

# My Sister My Lover - Part 5

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*Yet another adventure with my little sister.*

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When I finally got out of bed next morning, I found my little sister Sally already in the kitchen fully dressed in ordinary everyday clothes; knee length lemon skirt, matching slightly darker lemon blouse and little white ankle socks.

"Aren't you going to school today?" I asked casually.

Turning to me and smiling, Sally replied, "Yes, but it's a uniform free day."

I'm sure that as much as we both wanted to, neither of us made any reference to the events of the previous evening but I was positive it would soon surface.

As we sat having breakfast, Sally chatted easily about everything and anything until, looking at me in a strange way, she asked, "Would you like to play with me before I go to school, Tony? You said you would."

Happy in the knowledge that we could say anything to each other now without either of us getting upset or offended, I teased her by saying, "I'd love to, Honey, but if I do, you realise that you're going to spend all day with wet knickers."

Sticking her tongue out at me cheekily, she responded quickly by saying, "Not necessarily, I could change before I leave for school and leave the knickers I'm wearing now for you to play with till I get home."

"Now, that's what I call a good idea," I said, getting to my feet and picking up our dirty dishes and putting them in the sink to wash later.

Well aware that Sally and I didn't have a lot of time before she left for school, I sat in a big wooden chair and held my hands out to her.

Trembling, she slowly got to her feet and walked over to me, settling herself astride my knees and lowering herself down on me, sighing, "Play with me, Tony, play with me, put your hand up my skirt and between my legs and feel and finger my hot little schoolgirl pussy through my panties till you make me cum and cum and cum in them."

As Sally appeared to be horny, even at this time of the morning, I reached out and started stroking her firm little nipples through her blouse and bra and I was amazed at just how quick her nipples hardened until they were pushing proudly against the front of her blouse.

Laying her head on my shoulder, my little sister gasped, "I love it when you play with my nipples, Tony, I love feeling them getting harder and harder."

Leading her on now, I said then, "What else do you like, Sally?"

"I like feeling your hand up my skirt and between my legs," she whispered.

Taking that as an open invitation to play with her, I slowly slipped my right hand up under her skirt until it was between her legs which, sitting the way she was, were wide open.

The instant I touched the soft smooth cotton of her little panties, I felt a dampness on them. 'Oh, fuck' I thought to myself, 'She's creaming her panties already, my little schoolgirl sister was creaming her panties.'

My excitement was fast building as I groaned, "Fuck, Sally, you're creaming your panties for me already."

"I ... I can't help it, Tony," she moaned, pressing against my fingers as I lazily fingered the crotch of her panties, "I'm still excited from last night - I couldn't get to sleep and had to masturbate twice."

Up until then, I just had no idea just what a horny little girl my sister was and I was sure we were going to spend many happy hours together.

Not wanting Sally to miss her school bus, I started fingering her faster and faster until her love juices were literally flowing through her panties and running down the insides of her legs.

"Cum for me, Sally," I gasped, "Cum in your little cotton panties for your big brother."

Only seconds later, she threw her arms round my neck and, writhing on my knees, crying happily, "I'm cumming, Tony, Ooooooh, fuck, Ooooooh, fuck, I'm cumming for my big brother, I'm cumming in my

panties for my big brother."

After writhing and twisting on my knees for a few moments, Sally calmed down sufficiently to be able to get off my knees then, true to her word, she slipped her hands up her skirt and slowly worked her tight little white cotton panties down her legs before taking them off and handing them to me.

"Now," she said, sounding serious, "These should keep you happy, you can feel and finger them and feel my love juices and come on them, and, if you're really turned on, you can wank yourself into them."

Sally quickly nipped upstairs and slipped into a fresh pair of plain white cotton panties then, after giving me what I thought of as a lovely sisterly kiss, she left for school.

I had a fairly busy day, doing odd jobs around the house until lunch time then, making myself a quick sandwich and coffee, I retrieved Sally's white panties from their hiding place and sat holding them in my hand.

They looked so sexy, the soft smooth white cotton covered in her love juices and cum from earlier making my prick rock hard.

Suddenly, my thoughts were interrupted by a knock on my door. As I rarely got visitors, I quickly went to the door and opened it and there in front of me was an absolutely gorgeous young girl of around sixteen, nicely dressed in a blue denim skirt and light blue blouse. She had the face of an angel and a body that would drive any red blooded man wild and her skin was flawless.

Quickly gathering my thoughts, I asked, "Can I help you?"

"Yes," she replied in a low husky voice, "My family recently moved in a few doors down and I've been stupid and left my key at home."

As I didn't have a clue just how I could help her with this, I asked, "Do you want to call a locksmith?"

Smiling sweetly, she replied, "No, my Mum will be home in about an hour so maybe we could have a coffee - or something."

While the idea of a coffee with such an adorable young girl looked good, it was the hidden connotation of the 'or something' that intrigued me.

Anyway, I made us a coffee and led her into the lounge room where we sat facing each other, talking

mainly about where she'd lived previously, her school and her plans for her future. As we chatted, I couldn't help noticing that she was opening and closing her lovely legs a bit, not much but enough to let me see she was wearing black panties.

After a few minutes of teasing me, the girl, whose name turned out to be Lea, asked, "Do you like me doing this? Do you like me showing you my little black cotton knickers?"

Before I could reply to that, Lea opened her legs wide by lifting her legs and placing one over each arm of the chair. Unable to control myself, I croaked, "P ... play with yourself, play with yourself through your black panties, Lea."

There was a deathly silence in the room as she slowly slipped her right hand down outside the front of her panties before going between her legs. It wasn't long before a dark stain began to appear on the crotch of her panties, making her groan, "God, I ... I feel wet, I feel wet between my legs."

"You are," I agreed, "There's a stain on your panties where you're creaming them."

I thought that maybe Lea would put her hand down the front of her panties but deep down I prefer seeing a girl playing with herself through them.

We sat in silence, watching each other as she continued masturbating for me until, after another few minutes, she groaned, "Watch, I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum in my panties."

All I could do was watch, never having seen anything so exciting and erotic in my life. Sure I'd seen girls playing with themselves but they were mostly ignorant of what they were doing.

Suddenly, Lea's entire body tensed and she forced her legs as far apart as she could, screaming, "I..,I'm cumming...Ooooooh, fuck, I'm cumming...cumming...cumming, I'm cumming in my panties...I'm cumming in my black panties, my little black cotton panties... now...now...Ooohhhh, now."

Lea only just finished cumming when there was another knock on my door, prompting Lea to say cheerfully, "That'll be Mum, I çalled her and told her where I was."

With that, she straightened her clothing and got up, heading for the front door where she greeted her Mum warmly before walking off in the direction of their car.

In a wonderful world of my own, I sat there thinking about what had just transpired and what was about to later in the day.

How lucky could any one boy be, I asked myself.