

Family Fleshlight

“Where is it?” I muttered to myself as I pulled out piles of my brother’s underwear from his dresser drawer. I threw the boxers onto his bed as I searched for what I knew would be hidden away within the depths of his drawers. I had found it by accident before when I had put away his clothes at the instruction of my dad and couldn’t stop thinking about it since. “Where the fuck did he hide it?” I asked myself as I threw the last pairs of underwear onto his bed and looked at the empty drawer. It was here two days ago, where did it go? Did he know that I found it?

“Fucking freak! What the hell are you doing in my drawers!?” A deep-voiced yelled behind me. I quickly turned and found my older brother standing in the doorway covered in sweat dressed in his football jersey and compression shorts. His large body completely blocking the exit from his room. I had thought he would be at practice for the remainder of the afternoon, but from the looks of his sweat covered body; it ended earlier than I had assumed.

“Um, I uh,” I squeaked unable to pull together a lie quick enough. I looked at his scattered pairs of underwear as they covered his duvet before I looked back at him. He raised an eyebrow in suspicion as I stared at him mouth wide. When I couldn’t answer his question realization filled his eyes; he knew what I was searching for in his drawers.

“Get the fuck out of my room you fag!” He shouted as he grabbed ahold of the collar of my shirt and threw me outside his room before he slammed the door shut behind me. I fell to the carpeted floors with a soft thud as I heard him slam the drawers of his dresser shut. I pulled myself off the floor while my bones gave a soft pop from the quick movements and harsh landing.

“I wonder where he put the fucking thing?” I asked myself as I made my way down the hall and I into my bedroom. Fuck, just thinking about the smooth silicon insides of the toy was enough to make my cock throb with excitement. I had heard stories of how amazing fleshlights felt and had to try it myself. I threw myself on my bed in disgrace. If I was going to find it I was going to need to be a lot more stealthy than I had been today. I rubbed my soft chub longingly wondering what the toy would feel like wrapped around my cock.

Later that evening when my brother and father yelled up to my room that they were going to the gym I knew this would be the perfect time to really search. The two had been going to the gym together for years without me so I knew them telling me they were leaving as not an invite for me, more of a

statement of me being left out of yet another familial bonding activity. It was hard being the small one between my father and brother. Both of them had this connection through the gym which constant brought them closer together and pushed me farther away. It was getting to the point where both of them would joke me for my diminished stature. It seemed like the bigger the two of them grew the smaller I became. It was at first playful, but soon grow hateful and even more hurtful. So much so that I blocked myself off from the two of them as much as possible.

When I heard the front door slammed shut I knew this would be the only time I would have to really go look for the fleshlight that was hidden somewhere within my brother's room. So with two hours on the clock, I began my search.

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"You know who I found snooping around in my underwear drawer today?" Jon asked his father as he removed his shirt off his overly developed body; his wide shoulders, his hard abdominals, and his large biceps glistened already from the pre-workout run the two had already completed.

"Wimpy?" His father asked as he pulled a small pair of weightlifting shorts over his bulky thighs. A pair of shorts that clung tightly to his heavy ballsack his rounded glutes. Neither man wore underwear underneath their skintight shorts, which left little to the imagination. Both men were well-endowed and enjoying showing off their hefty cocks around at the gym. It showed woman and men that their muscles weren't the only large part about them. Jon laughed in response and nodded his head.

"I think he was looking for the fleshlight," Jon said as he too pulled an identical pair of shorts over his own expansive quads. My father gave a soft chuckle as he finished dressing.

"Wasn't I the last one to use it?" His father asked, attempting to think back to the last time either of them used the fleshlight. Jon shrugged his shoulders.

"I think it was me, but it wasn't in my underwear drawer. So it was probably you." Father and son had explored the toy together on more than one occasion. When everything first began it was just a father showing his son how to jerk himself off and answer the questions any sexually attractive male would need answered. They told themselves it was nothing, just a father showing his son the ropes, but as the years went by the jerking sessions continued. Even growing to the point where a fleshlight was introduced and shared between the two of them. One night Jon would use the toy and then the next night his dad would use it. Back and forth the toy went between the two of them for the past several months. They had never considered allowing Wimpy, as they called him, in on their special time together. Like their gym sessions, this was just for the two of them.

“Well, then we better find it before Brandon finds it don’t we,” Jon’s father said as he threw their piles of clothes into their shared locker. “But let’s worry about that after the gym.”

“Agreed,” Jon said as the two left the locker room and moved out onto the weight floor.

