

## The Evening After

The car ride with Jamie and his father was full of silence. Their dinner together was full of silence. It was an evening of speechlessness. Neither knew what to say to the other. Jamie having witnessed his father fucking a fellow classmate of himself. Jamie's father having his secret exposed and his the lust he felt for his son was now that much more apparent. Father and son parted ways quickly after their meals and retired separately to their rooms.

Jamie laid awake that night thinking of his father and wondered, had his father always had these type of feelings for him? Jamie's thoughts had run rampant through the evening as he replayed every moment the two had spent together; every late night gym session, every deep tissue massage, every subtle look or touch he received. Jamie had only one father and thought their relationship was normal. That every father and son had spent as much time together as the two did, and were also as handsy with one another. But after Jamie thought of his friends and how they acted with their father Jamie knew that the relationship he had with his father was special. When the moment came that Jamie was finally able to fall asleep it was his father that filled his dreamscape.

*"Jamie, can you help me with us?" His father asked as he attempted to tug an extra tight tank top over his massive form. Jamie stared at his father and finally realized what every other person saw in his father; his heavy shoulders, his bulging biceps, his monstrous pectorals. Jamie stared at his father's body as he continuously failed at removing the tank top from his torso. "Buddy come on I can't see anything," he laughed as he let his large arms fall to his side in defeat.*

*"No problem," Jamie responded as he reached out his hands and felt his dad's solid body. His hands ran up his stomach and onto his pectorals. Jamie paused as his hands hovered over his father's chest. He could recount the hundreds of memories of when his father touched and groped his muscles but Jamie could not think of any where he returned the adoration. Jamie let his hands fall on top of the mounds of muscle that adorned his father's chest and squeezed. A deep moan came from Jamie's father as Jamie squeezed the muscles once more. He dug his thumbs into the heavy muscle as his fingers rubbed against his hard nipples. Jamie could feel his own cock begin to grow thick between his thighs. Jamie became far too engrossed in his father's pectorals to even notice the dreamscape begin to shift.*

*"What are you doing?" Jamie's father asked. His words broke Jamie from the hypnotic trance that was cast on him by his father's body.*

*"Huh," Jamie stammered as his hands flew away from his father's chest. Jamie looked up and saw that his father had somehow freed himself from his tank top as well as the rest of his clothes.*

*"I asked, what are you doing?" Jamie's father asked, his voice full of laughter.*

*"Oh sorry. I was –" Jamie began to say, but his words were quickly silenced by his father.*

*"I know exactly what you were doing. Now stop teasing me, and go ahead and do it." Jamie's father urged. Jamie looked up to his father unsure of what he meant.*

*"Do it?" Jamie asked.*

*"Yea just do it, Jamie." His father repeated. Jamie let his gaze fall from his father's face and back down to his perfect pectorals. Jamie couldn't help but lick his lips the longer he stared at his father's god-like form. Jamie's eyes narrowed towards his father's perky nipple and leaned forward as he felt his father's push him towards his chest. Jamie could feel his father wanted it to happen just as much as he wanted it.*

"Ugh!" Jamie screamed as he jolted awake. His brow was slick with sweat as he attempted to slow his heartbeat. Jamie could remember every moment of his dream down to the feeling that was burning inside of him as he stared at his father. Jamie pulled his blanket back and found that not everything was left in the dreamscape. Jamie stared down at his bulging cock as it strained from within his boxers. Jamie fell back against his pillow as his hand unknowingly slithered towards his cock.

Jamie pulled back the waistband of his underwear and pushed his hand into his hand and found that not only was his cock hard but it had already leaked a large amount of cum into his underwear. Jamie grasped onto his cock and let out a soft moan as he closed his eyes and began to work his hand up and down his shaft, while Jamie's free hand went to his pectoral. He had found that the most sensitive part of his body was not his cock but his perky nipples. Jamie began to twist and pull at his nipple as his other hand worked up and down his shaft. As the pleasure began to mount images of his father began to flow to his mind. Memories of his father lifting weights in tiny shorts, memories of his father teaching him to pose in a thong, memories of his father sweating profusely in a sauna beside him. Jamie could almost taste the sweat that he imagined leaking off his father's massive body.

Jamie gripped harshly onto his pectoral and imagined that it was his father that he touched. That it was not his chest but his father's monstrous body that he was feeling. Jamie pushed out his tongue and wished that he could run it between the two mounds of muscle. He wished to just taste the sweat sweaty recesses of his dad's pectorals.

"Oh daddy," Jamie cried as his dick began to erupt from within his underwear. Jamie could feel his cock unloading within his hand as his other hand gripped onto his nipple and pulled. He could feel his

cock volley repeatedly onto his lower body as his hand continued to milk his nipple. Jamie pulled his hand free from his underwear and saw the sweet residue which covered his hand and pushed it against his outstretched tongue.

“Fuck,” a deep voice said from the shadows of Jamie’s room.