

My Lovely Sister: Prologue Part I

By germanwulf40

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Set up for the series. Kyle notices his sister in a new way.

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Prologue:

It was a gloomy, stormy night. The rains came down like a flood, the thunder was deafening, and streaks of lightning lit up the night sky like a cloudless afternoon. These conditions were perfect for seventeen year old Kyle O'Reilly to execute his plan. He just hoped he would finish typing his story before the storm finishing raging the city. As he entered his bedroom, he softly closed the door behind him. He allowed only the storm to illuminate his room, considering that he was far too depressed and angered to turn on the light. Sitting at his computer, Kyle slowly reached into his pocket and pulled out an empty, two gigabyte flash drive.

"Here goes nothin'," Kyle muttered to himself. He plugged the drive into an available USB port, opened a word processor document, and began typing:

" The following files are a detailed account of the events that took place from July 1 of 2009 through July 13 of 2009. Well, it's an account as best as I can remember it. Most of these details are for my own benefit; I'd like to keep as much of this in my head as possible. Hopefully, after you find me, you'll read what I have written, and you'll understand why I'm in the state that I am. Think what you'd like along the way, but read the whole thing before you pass judgment..."

Part I: Discovering Her

Wednesday, July 1 st , 2009...

My name is Kyle O'Reilly. On this date, I was still just sixteen. The summer had been great up to this point, even though I spent most of it by myself. That is, until I caught a glimpse. A glimpse that would change my life forever, in ways I could not even begin to imagine.

I had actually been awake early that day, earlier than I usually am. My parents had already gone to their jobs, and my nineteen year old sister, Amanda (whom everyone just called Mandy), was getting ready for her own part time job. I know she hadn't expected me to be up so early. To tell you the truth, neither had I. I like staying up through the night, hence I usually slept late. But here I was, fully awake and unable to fall back asleep. I figured that I may as well head downstairs and get some breakfast.

That's when it happened. Again, keep in mind that Mandy counted on me being asleep yet. As I walked out of my room—ever so quietly, as I always did—Mandy was exiting her room as well. Her back was turned to me, as she headed to the bathroom to take her shower. She held a towel in her right hand, and was wearing only a bra and panties. She walked slowly from her bedroom to the bathroom, and I found myself simply staring at the rear of her figure the whole time. What surprised even me, was the fact that this was not a surprised or shocked stare; this was an aroused stare. With every step she took, with every wiggle of her butt (in those sexy white cotton panties), my cock grew that much more erect.

What had happened after that was what would have happened had I not seen her. She took her shower, I had breakfast, then returned to my room for internet and video game time. The difference was this: I was hard as hell the whole time. By early afternoon that day, I was too aroused to take it any longer. My parents and my sister were all off at work, and I had the house to myself. Free reign to take care of my current issue.

And so I did.

I went right into my sister's bedroom and began searching. At first I opened her underwear drawer, but quickly stopped myself. Looking at everything in the drawer folded so neatly, a thought hit me. If anything is out of place when Mandy gets home from work, she'd know something was amiss. With a shake of my head, I closed the drawer again and instead went to her laundry hamper. She threw clothes so randomly in there in the first place, I could dump the clothes and re-stuff them for all anyone cared; I wouldn't get caught this way.

My first goal was simple. Since I couldn't get the image of those white cotton panties out of my mind, I wanted to find a similar pair that wasn't too dirty. That didn't take too long, and what I found was just perfect. I had stumbled upon a pair of Hanes-Her-Way, hi-cut brief-panties.

Jackpot.

I didn't even leave Mandy's room. I threw the panties on the bed, practically ripped off my blue jeans and boxers, and sat myself on the corner of my sister's bed. I was already hard from thinking about

what I was going to do, and I grabbed my cock firmly with my right hand. With my left, I grabbed the panties and held them up to my face. With a deep breath, I finally learned what my sister's scent smelled like. The panties reeked heavily of her beautiful scent.

Rubbing the panties on my face, I began stroking myself slowly. Pre-cum was already dripping onto my fingers, lubricating the shaft of my erection. As my right hand began to slowly accelerate, my left held the panties over my mouth. My lips part, and my tongue made its way outward. I had no clue what part of the panties exactly that I was licking, but it tasted so sweet.

Without even realizing it, the speed of my masturbating had increased to top speed. My arm was beginning to get tired, but I couldn't stop now. I could feel my load sitting right there at the tip of my cock, just waiting to explode. If I stopped now, it wouldn't happen. So I pressed on, almost slamming my hand up and down. Finally, I accomplished my task. Hot cum squirted out of my cock, the first two shots getting high enough to completely miss my hand. The next three shots, however, covered my fingers entirely. I couldn't believe how good it felt, exploding onto my fingers with Mandy's panties in my face.

The downside was when my mind came back to reality. I now had a cum mess on the carpet of my sister's room to clean up. Sure, it wasn't easy, but I cleaned it well enough that she never found it. Even got my hands squeaky clean. At long last, and with a final whiff, I returned the Hanes-Her-Way panties to the laundry hamper, and continued the day like any other.