

This is an original story written by Dirk Carlor, a very horny young adult. It is fiction. If you like this story and would like to chat with me, or if you have an idea for something you'd like to see happen in the next chapter, send me an e-mail at dirk.carlor@gmail.com (Especially men over 40!). Get those dicks hard and wet, but don't cum till the end.

There I was, face being pushed hard into the living room carpet by his big strong hand, my ass in the air as my own father shoved his last few inches deep into my recently untouched hole. And that was my own voice, begging for that last inch, telling him that if I didn't get every last inch and the cum that made me that I "I just might *die*, dad! PLEASE!" Just earlier that day I had been a straight boy, with a girlfriend, reviled by the idea of sex with a man; and the idea of my father being the one to turn me into a cock loving slut was unheard of. Looking back on it, Dad must have planned that day out long in advance, because the way he executed his evil, wonderful plan was seamless. It started when I got home from my wrestling practice, around 4:00.

When I got home, I was still wearing my red and yellow singlet. I have to admit, it looked good on me. I've been wrestling for a few years, and though I'm not as bulky as my dad, I have nice definition on my slender body. It was a public school, so the singlet was a little small and came down below my nipples. It also made my sizable bulge look even bigger than it actually is. And as my dad told me later, my ass looked so fuckable that he was surprised he was able to wait for me to take a shower and come down for dinner before he ripped my clothes off and stuck his raging, giant hairy cock into my ass.

But he was restrained, even though he watched me hungrily as I walked past him in the living room. He was on the couch in his usual post work, relaxing outfit of shorts and a white ribbed wife-beater. It used to bother me, that outfit, but now it just makes me so horny that I can't get enough of it. In those shorts too, I could see up his big hairy thigh, so thick and muscular, right up to the pouch of briefs that tucked his giant nuts away. I guess I must have secretly wanted dad back then, otherwise I wouldn't have noticed something like that. But dad is a beautiful man. He's a construction worker, so he stays nice and buff, big biceps and legs, and beautiful broad pecs covered in light black fur that is so nice to cling to as I gobble his dick down my ass.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. My dad just greeted me as normal that day, though I'm sure he was staring down my beautiful buns as I worked my way up the stairs to the bathroom outside my bedroom. But when I got up there, and stripped down, peeling off my red singlet, I found that the water was not working in my shower. Little did I know dad had tampered with my pipes. And soon I'd be tampering with his. Now, back then it was normal for me and dad to walk around in our underwear. Though I tried not to do it too often, I figured it would only be polite for me to ask if I could use my dad's bathroom instead of my own, since it was broken. So stupidly I strutted downstairs in just my jock, my tight smooth ass wiggling out the back, my massive package bundled up tight in the white cotton. Dad tells me now that he was reconsidering his cruel plan,

until I sauntered into the room with my ass wiggling and begging for it. Then he knew he had to go through with it.

“Dad, my shower is busted. Would it be alright if I use the one in your room?”

Dad gave me a vicious smile. “Sure son. Just don’t mind if come in to my room to get some stuff.”

And why would I mind? Dad had seen me in my underwear plenty of times, and I’d seen him in his. What would it matter if he saw me naked? We were both straight men, right? How could I have been so dumb? And now I’m a hopeless homo, addicted to the very cock that made me. But in my last hour as a certified straight boy, I had a great shower. After wrestling matches I was always so pumped up, I managed to get myself off in the shower. I shot the biggest load! I stroked my dick just using soap in the shower until my big white creamy teen load went all over the glass door in thick gobs. It was all I could do to stop from moaning my brains out, knowing that if my dad heard he would probably think something was up, and I didn’t want to have to explain that to my own dad. If only I knew what position I would be in soon...

Dad surprisingly was able to resist checking in on me in the shower, so I got out, all limp dicked and happy, but found when I got out there were no towels in the bathroom at all. *That’s strange*, I thought, *there were towels in here before*. But I figured my head must have been spinning from the massive load I just let out, so I figured I’d have to venture out to dry off. I knew my dad might be in his room, so I slipped my jock on again, even though I was soaking wet. Within a few seconds my jock was almost completely see through, so it’s no wonder my dad took my ass that day. He could see the outline of my thick, uncut soft dick as I stepped out into his bedroom.

When I stepped out into his room, water running down my smooth pecs and abs, Dad himself in a state of mid dress. He was putting on jeans, pulling them up and buttoning them just below his hairy, tanned stomach. He looked at me with a wicked smile. “Oh hey son. You’re a little uh...wet...there.” I thought for a moment that he looked at my crotch, but I knew there was no way that could be.

I smiled back, so naive. “Yeah, all the towels are missing. Do you have any I could borrow?” My dad fished around in his drawers, and then pulled out a towel and tossed it to me. “Dinner will be ready in a few minutes.” He headed downstairs to put his plan into action, while I toweled off and headed to my room. When I got there, I opened my top drawer where I usually keep my underwear only to find it barren. Again I thought this was strange. I was sure I had some clean underwear, and my hamper was empty. Maybe dad was doing laundry and decided to clean some for me? In any event, I couldn’t exactly go free balling since my big cock was still swollen from my session in the shower, so I called down to Dad to see if he knew what was up.

