

# CAUGHT!

- a Sonofjack story -

[amysconquest.com](http://amysconquest.com)



“That’s right, Baby, flip over and do the backstroke for awhile. Oh, yeah, Baby, arch that back and kick those long legs. That’s right, Baby, that’s the good stuff.”

Okay, so I’m not entirely proud of the fact that I’m watching my eighteen year old sister-in-law while she takes a mid-morning swim in our backyard pool. I suppose it’s even creepier that I’m watching from the upstairs window of the bedroom that I share with my wife, the older sister of the current object of my lustful drooling.



Believe me; it isn’t that my wife isn’t a beautiful, red-hot babe. She’s ten years older than her little sister, but she could easily pass for twenty-two. And while her sister has a very sexy figure, my wife’s figure is absolutely devastating. My wife Anna is 5’7” which makes her four inches shorter than me. Her measurements are an incredible 42-25-36, and her cup size is an outstanding G. Her breasts are so large and firm that most people simply assume that they’re fake. If I didn’t know better, I would swear that her breast weren’t natural.

You’ll just have to take my word for it; her lovely, firm, large breasts are one hundred percent all her. As the only man who has had the privilege of sucking, fondling, kissing, licking and fucking them during our six year marriage, I can attest to their authenticity.

My wife doesn’t just have an amazing body either. She’s also got a naturally beautiful face that would be the envy of most supermodels. From her large and piercing sky-blue eyes to her thick, lush lips; from her thin, slightly upturned nose to her strong, classical chin, she’s simply amazing. She’s even a natural blonde with hair that looks like spun gold and that reaches all the way to her round and firm derriere.

So why would a guy with a wife that looks like a goddess be peeking out the window at his younger sister-in-law and imagining all the things he’d like to do with her? Why else? Because I’m a man. And despite what goes on around here, I AM still a man.

I guess that's part of the problem. See, shortly after Anna and I got married—the day after we got home from our honeymoon if fact, she started laying down the law to me. Before I knew it, Anna made me quit my job and become a permanent stay-at-home husband. She said that since she made more than twice as much money as I did that it didn't make sense for her to quit her job.

At first, I was more than happy to go along with this. I thought it would be great to lounge around the house and pool all day while my beautiful sexy wife brought home the bacon. However, after two or three days of me sitting around the house doing nothing, Anna left a list of chores for me to do while she went to work.

"Yeah, yeah," I thought. "Big deal, a list of chores; what was she going to do if I didn't finish them, divorce me?" So I half-heartedly completed a few of the chores on that first list. I figured as long as I did one or two things a day that would keep her off my back and still leave me plenty of time to loaf.

Boy was I wrong. That first day after leaving me with a chore list, Anna came home and gave our house a thorough inspection. Then she called me into the living room and said in her sweetest voice, "Honey, I've been looking around, and you clearly haven't completed even half of your chores today."



"But, Baby, I did the best I could," I lied. "I'm just not cut out for this kind of domestic work. I need to be out in the world, hustling for a buck. You know me, I'm a go-getter!"

"But, Sweetheart, we discussed all that. Your 'hustling for a buck' as you put it earned you a mere pittance compared to the type of salary I bring down. Therefore, we agreed that you would stay home and take care of the house."

"That's funny, because I don't remember exactly agreeing to that," I said. "The way I remember it, you basically just told me that it was going to be that way."

"Okay, fine," Anna said with a cool, calm voice, "So now I'm telling you again that it's going to be that way."

"But what if I don't like it?" I asked.

"Sweetheart, don't make this difficult. After all, we both know that I'm the boss around here." As she said this Anna got up and removed the jacket of the business suit that she was wearing. She then removed her white blouse and revealed her strong muscular arms.

"W-w-what are you doing?" I asked.

“Why, Silly Willy, I’m just reminding you that I’m the boss of this relationship and why.” As she said this, she flexed her powerful arms and I watched in awe as her toned biceps began to rise. Even though I’d seen Anna do this at least a hundred times before, I still stood as transfixed as I did the first time I saw it. Her biceps rose to fourteen, fifteen then sixteen inches. Sixteen inches of the most beautifully peaked feminine biceps in the known universe.

