

Family Fleshlight

“Where is it?” I muttered to myself as I pulled out piles of my brother’s underwear from his dresser drawer. I threw the boxers onto his bed as I searched for what I knew would be hidden away within the depths of his drawers. I had found it by accident before when I had put away his clothes at the instruction of my dad and couldn’t stop thinking about it since. “Where the fuck did he hide it?” I asked myself as I threw the last pairs of underwear onto his bed and looked at the empty drawer. It was here two days ago, where did it go? Did he know that I found it?

“Fucking freak! What the hell are you doing in my drawers!?” A deep-voiced yelled behind me. I quickly turned and found my older brother standing in the doorway covered in sweat dressed in his football jersey and compression shorts. His large body completely blocking the exit from his room. I had thought he would be at practice for the remainder of the afternoon, but from the looks of his sweat covered body; it ended earlier than I had assumed.

“Um, I uh,” I squeaked unable to pull together a lie quick enough. I looked at his scattered pairs of underwear as they covered his duvet before I looked back at him. He raised an eyebrow in suspicion as I stared at him mouth wide. When I couldn’t answer his question realization filled his eyes; he knew what I was searching for in his drawers.

“Get the fuck out of my room you fag!” He shouted as he grabbed ahold of the collar of my shirt and threw me outside his room before he slammed the door shut behind me. I fell to the carpeted floors with a soft thud as I heard him slam the drawers of his dresser shut. I pulled myself off the floor while my bones gave a soft pop from the quick movements and harsh landing.

“I wonder where he put the fucking thing?” I asked myself as I made my way down the hall and I into my bedroom. Fuck, just thinking about the smooth silicon insides of the toy was enough to make my cock throb with excitement. I had heard stories of how amazing fleshlights felt and had to try it myself. I threw myself on my bed in disgrace. If I was going to find it I was going to need to be a lot more stealthy than I had been today. I rubbed my soft chub longingly wondering what the toy would feel like wrapped around my cock.

Later that evening when my brother and father yelled up to my room that they were going to the gym I knew this would be the perfect time to really search. The two had been going to the gym together for years without me so I knew them telling me they were leaving as not an invite for me, more of a

statement of me being left out of yet another familial bonding activity. It was hard being the small one between my father and brother. Both of them had this connection through the gym which constant brought them closer together and pushed me farther away. It was getting to the point where both of them would joke me for my diminished stature. It seemed like the bigger the two of them grew the smaller I became. It was at first playful, but soon grow hateful and even more hurtful. So much so that I blocked myself off from the two of them as much as possible.

When I heard the front door slammed shut I knew this would be the only time I would have to really go look for the fleshlight that was hidden somewhere within my brother's room. So with two hours on the clock, I began my search.

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"You know who I found snooping around in my underwear drawer today?" Jon asked his father as he removed his shirt off his overly developed body; his wide shoulders, his hard abdominals, and his large biceps glistened already from the pre-workout run the two had already completed.

"Wimpy?" His father asked as he pulled a small pair of weightlifting shorts over his bulky thighs. A pair of shorts that clung tightly to his heavy ballsack his rounded glutes. Neither man wore underwear underneath their skintight shorts, which left little to the imagination. Both men were well-endowed and enjoying showing off their hefty cocks around at the gym. It showed woman and men that their muscles weren't the only large part about them. Jon laughed in response and nodded his head.

"I think he was looking for the fleshlight," Jon said as he too pulled an identical pair of shorts over his own expansive quads. My father gave a soft chuckle as he finished dressing.

"Wasn't I the last one to use it?" His father asked, attempting to think back to the last time either of them used the fleshlight. Jon shrugged his shoulders.

"I think it was me, but it wasn't in my underwear drawer. So it was probably you." Father and son had explored the toy together on more than one occasion. When everything first began it was just a father showing his son how to jerk himself off and answer the questions any sexually attractive male would need answered. They told themselves it was nothing, just a father showing his son the ropes, but as the years went by the jerking sessions continued. Even growing to the point where a fleshlight was introduced and shared between the two of them. One night Jon would use the toy and then the next night his dad would use it. Back and forth the toy went between the two of them for the past several months. They had never considered allowing Wimpy, as they called him, in on their special time together. Like their gym sessions, this was just for the two of them.

“Well, then we better find it before Brandon finds it don’t we,” Jon’s father said as he threw their piles of clothes into their shared locker. “But let’s worry about that after the gym.”

“Agreed,” Jon said as the two left the locker room and moved out onto the weight floor.

* * *

“WHERE IS THE FUCKING FLESHLIGHT!” I screamed as I shoved the last drawer within my brother’s room shut. I had torn his room apart twice in the last thirty minutes searching for the toy and found nothing. Not even the slightest lubricant stain that would show that the toy had at least been hidden theirs at one point or another. After I placed the last pair of shorts I had thrown onto the floor I had given up. I looked at the clock and saw that I had barely thirty minutes before the two returned.

With my head hung between my shoulders I retreated from my brother’s room and into the bathroom which the two of us shared. I looked in the closet and found all the towels missing. I rolled my eyes in annoyance. It was my brother’s turn to do the laundry but it was never done in time. So it was either using a dirty towel or stealing one from my father’s bathroom. I choose the former of the two. I ventured into the house’s master bedroom and into my father’s closet in search of fresh towels. But hidden in between the pile of towels I had serendipitously found what I had been searching for within my brother’s room.

“A-hah!” I screamed in excitement as I withdrew the long black canister from within the towels and quickly ran to my bedroom with the toy tightly gripped within my hand. As I laid into my bed with my own personal bottle of lubricant and my pants already in the corner of my room I looked to the picture of the three of us that sat on my bedside table. “I wish the two of them knew how I felt,” I wished solemnly before I slipped the sleeve of the toy around my cock.

Little did I know, but my wish did not go unheard. The words traveled on the wind and to the ears of one who granted wishes. One who knew exactly how to bring my family a little closer together and let my father and brother truly know how I felt.

* * *

“Come on push!” My father yelled to my brother as he pressed the excessively heavy barbell off of his chest and back onto its resting place. Jon slammed his fist against his chest as he threw himself off the bench press in excitement. He flexed his pumped muscles to his father as he gazed upon his son with pride. He had watched his son grow from the small kid he use to be into the muscular man that he saw today. Jon smiled back at his father, and as the two looked at one another a wave of pleasure overcame both of them. A wave so strong that neither of them was able to contain the groans that erupted loudly from their mouths.

