

This story is made up. Nothing in it ever happened to the writer nor anyone he/she knows.

"Watch your teeth, honey." This was the first time my boy was sucking me off. "Put your lips over your teeth like this." I showed him how with my own mouth.

Despite the tiny teeth scrape, it was a damn good blowjob, even though this was his first time sucking my cock. Any cock. But he had a lot of experience getting them from me! Several a day for about the past two months.

Two months ago Brian came to me with some "embarrassing questions" as he put it. "Dad, can I ask you a question? It's kind of private." He's known his whole life that there is no question that he can't ask me. When he was seven years old, he overheard me having a conversation on the phone with a friend. I said a few "gay" things, and after the phone call ended, Brian asked me, "Daddy, what's gay?" I explained it to him, and told him that I was gay. He seemed to understand and accept it just fine.

"Daddy, my penis keeps getting hard all the time. Is there something wrong?"

I smiled a bit, remembering my own poorly timed erections in school. "No, honey. There's nothing wrong. When does it happen?"

"All the time in class. Four times today! Then once at lunch, and twice during recess! Paul even noticed once, and he started to giggle. But no one else saw." Paul was his best friend. They'd been friends since we moved to this neighborhood when he was five.

"Well, honey, you're almost eleven and a half now. That means you're probably about to start going through puberty. Your body will be going through a lot of changes: your voice will start to change, you'll get hair around your penis and in your armpits and eventually on your face. And your testicles and penis will get bigger too." His eyes lit up then.

"Really?! How big will they get?"

Before I had a chance to answer, he says, "Daddy! It's doing it again. My penis is hard!" Then he drops his pants and underwear to show me, as if I needed to inspect it or some visual confirmation. My brain had formed the thought and was in the process of telling my mouth to say "Brian, you don't need to show me," but my eyes worked faster than my mouth. I just stood there, looking at his smooth nakedness and rock-hard boycock. I froze!

Despite my being a boylover for as long as I could remember, I had NEVER touched a single child, despite having more than one obvious opportunity to do so, from willing boys. I'd read several stories on Nifty, and even seen a video or two (though I didn't/don't possess any), but until this moment I had only seen my little Brian in a non-sexual fatherly manner.

I kept looking at it. If forced to make a guess, I'd say I stared at it for about 5 hours without blinking. Four, maybe four and a half inches of delicious boycock was hanging just a couple feet from my face.

Some random noise outside brought me back to reality, and I looked up at Brian's face. "Yeah, honey, that's happens to me sometimes too. It's all good." I hoped that would be enough to restore the normalcy. But I was wrong.

I could see the wheels turning in Brian's head. He was putting together a statement or question that I figured I probably didn't want to hear right then. But we had a very open policy with each other. I could try and bullshit my way through whatever was coming, but that usually leads to more questions. "Daddy, remember when you told me what gay was? You said that gay guys do things with their mouths." Believe me, I had no intention on discussing gay sex with my seven-year-old son, but the questions kept coming--because I was bullshitting him. I mentioned "mouth stuff" just as the phone rang again (thank god!!), and that was the end of the conversation. But now it was all coming full-circle. "What sort of things do they do?"

I figured that since it was the time that he should be going through Sex Ed. in school anyway, I'd go ahead and tell him a bit more.

"Well, honey.... one of the sexual things that men can do is called fellatio." I always used technical terms with him, figuring that he'd learn the slang at school just like kids are supposed to. "That's when one of the guys puts the other guy's penis in his mouth, and sucks on it." I could see a tiny bit of puzzlement on Bri's face, and could feel my cock chubbing up quite a bit from this conversation, and the fact that my half-naked eleven-year old son was standing in front of me with major wood.

"So does the guy bite it? Doesn't that hurt?"

As I was about to dispel that myth, he says, "Daddy, yours is hard too!"

Fuck! He noticed!!

"Yeah, I guess talking about this and seeing you like that is giving me a bit of an erection too."

After a short pause he asks, "Can I see yours?"

