

# LITTLE RAY AND HIS DADDY 01

By JoeKid

(M/b, pedo, racial epithets, oral, anal, incest, ws)

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**READ THE STORY CODES BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY! If you don't, don't blame me if what happens surprises or offends you or both.**

DannyR has saved me from reinventing the wheel by letting me borrow the warnings/disclaimers/reminders from his Incest Tales and Another Mike the Soccer Coach stories. The story below, though, is mine, pure (ha!) mine.

Author's Reminder: *Don't forget that inquiring authors want to know -- what did you think? So when you're done, put your fingers to a dried-off, cleaned-up keyboard and start by typing: joeewing45@yahoo.com.*

**DISCLAIMER:** *Some folks apparently have trouble distinguishing between fantasy and reality. This story is a fantasy. It didn't happen. Never will. And anyone who attempts to do in real life all or any of the things depicted in the story needs to be hanged, then drawn and quartered, and then turned over to the cops for the harshest penalties the law allows. Now that we're clear on what's what, and what's not, read on.*

## LITTLE RAY AND HIS DADDY 01

SATURDAY MORNING

Christ, I must be even sicker than I thought.

Did Bill really just tell me he's been sexing my baby boy, hurting him with his dick, only little Ray loves it now? Did I just fucking ask if he'd like me to do the same to little Bobby—and he said yes? I mean, it's not like he actually said those words. But, well, fuck.

Naw, that can't be right.

All Bill said was, what he meant was, that Ray had been a good boy, and Bill taught him some good lessons, and even though the lessons were difficult, no pain, no gain, and eventually Ray learned his lessons and liked them.

Sure, sure, that's what it was.

Except, well, fuck, he had a hardon. I mean, it's not like I go staring at white men's crotches or anything, but shit, you'd have to be blind to miss that hardon, what with the shorts that looked like they'd been painted on and the size of that thing.

And, well, there was his tone of voice, kind of low and sexy and the way he kept staring me in the eyes, and looking down to where little Ray was hugging me, his tiny hands on the back of my thighs, his face pressed into my groin, his breath warm and a little uneven on my pants. And Bill would look back up, and when he half-apologized, half-didn't for hurting Ray, with the “no pain, no gain” crack, his hand kind of “accidentally” brushed his cock and it twitched. He mustn’t have had underwear on, either, because the shorts got wet right at the tip of his dick.

Yeah, I guess I am as sick as I thought.

I must be, because I think I gave him permission to do all that shit to little Ray.

I mean, it’s not like he just came out and said, “Hey, Dan, while you and the wife go on vacation, why don’t you let Ray stay with me and Bobby? That way I can get my hands on him, and teach him how to be a good cocksucker, and fuck his hot little boyhole.”

In fact, I don’t quite know how it happened. One minute we were just two dads in my back yard, talking about our sons, about mine staying with him while Janet and I took a vacation, about what great kids they were, about...yeah...it changed when he asked me how I disciplined little Ray. Well, fuck, I know it isn’t p-c these days to spank your kids when they disobey, but hell, my daddy, grandpa Ray, raised me that way and I sure the fuck turned out okay.

Okay, well, maybe not *all* okay if I’m the perv I’m beginning to think I am.

So I told Bill that I did the usual things, talking to him, time-outs, stuff like that. I hesitated to mention the other, but then he just jumped right in and asked if I spanked him when he needed it. I still hesitated but then he admitted he spanked Bobby, and somehow that made it okay. Kindred spirits. Right-thinking daddies. That kind of thing. I nodded.

“Good, good,” Bill said. “So—no problem if I spank little Ray if he needs it?”

“Uh, well, no. I guess not.”

“Great. So, how do you do it?”

“Uh, do it?” I sure the fuck must’ve sounded like a dumb ass right then.

“Spank him, man.”

“Well, uh, well, just the usual.”

Bill sort of chuckled. “Not everybody’s ‘usual’ is the same, Hank. Take me, for instance. If Bobby doesn’t need much of a reminder, I just grab him, hold him in place with my left hand, lean over and swat him a good one a couple of times. If he’s been a little bit worse, I’ll pull his pants down, bend him over my knee, and spank him on his undies. Of course, if he’s really been bad, the only way to make your point is on his bare little bottom. Really get it nice and hot, if you know what I mean.”

“Uh, no. I, uh, I’ve never spanked his bare bottom. Janet, well, she’s okay with the spanking,

but not on his bare bottom.”

“I don’t know, Hank, that doesn’t seem fair to me.”

“Fair?”

