

# I'm a monster

...Shawn Hunter...

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*Author's Note: I've written this story from a delusional drunken man's point of view, thus the fast and conflicting thoughts, actions and intensity. This is the first time I attempt to write using this method, hope you guys like it*

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Characters: Me, 40'ish year old drunk father  
Mark, 11 Years old

Story Codes: M\b – anal – cons – inc – ped

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## I'm a Monster

Shawn

I switch the lights off...

I lay down on my bed...

And she's there...

She was my everything...

Without her, I'd still be the same scumbag that I was thirteen years ago. She was my inspiration when drugs and alcohol were the only light I could see at the end of a tunnel that had engulfed my dark, violent and pathetic life for as long as my fading memory can remember.

She was my friend when even my flesh and blood would walk by and turn a blind eye at the man I had become. She was my mentor, my guide and my very understanding, when I had to re-learn everything there is to learn about life, love, trust and humanity.

She was my wings when my body was embracing the dirty soil of the backstreets that I called home. She was my eyes when my brain saw nothing but emptiness. She was my hands when I had to learn to work, to earn a living.

She... was everything I had and will ever have. She was the light in my life and the reason I would allow my lungs to breath. She was Sarah, my wife, my beloved and my companion... until one day, our neighbor's pathetic-excuse-of-a-son thug stabbed her twenty-three times because she ran over his skateboard...

I close my eyes even more, and the dark is getting darker.

Numb and getting uncomfortable I turn to my other side, and the other me surfaces back from the grave I had dug, my other me is getting stronger everyday that she is not by my side. I try to sleep but I can't. I press my eyelids even more and they hurt. I wriggle in bed but I get paralyzed more with every move. I pull my hair and it hurts. My temptation is my master, and I am a mere slave of lust.

He's in the other room, sleeping softly and dreaming about his homework, about girls, about whatever an eleven-year-old child would dream about.

He's Mark, my son, the fruit of my love with Sarah, he's the sweetest, most caring child I had ever seen. He's my child, my own flesh, my own bundle of joy, the apple of my eye.

He's cute and he's handsome, yes I'm his father and that's what fathers say about their kids. But he's beautiful. His dirty-blond hair running graciously down his face, down his cheeks, and all the way to the top of neck. His olive-green eyes shining with his boyish charms and aspiration that would captivate your heart and soul. His cute and perfectly sculpted bubble nose would fill a plastic surgeon's heart with envy. His pouty lips would cast a shade on any top model, movie star and otherwise silicon puffed one-dollar-bitches. The splattered tatters of freckles over his nose and cheeks emphasize his boyish looks and charm, would make you want him more, would make you hurt. A smile on his face outshines the splendor of the kingdom of heaven, and his laughter is the ultimate peacekeeper. He is all boy, he is my boy, and he's only eleven.

I promised myself. No more. I won't. I can't. I want. I shouldn't.

He's barefoot, wearing his thin Bart Simpson pajamas. The sweet breeze of May must be invading the open windows, sneaking through the rails and the curtains, brushing against his hair, his face, his lips. I'm confused, I'm lost, I'm a monster. Monsters hide but they never go away. My monster is still living with me, thirty-eight years and counting. I can't do to him what's been done to me, but I already did.

I want to but I can't, my body needs it but I shouldn't. I love him, but in many ways. I sit down but I force myself on my back again. I sit down again and I stand up. My head is spinning, another glass of scotch might do. I gobble it down and I'm dizzy. I pour another glass and I gulp some more and I'm getting heavier. My brain is in a trauma, so many thoughts struggling to gain control, so many scenarios shifting with every tick of the clock. I'm lost but I find my way to the door of his room. My mind struggles to keep my hand off the knob, but my lust is strong. I turn the knob and I sneak in, like a thief. I'm a thief. I'm here to steal one night of pleasant dreams and tranquility from my only son.

The room is dark, except for a few rays of moon light sneaking in, projecting patterns and magnified shadows of the window pane on the walls, soft rays of pale blue light stream across my son's face. Frightening patterns and freaky shadows are making me shiver, are they angry at my evil? At me? At my ugly thoughts?

