**­­­­Sins of the Son**

by *Robert Du Preez*

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**Sins of the Son**

By Robert Du Preez

“Get your ass in the house!”

Ben’s head hung low inside what was left of my truck. A clanking noise emanated from the engine every couple of seconds like clockwork, a thunderous clanking noise. This told me the damage wasn’t limited to the truck’s body but was internal. Seeing my sorry son slink out of the truck after parking it in front of the garage, my blood boiled even more. He’d act all contrite for a few days, avoid eye contact and then go back to his devil-may-care self like nothing had happened, like he always did. Not this time.

“You better get in there.” I walked behind him, not even bothering to study the damage to the truck even further.

“I’m sorry, Dad.” Ben looked at me in our tiny kitchen. He looked every bit as sorry as he purported to be. It didn’t do anything to dampen the fire raging in my stomach.

“You’re damn right you’re sorry, a sorry sack of crap, this son of mine.” I banged a cupboard. Where was the emergency bottle of whiskey when I needed it?

“It was an accident, Dad, I promise.”

I slammed another cupboard. “Don’t you lie to me, boy, not tonight. I’ve already been on the phone with Amy’s dad, he told me exactly what happened after he picked up his daughter from a car wreck on the side of the goddamn road. You sure you want to go with that accident crap?”

Ben hung his head. He knew when he was defeated.

“How many times did I tell you not to go crazy with my truck? How many times have I told you it’s our only means of supporting ourselves? I loaned you that truck, knowing you’re a big show off in front of your girl.” I squared up to my son and bumped him with my chest. “I knew this would happen. I just knew it. And it did.”

“Dad, I’m sorry. Really.”

“How the fuck will your sorry ass being sorry put food on this table? Without that truck, I can’t get any more jobs. We’ll lose the clients I already have to Brad. His team has been chomping to take over the few clients who’d been loyal to us. Now our clients won’t have a choice but to go with the big guys. Sorry, my ass!”

“I’ll pay for it. I’ll fix the truck, it’s not that bad.”

“Oh, you sure are going to pay for it, and you’re going to pay for it tonight. Your freeloading days ended last week the day you turned eighteen. There’s no more sliding out of things, paying off your debts with bullshit promises that go unfulfilled until they’re forgotten.”

I started unbuckling my belt. Ben’s face paled, and I could only imagine the thoughts racing through his mind. I hadn’t raised a hand to my son since his mother died four years ago, and that was my first mistake. I had felt bad for the little bastard, had coddled him too much. I’d seen him grow up from a boy into a man these last four years, riding the wave of sympathy from his mother’s death like it was a get out of jail free card. I’d been too soft on him, and now this is what I was left with for a son.

“Dad, please,” Ben said.

I won’t lie, there was satisfaction in the creeping panic entering his voice. I haven’t seen Ben take anything seriously for way too long, always sliding out of sticky situations and carrying on like the world would always just catch him.

“I’m not going to beat you,” I eventually said, snapping the belt in my hands just for the satisfaction of seeing Ben’s eyes go even bigger, before I dropped it on the floor. I kicked off my boots and stepped closer to Ben. “Unless you force me to,” I said. “I’m so sick of your ass, paying for you, spending my hard-earned money on you, raising you, buying you all your damn video games, fuck. And all I get for it is a ‘thanks, dad!’ and a basket of dirty laundry every Saturday.”

Ben’s throat made a dry click, and he took a step back. I took a step forward.

“I’ll do my own laundry from now on.” Ben’s eyes didn’t leave mine. He looked at me pleadingly but with some confusion mixed in his eyes. I had never let my frustrations show in front of my son. Had always just taken his shit like I thought a good father was supposed to. And for what? What did I ever get out of it? Except a sink full of dirty dishes after a long day hauling trees, hands burning under hot water after a bruising day feeling trees. And now I probably won’t even be able to continue with that job and will need to go work on Brad’s team, under Brad. Fuck, the thought made my skin itch. And it was all the fault of this fucker in front of me.

“Dad?”

“You know what I was thinking the other day,” I said in a much calmer voice than what I actually was. This freaked out the both of us.

Ben didn’t say anything.

“I thought, why the fuck am I giving up my life for this kid for? He’s just going to fuck off one day as soon as he gets one of his girls pregnant and leave me fending for myself. I’ve been sweating it these four years, keeping you fed and homed, and for what?” I took another step forward, crowding Ben. I asked again, For what?” to make sure he knew it wasn’t a rhetorical question.

