



"Jeffrey are you listening?" Shouted the teacher at the front of the classroom as she tapped on the blackboard with a pointer.

"Huh?" I said my deep thought breaking at the sound of the pointer slapping at the hard surface of the blackboard.

"Do you know the answer?" She asked pointedly as she cocked her hip to the side and began strumming her fingers along her bony hip as I stared at the board. I looked at the numbers sporadically drawn across the board, with mathematic symbols and letters sprinkled through the equation. I decided to take a shot in the dark.

"Um. . .seven?" I guessed. Her face contorted even more making her appear even angrier than she was before. Apparently seven was not the right answer.

"Pay attention Jeffrey, I will not ask you a second time,' she warned as she turned her attention to another student, one who was waving their hand in the air, attempting to answer the question.

"Yes Ms. Greene," I mumbled back. Ya old bat. I tried to focus back on my school work, but my mind began to drift again back to last night. It was all really a blur to me. First my Dad's best friends hold me down and fuck me, and then to top, my brother fucks me too! I rubbed my large behind in my seat, still sore from the rough night it had. I ended up telling my brother everything that happen earlier in the evening. How we started playing poker, and how that turned into strip poker. And then a wrestling match. And then basically an all out war on my body. Surprisingly he wasn't that angry, it seemed like he was more angry that he wasn't the first one who got to fuck me.

I decided to call it a night I told him the story. I was exhausted with what my body had been through, and I honestly didn't really know how to handle everything that had just happen. I told him I was worn out, and had an early morning. So we hit the lights and I tried to go to sleep. I actually just ended up laying in bed staring at the ceiling for a few hours listening to the silence of the room.

Then a little after midnight I heard the distinct noises of my brother jerking off. It wasn't the first time. After sharing a room with him for almost ten years there was an unspoken agreement that we both masturbated , and neither of us would call the other on it. I heard the wet slapping of his hands against his balls and the soft moans escaping his mouth. I heard him saying something while her jerked himself off. I wasn't able to make much out but I was sure that he was saying my name repeatedly. I had felt my own dick begin to get hard. My body began to take over, like it had earlier in the evening. I began to rub my ass against my mattress to the tempo of his heavy breathing. My dick began to create a wet spot in the front of my underwear. As my brother's breathing got heavier, it hit me what was happening. I was falling under the same spell that had captivated me earlier. I couldn't keep doing this. The sound of

my brother about to cum filled the room. I couldn't listen to this. I grabbed my pillows and buried my head underneath it, to block out any noises. I had to stop doing this!

What did all of this mean? Did it mean that I was gay? I did enjoy having my ass played with and my tits. . I mean pecs sucked on. I looked down at my chest, my two large pectorals obscuring my vision of the desk below them. If they get any bigger I am gonna have a hard time getting any work done. I flexed both of them, tensing the muscle beneath my skin. Causing them both to dance under my shirt. My nipples began to rub up against the fabric of my v-neck shirt causing both of them to become erect. I remembered how hard Rick had sucked on my nipples. How it felt like he was trying to rip off one of them. God it felt so good. I never knew that playing with my nipples could feel so good! I felt my dick begin to harden inside of my skin tight pants.

I looked around at the other students, feeling very exposed this morning in my normal clothes. I tried to find something baggy and appropriate to wear to school today, but it seemed like all of my clothes that I had were either skin tight or they were singlets for wrestling. I obviously couldn't wear a singlet to class, so I opted for a tight pink v-neck, and a pair of blue jeans. Those two articles of clothing were not bad by themselves, but once I squeezed my large glutes into the jeans and my obscene pectorals into the shirt. I looked like I belonged in a porno. My ass was practically slipping out of the jeans, and my nipples were showing through the material like they were trying to poke someone's eyes out. I had to rub my nipples to make them less noticeable and I slapped a belt around my waist to try and lift the jeans up a little higher. After all the adjustments I felt a little less obscene, but one wrong turn and my ass was out or my nipples were hard.

I didn't know why all of a sudden I was feeling so sensitive to the people around me. I guess it was from the guys last night. How they gushed over my body, and the way I dressed. How they all loved playing with my ass or massaging my tits. I mean my pecs. They are pecs. Damn it. I felt my dick began to pulse in my tight jeans again. The memories of everything flowing through my mind like a movie; seeing Rick latch onto my pectoral, feeling my brother massage and play with my ass, feeling Todd push his thick cock into my virgin asshole. I placed my hand on my dick and slowly massaged it through my pants. My hard cock beginning to show through my jeans. I thought about how Paul held me down and ground his cock against my ass. A soft moaned escaped from my mouth. A boy in the desk in front of me turned around and gave me a confused look, his eyes traveling down my arm until he saw my hand on my dick. He winked.

