

# Summer at the Lake - Prologue

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*What happens when six young people spend the summer together? Read on to find out...*

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So this is the first part of my (overly) ambitious first attempt at writing erotic fiction. The characters are all based on real people, myself included, and most of the setting is true too. I'll let you decide what events are truth or fiction.... A little disclaimer: This story is long . I make no excuses or apologies. If you don't like preamble and just want to get to the 'good' parts, I suggest that you skip to at least Part 1. Let me be clear: there is no sex in the prologue! It simply sets the scene and introduces some of the characters. Well anyways, I hope those of you that appreciate a good build up and some real character development will enjoy this! Please post feedback, whether criticisms or suggestions or praise or questions, I want it all! \*\*\*\*\* "UHG!" I woke up to something hard and heavy hitting me in my stomach and chest, nearly knocking the wind from me. "Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey!" Ehrin laughed as she sang her favorite bit of doggerel at me. I opened my eyes, winced and shut them again quickly when the sunlight lanced into my brain, then rubbed them and tried again more slowly. "C'mon, sunshine, breakfast ain't gonna eat itself!" She laughed again and by now my eyes were open far enough to see her brilliant smile and the shine of mischief in her eyes. I mumbled something that may or may not have been "Fuck off, assface." and she giggled, then acquiesced, finally getting off of me and my bed, and skipped out of the room. My sleep-filled mind dimly registered that it was very weird for Ehrin to be happy, let alone skipping, but suddenly my hangover came crashing in full-force and I rolled over, putting any kind of rational analysis to the back of my mind where such horrible things belong at ungodly hours of the morning. I pulled my pillow over my head, thinking about just going back to sleep, but then I remembered what day it was, and the reason for Ehrin's happiness came flooding back into my booze-soaked brain. I lifted the pillow just enough so that I could talk without being muffled. "Ehrin!" I called out, or at least tried to. It probably came out something more like "Ehrn" in a low groan, but nevertheless she was peeking back into my doorway a few seconds later. "C'mon! We're already eating." "Brain pills." I mumbled. She smiled, but managed to keep from outright laughing at me. "Brain pills, hey? One too many hits with the snake last night?" "No snake. Fireball." This time she definitely laughed; she did, after all, share my penchant for the ridiculously over-sugary cinnamon-flavoured whiskey. "OK, dearest brother mine, but only because I want to get this show on the road." She left, then returned not a minute later with a bottle of ibuprofen and a glass of water. I shuffled up into a sitting position,

exposing my bare chest, my head screaming at me to just fucking DIE already. I pulled my shoulder length black hair out of my face, and dry swallowed two of the little red ovals. Ehrin grimaced at me as I took a swallow from the glass to wash the sleep out of my mouth. "God, I don't know how you can do that. I can barely swallow those things with water." I handed her the still mostly full glass. "Practice." I said. "One of the things I always carried when I was traveling was ibuprofen, but sometimes you wake up in... odd... places, and there's not always clean water to drink." "You mean, 'Sometimes when you get shitty-fall-down drunk you wake up in odd places.'" She was smiling that twinkle-in-her-eye smile at me again, like she always did when she was teasing me. "S'what I said, wasn't it?" I smiled ruefully, remembering. "Anyways, thanks, but piss off now." She gave me a look of mock hurt., then got up. She glanced around my room. "Hey! Are you even packed?" I pointed down the side of my bed to my duffel which I had stashed underneath the day before. "I knew I was going to get 'shitty-fall-down drunk' last night, so I packed yesterday. Don't worry little sis', I'm coming." She grinned and promptly jumped back on my bed, landing astride my legs. "Oh Ger, I'm so excited! Aren't you excited?" She was positively beaming now. It was so strange and wonderful to see her like this that I took a moment to admire her smiling face before I responded. Ehrin is my youngest sister, and had just turned 19. At this time Michele, our other sister, was 20, and I was 22. For whatever reason, Ehrin and I had grown up much closer to each other than to Michele, even though we were further apart in age. We liked the same music, hung out with the same kinds of people, read the same books. We even talked the same. My mom used to call us 'twins, with a slight delay'. Anyways, she's always been more like my best friend than my sister. There were definitely some times in high school when I turned into the over-protective older brother, but mostly just to scare off the cheese-dicks, because Ehrin has always been a little over-developed for her age. She had her first period when she was only 12, and by the time junior high rolled around she already had the body of girls two or three years older than her. I think it was a struggle for her in high school, but looking at her now, just turned 19, I could see just how comfortable she had finally become with her body. She was about 5'6 I guess, and proportioned like some random cross between a junoesque goddess and petite nymph. Long, smooth legs, rounded hips, perfect heart-shaped ass with these two sexy dimples in a V above it, tight, flat tummy, 36C (I've done her laundry enough times to know that) breasts, swan neck, pale, creamy skin, and these incredibly sexy almond-shaped green eyes. She and I both had naturally very light brown coloured hair, almost blonde, but we both dye it black. Part of our musical influences I guess. Whereas mine was cut long and all over on one side, hers was cut shortish in the back, then tapered sharply down into an A-line to below her jaw. Her bangs were cut short, straight along the front. "Well?" She insisted. I smiled. "I'm excited that you're excited." My smile faltered slightly. "It's been a while since I've seen you like this..." Her smile faded even more quickly than mine had, but it bounced back again a moment later, and not, I thought, artificially. "That's over now." She stated confidently, and leaned in to give me a hug. I felt her braless breasts pressed against my chest with only the t-shirt she slept in between us. "Now get up!" She pulled away quickly and smacked my chest playfully. "I would have gotten up ages ago if you weren't straddling me!" I complained, laughing. "And besides, I've got morning wood and I doubt you want to see me stagger out of bed

