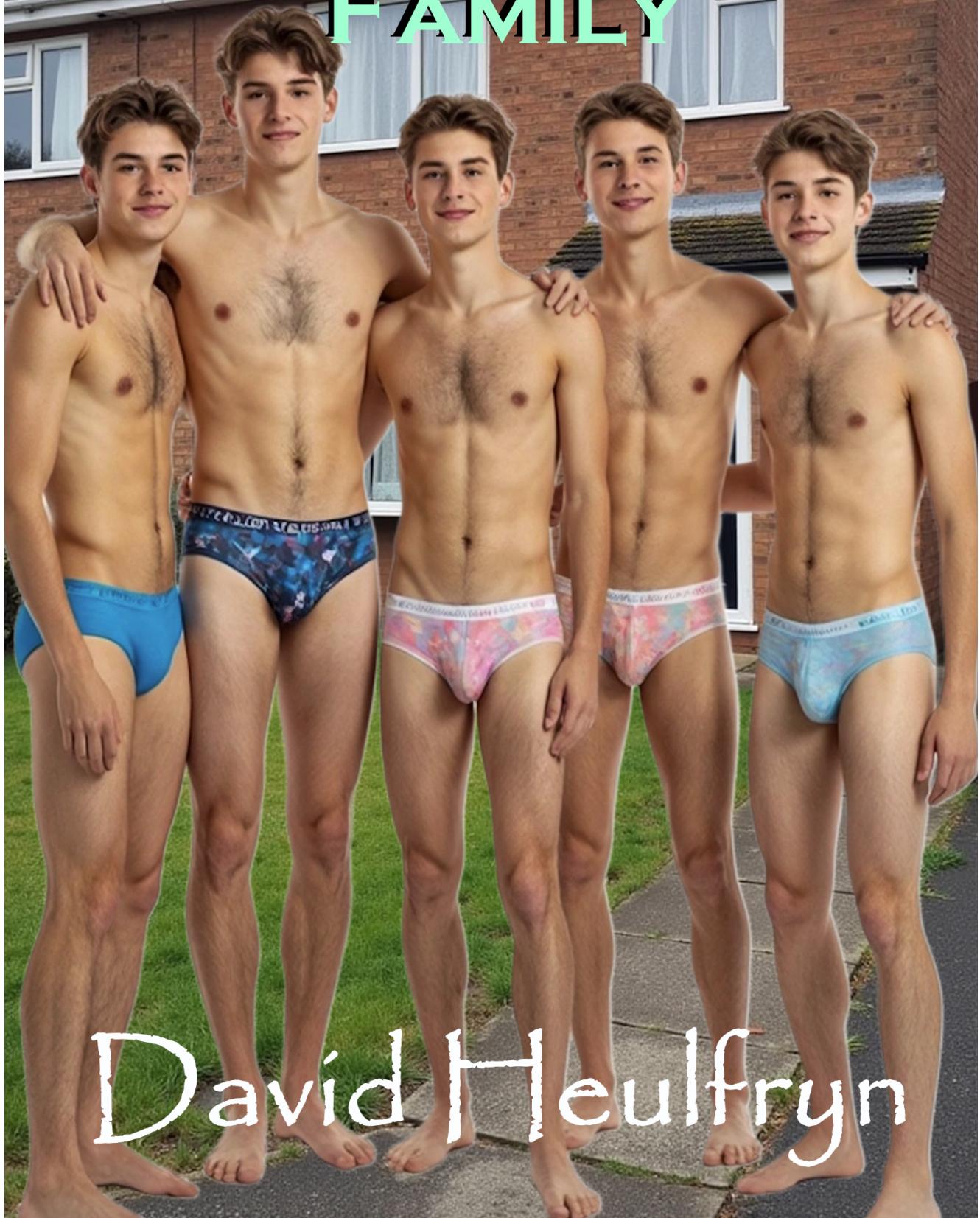


Cockaigne Chronicles

THE DICKINSON FAMILY



David Heulfryn

The Chronicles of the Dickinson Family

A Cockaigne Chronicles Story

by

David Heulfryn

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Published by Screeve Digital Publishing

First Digital Edition

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A Step-Dad's Duty

"Where are the Twins?" Howard gruffly asked as he entered the living room, loosening his tie. He'd just returned from work and was tired but needed to speak to his stepsons.

"In the room with Owen." Nick huffed as he missed something that was said in the film he was watching, "Take it back, Charlie. I missed what he said."

"Pause it, Charlie. I need a word with all of you." Howard sounded serious.

Charlie sighed and turned off the television. He and his brother turned to look at their stepfather. "What's up now, Howie?" Charlie teased; he knew his stepdad hated being called 'Howie'.

"It's Howard, as you well know. Your Mum gave me a right old earhole bashing this morning and told me to speak to you boys." He complained, "She was on the phone for over half an hour while I was at work."

"Come to think of it, where is Mum?" Nick asked. "She's usually home by now."

"She's with your Aunt Laura. She called this morning and needs help with her kids. She'll be back at the weekend."

"What about her kids?" Charlie pouted, "Just because we're adults now, she still has to look after the Twins and Owen."

"Owen's eighteen, Charlie, and technically an adult." He sighed, "And Laura has toddlers. You're all teenagers."

"Well, the twins behave like toddlers sometimes." Nick laughed.

"Ha, bloody, ha. Now get upstairs so I can talk to all five of you together. I'm not going to have this conversation more than once." Howard walked upstairs.

Nick gave his younger brother, Charlie, a quizzical look. Howard seemed annoyed about something. They got up and followed him.

The Dickinson household was cramped. Joyce had five boys with her first husband before divorcing him and marrying Howard, her current husband. He was a widower with two daughters of his own. Joyce and the boys relocated to Cockaigne when they moved in with Howard and his two daughters. He only had a small three-bedroom terraced house, so the boys had to share a room, and the girls shared another one. This meant five boys or young men were in the same

confined space. To make matters worse, there was only one bathroom between them all.

Owen turned round when he heard Howard enter their bedroom. He was working at the desk on his final essay, which was due tomorrow. The Twins, Jamie and Gavin, were sitting on their bed, both still dressed in school shirts and trousers, their ties having been discarded when they got home. They were huddled together on their bed, looking at something on a tablet and giggling.

It was a double bedroom with bunk beds against one wall and another set against the opposite. The second set differed in that the bottom bunk was a double, and the supports curved to hold a single bed as the top bunk. In between was a desk, but only one. The Twins slept in the double bed; they did everything together and dressed alike. Howard sometimes struggled to tell them apart, but his brothers had no problem differentiating between them.

The Twins were the youngest. They were fifteen, a surprise arrival, and born three years after Owen. He was eighteen and would attend the local university in Cockaigne after the summer break. Nick was the eldest and no longer a teenager; he was twenty, and Charlie was a year younger. Both young men held a dead-end job at the local sportswear retailer. There were no real prospects, but they enjoyed it and had a lot of fun there.

"I need to talk to you all," Howard announced as Nick and Charlie sat on the bottom bunk of their beds. The Twins didn't react; they kept their eyes glued to the tablet.

"Will you put that down and pay attention!" Howard was stern. "This is for your benefit."

"Yes, Dad!" The Twins said sarcastically and in unison.

Howard took a breath. Joyce had told him to talk to the boys as the state of their bedroom was getting worse.

"So, your Mum wants me to have a word with you all. It's about the room and keeping it clean and tidy."

Nick huffed, "Is that all? I'm hardly ever here. It's the others." He got up to leave, but Howard stopped him.

"I promised your Mum I'd talk to you all, so stay." Howard looked embarrassed. "It's not all about keeping it tidy. It's more about stains. And as the eldest, you can help make the others follow the rules."

Charlie laughed, "Stains. Are you talking about cum? This is fucking hilarious."

"It seems that this morning when your Mum was making the beds, she put her hand in a fresh..." Howard coughed, "stain."

Charlie laughed, "Well, it wasn't mine."

"Nor mine," Nick smiled and looked over at Owen.

"Don't look at me." Owen looked shocked that they would think it was him. "I was late for college this morning; I didn't have time to."

They all then looked at The Twins. They were giggling.

"It's not just the beds, guys. She says she found a pool of it in the shower and thinks some was on the tiles. And the less said about your underwear, the better. She says that they are always either sticky or crusty. She complains that she has to touch them to load them into the washer."

"Are you trying to tell us to stop wanking, Howard?" Nick laughed, and The Twins leaned against each other, giggling.

"I know what it's like to be young. But you need to be careful. Others don't want to have to step in or touch your... stuff." Howard thought about how to describe it. He didn't want to use the slang terms they all knew and felt too embarrassed to use the clinical terms.

Nick glared at The Twins, "Will you two stop giggling? Because of you two, we all have to sit through this. None of us what to step in your cum when we shower, and your bedclothes are so stiff they crackle when you lie down. And the least said about the smell, the better. This place needs fumigating. It stinks of stale cum." Nick was annoyed.

"Thank you, Nick." Howard smiled at his eldest stepson.

"No probs. I'm not part of the problem. I deposit all my cum in my girlfriend, Charlie is still trying to get his girl to put out, and Owen has taken a vow of chastity. I'll have a word with The Twins and give them some tips and tricks." Nick took off his socks and threw them at The Twins. "Shove your cocks in these when you cum to soak it up."

The Twins picked up the socks and sniffed them. They looked at each other, smiled and stuffed the dirty socks under their pillows.

"You dirty perverts." Charlie laughed.

"Alright, Guys." Howard calmed them down. "So if you masturbate in the shower, just make sure you rinse whatever comes out down the drain, and try to keep your bedclothes clean, okay?" He looked at his five stepsons. He took a deep breath, "Right. And because your Mum's away, I'm cooking."

The Twins groaned.

"I'll call you all when it's ready. The girls should be home from college soon. And you two," Howard looked at The Twins, "take off your uniforms and hang them up. You need to wear them tomorrow, and I don't intend to start doing laundry."

"Howard?" Charlie got his attention. "Have you had a talk with the girls about frigging and squirting over their bedclothes?"

Howard squirmed. He didn't like to think of his two precious daughters masturbating.

"Or have you left that to Mum?" Charlie knew he was making his stepdad uncomfortable.

"They aren't a problem, Charlie." Howard glared, "It's you boys spilling your seed all over the place. You don't care where it lands and don't clean up."

"What about you, Howard!" Charlie grinned, "Where do you cum, or are you and Mum past it?"

"That's of no concern of yours. I didn't want to have this discussion with you, but your Mum insisted. Now, I've had the discussion and expect you all to be more careful in the future." Howard looked at The Twins, "Especially you two."

The Twins giggled.

"Now, I'm going to start dinner." Howard hurried out of the room before his stepsons could make him more uncomfortable.

Owen turned to get back to his essay, and Nick and Charlie looked at The Twins.

"How many times a day do you guys actually wank?" Nick asked.

The Twins looked at each other, seemingly communicating telepathically. They counted on their fingers.

"Minimum, three times." Gavin grinned.

"Usually about five," Jamie said.

"Maximum was ten times." The Twins said in unison. "Each!" They laughed.

"Ten times in a day!" Charlie was gobsmacked. Owen turned to look at The Twins.

Jamie and Gavin squeezed their cocks through their school trousers.

"Are you two hard?" Charlie asked, and they nodded their heads. "Get out of those clothes before you make a mess."

Owen ignored his brothers. He had become adept at blocking them out and got back to his essay. Charlie and Nick watched as The Twins took off their school uniforms and hung them in the wardrobe.

"You're both leaking." Nick nodded at their crotches and the damp spot in their white briefs. Their bulges looked obscene, stretching the fabric so it became almost transparent when soaked in pre-cum. Nick sighed, "Go to the bathroom and sort yourselves out, but don't make a mess. Shoot down the toilet, the sink, the bath, your hands, I don't care, just clean up. And when I go in after you, I don't want to see any evidence, or you'll have me and Charlie to deal with."

The Twins giggled as they left, squeezing their bulges and cocks as they went.

"I never wanked as much as them when I was their age," Nick commented.

"Me neither. I'm surprised their cocks aren't sore." Charlie said, and Owen sighed as he tried to get on with his college work.

"Let's get back to the film, Charlie. Leave the virgin to do his work." Nick enjoyed teasing Owen.

"Fuck off, Nick." Owen didn't bother looking at his brother and was grateful they left him in peace.

But Owen didn't have peace for long, as five minutes later, The Twins returned.

Owen huffed as he was disturbed again. He was frustrated he couldn't finish his essay. He looked at The Twins. "Can you please give me some space? I just need another hour, and I'll be done." He looked at their bulges, "That's disgusting. You both came in your pants. Couldn't you have taken them off and not dirtied them?" The wet patches soaked their briefs.

Gavin looked down and pulled off his briefs. Jamie did the same, and Owen was now looking at his naked brothers. Their cocks were damp and limp and rested on their hairless balls.

Owen was fixated on his brothers' cocks and watched as they used their briefs to wipe clean their cocks and balls.

The Twins raised their cum stained briefs to their noses and took a deep sniff. They then swapped briefs and sniffed each other's.

"Smells the same." They said in unison.

Owen squirmed as he watched their disgusting display. "You two make me feel sick sometimes."

Jamie grabbed a couple of pairs of shorts and passed one to Gavin. They pulled them on, much to Owen's relief. They left him alone to finish his essay.

Nick came home late. He noticed that the television was on in the living room and went in to see who was still up. He saw his stepfather sipping a glass of whiskey.

"Did you have a good night?" Howard asked.

"Not bad. I'm off to bed. Charlie and I have work in the morning." Nick said, leaving his stepfather alone again to finish his whiskey.

The bedroom was dark when Nick opened the door. He heard shuffling from The Twins' bed. They were still awake and busy wanking. Their duvet was pushed to one side, and Nick could see the silhouette of their naked bodies and hands stroking their stiff cocks. Their hands never missed a stroke.

"I hope your cocks are in my socks," Nick told them.

The Twins stopped wanking and got Nick's old socks from under their pillows and pulled them over their cocks.

"That feels quite nice," Jamie said as he started wanking again now that his cock was encased in Nick's cotton socks.

"I like it," Gavin said.

Nick started to strip.

"What are you going to use, Nick?" Jamie laughed.

"Oh, you little boys. I don't need to wank. I've just deposited my cum down Mandy's throat."

"You lucky bastard." Gavin huffed and looked over at Nick, who now stood naked in the bedroom, looking back at him.

"What's it like?" Gavin was curious.

"Ten times better than what you're doing now." Nick reached down and gave his floppy cock a tug, "To make it feel closer to getting sucked off, damped the sock with warm water, wring it out so that it doesn't drip and put your cock back inside. It's not the same, but it feels good."

"Sounds like you're an expert in wanking." Jamie groaned as he kept stroking his cock inside the smooth cotton sock.

"Let's say I was inventive." Nick laughed and tugged at his thickening cock again. He climbed the ladder to get in the top bunk above Charlie and turned onto his side to look down at The Twins.

The Twins kept wanking, their hands moving faster up and down their cocks and their breathing becoming more ragged. They were close to coming.

"I'm nearly there," Jamie said to his twin brother.

"Hold on, Jamie. I'm not ready yet." Gavin pummelled his cock like it needed punishing. He gasped. "Alright, I now close."

"I feel like I need to blow." Jamie gasped.

"Okay, let's go."

The Twins vigorously stroked their cocks. Jamie came first. Closely followed by Gavin. Both boys let the cotton socks soak up their cum.

Nick could hear their grunts and groans as they shot their loads, followed by some heavy breathing.

The Twins took the socks off their cocks and wiped any remaining cum onto them.

"That's much better." Jamie said, "And you don't have to sleep in the wet patch." He told his twin brother.

"I like sleeping in the wet patch." Gavin snuggled up to his brother, "especially if it's your wet patch."

"Go to sleep, boys," Nick ordered from his bunk.

"Hear, hear." Owen grumped from his top bunk above The Twins.

The Dickinson household was hectic in the mornings. The alarm blared, and Nick jumped out of the top bunk with a thud. His cock protruded from his crotch, he wasn't hard but was halfway there. The Twins were already awake. Nick looked at them; they were busy wanking on top of their duvet.

"First wank of the day, boys?" Nick smiled and tugged his half-hard cock. "I can see your cocks, boys. They should be in my socks."

They released their hard cocks and reached under their pillow to retrieve the socks they used last night.

Gavin grinned at Jamie, "Wanna swap?" The Twins giggled as they swapped socks and wanked in their brother's damp cum from last night.

"You boys are perverts." Nick smiled to himself.

"Looks like you could do with a sock yourself, Nick." Charlie groaned as he woke up and saw his elder brother's turgid cock.

"No time, Charlie. We've got work, so get your arse out of bed."

Charlie threw his legs onto the floor and groaned as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. Nick watched as his brother stood and stretched, pushing out his hips; the bulge in his white briefs was pronounced.

