

Another day at work, another night with my dad asleep on the couch with the TV louder than his snoring. I'd ignore it if his snores weren't loud enough to shake the house as is.

"Dad? Your son is home. You hibernating already?" I try to ask though I'm sure he doesn't hear me. I stood in front of the TV, half expecting him to shoot up and explain how he was still watching it, but only more snores rang through the house. Mom was still working late as well so I imagine he must've had a packed day as well, being an electrician for some rich neighborhood. I decided that it was best to at least lower the volume on the TV, if not for my sanity, then for his eardrums. There's no way this is healthy for a full grown bear nearing 60 years old. I lift some of the covers to each of his side, expecting to hear the clatter of a remote falling on the floor. Lo and behold the TV is still talking about an auction that took place in 1930 and how it led to one of the great empires of its time. I'd watch it with him if I were even close to ready to be bored to death. Deciding that he most certainly is sitting on it somehow, I try to lift his legs out from the cushion, though even his knees were enough to make my strongest squat look pathetic. I tossed the blankets off his horizontally sleeping body, seeing the heave of his chest as air was vacuumed under his heft of fat and fur as he breathed. Under his massive beer bear dad gut, I could see him wearing some scrunched up boxers, clearly not hiding anything as I saw something sticking out. While he usually walked around naked it always irritated me when he slept naked around the house because of just how smelly he gets. But then again, I'm not paying for the house so why do I get a say in where I live?

I decide to ignore the obstruction between his legs and focus on fetching the remote under his legs. Hooking both of my arms under his knee, hoisting with my entire body and slowly shifting the weight to one paw on hopes of squeezing between the cracks of the cushions though as his knee reached a high point, I could hear a softly muffled click and saw that the channel changed to an even worse program, now it was a bunch of roaring racers with ranting announcers running their mouth relentlessly. Why does it have to be the day I helped with cargo loading? I felt for

the remote and was met with more disappointment. Where would it be if it wasn't there? I set down the legs carelessly, though he slept through it just fine, befitting a massive grizzly bear. I mentioned that I take mostly after him and that I'm nowhere close to his size or stature, yet he always laughed it off by saying that his body was always a prized possession and he just has to 'keep the machine well fed' apparently. I tried to explain that it's not how muscles work but he laughed again and told me to wait until my college days. I'm sure it's some sex joke but I see enough of my dad's dick to not want to know about how he uses it.

As my dad kicks one leg over the other, I hear that same muffled click, resulting in the channel to change once more, now to some reality show from the 80s I never heard of with a questionable sense of humor. Ignoring that, I look back at the mass of brown fluff and thick thighs in confusion. His remote is around here somewhere right? As an especially loud snore rocked his gut around I heard another muffled click, though now it only turned up the volume past 80%. I turned my head slowly in fear of the worst and my nightmares couldn't compare. I saw the tip of the remote impossibly wedged underneath the heavy flabs of my dad's gut and just above his meaty calves. I know that area is a hotspot of my dad's man musk, so getting my hands on it isn't the most appealing thing. I'm tempted now to wake up my dad by force, but I know better than that. Last time I did that, even when I was as careful as possible, my dad almost swallowed me whole, saying that he's almost always dreaming about food and was about to eat me. Aside from how horrifying that knowledge is, I don't want a repeat of a sleepy brained grizzly bear nearly three times my size wanting me in his mouth... At the very least, not my dad. Pulling up my sleeves, I prepare for entry.

"Ok dad, just take a deep breath for me, ok?" I warn no one, knowing with all that is good that he wasn't listening in the slightest. I pinch the end of the remote. I can just turn it off now, right?... Nope. It's the wrong end. Ok here I go. I pull harder, feeling something tug back in response, though I doubt my dad is hiding a second hand anywhere I'm not aware of.

“Not funny, old man.” I groan, summing it up to him using the arm behind his back to grab the other end of the remote. But I could see both of his arms over his chest and under his head, so what was grabbing it? I decided to shove both paws in, ready to fight whatever 3rd limb my dad had down there. I shove both my paws under, flicking out the flags above my arms as my face squished against his belly buttons before finally finding something firm. It’s a bit on the fuzzier side, super heated and damp almost? The remote was between my arms right now so maybe whatever you have under him is tied around it? I bring my arms together and wrap around the bulbous furred figure under my dad’s gut. The moisture seems to collect at a point, confusing me further. Though just as I was about to pull back out of disgust, I found a familiar rectangular shape, much less furry but somehow just as hot and damp... And sticky for some reason? I tug on the sides of the remote with all I could, feeling the fuzball seemingly clench around it and pull back with more force, leading to the remote seemingly getting sucked inside. I now lean back with my full body weight, knowing that as a bear the only thing stronger is another bear! Or an elephant. Or a whale. Ok bad analogy but either way this has to work now!

As I lean my buddy back, prying my face from my dad’s gut, the suction continues at full force, even resulting in some more being sucked inside. I get an even tighter grip, getting some of the warm sticky moisture along my paws to try as I try to pull back once more, now giving my all in it completely. Though once more the suction continues, this time slurping my paws in with the remote, causing my face to slam against my father’s stomach as it gurgled greedily as if he hadn’t eaten enough. It is now that I feel a much more subtle suckle to it, slowly slipping my wrists in as well and seeping that elusive white slime along my arm as my face is pulled under my dad’s weight.