naked." She recoiled, turned her head to the side, closed her eyes, and stuck her tongue out. "Uhg, gross!" She promptly got off me and left the room. I got up, dressed quickly and simply, tight black jeans, one of my favorite band t-shirts, also black, and tied my hair back loosely. I got to the kitchen just in time to see everyone else getting up from the table. "Well good morning, sunshine!" My mom called with mock enthusiasm. "I was afraid we were going to have to leave you behind." I quickly grabbed two of the left-over pancakes she was wrapping up, gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, and sat down to drown the 'cakes in syrup. "No such luck." I started shoveling food into my mouth as the phone rang. My dad got up and went into the living room to answer it. I heard him speaking in a muffled voice as I continued my breakfast. Ehrin and my mom finished cleaning up as I finished eating. "Don't even think about putting that in the dishwasher, mister. I just cleaned this place and I don't want to come back after three weeks to find ants in my dishwasher. Wash it and put it away." My mom said sternly. "Yeesh, what'd you think I was going to do with it?" I veered slightly, turning away from the dishwasher and towards the sink. I quickly washed my dishes and dried them. I was just about to put them away when my dad returned from the living room. "Guys, uh... I'm afraid I have some bad news." My mom looked concerned and moved to stand beside him. He put his arm around her waist, and gave her a little hug. "I just got called into work." Ah, crap... "But I thought you booked it off months ago?" Ehrin looked crushed. "I did, sweetheart, but there was a massive rock slide last night and it wiped out part of the new highway. It's set us back months. Months if we're lucky, actually." He looked seriously disappointed, and I didn't blame him. We had all been looking forward to this trip for months, but my dad had been promoted several times in the last few years, and combined with the contract for his company to widen the highway between Vancouver and Whistler for the 2010 Olympics, it basically meant he couldn't turn his back on any kind of emergency unless he wanted to go looking for a new job. "I'm sorry honey, I just can't ignore this." "I know." Ehrin looked devastated. "I guess you're going to stay home too mom?" My mom just smiled, a little sadly I thought. "Yeah, thought so..." She sat, looking utterly dejected, kind of just staring at the table. The phone rang again. My mom patted my dad's stomach and he released her waist so she could answer it this time. No one said anything until she came back a few minutes later. "Well," She began. "I have good news that is also bad news. Michele got accepted to the program." Ehrin immediately started crying and left the room, heading towards her own. My mom made to go after her, but I waved her away and went myself. Ehrin's door was shut, and I knocked on it softly. "Ehrin? Can I come in?" I heard sniffing, and her reply came out sounding strangled. "Yeah..." I went in and closed the door behind me. She was sitting on her bed, leaning back against the headboard, silently crying her eyes out. I sat at her feet and she immediately gave me a crushing hug, burying her face in my chest. I comforted her silently for a minute until she recovered. "You know this is a fantastic opportunity for her." I said quietly. She pulled away and wiped her eyes with the hand. "Oh, I know, it's not that. I'm happy for 'chele, it's just that I was so happy that we were finally all going to be together again. You know, just like it was before." She was looking at me intensely, as though daring me to not remember. "I know, I was too. I've always felt kind of guilty for being the first one to break the pattern." "Asshole." She muttered, but I could see the ghost of a smile on her lips, and I knew it was going to be OK. I

