

Wicked In-Law Hookups

by Devin Brees

•

Copyright 2015 FYEO Publishing

This book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without permission.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. This work is not attributable to cover model. Cover model is an illustration for viewing only and holds no association with any published narrative. The pseudonym Devin Brees is not to be confused with any living individual.

All characters portrayed in this work are 18 years old or older. This book is for sale for ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial explicit scenes and graphic language that may be considered offensive to some readers.

Please keep out of reach of minors.

•

Wicked In-Law Hookups

Filling the MILF

When a young man's wife is away for the weekend, his buddies encourage him to experience the wanton charms of his mother-in-law.

Mother-In-Law Teaches

A pretty young thing can't convince her husband to blast onto her face, so her mother-in-law steps in to teach her stepson how to treat his minx of a wife.

Father-In-Law and Husband's Ex-Fiancé

An inhibited woman finds her inner slut when her husband's ex-fiancé comes for a visit to clear the air, and in the process, introduce the hungry wife to the carnal virtues that her father-in-law has to offer.

Filling the MILF

I'VE ALWAYS GOTTEN a rise out of my dick at the sight of my mother-in-law, Eula. A buxom brunette with long legs and olive skin, she looks like something out of an advertisement for the Greek isles.

As a regular in my head during my masturbation sessions, I often fantasized about what it would be like to have her invite me between her thighs, but since she was my wife's mother, there was no way that such a fantasy could ever be a reality, except that it was—with some help from my friends.

Ryan and Elliott were hanging out at my house late on a Saturday afternoon. My wife was with her friends for their annual weekend getaway, and Eula happened by to see if I needed anything.

My two friends' eyes bugged out, and why not? Eula was sexy beyond belief in a short, strapless sundress and five inch heels. The dress was held up by the thin elastic wrapped around her chest, and based on the outline of her lavish nipples, she wasn't wearing a bra.

She took off her oversized sunglasses, and held up a bag of groceries. "I thought you might want me to make you some dinner tonight."

Ryan nudged me and winked at me. Surely, his nasty mind was filled with all sorts of sordid ideas, but I glared at him to remind him that this was my mother-in-law.

Eula no doubt saw this silent exchange between us, but she didn't bat an eye, smiling as she carried the groceries to the kitchen.

"Your mother-in-law is hot," Elliott whispered.

"She wants you to fuck her," Ryan added in a hushed voice.

I waved them off like they were crazy.

"Are your friends staying? I have plenty of steaks," Eula called from the kitchen.

Both of their eyes brightened.

"You don't have to go to any trouble," I said back.

She stood at the kitchen doorway. The afternoon sun shone behind her through the kitchen window, illuminating the shadow of her curves within her flimsy dress.

"It's no trouble. I can't stand the thought of you not getting a home-cooked meal this weekend."

I went into the kitchen to help her, but really all I did was check out her dress clinging to her sleek ass and her bountiful tits while she prepared the meat.

"There. These need to rest about an hour before grilling. This will give me time to meet your friends."

We went back into the living room where Ryan and Elliott were watching TV, but Elliott turned it off and slid over so that Eula could sit between them on the couch.

After the introductions and pleasantries, Ryan got right to the point as if he were trying to hook me up with a slutty barmaid we just met.

“So, what did you think of Floyd the first time your daughter brought him home?”

“I thought he was sweet, and cute,” she said, smiling at me. She tugged up on the elastic that had slid halfway down her golden breasts.

“He has a crush on you, you know,” Elliott said.

“Really. That would explain some of the looks he’s given me in the past.”

“Yeah,” Ryan said. “He thinks that you’re really hot, and he said that if you two weren’t related he’d—”

“Cut it out, guys. You’re embarrassing us.”

The truth is that she didn’t look very embarrassed; she didn’t even seem to notice that her top had slipped half-way down her breasts again.

“Come on, we’re just having some fun,” Elliott said.

“Yeah, she knows that we’re just guys being raunchy,” Ryan said, and he put his hand on her knee.

And if that wasn’t shocking enough, I was absolutely floored by what happened next, because Eula’s response was to take Elliott’s hand and put it on her other knee.

“Well, we’re not really related,” she said as she allowed the two men to caress up and down her thighs, and her breathing grew heavy as my friends worked their hands under her dress and to the apex between her legs.

“What *would* you do Floyd?” She said passionately, “If you weren’t married to my daughter.”

“Exactly what I’m doing right now. Watching my friends treat you like an easy slut.” I couldn’t believe I had just spoken to my mother-in-law like that, but it seemed so natural.

