

I once read an article about how technology is doing more to keep us apart even as we think it's bringing us together. I mean, it's nice when some celebrity or politician makes a gaffe (which is bullshit; their truth slips out and then they backpedal) and the internet gangs up on them to put them in their place. And there's something wonderful about that combination of instant gratification and *schadenfreude* that satisfies some special place in your soul.

Take my dad, for instance. He didn't need a cell phone until the Department of Water gave him one for work, and a week later he was in the Verizon store, signing us all up on a family plan back when "shared minutes" was a thing.

And fast-forward to today. Father and son sitting in the family room (ironic name, isn't it?), football blaring from the TV mounted in a nice custom alcove above the fireplace while neither of us watches. Just us guys in the house today, at least until afternoon.

He's on Facebook. I'm on a fishing expedition.

In the three days since he bred my ass, Dad is none the worse for wear, at least on the outside. Either he's exceptionally good at hiding stuff, or he's legitimately happy with what we did. Well, I know I'm happy, but it's not quite a two-way street yet. I'm the gay one, he's the...father.

Yeah, you did that. You took it up the tailpipe from your dad.

Three days later, and I still don't think it's hit home yet. For either of us.

After waddling out of that rest-area trying to keep his load from running down my legs, I'd just sat there in my little Mazda, listening to the white noise of o-dark-hundred interstate traffic and letting my gut roil and my hole twitch with the memory of his cock. I wondered if he felt the same, PT Cruising back to his home and his marital bed. Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't describe any of that as regret. Not for me. And I gave up trying to figure out how he felt since before our little tryst, since I thought I knew him and that all went out the proverbial door, never to return.

A roar from the TV catches my attention. That tiger who came out recently isn't half-bad. I mean, not for a gay guy, but for a football player, period. Dad glances up long enough to check the score before going back to his social media. When the news broke, all he said was, "As long as he plays good ball." I mean, it wasn't an indictment or anything. Not that Dad can claim righteous indignation, having, you know, fucked his son through a glory hole earlier this week.

Paws hovering over my keyboard, I stare at my email client trying to brainstorm how I'm going to approach this thing. I've had plenty of time to run a cost-benefit analysis in my head, the risk of being caught (by him *or* the police) versus the pure delicious eroticism of fucking around with my father. You can guess how that turned out.

I rolled the parameters around in my head about three dozen times, always coming up with the same answer: hell yes.

Dad's not the kind of guy to flip out. Granted, this might be more than he can handle, but you don't know until you try. I already told myself it wouldn't ruin my half of the relationship; I could always claim ignorance and throw myself under the bus, bringing us to equal footing on the "Craigslist hookup" thing. He doesn't know I'm gay, so maybe it might even end up in a mutual cry-and-hug

session. Lovely. Or, he might stare at me for a few seconds before shoving his tongue down my throat. I suppose anything's possible.

So I decided that I would wait for three days to see what he would do. And he did nothing, which forced me to think about what *I* would do.

Ultimately, I decided that reaching out would be harmless at best, and disappointing at worst. Even if he blew me off with some choice expletives, the memory of him huffing and puffing out his climax under my tail will always overshadow anything else. Because in that moment, he was doing what he *wanted* to do, and no amount of justification can color that any differently.

Watching him, eyes on the screen but ears canted toward the TV, I type out something short, sweet, and to the point: *Thanks for the stud service the other night. Really enjoyed myself. I can tell you did too. Been thinking about it and pawing off. You want another go at this tail? It's been empty since.*

I read it over twice before sending it, making sure my word choice is encouraging without being creepy, friendly without seeming intimate. I'm sure it helps that I've known the guy for over two decades and I know how to talk to him to get what I want. Well, it worked when I wanted a pack of Hot Tamales after swimming lessons when I was six. And again, when I was sixteen and wanted that Mazda.

I send the message off and wait the interminable ten seconds or so for the notifications to show up on his laptop and phone almost simultaneously.

It's so hard to hold back a snicker when I see his eyes widen, ears flatten, and tail poof all along its length. I don't expect the sense of power, though, riding the wave of naughty excitement. Who can claim to have made his dad physically shudder by inviting him to a second round of anonymous public sex?