“Yeah...uh...I am doing laundry. But if you look in my room you can borrow a pair of my clean ones!”

That sure brought a surprised look to my face. Borrow my dad's underwear? Well, I guess if they were clean it wouldn't bother me, so I headed back down the hall and into his room. I opened Dad's drawer and started sifting through his underwear, but could only find his old, ratty white briefs. As I was digging through I caught a glimpse of an enormous dildo, and it made me blush. Dad was a kinky man! He must be using these on mom? I decided not to say anything, just leave that part of dad's life private, but little did I know dad would be introducing me to that dildo very soon. I thought it was strange that Dad would forget about the dildo in his drawer, but I just pushed that thought to the back of my head and picked out the least ratty pair of briefs I could find. They still had a few hoes around the ass and one in the front, but I slipped them on and found there were almost a perfect fit. The only part that wasn't perfect was the pouch, where dad's cock and balls would sit. It was all stretched there, and I knew I was pretty well endowed. *Dad must be huge!* I thought. I would prove myself right in a few minutes.

I slipped on my favorite pair of jeans and a white t-shirt and headed down to the table. Dad was already seated, and there was hot spaghetti with Alfredo sauce on a plate at my seat. Dad was already munching away, so I sat down next to him and we started to eat. We talked about the usual stuff, school and work. The meal was delicious, and I licked my plate clean while dad watched with a big smile on his face. Eventually Dad asked "Did you find some underwear that fit, son?"

I blushed. I didn't really want to discuss this with my dad, but he was kind enough to lend me some underwear in a time of need, so I said "Yeah, sorta."

"Sorta?"

"Yeah, they fit well enough."

Dad paused, and it looked like he was working up the courage to speak, like he was about to ask a girl out on a date or something. He was about to put his plan into action.

"Let me see how they fit."

I looked at dad strangely. Was he really asking what I thought?

"You mean the briefs?" I said, coughing up some of the Alfredo sauce

"Yeah, I wanna see which ones you chose and uh...how they fit on you. Just curious if we're starting to get to be the same size. Maybe we can start sharing clothes more often."

"I don't know...they're pretty tight..."

“Oh come on, I could basically see your junk through your wet jock before. I’m your dad, I’ve seen you naked plenty of times. I just wanna see the briefs, so go ahead and show ‘em off.”

“Well,” I hesitated, my hands on my jeans. I do like showing off for guys. There are a couple of queers in my gym class who would watch me undress and shower every day, and even though I’m not gay I do like showing off for them. Sometimes I even get my dick hard and stroke it a little. But that doesn’t mean I’m gay. Would it be ok to show off, if the person I’m showing off to is my own father? The thought disgusted me, and weired me out, but something deep down in me that I didn’t know about, that my dad was about to bring out to me in a horrific and wonderful way, made me unbutton my jeans, drop them to the floor and plop back down in my chair with nothing on but his briefs and a t-shirt.

Dad stood up and walked over to inspect. He yanked my chair out from the table and in one move kicked my feet apart, so that I was sitting away from the table wide legged and fully on display. So maybe dad liked to show off his strength like I liked to show off my body? It was a little scary, but my dad was always a gruff man, so I didn’t think much of it until he dropped to his knees between my legs

“Let me get a good look here.” I could feel my dad’s hot breath on my crotch, and it was making me uncomfortable.

“Alright dad, I think you can see.” I started to close my legs, but my dad didn’t move, and snapped his hands up to push my knees apart. His strength was scaring me now, and I was about to get up and yell when Dad gave me a huge shock. I looked down, and dad was poking his finger into a hole in the briefs that was right near my nut sack. Suddenly I felt dad’s finger on my smooth balls, just lightly touching it, and he was looking up at me from between my legs.

“Looks like you picked an old pair of these,” he said, as he pulled his finger out and rose to his feet. I start to stand up, but dad’s hand shot down and grabbed my nuts.

“STAY SEATED!” he said as he got a mean and nasty look in his eyes. But I wasn’t going anywhere with my nuts in a fist. Suddenly dad reached around behind me and I heard the latching of handcuffs around behind my back. I was there, in my dad’s holed up briefs and a white t-shirt, handcuffed in front of my father. He looked so hungry and wild, like an animal, that I almost couldn’t recognize him. His smile was so big; the first stage of his plan had gone easily.

“We’re gonna play a little game son.”

“Dad! What is this! Let me go!” I was struggling against the handcuffs, but it was useless. My arms were pulled tight, and I could barely move as my father removed his shirt. I was always struck by dad’s physique. He’s in his late 40’s, but his body is killer. His abs ripple, he has just the right amount of hair, and he’s so masculine it makes

my cock spring just to smell him. But all I could think on that day was how weird it was, especially when his hands moved to his pants to unbuckle them.

END OF PART 1