"Morning wood, Charlie?" Nick laughed.

"Well, some of us don't have a girl to cum down their throat." Charlie huffed. "Or up their chuff."

"Mandy is more than a cum receptacle, Charlie. It's no wonder you're still single if you think of only what they can do for you."

"Whatever." Charlie yawned as he dismissed his brother's comments. He pulled off his briefs to release his stiff cock and went to the bathroom with Nick.

With six men in the house, it was difficult to use the bathroom, and a system organically emerged where the boys wouldn't lock the door, and anyone could come in and share the bathroom. This meant the boys weren't shy around one another, and seeing each other's cock, hard and soft, was a regular occurrence.

The only time the bathroom door was locked was when the women of the house used it. Howard's daughters occasionally got an eyeful of their stepbrothers when they went into the bathroom without realising anyone was in there.

Owen climbed down the ladder and ignored The Twins as they continued wanking into the socks. He left to use the bathroom.

Nick was in the shower; Charlie was shaving in the sink. Owen pulled his cock out of his pyjama trousers and started to piss into the toilet bowl.

“That’s about the only action your cock sees these days.” Charlie chuckled.

“It’s getting as much action as yours.” Owen flushed the toilet and left his older brothers in the bathroom.

Back in the bedroom, Owen tutted as The Twins still hadn’t come. He pulled down his pyjamas and dressed in a tee shirt and jeans. He stuffed his college work into his rucksack.

Owen left just as Charlie and Nick returned, and The Twins came in the socks that covered their cocks.

Nick and Charlie dressed identically in a white jockstrap, white nylon sports shorts and a light blue polo shirt with the sportswear shop’s logo on the left, just above the nipple. The uniform was completed with white sports socks and white trainers.

The Twins wiped up their cum covered cocks and dressed for school.

The Twins

The Twins walked to school. They walked shoulder to shoulder as if conjoined and spoke softly to each other so no one could overhear. When their friends joined them on the way, they stopped their private conversation and talked like any group of fifteen-year-old boys. Well, in between checking their smartphones, they spoke to each other.

"We're getting sick of Nick coming home and bragging about shagging his bird," Jamie said. Whenever they spoke, it was always in the plural, never I or me.

"Yes, we want some action, too." Gavin agreed.

Their friend, Greg, laughed. "You two can get action whenever you want. You're basically the same, so sucking off your brother is just like sucking your own cock. I'm jealous. I wish I had a clone who would suck me off."

"We're not clones." They said in unison.

Greg laughed. "You two do everything together. Why not that? You've already told me that you wank together. But have you touched each other's cocks?" Greg asked.

The Twins grinned. When they were alone, they often wanked each other but hadn't been caught by their brothers, who already thought the pair were perverts. They didn't want to give them any more evidence.

"You have!" Greg got excited, grinning and almost humping up and down. "I wish I had someone to wank me off."

Greg was new to the school. He joined at the beginning of the school year, having recently moved to Cockaigne. He made friends with The Twins, and although he sometimes felt like a third wheel, they were good friends.

The Twins were a curiosity for the students in their class. When they started secondary school, everyone got them mixed up, even the teachers. Even now, four years later, only a select few could tell them apart, and fortunately for The Twins, none of the teachers could. They liked to tease the teachers by answering to the wrong name and then to the correct name. It infuriated the teachers and often got The Twins into trouble.

The Twins enjoyed showing off their bodies and loved the attention they got. When they were eleven and showered after gym class with their classmates,

some boys watched them intently, wondering how identical they were. Now, at fifteen, they still weren't ashamed to walk around the locker room naked, but the other boys no longer looked. That was until Greg joined the class. The Twins had a fresh face to tease, and Greg was as fascinated with the identical twins as the rest of the class were four years ago.

Every time the bell rang to indicate it was lunchtime, The Twins disappeared into the school toilets and locked themselves into a stall. They would whip out their cocks, which would instantly become hard and frantically wank each other until they came while Greg kept their places in the lunch queue. Greg suspected what they were doing but never asked them.

Today, The Twins had a glint in their eyes as the final bell of the day rang.

"Is there anybody back at your place?" Jamie asked Greg.

"Nope, Mum will be at work until about seven. Dad gets back about six." Greg furrowed his brow, "Why?"

"Owen will be at ours," Gavin said, "It's his last day of college, so he'll be hanging around from now on until he fucks off to university. We can't have any fun when he's around these days. He's been a miserable git since he broke up with his girlfriend."

"Does that mean you'll finally get your own beds?" Greg asked.

"No fucking way!" The Twins said in unison.

"We like sleeping in the same bed. I'm not having him leave me. It would feel too weird." Gavin said, wrapping his arm around his brother's waist.

"For both of us." Jamie agreed.

"You two have to be apart sometimes." Greg pondered.

"Sometimes. Usually, when he wants a dump, otherwise, we do everything together." Gavin laughed.

"I'm surprised you haven't got two toilets next to each other so you can both have a dump at the same time." Greg laughed. "Anyway, what are we going to do when we get to my place?"

The Twins looked at each other and giggled.

"We thought we'd give you something you wanted." Jamie grinned.

"Uh!" Greg looked confused.

The Twins kept their secret until they were alone in Greg's bedroom. They sat on Greg's single bed and grinned at him.

"Take off your clothes." They said in unison.

"What? Fuck off!" The boy was confused. "Why?"

"We've decided to give you what you want," Jamie said.

"You said no one had ever tossed you off." Gavin continued.

"We agreed that we'd do it for you," Jamie said.

Greg blushed, his cheeks almost matching his vivid ginger hair. When he was shooting his mouth off this morning, he'd never expected The Twins to do anything. He'd not asked them to.

"Don't you want us to?" Jamie asked.

"It's not gay if that's bothering you. But we think you wouldn't have an issue with guys touching you."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Greg protested at the suggestion he was gay.

"Well, you've never asked a girl out, and we've noticed you checking out the boys in the shower after Gym." Gavin smiled, "Especially us. We are expert cock watchers and know another one when we see one."

Greg still seemed reluctant.

"Come on, Greg. We've seen you naked before, so there's no need to be shy." Gavin encouraged their friend.

"We even love your ginger pubes. They look so much cooler than our light brown ones." Jamie added.

The Twins stood up and started to undress.

"What're you doing?" Greg was still blushing.

"Well, we're not wasting this time. We're going to have a wank even if you're not. You can watch us if you like. But we'd much rather wank your cock." Gavin started to undress.

"We're desperate to see how big it is when hard." Jamie smiled as he took off his school tie and unbuttoned his shirt to reveal his pale, smooth chest.

Greg watched as The Twins undressed, and he felt the pressure of his hardening cock that was trapped inside his school trousers.

They now stood wearing only their white briefs. Greg stared at the tents their hard cocks caused. The Twins reached over and squeezed each other's cock through their underwear. Both boys shuddered at the touch.

"Not joining us, Greg?" They turned to look at their friend, but his eyes were glued to The Twins' crotches.

The Twins pulled down their briefs and let their hard cocks sway free. Greg could see their identical cocks, their foreskin pulled back slightly, and their moist knobs shining. Greg instinctively licked his lips.

Greg slowly stripped, The Twins watching intently. They wanted him to hurry as they wanted to see his hard cock. They were not disappointed when Greg finally pulled down his boxer briefs to reveal his hard six inches with a golden halo of ginger pubes.

Jamie immediately reached over and grabbed it. He stroked it slowly and seductively, eliciting pleasurable sounds from their friend. Gavin reached over and grabbed his brother's cock, and started wanking him. Greg groaned when he saw Gavins's fingers wrap around his brother's cock, and Jamie felt Greg's cock lurch.

"Not going to blow, I hope," Jamie said. "Why don't you help my brother out? You're the only one without a cock in his hand."

Gavin wagged his hips towards Greg, his hard cock leaking and spits of precum flying and hitting Greg's leg.

Greg wanted this. He'd wanted this for months. But now confronted with The Twins naked bodies and hard cocks. He was like a rabbit in the headlights.

Gavin took Greg by the wrist and pulled his hand to his cock. Greg opened his fist and wrapped his fingers around Gavin's cock. Gavin moaned. "That feels fucking fantastic." He gasped as Greg slowly wanked him.

Jamie felt Greg's cock throb and lurch. He knew his friend was about to cum and pointed his cock towards him. Greg's cock erupted and shot cum onto Jamie's belly. Another shot didn't quite make it and landed on his carpet. The remainder spewed out and covered Jamie's hand. Greg thrust his hips forward into Jamie's fist, and his cock released a final ribbon of cum. Jamie squeezed Greg's cock and slid his hand along the length, collecting as much cum onto his fingers.

When he came, Greg released Gavin's cock and closed his eyes. It was the first time someone had touched him and made him cum. It may have only been a wank, but it felt more intense than when he wanked himself. He now needed to recover, so he bent his knees slightly and pressed his hands onto his thighs to support his body.

"Oh, fuck!" Gavin gasped as he saw his friend bent forward, his pale arse pushed out. Gavin grabbed his cock and stroked himself as he stroked Greg's back and his pert buttocks. He risked going further and poked a finger between Greg's buttocks and tickled his tight hole.

Gavin giggled as Greg shot up straight in shock.

Jamie reached over and smeared Greg's cum on his brother's cock and then the remnants on his cock. "Your turn, Greg," Jamie told their friend. "We made you cum. Now you need to make us cum. We don't care how; you can wank us or suck us. We don't mind which." The Twins giggled, they knew there was no chance Greg would suck them off, but they enjoyed teasing him.

"Can I do you one at a time?" Greg tentatively asked.

"Me first!" Jamie was excited. "I made him cum, so I should be the first."

"Let's let Greg decide," Gavin said, smiling at their friend.

"I'll do Gavin first." Greg said, "But could you lie on my bed? I'd find it easier if I'm on my knees."

The Twins giggled.

"That's not what I meant!" Greg protested, "I'm just wanking you both off."

Gavin lay on the bed, and Greg knelt on the floor. Greg looked at his naked body and the hard cock that pointed to the ceiling. It was wet, covered in Greg's cum. He reached out and grabbed the slippery skin. Gavin gasped as Greg slowly stroked his cock.

Jamie watched as Greg pleased his brother, "Play with his balls. He loves that."

Greg took direction and felt Gavin's smooth balls. They were loose in their sac and rolled around Greg's fingers. Gavin pushed his hips upwards, raising them from the mattress.

"I think he's enjoying it." Jamie giggled. "He'd enjoy it more if you put his cock between your lips."

Greg shot Jamie a dirty look and kept wanking Gavin.

"That feels so fucking good." Gavin gasped. "I'm nearly there, Greg. You have smooth fingers."

Jamie slowly wanked his cock as he watched his brother being brought to orgasm by their friend. He watched him screw up his face as his cock erupted and shot cock up his torso, landing on his chest and belly.

"My turn!" Jamie was giddy and pulled his brother off the bed. He lay down and waited for Greg to grab his hard cock.

Gavin stood over them and watched. "He likes it if you grab his balls and squeeze really tight, crushing them in your hands and making his eyes water."

"Fuck off!" Jamie laughed. He knew his brother was teasing.

Greg ignored The Twins' banter and concentrated on wanking Jamie. His cock had gone hard again, and he released Jamie's balls and started to wank his cock in time as he wanked Jamie's cock.

Gavin was also hard again. He knelt next to Greg, watching his hand as he stroked his brother's cock.

He reached behind Greg and stoked his arse. He loved how smooth and warm it felt. He teased a finger between his cheeks again. This time, Greg didn't flinch. He touched his tight hole again and tickled it. Greg groaned and thrust his hips forward.

Jamie stroked Greg's tight hole. He wanted to press harder, but his finger was dry, and he didn't want to force his way inside.

Greg began to enjoy Gavin touching his most intimate part. His hand thrashed his cock as he groaned. His other hand thrashed Jamie's cock.

"Fuck, Greg." Jamie moaned, "I'm going to cum."

Greg kept thrashing the boy's cock as it throbbed. His cum flew in all directions, landing on the wall and the bodies of all three boys.

Gavin felt Greg's hole pulsate as he came. Greg shot his cum onto Jamie. Gavin was next. He twisted and pointed his cock towards Greg and sprayed him with cum.

Greg's bedroom now stank of cum.

Gavin pulled Greg towards him and placed a gentle kiss on his lips. Greg opened his mouth, and their tongues touched. It sent a shiver down Greg's spine

and caused his cock to lurch, and a small drop of cum oozed from his softening cock.

Owen

Owen had a spring in his step as he walked to college. He had to hand in his final essay, and then all he had to do was wait for his final results. In the autumn, he would be off to university. He couldn't wait to go. He was desperate to leave the family home and the cramped bedroom he shared with his four brothers.

The Twins were permanently horny and seemed to be wanking constantly in the room, especially at night and in the mornings. Nick and Charlie, his older brothers, always teased him about his lack of girlfriends. He was tired of being accused of being a virgin. But it was true. It was a source of disappointment for him, eighteen years old and still a virgin. It's not because he hasn't tried, but because all his girlfriends weren't ready, and he wasn't the person to pressure them. His most recent girlfriend had split up with him when he told her that he was going away to university. She had decided to get a job and wanted to move on with her life. Dating a student felt too much like dating a schoolboy. Owen was going to the local university, but he had to move into the halls of residence despite living only a few miles away. But Owen didn't mind. He would either be assigned his own room or share it with only one other boy. Even sharing with one boy seemed like a luxury compared with sharing with his four brothers. He tried to plead with her that they could make it work, but she dismissed all his suggestions. Within a week, he saw her on a date with one of the other guys in his class. It made him feel sick and used.

The college was quiet when Owen arrived. Most students were in lessons, and those few milling about either had a free period or were like Owen, only there to hand in some final coursework.

He walked down the corridor to Ms Campbell's classroom. He peered through the small glass panel on the door. She was alone, so he knocked on her door and went in.

"Morning, Miss." Owen smiled and approached her.

She was sitting behind a large wooden desk in front of the neatly arranged desks and chairs the students sat at. Ms Campbell was a young teacher in her early thirties with long dark hair and a naturally sultry look. Owen thought she

was sexy but didn't go as far as his friends in talking about her and wished she would accept favours for good grades.

"Hello, Owen. How are you?" She asked.

"Good, Miss." He handed her a large envelope containing his final essay. "Just dropping off my final essay."

"I hope it's as good as your others, Owen." She smiled at her student.

"I did my best, Miss." Owen didn't want her to think he didn't apply himself.

She chuckled, "I know, Owen. Your work has always been one of the best. And I have no doubt you will get the grades to go to university."

"I hope so." Owen shuffled nervously.

"Owen. You are one of my best students. You have the talent. The future is ahead of you, and you can decide what that future is. You have a natural ability with history, and I do not doubt you will excel at university."

"Thanks, Miss." Owen blushed at the compliments.

"So, what do you have planned over the summer? I expect you and Joelly will enjoy some free time together." She knew that he was going out with Joelly, his girlfriend.

"We broke up." Owen looked at his feet. "She doesn't want a relationship with a student and called me schoolboy."

"Oh, I am sorry, Owen. She was here about ten minutes ago and never said anything."

Owen had fallen for Joelly, but the feelings weren't mutual.

"She was here with Drew." She stopped talking as she could see it was upsetting Owen. "I know it's easy for me to say, but you need to move on. When you go to university, you will meet a lot more young women. So many people find their first husband or wife at university. So just go and have fun. Meet new people, experience new things." She smiled at Owen. "I met my husband at university, and we've been married for eight years now."

"I didn't know you were married, Miss." Owen was surprised.

"I may be a teacher, but I have a life outside the classroom." She smiled at Owen.

"Sorry, Miss." Owen sounded apologetic.

Ms Cambell laughed. She stood and reached out and placed her hand on his arm. "Let me give you some advice, Owen." He raised his head to look at her. "Stop apologising. Have the confidence to be who you want to be. You are an intelligent young man. You've lost some confidence since you've been going out with Joelly. If I've noticed, others have. It didn't affect your college work, so I didn't feel it was my place to say anything. But don't let other people change you. You are a handsome young man; the perfect woman is out there for you."

Owen blushed. "Thanks, Miss."

"Take what time you need to get over Joelly before going to university. Make a fresh start."

"I will, Miss. I am really looking forward to going and getting away from all my brothers and finally having some space of my own."

"You'll love it for the first few weeks, but I guarantee you'll miss them."

"I think you're right." Owen laughed. "The Twins are a pain but quite funny."

"I forgot about them." She sighed, "I think I've got them next year." She smiled, "Any ideas on how to deal with them? How to tell them apart would help."

"I've lived with them all their life. I just seem to know." Owen said.

"I'll manage. If one is naughty, I'll punish them both." Ms Campbell chuckled.

"I'll tell them that. It may work. But I doubt it. They just don't seem to stop messing around."

"Well, good luck, Owen. I wish you the best and hope you enjoy all that university has to offer. And perhaps find that special someone."