“Well, if Bobby does something bad enough to warrant a bare bottom spanking while little Ray is staying with us, and Ray joined in, it just doesn’t seem right to let little Ray off the hook that way. If they’re equally guilty, the punishment should be the same, shouldn’t it?”

“Uh, yeah. I...guess so.”

“Good, good. Of course, I know how good little Ray is, so it isn’t likely it’s going to happen, but I just wanted to be sure it was okay with you. Now Bobby, he can be a real doozy sometimes. Hell, it was just last night I had to strip him down...bein’ all the way naked makes it even more embarrassin’ for ‘em, I’ve found, so they remember better what they did wrong...and make those little buns of his all bright red.”

Bill chuckled. “You should have seen his bottom, Hank. It was bright white everywhere else, but kind of a hot red where my hand had been. You could practically feel the heat coming from that skinny little rump.”

He rubbed his beard stubble and thought for a second. “Of course, with Ray it’d be different. See, I can always tell how far to go with Bobby ‘cause of the way his bottom gets pink and then redder and redder. But with Ray, as dark as you two are, I can’t be sure. How do you tell?”

Right then I was glad I was as dark as I am, with the way I could feel the blood rushing to my face. I’d never spanked Ray’s naked butt before, like I just told him. Yeah, thought about it, but just never have, only now he’s going to make me admit it again? Fuck, I felt like some kind of a wimp.

“Bill, I’ve never....”

“Oh, yeah. That’s right. Well, if it happens, I’ll let you know so you can tell for yourself if you ever decide to spank little Ray that way. Of course, the only way with little Ray’s dark skin, hell, you guys are almost black, is to probably put my hand on his buns between spanks to see how warm they’re getting.”

I almost gulped at that mental image. Big, muscular, construction worker, *white* Bill, with one massive white hand on my baby boy’s upturned naked bottom. Caressing...no, fuck, what was I thinking. He’d just put his hand there to see how warm his bottom was from spanking.

“Uh, yeah, I guess so.”

“Okay. Now how do you want me to handle his stiffie?” He chuckled again, even louder. “Hell, man, didn’t really mean that the way it sounded, you know.”

I guess I must’ve looked odd, or something.

“Well, hell, Hank, I just meant the way I said it sounded like I’d be some sort of pervert playing with your kid’s hard dick. And I sure the fuck hope you don’t think I *am* a perv, y’know.”

“Uh, no, no...of course not.”

“Good. So anyway, what I really meant to say was, what do you want me to do when his little dick gets hard?”

“Hard?”

“From getting spanked, guy. What else? Doesn’t Ray get a little hardon when you spank him? I sure the fuck know Bobby does.”

“I, uh, I don’t know.”

“Oh. Well, yeah, if you keep all his clothes on all the time, you probably can’t tell for sure. So what do you want me to do?” I guess he saw how freaked I was, but decided to ignore it, and just go on talking like this was the ordinary every day kind of conversation we usually had. “Now, one father I know tells his kid that the hardon means he’s actually enjoying the spanking, and not really being punished at all, so he’s going to be spanked until his hardon goes away. Usually means a pretty long spanking, too. Me, though, I just treat it like it’s no big deal. I mean, hell, little boys always get a stiffie when they’re being spanked. I sure did when I was little. Didn’t you?”

I gaped at him. And then my mind, my memory, caught up with this weird ass talk we were having and I remembered. I did get hardons when my dad spanked me. And Bill must have seen that memory flick across my face, because he laughed again, and clapped me on the shoulder, all man-to-man.

“Thought so, guy. Yeah, and I still do.”

My mouth dropped open even further. “*You* get spanked?”

It was his turn to look flabbergasted. “Fuck no, man. I meant once in a while I get a stiff dick when I’m spanking Bobby, just like my daddy did when he spanked me. You mean you’ve never....”

I started to vehemently deny it, to try to shift this conversation from the direction I was very much afraid it was heading, but somehow was afraid that it wouldn’t. Because I *had* had hardons when I spanked little Ray. Not once in a while, though, like I guess was more normal. Every fucking time. And come to think of it, I think daddy got hard, too, when he was spanking me. Damn. I dropped my head so I wouldn’t have to look him in the eyes. “Uh, yeah, I get hard, too.”

He sighed. Like it was a big relief I was like him. “Hell, no big deal. That’s what I’ve always told Bobby. Told him that a man’s cock sometimes gets hard when he wants to fuck, and sometimes it gets hard for no damn reason at all. It’s just a man thing, a guy thing. And Bobby and me, we’re just guys, so no big deal. Right?”

