

Like fathers, like sons (2)

- A Special Friday Night -

Trigger warning: sexual explicitness, incest (dad/son)

That Friday night, after what seemed like an eternity, Ben had another date with Jacob. They planned to meet at Fredsboro Park: Now that it was summer, you could sit on the sprawling grounds until late at night, drinking your beer and, if you felt like it, listening to one of the many street musicians or watching one of the other performers. The park was especially lively and busy on weekends in the summer, and it was great to unwind after work in this relaxed atmosphere.

They hadn't spoken since last weekend, when the barbecue had taken such an exciting turn. That wasn't unusual, they'd never been in regular contact, but the whole situation was unusual and so they both needed to talk.

When Ben arrived at the entrance of the park, Jacob was already waiting for him. Jacob came up to him beaming and hugged him, they exchanged a few words and the two of them found a quiet spot away from the hustle and bustle. Jacob opened one of the beers and gave it to Ben, who took one as well, they toasted each other and Jacob got right to the point.

"So what do you think about this?"

"About what?" Ben asked, grinning mischievously at Jacob.

Jacob grinned back, winked at Ben and raised his beer bottle in a toast: "To man-on-man fucking!" he said, and Ben joined in the toast, laughing.

"Yeah," Ben said slowly, "that was quite a number we pulled, wasn't it?"

Ben looked at Jacob, a little worried about his buddy. Though maybe worried was a little too much. He just wasn't sure how Jacob felt right now. After all, Jacob had watched John, Jacob's father, fuck him. The whole situation had been bizarre and thinking about it made his crotch feel tight again. Bizarre, but also really hot.

"Not as gross as what happened afterwards!" Jacob joked and you could see his excitement. He had something to say and needed to get it out. The whole family wasn't exactly known for keeping their thoughts to themselves, but Jacob was a particularly open book. What was going through his mind could sometimes come out quite unfiltered. Ben liked that.

"I see," Ben said with the taciturnity inherent in the Carhils. But Ben rarely resorted to that taciturnity like his father Frank, only when he was unsure – what did Jacob know? Ben hadn't told him yet that his own father had really fucked him in the hallway of the trailer the morning after the barbecue. It had been short, it had been intense, it had been hot, but it had also been a new line they had crossed. Frank and Ben didn't talk about it after that as work kept them from doing so for the next few days, and Carhil's taciturnity didn't encourage further conversation. Had Frank talked to Jacob or his father John? Ben thought that was almost impossible, his father was anything but a gossip... Ben became more tense, but also more nervous.

Jacob grinned broadly at Ben.

"What is it now?" Ben blurted out, perhaps a little too brashly. Jacob was a little irritated by this harsh reaction, but he didn't let it stop him for long, because what he had to tell his best friend was just too exciting.

"Let's put it this way, I got fucked for the second time this night," Jacob grinned. Ben had to think: After that evening it had become clear to everyone present that Frank, Ben's father, had fucked Jacob. During the hot action at the barbecue with the four of them, Jacob hadn't shown his ass to anyone... and then Jacob and his dad had gone home... Could that be it?

"Your dad?" Ben asked carefully.

"Yeah, bro, my dad!" Jacob laughed and joked and immediately started to tell all the details: how they had been sitting in the truck, how John had taken Jacob's pants off and sucked his dick right in the garage and how they had gone to John's bedroom where his dad had fucked him. Ben became more and more aroused, his cock pressing against the fabric of his pants, which of course didn't escape Jacob's attention. "All right, I was kind of worried you'd think I was a complete pervert now, but this thing puts me at ease," he laughed, boldly reaching for Ben's crotch. Ben jumped, grabbed Jacob's hand in his crotch and looked around quickly, but when he was sure that no one saw them

and no one was around, he let go of Jacob's hand.

"Okay, I have something to tell you too," Ben said after a moment.

Jacob looked at Ben with interest and mischief, but also a little disappointed. He would have thought that this blatant action would have aroused a little more interest in his best friend, but well, let's wait and see what Ben has to say.

"Well, let's put it this way, I got fucked pretty hard the next morning, too." Ben grinned from ear to ear. "I think, well, if put it in this way, then we're both completely perverted now!"