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“WHERE IS THE FUCKING FLESHLIGHT!” I screamed as I shoved the last drawer within my brother’s room shut. I had torn his room apart twice in the last thirty minutes searching for the toy and found nothing. Not even the slightest lubricant stain that would show that the toy had at least been hidden theirs at one point or another. After I placed the last pair of shorts I had thrown onto the floor I had given up. I looked at the clock and saw that I had barely thirty minutes before the two returned.

With my head hung between my shoulders I retreated from my brother’s room and into the bathroom which the two of us shared. I looked in the closet and found all the towels missing. I rolled my eyes in annoyance. It was my brother’s turn to do the laundry but it was never done in time. So it was either using a dirty towel or stealing one from my father’s bathroom. I choose the former of the two. I ventured into the house’s master bedroom and into my father’s closet in search of fresh towels. But hidden in between the pile of towels I had serendipitously found what I had been searching for within my brother’s room.

“A-hah!” I screamed in excitement as I withdrew the long black canister from within the towels and quickly ran to my bedroom with the toy tightly gripped within my hand. As I laid into my bed with my own personal bottle of lubricant and my pants already in the corner of my room I looked to the picture of the three of us that sat on my bedside table. “I wish the two of them knew how I felt,” I wished solemnly before I slipped the sleeve of the toy around my cock.

Little did I know, but my wish did not go unheard. The words traveled on the wind and to the ears of one who granted wishes. One who knew exactly how to bring my family a little closer together and let my father and brother truly know how I felt.

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“Come on push!” My father yelled to my brother as he pressed the excessively heavy barbell off of his chest and back onto its resting place. Jon slammed his fist against his chest as he threw himself off the bench press in excitement. He flexed his pumped muscles to his father as he gazed upon his son with pride. He had watched his son grow from the small kid he use to be into the muscular man that he saw today. Jon smiled back at his father, and as the two looked at one another a wave of pleasure overcame both of them. A wave so strong that neither of them was able to contain the groans that erupted loudly from their mouths.

“Ugh fuck!”

“Oh yes!”

The two men quickly covered their mouths in humiliation as another uncontrollable wave of pleasure came over the two of them. Jon fell forward against the bench press while his father held tightly to one of the metal poles that held the bench press together. The two men could feel not only their cocks throb angrily within their tiny shorts but also feel something press its way deep into their assholes. Neither of them had ever explored their holes before but the increasing pressure that was growing within both of them felt like an on switch for their balls. As the heaviness within their holes strengthens there could feel their balls begin to drain into their shorts. Both father and son looked to their groins and saw large wet spots appear on their shorts. Their faces burned with embarrassment but with the rising influx of euphoria, neither of them seemed able to stop what was happening. They looked to one another in confusion and hope that either of them would be able to pull themselves together but neither of them was able to move to form their position.

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“Oh fuck!” I groaned as I increased the speed of my jerking. The fleshlight glided smoothly over my cock as I repeatedly slammed it against my balls. The inside felt better than I could have ever imagined. I closed my eyes as I twisted one of my pointy nipples as I felt my balls grow tight. “Ugh,” I moaned as I thrust the fleshlight onto my cock one final time and felt my balls drain into the deep confines of the fleshlight.

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“OHH!” The two men cried in unison as they felt their dicks explode into the front of their shorts. Their heavy balls pushed out every ounce of cum that had slept within themselves these last few days. It wasn't just their dicks that spasmed in pleasure, but also their holes. Both men could feel a warm liquid unload deep into their bodies. The liquid seemed to be endless, but neither wanted the feeling to stop. Their eyes rolled into the back of their heads as they rode their orgasm loudly and to completion within the middle of their gym. Jon humped his cock against the bench while his father rubbed his cock up and down the pole; both of them left a large amount of residue in their wake as both were finally able to move again.

“Excuse me,” a voice said behind Jon and his father. “I'm going to have to ask both of you to leave now. This is a respectable establishment and we cannot allow scenes like that to happen.” Jon and his father quickly pulled themselves together and quickly moved to the locker room as their fellow gym goers stared at the two in disgust. Not only were their fronts covered in large wet spots from their cocks but

both of their holes had already begun to leak a large amount of liquid that was buried within their holes. Jon wiggled his leg slightly which flung a small amount of white goo that had collected in his underwear onto the floor.

“What just happened,” Jon asked his father as they quickly grabbed their belongings from the locker and left hurriedly.

“No fucking idea Jon. I have no fucking idea.” His father said as the two men left the gymnasium knowing that neither of them would ever be allowed back ever again.

Family Fleshlight

Part 2

It had been four weeks since Brandon had found the fleshlight, and he hadn't been able to put it down since; he had stayed up late into the evenings fucking the soft insides of the toy, he sneaked it into the bathroom throughout the day, and even on more than one occasion did he hide away at work and pleased himself for his entire shift.

