

Sweaty angels – Part 2 – Saturday afternoon

Usual disclaimers about illegal conduct apply. For comments maxfi90@gmail.com

Ok, let's talk about Mary. She is a very nice girl and she was, at the time, experienced and very bold. At 14, she looked "adult" to me, even if she was just two years older than me.

When she started to touch me, to undress herself and to remove my clothes, I immediately became very horny, just as horny as I am when I make sex with boys. She kissed me everywhere and I did the same. I was especially aroused by her breasts, with those nipples that became rock hard as soon as I kissed them. I was also quite excited (and surprised) by the fast and easy progress of our encounter. In twenty minutes we had gone from the first kiss to the 69 position. My straight friends were always complaining about their time consuming relations, with days or months of talking, walking, etc. before any chance of doing something.

Here I was, a bit puzzled while I was eyeing that hairy triangle between her legs. She was already kissing and licking my dick. I had been licking every single spot of all the boys I've been with, but I didn't know exactly what was behind all that black hair.

Anyway, a man has to be brave. I started to lick without any specific target in mind and soon my tongue was sliding in a narrow wet slit. It was an odd, but not bad taste. She began to moan with pleasure and to suck my rock hard dick. Gee, she is a good cock-sucker!

In a few minutes we turned face to face and I was inside her. No problem with it. She was not a virgin and my dick seemed to know the way. Apparently this is the straight version of sex and every part of our bodies is exactly designed for this goal. Her pussy was doing things to my dick that I never had experienced before.

However, when I fucked Mary, I never understood whether my arousal was due to the fucking or to the proud consciousness of me fucking a girl. A thought crossed my mind about my friends watching me in that moment. The straight boy fucking a girl, sending her to heaven with the force of his body, ... of his dick...

I don't know. There are things that make me think I'm gay. For example, I've been drinking sweat and cum from my friends and never had a problem with their taste or smell, however harsh they were. On the other hand, I would never accept a girl that smells like sweat. I know that this is unfair. Boys can smell and girls shouldn't. But to me it works this way. By the way, I don't think that among the women's right claims there is the right to smell like men.

Actually Mary did smell after sex. But that was my smell. At 2am she called me and said:

"Hi handsome boy, I've got your scent all over my skin..."

"Where are you?"

"In my bed..."

"I would like to be there..."

Obviously I didn't say "Maybe you should get a shower" even if I was in the mood for kidding a little bit. I was jacking off like crazy and I think she was masturbating as well. We ended the call with plenty of juice on both ends of the line.

This began a new era in my sexual life making me much bolder. I don't know, I was feeling grown-up, mature, except when I was with Mary. Talking with Mary was way more difficult than kidding with the other boys, but in some ways it was also more interesting.

I didn't resist the temptation to talk with my friends about her. Obviously our dicks became hard and we had to take care of them with our hands in the right pocket (no way to fuck each other at school). They insisted quite a lot on some hot details. Surprisingly, Alan was not jealous of Mary. Apparently the idea of me fucking a girl was not offensive to him like had been when he saw me with other boys.

Things were going pretty well, with a girl and three boys alternating on my bed. Daddy had to wash my sheets twice a week at least. They were all wrinkled and smelly, with yellowish stains

here and there. He didn't complain. I could see him smiling while changing my bed. Probably he was thinking of a girlfriend and he was proud of his boy.

Daddy was thirty years old at that time. He had me when he was 17, cause he was fucking my mother without condoms and he just couldn't pull out in time. Mom went away when I was 3. I almost don't remember her. Daddy has been father and mother through all these years and I love him just too much. Cooking, washing, cleaning, working hard. I admire him. He keeps in very good shape and looks younger than the other men of his age. I want to be like him when I get older.

One day I decided to have a manly talk with him. We were on the living-room couch on a lazy Saturday afternoon, pretending to watch TV. We were both wearing just our boxers, cause it was a pretty hot spring day.

“Daddy? I must tell you something... I've a girlfriend”. I said with a proud smile.

“Oh. Well. I'm glad...”

Actually he didn't seem glad at all. My proud smile had washed away from my face leaving a puzzled expression on it.

“Are you okay, daddy?”

“Oh, yeah, sure. I'm very happy that you...” He was clearly avoiding my eyes.

“C'mon, daddy, you look so sad...” I waited.

“Well, you know, I was thinking that...” he whispered.

“Would you like me to remain virgin till I get married?”

“No, sure. I mean...” For a minute he said nothing.

“Daddy, what's wrong? can we talk about this?”

“Yeah, I would really like to talk a little bit with you, but I'm afraid.”

“What for? I know everything, you explained it to me many years ago”

“It's not that. I... I've been checking the “history” list on the internet browser and I've seen...”

“You did what? You have been spying me! That's unfair!”

“Don't get me wrong, I was happy...”

“You were happy to see that I have been looking at gay sites??”

“Yeah, very much!.. I'm gay. I was hoping that you...”

“You would like me to be gay?”

“No, not really. I mean, everybody has his way. I just don't want to interfere with your sexual life. Probably you will be much happier as a straight man, without all the problems I've had...”

“But I'm not straight, I'm bisexual!”

A sudden light appeared in his eyes. He was still worried, but surely a part of him was becoming more and more interested in our talk.

“So you are... well I think... Well, that's great. Actually it is quite the same for me”

“That makes sense. You had mom.”

“Yeah, but she has been the only girl in my life. Now I can tell you. She left me because she found me with her new boyfriend.”

