

# Sister in law comes to play

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A couple of months ago my wife's best friend, Amy had a baby. Amy lives in a small town about two hours away from us, and my wife, Stacey insisted that she needed to be there in order to support her best friend. Stacey left for Amy's with our kids on a Thursday afternoon, and she planned on coming home by Sunday night. Her plan was to stay long enough for the new family to be settled, give them a hand with their daily chores and, of course, ooh and aw over the new baby. Since I haven't had a weekend to myself in quite some time, I was really looking forward to being a bachelor for four days. On Friday night I called my friends John and Mike and we went to see this amazing guitar player named Will. If you ever get the chance to see Will live, do yourself a favour and go. This guy can wail. I seriously have never seen anybody play a guitar the way he does, and that's including guys like Hendrix, Clapton, and Young. As it turned out we had a crazy night. We met some girls that John knew at the Will gig, and, after several drinks, one of the girls made it quite obvious that she was interested in spending the night with me. Her name was Natalie, and although I have never cheated on my wife, I have to admit that I was tempted by this sexy girl. She had huge knockers, an amazing ass, and a pretty face. My friend John claimed that he had fucked her several weeks earlier. He said that she was ridiculously easy, and that I should go for it. However, I soon discovered that Natalie knew about half the guys in the bar, and although she still seemed interested in me, she was constantly off flirting and dancing with other guys as well. Near the end of the gig I was standing near the back when I felt a hard slap on my ass. I wheeled around, only to discover a gorgeous blonde standing in front of me. She was the only person close enough to have hit me, and it actually took me a couple of seconds before I realized that the gorgeous blonde was actually my wife's youngest sister, Stephanie. Now, all of the females in my wife's family are exceptionally good-looking. Stacey has three sisters and five female cousins. All are hotties. Even my wife's mom turns heads at 57, but none of them can compare to Stephanie. At 20 years old, she is absolutely flawless in every way. "Hey, Steph, how's it going?" "Good. Wanna dance?" "Sure." Stephanie and I hit the dance floor in front of the stage. I'm not much of a dancer, but I wasn't about to pass up an opportunity to get close to my hot sister-in-law. "So what are you doing here?" she yelled over the loud music. "Stacey's gone for the weekend, so I'm taking full advantage of it," I said. Then, looking her over once again I said, "You know something, Steph, I think that you just keep getting better and better looking every time I see you." "Yeah? Thanks, you don't look so bad yourself." Stephanie and I talked and danced as Will rocked through his last set. Like it often is when we are alone she was openly flirty with me as I am

