

# Bad to the Last Drop

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Brutus wrapped the bath towel around his waist and strode into the bedroom, a cloud of warm steam following him through the doorway. He glanced over at the bed, half expecting to see Olive splayed out in front of him, her dark crotch moist and ready for a good fucking. Of course the bed was empty, its sheets crumpled and unmade; Olive had walked out two weeks ago.

Brutus shook his head, walked to the bed, and lowered himself onto its edge. As he sat, the front of the towel brushed across the length of his dick, teasing him. He could feel his cock respond to the stimulation, swelling in girth. He looked down and could see the bulge growing in length beneath the fabric as well, snaking up toward his belly. He let his eyes wander up his hairy beer gut and across his paunchy pecs and strong arms. Admiring his thick, masculine body, he lowered one hand and gave his throbbing crotch a squeeze, tracing the outline of his dick through the towel.

*She doesn't know what she's missing, he thought bitterly. I'd like to see her find another man with a cock like this.*

He fumbled with the towel beneath his belly, undoing the makeshift knot and pulling it open. His nine-inch, uncut dick flopped sideways onto his leg, nearly half-hard already. For two weeks he'd had no sexual release of any kind. It was time





to scratch that itch. He scooted back onto the bed and kicked the wet towel to the floor. Arching his back against the mattress, he let his warm hands explore his body, starting from the top. He rubbed his hands across his head, the short-cropped bristles of his buzzed hair tickling his palms. With the lightest of touches, he traced down along the sides of his face until he felt his beard. It had been over six months since he last trimmed his beard, so it was now a thick forest of dark hair. He grabbed a handful of wiry hair and gave it a tug, letting out a low, guttural growl.

*She always said that I kept my beard too long and my hair too short, he remembered, stroking his mustache. But she never complained when my face was buried in her pussy, my beard tickling her inner thighs. Used to make her cum in spurts like a man.*

His hands continued south, making their way through the matte of hair on his chest and to his tight, pink nipples. He grabbed both of the hard knobs at the same time, giving them a little twist between his thumbs and forefingers. The sensation made him shudder, his body bouncing against the bed.

*Fuck, I used to love how she'd tease my nipples as she rode my cock.*

He brought his right thumb to his mouth and licked it. Using his saliva as lube, he began to flick mercilessly at this right nipple, still twisting the other one with the fingers of his left hand. He closed his eyes, concentrating on the pleasure and licking his lips.

Brutus' cock was standing straight up now, its foreskin-enclosed tip pointing at the ceiling. The meaty appendage throbbed in time with his heartbeat as he continued fondling his nipples. Releasing his left nipple, he wrapped his hand around the base of his cock, squeezing tightly and bucking his hips. Using his fingers, he tugged at the shaft, pulling the foreskin down to reveal the sensitive pink head inside. A bead of clear precum had already formed at its tip, glistening in the dim light of the bedroom. He smeared the slippery liquid across the underside of his cock head, groaning deep in the back of his throat.

*She used to love to give me head, he thought, tickling his piss slit, because she loved the taste of my precum.*

The stream of natural lube was already dripping from the tip of his cock and onto his gut, pooling in his belly button. He dipped a finger into it and smeared it across his left nipple. Then, curiosity getting the best of him, he brought the finger towards his face and sniffed at the clear liquid. Not detecting a smell, he put out his tongue and licked the drop from the tip of his finger. It didn't taste like much, he decided, just a little salty. It was oddly slippery in his mouth and on his lips, though.

Savoring the taste of his own cock, Brutus reached between his legs with his right hand and tugged at his tight, withered ball sack. While beating his meat with his left hand, he began rolling his massive balls between the fingers of his right, first one, then the other. His cock felt enormous in his hand as he stroked it from root to tip, filling his fist with warmth and girth. He swiped his index finger across its head again, this time getting a long rope of precum. Unhesitating now, he brought it to his mouth and sucked all of the slippery liquid from its surface. He fingered his mouth for a moment, tickling his lips and tongue.

*I'm going to eat my load when I shoot, he decided. She always loved to gulp down my cum.*





He returned his left fist to his wet cock as his right continued to fondle his balls. He reached lower with his right, pressing against the hairy skin between his sack and his asshole. Without thinking, he pulled his knees up and lifted his legs into the air. His right hand traveled lower, finding his tight asshole. With just one finger, he traced its surface, poking at the pink flesh.

*The time Olive stuck her finger in my ass I freaked, he remembered. She told me she saw it in a Brando movie once.*

He tried to work one finger into his asshole, but his sphincter refused to cooperate. He kept trying, tickling the puckered flesh and lightly brushing its surface. Realizing that he needed some lube, he brought his finger toward his lips. He paused, noticing the growing river of precum on his gut and chest. He stuck his finger into the liquid and rolled it around, coating its entire surface. Returning the finger to his hole, he pressed just the moist tip of his finger into the tight tunnel. His legs began to shake uncontrollably.

Brutus lowered his legs onto the bed, letting them rest for a moment. Realizing that a new position might make penetration easier, he rolled onto his stomach and lifted his right leg, spreading his ass cheeks. Reaching behind his body, he again attempted to get one finger into his hole. This time, the entire finger slid in easily. Brutus paused, getting used to the feeling of having something inside of him. He clenched down with the muscles in his ass, squeezing so hard that he nearly cut off the circulation to his finger. After a few seconds, his ass seemed to warm to the intruder, relaxing a bit. Brutus took the opportunity to finger fuck himself, pulling his digit nearly free and then plunging it back in. The movement of his finger against the sensitive skin at the opening of his asshole sent a wave of pleasure through him. It was quite similar to playing with his nipples, Brutus realized.



Brutus rolled onto his back again, leaving a large wet spot where his cock had been pressed to the bed sheet beneath him. He pulled his legs up, gritted his teeth, and began mercilessly plunging his finger into and out of his slackening asshole. After several minutes of fucking himself, he paused, leaving his finger buried inside his ass. He wiggled it back and forth, exploring the velvety tissue inside of him. Suddenly he felt a large, walnut-sized mass just up and toward his balls. He stroked this internal knob and let out a loud moan. Surprised, he pressed on his new hot button again, stroking his steely cock with his other hand as he did so. With his left hand, Brutus began jerking his foreskin up and down across his cock head while hammering his prostate with his right index finger.

The combined stroking and finger fucking quickly overwhelmed Brutus; before he knew it, he was set to blow.

*I can't wait to see what my load tastes like, he thought, jacking away. I'm going to swallow it all.*

That thought pushed him over the edge. He pulled his finger free from his ass and tightened the grip on his cock. Shuddering, he leaned forward toward his engorged dick, the muscles in his neck tightening. The pink head of his cock turned deep scarlet and the piss slit parted as a thick rope of cum shot from deep inside, splattering across his chest and belly.

Then he began to shout.

“Fuck you, Olive!” he yelled as another volley of cum flew free. “You’ll never get this again, bitch!” Brutus’ body continued shaking as wave after wave of spunk spilled from his cock. The last load erupted slowly from its tip, rolling down its sides like lava from a volcano.

The waves of ecstasy subsiding, Brutus lifted one hand toward his face, thick, white, viscous spunk clinging to his fingers. A large drop slipped free, splattering onto his chest. Brutus stared at it.

“That’s fucking sick,” he said aloud, wiping the rest of the hot cum across his hairy belly.