"Sorry," I whispered pulling my hand from my crotch.

"Don't be sorry baby, wish I could have watched more," he cooed as he turned back to the front of the classroom.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

This needed to stop. No more of this nonsense. Last night was a slip up. It wasn't going to happen again. I was stronger than this. I wasn't some sort of dick obsessed monkey. I was a Varsity wrestler. I could fuck any girl in this school that I wanted. I was a straight A student, not some dumb himbo that cant keep his hands off himself. Why should I be ashamed of my body. I was gorgeous. Of course I would attract some random fags here or there. It was my job to not fall for their games. To not let it get that far ever again.

Ding Ding Ding Ding Ding

The final bell of the day rang. Thank god. I needed to get out of here.

"Okay students, so don't forget what we went over today. It will be on the test on Monday," Ms. Greene announced to the class as she walked out of the classroom. Crap. Of course I wasn't paying any attention the day it was actually pertinent. I grabbed my backpack and began to walk out of the class

when the boy who sat in the desk in front of me stopped at the door blocking my way out. It was just the two of us left in the classroom.

“Hey, your Jeffrey right?” He asked. His eyes once again going up and down my body, both of them falling repeatedly on my chest. I wonder if this is how girls felt. Always feeling like a piece of meat that men loved to idolize. I crossed my arms attempting to block his view of my chest, but he was just rewarded with a view of my bulging biceps. Fuck I really need to start doing cardio.

“Yup that’s me,” I responded attempting to push past him. He slide to the side of the doorframe blocking my exit once again. I stepped backward. I sized him up. Probably around 180-190 pounds. Seemed like he hit the gym to some extent, but nowhere to the extreme that I did. He kept his hair cut close scalp. There was just enough hair, for him to say that he was not completely bald. I guess you would call him attractive, I wouldn’t, he had dimples which looked stupid. And his muscles showed through his clothes in a way that said “Look at me, I workout.”

“Hey, where you going so fast. I thought we could have a nice chat. Seemed like we both.
. . .enjoy mathematics, wouldn’t you say so?” He teased. He came one step closer to me. His eyes barring down on me the same way that Todd’s, and Peter’s were last night. This wasn’t going to happen again. I will not let it happen. So I puffed out my chest aggressively and step towards him. Felling my large pillow like chest press against his body. God my nipples were getting hard again. I wonder if. . . No! Stay strong!

“Listen, I’m not interested. So either move or I will make you move,” I told him as my brows knitted together in anger. He backed up and lifted both hands into the air in a surrendering manner. I knew I could be intimidating when necessary, it just wasn’t my normal state of being.

“Hey man, didn’t mean to offend. Just looked like you were enjoying math as much I enjoy math. But it’s cool dude.” He said as he stepped to the side of the doorframe making a space for me to walk through. As I passed through the doors threshold I was met with a mob of students all attempting to exit this hell that was high school. As I became one with the mob of students I felt a hand roughly squeeze onto one of my ass cheeks. Visions of the night before flashed before my eyes again; my brother’s hands pulling my ass apart, Paul ruthlessly thrusting against my spandex covered ass, Todd plunging his deep into the untold depths of my ass.

“No!” I shouted as I spun around in a circle, but before I could figure out whose hand was on my backside the hand, and the person connected to it, disappeared. I had thought I had seen the shaved head of the boy from my class in the crowd of students, but it may have just been my anxiety accelerating from the situation. I took a deep breath and headed towards the bus ramp. I walked past the large yellow buses heading towards the main road. My house was only about a mile or two down the road, so I walked most days if it was nice outside. And today it was nice, and I just needed some alone time.

I watched as all the students grouped together on the buses, filing in one by one. I saw the boy from my class from a distance. He stopped from getting on the bus and looked at me. He raised one of his hands up and began to grope the open air, and give a thumbs up with his other hand.