I try to scream out in panic but the massive shifting belly of my own father muffled any noise I made, not even in competition to the obnoxious laugh track that’s nearly overpowering my own thoughts now. I realize too late that I’m about to be taken in by this thing, though as my feet are lifted off the ground, I get a smell that’s frighteningly familiar. I can smell my dad’s pungent musk, cooped up under

his own weight and festering enough to cause my face to recoil aggressively, though the fuzzy orb that I now know as his sheath is taking in my elbows. Whether for better or worse, I'm still holding onto the remote and I can't even feel an opening yet. I try to squirm, hoping that my flailing legs get me somewhere but I can barely hear my dad groan as he curls his legs in some more, burying me into an even tighter space with no alleviation. While I thought it was the worst in it, I could feel a familiarity place itself on my own butt. It was strong and affirmative, I could feel the various digits reach around and grope my ass entirely. Was this my father's paw? Was he gonna get me outta here? As my smile barely made itself known in the damp darkness under my dad's belly, I felt him shove my body further under his weight, resulting in my face diving into his massive sheath. I could regretfully feel that it was out-sizing even my own head as my shoulders got shoved in. The last thing I hear is my dad's groggy voice halfheartedly groaning the following words.

"Yeah, Darius... Told you I could... Take him in... There... Pizza bagels..." he groaned, clearly still asleep as he subconsciously condemned his own son to his balls once more. My face was met with a sopping wet slap of my dad's cum, face fucking me with its detestable smell, only beat by the taste that snuck past my lips as I was spilled deeper. My legs now helplessly twisted around as my father repositioned, furthering the notion that he had no idea I was down here. He turned over onto his back, causing gravity to tug me deeper into the murky depth of my father's sheath. It was only after the sheath had enveloped my entire upper waist that I could feel an opening. I had only a nanosecond of relief before I realized just what this meant. My legs were taken in completely under my dad's weight with the occasional teasing from his paws lazily groping me unknowingly. I felt the remote slip from my paws, my head slowly breaching the muscled coils of my dad's massive length as I slowly slipped into the sticky folds of his balls. My face was forced under the waves of gushing white. I already knew his balls were bigger than my shoulders but this seemed even more cruel, causing me to have to pull my lower waist through as a way to curl up properly. After far too much work, I was able to lift my head from the rising sea level of dad sperm surrounding me as my legs came in, securing me in the

tight enclosure that was my own dad's balls. As my body sank into place, I could feel myself press against an irritating shape jabbing my side. I didn't have enough room to grab it, so I only ended up squirming against it. As a muffled and wet click came up from my side, the blaring noises of a comedy suddenly shut off. The TV had just now turned off. I wanted to yell out to dad to wake me up, sure that he couldn't eat me anymore than he already did because the semen I was forced into had already risen to my nose, the constant rocking of my father causing the thick waves to wash over me. I could feel my fur matt down to my body and I could swear I could feel my body being stained white as a byproduct of this. I couldn't properly yell out without taking in another dozen mouthfuls of cum, my body was far too compact to move around at all. Maybe he'll just wake up soon... I finally turned off the TV so he'll wake up in no time... I'll be fine, plus there's no way my dad would *actually* eat his own son with his cock and just churn him, right?

"Honey!" A familiar voice called out. I groggily lifted myself off the couch in time to see my wife standing over me with her arms crossed. I pursed my lips for a kiss as I leaned up to her but an assertive paw set my lusts aside.

"Clean up this mess before we do anything. It's 4pm already and you didn't bother cleaning up after yourself?" She scolded, pointing an accusatory finger over the splattered cum over the couch and dripping onto the floor from my cock. From the amount, I could tell it was just precum, but I ended up drenching the remote in the process, seeing it on the ground surrounded in a thick puddle of my jizz. My cock had reached full mast somehow, slapping against my belly greedily. I groaned slowly.

"Sorry, sweetie. I had the *best* dream last night about my college days again with Darius and Cane... Guess it must've been much better than I thought. I should really get back in contact with the boys!" I smiled, looking down and seeing my balls once more, seeing how they even seemed to grow to the size they used to be back in my college days, were they always that big? I usually only got them that big after a big meal like another bear from the look of it... I guess I was just making it up when

I saw them start to shrink. Look at me staying in my prime! I lifted my belly and saw the mess, the drops of cum drying and hardening against the underside of my belly fur. Just how good of a dream was it? It felt just like my college days in vivid detail, so weird.

“Look, just clean it up and stop admiring your craftsmanship. Have you seen our son anywhere? He was supposed to be here by now and he usually tells me if he’s working past 3.” My wife asked, still as irritable, though as the sun sat in the sky, I can imagine her surprise that I was still asleep since last night.

“Nah he’s a young adult. He’ll be fine. Maybe he’s just in his room or something.” I shrug, lifting myself to a sitting position as my wife seemed to tap her foot before nodding in agreement. With a yawn, I feel an especially thick load ride it’s way up my length, dripping over my head and joining the puddle on the ground between my legs. Though something in it caught my eye. Seeing not only cum, but a thing come out of my cock. I lifted the completely soiled uniform my son wore to work everyday, though most of it was in pieces due to being in my balls for who knows how long.

“Damn, I’m still cocking his things down in my sleep? I really gotta get the real thing down there soon or else this’ll really get outta hand... Oh well, I’ll just wait till he’s a bit bigger.” I shrug, lifting my balls a bit in admiration as I felt more of what I assume to be his clothes swirling around in there. I heard that it was the best feeling when a dad cocks his son down again, but I’ve been trying to save the feeling for a big occasion. I couldn’t just do it some random night and call it that! I should really get a condom for all this, shouldn’t I? I’ll get my son to do it. It’ll be good for him to know about my cock in and out, after all.