Neighborhood Barbeque

by DirtyKnots

Summary

Kinktober 2018 - Day 21: Food Play

Prompt: anonymous said: Since you're looking for prompts again-- Derek is new to the suburb, wants to make friends with all the other dads. So he invites them to a barbeque where the main course is his 12yo old son, naked and spread and waiting for them to share.

Notes

Mind the tags. Don't be that person.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Gabriel was the spitting image of his father when Derek had been his age. And his grandfather before him. The Hale men tended to all look the same really. He was just entering puberty, muscles lean, only a few scraggly hairs sprouting on his chest, his belly, around his still-slim cock. He was blessed with sharp cheekbones and a strong jaw, bright green eyes large in his face with a mop of slightly curly black hair on his head.

When they moved to the neighborhood, Derek knew he'd found his home. Saw it in the way the other fathers watched their sons and the way they greedily stared at his. It was hard to find a
community of single dads with only son's - most of them tended to be mixed nowadays - but he'd finally found one that seemed like a good fit. He is ready to take the next step finally, to be more than someone that got a head nod or brief wave, ready to be friends with his neighbors, so he and Gabriel make out the invitations, drop them into every mailbox for a barbeque in their backyard on the upcoming Saturday.

By the time the big day rolls around, Derek and his son are both riding high on anticipation. The yard is filled with low-ish tables and sturdy chairs, coolers filled with ice and bottles of beer, water, and soda. The grill is fired up and ready, another Cooler filled with hot dogs and a variety of sausages. They'd prepped plenty of dips and sides as well, and Derek helps Gabriel get settled on the table already laden with them, his son naked as the day he was born. Gabriel's feet get planted at one end, and Derek helps him scoot until his ass is almost hanging off the need of the table. He runs a finger around the boy's rim, pressing inside to make sure he's still plenty stretched, adding a little more olive oil to his hole when he realizes too much has been absorbed. With that done, he sets the bottle near Gabriel's hip, alongside a modified overlarge injector. He's nervous for this to go well, but when Gabriel smiles brightly at him, most of Derek's concerns melt away. They don't have long to wait after that before the others begin to arrive.

There's a lot of milling around and more proper introductions. Most of the men grab a beer, all have brought their own sons along. Derek is manning the grill for the most part, stopping to learn names and welcome the men to his home. By the time he's got a tray filled with food, it appears everyone he'd invited has arrived.

“I just want to thank you all for coming, and for welcoming us to the neighborhood. We spent a long time looking for the right place and Gabriel and I think we've finally found the perfect fit. Along with the food, we wanted to offer you all a warmer welcome. As you can see, Gabriel is set and ready, and is more than excited to have a little bonding time with everyone.” He earns a few chuckles from some of the men, all of them glancing over to see his son spread out on the table, his little cocklet hard and red against his belly. Derek smiles at them all and continues, “well, with that said, let's eat!” He turns off the grill and carries the tray of meat to the table, setting it up near Gabriel's head and stepping away to get his own beer.

A few people load up plates, but one of the men is eyeing his son with unconcealed hunger. Derek watches, pleased when the man grabs a chair and sets it down so that he'll be eye level with Gabriel's pink hole. He's even more pleased when the man takes the injector he'd laid out, packing it full of potato salad before reattaching the plunger. The man settles in the chair, leaning forward to place a quick kiss to his boy's hole before bringing the injector up and carefully inserting it. He can see the man's mouth moving, see his son replying, though he's too far to make out the words. At a nod from Gabriel, the man pushes the injector in a little further and then slowly begins depressing the plunger. Derek moves closer, ending up just behind the man.

“Mmm, that's good son, you're taking it so well, do you think you can take it all?” The man is talking to Gabriel and Derek is glad to see him checking in, he'd been only slightly worried about that.

“Yes, please, all of it.” Derek is proud of his boy, enjoys watching his face go slack as his ass filled up with food. He almost misses when another boy sidles up to the man, pale skin and freckled, large Amber eyes wide in his face.