For a moment a shadow of something crosses his face, making him look disgusted, or mad. Suddenly I'm one hundred percent sure I've fucked up, and something in the message revealed my identity, some slip-up. As soon as my heart clears my larynx, though, he folds the laptop closed with his fingertips, sets it to the side, and gives a full-body stretch. He's clearly hard behind his sweatpants. The way he slides his paw over it to adjust himself without seeming like it is almost endearing.

"You watching this? Because I'm a bit bored," he says, looking at me. "We're down over ten and there's no point in suffering through an obvious defeat."

I give an indifferent shrug. "You're probably right. You can change it."

"Actually, I need a bathroom break." The remote lands on the couch next to my hip. "Find something interesting, will ya?" As he passes by, his face betrays absolutely nothing about his condition. He's a sneaky motherfucker. I mean, I know he used to be pretty smooth back in the day, but he's never exhibited this kind of behavior until now. Which gets me wondering, how many times in my life has he covered up clandestine shit that I didn't even know about?

He gives my shoulder a hard pat, sending little electric tingles halfway down my spine and chubbing me up a little. "Don't fall in," I manage in a mostly-steady voice.

"Gross, Kody," he replies, but chuckles his way to the stairs. Usually he heads to the main-floor

bathroom on nights like this. I guess he needs some private time after my overture.

I hope.

Forcing patience, I flip through the couple hundred cable channels (there's nothing on, naturally) until I settle on The Weather Channel, which is airing a documentary on earthquakes instead of reporting the weather like it used to. After a few minutes spent rolling my eyes at how doomed the planet is, my phone lights up. I can't read it but I only have to look at the capital "C" to know.

Why am I more nervous than I thought I'd be?

Oh shit, there's an attachment.

I can tell it's a dick pic even before opening it. A thick, pink line can only mean so many things. I don't have to worry about Dad coming down, not with a boner in the bathroom. So I click on it.

Full-screen, full-color, high-resolution daddy dick. He didn't even bother to edit the photo, but then again, why would he? He thinks the whole thing's anonymous. I grin when I see he's wearing a pair of yellow briefs with black piping, the kind of undies you either wear if you're still hot and heavy with your wife or you're in your forties and trying to recapture your youth. In either case, he looks good in them. Or at least, they look good puddled at his feet.

His fingers are pressing his sheath down and grabbing his balls to get everything in the picture for me (*for me!*), his length glistening in that way dicks do when they're fresh out of the fur. A little moan escapes my throat as I remember the exquisite sensation of that head splitting me open, and the way he rutted me so energetically...

The body of the message is simple and straightforward: *I wondered how long it would take you to come back begging for this dick. I've got nothing better to do. Same time, same place?*

"Holy shit!" I sit up and clamp a paw over my muzzle well after it would have done any good. I shouldn't be surprised, should I? Did I expect him to chicken out or something? Or is my ass just that talented?

With no sign of life from upstairs, I whip my dick out and stroke a little to relieve pressure. For the first time, I notice how similar we are in the junk department. Relatively straight shafts with a slight upward curve, prominent head, even the subtle color change along the length. Based on our last meet-up, I'd guess he's a hair bigger in all dimensions, and I don't mind one bit. I can't wait to get my lips around that thing again.

I don't waste time responding: *Begging, huh? Maybe not exactly, but I wouldn't mind milking those balls again. Glad to see you're up for another round. Same time, same place.* That's all there is to it, and just like that I've set up another glory-hole meeting with the man who sired me.

Typical Monday, right?

I don't know, it may very well become typical. A weekly thing. I like the sound of that.

A few clicks get me back to my email client, a much cleaner website to be caught browsing unless

you're offended by endless listicles about the ten cars we won't see next year or the seventeen grooming tricks every Portuguese Water Dog should try TODAY!!! with an exclamation mark for each I.Q. point of those who read the stupid things. Five or so minutes later the toilet upstairs flushes and I hear his descending footsteps, feigning a yawn as he comes around the couch.

"Where's my local forecast?" he asks, flopping down in his well-worn recliner.

