

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. Thank You.

My fantasy. My dad. 2

"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??

"There. I think that's enough. Now help your old man here." Saying this he turned around. This cannot be happening. How can I face dad. What if he turns? What if he sees my hard on? I hesitantly took the loofah and started with his upper back all the while praying he shouldn't look back. I looked down at his big hairy ass. Fuck what an ass!!! I just wanted sit down in the tub and stick my tongue in his shithole. His butt muscle flexed as he shifted his bodyweight from one leg to the other. I was literally drooling. My hands started trembling with excitement and nervousness but I still continued with the scrubbing.

"What are you... a girl? Come on give me a good hard scrub back there." He said leaning on the wall. Now his ass stood out even more. This made cock rock hard. What the hell am I gonna do? This is so fucked up man!! These were the only thoughts that crossed my mind apart from obviously the nasty things I wanted to do to dad's ass. I started scrubbing a bit harder. Being done with the upper back I knew I had to head down. And every time I looked at his ass I wanted to just jerk off then and there on his sexy fuckin ass. So I worked my way down his lower back. The soapy lather just sliding down his back and into his ass crack and falling off from his low hanging balls. And all the while my dad just shifted his body weight from one leg to another making his ass flex everytime. I kept going lower and lower. I was gonna scrub my dad's ass!!! I was horny as hell and shit scared at the same time. But I controlled myself and started with left butt cheek. Since I had to scrub it hard I bent down a little. My face was just a few feet away from his ass. What a perfect ass!!! The whole feeling was so overwhelming that I started trembling and dropped the loofah in the tub. I bent down to get it. My head was now lower than my dad's ass so as I was just getting up he just ripped a huge wet fart right in my face.

“Yeahhh!! Ha ha ... how’d you like that son?” My dad said laughing in his manly voice. And the Yeahhh almost sounded like a grunt. And did he ask me how did I like it? Well... this was definitely gonna be my core thought while jerking off for the rest of my life. I mean my dad just fuckin farted right on my face man! What more could I ask for? I mean I knew I could ask for a lot more but I knew I couldn’t get all of that. Ok now I had to say something or else he was gonna turn around and catch me with my boner which now standing at a 90 degree angle.

“Fuck dad... what the hell!!!” I replied pretending that the whole thing was just disgusting while here I was drooling over that very thought. And to add to it there was the smell that roamed the air. It simply aroused me to whole new level.

He just laughed and said. “What... don’t you guys fool around with each other the same way? Farting has always been the most popular sports among my buddies.”

“Yeah sure dad!! You do that one more time and...”

He didn’t even let me finish my sentence when he cut another one.

“Dad!!! Will you stop that?” I replied showing even more disgust. But all the while I only thought ‘Oh please don’t stop please don’t.’

“I thought you were asking for it” he said laughing at it like a 20 something guy.

“No I was not. Now will you please let me finish with the scrubbing?”

“Alright alright.” He replied sounding a little disappointed for not being interested in his ‘sports’ But only if he knew that it was the only sport I ever wanted to play with him all my life.

I again began with his left butt. After scrubbing for quite a while I moved to the right one. Obviously I had spent more time scrubbing his ass than his back. He clenched his butt once or twice when I had begun with the scrubbing. But now he clenched everytime I scrubbed on top of each butt. This really got me fuckin excited. But I still controlled myself. I don’t think I had ever wanted to jerk off so bad in my entire life. Now I thought I really had to stop. I couldn’t go on for ever you know. But since he had not said anything all this while I continued scrubbing. But this time not his butt. I moved further down. I started scrubbing his thighs. He didn’t seem to protest. I don’t think he should have. I mean its not always that he gets a free scrub. SO I started working on his thigh. As I reached for the inner thigh he moved his feet apart so that I could get a better access there. Since my dad didn’t say anything I mustered a little more courage and started moving upwards from his inner thigh. I was obviously bent down so that I could scrub him properly. But as I was moving upwards I felt that an awkward silence prevailed there for a while. Just as I thought this, my dad shifting his body weight from his left leg to the right said,

“So where did you fuck that girlfriend of yours? You brought her home?” I was kind of startled as I was busy drooling at the right butt cheek which had turned into a full globe because of his position. So all of this that I had been doing, nothing bothered him at all? I mean I almost touched his balls but he said nothing about it like it was such a usual thing to do. I wish it was!!!