And as strong as Anna looked, I knew from personal experience that she was much, much stronger. I discovered this on one of our first dates. We decided to take a drive out in the country and have a picnic lunch.

Long story short, my car blew a tire on the way home. When I found a note saying my brother had borrowed my jack in the place where my jack should have been, I thought we were stranded. I thought so until Anna, with minimal strain, lifted up the entire front end of my car and held it until I could get the spare tire on.

She didn’t even tell me to hurry up. As I found out later, she could have held the front end of that car up all day if she wanted to.

“Okay, okay, Baby,” I said, “You’re the boss. That still doesn’t mean I can get this long list of chores done in the time you’re at work.”

“Sure you can, Sweetie. After all, you’re a go-getter,” she said with a slightly sarcastic tone.

Then more seriously she said, “If you plan your time right and don’t spend so much time loafing, you’ll have plenty of time to get these chores done.”

“Okay, maybe,” I said dejectedly.

“Not ‘maybe’,” she said forcefully, “You WILL have all your chores finished when I get home tomorrow. Or else!”

“What do you mean by ‘or else’?”

Her eyes narrowed. “Figure it out,” she said.

“But . . . But that’s not fair,” I cried.

“What’s not fair?” she asked sweetly.

“You said . . . You said you’d never use your strength against me,” I reminded.





"That's because I didn't think you'd ever act like such a butt-head," she countered.

"BUT THAT'S NOT FAIR!" I repeated.

Anna let out a long sigh indicating that she'd had enough. She slowly walked over to me, grabbed my shirt with one hand and lifted me high into the air. "Listen, Sweetheart, first let me say that I love you very much. However, I'm not going to let you sit around the pool all day while I'm hard at work. Your job is to keep this house and yard in order and to have a decent meal ready for me when I get home.

If you're not man enough to manage those tasks on your own, then it looks like I'm going to have to be woman enough to see that you at least do as you are told. That means I tell you what to do, and you do it. Period. Are we clear?"

"Yes, Dear," I said completely intimidated and beaten.

"And one other thing, Sweetheart," she said.



“Yes, Dear?”

“If you ever raise your voice to me like that again, I’m afraid I’m going to have to REALLY remind you why I’m the boss of this marriage. Got it?”

“(Gulp) Yes, Dear.”

After that, I did as I was told. Every day Anna leaves me a list of chores, and every day I complete them or I better have a damned good excuse why I didn’t.

I did try to test Anna’s authority once about six months after we were married. I left two or three chores uncompleted one day. When Anna got home and did her daily inspection, she asked me about the uncompleted chores. When I told her that I just didn’t get around to them she asked me why. When I said that I just didn’t feel like doing them, she sent me to bed without any supper. When I raised my voice to complain about her punishment she put me over her knee and spanked me like a little kid. Then she grounded me for two weeks. I wasn’t allowed to go anywhere during the day without her permission except the grocery store.

I’ve never questioned her authority again.



But don’t get me wrong, I’m not sorry I married Anna. I love my wife very much, and the sex is out of this world. Believe me when I tell you that few experiences can compare with having my strong and sexy wife hold me close to her incredible body with one hand while I fuck her huge tits in midair. And nothing surpasses when she lifts me over her head like a barbell and gives me a blowjob. My wife is a very affectionate and generous woman. When you combine that with her being incredibly beautiful and impossibly strong . . . . Let’s just say that I’m a lucky guy, and I know it.

Believe me, I worship my wife. If I forget to, she forces me to my knees and makes me grovel before her! That okay though because it gives me the opportunity to gaze up at her seductive body and ravishing beauty while I'm down on the floor kissing and licking her feet.

The only real complaint I have is that she keeps me on such a short leash. In fact, sometimes when she's really feeling saucy, she literally makes me wear a leash! I don't mind much except when she makes me wear it in public.

But all marriages have their ups and downs. Believe me when I tell you that being married to a powerful sex goddess like my wife has way more up than downs. I really do love her, and I would not want to be married to anyone else.

