

About A Boy, His Dad and His Dog

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Nash Millard would have kicked himself if he could.

Why oh why had he gone so far?

Sure, spraying Marcus' shirt with Pledge had been a riot and pelting Tabitha with rotten eggs after her shower had been hilarious, but the sting Dad put in his pants after each prank hadn't been funny at all and only a doofus wouldn't have known he was pushing it. Why the hell hadn't he backed off then and just enjoyed the party? Had he really thought he'd get away with re-frosting the twins' birthday cake with Bengay? That no one would suspect he was behind it after the shit he'd been pulling all day?

Damn, he was an idiot.

Unable to kick himself as he wanted to from within the prison stockade his father had locked him in, the naked sixteen-year-old could do little else except wiggle his wide open behind...and concentrate on not tooting. In a fit of temper, Dad had thrust a purple noisemaker up there before he'd stormed out of the basement and Nash sulked now as he remembered their last conversation.

"Hold still, I said!"

"Daaaaaad! What're you doing?!"

"About the only thing you haven't ruined today are these party favors, so here! Go ahead and have fun with this!"

"Stop, Dad! Owww!"

"Don't you push it out now, you hear me?"

"Please, Dad, take it out! It hurts!"

"You think this hurts? You just wait, young man! You just wait until the party's over and I get back here with the strap!"

"What?! No, Dad! Please! You can't leave me like this for hours! Someone could walk in and see!"

"Good! You're lucky your mom and I don't move the party down here and let everyone take a good long look at you! Hell, maybe that's EXACTLY what we'll do!"

"NO! DADDY, WAIT! I'M SORRY! COME BACK!"

Conroy Millard had not, of course, at least not initially. It had taken him over a half-hour to return with a small metal bucket in one hand and their Bullmastiff dog in tow, but he hadn't said a word, just aligned the pail under his son in case the boy had an emergency then walked away. Nash had called after him, swearing to behave and begging to be released, but it hadn't made a difference. Now, he was stuck by himself on hands and knees in an I-frame contraption, both wrists latched exactly two and a half feet apart with his feet just as widely separated. Even his neck wasn't free to move. For the first time ever, Dad was making him wear the steel collar too, and since the stupid thing was attached to the frame below by a rigid bar twenty inches long, Nash couldn't even rest his forehead on the mattress like he wanted to.

Goddammit! Why had he acted like such a brat?

He knew why, he supposed. He'd been jealous of the humongous fuss Mom and Dad kept making for months over the twins turning eighteen and he'd wanted some attention for himself. Still, why the hell couldn't he have been satisfied with the two spankings he'd gotten this morning? The first time, Dad had only grabbed him by the arm and turned him to the side, but the second time, he'd gotten his dress pants pulled down right alongside his underwear and had spent at least five good minutes hugging Dad's knees. He probably would've spent a lot more time down there if Marcus hadn't barged in needing Dad's help with his tie, and thinking back on it now, that was probably why Nash had kept going. He'd been

pissed off at being dumped yet again in favor of the birthday boy and he must have subconsciously decided that it wasn't going to happen even once more if he had anything to say about it. Well, he'd sure gotten his wish.

Shit.

Dad may not be with him now, but that was only because the man was being an attentive host. Once everyone went home, it would just be the two of them.

In the basement.

With the strap.

Nash shuddered. He hadn't meant to go this far. All he'd ever really wanted was for his parents to notice *him* for a while, and instead, he'd fucked himself royally. Getting Dad so angry that he locked you in the stockade was just about the worst punishment there was in the Millard household and it was *not* something you aspired to. It was no picnic lying over Dad's lap for a hand spanking, but at least a guy could manage to hold onto his dignity for the most part even if he was crying a little by the end.

You couldn't do that in the stockade.

A) There was no way to close your legs to keep your private parts private; and B) more places for Dad to see meant more places for the man to hit. The strap in his hands was murder too, like letting a sharpshooter join forces with volcanic fire. Dad's aim was notoriously true no matter what the circumstances, but he pulled no punches at all if a kid had been naughty enough to merit a trip to the basement. Just thinking about it got the sixteen-year-old stiff with anticipation and he clenched his bottom to distract himself, wishing he could at least beat off to pass the time.

As panting off to the left suddenly reached his ears, Nash grinned then let out a low whistle, thrilled that the family pet must have chosen to stay behind when Dad left earlier. Tramp was mostly his parents' dog and didn't really listen to anyone else, but he sure had his uses from what the teen had discovered a week ago. With any luck, Tramp would be just as parched as he'd been nine days ago...and Nash had just the thirst-quencher for him.