Jacob had just taken a sip from his beer bottle and now spit out half a mouthful of beer, the beer running down the corners of his mouth. He tried to cover his face and mouth with his hand, but he was laughing out loud. His whole body was shaking with laughter, and when he calmed down halfway, the two boys excitedly exchanged all sorts of dirty details. There was another round of beer and more dirty stories. Both talked themselves into an almost painful horniness, the summer heat and the not so cool beer heightened their arousal.

"Jacob, I need to fuck!" Ben blurted out. "I haven't cummed for days. Come over here!" Ben made an effort to slide over to Jacob, but he held up both hands.

"Easy, dude... I've been fucked several times now, it's my turn again!" he grinned. "How about you give me your sweet ass and let's really..."

"Bro, I can still feel my dad's cock," Ben laughed. "It's hot to get fucked sometimes, but he's got one of those peckers, after that I need a grace period." They both laughed and thought about it.

"Actually, it would be our turn anyway," Jacob said.

"What do you mean?"

"At the barbecue, Dad said, 'It's the boys' turn today,'" Jacob reminded. "I guess it's the old men's turn now," he concluded.

A greedy grin crossed Ben's face. He liked Jacob's directness. And the idea of fucking his father...

he could have come at once at the thought of it and quickly tried to think of something else.

They were both lost in wild thoughts for a moment. Then Ben said: "They get together every Friday and have a few beers."

"Right!" Jacob grinned. "And probably fuck!"

"How about we pay them a visit?"

Jacob looked at his watch. "Yes, they meet on Fridays, but they never last long because they're tired from the week. It's 11 pm, my father is probably already home or on his way."

"Look, we're just going to do it: we're going to go home and fuck our fathers this Weekend! It was our turn last weekend, now it's their turn. Shit, I'm so horny, I want to fuck now!" Ben exclaimed.

They both jumped up, drunk and euphoric from the summer, the beer, the stories and the lust. They grabbed their things and left.

They left the park, wished each other good luck and went to fuck their two old men.

Wake up, junior wants to fuck

All the way home, Ben and Jacob kept messaging each other. Jacob once sent a picture of his boner and wrote: "This ock is going to fuck!", Ben thought Jacob's dick was really hot. He was almost a little mad at himself for not letting his friend fuck him. Now he went home horny as hell with an uncertain outcome, the fuck with Jacob would have been sure. Whatever awaited him at home now was unpredictable. He had no idea what this was all about. But well, he was home. He quickly texted Jacob "I'm here, good luck, fucker!" and opened the front door of the trailer.

The regular meetings between Frank and John had become a tradition. For as long as he could remember, it had always been clear: John and his dad would get together on Friday nights. Even when Ben came to visit during the holidays, no exception was made. But Ben hadn't thought of that, either; it was a tradition everyone lived by and loved.

When Ben opened the door to the trailer, he was quite surprised this time: the lights and the TV was on, there were some empty beers and glasses on the table, and there were clothes scattered on the floor and on one of the two sofas. Frank was lying on his stomach on the other sofa, asleep. Naked. John and his dad weren't drunks, the evenings were usually very quiet: after two or three beers it was usually over, but this time it seemed to have escalated a bit.

Ben looked at his father: his massive upper body moved with every breath, his right arm hanging down from the sofa, radiating impressive strength. Frank was a construction worker, tall, strong and bulky, but not fat or anything. With hair all over his body, Frank was something of a prototypical "construction man". Ben's crotch twitched. This situation was much more promising than he had thought on the way here.

He sat down on the armrest at the end of the sofa. From here he had a clear view of Frank's butt: his legs were slightly spread and Frank's balls and cock were lying on the sofa, clearly visible to Ben. He had never seen his father like that before. He found this view of his father's ass and balls incredibly hot. To be able to enjoy this sight over and over again, he took out his cell phone and took a picture. He sent it to Jacob and wrote "Look what I've found". He grinned, put the phone on silent and put it away.

Now he moved a little closer: he slid down from the armrest onto the free seat of the sofa and leaned forward a little. From here he could smell his father. The smell of sweat and a man's body that was being cared for, but also used, reached his nose and made his balls twitch. He wanted to touch that ass, the testicles lying there on the sofa, the flaccid cock that was excitingly wet.... But what was that? He looked closer at his father's back and ass and saw dried cum. Obviously Frank and John had been here today... Yes, what were they doing? The fantasies circled in Ben's head, he imagined the two men rubbing their cocks, kissing each other, John cumming on his dad's back... Ben's cock bounced in his pants, bringing him back to the here and now.