I fight the urge to shoot him a wickedly knowing glance. "Don't you remember? They stopped doing the weather years ago."

He scoffs, making it hard to believe he was just upstairs basically sexting me. "It's all about rating now, isn't it?"

"Pretty much. Sucks."

"You would've liked Walter Cronkite. That man read the news and left it up to you to decide, not some model behind a desk crossing and uncrossing her legs." He pauses to recross his, speaking of which. "Not that there's anything wrong with that, but it's unprofessional. Watch out, old man talking!" At this he erupts into a volley of hearty chuckles, loosening his tie. It's navy today, on a light gray shirt. I swear the man has no fashion sense whatsoever.

Besides undies, that is.

As I watch the clock in my car inch its way to three, I get to wondering if I should start referring to the space in which I'm parked as "my space." I mean, it's not as if the place is packed this time of night, but if this is going to turn into a regular thing I might as well get familiar.

Around eleven, when Dad knocked on my door to announce his retirement to bed, I made up some paper-thin excuse about having the munchies and grabbing some fast food, adding in the possibility of hooking up with friends to seal the "Don't wait up for me" portion of things. It's a good thing Dad's pretty mellow about that stuff; he must think I go to bed early at school so he can "allow" me to live it up by giving me free reign while on break.

Come to think of it...what do I do when I go back to campus and he wants another piece of my ass? I suppose that's not worth thinking about until I absolutely have to, which won't be until we've finished up tonight. So I should tackle one thing at a time, and right now that thing is getting in there and getting prepped.

I keep an eye on the ramp for headlights while crossing the lot, breathing a small sigh of relief when I make it to the curb. Looking back I spot four big rigs (at least one of which houses a driver who wouldn't mind a kid like me going down on their dick, statistically speaking) and one pickup with a sleeping otter at the wheel. Once we lock that door we'll be Scot-free, and no one bothered us last time, so with any luck we'll have smooth sailing until a nice, sticky finish.

If none of a million things goes wrong.

I don't remember the fluorescents being so bright, squinting into the sterile room, the only sound the

clack of my toe claws on the tile. I look up and see an extra bank of lights where none existed before, but likely they were probably out and I didn't notice them because I was too busy getting fucked to care.

For one panicked second a picture of a stall divider comes into my head, smooth and freshly painted, with nary a hole to be found. If some nosy old maintenance man decided to make a repair in the last few days, we're going to be up shit creek. We could try it understall, but no way can I stick my thighs under that partition and hope for the best. It would take one quick peek under, and...

...and the glory hole is there, just like before, though it's probably had a few cocks since the last time we visited. After latching the door I get out of my shirt and shuck my pants to my ankles. I click open my trusty little bottle of lube and apply it liberally just as before, one leg on the toilet for deeper access. Surprisingly, the task of preparation takes the edge off my nerves, as if I had something to be concerned about. I've already readied for the worst, at least in my head.

I'm stepping out of my pants-puddle when he comes in. Or maybe it's not him and someone else opened the door, in which case I'm doubly fucked. But when I hear the familiar double-click I know better. And when I hear the exploratory "Hello?" almost as reticent as last time, the deal's sealed. I clear my throat to announce my presence and he click-clacks into the next stall. Just in time, I swing the end of my tail against the opening in case he's got a case of the roving eye.

"Nice to see you again," he says in his deadpan work voice, sounding silly in this atmosphere.

"Mhm." I do my best to disguise what few sounds I utter. I already went so far as to buy a scent spray I wouldn't be caught dead in, and apply it to my pulse points and under my tail. If Dad's sense of smell is anything like mine, I'm not taking chances. Last time he was too far gone with lust to focus on scent; this time all bets are off.

He takes in a breath and lets it out in a ragged sigh, like he's psyching himself up. I look down to see him alternating feet like a little kid does a pee dance. What else is he going to say? "I missed you?"

I can hear him rubbing his paws together, searching for the right words when all he needs to do is stick it through the hole so I can worship it again. "Should we get to it? I have work this morning at eight." I can't help the snicker that travels up and out my nose before I can get a handle on it. Yes, *hurry up and let me fuck you because it's a Monday night and I need to turn in*. That's the least of his worries? How about getting home to the wife you're cheating on?