"Here, Tramp! Here, Boy! *Come on, Tramp! Move your dumb, hairy ass and keep me company!*"

Straining to turn his head and see why the stupid mutt wasn't approaching, Nash called, cajoled and insulted the animal for four full minutes before Tramp deigned to pad his way over. Alas, that was as far as the dog went. Instead of obeying the command given, he rested his jowls contentedly on the edge of the bed then yawned once, daring the boy to take charge despite the fix Nash was clearly in. Highly restricted in his movements and cursing Tramp's stubbornness, the teenager was nonetheless determined to get his way and twisted his hips as far as he was able, hoping to entice the dog with the shiny tip of his bobbing erection.

"You want this, don't you, boy? Come on, Tramp! *Don't just stand there looking at me, ya big shit factory! Don't you remember the fun we had last week? Come on, boy!*"

For ten frustrating minutes, Tramp played dumb. He drooled onto the mattress silently and watched the youngest master of the house grow increasingly agitated, then pounced without warning when the teenager's precum began to overflow. His large bull head and compact body bruised Nash in several places as he knocked the pail aside and settled himself to lap up the outpouring, but the teen kept his balance thanks to the stockade. Even if he hadn't, he wouldn't have cared.

"Oh-Oh yeah, boy, th-that's it....Fuck yeah...Lick my dick, you dirty dog."

At long last, Tramp seemed happy to and Nash quit encouraging him with words as the dog focused his tongue on his slit. Tramp didn't need to be told what to do in any case. He was lapping faster and faster as the precum kept flowing, exactly as he'd done the previous week when the teen had ejaculated in his sleep. Waking up to a thing like that had been too much for Nash then and he'd spewed a second time in under a minute, marveling as the family dog did it again before his very eyes and gobbled up every pearly drop that landed. Remembering that moment was more than enough to tip the teen over the edge today and shortly thereafter he exploded, shuddering and groaning as Tramp latched onto the tip of his penis to swallow each creamy jet.

It took awhile for Nash's heartbeat to return to normal with the animal continually licking his groin, seeking more juice, but finally the youth felt able to speak.

"Go on now, boy," he ordered, clearing his throat. "Get down and go wait for Dad by the door." As Tramp didn't seem inclined to move, Nash deepened his tone. "Didja hear me, ya big gorilla? Go on, I said. Shoo."

Tramp didn't want to. His sense of smell had long since detected a bitch in heat somewhere in the neighborhood, and since he couldn't get to her – she was always locked up in her house by her masters – he needed something around here to hump. The son of his own masters would do just fine.

Nash was too shocked to disagree. Growing up, he'd seen a number of oversexed dogs humping people's legs, but only in the bowels of the internet had he encountered horny animals who actually mounted human beings.

It was only fiction, wasn't it?

Apparently not. He could hear Tramp nudging and snapping at the party favor blocking his hole, pawing at it impatiently to try and dislodge the thing. Since Dad hadn't shoved it in too deep, it didn't take long to fall out and Nash hissed at the sudden vacuum.

"Bad dog!" he scolded.

He cursed the animal and ordered him to get the hell off the bed before he got them both into serious trouble, but Tramp simply didn't give a shit. The Millard's Bullmastiff climbed onto the teenager's bare back then dug his front paws past the narrow hips, holding on tight to maintain equilibrium. Doggy dick was most definitely knocking against teenaged testicles now and Nash sucked in a breath as he actually felt the sheath sliding back in preparation.

"No, Tramp! Bad dog! You're a fucking bad dog, do you hear me?! Get down, goddammit!"

Nash tried to clench his cheeks together to prevent a canine invasion, but his thighs were spread too widely apart to make this an effective defense. He scolded louder and wiggled his backside to unsettle Tramp's aim, but the dog ignored him completely as he drooled on his back, stabbing at the teenaged behind continually until he found the spot that would yield. Before Nash could howl for help, Tramp pushed forward with every muscle in his hind legs and the teen was breathless, unable to do anything but grunt as the family pet began to fuck his rear end with a fever.

How long this went on, Nash had no way of knowing.

Eventually, he felt warmth flooding his bowels then heard a half-dozen splashes hitting the mattress below, but it took several long moments for the teen to realize that it was the sound of his own ejaculate gushing forth that he'd just heard. He couldn't believe it. He couldn't believe his parents' dog had driven him to cum while fucking him up the ass against his will, and worse still, that a huge part of him was now curious to try it again.

It didn't happen though.

His lust temporarily satisfied, Tramp retreated to the door to relax and lick his dick, venturing back only briefly to clean Nash's organ as well. Naturally, the teen grew hard, but this time, no precum emerged to encourage a lengthy visit, not even when Tramp moved behind him to lap at the leftover wetness in his hole.

It was just as well too.