With two fingers of his hand, he carefully began to push one of his father's buttocks aside so that he could take a look at his rosette. "Fuuuuck," Ben gasped... his cock urged him to go further. He moistened his two fingers with some spit and began to rub Frank's rosette with it, using his other hand to push his pants down a bit and free his hard cock. The feeling of sliding his two fingers over the rosette made him want to go further. He could feel that Frank's hole was still slippery, obviously John had done a good job here, his fingers had practically no trouble sliding into the hole. The

rosette nestled warm and wet around Ben's fingers, he closed his eyes, felt the tight rosette around his fingers and massaged his cock with his other hand.

Of course this didn't go unnoticed. Frank had woken up when Ben started stroking his rosette with his fingers, but at first he thought John was ready for a second round. He opened his eyes cautiously, but then saw that John's things were no longer in the room: John had obviously gone home, but Ben's backpack was there instead. Was the kid supposed to be playing with his ass? Frank almost jumped at the thought, but then he asked himself: "So what? I fucked junior last weekend and it was incredibly hot. And in fact, he had been thinking the whole time about what it would be like to be fucked by his son. So he pulled himself together and made Ben think he was still asleep. Let's see how far his son would go.

Ben still had no idea, but he didn't think about it - Frank should wake up. The lust and the beer went to his head and nothing else mattered. He knelt down on the floor in front of the sofa to get a different angle on his dad's butt. He grabbed Frank's bare foot with one hand while massaging his cock with the other. Just touching that foot turned him on beyond belief. But now Frank winced, he must have been a little ticklish on his foot. Frank looked over his shoulder at Ben, both of them looking into each other's eyes as Ben put his hand on Frank's lower leg and continued to massage his hard-on with his other hand.

"Keep it up, junior!"

Ben didn't need to be told twice: he spat into his free hand and began to rub Frank's hole again. Frank groaned, his hole was still hot from John's ramming a few minutes ago, but that only turned Frank on more. He could feel Ben's fingers sliding in and out with amazing determination and experience at just the right pace and force, going in a little deeper with each thrust and then immediately sliding out a little more. Frank's cock immediately became hard again and began to push against the seat of the couch. Ben's fingers slid out of Frank's hot hole and down to his hardening cock. He spat into his hands again to rub his father's cock. He moaned again, almost begging: "Come here, junior, give me your cock!"

Ben stood up, walked to the end of the sofa where Frank's head lay, pulled down his pants a little more and stretched out his hard cock towards his father. Frank looked at his son for a moment, moaned in appreciation, opened his mouth and put his lips around the head. It was already full of pre-cum and tasted slightly salty like semen, Frank loved this taste. Ben took both hands, placed

them on the back of Frank's head and began to slowly push his cock in and out of his father's mouth, alternating and going deeper and deeper. Ben quickly realized that his father was experienced and could take a lot, so he pushed his stiff cock down his father's throat as far as it would go. Frank gagged and choked, but kept the whole cock in, breathing in and out heavily two or three times. Ben pulled his hard cock out again, walked to the other end of the sofa and took off his pants. Now Ben stood there without his pants, undershirt and cap still on and with a hard cock and a dirty grin, his eyes fixed on his father's ass.

Frank had pushed his butt up a little to get his now fully hard cock into a more comfortable upright position. Just as he was about to lower his butt again, Ben said, "Stay here," boldly grabbed his father's cock with one hand and began to lick his father's rosette. His tongue circled the hole, slipped in and out, circled again, massaging Frank's hard cock all the while. Frank moaned and mumbled something Ben couldn't understand. What was it, what did Dad want? Ben decided to just keep licking, sticking his tongue in and out of the hole as Frank said louder and clearer: "Fuck me, junior. Really!".

He could hardly believe it and those words made him cum almost immediately. Was this really going to happen? He decided not to hesitate any longer. He knelt on the sofa behind Frank with one leg and stood on the floor with the other. He took his hard cock in his hand, pressed it against Frank's rosette and let his glans slide in. Immediately he felt the warm, strong grip of the hole around his penis, literally sucking him in. Frank moaned, "Yeah, junior!" Ben now pressed his entire abdomen against his father's ass. Within seconds, his whole 19 cm cock had slid into the hole and was pressing directly against Frank, who was moaning again. Frank was almost dizzy, he could feel his son's hard cock pressing so hard against him. It was harder and hotter than Frank had ever imagined.