“Yeah. Right. Sure, sure.” Only my voice must not have sounded as sure as my words.

“Look, Hank. You shower with the other guys back in school? After gym or whatever?”

I nodded.

“Well, don’t tell me there wasn’t a time when one of your white friends threw a boner while you all were showering, and you saw that stiff dick standing out from his belly, and all of a sudden your dick was hard, too. Right?”

I still couldn’t meet his eyes and just nodded again.

“Fuck, Hank, it really ain’t no big deal, not like you’re making out. I mean, it’s not like you got hard because you wanted to drop to your knees and suck his white meat down your throat. Or soap his cock up and bend over and let him fuck you while your white friends watched and jacked. And maybe fucked your mouth. Right?”

I barely got an answering “right” out.

Another man-to-man clap on the shoulder. “See?

I think my wince was mostly internal. Why the fuck would those images be getting me hard? I’d never wanted to do anything like that.

Had I?

No. Fuck, no!

Bill grinned at me. “Well, damn, man, what with all this talk about spanking our little boys, and their little dicks getting hard and fuck, *our* dicks getting hard, well, shit, now I *am* hard.”

He laughed when I looked. Christ, he sure the fuck *was* hard. And leaking.

So was I. And naturally Bill had to notice. And say something. “Well, fuck, Hank, that’s one hell of a fuck stick you’re sportin’ there. Little Ray take after his daddy?”

“Wh...what?”

“Oh, c’mon, guy, don’t tell me you’ve never looked at your kid and wondered if he was gonna get as big a dick as his daddy, or maybe bigger?”

I should have just told him to fuck off. Told him we’d make other arrangements for Ray or cancel our vacation. Told him I was going to barricade the gate in the fence between our yards so he couldn’t get at my little boy. Instead, I admitted I’d wondered.

“Well, I suspect Bobby’s gonna be a late bloomer like his dad. He’s still pretty tiny now.” Bill chuckled. “Smart kid, though. Just asked me a couple of days ago if his baby dick is going to get as big as his daddy’s some day.”

I couldn't imagine little Ray ever saying anything like that to me. Of course, it wouldn't have come up, because he'd never seen me naked, much less hard.

Well, fuck. If Bobby was asking that kind of thing, it probably meant.... And then my damn mouth was just asking, without any authorization from me, "Bobby's seen you hard?"

"Hell, yeah. Not much of a way to miss it since I don't wear a lot of clothes around the house, what with just the two of us there. Though I think the first time was last year when he walked in on me sittin' on the toilet, beatin' my meat. Damn, but you shoulda seen how big his eyes got at seein' his daddy with a big old hardon. Inquisitive kid, my Bobby. Wanted to know what it was, what that sticky stuff leakin' out of the top was. Naturally, I don't want him growin' up all fucked up over sex, so I explained everything. You explained everything to little Ray yet?"

I was so lost in the mental image of Bill with his hairy legs spread wide, jacking on the toilet, while little Bobby looked on that he had to ask me twice. And of course I had to tell him I hadn't had the sex talk with little Ray yet.

"Too bad, guy. That's a lesson little boys need to learn early, so they understand their bodies. You wouldn't mind if I taught little Ray a lesson or two, would you? If the subject comes up, I mean?"

"Uh, no...."

"Great. Knew you wouldn't mind." I tried to tell him that what I meant was "no, don't do it" and not "no, I wouldn't mind" but he just kept right on talking. "I mean, it's not like I'm going to be walking around with a hardon all the time or anything, but you know how it is, man, you get a wild ass thought, your meat gets hard, and y'gotta take care of business. And while I'm a nice guy, don't get me wrong, I'm not nice enough to say I ain't gonna jack my dick if the mood strikes me just 'cause little Ray is stayin' over. So I'll be careful, but if little Ray or my Bobby start asking questions, well, they're just gonna have to learn the lessons. And maybe sometime you might want to help me teach Bobby, too. Right?"

"Uh, yeah, sure."

He clapped me on the shoulder again, a little harder this time so I sort of staggered. "Great, great. Well, gotta go. This hardon is killin' me and I better do something about it or I won't be able to get anything done the rest of the day."

I couldn't help myself. I knew it wasn't a good idea, but I looked at his shorts, at the huge wet spot. I swear I could see juice oozing out to make the stain bigger. My own cock oozed, too. Christ, I was still fucking hard. And when I looked up, Bill was staring right at me, with this kind of funny expression in his eyes. An odd mixture of lust, and amusement, and somehow a bit of disdain, too. I tore my eyes away from that stare, made up some obviously lame excuse and went back into the house. Where I jacked off three times to random images of little Ray and Bobby and Bill and spanking and man hardons and little boy stiffies.