While Brandon was having the time of his life with his new favorite toy his older brother and father were unable to even go a single day without the unbearable waves of pleasure overcoming them. No matter where they were the same thing would happen; first their dicks would begin to grow hard and uncontrollably leak, then a pressure would begin to form around their holes until it felt like something was inflating within them, and then after minutes or hours, it always differed, would their dicks unload within their pants without even touching. Both father and son had no idea what was going on, why were their bodies do this to them? Why was it just them? But what was scaring them most, both of them were beginning to enjoy the foreign pleasures. Both even slightly began to look forward to the experience, as long as they were in proper places. Nothing scared father and son more than the possibility of something happening in another public place.

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"Dad, I'm not feeling too well," I said as my father came into my bedroom for the third time that morning to wake him for school. My father rolled his eyes at the high-pitched voice. I looked up to my father as he towered over my bed. He was a giant compared to me. His tight suit clung to every inch of his muscular frame; his rounded shoulders, his thick quadriceps, every button on his dress shirt looked ready to burst if he was too make even the slightest of movements.

"I don't have time for this today Jon, I have a presentation first thing this morning." He said to me as he placed the back of his hand against my head. His large fingers covered my vision as I fell deeper into my bed. "I'm going to work still. Don't get into trouble. Your brother has class all day." He said shortly before his hand was withdrawn from my head and walked back to my door. "We both won't be back till late tonight." He said as he opened and closed the door behind him. I rolled over to the side of my bed, taking his words as he way of saying, "Feel better, and I love you." Or that was what I told myself. I could feel the heat of my fever begin to rise to my head once again before I slipped off into unconsciousness.

I awoke several hours later to a much cooler head but sheets covered in sweat. I threw back the blanket and enjoyed the blast of cool air as it flowed over my hot body. My head fell to the side of my pillow as I looked towards my tv, but as my hand moved towards the remote that sat upon my bedside table I went into the drawer instead. I pushed aside the junk and withdrew the large Fleshlight that I had hidden within the drawer.

“Hello friend,” I croaked with my dry throat. I grabbed my nearly empty bottle of lube as I shimmied out of my boxers and my already hard cock slapped against my stomach. What better way to celebrate my returned health than with an old fashion jerk. I squirted a large amount of lube onto the tip of my cock and shivered as the cool liquid slid down my shaft. I placed the fleshlight against my head and with one easy push I slid my cock all the way into my toy. I could feel the silicon – like insides already began to massage my cock with just the first thrust. I had grown addicted to the feeling of this toy not even being able to cum by hand anymore. Nothing I tried ever felt as good as the toy. And every time I used it, the next always felt hat much better.

“Ugh,” I groaned in enjoyment. I knew I had the house to myself all day long and I wondered, how long could I keep this going without cumming.

Jon

Jon strolled across campus as he checked his watch. It was a quarter till 2 pm, just enough time for him to get to the gymnasium and change into his singlet for wrestling practice. He hiked his gym bag over his shoulder and broke into a stride as he neared the entrance, knowing that his coach would have his ass if he was late again to practice.

Jon ran through the entryway of the gym and moved directly into the locker room knowing full well that he was the last way into practice. He quickly stripped away his clothes and threw them into the locker and pulled his spandex uniform over his beefy body.

“I really need to get a bigger size,” Jon groaned, feeling the tight straps dig into his shoulders and the backside ride deeper into his crack than ever before. His ass was always a problem when it came to clothes. Jon had always been blessed with a phat ass, as his girlfriends had always said, and working out had only turned it from phat to downright beefy! Both of his cheeks jut out from his body as if there were implants or at the very least pumped full of silicon. He tugged and pulled at the backside of his singlet, hoping to pull free the spandex, but his attempts were futile. He looked to the large mirror situated at the edge of the room. He watched in the mirror as his butt jiggled and bounced as he continued to pick out the spandex but it was only a waste of time. Jon’s attention moved from the junk he kept in his trunk to

the python he kept in the front. His eyes narrowed at the hefty package that sat pronounced on the front of his legs. He adjusted his cock within the suit, kicking himself that he left his jock at home this morning. At least he was appreciative that he had a big cock like his dads, he thought to himself. He gave his dick a few squeezes, enjoying the fact that his teammates would see his big cock and know that he was better than all of them. Jon slammed the locker shut and exited the room.