“Ugh fuck!”

“Oh yes!”

The two men quickly covered their mouths in humiliation as another uncontrollable wave of pleasure came over the two of them. Jon fell forward against the bench press while his father held tightly to one of the metal poles that held the bench press together. The two men could feel not only their cocks throb angrily within their tiny shorts but also feel something press its way deep into their assholes. Neither of them had ever explored their holes before but the increasing pressure that was growing within both of them felt like an on switch for their balls. As the heaviness within their holes strengthens there could feel their balls begin to drain into their shorts. Both father and son looked to their groins and saw large wet spots appear on their shorts. Their faces burned with embarrassment but with the rising influx of euphoria, neither of them seemed able to stop what was happening. They looked to one another in confusion and hope that either of them would be able to pull themselves together but neither of them was able to move to form their position.

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“Oh fuck!” I groaned as I increased the speed of my jerking. The fleshlight glided smoothly over my cock as I repeatedly slammed it against my balls. The inside felt better than I could have ever imagined. I closed my eyes as I twisted one of my pointy nipples as I felt my balls grow tight. “Ugh,” I moaned as I thrust the fleshlight onto my cock one final time and felt my balls drain into the deep confines of the fleshlight.

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“OHH!” The two men cried in unison as they felt their dicks explode into the front of their shorts. Their heavy balls pushed out every ounce of cum that had slept within themselves these last few days. It wasn't just their dicks that spasmed in pleasure, but also their holes. Both men could feel a warm liquid unload deep into their bodies. The liquid seemed to be endless, but neither wanted the feeling to stop. Their eyes rolled into the back of their heads as they rode their orgasm loudly and to completion within the middle of their gym. Jon humped his cock against the bench while his father rubbed his cock up and down the pole; both of them left a large amount of residue in their wake as both were finally able to move again.

“Excuse me,” a voice said behind Jon and his father. “I'm going to have to ask both of you to leave now. This is a respectable establishment and we cannot allow scenes like that to happen.” Jon and his father quickly pulled themselves together and quickly moved to the locker room as their fellow gym goers stared at the two in disgust. Not only were their fronts covered in large wet spots from their cocks but

both of their holes had already begun to leak a large amount of liquid that was buried within their holes. Jon wiggled his leg slightly which flung a small amount of white goo that had collected in his underwear onto the floor.

“What just happened,” Jon asked his father as they quickly grabbed their belongings from the locker and left hurriedly.

“No fucking idea Jon. I have no fucking idea.” His father said as the two men left the gymnasium knowing that neither of them would ever be allowed back ever again.

Family Fleshlight

Part 2

It had been four weeks since Brandon had found the fleshlight, and he hadn't been able to put it down since; he had stayed up late into the evenings fucking the soft insides of the toy, he sneaked it into the bathroom throughout the day, and even on more than one occasion did he hide away at work and pleased himself for his entire shift.

While Brandon was having the time of his life with his new favorite toy his older brother and father were unable to even go a single day without the unbearable waves of pleasure overcoming them. No matter where they were the same thing would happen; first their dicks would begin to grow hard and uncontrollably leak, then a pressure would begin to form around their holes until it felt like something was inflating within them, and then after minutes or hours, it always differed, would their dicks unload within their pants without even touching. Both father and son had no idea what was going on, why were their bodies do this to them? Why was it just them? But what was scaring them most, both of them were beginning to enjoy the foreign pleasures. Both even slightly began to look forward to the experience, as long as they were in proper places. Nothing scared father and son more than the possibility of something happening in another public place.

* * *

"Dad, I'm not feeling too well," I said as my father came into my bedroom for the third time that morning to wake him for school. My father rolled his eyes at the high-pitched voice. I looked up to my father as he towered over my bed. He was a giant compared to me. His tight suit clung to every inch of his muscular frame; his rounded shoulders, his thick quadriceps, every button on his dress shirt looked ready to burst if he was too make even the slightest of movements.

"I don't have time for this today Jon, I have a presentation first thing this morning." He said to me as he placed the back of his hand against my head. His large fingers covered my vision as I fell deeper into my bed. "I'm going to work still. Don't get into trouble. Your brother has class all day." He said shortly before his hand was withdrawn from my head and walked back to my door. "We both won't be back till late tonight." He said as he opened and closed the door behind him. I rolled over to the side of my bed, taking his words as he way of saying, "Feel better, and I love you." Or that was what I told myself. I could feel the heat of my fever begin to rise to my head once again before I slipped off into unconsciousness.

I awoke several hours later to a much cooler head but sheets covered in sweat. I threw back the blanket and enjoyed the blast of cool air as it flowed over my hot body. My head fell to the side of my pillow as I looked towards my tv, but as my hand moved towards the remote that sat upon my bedside table I went into the drawer instead. I pushed aside the junk and withdrew the large Fleshlight that I had hidden within the drawer.

“Hello friend,” I croaked with my dry throat. I grabbed my nearly empty bottle of lube as I shimmied out of my boxers and my already hard cock slapped against my stomach. What better way to celebrate my returned health than with an old fashion jerk. I squirted a large amount of lube onto the tip of my cock and shivered as the cool liquid slid down my shaft. I placed the fleshlight against my head and with one easy push I slid my cock all the way into my toy. I could feel the silicon – like insides already began to massage my cock with just the first thrust. I had grown addicted to the feeling of this toy not even being able to cum by hand anymore. Nothing I tried ever felt as good as the toy. And every time I used it, the next always felt hat much better.

“Ugh,” I groaned in enjoyment. I knew I had the house to myself all day long and I wondered, how long could I keep this going without cumming.

Jon

Jon strolled across campus as he checked his watch. It was a quarter till 2 pm, just enough time for him to get to the gymnasium and change into his singlet for wrestling practice. He hiked his gym bag over his shoulder and broke into a stride as he neared the entrance, knowing that his coach would have his ass if he was late again to practice.

Jon ran through the entryway of the gym and moved directly into the locker room knowing full well that he was the last way into practice. He quickly stripped away his clothes and threw them into the locker and pulled his spandex uniform over his beefy body.

