



Daddy's Home!

gay incest erotica
by Natty
"Daddy"
Soltesz

Daddy's Home!

By Natty Soltesz

© 2018 by Natty Soltesz

<http://www.nattysoltesz.com>

All stories in this collection are fiction, and all characters in this fiction are eighteen years of age or older. All characters are invented and any use of real names is unintentional.

Cover collage © 2018 by Natty Soltesz; includes vector graphics by Omelapics (Freepik.com) and allonzoinc: <https://www.vecteezy.com/members/allonzoinc>.

Other books by Natty Soltesz that you will enjoy:

[My Sister's Boyfriend](#)

An Amazon Gay Erotica Bestseller by Natty Soltesz.

That long, hot summer after I graduated from college. The summer I wasted in my hometown, smoking pot and working a crappy job at the highway porn store. The summer I started sleeping with my sister's boyfriend Joey....

Nate Audley is affable, aimless, and prone to the charms of his would-be brother-in-law Joey, a seducer with sexuality to spare. They indulge in the fantasy of forbidden flesh, but Nate can't shake what's at stake: his relationship with his family. Sometimes come is thicker than blood in the first novel from peerless porn writer Natty Soltesz.

[College Dive Bar, 1 AM](#)

2016 Lambda Literary Award Finalist

Natty Soltesz, incomparable author of hot and porny gay erotic fiction, offers eighteen glimpses into the seedier side of college life. Frat boys, roomies, or just your average bro, this is Soltesz at his best, taking archetypal porn scenarios and enlivening them with humanism, humor, and damn fine writing.

[428 College St](#)

They were three regular college guys – best friends. But what started as some no-big-deal fooling around among buds turned into something more.

[Str8 but Curious](#)

Straight guys: those ever-sexy men who'll go for anything after a six pack of beer, as long as you don't tell anybody. Here are twenty one stories of straight guys who might not be entirely straight, from veteran erotic writer Natty Soltesz. From "What Happens in Vegas..." to "My Sister's Boyfriend Joey," these stories (some of which have appeared in editions of the *Best Gay Erotica* and *Best Gay Romance* anthologies) feature "straight-ish" guys of all flavors in highly erotic and occasionally romantic situations.

Table of Contents

Striking Out

Brothers with Benefits

No Greater Love

Striking Out

Steven sipped his drink and fumbled for something to say to the beautiful woman across from him.

"So do you...uh...come here often?" he said. He glanced at his son, Jeff, standing next to him, who winced at the hoary line. The woman - Eva was her name - just smiled and tossed back her black hair.

"Yeah," she said to Steven. She turned to Jeff. "I live just down the street, actually."

"Cool," Jeff said, and sucked on the straw in his screwdriver.

Strange to see Jeff having a drink at a bar, Steven thought. But then Jeff was underage - nineteen as of two months ago - and Steven had been sneaking him drinks all night. Stranger still, honestly, was hitting on a woman in a bar with your son right next to you.

Was that what was happening? How had they gotten here?

Dad wanted to take him on vacation - that's what Jeff heard from his mom last January. Dad missed him, wanted to spend time with him. Jeff wasn't thrilled at the prospect. The wounds from his parent's divorce, over a year ago, still smarted. His dad had acted like an asshole throughout. The night he'd showed up at their house at three AM, stone drunk and ranting...embarrassing. Jeff had been doing what was expected of him - weekend visits to his father's new apartment in the city, taking in Steven's apologies - but he still didn't relish the idea of a week of nothing but him and Dad in a seaside hotel.

And Jeff had sulked. They hadn't been getting along. But then Steven got the idea to take Jeff out for a drink or two, and Jeff had been amenable.

"Are you seeing anybody?" Steven asked his son once they'd each had a drink.

"No," Jeff said. He narrowed his eyes. "Are *you*?"

"No," Steven said, looking squarely at Jeff. Yeah, he'd cheated on the boy's mother. But so had she, more than once, and he was fairly certain Jeff knew that. Besides, he and his ex-wife had just *fought* all the time. It wasn't happy, it wasn't good. Steven wanted his life to be good, now. But Jeff seemed to be having a rough time, his first year of college. Steven supposed that's how it was for most kids - in a new place, trying to figure themselves out. So, a vacation. Yeah it was a little forced. But it was still a vacation.

"I only asked because neither of us seem to be able to keep from gawking at every girl in this place," Steven said. His son laughed. That was a welcome thing, to see Jeff loosen up a little.

Jeff was horny, it was true. He'd been thinking about his ex-girlfriend, the girl he'd dated throughout high school, who'd broken up with him right before they'd left for college. Coming right after the divorce, the breakup had hit him hard in the nuts and guts. He was still angry at her, but damn if he wasn't thinking a lot about her ass on this trip. The hottest little ass, and she'd loved taking his dick up it, and giving it to him for that matter via a strap-on. They'd had the hottest, wildest sex. And he'd assumed he'd find more girls like that in college, but he hadn't.

Then there was Vincent, his best friend, who lived in the same dorm. They'd met the first week of college and fell in together easily, but there'd always been something frustrating about the friendship, something Jeff couldn't put his finger on. Until the night they got drunk and wound up in bed together. Then it all made sense, but it hadn't been easy for Jeff. It fucked with his head. Was he gay? He still liked girls. He supposed he was bi but even that was hard to face.

"I haven't dated anybody since Maryelle," Jeff said. Steven nodded, but wondered if Jeff was being truthful. He suspected his son might be bi, like him. Either way, it was nice that they were talking.

"Maybe we should pick up a girl," Steven said. He noted the instant, sly smile that spread across his son's face.

"Go for it," Jeff said. A challenge.

And now Eva was looking to one of them then the other, maybe not understanding exactly what was in front of her but enjoying it nonetheless - a handsome, older, successful-looking man and a young college stud, both of them a little awkward but respectful. They could pass for just colleagues on a business trip, Steven thought, with Jeff's blond preppie style contrasting with his father's dark, good looks.

Jeff, watching his dad falter again for conversation, decided to step in.

"We're on vacation. Obviously," Jeff said. Eva laughed.

"Tourists," she said. "I never would've guessed." She looked right into Jeff's eyes, then Steven's. Yes, this woman would probably go home with them. But was that what Jeff wanted? Was that what his *dad* wanted? It seemed insane but something had been put into motion and here it was.

"I like tourists," she said. "They keep this town alive."

"Want another drink?" Steven said, and Jeff appreciated his dad's quick gesture.

"Sure," Eva said. She looked amused. "I have to use the restroom, though."

Dad and Son watched her go off. They looked at each other. They burst out laughing.

"What are we *doing*, Dad?" Jeff said.

"Just flirting," Steven said. He looked at Jeff's wide smile and, with a small ache, realized he hadn't seen it in a while.

"Are we really gonna bring her back? To whose room?" Jeff said. His heart was racing. This was crazy, but also fun.

"Maybe flip a coin?" Steven said. He was about to go to the bar to order another martini for Eva when he saw her emerge from the bathroom. She immediately spotted someone she knew - a man, somewhere between he and Jeff's age. They threw their arms around each other. She didn't as much as glance back at Steven or Jeff for the next hour.

"We struck out," Steven said as they walked out to catch their taxi.

"So it goes," Jeff said. Was he feeling relief? Disappointment? Confusion? Yes, all of those things.

"Want to have a nightcap?" Steven said once they got to the hotel. "I've got a mini bar."

"How come I don't?" Jeff said. Steven narrowed his eyes at his son. "Cheapskate," Jeff said, jabbing his father's midsection.

"Yeah, what a cheapskate, look at this place," Steven said as they entered the ostentatious lobby. "Too bad you hate your old man too much to have fun on this vacation." Jeff got quiet. They entered the empty elevator. The door closed.

"I don't hate you," Jeff said.

"I know," Steven said.

"It was just...hard, is all."

"I know," Steven said again. "I'm glad you're here." He wrapped his arm around Jeff's wide back, pulled him in. They were about the same height, now, and Jeff's physique was beginning to match the muscled bulk of his father's.

Jeff sat on the edge of the king-sized bed as Steven made them gin and tonics.

"It would definitely be weird to have sex in the same room as you," Jeff said. Steven paused for a moment; capped the gin. So his son hadn't dropped this awkward thread after all. Interesting.

"I'm not disagreeing," Steven said. He handed Jeff his drink and sat cross-legged on the bed, his back against the headboard. Jeff moved back to sit beside his dad.

