

My Brother-In-Law Chris

“Why did we need to stay with your sister?” I whispered to my girlfriend as we slid into the bed. It had been a hassle not only getting to her sister’s house but getting through the paparazzi was the worst part of it all. When she told me her sister was dating someone over in the states that were famous; I had thought she was pulling my leg, but when we pulled through a large iron gate with hundreds of camera snapping hounds, I knew she wasn’t. It was even more of a shock when her sister and her husband walked through the front door and it was Chris freaking Hemsworth. Who her sister was married too was definitely left out during the 12-hour flight overseas or the 2-year long relationship leading up to the trip.

The initial welcoming was followed by an evening of dinner and drinking. The two sisters quickly left myself and Chris alone, going off to the other side of the house to catch up while we “chatted”. At first, it was awkward, two complete strangers sitting together; let alone one of them being a famous movie star. As the night went on the two of us loosened up with the help of some liquid courage; talking about Australia, sports, lightly touching on his career. We surprisingly had a lot in common, but what caught me the most off guard was how touchy he was acting. Chris’ hand would continuously be on my shoulder, my knee, gripping my bicep. He would squeeze my muscle or rub my inner thigh growing bolder as our time alone increased.

Now I wasn’t unattractive. I had been playing football from a young age and it showed on my body; thick legs, broad shoulders, and a tight waist. Over the years I had many people, both men and women throw themselves at me, and it appeared; Chris was a fan as well. If I was being honest with myself I wasn’t completely un-attracted to Chris. Now I wouldn’t call myself gay, more of an opportunist of sorts. The rest of the evening was subtle touches, and they were becoming less and less subtle the longer the two men drank. I even reached out a few times to touch Chris’ hard body, which brought a mischievous smirk to his face.

The evening ended with Chris drunkenly grabbing my ass which sent me flying off the couch into my girlfriend’s arms as she turned the corner with her sister. I looked back at him seeing him take another sip of his glass of whiskey as if he hadn’t done a thing. What game was he playing here? After that interaction, the four of us quickly said goodnight and were escorted to our “guest room,” which was larger than our master back home. With a bed that was calling both of the weary traveler’s name’s.

“What? It looked like you two were having fun together,” my girlfriend said as she snuggled up on her side of the bed, falling quickly asleep. I rolled my eyes. She was never able to hold her liquor. I was thinking through the venting, wondering if I was misconstruing Chris’ friendliness for something else.

“You’re fucking crazy,” I said to myself as I reached for the bedside table.

Knock Knock Knock

“Hello?” I asked, pulling my hand away from the light.

“You two still awake?” The slurring Australian asked as he entered the bedroom.

“Yea I am still up,” I answered as I turned to him. His deep tan body was on display for me as he strolled into the bedroom. His bushy blonde hair bouncing with his every step, and it wasn’t the only thing that was bouncing. His loose gray boxers couldn’t contain his massive cock that swayed with his movements. My mouth fell. It was so fucking large. I couldn’t imagine how he hid that monster within his tight super suit. “You find everything alright?” Chris asked, propping his leg up onto the chaise lounge. The head of his dick sliding to the edge of his boxers causing my own dick to begin to harden as I stared at his godlike body.

“Just wanted to make sure you were finding everything alright. There’s the bathroom. The television.” He pointed towards the obvious doorway to the restroom and the large mounted tv. With his subtle movements his cock twitched and jolted, mine retaliated in the same way.

“Yup, I think I got it,” I said, cutting off his explanation of the room.

“Here let me show you how to use this,” Chris said as he grabbed a hold of the remote and walked to my side of the bed. He propped his leg up as he did before on the chaise lounge, pushing his crotch outward towards my face. I pulled back slightly, even though every fiber of my being was telling me to lean forward. “This is the remote. You can click this for power. Volume. Channels. We have. . .,” Chris rattled on, pointing to the labeled buttons on the remote as if I had never seen a remote before. I would have interrupted him if I wanted him to pull back. I inhaled, smelling the sweaty scent of his cock and balls reminding me of the times I had hooked up at the gym.

My eyes drifted away from the remote and onto the bulge in his underwear. The long shaft just seemed to be growing the longer he stood beside me. Was he getting turned on as well?