“I really need to get a bigger size,” Jon groaned, feeling the tight straps dig into his shoulders and the backside ride deeper into his crack than ever before. His ass was always a problem when it came to clothes. Jon had always been blessed with a phat ass, as his girlfriends had always said, and working out had only turned it from phat to downright beefy! Both of his cheeks jut out from his body as if there were implants or at the very least pumped full of silicon. He tugged and pulled at the backside of his singlet, hoping to pull free the spandex, but his attempts were futile. He looked to the large mirror situated at the edge of the room. He watched in the mirror as his butt jiggled and bounced as he continued to pick out the spandex but it was only a waste of time. Jon’s attention moved from the junk he kept in his trunk to

the python he kept in the front. His eyes narrowed at the hefty package that sat pronounced on the front of his legs. He adjusted his cock within the suit, kicking himself that he left his jock at home this morning. At least he was appreciative that he had a big cock like his dad's, he thought to himself. He gave his dick a few squeezes, enjoying the fact that his teammates would see his big cock and know that he was better than all of them. Jon slammed the locker shut and exited the room.

"Glad you could join us, Mr. Blackwell," A large bear-like man shouted from the opposite side of the court. "Go ahead and pair up with Jackson!" He pointed to a tall black man stretching over in the corner whilst the rest of the players were already wrestling with one another. Jon strutted across the mats, moving between other men as they were flipped and tossed on the mats. Jon watched from afar as his opponent lifted one leg up into the air, stretching his already tight suit thinly across his body. Jon gave a smirk in admiration; he had a nice body and a nice cock but neither were as big as Jon's.

"About damn time," Jackson grunted as his leg slapped onto the mat with a loud thud. Jon could see Jackson's cock slither down one of the pant legs of this singlet. Jackson had seen it in the showers many times but there was something about it being there but unseen that made it all the more obscene.

"Fuck off," Jon said as the two men squatted in opposition to one another. Jon was ready to show off his skills but as he readied himself to charge against Jackson he felt a stirring within his singlet and his dick began to grow. Jon knew what that meant but as he began to stand erect Jackson charged at him and flipped him onto his back. Jon let out a grunt of pain as Jackson grasped onto one of his arms and wrapped his legs around his lower body. The constant friction of Jackson's legs as they rubbed back in forth on his against his hardening cock made his muscles turn to mush. "Ugh," Jon groaned as he was quickly flipped onto his stomach and Jackson mounted his backside. Then the pressure began to build within his hole as he had expected.

Jon could feel Jackson's obscenely large soft cock rub against his cheeks as he was held down against the mat. Jon struggled underneath him as he attempted to break free before the unknown pleasure became too much for him to handle. Through Jon's struggles, Jackson's hands held tightly around his body. Jon closed his eyes as the pressure inflated within his hole feel as if a balloon was shoved within side of him. Over the weeks he had come to enjoy the pressure even recreating it with his fingers during his nightly sessions, but it was never as good as the real thing. Jon gasped in a high-pitched tone as the pressure grew to capacity and pressed firmly against his prostate.

Jon's body began to move on its own accord; his hips bucked back against Jackson's groin as if he was a bitch getting fucked and pushed forward enjoying the way his dick rubbed the soft wrestling mat. Through his movements he began to feel Jackson's dick grow against his cheeks, he knew the thought

should have disgusted him but it only seemed to make him more eager with his movements. He rubbed his ass aggressively across Jackson's cock. Jackson gave a deep whine of enjoyment as he lost interest in the practice and more in the burly young man that he was mounted upon.

"Didn't know this about you," Jackson said with another grunt of enjoyment. "If I did we could have been having in the showers the past few years." Jon groaned in disgust at the thought of touching Jackson in a sexual manner but his body move continued to grind and dance beneath his body. Jackson pumped his hardening dick against the soft underside of Jon's ass as if he were fucking Jon. And Jon's body reacted as such; his asshole clenched tightly around the pressure with every thrust, his cock leaked copious amounts of precum into his singlet, all while his back arched and pushed his ass out. As if he were begging for more. He could feel Jackson's movements quickening as if he was getting closer. But something inside Jon said that his pleasure wasn't going to be ending anytime soon.

Family Fleshlight

Part 3

I squirm and moaned as I lightly pushed my cock through the fleshlight. The well-lubricated insides allowed my cock to slide cleanly until my cock was fully swallowed. I gripped the toy with both hands as I paused between thrusts. I looked over to the clock and saw that I had been at it for nearly an hour; my balls ached, my skin was on fire, and I was loving every minute of it. I pulled the toy from my cock with a soft plop and saw my aching dick as it begged for release. I spit into my hand and intermingled the saliva with my precum and smeared it across my cock, enjoying the feeling of my soft hand encircle my member before the toy was placed at the tip once again.

“Ugh,” I moaned as I brought the toy back to the base of my penis rather swiftly. No matter how many times I plunged my cock within the toy it still sent shivers down my spine and electrified my skin. I had no idea why my brother and/or father were sharing the toy, but I can see why they would want this to themselves. I imagined my brother’s large muscled body as he withered in bed as he used the fleshlight. I wondered how thick his cock grew when it became hard, or how hard his cock felt when it was pushed into the toy. Or a better question, what did my father look like with his toy. The idea sent shivers throughout my body which only increased the intensity of my thrusts. I didn’t know how long I would be able to extend this session, but I knew I was going to make it last as long as possible.

Little did I know was that I wasn’t the only one who was enjoying my session. My brother was squirming across town as his team member pounded him into submission in front of all of his oblivious teammates, and my father was getting his own dose of embarrassment in front of his colleagues and a fresh batch of interns.

I Hour Earlier

“Good morning and welcome to Peterson & Mifflin Accounting Firm,” my father said to the dozen of interns that stood outside the turnstiles. They all stood doe-eyed staring at my father, eager to be brought into the building. “My name is Alexander McPherson and I am the head of the business analyst team for the new business department within the building. And I will be giving you your tour around the building today. We will be moving quickly today so do not dawdle.” My father wasn’t a fan of wasting his time, walking around a group of empty-headed college graduates but it was his turn today. “So let’s

begin," he said as he turned around, scanned his badge, and walked towards the elevators. The interns huddled together and quickly followed behind. He could hear their hushed words as he waited for the elevator to reach the bottom floor. He had thought since the group was made solely of men there would be less of talking but forgot that men were chatty in a very different sense.

"Damn do you see his biceps."

"Oh my god! He has to bench at least three hundred pounds."

