

Innocence Lost

The Long September Weekend

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Well, I guess I could start this story by telling you about our little hero, but instead I want you to feel and understand the world around him. Some things are shaping our mind and in most cases we aren't even able to observe when exactly was that happening. But that event was different, significant for all members of Wheeler family. While it was unexpected it was bound to happen sooner or later. Or perhaps you could call it a bad luck. All because of a single decision made by our hero's mother.

It was a splendid, warm autumn day when Adele Wheeler felt that she was close to a mental breakdown. Don't get me wrong – this was happening all the time, but the feeling only grew stronger lately. Her husband left her alone with their kid causing them both to struggle in everyday life. She was trying her best to hold this family together, watching over her son, who was now going into puberty stage. She cared about him and he supported her. There was nobody but them two. It was nothing and everything they had.

It's no big surprise that thirteen years old Henry Wheeler felt like he was the head of this family, responsible for everything. The only man in their not so big house, which was falling apart slowly. He couldn't recall his childhood or friends. He always stood here, beside his mother, helping her with everything, making her smile when she cried for no reason and telling her made-up stories about his school. Simply to keep in touch with her, for every minute of his life, considering this some sort of mission. Henry even tried to cook from time to time, and his pancakes were the very best. He was afraid to leave her alone, seeing as she often looked at some distant point above his head, thinking, biting her lip and making a depressed face. They were going through some problems, fighting, looking for the happiness.

Henry wished he could help but never fully understood what was bothering her. He wasn't yet aware that some people need to live with each other. But not in the same way she lived with him. They got perfect emotional contact, sharing their pure feelings, holding each other in arms when it was needed. Her problem was related to physical part of the relationship. She needed anything but another person trying to comfort her. She wished that some strong man will come here and make her feel like a woman again. Adele wanted to feel someone's body next to her, but her bed remained empty for last nine years. She went into depression when her husband disappeared. Feeling worthless she never tried to ease her pain drinking, taking drugs or smoking. This would totally destroy her family at some point.

As for Henry – well, he was growing up to become handsome, little man. His mother recalled when they were sitting on a bench, in their garden. Adele looked at him, into his deep, blue eyes and couldn't believe how fast the time has passed. This happened shortly before his thirteenth birthday - his legs already grew longer and some black hair covering them became more visible. The changes in his face were obvious also. While he remained a child he was turning into a man. His haircut was a bit messy – black hair was getting into his eyes, but he insisted he liked it this way. She wasn't going to argue.

This day was going great so far and the weather was even better. But for Adele things were about to get worse when she realized that they need to drive to the local supermarket

and buy some stuff. She hated it. All the people seemed to look at her, watching her every step, listening to her every breath. She knew what they thought of her. Oh yes, she was able to tell it. It was a nightmare, a true never-ending nightmare. Henry helped her to make a list. This little boy learned to not get excited by shopping, knowing how much his mom dislikes it. Still, he couldn't help but wonder what new comic books were being sold in the literature section.

Spending most of his time home he learned the power behind books rather quickly. Oh, how much he wished to be a super hero like the characters in his favorite comic books. He wanted to fly, be super strong and rich like Batman. Then he would make his mom happy, save her from the world. But for now, they were just ordinary people. A broken family like thousands of others all around the globe. A family nobody will be missing.

"Mom, we don't have any more of milk." The boy said, looking into the fridge. "And butter. We could make some cake sometime. Like on my birthday."

Nodding, Adele let out a quiet sigh, closing her eyes. That was getting harder and harder. To pretend that everything was alright, to smile when she wanted to cry. To cry when she wanted to laugh. Grabbing the keys she walked outside, getting into an aged car. Henry knew that she couldn't afford a new one. Besides, despite the fact that it looked old and out of fashion it worked just well. After all, they were driving it just twice a month. During the shopping time. Henry did not dare to say the word while his mother was busy finding some radio station. This was the only source of music in their house and he knew that she liked some old tunes, which apparently reminded her of better times. Sweet autumn nostalgia, the air was full of it. The teenager could swear it smelled like the winter already.

Of course, once they get to the destination point Adele noticed that the supermarket was crowded with people of all ages. Feeling another attack of panic, all over body she clenched her fists, feeling cold sweat on her back. Sometimes this just happened for no reason, but in last days, the attacks were getting more intense. During them, Adele couldn't speak or think rationally. She just closed her eyes and started walking back to the car, thinking that was the best solution. She heard her son's voice behind, his sweet voice, which brought her back to the world of the living.

"Mom, wait!" Henry said, grabbing her hand carefully, his fingers felt so fragile against her rough skin. "Give me the list and the money. I will get this sorted."

She looked at him, her son was smiling a bit, holding her fingers tenderly. Nodding and trying to say something she handed him her wallet. Sure, she should warn him to not spend all the cash on comic books, but for some reason she believed that her son was old enough to understand that the dollars do not grow on trees. Henry was allowed to go shopping alone for the first time in his life and you can only imagine how exciting it was for boy his age. Obviously, he wished to help, but also knew that he will surely spend some more time looking through newest additions in the literature section. But firstly he needed to buy all items from the list.

It took like ten minutes, maybe fifteen to fill his cart with different products. Vegetables,

fruits (his favorite bananas), milk, oil, chocolate, butter, cheese and some meat. Trying to collect all items as soon as possible he rushed through the supermarket, knowing that his mother will become impatient if he spends more than half of an hour here. This was their limit.

"Ah, sweet!" Henry muttered, his eyes were full of happiness.

