

Just a Little Leak

When I asked my parents for a chemistry set for a birthday present they gave me the oddest of looks. Why would I want something so strange? Their response was to purchase something from a local teaching store where the chemicals were almost as strong as a salt shaker, but I needed the real thing. My response to their gift was dropping a scientific journal on their bed the day after my birthday with a rather expensive set circle in bold black sharpie. They raised their eyebrows in question, offering something they found more appropriate; football gear, a new basketball hoop, a week at a prestigious baseball camp. I rolled my eyes in annoyance. I wasn't the star athlete like my brother, and they wouldn't accept the fact that I could give two shits about sports unlike my older brother Jordan.

Now Jordan was six years older than me, and almost my polar opposite. While my focus had always been school and academics he was the brawn to my brain. His nights were spent drinking with friends, sporting events, or at the gym. He was tall, broad, confident, and extremely muscular. If he wasn't my brother and a complete a-hole I would be in total lust about him. While I stood at least a foot shorter than him, I was hairy in the wrong places and did know the first thing about fitness. And after years of torture, and humiliation at the hands of my brother I decided to use the only thing I had on my side; science.

After much, unnecessary begged, my parents gave into my needs and bought my the chemistry set. I knew the formula already, so all I needed just the time and an opening to slip it into my brother's drink. The time came sooner than I had expected. He left his after workout protein shake on the counter, and all I needed to do was release a few droplets into his shaker cup, but being the angry little brother I dumped the entire contents of the bottle into his shake and grinned.

"What are you smiling about faggot?" He barked as he took the first of many long swigs of his shake. I shrugged my shoulders, unable to contain my excitement.

"No reason," I said before I bounced off towards my room. The solution would take some time before it was able to fully meld with his physiology. So all I needed to do now was just wait. Wait for my elixir to talk hold of my brother's body and turn him into a mindless good for nothing slut.

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God, my brother was a little weirdo. He sat at the counter watching me drink my shake, giggling like a fucking weirdo every time I took a gulp. Luckily when the shake was done he skipped away

from the kitchen like the fucking fairy that he was, and left me alone. I checked my watch, seeing that it was almost nine and it was time for class.

I quickly washed, dressed, and was in the car within twenty minutes. The ride to school was short, but every minute was agonizing. I hated the class and wished that I could just have my tutors do the work as I did in high school, but the professors were smarter and tutors were less inclined due to the looming threat of expulsion.

The classroom was small, just a measly thirty students were on the roster and if twenty people showed up on any given day the professor counted it a success. I considered skipping more often than actually coming to, but I had already flunked English 101 twice and needed to get it the third time or else. Luckily there was one reason why I wanted to come to class.

“Morning Jordan,” the professor cheerfully welcomed me. Professor Erickson was one hot piece of ass. He always came in with a tight, freshly pressed button-down shirt, and trousers that clung to his every inch of his body. His ass and bulge were always on display and I found it to be the only bearable part of going to class.

“Morning Professor Erickson,” I said with a smile and a wink. I knew I came onto him pretty strong with the flirtations, but he never seemed to respond to my advances in the positive or negative. He was a peculiar case. I took a seat near the back of the classroom, dropped my backpack near my seat, plopped down into my chair, and watched the rest of the students usher to their seats.

“Good Morning everyone!” Professor Erickson announced to the classroom. He rattled off random information that was talked about in the previous class as he wrote on the whiteboard. All his words sounded like the parents from Charlie Brown; my focus was far too narrowed on his cheeks as he moved across the front of the classroom. His perky behind was pressed tightly into the fabric of his pants; basically eating his pants. My imagination ran wild, and I wished it was my cock that his ass was eating. Just imagine the tightness of his asshole as it wrapped around my cock was more than enough for my cock to grow chubby and then fully erect.

It wasn't until I was fully engrossed in my fantasy that I realized that a wet spot had formed in my lap. I looked down at myself and jumped in surprise. It looked like I had pissed myself. Not a lot, but enough for the stain to be dark and for it to be noticeable. I darted my eyes from left to right and saw that the teacher had the surrounding students attention. I peeled open my pants slightly and felt my cock slap aggressively onto my lower torso, and fling a large amount of cum onto my upper body. It was like someone threw a shot full of cum onto me, and while my cock laid against my shirt it only continued to leak.

“What the fuck?” I said to myself as I took hold of my cock and felt another large surge of cum pushed through my shaft and out onto my hand. I began to panic as the cum that leaked from my cock seemed almost endless. More and more seemed to fall from its tip as if there were some imaginative faucet was turned to full blast and there was no way of turning it off. My cock continued to fill both of my hands as the steady stream of cum continued. I had to figure out a way to stop this. I couldn’t consider leaving my seat, that would cause too much attention.

I don’t know if it were some sort of gift from God, or from Satan himself but as my eyes scattered around the room a male next to me placed a now empty water jug next to his desk. It was like the holy grail to me. If I could just nonchalantly snag the bottle without him knowing, then maybe I could use that until the glass ended. I leaned onto the side of my desk as my fellow student’s attention was brought back to the front of the class by something Professor Erickson has said, and there was my opening. I swooped my hand down and snagged the bottle and placed it between my legs, thankful for the plus sized girl who sat in front of me.

“God, what the hell is happening to me?” I cursed as I looked down and saw my lower body now completely soaked through with cum. The small stain had now transitioned into a large puddle of cum that sat atop my pants. The cum no longer was able to soak through due to the over-saturation of the denim.