Of course I do the gentlemanly thing by replacing my tail with two crooked fingers again, licking my lips at the prospect of a rerun. A zip, a clang of a belt buckle on tile, and some shuffling feet later, the hole in the partition is filled edge-to-edge with beautiful, musky, slightly-sweaty sheath fur. He's even gone to the liberty of peeling back a couple inches, what a guy. Down on one knee, I bring my muzzle in and take a whiff.

They should bottle this stuff up and sell it as moonshine. They'd make a fortune, if they only knew how potent the right musk can be. It can make you change your mind, it can make you lose your head, it can make you leave your wife or do all sorts of stupid shit. But this rest stop is a safe space, where I can get my fill of Arther Bosch's ball-sweat without fear of persecution. And, hopefully, prosecution as well.

Particularly, I'm a sucker for scent, and if Dad just wanted me to nuzzle his junk all night long I'd pay him to let me. I almost don't want to touch it, it's so perfect, half-hard and shining. But who am I kidding? I reach up and circle my fingers around it (I'm still a little lubey from before) and just squeeze, listening for his reaction.

"Guh!" Dad falls against the divider, his cock twitches and expands in my grip, and a little pearl of pre appears at the tip, just begging to be scooped up onto my tongue. I choose to wait, instead stroking over the first third of his cock, just behind the head, so I can watch it swell up to its full size. Dad swallows loud enough for me to hear the click, and lets it all out again. "Guh, huh, huh, huh...fuckin' shit. Why can't my wife do it like this?"

My first thought (that is, after "Ewww") is *Because your wife isn't a guy and doesn't know what makes us tick, you know, the way it's been since the beginning of time?* Of course, I can't just come out and say that, so instead I settle for running my tongue down to his sheath and back. For a guy who, just hours earlier, was goading me on with promises of his daddy dick on the internet, he sure sounds helpless now. All that gasping and grunting and dancing on his feet, shaking the divider, and I haven't even wrapped my lips around it yet. Maybe I can suck out the first load and take the second under my tail. Hell, each time we do this might be our last, so I gotta make it count.

Once he's fully out I make a show of dragging various parts of me--whiskers, snout, teeth--along his length, gauging his reactions and varying my performance accordingly. He seems to prefer my licking from base to tip while squeezing the rest just enough to make him flex, not enough to hurt. But after a few minutes of this he's clearly squirming for more, so I give him what he wants.

The noises he makes when I spread my mouth open like a tight hole giving way, lead me to believe he and Mom haven't gotten it on since we last met here. As my nose buries itself in musky auburn pubic fur my wonderful brain muses on the possibility that their marriage might be in trouble, which is a really unsexy thing to be thinking while sucking your father's cock. So I take a long, deep drag of musk to keep my mind focused on the moment...and almost give myself away with an eye-rolling groan in my throat. As if it were that easy to forget who I'm blowing, but dammit, I'm in heaven.

With a really good dick--nice girth, decent mouth feel, great scent--you can lull yourself into this zen-like state where you become merely an extension of the penis, a living sleeve whose only purpose is to draw the semen out and take it into your being. Even minus the hippie-dippy language it's a familiar concept. Anyone who's gone down on a guy for more than an hour can't possibly stay conscious of it all the whole time. It's a good place to be if you have a hard nut to crack or you just want a little mental mini-vacation.

Dad's dick could be one of those, if he would only stop fidgeting. But he's so high-strung, even when he's supposed to be enjoying himself...he's just not quite there yet. Not that I'm not having a blast licking and slurping and swallowing as much as I can.

Imagine my disappointment when, oblivious to the risk of tooth-scratches, he abruptly pulls clean out of not just my mouth, but the entire fucking cubicle, leaving me panting and scrambling to cover up the opening before he can see. Dad pads backwards until he hits the wall behind him, sending a shudder through the whole assembly. I'm sure he can hear me panting just as well as I can hear him.

After several seconds he manages to pant, "I'm sorry." Some more controlled breathing, and then: "I'm sorry, I was about to come."