I didn't see Bill until we left two days later. As we pulled out of the driveway, I looked back. Bill was standing there with the little boys on each side of him. All three were waving, so I

waved back. He had his right hand resting on little Ray's head. Just resting there, dammit. He wasn't caressing my young son's soft hair, a brief, soft, sensuous caress. He wasn't. I kept telling myself that as Janet straightened the car out and we headed off. I looked back one more time. Little Ray was in Bill's arms, his plump little butt supported by Bill's large hand. I wondered where Bill's fuck finger was at that moment, and then rejected the thought. I was out of my fucking mind. My neighbor wasn't anything like that; he wasn't some fucking pedophile for Christ's sake, or I wouldn't have left my precious baby boy with him.

All we'd had was an admittedly kind of weird conversation about the best way to raise kids. Nothing more. No pedophile overtones to it. Just my freakish imagination.

Only it wasn't. My imagination, that is. If anything, I wasn't imagining enough. He didn't say anything just now, not really. It could just be my mind acting up and seeing things that aren't there, but I don't think so.

And the only way to find out is to get little Ray naked, in private. If Bill had actually made little Ray suck his dick, there probably wouldn't be any way to tell. But I was pretty damned sure that if he'd had his dick inside my little boy's rectum, I'd be able to tell. Only I couldn't tell Janet; couldn't get her alarmed and calling the cops, especially since I didn't know anything for sure.

But how...well, fuck. I'll just give him his bath. Tell Janet he was so excited about us coming home that he didn't take a bath this morning over at Bill's.

Except, well, shit, she wanted to see her precious little boy. And fuss over him. And fix him a special meal. And spend some time with him.

I couldn't stand it. Couldn't stand my sick imagination, my sick pedo fantasies, couldn't stand myself right then.

Or my hardon.

I managed to control myself a bit, though, at least enough to eat lunch with them, and get up without my bulging crotch making a fool of me. I told Janet I had a headache and was going to lie down for a while. She told me she'd keep little Ray quiet.

Knowing Janet, she'd be in to check on me, and I really didn't want her seeing the real problem. The fucking hardon from hell that came back right after I started up the stairs. I figured I'd better do something about it before I went to bed. I went into our bathroom and as I stood at the toilet with my hard dick in my hand I glanced out the small window toward Bill's second story. I don't know what the room was that was visible, since the drapes were always clothed. Except today, they weren't.

I'd been planning a quick jackoff imagining sex with Janet. No way for that to happen now. Bill was there. So was Bobby. They were both naked. And Bill was spanking Bobby. Hard. I couldn't hear anything but it was pretty clear from the way Bobby was squirming and thrashing that he was howling. Bill was right. His son did have a skinny little rump. And it did get a fucking bright red when it was spanked. I could barely breathe. I was barely conscious that I was jacking my cock while I watched.

But I was definitely conscious when I came like I hadn't had sex in a month. Right when little Bobby stood up, his face as red as his bottom, tears streaming down, his little white boy dickie very, very stiff as his daddy turned him to face the window, standing between Bill's wide-spread, fucking naked, legs. Right when Bill used a thumb and forefinger to jack his son's tiny dickie, and use his left hand to play with the pink little tits. Right when Bill looked up, saw me, and grinned as he jacked his boy into a writhing dry cum.

I was embarrassed I'd been caught spying, ashamed that he undoubtedly knew what I was doing since I know I had to have been gaping at him, and so fucking turned on I jacked to another cum right after Bill got up, walked over to the window, his thick white hardon leading the way, and closed the drapes.

Somehow, I actually managed to fall asleep for a while. And act normal, not like some fucking pervert. And then it was time for Ray's bath.

Janet and I had always shared responsibility for bathing little Ray, but today I told her that little Ray had confided he was feeling kind of funny when his mommy gave him a bath. Told her it was no big deal, that boys got embarrassed at being naked in front of their mommies. Told her, too, that right now being naked in front of daddy was still okay, because it was "just us guys," but in a little while that would bother him, too, and he'd start bathing on his own. But until then I'd just have to bathe him instead of her. She bought every Christian martyr tone of voice.

I locked the bathroom door. Fortunately, it wasn't a loud lock like our bedroom door so she wouldn't notice the sound if she was still upstairs, and it was also kind of loose, so sometimes when you shut it, it locked anyway, and you had to go get the key to open it. I had the key in my pocket.