"Thanks, Miss. I enjoyed your classes and all the help you gave me. I appreciate it."

"You're worth it, Owen. Don't ever forget that."

Owen blushed again and smiled at his teacher. "Thanks, Miss. Bye."

Owen left and closed the door behind him. He took a deep breath. He had nothing to do for the rest of the day, and this would be the last time he had to come to college. He decided to take one last look around and went outside.

Owen found himself at the place where he'd asked out Joelly. He'd felt elated when she agreed. It was also the place where they shared their first kiss. Owen grew hard as he reminisced. His bulge was becoming prominent, and he didn't want others to see it. Owen made his way to the back of the science block, where

he and Joelly had their first full-on snog. As he turned the corner, he stopped dead in his tracks.

Drew leaned back against the red brick, his jeans around his ankles and his tee shirt lifted to reveal his firm, flat stomach. Joelly was on her knees with Drew's hard cock between her lips. She was sucking his cock, and it looked like she was enjoying it, so did Drew. He had his eyes closed as he took pleasure in her tongue, rubbing the underside of his cock.

Owen was shocked to see his ex-girlfriend blowing his friend. She had never done that to him, so why would she do it for Drew? Owen could feel his cock straining against his jeans. He watched her red lips move up and down his shaft. Drew's cock slid easily into her mouth, her throat gripping him, and gentle moans floated over to Owen. They hadn't seen him standing and watching. His eyes were wide, shocked, and starting to water. His body split in two, his head filled with pain as he felt his ex-girlfriend was betraying him, but below the waist, his cock was rigid and throbbed. Owen was unaware of his cock as his eyes dripped tears onto his cheek while his cock oozed precum into his briefs.

He watched as Joelly released Drew's cock. She held it up while sucking in one of his balls. Drew thrust his hips forward. Joelly's hand stroked his slimy cock as her tongue tickled his testicles. Owen was focusing on Drew's cock. The foreskin getting pulled down, and his red and angry knob emerging. Drew bucked his hips, raised his hands and grabbed his head. He thrust his hips again, and his cock erupted. Cum flew upwards and landed in Joelly's hair. After his first powerful spurt, the rest leaked out and dribbled down Joelly's hand.

Owen wiped away a tear and wondered why she would never do that to him. He looked down and realised his cock was hard. Then he felt the dampness on his skin. He had cum in his briefs.

Owen sneaked away and walked home, his head lowered, looking at the pavement. His grief gradually turned to anger. Joelly was a bitch! She fucking teased him and dumped him for Drew. He would have let her suck him off. Drew's cock wasn't much bigger than his. What did that boy have that he didn't? All these thoughts rolled around his head, his face tensing up and falling as another tear emerged. Bitch! He screamed in his thoughts. But he couldn't keep

that hate and anger in him long. He wasn't the sort of person who could hate for long; Owen wasn't a hateful person.

When Owen got home, he went to his bedroom. The house was quiet; no one was home. It felt strange to be in his bedroom alone. He looked at the bed The Twins slept in and imagined them lying naked and wanking, like they did so many times. How could Owen be so different to them? He was uptight and frigid, and they were carefree and promiscuous.

Owen pulled off his tee shirt and felt his nipples harden as the cool air brushed over them. He tweaked his left nipple and felt his cock leak another drop of his spent spunk into his briefs. He thought of Drew and Joelly again; her lips on his cock must have felt so good. Owen sat on The Twin's bed and kicked off his trainers. His crotch felt sticky, and he needed a shower. He pulled off his socks and unbuttoned his jeans as he stood up. They fell to his feet, and Owen looked down at his damp crotch. He squeezed his bulge and felt his cum squelch onto his hand. His cock was lengthening and firming up. Owen pushed down his briefs; they dropped past his knees to join his crumpled jeans at his feet. He pried his hardening cock from his balls; the drying spunk had glued his skin together.

Owen stroked his cock; he was now rigid and groaned. He kicked the pile of clothes from his feet and flopped onto The Twin's bed. Owen was too eager to pump out another load of spunk to waste time climbing to his top bunk, besides The Twins wanked so much on their bed that they wouldn't notice if he added another load. Owen frantically wanked his cock, the image of Joelly with her lips wrapped around Drew's cock in his head. He squeezed his eyelids tight and changed the image; it was now Joelly with her lips around his cock. Owen groaned. He wished it had actually happened. The image of Owen dissolved back into Drew, the cock in Joelly's mouth becoming bigger and longer. Owen groaned and moaned, his hand a blur on his shaft. The image changed again, Joelly dissolved, and different lips were now on Drew's cock. Owen grunted when he saw his face. He was on his knees, sucking Drew's cock. He felt a jolt from his balls that made his sticky cock throb in his fingers.

The image of Drew grunted, and his cock lurched between Owen's lips. He imagined his cock spewing cum into his mouth and down his throat. Owen

groaned as his imagination went wild, and he choked on the imagined cum. At the same time, Owen's cock erupted, and he shot cum over his chest and belly.

Owen relaxed and panted to catch his breath. The exertion had taken it out of him, and he released his sticky cock and let his cummy hand rest on The Twin's duvet. Owen kept his eyes closed as the thought of Drew cumming down his throat went through his mind on a loop.

Charlie & Nick

Nick was a senior assistant at the sports shop and was responsible for opening the shop in the mornings. The shop was never busy that early, but the first task was to restock and tidy the shelves.

Charlie stood back as Nick raised the shutters and unlocked the door. Nick locked the door again once they were inside while Charlie turned on the lights. The brothers got to work and busied themselves. It wasn't until they had each sorted their designated areas and met each other at the tills to unlock them that they talked to each other.

"That didn't take as long as usual," Nick commented.

"If only every morning were like this, I could have another half hour in bed." Charlie yawned, covering his gaping mouth with his hand.

"You might get a chance to have a morning wank." Nick laughed, grabbed his brother's bulge through his shorts, squeezed and let go.

"Fuck off." Charlie batted his hand away.

"We have time before we open, whip it out and beat it."

Charlie looked at the glass doors. "Better not, we have a customer waiting. I know we don't open for another twenty minutes, but he looks desperate."

Nick looked over at the young man peering through the glass doors. He looked at the brothers, his eyes pleading with them to let him in. The young man had a rucksack over one shoulder and was wearing a University of Cockaigne tracksuit. He looked like a fresher.

"Go and let him in!" Nick told Charlie, "I don't want him standing there watching us for twenty minutes. I feel like a goldfish in a bowl."

Charlie unlocked the door and let the young man inside.

"Thanks, I didn't know you were open yet. I need a new pair of rugby boots. I'm due on the coach in two hours for a friendly match in Suddene."

"I didn't think there was such a thing as a friendly rugby match." Nick laughed.

The young man smiled, "Not with Suddene, there isn't. We intend to murder them. We lost last year and can't let that happen again."

"Give 'em hell, mate." Charlie grinned, "Let's see what we've got." Charlie led the young man to the footwear section. "What size are you?"

Nick looked at the bulge in the man's crotch. "Seven inches is my guess."

The young man smiled at Nick. "Not bad, but you underestimate me. Just over eight hard and dripping inches." He looked at Charlie, "And size 10."

Charlie looked at his feet; they looked big. He glanced at the man's crotch and noticed it was growing. "Why the urgency? What happened to your others?"

Charlie made smalltalk.

"The stitching has rotted away. After the last match, I forgot about them. I found them in my sports bag. They were damp, and now they're falling apart."

"Well, we'll get you sorted so you can beat Suddene." Charlie looked at Nick, "Can you get what we have in size ten."

"By your command, Charlie." Nick grinned as he stood to attention and went behind the scenes to get the boots.

"I'm Jeremy, by the way." The young man smiled at Charlie, who was at his feet, unlacing his trainers to take them off.

"Charlie." He smiled at him, "That idiot is my older brother, Nick." As Charlie pulled off Jeremy's trainers, he could smell his clean socks. They were white cotton and relatively thin. "Do you want me to find some rugby socks for you so you can get a better feel for the fit of the boots?"

"No need." Jeremy grabbed his rucksack and pulled out his balled-up rugby socks. He dropped them for Charlie to catch.

Charlie removed Jeremy's white socks and tried to pull on his rugby socks. He struggled because of his tracksuit pants. He tried to push them up his legs but couldn't manage it.

"Would it be easier if I took my tracksuit off?"

Charlie looked up at the young man. Their eyes met, and something unspoken was in the stare.

Jeremy stood up and pulled off his tracksuit top. Underneath, he wore a tight tee shirt that showed his defined body. His pecs were pronounced, and his nipples protruded. Charlie crouched at his feet and watched as he lowered his tracksuit trousers. Jeremy was wearing a jockstrap, and Charlie noticed the pouch was stretched, a small wet patch highlighted where his knob pressed against the fabric. Could he detect that wet patch growing? He thought he could.

Charlie's face was now looking at the young man's crotch. His stare was disturbed.

"I've got a couple of styles for you to try." Nick returned and didn't acknowledge the erotic vignette his brother and Jeremy had created. "Good idea, Charlie. He should wear his rugby socks to try them on."

Charlie shook his head. Jeremy sat back down as Charlie put on the thick rugby socks.

Nick took out two boots to show Jeremy the styles. "Which ones do you want to try first?"

"Which is cheaper?" Jeremy asked.

"These." Nick held out the plain black boot. "The other is branded, but there's no real difference in quality. We are selling a lot of black ones. They are very popular."

"Well, let's see how they fit."

Nick passed the boots to Charlie, who put them on Jeremy's feet.

"Does everyone get such a personal service?" He asked.

"Only when we aren't busy," Charlie said.

"And only when Charlie fancies the customer."

"Nick!" Charlie blushed at his brother's comment. "You're embarrassing Jeremy!"

"No, I'm embarrassing you." Nick looked at Jeremy, "He's not had a shag for months."

"Pack it in, Nick." Charlie got to his feet and squared up to his brother. "You know my ex-girlfriend dumped me a few months ago, so don't rub it in. Just because you fuck your bird nearly every night doesn't mean we are all looking for a quick fuck."

"Calm down, Charlie. I was only joking." Nick approached Jeremy and whispered in his ear, "I think I touched a nerve." Thankfully, Charlie didn't hear him.

"How do they feel?" Charlie asked, looking at the freshly laced boots on his feet.

"Good."

"Run around the store. Make sure they aren't loose or pinching anywhere."

Charlie and Nick watched as Jeremy jogged between the racks of tracksuits, jackets, swimsuits and coats. They weren't looking at his feet, but his arse as it jiggled as he ran. Charlie felt his cock harden as he looked at Jeremy's crack. He would have liked to push his cock between those cheeks and impale the young man. As Jeremy ran back to them, they watched as the pouch of his jockstrap swayed from side to side. Charlie thought his cock had shrunk slightly, but there was still that tell-tale wet spot where his knob rested.

Nick noticed Charlie's tented shorts. He went over to his brother and pulled them down. Charlie didn't flinch as his jock-covered crotch was exposed. Nick then pulled off his brother's polo shirt.

Jeremy went over to Charlie and kissed him. His hand rubbed Charlie's crotch and felt the dampness caused by his leaking cock. "I want to fuck you," Jeremy said.

Charlie gasped and leant over a rack of trainers, pointing his exposed arse at Jeremy. Nick stood back and watched.

Jeremy knelt between Charlie's legs and pulled his cheeks apart. He saw his pink pucker and delved in with his tongue. Jeremy licked and probed Charlie's arse, eliciting groans from him. He stabbed his tongue and forced it inside. Charlie shuddered as he was penetrated. Jeremy licked inside Charlie; it tasted bitter but clean. His tongue went as deep as it could go, but Charlie groaned in frustration; he wanted Jeremy to go deeper. He licked his finger and thrust it inside Charlie. The groan coming from his lips was now a groan of satisfaction. A second finger was added. Jeremy was stretching Charlie's hole.

Nick was feeling left out. He didn't want to watch them as he stroked his cock. He got behind Jeremy and started licking his hole. It was no different to licking out his girlfriend. He enjoyed licking and tasting the other person. But licking was not the goal. Nick grabbed the waistband of Jeremy's jockstrap and pulled it to his knees. His face went back between Jeremy's cheeks and ate his hole again. His hand reached around and grabbed Jeremy's cock. He stroked as he licked. Nick pulled back and took in a deep breath.

He raised himself and nibbled on Jeremy's ear. "I want to see you fuck my brother," Nick whispered.

Jeremy groaned, and Nick could feel his cock lurch in his hand.

Nick and Jeremy stood up. Jeremy held his hard, wet cock. Nick reached for his brother's cheeks and pulled them apart.

Jeremy pushed forward, his cock touching Charlie's hole. The mere touch made Charlie groan in anticipation.

"Bullseye." Nick smiled.

Jeremy pushed, and his cock slipped inside Charlie, who growled as his arse was filled.

"Oh, fuck!" Charlie groaned as he relished the feeling of a cock in the arse again.

Nick watched as Jeremy slowly fucked his brother. Jeremy's arse was enticing him, his buttocks squeezing tight as he plunged forward into his brother and relax, becoming fleshy, as he pulled back. Nick pulled down his shorts and jockstrap and stood behind Jeremy. He held his stiff cock and inched forward. His cock pushed between Jeremy's buttocks. Jeremy didn't object, and Nick pushed hard.

All three men were motionless as Jeremy grunted and tried to relax his hole to ease the pain of penetration. Nick reached around and rubbed his brother's jock-covered crotch. It was damp, and he could feel his brother's hard cock. He gripped the shaft and squeezed. Charlie moaned.

"Keep fucking me!" Charlie pleaded to Jeremy.

Nick released his brother's covered cock and thrust into Jeremy. It took some time until they found their rhythm and started to moan and groan. Nick had no idea his brother was a noisy fucker, or in this case a noisy fuckee. He was grunting and groaning as he pleaded for Jeremy to go harder.

"Harder!" Charlie begged. "Go deeper! Shit! My cock is burning up."

Jeremy forced his cock as deep within Charlie as he could. He thrust hard, nearly unbalancing the three men. "It's as deep as I go." He gasped and felt Charlie's arse clench and grip his cock. "Fuck, Nick! Ease off, or I'll shoot inside your brother."

Charlie didn't want him to slow down. "Fuck me faster, Howard. Make me cum. My cock is nearly bursting, it hurts."

Nick's ears pricked up. You can't accidentally throw out your stepfather's name while being fucked. The idea of something between them made Nick's cock throb, and he pushed hard into Jeremy.

"I'm going to cum!" Nick gasped.

"Cum in me. I play better with an arse full of cum." Jeremy gulped. "Shit! I'm nearly there."

"Fuck!" Charlie called out. His cock exploded, and he came inside his jockstrap. His cum came thick and fast, oozing out of the fabric.

Charlie's orgasm set off a chain reaction. His arse throbbed around Jeremy's invading cock, teasing out his cum. Jeremy thrust and stayed deep inside Charlie as his cock throbbed and sprayed his insides with cum.

Jeremy's orgasm set off Nick, and he pumped his cum deep within the young man.

The three young men rested, leaning against each other, cocks and arses still connected as they came down from their orgasms.

Nick pulled out of Jeremy and pulled up his jockstrap and shorts. He stepped back and admired the scene of his well fucked brother and the young man with his wilting cock still inside him.

Jeremy pulled out of Charlie. He waddled over to his rucksack as he pulled up his jockstrap. He pulled out something else and showed it to Nick. It was a black rubber buttplug. He leant forward and pushed it in. "It'll be with your help if we win." He winked at Nick.

Charlie was recovering and wiped a finger along his crack, stopping to push it into his hole and scoop out some cum. He licked his finger.

"You looked shagged out!" Nick laughed at his dishevelled brother. "And you stink of cum. That jock must have soaked up loads of your cum. It's saturated."

Charlie looked down. His cock had shrunk, but his crotch was wet and sticky. He pulled them off and stood naked in front of his brother and Jeremy. "I'll borrow a fresh jock from the shop."

Jeremy grabbed a towel from his rucksack and threw it at Charlie. "Wipe yourself off with this. With your brother's cum up my arse and your cum on my towel, the shower after the game is going to be fun."

Charlie wiped his spunky cock and balls with Jeremy's towel and chucked it back at him.

"What about the boots?" Nick asked.

"Perfect. I'll take them. I might come back for more kit another day."

"We're here most weekday mornings."

Jeremy took off the boots, and the three young men dressed again. They took Jeremy to the tills and scanned in the boots.

"That's cheap," Jeremy commented when Nick told him the price.

"Staff discount." Nick winked at him.

"Thanks. And I can certainly recommend the service here." He chuckled, and Nick let him out.

It was only a few minutes until their official opening time, so he left the doors open. It wasn't for another hour before another customer came in. A young woman wanted a new football kit for her young son. Charlie helped the lady while Nick sat behind the till and dozed.

