

My Son's First Time

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Jules is on a business trip to Bretagne, France, and I am taking care of my only son, Zac.

"Zac! Come here!" I call him from the kitchen while preparing our meal for tonight. "I'll be right there," he calls back to me.

He comes into the living room with his hands full of books, papers and other stuffs that he had brought from school today. He sits down in front of me and starts telling me about all these new things they learned in class. Today was Biology, and he learned the parts of the male body. He shows me the drawings that were made by his teacher.

"Wow... Look at these pictures!" I say as I look over them. They're really detailed.

"What do you think?" asks Zac.

"They're really good, did somebody help you? You know you have to tell your parents everything."

"No dad, I drew those myself."

"Oh..." I say and look at him again. "You sure? These are so good it's hard to believe that they were drawn by a ten-year-old boy."

"Yeah, I'm pretty good at drawing, aren't I?"

"Yes, you are. But you shouldn't show them to anyone else, okay? Especially not girls. Girls might get scared if they see such realistic drawings."

"Okay dad."

We continue talking about school and then we start eating.

Zac is in a boy's school; Jules took that decision because she wanted her son to learn how to behave properly around women. She didn't want him to become some kind of pervert or something like that. So far, it seems to work well. Zac is always polite, respectful towards women and even though he has lots of friends, he never gets involved in any kind of trouble. He is also quite smart, which makes his mom happy.

After dinner, Zac goes to his bedroom to read some more books before going to bed. I slide my head into his door, just to say: "Good night Zac."

"Night dad".

I went back to the living room and turned on the TV. Some time had passed, it was 12 am now, and I decided to go to sleep too. I took off my clothes and put them on top of the dresser. I also put my glasses on my night stand, then I get under the covers. The bed felt empty without Jules... I was about to go to sleep, but I heard some noise coming from Zac's room.

I decided to check up on him, since he might have fallen from the bed or something. I walked slowly towards his door and opened it.

"Zac?" I whispered through the door opening it slowly...

What I saw that night, changed my way of seeing him completely... My ten-year-old son was masturbating on his bed. His hand was moving fast between his legs, rubbing his tiny cock. I have seen him naked before, of course, I'm his father, but never like this... Never while he's touching himself. It was so wrong, so forbidden, that I couldn't help myself. Why was I feeling like this? It is my son after all...

I looked at him, his eyes were closed and he seemed to be enjoying what he was doing. He started moaning softly, almost as if he was trying to hide his moans from me. I could see his little dick getting bigger and harder. I watched him for a few seconds more, until he suddenly opened his eyes, and noticed he was being watched.

"Dad?" he said, looking at me with surprise.



"What are you doing?" I asked him.

"I-I was just playing with myself."

"Why are you hiding it from me?"

"Because I don't want you to get mad at me, dad."

"I'm not mad at you, Zac. I'm your father, and I love you very much."

"But I'm doing something bad, right?" Zac asked, and started to cry.

"No, Zac, you're not doing anything wrong. This is natural, and it's okay. You should feel free to do whatever you want with yourself, whenever you need to. I won't get angry at you, and neither will Jules."

"Really?" he asked, looking at me with hope in his eyes.

"Yes, really." I answered, and hugged him tight. "It's alright, Zac."

I stayed hugging him for a while, until he calmed down. Then I sat next to him and looked at him.

"Do you still want to play with yourself?" I asked him.

"Y-yeah."

This is bad... What am I going to do? Am I going to watch my son masturbate in front of me?

"Alright, go ahead." I said.

He smiled at me, and moved closer to me, so that our bodies were touching each other. He slowly lowered his hand towards his dick and rubbed it for a few seconds.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," he said, and looked at me with a big grin.

Then he started moaning louder, his little dick got rock hard. I could clearly see its shape now, and it was so small! Just like his balls.

I was mesmerized by the sight of him masturbating, and I couldn't take my eyes away from his hands that were moving up and down his hard cock.

He kept moaning like crazy, making these cute little noises... I knew why he was so loud. He wanted to make sure his daddy would not get mad at him for what he was doing.



"Oh god!" he moaned, and grabbed his cock really fast. He continued doing that for a few seconds, until he made another loud noise. I could tell he was close to cumming.

"Cum for me baby," I whispered.

"Yes, dad!" he screamed, and shot his load all over his belly. He was trembling with pleasure, and I caressed his legs.

"Are you alright, baby?" I asked him.

"Yeah, that was so cool!"

I continued caressing him, while he was catching his breath. After a few minutes, he stopped shaking and lay down on his bed. I kissed his cheek, then he fell asleep.

So that's how I found out Zac likes to touch himself...

I was quite surprised, but I wasn't upset about it. In fact, I was kind of proud of him, and happy he felt comfortable enough to do what he wants with his own body.

Did this really happen? I thought to myself.

I could not remember a time when I've been so aroused by my son.

I began to wonder whether or not he had been doing it before, and I never noticed.

But why did he do it in front of me tonight?

I went to sleep with those thoughts running through my mind, and woke up with them still there.

I was thinking about Zac, and what he might be doing and thinking right now.

I wondered if he was masturbating again.

I hoped he was.