Ben grabbed Frank's neck from behind with one hand, moving his head very close to Frank's ear. Frank was incredibly turned on to hear his son's heavy, excited breathing, to feel it on and in his ear, while at the same time feeling the heavy thrusts of his cock insight him. Ben licked Frank's ear with his tongue, it was now just a severely ramming. Ben whispered, "Can you feel my cock, Dad?". Frank barely heard the words between the heavy panting, but they got through to him and drove him wild with lust. "Can you feel my cock, Dad? I'm fucking you, Dad! I'm fucking you!"

"Yes son, fuck your old man!" Frank was almost mad with lust. "Fuck me, junior! Push!". Ben pushed harder and harder, breathing faster and faster, Frank's ear was almost cold from his son's

heavy breathing. Ben removed his hand from Frank's neck and cupped Frank's bobbing cock from back to front. As Ben fucked his father hard from behind, he jerked his cock at the same time.

"Dad, I'm cumming!" Ben got louder.

"Just cum, son," Frank panted. His son's thrusts became more violent and Frank moaned heavily. "Give your old man what he needs, junior!" Ben's breath gave way to a groan that came from deep inside him, he thrust a few more times and the pulsing of the cock inside him that Frank felt told him that his own son had just cummed inside him. Ben slowed his movements a little, but after a few seconds he continued jerking Frank from behind. Ben's cock stayed hard and Frank leaned back so he could look Ben in the eye. He actually wanted to tell him to stop - Frank had already cummed with John today and thought that would be enough. But when he opened his mouth, Ben's tongue slid right over his lips and into his mouth. This dirty boy who had just fucked him, who was still thrusting his hard cock and massaging his cock firmly with his hand, gave Frank the rest. To feel Ben's tongue, how it purposefully sought and found its way to his own, made him realize: he had to cum now, this couldn't end without this. So he just let himself go: he felt Ben's still amazingly hard cock, Ben's hand around his own hard cock, he took Ben's tongue in his mouth with his lips, warm and wet, and only a few seconds later he moaned, Ben's tongue still firmly enclosed by his lips, intensely, he jerked his abdomen back and forth while several spurts of cum spread across the sofa.

Ben let his slowly becoming flaccid cock slide out of Frank, and they both sat down on the sofa, slowly trying to catch their breath, their cocks still stiffly sticking up. They gasped, looked at each other and laughed.

"Awesome, Dad!" Ben said, giving Frank a friendly fist bump on the upper arm.

"Awesome fucker!" he replied, lightly stroking Ben's hard-on with the flat of his hand and grinning.

Jacob home alone

When Jacob got home, the house was dark and John's car wasn't in the garage. That sucked, all this time he had been so horny with Ben and now there wasn't even a chance to fuck. He went into the dark house, grabbed a glass of water in the kitchen, then climbed up the stairs and went to his room. It was out of the question to just go to sleep now, he had to jerk off.

But as horny as he was, he didn't want to just jerk off right now. He felt this urge in his loins to move. He didn't want to just grab his cock and jerk off, he wanted to push his cock into something. Jacob stood in his room and thought... and then he remembered what he liked to do when he was younger. His eyes fell on the pillows on his bed and he smiled - well, in his memory he had a lot of fun rubbing his cock against the pillows. And why not try it again?

Jacob lay down on the bed, took one of the pillows and said with a laugh: "Well, honey! Here we are again!". He giggled and wondered if he was really doing this. He stroked his face with the flat of his hand, the way you do to release a little tension, looked at the pillow again, looked at his huge boner, which made no move to retreat, and then grabbed his cell phone to look for wanking material. He saw a message from Ben: "Look what I've found!". The picture in the preview already gave him an idea: he opened the message and Jacob saw a broad man's ass stretched out appetizingly towards the camera and his legs spread wide so that the view of his balls and flaccid penis resting on the sofa seat was unobstructed. "Wooooooar!" Jacob's jaw dropped. Was that really Frank's ass that Ben had photographed? Was Ben really supposed to have found his dad like that? Jacob's dick started to twitch, he didn't care anymore.