"I wouldn't put it past you, though," Jeff said, nudging his dad's leg with his foot.

"What, you think your old man is a perv?" Steven said.

"Not a perv," Jeff said.

"I am bisexual," Steven said. Jeff wasn't shocked. He'd found a bisexual DVD in his dad's stuff way back when, so he'd always suspected.

"Me too," Jeff said.

"Really," Steven said. He took a gulp of his drink. "Guess it's in the genes." Jeff looked over at him, smiled. "Have you been with...guys?" Steven said.

"Yeah," Jeff said. "I mean, just one guy. I don't really talk about it. But it's cool."

"We've got more options than most," Steven said.

"That's how I always think about it!" Jeff said. It was a relief, Jeff thought, to talk about this with somebody, even if it was his dad. "I really do still like girls. But people would probably just think I was gay."

"It's bullshit," Steven said. "I still like girls too. Obviously."

"So you didn't cheat on Mom with any guys?"

"Well..."

"Never mind," Jeff said.

"You know your mom was cheating on me too, right?" Steven said.

"Yeah," Jeff said. He drank his drink. Steven finished his. "It still would've been weird."

"To have sex with the same woman?"

"Yeah," Jeff said.

"Maybe kind of fun, too," Steven said.

Jeff looked at the ceiling; smiled as he shook his head. "Maybe," Jeff said.

"You know I used to jerk off with my brother," Steven said. *That drink went to my head*, he thought.

"Uncle Bill?!" Jeff said.

Steven laughed. "We were kids. Well, teenagers. We still laugh about it."

Jeff got off the bed, walked to the minibar. "Just when you were teenagers?" Jeff said. He grabbed two mini bottles of gin and walked back to the bed.

"Well, one other time," Steven said, and held out his glass. Jeff took it with a smile; poured more gin in it, too.

"When?" Jeff said.

"About a year ago. When Bill was going through *his* divorce," he said, taking the glass back from his son.

"That's insane," Jeff said, settling back on the bed next to his dad. He was surprised to find that the thought of his dad and uncle jacking off together didn't bother him that much. In fact it seemed kind of cute, and maybe even hot. "Too bad you and mom never gave me a brother to jack off with," he said.

Steven sipped the gin. The silence hung heavily. Someone laughed as they walked down the hall past their door. The air conditioner kicked on.

"Do you want to jack off with me?" Steven said.

"Dad!" Jeff said. His face went red.

"We were talking about having sex with the same girl. How different would it be?" Steven said.

"It's different," Jeff said. Paused. "How would we?"

Steven shrugged. "Dim the lights. Order a porno." Jeff put his glass to his lips, threw it back, and finished the whole thing. "Could be fun," Steven said. "We wouldn't have to tell anybody."

Jeff let out his breath. He was turned on. That was just the fact of it. "Okay," Jeff said, looking at his dad, whose face spread into a smile, his eyes sly. Jeff smiled too.

They picked the third movie they looked at: *Brazilian Butt Bangers* - a straight movie, an anal movie. There were gay choices, even bisexual ones, but that would have been too much. Steven hit the "order" button and Jeff turned off the lights. The dim flicker of the television screen was the only illumination as Jeff took his seat back on the bed.

The movie started. Inane dialogue and then a well-hung, brown-skinned beauty of a man, tonguing a gorgeous woman's big butt.

They sat watching it, not daring to move.

"I'm sorry, I just don't know if I'm ready to jerk off with my father," Jeff said. Steven laughed.

"I understand," Steven said.

"Even though you suggested it," Jeff said. Steven shrugged. Jeff turned back to the screen. "This is a pretty good porno, though," he said, and slid his hand down the front of his shorts.

"Yeah," Steven said. He didn't know if he was ready to jerk off with his son, either. But even thinking those words - *jerk off with my son* - sent a thrill through his body. It wasn't anything he'd fantasized about before. He saw his son as sexy - as *sexual*, at least - but hadn't had any plans to seduce him. But they were really going to do it. They both wanted to. And the taboo of it was a big part of what was turning him on.

He did Jeff one better and started taking off his jeans. Jeff followed suit. They kept their shirts on but stripped to their underwear, tossing shorts and pants off the side of the bed. Watching the movie, they casually felt up the bulges in their underwear. Jeff wore boxer-briefs with hot dogs on them. He had a sizeable bulge that was already half hard.

Jeff tried to look at his Dad's crotch without *really* looking at it. His dad had nice legs - a nice body in general; he worked out four days a week. His legs were wide, strong and hairy, and they led up to a crotch bulge that, while soft, filled out his black briefs.

Steven felt his son's eyes on his crotch. He cupped it in his hand, felt the cotton-clad tube of his lengthening shaft. They looked at each other and smiled.

"Can I see?" Steven said, glancing at now-stiff rod in Jeff's underwear.

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours," Jeff said. Steven chuckled. They pulled down their underwear at the same time.

Jeff remembered seeing his dad's cock once, on a different beach vacation when he was little and they'd been in an outdoor shower. He remembered it being big, and seeing it hard, now, seemed to corroborate that memory. It was thick, well-proportioned. It looked a lot like his.

Steven thought so, too. Except Jeff's cock seemed to have a level of hardness that only youth could impart - like it was busting at the seams.

"Nice," Steven said.

"Yeah," Jeff said. Steven took his underwear off all the way and Jeff did the same. They repeated this with their shirts.

"Might as well," Steven said. Jeff wasn't so sure - maybe it was stupid, but it felt like jerking off with your dad was one thing, and getting naked and jerking off with him was another. But it probably didn't matter.

So they settled back in, now naked, and began to stroke as the voluptuous girl got her asshole stretched wide by the beautiful man's thick cock.

They looked at each other openly, now. Steven took a closer glance at his son's prick - held upright and backlit by the TV.

"I think you might be bigger than me," Steven said. Jeff looked over.

"You think?"

"Bring it over here," Steven said. Jeff shifted over as Steven rolled onto his side. They tried to bring their cocks next to each other. "Wait, get up," Steven said. They got on their knees, faced each other. Jeff held out his cock and Steven put his next to it.

"Maybe," Jeff said.

"Don't give me a complex," Steven said. They turned their heads to the movie then back towards each other.

"Yours is nice, though," Jeff said.

"I know," Steven said with a smirk. "It made you, after all." This shocked Jeff, a little. He hadn't thought of it like that.

"You can..." Steven said, and faltered. Jeff smiled. It was just like with Eva, he thought. Right when things got interesting his dad would choke. *Kind of cute*, he thought. *It's "my dad."*

"What? Touch your cock?" Jeff said. That word - cock - gave a jolt of electricity to things.

"Yeah," Steven said, his voice gravel-soft. Jeff looked at his dad. Looked at his dad's cock. He reached down and let the hot organ rest in his palm. Steven slowly exhaled. Jeff hefted it. Squeezed it. His dad inhaled. He squeezed it again. His dad closed his eyes; involuntarily licked his lips.

It was a bit too much and Jeff took his hand away. Laughed awkwardly.

"Geez, Dad, we're really getting into this father-son bonding thing," Jeff said. Steven laughed.

"Maybe we should just watch the movie for a little while," Steven said, and their fat boners waved around as they sat back.

They'd only been stroking for a minute when Steven remembered something and got up to dig in his bag. Jeff glanced at his dad's butt which was firm, round, with dark hair that started from a patch on his lower back and fanned over his cheeks.

Steven, eyes shining, held out a bottle of lube. He lay down, pumped some in his hand.

"Can I get some of that?" Jeff said. Steven held the bottle over his son's boner and pumped three squirts of lube onto it.

"Want to touch mine?" Jeff said, before Steven had finished with the lube. He let the bottle drop in between their bodies and reached for his son's cock. Took it in his hand, spread the lube over it. It was like granite - such hardness and energy. He squeezed it tight and stroked. Jeff's whole body quivered and goose bumps appeared on his smooth, muscled body. Steven stroked firmly, up to the head then down to his balls and back again.

Jeff grabbed two handfuls of the comforter. He couldn't believe how close he was.

Steven sensed this and paused his stroking. He felt his son's balls, let his fingers roam underneath them. Jeff's cock pulsed.

They went back to attending to themselves, and watching the movie, which was approaching the cum shot. The woman's asshole was so pink, so tightly wrapped around that golden rod of a cock.