with her. There has always seemed to be an underlying mutual attraction between us and with both of us drinking it was even more apparent. For example, at one point during our conversation Steph said, "Hey, thanks for fixing the starter in my car the other day. That was really nice of you." To which I replied, "Of course, you know I'd do anything to you – er... I mean... for you." She slapped my arm playfully and pretended to be shocked at what I had said, but I knew that she liked it. Eventually Stephanie's friend came over and said that it was time for them to go to the other bar. I was surprised when she hugged me goodbye and almost shocked when she kissed my cheek. I couldn't help but stare at Steph's sweet little ass as she walked away. 'My god, I'd like to stick my face in that,' I thought. Two minutes later I heard a commotion to my left. I turned just in time to see John's head snap back twice as this guy in front of him punched him in the face. John was only about thirty feet away from me, but with so many people in the bar it took me several seconds before I got to him. John has always been somewhat of a pretty-boy. He's really good-looking and all of the girls like him, but he can't fight worth a shit. The problem is he's constantly pissing off ex-boyfriends, husbands, etc, and I assumed that this was probably the case here as well. I moved quickly to John's rescue and so did Mike. I got to him first. By now John was turtled on the floor as this guy wailed away at the back of his head. I grabbed him by his shirt and flung him backwards into a table. Two girls scattered to get out of the way as their drinks and chairs crashed to the floor. Then the shit hit the fan. The guy who hit John had some friends with him. Someone hit me in the side of my head. Ducking the second blow, I turned and threw a left hook to the mid-section of the guy that hit me. Mike was in on the fun by now too, and so were the bouncers. It was mass confusion. I think at first Mike and I were fighting about eight guys, but by the time the bouncers had gained control and tossed us outside, Mike and I were facing-off against only four. "You take the big one!" Mike said to me and at the same time one of the other guys said "Kick his ass, Rick!" Since Mike is 6' 6" 265lbs, I'm sure they thought that ganging up on Mike was the only way three average sized guys would stand a chance. But, unfortunately for them, not only is he a mountain of a man, but he's also exceptionally strong and athletic. Rick wasted little time. He came at me with a wild knock-out punch, that missed by a mile. I had to duck as he swung wildly with his right hand once again. He was already re-loading another big punch, but this time I was ready for it. As soon as his fist sailed past my face I stepped in and gave a solid jab to his nose. Of course this pissed him off and his next punch was even more out of control than the previous ones. The guy outweighed me by thirty or forty pounds, but he had no idea how to fight. Each time he threw a punch I would see it coming, move my head and counter with a jab of my own. I was winning the fight, but I still had to be careful. If he hit me with one of those big shots, I knew that I'd probably go down. Then I saw my opportunity. He had thrown himself slightly off balance with another big miss. I stepped to his side, wrapped my arms around his waist; picked him about two feet off the ground, and then drove him back down into the pavement. I heard him gasp as the wind was knocked out of his lungs. He tried to get back up, but he was far too slow. He barely had his head off the ground before I was on top of him, my fists raining down onto his face. By the time Mike pulled me off of him, big Rick was bleeding profusely and only semi-conscious. Mike hollered, "We have to go!" He was right. The cops would surely be on the scene soon, and I didn't want to be here when they

did. Mike had left the other three guys in pretty bad shape as well, so at best we'd end our night in the drunk tank, at worst, we'd end up with assault charges or some other crazy shit. Mike and I took off running. We ran down one alley, then another. Neither of us said a word about where we were going, we both knew that Mike's place was close, only about six blocks away. We made it only two before both of us were too tired to run anymore. Even if a guy is in pretty good shape drinking, fighting and running don't mix very well. After catching our breath, Mike and I walked the rest of the way and talked about what had just happened. By the time we got to Mike's place it was late. I wound up spending the night on his couch, and woke up in the morning with a massive hang-over. The sore spot on the side of my head throbbed as I listened to Mike's pissed off wife barking at him for coming home so late, getting into a fight, as well as anything else she could think of at that point in time. I went upstairs and when his wife saw me she looked even more pissed-off. "Well," she said. "I'm going shopping. Mike, you can watch the girls." With that statement Tonya slammed the door and was gone. "Wow," I said. "I thought she'd never leave." Mike and I laughed then we sat around drinking coffee for about an hour and talked about how much the previous night reminded us of our early twenties. At 11:30 John called my cell and asked if I wanted to meet him for all-you-can-eat sushi. I was starving and agreed to meet him at noon. For my friends and me, sushi isn't just a meal, it's an event. We all take great pride in how much raw fish we can fit into our stomachs, spending \$20.00 and eating \$100.00 worth of sushi. It usually takes us about three hours to get our fill and this was no exception. John and I talked about the night before. He made out much better than Mike and I, as he wound up in bed with Natalie and one of the other girls that we were partying with. (What a lucky son-of-a-bitch he is.) After we ate I went home and crashed on the couch for a couple of hours. I woke at about 6:30 and then jumped in the shower. The water felt good, chasing away the rest of my hangover. I felt good enough at this point that I was considering calling John to see if he wanted to hook up with the same girls as the night before. I had a bad case of the "Hang-over Hornies" and the thought of maybe fucking Natalie was becoming more and more appealing. Just as I was drying off I heard the doorbell ring. Wrapping a towel around my waist I hurried downstairs to answer. It was Stephanie. "Hey Steph, what are you doing here?" "Just thought I'd come by and see what you were doing tonight," she said. "I thought you might want some company since Stacey is gone." For a split second before she answered I was positive that I saw her eyes travel up and down my body. I grinned to myself. Ever since I was 16 I've been hitting the weight pile about three times per week. Lifting weights, combined with playing in men's hockey and football leagues for the last ten years has put me in pretty good shape for a 33-year-old guy. "Well, come in," I said, "Do you want a drink?" "Sure, what have you got?" "Mostly beer, but you don't drink it do you. Umm, let me see..." I said as I searched the liquor cabinet. "I know, how about a vodka paralyzer?" Stephanie agreed, and I hoped that I didn't curdle the milk as I made it because it had been so long. As it turned out she loved the drink and by the time I had returned from getting dressed in the bedroom, she had already downed it and was asking for more. Steph and I sat outside on the deck, talked and listened to music. She seemed to be a bit out of sorts. I couldn't help but notice that she was talking way more than she usually does, and that she was drinking two paralyzers to every one beer I had. We were both hungry

