forbidden true love story

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I'm in love with my ex Brother-in-law

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Right out of school I married my high school sweetheart. Over the 15 years of our marriage we had a pretty rocky relationship in which I dealt with his struggle with alcoholism, verbal abuse, being cheated on, a sex life that dwindled down to less than once every several months and basically being on my own even when he was around. You might be wondering why I remained with this man for so long. I wonder the same thing when I think of it as just described. I guess I always thought that when I got married, it would be forever and we had children together so I tried to make it work for them mostly. But as we got older we grew further and further apart and the bad moments became more frequent. Then one day he decided to tell me that he felt we should go our separate ways and that he was done "playing house". Surprisingly I was devastated over it even though our relationship hadn't been the best over the years. In all actuality I knew he was doing me a favor because I had the mindset that I married this man "for better and for worse" with the hopes that it would get better. I probably would've wasted my entire lifetime with him and in the process exposed my children to a very unhappy situation for even longer had he not ended it.

Because we were married for so long I became very close to much of his family, including his one brother, Clark. Although he was years younger than me our conversations developed into topics that ranged from life, dreams, hopes, and everything in between. There were a number of times that he was there emotionally and provided comforting words during difficult times, as well as being the over the phone "shoulder" to cry on. He always seemed to have a way with encouraging me and making things look brighter. About 5 years into my marriage I began having these very erotic/sexual dreams about him. Every time I would have these dreams they would basically be the same. Suddenly we'd look at each other, passionately make out and/or have the most amazing sex ever, and then he'd always confess his secret undying love for me and I for him. I felt extremely stressed and embarrassed over it. I had never thought of Clark as anything other than a good friend and brother-in-law! As the dreams continued they even became more vivid and it made it extremely uncomfortable to see him in person. At first I'd feel nervous, especially because at times I'd look at him and suddenly a scene from one of the dreams would cross my mind and completely take over! I'd have to argue with myself to FORCE myself to think of something, ANYTHING else! Regardless I knew I could NEVER speak of the dreams or my growing attraction for him. He was after all my husband's brother. He was in a relationship with a woman and the two of them ended up having a child together. It was

sick of me to even be having the dreams or the visuals of the two of us in my mind! The problem was that he held so many qualities that I was attracted to and the communication between us was unbelievable. Yet I was married to his brother and he had a family of his own...so I knew I needed to push those thoughts far from my mind.

Shortly before my relationship ended with my husband, my brother-in-law began telling me how unhappy he was in his relationship with his baby mama and that it was to a point where they were only together for their child. I had no idea things had gotten that bad. He was prepared to stay with her so his son would have both a mother and a father in his daily life, until his child got older if that is what it would take. He was the primary care giver due to his work schedule and apparently the mother didn't have much patience for their child so he didn't want to leave her unless he would have custody of his little one. Things continued to deteriorate between them and it was getting harder and harder for him to stay. Even still he continued to try a variety of things to improve the relationship and their situation, all of which failed.

After my husband dropped the bomb on me that he was leaving, the first person I called was Clark. I cried my eyes out and asked if he had known anything. He was just as surprised and shocked that his brother was leaving me. He would've expected me to be the one to leave if anyone was leaving! Many of his family members felt the same way, they couldn't believe that he was calling it quits. Several months passed along with just about every emotion that could possibly surface about the breakup. I was finally to a point that I accepted that it was really over.

I still remained in contact with his family and Clark and I occasionally worked marketing events together, to help promote my uncles business. He picked me up as usual and we headed to the event. It was about an hour drive to get to the location on this particular day. The entire time all that was going through my head was how badly I wanted to kiss him. The more I would try to push the thought away the stronger and more vivid it would present itself. It was pure torture sitting next to him in that car with that playing in my mind over and over again. He never gave me any reason to believe that he felt that way about me, we never flirted or acted over the line when around eachother...yet I couldn't stop the growing flushed feeling and rapid heartbeat from within.

We made it to the event and everything went good. At the end of the night he asked me what I would like to do. (My inner voice immediately screamed in response YOU) but the words luckily didn't escape my clenched lips. Some of the family was going out for drinks at a local club and so we decided to head over. I didn't want to go home when that bar was closing and he said he wasn't ready to go home either, so we ended up at an after hours place and had a couple more drinks. Even though I wasn't WITH him, I was happy to just be around him and I didn't want the night to end. At one point I looked up and our eyes met. The glance became deeper and I thought for a moment I saw something more flicker in his stare... desire. My heart grew hot, began pounding heavily and right then I knew I could not drink one more sip...I was certain it must've been the alcohol goggles I was

wearing. If I was to remain in control and not make a complete ass of myself I needed to avoid anymore drinks.