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU? I mouth in a silent scream, sending spittle and precum onto my paw covering the hole. I was so close! He could've blasted my throat to kingdom come and I *still* could've ass-milked a sequel out of him.

Angrily (or at least as angrily as I can make two fingers appear) I repeat the signal, careful to keep my tail above the bottom of the divider as long as I'm kneeling. Just for safety. The silence from the other side is more than a bit disconcerting. I can't say I haven't been on edge either, but even so my mind goes directly to the worst-case scenario. Okay, the worst case would be him looking over the top of the wall and whatever arises from that. Second-worst is his feet suddenly going cold and him running away scared, never to return.

I can hear him breathing over there. Panting, still. Catching his breath? From what? He's hardly had to move so far. I don't even get that breathy when a guy's blowing me. And I should know.

"So..." he begins, and I prepare for the worst. "I thought I might switch things up a little."

Something in my brain snaps, the mental equivalent of going *HURK!* The image of his tailhole, spread up against the divider and winking, throws my erection into diamond territory. He can't have just said what he said.

I hum up and down, the sound of, "Oh really now?"

"Yeah. Uh...just for kicks and giggles, you know. I figured you might appreciate it."

"Mhm."

"So, stick it through, I guess." He sighs, obviously conflicted, and I kind of feel sorry for him. This whole time I've been getting off on the fact that we're related, but not once stopped to consider that he might be having trouble coming to terms with fooling around with a guy, period. I don't have to feed my cock through the wall; all I have to do is back up to it and he'd get the idea, no harm no foul. But, I figure, he's willing to give it a try, so I guess it's worth a shot.

But before I do that, I tail-block the glory hole and bend down to my jeans and grab my phone from the side pocket. This occasion needs to be preserved for posterity.

When he kneels I hear the litany of pops and cracks I've grown used to over the years. Even the little grunt there towards the end. He always says it helps, like when tennis players accentuate their swings. I always thought it was bullshit, but nothing's gone wrong with my body yet either. "All right, I'm ready."

Stepping up to the wall I regret that I can't speak up to warn him or instruct him or let him off his self-imposed hook. But, like last time, if he wants to satisfy some kind of curiosity, this is one of the safest ways to do so. And who am I to refuse him anyway? Which Commandment was the "Honor Thy Father" one?

I have to raise up on partial tiptoe to make myself level with the hole, but I get there. Normally I'd guide it in with my fingers, but he might recognize my claws or something (or maybe I'm just paranoid) so I just thrust into the open space, pressing my belly flush. The low whistle is almost immediate.

“That’s pretty sizable,” he says, not really approving as much as stating a fact. I’m not exactly exceptional, not even as big as him, but I smile to myself anyway. Another big sigh, big enough to feel his breath. “Okay, here we go.” And my father wraps his fingers around my cock.

It’s like one of those moments that’s over so quickly you didn’t have time to take it all in or savor it. One second, I’m dangling out in the open, and the next he’s grabbed me. I don’t even have time to have my mind blown; I keep wanting to disbelieve the incredibility of it all but we’re both here and we’re doing this thing so it reduces the magnitude some.

“Just let me know if I’m doing it wrong,” he says as he starts stroking. As expected, he’s a bit mechanical, and I’m pretty sure he’s never held another cock in his life. That said, he’s not the worst I’ve had. A lot of guys get so caught up in being perfect that they lose the organic component in favor of monotony. Once again I can’t blame him; I’d be willing to bet he’s a bundle of nerves.

For a couple minutes I enjoy the touches, trembly as they are, before remembering my phone in my left paw. His fingers exploring my sac, I swipe the lock screen and bring up my camera to switch it to video mode. After confirming that the fucking light won’t try to brighten up the picture, I hit the big red button and carefully reach to the top of the divider, tilting the phone as far as I dare without risking a drop. If Dad got conked on the head in the middle of his first fellatio, he’d never forgive me.

He might never forgive me anyway, but still.

I can’t see the screen but I can approximate. At the very least the footage will be shaky but clear, and I’ve got to catch the good parts at least some of the time.