“Because I’m your son. You’re my dad. Isn’t that what dads are supposed to do?”

I stilled and looked Ben in the eye. Those words would’ve come across as him being smart to anyone else. But I knew my son well; it was just a genuine answer. Ben thought the world worked this way, that I would pay his way forever if he could get away with it.

“I signed a contract with the universe the day you were born,” I said slowly, “that ended the day you turned eighteen. Which,” I looked at the watch on my wrist with exaggerated interest, “was last Wednesday.”

“So, what? You’re kicking me out now?” Ben yelled with a surprising bout of bravery. “Because of a busted up truck?”

“Hell no,” I pulled my shirt over my head, standing bare-chested before my son, my beltless jeans sagging lower over my hips. I flexed my arms and chest for good measure, reminding us both that I carried some weight in my muscles from years of felling trees. “I’m collecting,” I said, and smacked Ben across the face with the palm of my hand. The smack reverberated across the kitchen, and Ben's tumble when he hit the small linoleum-topped table that skidded across the floor and into the cheap wooden cabinets I had installed seven years ago was satisfying. Honestly, it wasn’t even that hard a smack to start with. Ben was more caught off guard than anything else and let the smack carry him halfway across the room.

I walked up to him and studied his stunned face. He clutched his cheek like a little bitch, shock pulling his eyes bigger than I’d ever seen them. He lay crumpled on the floor, staring at some unseeable spot near my feet.

I studied my son for a moment, really studied him. He took after his mother way more than he did me. Of course, he’d gotten my muscles and strength, but he’d gotten his mother’s athleticism, fine blond hair, small nose, and perfectly proportioned teeth. His blue eyes were big and far apart, and if you squinted just right, you could imagine you were staring at his mother. However, Ben had worked hard the last few years to shed any vistage of his former chubby kid self and transformed himself into the typical jock at his school. He didn’t want to lean into his feminine bone structure and instead drown it out under layers of muscle sculpted in the gym and on the football field. But tried as he might, he couldn’t escape his small bone structure. He’d been a small kid, a small man at 5'5", standing next to my 6'3". And I knew what happened to guys like him: he might gain a few more inches before he starts growing, but his main growth spurts are done, and when he hits his late 20s, he’ll start crimping.

I walked up to him and studied his stunned face. He clutched his cheek like a little bitch, shock pulling his eyes bigger than I’d ever seen them. He lay crumpled on the floor, staring at some unseeable spot near my feet, his shirt torn at the collar when he hit the cabinet. The cut of his muscles was undeniable and earned, not inherited, but the bones beneath them still betrayed his efforts. No amount of gym time would broaden those narrow wrists or square his jaw. His mother’s bone structure clung to him stubbornly, softened by high cheekbones and a delicate nose.

Ben didn’t see it, or maybe refused to. But he’d worked damn hard to carve himself into somethign tougher. The delicate blond hair, permanently damp from workouts, clung to his forehead now before he shoved it back. His blue eyes, too wide, too bright, narrowed as he looked up at me. “Dad?” he asked softly.

I didn’t say anything, just…kept on studying him.

At 5’5”, he had to tilt his chin up to meet my gaze most of the time, but he’d square his shoulders anyway, like that would close the gap. We both knew better. He might gain another inch, maybe two, but in another decade, time would start to steal from him what little height he had left. And guys like him, they knew it. Even if they didn’t say it out loud.

In the past, when I cared enough to pretend, I’d reassure Ben when he’d sneakily ask me if I thought he’d still get taller one day, and I would say yeah, don’t worry about it. Most guys get a good growth spurt in their late teens, and then I’d dish him another helping of sweet carrots because the internet had told Ben carrots would make him grow taller. Looking back now, I should’ve started breaking my son earlier, made him touch ground a bit more, gotten his head out of the clouds.

“How did I raise such a disappointment?” I asked. The pain my remark cut across his features was quickly replaced by confusion in Ben’s eyes as he watched my hands deftly pop the buttons my jeans.

“I was having a beer with old Willy the other day,” I said, like me undressing in front of my son was the most natural thing in the world. “I was bitching to him about you, like you’re my goddamn old lady. I told him, I said, fucking son of mine can’t even rinse a pan after making himself eggs that I bought and paid for. I come home and have to clean up after him, then cook for him, and pay for the honour of doing it. I tell you, old Willy’s jaw was on the ground.” I pushed my jeans down in one slow motion, the fabric whispering against my skin. I stood there in my white cotton briefs with my son still clutching his jaw like a wronged bride on her wedding night.

