

# **Spencer Submits**

**Faye Valentine**

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Downing a couple sleeping pills, Spencer climbed into bed and spent half an hour tossing and turning before they kicked in and sleep thankfully claimed him. Had he been in his own bed he would have rested throughout the night. Unfortunately, due to extensive construction he was staying with his twin brother Scott. Then the Coronavirus came to town and mucked it all up. Contractors refusing to do anymore work, what should have been a two week job would stretch on for months. Three hours. That is how much sleep Spencer got before being awoken in the last way he could imagine.

Tilting his head back, Mason drained the last few drop of wine. He normally did not drink an entire bottle in one sitting, but these were rough times and called for a bottle and a half. Feeling tipsy and incredibly horny, he stumbled up the stairs to his bedroom. Stripping naked, He toothily grinned to himself as he approached the bed. He threw the blankets back and groaned as his eyes fell on a pair of red shorts. Climbing into bed, he grabbed them by the waistband and tugged them down and dropped them to the floor on his way to the nightstand for a bottle of lube. Drunkenly coating his cock, he got back into bed, raised his husband's hips and shoved into his ass.

The pain of having his virgin asshole stretched open without warning overpowering the medication he took to get a good night's rest, Spencer's eyes shot open. "Uhn...uhn...uuhhnnn," he grunted as the dick pounded in and out. Looking over his right shoulder he saw his brother's husband. "UHN! What the fuck are you doing?" He said as he pulled himself off Mason's rapidly thrusting cock. Rolling over, he attempted to sit up but was instead pulled forward. His legs were pushed back and his ass was once again filled.

"Mmmm," Mason moaned "I love it when you play hard to get." Dick slamming in and out of Spencer's ass, he wrapped his fingers around his dick and jerked him off at the same time.

To his shocked embarrassment, Spencer's cock reacted immediately. "Get off of me you fucking idiot!" He shouted. "I'm not Scott! You're...uhn...uhn...you're in the wrong...room! You're..." but his sentence was cut short as he was once again taken up the ass.

"That's it!" Mason grunted. "God, I live it when you pretend to be your brother!"

"Uhn! I'm n-not pretending you fucking moron! You're in the wrong room!" But Mason was not listening. His legs spread open, Spencer watched as a tiny bead of pre-cum formed at the tip of his hard dick. Mason pulled out of him a minute to two later and quickly moved up his body. A hand on the back of his head pulled his gaping mouth towards Mason's dick. His mouth was filled. The hard shaft forced its way down his throat causing him to gag. Thankfully it did not last long, but his humiliation was far from over. Moving back, Mason kissed him on the lips. Spencer felt his hard cock slid into Mason's well-trained asshole. Putting his hands on Mason's shoulders, he took a deep breath and shoved the drunk man off of him. He then rolled out of bed before he could be taken again. "Get the fuck out of my room you drunk fucker or so help me I'll rip your god damn dick off!"

Mason stared at the naked man standing several feet away. His intoxicated brain was slow to put the pieces together but when he did, he raised his left brow. Spencer? What the hell are you doing in my bed?"

"You're in my room. Now get the fuck out!"

"No, this is..." taking a look around, Mason realized he was in the wrong. "I thought you were tighter than normal. God, I am so...but you know, since you've taken my dick in your

mouth and ass there's no harm in finishing, tight? I mean, you are hard and dripping enough precum to fill a tall glass so you must've liked it, right?"

"GET! OUT! NOW!" Spencer angrily growled.

Mason crawled out of bed. His dark blue eyes went from his husband's identical twin to the door and back. He dropped onto his knees in front of him and without saying a word sucked Spencer's dick down his throat while reaching back and shoving three fingers into his ass. His brain still sluggish from the sleeping pills, Spencer stood there while another man sucked him off. He and his brother were identical in every single way save one. Where Scott was as gay as the day was long, he was as straight as an arrow. And yet, his dick was as hard as a rock and showing no signs of going limp anytime soon despite his every attempt to will it to do so.

A small part of Mason believed his husband was still playing a trick on him and he knew one surefire way of knowing whether or not the man he was sucking truly was his twin. Grabbing the bottle of lube from the edge of the bed he coated his right hand and once again fucked three fingers into Spencer's ass. After a few hard thrusts he scrunched his fingers into a tight cone and shoved hard. They went in to the knuckles. His asshole stretched even more, Spencer yelped and bucked his hips forward driving his cock down his throat. "Aahhgghhh!" Attempting to move back, he instead forced the fingers even deeper. His asshole stretched. The widest part of Mason's hand forced its way past the tightly clenching sphincter. The rest of the hand followed and Spencer wailed in agony even as he blew his load down Mason's throat.