so I fired up the bar-b-que and grilled us some steaks. By the time we had finished supper, Stephanie was pretty smashed. I gave her a glass of water instead of a paralyzer and she sat with her legs draped across my lap on the couch. It surprised me that she would be so bold, even after a few too many drinks, but I didn't object either. Steph was wearing a skimpy pair of shorts and I could smell her skin. I couldn't help it - It began to turn me on. We sat and talked while nursing our drinks. Then, to my horror, I realized that I'd been absentmindedly stroking Steph's utterly perfect thighs with my fingers. I had no idea how long I'd been tracing light circles up and down her smooth, tanned legs and I abruptly removed my hands. My mind panicked as I tried to think of an excuse as to why I would do such a thing. "Sorry," I stammered. "I didn't realize that..." "You don't have to stop, it feels good," she said, reaching for my hand and once again placing it on her bare thigh. For the next half hour my hand continued to run slowly up and down her legs, but now it moved mostly up. She gasped when I got within a couple of inches of her crotch. Our conversation had dwindled down to nothing. All we did was gaze into each other's eyes. I knew I could kiss her, I told myself that I shouldn't, but I did anyway. I leaned down and our lips met. I don't think either of us thought about what we were doing, or what the consequences could be. We both just wanted each other. We kissed for about three minutes straight, then Steph unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it off, so I did the same to her, only I unclasped her bra as well. My god, she had amazing tits. I'm not much of a breast man. I like mostly ass and legs, but Stephanie's sweater kittens were the best that I've ever seen. I couldn't help myself, I just started sucking on them. I felt one of her nipples stiffen in my mouth as the other stiffened between my fingers. Stephanie was moaning softly as I alternately sucked on each of her titties. "My god, I can't believe we're doing this!" she whispered. "I'm so wet!" "Can I feel?" Steph nodded. "Uh huh." I reached down and tried to unbutton her shorts with one hand like I had done with her bra, but I was having some trouble with it, so Stephanie did it for me. Her shorts were tight and there was barely enough room to fit my hand, but I could feel that her pussy was literally soaked. We were kissing and she was hunching her hips in order to let my fingers invade her deeper but her shorts were simply too tight. "Take them off," she whispered. I couldn't believe she had just said that. My heart was pounding in my chest as I knelt on the floor in front of my sister-in-law. With one foot on the coffee table she raised her hips so that I could pull her shorts and g-string panties down. As soon as they were off Steph opened her legs. I think that I actually moaned when I saw her pussy for the first time. Stephanie had an incredibly beautiful snatch. Just like the rest of her, it was perfect in every way. She had those meaty labia that always look just a little swollen, her slit was moist and tight, and I couldn't help but notice that it was framed by a small patch of dark pubic hair. I chuckled to myself as I thought 'Well, the curtains don't match the drapes, but I'm not complaining.' My cock throbbed in my pants as I began kissing my way up Steph's thighs. The scent of her wet pussy filled my nostrils and all I could think of was how badly I wanted to eat her. My sister-in-law gasped as my tongue penetrated her sex. Her smell and taste made my head swoon. I was so turned on. It was difficult to resist the urge to bury my face in her delightful snatch. I started licking, kissing and sucking Stephanie as she withered on my couch. Soon she had one hand on the back of my head and she was pumping her hips into my face. My prick was so hard that it felt like it was going to burst out of my jeans, so I