My father smiled at the adoration he was receiving from interns, knowing that he was the biggest man in the building by far. He nonchalantly stretched his arms and flexed his biceps, feeling his dress shirt tighten around his massive arms and rounded shoulders. He knew that with one wrong move he could rip every seam and pop every button. The elevator doors opened with a soft ding and my father walked in confidently. But as he turned around and looked at the group of men he could feel a stirring within his body. A stirring that he had come to fear but enjoy. My father opened his mouth to command the guys to follow him but instead of words, only a soft moan fell from his lips.

"Ohh." It was soft but audible to all the guys. He could see the eyes of the men in the front row of the group grow wide with confusion at the moan. My father coughed a few times and placed his large hands in front of his growing bulge, hoping that the interns had not seen his dick begin to inflate within his pants. "Come on in," my father ordered shortly, and the 12 men quickly filtered into the compact room. With every young man that entered my father was pushed closer and closer to the wall until he was surrounded on every side by them.

"Not now. Not right fucking now." My father gripped onto the railings hoping to withhold his moans of pleasure but could not. "Ugh," he groaned loudly as the elevator jolted into movement and he fell against the nearest man. He could feel his dick as it was pressed against the man's tightly compact cheeks. He closed his eyes briefly, enjoying the feeling of his dick as it nestled in between the man's cheeks. He looked over his shoulder with a shocked expression on his face. "Sorry, bumpy ride." My father said as he repositioned himself against the wall, attempting to put as much space in between himself and the nearest intern.

"No problem sir," the intern said curtly before turning around. My father sunk into the wall knowing full well the man felt his dick press against his cheeks. The elevator had never moved slower, or bumpier than ever before. And it seemed to my father that the man that he fell into earlier only seemed to inch closer. Close enough that his ass was once again pressed against the hard cock of my father. "Sorry, tight quarters," he said mischievously. The man began to rub my father's cock between his wide-set cheeks. My father bit down on his teeth as he felt more waves of pleasure radiate from his dick and

through the rest of his body. He squeezed the railing tightly, he pushed his thighs together, he took repeated deep breaths, but nothing seemed to satiate the need to scream in pleasure. What made the situation only worse was the constant rubbing and grinding that came from the overzealous youth. My father couldn't help my release the railing and heap onto the hips of the young male and secretly pull him into himself.

"Fuck," he grunted into the boy's ear as his dick throbbed hungrily. Hungry for release. Even though his dick was still encased within his dress pants, he felt like it was piercing deep within the hole of the younger man. It felt as if his dick was wrapped tightly around the warm insides of his body. His dick felt close to orgasm but something kept it at bay. The pleasure was insurmountable. It was more intense than any time before and seemed never-ending.

"OH GOD!" He screamed loudly. A scream that made every intern turned this face around in suspicion. I could feel my dick already at full mast and leaking profusely into my pants. His hard cock pressed firmly against the soft cotton of my pants. He hated his past self for deciding to not wear underwear today. A choice that made his arousal very apparent. He closed his eyes in annoyance and humiliation, hoping that this unyielding pleasure would pass. As the elevator continued to climb, so did his moans. "Oh fuck! Yes!" His deep baritone voice filled the quiet elevator. He could not handle any more of this happening, but his body only yearned for more! But as the elevator slowed and came to our destination his pleasure only seemed to pause, as if it were standing on the edge of a cliff. The elevator doors opened and he barreled through the group of young men and out onto the floor where all his coworkers stood.

"Janet please see to it that the interns are brought to conference room C for paperwork and their human resource briefing I need to run to the restroom." He shouted to the nearest administrator as he power walked to the back half of the building. Within a passing mirror, he could see the large stain that covered the entirety of his groin. The light gray pants were now darkened by his leaking cock. He turned his face away in humiliation as he powered through the building until he reached his office. He had hoped for a safe haven. He had hoped for a place where he could hide while his pleasure passed. But seemed as though his office had a visitor.

"Mr. McPherson!" The high pitched voice screeched as he flung his arms in surprise, knocking over my canister of pens. "Oh my god! I'm so sorry!" He screamed as he lunged into the ground and began to pick up the fallen pens. My father stood awkwardly at the entrance to his office as his boss's son got onto his hands and knees and began to pile the pens onto his desk. My father couldn't help but stare at the young man's rounded hips and plump buttocks. His already hard cock pulsed in excitement,

but while the pleasure up until now had been foreign this interest was all his own. He could see the thin cotton dress pants stretch tightly across showing off the straps of his underwear. My father guessed by the shape that it were a jock, and that idea made him even more interested in his boss's young son. He adjusted his dick to the side, pushing the tip away from the wet spot that occupied his groin and an immediate spot began to form again.

"It's fine Bobby. Accidents happen," my father said as he walked towards the plump bottom that was swaying seductively from side to side. My father couldn't help but bite his lip in hunger as he placed his hand on the small of Bobby's back. His hand was inches from the boy's tantalizing butt cheeks. The boy looked up to my father and saw his massive cock as it bulged lewdly through his pants.

"Oh, I – um," Bobby mumbled as his eyes stared, unblinkingly at my father's bulbous cock. My father stared down at the boy whose eyes would not leave the mound that pushed from his groin. He had seen Bobby around the office before, and how enjoyed the way his tight pants usually rode up his crack or the way his wide hips moved as if he was knowingly teasing every male in the office. My father finally had enough teasing. Even though the unknown source of pleasure didn't seem to be coming to an end anytime soon, so he thought why not have fun during it all. My father, feeling brave, moved his hand further down the backside of the young gentleman. With a gentle squeeze of his cheek, he showed the boy his intentions. Bobby's eyes grew wide with confusion as my father undid his belt with his other hand.

"Well if you are going to make a mess I see no reason as to why we cannot add to it." My father gripped Bobby by his belt and lifted him onto his desk with a single swift, strong movement and pushed himself in between the boy's thick legs. "Take off your pants and turn over," my father commanded. Bobby gave a quick nod of his head and began to undo his pants as my father dropped his pants to the floor. Bobby gave an audible gasp at the sheer size of my father's cock as it bounced. "You think you can take it?" My father asked lewdly. Bobby nodded once more as he threw his pants onto the other side of the desk and positioned his milky white cheeks in the air for my father. He shirked his pants to the side and fell to his knees. He grasped each of Bobby's cheeks tightly and pulled them apart, seeing Bobby's hairless hole winking at him made him ravenous. He pressed his face in between Bobby's cheeks and immediately began to feast on the boy's sweaty hole. He ran his tongue up and down his cavernous crack, enjoying the salty tang of his hole. My father buried his head within the cheeks, rubbing his face back and forth, wanting to envelope himself in the sweet aroma of this boy's hole. Bobby moaned like a bitch in heat, clinging onto either side of the desk as he begged for my father to eat his hole. My father's cock bounced every time he took another long lick of his hole. No longer could my father discern between the strange unyielding pleasure and his own, but instead of fighting it; he would revel in it.

