

Erotic father and son - part 1

By derringlovers

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A father finds himself naked with his son

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Keith My son is sixteen, and has long white blonde hair with gray eyes that seem to always show a thirst for lust. He is 5 feet and 7 inches. He's a swimmer and track star, so he has a toned and well built body. His name is Erin and his mother abandoned us a week ago, after she found out I was gay. Ever since then, Erin has been walking around the house with nothing but a white t-shirt on. He has also been staying out until one in the morning. I don't talk to him about it because I feel guilty about his mom leaving us. One night I sneak into his room at 7 p.m. with nothing, but my red briefs on. The thought and smell of his body still lingering in his room gets me horny and pre-cum begins to soak my briefs. I slip out of my briefs and sit at his desk, hoping his computer is on, so that I can watch some quick porn before going back into my room. The computer is on, but I see a picture of my nude body in the shower as his desktop background and fumble to collect my thoughts about the situation. His cell rings in his desk drawer making me jump. I hear the front door open, "Dad are you home?" Erin calls out to me from downstairs and I dash across the hall into my room. I slip under the covers on my bed and hear him walk up the stairs. He can't find out that I am up and naked! He walks into my room and asks, "Dad, are you awake?" I pretend to be sleep, but my cock is twitching at the sound of his voice. I hear a thud, then I hear him undressing. What is he doing?! He slips into my bed and I feel his semi hard cock pressed against my back. His hands reach my fully erect dick and he begins to stroke me. His soft, but somehow cold hands move up and down my shaft, making it hard for me to suppress my groans. He bites my shoulder gently and whispers, "How did you get so hard?" I can feel my body quiver and a bucket load of hot cum squirts onto his hands. "I love you, Keith," He says to me. While, I am caught up in the moment I mumble quietly, "I love you too, Erin." Erin My dad has shoulder length white blond hair, and still looks 18, even though he is 31 years old. He is 5 feet 9 inches. He is the president of a famous architectural company. He is slim and his dark brown eyes always seem to have a glint of longing in them. I had just got home and gave him the most wonderful handjob in his sleep. At least I think he was sleep. Anyway, after he came all over my hands, I slid out from under the covers and walked to the bathroom. I wash my hands, wishing I could have seen his face as he came. I know he is gay, and I also know that my mother decided to leave us when she found me masturbating, while watching my dad was taking a shower. Then she found out dad was gay and totally thought we were having an affair and was so fed up she decided to leave. I dry my hands off

and grab a washcloth. I enter my dad's room and notice that he isn't there. I see his drawers are not completely shut, which means that he is up, so there is a possibility that he did actually say, "I love you too, Erin." I get dressed in only my t-shirt and head downstairs. "Keith, why didn't you call me when you told her?" I hear my mom's boisterous snarl. "I am sorry, Rick, but I couldn't take it anymore," My dad says. "You didn't like being fucked by me?" Uncle questions, and I head in the direction of their voices continuing to hear pieces of their conversation. "I did...I just hated lying to her," My dad says, his voice breaking and I walk into the room putting on a dazed face. "What's up sport?" My uncle says ruffling my hair as I pass him and go into the fridge. I bend over giving uncle a clear view of my ass and retrieve a banana. I sit at the kitchen table, my dick's head showing from under my t-shirt. I widen my legs and slouch in the chair as I peel the banana and put the whole thing into my mouth. I chew and swallow it. I smile and say, "I just needed a snack. Uncle what are you doing here?" I feel dad's eyes on me. "I came to help out, since your mom walked out on you two," He replies. "We were fine this whole week, so don't mess up what we have," I say. "I just came to pick up the slack," Uncle says hugging me, his hand stroking my cock swiftly, then he steps back. "I am tired, so good night," My dad says angrily, but I can't tell whether he is mad at me or uncle. "I'll go to," Uncle says catching up to my dad and squeezing his ass. I hope my hormones and jealousy won't get the best of me. To be continued...