“He told me—no, he looked me dead in the eye and said, ‘Jim, that’s bullshit’”. A low laugh rumbled in my throat. “And you know what? I agreed with him.”

Leaning forward, I brought my face close to Ben’s, close enough to catch the sharp inhale he took, his breath hitching just slightly.

My fingers slid into his hair, threading through the strands, tightening. A quick, sharp pull, his head tipped back, his throat exposed to me, his blue eyes wide with something I couldn’t quite name. Confusion, maybe. Or perhaps fear.

“Look at me,” I murmured.

Ben raised his eyes. There was no doubt now, it was panic settling into his eyes. “Dad, what’s going on?”

I smiled down at him.

“I…I’ll help out more, do the dishes, I’ll do my own laundry, I’ll cook for us,” he pleaded, trying hard to clutch onto anything.

“You think I want to eat the high protein crap you survive on?” I said. I yanked his head back but leaned over him, pushing him down on the ground. My briefs-covered crotch was mere inches from his face. After a long day on the site, I knew the stench must have been overwhelming, especially by the scrunched up look of Ben’s face as he pulled his head back even more.

“I—I’ll help out more. Do the dishes. Do my own laundry. I’ll cook for us,” he rushed out, voice thin, fingers twitching like he wanted something to grab onto. Anything.

I huffed a low laugh. “You think I wanna eat the high-protein sludge you survive on?”

His breath hitched.

I yanked his head back, forcing his gaze up before pressing him down, sprawled and vulnerable beneath me. The ground was cool against his skin. My weight, solid. My crotch, clad in sweat-damp briefs, hovered just inches from his face.

I didn’t have to see his expression to know. The scrunch of his nose, the way his head tried to twist away, it told me everything. A full day under the sun, hauling, lifting, moving—yeah, I knew exactly how I smelled.

And so did he.

“Dad?” Ben’s voice was small, unsure. “What are you doing?”

“Know what else old Willy had said to me?” I asked in a casual tone. “He told me I had to force down respect. That kids these days won’t respect you any other way. Got me thinking, and it’s true, isn’t it? You haven’t respected me in a long time.” I can’t even recall the number of times I’d told Ben to clean up his disgusting bro pad that he called a room. Pizza boxes with discarded crusts, empty beer cans he’d stolen out the fridge, smudgy video game controls and bedding that had been washed who knows when last.

“How many times have I told you not to race with the truck?” I asked.

Ben’s eyes started to mist over. “Dad, I’ll fix the truck for us, I promise.”

“No, boy, your payback starts tonight. Right here, right fucking now.

My grip tightened in his hair, his fingers twisting in soft blond strands. His body stiffened, his chest rising in structured, shallow breaths.

“Your payback starts tonight.”

His mouth parted slightly, but no sound came. His breath hitched. He understood.

“Right here. Right fucking now.”

His eyes flickered. Fear, disbelief, something else. I yanked his head back and dropped it. His skull cracked against the tiles, a dull thud, hair spilling over his forehead. His mouth trembled, lips parting as if to speak. No words came—just the slow, pathetic spill of tears.

Something coiled hot and tight in my gut. My cock twitched.

This should be about punishment. About teaching him a lesson. That’s all it was.

But looking at him now, curled on the floor, breath hitching in his throat, body not yet grown into itself, something else was happening.

“All these years,” I muttered, voice rough, “do you even know what it took to raise you?”

Ben coughed, arms curling in tight around his ribs.

“You don’t. You never did. I let shit slide after your mama died. Made excuses for you. Coddled you.” My jaw was clenched. “Should’ve been harder on you then. Maybe then you wouldn’t be such a worthless little shit.”

I swung my foot. A sharp impact. He gasped, more surprise than pain.

Good. He wasn’t scared enough yet.

“Strutting around here after gym. Walking around in your underwear after a sweaty game like you owned the place.”

His throat bobbed. His lips parted, but nothing came out.

“Even after I warned you, I said, ‘Ben, you’re looking more like your mama every day,’ but you just kept on walking around here in your tighty-whities not giving a shit like always. Didn’t think I noticed, did you? Selfish son of a bitch that you are.”

I swung my foot again. Harder this time. Ben’s body jerked up an inch off the floor before curling back in.