Saturday night Sleepover

“Bye dad! Bye Jackson,” I shouted as I hoisted my backpack over my shoulder and opened the front door. I waited for a response from either of them, but only received silence. I rolled my eyes in annoyance. The two of them had been acting weird the last week. Dad stayed off from work and Jackson didn’t go to school. When I asked what was wrong, both of them always seemed to share a look and mutter something about minding my own business and to screw off. So for the last two nights I stayed to myself in my bedroom and played with the flashlight once I heard them both go to sleep. I had gotten so addicted to the feeling that I couldn’t go to sleep without using the toy. And even though I knew I was going over to a buddies house for the evening. I tucked the flashlight underneath my pajamas in hopes of some alone time in a bathroom when everyone fell asleep.

“Assholes,” I muttered to myself before I slammed the front door aggressively and loudly, hoping they would get the hint. I walked only a few blocks away from my house and arrived at my friend Colt’s house. It was a small two story house for just him and his mom. The house was not unlike my own most nights, quiet. I rapped on the front door and immediately heard footsteps running to the front of the house.

“AYEEEEEEEE,” I shouted as the door opened and saw a very tall, very large black guy standing in the door. This was not Colt. “Um, is Colt here?” I asked, awkwardly standing in the doorway. The guy looked familiar, but I couldn’t exactly place him. I stared at the muscular black man as he stood there, his broad shoulders and muscular legs were hidden underneath a baggy outfit but I could still see outline of muscles underneath. Who was this guy, and why was he at Colt’s house?

“Aren’t you that fag Braden?” He questioned as he stared at me.

“Um, Brandon,” I said correcting him. He snapped his fingers in recognition.

“That’s it! We were in Accounting last semester together.” I thought back to the class and remembered seeing him sitting in the back of the classroom with a large group of his friends, never really paying attention but somehow flew through the class with ease.

“Yeah I think I remember you,” I said as I continued to stand there awkwardly. “Is Colt here?” I asked a second time.

“Oh yeah. He’s in the back jerking it probably,” he joked as he punched me in the shoulder; rather hard I might add. “Just head on up,” he said as he stepped aside for me. I walked past his broad, bulky body feeling like I was standing next to my brother. Why the fuck was everyone muscular besides me, I

thought? I ran up the stairs with my backpack bouncing against my back with every step. The heavy flashlight slapped against my backside as I bound up the stairs.

“Colt?” I called as I pushed open the door to his bedroom and found him sitting on his bed playing PlayStation; a very common sight for my best friend. “Oh thank god.” I gasped as I walked in and threw my bag onto the floor.

“Yo,” he said without looking away from the television, his attention fully on the game that played on the screen.

“Who the fuck is the guy downstairs?” I questioned as I flopped on the bed. Colt let out a loud groan of annoyance.

“That’s Dashawn. He’s Marvin’s son.”

“Who the fuck is Marvin?”

“Mom’s new man.” I could hear the frustration in his voice. His mother went through men faster than I went through lube. I watched Colt play the game for a few minutes before a loud bellow rumbled through the house, causing Colt to fall off a very difficult part of the level he was playing.

“Fuck!” Colt shouted as the tv before his controller was thrown onto the other side of his bed. “I’m done with this game. Wanna go see a movie? I need to get out of here for a bit.”

“Sure what do you want to go see?” Twenty minutes later we had a movie selected, found some candy in the kitchen, and were seat-belted in his car.

* * *

But as soon as Brandon and Colt left the house Dashawn and two of his friends crept into Colt’s bedroom in search of money for their own evening of fun. They looked through all the drawers, underneath the bed, and inside his desk but found not a cent.

“Did you check in here?” A white guy in sweatpants asked as he lifted Brandon’s bag into the air. He shook the bag and felt something heavy bounce in the bottom. “Somethings in here,” he said excitedly.

“Toss it here Alex,” Dashawn ordered. Alex threw the bag over to Dashawn as their other friend sat on Colt’s desk, bored of searching through Colt’s shit. Dashawn squatted, tore open the zipper, and dumped the contents onto the floor.

“Fuck man! Did he really bring a fucking sex toy here,” the third guy asked, immediately recognizing the toy as it bounced on the ground.

“What the fuck is it Jace?” Dashawn asked as he lifted the long canister into the air.

“Dude it’s a fucking pocket pussy!” He said excitedly. “I saw that on a porno the other day. Looked fucking hot!” Jace was already grabbing at his cock in excitement as it grew in his jeans. Deshawn could see the long snake of a dick inflating down his pant leg causing his to lick his lips in hunger.

Little did his two best buds know but Deshawn as a major homo. He sucked any of the guys dick that he could get his lips around. Even taking some of his teachers loads in high school right after blowing people in gym class. If he wasn’t spending his nights with his friends or his girlfriend; he was at a bathhouse or a gloryhole, sucking down as many loads as his stomach could handle. Deshawn had seen his friends cocks through their clothes or grabbed at their dicks. Always screaming “NO HOMO!” He had even talked to their girlfriends about getting fucked by their massive cocks, imagining what it would be like to be underneath their toned bodies getting fucked like they whore he wanted to become. But what he wanted more than anything was to see their thick cocks in action and seeing the toy on the floor, gave him the perfect idea.

“I got the best idea dudes.” He said as his cock began to leak with anticipation. The two friends looked at one another and shared the same thought, what could he possibly be thinking?

* * *

Eight houses down Brandon’s father and brother sat next to each other in silence on the couch as they watched the football game on the big screen. Both men squirmed on they couch as if something was missing, almost feeling empty. It was a constant tingle the two men had grown accustomed to feeling on a daily basis; only ever becoming satiated when the wild force of pleasure overtook their bodies. In secret father and son had attempted to recreate the same feeling of fullness.

Under the cloak of nightfall both had not only attempted pushing their fingers into their holes, but whatever objects they could find around the house; flashlights, toothbrushes, even going as ball as using billiard balls from their pool table but nothing seemed to give them the same relief. Each of them worried that shoving items up their ass’s made them gay, but their minds were clouded by the pleasure that assaulted them on a daily basis. Both of them were almost jonesing for they feeling, like a junkie as they eagerly awaited their next hit.