Standing in his dream section and looking at covers of newly issued comic books he felt sad, knowing that he wasn't able to afford them. Sure, he could try to steal them, but his mother was always telling him to be honest, and helpful to other people and hope that they will reply with the same kindness. It just happened that when he was looking at "Adventures of Batman" he heard some silent grunt behind and turned around to investigate the unusual sound. Some man in his forties was looking around as if he was searching for something or someone. Henry ignored him but then noticed that the stranger was staring at him. The boy raised his eyebrows and heard sharp deep voice.

"Can you help me?" The man asked, looking directly into Henry's beautiful eyes. "I need someone to help me. Are you here with your mother? Please."

"Um..." Henry was taught to not talk to the strangers, but on the other hand, it looked like this man was really needing some help. The black haired boy could sense it, and despite all of his inner fears he answered. "Yes, she is waiting for me at the parking lot."

"Do you have a car? Good." The stranger stated, reaching with his hand for the comic book in Henry's hands and hiding it under his shirt. "You will read it at home."

"But..."

Well, he couldn't help but make a surprised face. Henry wasn't able to justify stealing, but on the other hand, this could be his reward for helping this man. The Stranger remained silent as the boy was paying for all products and walked side by side with him, helping him carry bags. Now, in the daylight, the boy noticed how big this man was. Monumental, muscular, with nicely trimmed black bread and hair. He sure looked like a sportsman, boxer or some soldier. Henry wasn't able to tell. Perhaps the man reminded him of all the superheroes, who were ready to save the world at the very last second. Perhaps everything will be alright from now on.

"Mom, this is..." Henry started but noticed that his mom made a confused face as man introduced himself.

"I'm Frank. I need your help, Adele." The stranger stated, reaching for her hand, gently shaking it. There was something different about this shake. Or perhaps it was the way they looked at each other.

"What is it?" She asked in weak, dry voice, and bit her lips. Well, yes, she couldn't believe it. Her mind started generating some faint fantasies she used to have years ago, back

before therapy. But now, it was real. A handsome man in her car, asking her for help.

"I need to get away from here as soon as possible. Can you just please ride to your home and let me use your phone?" Frank asked and reached under his shirt to reach for the stolen comic book.

To say the truth, this situation seemed really strange. Henry's mom just nodded, but the boy sitting in the back of the car was able to see blush all over her face. His mother seemed different, not as distant as before. He never saw her behave this way – usually, she was refraining from any kind of interaction with other people. When she started the engine and they were driving back home Henry noticed that stranger was glancing at him from time to time. He was trying to keep himself busy reading, battling his thoughts. Then all of them became alerted by some sudden news on the radio.

"... escaped the jail today's morning along with two different prisoners. We want to warn everyone living in the area that this man poses a threat to society. If you see any..." Before they could hear the rest of message Frank turned the radio off and covered his eyes with his hand. Henry saw that his mother looked at him for a short period, but this was enough for him to understand what she meant. Swallowing his saliva, feeling incredible dryness in the throat the boy tried to focus on reading but instead sensed some fear down in the stomach. Should he react in any way? He surely had no chance in a fight against such muscular, trained man.

When they finally reached their destination Frank seemed to become a bit more relaxed. Perhaps he was afraid that some random police officer will pull them over to check if everything was alright. So when they walked into the kitchen everyone but him felt insecure, not knowing what will happen next. Both Adele and Henry started unpacking things ignoring presence of criminal, hoping that he will just disappear. Frank looked around the room and reached for the phone, calling some unknown number. It took him two tries before he was finally connected. His loud, sharp voice filled the whole house.

"Yeah, this is about time." He said, looking at the mother and her son, who stood motionless, listening to him speaking. "Shouldn't be a problem to escape this way. When?" The man asked and reached into his pocket for the cigarette. "Alright, will call you in one hour then."

Few seconds later the kitchen was filled with awful cigarette smoke, as the man still stood rested against the wall, thinking, taking his time and watching the family who tried to act as normal as possible. But things were far from being ordinary. Frank needed to wait another hour before getting more information about a possible way of escaping this state. His fellow brothers took care of everything, but he was the mastermind behind this plan - having got both brains and looks he became the big boss rather quickly. And his plan was evolving, even now.

"You know..." The man said, smoking, enjoying his cigarette before he continued. "They could accuse you of helping a criminal. Would be better if it looked like you were forced to

do it, they won't arrest you for this.”

“Huh?” Henry asked.

“You know, police may show up at any moment and you do not look scared or threaten. Everyone just saw me walking into your car. If they accuse your mom of helping me you will end up in a shitty place.” Frank described their current situation and then explained the best possible solution. “I could tie you up to some chair Adele, nothing serious. Henry will free you up once I'm gone. It will not hurt.”

To everyone's surprise, Adele agreed right away. Her son looked rather frightened as he watched the stranger getting closer to his dearest mother, reaching for duct tape from a nearby shelf. Hotness filled her but she tried not to show it. He was really gently, pressing her wrists together and tying them behind her back. His touch was sensual, warm, this was the thing she was missing in the last years. And his smell – Adele loved it, it reminded her of the better times. Then his hands slid down her legs. Frank took her shoes off and used the sticky tape to make sure that she won't be unable to move by an inch. At least not now. Here she was, all tied up, waiting for what will happen next.

As for Henry – he knew that running away now was no possibility. A thousand different thoughts and solutions appeared in his head, he could start screaming, but knowing that nobody lived nearby it seemed like a pointless thing to do. He could grab the knife, fight and lose. The boy felt guilty - this whole thing happened because of him.

“Henry, hmm...” Frank turned to him, his eyes changed. Something was not right. Not at all. “Don't you think that your mother is pretty?” He asked, once again reaching for a cigarette and looking at the clock. Almost fifty minutes left. Perfect.

“Yes, I guess.” Henry answered, blushing, taking a step back.