Jesus. I was shaking.

“Dad—” he wheezed.

I cut him off, driving my heel into his ribs. “Keep your mouth shut.”

He gasped, fingers flexing against the tile, but he didn’t try to fight. Good.

“You think I had time to look after myself?” My voice rose. "Between work, keeping this dump running for you—who the fuck would want me? You think anyone would want to date a man saddled with a dead wife and an ungrateful little bitch for a son?"

A bitter taste crawled up my throat.

“The least your mama could’ve done was to leave me with a daughter. At least then I’d have someone to take care of me. Instead, she saddled me with your sorry ass.”

Ben’s breath came out quick and shallow.

“Eighteen fucking years, Ben.” My voice lowered, steadied. “Eighteen years I paid for that ass.”

I stood back up, looking down at him, sputtering on the ground, sarong past me like he could pretend his way out of this.

Hell. Maybe I didn’t even know what was happening anymore.

I just went with it.

All the years of being dismissed, of being pissed on piling up, threatening to choke me to death.

I palmed my cock through my briefs. Stared down at him.

“From now on,” I said, quiet, even, “this is your only master. You’re going to learn to respect it.”

Ben didn’t look up. His shoulders trembled, but he knew better than to whip his face.

He knew that always pissed me off.

Crying was bad enough. If you had to cry, cry like a man, goddamnit.

I bent down, fingers digging into his chin.

“Don’t cry now.”

His breath shuddered. I pulled him closer.

“I’m about to give you something to cry about.”

His breath hitched again. “Dad, I’m sorry, please-let’s go back. Let’s go back to the way things were.”

I curled my hands in his hair and yanked. “Oh, you’d like that, wouldn’t you?” I hauled him up, dragging him toward the kitchen door.

Ben fought now. Kicking frantically, howling, his hands clawing at my grip.

I barely felt it.

“Howl harder, bitch. Night’s just getting started.” Even my own voice unnerved me.

I dragged him down the hall, his feet catching on the stained carpet, heels slamming against the walls.

“And you can forget about college,” I said, words steady now. “Ain’t paying for you to goof off another four years. Come Monday, you’re pulling out.”

"Dad—please, please—"

He wasn’t hearing me. Not yet.

But he would

Shock was setting in, his fight growing fainter, body moving but not all there anymore.

I pulled him into my room.

His legs buckled when he hit the bed, the old mattress groaning under his weight.

I hooked my thumbs into my briefs, pushing them down. My cock slapped up against my stomach, wet and aching.

“You know,” I muttered, voice almost thoughtful, “the last person I fucked in this bed was your mama.” I ran a hand over my cock. My breath shuddered out of me. “Only fitting the next one’s gonna be her son. Do you reckon your asshole will be tighter than hers?”

Ben cried hard now, unapologetically. He didn’t care if I saw him wiping his eyes. I slapped him across the face, the hard slap reverberating across my small room. It was satisfying, so satisfying that I wanted to hear it again, to see his head rock back and hit the headboard again. So I slapped him harder this time, smiling at his dazed expression.

“You’re wearing way too much clothes for someone who’s about to give up his ass to his father.” For a moment I pictured Ben, having sex for the first time with some girl, eager, awkward, horny. Fumbling with getting his pants off, getting his dick in just in time before he blew his load. Probably didn’t last a minute his first time.

“Tell your pa, how old were you when you first fucked a girl?”

Ben sobbed, wiping snot from his nose. He must’ve sensed I was waiting for an answer and didn’t want to risk another slap. “Thirteen,” he stuttered.

My eyebrows shot up at his impressive answer. “Thirteen, you say,” I said with a mix of pride and fascination. “Kids these days,” I muttered, looking down at him. I hooked my fingers in his jeans’ hoops and started pulling down. “They start so young these days.”

“Dad!” Ben yelled. He must’ve sensed that I was serious and that things were about to get real. He held on to his pants for dear life, folding over on himself trying to make it harder for me to pull his jeans off.

I was still riding on adrenaline and whipped my hand back and smacked him upside his head, hard. The fight left Ben’s body as fast as it came over him, and he covered his head with his hands again, curling in on himself. I pulled his jeans down, pulling his boxers with him. It pooled around his feet, and I got annoyed at the sneakers obstructing its way. I’d paid for the sneakers, which Ben had promised to pay back. He never did.