They tried to make small talk, but their minds always returned back to the pleasure and the room would grow silent; both were consistently hoping that it would come sooner rather than later. It wasn’t until Brandon left and they were halfway through their football game that they felt a tingle against the rim of their assholes.

“Ohh,” they moaned in unison as they felt the knowing pleasure against the inner-most ring of their asshole’s. Father and son both grasped onto the couch’s arms as they leaned into the cushions

finally feeling the pleasure once more. But while usually the pressure softly built up to the incredible presence they knew, this time it felt much larger and more aggressive than before. Their eyes both grew wide as the pressure grew to a hot intensity within seconds. Both could feel their precum already spewing into their shorts. It was Jon who attempted to pull himself from the couch first in an attempt to hide away in his bedroom, but fell to his knees as they grew weak. His rounded muscular ass was subconsciously pushed out towards his father as if taking a dick from behind. Jon's thin basketball shorts stretched tightly across his cheeks, allowing the dark ring of his asshole to plaster against the fabric.

"Jon what's happening to your asshole," his father moaned as he stared at his son's hole as it gaped open as if something was stuck inside of him. Jon looked over his shoulder and saw his father's face as he attempted to speak but all that came from his lips were moans of pleasure. Jon could see his father had succumbed, as he did, to the unknown pleasure they both loved. Jon wondered, was his asshole as full as his hole?

"Ugh. I don't know but it feels soooooo good!" Jon cried as he grabbed ahold of his shorts and pulled them underneath his juicy bubble butt, exposing himself to his father. "God it feels like someone's shoving a fire extinguisher up me!" Jon's hands explored between his cheeks until his fingers came in contact with his hole which had spread wider than ever before. "So big! God it hurts so good!" Jon's father sat on the couch unable to move from his position, pushing his own rock hard ass further into the couch as if burying the pressure further into his hole. He wanted to run into his room and strip free of his clothes, but all he could do was watch his son wither on the ground in pleasure as his own cock grew hard within his pants. He wanted to look away, he wanted to close his eyes, but the longer he stared at his son's gorgeous boy the more he wanted to push his own cock into his son's gaping hole. Jon's father's mind drifted back to when he fucked his boss's son's hole and was curious if his son's was as velvety smooth as Bobby's.

Mr. McPherson plunged his hand into his own gym shorts and found his cock rigid and leaking onto his hairy lower abdomen. He stood up to pull free from his pants but his knees locked up when the pressure plunged much deeper than before, causing him to fall onto his son's bent over body. His hard cock fell perfectly between his son's ridiculously beefy ass as if fate was pushing for him to fuck his hot son. Jon moaned as he felt his father's cock slide up between his cheeks.

"Ugh fuck me daddy!" Jon pleaded. He looked towards his father with surprise at his words but eyes that were full of hope. Would his father indeed take his virginity?

* * *

Deshawn couldn't help but look at his buddies cocks as they continuously moved the fleshlight from one of their cocks to the other. His eyes darted to either side of him as both of his well-endowed friends stroked their respective cocks. Alex's cock was long with a quite large head, Colt's cock was short and thick, while Deshawn's was a mix between the two. Each of them vastly different than the next, but all three had heavy pendulous balls which already boiled with a hefty load. At first, his two friends thought the act was a little gay, but after he pumped them with a little bit of weed, their inhibitions dropped quicker than their pants.

"Fuck this thing is amazing!" Colt moaned as he pumped his cock into the fleshlight. The opening spewed precum forth onto his cock with every thrust. Deshawn's mouth salivated with hunger. He wanted nothing more than to be that toy. For his friends to face fuck him until they filled his stomach with their seed. "God I'm getting close!" he cried. Colt's thrusts grew slower and longer as he wanted to enjoy the orgasm and not rush it.

"Switch!" Alex shouted, forcibly removing the fleshlight from Colt's cock and pushing him into his dick. "Oooo," he shivered as his cock bottomed out in the toy. "God it's so soft. Better than any pussy I have had!" All through Alex's turn Deshawn and Colt laid on their backs slowly jerking their cocks, just enough to keep them hard but not enough to make them cum. Their huge balls aching for release, but none of them wanted to cum just yet. Deshawn got them the three of them to one-up the game into seeing who can last the longest. To his chagrin, his two friends seemed like they were made for the long haul. "Fuck I gotta switch!" Alex said as he pulled the fleshlight off his cock with a soft plop and pushed it onto Deshawn's cock quickly enough that it surprised him.

"Oh fuck man!" Deshawn exclaimed as he felt a large load of precum coat his cock. He wrapped his hand around the fleshlight and slowly began to fuck the toy. He took a long glance at his friend's cocks once more seeing them both grow a dark red. He wasn't sure how much either of them was going to last but he was going to remember every last second of it all.

* * *

Jon and his father stared into each other's eyes feeling their worlds slightly shift. The pleasure clouded their minds, pushing them to do the unthinkable with one another. The pressure continued to grow more aggressive within their holes as it massaged their prostates and caused their cocks to beg for release. It was some sort of unseen force that not only caused these waves of never-ending pleasure but also made Jon's dad see him in a different light; his handsome face, his heavy pectorals, and his wide juicy ass. Even though his erection was caused by the unseen force, the pleasure grew more unbearable the longer his cock sat between his son's perfect cheeks. With a simple nod, Mr. McPherson gave into his

son's pleading. Jon let out a deep groan of pleasure as he arched his back and squeezed his father's cock between his two cheeks.

"Do it, dad. Give it to me!" Jon begged as his gaping asshole slowly began to leak a thick substance. His father pulled his body away slightly and looked at his son's hole. Copious amounts of thick white liquid dripped from his hole and onto his thighs. Mr. McPherson scooped a handful of the liquid from his son's thigh and slathered it along his cock causing himself to shiver with ecstasy. He lined his cock up with his son's hole, already knowing that his cock would slide easily inside of him due to the already gaping nature of his hole.

"Read-?" He was about to ask, but his overzealous son pushed his hole against his father's cock pushing it all the way inside of him with one swift movement of his ass.

"OHhh!" The moaned in unison, feeling something inside both of them shift. A new feeling erupted within both of their bodies – something that made this feel, right. Jon's father felt his son's hole massage his cock, milking the sensitive underside of his dick as if he had done this a million times. He grabbed onto his son's cheeks and squeezed them tightly.