Back Home

Owen felt conflicted. He felt betrayed by his ex-girlfriend, Joelly, but aroused by her giving Drew a blow job. After cumming on The Twins' bed, Owen dressed again and went downstairs.

After making himself a sandwich, he sat and watched some television. He wasn't interested in the gameshow he watched, but one of the several contestants was young and looked similar to Drew.

Owen checked the time. The Twins wouldn't be back from school yet. He lay on the sofa and unbuttoned his jeans. He pulled them down to his knees and then pushed down his briefs to release his expanding cock. He grabbed his cock and started wanking. He looked at the screen when the young man appeared and looked away when the camera focused on another contestant. It wasn't long before he ignored the television and closed his eyes, the image of Drew ingrained on the inside of his eyelids. Owen grunted; the desire to suck his cock was overpowering, and his cock throbbed between his fingers.

Any guilt Owen felt was thrust to the back of his mind. Any confusion regarding feeling the need to suck another man's cock joined the guilt and was locked away while Owen pleasured himself.

Owen came and spurted his cum over his tee shirt; the last remaining cum dribbled down his fingers and wet his pubes and balls. Owen released a long breath, his fingers unfurled and released his softening cock, which flopped down and nestled in his pubes. Owen didn't open his eyes. He fell asleep.

Mid-afternoon, Nick and Charlie handed over to the second shift. They had an early start, which meant they would have an early finish. The shop had been surprisingly busy, and the brothers hadn't had the opportunity to talk about fucking the young man before they opened up.

Charlie laughed as they started walking home.

"That mother was so embarrassed when she asked about buying a jock strap for her son. I made her describe him and asked if she had seen him naked recently as I needed to know how big he was."

"You fucking sadist." Nick chuckled.

"She blushed and admitted that she hadn't seen him naked, but she had seen him in his underpants."

"So, how big was he?" Nick asked.

"She started to describe it. She told me it was the size of an orange, but you know they come in all sizes."

"Just like cocks," Nick interrupted.

"Exactly, so I pulled down my shorts and showed her my jock and asked if he was bigger or smaller. Her eyes couldn't tear themselves away from my jock, and after this morning, it was stained with cum. I grinned at her when I apologised for my cummy jock. I swear she licked her lips."

"How old was her boy?" Nick asked.

"Fourteen, I think. I just gave her the medium and said if they didn't fit right, bring her son in, and I would give him a proper fitting."

"I never knew you swung both ways. When did that happen?" Nick asked.

"Several years now. I've only ever dated girls, but in between, I would sometimes satisfy my urges with a man. They are so much easier to have sex with. If you are honest with them and make sure they know it's only sex you're after, there are no messy conversations."

Nick reached over and stroked Charlie's arse through his nylon shorts. "I never expected you to be the taking the cock, though." Nick pushed his hand beneath the waistband and stroked his brother's cheeks. He extended a finger and pushed it between Charlie's cheeks. "You're still sticky back there. Ready and lubed up."

"Fuck off, Nick." Charlie giggled as his brother tickled his arsehole.

When they got home, they found the television on low and playing to itself. Owen was asleep on the sofa, his jeans and briefs still at his knees.

"Doesn't our resident virgin look cute?" Nick quietly chuckled, not wanting to wake his brother.

"He's such a lazy bastard," Charlie looked at his brother's exposed cock. "It doesn't take much effort to pull up your jeans after you've shot your load." He looked closer at Owen's tee shirt. "His spunk is still wet on his tee shirt."

Nick leant over and scooped some cum onto his fingers. "It's cold."

Owen groaned and shifted. His cock flopped from one side to the other and slowly inflated.

"Looks like he's thinking about his sex again," Nick said and knelt in front of Owen. He used a single finger and ran it over Owen's exposed cock. He picked up a pearl of precum and smeared it down his cock.

Owen groaned and writhed, still asleep.

Charlie knelt by Owen's head, stroked his cheek, and brushed the hair from his forehead. "I need to feel you in me," Charlie whispered, trying to effect a feminine voice. "I should never have broken up with you."

Owen's brothers looked at his throbbing cock. Charlie licked his finger and ran it over Owen's lips.

"Lick me. Lick my cunt." The brothers struggled to stifle their laughs.

Nick continued to feather Owen's cock, never actually holding his cock and wanking him; he merely rubbed the underside of his cockhead as it throbbed and dripped precum. Charlie made a makeshift cunt with his fingers and felt the tip of Owen's tongue pressing against them.

"Fuck, Charlie, his cock feels like it's going wild. I think he's actually going to cum."

"He must be desperate. He really needs to lose his virginity, or he'll be walking around with a constant boner."

"Are you offering?" Nick teased Charlie, "I bet you'd love his cock up your arse."

"Don't be a pervert." Charlie frowned, "Just because I've taken a cock or two..."

"You've taken a Cockatoo! Now that is perverted, Charlie, shoving a bird up your arse." Nick stifled his chuckles so he didn't wake Owen.

"Hilarious, Nick. Just because I've been fucked, doesn't mean I'll take any cock."

"Poor Owen. Look at that sweet, dripping cock. Are you seriously telling me you wouldn't like that cock up your arse?"

"Fuck off, Nick." Charlie pulled away and pouted at being teased. Only Nick continued to play with his brother's body.

Owen groaned, and they thought they heard him say something.

"Did you hear that? Nick asked. "What did it sound like?"

"I heard him moan. It almost sounded like 'due'. It was probably just some random moan."

Owen gasped, "Oh, Drew?" He said clearly.

"Who the fuck is Drew?" Nick whispered.

"It's definitely not a girl's name. A boy in his class, perhaps."

"It could be a girl. Drew is also a girl's name. Look at Drew Barrymore." Nick said.

"Not many girls are called Drew in the UK," Charlie stated.

Nick chuckled, "Well, that's another brother who's fallen for cock." Owen writhed as Nick continued to feather the underside of his cock. "He's about to cum." Nick told Charlie, who looked at his sleeping brother's cock.

Owen gasped, calling out Drew's name again. His brothers watched his cock lurch and flail as cum spurted from it. Cum flew everywhere, landing on Owen's tee shirt as well as catching Nick on the cheek and Charlie on the arm.

"Oh, fuck." Owen gasped as he woke. He opened his eyes and saw his brothers looming over him. "Oh, fuck!" He sat up and scrambled to pull up his jeans without taking his briefs with them. They got stuck. Owen swung his legs off the sofa and tried again. He grabbed his jeans and briefs and yanked them up as he stood up. Owen stumbled but managed to cover up himself.

His brothers laughed at his embarrassment.

"Fuck off." Owen was angry at his brothers.

Nick pushed Owen, so he fell back onto the sofa. His hand smeared the cum on Owen's tee shirt.

"Fuck!" Nick grimaced and wiped his cummy hand on a clean part of Owen's tee shirt. "First things first. Who's Drew?"

"Drew, who?" Owen played dumb.

"Don't play games, Owen. You called out his name when you came. In fact, you said his name several times as your cock throbbed in my fingers."

"Did you make me cum?" Owen was startled.

"Don't change the subject. Who's Drew? Is he your boyfriend? A crush? You can't scream his name when you cum if he means nothing to you." Nick grinned down at Owen.

“He’s Joel’s new boyfriend. Okay!” Owen yelled at Nick, unhappy at being forced to explain. “I saw them together today. She was sucking him off.” Owen looked down at his feet.

Charlie sat beside Owen on the sofa, putting his arm over his shoulders. “I’m sorry, Owen. She did give you one, didn’t she?” Owen shook his head, “It must have really hurt you.”

“It’s not that I didn’t want to. She would never engage in any intimate touching with me. And then I saw Drew with his jeans around his ankles and his cock in her mouth.”

Nick tried to console his brother. “But why did you think about Drew when you came and not Joel?”

“I don’t fucking know.” Owen stood up, brushing Charlie’s arm from his shoulders. “I need to clean up.” He rushed to the stairs and ran up them, crashing into his bedroom.

“What the fuck!” He saw The Twins lying on their bed, naked and sucking each others cock.

The Twins didn’t acknowledge his presence and carried on sucking the cock in their mouth. The sounds of enjoyment tormented him.

Owen ran to the bathroom and stripped. He got in the shower, hoping the water would wash away his frustrations.

Nick and Charlie wondered what the commotion was and went to investigate. They also found The Twins engaged in a sixty-nine, sucking on each other’s cocks.

Nick grinned. “So they finally worked out that their brother’s cock is identical to their own. I’m surprised it took them so long.”

“No wonder Owen got so upset. Everyone has had a blow job except him. We must do something about that.”

“Are you offering? Charlie laughed.

“Fuck off, Charlie. That’s more your thing. If you’ve taken a cock up your arse, I’m betting you’ve had one between those sweet lips of yours.”

Charlie grinned at Nick. “I didn’t realise they were home yet. I wonder how long they will last.”

As if his words triggered the end, The Twins groaned, and the sloppy sounds they made became louder.

"They're about to cum." Charlie nudged Nick.

"Well, they had better swallow. You know what Howard said about leaving cum stains."

Charlie chuckled. "I bet what they're doing now feels better than wanking in your old socks."

"Do you think this is their first time?" Nick wondered.

"Well, we've never seen them do it before, and they're not exactly discreet when they wank." Charlie said. "Do you think they fuck?"

"I don't think so, but I bet they will be within the year," Nick suggested.

"Perhaps you could give them some pointers, means though I've just found out you're no stranger to being fucked."

"Fuck off, Nick. Don't knock it until you've tried it." Charlie looked at The Twins; their sloppy noises and groaning became louder. "They're cumming."

The brothers looked at The Twins as they came in each other's mouths. They slurped down the cum and licked their brother's cock clean.

"Your cum tastes just like mine." One Twin said to the other. Nick and Charlie couldn't tell them apart in their current positions.

"It doesn't, doesn't it." The other Twin replied.

"No shit!" Nick interrupted them, "You eat the same, you drink the same, and you do everything together, no wonder your cum tastes the same!"

The Twins twisted their bodies and sat up. "Fuck off, Nick!" Gavin said.

"I hope you enjoyed the show, you perverts," Jamie told his brothers.

"We didn't know you were home." Charlie made a feeble excuse.

Gavin reached under his pillow and threw his cum sock at Nick. "You can take this back. We won't be needing it now. I don't intend to let Jamie spill any of his seed anywhere but my throat."

"That was awesome," James said and hugged his twin brother. "Don't you dare cum anywhere else but my mouth either." He also threw his dried and crusty cum sock at Nick.

"Well, the only place these are going is the bin." Nick held his old socks up, "Come on, Charlie. Let's leave these perverts alone."

Nick and Charlie left and went downstairs. At the same time, Owen came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist.

Owen scowled at the naked Twins as he entered his bedroom. He quickly dressed and became frustrated. He wanted to be alone, away from his brothers. He couldn't stay in his bedroom with The Twins staying naked, and he couldn't go downstairs where his older brothers were, and the merciless teasing would continue.

He had to go out, at least until Howard came home.

Owen slammed the door but had nowhere to go.

Howard & Charlie

Howard gently opened the boys' bedroom door and watched Charlie as he slept on the bottom bunk. He was the only one in the room. Nick had been called to work to cover a shift, and The Twins were out with their friend Greg. Owen, well, no one knew where he was, but all Howard cared about was that he was also out of the house.

Charlie groaned and fidgeted in his sleep. Howard approached the side of his bed and crouched. He brushed Charlie's fringe from his face and stroked his hair. Charlie seemed to react to the touch.

Howard slid his other hand beneath Charlie's duvet and ran his fingers up his leg. He could feel the hairs as they became more dense the closer he got to his crotch. Charlie slept in briefs, and Howard cupped his balls through the fabric. Charlie's cock was hard and pressed against his hip. Howard released Charlie's balls and rubbed the outline of his cock through his briefs. Charlie groaned and squirmed as he gradually woke. Howard saw his eyes flutter and leant down and kissed his stepson. Charlie's jaw slacked, and Howard was allowed to push his tongue inside his mouth. Both men now groaned, and Howard pushed his hand down Charlie's briefs and gripped his hard and clammy cock.

"Come to my bedroom," Howard said as their lips separated. He pulled back Charlie's duvet to expose his body. Howard shuddered. He wanted that body; he wanted to feel his hard muscles beneath the taut skin. He wanted to feel Charlie's cock between his lips, and he wanted to bend him over and lap at his hole, to push his tongue inside and prepare the young man for his cock.

"Where is everyone?" Charlie rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"Out. They are all out. I want you so bad, Charlie. Your mum has been away far too long. I need a release."

"You horny fucker." Charlie said as he sleepily got out of bed and followed his stepdad into his bedroom.

Howard pulled off his shirt and unbuttoned his slacks as they entered the master bedroom. They fell to his feet, and he kicked them off.

Charlie grabbed his shoulder and turned him around. He lunged forward, pressing his mouth to his and grabbing the hard bulge in his briefs. Their tongues

played with each other, and their hands played down below, pushing the other's briefs down to expose two very hard cocks.

Charlie dropped to his knees and breathed in Howard's cock. This was no leisurely and sensuous blow job. This was lust.

"Of fuck, Charlie. You suck much better than your mum." Howard groaned as he thrust his hips forward, trying to get more of his cock into his stepson's mouth.

He held Charlie's head, guiding it as he slurped on his cock. It wasn't long before Howard felt his balls ache, and he shot into his stepson's mouth.

Charlie swallowed and kept sucking, teasing more cum from his stepdad's cock and when drained, he licked the hard cock clean.

Howard didn't lose his erection. This was the first blast of what he hoped would be several. But he did need a little time before he could go again. Howard pulled Charlie off his cock and threw him on the bed. He pulled his legs apart and lay between them, his face in Charlie's crotch, sucking in one of his testicles as his hand stroked his cock, which leaked over his hand. Charlie groaned as his ball popped from Howard's lips, and he sucked in his other ball. Howard could feel Charlie's cock against his forehead as he sucked and soaked his balls. He could feel Charlie leak and smear cum in his hair.

Charlie thrust his hips upward. He needed something; he needed his stepdad's lips on his cock. Howard released the testicle from his mouth and slurped in Charlie's damp cock. He tasted the precum and swallowed. He could feel Charlie's cock throb against his lips as it pumped out its clear and sticky fluid.

"Make me cum, Daddy!" Charlie called out.

Being called 'Daddy' made his cock lurch and instantly recover from its recent orgasm.

Charlie grabbed Howard's head still and thrust his cock in and out of his mouth. It was frantic; Charlie was desperate to cum. He face fucked his stepdad and began to sweat.

Howard's vocalising was garbled, and Charlie spat out expletives. "Fuck!" He gasped, "Shit! Take it, Daddy." Howard gargled on Charlie's cock as it forced its way down his throat.

Howard wasn't going to be some passive participant. He pushed his hand beneath Charlie. He extended a finger and stroked Charlie's hole each time he pulled his cock from Howard's mouth. His arse was sweaty and sticky. Howard's finger effortlessly slipped inside.

Charlie squealed each time he felt the finger penetrate him. His cock throbs at the anticipation of something bigger replacing the finger. It sent him over the edge, and he flooded Howard's mouth.

Howard gagged on the cum but quickly got his throat under control and swallowed. He hated wasting a drop of his stepson's cum; he loved the taste, the viscosity as it coated his tongue.

Charlie collapsed, his muscles relaxing as he sunk into the mattress. Howard still held his cock between his lips, sucking the cum from his knob, not allowing a single drop to slip from between his lips. His finger was still inside Charlie's arse. He wiggled his finger, pressing his prostate and teasing out one last drop of cum.

Howard finally let Charlie's cock slip from his lips. It was slowly softening, and Howard caressed the damp, fleshy tube to prevent it from getting too soft. Beneath him, Howard's cock was aching. Howard pulled himself up Charlie's body, kissing his way until he reached his lips. They kissed, Howard pushing his tongue into his stepson's mouth. Charlie groaned into Howard's mouth, and they both began to grind their hips against each other. Spit was swapped between them as their tongues duelled, some dribbling onto their chins. The sound of slurping slopped around the bedroom. But beneath him, Howard's cock was feeling ignored; no amount of grinding against Charlie could satisfy it. But Howard knew the longer he made his cock wait, the better he would feel.

Saliva still connected their lips when Howard pulled away. Charlie's chin was soaked, and his face pleaded with Howard, he wanted to be fucked. Howard flipped Charlie over and kissed down his spine. He held onto his fleshy buttocks and smiled to himself as he slowly spread them, allowing his pink pucker to be revealed.

Howard blew on Charlie's wrinkled hole, causing him to giggle as it tickled. He giggled louder and writhed as Howard licked his hole. He lapped up the sweaty arse, enjoying the taste of musk. Charlie pushed his hips back, eager for his

stepdad to probe his hole. Howard prodded Charlie's hole, teasing him but not penetrating.