While the tub was filling, I knelt on the rug, and slowly stripped my precious little boy. Got him naked with trembling hands. Looked at his pointy little nips. His belly. The surprisingly long dick dangling down. Got hard but didn't reach down to adjust myself. Swore that all I was going to do was just give him his bath and get him ready for bed. Swore at myself for being a fucking liar. For knowing what I was probably going to do, if Bill had indeed sexed my darling boy.

I lifted him up, seated him in the warm water. Scooted close on my knees. Used the big cup to get him thoroughly wet, caressing the soft, nappy hair on his head. As I stood him up and reached for the washcloth, I asked him if Bill had given him a bath while mommy and daddy were on vacation.

He said "uh-huh". Then he looked at the washcloth and said that Bobby's daddy didn't do that. I asked him if Bill used a loofah—a word he knew since his mother had one and occasionally used it on him, when he needed a good scrubbing—but little Ray just shook his head and said Bill used his hands. I couldn't help letting out a little groan, but quickly assured Ray I was fine when he asked.

I poured the liquid soap into one palm, rubbed them together, and then put my hands on Ray's shoulders. He promptly informed me I wasn't doing it right. Bobby's daddy had him stand sideways so he could do Ray's front and back at the same time, because it was more "fishunt" as

Ray said. I was all for “fishunsee” I told him. I gently started rubbing him with my soapy palms, starting with his shoulders, his upper back and upper chest. Told him if I wasn’t doing it the way Bobby’s daddy did, he should tell me.

Then lower, so I was washing his little nipples. And damn if they didn’t get hard. I rubbed the pointy nubs with my thumb, and little Ray groaned softly. And I started breathing a little heavier. I moved my hands down again, but Ray stopped me. Told me Bobby’s daddy always played with his tits, and squeezed them. Like a good daddy, I did what my son wanted. Ray moaned and that’s when I noticed that his dick was stiff, standing straight out in front of him. My precious young boy had a hardon! And what a splendid little, or not so little, stiff dickie it was.

I couldn’t help myself. I squeezed one hard little tit even harder. Ray moaned. Begged me to hurt his tits. Said that Bill told him little nigger slut boys needed to have their tits hurt. To show them their place. To let them prove what good nigger whore boys they were. Christ! A goddamn fucking white man was calling my little boy a nigger and a slut and a whore! My mind shouted at me to get the fuck up, race next door and beat the shit out that bigoted KKK boy fucking bastard. My dick almost spurted a big wad of precum, staining my slacks.

Little Ray, though, made the decision. He whimpered, and said, “Oh, daddy, that feels soooo good. Can I play with my dickie, daddy? Please? While you squeeze my tits?”

What the fuck? Most guys with hardons, and I guess I would’ve thought little boys, too, if I’d ever thought of my little son’s stiff dickie before, wouldn’t be asking for permission, they’d just do it. So I asked him. And he told me little nigger slut boys couldn’t play with their tiny nigger dickies unless a white man said it was okay. “But you can say it’s okay, daddy, can’t you? You’re a daddy, and daddies can say it’s okay, can’t they?”

Fuck, yes, they could. “Sure, son, play with your dickie.”

Goddamn. Not much more than a week and he’s got my boy fucking brainwashed.

I think I’m going to like that.

A whole fucking hell of a lot.

Christ, but this whole fucking scene was turning me on I could barely breathe. I got him all soapy and turned him to face me so I could look down at him fisting his little hardon while I worked on both tits and my little boy begged me to hurt his nigger titties so good. And I was hurting so good I had no choice but to stop playing with him for a trillionth of a second while I popped open my jeans and hauled my aching, leaking, cock and balls out.

Little Ray looked down at my meat without missing a stroke on his own cocklet. “Ohhhh, daddy, your dickie is even bigger than Bobby’s daddy!”

I let my cock snot ooze against the side of the tub while I gave my boy’s hard little nips a good workout. And then it occurred to me. What would it feel like to have my little boy’s hands on *my* tits?

One of the buttons popped off, I was so eager to get my shirt undone, and down on the floor.

“Ray, did you ever play with Bill’s tits?”

He shook his head “no.”

“Would you like to play with mine? Daddy would really like that.”

“Oh, daddy, do you have nigger tits, too?”

Well, I had *black* man tits. But I also wasn’t about to interrupt the flow, Jesus, my cock was leaking like a faucet just barely turned on, and correct him. My turn to just nod. It was kind of awkward, getting my chest down to the right height, but what the fuck. And the moment he touched my big fat nipples, and squeezed them surprisingly hard, I knew where he’d gotten his own love of having his tits hurt and getting turned on by it. From me. I just never fucking knew my own nips could hurt so good and cause my dick to leak even more.