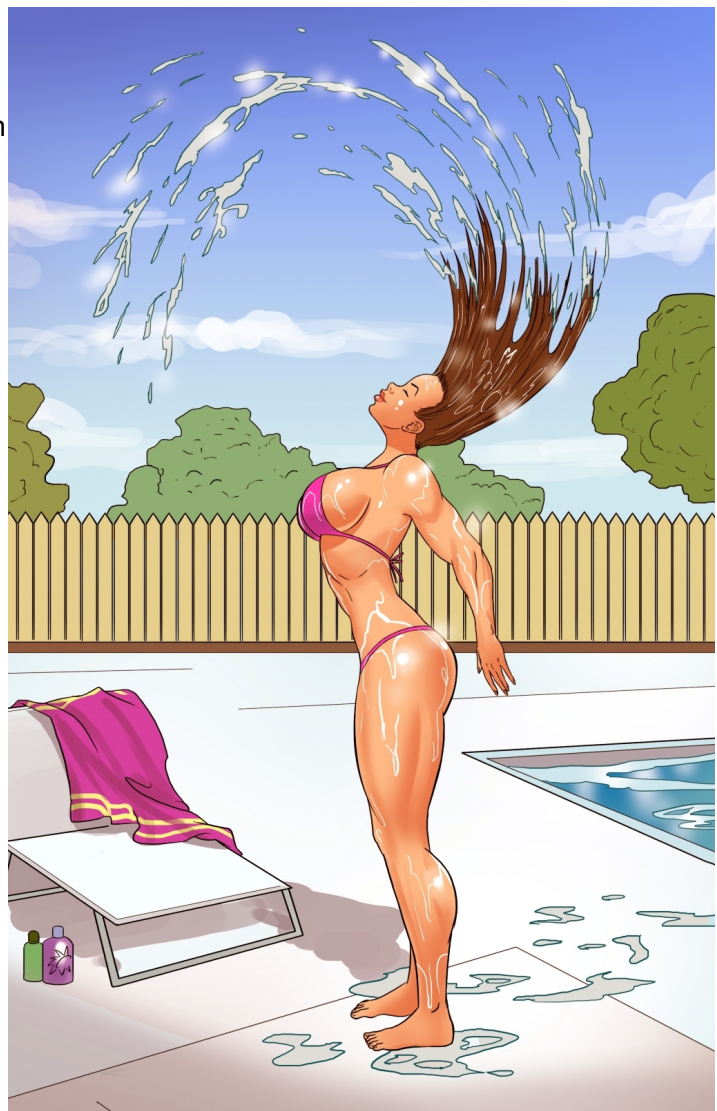
So I guess that takes us back to the question of why a guy lucky enough to have a wife like Anna would be peeking at his bikini clad sister-in-law.

"That's right, Baby, pull yourself out of that pool. Shake yourself off a little as you walk over to your towel draped over that chaise lounge. Oh yes, Baby, flip that hair and arch that back. Now, use that towel to dry off, Baby. Press it hard against your young, firm but supple body. Oh, Baby, I wish I was that towel. I wish you'd use me like that and press me against your big, round tits and wrap me around your tiny waist so that I could hang off your firm sexy hips."

It all started a few weeks ago when Anna informed me that her little sister Christina was coming to visit. It seems that the kid wanted to check out a couple of colleges in this part of the country. Christina graduated high school a little over a year ago. Before entering college, she decided to backpack around Europe for a year first. That's the way the women are in my wife's family-the adventurous type. Anyway, she was back now, and she decided it was time for her to explore some colleges.

My wife and her sister had never been that close because of the ten year difference in their ages. Plus, my wife has always been the over-achieving, independent type. For example, she left home and went out into the world on her own when she was just sixteen. Being this way, she really didn't make much time for her kid sister when she was little. Now, Anna and I live almost a thousand miles away from the rest of her family. As a result, the only time I've ever seen Christina until recently was at Anna's and my wedding six years ago.