Positioning my cock into the top of the water bottle, I felt a feeling of relaxation flow through my body. I could do it. I could outlast the class. But with the relaxed state, a typhoon of cum shot from the tip of my cock and into the water bottle. A loud splash could be heard within the class when the first wave of cum splashed against the bottom of the water bottle. I coughed loudly in an attempt to cover the sound, in hopes that nobody would hear. But everyone searched around the class for the origin of the sound and thankfully, they could not find it. I peered between my legs and saw the gallon jug nearly already full of my monstrous load. If I thought hiding the stain was hard, how the fuck was I going to get out of the class with a literal jug of semen.

“Jordan, why don’t you come on up to the front of the class and show everyone how it’s done,” Professor Erickson said, pulling me from my own personal crisis that was unfurling in the back of the classroom. I looked up my lap and saw multiple students had turned around and were looking directly at me. My heart sank through the floor.

“Oh, I’m sorry sir. I wasn’t paying attention. Can you call on someone else?” I stammered. Not even worrying about the ramifications of telling my professor that I wasn’t paying attention. But I didn’t have any time to think of a better lie.

“Nonsense. I can show you how it’s done. We are just breaking down the poem. Come on up here.” He ended his order with a cheerful grin, one that made my heart flutter and my cock push out a hefty glob of cum into the nearly overflowing jug. I sat silently, swaying back and forth unsure of how to proceed. I had a jug of my own cum in between my thighs. I had a dick that had no off button. And massive load covering my entire body. All while my sexy as fuck teacher was staring at me. I opened my mouth to decline once more, but before I could answer he spoke swiftly.

“Mr. Bray. Come up to the classroom or it will be a fail for the day. And we both know where you stand in my class,” he threatened.

“Okay!” I shouted, back almost a little too enthusiastically. “Give me one moment. My leg has been acting up. The teacher nodded and turned his back to me, as did many of the class, and began to write again on the board. This was the moment I needed. I lightly placed the jug onto the ground, tucked my wet dick into my already soaked pair of pants, and hiked them as high as possible in hopes that my shirt would cover at least a partial amount of the stain.

I stood from my desk and walked to the front of the class. With every step, I could feel my cock slap against my thigh as it pushed out more cum into my underwear. A small squish could be heard by only me as I moved, but to me, it sounds like it was amplified by a microphone.

“There we go. Why don’t you come to stand right here and examine the poem for me.” Professor Erickson said as he moved to the side and handed me a marker. I stood with my back to the class, hoping that the wetness had not traveled to the backside of my pants.

“Thank you,” I squeaked as I looked to the poem. Why did it have to be poetry?! It was already hard enough to focus with the monsoon of cum that had flooded my pants, now I had to break apart a fucking poem. I don’t know if it was the look of confusion that was on my face, or maybe it was a look of frustration but Professor Erickson extended a hand and grasped the marker with me. The feeling of his skin on mine was like electricity coursing through my skin. And the electricity was just the juice that my cock needed to go into overdrive.

Before it was a constant trickle and a steady hum of pleasure within my body, but when he touched me it was orgasmic. It was like fireworks going off in my balls. My knees quivered and I bit onto my lip. It was then that my professor’s eyes flowed down my body and saw the stain that encompassed my entire lap as well as the cum that was now dripped down my leg onto the ground.

“Class. Why I help Mr. Bray with the poem. All of you go ahead and read chapter 12 and do the assessment at the end of the chapter. And yes it is for a grade.” Professor Erickson announced to the class as he walked around me and blocked my body from the view of the students. His command

was met with many groans from the other students, but the sound of opening books and pages rustling filled the room. All while Professor Erickson's hand never left my body. In fact, it moved further up my arm until it rested on my shoulders. His other hand took my opposing deltoid in its grasp and he leaned into my ear.

"Having a little problem Mr. Bray?" He asked as I felt his groin press against my muscular ass. The overtly sexual approach was far too much for me to handle. My body pulsed with pleasure and every touch from my professor only intensified it. "Seems like something is happening down there, and I am extremely interested as to why my class is going to smell like a bathhouse the rest of the week. Any idea why that may be Mr. Bray?" His tone was one of mischievousness. His fingers trailed down the side of my body and onto my hips as he leaned in further. His cock now pressed firmly against my cheeks and my hands fell onto the whiteboard with a loud thud. A thud that drew every eye towards me.

"HOLY FUCKING JESUS CHRIST!" I screamed as my balls erupted with cum. My immediately overflowed onto my thighs and down both of my legs, and onto the floor. To the unknowing eyes of my fellow classmates, it looked as if I had pissed myself. But to my teacher and myself, we both knew it was the biggest load of cum either of us had ever seen. I didn't know what to do, besides run. And when I said run, I meant waddle out of the classroom with a trail of cum falling from my thighs like breadcrumbs left by Hansel and Gretel. I could hear the laughter and chuckling of my fellow students as I ran from the class. My teacher shouted my name down the long hallway of the school, but I needed to get out of there. I needed to get out of these clothes. And I needed to figure out what the fuck was going on with my cock!