He asked me what was wrong when I told him I couldn't drink anymore. I told him that I was at my limit and I didn't want to end up doing something crazy. He told me not to worry, that he was there and he wouldn't let anything happen to me so I should just have a good time. Little did he know that HE was the one I didn't trust myself with and feared doing something crazy to! I couldn't tell him that though! So instead I just told him that I didn't think that would help because... and abruptly dropped the conversation mid-sentence. I had almost slipped! oh no!!! I knew I needed to get home quickly because once again the passion was filling my mind, body, and soul and I was holding back all thoughts from bursting from my lips, but beginning to do a poor job of it. We made it to the car and once we got in he wanted to know what I was going to say in the bar. I told him I didn't remember (a lie)...I am a bad liar and he knew I wasn't being truthful so he played the "we tell each other everything and I want you to tell me what you were going to say" card. All I could say was please just start driving. The sexual tension I was feeling was like nothing I've ever experienced and I knew I wasn't strong enough to resist it's magnetic pull. He refused to move the car and took it one step further...not until you look at me, he said. I slowly turned my head towards his, hoping that the overflowing passion was not written all over my face...and at that moment our eyes met, and as he looked into my eyes he asked me one more time to tell him what I had been thinking. I was lost in his mesmerizing gaze and I couldn't figure out how to form even one word. All I could do is feebly shake my head in a sad excuse for a no. Then he reached over, put his hands on my face and leaned in, our eyes never leaving each other till our lips met in an explosive kiss. Every emotion of passion, love, ecstasy, lust, attraction I've ever felt in my entire life could not compare to what I was feeling in that moment. After devouring each others kisses he pulled me closer and looked into my eyes and said breathlessly BELMONT, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE WANTED TO DO THAT. (The feeling WAS mutual! And for just as long!!! Who would've known?!?!?!) We talked about the dreams, thoughts, desires, the secret attraction we both had for one another all those years. Never expecting to speak of it or act upon it. Not knowing we both felt the same way. It was one of the most intense moments of my life. The world no longer existed, it was just him and I in our own little universe.

We went back to my place and couldn't keep our eyes, hands, and lips off of each other. Clothing was rapidly melting off, hearts were wildly beating, we were mear seconds away from him sliding his hardness inside of my hot dripping wetness when suddenly I froze. All I could think is we were both drinking... what would occur in the morning?!?! I felt his manhood slowly make contact between my legs and I quivered and pulsated instantly ... my mind raced and I began to lose concentration... each second made it more difficult to remember why we should stop but at the same time a nagging fearfulness remained of going any further. As I wrapped my arms around him debating whether to pull him into me or pull him off... I shakily and unwantingly stop him before he took the plunge of no return deep inside of me. I gave him a kiss and told him that I think after a night of drinking this is the last thing we should be doing... and I went and slept on the couch.

When the morning came I groggily woke up and thought to myself with relief it was all just a dream. But when I opened my eyes to see I was on the couch and then looked down and noticed that I was wearing nothing but some lacy panties I panicked. I didn't know what he would be feeling now that the alcohol was out of his system. Would it be weird?? Would he say it was all a mistake?? I went to the room and he sat up on the bed. Before either one of us could say anything he leaned over and gently kissed my forehead. That one action instantly let me know that nothing had changed... alcohol or not... it wasn't an accident or a mistake caused by too many drinks. The feelings were just as real for him as they were for me.

