

The Headmaster and his Sons

1 – Lend Me a Hand, Little Bro!

When Peter came home that Friday night, he was alone. His parents had an unusual marriage, with each living more or less their own life: Mum travelled a lot for work, often visiting one of her various lovers at the weekend, and Dad loved to go hiking in the countryside on his own. Peter and his older brother Christopher used to go along, but as they got older, camping and campfires with Dad became less exciting. Christopher (who everyone but his dad called Chris) was almost certainly out with friends again, drinking and partying. His current 'lifestyle' was a thorn in the side of his very rule- and order-oriented father, and he never missed an opportunity to express this. Chris, on the other hand, was disturbed by his father's conformity - a combination that always enlivened family life.

But now Peter was home alone, which suited him just fine. He got a beer from the fridge and sat down in front of the television in the living room.

He often had the house to himself at weekends when the other Taylors were away. They lived in a suburb of Fredsburg called Chesterbrook: the lawns here were green, the houses were medium-sized and the residents were conformist - just as William Taylor, Peter and Chris' father, particularly appreciated: he wanted everything to be neat and unobtrusive. The living room in which Peter sat was accordingly furnished: a plain carpet, a plain grey sofa, a wall unit, curtains and drapes on the windows, a well-tended houseplant here and there: nothing particularly modern and nothing fancy. Chris liked to say that all it needed was some crocheted doilies and rag dolls and it could pass for a retirement home. It wasn't quite that antiquated, but he wasn't entirely wrong.



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It wasn't that important to Peter. He liked it the way it was: college wasn't far away, he could save money and live at home, and his best friend from childhood, Lucas, lived right next door. That was enough for him.

He heard a key scratching on the front door. The owner couldn't find the keyhole at once. Peter bet himself that it was his older brother Chris coming back from a bender. Sure enough, after a few unsuccessful attempts, Chris found the keyhole, the key slipped into the hole, the door opened and Chris stumbled into the living room.

"Hello, little brother," Chris slurred slightly, "what are you doing?"

Chris was a year older than Peter and like him was studying at the local college, but not with the same fervour. While Peter took his studies very seriously, Chris preferred to go out with friends or play sports. They were both about the same height, about six feet, slim, with dark eyes and fair skin. Peter wore his dark blonde full hair parted on the side, Chris had slightly shorter brown hair which he liked to wear in front. Both were more of the "college boy" type and were always well received

by others because of their good looks and generally open and friendly manner. Chris, the older of the two brothers, was also very athletic, while Peter was more the reserved, thoughtful type.

"Hi Chris. Surprise, I'm watching TV!". The TV was almost the only source of light in the living room. Peter hoped the signal was clear: he wanted some peace and quiet. Chris was perfectly capable of picking up such signals - if he wanted to.

"Come on..." Chris sat up in Peter's line of sight. "This is boring. How about some action?" He gyrated his hips and crossed his arms behind his head, probably miming some sort of sex move. He moved his hips awkwardly, his tongue sticking out of his mouth a little, as if he was trying to do something very difficult and needed to concentrate.

Peter had to laugh: "Must have been another good party, huh?"

"Yeah... but... I haven't cum all week!". The two brothers enjoyed battling it out and trying to get each other off.

"Ah, thanks for the details. Doesn't your right hand help you?" Peter countered.

"Well, that's only half the fun."

"And your girlfriend, what about her? Has she finally realised what a complete idiot you are and won't let you touch her anymore?"

"Let's just say it's complicated," Chris replied, dropping onto the sofa next to his little brother. "Hey little brother," he continued to babble at Peter, "do you think Lucas would give me one off the wrist?"

Peter hadn't expected this and looked at Chris with irritation.

"Do you think we won't notice you're jerking each other off? What's it like: do you do more than just wank?"

Peter and his best friend Lucas, who lived next door, had started experimenting with each other. Admittedly, things had got a bit out of hand recently, but they'd always assumed they were being careful enough... obviously they weren't.

"None of your business," Peter growled.