Dad’s whispering, his shifting feet not quite masking the words: “I’m crazy, this is crazy, what the fuck, Arther.” For a fleeting second I feel his breath on my cockhead, and then the familiar wet warmth you read about in porn stories. But come on, there’s really nothing like a nice big tongue slathering over all your sensitive spots. Except, maybe, the feel of a well-lubed tailhole spreading around you. That’s much, much better.

The first thing Dad does after his first taste of dick is smack his lips, though that doesn’t give anything away. But when he comes back in again, a little more eager, he goes a bit deeper. I would’ve figured him as a tentative licker followed by the main event, but I guess he’s in it for the destination more than the journey. Either way he gets a muzzle full of cream, if he can last long enough.

The better question is, can I? Keeping the phone steady while holding myself against the divider is an exercise in balance, and I don’t have the strongest calves in the world. But if Dad’s going to the trouble of blowing me, I can hold a pose for a few minutes. The way it’s going, it shouldn’t be much longer than that.

Coming up for air, Dad uses his own saliva to stroke while he’s resting. I have to give him props for not yet grazing me with his teeth. I can hear when he’s working his muzzle because his jaw makes a clicking sound whenever he does it at home. Aside from that and the soft *schlock* of my wet cock, it’s all about mid-night silence.

“How’s that so far?” He sounds unsure of himself, like he doesn’t know how much of a leg up he’s got on quite a few friends of mine. “First time for me.”

“Mmmmmhmmm.” My left arm begins to ache, and I flex myself a few times to tell him to continue.

Dad sighs the sigh of someone undertaking an arduous task. “All right, but I don’t know how long I can go. Feels weird, but I figured I owed you one.” Holding me at the base, he slides back down about halfway, which is plenty far if he’s aiming to get me off. I can’t help a grunt. “I guess that’s a good thing.” I wish more than ever that I could say something, even if it’s a yes or no.

I’m surprised at how worked up I’m getting, even though circumstances pretty much require it. My father’s blowing me through a hole in a bathroom-stall divider in the middle of the night. I mean, that’s some pretty heavy shit. But I’m so distracted by simultaneously holding my phone steady and trying to get off that I don’t have the mental energy to devote to thinking beyond the feeling. Only a couple minutes of imagining how his muzzle must look full of cock get me most of the way there, and I find my hips moving even though I’ve got plenty of length to obviate thrusting.

Even if he’s not that good, he’s good.

It’s the sound of him jerking himself off that sends me over, though. He’d said he was merely returning a favor, but when he rustles around and starts fapping, he’s telling me he’s enjoying himself on some level. Bottoms use that to take big dicks more easily, sure, but not during blowjobs. They’re two separate actions, so Dad’s horny for it but not quite all the way there. And I can’t blame him.

Too late I realize that I have no way of warning him I’m about to come, not without giving myself away. I’m going to have to go the asshole route but it can’t be helped. If this is the end of things, so be it. But no way am I saying a word.

Perhaps Dad senses this, because he pulls back and settles his tongue under my head, basically ensuring a quick nut. My balls tense up almost immediately; my tail smacks the opposite divider without help from me, and I squeeze my eyes shut so tightly that stars explode behind my lids, pulsing with every shot. I count nine, and somewhere around the fifth I hear Dad choke from within three feet of cotton balls. Everything else is heartbeat and tinnitus. He never lets go, though, but I don’t detect him swallowing either.

The first thing I notice after getting my hearing back is the raspy panting coming from my throat and how perilously close I am to vocalizing. Licking my lips several times and taking some deep breaths fix that problem. I’m relieved more than anything when I feel his lips milk out the dregs on his final, slow withdrawal.

“Blegh,” Dad says, smacking his lips. “A warning would’ve been appreciated.” I *knew* he wouldn’t like that. “Stuff tastes awful. I’m glad you like it, though.” I chuckle. Yes, I do. Very much.

Suddenly I remember my phone directly in his line of sight if he gets up, and whip my arm back over the divider, my calves complaining as I come off my tiptoes. I tap the red button again and the video minimizes. A hair over six minutes, not too bad.