It's Never Ending

I ran from the classroom like a bat trying to escape the fiery pits of hell. I could hear my teacher call my name as I ran through the long hallways of the college. I could feel my cock as it continuously leaked down my pant leg and onto the floor, leaving a trail of cum in my wake. I looked down at my pants and saw my lap and one of my pant legs had entirely soaked through now. There was no way to hide the stain. My only option was to ditch the clothes and find something less stained and much thicker. Luckily I knew where the lost and found box was at the school.

Ducking behind the front desk, I began to rifle through the long forgotten belongings. I hoped that something would be wearable, but apparently my hopes were well beyond the means of this box. The best and only options I had were a pair of lifting shorts, which may or may not have even been men's shorts, a stringer tank top, and a jock that looked almost new. But with the state of my clothes, I didn't have much of an option.

I tossed my sopping wet shirt and shorts into the box. I could feel the oversaturated cum wringing from my clothes as I tore them from my bed in disgust. Seeing my cock as it hung free between my legs sent shivers of disgust down my spine. The leaking somehow continued. I gripped my cock tightly and pulled down like I was trying to get the last droplets of piss from my shaft but that would cause a large gush of cum to splat onto the floor.

"Ugh," I groaned as the pleasurable experience jumped from my lips. It was like my body was possessed. I couldn't help myself my jerk my cock. I wrapped both hands around my cock and pumped it into my hands with reckless abandonment. I closed my eyes not wanting to see the goop as it fell from my cock, but the constant sound of it as it splattered onto the ground was a constant reminder of what was happening to me.

"Fuck, I need to stop," I cried but my hands wouldn't stop. A horrible pressure built within my groin and my stomach the more I jerked. With every slide of my hands, it felt like my balls and my bladder was filling even though I was constantly spewing an endless stream.

"Hey, guys. Want to head to the gym?" A deep male voice asked as the sound of footsteps filled the entryway to the college. I bit down on my teeth in a hope to stifle my cries of pleasure.

“Yeah, sure. I need to get my clothes but...do you guys hear that?” The other male asked. I held my hand on my cock, attempting to use all my will-power to stop myself from jerking but that only slowed my hand. Which I found to be much more agonizing than the swift movements I was doing beforehand. Every few seconds a deep splat sounded and the footsteps grew closer as they followed the sound.

“No. No. No. Get ahold of yourself,” I whispered to myself as my hand held the tip of my cock and collected the cum. I couldn’t tell if the pressure was getting worse or if it was the fear of being found in such a state. But either way I knew something bad was about to happen.

“It’s probably just a pipe or something. Are we gonna work out, or are we gonna play plumber?” The first man asked. I could hear the sound of the two friends as they shoved one another just on the other side of the desk I was hidden behind. I could feel a groan as it built in my throat, ready to burst free.

“Whatever dude. Let’s go.” The sound of the two men’s footsteps as they walked away from the desk brought such relief to my conscious, and just enough fear to bring me back to reality. I dropped my cock as it flopped loosely into the lake of cum that covered the floor. I grabbed the jock and the shorts and struggled to fit them over my cock and my muscular frame. I looked down at myself. It was lewd, but it would have to do for now.

I jumped from behind the desk, happy that the hallways were empty, but my luck had just run out when the doors to the classes all opened. Hundreds of other students exited their classes and filed into the hallway as I ran towards the nearest exit. The loose fitting stringer did nothing to hid my upper body while my cock just seemed to roughly bounce with every step that I took. A wetness already began to spread within the pouch as I escaped from the school. The looks and the glances from the other students told me they could see something was off but didn’t know exactly what was happening within my shorts.

My car was only a few hundred yards from the school, and when I sat in the front seat of my car and put it in reverse I felt the squishy feeling of fabric between my legs grow worse as I drove. I ran through the events of the day in my head as I tried to find exactly what was happening to me. Could it be an allergic reaction? Some sort of weird disease? Did I cross some old gypsy woman recently? As I ran down the list of realistic and unrealistic possibilities the pressure I felt earlier within my stomach had become unbearable. It was like a combination of having to pee as well as the worst case of blue balls I had ever felt. I hoped I would make it home, but when I saw a rest stop on the way home my body had come to its limit.

I pulled off the highway and into the first parking space of the rest stop and ran into the bathroom. The now the soaked shorts and pouch oozed cum onto my bare thighs and the ground as I ran. I pushed through the door and towards the first stall; it was locked. So was the second, the third, and the fourth as well. The pain radiated from my crotch like an explosion about to occur, and if I didn't relieve myself I didn't know what was going to happen. The only option was the farthest urinal from the door. I told myself it was far enough so nobody would see what I was doing, and I hoped I wasn't lying.

Stepping closer to the urinal I withdrew my cock and took it in one hand once feel as gooseflesh ran throughout my body. My cock felt like the pleasure centers of my cock were on fire. I furiously ran my hand up and down my shaft, feeling the ooze of my cum increase as I gave in to the pleasure.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck," I cried softly to myself as my other hand massaged my balls as I tried to push myself to orgasm. I could feel my body standing on the edge of orgasm but I couldn't push myself over into it.

"What have we got over here?" A deep baritone asked. My head jolted up in surprise as I found that the urinal directly beside me had been taken while in my delusion of pleasure.

"No. It's not what you think," I stammered but even as I denied his accusation even as I continued to jerk my cock. He gave a deep belly laugh as he peaked over the short divider.