"Fucking hell!" Charlie screamed into the pillow, "Fuck me, Daddy!"

"Don't yell at me!" Howard slapped his stepson's fleshy arse. "I've brought you up better than that." He slapped his arse again.

Charlie groaned, "Sorry, Daddy. Please fuck me." He begged. Beneath him, his cock was now throbbing.

"That's better, but you've been a naughty boy." Howard slapped his stepson's arse again; harder this time, he left a red handprint on Charlie's pale buttock.

"Oh, Daddy. I said I'm sorry. Please don't spank me." Charlie said but was grinning into the pillow.

Howard kept slapping Charlie's arse. Both their cocks throbbed each time his hand hit his skin. Charlie was now groaning, his arse getting red and sore. They both liked to play this game. Charlie was never a bad boy, but he wanted to role-play he was.

"I'll be good, Daddy." Charlie pleaded. "I've learnt my lesson."

"I hope you won't be causing me more trouble. I don't want to have to tell your mother what a bad boy you've been while she's away."

"Please don't, Daddy. I'll do whatever you say."

Howard stopped slapping his stepson and started to rub his red cheeks.

"Anything?" He grinned at his stepson's naked body.

"Anything, Daddy. I promise."

"Okay, son." Howard smiled. "Now on your knees and pint your naughty arse at me."

Charlie leapt onto his knees. His legs were spread, and his hard cock and loose balls swung between his legs. He reached for his cock to tug it.

"Get your naughty hand off your naughty cock." Howard slapped Charlie's arse again.

"Sorry, Daddy."

Howard saw Charlie's balls swinging between his legs. They looked delicious. But he didn't want to taste them this time. Instead, he slapped them.

"Oomph!" Charlie was shocked as he felt the pain in his balls. His arms collapsed, and he grunted into the pillow, his arse still raised and pointing at his

stepdad. This was new. Howard had never abused his balls before. He wasn't sure that he liked it. But he did enjoy what happened next.

Howard caressed Charlie's loose balls, rolling them around his fingers and holding them in his palm. Charlie groaned; it felt so good, and his cock leaked.

"Is there anything you want to ask me?" Howard cooed.

"Yes, Daddy. I would like you to fuck me. Please, Daddy." Charlie begged.

"How do you want me to fuck you?"

"Hard, Daddy. I like it when you fuck me hard. Show me how much you love me."

Howard pulled Charlie's cheeks apart and spat at his pink pucker. It twitched in anticipation. Howard placed the tip of his cock against Charlie's hole, who groaned at the intimate touch.

Charlie braced himself. He knew what was coming, and his cock throbbed as he waited. He didn't know when Howard would do it, but it would happen eventually.

This time, Howard waited longer than usual. He needed to let his cock calm down a little so he would blow his load. But he was now ready and gripped Charlie's hips.

It took a brutal and violent thrust, and he pushed his cock deep into his stepson. Both men grunted as Charlie's arse swallowed Howard's entire cock. Charlie's cock throbbed.

"Fuck, fuck!" Charlie groaned as his cock exploded and spewed cum over the bedclothes. Howard moaned as Charlie's arse throbbed against his cock.

Now that Charlie had cum, Howard started to fuck his stepson.

He fucked him hard. Each thrust pushed Charlie into the mattress and made him grunt. Howard hammered his stepson.

Howard came quickly; he needed another release. He kept his erupting cock inside Charlie as he ground his hips into his buttocks. But he wasn't finished yet. He had got the urgent need out of his balls so he could now enjoy leisurely fucking Charlie.

After pulling his cock from Charlie's arse, he turned him over, lifted his legs onto his shoulders and guided his still-hard cock back into Charlie's slimy chute.

Both men groaned as Howard slowly entered Charlie. He leant forward and passionately kissed his stepson on the mouth. Charlie opened up and allowed his stepdad's tongue into his mouth.

Howard ground his hips again, moving his cock inside Charlie, and then he slowly pulled out and pushed back in again. Howard slowly and gently fucked his stepson.

Charlie reached down and grabbed his sock and slimy cock. He stroked himself as he was being fucked. He soon hardened and released it, letting the rigid tube of flesh lie on his belly, oozing precum as Howard's cock rubbed against his prostate.

"Fuck, Daddy! I'm going to cum again." Charlie gasped and looked into Howard's eyes.

Howard leant forward, and they kissed again as Charlie's cock spewed cum between their bellies. Howard gasped as his cock also lurched and spewed cum into Charlie's hole. Both men had cum again.

Howard flopped onto Charlie, exhausted, and rolled off, his cock slipping from Charlie's hole, releasing a stream of cum from his arse and onto the bedsheets.

They lay panting, catching their breath.

Charlie recovered first and turned his head to look at his stepdad. "Well, I'm not going to let you get away with this."

Howard frowned, wondering what he meant.

"You can't chew out The Twins for soaking their bedclothes in cum and not follow your own rules."

Howard chuckled. "It's not all mine, Charlie."

"Yes, but you are the one that caused it all, so you're going to clean it up."

"I guess I'm washing my bedclothes today then."

Charlie laughed. "I do love you, Dad."

"I love you too, Son."

Howard & Nick

Nick woke in the early hours, his bladder felt full, and his cock was hard. He enjoyed the feeling of his bladder pressing inside him, arousing him, but a full bladder and a hardon didn't let him have a successful wank.

He could hear his brothers sleeping. Charlie let out a few stifled snores, and Owen seemed to be whining in his sleep. Nick thought he might be dreaming, probably about losing his virginity. Surprisingly, The Twins were quiet. Usually, the sound of wanking or sucking came from their bunk now that they have progressed to blowjobs.

Nick softly climbed down the ladder, not wanting to jump down as usual and wake his brothers. His cock was painfully hard, and he gave it a quick stroke. He wanted to wank it until he came and softened, but his bladder was now painful. He stepped quietly to the bathroom.

When he opened the door, he saw Howard standing over the toilet. He turned to look at Nick. Howard was semi-soft and released a strong stream of piss.

"Looks like we both woke up hard and horny with full bladders." Howard smiled at Nick. "You'd better do something about that rod, or you'll piss all over the bathroom."

There was nothing like your stepfather talking about your hard cock to cause you to lose your erection. Nick was relieved as the pressure he felt on his cock relented, and his cock started to droop.

Howard shook his cock as he finished pissing and stroked the last few drops from it. He pulled his foreskin back over his knob, and Nick noticed it started to inflate.

Nick took Howard's place in front of the toilet and groaned as he urinated, the pressure inside him subsiding as more piss streamed from his exposed knob.

"Looks like you needed that," Howard commented as he looked at his stepson's cock. "Didn't you get your end away last night with Mandy?"

"I did." Nick sighed as the release of pressure on his bladder was arousing him as he tried to control his cock. "But I'm young and can be ready at any time."

"Looks like you're ready now." Howard nodded at Nick's hard cock and the slow flow of piss.

Nick shook his cock and pulled his foreskin back over his knob. It was now hard again. Nick flushed the toilet and washed his hands.

Howard stood in the doorway, keeping Nick trapped in the bathroom. It was dark, but Nick could swear he was admiring his naked body.

"What's going on with you and Charlie." Nick blurted out and noticed Howard's cock flinched.

"I don't think you know Charlie as well as you think." Howard condescended to Nick.

"I'm beginning to learn."

"Charlie is a good stepson."

"Are you fucking him?" Nick was direct.

"Would it bother you?" Howard smiled.

"What Charlie does is up to Charlie," Nick said. "Are you also fucking Owen?"

"You're sounding very protective. I'm the man of the house. That's my job. But to ease your fears, Owen is still pure and untouched by anybody, boy or girl, man or woman. His only experience is with his right hand."

Nick smiled. "So it's just Charlie that you're fucking. I hope so because if you're fucking The Twins, I will punch you so hard that Mum won't recognise you when she gets back."

"You don't need to threaten me, Nick. Everything I do is consensual. Charlie is a great fuck. His arse is tighter than your Mum's cunt."

"Well, she had to push The Twins out, they probably fucked up her undercarriage." Nick chuckled.

"With your Mum at her sister's, I've been looking elsewhere for satisfaction."

"Does she know you're fucking Charlie?" Nick asked.

"Your Mum and I love each other very much, but we also embrace experiences other than between us."

"You mean you both fuck other people." Nick sounded annoyed.

"Don't knock it until you've tried it, Nick. Charlie appreciates what I do for him. A boy his age shouldn't have to settle with the occasional wank. He needs sex. Just like you. And it seems you want it now." Howard looked at Nick's still-hard cock.

"I'm twenty, for fuck's sake. I could fuck five times a day and still have the energy to have a wank at the end of the day."

"I can help you, Nick." Howard stepped closer to his stepson. "I like to look after my boys. I hate to see you suffer. And Mandy is obviously not giving you enough, and you are suffering." Howard stepped even closer and reached out to grab Nick's hard cock. "Come with me and let me help you; this is what I'm here for."

Howard pulled Nick back to the bedroom he shared with Nick's mother. Nick allowed himself to be controlled. It was his cock that was making his decisions, and if he could cum down his Stepdad's throat, it would be a welcome release.

Howard pushed Nick down on the bed and spread his legs wide. Nick's cock slapped against his belly and left a streak of precum. He waited for Howard to suck him. But Howard ignored his cock and sucked in one of his balls. He rolled it around his mouth, his tongue roaming around the surface. He let it plop out from his lips and sucked in his other testicles.

Nick's scrotum was wet with Howard's spittle. "A man your age should be checking your balls every week. The good news is I didn't feel anything out of the ordinary. You and Charlie have very healthy balls. And tasty. I think your balls may be a fraction smaller than Charlie's.

Before Nick could tell his Stepdad to shut up about Charlie, he groaned as Howard licked his hard cock from the base to the tip. He felt his cock lurch and precum ooze from the tip. Howard suckled on Nick's knob as he drank down the precum.

Howard then slowly engulfed Nick's cock. His lips gripped the shaft as he swallowed. Nick could feel it when his cock hit the back of Howard's throat. He groaned when he felt Howard's throat open up and his cock slip down. Nick stifled his groans and gripped the bedsheets tight. No one had ever deep-throated him, and he'd never expected his Stepdad to be the first. Mandy only ever took in the first few inches into her mouth. He enjoyed it, but she always pulled off before he came. Nick hoped Howard would swallow.

Nick giggled as Howard shook his head and let his nose tickle his pubes. Howard grabbed Nick's balls and played with them. Nick writhed on the bed and felt Howard push a finger beyond his balls and tease his taint.

Nick thrust his hips up, his cock going deeper inside his Stepdad, his arse cheeks squeezing the finger that teased him. He didn't know how much longer he would last.

Howard pulled off Nick's cock. It was smothered in spit, which dribbled onto his balls. Nick groaned, frustrated. Howard shifted between Nick's legs and moved to the side, giving him better access to his stepson's body. His lips sucked on his nipple, a hand cupping his balls and ignoring his angry cock. He didn't want Nick to cum too soon. He wanted to give him the best orgasm of his life.

Nick felt the finger again, pressing between his legs, stroking his taint and making his cock throb.

Howard nibbled on Nick's erect nipple, eliciting more groaning. Nick was getting loud. He didn't want to wake the others. To shut him up, Howard pressed his lips against Nick's open mouth and thrust his tongue inside. They kissed. Howard was surprised that Nick accepted his lips and actively engaged in their passionate kiss.

Nick felt his balls ache and the finger dig deeper between his legs. It touched his arsehole, only a light touch, but it made Nick gasp into his Stepdad's mouth. Howard felt emboldened and pushed in the tip of his finger. Nick writhed as only the tip penetrated him.

Howard broke the kiss and went back to sucking on his nipple. Nick's cock kept throbbing and leaking precum onto his belly. Nick was ready, he wanted to cum, but his Stepdad kept him hanging on. He wanted to push Howard from his body and grab his cock and thrash it until he came. But he knew Howard wouldn't let him. He hoped he would put him out of his misery soon.

Nick groaned as he felt Howard's lips leave his nipple and trace a trail down to his leaking cock. His tongue lapped in the pool of precum in his belly button. He would occasionally lick the tip of Nick's cock.

It was time to put his stepson out of his misery. Howard knew he was so wound up it would be one hell of an orgasm. As his lips pressed against Nick's exposed angry knob, his tongue licked his piss-slit. Nick groaned.

As Howard took in more of Nick's cock into his mouth, he slipped more of his finger into his arse. He felt Nick tense up and knew he was close. His finger stroked his prostate, and Howard felt Nick's cock swell in his mouth. He pulled

off until only the tip was inside. He used his free hand to cover Nick's mouth. He knew Nick would be loud when he came.

Howard sucked Nick's cock and rubbed his finger over his prostate. He was groaning wildly, making the palm of Howard's hand tremor from muffling the sound.

Nick's cock exploded and shot his cum to the back of Howard's throat. He collected his cum in his mouth until he had enough for a good taste and swallow. Howard felt Nick's arse squeeze his finger and then relax.

Nick breathed hard as he recovered from his intense orgasm. He thought it was over.

It wasn't.

Howard flipped Nick over and was between his outstretched legs again. He lifted his arse and pressed his stiff cock between his stepson's arse cheeks. He pulled back his foreskin and felt the tip connect with his hole. Nick seemed to open up, and Howard thrust his cock inside.

Nick almost screamed as he was impaled, but Howard clasped his hand over his mouth again. He kept his cock deep inside his stepson to allow him to get used to being penetrated. Howard could feel Nick's arse pressing against his cock, squeezing it, trying to push it out. But Howard was stuck firm and enjoyed the feeling of Nick's reluctant hole around his cock.

"Fuck, Nick. You're tighter than Charlie." Howard removed his hand from Nick's mouth, but instead of protesting at being fucked, Nick pushed his head down into the mattress to muffle his moans. He bit the bedclothes and screwed his eyes closed as the pain subsided.

Howard slowly ground his hips against Nick's arse, teasing him and tickling his insides. Nick's groans of pain dissolve into groans of pleasure. Howard heard the change and pulled out his cock, leaving the tip inside and gripped by Nick's tight hole. Howard plunged inside again. Nick grunted. Howard started to fuck his stepson, slowly at first and gradually speeding up. Nick's grunting urged him on, and it wasn't long before the effort made him sweat. He reached beneath Nick and felt his slimy cock. It was half hard and recovering from cumming. Howard wanked Nick as he fucked him. Nick's cock hardened, and he felt his balls slapping against his hand as they swayed from the wanking and fucking.

Nick kept groaning. He'd never been fucked before. He was drooling as his face was now biting the bedsheets.

"Your arse is so fucking tight." Howard kept fucking his stepson. "Charlie loves it when I breed him." Howard started gasping as he fucked. He was getting close. "Do you want me to cum inside you?"

Nick grunted. Howard didn't know if it was because he agreed or because he was now fucking him harder, and his hips were slapping against his fleshy arse cheeks.

Nick's prostate was taking a pounding. His cock was still hard and leaking again. Howard grabbed Nick's cock again and wanked him as he pounded his arse. He could feel Nick's cock throb as it spewed another load of cum, this time over the bedsheets. Nick's arse tightened against Howard's invading cock.

"Here it comes, Nick. I'm going to dump my load deep inside you."

Howard fucked his stepson harder, pushing himself over the edge. He thrust as deep as he could and kept his cock still as it pulsed and sprayed cum deep inside him.

Nick's flexing muscles milked Howard's cock, and both men panted. Howard fell forward onto Nick's back, and they collapsed onto the bed. Howard rolled off him, and they lay side by side.

"You're a good fuck, Nick. Mandy is a lucky girl."

"It's usually me fucking her, not her fucking me." Nick gasped through his breaths and turned onto his side. Howard shuffled over and spooned him.

"Next time, I want to see your face when I fuck you," Howard whispered into Nick's ear. "You'd better get back to your bed. We don't want the others to find you here. Unless you want them to know that I fucked you."

Nick slid from Howard's arms and walked softly back to his bedroom. There was a chink of light shining on Charlie's face. Nick closed the door, and the light vanished. Charlie looked so sweet as he slept. They now shared a secret, and now Nick knew why his brother allowed their Stepdad to fuck him.

Nick climbed the ladder to his top bunk and pulled his duvet over his naked body. He couldn't stop thinking about his Stepdad fucking him. His cock started to thicken again. He'd already cum twice, and his cock was now ready for more. Nick was confused. Why would a straight man let another man fuck him? And

why was he not disgusted that the other man was his stepfather? Nick felt his sticky cock again. He felt Howard's cum seeping from his arse. He wanked his cock again and quickly came again.

Nick was drained and fell asleep.

Owen & Drew

Howard opened the boys' bedroom door and watched all five of his stepsons sleeping peacefully. It was still early, too early for them to be awake on a Sunday. But he needed to speak to them all again. He looked at each of his boys in turn. When he looked over at Charlie and Nick's bunk beds, his cock lurched. He'd come into their room naked. Only boys were in the house, so he didn't consider covering up. He needed to tell them something.