decided then to do everything I could to make this a great summer for her. "Hey, we're still going though, right?" I asked. "What? By ourselves?" She looked beyond shocked at the idea. "Well... yeah! Why not? We can use my truck instead of dad's. It'll pull the boat just as well. And speaking of the boat, I've had enough practice with it that I think dad would be OK with us taking it out without him." I could see that she was starting to get in to the idea. "Well it sure sounds better than sitting around here all summer. But... well, I mean, I love you to bits and all that, but don't you think it's going to get a little boring with just the two of us for almost a month?" I pushed her in her face and she fell back on the bed, laughing. "Thanks, jerk. Invite some friends then. I bet I could get Matt to come, he's not doing anything this summer since his tour fell apart. And he's already in Nelson. I bet he could just meet us there." "Hey that doesn't sound like a bad idea at all." I could see that I had averted the disaster, so I thought I should get the details ironed out before we got ahead of ourselves. "I'll go talk to mom and dad about it. Why don't you think about who you want to invite." I gave her a quick hug and left to find my parents. I found my dad in his workshop, packing a few last minute things before he had to leave for work. I discussed our idea with him, and, after a few moments consideration, he decided he was OK with it. He said there were some things he wanted to go over with me, for the boat and the trailer, so we wouldn't be able to leave until at least tomorrow, but I told him that was better than not going at all, so the plan was set. I went back to give Ehrin the good news. She was on the phone when I got back to her room, but hung up almost right away. "Tara's coming." She grinned. Tara was her best friend from school, a year above her. She's this cute little metal chick with fiery red hair and an attitude to match. If she hadn't been in grade 10 when I was graduating I probably would have been into her. I couldn't help but think that things might be different now that we were older. I hadn't seen her in years. "Cool, I haven't seen her since I got back." Ehrin smiled, a little knowingly unless I missed my guess, but glossed over it. "Kat Silk is coming too. She was with Tara when I called and she has nothing planned either so I invited her." I knew who Kat was but had never met her. I grimaced, like I did every time I heard someone say her first and last names together. "Sounds like a bad porn-star name." I said. Ehrin laughed. "Well, I heard it's not actually her 'real' name. Obviously Kat is short for Katherine, and I guess Silk is her mom's maiden name, which she switched to when her parents separated." I shrugged. "Still sounds like a porn-star name. Anyways, I didn't even know you two were friends." "We're not, really, but she and Tara are friends, and we get along, so why not?" "Hey, fair enough, I'm not going to argue with you bringing your hot friends along to the beach." In response I got a pillow in the face. "Perv. But anyways, that makes three girls and only two guys. Who else can you invite?" I thought about it for a minute, but couldn't think of any other of my friends who didn't have previous commitments. "Well," I said. "Maybe someone will come to mind. Besides, I don't mind the ratio one bit!" I grinned, and got the pillow a second time for my pains. We spent the rest of the day revising our supplies and making sure our friends would all be prepared for the next day. I went to the liquor store to stock up. I had already bought a couple cases of beer, but considering that our parents weren't going to be there to frown at us now, I figured I had better be prepared. I also went and bought a couple packs of smokes. I don't smoke a lot, mostly because my parents still don't know I smoke, but I knew that if I was going to be drinking I would want them. My