"You sure about that buddy? I think something else is going on there. Here let me help you out a bit." The stranger stepped behind me and pressed his thickening cock against my ass. "Oh and let's just move these aside." He hooked his fingers into the waistband of my shorts and pushed them underneath my rounded asscheeks. He gave a long whistle of appreciation. "Damn nice ass. Nice cock. I don't a hot lad like yourself would be here today. But lucky me, I guess." I heard him unzip his pants with one of his hands as he took my cock in hand with his other.

"Oh god. Please stop. There's something wrong." I moaned as my cock responded to his thickly calloused hand. He moved his hand in a circular motion. Every time his hand swirled around my tip I felt my balls ache with pleasure. The stranger ignored my pleas for help and positioned his cock between my cheeks.

In the bulk of my sexual experiences, I had typically topped, but at this moment the idea of his cock pushing into my ass only enticed me further. I arched my back and pushed my cheeks into his cock, signaling to him what I wanted. I didn't even need to say anything else. He placed his free hand on the small of my back and placed the head of his cock against my hole. He pulled away from his cum covered hand and slathered his cock and my hole with my own seed. One finger after another sunk into

my hole. His fingers worked there way in and out of my hole, repeatedly going back to my aching cock for more cum to push into my hole. I could feel him spreading my hole as well as my cheeks as he readied me for his cock.

“Just do it!” I begged, wild with pleasure. He gave another chuckle of enjoyment before he pushed the tip of his cock into my hole. The sheer size of his cock as it pushed into my hole made my eyes roll into the back of my head and my legs began to shake. His hands slithered around my body as my own hands gripped the divider and the wall, attempting to steady myself.

“Oh god!” I shouted. The pressure grew even worse, like a balloon ready to burst. He jerked me like a crazed person as he fucked me at the urinal. His balls slapped loudly against my own as his harsh breathing matched my heavy panting of lust. Both my balls and my bladder felt like they were both brimming with liquid. “Here it comes! Here it comes!” I cried as the feeling of release finally came over my body.

My balls pulled up to my cock and a literal explosion of cum shot into the urinal. My entire body shook while his cock slammed a few final times into my hole and unloaded in me. I looked down at my cock and saw a torrential downpour of cum shot from my tip and fall into the urinal so quickly and so fast that the urinal overflowed onto my feet within seconds. Was this piss? Was it cum? Was it some read mixture that my body concocted and pushed from my cock. The strong smell of my cum and piss filtered into the air, and only grew stronger as the amount increased. The stranger remained obvious to the amount of cum that fell from my cock as he unloaded into my hole.

“Fuck that hole was good,” he grunted and without a second thought, he zipped up and walked away as my orgasm uncontrollable orgasm continued.

“UGH! Someone! Anyone!” I shouted as my cock jolted and pulsed causing the cum to ricochet off the porcelain urinal and onto my body, covering myself in cum.

I didn’t know if it was five or if was twenty minutes that my cock continued to squirt out cum on every available surface before I felt a moment of reprieve. The endless waterfall that fell from my cock lessened to its gentle stream and then to just a trickle of liquid. It never stopped by at this moment in time it was much more manageable than ever before, even those the evidence of what had happened covered my body.

I walked from the bathroom drenched in my cum, unashamed of who would see me as I did the walk of shame towards my car. I caught a glimpse of myself in the reflection of one of the windows of my car. I looked like the bottom of a bukkake orgy. My face was covered in layers of my own load, my hair was matted, and my clothes were drenched. There was nothing I could do to hide my appearance

so I got into my car put the car in reverse and prayed that the leaking would stop long enough for me to get home and try and figure out what happened before it started up again.

Forced Brotherly Love

The ride home was about as uncomfortable as one would have assumed. The feeling of cum as it dried against my skin and on my clothes was a sensation that I could have gone my entire life not knowing. Luckily by the time I got home, my cock no longer leaked and my clothes were dry crusty, which was better than the previous option. I was able to sneak my clothes into the washer and into my room without anyone seeing the shameful state of my clothes. The shower was probably the best part of the evening, just feeling everything wash off me and away like it was some horrible memory was exactly what the doctor ordered. But throughout the shower, I couldn't help but continue to stare at my cock. What was going on down there? What could have caused such a monstrous amount of cum to shoot? I touched my balls, making sure to keep myself from getting aroused, and didn't feel any different. They were obviously sore, but besides that; nothing felt any different. I knew nothing was going to be figured out at 2 am, so the only option was going to sleep and worry about my cock problems in the morning.

The next morning came a lot quicker than I would have hoped. The night before I had forgotten to close my blinds and when the sun rose; so did I. A small part of me was full of anxiety at the thought of waking up in an ocean of my own cum, but the fates were on my side. For the first time in years, I woke up with no morning wood and for that, I was thankful.

I listened for sounds of my family throughout our house as I laid in bed, no there was no sound that signified any of them being awake. I stretched in my bed and stared at the ceiling while I ran through what happened yesterday. Some parts horrified me, by what I had done while others turned me on the more I reminisced. I kept the thoughts brief and vague in my head, not wanting to start the monsoon of cum once again. I lifted my blanket and stared down at my naked form and saw my normal limp dick as it sat between my thighs.

"Hey, sport!" My father said as he barreled into my bedroom.

“Fuck Dad!” I shouted as I threw my blanket back down on my lower body and placed my hands over my crotch to cover myself that much more as if the blanket was not thick enough to hide my body.

