

The following story contains sexual relationship between two men, piss and fart. If you are under 18 or if it is illegal to read stories of such nature in your respective state or you are offended by such material, please leave now. On the other hand, if you are above 18 and enjoy reading my stories please feel free to mail me your thoughts and suggestions at [visky\\_kick@yahoo.co.in](mailto:visky_kick@yahoo.co.in). Thank You.

My fantasy. My dad. 1

This happened when I was 15 years old. You may call me a bisexual as I have had sex with girls...too. But just 3 girls compared to 20 men. So I guess I'm more on the gay side. Anyway, my type of guys has always been men above 30. I just couldn't resist them. The hairier they were the better. I lived with my parents and am the only child. I turned 20 today. I started receiving special 'gifts' right from when I was 15. And these 'gifts' were given to me by my dad.

By the time I was 15 I already had a lot experience. But only with guys of my age. I always fantasized about men. With guys my age I had these several restrictions like no rimming, no sucking etc. But with men...I couldn't get nastier in my fantasies. So, of all the men I fantasized the one I fantasized the most was my own father.

It all started one day when I got back from a football game. Yeah I was kind of a sports freak right from my childhood. Maybe that's reason I was quite in shape. I stood 5'10 at the age of 15. A cute bubble butt and a tool measuring up to 7 inches. So, I came into my house and ran into the kitchen to get a bottle of beer. There were restrictions at home but only when mom was home. With dad I could drink, smoke, fart, burp do anything I want. That's why I was more close to dad. I knew mom wasn't home because she told me she'd be leaving for grandma's in the afternoon. So I grabbed a beer and sat on the couch to watch T.V. I was sweating like a pig. And the entire stink from my sweat and shoes filled up the whole room. I switched off the T.V and decided to take a shower.

As I was walking towards my room I passed my dad's room and saw that the door was slightly open. I slowly pushed the door open and was just gonna say 'dad' when I saw he was lying on his bed. I could smell beer so I assumed he must have passed out. So I started to make my way back to my room when I realized he was sleep with nothing on but just a pair of white boxers. I knew one thing that if my dad had passed out drinking beer then nothing in the world could wake him up. So I thought I could just try my luck and see what I wanted to see all my life. My dad's cock. Something that I had fancied for so long. I moved towards him and just stood there. I got a strong smell when I was standing there. I went closer. I realized it was nothing but my own dad's stink. He probably didn't even take a shower when he got back home from work. I inhaled deeply and filled my lungs with his stink. My dick began to grow in my pants. I was

standing in front on my dad. A 5'11 tall, beefy man with the right amount of hair all over his body, a fine muscular butt and hugest bulge I had ever seen. And this man was laying right in front me wearing only a loose pair of boxers. While rejoicing in my mind, suddenly my dad moved. Now that really scared the hell outta me. I didn't move. He was just moving in his sleep. And good that he did that because now he had spread his legs wide open. I noticed his fly was unbuttoned and I could a thick hairy bush inside. My slowly moved closer. I tried to move the fly a little lower so that I could see his dick. But before that I pushed my fingers into his pubes. I couldn't believe I had my hands stuck in my fathers boxers. I pulled them back and took a whiff. Boyyyy...what a feeling!

My dick was rock-hard by now making a perfect tent in my pants. I bent down again and started pulling down the fly of his boxers. I guess I was doing a little bit too fast because he suddenly moved and turned over bending one knee. This made the boxers kinda tight around his butt revealing the perfect shape. I thought I was gonna pass out coz of the whole set up was so overwhelming. Now I had missed the chance of seeing his dick but I was still happy I could at least touch his pubes. I stood there watching his perfect mounds. If only I could rip his boxers and stick my tongue in it. I slowly placed my hand on his right butt cheek. My hands were shivering out of fear and excitement. Softly I brushed my hands around his butt making my way up till his crack and onto his left butt cheek. I was in heaven. I bent down and brought my nose close to his ass crack. I took deep whiff inhaling the man stink I craved for since my childhood. I could smell the sweat and also a little bit of something else. He farted a lot. I knew this was where his farts get filtered. I slowly stuck my tongue out and licked his boxer. I just wanted to suck on his boxers the whole night. But suddenly he moved again. This time I really thought I would get caught. But he was still asleep. I was shit-scared and I couldn't do it anymore. I left the room and went straight into my room. I dropped my pants and started jerking my 7 inch rod. I was so horny that I was spewing my jizz within seconds. I took a shower and went to bed.