He slammed the door and watched as they stirred, the noise waking them.

Owen jerked awake and banged his head on the ceiling as he sat up too quickly. His cries of pain jerked The Twins awake. They immediately kissed each other on the lips, and beneath the duvet, their hands gripped the other's hard cocks.

"Get your hands off those cocks!" Howard yelled at The Twins. "Are you all awake? I want to talk to you all."

Groaning filled the stuffy room.

"I'm not talking to five dopey boys. You two get down from the top, and you lot," he said, looking at Charlie and the twins. "Get up and sit up."

The Twins threw the duvet to the bottom of the bed, and they jumped to sit on the edge of the bed. Owen rubbed his eyes and climbed down the ladder. His boxer shorts looked full, and he tried, unsuccessfully, to hide the tent his hard-on caused and sat beside The Twins. Charlie sat up and looked at Howard; his duvet fell to his lap.

Nick jumped down from the top bunk and sat on Charlie's bed. Howard noticed that Nick was the only boy without a morning erection. He smiled inwardly, knowing that he had probably satisfied the young man last night when he fucked him.

"Your Mum has just called." Howard began but was quickly interrupted by The Twins.

"When is she coming back?" They said in unison.

"I want to show her our bedsheets," Jamie said.

"Not a cum stain in sight." Gavin giggled.

"Open your mouth, I bet I can see a cum stain." Charlie teased.

The Twins stuck out their tongues at him.

"Well, we all know Owen's bedsheets are clean. The virgin never wanks. I'm not sure he knows what his cock is for." Nick chuckled as he poked fun at his brother.

"Fuck off, Nick." Owen glared.

"Cut it out, boys." Howard tried to calm down the boys.

"Why are you naked, Howard?" Gavin asked.

Howard gave his thick cock a subtle tug. "Because it's only us guys in the house, and I've always preferred to be naked at home. It's your Mum and my girls who don't like it. But as they are not here, I figured I could go naked." He looked at his stepsons, "Those of you not naked already, feel free to let it all hang out."

The Twins giggled. They were naked and grabbed their cocks. Nick was also nude. Charlie stood up and pulled off yesterday's underpants. All eyes were now on Owen.

"What?" Owen protested. "I don't feel like being naked."

"Come on," Jamie whined. "We've all seen your cock. We see it all the time in the bathroom."

"I'm not getting naked!" Owen protested and held his hands in front of his bulging crotch.

"Owen's got a hard-on." The Twins teased.

"Pack it in. Leave the virgin alone." Nick said.

"Alright, boys." Howard brought the attention back to him. "I need to tell you all something. It's not good news."

The five boys started to look worried.

"Is Mum alright?" Gavin asked.

"She's fine. It's just that she must stay with your aunt longer than we thought. My girls have gone to join her. Your aunt needs help with the kids. Things are not good. Your aunt Laura has been having a breakdown since her husband left her. Your Mum is helping her through it, and my girls are looking after her kids."

"Will she be okay? I like Aunt Laura." Jamie was concerned and held his brother's hand.

"It was a shock for her, but your Mum thinks she'll be fine. She's angry at the moment and feels like a fool because she had no idea that he'd been having an affair. He's packed up and left her and the kids."

"Men are bastards!" Charlie said.

"Will you tell Aunt Laura that we love her?" Jamie said.

"I will when I speak to your Mum again. But we are going to have to look after ourselves a bit longer. Are you boys okay with that?"

"I think we can cope." Nick sighed.

"It means you doing your own washing, cleaning and cooking." Howard clarified.

"We'll take turns looking after The Twins," Charlie said seriously.

"We can look after yourselves!" The Twins said in unison.

"No, you fucking can't." Nick glared at them, "If it were up to you, you would wear cum stained clothes and stink like a rentboy's arse. You can't cook, and you've never used a vacuum cleaner in your lives."

The Twins pouted.

"Don't worry, Howard. I'll lick these boys into shape. I think the virgin is old enough to look after himself."

"Stop calling me that!" Owen shouted, pushed his way by Howard, and flounced out of the room.

Owen showered and dressed, ignoring The Twins, who were still in their bedroom. Owen stormed out of the house when dressed, slamming the front door behind him. He was fed up with being teased. It was not his fault he was still a virgin. He wanted to lose his virginity to Joelly; he thought she was ready, but she dumped him.

He couldn't get her out of his head. He was still grieving their breakup, trying to understand why. Just because he was going to University while she wasn't was a poor excuse, especially because he was still going to be living in Cockaigne. Owen came to the only conclusion: he was not good enough for her and couldn't satisfy her.

Owen wandered the streets and was subconsciously drawn to Joelly's home. He was a hundred metres away from her house when the door opened. Drew

came out. Joelly stood in the doorway, and they kissed. Owen hid behind a hedge and spied on them. It was no peck on the lips; it was a long, passionate kiss.

When the couple finally parted, Drew waved goodbye to Joelly, and she closed the door.

Owen came from behind the hedge and waited for Drew to approach him. He watched the young man who looked dishevelled like he'd just woken up. Drew's hair was a mess, his tee shirt creased, but the bulge in his grey sweatpants drew Owen's attention. Drew was clearly not wearing any underwear, and his cock was swaying beneath the grey fabric.

Drew smiled mischievously the moment he saw Owen.

"I should tell Joelly that you're stalking her." Drew teased.

"I'm not stalking her. And what are you doing coming out of her house this early in the morning?" Owen was upset.

"Her parents are away for the weekend, so I'm staying over. I'm just getting us some breakfast. I always have an appetite after sex."

"Are you two having sex?" Owen's voice cracked.

"Last night and this morning." Drew grinned.

Owen looked downwards. His eyes fixated on the bulge in Drew's sweatpants.

"She's a fantastic fuck. It's a shame you never got to find out."

Drew's words pierced Owen. It hurt because it was true. "Fuck off!" It was the only words he could think of to say.

Owen noticed Drew slowly lowering his sweatpants. He stopped before the base of his cock was exposed, but his thick brown bush appeared. Owen saw some dried spunk in the hair.

"Do you want to smell her cunt?" Drew whispered seductively.

Owen felt his cock lurch and thicken.

"I've not washed since I dumped a load inside her this morning." Drew lowered his sweatpants more and teased Owen with his cock. It sprang out a little when it was released. He wasn't hard yet.

Drew reached out and grabbed Owen's wrist. He pulled it towards his crotch.

Owen's breaths were shallow as his fingers brushed Drew's cock.

"Hold it," Drew demanded in a soft tone.

Owen felt his cock lurch again and strain against his jeans. It was becoming painful, but all his attention was on Drew's cock. He wrapped his fingers around the shaft. It felt warm and clammy. It was coated with Joelly's juice and some of Drew's.

"I made her cum twice this morning. You wouldn't know, but she's a screamer. I love the feel of her cunt tightening around my cock as she cums, and when I pulled out, she squirted.

Owen felt Drew's cock harden in his fingers. Drew was now hard, his knob poking out from his foreskin.

"Smell it," Drew instructed Owen.

Owen released Drew's hard cock and brought his hand to his nose. He tentatively sniffed before taking a deep breath through his nose. The scent made his cock lurch again.

"You've got me leaking, Owen. Why don't you rub it into Joelly's juices on my cock."

Owen was now doing everything Drew told him. He held his cock again and stroked it, feeling the precum ooze from the tip and smear it over Drew's shaft.

"This is as close to her cunt as you're ever going to get," Drew told Owen.

Owen gasped as his excitement grew.

"Did you ever get to finger her?"

Owen shook his head.

"Feel her tits?"

Owen nodded.

"I don't mean through her clothes."

Owen shook his head.

"But you did kiss?"

He nodded.

"Did she touch you?"

A nod.

"Did she touch your cock or through your trousers."

"Trousers," Owen whispered, his hand still slowly stroking Drew's cock.

"Like this?" Drew reached out and cupped the bulge in Owen's jeans.

Owen gasped and grunted. Drew felt Owen's bulge lurch and pulse as Owen shivered and groaned as he came in his pants. Drew felt Owen's cum seep through. He squeezed and rubbed what little cum managed to soak through onto his fingers.

Drew released Owen's bulge and put his fingers under Owen's nose.

"If this is anything to go by, even if she did want you to fuck her, you would have cum before you even got your shoes off."

Owen snapped out of his trance and ran away.

"Hey!" Drew shouted at him, "Are you just going to leave me like this." He stood with his grey sweatpants at his knees, his hard cock pointing at Owen as he ran. "I was hoping you would suck me off."

As Owen disappeared around a corner, Drew shrugged and pulled up his sweatpants. The bulge looked obscene as his cock tented them. Drew looked down and spoke to his cock. "Well, at least you'll be ready for Joelly when I get back." His cock twitched at the thought of delving deep inside her cunt, again.

Owen cried as he ran. He wasn't upset or angry about Joelly fucking Drew. He was ashamed that Drew had made him cum. What was worse was that he'd had his fingers around Drew's cock when he came, and he liked it. Was it knowing that it had been inside Joelly just minutes before or because he liked how his cock felt?

Joelly never made him cum when she felt his stiff cock through his trousers. But Drew did. He didn't know what that meant.

Owen found himself on the street where he lived. He saw Nick and Charlie leave in their sports shop uniform. He hid from them. He couldn't face seeing anyone.

Owen snuck inside and crept upstairs. He heard the shower running. He listened and couldn't hear anything else. If The Twins were showering, a lot more noise and giggles would come from the bathroom. Owen then listened at his bedroom door. He couldn't be certain that they weren't in there. If they were quiet, it usually meant they had each other's cocks in their mouths.

He didn't want to risk going inside and seeing them. He decided to go into his step-sisters' room to ensure he saw no one.

Owen kicked off his trainers and lay down on one of the beds. The room smelt pleasant and floral. The bedclothes were clean and uncreased. He wished he could have his own room. He would keep it clean, and it wouldn't stink of cum. Owen lay on his back, his hand behind his head, and stared at the blank ceiling.

Howard & Owen

When Howard came out of the bathroom with a fluffy white towel wrapped around his waist, he noticed the door to his daughters' room wasn't properly closed.

He pushed the door open and saw Owen lying on a bed, staring at the ceiling.

"What the hell are you doing in here?" He sounded angry, "You know this room is off limits to you boys."

Owen looked at his stepdad, "Sorry, I didn't want to see the others. I'm sick of being teased."

Howard noticed a dark patch on Owen's jeans. "Have you pissed yourself, or is that cum? Either way, get your arse off that bed."

"Sorry, Howard." Owen lept to his feet.

"In future, if you want to avoid your brothers, use my room. Now get your arse in there. It's time you grew the fuck up."

Owen slinked out of the girls' bedroom and went into the main bedroom. Howard followed and stood with the door closed, his hands on his hips.

"Well, Owen. Cum or piss?" He demanded.

"Cum." Owen blushed and hung his head.

"Can't you fucking control yourself?" It was rhetorical, "Get those filthy clothes off." Howard didn't sound happy when Owen stood looking at him. "You're not too old to be spanked over my knee, Owen. Now strip, you filthy boy. You can't wear cum stained pants and jeans all day."

Owen unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them off. He pulled down his white briefs and stood looking at his stepdad with his tee shirt covering his cock.

"And the rest!"

Owen knew not to complain and removed his socks before pulling off his tee shirt. He now stood completely naked in front of his stepdad. Howard looked at his stepson and the limp cock hanging between his legs. It still looked damp.

Howard let his towel fall to the floor, and they looked at each other. Howard sensed Owen's cock inflate slightly.

"Come here." Howard held out his arms, Owen stepped between them, and they hugged.

"I know what you're going through, Owen. It must be difficult for you." Owen held his stepdad tight. "You've tried with so many girls. I really thought Joelly was the one. What the hell happened? I thought she was going to be the one."

"I don't know," Owen said.

"All your brothers thought she would finally take your virginity. But this thing is hanging over your head. You've turned it into a massive thing, and I think you're scared of it."

"The teasing doesn't help." Owen sniffed.

"No, I don't think it does. But it's time we sorted this out. I'll make sure your brothers stop teasing you. About being a virgin, at least." Howard chuckled and could feel Owen's cock press against his leg. "So what made you spunk your pants?"

Owen stayed silent. He didn't want to admit what happened.

"You need to tell me, Owen. We need to sort you out, and unless you're honest with me, we can't resolve this." Howard hugged Owen tighter to give him confidence.

"I met Drew when I was out this morning."

"Who's Drew?" Honest asked.

"Joelly's new boyfriend. He was coming out of her house and confronted me. He said he had just fucked her. I got hard at the thought of fucking her, and he noticed. He cupped my bulge, and it made me lose control."

"You came?" Owen nodded, and Howard broke the hug so they could look at each other. But Owen's eyes were downcast. "Is that all that happened?" Howard knew Owen was hiding something.

Owen blushed and still wouldn't make eye contact. Howard put a finger beneath Owen's chin and lifted his face so they could look at each other.

"By being honest with me, you are being honest with yourself. Howard tapped Owen's forehead, "if it stays in here, you can still deny whatever happened and how you feel." Howard then placed his finger on Owen's lips, "If it comes out here, you are telling me and also telling yourself. Once you speak the truth, you can begin to accept it."

Owen's eyes darted around, trying not to connect with his stepdad.

"Tell me, Owen." Howard looked intently into Owen's eyes.

"Drew showed me his cock. It was still wet as he'd just... with Joelly." Owen couldn't force himself to say that they had just fucked.

"What else?" Howard was going to tease it all out of him.

"He made me touch it." The words stuck in his throat.

"Was he hard or soft?"

"Soft to begin with, but he got hard. I stroked him."

"Did you make him cum?" Owen shook his head. "Is that the truth?" Howard asked, and Owen nodded. "Did you want to make him cum?"

Owen was motionless under the inquisitive glare of his stepdad. Eventually, he nodded.

"It's time, Owen. You will no longer be a virgin when you leave this room." Howard's eyes looked into Owen's soul. "Is that what you want?"

Owen nodded, and his cock lurched and grew hard almost instantaneously.

Howard grabbed Owen by the shoulders and walked him backwards towards the bed. He pushed him, and Owen fell on his back and onto the mattress.

Howard knelt at the foot of the bed and pulled Owen's legs apart. He licked up Owen's thighs and sucked in one of his balls when he reached his crotch. Owen's cock lurched, and a drop of pre-cum oozed from his exposed knob.

Owen groaned as his stepdad sucked in his other testicle, making his cock begin to leak and lurch. Howard let his ball pop from his lips and then grabbed both in his palm. He squeezed. He squeezed hard. Owen nearly squealed.

"I don't want you to cum too soon. You are quick on the trigger, and that is because you are still a virgin. Once I've taken that from you, you will be able to last much longer. I promise you that."

Owen's cock deflated from the pain, but Howard soothed his balls by gently caressing them.

Howard released Owen's balls and shifted up his body. He grasped Owen's cock and pulled down his foreskin. His entire knob was exposed. It was moist and red. It looked ready to explode. Howard shifted again and licked his cock from the base to tip before sucking in his knob between his lips.

Owen moaned loudly as his cock experienced what a tongue and mouth could do to it for the first time. Howard squeezed Owen's balls again, controlling him. He felt Owen's cock soften in his mouth but soon hardened again as he went

down further until his cock hit the back of his throat. He didn't deepthroat him, he thought Owen wasn't ready for that yet.

Beneath him, Howard felt Owen push his hips up and down, fucking his mouth. Howard stayed still and let Owen use his mouth to pleasure himself. At least he was fucking something, even if it was his mouth rather than Joelly's cunt.

Owen groaned as he fucked his stepdad's mouth.

Howard could feel that Owen was close to cumming. He was going to let it happen this time, let Owen feel like he was fucking someone and cumming. He tightened his lips around Owen's thrusting shaft. Owen was gasping.

"I'm gonna cum, Dad." Owen gasped and thrust harder.

Howard let him continue. He wanted to taste a third stepson's cum. He gripped Owen's buttocks as he kept thrusting. They were firm and sweaty.

Owen kept gasping. "Dad, I'm cumming." He sounded afraid to cum while his stepdad's lips were around his cock. He was scared to cum in his mouth; he didn't want to gross out the man. But Howard was waiting to taste his stepson.

"Fuck, Daddy!" Owen sounded overwhelmed.

Howard felt Owen's cock thicken and throb before he felt the first shot hit the back of his throat. He kept the tip of Owen's cock between his lips as his cum flooded his mouth. He swallowed to make room for more.

Beneath him, Owen's body spasmed with his first blowjob, his first orgasm from sex and not a hand. Owen's moaned as his orgasm subsided and his body relaxed.

Howard swallowed the remaining cum in his mouth and began to suck and lick Owen's cock clean, eating any remaining cum that oozed from his slit. He let Owen's cock slip from his lips, and it slapped against his belly. His cock was wet, soaked in his stepdad's spit.