I know that the fact that Anna and Christina are not close has been a source of regret for Anna. She's mentioned it to me several times over the years. So when Christina called her big sister and asked if she could stay with us for awhile while she checked out some college, Anna readily said yes.



Me? I had mixed feeling about little sis' visit. On the one hand it would be nice to have someone to talk to during the day while she was here. On the other hand, in the week leading up to her visit, my daily list of chores got longer and longer because Anna wanted everything to be "just right" for her baby sister.

When I suggested that if it was so important for everything to be "just right" perhaps Anna should pitch in and help around the house a little, she simply flexed her steel hard, satin smooth biceps and told me to shut up about it. Needless to say, I shut up.

So I have to admit that I was feeling a little bit sour towards sis until I locked eyes on her. It seems that Christina had grown up quite a lot in the last six years. At 5'5" she wasn't as tall as her big sister. Her figure wasn't quite as voluptuous either, but at 34DD-23-35, she was quite impressive nonetheless.

Rather than possessing the classic beauty of Anna, Christina was more the all-American girl-next-door type. Her roundish face with her wholesome features and smile seemed to radiate youthful vigor and warmth. Since she was in a bikini checking out our pool within twenty minutes of her arrival, I also got an excellent chance to check out her long, shapely legs and her tight, round little ass. One characteristic that she did share with her big sister was the roundness and fullness of her ample breasts.

Of course, I had to notice such things about my sister-in-law while pretending not to notice her at all. I was a polite and cordial host to her that first day while Anna was close by. I was careful to be that and nothing more.

It was on the second day of her visit while Anna was at work that I got to know Christina a little better. She noticed right away that I was very busy completing my chores around the house.



"Are you always this busy?" she asked in a sweet, concerned voice.

"Well, you know, I like to run a pretty tight ship," I replied not letting on that I was under the firm control of her sister.

"Is that so?" she giggled.

"Of course; why do you ask?"

"Well, I couldn't help notice that my big sister left you this list of chores," she said. I hadn't noticed before that she was holding the list that Anna always left for me pinned to the bulletin board in the utility room.

“Oh, well, that’s just a list of suggestions that Anna leaves for me,” I said trying to cover up the truth.

“Oh yeah, then why did I hear her tell you before she left for work that you’d better finish your chores today ‘of else’? What’s the ‘or else’?” she asked.

“Oh that,” I scoffed, “That’s just a little joke between the two of us.”

“Great!” she said, “Then why don’t you grab your swim suit and join me for a dip in the pool?” When she asked me this, she bounced up and down a little bit in her enthusiasm. I have to admit that the jiggle of her double-D’s made this an offer that was hard to refuse. On the other hand, the knowledge of what Anna would do to me if I failed to complete my chores because I took time off to go swimming with her beautiful younger sister made my decision pretty easy.

“No, I’d better do my chores,” I sulked.

“Okay,” she said, “I guess you know best. But if I had a husband as cute as you, I wouldn’t want him to tire himself out doing silly chores all day if you know what I mean.” The way she turned and gave her cute little tushy an extra wiggle when she walked away made me feel pretty certain that I knew what she meant.



Believe me, it was hard to get my chores done that day. Every chance I got I would sneak a little peek at my hot little sister-in-law in her bikini. Somehow I still managed to get them done by the time Anna got home.

After Anna got home, she wanted to spend the entire evening visiting and getting to know her little sister better. This meant that I was pretty much on servant detail for the entire night.

I didn’t mind so much though since Christina felt comfortable enough to wear her sleeping attire in front of me. Her sleeping attire consisted of a pair of pink panties and a tight t-shirt that read “Your boyfriend wishes you looked like this.”

The first time I read that shirt, I had to bite my tongue to keep myself from affirming that for ninety-nine percent of the men in the world, that t-shirt was undoubtedly true!

The next couple of days went like this. Anna went to work while I stayed home and did my chores. Meanwhile, Christina would run around the house in various bikinis, short shorts and other revealing outfits.

Once or twice I even caught glimpses of her fresh out of the shower wearing nothing but a towel that didn't quite cover everything.

