

## **Bad Dad Motel pt. 2 Story**

The boy watched in stunned silence as Henry made his way around the side of the bed, unnerved by how the older man had peered down at him the moment he left the bathroom and saw that his date had shrunk to the size of a mouse. What the boy had taken for a packet of blow was in fact some kind of shrinking powder, which had an almost instantaneous effect, taking a little less time to work than it'd taken the man to step into the bathroom and loudly relieve himself of about six pints of beer from earlier in the night.

The boy winced at the sudden thud and clink of glass-on-glass as Henry set down the last bottle from the six-pack they'd picked up on the way to the motel. Just as resolutely, the giant heaved his hulking figure partially across the cheap motel bed, springs creaking under his weight as he lifted his legs over the boy and settled them down on either side of the miniature being.

As the young man brought himself to his knees, he looked up at the face of the man who'd picked him up at the bar only hours before, who now seemed as calm as ever, unfazed by the realization that his potential lover could easily fit in his shirt pocket--had this been his plan all along?

Before the boy had time to think, Henry made his intentions for the remainder of the night perfectly clear; gesturing with two thick fingers at the swelling flesh between his legs, he contracted the powerful muscles of his groin, causing the semi truck-sized phallus to slowly bob up and down, throbbing until it stood softly erect, blocking the boy's view of the wry smile on the man's face.

The gesture felt more like a command than an invitation, and as helpless as he felt, the young man thought he might have an opportunity to better gauge the situation if he cooperated with the giant. Slowly, the dark cloud of sadistic possibilities that'd been storming in the boy's head gave way as he came to understand that, at least for now, his purpose was for the pleasure of the god-like Henry, who patiently studied the smaller being at his feet, waiting for a response.

Feeling that his voice was too meager to reach across the expanse of the duvet, the boy somewhat awkwardly brought his hands up as if in prayer. Cowering, and shaking slightly from the adrenaline, he gazed up at the mountainous figure before him and replied to the giant's gesture with his own two little hands, clasped together and pleading for a gentle fate.