"Have you done many chicks in the ass, Dad?" Jeff said.

"Not too many. More with guys."

"How many guys have you been with?"

"Maybe seven?" Steven said.

"Including Uncle Bill?"

"Haha. No, not including him," Steven said. The man on the movie pulled out, shot a streaming load across the woman's curved back. "How many guys have you been with?"

"Two," Jeff said. "Not including you." They laughed. The moaning from the porno was shrill. Steven picked up the remote and lowered the sound.

"There is something about anal sex, though," Jeff said. He put arms up, rested his head on them.

"Yeah," Steven said. "Maybe the taboo of it."

"Yeah," Jeff said. "Like this." They looked at each other for a moment and, without saying anything, reached for each other's cocks, scootching closer to get a better grip. They got more into it with this round, working each other up with increasing aptitude. Chests began to heave and nuts began to sweat. They started fondling their own nuts and Steven couldn't help but notice that his son's fingers would invariably begin to drift lower.

Steven got close and gently stopped Jeff's hand. Jeff got the message and they moved their hands away from each other, took a breath.

"New scene," Jeff said. Now there were two men and one woman. None of them were as attractive as the first couple.

"Do you ever finger your asshole when you jack off?" Steven asked. Jeff shrugged. The truth was that Jeff fingered his asshole almost every time he jacked off, lately. But that seemed like too much to admit.

"Do you?" Jeff said.

"Yeah," Steven said. He laughed to himself. Jeff looked at him. "I actually...I brought a dildo."

"You're kidding me," Jeff said. Steven smiled, shrugged. "Let me see it," Jeff said. Steven paused, let go of his cock, stood. He pulled it out from the bottom of his bag - eight inches of black silicone.

"It's huge," Jeff said.

"It's not *that* big," Steven said. He held it out. Jeff reached for it.

"Did you clean it?" Jeff said.

"Obviously." Jeff took it, sniffed it and winced comically. He let it waver and bob a little then handed it back to his dad.

"What's that?" Jeff said, noticing the little bottle in his dad's hand.

"Poppers," Steven said, settling back on the bed. "You sniff them. For sex - they make it easier to take this guy on," he said, waving the dildo.

"Weird," Jeff said, taking the bottle from his dad. He opened it, took a quick sniff.

"You probably shouldn't be using those," Steven said, taking the bottle back from him.

"*You* use them," Jeff said.

"Yeah, but...well, I don't know," Steven said. He capped the bottle and set it aside. They settled in again, the dildo resting on the bed between them, as charged with potential as a loaded gun. Jacking each other off again, they started fondling each other's nuts, their fingers creeping decidedly lower this time. Finally Steven took his hand back from his son's cock and pressed his fingers to his asshole. He let out his breath.

Jeff watched him. It was too much. He couldn't believe they were doing this together but he was so turned on. So he did it, too - pushed his fingertips against his hot, sweat-moistened asshole. He worked his index finger inside, burrowing it in those soft wrinkles.

"Fuck," Steven said, watching his son finger himself. Steven got his finger wet in his mouth. His cock was an arched arrow, ready to fly. He pushed his wet finger past the first ring. Jeff watched his dad's fat finger disappear inside, centimeter by centimeter.

Jeff suddenly wanted to feel his dad's body. He ran his hand over his dad's hot, hairy chest, down the furrowed hair on his stomach. Jacked his dad's cock while Steven worked another finger inside himself. Then he reached for the dildo.

"Can I try it?" Jeff said. Steven nodded. Jeff pumped lube on the dildo, positioned it on the bed and mounted it. He sat on it, his face slack as he bore down. Steven watched - the kid's cock hard and pulsing as the dildo sunk into his firm, hairless ass. Jeff's face scrunched up; he took in air through his teeth. "Fuck!" he said, and came off it, wincing but smiling. "It always hurts so bad at first."

"Yeah," Steven said. He tossed Jeff the poppers. "Try them."

Jeff took the bottle. "You just sniff them?" he said.

"Yeah. Once in each nostril," Steven said. Jeff uncapped it, took two deep whiffs. Capped it. Sat back down on the dildo, slowly at first. Steven watched the poppers take effect - Jeff's upper body got red and flushed. Jeff took more and more until the dildo was completely buried in him.

"Fuck," Jeff said. He rose up, went back down. "Fuck this feels good," he said as he fucked himself. His cock was so hard. He didn't dare touch it - the poppers were rushing through him, he felt like he could cum just from the dildo. "Goddamn," Jeff said. He was looking at his dad's cock. *It would be so easy just to...*

Jeff came off the dildo. Flung himself back on the bed, breathing hard. "Damn. Those things are intense," he said, indicating the bottle of poppers.

"They can be," Steven said. He reached for the dildo. "My turn," he said. Jeff watched his dad bring his knees to his chest. The poppers were making his heart pound in his head but they were wearing off a little. Steven put more lube on the thing. Jeff could see the dome of his dad's undercarriage which looked swelled and hairy. He couldn't see his dad's asshole but he could smell it, maybe - not a dirty smell, they'd both showered before going out, but a musky one.

Steven's breath sharpened as he slowly drove the dildo inside him. When he'd slid it to the base he took a deep breath.

"Nice," Jeff said, intending to make a joke about his dad took it more easily than him but humor wasn't coming easily. He was watching his dad fuck himself with a dildo. He'd never imagined...

"Fuck," Steven said. He reached for the poppers; the dildo stayed inside him when he took his hand off it. He sniffed them. Slid the dildo out, then back in. "Fuuuck," he said. Jeff watched his father's thick hand roam over his body, pinch his nipples.

Jeff rose. He took hold of his dad's cock and began to stroke it. "Oh fuck yes," Steven said, looking into his son's eyes as he fucked himself with the dildo. "This thing feels fucking good in me," he said. Poppers always made him talk dirty. Jeff's cock was right there - he reached for it, gave it a couple strokes. Jeff pushed his hand away.

"Too close," Jeff said. He laid back. Steven worked his ass with the dildo, sometimes in time with the porno.

"Lemme try it again," Jeff said. Steven pushed it in him once more, like he couldn't help himself. Then he slid it out and handed it to Jeff, who put more lube on his hole and raised his legs like his dad had. It slid in more easily this time, only getting intense when he pushed in the last thick inch of it. "Damn," he said. His dad watched him with an arm behind his head, exposing his armpit hair and rounded bicep, whacking off with his other hand.

"Feel good?" Steven said.

"Yeah," Jeff said breathlessly. He pumped it deep. His unattended cock pulsed. He looked at his father. "I can't believe we're doing this," he said. Steven laughed.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to do," Steven said.

"Like what?" Jeff said. He shoved the dildo in himself, moaned. Steven looked in his son's eyes. Did he need to say it? Did either of them?

Steven stroked his son while Jeff fucked himself. "Fuck that feels good, Dad," Jeff said. Then Steven took hold of the dildo - fucked his son's ass while he stroked his cock. "Oh my god," Jeff said. "That's gonna make me cum."

"You want to cum?" Steven said. Another pump, another stroke. Jeff pushed his dad's hand off his cock. There was his answer. Steven lay back.

Jeff took the dildo out of his ass and went over to his father. Steven raised his legs. There was his dad's asshole - hairy, pink, open. Jeff lined up the dildo. His cock was so hard. Again the thought: how easy it would be just to...

"You really can't tell your mother about this," Steven said. Breaking the tension.

"Don't worry," Jeff said, chuckling. He sunk the dildo in his dad's ass. Jerked him at the same time just like his dad had done with him. "Do *you* want to cum?" Jeff said. Steven didn't answer. He reached for his son's cock - he had to sit up a little to get at it. Jeff moved so his dad could get a better grip. Then it seemed like his dad shifted more so that Jeff's hard cock was right next to where the dildo was sliding inside him. Jeff took the dildo out. Steven was pulling his son closer to him with each stroke, until the tip of Jeff's cock made contact with his dad's open hole.

"I don't know, Dad," Jeff said. The spell broken, they backed away from each other. Got beside each other, left space between.

"It's okay," Steven said. "I don't know either." They stroked, watching two girls get fucked in the ass, one after the other. Neither seemed that into it.

"Don't know if you're ready to get fucked by your son?" Jeff said.

"Right," Steven said.

"Did you ever do *that* with Uncle Bill?"

"No," Steven said. A pause. Their cocks, so hard. "I might with you, though." Jeff held his cock at the base. It was pulsing.