Neither man moved or said a word for nearly a minute. Mason slowly pulled his hand out. Spencer grunted. Looking up, Mason grinned as he pushed his hand back in. "God dam! You have no idea how long I've wanted to do that." Out and in. In and out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Beyond humiliated, Spencer finally managed to pull himself off Mason's thrusting hand even as his dick sprang to life. Mason pulled his hand out, got up, spun Spencer around shoved him belly down on the bed. "Don't fight the inevitable. You're every bit the fucktoy as your brother and I'm going to enjoy training you. He lubed his hand and squirt some directly into Spencer's ass. His fist followed.

Head spinning from grogginess and pain, Spencer knew he should put an end to the humiliation but the mixed signal his brain was receiving kept him in position as his brother's husband continued to wreck his asshole. Exhaling, he relaxed every muscle in his body and accepted the degrading perversion. With acceptance came his first ever np hands ejaculation as he came hard for the second time. He was confused. Horny. Ashamed. Excited. "This is...uhn...so...uhn...uhn...fucked up," he grunted between thrusts.

"But you fucking love it don't you?" Mason asked as he continued punching his hands in and out of Spencer's gaping asshole. "Admit it, you've been living a lie. Go on, let it out. Tell me how much you love having sex with men. Tell me how much you loved taking my cock up your ass and down your throat. Admit that you're every bit as gay as your brother and want to spend the rest of your life as my personal fuck toy."

Spencer did not want it to be true, but how could it not be when he lay there and let another man fist him up the ass without resistance or complaint? How could it be a lie when he let his brother's husband shove his dick down his throat? How could it be a lie when his perverse actions made him shoot two of the biggest loads of his life back to back in record time while even now his cock throbbed with the excitement of another orgasm? How could he deny it when he did not just lie there and accept it through extreme pain and humiliation, but push back to take it deeper? "Uhn...uhn...uhn!" he grunted as his ass continued to be assaulted. "I admit it! I loved

taking your cock up my ass and down my throat. I love taking your hand up my ass. Uhn! Oh god, I want you to fuck me again. But...uhn...uhn...but I have a girlfriend. I'm n-not gay."

"And yet instead of having sex with her you're here being fisted by another man," Mason said as he pushed his hand in until Spencer squealed like a stuck hog. "Halfway to the elbow. That's pretty damn impressive for a beginner. Keep it up and by the time the stay-at-home order is lifted you'll be taking my entire arm." Pulling his hand out of Spencer's ass, he took a step back. "I've sucked your dick and you've sucked mine. I've fucked and fisted your ass and you admitted to loving it but there's just one final thing you need to do to prove how much you truly love having sex with men. I want you to fuck me up the ass to completion. Come on," he said as he got down on all fours "get up and fuck me like a man."

His entire body feeling weak, it took Spencer a few moments before he was finally able to push himself up off the bed. Ass hurting, cock throbbing he walked behind his brother's husband and shoved into him with one hard thrust. That was it. He was balls deep in another man's ass of his own free will. Maintaining he was not gay, he nevertheless felt his status as a straight man slip away only to be replaced with bisexual. At least for the time being.

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It was only after he came deep in Mason's ass that Spencer felt shame, guilt and humiliation at what he had done. Pulling out, he took several steps back in the direction of the door. "I don't know what the hell just happened but I need you to get the hell out of my room right now."

"What happened," Mason said as he got up off the floor "Is that you just embraced your inner homosexual and experienced the best sex of your life. I'll go, but before I do I want to take a look at your ass to make sure there's no serious damage from you taking my fist like that."

"My ass is fine."

"Be that as it may, it would be careless of me not to check so please put your hands on the wall and spread your legs so I can take a quick look. And for what it's worth, there's no shame in enjoying sex with men and seeing as how we're going to be cooped up together for the next who knows how long I'm ready and willing whenever you are. Also, I'm sorry I mistook you for your brother, but I was drunk off my ass and, well, you are identical."

"Please leave."

"Right after I check your ass."

"I don't need my ass checked!" Spencer growled angrily. "Now get the fuck out of my room before I throw you out."

"All right, I'll go but don't blame me if you have any issues." Grabbing his clothes, Mason left Spencer's bedroom and went to the bathroom to take a quick shower now that he was sober enough to think to do so. Stopping briefly in the hallway outside Spencer's room, he looked back over his shoulder. "For the record, Scott and I are in an open kinky relationship. That is to say we dominate and submit to each other. If you're interested I'll show you what's really in the barn no one is allowed to enter upon pain of death."

Spencer reached out and closed the door in Mason's face. A moment later he heard footsteps going down the hall. Making sure the door was locked this time, he went to his private bathroom and did his best to check for tearing and bleeding. His asshole hurt quite a bit now that the endorphins and adrenaline were wearing off and there were signs of tearing which he expected, but thankfully there was no bleeding. Counting himself extremely lucky, He hopped in the shower and did his best to understand what the hell happened and why he let it.