

The aroma of hazelnut infused coffee delighted Riley's olfaction as he put the half-empty mug down. On any ordinary day, eight o'clock in the evening would be too late for a caffeinated beverage, but Riley had a long night of revision ahead. Compiling, rewriting, condensing and *rewriting* page after page of notes. The golden Labrador pushed his glasses up his nose and set himself to study.

Before he could even condense the notes down by half a page, the apartment door swung open. A frown twisted Riley's face as he turned to see his father, Jason, returned early. "You're back early." Riley lowered his glasses. "How was the date?" The middle-aged Labrador sighed as he moved from the front door to the kitchen. His father was dressed impeccably; a perfectly fitting pair of grey dress pants and an ironed black dress shirt. Even though he was only a few weeks away from forty, he had kept a slender form.

The question had been answered for him when his father returned to the shared dining-living room with an open beer. "That bad?"

"Uh-huh," he took a gulp of beer and placed the bottle down on the coffee table. "It was good to start. She had good taste in food, seemed funny. Looked astonishing."

"How far into the date did she ruin it for you?"

"About ten minutes." His father started stripping off, laying his shirt on the arm of the couch. "She started telling all about how vaccines are dangerous."

He sat his shoes by the couch and removed his trousers. "I held my tongue, naturally, but it was very painful to sit through an hour of that." He sat heavily on the couch, taking another swig of his beer. Riley knew better than to flinch at the sight of his father lounging about in nothing more than underwear and a singlet. It was such a common occurrence that Riley didn't so much as blink twice. Swallowing another mouthful of beer, he gestured at his son. "You want to know the worst thing? Halfway through dinner, I'm being polite but I think it was obvious I wasn't very interested in her, she leans close and asks if I want to fuck her in the restaurant bathroom!"

"Did you?" Riley cocked an eyebrow at his father.

"No! In a public bathroom? Plus, she was crazy and I don't fuck crazy. Especially not without a condom." He took another swig of beer.

"That's a shame, you really need to get laid." Riley put his glasses back on and turned back to his computer.

The sound of his father swallowing was loud. "Thanks for your concern, Ri." Out of the corner of his eyes, Riley looked over at his father. Jason's sexual openness was something that Riley always valued and appreciated. It had helped tremendously with Riley's comfort in coming out to his father. The fact that his father didn't recoil or change his approach to nudity gave Riley a true sense of acceptance.

It would be a lie if Riley were to claim that he'd never ogled his father. How could he not? Growing up around such a well-toned man who favoured nudity so much, he couldn't resist. When he was in the midst of puberty and his hormones were flowing, he took quite a few glances. Since adulthood, he'd learned to control himself.

With his beer empty, Jason stood up and walked back to the fridge for another. In the pale grey boxer-briefs, his firm, round butt stood out beautifully. That was one feature Riley was more than glad to have inherited. Jason returned with another beer, but as he approached, Riley noticed something that he hadn't earlier.

Within the tight confines of the underwear, he was – as many canine children said – 'lipsticking'. Riley could always see the bulge of his father's balls and sheath in his underwear, but there was more to it now. The sheath had fattened and the tip of his canine cock had slipped free of its furry housing.

A large circle of the fabric was no longer pale grey. It had been stained dark by his father's pre-cum. "You right there, dad?" Riley gestured at his father's crotch as he passed. Without stopping, Jason, looked down at his underwear and chuckled.

"Sorry," Jason lifted up his waistband and examined his genitals. "Even if she was crazy, you can't be as good looking as she was and grope a pent-up man and not expect some reaction."

He took a swig of beer and placed a throw-pillow over his crotch. "I'll just finish this beer and then I'll duck off to the bathroom and fix this up." Riley gave a small grin and turned back to his work. It was too late; the image of his father's swollen sheath was in his mind and there was no way he could read any of his notes with any clarity now. The younger dog's sheath was swelling, just like his father's.

Riley looked down at his lap. The bulge his arousal caused was growing steadily. "Dad, from one guy to another, you know that wanking isn't very satisfying."

"Well, yeah, but I don't have many other options. You know how I feel about prostitutes." Riley noticed that the throw-pillow had fallen away and he still had an unbroken view of his father's bulge.

"Dad, I only say this because I love you and because it hurts to see a guy so pent up. I want to suck your dick."