I woke next morning and was still thinking about my dad. If only I could see his dick! I lifted my leg up and farted. The stink filled my room. I got out of the bed and straight in the bathroom. My bladder was bursting with all the beer I had yesterday. I pulled my dick out of my underwear and pointed it at the pot. A jet of yellow piss hit the water and it seemed like I hadn't taken a piss for days. I slightly bent and again ripped a wet fart. I flushed and stood in front of the mirror. A three-day stubble had grown and so I needed to shave. I searched for my razor in the cabinet but couldn't find it. Then I remembered that my dad had taken it yesterday because he had forgotten to buy a new one for him. I walked out of my bathroom in my boxer brief and went straight into my dad's room. He was still sleeping with his legs spread wide apart. The fly was slightly open but again I could only see the pubes. Since he could have woken up any minute I thought I'd rather not stand there for he might catch me staring at his crotch. I

went into his bathroom and took my razor and came back to my room. I was almost done shaving when my dad walked into the bathroom.

'Hey son, oh you're shaving. I came to borrow your razor again. Yesterday again I forgot to buy it.' My dad said looking at my reflection in the mirror.

"I'm almost done. I'll come and give it you." I replied.

"No that's ok. I'll wait here."

He turned around and stood in front of the pot. I continued shaving. All of a sudden I heard something. I turned around and my jaws dropped. My dad was pissing in my bathroom with his cock out and he had no intentions of covering it. I almost cut myself with the razor. All the time what I craved for was here right in front of me. My dad's dick. A thick piece of meat with a nice hood. I couldn't believe my eyes. I kept staring at his piece of meat. He pulled his foreskin back to reveal a nice collection of at least a week's dick cheese. The smell of the dickcheese just filled bathroom. I was in heaven. To add to it he moaned and ripped the biggest fart ever. I quickly turned back and continued shaving. Although I was done I was still pretending to shave. Who the hell would want to miss all of this!!!

My dad chuckled and said, "Ahhh...now that's a relief."

"It sure is!" I replied pretending none of all this was actually making me horny as hell.

"Oh God I think I gotta take a dump." Saying this, my dad just pulled his boxers down and sat on the pot. He let one huge wet fart. The smell just filled the room and I thought I was gonna faint. Was this all real? Was this actually happening to me? Or was it a dream. Then I heard a huge plop sound. My dad was actually shitting right behind me just a couple of feet away. With every new turd he released he moaned. And with his every moan my dick was getting harder and harder. Now how the fuck was I supposed face my dad. If he saw me with a boner he'll surely think I'm a fucking gay to pop a boner looking at my dad taking a dump. I continued shaving though there was nothing left to shave anymore. He ripped another one. It was driving me crazy. I pressed my boner against counter so that he couldn't notice.

"You done yet?" my dad asked wiping his ass.

"Umm yes I'm done." I stopped shaving and started washing my razor. He got up and turned around to flush with his boxers still at his ankle. I could see him through the mirror. His fat dick swinging as he turned around. And what a pair of huge balls! Despite of all the hair down there his dick still looked so huge even when flaccid- at least 4 inches. I wondered how big it would grow when it was hard. He bent down to pull his boxers up. His ass looked so fucking hot from

the side. I wished I could get a better view. He came towards me and put an arm on my shoulder and leaned on me and looked at himself in the mirror.

“Look at that. That’s a one-day stubble. But it seems like I haven’t shaved for days.” Dad said rubbing his jaw.

“That’s coz you are one hairy bear, dad.” I replied.

“Ohh Yeah?” he just grabbed me and cupped me inside and rubbed my hair. “Well you’re gonna be too. I guess who already are. Look you are shaving at the age 15!”