We'd not been bashful about nudity in our home. It was just him and me, and if either of us felt like being naked, for whatever reason, it was fine. Usually it was just when going to/from the shower, or on particularly miserable summer evenings. But despite our occasional nudity, we'd never seen each other hard, until today.

"Uh..." I tried to come up with some bullshit, but I knew that would be fruitless. The kid was too smart. "Okay." In my mind I justified it as more Sex Ed.

He got a bit of a smile on his face as I stood up and started working my pants open. His eyes got wide as my rather average 7-inch cock came in to view.

"Wow!" he said under his breath. "Will I get that big? Will I get hair like that?" Before I could answer, "Daddy, what's fellatio feel like?"

That was it! I could feel the engravers in Hell stenciling my name onto the suite reserved for me down there. How do you answer that?! What's a dad to say? Probably not this:

"Well, Bri, it feels really good." As I said that, I wished I could have scooped the words back into my mouth before he heard them. No such luck.

"Have you done it before?"

"Yes, honey. I have."

"Will you show me?"

Now he and I had never been the slightest bit sexual with one another before. We'd hug, and kiss (in a fatherly way), but never any hanky-panky. NEVER! And as far as I knew, Brian hadn't been sexual with anyone else. So this was a bit of a shock.

"Honey, I don't think....."

"Please, daddy! I promise not to tell anyone." This sent up a list of questions to ask him in the near future, but I had to find some way to deal with the present.

"Honey, it's not something dads and....."

"Please, I promise I won't tell anybody. I SWEAR!"

I think those last two words were somehow my trigger--like the trigger a hypnotized person has that changes something in their brain and allows (or forces) them to do and think differently.

Without any further conversation, and with my eyes locked on his boycock, I fell to my knees, took a deep breath, and then leaned forward until I had the head of his

cock in my mouth.

Oh man! This was the most delicious thing ever. I had sucked many dicks in my lifetime, but none was as good as this one. The smell, like a boy should smell. The feel, so smooth and hard. I reveled in the boyishness of the moment.

I heard Brian inhale sharply through his teeth the moment my mouth engulfed his hardness. I looked up to see his eyes were closed. He moaned slightly, and then not so slightly. I could tell he was loving it just as much as I was. And just as much as I did when I got my first blowjob when I was 10, from a guy named Brian. (Yeah, I guess I did name him after my first lover.)

After about two minutes of me bobbing on his schmekle, he gets a little bit harder and a little bit thicker, then he gets a slightly worried look on his face. Of course I know what's about to happen, but he doesn't. He tries to mouth something to me, but his body won't let him. Then he starts to shudder and thrust into my mouth as deep as his cocklet will go. I can feel his dick pulse in my mouth, and it's fucking amazing! So amazing that I cream my underwear just as he's having his first boygasm in my mouth.

I don't release his dick right away. I want to continue to feel his hardness. But I don't suck though; I don't want the sensitivity to overwhelm him.

His breathing slowly returns to normal. He slowly opens his eyes. His brain slowly starts to resume functioning. His mouth forms his first words. "Daddy, that was amazing!"

I give his pole one last suck as I slide off of it, and he jerked back a little from the sensitivity. "Yeah, it was!" I didn't seem to be suffering any of the guilt that I read about in some of the father/son stories on Nifty. I was LOVING IT! I hoped he wanted to do it again, and again, and again! And I hoped that I'd get his very first cum when he starts shooting in the near future.

"Can we do that again, daddy? Please?!"

I stood up and gave him a hug, "Yes, honey. We can if you'd like to." Then I went to give him a fatherly kiss on the forehead, but he moved his face so that my kiss landed on his lips instead! Again, more questions forming in my head.

So here we are, two months later, and he's got most of my cock in his mouth. Only about an inch hangs out, and he seems determined to get that last inch in!

He's using a lot of the same moves I used on him over the past couple months. And it feels fucking fantastic! He's even sucked on my balls (which I shaved in

anticipation of this moment). I had also eaten his ass for the first time last week, and I wondered if he'd give that a try too.