Jacob quickly pulled down his shorts, leaving his white socks and tank top on, jerked his cock a little with one hand to relieve some of the initial pressure, and adjusted his pillow. He placed his cell phone with the open photo of Frank's ass on the other pillow so he could look at it all the time. Lying on his side, he took the pillow and pressed it against his hard cock.

That was kind of good now, but it wasn't really, really good. Jacob put the pillow on the bed and lay on top of it, his upper body slightly elevated with both arms, lifting his ass a little and then pressing his cock into the pillow. His pillow was quite firm, so the pillow now offered a pleasant resistance. His eyes fell on the picture again: he imagined himself licking those balls from behind, this cock getting harder and harder as he ran his tongue over the growing, pulsating cock. He felt his own cock pushing against the resistance in the pillow, his ass cheeks contracting and relaxing with each thrust. He rubbed his cock against the pillow, the fabric rubbing against the underside of his cock and along his sack, the feeling was fantastic. He took his left hand and pressed his cock against the pillow, he continued to push against it with his hips and as the pre-cum spread more on his cock it began to feel like fucking. It was different, of course, but it was hot.

What was that? It sounded as if someone was there. Jacob turned to see his father, John, standing in

the doorway. He had opened his own pants at the crotch, pulled out his equally stiff cock and was kneading it with one hand. Jacob just continued to fuck his pillow, looked at John and said nothing. John slowly walked over to his son and continued to knead his dick. When he reached the bed, he sat down on it and looked at his son's strong, rhythmically contracting buttocks. Every time he lifted his butt a little, his rosette loosened a little and his balls bobbed to the rhythm of the thrusts. He had already fucked this hole beautifully, the memory of the first time with Jacob a week ago came back to John.

"Let me help you, boy," John said with a smile. He spat into his free hand and wrapped it around Jacob's cock from behind. Jacob gasped and pushed harder.

"Oh yes, Dad! Oh yes!" Jacob moaned.

John kept a firm grip on Jacob's wet cock and continued to watch his son's rhythmic movements. He couldn't just watch anymore: he put his face between the up and down moving buttocks and stuck out his tongue. With each upward movement, his tongue touched Jacob's rosette and Jacob moaned louder. But John changed his position, sliding his face and tongue further down so that with each upward movement of Jacob's ass, John's tongue came closer and closer to his scrotum. Jacob didn't know if he wanted to stick his ass up and feel his dad's tongue all over him, or if he wanted to thrust his cock into his dad's wet hand. He decided to enjoy both in his frenzy.

Suddenly, John released his grip. He stood up. Jacob looked over his shoulder, a little worried that this might all be over now. But when he looked over his shoulder, he saw John undressing, his hard cock bobbing. With the words "I'll be right back" John left the room, he probably went to his bedroom, you could hear a drawer opening and closing and after a few seconds John was back in the doorway with a tube of lube. "Your old man needs this," he winked at Jacob. He had rolled onto his side a little to get a better view of what was going on. John approached him with a bouncing hard-on, took the pillow and said with a grin: "Sorry dude, it's my turn now!". John knelt on the edge of the bed, opened the tube of lube and began rubbing it into his hole. Jacob watched the scene, but when his father knelt on the edge of the bed and thrust his hard cock towards him, he couldn't help but take it in his mouth. John moaned and continued to rub the lubricant into his rosette. Jacob took two of his fingers in his mouth, moistened them with his spit and ran them back between John's legs to his hole. It was already very slippery, but Jacob wanted to be sure. He spread the spit on his fingers around John's hole, carefully inserting and withdrawing his fingers as he continued to massage John's cock in his mouth.

"Boy! Boy! Boy! Oh man, yes!". John moaned and shook. It was an experience to feel his son's tongue massaging his cock and his son's fingers skillfully preparing his rosette at the same time. "Oh yeah, that's good!". His eyes now fell on the cell phone Jacob had placed on the other pillow. "Oh, were you looking for some inspiration?" John asked. "What's that?"

Jacob wasn't sure if he should tell his father right now. He hesitated at first, but then his excitement and lust won out and he wanted to find out how far this could go. He picked up his cell phone, handed it to John and said:

"Maybe you'll recognize him!", Jacob grinned cheekily and John was even more interested.