“You are prettier.” Frank smiled, saying the most unexpected thing. “You know. I was in jail for a reason. All because of boys like you, Henry.”

“Wha...”

Before teenager was able to finish the sentence Frank's big hand covered his mouth and the second one grabbed him from behind, pulling him closer. Henry felt sudden sharp of pain all over his stomach. His heart started beating faster as adrenaline filled his body. This was not happening, he tried to scream, to cry, to fight the big man, feeling like a rag doll, figuring out that there was no way out.

“You don't want anything to happen to your sexy mom, right?” Henry heard the man whispering into his ear. “Just be a good boy, and we will take care of her too. Is that clear? Don't try to shout or you will regret it. I can kill her right away, using my bare hands.”

Henry tried to scream or shout a loud “Yes!”, but all his voice was muffled by man's gigantic hand. Eventually, he was freed from the grasp, gasping for breath. Feeling that

Frank's hand was lowering down his pants the boy started panicking. The man reached for the fly and unzipped it also unbuttoning boy's trousers. Henry's body was shaking, he couldn't believe that this was happening, but little he knew that this was merely a beginning. His pants were lowered in one rapid motion, leaving boy only in boxers and a shirt. The criminal man moved his hand up, placing it under the cloth covering boy's torso and started massaging Henry's belly, slowly moving up, sliding a finger across skinny boy's ribs, nipples, eventually freeing boy's from another piece of clothing, letting him go. The boy stood in front of him, turning his back to mother. His face was all red. He was embarrassed, humiliated, helpless.

"Please..."

"Ahh, perfect, so smooth." The man adored the look before him, smiling at the boy. "Come closer."

As soon as Henry approached him Frank reached for boy's underwear and pushed two of his fingers inside, examining Henry's pubic area. He slowly encircled the base of the penis, stroking fingertips against boy's most private parts.

"And just a few dirty hair in pants. Seems that I'm a bit late." He smiled at Adele, who barely was able to hold her tears, unable to speak a word. "Are you twelve?"

"N-No... Thirteen." Henry answered, tears welling up in his eyes.

"How often do you whack your meat?"

"I... I don't." The boy said, feeling that he was blushing even more. How could someone ask him such question in front of his mother? He tried to say something again, but then felt a hard slap across his face and noticed that man was getting angry. His mother shouted.

"Stop lying, bitch!" He raised his voice. "I know you are dreaming of her tits. A head of the family, right?" Frank said, grabbing the boy by a chin, seeing that single tears started forming in his eyes. "Kneel."

Henry felt a big lump forming inside his throat as he obeyed the command and looked at the floor - he couldn't hold it anymore and let out a single quiet sob. Then, on the same floor, he saw man's feet getting closer to him. As soon as Henry lifted his head he saw man's black pants, all filled by shaft hidden inside. There was no escape, Henry knew what was coming. After all this man was a child molester, he wanted to rape the helpless boy and nobody could help them at this moment. Henry hoped that some superhero police officer will appear out of nowhere and save the day. But nothing happened, nothing but another unexpected wave of pain that surged through his body when Frank grabbed him by the hair and pressed boy's face against his crotch. The young teenager wasn't silly, he knew what penis was for, and how to use it, but he learned about it just recently. Now he could feel that the man's organ was way bigger than his own. It seemed to twitch as Henry's face rubbed against it.

"Feel it bitch, a big task ahead of you." The criminal man said, still holding boy's head he lowered his jeans down his knees, revealing his tight, white briefs.

The poor, helpless woman prayed that man will change his mind and turn against her instead. She wanted it for some long, to see some man getting naked in her house, fucking her so she wouldn't be able to walk for days. But now it was her son getting all of the man's attention. Recalling the past, she cried and tried to stop Frank by saying something but just another whisper escaped her dry throat.

"Lower them." Frank gave Henry another command and boy reached for the elastic band. He was doing it slowly, but the stranger knew that everyone was looking at his shaft, which was slowly emerging, freed from its trap.

It was an impressive penis. All erected, almost nineteen centimeters long and thick, covered by blue veins, foreskin slipped half way down revealing red glans, still not leaking precum. No pubes at all, Frank used to think that they made him look smaller. Shortly speaking this was cock truly fitting man of his size and musculature. Just a detail that made his body complete and better looking. Henry's face was once again pressed against it. This time, boy felt incredible hotness filling man's body and the sharp smell of his sweat and pheromones. Frank was indeed aroused and this was his first opportunity in few years to have fun with some young boy. The youngest he could find in prison was like seventeen, much too old for his tastes.

"Start licking it." He looked at Henry, but also smiled at Adele, who tried to close her eyes and turn away.

If it was so easy! The crying boy couldn't react, his mouth seemed to be clenched and not responsive to his own commands. He just looked at the big shaft before him and started bawling even more, feeling that his body shakes. Another slap landed on him, sending his body onto the floor.

"Listen Henry." The man exclaimed, grabbing the boy by the arm and dragging him closer with all the force. "If it's necessary I can punch you so you lose few of your front teeth. They wouldn't stand in my way." He grabbed boy's chin and pinched his nose, making him unable to breathe.

An old trick which worked fine every time he used it. It was that simple. The boy opened his mouth wide without thinking about it, he gasped for some fresh air. This opportunity was used by the prisoner who forced himself between boy's lips, pushing the wet shaft inside. Henry's body tensed up, feeling that this intrusion was filling him almost fully. He couldn't stop it using his tongue or muscles, he couldn't close his mouth again, it was tearing him apart slowly. Before his eyes, he only watched as man's navel was getting closer to him while the thick shaft slid deeper and deeper. No, this was the end. The teenager felt that he can not take it anymore and gagged, noticing that due to some miracle Frank started retracting his penis.