I pulled the damn shoes off and whipped his pants off too. Ben laid back on the bed, still curled up in himself, away from me. From this angle I could just make out his butt, with his dick and balls safely ensconced in his body as he kept trying to roll away from me. That’s fine, I wsn’t interested in my son’s dick right now. I only had eyes for that hole. I couldn’t even remember the last time a tight hole gripped my dick and pulled the life out of me. It was only fair that I took my son’s ass cherry. Why leave the possibility for anyone else to do it after all the fucking pain and investment I’d put into it.

Even though I wasn’t particularly interested in what was going on in the front of my son’s body right now, I still wanted him to be fully present with me and know what was happening. To do that meant I had to strip him totally, and that meant getting him out of his shirt too. So I leaned forward and dug my fingers into his expensive fucking t-shirt, more expensive than most of the shirts I owned, and I tore it in two. It tore to the nape of his neck, and I ripped it apart.

Ben, my eighteen-year-old jock son was now sprawled out on my bed, his cherry ass begging to be stuffed with his dad’s dick. I couldn’t believe it after all these years.

I leaned forward and slapped his cold ass, hard. “You know,” I said, “if I squint real hard, it could almost be like I’ll be fucking your mama’s ass. At least that’s something.”

Another howl tore from Ben’s throat, his face buried in the crook of his arm.

I climbed onto the bed, my cock heavy, slick, and throbbing. The heat of him pulled me in like gravity. I gripped his thighs, fingers digging into thick muscle, and pried them open, spreading him wide.

And there it was—his ass. Christ. A masterpiece. Heavy, sculpted, built from years of squats and sweat. The skin stretched tight over slabs of muscle, but just enough to sink my hands into, to mark. A faint dusting of blond hair caught the dim light, almost too delicate for something this obscene, this perfect.

He tensed, curling inward, trying to hide—but that only made it just out further, round and firm, a silent invitation begging to be split open. My hand came down, hard.

The crack split the silence. Flesh trembled beneath my palm, a slow bloom of red unfurling across his skin.

Almost like fucking your mama’s ass,” I muttered, voice thick. “Close enough.”

Ben choked on a sound, his face buried in the bedspread, shoulders shaking.

I climbed over him, cock heavy, slick. A quick yank, and his legs spread wide. The muscle in his thighs flexed, trembling, but he stayed open, waiting. That ass, tight, pink, untouched, peeked between those thick and sculpted cheeks. Heat radiated off his skin, his shallow, shuddering breaths vibrating the mattress beneath us.

I spat into my palm, stroking myself through, quick. No time for niceties. This wasn’t about making it easy. It was about taking. About claiming.

Ben sobbed against the sheets, his body taut, quivering, but his ass—fuck, man, that ass—stayed lifted, offering itself up. How the fuck I’d waited this long, I had no idea.

“Stop squirming.” I grabbed his hips, fingers sinking into thick muscle, feeling the way he tensed, that blond dusting of hair soft against my skin. I lined up, the tip of my cock pressing against tight resistance, and exhaled a low, mean laugh. “Tighter than your mama, huh? Let’s see how long that lasts.”

The faint scent of ass sweat and heat curled int he air, primal, unfiltered. We’d make this body ready for me, and keep it ready. But right now? Right now, I wanted him raw. Wanted to feel every desperate clench, every inch surrendered, every second he unraveled beneath me.

I’d earned this.

Ben bucked beneath me, his body wild, his back arched desperately, muscles flexing and legs kicking against the mattress. “Dad, please.”

His voice cracked, raw and ragged, but I didn’t give a shit. I grabbed his wrists, pinning them above his head with one hand, my weight sinking over him and pressing him down even more. He fought me all the way, hips jerking, body twisting, but it only made him grind against me, his ass rubbing against my cock, his breath sharp and uneven.

“Stay down,” I growled, voice rough, need clawing at the edges of control.

He let out a strangled sound, half a curse, but half surrender, and his thighs spread wider.

I slicked myself quick, rough, lining up against that tight entrance and feeling him tense. His hole clenched instinctively, but when I pushed forward, it gave, stretching open around my cock, slow but relentless.

“Fuck.” My breath stuttered as I sank in, the grip of him unbearable, heat swallowing me whole.

The stretch tore a scream from him. High, broken, and echoing off the thin walls as his back arched and his hands fisted the sheets. His ass clenched tight around me, fighting the intrusion as I thrust deeper, relentlessly splitting that heavy, beautiful ass open and ripping his ass virginity into oblivion.

