

Paul's Submission

Faye Valentine

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Surprise Visit

The last person in the world I expected to knock on my front door was my father and yet that's exactly who I saw as I stared in shocked rage through the peep hole. His knuckles once again landed heavily and I had to fight back the urge to grab the baseball bat to my left and go out swinging.

"Who is it?" my best friend Damien asked as he walked in from the kitchen.

"My dad."

"Your dad? I thought he wanted nothing to do with you?"

"Yeah. Which begs the question why is he here." He knocked again and this time I grabbed the bat and jerked the door open. "I don't know or care why you're here but you've got exactly ten seconds to get the fuck off my property before I use your head as target practice," I seethed with a decade's worth of anger.

"I just want to talk, son."

"NO! You lost the right to claim me as your child when you abandoned me for being gay so save it and get lost."

"I'm sorry. I was wrong to treat you the way I did so can we please talk?" he said in the most insincere, monotone voice I had ever heard. And to add insult to injury, it looked as if he would rather be anywhere else in the world other than on my front porch.

"You toss me out of the house at fifteen for being gay only to take me back in once you realized how much trouble you faced for abandoning your underage child. You then spend the next three years treating me like garbage leading up to tossing me out again the day I turned eighteen. And you have wanted exactly fuck all to do with me in the decade since so forgive me if I don't believe that pathetic excuse for an apology. Now get the hell off my property before I show you what ten years of fending for myself has taught me."

"You have every right to be pissed at me, I get it, but I've changed since we last spoke and all I want is to talk."

I knew from talking with my mother who fought tooth and nail for me that this was a complete lie and I fully intended to prove it. "Damien, you want to come to the door?"

"What's up?" my best friend asked.

"My dad here was just saying he's a changed man and wants to prove it by sucking your cock." No sooner were the words out of my mouth than his dick was out of his shorts and my father took three steps back – his face a mask of disgust. "Go on dad, if you're such a changed man then prove it by sucking Damien off and I'll consider giving you a moment of my time. Otherwise get the fuck off my property and don't come back." Just then my phone went off indicating a text from my mother. Pulling it from my pocket I read it only to see my father's true intentions.

This isn't how I wanted to tell you, but your father and I are getting a divorce and as hard as it is to believe I'm pretty sure he's heading your way to hit you up for money.

She was right, it was hard to believe but at the same time he was here. "Don't just stand there. Start sucking or get the fuck out. Or did you think I was just going to hand my hard-earned money over to an abusive, bigoted piece of shit that would just as soon vomit than look at me?"

Yeah, mom told me and you can forget about getting a penny from me so..."The rest of my rant caught in my throat, I watched in stunned silence as my father got down on his knees and with a great deal of hesitation sucked Damien's cock into his mouth. "Suck him off and swallow his load right here on the porch and I'll maybe think about letting you in my house," I said after taking a moment to let my head clear. Phone still in hand, I started the camera and made sure to get a clear shot of his face as Damien's big black cock slid in and out of his mouth before hitting record. To my surprise he seemed more focused on the dick gagging him every time it hit the back of his throat than the video his son was recording of his first blowjob. "Man, you must be all kinds of desperate. Go ahead, Damien, make the fucker gag on your cock until he's sucking down every last drop."

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than my dad sat back and looked up at me, his face beet red from the humiliation of sucking his first cock. "I think that's enough to prove I've changed," he panted.

"Not even close. If you want to talk you're going to keep sucking until you're eating his load and this is not negotiable. In fact, I think the two of you should strip and sixty-nine until you're eating each other's loads or you can leave and don't bother ever coming back."

"I'm not gay and I have no desire to be."

"I honestly don't give a shit what you are. You can sixty-nine with Damien to completion or leave. I won't repeat myself again. I'm going inside. If you come in with Damien I'll know you did as I asked. If not, then I can't say it was a pleasure seeing you again." Turning, I walked inside and shut the door behind me."