To say the truth Frank was a bit disappointed that boy couldn't take even half of his length, but abusing him, seeing him struggling and crying made it up for him. He pretty well remembered how to work with young boys' bodies and stretch them through exercises. Oh yes, back then he used to be expert at it and some boys were able to take it all down their throat without gagging. They all begged for it. Noticing that Henry stuck out his tongue and breathed heavily the man placed his glans on teenager's lips, feeling that boy was sending warm waves of air all around it. He was already wet and ready for more.

"Now, slowly. Lick the top. Suck on it."

Obeying the order rather quickly Henry felt that his body was working against his own will. He started licking the big, already deep red glans, inspecting every part of it with his tongue. He pressed his tongue against the urethra and poked the frenulum on his way down the shaft. In few moments, his lips were wrapped around the area that wasn't able to fit into his mouth. Leaving wet trail on all the veins he slowly licked each fragment of the skin, gently sucking on it, feeling nothing but a warmth and salt taste on his tongue. He was now stroking the base of Frank's penis, kissing his scrotum.

"Back to lesson one. Put it in your mouth." Frank grabbed boy's chin again, holding it, watching as the lips were spread wide he slid his shaft inside.

Henry's big eyes were all wet with tears. The man looked at him unable to hide his satisfaction, as he pressed a bit harder than before meeting no resistance as another centimeter of his shaft was able to fit inside boy's abused mouth. Henry gagged again feeling that man's penis was going into previously unexplored areas, almost touching his throat. He tried to do anything at all, spread his lips further, move his body, but his jaw was already badly hurt.

Pressing his hands against man's legs, he tried to push him away. His fingers curled as he attempted to escape - he wasn't able to breathe and seeing the criminal moving closer to him with every push he began thinking of the worst.

Another rapid thrust down his throat made him almost suffer a blackout. Henry's whole head was pulsating around hard organ forced inside his mouth, his mind was no more, he felt nothing at all for a moment. Even more tears appeared in his eyes and his face became red, his heart beating speed up.

"Ah, great, just a few centimeters left. Should be enough." The man said, grinning, still keeping the boy in an iron grip.

And then it all ended. Frank moved his hips away, leaving little boy under him all shaking, coughing. Keeping his mouth wide open Henry tried to gasp for breath. He remained motionless and then felt a warmth all around his own crotch. No, he could not believe it, it was not happening. Why was he not able to control his feeling and emotions? Why was his body feeling so distant and strange?

“Look at you, peeing all over yourself. What would your mother say?” Frank chuckled, seeing that Henry's undies were now all wet and some urine started leaking from them, dripping onto the floor under boy. “We better take them off.”

Henry was unable to tell what was happening. His vision was still covered by tears and his mind remained black as his body was lifted by man, who quickly stripped him from the last piece of clothing, leaving boy totally naked for everyone to see.

Right now the boy couldn't hear it, but his mother gasped, staring at him. Henry's groin was all wet and his penis glistened in the faint light, which filled the kitchen. The shaft was still soft, six centimeters long. He wasn't cut so the foreskin-covered glans and the whole shaft rested on two testicles, which seemed to shrink due to all fear filling boy's body. Also, as Frank observed earlier – there were just some curly, black hairs covering boy's pubic area. It was clear that teenager's body was now dynamically changing and in one month he could look all different. Henry didn't know that he was bigger than most of his peers. But nobody was able to say if this was the matter of luck or genes.

“Well, aren't you a big one?” The man asked, dragging boy forward to the table, closer to tied female, who looked at them both in all glory.

With a single motion, the criminal man cleared the table from all items covering it and pushed boy onto it. Henry was lying before both of them, his legs hanging down the edge. Regaining his consciousness he raised head slowly to see the face of his crying mother, who wasn't looking at him, but focused interest on the naked man beside her, who was searching for something in the shopping bags. The boy did not dare to move by a bit, waiting – he wished he could reach for some knife and attempt to free them all, but he knew he couldn't stand against this man.

“There is it.” Frank stated with an evil grin, grabbing the bottle of oil and opened it, pouring the fluid all over his hand, placing the bottle next to Henry's body.

“No, please...” Adele said, knowing what was about to happen. She tried to break free but was slapped across her face. “Please, do this to me, leave him alone. Frank, really...”

Sighing, Frank kept thinking that this little woman was really annoying one. He reached for more of tape and shook his head, smiling. Oh, he did not want to argue with some silly, weak female and decided to gag her, so he wouldn't hear her babbling. Also, to say the truth, he was surprised that the boy wasn't fighting him – still, he knew that it will be better to tie him a bit as well, allowing his mother to watch it all.

As he pressed Henry's legs against boy's stomach, the most intimate place become exposed. This poor teenager was now in the position that was far from comfortable, a position completely perverted, showing all his hidden treasures at once. Frank tied boy's wrists and legs together and making sure that the boy was unable to move he finally took the time to look at Henry's anus.

How cute and tight this virgin hole seemed. Missing such views in prison he only hoped to see it again one day. A delicate, bit wet, pinkish-brown puckered skin between two spread buttocks just asked for his attention. He couldn't imagine something more perfect than the boy like Henry lying before him, all broken and humiliated, waiting to be penetrated. Begging for him to stop as he abuses the frail body.

"I was waiting for this for so long." The man smirked, still watching small hole. "A perfect boy cunt you got there Henry. I hope it's not used yet."

A battle of thoughts and emotions filled Henry's mind. Was it really going to happen? The thing he feared about? Was he about to lost his innocence to some man, who will use him as a fuck toy? Henry was still crying and sobbing, feeling left alone, waiting for his torment to begin – it seemed so scary. He could not imagine taking all of the stranger's length, he could not imagine taking anything at all. It seemed horribly wrong. A silent moan escaped his throat when he watched that Frank reaching for the oil again. The man began to pour it all over exposed hole and groin, soaking it with the thick fluid, which dripped down on the table.