“Glad you could join us, Mr. Blackwell,” A large bear-like man shouted from the opposite side of the court. “Go ahead and pair up with Jackson!” He pointed to a tall black man stretching over in the corner whilst the rest of the players were already wrestling with one another. Jon strutted across the mats, moving between other men as they were flipped and tossed on the mats. Jon watched from afar as his opponent lifted one leg up into the air, stretching his already tight suit thinly across his body. Jon gave a smirk in admiration; he had a nice body and a nice cock but neither were as big as Jon’s.

“About damn time,” Jackson grunted as his leg slapped onto the mat with a loud thud. Jon could see Jackson’s cock slither down one of the pant legs of this singlet. Jackson had seen it in the showers many times but there was something about it being there but unseen that made it all the more obscene.

“Fuck off,” Jon said as the two men squatted in opposition to one another. Jon was ready to show off his skills but as he readied himself to charge against Jackson he felt a stirring within his singlet and his dick began to grow. Jon knew what that meant but as he began to stand erect Jackson charged at him and flipped him onto his back. Jon let out a grunt of pain as Jackson grasped onto one of his arms and wrapped his legs around his lower body. The constant friction of Jackson’s legs as they rubbed back in forth on his against his hardening cock made his muscles turn to mush. “Ugh,” Jon groaned as he was quickly flipped onto his stomach and Jackson mounted his backside. Then the pressure began to build within his hole as he had expected.

Jon could feel Jackson’s obscenely large soft cock rub against his cheeks as he was held down against the mat. Jon struggled underneath him as he attempted to break free before the unknown pleasure became too much for him to handle. Through Jon’s struggles, Jackson’s hands held tightly around his body. Jon closed his eyes as the pressure inflated within his hole feel as if a balloon was shoved within side of him. Over the weeks he had come to enjoy the pressure even recreating it with his fingers during his nightly sessions, but it was never as good as the real thing. Jon gasped in a high-pitched tone as the pressure grew to capacity and pressed firmly against his prostate.

Jon’s body began to move on its own accord; his hips bucked back against Jackson’s groin as if he was a bitch getting fucked and pushed forward enjoying the way his dick rubbed the soft wrestling mat. Through his movements he began to feel Jackson’s dick grow against his cheeks, he knew the thought

should have disgusted him but it only seemed to make him more eager with his movements. He rubbed his ass aggressively across Jackson's cock. Jackson gave a deep whine of enjoyment as he lost interest in the practice and more in the burly young man that he was mounted upon.

"Didn't know this about you," Jackson said with another grunt of enjoyment. "If I did we could have been having in the showers the past few years." Jon groaned in disgust at the thought of touching Jackson in a sexual manner but his body move continued to grind and dance beneath his body. Jackson pumped his hardening dick against the soft underside of Jon's ass as if he were fucking Jon. And Jon's body reacted as such; his asshole clenched tightly around the pressure with every thrust, his cock leaked copious amounts of precum into his singlet, all while his back arched and pushed his ass out. As if he were begging for more. He could feel Jackson's movements quickening as if he was getting closer. But something inside Jon said that his pleasure wasn't going to be ending anytime soon.

Family Fleshlight

Part 3

I squirm and moaned as I lightly pushed my cock through the fleshlight. The well-lubricated insides allowed my cock to slide cleanly until my cock was fully swallowed. I gripped the toy with both hands as I paused between thrusts. I looked over to the clock and saw that I had been at it for nearly an hour; my balls ached, my skin was on fire, and I was loving every minute of it. I pulled the toy from my cock with a soft plop and saw my aching dick as it begged for release. I spit into my hand and intermingled the saliva with my precum and smeared it across my cock, enjoying the feeling of my soft hand encircle my member before the toy was placed at the tip once again.

“Ugh,” I moaned as I brought the toy back to the base of my penis rather swiftly. No matter how many times I plunged my cock within the toy it still sent shivers down my spine and electrified my skin. I had no idea why my brother and/or father were sharing the toy, but I can see why they would want this to themselves. I imagined my bother’s large muscled body as he withered in bed as he used the fleshlight. I wondered how thick his cock grew when it became hard, or how hard his cock felt when it was pushed into the toy. Or a better question, what did my father look like with his toy. The idea sent shivers throughout my body which only increased the intensity of my thrusts. I didn’t know how long I would be able to extend this session, but I knew I was going to make it last as long as possible.

Little did I know was that I wasn’t the only one who was enjoying my session. My brother was squirming across town as his team member pounded him into submission in front of all of his oblivious teammates, and my father was getting his own dose of embarrassment in front of his colleagues and a fresh batch of interns.