"Daddy, roll over." I did. And I was happy to do so. Amazingly happy. He started by spreading my cheeks, and looking at my hole, as if to inspect it. I can understand that. Then he started massaging it with his thumbs. I appreciated that. Then, after a minute or so, he dived in. I fucking loved that!

I could feel his tongue break through my outer ass ring, and explore as far as it would allow. I pulled my knees up to my chest to grant him greater access. He didn't waste that access. Soon I felt his mouth pull away, and one of his fingers working its way inside my ass. He climbed underneath me and took my cock back into his mouth to suck me as he fingered me; a move I'd done on him only a couple days ago. This lit my very short fuse.

"Bri, I'm gonna cum, honey." He was in it to win it, and didn't pull off my cock. He had all of me down his throat as I started to shoot. And shoot. And shoot. He swallowed all he could. I heard a cough and gag, but he never backed off.

After I was done unloading my balls into my 11 year old son's mouth, I rolled over on to my back, trying to catch my breath. He had the hugest smile on his face as if he was proud of himself. He should have been; that was the most amazing orgasm I'd ever had. It was totally worth my reserved spot in hell. And I was proud of him too. I was proud to have him. Proud that I didn't chicken out when a very good friend offered to have him for me.

I lay there, my mind spinning from an orgasm that probably should have killed me, or drowned him. Brian crawled up next to me into my armpit and put his head on my shoulder. We snuggle for a bit, each occasionally looking at the other and smiling. The room is silent.

"Daddy, can I tell you something and you not get made or scared?" Well that question alone scared the shit out of me.

"What, honey?" a slight panic in my voice.

"I never said anything to anyone, okay, but Paul kinda guessed."

"Guessed what?!" the panic in my voice isn't so slight anymore.

"He kinda guess about what we've been doing." My brain was firing so fast that I thought (and hoped) that the heat generated by it would melt me.

"See, daddy... I kinda saw Paul and his daddy doing this stuff too. On accident! One Saturday when I went by to see if he wanted to play, no one answered the door. So I went around the side to see if his bike was there. I looked in the garage door

window, and I saw them doing stuff. That's where I got the idea! And the other day at school, I kinda let it slip that I'd seen them in the garage that day. He was kinda freaked out. Just like you are now. But I told him that I wouldn't tell anyone, and kinda thought it was cool that he and his dad did that stuff. After he got over being embarrassed and scared, he asked me if I ever did that stuff with you. I said 'no,' and changed the subject. But I don't think he believed me. We didn't say any more about it because the bell rang. But he kept looking at me and smiling the rest of the day in class."

If you were ever wondering what the opposite of an orgasm is, I'm pretty sure this was it!

My initial panic started to fade after I processed all of what Brian said. Because, after all, Paul was doing it with his dad. So chances were he'd not be blabbing to anyone either.

"When was this?" I asked out of mindless curiosity.

"Today."

"Well, I guess if Paul and his dad are....." then the phone rang. Brian was closer to my nightstand, so he answered it.

"Hello?.....Hey, Paul." I felt a tiny bit uneasy about the timing of his call. "Let me ask..." Brian put his hand over the receiver and leaned over to whisper, "Dad, can Paul spend the night? His dad has to cover the night shift for someone, and doesn't want Paul to stay at home alone."

The boys have sleep-overs all the time. They're no big deal. But they hadn't had one since Brian and I started the suckfest. And I felt a bit uneasy with all the new information, but I really couldn't say no. I mean, Mitch, Paul's dad, wouldn't hesitate to say yes if I were in such a situation.

"Yeah, honey. He can spend the night."

"He said okay, Paul.... See you in a bit."

So I've got to spend the evening with two 11 year old boys. Both of whom are having sex with their fathers. One, Brian, 5'02" 72 lbs, short brown hair, skinny, lanky, with a 4 1/2" cock that seems to stay hard these days. The other, Paul, 4'11" maybe 70 lbs., hair on the long-ish side and jet black like most Asians, with a bit of a skater attitude, but a very sweet boy. Not sure how this is going to go.

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Thanks for reading.