“Oh, Ray,” I murmured, “you hurt daddy’s nigger tits so good.”

I had to have his mouth, a mouth I was sure now that Bill had trained really well. I put my left hand behind his head to draw him close, my right hand carefully jacking my swollen rod. I whispered, “Open up for me, baby boy,” and he did. Oh, God, my boy was opening his mouth and I caught a glimpse of the pinkness of his tongue before I pressed my lips to him and forced my daddy tongue inside him. Such a tiny mouth, so soft, so sweet, so fucking talented as he sucked on my tongue. And I tongue-fucked his baby mouth until we were both panting.

But his mouth needed something more than my tongue. Something better. Daddy dick. Long, fat, hot fucking daddy dick for my little nigger boy’s mouth.

That’s what I gave him.

I stood up, unbuckled, unbuttoned and shoved my jeans down to my thighs. I pulled him close, and watched in awe as he opened his mouth and used his fat boy lips to suck my cock in. Jesus, I almost came right then. My own little boy was a cocksucker, a talented nigger boy cock whore with all but an inch of my fat meat in his mouth and throat while he struggled valiantly to get the rest.

Like a good fucking father, I helped him. I put my hands on his nappy hair, and held his head in place while I fucked that last inch into his throat, held him there and then pulled him off, so he could get a breath. He was panting, his eyes glazed with lust as he looked up at me.

“Does Bill fuck your face?” I whispered to him.

“Uh-huh.” He nodded his head to emphasize the answer, his wide little mouth spread in an eager grin.

“Does he hold your head like this and stick his big white cock in your nigger boy slut mouth, and hold you in place while he fucks your nigglet mouth and fills it with his white daddy juices?”

He nodded again.

So I fucked his face. Held my new-whore boy's head still so I could slide my daddy dick in and out, faster and faster, allowing him to breathe but making sure he knew who was in charge of this face fuck. His little hands gripped my thighs and then all of a sudden he was whimpering and shaking around my dick. Christ, my son was having a dry cum just from me fucking his mouth. That was all I needed to start pumping load after load of thick daddy milk into his eagerly sucking mouth.

I slowly pulled my still hard cock out of his mouth, but had to grasp him under his arms to hold him up. He was definitely spaced out, his head lolling, but as he started to come around he looked up at me, and sighed, and smiled. "Oh, daddy, that was soooo good."

If I hadn't stayed hard, I would have gotten a hardon from the sight of my own thick white cum oozing out of his mouth and down his plump cheeks, an almost startling white against the black of his skin. Without thinking about the fact I'd never even tasted my own cum before, I knelt and lapped and slurped it up and then shared it with him in another deep kiss.

That should have been it. Should have been enough. But it wasn't. Because while we were kissing, my hands were roaming his body, touching his own still-hard dickie, squeezing those fat buns, sliding my finger down to caress his little hole. He pushed his bottom back at my touch and I knew I had to have it all right then. That I couldn't wait.

I pulled my head back from the kiss. Looked him in the eyes. "You're daddy's little nigger whore boy, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"You know what daddy's going to do now?"

He nodded again.

"Tell me, son."

"You...you're gonna fuck my nigger cum whore bottom 'cause that's all little nigger cunts are for."

"Yes, son," I said as I lifted his dripping body from the tub, scooted around on my knees and set him on the rug. Like the well-trained little slut he'd become, he turned around by himself and got one his hands and knees, his fat bottom raised in the air.

He looked over his shoulder. "Would...would you eat my boy pussy, daddy?"

I should have been shocked, horrified, appalled at the idea of licking my son's shit hole. My cock spurted precum instead. Both at my little bitch's words and the sudden image of Bill's long, fat white tongue doing the same thing. I knelt behind him, spread his cheeks with my hand and got my first close-up look at the pussy I was about to fuck. Even in just a week it was well-used. I licked and dropped spit, and as his muscles relaxed, forced as much of my tongue up

inside him as I could.

I didn't want to hurt my little boy, so I asked whether Bill used any special lube when he fucked little Ray's cunt, hoping like hell that whatever he used was something to be found in our bathroom. It was. Bill liked fucks lubed with spit. Suddenly, so did I.

I eased a spit-slick finger into his little hole. Then two, finger-fucking him a little, while my fingers rubbed his baby prostate and gave him another of his tingles. But a horny dad can only take so much before he realizes his little boy's bottom needs the real thing. Hard, thick daddy meat.