"Okay," Jeff said, looking into his father's eyes. The porno flickered as Steven rose to his knees, took the bottle of poppers. Uncapped it, took a deep whiff in each nostril. He held it to Jeff, who repeated his father's actions.

Jeff felt his head swirl as his dad moved over him. Straddled him, held his cock up, lined it with his ass. It was so easy. He just sat down and, in one exquisite instant, lowered himself until the head of Jeff's cock slid inside. Then kept going, down down down until all of it was enveloped by that tight, warm sheath.

"Fuck," Jeff said.

"Oh my god," Steven said. He rearranged his legs; it made Jeff's cock go deeper. Sitting fully on his son's cock, Steven squeezed it with his sphincter. Jeff gasped. Steven felt his son's cock pulse inside him. He imagined precum oozing out of Jeff's cock and glazing his insides.

He was taking his only son's cock in his ass - raw, at that. It wasn't anything he'd ever imagined before but here it was, and it was so hot. He reared up, slid it out to the tip, slowly bore back down. Rode it a few times like that. Jeff's eyes were rolled back in his head but he wasn't breaking eye contact. They were right there with each other, close like lovers. Closer, maybe.

"You're not close, are you?" Steven said.

"No," Jeff said.

"Good, I want to make this last if I can," Steven said, but his own cock was achingly hard and ready to shoot. He got on his feet - crouched over his son. Rode that dick, faster and faster. Felt every fat inch of his son's young cock filling him up.

"Fuck me, Jeff," Steven said.

"Fuck yeah, Dad," Jeff said. He took hold of his dad's hips. Thrust up. Steven held still while Jeff fucked him. His cock would jump in the air each time Jeff's hips slammed into him. "I'm fucking you, Dad."

"Yeah you are," Steven said. Looked into Jeff's eyes. The poppers were fading. Steven rested his weight on his son's hips, Jeff's cock like an anchor inside him. They caught their breath. The moment faded into something like awkwardness.

Steven lifted himself off his son's cock and laid back. His head was throbbing.

"Wow. That just happened," Jeff said.

"Yeah," Steven said. Jeff leaned into him and felt his dad's hard, hairy body. God it was a horny thing, having sex with your own father. He took hold of Steven's cock, stroked it. Put some lube on it. Straddled it. Steven held his breath as Jeff sank down on it, all the way in one motion until he could feel Jeff's muscled butt pressing into his hips and groin. He reached out to feel Jeff's hard cock, the cock that had just been inside him.

"Fuck," Jeff said, opening his eyes. He looked at his dad, then past him, to the poppers on the comforter. Reached for them. Uncapped, inhaled - deeper sniffs this time. Steven took it from him, did the same.

They were pulsing - Steven's cock inside his son, Jeff's hole around his dad's cock. Jeff let it feel good. *Goddamn* if it didn't feel good. He rose up, sank back down.

"Ride it, son," Steven said. Jeff did. Rode his dad's dick without thought, controlled by lust.

"Your cock feels so good in me, Dad," Jeff said. He fell forward, bracing himself on the bed and holding steady while his dad began to thrust up into him - nice, slow thrusts so they could both feel every second and inch of it.

"I can't believe I'm having sex with my son," Steven said, looking right into Jeff's eyes.

"It's so fucking good," Jeff said. Their lips got closer. "Fucking incestuous sex with my dad," Jeff said.

"Fucking *incest*," Steven said, and their lips met, conjoined into a deep kiss. Steven's tongue found his son's and they made out as they fucked in earnest, both of them knowing that this was the moment.

"Fuck I'm gonna cum in you," Steven said.

"Fucking cum in me Dad," Jeff said, his poppers-addled mind fully aware of the extreme taboo of it all - about to be filled with the seed that had made him, a full-circle fuck, the ultimate perversion. His dad was banging his ass from below, thrusting hard now, driving it in so that it slammed and slapped, skin against skin, their moans getting louder, kissing getting wetter and sloppier.

Jeff felt it well up and then it was just there, he was cumming into the air, cumming without touching himself, his cock spraying like a sprinkler and landing all over his dad's chest hair.

"Fuck yeah!" Steven said, watching it erupt. A moment later his nuts tightened and his cock got diamond-hard - a single pulse and then a copious jet of jizz that shot right into his son's ass. He grabbed Jeff's hips, held him still, held his cock deep. Pumped and pumped what felt like a gallon of cum into his boy's butt. "I'm cumming too," he said.

"Fucking breed me, Dad."

"I'm doing it, Jeffy," Steven said. "Fucking cumming in you."

Jeffy, Jeff thought later. *He hasn't called me that since I was a kid.*

Brothers with Benefits

Connor rested back on his elbows and watched his older brother Brad unpack clothes. It was Christmas break; he'd made it through his first semester of college.

"Been going better for you?" Brad said as he folded a shirt.

"Yeah," Connor said. "I've got some friends now. I didn't think I had any at first."

"Yeah, you said that over Thanksgiving," Brad said.

"It's like it took me a while to realize it. They're not friends like my friends here. Yet," Connor said as Brad nodded in recognition.

"What's weird is, now my friends here feel less like my friends than my friends at college do," Brad said. Connor smiled. It was ridiculous how much he was enjoying watching Brad go about his mundane task. *I feel more relaxed than I have in months*, he thought, and felt the urge to grab his brother and pull him in for a hug.

"The hardest thing for me, now, is girls," Brad continued. He took put a stack of folded t-shirts into his dresser. "I've had two of them since I got to college..."

"Two?" Connor said.

"Yeah," Brad said, and a sly look crept up on his handsome face. He'd grown a beard and Connor thought it looked pretty great on him. "I didn't tell you about Lindsey cause it only lasted, like, a week."

"And you're still with Rachel, right?" Connor said.

"Right," Brad said. "But she's, like, auditioning for a husband. Lindsey was the same way. I have to keep both of them at a distance. We don't even fuck that much."

"That sucks," Connor said.

"You dating anyone?" Brad said.

"Sort of," Connor said. "That girl Lisa I was telling you about. The political science major."

"Right," Brad said. He'd unpacked everything and now reached into his underwear drawer and pulled out a fresh pair. Then he unceremoniously yanked down his shorts. He wasn't wearing underwear, and as he pulled on the fresh pair Connor noted his brother's limp, substantial cock; the neatly-trimmed thatch of pubes above it. They'd never had any problem with nudity around each other.

"You're still seeing her?" Brad said, looking at Connor as he tucked his junk into the pouch of his blue-striped briefs.

"On and off," Connor said, twisting up the corner of his mouth. "We mostly just fuck. Which is nice, you know, to have a fuck buddy," he said, laughing.

"Right," Brad said. "That's pretty much what Rachel is at this point, though she would hate that I call her that." He sat next to his brother on the bed and proceeded to sort socks. "The sex is pretty good, though. Even though we always use a condom."

"Lisa makes me use one, too," Connor said.

"I fucking hate it," Brad said, shaking his head at his brother. "Though, I mean, it's probably smart."

"Yeah it's smart," Connor said, lying back on the bed. He found a blue racquetball next to his head and began tossing it into the air, catching it, and tossing it again. "It's smart but it's not that hot."

"Honestly, I've never raw dogged a girl," Brad said.

"No shit?" Connor said. Brad shrugged. "Wow. I used to with Chantal," Connor said. "But we were exclusive. And she was on the pill." In a way, he was tickled that he'd done something with a girl that his older brother hadn't.

Brad stood up. His arms were full of socks. "I just miss it sometimes," he said as he turned to dump the socks into an empty dresser drawer.

Awkward silence followed. *Miss it*. Connor knew what he was talking about: if Brad had never had condomless sex with a girl, there was only one thing he *could* be talking about. But they hadn't talked about that - not in years, anyway.

Connor considered how to respond. It was probably best to change the subject. He could suggest they go downstairs and see if Dad needed any help fixing the luggage shell which had busted when they were unpacking Connor's stuff. But then he found himself saying it.

"What do you mean, miss it?" Connor said. He tossed the ball in the air; caught it.

Brad shrugged, grabbed his laundry bag off the bed and tossed it in the corner. "The only time I've fucked without a condom is when we used to do it," he said. Finally he gave Connor an innocent look. "I know we didn't call it fucking but that was what it was," Brad said.