“Daddy, can I help?” The kid sounds so earnest and Derek feels himself drawn to the boy, to the unabashed excitement he's projecting. His gaze drops and he can see the boy's thin fingers squeezing and pinching at his own crotch, playing with his own still-covered cocklet.
“Not this time baby, daddy's gonna finish this part himself. But are you hungry?” The boy nods enthusiastically and the man smiles at him. “Okay, you want to have your potato salad on a plate or do you want to have it from Gabriel here?” John tips his brows up at Derek, silently asking if that's alright, and Derek is only too happy to nod his agreement. The boy only ponders for a second before he answers, his voice coming out low and wondering.

“I can have it from him?” At his father's nod he claps, delighted. “I never get to play with the other boys! Thank you mister!” Derek startles a bit when he realizes the boy is addressing him.

“Oh? Well, you're welcome, uh…”

“Stiles, his name is Stiles. And I'm John, I don't think I had a chance to meet you, we came in when you were thanking everyone.” Derek accepts the offered handshake and then grabs a chair of his own. His eyes keep tracking back to Stiles, enjoying the way he can see the boy's cocklet bounce inside of his shorts as he dances around, waiting for his father to finish filling up Gabriel. It seems John doesn't miss that. “Why don't we switch seats, Stiles isn't quite tall enough to reach your boy's ass all on his own, so he can sit on your lap while he has eats his salad.”

“Are you sure? What about-”

“I'm sure. I'll still have a good view, and I'll be first in line to wet my cock once my son is done, if you don't mind.”

“Not at all.”

“It's settled then.” John stands, one hand keeping the now-empty injector in place, letting Derek shift around behind him. Derek takes control of the injector once he's settled, holding it there while John strips off Stiles’ shirt and shorts, leaving him bare. “He's not stretched yet today, but he loves to wiggle his butt on a bare bulge if you want to pull yourself out.” John's hand reaches for the end of the injector and steadies it while Derek undoes his shorts, folding the edges around the zipper so it won't bite into bare skin, resettling with his stiffening cock and balls on his lap. He scoots the chair forward as well, resisting the temptation to lick his son himself. Ones he's settled, Stiles clammers up into his lap, wiggling around to get situated, and Derek gently spreads his small cheeks until he can feel the warmth of the boy's cleft settling over his cock, it does the trick and Stiles stops moving.

“Ready son?” John is smiling indulgently and when Stiles bends forward to mouth at Gabriel's hole, he removes the injector. Derek wraps one hand around Stiles’ waist to keep him from slipping off his lap, and uses the other to rub his own son's thigh.

“Go on baby, push it out nice and slow so Stiles can have some lunch.” Derek can see his son's cocklet leaking drips onto his belly, watery precome sliding down his sides as he tightens his stomach and begins to slowly push out the potato salad. Stiles makes a happy noise and seals his little mouth over Gabriel's pucker, jaw working as he licks out the first bite. He takes a small mouthful and leans back to chew and swallow, before diving in for more. Derek can see the crowd gathering around them to watch, but he's too focused on what's happening to see how they're all enjoying it.

Stiles’ belly is warm beneath his hand, and he slides his grip around so he can finger the boy's cocklet while he eats, enjoying the way it makes the boy gasps into his son's ass and wriggle down harder on his cock and balls. He knows his own cock is leaking, can feel it tacky between them, but he's in no rush to come yet. Instead, he slides the hand on his son's thigh up a little further, until he can pull at Gabriel's pucker with his thumb, opening it wider for Stiles. It let's them all see the way that Stiles is digging his tongue in, curling it like a spoon to scoop out another mouthful.
When he's backed off and chewing, Derek slips his thumb inside of his son's ass, enjoying the way it feels, warm and full. He doesn't remove it when Stiles goes back for more, liking the way his small tongue feels as it slides along his thumb. They stay that way until Stiles sits all the way back, dragging his arm across his face to wipe away some of the mess that's stuck to it.

“Full son?” Stiles nods at his dad. John smiles and turns to Derek, holding the injector aloft, filled halfway up with more potato salad. “May I?”