"God. Its better than any woman's," Mr. McPherson groaned as he rubbed his groin against his son's ample behind. He grabbed onto each of the cheeks and pushed them together as he slowly began to withdraw his cock. He could feel the inside of his son's hole squeeze onto his cock as he pulled away. But before his cock completely pulled free he pushed his cock all the way back into his son's hole. His father's balls slapped against his son's taint as he began to fuck his son. He leaned over his son's body as he began to rapidly hump Jon. He wrapped his muscular arms around his son's torso and began to play and pull on his nipples.

"Pull them, Daddy!" Jon cried as he arched his back and pushed out his chest. "Punish my tits Daddy!" Mr. McPherson had never seen this side of his son before, but after the first daddy, he knew this was his son's true self.

"You like it when Daddy plays with your tits boy?"

"A huh."

"You like it when Daddy pulls your tiny nipples. Stretching them, and making them bigger?"

"Yes, Daddy! Milk my tits!" Jon felt his body melting into his father's hands as his father continued to fuck his ass. Even though Mr. McPherson's asshole was untouched by himself or his son, it felt like someone was fucking him the entire time. He timed the thrusts of his cock in time with the unseen pressure within his own hole. He could feel the pressure mounting. Jon's father knew that it could only mean one thing, orgasm.

* * *

“Fuck I’m gonna shoot!” Alex groaned as he pushed his hips one final time into the fleshlight. Alex unloaded his large balls into the fleshlight. But before he could even finish shooting his load Colt ripped the fleshlight from his cock and pushed it onto his own. “What the fuuuuck?” Alex groaned as his cock continued to shoot onto his body.

“I’m gonna -,” Colt groaned. Unable to finish his sentence before shooting his load into the deep recesses of the fleshlight. Colt could feel a large amount of precum from the three of them and sperm from his friend, adding his own large amount into it. Colt’s body jolted and bounced as his cock spasmed within the silicon insides of the fleshlight.

Deshawn watched his two friends shoot their loads, wishing he could tip the fleshlight into his mouth and slurp down every ounce. Maybe that would be something he could do when they both passed out from cumming. As Colt pulled his cock from the fleshlight large globs of cum fell from the silicon shaped asshole onto his cock. Deshawn made a quick swipe up Colt’s cock, wiping the cum from his shaft which caused him to shiver from over-sensitivity. He then slathered his cock with his friend’s sperm and pushed the fleshlight into his cock. He could feel toy grasp onto his cock as if it were a real hole. The way it squeezed his dick and the warmth of the inside was too much for his already aching balls.

“FUCK!”

* * *

“Oh my god!” The two men moaned in unison as it felt like their holes were filled with cum. Their dark red cocks finally gave the ability to cum after what seemed like hours of pressure and pleasure. Jon’s dick exploded underneath him while his father’s dick shoot deep within his body, coating the inside of his hole with his load. Even though he had already came Mr. McPherson couldn’t stop fucking his son. The deep yearning that he felt inside him was keeping him going, well-after the unseen force had disappeared. He pulled free from his son’s hole seeing his load gush from his hole before it snapped tightly back into place. He sat back onto the couch with his cock already hard once again. It pointed up towards the ceiling as he gave it a few strokes. Jon looked over his shoulder sheepishly, missing the feeling of his father’s cock.

“Come and ride Daddy’s cock.”

Spending some time with Dad

My balls ached from the lack of release that endured this past week. I could feel both of them overflowing with cum. The last week had been plagued by finals, friends, after-school activities, as well as the occasional night where I was able to get more than five hours of sleep. All of the nonsense that was my life took a precedent over my jerking off schedule sadly. I had attempted jerking off in the bathroom multiple times, but it seemed like my father was always bathing in at the wrong time or the room was already occupied by my brother. Which sometimes could go on for hours. I had considered sneaking out and using the flashlight somewhere else, but I was never able to get out of the house without my father barking for me to “get faggot ass,” back into the house and help do some sort of chore. Usually I could come and go as I please but recently the two of them were always on edge; fidgeting whenever I touched either one of them, neither of them went to the gym together any more, and weirdly enough it always seems like they were waiting for something to happen.

Finally after agonizing day after agonizing day, both my brother and my father out of the house for the foreseeable future and I dubbed it the perfect moment for some alone time in the shower. (Easy clean up and nobody usually barged in on me in the shower, usually.) After hearing the front door slam shut, and my brother’s car pull out of the drive way I grabbed the flashlight, a bottle of my favorite lubricant, and my phone just in case my imagination wasn’t enough and I needed some additional assistance getting off.

I was basically juggling between pulling off my clothing and turning on the water, excited to finally be able to cum after what seemed like an eternity. Warm steam that radiated from the shower head. Thankful for my father investing in great water. I stepped beneath the water, my dick was already thick excitement as my hands glided over my body. Even though I wasn’t as muscular as my brother or my father I knew I was at least attractive. I had a cute face, my body was toned enough, and my dick was sizable to say the least. I could at least say that my dick size was one thing that the three of us had in common.

Taking my dick in hand, I squirted an ample amount onto my dick and oohed at the sensation as the slick goo as it slid down my cock. My balls were already began to leak cum as my eyes closed, imagining; tight ass’, big pectorals, and even larger cocks. My other hand cradled my engorged balls, rubbing them softly. My mind drifted to the world of fantasy, imagining the perfect man leaning at the side of my shower begging for my cock. But as my mind drifted from one fantasy to another I was

completely unaware of my father as he charged through the house, sweaty and horny from the gym, and ready to shower. He pushed open the door, fully knowing it was in use, but could care less.

“Get the fuck out of the shower, I need to wash off,” my father shouted as he threw open the curtain and revealed my naked form, jerking my cock. My hands pulled away from my aching cock in an attempt to cover my privates and the rest of my body from my father as he stood shirtless in the bathroom. His entire body was covered in a thick layer of sweat, which only matted his hair into large clumps across his muscular frame. His muscles were bulging lewdly from his body, pumped and beefy from the workout. “Fuck,” he said as his eyes went directly towards my cock, which only made me more self confident in my exposed state. My hands grasped for my dick and balls but both were too large for my small hands to fully cover.

