

## Clits and Cunts 4 Christmas

Over the years, Christmas in the trailer park had definitely changed. Children grew up. Families drifted apart. Trailers became vacant and housed only mice and raccoons. But for some families, remained and attempted to bring the holiday cheer into their doublewides. Bud was one of those people. He lounged in his lazy boy and stared at his family's Christmas "tree" —a bush haphazardly decorated by Junior and Ray—and stolen from the neighbor's yard. He looked to his watch and saw the morning was nearly ending, and both of his sons were still fast asleep. When they were younger, he remembered back to when Christmas meant something to them.

How they raced towards the living room in the morning.

How they would jump on his bed, forcing him to wake up on his single day off.

It wasn't an annoyance, but the arrant knee in the face definitely made for a rough start on holiday. The memories brought thoughts of a cooler Christmas, which only made Bud sweat more and curse the broken unit that continued to blast heat into his trailer. He rubbed the bucket of sweat that collected long his brow and threw it to the floor, adding to the already puddle that he created. The branches on his *Christmas bush* vibrated from the unit, bouncing the thongs and jockstraps that hung from the branches. It wasn't the typical decoration, but his sons seemed actually to enjoy handing their old underwear from the branches. The neon pinks and electric yellows bounced back and forth. The heat that pumped through the branches threw the stench of their sweaty underwear into Bud's face throughout the night, and if he were a weaker man, he would have given into the scent of his son's clits and sweaty crevices. But instead, he found the stench enjoyable, bathing himself in it while he waited for his sons to awaken.

"Fucking hot as hell."

Bud raised an arm, feeling several droplets of sweat roll down his naked torso. The tangled mass of fur called to him, making him take a drag of his own stench.

"Woah! Now that shit is strong!" The beads of sweat rolled down his expensive sides, stopped at the waistband of his underwear, and then just soaked into his skimpy briefs. He wiped away the sweat and pulled himself from the chair, feeling the wet upholstery cling to his skin. His fingers dug into the back of his underwear, pulling out the damp fabric that sat within his butt for the evening. He walked over to the unit, slapped it twice, hoping that his assault would stop it—though none of his prior attempts did anything besides creating an even louder noise. "Jesus Christ." Bud spread his legs wide, shifting his balls

from against his thighs and cheeks apart, so only to get air circulating between his sweaty privates. He looked down the short hallway, hoping his loudness would wake his sons. But the door remained closed.

“Well, I guess it’s up to me to start the day.” Bud crossed the living room with a huff and opened their bedroom door. He was met with the sound of their snoring and the hearty scent of unwashed bodies—most specifically, their feet.

While bud’s musk held a nutty, almost pungent smell, radiating from his pits, his boy’s scent came from their feet and holes. A deep, rich scent called for Bud to worship and enjoy. Their stench only grew strong as they grew bigger, and Bud loved it. He couldn’t stop himself from seeing his sons become the alphas he knew them to be.

“Fuck!” Bud grunted as he engulfed the air. The glorified closet held no windows and no vents, giving the space no way to release the smells that baked through the night. He looked at his son’s. Ray’s muscular arm wrapped itself around his brother’s trim midsection. Junior’s robust cheeks were pressed into Ray’s front. The sweat-soaked sheet clung to the roundest parts of their body and buried into the deepest parts of their cracks. Only their handsome faces showed at the head of their bed while their manly feet hung over the edge of the bed, dangling like lures for a fish.

“Where did they get those genes?” Bud shook his head, thinking about his son’s hulking feet and their origin. Bud’s feet came in slightly over 10 inches, typical for a man in his fifties. But his sons, two men barely into the prime of their life, had feet that stretched already into the early teens—thirteen inches each, and still with room to grow. Bud’s eyes traveled around their arch’s. Their toes. Their sweaty undersides. He looked at the droplets of sweat that hung from their heels. His mouth salivated at the stench as it wrapped around him, coercing him to worship their manliness, and it brought him to his knees.