I sit next to him on his bed but my fatherly love is attacking me and I'm in pain. I ache for a touch of his skin, I crave for the feeling of his lips on mine. I yearn to be inside him, to feel his body engulfing mine. My desires are sweeping my fragile body and my need is growing stronger with the sight of him tucked under his Simpsons blanket, laying on his side, his arms folded and his hands clapped together, resting near his face. His tiny fingers tenderly curved and his thumb touching the tip of his nose.

His gentle breath drives me nuts, I still remember the way we breathed the last time I gave him a late night visit. My ears can still hear the echo of his hums and the jingle of my moans. My nose remembers the sweet aroma of his skin. My hands, my heart, my eyes, my mouth, my everything is craving everything in him. My resistance is fainting, I can feel the change of his breath pattern, he's waking up. My resistance is dead when I notice his eyelids slowly breaching, his head turning around and his nervous smile that informed that he knows why his father is here.

"Hi dad"

My heart is pounding. I can't look my son in the eye. My feelings are heavy. I'm a scumbag. I'm an animal. I'm a monster. I'm a monster. I'm a monster.

"Hey kiddo"

My saliva is clogging my throat. He knows what I want. I don't know what I want. He knows what's going to happen. I don't know what had happened. He knows, I don't.

"Son.. uhh..."

"I know dad..."

"I love you, and I love you so much tiger"

"Dad it's ok, if you want... I umm... I want you to be happy dad"

He's looking after me, after my happiness. I'm looking after me, after my happiness. I'm his father and he's taking care of me. I'm the same scumbag that I was, I don't know what to think, so I keep quiet.

The blanket is going down. My hand is doing the thinking. It's down his waist, down his knees and all the way against the bed's rails.

"I'm sorry son... I, I... I don't... know if... I don't know if I can stop" I stutter and then I'm quiet, I can't speak no more.

I climb on the bed, I straddle my son's legs and I lean forward. I rest my elbows near his head and my mouth is closing in on my child's neck. My nostrils are less than a hair away from the soft skin of my son and I can smell his sweetness. His boyish aroma is invading my nasal senses. He had a shower a few hours ago and the sweet smell of apricot and apple snuggles every hair on his head. I open my lips and my mouth makes contact with the velvet skin on his neck. I kiss. I kiss again, but this time with a gentle suction. My nose is rubbing his lower cheek and his jaw bone as my mouth grabs another bite at his flesh. I can't stop so I kiss. My tongue is tingling. It needs a taste. My lips slowly leave his skin as my tongue goes out of its cave. A gentle lick at the bottom of his neck sends a shiver down my spine. I'm lost in my sensations so I plant another kiss behind his ear. My tongue goes back to work, only this time it's yearning for more. From the bottom of my boy's neck, over the edges of his jaw bone and all the way up to his hair line. The sweet taste of boy-flesh is a needle poking my heart, I want it but it stings. But I want it.

I kiss him again, this time on his nose. I nibble on his cheeks, planting a kiss here and leaving a trail of saliva there. I love you my son, I keep saying that without saying it. I love him, I adorn him but I can't stop myself from hurting him. He knows where I'm heading and he wants me to be happy, so he parts his lips and he waits for my arrival.

I'm licking his neck, I'm biting his chin, I'm kissing his cheeks and pressing my nose on his. Slowly but steadily I come forward. My lips touching his. A peck. A longer peck and then a soft bite on his lower lip. The velvet texture of his lips drives another shiver down my spine so I open my mouth and engulf his, and I kiss. Once, twice, three times. I can feel his teeth, I can feel the warmth of his mouth on mine and I stick my tongue out, wrestling it inside my boy's mouth and picking up an unfair fight with his young tongue. It feels good but it makes me feel even worse. But I'm not thinking now, I'm only doing. I slowly back out but then I lick his lower lip and bite it again, this time harder and more passionate. Time goes by and my jaw is aching and I kiss some more until my tongue is numb and my lips are tickling. I turn on the dim deep-yellow night light. Time to move on.