"Cornhole city," Connor said, and laughed awkwardly. Brad laughed too. The whole thing was awkward. Yeah, they were blood-related brothers. Yeah, they were both straight. And yeah, they'd spend a solid summer cornholing each other at every opportunity, at the height of their puberty when Brad was twelve and Connor eleven. It had been a positive experience for

both of them, really, and when it tapered off it had happened naturally, with almost no weird feelings. It became a memory that neither of them talked about.

"I've never told anybody about that," Connor said.

"Duh," Brad said. "What are you gonna say, 'Oh by the way I used to let my brother fuck me in the ass.'"

"And fuck my brother in the ass," Connor said, and they both cracked up: nervous laughter, but laughter nonetheless.

"We were horny little fuckers, weren't we?" Brad said.

"For sure," Connor said. He tossed the ball again. "And you miss it?"

Brad scoffed. "I just mean I miss sex without a rubber. It felt so good to fuck without, like, an inch of latex between my cock and a hole." He was putting away his pants, now. Was his crotch a bit swollen? Connor thought it might be. Truth be told his was swelling too.

"That makes sense," Connor said. As awkward as the conversation was, he was aware of how relieved he felt to be talking openly with his brother about something that had, at times, felt like his most shameful secret. "Remember Neil?" Connor said.

"Sure," Brad said. Neil was the one who'd taught them. Back then they'd been friends with a whole group of neighborhood boys, and *all* of them had been doing it, which normalized it. "I know we all did it with each other. But we probably did it the most with each other," Brad said. Connor remembered. He supposed that had as much to do with proximity as anything. They would wait till their parents kissed them goodnight. They'd alternate who went first, but pretty much kept to a script: in bed, on their sides, lubing up and sliding in and dumping their cum into each other - which was nice cause then you didn't have to clean it up like when you jacked off.

"It didn't even seem like sex," Connor said.

"I know," Brad said. "It still doesn't, in some ways. I mean, I notice when guys are hot and stuff, but I've never really felt attracted to them. And I can say the same for you, obviously."

"You don't think I'm hot?" Connor said, raising his shirt to show off his abs.

"Pff. You know you're hot, dick," Brad said as he rolled up an errant t-shirt and lobbed it at his brother. Connor, laughing, dodged it.

One phrase kept swimming through Connor's head as he went about his night, helping Mom with dinner, bantering around the kitchen table, playing a game of Monopoly that went on into the night: *I just miss it sometimes.*

Connor considered it as he lay in bed, staring at the sloped ceiling of his attic bedroom. / *just miss it sometimes*. That was what Brad had said, and the more Connor thought about it the more definitive it seemed.

Connor was naked. His cock was hard. He couldn't sleep, and figured there was no harm in heading to Brad's room. Maybe Brad couldn't sleep either. He put on a pair of briefs and crept down the attic stairs. Brad's door was cracked and Connor peeked inside.

"Brad? You up?"

"Yeah," Brad immediately said. Connor came into the room. Brad was covered in blankets but he wasn't wearing a shirt and Connor figured he was naked. They'd both been sleeping naked for years.

Brad sat up as Connor approached. "Can't sleep," Connor said.

"Yeah me neither," Brad said. "Get in with me." Connor smiled. They'd occasionally shared a bed since their younger days, so it wasn't too unusual. Connor made a quick decision and stripped off his briefs before he got in. Brad tossed the covers back and shifted to give his younger brother room.

The brothers settled in.

"Why can't you sleep?" Connor said. Brad let out his breath.

"I don't know," he said. "I guess I'm horny. Or something."

"Did you jack off?" Connor said.

"Nah," Brad said. "So why can't *you* sleep?"

"I'm horny too," Connor said.

"Did *you* jack off?"

"No," Connor said. He listened to the tick of the ceiling fan, turning slowly overhead. Brad always kept it on; the sound helped him relax. "I'm hard right now," he said.

Brad seemed to hesitate. But then he shucked off the covers, first exposing his nude body, then his brother's. Two hard, trimmed cocks throbbed on two smooth, washboard stomachs.

"Damn," Connor said, looking at his brother's erection. "I feel like you got bigger since I last saw you."

"Right back at you," Brad said. "Imagine taking that in your ass now."

"I have been," Connor said.

"You want to?" Brad said.

"I keep thinking about how you said you missed it. Fucking without a condom," Connor said.

"Definitely," Brad said. He reached down and began to tweak the head of his dick.
"Cumming right inside."

"It's the best," Connor said, following his brother's lead and running his fingertips along his shaft and balls.

"I've got lube," Brad said.

"What for?" Connor said, chuckling.

"Makes jacking off more fun," Brad said.

"I guess that's better than that nasty thing of Vaseline we used to keep under the bed."
They smiled at each other while they played with their very hard, leaking cocks.

"Go shut the door," Brad said. Connor stood. His heart was racing. His cock bobbed as he walked to the door and shut it quietly. This was the room they'd done it in, back in the day, and there was a surreal feeling of nostalgia to the fact of it, being turned on with his brother, the anticipation of what they were about to do.

Brad had his lube in his hand and was setting it on the bed as Connor got back in.

"Are we really gonna do this?" Connor said.

"I want to," Brad said.

"Me too," Connor said. "It just seems a little crazy."

"It's like when we were kids," Brad said reassuringly. "It's not a big deal." They were stroking their cocks and when they caught each other's eyes their anxious looks turned to wide-screen grins.

"Who's gonna go first?"

"We used to do rock paper scissors," Brad said, and Connor laughed. He'd almost forgotten that.

"Okay," Connor said. They held out their hands and Brad led the chant: "One, two..."
They pumped their fists on each count, muscular shoulders flexing against one another.
"...three." Brad: rock. Connor: paper.

"Best out of three?" Brad said. Connor laughed. They'd always done that: whoever lost the first time suggested best out of three. It wasn't even that it all that bad, to be the first one who got fucked. In fact it was preferable in some ways because you hadn't cum yet. But getting used to that first invasion - that was the part you wanted to put off.

Connor counted it off this time: "One...two...three." Brad did rock again, but Connor did scissors this time. "Yes!" Brad said.

"Dammit," Connor said. In some ways this was the best part: the anticipation. Both of them were butt naked and ragingly hard.

"Here we go," Connor said. One, two, three. Connor, thinking Brad would pull rock a third time, went with paper. But Brad pulled out scissors, and then Connor knew he was getting fucked first.

"Sweet," Brad said. They put their arms down and Brad reached for the lube. "Guess you're going first little brother."

"Guess so," Connor said. Brad squirted lube into his palm and slicked it onto his dick. "Like we used to?"

"Yeah," Brad said. "On our sides. That cool?"

"Yeah," Connor said. He rolled over. He heard Brad snap the cap of the lube shut then felt his brother's hand on his ass. It took just a moment for Brad to find his asshole with his lubed-up fingers. Brad slathered lube onto his brother's hole, pressing just slightly inside with the tips of his two fingers. Connor took a deep breath. "Man, I'm kinda freaked it's gonna hurt."

"It always does at first," Brad said. He pushed his fingers in more deeply until they disappeared to the first knuckle.

"I feel like our dicks are bigger than they used to be," Connor said.

"Yeah but our holes should be bigger too," Brad said with a laugh. He shifted, positioning himself behind his brother, lining up his cock with Brad's hole. "I'll go slow, don't worry." There was a lusty edge to his voice. Brad had a dominant, alpha side that maybe came with being the oldest, and in that moment Connor decided to let it turn him on. He felt his brother's cock poking at his ass and he reared back to meet it. Brad got it lined up and Connor felt it poking at his hole. Brad held his shoulder as he inched it in. Then: *pop*. Connor sucked in his breath. Brad held himself there. Slowly, he began to push his cock into his brother. Connor remembered to breathe - you had to, breathe and push out. And once he remembered that it came easily - inch after inch slid into him. Brad felt his brother opening up and took advantage of it. Next thing Connor knew, his brother's pubes were pressed against his ass.

"Damn," Connor said.

"Hell yeah," Brad said with a chest-deep chuckle. "Goddamn that's good." Connor felt full. He clenched his ass. "Fuck!" Brad said when he felt his brother's ass tighten around his prick. Connor felt Brad's cock pulse back. Brad pulled out, slow and steady. Then he pressed it back in until he was nuts-deep. "Fuuuuck," Brad said. "That feel okay?"