As the animal was settling down once again by the door, blissfully smacking his jowls, the man of the house descended the basement stairs and marched in, a foot-long black leather strap gripped in his right hand. The joint birthday party for the twins was still in full swing outside, but Karen had convinced him it wasn't fair to keep the baby of the family waiting so long for punishment. It had taken more than an hour of her needling, but Conroy had grudgingly admitted that she was right, especially considering Nash had most likely acted up in the first place as a cry for attention. It was just plain mean to banish the poor kid out of sight in a situation like that, and besides, Marcus and Tabitha had forgotten all about his pranks now that they'd unwrapped their new Jeep. If the boy promised to behave himself for real this time, then he deserved another chance to enjoy the party. He wasn't likely to get into any more mischief anyway once his whipping was over. The burn across his backside until bedtime was bound to remind him not to.

Settling his features into the deep frown he always wore whenever one of his irrepressible sons put him in this position, Conroy stepped up behind his youngest. He plucked the abandoned noisemaker off the bed then brought it round to where Nash could see it.

"Didn't I tell you not to push this out?" he demanded.

He watched the boy bite his lip then nod what little he could.

"I'm sorry, Dad. It-it just...sorta...fell out."

Believing no such thing occurred, Conroy nevertheless dropped the issue. He should never have humiliated his own child by sticking it up the boy's bottom at all, so it was just as well that Nash had found a way to get it out. Thank God Karen hadn't come down here before and seen it while it was still inside her baby.

He tossed the noisemaker aside then took his usual place to the left of his son when a puddle of drool on the boy's back caught his eye. On the verge of making a comment, Conroy quickly decided not to waste his time as he snatched some tissues from a nearby Kleenex box to wipe up the mess. Fool dog was always slobbering everywhere – though why the hell Tramp had decided to climb up here and leave a trail of spit all over Nash's back was beyond him.

Determined to just get this over with, Conroy got back into position and raised the strap...

Snuffling back the last of his tears, Nash Millard stood beside the hide-a-bed and tried to erase the soreness in his bottom as he watched his father put the stockade back in the closet. It felt great to be able to turn his head and move his arms again, but he sure wished he could be doing other things with his hands right now besides massaging his butt.

Dad had really given it to him good.

He hadn't received many licks with the strap this time – less than twelve by his count – but each and every one had been a scorcher, laying a two-inch swath of white fire in its wake. Dad had concentrated on his sit-spot as usual with barely a quarter landing right in the center of his behind. None had found their way between his cheeks by some miracle, and for that, Nash was truly grateful. Dad didn't often release his boys from the stockade unless the strap had reddened their assholes, and if the leather tip refused to go in there for some strange reason, the man would just do the deed himself with the flat of his fingertips. It was awkward, but it sure got the job done as both Millard sons could attest.

Unfortunately, that hadn't been all.

After the strap Dad had promptly released him from his bonds, but that was only so the teen could lie over his father's knees for six more excruciating minutes. No amount of begging had changed the man's mind, and for the third time that day, Nash had squalled through yet another hand spanking. Obviously, he could have done without it – the strap alone was enough to teach any boy a lesson – but at least this time Dad had rocked him on his lap for a bit once it was over – instead of pushing him aside like this morning. Nash was way too big for that kind of cuddling in public, of course ... but alone with Dad was still okay if he'd just received a spanking – and providing no one barged in on them and saw, naturally.

Feeling better about himself as he mulled over the brief but intense hug his father had given him, Nash gradually stopped pouting as he reached for his clothes. While he dressed, he couldn't help taking a break every few seconds to rub his behind, but even with all the pauses, he was ready to go in less than two minutes.

Tramp was not. The dog had left when things in the basement started getting noisy a few minutes ago, but he was back now and he had plans. As the sixteen-year-old checked the redness in his eyes one last time in the mirror then flung open the basement door, eager to catch up to his father and re-join the festivities, he halted in surprise. All one-hundred-and-thirty-three pounds of Tramp's bulk were perched on the bottom stairs, blocking anyone from going down...or climbing up. As Nash tried to squeeze past him, the dog moved his head and nudged the teenager in the groin, sniffing insistently at the package inside.

Nash instantly grew hard.

Just as he could feel his own erection trying to split the seam in his zipper, he could see Tramp's penis poking out once again from within its sheath, inviting him to come and play. Dogs rarely let that happen unless they're ready to mate with their own kind...or unless they've found a bitch-boy right nearby who's a fitting substitute.

With Tramp now closing in on him and driving him backwards into the room, the teen didn't take long to figure out where he fit in. He licked his lips, locked the door then quickly removed his pants, all thoughts about the party forgotten. As he felt a wet snout investigating the unmarked center of his bare behind, he moaned and shut his eyes then dropped down on all fours.

God help him when the twins turn twenty-one.