She purred and sank back into the couch, and Ryan and Elliott raised her hem up to her waist to show off her tiny thong that barely had enough material to cover her thriving pussy.

At once, Ryan slipped his hand into her thong while Elliott tugged on the elastic around her bosom, pulling it down to spring her tits free.

Eula purred and her tummy writhed like a belly dancer, while the two men took whatever they wanted from her. Elliott sucked on the plump nipples that adorned her golden orbs, and Ryan worked his fingers into her cunt, still partially shrouded by the thin layer of her thong.

I couldn’t believe how slutty my mother-in-law was, moaning like an unsatisfied nymph who couldn’t get enough of the men’s attention.

Ryan joined Elliott at her other tit, and my cock ballooned in my pants watching my buddies lick, suck, and kiss those mounds that haunted my sexual fantasies.

It didn’t take long for Eula to succumb to the effects of Ryan’s finger probing her hot cunt. She bucked her hips and moaned as Ryan quickened his pace, stretching the flimsy thong while finger fucking her.

Elliott added his finger as well, yet with so much going on between her legs, I couldn't quite make out what he was doing. Most likely, he was caressing her clit. Anyway, she sure liked it, moaning and groaning while her thighs opened and closed involuntarily.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck!" She said, and she came, right there on my couch where she had sat a hundred times before. She came like an unburdened slut.

"Wow," she said, trying to regain her composure by pulling up her top, covering her engorged tits, but she didn't know or care about the hem of her dress (still high up on her thigh), or her splayed legs, or for that matter, her twisted thong that remained pinched between her swollen cunt lips.

"I should check on the meat," she said breathlessly, but when she leaned forward, Ryan pushed her back.

"We have our own meat for you to check first," he said, and with that, my two friends stood to open their pants and present their impressive dicks to her.

She leaned forward again, but this time it was to suck on their tall cocks. She moved between the two, bobbing and gagging, surprising me over how badly she needed to feel them in her throat.

Elliott pulled her top down again so he could feel her up. He seemed to get more joy out of squeezing her immense jugs than the blowjob he was sharing with Ryan, who put his hands on her head and started to fuck her mouth, filling her down to his root and slapping her chin with his swinging balls. I never expected to see Eula capable of taking a face fucking like that, but she held his ass and made sure that he fucked her mouth until he spurted into it.

Ryan's blast was huge. I saw Eula gulping and trying to swallow his load, but it was obviously more than she could handle and the bulk of his jizm dribbled down her chin and splattered onto her tits.

Next, she turned to Elliott and grabbed his cock to pull it into her cream-filled mouth, but he told her that he was going to fuck her tits instead. The woman cooed and drooled the sperm in her mouth onto her deep cleavage, and then she reclined on the couch and eagerly watched Elliott shed his pants and straddle her.

I couldn't control myself and stuck my hand in my pants while I watched the buxom woman squeeze her tits together around my friend's erect cock and purr as he pushed it in and out of her fleshy curves. She lowered her head and opened her lips so that every upstroke resulted in his eager crown jabbing into her mouth.

He let out relentless grunts upon every upward thrust while Eula voiced her need for his come in between the moments his cock was stuffed in her mouth.

"Yes baby, mmghf, give me, mmph, your fucking, mmgff, come."

He splattered his hot seed all over. Some shot directly into her mouth as she wrapped her lips around his cock head, but most flew wildly from his prick, splashing her lips and chin, as well as her neck and chest.

One thing was certain, I had never seen a woman as desperate for jizz, and once Elliott was empty, she spread his heaping of spunk down her chin and neck, and caressed it onto her sex starved tits.

By then, I had unwittingly opened my pants and I was stroking my hard dick in full view of my mother-in-law. She cravingly watched me massaging my cock, and I thought that the excitement of the moment would get the better of us and she would do the unthinkable by sucking my cock, but gaining a moment of lucidness, she pulled up her top covering her breasts and ran to the bathroom.

She came back washed and prim, finding me outside at the grill watching over the steaks.

“What you must think of me,” she said.

“I think you’re a sexy woman who wanted to have a little fun.”

“Taylor-Ann can never know.”

“They’re good guys. They won’t go around bragging to your daughter.”

We stood in silence for what seemed like an eternity while I ached to find something to say, but all I could think about was how hard my cock was when I thought that she was going to suck me off.

“I think you’re burning that one,” she said, giggling and pointing to one of the steaks.

•

Buy the full publication of *Wicked In-Law Hookups* at your favorite ebook retailer.