“Sorry man. I didn’t think you would be going at it this early in the morning,” my father joked. I rolled my eyes in annoyance.

“I wasn’t jerking off Dad!” I shouted through the door.

“Oh no, of course, you weren’t!” He said. “Safe to come in?” he asked as he cracked the door.

“I wasn’t – yeah, it’s safe.” I conceded to my father. He always thought I was looking at “babes” on my phone or jerking off whenever I was alone. Not that I wasn’t doing both, but I was looked at a very different type of babe than he would originally think.

“Good. Just wanted to make sure I was clear of the splash zone.” He laughed at his own joke as he crossed into my room and took a seat at my desk. He would never really know the true meaning of the splash zone if I had anything to do with it he wouldn’t. I rolled my eyes again as I adjusted myself against the headboard of my bed, making sure that my lower body was still covered.

“What dad?” I asked, already annoyed by his appearance in my room at such an early hour.

“I have to go into the office today, and your brother wanted to go and see the new Marvel movie today. I told him already that you would bring -,” he began to explain as already began to exit my room.

“You what?” I asked, surprised at what I was being voluntold to do.

“If you wouldn’t interrupt me I would tell you what I was going to say,” my father said as his eyebrows knit together due to the annoyance of being interrupted. “I told your brother that you would bring him to the movie. You don’t have to stay but it’s being paid by me. So you can stay if you want, or you can go home and go back and pick him up.”

“Ughh,” I groaned at the extremely inconvenient plans that were being forced onto me. “I already had plans today dad.”

“Well, you can change them. The movies only two hours long and it isn’t going to ruin your Saturday. Now I don’t want to hear another word. The movies at 10:40. I’m about to head out. Be nice to your brother, and he has the money for the tickets. Any questions?” he asked as he stood in the doorway of my bedroom once more. Questions? Why can’t I just call him an Uber? Why is it when you’re busy I get babysitting duty? Could I actually just go back to sleep and pretend I didn’t hear him?

“No. No questions dad.” I grumbled as I pulled my phone from my bedside table and began to scroll through Instagram once more.

“Thanks, bud. I owe you one,” my father said as he closed the door once more.

“You owe me like twelve,” I said to myself as I checked the time. It was quarter til nine, which meant it was either get up now and shower or have my brother scream like a banshee at my door about being late.

Begrudgingly, I pulled myself from my bed and went into the shower. I washed away the last remnants of last night, that I missed in my sexual stupor. I gently worked my way over my cock, making sure that I washed it softly but not soft enough that it would cause me to get a boner. I hoped that what happened yesterday was some sort of universal fluke, but it was still too soon for me to ever want a boner again. After I showered; I dressed, gathered my belongings, and banged on my brother’s door.

“Wake the fuck up fag! I’m taking you to the movies!” I could hear him from behind the door as he rustled around. I waited a few seconds for the door to be opened before I rapped against the wooden door a second time. “Open the fucking door! I’m not going to be listening to you whine to dad later about missing your fucking previews!” I moved my hand to bang on the door again but before I could he opened it and stepped through. His bony, frail body was covered in head to toe marvel memorabilia which included; shoes, a Captain America T-shirt, an Iron Man hat, and a Spider-Man necklace.

“I’m ready!” he said as he vibrated with excitement.

“Whatever nerd, get in the fucking car.” I said before I turned away and walked towards the kitchen to gather the money. “fifty huh?” More than enough for tickets and food. If anything it would be a free lunch for me.

With thirty minutes to spare we got to the movies, parked, got snacks, and actually got pretty good seats. Eric chattered the entire ride about possible spoilers he found online, how he hoped it would end and other nonsensical nerd data that he found online. It was a never-ending stream of gibberish, and I said nothing; only because I knew my father would be asking for a full report when he got home. And when the movie finally he finally stopped talking.

I wasn’t too interested in the movie, but I had two hot dogs, a bucket of popcorn, an XL soda, and a box of Sour Patch Kids. So if anything I would be at least fed at my father’s expense.

The movie wasn’t too bad when it finally started rolling. The action sequences were intense, the special effects were epic, but what I loved most was how often the camera focused in on

Captain's firm ass. I just continued to eat, drink, and stare at his perfect bubble butt as it filled the giant screen. The tightness of his superhero suit only seemed to accentuate the roundest part of his cheeks and make it that much more enticing.

"Fuck. That's America's ass," I said quoting the movie. It was then that I felt a wetness on my lap. I had thought, maybe I dropped some soda on my lap but I knew before even looking that it wasn't soda that had wet my lap. In the dimly lit I could see my dick as it stretched across my lap, and strained against my jeans. I began to breathe heavy as panic filled my head, knowing what was going to follow. The wetness only continued to grow across my lap as the stain grew larger. I looked towards the screen and groaned loudly as Captain America bent over on the screen and every inch of that 76-foot long screen. "Ughh," I groaned as a large glob of cum was pushed from my cock and into my underwear. If my pants were already this wet, then what did my underwear look like?

I stood from my seat, feeling my cock bounce with the quick movement and shimmied through the seats. I attempted to keep my hand over my erect cock, but I could only do so much to hide my arousal. I saw the way several women and men stared at me as I walked past them; they knew what I was trying to hide. From the corner of my eye, I could see my brother lean from his seat and look at me as I frantically ran from the movie theater and into the nearest bathroom. Luckily, the bathrooms were single stalls only and I locked myself within the room.