“That son of a bitch,” I muttered. He was the fucker who was touching me in the hallway. I am gonna beat that faggots ass from here to the fucking moon. He continued to grope the air for a few moments, and began to laugh uncontrollably as he walked onto the bus. This fucker thinks that’s funny, just wait until I see his scrawny ass tomorrow. I am gonna kick his ass. I kicked a nearby mound of dirt in an attempt to air out my frustration.

“UGHHHHHHHHH!” I screamed. I am not this toy for people to play with! I am not a slab of meat created for other people’s enjoyment. I especially wasn’t made to become a plaything for other men. I wasn’t a fag!

I began my walk home. Plugging in my earbuds and pumping the music loud in my ears to drown out any thoughts that were trying to rise to the surface of my mind. I just didn’t want to think for a few

minutes. I just wanted to feel normal. I just wanted to feel like I did 24 hours ago; like a normal guy, with normal guy problems!

If I wanted to put a stop to this, it had to start with me. No more sex. No more letting other guys touch me. No more tight clothing. No more spandex. I needed to go to the store and find some real clothes that would hide my body, and let me fly under the radar a little more. At least until I felt normal once again. As I made my way up to my house I saw an unknown white van was parked in front of my house.

"I wonder if they are looking for their lost puppy, or have a backseat full of candy," I laughed. As I came closer to my driveway I could make out the writing on the side of the van; Drain Master Plus: Let us clean your pipes. "I guess dad finally called someone to fix the kitchen sink," I muttered to myself. I walked up the driveway and opened the front door.

The house was quieter than usual. There was no loud cheering from the kitchen, the air wasn't full of cigar smoke, and there were no men trying to grab at me. Finally I could relax. I kicked off my shoes and walked down the hallway and into the kitchen, and was surprised by the sight of a man's large ass hoisted up in the air as he worked diligently under the sink. Well there goes my alone time.

"Hello," I grumbled as the plumber worked.

"Oh hey, OW!" He shouted as I heard his head bang hard against the pipes under the sink. He pulled himself form under the sink and stood up in front of me. Wow he was tall. The man was well over 6 feet. As he stood in front in front of me, my face was at the same height as his nipples. His body wasn't as developed as mine. He looked more like what I would think my brother would look like in a good twenty years. He was toned throughout with very little fat or bulk on his body. It probably helped being less bulky when you had to crawl under pipes for a living. He was dressed in a simple wife beater which was covered and stains and blue jeans that matched in simplicity and cleanliness. He wiped his dirty hands onto his jeans and reached out his hand.

"Hey I'm Mikey, your father said I should be expecting you or your brother to be here before he got home," he said joyfully. I reached out and shook his hand, not wanting to be rude. His grip was a lot harder than I assumed. I squeezed back in response. I wanted to let him know I was not the bitch of this conversation.

"Come on man, don't squeeze too hard, I gotta use that hand," he said jokingly as he withdrew his hand and shook it to emphasis his joke. The guy seemed nice enough. I believe I had seen him around my dads store a few times picking up the random tool, or piping he would need for work.

"Sorry man, sometimes I don't even know my own strength," I joked.

"Yea I can tell. You are quiet a big boy," He said as he squeezed my arm. His hand lingering there a few moments longer than necessary. No this wasn't going to happen again. I shrugged his hand off my bicep and stepped backward.

"Yea thanks man, I workout every day," I said dryly. Making sure that nothing would be misconstrued in this conversation. I was being friendly, because he was in my house. Not because I was some cock hungry fag. My eyes gazed down towards his crotch. He looked like he was packing too. I looked back up at his face. He noticed I where I was looking. Fuck me. No. Don't fuck me. Fucking shit. I took a breath and walked to the other side of the counter. I knew if I put some space between us I would be able to act somewhat normal for once.

"Yea I can tell. A big guy like you must work out often," he said. I could feel his eyes traveling up and down my body. Luckily half of me was covered by the island counter. So at least he couldn't see my ass.

"Yup. Like I said every day," I said once again hoping he would catch my drift that I was not interested. "Anyways I need to actually go take a shower and get ready for the gym. It was nice meeting you Mikey. If you need anything, just shout," I said as I was leaving the kitchen.

“No problem man, have a good shower. And I will make sure to holler if I need any assistance. I am sure a strapping young man like yourself is always open to lending a hand or two. . .when necessary,” he said the double entendre being clear in his sentence. I wouldn’t be lending one hand sexually or otherwise.

