, the first thing we shared was a passionate kiss. Our lips met and our tongues wrestled, while our arms held one another close. I squeezed my sister's butt with both hands, causing her to moan, and she slapped mine playfully in return.

“So,” she said, half catching her breath as we still kissed. “You ready to go out tonight?”

“Out?” I asked, still returning her kisses.

“Yeah, we talked about it this morning, remember?”

Our kissing finally came to an end, as Mandy turned and walked to her closet to pick out the night's clothes. I mouthed the word 'right', remembering our morning conversation. Mandy opened her closet and looked back to me. “Is that what you're wearing?” she asked, subtly gesturing to her own apparel.

It took me a moment to understand the gesture, and I shook my head when I did. “No,” I told her. “I'm not ready to be fully dressed in public yet. However...” I added, unzipping my pants as I approached her. I grabbed her hands and slid them underneath my jeans, allowing Mandy to feel the opaque white pantyhose of hers that I wore over pastel pink hipster panties. As she gently rubbed her fingers over my pantied cock, I lifted my shirt to show the matching pastel pink sports bra.

“Ooh, baby!” Mandy commented. “Let's go.”

We had gone late night bowling, at a place far enough out that no one would possibly recognize us. While there, we acted as any couple would; flirting comments, occasionally kissing, and the playful slap on the ass every now and then. But by midnight, I found I was no longer able to concentrate on the game. I was getting far too hard in my sister's panties, and watching how her ass moved when she bowled wasn't softening me up any.

When I told Mandy about this, she led me out to the car in the middle of our game. It took a bit of driving around, but she eventually found a secluded spot in a dark alley, where she was able to park the car with the trunk facing one of the two buildings. “Out of the car,” she said, stepping out herself. I quickly followed suit, and followed her around to the back. She took me by the hips and guided me to sit on the trunk. Opening my jeans, Mandy pulled them all the way down to my ankles, revealing the wet spot that had soaked through both the panties and the pantyhose.

Suddenly I grew intensively nervous. I was outdoors, and my cross dressing was exposed. “Mandy, what are you doing?” I asked of her.

“Relax,” she said quietly. “We're in an indent in a back alley past midnight. No one's around, just stay quiet and you'll be fine.” As she told me this, she had pulled the pantyhose down to my knees, and worked my cock out through a leg hole of the panties; I pointed straight at her. She also removed my shirt, but left her bra on me. I masturbated while she stripped her own body, to keep erect. First to go was her tight t-shirt. I already knew there was no bra underneath, as I could clearly see her nipples all night. Then, leaving her flip flops on, she raised her denim mini skirt and removed her white satin panties.

“Oh God, Mandy,” I moaned. “If you don't get on my cock soon, I might finish without you.”

“Don't you dare!” she warned sternly, pulling a condom from the pocket of her mini skirt. I removed my hand so she could roll it down onto me, and she did so slowly with both hands. It was difficult not to burst right there.

With my cock suited and ready to go, Mandy crawled over me and slid right down on me. I nearly screamed in ecstasy, but managed to silence myself, as my hands cupped her perky c-cup breasts. I moaned quietly as she ground on me, in a smooth circular motion. I pushed up into my sister, and she threw her head back in arousal, her mouth hanging open as she breathed heavily. I noticed Mandy wasn't moving, and I thrust again. And again. And again.

As Mandy allowed me to fuck her continuously, I watched her perky breasts bounce up and down, up and down. Finally, when she had more than she could bear, my sister quickly leaned forward and kissed me, muffling her own high pitched squeal. The way she tightened against me and pressed her body down hard, I knew she was cumming, and seconds later, I was doing the same. I pushed as hard as I could, and Mandy pushed back.

Soon, it was done. Not wanting to get caught by someone, Mandy quickly climbed off of me and removed my condom. She simply threw it aside, and the two of us got dressed in a hurry. As we drove home that night, a thought hit me: I had just lost my virginity to my own sister.