Immediately, I dropped my pants and my underwear to the ground and heard a loud wet slap as they fell to the floor and I kicked them to the corner of the small bathroom. I saw the reflection of my cock; red, erect, and already leaking a constant stream of cum.

"No. No. No. No. Not again!" I cried as I looked down to the little puddle that was already formed at my feet. This couldn't be happening again?! I fell back onto the toilet seat as my cock flung a glob of cum onto my shirt as it pointed straight up. My cum overflowed from its sides like a fountain. Every inch of it was covered in my thick white load and it didn't seem like it was going to stop anytime soon; much like last night. I took my cock in both of my hands and furiously began to jerk. I hoped that it would stop once I came a few times like the night before, and that was my only option.

So I closed my eyes and leaned back against the commode of the toilet, grasped my cock with both of my hands, and began to fantasize. I thought back to yesterday doing touched by those older men, and how rough he was with my hole. I took one hand from my cock and pressed it against my asshole, which accepted it easily due to the over lubrication from my cock.

"Ohhhh," I cooed as my finger sank into my hole all the way to the knuckle. I had fingered myself before, but somehow everything seemed warmer; almost like my prostate was on fire. I

closed my eyes and remembered back to how thick the stranger's cock was as he plowed his way deep into my body and added two additional fingers. I tried to keep my moans low but couldn't help but let out several high-pitched moans of delight. I opened my eyes and saw that my entire lap was covered in my cum, and dripped between my thighs and into the toilet. I looked towards the bowl and saw the stream of cum had nearly filled the toilet to the brim. "Ugh, so nasty!" I groaned as my toes curled as I added a fourth finger to my hole. I could feel pressure began to build in my balls and my bladder once more.

"Almost there!" I groaned as my jerks became my staggered and aggressive. Just a few more strokes, I thought to myself.

"Jordan are you in there!" The concerned voice of my brother asked as he banged on the door.

"Fuck!" I grunted. I pulled my hand from my hole, but couldn't stop myself my jerking. It was like my body would not stop until I had exploded.

"Jordan are you okay?" My brother asked. "Do you need help?" He asked.

"NooooOOOoooOOoO," I cried, not wanting anyone to see me in this state.

"Don't worry I will get help!" Eric shouted. I opened my mouth to shout for him to stop once again my only more moans of pleasure came from my lips. I couldn't even form the words for him to stop as the pressure and ecstasy mounted. Maybe I could cum before anyone came back for help, I thought? I was so close and only needed just a few more seconds.

"Hello? Jordan? This is Andrew. I'm one of the ushers and a trained EMS. I am coming in," Andrew said as I heard the door began to unlock.

"Pleaseeeee.." I began to cry but he slipped inside the small bathroom before I was able to say anything else and he was gorgeous. Short blonde hair, golden brown skin, full lips, and a body that was barely contained by his movie theater issued polo. "Fuuuuuuuck!" I groaned as my cock shot a large stream of precum into the air and landed directly on my face and continued down my shirt.

"What the hell?" He shouted in surprise as he backed away from my body and towards the door. His eyes searched my body, then to my face, and back to my lower body. He stared silently at me as I continued to jerk my aching cock, and without even caring I slipped my four fingers back into my loose hole.

"Ughh!" I cried as I sank my ass back onto my fingers and began to slowly fuck myself. "Please..help...me!" I moaned as I worked my fingers in and out of my hole while my other hand mindless stroked my dick while more precum spewed everywhere. I expected him to run away in

disgust, or to shout that I was some sort of horny freak but instead he silently began to undress. He tossed his polo khakis into a separate corner, away from my cum covered underwear and pants while I gawked at his body. His flat rippled abdominals and his heavy pectorals made me moan in hunger; I just wanted to touch him. I wanted to feel his body against my own. He slowly stroked his own growing bulge as he crossed the now cum covered floor, and stood between my legs.

“Seems like someone is too horny for his own good,” he said, dropping his tone to a more sensual seductive melody instead of the overexcited friendly one I heard early. I nodded my head in agreement. He slid his underwear off his hips and tossed them into the growing pile of clothes while I looked towards the hard cock that slapped against my balls.

“Fuck!” I cried as I saw the massive cock and heavy set of balls that were being positioned towards my hole.

“Here. Let me help you.” He pulled my fingers from my hole and placed them onto his lips and sucked them clean of my juices. He grinned and groaned as he swirled his tongue around my fingers, wanting every last drop for himself. “Tasty,” he said before he dropped to his knees and buried his face in between my bubble butt. His tongue easily slipped inside my hole and swirled around the inside, gathering all the cum that I had pushed into it. His hands rubbed up and down my legs while he nibbled on the outer ring of my hole and pushed further into my hole. It felt like he was using making out with my asshole and I was loving every second of it. Sadly he broke the seal his lips made with my hole and looked down at my fluid covered body; his own face had a thin smear of my cum. He scooped some of the copious amounts of cum from my stomach and slathered it on his own cock while he pushed his face into my own. His cum laced lips assaulted my own, while our tongues intermingled within his mouth. I could taste my own load within his mouth. His mouth acted as the only way to muffle my moans while he pushed his cock into my hole, which it greedily accepted.

