

This is Part 2 of 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.

“Dad! What the FUCK! LET ME GO!” I was panicking now, but Dad was just keeping a smile on his face. He had backed up to the other side of the kitchen.

“You may as well stop asking, Son. You're gonna do exactly what daddy says.” With that his pants fell to the ground, and now he was just standing there in a pair of briefs identical to the ones I was in. But what was truly shocking was the massive tent he had pitched. The briefs were so far stretched out that I don't think any of the front of the waistband was touching his muscular hips. There was already a wet spot on the front, and I swallowed hard, nervously, thinking of exactly how big my father's dick was. I looked back up into his eyes, and saw that ravenous look again.

“Oh God Dad...you're...you're not...” I didn't need to finish my thought, because Dad answered my question by pulling down his briefs and letting his giant, thick, cut dick slap up against his hard abs. The thing looked like a deadly weapon, must have been at least 10 inches and THICK as a beer can. I swallowed hard as my dad approached me. He walked slowly, running a finger delicately up and down the length of his dick, grinning all the while. I was struggling in the chair, backing it up until I hit the counter behind me.

“Back off dad! STOP! That's disgusting! Put that away!”

Dad kept advancing, his briefs looped in his hand, swinging them around his finger. With each step his big cock swung like a hammer, and that's when I noticed the other amazing part of my dad's anatomy: his nuts. They hung like two eggs, perfectly round, in a hairy nut sack. When he walks they swing like a pendulum, so heavy with daddy cum. *The very cum that made me*, I thought at the time. Why was I thinking thoughts like that? He was my own father for God's sake! And I was straight! I struggled again, harder, but it was still pointless as Dad came up to me.

“Let me GO!” I shouted, and dad put his finger up to his lips.

“Shhh...if you can't be quiet I'm going to have to gag you. I said we're playing a game. I've worked very hard on this game,” he said, grabbing his cock in his fist and pumping it, “so don't mess it up for me son.”

“LET ME GO!” I struggled again.

“If you can’t sit still and shut up while I explain how the rest of your night, and the rest of your LIFE is going to go, Son, then I will gag you.”

“LET ME GO!”

Dad laughed. He pumped his cock a few more times, then said, “You leave me with no choice then.” To my horror, my father took his briefs and wrapped them across my mouth. He pulled them tight, until the pouch of them was in my mouth. For the first time, but far from the last, I tasted my father’s scent. It was full, musty and manly, and it made me gag. I could smell his dick and balls, my *own father’s* dick and balls. Worse, I could taste them. And still, for some reason, my cock started to twitch. I didn’t know it consciously, but I was loving this. On the surface, however, I was panicking. Dad yanked his underwear back even further in my mouth, then stepped back and looked at me, smiling at his work.

“Now you might get the idea that you should LISTEN to your FATHER!”

With the gag in my mouth, I couldn’t do much but sit back and listen. Dad began to talk, but just before he laid out his master plans for me, how he planned to turn me into a cock-loving slut, I flash backed to a strange memory from my childhood.

I was thirteen and had just learned to masturbate. I was doing it all the time, and I would be still if I wasn’t getting laid by dad several times each day. I never thought I was gay back then, but I remember one strange time when I was in my room. I was pulling my sausage through my pants when I heard dad come upstairs. I panicked, and quickly tucked my hard dick into my jeans. Even though I had a visible hard on, for some reason I found myself drawn out into the hallway where dad was rifling around.

“You’ve got a lot to learn son. We’re going to be learning lesson after lesson after lesson...”

I came out to find him just back from the gym. Looking back, I bet it was his scent that pulled me out into the hallways. I secretly longed for that scent, even back then. But he was shirtless, glistening with sweat, and wearing a pair of gray sweatpants. When he turned around to say hi to me, I saw the thick outline of his dick. That was the first time I remember noticing my father’s massive piece. I knew it was big back then as it swung around in his baggy pants, but now that I was faced with it hard...back then I had no idea what I was up against.

“Eventually you’ll learn to drink it and swallow it with no problem. Then we’ll move on to some more anal stuff....namely taking this thing long and hard for hours...”

Dad went into the bathroom to pee, and when I heard the splash of his piss hit the water in a deep drop, I was suddenly overcome with horniness. I didn’t realize that it was the sound of my father’s piss, and the sight of my father’s cock that drove me back

to my room, where I preceded to strip naked and break a record. I came eight times in a row, and I wonder now if I had been thinking of...

My father's fist was wrapped around his thick cock, and he was aiming it at me from across the room. I had totally zoned out, and he was saying "What do you think of that, boy?" Why hadn't I been listening. What do I do? I obviously wasn't going to get un-handcuffed with my own strength, so I had to work on compromising with my dad. I opened my big blue eyes to maybe make myself look more innocent...but it had the opposite effect.

"Aw, I love when you look all innocent boy. Makes me want to see those gaze up at me as you gag on this thing." He shook his dick again, and a big glob of precum hit the floor. "So, boy. What do you say? Should daddy mark you as his?" Dad picked up a glass of water and started chugging it. What was he getting at? He set the water down and let out a big burp. "Yeah, I think I will piss on you."

Piss on me?!? No way! I started shaking my head back and forth violently, pleading with my eyes for him not to piss on me, as dad took a few steps forward and took aim. I was pleading through the gag as I watched dad thrust his hips forward, flex his furry, toned stomach to push out the piss. A few drops dribbled out, and he let out a frustrated gasp. "Well son, you're luck. That water's gotta work it's way down. But I just realized something...I've already marked you."