"Let's see if it's as tight as it looks like."

When the man grabbed his sides, Henry's body was moved once, positioned closer to the edge of the table, so his round buttocks were sticking out a bit. Frank rested both his hands on Henry's legs and spread them out a bit more, causing the boy to feel growing discomfort around his groin. The teenager felt that man's crotch was now pressed against him. The erected shaft glistening with precum and spit was rubbing against his crack. Clenching his anus instinctively, Henry tried to fight it, but the criminal man was familiar with this behavior. The last stage of defense.

"There's no need to fight it, Henry." He advised him as if he was some kind of teacher.

As soon as he made sure that his fingers were soaked with enough of oil he placed them at sides of the tiny opening, rubbing them against boy's skin. Pushing one finger inside, massaging pink flesh, he began slowly drilling his way. It was tougher than he initially thought, but hearing a loud groan escaping Henry's mouth made him sure that he was on a good way to break last of the barriers keeping him away from taking this boy's anal virginity.

"It will be over soon." Frank continued speaking, using the same, patient tone.

Using his second hand he reached for boy's member and started stroking him slowly, wondering how long the teenager will resist before getting the full erection. He squeezed the shaft, played with it gently, sliding the delicate foreskin all the way down. As he attempted to grab the whole penis at once, one of the testicles slipped out from his grasp due to oil covering it. The man clenched his hand, putting pressure on boy's privates, and seeing the visible pain on boy's face he forced his finger deeper, sticking it fully inside, so his knuckle touched well-lubricated rectum.

Frank retracted the first finger partially and began sliding another one, lubricating tender anus with another layer of oil. As before he began drilling to the sides, trying to move fingers apart and stretch boy's anus. Just when it happened, when two fingers were fully inside him Henry screamed, feeling that his pain was overwhelming him. Not only his hole but whole crotch seemed to be on fire, as if it was burning as if someone was punching him over and over, sending waves of pain all over the body. And despite this, he was getting a shameful erection in front of his mother.

"Please!" Short, hoarse word escaped Henry's throat as he looked at the man with his damp, red eyes. He couldn't even cry anymore. He felt this terrible feeling down his throat, knowing that he should let tears flow, but they weren't appearing. "Please, leave me!"

The erected shaft was still stroked by Frank, who looked at it with lust, seeing it growing in his hands, getting harder, stronger, bigger. It was now close to fourteen centimeters. The criminal man grabbed the glans with three fingers and massaged it, knowing how sensitive this area was. His other hand still patiently worked on Henry's anus, fighting the tightened-up sphincter. There was something special about it – Frank always considered fingering a really old fashioned way of preparing a boy for sex. Sure, he could already freely move his fingers in and out without much of trouble but he wanted to check if his victim was ready. Reaching once more into shopping bags he grabbed one of the biggest bananas, placed it next to his penis and sighed, seeing almost no difference in size. Oh, fun!

"I bet your mom can use it after we are done." The man laughed and coated the fruit in some more of the sticky lubricant.

Adele looked at her son's cheeks spread before her eyes. It lasted just for a few seconds because the banana in between them obscured the view, but she was able to observe the condition of her son's hole. It was all red, just like the cheeks. She knew that Henry was in terrible pain, but felt jealous because of him. She should be in his place, all moaning and waiting for the man to penetrate her. It would feel amazing, why was her son so lucky? Why was he the one to experience something so great?

Penetrating Henry wasn't easy but when the very tip of object slipped inside the boy felt a lot of searing pain, which was getting bigger with every moment. He was stretched like never before and cried, grunting constantly, trying to push the fruit out of him. This time, his rectum parted fully, unable to stop the intrusion. Frank was pretty satisfied with results and knew that the moment he was waiting for was getting closer. He slowly drilled the way in, watching as boy's anus tried to tighten around it, getting weaker. The boy was broken, good.

"See this, bitch. Your son is a total whore. He managed to take like ten centimeters of this banana without a single sign of blood. Just some moans." Frank said, pointing at boy's cheeks, punching the object placed in between them with his fist, knowing that this will send another wave of pain through his victim's body.

"Mhmmhm!"

"Try to push it out, as if you were shitting, come on Henry, you can do it!" The man hissed, seeing that boy's muscles were still working and trying to fight the fruit. He looked at boy's face, who clenched his teeth and closed his eyes, focusing all of his attention on his sphincter.

It took him six seconds to fully push out the banana, causing it to fall onto the floor. On the eighth second another sharp, unexpected pain pierced his rectum as Frank slid his penis inside. This was what he wanted - to penetrate the hole while it was still wet and unprepared for another attack. And he succeeded, getting inside in single motion.

Henry howled in pain and opened his eyes to investigate what exactly caused it. The criminal man was once again in between his legs, but his shaft was eight centimeters deep inside the boy. The torment seemed to get only stronger when the man pressed further, getting in another two centimeters, defeating last of barriers, brushing his wet glans against boy's prostate.

"Ah, how great it fe-feels... to fuck boy again." The man croaked and closed his eyes, smiling. The pleasure filling his body was so intense and the total tightness around his shaft was getting bigger. He was wondering if the boy will be able to take it all – after all, he wasn't even moving yet, just pressing, still pressing.