Still straddling my son's legs, I reach for his pajama's shirt. I run my hand over the clothed chest of my son and I want more. I start to unbutton his shirt and my erection is aching. One button is gone and a small area of my boy's skin shows. Another button is gone and the shallow crack running down the middle, defining my son's beautiful

chest is revealed. A third button is gone and his belly button pops out to view, it's gorgeous, it's beautiful, it's lickable, it's fuckable. I part the two sections of his shirt and my son's torso is naked so I stroke. Both my hands are working. My left is caressing the sides of his tummy and my right is stroking his chest. I pinch a nipple, then I pinch the other and I caress some more. His shirt is cute. His shirt keeps him warm. His shirt has gone...

I know how much it feels weird my son. I speak without speaking as I shift my body down my son's legs, his tiny feet touching my thighs. My hands reach for the waistband of his pants. They're going down and naked flesh is breathing fresh air. I can see his silky thighs. I can see his beautiful knees. I can see his developing calves. I grab a hold of his ankle and one leg from the pants is gone. I grab another ankle and my son's legs are no longer warm. I bought him these boxer shorts just yesterday, and they should give him comfort, but now they must go. And in a drunken man's minute, they're gone and my eleven-year-old boy is naked, he lays in front of me, he's waiting for me.

I grab his left foot and I begin to squeeze on it, rubbing my thumb across the arch of his foot and my other fingers across his instep. I massage both his feet, slowly, passionately, lovingly. I love the way a boy's foot looks, I love its softness and symbolic eroticism. I lean forward and I spread my tongue and I lick the entire sole of his right foot, heel to toe. I nibble once, twice and thrice on his arch, biting stronger with every nibble, and sucking more flesh with every bite. I massage his instep with my lips then I slide my mouth on his big toe. No. it doesn't smell. So I suck and I shift to other toes, licking and sucking, biting and chewing.

I go up and I reach his calves, and I redo everything I did to his feet but my hands are not idle. As I go up, I begin to stroke my boy's silky thighs, and squeeze his suave inners. His little pecker is no longer asleep and it needs someone to calm it down. I don't want my son to stab himself with that little protruding finger of flesh so I part my son's thighs, just enough to squeeze my head in between. My cheeks are rubbing against the ingratiating texture of my son's inner thighs. My mouth is moving on its target and a few inches are left. My lustful tongue beats my lips and as my nose made contact with my son's shaft, I was lusciously licking the miniscule sack of flesh, poking to find the two hidden jewels, well tucked inside. He's moaning and I can hear him. He's feeling good and I know he does. I want him to feel good. I want to feel good. I open my mouth and I close it down on my prey. A tiny 2 inch finger blazing with youth is inside. So I suck. A drunken man's minute lasts, and it lasts a lot and I sucked my son's loveshaft for so many of such minutes. Taking his entire instrument and the two almonds inside my mouth, then sliding them out. Again and again.

He's moaning harder, his breath is getting heavier, his limbs are stiffening, his back is arching, his hips are thrusting. He wants more of him inside of me. He sighs, he groans gently, he grunts heavily and his little pecker is bouncing. Trapped inside my mouth. It bounces again and again and again. And my boy's body goes limb again.

I had seen it on my way down, and now it's right under me. I'm drawing circles of saliva around it and sticking my tongue in it, I'm biting its edges. It's a beautiful Innie with a perfect nod. I kiss his tummy, down to his groin, up to the bottom of his chest only to lick again, and again, pinching his nipples, twisting them, torturing them,

biting them and chewing them. I'm a hungry dog with a taste for flesh. So I bite, and I sink my teeth into every single inch of my boy's body. His flesh is nothing short of a fine piece of dessert made by the best French patisseur. I can't get enough of it. I'm an alcoholic. I'm a drug addict. I'm addicted to the smell, taste and feel of my son's body. I don't think there's a support group for that yet, so I suffer alone.

He knows what's coming next. His heart beats faster under the palm of my hand. nervousness is eating my son's face. But I can't stop. I plant a last kiss on my son's lips as my hand grabs his hips and motions it to turn around. My heart beats racing. I grab his butt-cheek and I grab the other, I squeeze and I pinch. They're soft, they're smooth, they're beautiful. My drunken mind is not functioning but my drugged cock is aching, it has a mind of it's own and right now, he's in charge.