"Feels so good," Connor said, and it really did. He didn't remember it feeling this good, honestly. His own cock was still hard and throbbing. "Enjoy that ass, man."

"Fuck yeah. Fuckin you raw," Brad said into his ear.

"Yeah you are. Goddamn, fuck me."

"Oh man," Brad said. This dirty talk was new to them. As kids they'd chatted while they were doing it, sometimes, communicating over what felt good and what didn't. But this was different; they were encouraging each other, using words to ramp up their pleasure.

Brad was pumping steadily, now, with an athletic confidence that Connor associated with the way Brad played hockey - an inexorable push to get the puck into the net. Then, he slowed.

"You close?" Connor said. He reached down to stroke his cock, which had leaked a puddle of precum on the fitted sheet.

"Yeah," Brad said. "Don't wanna cum yet though."

"Let's switch then," Connor said. It was an idea he got in the moment. As kids they'd been functional about it. They took their turns, first one got his load, then the other; not a lot of fanfare.

"Okay," Brad said, sounding unsure. Connor winced as his brother extracted himself from his ass. They rolled over at the same time, a coordinated motion that Connor remembered doing when they were kids. Brad grabbed the lube and applied some to his asshole, then handed it to Connor who lubed up his hard cock. Brad arched his back; he really had the nicer ass between the two of them, all thick and athletic. It wasn't weird, Connor decided as he felt for Brad's asshole and lined up his cock with it, to think that it was a sexy sight - Brad's muscular back, a V-shape tapering to a small waist, arched back and ass like a halved watermelon that he was about to slide into. Who wouldn't want to fuck that?

Connor felt his brother's hole kissing the head of his cock. He grabbed Brad's meaty shoulder, and as he pushed his cock inside, Brad pushed his ass back to meet him. Connor had meant to go slow but Brad just kept going and so he did too. In that one motion Brad took all of him with a groan. Connor moaned too.

"Goddamn," Connor said, and thought: *It's just like it used to be.* He held his cock still, waiting to see if Brad was ready for the fuck.

"Damn you're big," Brad said breathlessly. Connor let his dick pulse. He felt Brad pulse his ass back. "Feels alright though," Brad said. "You can fuck me."

"Yeah?" Connor said, starting to pump, a slow stroke out then back in all the way.

"Yeah, man. Fuck my ass," Brad said.

"Goddamn I love when you talk like that," Connor said. He was so turned on. Was it the familiarity of it? The fact that it was his brother? The lack of condoms? Both of those things added an extra layer of taboo onto something already laden with it. But he was also turned on by the familiarity of it, how easily Brad had taken his cock, the way his brother's body felt and smelled. He went in as deep as he could and rested his thigh on top of his brother's leg. Their

toes found each other and they twiddled them together. Connor looked at the back of his brother's neck. Brad's skin was just a shade darker than his - an inheritance from their father, most likely, while Connor had their mother's fair skin. There was soft hair there, and Connor found himself wanting to kiss it. Then Brad flexed his asshole around Connor's cock.

"Fuck me, bro," Brad said, backing his ass impatiently into Connor. So Connor *did* go for Brad's neck, except instead of kissing it he sucked on it, hard. It was just for a moment but it made Brad gasp. Connor pumped his cock steadily.

"You like it, don't you?" Connor said.

"I fucking do," Brad said. Brad was stroking his cock, Connor noticed, which was rock-hard and gleaming in the moonlight. "It feels fucking great. I know you like it, too."

"I fuckin do, dude," Connor heard himself saying. His head was in a weird, swimmy place. *I'm overcome*, he thought. This was a better fuck than many of the ones he'd had with girls over the past year. It felt like total abandon. "I like getting fucked in the ass as much as you do," Connor said.

"Fuck me in the ass, man," Brad said. Connor was going faster, now. The feel of Brad's tightly-gripping asshole around his cock was exquisite. "Get me fuckin pregnant," Brad said.

"Fuck!" Connor said, legitimately shocked by what his brother had said. Shocked but turned on, too. He moved his hand from Brad's shoulder down his muscled chest to his fuzzy stomach. He felt it. Imagined his cum going inside Brad. "Yeah, bro? Want me to fucking cum in you?"

"Fill me with that load, dude," Brad said. Connor moved his hand up to Brad's chest. Brad took it in his hand and cradled it closely.

"I'm so close," Connor said. He was pumping his dick into his brother with even strokes, wanting it to last but overtaken by the moment. "Fuck it, I'm gonna cum in you."

"Cum in me, bro," Brad said. "Shoot that load so fuckin deep in me. Fuckin knock me up, bro!"

Brad's words were sending Connor over the edge. He tightened his arm around his brother's chest, feeling the wiry hair on Brad's pecs as he pounded his cock deep then let his load spill out. He held it deep: one, two, three mighty shots that went as deep as they could.

Brad felt Connor's cock pulse as he unloaded into him. At the same time cum began shooting out of his cock. Brad let it land wherever it landed - this was too hot to worry about cleaning up a mess afterward.

But a mess, afterward, was what they had.

"Just throw a towel over it," Connor suggested. Brad got up to get one, and when he did Connor got up at the same time.

"Guess I should go back to my room," Connor said.

"No," Brad instantly said. It was a reaction - he knew it didn't make sense for them to sleep in the same bed together, not anymore. But some part of him, he realized, had been hoping they would do just that.

"You don't think Mom and Dad will wonder why we're sleeping in the same bed?" Connor said, chuckling.

"Sneak out before they notice," Brad said. He got back into bed. Connor was hesitating. "Maybe we could fuck a few more times," Brad said, and before he'd even gotten the words out of his mouth his cock had started to rise. Connor saw it, then got back into bed.

They fucked again. This time Connor took his brother's dick for what felt like almost an hour. Time seemed to slow. Neither of them had ever fucked like this: it was fucking taken to the next level, fucking like only lovers, or brothers, could. Connor was astounded by how good Brad's cock felt in him, and was aware that most of it was just *wanting* Brad's cock in him and being able to admit that. When they'd been kids they'd had to pretend like it wasn't as fun as it was. Now that they could agree that it was sex - incestuous sex between brothers, at that - it was a whole lot more fun.

They flipped a few times before their second load. At one point when he was pounding Brad from behind - they'd agreed to try doggy style on each other, to switch it up a bit - Brad had gotten so loud that Connor had had to shush him.

"Dude, you know how Dad barely sleeps," Connor said.

"He's all the way down the hall, chill the fuck out," Brad said. Connor slapped his ass.

"*You* shut the fuck up and take my dick," Connor said, which made Brad laugh. Not long after, they switched again and this time Brad pumped a load into Connor. Then they slept for what felt like a couple hours. When Connor woke, Brad was lying face-to-face with him and their cocks were both hard. They rubbed them into each other, sleepily, and then, like a dream, began to kiss.

It happened so naturally, their lips just meeting, then their tongues. It made both of their cocks harder so they made out more intensely. Vaguely Connor was aware of looking outside of himself, seeing him in his childhood bed making out with his adult brother. Maybe people wouldn't think it was right, but fuck them: this was a blast, and who were they hurting?

They fucked each other on their backs that time. Neither of them could get enough, and though they switched off equally it was Brad who wound up getting more loads in his ass (five

and a half, when all was said and done) than his brother. Mostly that was because Brad would talk so dirty to Connor, begging for his load, pulling such dirty thoughts out of his brain that Connor could scarcely believe it. But Connor was right there with him as Brad took him to the edge each time.

Brad had just instructed Connor to fuck him standing up when they looked out the window and realize there was light on the horizon.

"We should get some sleep," Connor said, but just kept fucking. They passed out not long after that, though, and when Connor woke up he noticed two things: that it looked like it was past noon, and that Brad's bedroom door was cracked.

There wasn't a whole lot of time to let the implications of that sink into their heads. Brad made sure the coast was clear and Connor scuttled up to the attic. When Connor came back downstairs Brad was at the counter eating a bowl of cereal.

"Where's Mom and Dad?" Connor said.

"Dad's working in the garage. Mom's down the street," Brad said. Connor got a bowl and filled it with cereal.

"Did Dad say anything?" Connor said, and at that moment they heard their dad enter.

"Morning, boys," he said. Brad nodded at his father. Connor said nothing. Their dad stood before them. He was a formidable guy. They stopped eating their cereal and waited for him to speak.

