

# Disclaimer

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Also, this Story contains sexually explicit scenes as well as language. Please read through the list of keywords in the title to avoid being triggered.

# Impregnating His Sister-In-Law

I'm jerking my flaccid dick, desperately hoping for a twitch. Something. Come on, buddy. Fuck. I never had a problem with getting hard. I try closing my eyes and thinking of anything to get me there, but all I can think about is the scene 2 days ago.

My wife and I, our luggage at our feet, are on my sister-in-law's luxury sofa in her fancy high-rise apartment. After losing my job and investing all our savings in crypto, I felt my lowest. We were getting evicted and losing the car. My wife has been a homemaker for the last decade. We had nothing. Lost everything, and the only family nearby was her rich corporate sister. Who always looked down on my wife. Her smug smile when we begged her to stay until I found a new job. And her demand in return.

"Nothing?" my sister-in-law asks, splayed out on her bed.

"Give me a second."

"You know you can't impregnate me with a limb dick, right?"

I want to yell at her to shut up. And land back on the street? No. But I can't help the annoyed tone when I say: "Can I at least close the door? So she doesn't have to hear this."

"Oh, she shouldn't be such a prude. I told her she could be in the room if she wanted to. Right, sis?" she asks my wife, who sits on the sofa in the other room. With the door open. Crying silently because her bully of a sister wants her husband to impregnate her to stay at her place.

My sister-in-law is draped on the bed like a 90s Playboy model. Dressed in black lingerie of silk and lace. Her body is extraordinary. She obviously works out but has those sinful curves. God damn it. Close your eyes, you disloyal prick. How can I find her so attractive? My wife is beautiful. The most beautiful woman alive to me. She might be rounder and shorter. She might not be confident enough to dress like this for me. But I love her. I love her so much.

Think of her.

Come on.

Get hard.

My sister-in-law sighs, and I hear the rustle of sheets as she gets up. I don't want to look, but I can't help myself. She got on her hands and knees and crawls towards me on the bed. Oh fuck. Her tits swing with every movement. She looks like a goddess. A horny goddess.

Reaching me, she touches me as if she has a right to it.

"You know why I'm doing this?"

Because you are a spiteful bitch who enjoys bullying your sister. I don't answer.

"Why I'm insisting on having your baby?" She reaches out with one finger. The tip touches my collarbone and slides down slowly.

"Why I can't wait to be filled with your cum?"

I jump, and when she reaches my navel, she circles it before moving further down.

"Why I want you inside me so bad?"

She stops an inch before my dick. She was waiting for me to answer.

"No."

"Because of this."

Her hand wraps around my dick. Fuck. Her long, soft fingers feel so good. So incredibly good. But she is my wife's sister. My wife. Fucking shit. She pumps up and down while rubbing her tight little body against me. The lace on her lingerie is rough against my nipples. She rotates her hand, and damn it. There it is. A twitch.

"And this." her other hand reaches for my face, stroking my jaw lovingly. "And this," she strokes my nose. "And those dark eyes. Fuck. You are so beautiful."

My dick is growing in her hand. I'm a fucking traitor.

"Your proportions are perfect. You are so tall, with wide shoulders. Long legs. Flawless skin. A little hair on your chest."

I feel dizzy when she strokes my pecks. To be honest. I don't remember the last time I was complimented like this.

"You are healthy. Smart and beautiful. All I want my kids to be."

"Not so smart." I want to kick myself for that glimpse of insecurity.

She snorts. I wait for the cutting putdown she so skillfully hurls at my wife, but she leans in and kisses my chin. "A setback. One I'm profiting off, yes. But temporary. There is a job opening at my company. I can get you in with no problem, and you will earn six figures easily. You are well educated. Quick-witted. Charming and competent. A natural born leader if you get your mindset right."

She plays with my balls and licks my neck. Oh fuck.

"I get you had a hard time lately, but if you think about it. Things are going great for you."

“Are they?”

“Mhm.” both of her hands are working my dick and balls now. I’m fully erect. “Just think what your days will be like over the next months. Fucking me all night. Your dick in my mouth on the commute to your high-powered job. Return to your wife in a nice apartment, with a hot meal on the table. We might even be able to talk her into a threesome. Isn’t that the dream?”