“God, you’re tight still!” The boy grunted as I wrapped my legs around his torso. His cock began to piston in and out of my hole, stretching it farther than my fingers or the man from the night before. His hard muscular stomach, rubbed my cock which only pushed me closer to cumming. I could feel the orgasm begin to mount within me as the same pressure within my body became unbearable.

“Fuck me! Please fuck me so hard I cum!” I cried loudly, losing myself in the sexual pleasure that had overtaken my body. “Please, I need it! I need your cum! OH FUCK!” I shouted as tightened my legs around him as the tidal wave of orgasm came crashing down between the two of us. Like the night before it felt as if my bladder and my balls exploded with liquid between the two of us.

“Me too!” He shouted as his dick grew rigid within me and unloaded within my hole, coating my insides with yet another load. His orgasm came and went while mine continued until mine and his entire body was covered in my piss and cum. He pulled away slightly disturbed by the sheer size of my load and stared into the mirror while my thick white goo dripped down his torso. I looked down to my own good and saw the fountain of cum turned into a tiny trickle and from my past experience I knew it would soon stop. But now the question begged, how were either of us going to get out of here looking like we did?

“Jordan are you okay in there? I keep hearing shouting?” Eric asked from outside the bathroom. Oh, and I was going to get past my brother on top of all that?

I listened as my brother rapped on the door repeatedly as I attempted to clean myself of the extra messy load that had just been unleashed on my body. I pulled off my shirt and wrung it out, which caused massive amounts of cum to slop onto the floor like piles of ooze. I scooped piles of the cum from the floor and dumped it into the toilet and repeatedly flushed, hoping that it would flush.

“Boy, you cum a lot? Is that a normal size for you?” The usher asked as he just wiped the remnants of my load from his torso and face and whipped it into the sink with perfect aim.

“Uhhh,” I stammered as I tried to think of an answer. “Yeah?” The usher laughed by my uncertainty.

“Is that a question or a statement?” He laughed as he redressed himself. His appearance was nearly identical to before my impromptu fucking; save for his wet hair and flushed skin tone.

“Either way. My names Todd,” he said as he extended his hand in a welcoming manner.

“Jordan,” I said as I extended my hand to shake his, not realizing that it was still covered in cum. “Oh sorry,” I said nervously as I wiped it on my arm and extended my hand.

“It’s cool bro,” he said joyfully and fist bumped my opened hand. “But we should get together sometime. Would be fun to see how much is actually in those balls,” he said lewdly. The idea of getting fucked my him again by a large globe of leftover cum burp from the tip of my cock and a groan from my lips.

“Damn that thing is already ready for a second go?” Todd jokes as he ran his hand over my exposed cock, and pushed the last recessed out of my shaft. “Fuck,” he moaned before he took a lick of his cum covered hand. I watched as his tongue danced between his fingers getting every drop. “That shits good.” He danced slightly in his spot as he enjoyed the taste as it rolled over his tastebuds. “Okay gotta get back to work. Look me up on Instagram the tag is Todd’sRight. I will be looking for your DM.” He gave me one final wink and slipped out the door. I could hear hushed speaking from the other side of

the door. I quickly dressed in my clothes, no matter the state of my body. My clothes cling to the pockets of cum that I had missed my and hair was slicked back as if my gel.

“Jordan I’m coming in!” My brother yelled as he pushed through the unknowingly unlocked door.

“What fag!?” I shouted as I feign washed my hands.

“You sounded like something was wrong. The usher said that you were sick. What’s wrong?” My brother asked, his words were full of concern but his the tone sounded like he had held back laughter.

“Nothing. Go back and watch the fucking movie,” I grumbled as I toweled my hands. When I turned to face him, his eyebrows were knitted together in annoyance.

“It’s over.” He said shortly. Lord.

“Perfect. So let’s go home,” I said quickly as I pushed past him and into the hallway of the movie theater. I could hear my brother sniff the air as he followed behind me.

“Why do you smell like a locker room? Don’t you know how to shower?” He asked condescendingly.

“Whatever faggot. Just don’t talk to me and get in the car,” I cursed as I kicked open the door to the outside and walked to my car.

“No! You owe me another movie!” He shouted from behind me. I ignored his shouts of annoyance as I opened the driver door and stopped into my truck. I knew if I didn’t respond he would give up. But from the way, he glared at me while I drove home. I knew this was far from being over.

Hours later when I had showered, re-showered, and washed all my cum covered clothes from my escapades from the last two days; my father charged, unannounced, into my room.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” He shouted, rousing me from my hypnotic browse through the internet.

“What? What did I do?” I questioned as my father slammed the door behind him and locked it.

“Shit,” I thought to myself. I had a feeling I knew what this was about, and it involved a movie that a particular bitch who’s wasn’t able to see the ending of a movie.

“I ask you to do one thing! One thing for me while I had to work, and you can’t even do that! You ungrateful son of a bitch!” He shouted at me. I sat silently in my bed as he repeatedly berated me. I obviously couldn’t tell him the truth. Would he even believe me if I told him I was shooting loads the size of waterfalls and was getting fucked by guys left and right? I considered telling him, but I put myself in his own shoes; I wouldn’t even believe the stories if I didn’t live them myself.

“What do you have to save for yourself?” He shouted as his red turned almost the same shade of red that the head of my cock changed after an overly intense jerk. I opened my mouth to speak but reconsidered my options; tell him the truth or give him the typical bratty teenager answer. I went with the later of the two. I shrugged my shoulders and told him. “I don’t know.” It was an answer that I knew he would accept but would only infuriate him further.