"I don't care how late you guys sleep in, or how late you stay up, or even what you do when you're staying up late..." he paused on that one. Connor felt his heart skip a beat. "Just don't let your mother catch you, alright?" he said. He gave them a grin, shook his head, and walked out to the garage.

Connor looked at his brother in disbelief. "Does he know?" Connor said. "That room must have reeked like sex." Brad shook his head, smiled.

"Twenty bucks says he used to do it with Uncle Rick," Brad said. Connor watched him shovel a big spoonful of cereal into his mouth. Connor let out his breath. "Your cum is, like, pouring out of me right now," Brad said.

"We need to take a fucking shower before Mom gets home," Connor said, and Brad nodded in agreement.

No Greater Love

Who could say when the change occurred, exactly? It wasn't dramatic - one day looking at each other with familial love, the next with lust. It was gradual, like springtime, the green at first popping up here and there then spreading from patch of grass to field, from tree to tree until the entire world was thick with life.

They just started to notice one another in a different way. Dad, seeing his son leave for the lake with his friends on the first hot day of the year, his new bathing suit high and tight and hugging his body. When had his son developed all that smooth skin and tight muscle; that plump, firm butt?

"Have fun, son," he said, a little embarrassed at his private reaction, ducking his head quickly back under the car to hide the red spreading across his face and neck. He was changing the oil. He didn't see his son's eyes linger on the visible lower part of his body.

A tiny strip of his midsection was exposed and his son noticed the cut abs, his father's hairy muscular flesh. Of course he looked up to his dad as the consummate man. But until recently he'd never realized how sexual his dad was, the fluid way he twisted his hips as he struggled underneath the car. The packed crotch of his worn-out jeans...

So they went about their lives as these realizations dawned, slowly but surely. By the time the buds in the trees had burst into lively, leafy canopies, they couldn't deny it to themselves anymore.

But how to express it? It was wrong to do that, both of them were sure. At night they lay in bed, son masturbating to the image of his father, father fucking his wife and imagining she was his son's ripe rump. Then orgasm, then shame. They shouldn't be thinking this way. They wouldn't do it again. But neither had an inkling that they were on precisely the same page.

It kept building. Father sneaking into the boy's room while he was out, quick sniffs of his underwear, rooting through the wastebasket for moist wads of tissues, to smell his son's ripe sexuality. Son, drinking in every glance he could of his father, peeking through the crack of the door to watch his father fuck his mother, the powerful hairy ass raising up, pounding mercilessly, the faintest glint of his father's thick cock shaft, wet juices shining in the moonlight. How could he get that in him? How could Dad get into Son? How could they get to where they wanted, no, *needed* to go?

Mom went out of town. Dad imparted this information to Son a few weeks beforehand as he made tomato sauce, stirring paste into the skillet, Son at the table just getting started on his homework, Mom on her way home from work.

"Her company is sending her out to Los Angeles for two weeks of conferences. Isn't that great?" Dad said.

"Yeah, Dad," Son said, and maybe it was the way he couldn't look at his father as he said it. Or maybe it was in Dad's imagination, the awkwardness, something to do with the knowledge of dawning possibilities made his heart race, his cock start to swell.

Then, a month of buildup to Mom's departure. They found themselves almost uncontrollably turned on.

Wife: "What's gotten into you lately?" (Post-pounding - he'd cum twice and she'd cum thrice though, in a way, she might as well have not been in the room).

"Just getting it in before you abandon me," he said.

"Pff...you can't wait," she said with a wink.

Son, spending more time with his gay friend, soliciting him for more blowjobs than he ever had before; then one night asking if he'd give him a rim job. The gay boy was thrilled and even more excited to slip in a finger. Son came buckets from that but left soon after, ashamed.

This shame plagued them both, because as much as it discouraged them from their desires it fueled those fantasies in equal measure. It was the wrongness that intrigued them, the thought of doing what nobody should do. Having sex with your father - letting him fuck you, pump the same seed in you that made you. Fucking your teenage son, the boy you'd raised from a baby, sliding your cock in the same bottom you'd bounced on your knee. Kissing your son like a lover.

Incest; the taboo of taboos. But somehow it was undeniable - having to do it in secret, knowing you could give up your body to your father like you couldn't with your gay friend or anybody else. The closeness of it, fucking your son, closer to him than you'd be to any lover cause he's family, your flesh and blood, and you can claim that more totally, with more authority - it's yours, do with it what you will.

Their first night alone was awkward. They ignored it, of course - why should it be, just cause Mom was gone, just cause they were alone in the house together? Gradually, they relaxed, and then, on Saturday, a storm blew through town which sent a huge piece of their backyard oak tree flying across the yard. It smashed part of the fence and thankfully that was the extent of the damage. But they worked together to clean it up, chainsawing the larger pieces, piling it all up, mending the fence. The storm had brought a sultry heat to town, so after an hour they worked shirtless, enjoying the sight of each other as they strained and sweated. Breakfast, lunch, a break for dinner and then some more work. The work had relaxed them,

taken their minds off the sex, brought them back to a place of silent camaraderie. Son taking Dad's orders - hold the chainsaw like this, brace the board while I nail it into place.

It was afterward, in the glowing house on a dark street buzzing with insects, that lust rushed back in. Now their bodies were relaxed and tired. Now would be the perfect time to fuck if they only knew how to broach the subject.

"I think I'm going to go take a shower," Dad said. Son took one too. Dad came out in his bathrobe. Son in his athletic shorts and a tank top.

"Wanna play a game?"

A round of poker. They found their way into a conversation. Dad's troublesome boss; Son's troublesome ex-girlfriend.

"Let's have a beer. We've earned it."

"There are certain things I miss about her," Son said. Laughed. Looked down at the table. The implication was not lost on either of them. "Sorry," Son said.

"It's okay," Dad said. "I know you're having sex. I've known for a while."

"How?"

"Just ways that you've changed. You're more confident," Dad said. Son smiled - he was proud.

SEX. The word hung in the air. Both were ready to pick it up, to not let it drift away. Maybe that's when they knew that this was going somewhere, somewhere thrillingly new and excitingly irreversible.

"Did you have sex with a lot of girls before you met Mom?" Son said.

"Yeah," Dad said. "I had a few girlfriends. Some more serious than others."

The soft flip of cards against hands, tables. Plastic chips clinking.

"Call."

"Raise."

"Full house!"

"Dammit!"

"I've always enjoyed sex and sought it out," Dad said. "Nothing wrong with that."

"I feel ya," Son said. "Well, like, what's the craziest thing you've ever done?"

"Sexually?" Dad said.

"Yeah," Son said, feeling his face get hot.

"Well...once I fucked a girl while her family was sleeping upstairs," Dad said. They laughed. They were both hard underneath the table. "That was fun." Leaking. "How about you?"

"Um...nothing really...well, once I got a blowjob at school." Conveniently leaving out that it was from a guy.

"At school?" Dad said. A swig of beer. A smile. "You better be careful, son."

"I am," Son said.

"There is something exciting about doing what you're not supposed to do," Dad said.

"Definitely," Son agreed. "Being bad."

"Right," Dad said. It was now or never. They looked at each other. Laughed. Did they know at that moment? Had they always known? Same blood, same page.

"You got your old man hard right now with all this talk."

"Well, you started it," Son said. Laughing. Silence. "And yeah, I'm hard too."

Dad chuckling. Tension creeping in. "I'll see that and raise you."

"Call."

"Pair of twos."

"Dammit." Chips sliding toward Dad.

"I guess it's weird to get turned on talking about sex with your Dad," Son said.

"Well..." Dad said, shrugging to note that he was there too and, yes, it was strange but here they were. "It's like we were saying - it's a turn-on to do something you're not supposed to do."

"Right," Son said. Breathing. Silence.

Dad: "Can I see?" Son stood up. The tent in his athletic shorts. Chuckling, embarrassed. "Told you," he said.

Dad stood up. Undid his bathrobe, let it fall open, let his son see his huge, hairy erection.

"Wow," Son said.

"Show me yours," Dad countered. Son took the challenge and dropped his shorts. Dad shrugged off his bathrobe. Naked and hard, both of them.

"That would be *really* bad," Son said.

"What would?"

"To have sex with your father. You know...incest."

"Maybe that's why we're both so turned on," Dad said. Walked over to Son.