reached down and freed my aching cock from its confines. Meanwhile, Steph had pulled her legs up to her chest giving me unlimited access to her dripping pussy. I pushed my tongue into her hole as deep as it would go, swirled it around inside of her, and then sucked on her swelling clit. "Oh my god!" she moaned, "That feels so good!" My hands were now holding the back of her thighs as I ate her pussy. She was totally exposed to me. I could feel her wetness all over my face. I soon realized that Stephanie's sexy little ass was only inches from my probing tongue. I'm such a pervert. I had to lick it. In all of my life I have only slept with two women worthy of ass licking. One of them was a friend of my sister's, the other is my wife, and Steph is hotter than both of them. I had no idea what her reaction was going to be, but I had to try. I made my way down, past her sweet snatch to her bum. Stephanie was unaware of my intentions until I ran my tongue from the bottom of her ass all the way to the top. She groaned with approval and lifted her ass even higher off the couch. I knew right then that she'd let me do just about anything I wanted. I licked her ass crack several times before I sank my tongue into her most intimate hole. She gasped loudly and said something that I didn't quite comprehend. Unable to control my lust, I soon began to tongue-fuck Steph's ass as deep as I could reach. Every time I sank my tongue into her bum, my nose would penetrate her wet pussy. What really made Stephanie moan was when I began to wiggle her clit with my finger as well. After about five minutes of this, I thought that Steph was close to cumming. I wanted to bring her off really hard, so I focused my attention back on to her delicious pussy. In no time she was grunting as my tongue worked her swollen clit and my fingers simultaneously stimulated her steamy holes. "Oh my god, oh my god, Ryan, you're gonna make me... Oh I'm going to cum!" she wailed. I felt her vagina spasm around my fingers. Steph held my head in place as she gasped and moaned, and pumped her hips. She came hard and long. Later, Steph told me that not only was I the first guy to make her cum, but that it was the best orgasm that she had ever had. Her pussy was still throbbing with after shocks as I gave it a few light kisses before I reluctantly tore myself away from her magnificent snatch. I wasn't sure what was going to happen now that Stephanie had cum. My cock was so hard that it almost hurt, and I desperately needed some relief, but I was unsure how to go about it. I mean, eating my sister-in-law's pussy is one thing, but having sex with her is on a totally different level. She solved the problem for me by saying, "Do you want to fuck me now?" "Can I?" "Yeah, I want it." We shared a kiss as I positioned myself between her legs. Reaching down, I grasped my aching prick, nudged it past her distended labia, and into her hot pussy. She was so wet, and it felt so incredibly good. I just wanted to ram it into her, but I could feel that she was tight and that I would have to take it slow. Not to boast, but I have been blessed with a fairly big dick. It measures more than 8" long and has some decent girth to it as well. Many of the women that I slept with before my wife said it was the biggest cock that they'd ever had. I know that Steph is fairly inexperienced, so I knew that I'd have to take it easy with her. Steph gasped as I eased the first three inches inside of her and looked down at my cock for the first time. "Oh wow, it's really big. Go slow." I nodded as I began to work my cock in and out of her. With each thrust I would inch more and more of my excited prick into her pussy. By the time I was three quarters of the way inside of her, Steph placed her hand against my stomach to try and prevent me from going any deeper, but I knew that she just needed to get used to it. I allowed her to

get accustomed to my big dick by only fucking her as deep as she would let me. Eventually I was penetrating her deeper and deeper until I finally had my entire length buried inside of her steamy cunt. God, it felt good, almost too good. During the time it took me to work my whole cock into her, I just about blew my load twice. I paused for a few moments gave me an opportunity to stave off my impending climax as well as let Steph become fully adjusted to my penis before I started to really do her. I wanted to give Stephanie a dicking that she would remember as one of the best she's ever had for the rest of her life. Ever so slowly I began to fuck my beautiful sister-in-law. I couldn't believe this was happening. I had fantasized about her so many times, and I always knew that she was attracted to me, too, but I never in a million years thought that anything would ever happen.