“Yup just yell,” I responded as I left the kitchen and walked towards the stairs to head to my bedroom. As I climbed the stairs, from the corner of my eye, I could see Mikey watching me ascend the stairs biting his lip as he watched my ass move. Fucking shit. Cant I even be safe in my own household. I made my way to the landing between stairs and looked back at Mikey. He was just standing their watching me.

“Shouldn’t you be working?” I asked jokingly hoping he would get the drift and get back to work and leave.

“Yup just enjoying a quick break,” he said opening a cooler that was on the counter and removing a wrapped sandwich from within.

“Okay,” I said flatly as I continued to make my way to my bedroom. I entered my bedroom and went to my dresser. I pulled out a pair of blue boxer briefs, a jockstrap, a pair of gym shorts, and a tank top. I looked at myself in the mirror, I was clearly shaken from the last two days, but trying to hold it all together.

“You can do this. Just shower. Get dressed and head to the gym for the rest of the night. Don’t even think about him. Just do what you need to do here and get the fuck out,” I told myself. I nodded to myself and headed to the bathroom. Glad I was in agreement with myself.

The bathroom was what you would expect from two guys sharing it; dirty clothes were strewn across the floor, empty toilet paper rolls overflowing the trash can, facial hair covering the surrounding edges of the sink. I undressed and threw my clothes onto the growing pile of clothes and turned on the water. I walked over to the sink and leaned in close to look at my face. I didn’t look any different than normal, but why did I feel so different? Why did I feel like, last night opened this dam of intense emotion and no matter how much I tried to build it back up, cracks continued to form and the emotions continued to leak through. The mirror began to fog signifying the water was the perfect temperature of motherfucking hot.

I hopped into the shower and let the water cascade over my body. Trying to wash the day away. I felt the warm water flow down my back and over my ass. My two cheeks clenched together preventing most of the water from hitting in between my ass cheeks. I grasped both of my cheeks, pulled them apart, and leaned up against the wall to ensure I was thoroughly cleaned. Especially after last night. Once I felt the water hit me directly on my hole, a deep moaned escaped from my lips. Fuck that feels so good. I let the water continue to beat against my asshole. I pushed it out more. Mmm the pressure felt so nice. My dick began to grow hard. I grasped it and began to slowly jerk it. Allowing myself this one pleasure after behaving earlier in the day, and turning down the boy in school and the plumber.

I slowly began to jerk myself off in the water, the steam enveloping me in a blanket of warmth. While one hand jerked off my dick the other hand traveled to one of my exposed pectorals and began to massage the area of dense muscle that made up my chest. My fingers kneaded my chest like a baker kneaded dough. I grasped onto one of my large nipples slightly wondering if it would be as enjoyable doing it myself. I let my fingers latch onto my slippery nipple and slowly began to twist it. It was like explosions going off in my body. I pushed my ass back even more, wishing the water would be more roug. . .wait, I wonder.

I pulled myself off the wall and adjusted the shower head to its pulsating action. The water began to hit my body in small intense bullets. I pushed my ass back out preparing myself for what was probably be an orgasmic even. And the water began to die, slowly the hard bullets that were once berating my large body turned into pellets, which in turn became drops and then nothing.

“Sorry!,” I hear Mikey yell from downstairs. “I could use some help!”

“God fucking damn it! Damn! Damn! Damn!” I cursed. I can't even enjoy time by myself without it getting interrupted by someone else. I reached my hand from behind the shower curtain reaching for a towel, but found the rack empty.

“UGH!” I groaned. I stepped out for the shower. The cold air assaulting my body. My large nipples becoming hard and erect, while the small amount of hair I had began to stand on end. I grabbed the small wash cloth that was on the counter and attempted to dry my body. It did less than satisfactory work. I grabbed onto my jockstrap slipped it on over my large tree trunk legs. Both straps digging underneath into my large bottom. I put on my boxer briefs on top. Hiding the jockstrap that I was wearing. I wiped some of the fog off the mirror and looked at my bottom. I looked like I was hiding balloons in my underwear. My ass protruded far enough that it looked like I either had implants or was wearing pads in my underwear.

“I could really use some help down here!” Mikey shouted once again.

“Okay, give me a moment!” I yelled back as I slipped on my tank top and my gym shorts. The tank beginning to cling to my wet body. Small patches of the fabric growing translucent from the water that was soaking in. I brushed my hand through my hair shaking out any excess water and headed down stairs.

