

Brother-in-law: Bathed Faced and Joined

(By: Anddrew)

"Your bath is prepared, Sir," Eddie said, standing at the open door with his head down. Eddie had stripped naked in the interim, and was standing with his hands on his hips, facing away from the bathroom door. When he turned, his half erect cock seemed to nod at Craig of its own accord.

"Hey, Craig, my man, you remembered the jock! Ah, what a good boy! I will have to reward you for that. He reached down and grabbed the pouch of the jock and squeezed gently, less gently, tightly, quite tightly. Craig gasped. "But not just yet, the reward comes later!" One hard squeeze and Eddie stepped into the shower. "Now be thorough!"

Craig started at Eddie's neck and lathered him with the scented soap. He pushed the soap around the man neck from behind and down over his chest. Craig pushed the pouch of the jock into Eddie's ass as he did so, and hugged his brother-in-law as much as lathered him. He proceeded down over the chest and onto the rather flabby belly, jiggling it just enough to make Eddie laugh at it.

Then he moved up the arm, circling it with the soap, and moving back so Eddie could raise his arm over his head as Craig got to Eddie's arm pit. With Eddie's arm extended over his head, Craig's face was right by his arm pit, and he couldn't resist licking the sweaty hair before he moved the soap up. He caught some of the hair in his teeth and pulled gently, then smartly.

"Oh Craig, my man, you will feel it for that! Now, do it some more!" And Craig did.

He proceeded down the back and up the other side and over the other arm pit until the entire upper part of his friend's body as covered in rich scented lather. He paid little attention to Eddie's nipples, knowing that Eddie did not find them erotically charged at all. He rubbed his own chest into Eddie's, so his own nipples got hard, but that was just an extra bonus.

Then, after rinsing Eddie free of soap, Craig knelt in the shower stall. He was in front of his brother-in-law, and naturally took the standing man's cock into his mouth, sucking gently, while rubbing the soft Puff ball over the man's ass. He pushed the soft net ball into his ass crack and rubbed it up and down, while Eddie gripped with his ass cheeks at Craig's fingers. He sucked all the harder, and was surprised when Eddie grabbed his head and said in a throaty voice, "later, my boy, later!" and pushed his head away.

Craig soaped Eddie's legs with the same enthusiasm he had used on his arms. As Eddie turned, Craig soaped the man's hips, and thighs. He worked a lather into his pubic hair and pumped his erect cock several times with soapy hands.

"Would you like to take me now, Sir, with that soap on your dick? It would burn and sting admirably."

"No," panted Eddie. It was obvious Craig's hands were getting to him. "No. I will take your ass later."

"As you wish, Sir!" Craig picked up the stiff brush and started to buff Eddie's feet. He rubbed him long and hard across the toes, around the ankle and over the instep. The soap made the skin slippery, but pushing the brush hard, like when shining shoes or sanding a piece of rough wood, Craig made the standing man moan with pleasure. Eddie raised one foot so Craig could polish the bottom with the brush, and pulled his toes toward the ceiling, signaling both that it should go on and that he thoroughly enjoyed it. Craig repeated the procedure on the other foot, making it red and tingling-looking before moving up Eddie's legs with the brush.

He proceeded to brush Eddie's legs, from the ankle to the knee, shin and then calf, right and then left leg, and then from the knee to the hip on the outside of the thigh. He used the brush more gently now, but still in long, firm strokes, as if he were currying a horse. When Craig moved to his ass, Eddie moaned in pleasure and said under his breath, almost under his consciousness, "yes, yes, work that brush and brush my ass."

He pushed his ass out, and Craig spread Eddie's cheeks to brush the crack with the stiff plastic bristle. He reached under and stroked the area between the anus and the ball sack with the brush, back and forth, back and forth, firmly, and steadily. He brushed forward, reaching under his brother in law's ass to brush down the scrotum and around to the cock. Gently now, so gently, he stroked the head of the cock with the brush, in small gentle circle accompanied by Eddie's groan of pleasure.

Suddenly, Eddie knocked Craig's hand away. "Oh now, Craig, my man, you're not going to miss out on a come by using that brush. Though, I do love it no end."

Craig smiled to think he had so pleased Eddie. And struggled to his feet. Eddie Took Craig's face in his hands, and kissed the man warmly and lovingly as the water flowed over them. "All right," Eddie whispered. "I'm ready to fuck your face."

Craig turned off the shower and picked up one of the thick white towels on the shelf. He proceeded to dry Eddie with rough, wild rubbing that make the man almost loose his balance, and turned his skin a bright rosy red.

"Good boy, Craig, keep it up. You know I like a little rough stuff."

"No, really? I would never have known. Nor do I have the ass to prove it, Eddie boy. Let me get that crotch."

"Ah, no. I will do that. I want too keep it for you, Craig, my man. Take off that wet jock and dry yourself, boy, so you are ready for a good face fucking."

Craig peeled off the wet leather, and dried himself with a towel. He also splashed some more scent on his chest, and then followed Eddie into the other room. He was surprised to see Eddie putting on his bathing suit. What, more costume games? He didn't know what was coming.

"You'd better get a robe on, Craig, my man or you will draw attention to yourself as we go down to the boat house. Craig was incredulous. The boat house? Eddie wanted to continue this in a public place.? Or perhaps they were going for a boat ride.

"But I thought you wanted to..."

"I do, in the boat house. Be there. You have three minutes."

The screen door banged closed. Craig stood still a full 30 seconds before he realized this was going to be the most exciting blow job he had ever been involved in. He put on his beach robe, but nothing else, as followed Eddie's footsteps down the hill to the boat house.