“Make sense?” Chris asked, pulling the remote away and turned his crotch directly into my line of vision. I looked up at his face, seeing the large goofy grin staring down at me. I took a deep breath. It was now or never, I thought to myself.

“Do you mind showing me again?” I asked, raising an eyebrow to punctuate my sentence. Chris’ smile grew wider.

“No problem mate,” Chris said leaning in towards me closer, his bulbous mound near centimeters from my face. I took a deep whiff of his musky scent feeling my dick grow to its full potential. I let out a sigh of air, masking my moan of pleasure. “This is where you want you wanna press when you want to turn it on. Do you get that?” He pushed out his dick to emphasize his words. I knew exactly what he was saying. I looked over my shoulder and saw my girlfriend softly snoring beside me, and I turned back to the overflowing pouch in front of me. I leaned forward and pressed my face into his cock and sniffed.

“Ugh,” I moaned. I knew exactly how to turn him on. I rubbed my face into the thin cotton material, bathing my senses in his odor. I felt Chris’ hands wrap around locks of my hair and pull my face into his boner. I couldn’t believe that this was really happening, but even within my lust filled state I need to keep my cool. I could only imagine what she would say if she woke up to her boyfriend worshiping Thor’s dick.

“Fuck mate, I wasn’t sure if you swung that way, but glad I decided to give it another go before bed,” Chris groaned as I kissed up and down his shaft through the underwear. My lips ended at the tip of his cock, sucking the precum that had already seeped into his underwear.

“I can’t believe this is happening,” I groaned as my fingers grasped onto the waistband. I pulled away slightly and tucked his underwear underneath his cock as it flopped out of his underwear. It was magnificent. The thick monster was staring me straight in the face and the only thought that I could compute was to open my mouth.

I stretch my lips wide as he leaned forward pressing the tip of his cock into my mouth. I licked my tongue against his tip, tasting his sweet cum. I moaned in pleasure as his semen rolled over my taste buds. I licked against his shaft as his dick was pushed further into my throat. I felt his tip press firmly against my gag reflex, and when I looked at his dick there was still so much more for me to eat. I attempted to pull back but the pleasure overtook Chris’ better judgment and pulled my face deeper onto his cock.

My load moans of pleasure mixed with my cries for oxygen filled the room but were both overpowered by the grunts of ecstasy that radiated from Chris as he pounded my face. My eyes drifted back to my girlfriend unsure of how she was still asleep during this whole experience. The thought of his awakening and screaming in disgust at finding me pleasuring Chris only turned me on more. My hand drifted towards my cock as my throat finally widened enough for his dick to slide easily in and out of my

mouth. With just one touch of my hand, my cock oozed large buckets of precum into my own hand which I slathered around Chris' dick, hungry for the taste of our mixed semen.

As he continued to aggressively thrust into my mouth my hands grasped onto his robust ass, digging my fingers into the hard muscle of each of his cheeks. My nails pressing firmly on his tender flesh cause a shout of pleasure to echo through the room. His hefty balls grew tight against my chin as his thrusts increased in speed. He was getting closer to orgasm, and I wanted his seed. I increased the suction within my mouth and the tightness of my lips against his cock. As my mouth hit the base of his cock I would wrap my tongue around his shaft and pull along the underside, wringing out any precum that was bent up within.

"Mate, I'm about to shoot." He groaned, pushing one final time into my mouth. My own cock grew tense as my balls readied themselves to explode.

With one final tug of my hair, his cock erupted in my mouth, unleashing buckets of cum into my mouth; cum which I eagerly swallowed. As his load settled in my stomach, my own cock began to shoot across the bed onto the thick duvet cover, blanketing myself and my girlfriend in my seed. Chris continued to cum well after my own balls finished emptying onto myself. As his balls finally began to run dry and his cock softened; it fell from my lips and was hidden away once more beneath the thin gray fabric.

"Thanks," Chris said shortly as he stumbled out of the room. As he exited he flipped off the switch to the lights, enveloping the room in darkness. I still could not believe what had just transpired, let alone who it was with. The last thoughts that crossed my mind before falling asleep were that I was going to be here for a full three more days. So was this the only fun I would be having under my girlfriend's nose?