“Hey, you yelled?” I asked as I approached the sink he was working under.

“Oh perfect timing,” he said as he pulled himself out from under the sink.

“Yea you interrupted my shower, so I didn't have much of a choice in the matter,” I said.

“Oh sorry dude. I had to turn off the main water valve. I found the issue y'all were having with your plumbing, but my hands are too large to get into the pipe,” he said as he stretched his large hands in front of me. “So I was wondering if you could lend me that hand I was talking about earlier,” he said as he rubbed the back of his head awkwardly. “Usually I have a buddy who is much smaller than myself with me for these very situations, but he called in sick today.”

“Yea sure, that's cool. I gotta get going right after this. A buddy of mine is expecting me at the gym in about twenty minutes,” I lied.

“Perfect so here's what I need you to do,” he said as he squatted down and pointed towards the piping under the sink. “Basically I just need you to stick your hand in the pipe. There is another opening that is going to be directly to your right inside the pipe. I need you to reach in there and unlatch a grate. Do you think you can do that?” He asked.

“Umm, seems simple enough. I am not sure if my own hand will fit in there,” I responded as I looked at the tiny pipe.

“Not a problem, use this,” he said as he handed me a bottle of KY Jelly. “It's an old plumber's trick to use lube when you need to get something into a tight space. And it's a lot better on the skin than that shit your dad sells at his store,” he laughed.

“Okay, I guess,” I puzzled. I opened the bottle and squeezed out a generous amount of lube onto my left hand, rubbing it in between my fingers making sure to get an even coat so not to get stuck.

“Okay so go ahead and just shove your hand inside the hole. .haha . .that's what she said. . .am I right?” He laughed punching me in the shoulder playfully.

“Yea,” I laughed back half heartedly. I got onto my hands and knees trying my hardest to not arch my back and show off my ass to the lustful plumber, and placed my hand against the pipe and began to push it inside. It was a tight fit, much tighter than I had assumed. Struggling to get my whole fist into my piping.

“Here let me help you,” Mikey said as he leaned his much taller body on top of mine. He pushed his dick against my ass as he leaned towards my arm. I shifted my body slightly hoping he would get the message that I was not interested. He moved his body as well, repositioning his hardening cock right between the space of my cheeks. He grasped onto my arm. “All you have to do is shove it right in there,” he said as he pushed my arm deep into the pipe and his dick aggressively against my covered ass.

I felt my hand go much deeper into the pipe than he had initially informed me. He laid his body still on top of mine, ever so slowly grinding his crotch up and down my ass crack as he continued to push my arm into the pipe. It did feel really good, maybe if I shifted. . .no. Focus.

"Dude this isn't working, and I need to go. Just call another one of your. ." I said as I attempted to pull my hand from the piping. I was stuck. FUCK! "Shit Mikey, I'm stuck!" I croaked as I repeatedly attempted to pull my arm from the tight pipe that encased it.

"Oh no man," he said lacking any worry in his voice. He knew this was going to happen. He had this planned. "Here let me try and help you," he offered as he grasped onto my shoulders leaning backwards. He began to pull my whole body towards him. Continuously thrusting his hard dick against my bubble butt. I bit my lip holding back the moans that were building in my throat.

"Fuck it seems tighter than I had even guessed," he groaned as he continued to pummel my ass whilst he attempted to "free" me.

"Dude stop, get the fuck off me," I yelled as I kicked my legs making him lose his footing and fall over onto the ceramic tile.

"Oh what not a fan of the foreplay?" He asked cockily. "Todd and Rick both said that you loved the lead up. But I guess you are just ready for the real thing," he said as I heard him unzipping his pants.

"No I am not a fan of any of this! You need to stop now," I ordered as I repeatedly tried to pull my arm free, but to no avail. I was stuck.

"What you don't like it when I do this?" He asked as he pushed two of his thick fingers between my asscheeks, hitting my asshole like a homing missile.

"Ugh," I moaned my ass betraying me once again pushing back into my captors large meaty hands. No this cant be happening again. Fight it Jeffrey! Fight!

"Yea they said you were a huge fan of having this ass played with. Lets see what it looks like without these shorts and underwear on," he teased as he peeled the first two layers of clothing off of my ass. I heard a gasp of excitement. "Oh looky hear. A jockstrap. Damn that thing really pushes that ass out for all to see. Not that it needs much help now, does it?" He laughed as he grasped onto one of my meaty exposed cheeks.