I crouched over my tiny boy, like some huge beast given how small he is, seated my knob end at his hole, covered his mouth with one hand and shoved every fucking inch into his cunt in one hard and fast thrust. He gave a single high-pitched, thoroughly muffled, squeal, sagged for a split second, and then started squeezing his cunt muscles around his daddy's meat. And in spite of all the cum I'd already had that day, I immediately knew both that this was going to be the best, and one of the quickest. Which was fine, because I couldn't spend all day in the bathroom, with my wife downstairs, giving our eager slut boy the leisure fuck of his young life.

I figured I'd last twenty, twenty-five strokes, pulling my dick out and shoving it back in, rotating my hips, working his pussy and his prostate until he came at least once before it was all over for me.

My baby slut sure likes daddy dick.

It couldn't have been more than fifteen rapid strokes all told, but time enough to send him off in a long, shuddering dry cum that just made me fuck all the harder as his pussy nearly cut off circulation to my dick, before I finally exploded inside him.

When we were done panting, I slowly eased my finally softening prick out of his hole, admiring how his cunt gaped wide at first and then slowly tightened up. Naturally, before it got too tight I sucked all my cum out of his bottom and cradled him tenderly in my arms while I shared it with him.

After that, clean-up time for both of us. And some air-freshener sprayed around to kill the odors of man-boy, fuck, *pedo* sex.

I dressed him again and we went downstairs for dinner.

SATURDAY NIGHT—

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

I was still horny.

I'd cum twice with little Ray in the bathroom. I'd jacked off again later. And it still wasn't enough.

I needed little nigger boy cunt. My son's pussy. But he was in bed, and Janet and I were watching TV. I couldn't. Not with my wife, the boy's unsuspecting mother, in the house. Right downstairs.

The fuck I couldn't.

Fortunately, we were watching "An Affair to Remember," and it was just getting to the part where Janet was going to start crying. A whole fucking lot. She knew I wasn't fond of the movie, so she wasn't really paying much attention when I told her I was heading up to bed. She waved me off, and grabbed the box of tissues.

I almost ran up the stairs. I didn't have a lot of time. Janet would cry a little, then a lot, then the movie would be over, she'd cry some more, then get herself together and come up to bed. Hardly any fucking time at all. But damn, it would have to be enough.

I quickly opened the door to little Ray's room, ducked inside, and then debated whether to close it all the way. Open, it was a gamble that she'd see it and wonder and come in, but open I'd at least have a little warning from her footsteps. Closed, zip. It stayed open. The light from the hall barely illuminated the room. I tiptoed to the bed, not really waiting for my eyes to adjust. Looked down at my baby boy, so precious, so fucking hot.

He was on his back. Wearing cute little pajamas. I put my hand over his mouth, shook him. He slept so hard it was often difficult to wake him, and sometimes he'd make noise when we did, and I sure the fuck didn't want noise from my boy's bedroom wafting downstairs. Janet's "momdar" would pick up the sound and she'd be here in a flash. Sure enough, he squealed, but with my hand across his mouth only I could hear it. Only I could get hard from the sound.

"Shh, baby boy, it's just daddy," I whispered. "We have to be real quiet. Mommy is downstairs and we don't want to disturb her. Okay?" He nodded and I lifted my hand.

"Did you like what we did this afternoon, baby boy?"

I could barely see his head eagerly bobbing up and down. Christ. Like he'd been bobbing on my cock.

"Well, daddy needs his baby boy's cunt again. But we have to be really, really quick, 'cause mommy is downstairs and this is our big secret, right?"

He nodded again, but I wasn't paying much attention. I was paying more attention to pulling his covers off and pulling his pajama bottoms down and off. Christ, my little slut had a hardon already. I opened my bathrobe, pulled leaking cock and balls out of my pajamas. I got on the bed and raised his little legs in the air. Bent over and rapidly licked and slurped his tight little hole. Got my first two fingers wet and with my hand back over his mouth again, shoved them into his pussy. God, I love it when my boy squeals like that. I'm gonna have to arrange a time to fuck him when no one is around and he can squeal and shout to his heart's content...and to my

hardon's content.

With only one previous daddy fuck it was going to be difficult getting my cock into his child cunt. I'd really rather see his face, even in this dim light, while I plow his hot tight hole, but a doggy-fuck was better. Or well, faster. I moved off the bed, pulled him to the side, flipped him over, raised his hips, spread his baby boy legs, spit on his hole, spit on my cock, and then guided the knob end to where it was seated in his opening, safely between my boy's bubble-butt, tightly-clamping cheeks.