“Wow! That's hot.”

“No, it was awesome!”

“Poor daddy. How did that happen?”

“She was suspicious because I pretended to be ok while she was going around with other boys and everybody did know about her and these boys. So one day she arranged for this boy to come to the house while she was away. We talked and he told me that he was fucking my girl. He was such a good looking young boy.”

“You were not angry with him, were you?”

“No, I was angry with your mom. I knew that she was playing this game just to make me suffer.”

“What did you do?”

“We told each other about how she had seduced both of us. Then we began to talk about the nasty stuff she liked to do... Maybe I shouldn't tell you, but your mother was a very horny girl...”

“That doesn't bother me at all. Actually I don't even think of her like my mom”

“Anyway, we went into hot details, comparing our horny adventures with that bitch... oh, sorry, Chris...”

“Don't worry, go ahead, please...”

“Well, we both got really hard and he started to rub the bulge in his trousers...”

I was listening to my dad and I was dying from the need to rub the bulge in my boxers...

“I said we were being used by that... your mother... and how cool it would have been to take her together, the two of us, and put her on a bed and fuck her doggy style... Oops... shouldn't say that”

My dick was peeking out of my out-stretched boxer. The idea of that bitch... I mean, my mom, fucked doggy style by my sexy dad and this boy was so nasty...

“Please, dad, tell me more!”

“Well, we were horny, talking dirty. I was 20 and he was just 16. We were just here, sitting on this couch... We thought that we could start having fun together and then, when she was back...”

“She was expected to have fun with you both...” I said with my dickhead completely out of my boxers desperately claiming for attention.

“Yeah, I know, it is just crazy. I feel guilty for that. She went away without even saying good bye to you. You were sleeping upstairs without even suspecting that you were losing your mother. It was my fault”

I felt very angry.

“She has been a whore! She didn't love me at all... I mean, I was 3 years old and she didn't even think of taking me with her... She left me with two nasty boys, no matter what was going to happen me...”

I paused for a moment....

“But did you eventually fuck this boy?” Daddy was a bit surprised by my nasty question in such a troublesome situation.

“Well, you know, I didn't know that she was going to leave forever. We were still having hard-on...”

“Did you go upstairs?”

“No, we didn't want to wake you up. We did it on this couch”

My dick jumped. I decided that sooner or later I had to fulfil my dad's fantasy of doing sex with a boy and a girl together. I could still smell sex on that couch... No, maybe it was just my exposed dick down there...

“Oh, dad, you shouldn't feel guilty. I really don't miss a woman at home with us. You have been a wonderful dad, so loving, always sniffing my underwear before putting it in the washing machine. I was thinking it was just tender fatherly love, I didn't suspect you were gay...”

“Now it's you that was spying on me! Yes, I like your fresh boy smell...”

“So much unexpected information in just a few minutes!” I said happily.

“Are you seeing other boys?” he said, trying to sound neutral.

“Yeah, I've got Alan and Billy and Steven”

“Gee, where do you find the time to play with three boys and a girlfriend?”

“We do sex all together. The boys, I mean. Every working day. Then I see Mary in the late afternoon on Tuesday and Thursday”.

“Are you telling me that you have daily gay orgies and fuck a girl twice a week?”

“Well, sometimes Mary needs some extra.”

“Oh, my God. You should have more food...That's why you always have that sexy smell”

“Yeah, it's me plus my friends. You know, sweat and cum”

“That sounds a bit dirty”

“Yeah, and nasty too... Well, today is Saturday, so you can smell just me right now.”

“And that's so sexy... I mean, it is the clean smell of my beloved boy son...”

“But you're having a hard on”

“Hey kid, you shouldn't talk that way to your dad!”

“C'mon, man, my dick is as hard as yours. What's wrong with that?”

“I shouldn't be sexually aroused in front of my son”

“Tell that to your dick. It's not my responsibility”

“Yes, it is. You shouldn't get so close to me and talk about orgies...”

“I need to jack off,” I said, looking at my dick half way out of my boxers.

“Chris! I mean, I don't want to... I mean... We really shouldn't go on. I mean, you are my son and you are still a young boy, and I could lose my self-control. I'm starting to feel uncomfortable”

“Cause you are very hard and your boxers are too tight. You should get them off.”

“But I shouldn't show my erection to my own son.”

“Oh, please! I've seen other hard dicks.”

“But I'm your father.”

I started to undress slowly, smiling at him. I was trying to seem perfectly cool, but my heart was bouncing inside me like a basket ball.

“Relax and get naked. Let's compare our dicks.”

“That's just a game for little kids.”

“That's why your little son wants to do it.”

“I must be crazy...”

“Sure you must, if you want to have real fun...”

We tossed our boxers on the floor. I climbed on him, my knees on each side of his naked legs. Very slowly my boy-sized dick approached his adult-sized one. When they contacted it was like an electric shock that propagated from my dick to every single part of my body. I'd never experienced anything like that before.

“Uh oh, you won. Daddy, I still need almost a whole inch to reach your length.”

We both laughed. Then I began to slide my dick against his dick. The pleasure was inconceivable. I was not pressing against him. Just a gentle touch and a slow movement, while I was watching him in his eyes like the first time I'd ever seen him as a man. I put my hands behind my head, exposing my body with a bit of exhibitionism. Warm drops of sweat were rolling down my skin.

But at a certain moment I lost my balance and collapsed over him...