“Of course.” Derek helps Stiles climb off his lap and changes places with John, watching as the injector is put into Gabriel's hole, the plunger depressed a lot more quickly this time. When he's done, he sets it aside and picks up the bottle of oil. His pants jangle as he undoes them and lets them fall to his ankles before slicking his cock with the oil. Then he turns to Derek and passes the oil to him, nodding his head at where Stiles is trying to climb back into Derek's lap.

“Go ahead and enjoy yourself. Don't be fooled by his size, as long as you stretch him out, he shouldn't have any trouble taking your cock.” Derek smiles his thanks and hoists Stiles up, helping the boy plant his knees on his thighs. It's a little awkward to slick up his fingers, but he manages, rubbing one wet one over the boy's hole. He's surprised by how easily it blooms open when he applies pressure, mist make a noise of astonishment because John chuckles. “See, nothing to worry about. He's a natural.”

Derek has one finger fully inside the boy when John's attention turns back to Gabriel. Derek doesn't want to miss anything, so he keeps the finger still, helping Stiles rock himself up and down on it as they watch John line his cock up to Gabriel's hole, pushing inside carefully, both of them groaning as potato salad squeezes out around his cock.

“Fuck, Derek, he's so full and tight. Such a good ass. You're a lucky father.”

“Thank you.” Derek's voice is hoarse and deep and he pushes another finger gently into Stiles’ hole, stretching and spreading them more quickly. He watches John bottom out inside his son, clumps of potato salad on the ground beneath them, mashed between their bodies. John gives Gabriel a moment to adjust before carefully pulling back out, more potato salad falling to the ground. When his cock is nearly free of the clutch of Gabriel's hole he shoves it back in, harder this time, both of them groaning.

Derek adds a third finger to Stiles’ hole, eager to get inside the boy, happy when there's no resistance. He shifts Stiles briefly, laying him across his lap so he can bring the spout of the bottle to his ass, tipping it up and watching it glug a bit as he coats the boy's insides more. When he moves Stiles back to his knees, he dribbles more on his own cock, dropping the bottle to the ground and bringing his free hand up to spread it around. He holds it tight, angled up, and draws Stiles back onto it with his other hand. He holds the boy steady, making him sink down slowly, his ass far tighter than Gabriel's, passage so much smaller. He drags his gaze away from where John is pounding away into his son to be sure Stiles is okay and he sinks down the last few inches. It's hot and tight and amazing and as he hooks his head over Stiles’ small shoulder Derek can see a distension in the boy's belly. He reaches around to palm it, amazed at the way he can feel his cock pressing the boy's belly out from the inside. He might make his own declarations to John about how amazing Stiles’ ass is.

Derek wraps both hands around Stiles’ small waist and proceeds to gently but rhythmically drag the boy up and down on his cock, eyes once again glued to the way John is pounding away in Gabriel's ass, hard enough that flecks of food are splattering around, marring John's shirt and the tablecloth. He tries to time his movements of Stiles to match John's thrusts, chasing his orgasm. He cries out just after the other man, cock twitching and spitting as he fills Stiles up with come, his
fingers playing with the boy's cocklet, hard but unable to produce any liquid of its own. John, meanwhile, stays seated as he pumps a load into Gabriel, the first of the day though certainly not the last, reaching his own hand up to stroke Gabriel's cock until he's tightening, thin boy come spurting out of his cock before John gives in and draws himself out. When he's done, he collapses back into the chair, smiling sweetly even as he works to catch his breath.

“Thanks, Derek. Your boy has one of the best asses I've ever had the pleasure of fucking.”

“No problem, you're welcome to it anytime. And I could say the same about Stiles. You were right, he's small but he can take cock like he was built for it.” They both laugh a little as they finish catching their breath, Derek not going soft enough to finally slip free of Stiles' hole in a wash of come and oil. John's eyeing Gabriel's hole and before Derek can even form a thought about it, he's watching the man tilt forward, sealing his mouth to the messy pucker as he begins sucking out the slurry of come and mashed salad, cleaning the boy up somewhat. When Derek finally glances around, he sees the way the other men are watching, their gazes hungry and cocks hard and Derek is once again struck by how lucky they are to have found this place. He thinks they're really going to like it here.

End Notes

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