“Can I fuck you, baby boy?” I whispered, bending over so that my bathrobe spread wide and covered us. “Can I ram daddy’s big nigger dick in his little nigger whore boy’s slut pussy?”

“Oh, yes, daddy,” he sighed.

“Will you scream for daddy? Make him feel like he’s raping you?”

“Oh, yes, daddy. You can rape me just like Bobby’s daddy. He likes it when I yell.”

Christ! Bill was into role-playing, and he'd already taught the “rape game” to my slut son. At this moment I almost didn't care what my wife heard. I clamped my hand tight around his mouth and fucked all of my thick daddy meat into him. Hard. He screamed into my covering hand, a mixture of pain and lust and then moaned in pure boy cunt lust when I pulled back, almost all the way out, and then slid back in.

Shit. The TV was off. Fuck! So I did. Hard and fast, pretend-raping my little boy, feeling his well-trained cunt muscles squeezing and relaxing, helping me. Fucking my tiny slut son while my wife was downstairs, crying over her damn movie, getting ready to come upstairs. The fear of getting caught just fueled my lust, my fuck speed, until I was ramming his little pussy harder and harder and finally spurting huge wads of cum one after the other, filling his hole to overflowing, then bending over him, my cock in his cunt, both of us panting for air, my brave little boy gasping that that had been the best tingle ever.

“Hank?”

Fuck!

I've never been a particularly quick thinker on my feet, or here, on my knees with my dick in my little boy's pussy, but I surpassed myself. With my cock still impaling him, I pulled him against me with one arm under his belly, pushed off the edge of the bed with my knees, wrapped my robe around both of us and sat on the bed, most of my back towards the door. I started rocking back and forth just slightly, feeling my hot cum oozing out of his little hole onto my pubes and balls.

“Shhh!” Somehow I managed a “shush!” sound that came out loud enough for her to hear, since by her footsteps she was at the top of the stairs, but soft enough to sound like I was trying to be quiet. She peeked in the door. The hall light was dim at night so I was mostly in shadows. All she could see was her faithful, yeah, right, husband sitting on the bed rocking back and forth.

I whispered very, very softly, just a quick glance over my shoulder and then back again. "He was having a nightmare. Just wanted to be held. Almost got him back to sleep. I'll be in soon."

She whispered back what a good father I was, shut the door, and went down to our room.

I was going to pull my cock out of his cunt. I really was. And put him to bed with his pajamas on him again, after I'd eaten my cum from his hole, of course, but I couldn't believe it. My prick was still hard. And my baby boy's pussy was wet and hot and tight and squeezing me. I fucked him again. Just laid on my back on the bed, sprawled out where there'd be no question what I was doing if she came back and opened the door, high on danger and lust and love, I shoved his pajama bottoms in his mouth to muffle his eager cries and moans and whimpers, and then used one hand to twist and play with his hard little boy nips, and one hand to play with his hard nigglet dickie, until I gave him two more tingles, and then with several hard thrusts as he lay panting and whimpering and sated on top of me, finally gave up every last bit of cum in my balls.

Then I ate my cum out of his exhausted little pussy, and shared it with his eager slut mouth, and tenderly put him to bed.

I cleaned myself up in the bathroom, using plenty of mouthwash and soap and water to get rid of all the sex tastes and smells, and, exhausted myself at long fucking last, went to bed, after assuring my wife her little boy was just fine now, and very tired, and would sleep like a log.

My dick was too tired to even twitch at the idea of my little whore sleeping with a cock log in his pussy, but I thought it anyway.

The next morning I gave Janet her usual before-getting-up-for-church fuck, a long-standing Sunday tradition, as it generally made her so happy she'd finally stopped complaining about my being a heathen who wouldn't attend her fine Baptist church and have my soul saved by the outstanding Reverend Darnell Jackson. She almost didn't make it to early services, though, since the fuck was an especially long and rough one, what with my mind adding the images and sensations of my little son's boycunt to the sensations of a wife cunt. I had a great cum, she had several, and I really needed it, since I knew that with the usual Sunday activities I wouldn't have a snowball's chance in hell of getting to either of little Ray's pussies all day.

As tempting as it was to follow up the usual Sunday morning wife fuck with my usual Sunday morning jackoff session, I decided to wait.

Monday morning she had to go back to work. Monday morning I was going to fuck the little white boy next door, and probably get to watch Bill's not-as-big-as-mine white dick sliding in and out of my own little nigger boy's bottom. For that I could keep my hands off myself.

Really.

Maybe.