“You don’t know? You don’t know?! What the in the nine fucking layers of hell do you mean that you don’t know?! You – I’m just – I just can’t believe you...ARE YOU EVEN FUCKING LISTENING TO MEAN?! JORDAN!” He shouted once again, bringing my attention from my phone back to my father. I had thought maybe a bit of apathy would allow this to blow over, but it only seemed to make him that much angrier. I realized that he finally hit his level when he let out an almost animalistic shout of anger and what happened next was almost as a surprise to me as the last 48 hours.

He ripped the comforter from over my body, grabbed my wrist, and threw me over his thick legs. Now I was a strong, muscular guy but my father was nearly twice my size. Even though he had given up a life of sports and competition for an office job; that did not stop him from working out nearly twice every day. Even laying on his quads I could feel the hard, dense muscle as it pressed against my stomach. I struggled against his hands and attempted to break from his hold, even though I knew that it wasn’t going to happen.

“Apparently I never taught you the proper way to speak to your father,” He said as he took hold of my boxers and quite literally ripped them from my body. My pale round cheeks were pushed into the air as one of his legs adjusted under my body while one of his hands held my neck against the other side of his leg.

“What the fuck dad let me go!” I shouted as I wiggled back and forth on his leg, still hoping that I could possibly break free of his hold. I was strong and determined, but underneath that extra thick layer of confidence, I knew that I was being stupid.

“Like I said, you were never taught to obey your elders. And that was my fault for not punishing you often enough, and that stops today. My ambivalence to your upbringing is the reason why you are such an asshole and that is a fault that will be correct. When you are bad or disobey me, you will be punished.” I looked over my shoulder and saw him bring one of his massive hands into the air and then slammed it down onto my asscheek. It was like red hot fire that shot through my body.

“HOLY MOTHER OF GOD!” I shouted. The intense pain that had felt was none like I had others felt before today.

“You have been a bad boy Jordan, and you must be punished.” My fathers ran through my mind and somehow they became twisted and perverted. And when his hand came slamming down onto my opposite cheek I felt my dick throb with an intensity that I had not known before. It immediately became hard against his thigh and my eyes were wild with fear that I would begin to leak. I waited for the familiar feeling of wetness that came with a boner these last two days, but instead, it was a pressure that built within me.

“I need you to understand that I don’t want this Jordan, but I have to do this for you. I need you to understand that you are a bad boy. Say it Jordan. Say it so I know that you understand that you are a bad, bad boy.” My father slammed his hand onto one of my cheeks again and with the red hot head of his punishment, the pleasure was now mixed within his spansks.

“Ugh,” I groaned as the pressure continued to grow. “I am a bad boy daddy. I’m a very bad boy!” I squirmed on his lap, not fully realizing that I arched my back and pushed my ass further into the air. If one was to see the two of us, it would look like a father-son porno and that only added a layer to my reality.

With every slap of my ass cheeks the other pressure built within my body. My balls felt like they had been edged and teased for days if not weeks without release while my bladder was in a state of exploding. The pressure had gotten to incredibly uncomfortable I had to cross my legs to hold myself from pissing all over my father and myself, or worse; an explosion of cum.

“I’m sorry, Jordan. I’m so sorry that I was a bad dad to you, but you will learn and so will I. If you ever act out of order or disobey again, this is where you will end up. You will be here; bare ass, crying, getting your ass pummeled.” He spoke in between his spankings as if he tried to create a weird Pavlovian response to his spankings. But his threats only furthered my lust.

“One more Jordan. And it’s going to hurt. I want you to say that this is all your fault. I want you to fully understand that this was your doing. That this was all because you didn’t do what I wanted,” my father ordered.

“I’m sorry dad. I’m sorry I’m a misbehaving bad boy daddy. Please spank me until I behave. Spank me like the bad boy that I am daddy.” I gripped his pants as I waited for the feeling of his palm as it slammed into my and the unleashing of my balls onto my father’s lap. I did not care about eh consequences I just needed the pressure to cease.

“FUCK!” I cried as his hand slammed onto my cheek and I felt the damn break. I braced myself for the feeling of my balls as they emptied onto my father’s lap and the humiliation that was to follow,

but instead, I felt the tiniest drop of cum form at my tip. And then a torrential downpour of piss flooded the fronts of my underwear and my father's laps.

My father sat silently as he held me against his legs until he felt the warm wetness of my piss as it crept across his legs and into his dress pants. The smell was the first thing he noticed when it eventually filled the room.

"What the fuck Jordan!?" He shouted as he threw me onto the floor, while my cock continued to leak the stream of piss all over my comforter and the clothes that were scattered around my floor. I tried to cross my legs, I tried to mentally hold my urine, but nothing seemed to be able to stop it. The look of disgust from my father as my dick peed on every surface, myself included to make me feel like the worthless piece of trash that he saw.

"You disgusting faggot!" He shouted as he kicked me in the side and barged through my door. "I better not see an ounce of piss on that floor when I come back later!" He threatened as he left my room.

But little did I know that my father did not leave because of the feeling of disgust that boiled red within him, but the cock that hardened at the sight of his son's punished cheeks and how he had just covered himself in piss. They were feelings and attractions that he had felt before, but they were buried so deep that he had forgotten about them until now. And he didn't know if he would be able to deny them again as he did before.