“Goddamn,” I exhaled. “Hurts, don’t it?” My fingers threaded through his hair and gripped tight as I pulled his head back just enough to hear his ragged breath, to watch his face twist with overwhelmed, unbearable pain and disgust. “Good. You’ll feel every fucking inch I paid for.”

I thrust again, harder this time. His body rocked against mine, the bead creaking under the force. His ass jiggled, thick and firm, blond hairs glinting with sweat. Each thrust rippled through that jock’s trophy ass like a goddamn wave. I smelled ass, my son’s ass, and I was addicted.

And fuck, I was going to ruin him.

Ben gasped into the sheets, his body trembling beneath me, each ragged breath shuddering through him. His muscles flexed, taut, resisting even though he knew it was pointless.

I slammed my palm down on his ass—crack—the slap echoing sharp, his flesh bouncing under my hand, a red welt blooming fast. He jerked, a choked sound muffled in the mattress as his ass clenched hard around me.

“Hurts,” he gasped, back arching.

I leaned in, my breath hot against his ear. “Then beg.” My voice was low, a demand. “Beg me to stop, you little bitch.”

He twisted beneath me, panting, his fingers gripping the sheets like a lifeline.

I pounded into him, merciless, the burn of his stretched hole fueling me. “Say it—‘Please, Dad, stop.’”

His voice came small, the words fragile, quivering, cracking apart between gasps.. “P-please… Dad… stop…” It was pathetic, choked between sobs, and it only made me grin wider.

“Too fucking late.” I slammed in deep, bottoming out. Heat wrapped around me, tight and perfect, those thick, gym-carved cheeks pressing flush to my hips. I owned this, every inch of him flexing under me, surrendering in shuddering, desperate acceptance.

. You’re mine now—every fucking inch of this fat, pretty ass.” I slapped it again, the sting biting my hand, his howl vibrating through the bed. “All that gym time, and it’s just a hole for me to wreck.”

Another slap. Crack. His moan cut through it, the sound of pain he couln’t bite back fast enough. His body twitched.

“All that gym time, and it’s just a hole for me to wreck, huh?”

Ben’s breath hitched and his thighs trembled. His ass pushed back against me in desperate burn. I didn’t let up. Harder. Faster. Deeper. He would need to learn eventually, so I tightened my grip and let my weight bear him down harder, thrusting brutally and carving my claim into every inchi of his ruined, masculine body.

My son whimpered beneath me, his fingers gripping the bed tight. “Hurts,” he mumbled, voice wrecked. “Fuck, hurts—”

I fisted a hand in his hair, yanking his head back just enough to hear him suck in a sharp breath. “You can take it. Bitch boy that you are.”

A pause. A tremble.

“Cry all you want,” I panted, voice thick with need. “This is what you get. This is what I get. Finally.”

My cock throbbed, buried deep, his body stretched tight around me, gripping, pulling me deeper. His gasps hitched, shuddering, every desperate, wrecked sound feeding the fire inside me. I had held back for way too long, let this little bitch taunt me with his tight ass walking around half naked.

The strain in his ass had eased, the resistance melting away into heat, into a perfect, slicked-up grip. Still tight, still a vice around me, but now I could slam in harder, faster. I shifted, curling my fingers under his knee, lifting his leg and swinging it over my shoulder.

Perfect.

This stretched his pale, muscled thigh high into the air, exposing him, giving me even more control, and I couldn’t stop myself. I bent, pressing my mouth to his skin, tasting the salt of sweat, heat clinging to his body like a second skin. He gasped, sharp, startled, and from this angle, I could see it.

His cock.

Flushed, thick, moving with every brutal thrust.

I hadn’t seen it in years. And fuck, he was impressive. Not fully hard, not yet, but twitching, reacting. Maybe it was from the way I was hitting him just right, or maybe…maybe something else.

The thought sent a vicious pulse of pride through my chest at the thought of my son getting hard from me pounding him, my hips snapping harder, forcing a gasp from his lips. Yeah. Let him feel that. Let him know who’s breaking him open, ruining him, wrecking him.

His cock flopped against his stomach, slapping in rhythm with my thrusts, obscene, wet sounds filling the air. I grinned, watching the way he clenched, the way his thighs trembled, the way his body betrayed him.

I wanted to see his face. Wanted to watch every second of him falling apart under me.

I reached down, sweeping a sweaty hand over his face, brushing the dap strands of hair from his eyes. His brows furrowed, lips parted, eyes squeezed shut.

