

Lustbound Journey

Alternative path

Written by Septia.

Back and forth, back and forth. My body suspended in a pendulum of employed sexual gratification. I knew kids did not want to get between their parents when they were arguing, but this was worse.

“Mmnff, Oh Brook.”

“Mmf, Violet.”

I heard them moan into each other's mouths above me.

-Ckkpth- Another clap and grind of my mother's hind onto the back of my head, shoving me forwards into my father's lap -Clpthth-.

His mast plowed its way through my lips, into wedged at the back of y throat with each impact, my maw suspended in a gape around his meat.

At first, I had tasted the icky tang of soap, but that had long since passed, my saliva had helped clear that off, and now my maw was awash with the stench of my own father's musk, each pump applying a new layer of sweaty cock perfume to my maw.

I gargled weakly. Dad could barely hear me, recoiled for a moment. He could barely hear me under the moans of my mother and his cock stuffing my gob – and not to mention the suspension spells I was under – but... something in him still registered me, comprehended that he was not just making love to his wife, but sandwiching his son between his lap and hers. Part of him still knew I was there.

The same could not be said for my mother, who worked her snatch into the back of my head, drooling smears of her marehood applying its liquid lust to to my head, seeping into my coat in a carpet of sodden juices. I could not but weakly whimper while they went at it, back and forth. Over time their motions grew slimmer, tighter, bounding into each other, reaching a symmetry of locomotion unlocked by years of adoration and shared love... For a moment, I thought of Sinder. Would we have reached these heights? Wait, no I couldn't phrase it that way, could we, could we reach those heights? Because... I had to be free from this, someday, one day they had to understand I disapproved of this. They would have to grasp, see through the mask of me they had built up in their head and reinforced my former-. B-by my girlfriend. It had to...

“MMfmf... Brook.” My mother chimed into the exchange of their muzzles.

Soon I felt it, the hefty throb of my dad's dick, the swell of the meat g as the as it flushed in a fountain of stallion brewed brine into the back of my throat -Krrllptthch-. The cream congealing with my saliva as it sloughed down my throat in curdled globules of spunk.

I instinctively swallowed, ever if I tried to resist, I had been through worse, every day, of these past weeks, I had been through worse My body had acclimated to it. and I had surrendered to it. In either case, the faster I swallowed, the sooner I could start to wipe the flavour out of my maw. His salty tang lingered, and his dick still lingered in my maw, gradually contracting to slough limp like a freshly stuffed sausage. I breathed through my nostrils, but it only reinforced where I was: vice gripped between my parent's crotches.

“Haaamm... hoo. Dear, you really went for it that time.” My mother spoke, kissing my father with vigorous use of her tongue. It was audible.

“Mmm. Mm, dear, you are as beautiful as the day I met you.” He mumbled. But this voice was somewhat reserved. They embraced for a while longer still. Just lying there in bed, with me wedged at the bottom, suspended in my physical and magical bindings.

“Brook, how are you? I can tell there is something bothering you.” Violet said a while past the afterglow.

“Mmfn...” Dad mumbled something under his breath.

“Is it Reign?” she asked.

My heart skipped a beat She said my name again, it had been the first time she had directly acknowledged me since...maybe all day or...yesterday as well? The days were so, so long... and yet they still melded together, disappearing into a sea of body fluids and neglect.

Brook clicked his lip. “That, perhaps, is not quite...” he mumbled.

“I thought it would be good to incorporate Reign into our routine, we still have him here, after all, and we should honour his wishes.”

I wish, I wish mother could understand... I.

“You did seem fine with his, well, inclusion, just a few moments earlier.” She added with the flirtatious tone a son dreaded to hear his mother employ.

“I, suppose, yes.” Brook mumbled, ever pragmatic.

Mother shuffled backwards, off of my head, giving me some space. Brook hauled his cock out my maw with a languid slurp -Shhrrllpttsh- and I could breathe – dubiously – fresh air again. My pants still partially muffled under my suspension spells, even if I screamed it would barely disturb them, and my body was in no shape to scream, it hadn't been for a long while.

“Brook,” my mother said with a caress to his chin, “if you rather not utilise Reign, then of course we will not force you to. Drew and I are already spending so much time with him,” she ensured.

I felt a quiver down my spine. Some rest, some peace. This was good... another step towards being made more escaping his personal nightmare.

“Dear, that is... That was not what I meant.”

My eyelids snapped open.

“It was, definitely an adjustment. It is still, somewhat difficult for me to grasp, suppose I am a touch more old fashion than you. But...” There was a pause, an anticipation in his voice. “I... do wish to support Reign, in every way I can, whichever way he choose to live. and if that means...” It, sounded like he licked his lips. “‘Using’ him, then... w-what was it you said again dear? Routine? Yes... perhaps, I should take more effort to establish a routine with Reign.”

‘Please... please no. Please, dad, no.’ I mumbled in my head, the quiver in my spine returned with a vengeance.

“That is wonderful dear,” mother exclaimed, “then how about you begin utilising his services maybe... once a d-.”

“Twice a d-.”

They spoke into each other's mouths, then paused.

Mother honed in her expression on Brook. “Twice?”

“Oh, well I was just thinking, the mornings have been on the stiffer side lately, and I know we both do not feel up to it every evening. So, I thought...” his explanation, his words, were quite sheepish.

“Oh dear, that is a wonderful idea, it is so wonderful to see us so reunited.”

Brook breathed a sigh of relief. “Pho... yes, right, I am, so glad to have him back in the house.”

“Oh isn't just.” They embraced again. Warm and comfortable.

My father sounded so relieved, but I was panting, wheezing, shaking... I couldn't believe it. He had been the most adamant towards this, and now... he... I glanced up, and I saw a glint of joy in his eyes when our gaze met. The hesitation grew weaker, and more distant.

Secret, locomotion is a key word here.

~ 1 ~

The next morning came, I was still in their bedroom. And I saw my father stir awake. “MMmf, oh, Reign, good morning. Uh, sorry, I am still not used to if I should, acknowledge you.” He glanced down to his crotch. “Well, shall we, get started in breaking in this routine.?”

I froze in shudders.

A knock at the door. "Daad, do you got the tool in there?"

"Oh Drew, you mean Reign, yes, he is here, I was just about to... ah."

"I don't need to know, just tell me when you're done, I want my go."

Drew called out as his hoof steps left the door.

Brook glanced down on me. "Well, suppose we should not dawdle and keep your brother waiting."

When I looked into his eyes, I saw no, I saw joy, I saw affection... but... the hesitation, had vanished.