

He's trying so hard to make me cum. After an hour of going through the motions we're used to, he's still trying to get me to cum with him. The instant I felt his fingers jerk over my half-hard dick all the blood that went down there seemed to hit its expiration date and in seconds he was pumping a piece of soft, unappealing putty. Instead of going down to my groin all the blood flowed up to my face. Why was he still trying?

"C'mon boy," He grunts as he pumps his own cock in unison with mine but I don't have the heart to ask him to stop. I've always had that problem when something wasn't working for me. "Yeah, shoot with daddy."

This is fucking weird, I realize. He's trying so hard and I keep telling myself that I'm not worth all this effort. I give a half-hearted groan, hoping that'll make my erection return. I try to imagine what a lusty slut I am to let this guy who's twice my age coax me to cum like a good boy, like I'm starring in some kind of dirty porn flick. Instead I feel like I've got my cock caught in some kind of bear trap that I can't pry myself out of.

Finally, I hang my head and sigh, giving him a soft, uncertain look that makes him frown. He's left jerking a shriveled piece of sausage now while his own cock is standing at the ready, eager to release the pent up pleasure he's been aching for.

"Get down there and lick my balls." He commands, still trying to retain that lustful growl I know him for, but I can't miss that twinge of disappointment in his tone. Regardless I nestle my head over his thick thigh and rest my cheek against his plush groin. I lap and suck his nuts while he finishes himself off. I watch, not as fascinated as I had been when we first started playing around.

It was difficult to admit that sex was starting to become a bore, but was it my fault? I clean him up and wipe his broad gut with the bed sheets, not even feeling the urge to lick and groom the cum stained belly. What a waste of a night. After that he kisses me goodbye, tells me that he wants to fuck me next time, and I'm alone in my bed without a clue what to do with myself.

The bed stinks of him. It's a moist smell that I used to adore but now it only reminds me what a flop the last few hours were. I leave, hoping that maybe I can get a pot of tea going, boil some rice, makes some kind of half-hearted attempt to treat myself to some dinner. Anything to get out of that room. Even as I'm trying to keep myself busy around the apartment I keep telling myself what went wrong. How could it have gone wrong? This guy should have been the kind you always wanted, I remind myself. He's fat, well off, loves the whole daddy/son routine, and yet the instant he tries to touch me I go soft on him.

I'm such a disappointment. Unfulfilled