Henry's balls were hanging down his groin in a loose sack, and his erected penis started twitching every time another sharp pain surged through boy's body. Thinking that everything was over, that no more of prisoner's penis will slide inside Henry felt that somehow man was getting closer to him, sliding more of his length inside. Then, as Frank retracted few centimeters outside Henry felt that his rectum was clenching again, only to be penetrated by another rapid push. The man reached for boy's scrotum and tightened his hand around it, playing with testicles, pressing them at different times, creating another source of pain for the teenager. Trying to pull the scrotum down, he twisted it to the sides and pinched on soft skin, grabbing erected shaft with the second hand, stroking boy fast like before.

Impaled by the hard penis, with his balls being tortured, Henry thought that one of the following, tragic things will happen soon. He wasn't aware of how elastic his body was so feared that his hole will be torn apart or that his balls will be severed or crushed. Of course, the man was working with incredible force, sending pulsating pain over boy's pelvis, listening to boy's grunts and short screams, pressing deeper and deeper.

"Just four more. But I guess we can get there eventually." Frank said with a sadistic smile and pulled his organ out, all smeared in oil, precum and boy's fluids.

Moving slowly, applying some more of oil he started sliding his gigantic shaft in and out, getting deeper and faster with every move. It took him just a moment to get half of his shaft back inside. As he continued riding young boy his excitement seemed to grow even more. He abused both poor hole and boy's balls, still pinching on them, seeing that boy was opening his mouth wider every time he does this. Frank the Pain Bringer, they called him

back in prison. A truly fitting name for such a disgusting human being.

Another centimeter found its way in Henry's hole. The teenager felt man's hot body getting closer to his and another rapid move, that seemed to split his hole apart penetrated him fully. Frank's groin was pressed against him. His whole, nineteen centimeters long shaft seemed to not only fill boy's anus but also his guts. His victim felt it in his belly, as if this cock was a living creature, eating him from inside.

The kitchen filled with the loud sounds of their bodies slamming each other, all accompanied by Henry's sobs and Frank's moans. Well, the silent watcher named Adele was feeling greatly aroused as if she was seeing some porn movie before her eyes. The sounds alone made her lost her mind and seeing her little boy raped over and over, riding the whole length of gigantic cock was the hottest thing she has ever seen. Sure, he remembered – she swore to protect him. And now, despite all tears in her eyes, she loved the show.

"Oh shit." The man exclaimed, clenching his hand around boy's testicles and speeding his movements, even more, feeling that he was already on edge. Poor, swollen hole wasn't able to fight anymore – he just used it in best possible way, slamming his whole member into the boy with rapid thrusts. He considered Henry nothing more or less but a fuck toy. A revenge on the society for all the years he lost back there, in the stinky prison.

Before he reached his own orgasm he felt Henry's penis twitching as sperm spurted from young boy's body, who came all over his torso and face. While this should be pleasant experience it caused Henry to feel even worse – his balls seemed like on fire when semen left them. Some muscles tensed up and he wasn't able to relax anymore. His body seemed to work all against him once more. His mind was black. Deep black. No way out.

"Mom!" A single moan escaped Henry's sore throat.

Filling boy's bowels with his hot seed the man pressed his body against Henry's, closed his eyes, stilling holding boy's numb testicles in his hand. Oh, this orgasm was nothing like the ones in prison, blood rushed to his head and he felt the world spinning as more hot and fresh sperm left his body. The teenager hated the awful sensations - it felt as if someone was pissing inside him, he sensed the warm fluid covering his guts and man's pulsating penis which seemed to produce an incredible amount of it.

When the man retracted his shaft the sperm followed right away, leaking out of boy's destroyed rectum, dripping down his cheeks and onto the floor, mixing with oil and few drops of blood. Adele looked at it, wondering if the boy will be ever able to walk again. If her son's anus was red before then now it seemed much darker, almost purple, opened wide, leaking, totally abused. Frank was also investigating the result of his work.

"Did you know that the little bastard can cum already?" He asked, looking at boy's sperm covered body, turning his head to Adele and smiling. "I think I have an idea." He positioned Henry's head closer to the edge of the table and placed his sperm covered organ on boy's lips.

"Suck on it while I make a call." Man ordered.

Slowly pressing against boy's mouth, he watched as the young boy obeyed the command, trying to ignore the fact that he was licking something that was just deep inside him. He spotted his own blood covering a small part of the organ and wondered if he was really in such bad state. Henry sucked the head, cleaning it all up from man's sperm and almost vomited, feeling the sharp taste on his tongue. In the meantime Frank was speaking on the phone, looking at boy below him, amazed by the little tongue of his.

"So, when? Another hour?" He asked someone and grinned for some reason. "Yeah, alright. Pick me up in seventy minutes. I have some business left here." He looked at Adele, who felt a sudden rush of adrenaline filling her.

Putting the phone away and leaving Henry alone he walked closer to boy's mother and untied her, grabbing her arm forcefully. She wasn't trying to fight it, she knew what was coming and hoped that she will satisfy Frank in every way he wanted. He pushed her onto the table, next to her tied son, who turned his head to look at his dearest mom.

"It will be alright, sweetie." She assured him, glancing at her son's tears covered face, kissing his forehead.

"We don't have the time for a foreplay." Frank stated and cut the ties on Henry's body, freeing boy's arms and legs. The boy screamed when he felt his butt moving back down, sending another wave of pain through him.

Seeing that the boy being unable to move Frank smiled, knowing how easy will his task be. He reached down for shirt covering Adele's body and ripped it with bare hands, noticing that Henry turned his head away. He lowered woman's bra, so her breasts became visible and grasped one of them, pinching the nipple. Oh, how long was she dreaming of this day. The hot manly touch all over her aroused body. As the man reached for her pants she raised hips allowing him to slide them down, leaving her only in white underwear. She wasn't even feeling embarrassed to do this in front of Henry, knowing that she could justify herself fairly easily.