“Such alphas.” He pressed his face into the nearest foot and inhaled. His lungs expanded with the scent of his son’s feet, tainting his lungs with the disgusting odor. “Fuuuuuuuck,” he exhaled. He repeated the process, inhaling and exhaling, pulling the scent through his body. He imagined it infecting him like a virus coursing through his veins, invading every inch of him. Each sniff brought him closer to the godhood that his sons were becoming—the gods he created. His lips parted. His tongue extended. He dragged it across his son’s barefoot. Foot sweat pooled in his cup-shaped tongue but did not swallow. He waited until the sweat poured over into the remainder of his mouth before he gulped down the salty liquid. “Such men,” he growled loudly, going to the next foot for more and more. His tongue moved along the lines in their skin, cleaning areas that had not seen the better end of a shower in days if not weeks.

By the time he cleaned both sets of feet three times over, Bud could taste their stench on his breath. The smell had invaded him as he hoped. With every breath that moved past his lips, Bud could smell his son's feet. He could taste them as if they sat within his cheeks.

"Dad?" Ray asked, moving from his brother's body. He rubbed his eyes, pushing away the dreams and slumber. "What are you doing?"

"Just waking up my boys as they deserve." He leaned down and took one final long swipe of his tongue against Ray's foot. His son giggled slightly before it transitioned into a grunt as Bud took a rather sensual final taste of Ray's big toe.

"Ooo," Ray groaned, enjoying Bud's fatherly worship.

"You two going to get out of bed? Didn't think I would have to come to wake my boys up on Christmas?"

"Oh fuck! It is Christmas, isn't it?" Ray threw off the sheets and gave a hard, heavy slap to his brother's exposed ass cheek.

"OW!"

"Wake up!"

"I am awake, you idiot! Is it my fault I wanted to enjoy a little king time with my father's tongue on my feet?" Junior quickly rolled over and slapped his brother's ass cheek. Identical red handprints blossomed on their tanned asses.

Bud chuckled, pulling himself from his knees. His joints popped as he became erect, popping his back twice. Once to the left and once to the right.

"Bones getting a little loud old man," Junior said while rolling over onto his stomach, stretching out on their full-sized bed. His ass arched up. The top of his G-string was soaked from his nightly sweats, turning the blush-colored fabric dark pink. His wide cheeks rolled slightly from side to side. The lumpy patches of silicone and implants moved with their own mind, swaying out of sync with the rest of his body. The handprint moved across his cheek, waving at Bud as he watched his son's overly processed cheeks jostle from side to side. He continued moving until he rolled off the bed and stood next to his father. Bud couldn't help but step back and take in his son. His muscular, micro-dicked, plastic son.

"Boy, I just can't believe how big you two are getting." Bud exhaled, breathing out towards Junior's face. Junior's nose twitched slightly, and he let out a grunt. He enjoyed the smell as well.

“You think?” Junior lifted his arms and gave a double bicep. His hairy underarms came into view and plunged his face into it, sucking the stench and inflating his stomach and chest. “I’m not a man. I’m a god!”

“Hell yeah!” Bud said, dropping into the same pose. Though he was not the same size, he was still a well-built man.

“God. Can you two get a room?” Ray pulled the blanket back over his body and hid it from his family.

“Well, I guess I will just give Bud all your presents,” Bud teased. Ray threw the sheets back and pulled himself from the bed with only the want for gifts moving his body.

“Okay, I’m up. Where are there?”

“Where do you think, idiot?” Bud grabbed his son’s head, pushed it into his pit, and unleashed a noogie. His fist dug into his son’s short, curly hair. Junior jumped in on the fun, moving behind the two men. His hands fell quickly against his brother’s cheeks. Slapping both of them playfully like overly ripen melons. With each strike, the cottage cheese-like surface radiated across. The deep crevices and ripples of Ray’s ass became more visible with each slap of Junior’s hand.

“Guys! Come on!” Ray shouted from within his father’s pit. He struggled, but not really, against his arm and his brother’s strikes. Enjoying the feeling of being surrounded by them both, even if he was the center of their playful attack.

“Why would I ever wanna stop hitting my favorite brother’s massive cheeks?! Junior punctuated his comment with a firm grab and jiggle of Ray’s left buttocks. His thumb and forefinger found a rather deep dimple in his cheek, pushing around the lumpy balls of silicone that formed just underneath the skin and above the muscles.