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Minutes ticked away as I paced the living room waiting to see who would come inside. On one hand I sincerely hoped my dad got into his car and drove right back out of my life while on the other I wanted to humiliate him as thoroughly as possible and based on the amount of time passing without anyone coming in it looked as if I would at long last get some semblance of revenge for the way he treated me all those years ago. After maybe fifteen minutes I peeked out the window to see my dad and best friend still sucking each other off and had I not know him as well as I did I would have sworn he was enjoying it.

Fifteen minutes became a half hour. Forty minutes. Fifty. Still pacing, I stopped dead in my tracks when I heard grunting that definitely did not belong to my best friend. Looking out the window again I saw my dad head down taking Damien's cock up his ass. Not part of my ultimatum but at the same time I certainly was not going to stop it. Tired of pacing, I plopped down on the couch and waited.

The door opened another twenty-odd minutes later and both my dad and best friend walked in butt naked – the former red from head to toe and the latter smiling ear to ear. "Over an hour. I guess that means you really liked that big black cock plowing your ass. Tell me, where did he pump his load?"

"In my mouth," my dad answered, his voice trembling. "So, are you done degrading me? Can we talk?"

"I'm not even remotely done with you. As for talking we'll get to that after you spend the rest of the night submitting to Damien's every command without hesitation. If you refuse even a single order you'll be tossed out on your ass and you can forget about ever getting a penny out of me."

"What the hell do you mean by submit to his every command? I've already sucked his dick, let him fuck my ass and drank his cum. What the hell more do you want from me?"

“I’m not just a gay man, dad, I’m also very much into the bdsm lifestyle and Damien and I are what are known as switches meaning we dominate and submit to each other. And today you’re going to get a glimpse into our life together so follow him down to the dungeon and have fun being his fucktoy or you’re free to leave.”

“Seriously? All this just to ask for a little loan?”

“Define little. How much money do you want from me, dad?”

“Enough to get another place and to pay for a lawyer to divorce your mother so...maybe ten grand to be on the safe side.”

“Ten grand? You call that a little loan?” I asked with raised brow. It was a lot of money but an amount I could easily afford without much effort thanks to a decent job and wise investments but the thought of giving it to a man that spent the last decade ignoring my existence did not sit well with me. “For that kind of money you’re going to have to submit for a hell of a lot longer than one night.”

“How long?”

“I’ll be very generous and say I’ll loan you two grand per month of submission so you’re looking at five months of being Damien’s sex slave. And I do mean slave. You will do everything he commands without hesitation or complaint or on top of being disciplined I’ll also deduct two hundred and fifty dollars per infraction but you’ll sign a contract agreeing to repay the entire amount regardless of how much you lose. Do you accept the terms of the offer or are we just wasting each other’s time?”

“I can’t believe you’d do this to your own father,” he huffed.

“Says the bastard that treated me like shit and then abandoned me with no job, money or place to go. And despite all of that I not only finished high school, I made it through college, got a high-paying job and through a series of wise investments earned the money you’re now trying to borrow so you’ll forgive me if I don’t just hand it over. Now, I ask again: are you going to accept my terms or are we done?”

“This is by far the most fucked up thing I’ve ever done in my life and I can’t believe you’re forcing me to do it.”

“I’m not forcing you to do anything. If you want the money then you’ll sign the contract when I have it drawn up and if not then you can leave and never come back. Before you answer know that my entire house including the front porch and back deck are wired with cameras that recorded everything you and Damien did.”

“What about what you recorded with your phone?”

“That along with everything else will be sent to mom if you leave.”

“So you’re blackmailing me then?”

“Nope, not at all. I need an answer so what’ll it be?”

I could see the gears turning in his head as I am sure he was desperately trying to think of a way to get the money without further humiliation but with every passing second his resolve crumbled and he let out a long, pitiful sigh. “Fine, I accept your terms.”

“Good, then you’ll join Damien in the dungeon while I draw up the contract which you’ll read and sign tomorrow.” Turning to my best friend I continued. “Put him through hell.”

“You got it.” Reaching down, Damien took my father by the dick and tugged him out of the living room, into the kitchen and down to the basement where we had built a fairly substantial dungeon playroom.