My Sister in Law

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My sister in law finally got what she deserved. So did I.

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At 19, my sister in law had a decent and firm figure. She was 5'2 with b cup tits and a handful of ass. Nothing great by any standard. I'd say she was a 7/10 on her best day. 5 on average. Most people thought she was cute, but I hated her. She had more mood swings than any three women should have in a lifetime. In short, she was a bitch. I loved my wife, but I wanted to hate fuck my sister in law to put her in her place. Over the past ten years my sister in law, Abby, wore many revealing articles of clothing. She felt she was allowed to because of her frame. I never complained because many times I was privy to a glimpse at her body. When she was younger, I avoided to look, but now into her late teens I couldn't pry my eyes away. Her continued bitching only made me want to ram my 8 inch cock into her pussy, doggy style even more.

On many occasions my wife, Tonya, would hang out with Abby at our home and have a few drinks while chatting each other up. This takes place on one such visit. They were chatting up Abby's college life on this night, all while Abby kept giving me dirty looks. To avoid such annoyance I would keep to myself in the living room. This night she was wearing these tiny shorts with "cute" written across her ass. These were the type shorts that when she sat down and crossed her legs (which was her favorite sitting position) you could see her panties. Tonight she wore a wife beater with these shorts and after a brief glimpse, no panties. I saw a smooth pussy that was looking back at me.

"Fuck you, Abby." I thought to myself.

After a couple hours of listening to their bullshit I said goodnight to Tonya. On my way to bed, Abby flicked me off with a very dirty look on her face. "Go fuck yourself." I replied.

Fast forward a few hours later. Tonya woke me up, "Nic, Nic wake up. I need your help." I woke in a daze. What fucking time is it? I looked at the clock and saw it was almost 3am. I could smell the alcohol on Tonyas breath.

"What's wrong?"

"It's Abby. She's drunk and said she needs to pee, but she can't move. She's too heavy for me to lift. I'm sorry to wake you up, but I need your help." She plead.

"No, it's ok. I'll get her. ".

As I walked to the living room, Tonya fed me the story of how she and Abby kept drinking and now Abby couldn't move. Her speech is all slurred and she's dead weight to move around. She continued to apologize about waking me, but I didn't care. When I saw her slouched on the couch, I almost thanked her. Abby lay there with her legs spread wide open and her shirt sagging off her shoulders. You might think I'm pretty fucked up, but it was hot. She looked really slutty laying there, and instantly my mind began fantasizing about fucking her right there.

I managed to get her to sit in the toilet and Tonya asked her if she'd be able to wipe. Abby gave a weak nod and Tonya asked again. This time she said yes with a little annoyance I her voice, but not with much more strength. Tonya looked as if she'd fall asleep standing right there.

"Go to bed." I offered her.

"You sure?"

"Yeah, I'll put Abby next to you and I'll hit the couch."

"Ok."

After Abby wiped herself I payed her on my side of the bed and asked Tonya if she was ok. Tonya was out cold. I shook Abby and asked if SHE was ok. She gave a slight nod. Now throughout my scuffle to carry her to the bathroom, I felt everything. Her tits ended up in my hand cuz of her losing balance and a few times her legs just gave in. In my scuffle to pick her back up I felt her firm ass in my hand. I'll be honest, I felt a certain level of guilt. But that didn't stop me.

I lay on the couch wide awake and horny for what felt like hours. It had been exactly three minutes. "Fuck it." I whispered to myself. I walked back to the room a decided I was gonna fuck my wife. I didn't care that Abby was right there. But as soon as I started to nudge Tonya she whispered "stop it". No doubt her tired subconcious at her rescue. I watched Abby lie there with the same tired posture that Tonya had. To this day I don't know what took over me.

I reached and nudged Abby. She lay unmoving. I walked over to her side of the bed and nudged her again. My heart was racing. I swear to you, I could hear it thumping.