Jason's eyes opened wide. All he could do was take another mouthful of beer. "Don't get me wrong, dad, I'm not going to fucking date you or anything. I just want to help you release." Riley took his glasses off and rubbed his eyes. "This is fucking weird. Sorry, dad, I'm not hot for you, I just want to help you out, y'know?" When Riley looked back over at his father, it was his turn to be dumbstruck.

Instead of the look of shock, the scowl or the furious glare he expected, he saw his father with his briefs around his knees. Riley stared at the swollen sheath and the inch of red flesh that had emerged from it. Jason's was the only canine cock that Riley had ever seen, aside from his own, but it was beautiful.

The red tip glistened with a heavy coating of pre-cum. The slightest hints at a knot were visible beneath his sheath. "Really?"

"Yeah, Ri. Worst case, I don't feel it and we stop."

"Best case is me copping a load of your cum in my mouth, right?" Jason chuckled as his son stood, removed his glasses and approached.

"I'll let you take over. I'll just sit back. You're the pro, after all." Jason let out a belly laugh to himself. Riley smiled and pulled his father's underwear to his feet. As he leaned forward, his father's musk filled his nostrils. The smell was familiar. Having lived his entire life with his father, it would have been impossible to avoid the smell somehow. To smell it in such raw, unfiltered freshness was something else.

Beneath the thick sheath sat two plump, full orbs. Rather than try any wild, porn-video calibre moves, Riley decided to move with ol' reliable. The canine cock hardened in his hand as he gripped around the sheath. He gently retracted the sheath over his father's cock and took in the sight of the gradient colouration. Pre-cum squirted from his tip right as he closed his lips around it.

The taste of cock filled his mouth as he slowly started going down on his father. With every centimetre of scarlet, pulsing dog meat that entered Riley's mouth, the cock grew thicker. It didn't take long, despite his father's level of inebriation and his heterosexuality, for the member to reach its girthy full size. It was clear to Riley now, with his lips around the tip of his father's fully erect dick, that he wasn't lucky enough to inherit his father's size.

Staring down the monstrous spear of swollen red flesh, Riley could see his father's knot still housed in the sheath. It was swollen enough to be obvious, but not so much so that insertion would prove difficult. His father let out a long, breathy moan. "Oh fuck, son. Go easy, I might not last very long." Riley began with short, flowing circular motions; bobbing his head down and forward, taking about half of the cock and then pulling back up and backward, completing the circle.

Whether it was the alcohol, his pent-up loads or just his natural state, his father's cock was gushing pre-cum. The subtle flavour had become strong. Though he put very little thought toward his own cock, Riley couldn't help but notice how stiff he'd become. Without a hand or hole to stimulate it,

the most his cock could do was swell within his sheath with the tip peeking out. It wasn't about him this time.

A deep breath filled Riley's mouth as he pulled off the dense erection. "Let me know when you're close, okay, dad?"

"Okay. Call me Jason, though, Ri. Or Jay or something. Makes this less weird."

"It makes it easier for you to get deepthroated by your son, Jason?"

"Don't fucking push it, Ri." Jason laughed. "I'm really fucking horny and I don't want to go to bed with blue balls."

The heat radiated off his shaft as Riley gripped it in his paw. Pulling his cock out of the way, Riley moved his face down to breathe in the scent of the older male's balls. "Oh, fuck." Jason groaned as a warm tongue caressed his full orbs. "Just watch the knot, Ri. Don't pop it out of the sheath." His words were interrupted by a moan. "Takes ages to go down."

Riley's tongue ran up the underside of his father's cock and seized the drop of pre-cum that had tried to make its escape. In one fluid motion, Riley's paw released Jason's cock, his mouth opened and the cock vanished. A sharp moan escaped Jason's mouth as he watched the entirety of his exposed cock enveloped in wet maw.

Jason had been receiving blowjobs since he was sixteen, but in the thirty or so years since his first, he had never seen anyone do what his son just did. He felt lips on his concealed knot and a nose in his pubic fur. "Holy fuck, Ri." Riley sat motionless on his father's cock. He blinked away tears as he grew accustomed to the fullness in his throat.

In a combination of shock at Riley's ability and unsureness of how to proceed, Jason sat with his hands beside his thighs. At last, Riley had grown comfortable with the rigid mass in his throat and slowly began his rise and fall motions. Riley reached for his father's stationary arm. As his son's hand gripped his wrist, Jason let it guide him as though it were his ever blow job. The hand came to rest of Riley's head. For the first time in his life, Riley felt a taste of the assertive force his father could give.