dad came home for dinner, and afterward we went over the boat and the trailer, and then we hooked the trailer up to my truck in the driveway and got the boat loaded on. That night Ehrin and I watched a movie and just relaxed, both content that, even if this trip wasn't going to be what we had expected it to be, it could still turn out to be a lot of fun. Around 10 o'clock there was a knock on the door. My dad had gone back to work, so my mom, who rarely slept when my dad was working late, answered it. Over the movie, I heard a cheery, remarkably familiar voice. "Alright?" I heard my mom's confused response. "Ummm... Hello. Can I help you?" In the time it took her to say it, I had already figured out why the voice sounded familiar. I bounded off the couch and near sprinted to the entry way. "Chris?! Holy Christ!" I couldn't believe my eyes. I stood stunned for a second, then enfolded my old friend in a huge hug, laughing like a crazy person. "Oh my god, what the hell are you doing here?! I can't believe this!" We finally broke off and stood back from each other, both grinning like idiots. A hand came from behind me. Ehrin had joined us, and she and my mom stood by looking confused. "Oh! Sorry guys. Mom, Ehrin, this is Chris." They both looked at me blankly. "From Scotland?" "What?" They both said in unison. My mom recovered first. "Well, it's nice to finally meet you Chris. When Ger got back from the UK he talked about you almost non-stop." Chris shook my mom's hand. "It's nice to finally meet you as well. The whole time he was in the UK he talked about you lot nearly non stop, so I guess that makes us even." "Oh man." I said. I pinched him for good measure, just to be sure. "Ow! Git. Pinch yer damnsel if ya think yer dreamin'." He laughed, and I joined in. I felt giddy that my friend, this guy who had been like my brother, closer even, for almost two years, was standing in my house, on the other side of the world. "What the hell are you doing here?" I asked. "I mean, it's freaking awesome, but... No wait, let's get out of the doorway and have a proper sit-down." I took his bag while my mom took his coat. By the time they got into the kitchen I already had two beers in my hand, and I promptly handed him one. We cracked them near simultaneously, both grinning ear to ear, then held the cans together up in the air. We yelled at the top of our lungs together. "To liquor and good times with friends! May ye always have more of both, and never too much of either!" We cheered, then promptly tanned back the beers with an aplomb that, I think, shocked both my mom and my sister, then immediately fell to laughing. We stood looking at each other for a minute. "Man, you haven't changed a bit." I said, and meant it. When I had first met Chris, smashed out of his mind on the Inverness high street, we had become instant friends. He's about my height, around 5'10, and we both have broad shoulders, but whereas I'm thin and wiry, he's built like a brick shit house. He shaves his head completely, I mean down to the skin, and is covered in tattoos and piercings, the most prominent of which are two 1/2 inch spikes, one on either side of his lower lip. The only difference I could see from then to now was that he seemed, impossibly, to have even more tattoos. He completes the whole tough biker guy look by wearing these glasses, prescription, with thick, rectangular frames, that, by his own admission, were 'the dorkiest ones' he could find at the time. "Well you certainly have. Last time I saw you you had hair almost as short as mine. And you didn't have this either." He said, flicking the thick gold ring in my left nostril. "Yeah, well, you may or may not have had something to do with that." I said, still smiling. "Hey guys...?" Ehrin spoke up behind me. "I hate to interrupt and everything, but don't forget we're leaving tomorrow Ger." My heart did a back flip,

straight down and then immediately straight back up again. "HEY!" I scared the bejeebers out of all of them with my sudden cry. "Wanna come to the lake with us? Are you staying? How long are you here for? Do you have a swimsuit? We can always buy you one I guess. Of course, we'll have to teach you how to water ski, but I'm sure you'll get the hang of it pretty..." "Whoa whoa whoa there sonny Jim!" Chris cut me off. "Enough with the rabbitin' questions, yeah? Lemme answer one at a time will ya?" We all laughed at my over-enthusiasm. "Alright then?. OK. First off, I'm here for a while. Second, there's no such thing as real summer in Scotland, so yeah, I could come to the beach with you. Third, there is no way in flaming hell you're going to get me to hold on to some flimsy piece of rope behind a boat that's going 50 kilometres an hour." I just laughed at him. "Well, actually, I think I could probably get our boat up to around 70..." I saw my mom's mouth start to open out of the corner of my eye. "But of course I would never do that while I was towing anybody." I quickly recovered. My mom closed her mouth with a self-satisfied smirk. "I don't care how fast it goes." He retorted. "I'll be sitting on the beach sipping my ice cold beer, laughing as you lot drink the lake face first." We all laughed again. I suddenly felt better than I had in a long time, and I knew that this trip was going to be an epic time to remember. \*\*\*\*\* End of Prologue \*\*\*\*\*