Howard crawled up the bed and kissed his stepson. Owen opened his mouth and let in Howard's tongue. Owen was gasping again as Howard was again taking his breath away.

After a quick and passionate kiss, Howard flipped over Owen and kissed down his back until his lips reached the top of his buttocks.

Howard grabbed Owen's cheeks and pulled them apart to see his tight pink pucker. He flicked it with his tongue and felt Owen flinch and groan in surprise.

He flicked again and then licked his tight hole. Owen started to writhe and moan again. He'd never felt anything like this before, and he'd never played with his arse when wanking. Owen felt Howard's tongue poke at his hole. He couldn't understand why, but his hole relaxed and let in the tip. The area was soaked in spit, and Howard could press his tongue deeper into Owen's arse. He was ready.

Owen felt the loss of his stepdad's tongue and was relieved when he felt a finger probing him. Owen wriggled as the finger penetrated him. It went deeper than Howard's tongue and felt more exciting. The finger touched something inside him, and Owen squeaked. Howard kept his finger on that special button. Using his other hand, Howard reached beneath Owen and grabbed his cock. It was half hard, and he pulled it downwards to stroke and play with it. Owen's cock soon went rigid now the weight of his body wasn't crushing it.

"That's just one finger," Howard told his stepson as he watched his cock leak.

"No!" Owen complained when Howard pulled his finger out. "Oooh!" His eyes widened as he felt two fingers penetrate him and stretch his anus. He felt the pressure and a little pain. But the pain quickly dissipated as he opened up his arse.

Howard pressed his fingers against that sensitive spot inside Owen, and he felt his tight muscles flex and relax further. It was time for three fingers.

The pain now lingered as three thick fingers penetrated Owen. Howard couldn't reach the special place inside, so he gently fucked Owen with his fingers, teasing his arse to open up. It worked.

Howard now thrust in deeply and forcefully. "Urgh!" Owen squealed. The pain surprised him, but it was still tolerable. Howard pulled his fingers out and watched Owen's hole gape and gradually constrict. It wasn't yet wide enough. Howard fucked Owen's tight hole, forcing his fingers even deeper and stretching his sphincter wider.

He had done what he could to open up his stepson's arse. He knew it would be painful but hoped he'd done enough to make it bearable.

Howard removed his fingers and quickly manoevered himself so that the tip of his hard, uncut cock plugged Owen's gaping hole. He felt Owen's arse pulse against his knob, trying to suck it inside. Owen moaned beneath him.

There was now a decision to be made. Slow and easy to allow Owen to grow used to the invading cock, or hard and fast.

Howard reached up and covered Owen's mouth with his hand. At the same time, he thrust his cock deep inside his stepson and didn't stop until his balls were crushed against Owen's arsecheeks.

Owen screamed into his stepdad's hand. Howard could feel tears against his hand as they rolled down Owen's face. He knew it would hurt, and he could feel Owen's arse pulsate around his cock as it tried to force the invading cock out. Howard kept his cock firmly impaled in his stepson and held Owen still, who wanted to roll and writhe to push his stepdad off his body and his cock from inside him.

Howard was too strong, and Owen relented and finally relaxed. The pain was subsiding, but he still felt uncomfortable with his arse full of stepdad's hard and thick eight inches. Howard removed his hand from Owen's mouth and wiped the spit accumulated in his palm on the bedclothes.

Owen was now moaning but no longer resisting. Howard felt his hole relax around his cock and thought it was now time to start to gently fuck him. It was imperceptible initially but was soon pulling out until the tip remained and then pushing it back. Howard smiled as he heard a satisfied groan vibrate through the mattress as Owen pressed his face into the pillow.

"I'm so proud of you, boy." Howard stroked Owen's smooth and pale arse cheeks. "You took it well."

Owen groaned again into the pillow as he felt Howard's cock rub his prostate and felt his cock leak.

"You are beautifully tight. I've not felt anything as tight as you for a long time." Howard said as he started to pound his stepson, who grunted each time he bottomed out. But Howard was tired of seeing the back of Owen's head. He wanted to see his sweet face.

Howard pulled out, much to Owen's disappointment. He flipped Owen over and lifted his legs onto his shoulders. Howard guided his cock back into Owen, who grinned as he felt his arse being filled again. Howard leant forward and kissed his stepson. They both opened their lips, and their tongues played with each other. Owen kept groaning into Howard's mouth.

“Fuck, Dad. Fuck me harder.” Owen gasped as their lips parted.

Howard smiled. He knew this was what Owen needed and wanted. He leaned down again to kiss his stepson again. This time when he broke the kiss, he started to fuck him. Slowly at first and then faster.

Owen squirmed beneath him, his hard cock flailing and spitting precum each time Howard’s cock pressed against his prostate. Owen’s face looked ecstatic. Howard had never seen him looking so happy. Deep down, he finally gave himself to what he desired but was afraid to admit. He’d accepted the need for a thick and hard cock pumping into his arse.

Howard worked hard, fucking hard and deep. Pounding Owen’s prostate and making him squeal. His eyes flitted from Owen’s face to his cock. He knew the look of a cock that was ready to cum. He thrust harder, stabbing his cock into Owen. They seemed to grunt in unison, their eyes locked together. Owen grunted, his face lit up as his cock exploded and spewed cum over both their bodies. Howard didn’t let up as Owen came. He kept fucking even though Owen’s arse contracted with his orgasm. It pushed him over the edge.

“I’m going to fill you up.” Howard gasped.

“Fill me. Give me all you got, Daddy.”

Howard thrust one last time, gasped and came deep into Owen’s bowels. He felt Owen squeeze as much out of his stepdad as he could.

Once his orgasm ended, he slowly pulled out and lay next to his stepson.

Owen could feel his stepdad’s cum oozing from his arse. He tried to squeeze his hole shut to keep as much inside him as he could. He turned on his side and hugged his stepdad. He kissed him, a chaste peck to let him know he was fine.

“You’re no longer a virgin, Owen.” Howard grinned at his stepson and kissed him back.

The Dickinbrothers

The Twins had met their friend Greg at the local burger place. It was the school summer holidays, and they needed to stay out of the house as their brother Owen was insufferable. He'd finally lost his virginity but refused to tell anybody how or with whom.

Jamie paid for their lunch with the money he had combined with Gavin. Greg looked suspicious. They usually paid for themselves when they went out.

The place smelled of cooking oil, but it didn't detract from their enjoyment of Cockaigne Burgers, which had its secret recipe, a special burger sauce. But it was the thick shakes they enjoyed the best. The lactose-laden drink lay heavy on their stomachs as they sucked it through the wide straws.

"I know I've only known you about nine months, but I think I know you both well enough to know you are up to something." Greg slurped his thick chocolate shake.

"What makes you think we're up to something?" Gavin asked and took a pull on his straw at the same time his brother did.

They swapped shakes. One was chocolate, and one was strawberry. When they couldn't decide which, they got both and shared. Greg thought he could tell which brother was which by the shake they had. Jamie had the chocolate shake when he brought their lunch to the table. But Greg quickly lost track as the two shakes were continually swapped between them.

"If you don't want to spend time with us, we won't ask you next time." Jamie looked at Greg with a sly grin.

"Don't throw your toys out the pram. I'm only asking." Greg was defensive. He didn't want to upset his best friends.

"It's a long summer holiday, Greg." Gavin smiled, "We've got each other, who have you got, Greg?"

"Don't be like that." Greg sighed, "I'm sorry I accused you. I like spending time together and hope we can get together more often. Perhaps the lake or spend time at the leisure centre. They have some slides that look like fun."

The Twins laughed.

"We're only teasing." Jamie smiled.

"But you're right. We do want to ask you something?" Gavin added.

"What?" Greg braced himself.

"Look," Gavin started, "Owen is stuck at home most days and he's a pain in the arse. We can't get any privacy."

"I didn't think you cared about that. You wank in front of your brothers, and you have now started to suck each other off in front of them. What the fuck do you need privacy for?" Greg laughed.

"We want to ask you a massive favour, Greg." Jamie looked into his friend's eyes.

"You're an only child, and your folks are at work all day," Gavin commented.

"That means your home is empty during the day," Jamie said.

"They don't mind you coming over. I've already told you that. I don't know why, but they like and trust you two." Greg sighed, wondering why his parents trusted The Twins opposite him.

"It's because we are so sweet and polite." Both brothers put their heads together and looked at Greg with saccharine smiles.

"You can fool them, but you don't fool me." Greg chuckled. "So what do you want? Come over anytime you like. I've got a new FPS game for my PlayStation."

"It was something else we were hoping to play with." Gavin grinned.

"So what do you want? Do you want to use my house for your own personal wank pad or blow job bed-sit? And what am I supposed to do while you are cumming over my bedclothes? My Mum will think I'm an oversexed pervert."

"You don't listen to a word we say, do you? We told you about 'The Talk' Howard gave us about 'spilling our seed'. We don't make a mess anymore. We swallow. In fact, it's about the same consistency as this shake."

Greg spat the straw from his mouth, not wanting the texture of their cum in his mouth.

"But it doesn't taste like chocolate," Gavin said.

"Or strawberry," Jamie grinned.

"What the fuck do you want?" Greg was tired of their games and simply wished to know what they wanted.

"We just want to come to your place and get some time for ourselves," Gavin said.

"No problem. I said you can come round whenever you want." Greg told them.

"No, we want some time alone." Jamie looked at Greg, holding his gaze.

"Without me." Gavin nodded, "You two alone in my house?" Jamie nodded.

"What are you going to do?"

"We are ready to go further," Jamie said matter-of-factly.

"We want to fuck each other." Gavin clarified.

"And we don't want an audience for our first time," Jamie said.

"And what do I get out of it?" Greg asked.

The Twins laughed.

"Now he's interested." Jamie looked at his brother.

"We could let him watch when it's our second time?" Gavin suggested.

"We could. But I don't want him sitting there watching us fuck like he's in a cinema." Jamie said.

"We could make him get naked and wank along."

"We could wank him before or after."

"Or both," Gavin laughed. "But we've just bought him a burger, some fries and a shake. What more could he want?"

"Fuck off, guys." Greg pleaded with them to stop teasing him.

The Twins turned to look at Greg.

"So, what would you want?" Jamie leered at Greg.

It was time for Greg to blush. He'd been wanking almost daily and thinking about what happened with him and The Twins. How they'd wanked him and made him come and how he felt when one of them touched his arsehole.

"Why don't you offer to suck him off?" Gavin asked Jamie.

"Why don't you?"

"I'm not sure if he'd like it. I'm not even sure that he's into boys." Gavin continued to tease Greg.

"I am!" Greg protested. "I am into boys!" Greg blushed and looked around the burger place to see if anyone heard him. No one seemed to be looking at him.

Gavin raised an eyebrow at Jamie.

"Tell us, Greg. Tell us what you want." Jamie wanted to prise it out of him.

Greg looked at the table that separated him from The Twins as he thought about what to tell them. He blushed crimson as he built the courage to tell them what he wanted.

He drew a deep breath, and without looking up, he told The Twins. "I want you both to suck me off, and I want to try sucking you. I also want you fuck me. Both of you."

The Twins grinned at each other.

"You don't want much." Jamie laughed.

"I would love to feel him sucking me off," Gavin admitted. "He's never done it before."

"I'm not too keen on sucking him, though." Jamie teased. "We've seen his cock, and it does look deformed."

"Fuck off." Greg protested. "There's nothing wrong with my cock, and if you both don't stop behaving like arseholes, I won't allow you to use my house."

"Calm down, Greg. We're only having fun." Gavin said.

"At my expense." Greg pouted.

The Twins glanced at each other. Greg detected the wordless communication. "We agree," Jamie said.

"Really?" Greg thought he'd asked too much in return.

"Yes. We're looking forward to it." Gavin said.

"We may tease you, but we both want to play with you." Jamie agreed.

Greg was blushing again. He'd just negotiated losing his virginity with The Twins.

It took a few days to work things out. Greg was nervous, and it wasn't even the day he was going to get fucked. It was the day The Twins fucked. His parents were surprised that Greg was up early and eating breakfast before they went to work. His Dad teased him by putting his palm on Greg's forehead to check his temperature.

Greg was grateful when they finally left, and he was left alone.

He fussed nervously. He made his bed and tidied his room for The Twins. He even squirted the room spray from the bathroom in his bedroom. It stunk like flowers, but it masked the musty and cummy smells.

The Twins wouldn't arrive for another hour, but Greg was hard. He'd not dressed yet, so he thrust his hand down his pyjama trousers and gripped his cock. The thought of The Twins fucking on his bed made him blow after two strokes. It surprised him, and he soaked the front of his pyjamas.

It felt fantastic, but his crotch was now soaked with cum. He wasn't planning to shower this morning, but now he had to.

Greg stripped off his spunky pyjama trousers and went to the bathroom. His cock was hard again by the time he stepped under the warm water. He stroked himself and came again. He turned the water to cold, and shock made his cock wilt, his balls contract and any thought of cumming or The Twins fucking each other left his mind. Turning the water to lukewarm, he washed himself but was surprised when he stepped out of the shower as The Twins stood in the doorway.

"Let yourselves in, why don't you?" Greg reached for his towel and covered himself up.

"We did knock, but you obviously didn't hear us. And the door was open." Gavin said.

"No need to cover up." Jamie grinned, "We've seen your little cock and ginger pubes before."

"But you do look smaller than usual."

"The water was cold!" Greg protested and rubbed his body dry.

The boys made their way to Greg's bedroom. "We are really grateful to you for doing this for us." Jamie was uncharacteristically serious.

"Yes, thanks, Greg," Gavin said as they watched him dress.

"And thanks for tidying up. We didn't want to do it among your dirty clothes." Jamie teased.

"So, how long are you going to be?" Greg asked as he slipped his feet in his trainers. "An hour?"

The Twins looked at each other.

"We were hoping to have longer than that."

"We don't want a quickie."

"Yes, we want to savour the moment."

"Can we call you when it's safe to come back?"

“Okay, but you owe me big time.” Greg wondered what the hell he would do for a few hours on his own, thinking of nothing more than what The Twins were doing. Imagining them fucking and sucking each other. His cock was already starting to rise again.

“Here you go.” Jamie handed some money to Greg. “Do something or get yourself something to keep you busy.

Greg looked at the crisp note in his hand. “Well, that’ll buy me lunch.”

“Fuck off!” Gavin laughed, “Now fuck off and leave us alone.”

“Okay, Guys. I’m leaving.” Greg pouted.

Now alone, The Twins looked at each other.

“What shall we do first?” Gavin asked.

“I don’t want to go straight to fucking. We should build up to it.” Jamie squeezed his crotch; he was hard.

Gavin approached Jamie and pulled off his tee shirt. He rubbed his hand over his brother’s naked chest and rubbed his nipples.

“You’re making me leak.” Jamie gasped.

Gavin dropped to his knees and pulled down Jamie’s sweatpants and briefs to release his cock. It sprang up, his foreskin retracted slightly, and a string of sticky precum flowed down. Gavin licked it from his brother’s cock.

Jamie gasped as Gavin engulfed his cock. Sucking and drinking his brother’s precum like he was drinking through a straw.

Jamie pulled him off his cock. “Not so fast.” He waddled over to Greg’s bed and sat down to kick off his trainers and pull off his sweatpants, which were crumpled by his feet. Jamie was now naked.

Gavin stood in front of his brother and started a seductive striptease.

“You can’t tease me. I know exactly what you’ve got. I’ve got the same.”

But Gavin ignored his brother and continued to remove his clothes temptingly. He turned his back to his brother and pulled down his briefs. He exposed his arse and reached back to grab his arse cheeks and spread them, revealing his virgin hole to his brother.

Jamie groaned and couldn’t resist tugging on his leaking cock.

Gavin straightened up and turned, his hand covering his genitals. He stepped closer to Jamie and released his cock, so it lurched upward and outwards to slap him on the cheek. Jamie opened his mouth and sucked in his brother's cock.

The Twins were now naked. Gavin pulled his cock from his brother's mouth and pushed him back on the bed. He draped his body over him, and they kissed.

Both brothers enjoyed kissing and were grinding their hips against each other.

Gavin broke the kiss and swivelled his body so they could suck each other's cock.

They lapped at each other, teasing, sucking and fondling their balls. Gavin was first to blow. Jamie swallowed everything and then bucked his body as he came. His brother savoured every drop of his cum.

Gavin swivelled again, and The Twins lay beside each other, hugging. Neither boy spoke. They didn't need to. Gavin pecked his brother on the lips, and they lay in each other's arms.

"I'm getting cold," Jamie commented.

"I'll warm you up." Gavin rubbed his brother's naked chest and then his soft and sticky cock. It began to rise again.

"So who goes first?" Jamie asked. They hadn't discussed it. They only agreed to fuck each other.

