

Touching my Sister-in-Law

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Two grown adults who should know better cross the line and have an intensely erotic experience.

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I had fantasised about my sister-in-law for years. There was nothing wrong with my wife but the thought of doing something naughty and taboo with my sister-in-law was such a turn on for me. I did wonder when I first met her if she found me attractive; there were a few signs but it turned to nothing. My wife and I even had sex one night while she was sleeping downstairs on the couch. It turned me on so much and I'm pretty sure it turned my wife on too, as the sex was amazing. When I came inside her I was imagining her sister downstairs masturbating while listening to us.

Anyway, my sister-in-law is pretty sexy. She's about 5' 7" and has genuinely large boobs, really nice. When she's sat at the dining table they rest on it. The sight of that makes me rock hard and I love it. She's curvy in all the right places and has, like my wife, a really nice arse; very spankable and squeezable. She's about 43 and maturing nicely, her long curly hair frames her face very nicely and draws attention to her luscious lips and dark sexy eyes. I've lost count of the number of times I've cum while fantasising about her, imagining my face buried in her pussy as I stroke my hard shaft, shooting cum all over myself.

All that aside, this is a story about one evening when she came to our house and my wildest dreams came true. It was a Thursday evening and her husband was working away for the week. She often came round and hung about when he was away as she got lonely at home. Usually my wife was in and they'd have a glass of wine and chat. I'd more often than not make myself scarce, maybe potter about in the shed or go upstairs and use the computer. Quite often I'd lay on the bed and masturbate, listening to their sexy voices.

On this Thursday night my wife was also away for one night, stopping over at a friends on the other side of town. She had told my sister-in-law but as usual she'd forgotten. I was upstairs on the PC, browsing some really nice porn, watching a really curvy secretary flaunt her arse and suck a lucky guy off. My cock was out and I was rock hard, idly stroking it. I heard a knock at the door and jolted - was my wife back home?

I quickly put my cock back in my trousers and went to the door. I answered and there was my sister-in-law, Wendy. 'Hi, just thought I'd pop over for an hour or two while Carl's at work, is Jen in?'

I rolled my eyes and replied, 'No, she's over at Lucy's for the night, didn't she tell you?'

She remembered and said, 'Oh yeah, I forgot - anyway I've brought a bottle of wine, fancy a glass?'

I tried my best to hide my bulge but as she came in the house and walked past me. I'm sure she took a quick glance, which both embarrassed and excited me.

She looked as good as usual tonight, black tights on and a tight pullover which made her boobs look majestic. As she went to the kitchen I settled down on the sofa.

I watched her arse as she poured the wine, trying not to let her notice.

My hard-on had subsided but I was staying semi-erect. It looked like I was going to be her company for the night. We sat on the sofa and chatted for a while. She asked me if she'd disturbed me and whether I minded her being round. I said it was no problem and I was just bored before she came anyway.

I couldn't help but keep looking at her lovely boobs through her jumper and her legs were making me really excited too. I was desperate to touch her shapely calves, but that was the stuff of fantasy, so I continued to politely nod and chat as I drank with her and imagined doing filthy things with that body.

After a couple of hours we were both the worse for wear as we'd drunk another bottle I already had in. She'd drunk more than me and our conversation got very loose. We started talking about women and whether I thought skinny ones were sexy.

'Not at all,' I said, 'real women have curves, nice big bums, boobs and soft lovely curves, that's why I married your sister! That's the kind of woman that does it for me.'

She seemed very interested in my opinion. 'That's good to hear, I sometimes wonder if men don't like curvy women at all these days. How would you describe me?'

My mouth went dry at that question. 'How do you mean?' I asked.

'Well, am I attractive? Simple enough question!' she laughed.

'Well I can hardly tell my sister-in-law she's sexy, can I? How weird would that be?' She looked a little

hurt at that, as if I was avoiding the question. Little did she know I'd just spent the last hour imagining my hard shaft sliding in and out of her mouth! 'Okay,' I admitted, 'you're attractive. Just like you're sister, you've got those curves and proportions that make a real woman. Is that a good enough answer?' I joked.

She tried to look nonchalant but I could tell she was very happy with my answer. The atmosphere was a bit weird after that but we continued to chat and things relaxed again soon enough. We were both sleepy and although I was the host I unfortunately fell into a light sleep, the time was getting on for midnight and I had to be up early the next day.