When Anna would come home at night, she wanted to spend time with her sister. The two of them grew closer each day. I have to admit that it pleased me to see my wife this happy. Unfortunately, it also meant that she often came to bed later than usual, and our amazing sex life suffered for it. Plus, she didn't want to engage in some of our noisier sexual exploits because she didn't want baby sis to hear us.

So that brings us up to speed. That's why I'm standing here peaking out my window watching my hot little sister-in-law sitting on a chaise lounge catching a few rays. She's fallen into a pattern of deep breathing now. I'm watch her breasts heave as she slowly breathes in and out, in and out.



"That's it, Baby, inhale ... exhale ... inhale ... exhale." I can't take it any more. Just as my hand reaches into my shorts and finds my penis I hear the sound of "Ahem!" behind me.

I turn around to see Anna glaring at me. "And what are YOU looking at?" she asks.

"Anna!" I ask, "What are you doing home?" Before she can answer I add, "Baby, you look so beautiful!"

She did look beautiful too. The only clothing she had on was a form fitting pink slip that barely reached her mid-thighs. Her large breasts stood firm and full and proud on her heaving chest. Her firm jaw and her lush lips were tight and alluring.

It was her eyes however that let me know that I was in danger. Her eyes were on fire! I'd never seen Anna like this before. Even when she punished me in the past, she did so dispassionately as if she was performing an unpleasant but necessary chore. This was different. Those fiery eyes told me it was different.

She took a step towards me. "I decided to come home early to surprise you. I know I've been neglecting you lately so I thought I'd treat you to a little impromptu mid-morning sex. I undressed on my way up the stairs because I couldn't wait to get to the bedroom and pillage you."

"Wow, Honey, what a great surprise this is; I'm so happy!" I said in a lame attempt to survive.

Anna continued, "And when I get here, what do I see? My husband spying on my baby sister and twiddling his dink! MY HUSBAND!"

"Oh, Honey, Is that what you think?" I asked trying to sound as innocent as I could. "That I . . . That I was? Oh, no, Baby! You've got the wrong idea!"

"SHUT UP!" she ordered.

Sensing that now was the time to beg for mercy, I threw myself down on the floor and prostrated myself at my strong wife's feet. "Please, Anna, please, I'm sorry! Please, don't hurt me; I'll never do it again! I'm just a man, a weak, weak man. Please, Baby, I love you. Please, don't hurt me! Please, Baby, please!"

"You're right about one thing," she said coldly, "You are weak. All men are weak." She reached down and grabbed the back of my shirt with one hand. She effortlessly lifted me into the air. I was still rolled up like a ball and shaking like a leaf. "That's why weak little men like you need strong women like me to teach them lessons from time to time."



The next morning after Anna left for work, I was clearing away the breakfast dishes. There was not a single part of my body that didn't hurt. I had a black eye, a swollen jaw and bruises over more than fifty percent of my body. My left arm would be next to useless for the next week or so. Even my eyebrows hurt.

Christina came bouncing into the kitchen wearing the skimpiest bikini I'd seen her in yet. "Wow! She really let you have it, didn't she?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. It probably seemed pretty silly to try to hide the truth, but after all, I am still a man. I still have SOME pride. Sort of.

"C'mon," Christina said, "Anna told me all about it."

"Oh. Did she tell you why she did it?" I asked sheepishly.

"Yes, you perv! I must say, I don't care much for being spied on that way!"

"Sorry," I said through my bruised, swollen jaw.

"Well, I'm afraid that 'sorry' just isn't going to cut it, mister!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.



"Anna gave me permission to punish you myself," she said with a sinister grin.

"Oh, yeah? What are you going to do?" I asked unconcerned.

Then Christina held up her arms and began to flex them. I watched as her biceps began to rise. They rose to fourteen, fifteen, sixteen then seventeen inches!

"Oh . . . I'll think of something," she said as she took a step towards me.

"No! NO! NOOOOOO!" I cried.

## THE END

Copyright 2017 Amy's Conquest  
([amysconquest.com](http://amysconquest.com))