"Please stop," I cried as he manhandled my ass; groping on each of the cheeks. His hands drifting further and further into my crack. I attempted to shake him off once again, thrashing my legs from side to side. I felt him remove his hands, hoping he finally understood this was not something I wanted.

"Looks like someone is feeling a little active today. They didn't warn me about this, luckily I came prepared just in case you were feeling frisky," he said as he pulled off of my body and I heard the rustling of his cooler. "Perfect here we go," he said. I turned my head to the side seeing that he had removed a large roll of duct tape from his cooler. "This should keep you in place long enough for us to have some fun." I heard a long piece of duct tape being stretch from the roll and wrapped around one of my legs. I struggled, but from this position there was no point. He was in control. He wrapped the tape around one of my ankles and then tied it to the handle on the oven. My other leg he did the same but tied it to the dishwasher's handle. My legs spread wide, revealing my well used asshole for him to see "There we go, all done. Now where was I, oh yes this beautiful ass. I wonder if it tastes as good as it looks?" He questioned. As I felt his breath close in on my ass. I braced myself.

He first swirled his tongue around my hole. Slightly nibbling on the surround area. My body slowly giving into the pleasure I was feeling. My back begin to arch, pushing my ass back into his face. I could hear his muffled laughs. Obviously enjoying the fact that no matter how hard I tried, I was enjoying what was happening. He pushed is unusually wide tongue into my asshole and I began to moan. My dick growing hard in the jockstrap. I could feel precum leaking from my dick. He continued to eat my ass for what seemed like hours, hours of unwanted pleasure.

“You ready for the real thing?” He asked as I felt his dick being placed at the entrance to my asshole.

“Please, I’m begging you. Please don’t do this,” I pleaded as my body betrayed me once again. My ass pushing itself out towards him, as if begging for his thick dick.

“Oh I think you are begging, but you are begging for something completely different,” he said as I heard him squirt out a large amount of lube onto his eager dick. I looked and saw he was hung. His tall body did not mislead anyone in the fact that his dick was big, if not bigger than expected. I felt his large mushroom head being placed at my asshole. I breathed in knowing this was going to happen whether I wanted it to or not.

Upon entry to my ass a red hot heat flowed through my body. I bit onto my bicep to hold in any screams of pain. He wasn’t gonna hear me scream. He continued to push his dick in, inch after inch. He was touching places that none of the guys from last night were touching. Pain began to be replaced with pleasure. He was hitting pleasure centers in my body that I didn’t know even existed. Finally I felt him bottom out in my ass. His large egg sized balls nestled up against the front of my jock. He leaned into the cabinet and whispered into my ear, “You ready bitch?”

I nodded.

He pulled his dick out of my ass and slammed it home! I screamed. Unable to hold it in any longer. I wasn’t sure if it was a scream of pain or in pleasure, but I knew I had to let what was building up inside me out. He began long dicking me. Pulling all the way out and then shoving his large cock all the way back in. It got to the point where my ass would feel empty without him inside of me. I began to push my ass against his cock, squeezing it with my large cheeks not wanting him to leave me empty. He could tell I was giving into my urges.

His thrusting began to pick up speed. His large balls quickly slapping against my taint, feeling larger every time they hit me. He was getting close. My own dick painfully hard in my jockstrap. I felt myself getting close as well. Was he going to get me to cum without even touching myself? His repeated thrusting, and rubbing over my prostate was finally pushing me over. I clenched my asshole hard around his dick as my orgasm overflowed from my body.

“Fuck, I’m about to cum!” I screamed in a high pitched voice.

“Same here bitch! Take this plumbers cum in your slutty bubblebutt! Right their next to your brother’s and your dads friends!” He hollered. I felt his dick shoot inside of my ass. Filling me up from the inside. My own cum bubbling out of my dick so heavily, I saw the cum leaking through the fabric of my jockstrap. Fuck there was so much. Mikey’s own dick continuing to cum before and after I finished. His moans echoing through the household. Once he had finished shooting in me I felt his dick slide out of my cumfilled hole. I felt his load slowly begin to leak out of my ass. I clenched my hole. Not wanting it to leak everywhere.

“Now how about we go ahead and get that hand unstuck,” Micky offered as he reached towards my trapped arm with a small tool in hand. Can’t believed I let myself get fucked again. God damn it.