He looked at the picture. The sofa and the room... wait a minute... yes, of course he had licked that ass countless times, fucked it, watched it being fucked.

John laughed, "How did you get a picture of Frank's ass?"

"Ben just sent it to me!" Jacob replied without hesitation. "Imagine Ben fucking that ass right now!"

"That's quite hot, Jacob!" said John, a little lost in thought. "But I really want to feel you fucking me right now," he said. With that, he lay down on his stomach on the pillow his son had been working on. Jacob didn't hesitate for a moment and knelt behind his father, who willingly stretched out his ass for him. The sight was almost too much, Jacob had to control himself to keep from squirting all of his juice directly onto John's ass and back. Jacob rubbed his hard-on up and down John's butt, took his hard, stiff cock in his hand and gently slapped John's rosette, who let out a big sigh in anticipation of a powerful cock in his ass.

Jacob now pressed his glans harder against John's rosette and it quickly found its way into the well-lubricated hole. Both father and son moaned loudly. It took John a moment to get used to the pecker that was now inside him, but after a few seconds he wanted more.

"Stick it in me, Jacob," John gasped, his voice a little hoarse. He wanted all of it now. And Jacob gave it to him. Jacob took his father's hips in both hands, holding them tightly, squeezing his buttocks together and his loins forward, his hard cock sliding deeper into John inch by inch. When he was completely inside, Jacob paused for a moment. He felt the warm body around his hard-on

and savored the moment. John moaned and gasped, which made the moment even better for Jacob. He pulled his hard cock out a little more, John's rosette gripped his cock tighter and he felt it tighten around the shaft of his hard-on. He pulled his cock out further, very slowly, almost to the middle of the shaft, then pushed it back in in one smooth motion. John moaned and gasped.

Jacob loved this fucking game, but now there was no holding back for him. He began to fuck John with increasingly powerful and violent thrusts, moaning and gasping as he felt his cock grow harder and harder. Then he held back a bit, but pulled his cock out even further, almost to the head, and then immediately thrust it deep inside John again. John was beside himself, he hadn't expected his 19 years old son to be such a good fucker. He had what it takes, you had to give him that.

Now Jacob lay on top of John. The weight of his son on his back, his cock in his ass, the sweat forming between the two bodies - John was about to cum. Jacob wrapped his left arm around John's neck from behind, stretching it upward. Jacob's mouth came close to John's ear and he began to work it with his tongue, breathing heavily. John's whole body shook with pleasure. Jacob's cock drilled deeper into John's hole and Jacob's thrusts became more violent and relentless. Jacob turned John's head towards his so that their mouths touched and they immediately began to kiss fiercely: they pressed their lips together, their tongues sought and found each other, they locked their tongues tightly to their lips, dull moans and the rocking of the bed forming the background noise. Nestled together like this, Jacob's hard cock in his father's, their tongues in each other's mouths, their lips pressed tightly together, Jacob lying belly down on his father's back, no, fucking, they both felt: this was how they wanted to cum.

Jacob closed his eyes, the thrusts became more intense, he began to moan continuously, uninterrupted and prolonged. John sensed that Jacob was about to cum and couldn't hold back any longer. Jacob could feel John's rosette contracting rhythmically and repeatedly, relaxing slightly each time John shot a load of cum. John's head jerked back a little with each spurt. Another thrust, another thrust...and another really hard thrust and Jacob's cock began to pulsate intensely. Jacob felt his load of cum squirt out of him, his father's clenched rosette not wanting to let go of him just yet. They both moaned heavily, releasing their lips so that the initially muted moans now filled the entire room.

They lay there for a while, Jacob with his cock still hard inside John, lying on his back with his arm around John's neck, both breathing heavily and sweating. After a while, John's rosette had relaxed again, Jacob carefully pulled his now becoming flaccid cock out and lay on his side next to John,

who continued to lie on his stomach, breathing heavily.

"That was intense, boy," John said. "You're a machine," John laughed as he stood up. "A fucking machine."

Jacob stood up too, acknowledging with a few hip swings that made his cock bob back and forth a little. "Well oiled and lubricated," Jacob joked.

"Come on, I'll help you make the bed," John laughed, but Jacob replied:

"No, not necessary. I'll sleep in your semen tonight."

John liked the idea and closed the door to Jacob's room, thinking to himself as he went to bed, "Well, this could be something."