“Err....no not home. We did it in our school loo...” I replied kinda being embarrassed. Hearing my answer my dad just broke into a huge laughter. With every laugh I could see his balls swing and dash against his thighs. Well...I should make him laugh more often I thought. ;)

“Well...that’s sure is a crumpled up place to do it...eh? And kinda risky too. I like that. So how long did u do her?”

“I told you we just made out. Kissing and maybe caressing her tits...that’s all...”

“Ohh ya...I forgot you still don’t know how to fuck a girl...”

“Dad!”

“What! Come on Rick. I screwed 9 chicks when I was your age. I use to get some almost every other night. And this remains between us alright. It’s a father son talk and it should involve only me and you. Ok?”

“Dad. Just say you don’t want Mom to know your score...” I replied still scrubbing. My dad looked over his shoulder. Even though he couldn’t see me completely, I knew he was grinning.

I continued with the scrubbing. Since we were having a cool random conversation I thought if I touched his balls by mistake he wouldn’t realize. So with all the guts I once again started scrubbing his inner thigh and slowly moved upwards. Since he was leaning on the wall with his head down I knew he couldn’t see me. So I bent down a little more to catch a clear glimpse of his hairy big balls and his dick. I tried to bend as much as I could but it was useless. I could only see his balls. Now, I couldn’t have gone right underneath his legs and stare at his man tools, could I? I continued moving upwards. Soon I was scrubbing his thigh and rights beside my hands were the low hangers. He again shifted his bodyweight and his balls touched my fingers. This was the first time I touched his balls!!! Fuck...if this goes on, I thought, I’ll be spewing my jizz right on my dads legs. I moved on to the right leg when my fingers brushed his balls. This made him tingle a bit.

“I guess that’s enough” he said. I quickly dropped the loofah and again turned around to hide my boner.

"I gotta piss..... You know what son? Let's have a piss competition. Let's see who can mark the highest point with their piss. Yeah?" my dad said and came forward to stand beside me. We were both facing the wall.

"Alright. On the count of three."

What the hell went into my dad today? We use to play such games when I was a kid. And after all these years he suddenly wants to play all of it again. I'd too love to play but the only problem was that all of this was fucking giving me a rock hard boner. How was I supposed to even face him? Earlier, his farts turned me on like hell and now he wants to stand right beside me with our naked wet bodies touching each other hold his monstrous dick his hand and PISS!!! This time he'll surely see what I have been trying to hide all this while. I couldn't even think of something and he was standing right beside me with his arms around my shoulders. I looked down at his thick meat he was holding in his hands. I was mesmerized. I knew he could have seen me staring his cock so hungrily but I just couldn't take my eyes off it. Soon a jet of piss shot from his hose. My jaws dropped. He was busy aiming his dick to a higher level so he could win. He was gonna win anyways because I couldn't begin pissing with my hard on. I simply stood there staring at his cock. All the while I could hear him laughing and bragging like some young PlayStation gamer.

"Ha ha! You lost mate! I couldn't even see your piss reaching anywhere near my mark." He bragged and looked at me. I know there was nothing I could do now. He had seen my boner. And I could see his expression change drastically. He removed his arm from my shoulder and stepped back. I couldn't face him now.

"Turn around." He said. It was more of a command and I could sense the seriousness his voice.

"Turn around Rick and face me." This time his voice was a lot louder.

"I see why I couldn't see your piss. You have a fuckin hard on that's why."

I just kept quite not even daring to look at him in the eye.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you" He yelled. That just scared the shit outta me. I looked at him. His face had turned red in anger.

"Are you gay?" he asked in a very stern voice.

"No." I replied softly.

"Then why the hell would you pop a boner when you are just showering with your dad?" He was yelling at the top of his voice. I actually thought he was gonna slap me.

“Answer me Rick.... “

“I ...err....I don’t know dad.” I replied; almost on the verge of crying.

“But I know why. And that’s because you are gay. I can’t believe it rick. How can you be turned on by me? I never thought you’d turn out to be like this. Jesus....” He turned his away. There was a brief moment of silence. I just stood there not knowing what to reply. He stepped out of the tub grabbed the towel from the counter and wrapped it around his waist.

“Come on get ready. I don’t want you to be late for school.” And he just walked out of the bathroom and banged the door.

I knew I had screwed up. And now there was nothing I could do about it. What was I thinking? How could I even think that my fantasies could come true? Now I had even lost my dad’s respect. I knew things will never be the same again.