I hear him get to his feet, and my tail is right up against the hole again, just in case. “Well, that was certainly...edifying. Might not want to do that again, I don’t know. I think we both had fun, though.” He’s talking like it’s over. He’s weirder anonymously than he is in person, I swear.

In the space of about two seconds I'm backed up to that hole, cheeks spread, that familiar and comfortable position from last time. Only a few minutes since I came, but I'm right back up there again, ready and willing.

"Oh, man." Dad's throat sounds dry. "I was hoping you'd do that."

Are you kidding? Like I'm gonna let you get away without pounding that big beautiful dick under my tail again.

The only thing better than hearing him spit on his cock would be to watch him spread it around and line it up. But since that's not an option, I fold my ears back to catch most of it, and wink my hole enticingly. Only three winks in, he makes contact and just motherfucking impales me. My lube and his spit make a perfect combination.

We moan together, father and son. We sound like the same person. He doesn't wait this time around, he just pulls right back out--and I mean *out*, it makes an audible plop--and back in, until he mashes his sheath up against me. I swear I can feel the top of his balls. I'm certain sure he hasn't gotten any since last time. I know a desperate fuck when I feel one.

This can't be the last time. It just can't. I don't know what excuse I'll give when I go back to campus, but there's gotta be a way to keep it going. Maybe one more time before I leave...

"Oh, I missed this," Dad says huskily. "I'm sorry; it's going to be quick after all that." This I have absolutely no problem with. What I would give for a nice long, slow session with this man. As far as what he and Mom do (if they do anything at all), I don't know if he's rough or gentle, a kisser or not, but I bet that either way it's got to be mind-bending.

With my rump suitably spread, I brace myself against the opposite divider to give him a solid, inflexible surface to hump into. Something smacks above my head. Looking up, I see Dad's fingers, all eight plus thumbs, holding onto the top, his wedding band glinting in the harsh light. His claws are scraping off paint, like a kind of sexual graffiti. He's much rougher than last time now that he knows his way around.

Every time he bottoms out I let out an approving grunt. It helps, you know.

Dad starts growling, and my initial silent giggle turns into a silent HOLY SHIT as he just goes to town. Anyone outside would know exactly what was going on in here, and I can't even say anything to shut him up. I just stay quiet and still and stare at my jeans puddled on the floor as he pounds my prostate to a pulp.

"Take this fuckin' dick." Who is this man? "God, fuck, goddammit!" And suddenly I'm empty, denied the load I crave so much. But jeezy-creezy, does he spray me down. His fist sounds like it's flying, and my gaping hole and the area around it are bathed in hot fluid. "Arrrrrghhh," he groans through gritted teeth, circling my hole with his cockhead, gathering up his load, scooping it into the middle and BAM he shoves it into me as far as he can. The unbelievable raunch of it all...just...there aren't words.

For one very long minute, we stay like that, catching our breath. I feel him pulsating, then gradually softening, little by little until I can't hold him in anymore. Same for his load; I don't even try. It runs

down my balls and splatters the tile and I take particular pride in that. My smile is a weary one, though.

“That was the best orgasm I’ve ever had. Not even lying. Better than my first, even.” My ass has been highly praised before, but this takes the cake. I collapse onto the toilet with weak legs while he hurriedly belt-clinks his way to being clothed again. At this point, if he decided to thank me face-to-face I wouldn’t even care. I’d just wave and smile.

He slides the bolt on his door and steps over to mine. I look up dazedly but he’s behind the panel instead of looking through the gap. “I guess that’s about it, then. I guess, until next time. Maybe, I don’t know. I...have to think about it.”

“Mhm,” I say in my random-internet-hookup voice.

“Thanks again. That...” He sighs that sigh again, like he doesn’t know whether or not to feel good about feeling good. I suppose I can’t entirely blame him. “It was amazing, I can’t lie. So, I guess we’ll see.” He sighs AGAIN as he walks to the door, unlocks it and heads out into the night. I wonder if he’ll ever loosen up. At least I caught it on tape this time.

*Loosen up...*now I’m thinking about him backed up against that divider again. The impossible dream. My hole tries to clench and doesn’t quite get there.

Thanks, Dad. God dammit.

10/14-12/23/15