I Hour Earlier

“Good morning and welcome to Peterson & Mifflin Accounting Firm,” my father said to the dozen of interns that stood outside the turnstiles. They all stood doe-eyed staring at my father, eager to be brought into the building. “My name is Alexander McPherson and I am the head of the business analyst team for the new business department within the building. And I will be giving you your tour around the building today. We will be moving quickly today so do not dawdle.” My father wasn’t a fan of wasting his time, walking around a group of empty-headed college graduates but it was his turn today. “So let’s

begin," he said as he turned around, scanned his badge, and walked towards the elevators. The interns huddled together and quickly followed behind. He could hear their hushed words as he waited for the elevator to reach the bottom floor. He had thought since the group was made solely of men there would be less of talking but forgot that men were chatty in a very different sense.

"Damn do you see his biceps."

"Oh my god! He has to bench at least three hundred pounds."

My father smiled at the adoration he was receiving from interns, knowing that he was the biggest man in the building by far. He nonchalantly stretched his arms and flexed his biceps, feeling his dress shirt tighten around his massive arms and rounded shoulders. He knew that with one wrong move he could rip every seam and pop every button. The elevator doors opened with a soft ding and my father walked in confidently. But as he turned around and looked at the group of men he could feel a stirring within his body. A stirring that he had come to fear but enjoy. My father opened his mouth to command the guys to follow him but instead of words, only a soft moan fell from his lips.

"Ohh." It was soft but audible to all the guys. He could see the eyes of the men in the front row of the group grow wide with confusion at the moan. My father coughed a few times and placed his large hands in front of his growing bulge, hoping that the interns had not seen his dick begin to inflate within his pants. "Come on in," my father ordered shortly, and the 12 men quickly filtered into the compact room. With every young man that entered my father was pushed closer and closer to the wall until he was surrounded on every side by them.

"Not now. Not right fucking now." My father gripped onto the railings hoping to withhold his moans of pleasure but could not. "Ugh," he groaned loudly as the elevator jolted into movement and he fell against the nearest man. He could feel his dick as it was pressed against the man's tightly compact cheeks. He closed his eyes briefly, enjoying the feeling of his dick as it nestled in between the man's cheeks. He looked over his shoulder with a shocked expression on his face. "Sorry, bumpy ride." My father said as he repositioned himself against the wall, attempting to put as much space in between himself and the nearest intern.

"No problem sir," the intern said curtly before turning around. My father sunk into the wall knowing full well the man felt his dick press against his cheeks. The elevator had never moved slower, or bumpier than ever before. And it seemed to my father that the man that he fell into earlier only seemed to inch closer. Close enough that his ass was once again pressed against the hard cock of my father. "Sorry, tight quarters," he said mischievously. The man began to rub my father's cock between his wide-set cheeks. My father bit down on his teeth as he felt more waves of pleasure radiate from his dick and

through the rest of his body. He squeezed the railing tightly, he pushed his thighs together, he took repeated deep breaths, but nothing seemed to satiate the need to scream in pleasure. What made the situation only worse was the constant rubbing and grinding that came from the overzealous youth. My father couldn't help my release the railing and heap onto the hips of the young male and secretly pull him into himself.

"Fuck," he grunted into the boy's ear as his dick throbbed hungrily. Hungry for release. Even though his dick was still encased within his dress pants, he felt like it was piercing deep within the hole of the younger man. It felt as if his dick was wrapped tightly around the warm insides of his body. His dick felt close to orgasm but something kept it at bay. The pleasure was insurmountable. It was more intense than any time before and seemed never-ending.

"OH GOD!" He screamed loudly. A scream that made every intern turned this face around in suspicion. I could feel my dick already at full mast and leaking profusely into my pants. His hard cock pressed firmly against the soft cotton of my pants. He hated his past self for deciding to not wear underwear today. A choice that made his arousal very apparent. He closed his eyes in annoyance and humiliation, hoping that this unyielding pleasure would pass. As the elevator continued to climb, so did his moans. "Oh fuck! Yes!" His deep baritone voice filled the quiet elevator. He could not handle any more of this happening, but his body only yearned for more! But as the elevator slowed and came to our destination his pleasure only seemed to pause, as if it were standing on the edge of a cliff. The elevator doors opened and he barreled through the group of young men and out onto the floor where all his coworkers stood.

"Janet please see to it that the interns are brought to conference room C for paperwork and their human resource briefing I need to run to the restroom." He shouted to the nearest administrator as he power walked to the back half of the building. Within a passing mirror, he could see the large stain that covered the entirety of his groin. The light gray pants were now darkened by his leaking cock. He turned his face away in humiliation as he powered through the building until he reached his office. He had hoped for a safe haven. He had hoped for a place where he could hide while his pleasure passed. But seemed as though his office had a visitor.