No.

He didn’t get to escape this.

I smacked his ass—hard.

“Open your eyes,” I growled.

Nothing.

My fingers found his nipple, twisting sharply—

His eyes flew open.

A gasp, half a cry, half a curse, shattered from his lips. His body jolted, tightening around me as I thrust forward, forcing his thighs wider, forcing his body to take every fucking inch.

And those eyes, those goddamn eyes, stretched wide, pupils blown, dazed and wrecked and mine.

That’s it.

"Things are going to change around here," I panted between thrusts. "This is just the start."

I slammed forward, burying myself deeper, grinding my frustration, my control into the heat of his body. He gasped—sharp, ragged—as his ass clenched around me, his cock twitching, an electric jolt sparking through him. I crammed all the years of pent up frustration into that small space that was my son’s ass. I gasped as he clenched hard, his dick giving an electric shock.

Oh, I felt that.

I found it—the spot buried deep inside him, the place that stole the breath from his lungs, made his thighs tremble, sent shockwaves through his body. I aimed for it again.

His body betrayed him.

His cock jumped, swelling, a choked noise escaping his lips as his hands clawed at the sheets. His eyes widened, that perfect mix of dread and reluctant, helpless pleasure flashing across his face.

I smirked. "Are you gonna come on my cock?" I laughed, dragging my nails down his ribs. "You are, aren’t you? You’re gonna spill all over yourself just from getting wrecked like this. Don’t fight it. You know you want to come on your dad’s cock."

His cheeks burned crimson, shame clashing with need, his breath ragged.

I fed him filth, the words sinking under his skin, crawling into his undoing, tearing him open from the inside out.

“Who would’ve thought, you’d enjoy getting ass raped by your dad. Is it even rape if you nut too?” I ask.

"Look at you," I murmured. "Wrecked. Taking me like you were fucking made for it."

His lashes fluttered, a strangled whimper escaping his throat. And then, his fingers—shaking, uncertain, desperate—slid between his legs.

Once.

Twice.

His cock jerked, and then—fuck—hot ropes of come spilled across his stomach, his breath breaking apart into shattered gasps. His body tensed, clenching tight around me, the pressure unbearable, blinding.

I couldn’t be blamed for tripping over the edge. Pleasure ripped through me, sharp and sudden, my vision darkening as I slammed forward one last time—the pressure tightening, the heat unbearable, the pleasure pulling from the base of my spine, crackling through my veins as my release burst inside him.

Fuck.

Burst after burst of seed exploded into Ben’s ass, ready to be absorbed and consumed, to become one with his body.

“That’s it,” I muttered, pushing deeper, chasing the wreckage some more, feeling him pulse and break around me.

I collapsed over him, catching my breath, my body dazed and spent, but my mind sharp. Crystal fucking clear.

“Things will be different from now on,” I murmured against his skin. “You know that, don’t you?”

He swallowed hard, body still shivering beneath me. His lips parted, but no words came.

"You’ll be waiting for me," I continued, dragging my fingers down his chest, nails skimming over sweat-slicked skin. "This body—this perfect fucking body—mine to come home to. You get that, don’t you?"

I collapsed on top of Ben, who was still crying beneath me. After catching my breath, I continued. “I won’t expect you to work, but you’ll keep house for me. When I get home in the afternoons, this house will be tidy. There’ll be food waiting for me, and after that, I want your ass in the air ready to take me to heaven. That’s it,” I said, my tone brooking no argument.

I got up, pulled out Ben’s phone, and snapped seven photos of him from various angles.

I used his facial recognition to unlock his phone, change the lock code, and quickly change his social media accounts’ passwords.

“This is my phone now,” I said, “everything on there is mine, just like everything in here. If you disappoint me one more time, I’m going to post these pictures to all your socials, and tag all your fucking millions of girlfriends, and they’ll see what a come pig slug looks like. Do you understand?”

Ben looked even more horrified and pale than he had a moment ago. “The answer is, 'Yes, Dad.’”

“Yes, Dad,” Ben whispered.

I kicked him out of the bed. His body thumped heavily on the dirty carpet next to the bed. “This is a man’s bed. You don’t get to sleep in here until you become a man yourself. Until then, you sleep on the ground.”

Ben curled in on himself.

I looked at my pathetic son, thinking about the endless possibilities of the future. Man, it seems like my wife has looked after me all along.