"All set." He stated and grabbed Henry's arm, pulling boy's closer to his mother, so they were now touching each other arms. He rolled boy on the side, pressing him against the woman.

Of course, Henry was a bit smaller than she was, his face was placed in front of her exposed breasts and how own penis seemed to be brushing against woman's hand. She couldn't understand what was going on and hoped that Frank was just playing some joke on her.

"Suck on her tits like in the old good days." The criminal said, grabbing boy's hair, stroking his face against mother's nipple. "Make it quick or I will cut this whore with my knife."

Having no choice Henry stuck out his dry tongue and placed the tip on the hard nipple. Sure, he often imagined how would it feel to play with the real woman, but never thought that this woman will be his own mother. Starting sucking he grabbed the massive breast with his hand, gently massaging it and trying to obey the order the best way, hoping that nothing bad will happen to them.

"Grab his cock. Jerk him off." Frank said, pointing at boy's loins with the knife.

"Frank, please... I want you." She said in low voice, full of lust which was overcoming her slowly. Another wave of pleasure surged through her when Henry bit on her nipple and continued to suck it slowly.

"Will you do what I'm saying or should I leave some scars on your beautiful boy's body?" He asked, pressing the knife against boy's trembling arm. Frank was always getting what he wanted, any discussion was pointless, especially now, when he wished to see a truly perverted image of mother-son bonding.

Reaching for her son's erected shaft she wrapped her fingers around it. It's been like five years since she touched him down there. Adele was giving him baths till he was eight, always paying attention to washing little member between his legs. But now this shaft wasn't belonging to the boy, but a young man, who knew what world of sex was about.

This was different, this was wrong. It seemed so big in her hands, big and wet, coated with boy's sperm and oil, which allowed her to slide the skin up and down without any problem. Examining the hardness, every single bump, and vein she had problems hiding her real feelings. Henry could not believe that he managed to keep erection even when his own mother was touching him. It seemed so wrong to feel her fingers down there. On the other hand, her touch was soft, she wasn't forcing it like Frank did before.

"Ah, perfect. I bet you were looking for some cock for years now, right? Till you went insane because you weren't fucked properly." The stranger said, lowering her pants, leaving woman all naked.

Parting her legs he looked down, making a disgusted face. Oh yes, he wasn't a big fan of vaginas. He thought that using them for anything else but bringing new boys to the world was a waste of time. Well, it wasn't his time to waste, he enjoyed the show and stroked his own hardness, waiting for another round with Henry.

"Help your son get on top of you." He hissed.

"Frank, please!" Adele cried. Stroking her son was one thing but forcing them both to have sexual intercourse was another. How would she feel afterward, knowing what happened? What would her son think?

"What's the problem? You wanted dick you and will get one. Just helping you out." The man stated, looking at Henry's organ, which twitched as boy listened to their conversation, not daring to stop sucking her mother's nipple.

"No, wait! I'm on my period. Help him put some condom on!" She pleaded, trying to put some sense into him.

"I don't have any, and I highly doubt that you do. It's a true miracle that I don't see some dust in your cunt." The man said jokingly and continued with an evil grin. "Looks like little Henry will get a brother or a sister."

Reaching for the boy Frank grabbed Henry's frail body. The poor boy was now totally confused and scared. How could anyone at all force them to do such thing? He wasn't even thinking of his mother in a sexual way, but now, as his body was placed on top of her and their eyes met he hoped that this was just some dream. He closed his eyes. Feeling that his penis was grabbed once more, he squeezed his eyes. But this time, it was Frank's hand, who guided it to the entrance. He sensed that his glans was brushing against something wet and knew it was his mother's vagina.

"Grab his ass and push him into you." Frank said getting between boy's legs again.

Her crotch was on fire and she wasn't even delaying the moment, knowing that only her son can extinguish the flames of lust. This was wrong, a forbidden act of incest that should never happen and still her son did not say a word. Keeping his eyes tightly closed, his organ seemed to twitch, smearing some precum over mother's body. Adele grabbed her son's cheeks, sliding her fingers into boy's crack, feeling the sore and wet skin all around abused reddened opening. Carefully parting the buns she noticed that Henry clenched his teeth due to pain. She started pulling him closer, feeling that boy doesn't protest in any way.

Adele knew that her son was losing virginity now, she watched his face, but it showed no emotion at first. Henry's wet penis slid inside her slowly, penetrating the unknown area, feeling warm tightness surrounding his shaft. There were no barriers to break, as the woman was aroused like never before. She wanted someone to fill her insides, make her complete, make her woman.

"How does it feel fag boy?" Frank asked, looking as more and more of boy's organ disappeared between Adele's legs. "The first and last of pussy in your life I guess." The man grunted, placing his member in front of boy's anus and forced himself inside without much of trouble.

As you can imagine, the poor victim howled and moaned at the same time. The sudden intrusion, which once again spread his hole wide seemed to open some old wounds inside him. The rectum was ignited once again, as his body was pressed fully against his mother, he could now help but howl, scream, sob. As for the moan – well, Henry never had a chance to penetrate such a tiny opening, which kept squeezing his shaft, as if it was sucking the remaining energy from him. But it was the pleasant experience and he hated to admit it. Adele's vagina was slippery, leaking more juices onto her son's penis, covering it and allowing smoother and faster penetration.

This was a play between two adults. When Frank impaled boy onto his rod, Adele pulled her son back inside her. Henry was going back and forth like a piece of meat, feeling mixing emotions every single time. In time, they got into sync and managed to speed up their actions. The poor, abused boy could promise that Frank's movements were not that rapid before. Up and down, right and left, in and out. The whole table seemed to shake, just like the world around them, and wet sounds filled the room along with three different moans. Sweat from Frank's body dripped on Henry, who wasn't able to control anything that happened to him. His mother's grip got stronger and he could swear that her fingers were now also on his hole, caressing it and massaging Frank's boner as he forced himself in and out. The rape continued.

