

## Such a Good Boy

When my nephew Dan came to live with me, I was—how would I describe it—annoyed, displeased, frustrated. I was disappointed that his mother, my sister, would put me in this situation and force her bad apple to live with me.

It wasn't that I wanted to help my sister out, but I was more of the type of brother who would enjoy keeping a distance from the nonsense that came with a family that stretched across the united states. I enjoyed helping out with a check, a few bucks in a birthday card, NOT as a babysitter for my eighteen-year-old nephew.

He arrived just as I assumed, with a bad attitude and a scowl. His oversized jeans slide down his legs as he crossed the yard. The overfilled front of his underwear came into view and bounced in time with his steps. I swallowed a moan as I patted him on the back, welcoming him to my house.

“Hey Dan, have a good trip?”

“Why the fuck do you live in the middle of nowhere?” He asked, continuing his walk up the front porch. His plump backside jiggled within the tight confines of his underwear. I chuckled at the cartoon characters whose faces were stretched tightly over his ass cheeks. The underwear looked a few sizes too small and ready to rip if he bent over.

“Yeah, it's pretty peaceful,” I said, trying to deflect his negativity and the inappropriate thoughts that drifted into my head.

“Seems boring,” he turned and looked out into the empty acres of land that surrounded my home. His hand gripped the front of his jeans, holding them up as they threatened to fall completely to the ground. He lifted his jeans but caught his cock in the process, bouncing it in front of my face as if he were trying to turn me on. He followed my gaze and laughed as he walked back into the house. “Faggot,” he muttered under his breath.

“Lil' shithead,” I cursed behind his back.

I hoped that the first interaction was the lowest point of the summer, but the first week only got worse. Dan was a whirlwind of trouble. The first night he was brought in by my neighbor who lived five miles down the street, saying he was smoking weed in their barn. The third night it was the cops that brought him home. The fifth night was the cops again and the sheriff.

“This is the second warning. There won't be a third,” the sheriff said. I apologized on his behalf, as Dan was far too strung out even to know what was happening. The sheriff left, and I exploded.

“Fuck! What is wrong with you?!”

“What?” He giggled.

“God damn it! Why can't you just behave?! Why can't you just be a good boy for once in your life!” I shouted, feeling the blood vessels in my eyes pop with rage.

Dan giggled mindlessly again.

“Oh, why? So, I can just drop to my knees and suck you off? That what you Uncle Drew? A good boy who will just obey your every command?” He stumbled towards me.

“Yeah, Dan, that’s what I wish. I wish you were just a good little boy who would suck me off,” I said sarcastically. “Just go to sleep, Dan. In the morning, I’m calling your mom and sending you back.” I marched through the house and slammed the bedroom door shut. “Maybe if I’m lucky, he will just run away or something,” I said as I threw myself back onto my pillow and returned to sleep.

*Is that your wish?*

*Is that what you wish?*

*Do you wish for obedience?*

*Do you wish for him to serve you?*

A voice spoke in the infinite darkness of my dream, offering me the solution to my problem child.

“Yes.”

*Obedience shall be your savior but also your curse.*

The foreign voice rang in my ears and echoed through the darkness, repeating itself until the moment came where I woke up.

“Fuck,” I groaned, throwing the blanket off me and my aggressive morning wood. I stared at the ceiling, and the night before flooded back to me. “Fuuuuuck,” I shouted. “This is why I don’t have kids,” I said to myself as I stepped from my bed and walked down the hallway, threw open Dan’s door, and punched his arm. “Wake up fuckface, you’re leaving today,” I shouted.

Dan’s eyes snapped open as if by command. He frowned at my face and transformed into disgust when his eyes saw my erection that poked through my underwear.

“What the fuck, get that thing away from my face,” Dan cried as he swatted at my erect cock.

“Suck my dick Dan, you’re—oh shit! Oh, Dan!” I shouted as Dan’s hand gripped my cock and pulled it from my underwear.

“What is happening?! What is—” his screams were ended when my cock was pulled into his mouth. He gagged several times as he took it deep into the back of his throat. I tried to push him off, but his hands took hold of my asscheeks.

“Dan . . . no . . . this is wrong,” I grunted, as his tongue took long strokes of my shaft. “Oh fuck, you’re so good at this.” I leaned my head back and stared at the ceiling while his mouth worked over my cock, and his tongue played with the tip. “Go deeper,” I begged, and Dan quickly obeyed, shoving his face to the base of my cock. I loudly moaned as his throat tightened around my cock, and I began to participate. My hips moved back and forth, fucking his mouth like a hole. I grabbed onto his neck and held tightly as I fucked his face.

“Fuck Dad, is this what you wanted? You want your uncle’s cock in your mouth? You want me to breed you? You want to take my load?”

My balls slapped his chin repeatedly, the thrust growing faster and faster as my orgasm crept closer. I looked at his face, seeing the fear and confusion in his eyes but couldn’t stop my orgasm or my cum. I forced my cock one final time into the deepest parts of his throat before I shouted.

“Fuck, here it comes! Swallow it bitch! Swallow it!” And he swallowed every single drop.