

to read it. All characters portrayed in this story are 18 or older.

son.

Content warning - the story is about consensual sex between dad and

Ben had been attending college for a few weeks, but unfortunately the dormitory for the college students was being renovated. So Ben had to live with his father Frank for a few more weeks. He continued to work as a temp in the small supermarket, so he could only afford a room in the student dormitory. Ben finally wanted to stand on his own two feet, but living here with his father wasn't the worst thing either.

Autumn had arrived, the days were getting colder and so Ben was after a hot bath that Friday evening.







Ben closed the door to the bathroom, ran the water and checked in the mirror to see if he should shave. His beard growth wasn't very strong, so he wasn't up to his father's standards. Frank told him once that his own beard growth had also started rather late, but Ben didn't really worry about that either. He found it very convenient not to have to shave every now and then. And everything else worked just fine, as we will see in a few moments...







Sliding into the hot water was always a moment Ben could do without. But once his body had got used to the heat and Ben was able to immerse his entire body, he enjoyed the hot water surrounding him and was able to relax.

And with the relaxation and peace and quiet, alone with himself in the bath, his hormones quickly awoke again...





It didn't take long for Ben's thoughts to start circling around cocks. He had already seen a few cocks, had sucked them, been fucked by them and he had fucked with his own cock many times. He stroked his hand over his balls floating in the water, took his hardening cock in his first and began to massage it. Ben liked that special feeling of touching his boner in the water, somehow it was different, more intense than just wanking under the covers.







The rhythmic splashing from the bathroom did not go unnoticed. Frank had come back from his regular Friday meeting with his best buddy John and just wanted to brush his teeth before going to bed. Now he was standing in front of the bathroom door, heard these distinct noises coming from the bathtub and knew for sure: his son was in there, shaking his palm.

Frank listened to the sounds and images began to form in his head. It had been a long time since he had jerked off and his thoughts began to revolve around what was going on in the bath. He imagined his son massaging his hard cock with his hand, his balls moving back and forth in the water.

He slipped his hand into his briefs and knew for sure that while he began to massage his own balls, his boy was doing the same behind that door...



Frank couldn't stand it any longer and opened the door. Only a crack at first. And sure enough, there was Ben lying naked in the bathtub, wanking his cock. He hadn't even noticed that Frank had opened the door, he had closed his eyes and was engrossed in who knows what kind of fantasies.



Daaad?



At first Ben tried to hide his pecker. Did dad actually watch him fapping?





Frank started to brush his teeth. The mirror gave him a clear view of Ben, who was holding his hand over his hard-on, but he couldn't hide much either. The whole situation was getting hotter and hotter for both of them: Frank saw his boy lying naked in the bathtub with a pretty big boner. Ben looked at his father's body, sculpted by his physical labour on the building site. He had already had some experience with more boyish types, but also with more mature men, and he had had a lot of fun with both types of men. Now to see such a splendid example of a man standing here in the bathroom excited him. It excited him a lot.

It turned him on so much that he stopped trying to hide his hard-on. Ben started to look at his dad, he checked him out and realised: this man who is in the bathroom with him right now is a hot daddy.







Frank rinsed his mouth and sat down. His cock was suddenly getting bigger and harder and he wasn't sure what he was doing. He sat down, partly to hide the growing hard-on in his briefs from his son, and partly to think about what to do next.

It became very clear to him, what he WANTED to do... but should he?

Ben didn't expect that his dad would suddenly come so close. A little bit surprised, he tried to cover his pecker again.

has! I want to touch it. Man, uuuck... what's going want to fuck this boy! on????

Frank decided to do a move. He turned to Ben and showed off his growing hard-on in his briefs.







Ben could not take his eyes off his father's crotch. He was sitting there with his legs spread at eye level, showing him this big bulge in his crotch. The glans was even sticking out a little at the top of his waistband, Ben just couldn't look away.

Now he made no further effort to cover his own hard-on: he took his hands out of his crotch and stared at his father's slightly twitching cock. His own cock started to twitch - it was all so exciting for Ben.





The next moment Frank stood up and directly reached for Ben's hard cock.



Ben went wild at the sight of Franks crotch... I'm sure you can imagine















What would mum say if she'd see this scenery?



Suddenly Frank stood up and presented his fully erected boner to Ben







Frank didn't need to ask twice for that to happen.



Fuuck!













After they had worked on each other's cocks for a while, Frank climbed into the bathtub with Ben. He sat on the edge, took Ben's face in his hands and moved his mouth to Ben's ear. "I'm going to fuck you, junior. What do you think?" he whispered. "I can take a lot," Ben replied, "so let it out. Fuck me, work my ass with every trick in the book."

Frank thought he was going to cum right away, he was so turned on by those dirty words coming out of his son's mouth. That mouth, those lips, he looks so innocent and yet he is so depraved. He pressed his lips to Ben's.



Frank stood up and motioned for Ben to do the same. "Dad, just fuck me hard. Here, take the shower gel and some spit and get in there with your pecker," Ben said. Frank was confused, was this really how it was going to go? But the boy was so clear and demanding, he obviously knew what he was talking about. Frank took some shower gel and smeared it on Ben's rosette. He spat into his hand and used it to work the rosette a little, but he already realised how easy it was to insert his fingers. He placed his glans on the hole, pushed it in a little and before he knew it his whole cock was inside Ben.



Frank plunged his huge cock deep into Ben, pulling it out almost to the head, then thrusting it back into his son with a powerful thrust. Ben moaned and gasped, his cock bobbing up and down with each thrust from his dad.

Ben stretched his bottom greedily towards Frank's hips. He wanted to feel every inch of his hot dad inside him. Frank thrust again and again, deep and hard, moaning in his deep, masculine voice, his balls bobbing back and forth with every movement of his hips.



boy...

Let it go, dad... Cum inside me,

please!

Frank and Ben are ficitonal characters. If you like to see more of them or other gay family taboo stories just follow me.

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