In that moment, the sweltering passion resurfaced into a fiery rage from deep within me and the flame that burned between us just hours before was in full force. I wanted him inside of me like no other. The tension began building almost immediately, but before I allowed it to go too far, I backed away and told him that I was going to take a shower. He slowly laid back down on the bed. Just before I was about to exit the room I looked back over my shoulder and spoke to him in a playfully erotic tone...."Well....Are you coming with me....or not?" Then I winked and smiled at him. He jumped up from the covers, reached out, twisted me towards him and pulled me close to his body. I could feel his sensual breath on my neck as I breathed in his rousing scent. Our eyes met and he tenderly kissed me on the lips. I looked up at him innocently and said, "You can shower with me, but no funny business. Ok?" Shaking his head yes, I took him by the hand and led him into the bathroom. I turned the shower on and slowly inched off my lacy panties as he stood watching me. Then I walked up to him and grabbed the waistband of his boxers, pulled him close to me and seductively kissed him. My lips tasted his, then gradually made their way down to sample his neck, chest and thighs, all while maneuvering off his underwear. He led me into the shower and allowed the water to drench both of our bodies. Lathering each other with soap, he was on his best behavior. I on the other hand could no longer handle being a good girl. From behind him I reached my arms around his body, pushed my soapy wet breasts against his back and grasped his rocklike dick in my hand. Immediately I began stroking it. He turned around and in one swift movement lifted me up and propped me against the cold wet tile. Lustfully we tongued each other down as he pushed his thickness into my tight scorching wetness. As soon as he entered me I felt the rapture of climax throbbing between my thighs. After one full deep thrust, he slowly pulled completely out of me, making me crave so much more. He slid me down the drenched wall and laid me back. The shower continued to spray down upon us as he spread my thighs apart and brought his tongue against my pussy darting it in and out and stimulating my clit. He tasted all of the sweet juices he got flowing from my pulsating lips while creating even more fire to burn within.

I was no longer in control of what would occur. We were engulfed in some kind of trance. Our bodies were glistening with water, our hearts were filled with something neither he nor I could explain. Turning the shower off, we worked our way into the bedroom, our mouths exploring each others bodies the whole way. Laying back onto the bed we began kissing, licking, touching, holding, caressing, and nibbling each other. Our breath heavy, our hearts racing, our minds in disbelief that the moment we both fantasized about for so long was actually occurring. I could feel his hardness between my legs, brushing up against me. Reaching my arms around him I grabbed his ass and pulled him toward me as I arched my body with intent to draw him in me. He resisted, smiling a

devilish smile and shaking his head no... "Not yet baby." He said. Then he put his lips up to my ear and gently kissed and licked my neck, while he nibbled just enough to put me over the edge. I tried to pull him down into me again... this time he said, "I want you to tell me what you want." I pulled him close and began kissing his neck working my way up to his ear. Then I whispered, "I want to feel you inside of me...I've wanted to feel you inside of me for so long." My pussy ached for him to enter me.

I reached down and wrapped my hand around his hard cock, giving it a tight squeeze while pulling it toward my sopping cunt. Once I had him placed slightly inside my feverish hole I thrusted my hips towards him and his dick slid in deep and hard. He began pounding his hard cock into my pussy while I continued to thrust my hips up towards him creating a rhythm that suddenly sent electric surges through both of our bodies. Nothing either of us had ever experienced nor were prepared to feel. Moans and whimpers escaped both of our lips at the same time. I rolled on top and rode him, up and down, as well as grinded his cock wildly. Pussy juice dripped down his sac. I quickly slid off and immediately wrapped my mouth around him and sucked and licked my own juices from him...then I pounced back on him for a few more pumps, then hopped off and sucked his juicy dick again. "Kiss me baby, I want to taste your juices off your mouth." He said. He pulled my face toward him and we passionately kissed as I slid back onto his rock solidness and rode him some more. He aggressively pulled me off of him and forced my legs around his head, until I was sitting on his face and he stuck his tongue in me, licking, sucking, tasting, and teasing me, eating my pussy out so good that he sent me into a complete wave of erotic spasms. My pussy was so creamy and wet that I just had to wrap it back around his waiting and willing dick. He rolled on top and every time he would press himself so deep deep deep inside of me then slowly pull his dick out of me I would begin cumming over and over again. I was so hot and horny that I didn't want anything but to deep throat his cock. I shoved him down and went to work on his big veiny vessel pushing my head down till I could feel my lips touch his balls...then I'd tighten my lips and pull up allowing them to glide over his entire member, then back down again. "I want to taste your cum baby... shoot your hot thick cum in my mouth so I can swallowed it all!" I told him. I continued to deep throat him until I heard him breathlessly say, "Oh baby I'm... gonna... cum..." His dick throbbed in my mouth as I plunged it deeper down my throat, allowing all his cock juice to shoot inside so I could swallow every last drop down.

That was 2 years ago and we're still going strong! We have yet to come out of the closet. No one has a clue that we're even together, perhaps this isthe secret to keepinga relationship fresh and exciting. We're happy and more satisfied than alltraditional couples around us.