The force that had, Riley was sure, resulted in many blown loads and satisfied women. The younger male's head rose along the shaft. The large paw on his head tensed as he made it halfway up the shaft and followed the head back down to the base. "Fuck," Jason breathed. "You can handle this?" The question, considering Riley's ability to answer, made him feel stupid. A wordless affirmative moan rumbled in Riley's throat. The vibrations of the attempted vocalization pulsed through the thick shaft as the mouth rose and fell.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” Jason whispered to himself as he tightened the grip on his son’s head. “Ri, I’m getting close. I want to take over.” Jason gripped his son’s head with both paws and tensed the muscles in his legs. “Okay, I’m standing up.” Without lifting away from the cock, Jason rose to a standing position.

“Are you ready?” Another affirmative moan shuddered through his cock. Another moan crooned from Jason’s mouth. “Okay,” the two large paws held his head steady as he rolled his hips backward. The cool air caressed the spit-soaked shaft as he withdrew. The older male slipped into a steady rhythm. Each thrust brought the tipsy man closer and closer to busting the first gay nut of his lifetime.

In the slim moments he had between his son suggesting a blow job and the feeling of lips on his cock, he’d committed to a single worry. He was concerned that the sight of another male – *his son* – on his cock would cause his erection to wither until he was trying to skull-fuck the boy with a limp noodle.

With his member still wet with a male’s saliva, mere inches away from an explosive orgasm, he was the gayest he had even been and he was happy in that fact. “I’m close, Ri.” The repetitive motion of his hips grew faster as the edge grew nearer. The tingling sensation build behind the tip of his cock. A primal impatience, etched into his very genes.

Wet lips slid frictionless against his red shaft. As the end drew near, Jason looked down and met his son’s eyes. Riley’s eyes were pointed straight into his father’s crotch and winced shut with each thrust. Watching the slick rod disappear into the deep maw sent a wave of warm pleasure through his mind. “I’m cumming,” the Labrador slammed a few more pumps into the younger male’s mouth before pulling his cock back.

Riley tilted his head back and opened his mouth wide. With his cock resting on Riley’s tongue, Jason stroked his shaft and scrunched his face as he finally tipped over the edge. A loud moan escaped the older man’s mouth as his cock jumped in his grip. Rich ropes of seed splashed from the tip of the lab’s cock and into the eager maw. Shot after shot erupted forth; coating the back of his throat a fertile white.

Jason squeezed his concealed knot and felt an additional rush of cum flow. His heavy fluids drooled into the mouth, having lost the fervour of the height of orgasm. Jason stared down at his glistening cock, the tongue coated in his cum and the familiar blue eyes staring back at him. He paused a moment before pulling his cock away.

The younger dog’s mouth closed and, just like that, his load was gone. Riley stood and expected his father to flinch away in shame. It wasn’t anything new for a man to be ashamed of what had made

him cum after the fact. "Thanks, Ri." His father hugged him. The rigid cock pressed into his stomach, likely drawing a line of glistening seed with its tip.

His father's acceptance of what had happened shouldn't have surprised him as much as it did. What did surprise him, however, was when his father's hand slipped into the back of his pants and seized one of his ass cheeks. "Now I can't leave you all worked up." He attempted to bring the hand around the front but Riley stepped back.

"Not right now, Jason. Sorry. I've really got to study and I can't stay awake long after I cum." Riley blushed and smiled at his father.

"You are horny, right?" Jason looked deflated.

"Yeah, dad, err, Jason. I'm really horny. That was one of the best BJ's I've ever given. I just really do need to study. How about afterwards?"

Jason looked down at the bulge in his son's shorts. It wasn't very pronounced, but it was obvious to any who were looking for it. "Alright, Ri."

"Don't worry, dad, I won't take long to finish up. Give me twenty minutes? That should give you time to be ready again, right?" Jason frowned.

"Why would I need to be ready again?" Riley cocked an eyebrow at him.

"Think about it, Jason." He said with a clever smirk and returned to the desk he had been sitting at.

Jason's gaze followed his son as he passed him. Right as he reached the desk, he slipped his shorts and underwear down past his firm rump. "Just a preview of what's coming." He looked over his shoulder and winked, pulling his shorts back up. Realisation quietly dawned on Jason and he grinned. *I guess tonight's going to end pretty well.*