Ray dislodged himself from his father and brother with a heavy push and stood in the doorway. His large hourglass shape took up the entire opening. His wide hips and outrageous pectorals left little space for anyone to slip through.

“While you two are being all touchy touchy touchy. I’m gonna go check under the tree.” Turning on his heel, Ray spun and slammed his hips into the doorframe. The force shook the wall, and Ray chuckled as he walked towards the living room, shaking his cheeks with every step.

“Better get moving.” Bud slapped his son in the ass, then let out a shriek in surprise. Junior shot his father a look and followed his brother towards the living room. Bud shook his head, following his sons out to their Christmas bush.

“Those boys are gonna break me one day.”

Bud entered their dirty living room, seeing his sons already propped onto their knees, using their silicone-infused cheeks as a seat. Their pink G-strings stretched taut around their waist, looking ready to snap if they grew but a single inch more.

Luckily, Bud had known that his sons were already in need of underwear before he went Christmas shopping.

The lady at the lingerie store seemed rather disturbed when Bud advised that he was not looking for a gift for a special lady in his life but for his two sons. She seemed even more put off when he asked for the largest size with the smallest amount of fabric. She helped, begrudgingly, while showing her uneasiness with every question Bud asked.

“My sons have very small clits; would they fit in these pouches?”

“Do you think the leather would look better? Or are you fonder of the lace?”

“Does this have enough stretch? My sons have massive cheeks and leaking pussies.”

And as Bud watched his son’s tare about the first few packages they found, he hoped that he had chosen correctly.

“Damn, dad!” Junior cried as he lifted the first G-string. The pouch was made of leather, while the waistband was a delicate chain of silver hoops that connected and turned into an even smaller chain that would run along his ass crack and wet pussy. Ray lifted his first pair. A rich pink G-string made of sheer lace fabric. It had a little more stretch than the pair that Junior had opened first, but not by much.

“I hope they fit. I bought the largest sizes they had.”

“What’s the point of wondering. Let’s try them on now.” Both sons pushed forward onto their hands, presenting their asses to their father. Their bodies created a perfect V shape as they stretched. Bud marveled at his sons and how they retained their flexibility no matter how large they became or how grotesquely huge their asses grew. With the grace of a dancer, they lifted themselves and then hooked their fingers into their underwear. Their thumbs ran along the back of their cracks, digging out their strap

from the deepest part between their cheeks. Both struggled with the large size of their hands, paired with the strong cheeks, and a thiny string of fabric.

“God damnit,” Junior cursed as he attempted to pinch the fabric hidden within his buttocks.

“You can say that again!” Ray said as he squatted and pinched, but he had just as much luck as Junior.

The more they struggled, the more enjoyable the scene became, nearly to the point where Bud couldn't stop himself from laughing.

“Dad!” They shrieked.

“Sorry boys, here let me help. Junior, grab your cheeks and pull them apart.” Bud fell back onto his knees and watched as his son pulled his asscheeks from one another. He stared into the depths of his crack and the puffy hole that stared back at him. His cunt had swallowed part of the strap, and from the likes of it—wasn't letting it go. Bud hooked his finger near the top of the string and pulled, tugging just enough for it to slowly withdraw from Junior's pussy. When the final bit came free, a gush of white liquid flowed out and with it a deep moan from Junior. “Seems like someone was playing with their pussy last night. No wonder you slept so late.” Bud continued to lower the thong as his son pointed an accusatory finger at his brother.

“He was too!”

“No, I wasn't!”

“Liar!”

Bud laughed again.

“Well, Ray, there's only one way to tell. Spread 'em .” Ray scowled at his brother but obeyed his father. Bud found his cunt, in the same manner, he found Juniors' puffy, and when he pulled the string from his hole, it cum gushed from his hold, splattering on Bud's face with an aggressive squirt. Bud licked his lips clean, leaving most of it on his face, wearing it like a badge of honor.

“Seems like you both were up late.” Bud teased. “But if I didn't raise two horny ass boys, then I did someone wrong.” He slapped his sons on their cheeks and gave another order. “Let's see them G-strings.”