“Fuck.”

Her lips touch mine. We are panting in each other’s mouths.

“I want you to fuck me in every way you can. So. I need you to get over your hangups and take ownership of the situation.”

“And how do I do that?”

“By touching me, for starters.”

My arms were hanging by my side the whole time she stroked me. Touching her? Why the fuck not? I’m going to do much more than that very soon.

My palms slide over her hip, the hot, smooth skin and the delicate lace. My dick moves on its own in her hands. I can feel precum gathering on the tip, only for her thumb to slide through the liquid and massage it.

My hands wander to her ass cheeks. A perfect handful. Perfectly round. I squeeze them, and she gasps in my mouth. I can’t help it. I close the distance between us and kiss her. I haven’t kissed another woman since I met my wife in my senior year in high school. Her sister tastes like heaven. Her tongue is eager and bold. Sliding in my mouth and coaxing a moan from me.

God damn it, she is a hot little thing.

Pulling away, she looks straight into my eyes. Hers swimming with passion.

“I need you to take control, babe. For both of us. I need you to be the strong, passionate man I know you are.”

“Yeah.”

“Yes.” she bites my lip only to yelp in surprise when I rip the lacy panties off her body in one forceful tug. “Yes. Like that.”

“Fuck.” My lips crash into hers again. Forcing her mouth open wide and plundering her mouth like a savage.

My fingers press into her butt, pulling her to me. Her belly rubs against my rock-hard dick. It would be easy to throw her back on the bed, sink into her with one hard thrust and fuck her into the mattress. But how she reacted to me ripping her panties gave me another idea.

Breaking the kiss, I tell her: "Get on your hands and knees. Facing away from me."

She bites her lip and obeys without a word. Fuck that's hot. My very vanilla wife would never let me get away with talking to her like that. We are always very respectful of each other. Nothing about what I want to do next will be respectful.

She probably thinks I'm going to mount her like a breeding stallion. Oh, I will. But first.

I never did that before. So I'm surprised by how my palm stings after smacking her ass. She yelps in surprise. Then moans loudly.

Fuck.

I didn't hold back, either. A red handprint forms on her ass cheek where I hit her. My ball draws up. Holy shit.

Slap.

Another one. Matching the other handprint. She sinks on her elbows, bending her spine so I can see her cunt. Smooth and hairless. Fuck, that's a pretty pussy. Juicy lips with a pink, glistening opening. Her clit is a perfect little pearl, half hidden under a hood, and is that, yes, a little piercing.

My finger rubs the white pearl on her pearl. She winces, and a drop of her cum trickles out of her pussy.

"Does that turn you on all day long?"

"Yes." her voice is high and keening. Her hips move restlessly.

I stroke her blooming ass cheek.

"Another one?"

"Yes. Please."

"Brace."

I swing and smack her right on the pussy. She yells. The thought that my wife hears all of it crosses my mind for a second until I notice how wet my palm on her pussy is. She is gushing wetness.

"Fuck. You love this, don't you?"

"Yes. Please. Another one."

I give her what she wants but don't stop after just one. After smacking her pussy again. I rain down blows on her ass cheeks. Reddening her whole backside. She screams every time. Moans and begs incoherently. She yells my name, and then I detect the tremor. Shaking all over, her cunt clenches. She is shivering all over her body. She is coming. From me smacking the hell out of her ass and pussy. I can't stop myself. I grip my dick, position myself and enter her spasming pussy. Holy shit, she is tight. It's like fucking into a closed fist. Black dots dance in my vision by the time I bottom out. Holy shit. Jesus. I have never been in any woman but my wife. What the hell did I miss out on?

I can count the number of times she let me take her from behind on one hand. Knowing how big my dick is, I was always nervous that she might be uncomfortable. Nervous if she liked it. With her sister, I don't give a fuck. Even if she didn't scream out her orgasm. Yelling for me to fuck her. All I care about is how good this feels to me.

"Oh fuck. Your dick is so deep in me. Fuck me. Hard."