"How about I spin a coin." Gavin got off the bed and retrieved a silver coin from his sweatpants, which lay crumpled on the floor. He tossed the coin and caught it, slapping it onto the back of his hand. "Heads or tails?"

"Tails." Jamie guessed.

"Heads. Sorry Jamie, I win."

"Win what?" Jamie laughed, "We didn't decide what heads or tails mean."

"Okay. Heads, I fuck you first, tails, you fuck me first. Agreed?"

"No fucking way. It was tails once, and it will likely be heads next. That's probability. Don't you pay attention to maths?"

"Yes," Gavin grinned, "I want to go first!"

"Fuck that. To make it fair, we go to the best of three." Jamie said.

"Okay," Gavin pouted.

"And that first toss doesn't count." Jamie set out the rules.

The coin was tossed, and Gavin cheered when he won.

"Your arse is mine." Gavin laughed.

"You romantic." Jamie giggled. "Did you bring lube?"

"Nope. Greg must have something we can use. I'll check the bathroom."

Gavin returned with some hand moisturiser and noticed Jamie lying on his front on the bed.

All the friendly banter stopped as Gavin knelt between Jamie's spread legs. He pulled his cheeks apart and stared at his tight pink pucker. He licked his finger and stroked the crinkled skin, making Jamie shudder. He licked his finger again and tickled his hole. He was surprised there was no nasty smell. The Twins had only discussed fucking and not how to get there. Gavin was experimenting and wanted to prepare his brother. They both knew it could be painful, and Gavin wanted to relax his brother's hole as best he could.

Gavin grew tired of licking his finger and surprised himself by pushing his face between his brother's cheeks and licking his hole.

Jamie groaned again. The moisture was now warm, coming directly from Gavin's mouth.

Gavin probed his brother with his tongue, poking his hole and teasing it open. Beneath him, Jamie was writhing and moaning.

"That feels so fucking good." Jamie gasped, his hole spasmed against Gavin's invading tongue.

A finger crept to join Gavin's tongue and then replaced it. Gavin thrust the moist finger inside his brother.

"Oooh!" Jamie groaned as the finger went much deeper than the tongue.

Gavin fucked his brother with his finger, spitting on his hole when he felt it getting dry. He used the hand cream when he started to add a second finger. They slipped in easier than with spit.

Beneath him, Jamie was squealing like a schoolgirl and pushed his hips back to squeeze more of his brother's fingers into him.

"Are you ready for three?" Gavin asked rhetorically and pushed three fingers inside his brother's arse.

Jamie squealed again and wiggled his arse.

"I'm going to try now," Gavin whispered.

Gavin pulled out his fingers and looked at his brother's gaping hole. He smeared his cock with the hand cream, pulling back his foreskin. Jamie shuddered when he felt the cool tip of his brother's cock rest against his pucker. Gavin pushed and felt a pop as his head entered his brother. He pushed further inside, and Jamie groaned as his brother impaled him. He shuddered. Gavin felt Jamie's hole spasm uncontrollably, gripping his cock hard.

"Shit!" Jamie groaned. "You just made me cum."

"Do you want me to stop?" Gavin didn't want to hurt his brother.

"No!" He tried to look back at his brother but couldn't see him. "Fuck me. I want to feel you fuck me."

Gavin started slowly and quickened when Jamie showed he was enjoying it.

"Stop!" Jamie suddenly said. "I want to face you. I want to see you when you cum in me."

Gavin pulled out and let Jamie turn over. He raised his legs, and Gavin pushed his brother's knees to his chest. Gavin's stiff cock was pointing at Jamie's hole. He noticed that his brother was hard again.

Gavin gently penetrated his brother again, both boys gasping at the sensations. Gavin started fucking again, this time looking at his brother. Their eyes were locked together, and Jamie's cock flailed between them, flicking precum far and wide.

They kissed. Jamie pushed his tongue into his brother's mouth. Both boys were sweating.

Gavin broke the kiss and gasped, "I'm going to cum." He declared.

Jamie grinned as his cock flailed. Gavin thrust harder.

"Shit!" Gavin yelled as he thrust and came deep inside his brother. Jamie grabbed his cock, and as he stroked it, he came for the third time that day.

Gavin collapsed on his brother as his orgasm subsided. His cock stayed hard and inside Jamie.

Exhausted, Gavin rolled off his brother and let his cock slip free. Jamie felt empty without his brother's cock inside, and he felt his cum leaking out his hole. He tried to squeeze it shut, trying to keep his brother's cum inside him.

The Twins drifted to sleep to recover.

It was early afternoon when they woke. Jamie was hard again, and The Twins swapped places. It was Jamie's turn to fuck Gavin.

The Twins were exhausted again after Jamie came inside Gavin and drifted to sleep again.

Greg still hadn't heard from The Twins and was getting concerned. Not for them, but it was now four in the afternoon, and his mother would be back in an hour. He had to go home to ensure the house was still standing and not stinking of cum. He tried ringing them, but they didn't answer.

When Greg opened the door, he couldn't hear anything and was glad he couldn't smell anything. The house didn't stink of sex.

"I'm back!" He called out as he climbed the stairs. "Mum'll be home soon. Are you finished?"

He got no reply.

Greg opened his bedroom door and poked his head inside. His nostrils were assaulted with the stench of sweat, musk and cum. He saw The Twins lying naked on his bed, snuggling against each other. They were fast asleep. Greg entered his bedroom and went to open a window. He stood over The Twins and watched them. They looked serene. Greg took out his phone and took a picture of their faces. He looked at the photograph on the screen. He'd never seen them look so peaceful. When awake, they would tease each other or their brothers or Greg. He didn't want to disturb them, but he had to. Greg grinned and felt naughty. He took another picture of The Twins. This time it was full length and showed their naked bodies and their identical dicks and balls.

Greg tucked away his mobile phone and shook one Twin. He didn't know which one. He still couldn't tell them apart.

"Wake up." He whispered as he shook The Twin. They stirred. Greg gently shook the other one.

The Twins slowly woke up.

"You need to get up. Mum will be home soon."

"We need a shower." Jamie softly kissed his brother.

"You don't have time. If Mum leaves work early, she could be home in about fifteen minutes."

The Twins groaned and sat up on Greg's bed. They reluctantly put their clothes on their dirty bodies.

Greg checked his bed and saw the cum stains; some were still damp. He remade his bed and hoped it would dry by the time he went to bed that night.

"Thanks, Greg. We really appreciate what you did for us." Jamie looked sincere.

"Yes, thanks, Greg. It means so much to us." Gavin gave Greg a quick peck on the lips. "We'll talk later about keeping our end of the bargain."

"Yes, we need to get home and shower."

A Step-Son's Duty

Howard let out a loud sigh as he slammed the door. He'd had a bad day at work and needed to let off some steam. He removed his clothes and hung them on a coat peg by the door. Despite living in Cockaigne, he still wasn't comfortable going to work naked. But in his own house, he now wanted to be naked whenever possible. His cock was half hard, and he gave it a quick tug as he walked into the living room.

Nick and Charlie were watching a film. They were dressed in their work clothes.

"Where's The Twins and Owen?" Howard stood next to the television so his stepsons could see him. He continued to play with his cock, and it hardened. He noticed Charlie lick his lips.

"Upstairs. Probably sucking each other off." Nick said.

"Well, go get them. And Owen, too."

"He's in the shower," Nick said.

"Then drag him out. I want all five of you in here and naked."

"Fuck, Howie. What's got into you?" Nick rhetorically said as he left to get his brothers.

Charlie stood and pulled off his clothes. His cock was hard, and sprang up as he took off his jock strap. He and Howard stood facing each other, stroking their cocks.

The Twins bound down the stairs, naked and with moist erections having just come out of each others' mouths. Owen came down with a towel wrapped around his waist. He was still damp from his shower. Nick was still dressed as he ushered the others into the room.

"Lose the towel, Owen," Howard demanded, waiting for Owen to expose himself. He reached out to take the towel from him.

Nick was now the only one wearing clothes.

"Come on, Nick. Time to strip." Howard looked at the eldest brother as he reluctantly took off his clothes.

Nick and Owen were the only brothers without erections.

"I spoke to your Mum again today. It seems she and my girls might be staying with your aunt for much longer than expected. Most probably the rest of the summer." Howard began.

"We want her back." The Twins said in unison.

"Your cooking is awful." Jamie moaned.

"Too bad, boys. You're stuck with mine unless you learn to cook for yourself."

The Twins groaned. "Well, learn to cook something other than Spag Bol or oven chips."

"Why are we all naked, Howie," Nick said gruffly.

"Howard!" His stepdad corrected Nick, knowing he only called him Howie to rile him up. "We are all naked because this is the new normal. We are all no strangers to nudity, but now I want to formalise the arrangement. From now on, we are all naked at home."

"You just want to see our cocks." Nick huffed.

"And I know all you guys get up to stuff." Howard ignored Nick. "And it's no secret that I have helped some of your guys."

"Fucked us, more like," Nick muttered under his breath.

"And as long as everything is consensual, I won't have a problem with what you do." He looked at Nick, "And if Mandy wants to come over, feel free to fuck her where you want."

"Can we watch?" Jamie jumped with the excitement of seeing his eldest brother fucking his girlfriend.

"Fuck off!" Nick snapped at The Twins. "If we are all naked at home from now on, I doubt she will ever come back here. And I don't want to inflict the sight of your overactive glands on her."

"Okay, boys." Howard calmed down his stepsons and stroked his hard cock. "Now. I've had a bastard of a day, and I need a fuck. Who wants to do the honours?"

"We will!" Gavin raised his hand like he was still at school.

"Not a fucking chance." Nick snapped at them again, "You are both too young to take that monster up your tiny arses."

"Argh!" The Twins groaned in unison.

Owen blushed. Ever since his stepdad fucked him and took his virginity, he wanted it to happen again but was too embarrassed to volunteer in front of his brothers. However, Charlie had no hesitation and started to stroke his cock. "I will. I could do with a good fuck."

"I can always rely on you, Charlie." Howard smiled and spat on his hand to rub over his hard cock.

Charlie knelt on a chair, sticking his arse out and holding onto the back of the chair. Howard moved behind him and placed his cock between Charlie's buttocks. The Twins came closer for a look. Howard pushed, and Charlie grunted as Howard pushed his knob inside.

"It's very thick," Gavin commented.

"Does it hurt?" Jamie asked Charlie.

"Of fuck!" Charlie gasped as his hole was invaded. "Yes, it fucking hurts." He said through gritted teeth.

Howard pushed again, sliding another inch inside his stepson.

"Oh fuck." Charlie gasped again, "That feels so much better."

Charlie's hole relaxed around Howard's invading cock and allowed him to push all the way inside.

"He's taken it all," Jamie said to his brother.

"We can do without the audio description." Howard glared at The Twins. "I don't mind you watching, but shut the fuck up."

Nick laughed as The Twins were told off. Jamie pouted, and Gavin wrapped his arm around his brother's shoulder. "Don't worry, I still love you." He kissed his brother's cheek, and they both chuckled.

"I've never seen anyone get fucked in real life. It's different from watching porn." Jamie said.

"You boys are too young to be watching porn." Howard glanced over at them and grinned as he thrust in and out of Charlie's arse. He knew he couldn't prevent them from watching it and would have been surprised if they hadn't.

Owen continued to blush as he watched his stepdad fuck his step-brother and was too embarrassed to grab his stiff cock and stroke it. Nick also had a hard-on. He moved behind Howard and let the exposed tip of his cock poke between Howard's buttocks as he pulled out of Charlie's arse.

Nick spat on his cock and lathered his spit along the length. Owen's cock lurched as he watched, and for the first time, he reached down and grabbed it. He moaned as his fingers gripped his shaft. The Twins were too busy watching and wanking each other to notice their shy brother joining in.

Nick gripped Howard's hips, and as he thrust inside Charlie, Nick thrust and forced his cock deep inside his stepdad. It wasn't gentle. He didn't give Howard a chance to acclimatise to Nick's cock.

Howard growled as his arse was impaled.

"Fuck, Howie, you're so tight." Nick grinned, knowing he was making his stepdad uncomfortable. "Have you ever been fucked before?"

"Never." Howard gasped as his arse flexed, trying to push Nick's cock out. But Nick stayed deep inside his stepdad.

"So this is turnabout. I'm glad it's me taking your anal virginity." Nick grinned.

"Fuck, Nick. What are you doing to him?" Charlie tried to crane his head to see. "He's going soft inside me."

Nick ground his hips into Howard's buttocks. "Come on, Howie. I don't want you to disappoint Charlie." Nick pulled back a little and sharply pushed back in.

Howard grunted.

"Keep doing that. He's getting hard again." Charlie smiled as he felt the pleasure back.

Nick started to fuck his stepdad. He knew Charlie would still enjoy it, and both men were happily grunting beneath him as he fucked his stepdad.

Charlie reached beneath him and grabbed his cock. It was hard and flailing as Nick fucked Howard, whose cock pushed and lurched inside him every time Nick thrust into his stepdad.

Owen gasped as his cock throbbed in his fingers. He was getting close as he watched the show in front of him. He stifled more gasps and groans as he let his cum fly.

"Wow!" Jamie noticed his brother cum. "I never knew you came so hard."

Owen's cum flew several feet in front of him, not quite reaching the naked bodies fucking, but it left long white streaks along the carpet. His face reddened as he came, watched by The Twins.

"We've never seen him cum before," Gavin said to Jamie.

"Imagine that bursting in your mouth and hitting your throat," Jamie commented.

"I wonder what it tastes like?" Gavin wondered and made Owen blush again.

Owen covered his softening cock with his hands as a symbolic protection measure.

The Twins now ignored Owen and concentrated on their two eldest brothers. One being fucked and the other fucking their stepdad.

Charlie was frantically wanking his cock as he felt Howard's cock moving inside him. Howard was grunting as Nick fucked him hard and fast.

Jamie felt Gavin's cock thicken between his fingers. He knew he was close to cumming and didn't stop. Gavin gasped, and Jamie pointed his cock so his cum streaked the carpet where Owen had just come. But he didn't come as far. Jamie's cock was next and mixed with Gavin's cum on the carpet.

It set off an orgasmic chain. Charlie grunted and squeezed his arse tight against Howard's cock. His cock exploded, and he shot his cum onto the seat of the chair he was kneeling on.

Howard felt Charlie grip his cock tight. He came inside Charlie, grunting and grinding his hips into his arse.

Nick felt Howard cum and kept fucking his stepdad, but he soon came deep inside, pumping hard and feeling Howard's arse squeezing his cock dry.

Charlie wriggled beneath the two men. He was holding them up, and their combined weight was too much to handle. Nick pulled his softening cock from his stepdad's arse and watched as some of his cum dribbled out and onto his balls.

Howard was breathing heavily, exhausted from the fucking. He pulled out of Charlie and staggered to the sofa. He flopped down, holding his genitals in his hand, soothing them from their exertions. He looked down at all the cum on the carpet.

"I think I need to go out and buy a carpet cleaner," Howard said.

The Twins giggled.

"I wish your mother were here," Howard said.

"Don't expect her to clean up their mess." Nick pointed to The Twins and Owen.

"No. I just miss her."

"We all do," Charlie said as he felt his well-fucked arse and Howard's cum leaking out. "If she were, you wouldn't be using our arses as much as you do."

"True. But I couldn't give up bum."

"I enjoy it too," Nick grinned, "You are a great fuck, Howie."

Howard was too tired to correct Nick. He knew this was payback for fucking him. He hoped he would get another chance.

There was a scramble for the shower, but The Twins won, being nimble and slender. They slid by their older brothers and jumped in the shower before turning on the water.

Once showered, the brothers carried on like nothing had happened. Owen had dressed but was quickly told off by Howard about the new rule. He went into his bedroom to strip and get into bed to cover his naked body. The Twins played on their tablet on the bottom bunk. Nick had dressed and gone to see his girlfriend. Charlie teased him by saying he needed to fuck her to reassert his manhood. Charlie went downstairs and helped Howard clean up and cook dinner.

The smell of cum quickly dissipated, but the house was full of men, so it was bound to return at some point.

"Have you fucked all of us?" Charlie wondered as Howard cooked the only meal he could: spaghetti bolognese.

"No." He looked at Charlie. "I've not fucked The Twins. They are still too young. Perhaps once they've reached eighteen."

"So, they have something to look forward to." They laughed.

The Twins hadn't admitted that they'd fucked each other, but feeling their stepdad's girthy and lengthy cock would be something they had to come. But not for at least three years.

About the Author

David Heulfryn comes from solid Welsh, Irish and English stock. He was encouraged to write short stories and poetry at school, and one of his earliest memories is reading out a poem about the sun he had written to his class in primary school. Sadly, that poem has been lost.

In 2004 David started a website to share his stories, which later developed into Screeve, a project he created to encourage other queer writers to share their stories. You can find out more at www.screeve.org