"What a great pussy." The stranger whispered into boy's ear, biting on it. "I wish I could take you with me, fuck you every night for the rest of your miserable life."

Strangely enough, Adele felt no regret - the feeling of pleasure was so intense that she hoped it will never end. She managed to forget how does it feel to have real sex. Masturbating was not the same thing and everyone who tried a real intercourse once was aware of this. Right now she was feeling the smell of her son's body, she heard the quiet sounds that he was making every time his member was fully inside her, she felt his body, his hands going all over her chest. And what's more important – his still hard penis, and boyish testicles slapping against her vagina every second.

Henry opened his tear stained eyes for a while and looked at her with lust, she did the same. Right now they were more like a lovers, not family. Nothing was more important than pleasuring each other. Adele was the first one to reach orgasm. She pulled Henry against her body, holding him with a place in the tight grasp, digging her nails into boy's buttocks and sensitive hole, leaving red marks, sending pain all over boy's body. Her vagina seemed to suck on Henry's length, even more, staying tight and wet as the boy tried to move away. He continued to push instinctively.

"Come on Henry, make her pregnant! Cum now." The man said, slamming his whole penis inside boy's loosened up the rectum and reached for his testicles, fondling them.

It was not a big surprise that the boy moaned just like his mother. His body was aroused, all on edge, full of these strange electric and burning sensations down in his groin. For thirteen years old boy like him, this was way too much. A lot of sources of pain, pleasure, a lot of mixed emotions. His body knew how to react and let it go by letting him achieve another orgasm, even greater than the previous one. Splattering his mother's insides with his boyish hot sperm, he knew that there was no escape now. He couldn't retract it or move away. Frank felt the familiar pulsation all over boy's scrotum and gripped it as if he wanted to squeeze every single drop of semen from them. To make sure that his plan worked.

As for Adele – she was still recovering from her own climax when her son's sperm squirted inside her. It was so dirty, she only hoped that because of some miracle she won't get

pregnant. When her son's limp body rested on top of her, Henry's penis was still inside as Frank continued raping the exhausted boy.

"Ah, you did great son." The man said unexpectedly. "Just like nine years ago. You raised him well." Frank added as with the very last push he came inside boy once more. He continued to penetrate him despite this. To make sure he remembers the abuse, the terrible torment.

Of course, Henry's bowels weren't able to contain more of man's sperm. Fluids from the insides of boy's rectum started leaking down his legs, forming puddle below him. A mixture of everything you can imagine. But boy wasn't even making a single sound. Frank noticed that Henry fainted and moved boy's abused body aside, sliding son's cock out mother's pussy. The criminal man looked between Adele's legs and smiled.

"Should be enough." He started dressing, looking at the woman, who tried to say something, biting her lip. "This is funny. If you think about it... Henry's potential brothers are now inside his asshole. I told you this will happen."

"Will you stay with us?" Woman asked. "We could live like before. Frank, when I saw you I thought..."

"You two mean nothing to me. Nothing but an unfinished business." The man, her ex-husband answered, and looked at the clock. "But If you dare to speak to anyone of what happened on this long, September weekend I will be back." He paused and added. "With my friends. And every single of us will have fun with Henry, using him all day and night, making him our fuck toy."

Adele felt weak and fainted as well. The world was spinning no more, they were done, sleeping, wondering if this was just a bad dream. Some say that bad dreams keep returning till you face them. It was not so easy with this one, it's never easy to feel pleasure and remorse at the same time.

This was the last time when Adele saw her ex-husband, Frank. She found herself struggling with the thought if she liked it or no. One thing was sure – the unexpected visit changed her life. Her and Henry's, as they quickly understood that Frank's plan worked and the young boy was about to become the father. You can only imagine what was going on inside his head. At first, the teenager cried a lot but knew that supporting his pregnant mother was now the most important thing now and that the grim times were ahead of them. Luckily for both nobody even questioned Adele's pregnancy and one month before giving birth she finally got into a relationship with her doctor. The cutest baby in the world was born and Henry considered him his own brother. Things got better.

Henry never asked when and how the criminal man let them go. Due to fainting, he couldn't recall his final orgasm or any of Frank's last words. His mother was delighted to

understand that Henry wasn't aware who Frank really was. She knew that her son often imagined that his father was a superhero, amazing man who will return one day. The truth would probably make things worse, break boy's heart. Besides, there was more of it.

It wasn't just what happened on this September evening, but nine years before. When she caught her husband molesting four years old Henry, boy performing oral on him. She called the police and they got him locked up for life. Or so they said. How could she know that the perverted man will escape and return to get his revenge? Of course, she took care of Henry, healing his wounds and mind, but they agreed to never talk about it again. You might expect that they were fucking daily from now on, but this never happened.

On the other hand, Henry never engaged in a stable relationship - he seemed to walk in the shadows of the past. Or perhaps his father, Frank, was a prophet, telling him that his mother's pussy will be the first and last one? He focused on helping other people, making them happy, he tried to be a good little man.

As for Frank, that one was tricky. Adele really trusted that he wanted to be together with her again, and couldn't forgive herself that she helped him. Hoping that there was some kind of therapy for people like him, she thought that he was no longer a pervert. She remembered Henry having few sessions when he was four, after the incident, but it quickly turned out that he couldn't recall it anymore. For him, it was a distant memory. For her – the whole fucked up life.

Well, you should also know that this story has satisfying ending – Frank died rather quickly, three months later. Killed in a police ambush, some said he was getting back home.

For some reason, Adele wept when she heard about this. Her mind was really weak.