I looked at dad questioningly. "How'd you like the pasta?" he said, lifting up my empty plate. He fingered a glob of the sauce off the plate and walked over to me, holding it up under my nose. I was breathing heavily, scared, but smelling the sauce oddly made me hungry for more.

"How would you feel, if you knew that..." he suddenly pulled the briefs out of my mouth.

"DAD WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?"

"I see I still have to leave you gagged, huh? Well...what I was going to say was," he started wiping the glob of sauce onto the pouch of the briefs. Then he shoved them back in my mouth, so that my tongue was covered in the sauce. "How would you feel if you knew that I jacked off into that sauce while you were in the shower? What would you do if you knew that you had already eaten your first load of your father's cum, *the very cum that made you*, without even realizing it? Looks like you cleaned your plate well, boy."

The sauce that was on my tongue, going down my throat as he spoke, had his cum in it! I was eating sauce mixed with my dad's cum! I started to gag, and tried to push the briefs out of my mouth. Dad just gathered them tightly behind my head and laughed, then leaned into my ear.

"What's wrong boy, you don't like it? Maybe it would be better if you could actually taste the cum. Trust me boy, I know you'll like it. Lucky for you I have some dessert

planned. But in order to eat it, you're gonna have to be willing to be quiet when I take the gag off. Do you understand?"

I really wanted to be ungagged, so I nodded slowly. As soon as he removed his briefs, though, I spit on the floor and started shouting.

"UNTIE ME! DAD LET ME GO! PLEASE!"

Dad quietly left the room, his muscular butt flexing as he walked, and I kept screaming. But soon he returned with a camera in his hand, and as soon as he entered the kitchen he started snapping pictures of me. He got closer and closer, and pretty soon was holding his dick up against me, against my face, my smooth muscular chest, leaving a trail of precum everywhere he hit. I was humiliated, and couldn't believe my dad was catching this on film. Finally he set the camera down.

"Ah, I see that worked in shutting you up. Just remember, I have those pictures, and with one click, I can send them to anyone. And you wouldn't want your buddies on the swim team, or your sweet little girlfriend to see your big stiffie as you got your dad's precum on you? Would you boy?"

I looked down and sure enough I was hard as a rock. I hadn't even realized it, but while my dad was slapping my face with his hard dick, my own dick had risen to its full hardness. What was happening to me? Why was my father able to arouse me? And what did he mean by dessert?

Dad answered that question soon enough for me, when he went over to the oven and pulled out a sheet of cookies. Then he went to the fridge and pulled out a small Tupperware container filled with...oh no...it was filled with what must have been my dad's seed. It looked so thick and creamy. He took out a spoon from the drawer, picked out a big cookie, and set them both on the table in front of me. As he unscrewed the lid, dipped the spoon in, and spread a thick layer of his cum on the cookie like icing he explained, "I've been saving this for a week. I don't know if the cookies are good, but the cum is top notch. This seed here is the seed that made you, and you're gonna love it. It's only natural, boy."

Dad came over to me with the first cookie, I could smell his cum on it. I shook my head, and held my mouth tightly shut. He smeared some of the cum on my lips, and I was disgusted, but my dick grew harder than ever. When I really refused to open my lips, my dad went over to the camera and said "I wonder which one I'll send out first."

"No! No please...ok...I'll...eat it."

Dad smiled. "Don't look so upset boy, you'll love it. Now open wide."

I opened my mouth and he put the cookie on my tongue. For the first time I tasted my father's actual cum. It hadn't been detectable in the pasta sauce, but I knew that thick creamy splodge was my father's milk, that he had squeezed from his own

cock and nuts that were bobbing in front of me. I chewed quickly to get it over with, which made dad frown. He picked up another cookie and started spreading more cum on this one.

“Now, now, if you gobble it down like that you don’t get to taste it. Here, open wide, one more.”

I surprised myself by not protesting this time. I opened my mouth wide, and my dad placed the cookie cum side down on my tongue. This time I really got a full taste of my father’s dick juice. I felt a drop of precum hit my thigh...from my own dick? No...this was not turning me on! I refused to believe it. Yet there was something about knowing that the cum on my tongue came from that cock I saw so many years ago in his sweatpants...wait a minute...no...this is my **father’s** cum! A man’s dick spewed this stuff out! Not just any man, my blood father! I can’t be doing this!

I gagged and spit, swallowing about half the load and cookie. Dad tsked tsked with his tongue, and headed over to the fridge. Oh god...he didn’t have more, did he? No, instead he pulled out a can of whipped cream. He started shaking it as he headed back to me.

“Well son, I guess you don’t like old cum. But trust me, I bet you’ll love it fresh and warm,” he squirted a line of whipped cream down his dick. “Remember when you were a little boy, and I used to squirt whipped cream into your mouth and down your throat. Well,” he put a big dollop of whipped cream on those heavy, giant nuts of his, “I have a little variation on that game for my grown up boy. This time you get two types of cream.”

Alright, that did it! No was I going to suck my own father’s dick! I was not gay! And I definitely wasn’t going to put the cock that made me, that fucked my mother to make me, into my own mouth. Dad pointed his bobbing prick at my lips, but I held them tightly shut.

“Come on boy! Try it! Don’t be picky. I know you’ll like it. Open up. OPEN UP I SAID!” He was getting angry, but I didn’t budge. And that’s when my dad put his hand up, pinched my nose shut, and I was losing air. I sure was in one sticky, hot situation.

END OF PART 2