"Oh come on!" Chris didn't let up, "You can tell your big brother about it... do you lick each other's dicks too?"

"Man Chris, you're really shit again!"

"Come on... Do you fuck each other?"

When Chris was in such a provocative mood, you couldn't talk to him normally. These were situations in which Peter would have liked to smash his stubborn brother against the wall. And these situations, with or without alcohol, became more frequent as Chris grew older. On the whole, Chris was a good big brother, not one of those who constantly bullied their younger siblings, but at times like this he knew neither friend nor foe.

Chris looked at Peter and his expression changed, something was going through his mind. Then he asked, "Has Dad had his talk with you yet and offered his controlled help?"

Normally Chris wasn't so drunk that he talked nonsense, but today he was completely out of it. "Chris, what are you talking about? What's wrong with you?"

"Well, you're 18 now... when I turned 18, he had this conversation with me... One of those... you know." Chris winked at Peter.

"Don't you think this conversation about bees and flowers is a bit late and Dad knows it? Maybe he just thought you were so retarded that he wasn't sure if you had understood everything at this time!" Peter smiled at his big brother and Chris laughed. They liked to tease each other like that.

"No, no, my innocent little brother," Chris teased back, putting one arm around Peter's shoulder and grabbing his own crotch with the other. "He actually asked me if I'd ever used this before, if I wanted to use it sometime and if we should go to the brothel together so I could practise!"

Peter grabbed Chris' arm behind his head and pushed Chris and his arm away from him: "Nonsense, don't talk rubbish!"

"But I swear to you! Our dad is such a control freak, he even wants to control how his boys lose their virginity ..." Chris' slight slurring didn't make these statements any more credible.

"Yeah, right." If Chris hadn't just mentioned Dad's control mania, he would have almost believed him. For as long as Peter could remember, Chris had worked himself up over the zeal with which their father planned, controlled and organised. It wasn't a problem for Peter, even if Dad's planning often struck him as a little overbearing, but for Chris it was a red flag. A constant source of little power struggles between father and eldest son.



Chris didn't let up: "Really! Dad grabbed me and took me to a brothel. And while I was there, he gave me instructions while I was busy with the lady."

Now Peter had to laugh. It was really annoying that Chris was always so preoccupied with Dad's way of thinking and living, but he also had a talent for getting to the heart of such idiosyncrasies with witty exaggerations.

Chris became very serious: "Peter, I swear to you!" He raised his hand as if to swear. "Don't you think Dad's addiction to control goes that far? You'll see... there's a lot you don't know about our dad, but that's about to change."

Peter grinned from ear to ear, the old lunatic really had a few too many beers today. "So what else is there?"

"I'll tell you." Chris grinned. "If you give me a blowjob right now!"

"Dude, you're really under pressure, aren't you?"

"Yessss," Chris moaned, purring slightly, "come on!"

Peter grinned.

"Come on, baby bro." Chris' voice softened a little, he could see from Peter's face that he didn't need much convincing. Peter wasn't the pick-up type, but when he was hot, he was pretty dirty. He took Peter's hand and guided it to his crotch. "I know you're good at this and love to do it... and I'd really like to put my cock in your mouth right now."

Peter felt his big brother's hard cock through his jeans. He squeezed the jeans a little tighter so he could see the contours even better. He had massaged that cock many times, licked it, had it in his mouth. Chris was charming, had a great body and was always looking for variety and adventure. It was definitely an advantage to have such a catchy and always horny guy at home. And the fact that things were 'complicated' with his girlfriend was definitely to Peter's advantage, as his big brother now came over more often to ease the tension. Peter practised undoing the button on Chris' trousers with one hand and slipped the zip down. Chris moaned a little as the tension of the jeans on his still growing cock eased a little.



Peter reached into his trousers and massaged his brother's rather large member through the fabric of his boxers. Chris closed his eyes, opened his mouth slightly and began to moan: "Oh yeah... keep it up, bro, keep it up!"