I felt something on my left butt cheek. Wait. Was it? Oh no. It was my dad’s dick. Fuck!!! My dad’s dick was rubbing against my butt and he didn’t even notice. My boner now began to pain. I was pressing it so hard. I could also feel my dad’s hair of his armpit on my shoulder. And also that fuckin godly smell. I couldn’t help it and I gasped.

“You ok?” my dad asked.

“Yeah ...err...it’s just the cut I got.” WTF!! What else could I have come up with? I was waiting for my dad to leave now because until he left I couldn’t move away from the counter. You know the boner. So to make things worse... (Or maybe not)...my dad asked me if he could shave here in my bathroom.

“Sure. Why not?” I replied not realizing that I had put my self in a big trouble. How the hell was I supposed to hide my hard on now?

“I’m gonna take a shower”, I said and I dropped my towel on the floor and bent down to pick it up. I turned around still bending and walked towards the shower. I hoped he hadn’t seen my boner. I stepped into the tub and drew the curtain. ‘Wheeww! That was close.’ I thought. I looked at him from the shower as he shaved. His muscular ass filled the boxers perfectly. My dick stood at 90 degrees now. I wanted jerk off so badly. And then he farted once again. A real big one .He moaned with relief and growled, “Yeahhh!!” That was it. I couldn’t take it anymore. Just a few tugs and shot a huge load of cum in the tub. Yeah I was jerking off just a few feet away from my dad. I tried hard not to moan. But I did though very softly. And since the shower was on I hoped he did not hear it. That was such a relief. My dick was back to its normal state. Now I didn’t have to be scared to come in front of my dad either.

“Room for two there son?” he asked finishing his shave.

“Huh?” I was shocked. Was he gonna join me in my shower too? No that’s not what he meant.

“Come on. It’s been so long since showered together. When you were a kid you always wanted to shower with me. What now you too grown up to shower with your dad. You guys shower together in your gym right?”

I was speechless. I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t want to yes but I definitely didn’t want to say no. But what if I pop a boner again? This time he’ll obviously be able to see it.

“Come on. Move a little.” He said dropping his boxers on the floor. Fuck he was stark naked in front of me. He stepped inside the shower. I turned around my back facing him. He slapped my naked butt. “Come on move.” I moved a little my back still facing him.

“What now you all shy to face me?” He said laughing.

I turned around and I just couldn’t help but look at that big fuckin piece of meat.

“Don’t worry son. You’re clearly on the way to have one like me.” He said with a smirk. I was never so embarrassed in my whole life. My dad just caught me ogling at his cock. But he just got under the shower and began lathering himself as if it didn’t matter to him at all. He began talking about usual stuff. It was like showering naked with his 15 yr old son was something he has been doing all along.

“So how many girls have u fucked, son? I’m assuming at least a dozen for a jock like you, eh?” He said smiling. I told you he was all ok to have such conversations with. But just that we never had it in a shower all naked!!!

“Err...Just a couple of them dad. And we just made out nothing more.” I replied lathering up my face.

“Just a couple? Come on, you’re my son. You gotta use this more often than that.” He said grabbing my dick and balls in his huge palm.

.....I went numb. My dad just grabbed my dick. I opened my eyes and the soap went into my eyes.

“Ohh...my eyes.” I said rubbing my eyes.

“Come here. Stand under the shower.” He held my arm and brought me under the shower. While doing so his dick brushed against my right butt cheek. I was all weak- kneed by now. And all the time I was shit scared that I would get a hard on. But I kept cool and started scrubbing my back. Seeing that I couldn’t reach properly my dad took the loofah from the hands.

“I’ll help ya there.” And my dad started scrubbing my back. He did that for a few minutes and started working down my back. ‘STOP STOP STOP’ that’s all I had in my mind. Coz this was

definitely turning me on like hell. But he just kept scrubbing. He reached my butt and started scrubbing right in my crack but just for a few seconds so I didn't say anything. Now he went all the way upto to neck and started scrubbing. I just stood there with my hands on the wall. Well...things were going fine until I felt something against my butt crack. My dad's dick was constantly hitting against my butt while he scrubbed the back of my neck. 'Ohh shit' I thought as I started getting a boner. Shit shit shit now what do I do??