The building was under the rec. hall, and had stalls for 6 or 8 boats. They were usually all filled at this time of the year, and was usually a very busy place, especially for teenagers and younger kids who like to take their family boats out and stir up wake in the lake. Craig didn't see how they could do anything there. They must be heading out in the boat.

But Eddie was not in the boat house when Craig arrived. He looked around, but no Eddie anywhere. "Craig, my man," came a voice from outside the far wall. "Come here, friend." Craig followed the voice through a door onto a small concrete patio of sorts. The foundation of the boat house was poured concrete, and here, beyond the far wall, was a footing nearly 4' wide, secluded from the rest of the boat house, the dock and the cabins on the hillside above. Only cabins across the lake, about a mile away, or a boat leaving or entering the boat house, could have disturbed their privacy.

"Kneel!" was the only word that Eddie uttered as Craig appeared in the door way. He moved out onto the concrete pad, and knelt on the towel Eddie had thoughtfully brought along. Eddie walked up to him, and ruffled his still wet hair. "You're looking forward to this, aren't you, Craig,. my man, aren't you?"

"Yes sir, I ..."

A stinging slap on his left cheek brought reflexive tears to his eyes. "Don't way a word, not a word. I will do all the talking. You obey. You are nothing but a receptacle, a place for my cock and my come. Do you

understand?"

He started, to answer, but just nodded. Then he open his mouth and closed his eyes, tipping his head back slightly.

"Yes, that is right. That is what I want, but close that mouth." Eddie took Craig's head in his hands and moved it toward his crotch. Craig's mouth met with nylon cloth, and was pushed into the soft lumpiness that was Eddie's genitalia. The standing man rubbed his crotch against the kneeling man's face, and Craig eagerly accepted the pressure. He open his mouth slightly, and began to breath heavily through the nylon. The pressure and rubbing continued. Up and down, up and down, as Eddie performed slow, powerful pelvic thrusts into Craig's face. Back and forth the movement went. Back and forth, wiping the nylon-sheathed cock against Craig 's lips, cheeks and nose. The lump in the pants started to grow harder and harder, longer and longer, with the friction and the hot breath.

"Yes, that's it, Craig, my man that's what I want. A nice waiting, willing face. No aggression, no action on your part, just acceptance. Now, run those hands up my legs into my suit. Yes, that's it, under the lining. Grab my ass and massage it. Pull it closer to your face. Yes, harder, shove that face into my crotch, and run those finger tips up and down my ass crack. Yes, nice and deep and firm. Pull me to you. Now, find a place for that fingertip, boy, and shove it home. Ahhhh, yes, that is it. Shove it in there!" Craig's finger penetrated Eddie's ass hole and Eddie let go of Craig 's head. A second or so later the nylon bathing suit was pushed down below his buttocks, and Eddie's cock was in Craig 's mouth.

Firm and round, like a huge carrot or section of sausage, it filled Craig's mouth. He almost choked on its length and girth. But as his tongue reached to lick around it, Eddie's hands returned. The grasped Craig 's head on either side, covering his ears, and pressed together like a vice. He had no choice but to cooperate, and abandoned himself the standing man's actions. He did not move or try to move his neck, but just went limp in Eddie grasp and let him do what he wanted it. And what he wanted to do seemed to be to pierce Craig 's head like one would skewer a cherry tomato on a shish-kabob spike.

In and out, in and out and in again, in steady, long, deliberate strokes, the smooth, hot sliminess of Eddie's cock seemed to continue to grow. "Yes, Craig, this is what you get for loosing the game. And this is what you get for winning, too. A good face fucking is a thing of beauty. Take it all, boy, -(SHOVE)-, take it all, -(SHOVE)-, and enjoy it -(SHOVE)- and lust after it -(SHOVE)- and ask for more of it -(SHOVE)-" And Craig did as he was told.

The cock battered against the back of his throat, and with every shove, Craig tried to swallow the entire thing. At one point, the head did actually pass beyond his tongue, and he felt it swell in his throat. It only lasted a moment before Eddie pulled out again, but the sensation of fullness, of tightness, combined with the sensation of not being able to breathe and the knowledge that he was actually deep-

throating his brother in law, made Craig 's cock stand at attention and begin to drip. Eddie sensed it too, and stopped his wildly violent jabbing. He stopped, and let himself be swallowed, allowed himself to be taken, eaten in a new way.

He grabbed the man's hips and pulled them violently forward, and held them there, until Eddie stayed still, just rocking his hips forward and backward gently, in and out no more than an inch or so, and began to throb as his semen boiled out of his cock slit and filled Craig 's waiting throat. Craig involuntarily pushed the hips away, as he began to choke on the amount of semen he was being given. He swallowed, but stopped doing so to hold some of it in his mouth.

Eddie finally stopped coming, gasped for breath, and pulled his still semi-hard cock from Craig 's smiling lips. "Well, you took it all, Craig, my man and took it well too. Nice and deep and firm. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Craig said nothing, but stood up, his own penis a sword when Eddies was now a dangling finger. He took Eddie by the shoulders, and pushed his lips against Eddies. He used is tongue to push Eddie's come back into his mouth.

"What the..." Eddie balked.

But then he knew what was going on, and accepted the tongue readily, and hungrily sucked it clean.

"Come on," he said. "I have something else for you, and we still have time." He pulled up his swim suit and turned to go back through the boat house to the cabin. Craig stood up, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and pushed his robe closed over his cock. It was then that they saw Bobby and his older brother Tom.