"Maybe" Son said. Dad got close to him, grabbed his erection. Son did the same. They stood there, mesmerized at each other's erections. Then they looked into each other's eyes. Dad pulled Son into him, locked his mouth on his. Son fell into Dad's big, comforting body. Dad's fingers went exactly where they've wanted to go for months, now. His son's hard ass. The

crack. The hole. He pressed his finger into it. Son moaned into his mouth, rose up on his tippy toes. They broke the kiss.

"Fuck, Dad."

"That's what I'm gonna do to you, Son. Fuck you."

"Fuck yeah, Dad. I've wanted it so bad."

"Goddamn this is hot," Dad said.

Dad suggested they go into his bedroom and they didn't say it, but they were both excited to do it there - Son maybe more than Dad. Because he'd imagined himself there so many times, he realized - watching his mother get pounded on her back. Now he'd be the one on his back, getting that thick hairy Dad-cock pounded into him.

"Have you been fucked before?" Dad asked as they walked upstairs. Their throbbing erections led the way, swaying just slightly as they ascended.

"No. But I've used my fingers before. I think I can take it."

"I'm gonna take your virginity," Dad said when they paused in front of the door. He pulled Son in for a kiss, his fingers going right to that spot. A deep kiss. Then Dad hoisted Son into his arms, carried him over the threshold, placed him on the bed.

Son was beside himself. Getting fucked by his hot, muscular Dad. But before Dad could get at his butt again he scrambled onto his knees. He had to take his Dad's cock in his mouth. Dad understood this. He knelt on the bed, pushed his beefy boner out to give his son full access.

Son took a moment to admire it, take it in. The cock that made him. One of the most beautiful things he'd ever seen.

Dad thought similarly about his son, who was bent over on all fours, ready to worship his cock. His son's perfect, tapered back; the flare of his firm, round ass. He's gonna fuck that. He made it, so he has every right. And it's perfect - tan, firm, supple teenage flesh - who could resist?

Son held his Dad's cock in his hand, felt its heat, its weight, its hardness. Without thinking he kissed it. He kissed it again. He was in awe. With each kiss he tasted it a little more, aware of the juice that seeped out of the tip, a salty, rich-tasting liquid that contained the seed that was his genesis. It was full-circle; profound. Why had he ever questioned wanting this experience?

He sucked his father's cock. It was the first cock he ever sucked but he didn't do it awkwardly - just tentatively, working up to the experience, fully aware of his father's pleasure and able to imagine himself in his father's place.

Dad thought he'd never seen anything so wildly hot as his little boy worshipping his cock. He let the boy explore before he took some control - holding his son's head, gently pushing into him, stretching his throat a little. Son accepted this, seemed turned on the more Dad took control, made use of him. Dad pushed his son's head down, wordlessly directing him to suck his balls. The Family Jewels - heavy and hairy and full of cum that he had every intention of depositing into his son's virgin ass when all was said and done. Son complied with enthusiasm, licking up his Dad's musky ballsack, taking one then another of the egg-like orbs between his full pink lips and carefully sucking them. He imagined the seed inside of them as he suckled; thought of it being drawn to the side of the testicle in the direction of his sucking; imagined it bursting open like a Cadbury Crème Egg, the sweet nectar of his father filling his mouth.

They paused. Son came off of Dad's nuts, looked up at him. It was time.

Dad took his son by the underarms and placed him back on the bed. He had a flash of recognition, thinking of the boy's mother - there was a resemblance in the expectant, anxious look on his face as Dad took control, grabbing his son by the ankles and raising his legs high in the air.

There it was - his son's pristine pink hole. It looked so much like a pussy that the word flashed in his mind - not so much the physical aspects of it as how delicious and inviting it seemed. Pink, clean, a ring of muscle leading into a tight cavern of flesh that will grip his cock as it accepts it and milks the load out of it. A brush of blondish-brown hair around the hole that told him his boy was mature, ready for the fuck - as if the boy's still-throbbing cock wasn't indication enough.

Dad didn't hesitate - he brought his face to his son's hole, his pussy, his cunt. It smelled like his boy, too - like the deepest, sexiest part of him. Dad swabbed his thick tongue up the boy's crack and across the twitching hole.

Son whimpered. He never imagined such pleasure before, such abandon. His father, licking him clean like he was a baby, stubble brushing against his smooth crack. That tongue, deliciously alive and warm against his most sensitive spot. It made him open like a flower, made him want to give himself totally, unfurl. As he did his father's tongue dug deeper like it was searching for his most coveted spot. What's inside him had always been his and his alone - his thoughts, his sense of self. He gave all those away to his father, cast them off, put all thought and action aside and focused on giving.

Dad sensed this, too - years of his son taking, demanding attention: food, care, time. Now his son was giving it back - now he was in bloom and ready for harvesting.

Dad got the lube, spread it on his cock. Son's eyes widened - Dad's cock looked bigger, angrier, redder than before. As if to temper the sight his dad smiled at him - that handsome, reassuring grin. Son melted again into the feeling as his dad spread a glob of lube onto his hole. Dad slid in a finger and it went so easily, effortlessly. He didn't waste time with a second finger - Son seemed ready, and if he wasn't, well - it's supposed to hurt a little, especially the first time.

Dad held up his thick cock and released it, let it slap down on his son's pulsing hole. He slid it along his son's hole. Reared back, let the head catch on the hole. Pushed a little. Son tried to breathe, tried to accept. Dad pushed - patient but insistent. The head popped inside. Son winced, wide-eyed. Dad looked right at him. It was their first moment: reverse-birth, penetration. The intensity of it startled them both but the moments cascaded into the future - there was no stopping anything now. The inevitable had happened, the damage was done.

Son realized this. Marked for life. Regret wouldn't erase this - nothing would. For the rest of his life he'll know that he laid down and let his father fuck him in the ass.

Dad wanted more. That small bead of contact - head squeezed by virgin muscle - it urged him onward. He pushed more, sinking in an inch, and then another. To Son it felt like the sky was being ripped open, fire raining down. He noticed a rhythmic, guttural sound and was surprised to realize it was coming from him.

And then, the end. Dad's pubis was pressed to his.

"Fuck, Son. I'm all the way in you." Looked in his eyes. Son felt Dad pulse his cock. He pulsed back. They were connected as they never had been before. Son grabbed his Dad's buttocks - firm, hairy, hard. Pulled them into him.

"Fuck yeah, Dad. Fuck me!"

And so. Dad reared back, pushed forward. They were in the zone now, they were where they were supposed to be. Son's cock, softened from the initial pain, swelled again. He felt like his ass was going to cum.

Dad thought he never felt something so exquisite as his son's tight asshole enveloping his raw cock. It was as if all eighteen years of his son's development had been leading to this moment, where father takes son back and uses him to his own ends. He'd been baked, molded, maintained for just this. To Dad it was the sweetest cunt he'd ever fucked, because it was his own.

Dad knew enough not to blow his wad right away. He had Son lie on his side and he spooned him, holding his boy close while he pounded his ass from behind, thick arm wrapped around the boy's tight midsection, other hand rifling his son's hair. He touched his son's face and his thumb found the boy's mouth. Son sucked on it. It was a profound moment - Son held

by Father, couched, protected, all the while sucking his thumb like a teat and taking the man's cock, providing pleasure and getting it at the same time.

They fucked doggy style, they fucked standing up. They fucked all over the bedroom and then they started moving around the house. They fucked all night long, sometimes going so slowly that they fell asleep mid-thrust only to wake some time later, still connected, and then continuing. They didn't want it to end. Maybe they didn't want to face whatever came after it.

But in the morning, as orange light began to crack over the horizon, Dad couldn't hold back. Son had already cum multiple times. Three of those orgasms Dad had pounded out of his boy, amazed at the amount of juice his young balls could produce. They'd been covered in cum, drenched, but Dad had been holding off that one special load.

Now he felt it building. On their sides again, Son fetal, thumb-sucking, held tight to the body of his Daddy. Dad let it go, his cum. Pumped it inside; gave his son the gift of life; thought *If I could make him pregnant, how beautiful would that be?*

Wouldn't it, though? Love begetting love, the familial bond stronger and stronger on down the line.

Of course we know it doesn't work that way. It's too much love, perhaps, and in its fetid abundance it perverts, mutates, disables.

And so Son and Dad peeled apart from one another. Took separate showers. An awkward breakfast, but even as they bumped feet beneath the table and glanced at one another over coffee and orange juice and quickly looked away they felt it coming back. That hopeless attraction; the unbreakable bonds of family.