“I’m sort of busy dad!” I shouted back at him as my dick slipped from my hands causing a large dollop of cum to fall from its top and a moan to escape my lips. Both of which pushed me further into a deeper pit of humiliation. I had thought my father would launch into a humiliating tirade of jokes and curses at finding me jerking my cock. I thought he would call me a fag or make fun of my dick size. But all he did was stare at me with the weirdest look in his eyes.

Little did I know, but the look on my father’s face was one of hunger and not contempt. Staring at my hard cock only made his hole yearn to be filled. His hole which had been hungry for cock since he himself had pushed his into his son’s. An itch deep inside of his body was awakened, in that moment. One that he had buried down, deep down inside himself since before he married his son’s mothers.

After the time spent with his older son he played with his hole continuously every night, shoving all manner of items he could find into his hole. And every night the items grew larger and larger, but none were quiet as fulfilling as a real cock. But staring at his younger son’s dick he felt all of his inhibitions melt away and all that was left was hunger; hunger for his son’s cock and hunger for himself to get fucked by a man. Even though he never considered his younger son a man, he could see his cock was manly enough to do the job.

“Um, can I get some privacy?” I asked my dad, waiting for him to either kick me out of the shower or to close the curtain and wait. At this moment I was fine with either option.

“No,” he said shortly as he began to peel away his soaked shorts, his minuscule underwear, and dropped them to the floor. His hairy body was now on fully display as was his stout cock which bounced in the air as he walked towards me.

“What the fuck -,” I began to say but was stopped as I was backed into the shower wall as my father stepped inside the tub, and pulled the curtain shut. He stepped close to me, his large body towered over my tiny form.

I remembered as a child how I used to shower with my father. How I would stand at his feet and watch his massive body underneath the shower head. I could remember staring up at his large body and hefty cock, wondering if I would ever grow to his massive size. Would my muscles grow as big as his one day? Would my body become as hairy as his had become? Would my dick grow to the same massive size. In this moment, the same feelings welled up inside of me once again.

“I know your fag,” he grunted at me. It was less of an accusation and more of a statement of fact. “Just don’t say anything,” he said as he turned around and presented his massive muscular globes to me. I looked down at his cheeks and felt a large glob of cum ooze from the tip of my cock as he parted his cheek, revealing his hairy trench to me. My mouth fell open in disbelief at my father as he angled his body and pushed his ass out towards me. A position that would mean only one thing.

“Just fuck your father.”

It was all he said, and it was all I needed to hear. Even though I had never fucked before I had plenty of practice with the fleshlight. I lined up my cock with his asshole, feeling the rim of his hole reach and kiss the tip of my cock; hungry to be filled. Never before would I have thought my father would be begging for me to fuck him. I hesitated as my father’s cheeks clenched down on my cock as it was buried in the deep cavern that was his crack. His hole widening and closing at the tip of my cock as if begging for me to fuck him. But was this how I wanted to lose my virginity? In a shower with my father, as he forced me to fuck him? Could I even fuck my father?

So many questions filled my head, which caused me to pull my body slightly from his burly frame. But before I could truly make a decision, my father fished his hand around his back, grasped my cock, and plunged it into his open hole.

“Fuck you are just a fag! Can’t even fuck someone when they’re telling you to do it! Worthless piece of shit!” He cursed as he arched his back and pushed the rest of my cock into his loose hole with a grunt of enjoyment. His asshole clenched tightly down on my cock as it accustomed itself to my member. My tiny hands grasped either side of my father’s hips, feeling him masterfully massage my cock. This couldn’t be the first time he had been fucked, was it?

Slowly my dad brought his hole off my cock, dragging it from his hole as he kept a tight grip on my cock. I stayed perfectly still as he brought his body back and forth as he fucked himself on my cock. Then after a few long leisurely strokes of my shaft, he began to pick up speed. Until my balls slapped roughly

against his own. The constant thumping of our ballsacks together was an entirely new and enjoyable sensation, one which only increased with the speed of his fucking.

“Fuck your bigger than I thought. Bigger than your brother. God it feels so god. Fuck your dad, you pussy!” *Bigger than my brother? Did they fuck too? I was bigger than him too?*

“Take my cock,” was the best words I could muster. Attempting my first go at dirty talk. “Take my fucking cock dad. Take your son’s massive duck you fucking bitch.” I said, punctuating my sentence with a hard deep thrust.

“Fuck yeah!” He shouted as I pushed him against the tiled wall, his face bashed against the wall with my aggressive movement which not only surprised him but also made his eyes roll into the back of his head. “Good to see I didn’t raise a fucking bitch!” He chorused.

I took that moment to slap against his robust ass cheek with all my strength, wanting to leave a mark on his ass showing him as a bottom in my only moment of dominance in our relationship. We both continued to cry and moan in pleasure as his ass worked my dick up and down as if he was born to be fucked. The tightness and lining of his hole felt like it was massaging my cock with every thrust. I had never felt such ecstasy before, I never wanted this moment to end. All I wanted to do was fuck my father until the end of time. But between my father’s hip movements and my blue balls I knew this moment was only going to last for a few brief moments.

“Fuck,” I squealed in a high-pitched moan as my balls grew tight against the underside of my cock and I felt them ready to explode.

“No not yet!” My father cried, not ready for the fucking to end. He pounded his huge ass against my thin frame, pushing me back with every thrust as if he was wanting my cock to fall free from his hole, but it only increased the intensity of the fucking and my resolve. I grabbed a hold of both of his cheeks, squeezing on the fatty underside of them and pulled his muscular body towards me one final time as my dick began to jump inside of him, ready to cum.

“No!” He cried as he could feel my dick unloading inside of his hole, coating the insides of his body with his son’s seed. My entire body shook with intensity as the balls unload inside his body. Even though my father groaned in protest at my orgasm his asshole continued to milk my cock and swallow every ounce of cum that was inside my balls.

After my balls had thoroughly been emptied my father pulled his asshole from my cock as I fell against the side of the shower, tired and overheated from the steamy water.

“Thanks for nothing faggot,” he mumbled as he angrily stepped form the shower, his own cock rock hard and dripping cum as he walked away. He threw the curtain shut before his clothes were

gathered and he slammed the bathroom door shut. I could hear his muttered words about me and my lack of stamina and how he wished he had a real manly son who would fuck his brains out.

“What the fuck was that?” I said to myself as I stepped under the water in complete disbelief at what had just occurred. Did my father really just fuck himself on my cock? And did he just call me the fucking faggot while he was the bottom?!