Living out a fantasy, one hand holds her hip, and the other sinks into her hair, pulling on them like reins. Bending her body and holding her still for my forceful thrusts. Her whole body bounces on my cock. Every push of my hips, sinking in to the hilt, catapulting her body away from me until it stops by her hair and my grip, forcing her down again. It's hard and merciless. All the while, she is yelling. Not just moaning. Yelling.

"Oh, god. Oh, yes. Fuck. Fuck. Yes." she is entirely unrestrained in her enjoyment.

The neighbors must call the cops for a noise complaint, or are those high-rise apartments soundproof? My wife definitely hears.

I want to stay silent, but I can't help myself.

"Fuck you feel so good. You take my cock so well. You're going to come for me again, aren't you? Yes, you are. I can feel your pussy holding on to me. Trying to suck me in. Fuck."

She is getting even tighter. Pulling on my dick whenever I pull out.

Instinctively, I strike out and hit her ass once again. Only for her to explode around me.

Her body stiffens as if she turned to marble. The absence of her moaning and screaming only leaves the sucking and pumping sound of my dick in her. Thrusting away while she loses it. After a few seconds, she starts twitching like crazy. Tiny gasping sounds come from her mouth, like a fish out of water. Only then, she moans a long:

"Fuuuuuuck." and collapses forwards. I let go of her hair, and she sinks into a heap on the bed, sliding free from my dick.

I'm breathing heavily. Looking at her spasming on the mattress. I never felt more powerful in my life.

Looking down, my dick salutes me proudly. Red and swollen. My balls full of cum, ready to explode.

I think about sticking it to her by jerking myself onto her crumpled body, but the thought of impregnating her suddenly isn't so repulsive anymore. Instead, pumping her full of my cum, making her swell with my baby, might be the hottest thing I ever thought about.

No. I have to cum in her.

I grip her legs and turn her on her back. Her mouth is wide open. Hair draped over her face. Her eyes rolled up in her head. Her breast rises and falls fast.

My destructive side is still out and proud because I reach for her delicate lace bra and pull the cups apart until the lingerie rips right in the middle. Exposing her round breasts. They aren't as big as my wife's, but firmer. Like two perfect little cream globes. Topped with glazed cherries like nipples. I have to take a bite.

Taking her legs, I push them up until she is folded in half. My dick sinks back into her pussy at the exact moment my teeth sink into her tits. Hmmm.

I'm in heaven. Nothing on this planet can feel so good. My dick cradled in a warm tight place, and my mouth full of soft skin. My tongue bathes her nipple with long strokes and eager laps. Pulling out of her cunt. I suck.

As if coming back to herself. Her fingers dive into my hair, pulling and pushing. She lifts her hips as I sink back in, leaving us flush against each other.

"You feel so good. Oh, baby. Don't stop."

Oh, don't worry, babe. I won't. I lose myself in her body. Hammering away at her. Nursing on her tits. Surrounded by her softness, I lose sense of time and self.

It's a religious experience.

I don't know how long I held out, but I feel my cum rising. Building to a massive orgasm. I don't know if she comes again, too, or if she is too wrung out, but I pick up speed. Jackhammering into her trembling body until I feel myself explode. I scream my orgasm with her. Grunting like a crazed animal while pumping all of my cum into her. Filling her belly.

I collapse on top of her. Out of breath and exhausted. When I want to roll off her, her long legs wrap around my waist and hold me to her.

"Stay inside. Helps the seed take." she murmurs drowsily.

Looking at her face, I'm stuck with how beautiful she looks right now. Hair a mess. Cheeks blush, lips full and swollen. She is a fucking goddess.

I lean in and kiss her.

Her legs tighten, her arms sliding around me, holding me close while we share this moment.

After minutes of making out, I feel my dick coming back to life.

“Fuck. You are a stud.”

I laugh out loud. Yeah. I am. Literally. And I love it.

Hi, I'm G. Lace. If you like this story, look for G. Lace on Amazon, where I publish many more steamy, erotic stories like this. You can also find me on social media or visit my website, [g-lace.com](http://g-lace.com).