After what felt like about half an hour, I woke up from my doze and noticed Wendy had fallen asleep too. I coughed and yawned to try to wake her - it worked and she peeped at me and apologised for falling asleep. 'Shit, sorry about that,' she whispered, still half asleep.

'No problem, I've only just woken up too.'

She stretched those lovely legs and said, 'My legs are stiff, mind if I put them up on your knees?'

'Okay,' I agreed, my heart now racing at the thought of those lovely legs touching me. She stretched her legs across my lap and got comfortable on the sofa again, murmuring little noises of satisfaction. In my half asleep state I found this all extremely erotic and felt really nice and relaxed.

'Why don't you give me a treat and massage my feet?' she asked smiling.

My cock began to grow in my pants and I agreed, in the coolest way I could possibly find, 'Okay, why not? We've had a fun night chatting, I suppose I owe you a little treat!' I started rubbing the soles of both feet together, through her tights. I could tell she was enjoying it by the way she wriggled her feet and moaned gently, still lightly dozing.

I slowed my movements and made more deliberate and longer strokes across her feet - we were doing something on the borderline of what was acceptable and in my tipsy and sleepy state I thought this was the perfect chance to do something ambiguous. Would she be able to tell I was fondling her more than massaging?

She was awake still but quiet as a mouse now - not sure if this meant she was uncomfortable or enjoying it even more. I began to stroke gently at her ankles now, moving up to her calves in gentle sweeps of my hands. I did this for about five minutes, not getting too brazen, taking it slowly. My breath was trembling now with the excitement and tension and I started to apply more pressure to her calves, gently squeezing those lovely muscles, trying to do it in a more seductive and suggestive way

than a masseuse would.

I watched her face intently for signs of either enjoyment or disapproval. She was giving very little away, just the occasional and brief lick of her sexy, plump lips. I didn't know if she was toying with me or genuinely trying to hide her enjoyment, but I was pretty sure she was finding this as nice as I was by now. Emboldened by her lack of resistance (and the wine!), I took a long stroke from her mid thighs right down to her feet, then gently traced a finger down the side of each thigh. This was a definite gesture of intimacy and not a massage. I was desperate to see her reaction as my heart pounded and my cock was almost painfully hard by now.

She half-opened her eyes and smiled gently. I thought I was going to cum when she did that, but I concentrated hard and continued to stroke her thighs. Those thighs I'd masturbated over so many times were now in my hands. I knew from her smile she wanted me to carry on but I didn't want to get too vulgar so continued to stroke gently, very slowly moving my hands to her inner thighs. As I did, she almost imperceptibly moved her legs apart an inch or two to make room for my hands to slide across her thighs.

I moved my hands even further up her inner thighs - I was now only a few inches from her pussy. Oh my goodness, I thought I would explode with excitement. As I brushed her soft flesh just above the line of her suspenders, only a couple of inches away from her lacy panty-clad pussy, she opened her mouth and let out a quiet gasp, almost of relief. I could smell her pussy now. She must be so wet, I thought.

My head was spinning with the thrill and excitement of this amazing moment. I couldn't wait any longer, I ran my thumb over her panties, stroking her pussy lips through them. She must have been as turned on as me because all of a sudden she let out a low guttural moan which took me by surprise and started pushing her groin onto my hand.

'Oh my fuckin' god,' she moaned and gasped over and over. She was climaxing, and at the gentlest of touches! I was unbelievably turned on at the thought that I'd made her so horny and couldn't help myself - as she was climaxing I held her tight and kissed her deeply, my cock straining my trousers to bursting point.

She gasped and moaned into my mouth as wave after wave of pleasure radiated from her. I couldn't hold on any more, I frantically undid my trousers and pulled out my rock hard cock. The relief was amazing and just as I thought Wendy's orgasm was subsiding, the sight of my cock must have sent her over the edge again.

Just a few strokes and I was ready to explode. An intense feeling of lust I've never felt before came

over me and I shot my cum all over her pussy and panties. She looked at me in disbelief and said with a shaky voice, 'Oh fuck I can't stop, you dirty fucker.' She took some of my cum on her fingers and rubbed it into her pussy, climaxing again.

As she came for the second time, without thinking I stuffed my still hard shaft between her lips. She greedily gobbled me up and sucked the last of the cum from my cock. I'd never felt so amazing; this was the sexiest, most erotic thing that had ever happened.

We both lay back in disbelief looking at each other. There was no awkwardness, just a mutual feeling of relief and warmth. We both fell asleep in each other's arms until the morning. But the morning? That's another story!