The silence in the house was deafening. She didn't move. I bent down and pressed my lips to hers while I began to caress her right breast. To my astonishment, her body was responding. She kissed me back and as I brought my body closer to hers, she opened up for me. Like she was accepting my approach. The taste of her tongue was intoxicating. Alcohol and an abundance of saliva. No doubt from her drunken escapade. I moved her arms above her head and then caressed down to her shorts. Those goddamn shorts. I wanted to take them off but decided against it. I slid my hand down her shorts and felt her soft pussy against my fingers for the first time. In my younger days I might've been close to cumming just from being this close to her pussy. But now, a man at 29, the only thing that would make my cock explode would be her tight pussy struggling to accept my fully erect cock. Positioned between her legs I pulled her shirt just above her tits. A b cup might've been an overestimate, but they were gorgeous. Just laying there, firm, nipples hard. I slid my hand back in her shorts and brought my mouth to her nipple. It immediately got erect. Abby inhaled sharply which froze me in place. I locked eyes with her. She was staring directly at me and smirked. Was she awake this whole time? "Do it." she whispered. I then slid my index finger inside her.

"It's now or never." I whispered to myself.

As my finger slid in her, my erection went from being firm, to aching because I was so hard. I don't think my dick has ever been this hard. First one knuckle. Then as the second slid in I felt my precum ooze out of the tip of my dick. After the second knuckle I stopped and started to slide in my middle finger. Her pussy contracted so tightly that I couldn't get to the second knuckle. I kissed her more passionately this time. Not because I wanted to, but because my body was responding to hers. I wanted it. Now. I pulled my fingers out and rubbed the head if my cock with her juices. After I rubbed the head of my cock I slipped my fingers into her mouth and she sucked. It was as if it was her bodies natural programming. She sucked my fingers clean. Then I gripped her shorts from in between her legs and pulled them aside. Tonya moved a little bit, and I froze. Fuck, please not now, I begged. She stayed sleeping.

Now the fun. I pressed the head of my cock against her pussy. Her wet instantly sent a shock up my spine. Her legs opened a bit more. Her hands started to move, so I layed them across each other. Joining her wrists, right over left, I slid them behind her head. Now here she lay in front of me with both hands behind her head, shirt pulled up over her tits, and her shorts yanked to the side with my cock only head deep inside her. I was ready to give it to her and if Tonya woke up, I'd have no story to save me. Oh well. And then I slid my cock all the way in.

With a slow and steady pace I slid my cock deeper and deeper into my sister in law. I don't care what anyone tells you, an 8 inch cock is more than most women can handle. And with the multiple partners I've had in my life, my wife was the only one that could take me balls deep. It must be a genetic thing,

because I didn't stop sliding my cock into Abby till our hips touched. Her tightness was overwhelming. I pulled out a little and began to pump. I glanced down and saw the base of my dick gleaming in the moonlight. She was so wet and I loved it all. At this point I was sweating a little and so was she. Her eyes, still closed, didn't stop her from moving her hips to meet mine. Four, five, six...I kept count of my thrusts. This is what you fucking deserve, every....bit.... Then her pussy got real tight and I felt her release. Her breathing had quickened and then slowed. She came. Holy fuck. Nine, ten, eleven...

"Ohhh FUCK." Abby whispered.

And I came....hard. My balls were so tight. Goosebumps ran up my back, my toes curled and I rammed myself into her. Thirteen, fourteen.... I was out of breath.

"Thanks." Abby whispered and then doze off again.

I pulled out of her and stood up. After readjusting both my clothes and hers, I went back to my the sofa. Wow. That just happened. I fell asleep with the quickness and had wonderful dreams of my interesting night.

I had a dream where I was getting my dick sucked and it felt great. My cock was so hard and I could feel her saliva oozing down the sides of my cock. I started to fuck her mouth so I could shoot my load down her fucking throat. After I came I heard my wife say "Wow."

Holy shit, not a dream! I stared wild eyed at Tonya who was positioned between my legs, and she grinned at me.

"That's for all your help last night." She said.

"Oh, thanks."

"Anytime, but did you fuck me last night? You tasted like pussy."

"Oh, um, of course I did!" I winked at her. She smiled back at me as in my mind I thought, "wow, that really happened?!" It sure did.

From the Author: Please let me know what you thought!