My head goes down as my mouth opens up. I grab a bite of flesh from his bums, I chew and I chew hard. I lick a little, suck some more and chew. He's in pain. His ouches are more frequent but my appetite is grand. I sink my teeth into his bum cheeks and his tender flesh is aching. I can't take it any longer. I need to go in. I need warmth in my cold life.

My desire is blocking my thinking. I'm no longer gentle. I squeeze his butt-cheeks one last time and then I'm ready. I guide my cock to my boy's rosebud. I part his cheeks and the tip of my manpole is touching the wrinkled edges of the child's rear entrance. I press. Gently, painstakingly, slowly but forcibly. An inch goes in and the head of my cock is buried inside the eleven-year-old body. Another inch is in and heat is starting to intensify. He's moaning, I'm digging. His moans are turning into faint screams but I keep pushing. Most of my cock is inside and his screams are getting louder.

His yelps of pain send shivers down my spine. I'm horny, I'm lustful and I'm going in, all in. I press some more and my effort pays off. My ball-sack makes contact with my child's soft skin. He's crying, I'm crying. I'm so sorry my son, I don't say it but I hope he knows it. I retract my dick all the way back, leaving the head inside then I shove it back in. like a mechanical device, I ram my way in and out. A grunt with every thrust, a moan with every retreat and my dick is mercilessly pounding. I want to stop but I can't, I'm enslaved.

My thick and rapid diggings of the boy's ass is tiresome and droplets of sweat are dripping down my forehead. My drunken body is not helping as the numbness in my balls is preventing an early orgasm. My boy's suffering. He suffers from my drinking habits, from my drinking consequences and right now, he's screeching under me, impaled on my dick.

A few drunken minutes pass, I need a new position. I retrieve my dick out of my boy's ass and pull my son onto his hands and knees. I guide my cock back inside my child's body and get hold of his small hips. My rapid fucks are turning into deep, slow shoves as my right hand finds its way to pinch the boy's nipple.

The heat and warmth of his body are cooking my cock as I grab my son's shoulder with one hand while I keep the other on his hip. It's time to go berserk. I shove my dick all the way until my sack is squeezed between the boy's thighs. And the excavation starts, full speed. Picking up the pace, my thrusts are getting more

animalistic. The sound of my abdomen slapping against the boy's bare butt is driving me insane and I want more. I shove. He screams. I thrust. He's crying. I ram, he's yelping in pain. Minutes go by, my back is aching, my hip is tired and I need relief. Minutes go by and my son is in pain, hurting. I need to finish. I have to finish. The sooner I do, the sooner my son's ordeal would end.

I can feel the build up. My bowls are growling. I grab the boy by his hips, violently and I stick him even more. My cream is traveling upwards, going through my shaft, reaching for my slit. I can feel it, I'm cumming, and with a monster's grumble, I shove my dick all the way in, slapping against my child's cheeks and a hot stream of cum explodes out of my cock, filling my son's insides. Waves after waves of hot liquid flooding the boy's bowls, as my once rock solid dick slowly leans, softens and goes flaccid. I pull it out, and droplets of cum escape the dark cave, dripping alongside the boy's butt-crack and down his thighs.

My son's body goes limp and he crashes flat on his stomach. A hand on his face, another on his butt-cheek. He's no longer screaming. He's humming. He's moaning. He's aching and I'm lost. I try to focus but I'm lost even more. I try to say I'm sorry but I'm suddenly speechless. I try again but my tongue retreats towards my throat.

A minute later, I lay down next to my son, draw him closer and place his head near my chest. My hand reaches for his face, strokes his hair and caresses his bare shoulders. In a drunken man's minute, his humming stops, his eyelids close down and he falls back to sleep. Maybe in the morning he'll pretend it was a dream, a bad dream, a nightmare. Maybe in the morning I will wake up sober, maybe I could change, maybe I would become human again, maybe I would be his father again, instead of his monster... maybe...

It's getting darker

Maybe... in the...

It's getting even darker

Or maybe ...I ....

It's dark

I surrender to my slumber.

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... The End ...

*Again, your comments are welcome, please let me know if you liked this story:  
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