Peter started to undo the buttons on the fly of the boxers, but realised they were already undone. He reached into the boxers from the front and tried to pull out his penis, which was already completely stiff and wet at the glans. It wasn't easy, but he managed. He looked at the magnificent piece sticking out of the boxers, slightly shiny and twitching a little. He looked at his brother's face, his eyes still closed and his mouth slightly open. He was horny and Peter always found it exciting when he could make his big brother so hot.

Peter gripped Chris' cock tightly with his hand and began to move it up and down. Chris moaned again: "Hmmm... yes... Bro, that's exactly what I need right now!" And Peter continued: his hand slid up and down a few times, then he let it go deeper. It found its way to Chris' balls... Chris' balls: like Peter's, they hung down a little, not like Lucas', whose testicles were often very close to his body. He found it very exciting to hold both of Chris' testicles in his hands, to feel their weight and shape, to move them back and forth a little. These movements also elicited another moan from Chris - Peter liked it just as much when his balls were tended to in this way, the two brothers had this preference in common. Chris let his head fall back a little, his eyes still closed, enjoying the feel of his little brother's nimble hand on his crotch.



Peter leaned over to Chris and began to kiss his cock. First with his lips on top of the glans, then very slowly down the underside of the shaft. Once down, he slid his tongue into the boxer shorts on the bag, where he played a little with the tip of his tongue. Chris made small movements with his hips to guide his brother's tongue to the right places. Peter lifted his head, took both hands and indicated that he was going to pull Chris' trousers down. Chris opened his eyes, grinned, lifted his bum off the sofa and let his brother pull down his jeans and boxers. Chris was hot to watch, sitting there with his legs spread, his trousers down and his huge cock fully erect.



Peter let his tongue slide over the cock again, down the shaft to Chris' balls. First he took Chris' right testicle in his mouth, played around it with his tongue and then closed his hand around Chris' cock again, continuing to massage it. After a while, Peter's mouth worked its way up the shaft again, his lips now firmly on the cock, until he reached the head and, with a smacking sound, enveloped the entire glans in wetness. Chris groaned, took his brother's head in both hands and began to slide his cock in and out of his mouth with careful, slow movements of his hips. Chris had mastered these



movements so well that they always turned Peter on enormously. Especially when Chris did them while standing over him, his balls bouncing against Peter's face.

Then suddenly there was a noise at the front door. The key was inserted directly into the keyhole, the door was opened and faster than the two boys could react, their father was standing in the middle of the living room. William Taylor was used to a lot from his boys, but he hadn't expected anything like this. He turned on the light to make sure he had the situation right: his younger son Peter had indeed buried his head in his older brother's crotch and was sucking on his hard cock.

Chris and Peter jumped up, completely surprised, almost frightened. Peter said to his father: "It's not what it looks like, it's not what it looks like, it's...". But his father wasn't listening, his eyes were fixed on Chris.



Peter looked at Chris. While Peter was trying to get out of the embarrassing situation, his brother Chris next to him tried to pull up his trousers and get his hard-on into his trousers. But Chris' fine motor skills weren't up to scratch at the moment, so it took a while. Meanwhile his cock was bobbing up and down and from left to right. Peter realised that it was impossible to say anything to his father in these circumstances, so he remained silent. William Taylor stood in front of his sons and continued to watch in bewilderment as his older son Chris struggled to get his stiff penis into

his jeans.

Peter looked down at the ground, hoping it would just open. When Chris finally managed to zip his trousers up after what seemed like an eternity, Peter tried again to calm his father down. He began: "Dad, I know how..." - but Chris interrupted him and said to their father in a strangely calm tone: "What are you doing here?"



Then William Taylor burst out, "What am I doing here? I'm very surprised to hear you ask that, my dear. Do you really think that's the right question to ask in this situation? What are you doing here?"

William struggled to compose himself.

The room fell silent again. William Taylor stood in the middle of the living room looking at his two sons as they stood there trying to hide their stiff cocks in their trousers with their hands. Peter continued to avoid eye contact, but Chris looked at his father and grinned.

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