

## Josh's Adventures Continue - Part 2

All of my stories are 100% true, but given that I am now in my late 40's some of the specific details have become a little fuzzy. Therefore, any dialogue will be based on how I remember it. Also, I have changed the names to protect the participant's privacy. Other than that, this is just as it happened starting in 1973 and continuing until about 1998.

Some background just in case you have not read previous stories. I am the youngest of four children (14 years old in 1973). We lived in a medium sized city in North Carolina in the midst of beautiful mountains. At the time of this story I was about 5'8" with a swimmers body, had very blond hair, bright blue eyes, and was quite athletic. My father was about 42, kept in great shape, had sandy blond hair (even on his chest), blue eyes, and a great smile. His cock is about 6 ½ to 7 inches long on the thick side, has a couple prominent veins running down its length, a wide piss slit, and enough foreskin to extend slightly beyond the head when flaccid. He has good size balls and his crotch is covered with a mass of light brown pubic hair. My cock and balls would eventually look almost identical with the exception of the foreskin.

Everyone knows that a teen boy is always horny and I was no exception. My father also had a very strong sex drive. Our problem in satisfying both of our needs was my mother and two siblings who were still living at home. We would take advantage of any opportunity to carve out enough time to play together, but there were never enough opportunities keep us both satisfied. Therefore, we had to actively look for opportunities to be alone. This can be risky and we were nearly discovered on several occasions, but we were determined and it worked out.

One of my favorite memories of us taking a risk to have sex occurred back in June 1977. I had just graduated high school a few weeks earlier and our family was vacationing on the Gulf coast of Florida. My father had arranged for a deep sea fishing charter for "all of the boys" one day, so we were up before the crack of dawn and heading out in the Gulf of Mexico to fish for red snapper, grouper, and anything else that would bite on our bait. By early afternoon we had caught several coolers full of fish and having a great time. The sun out on the water was intense and that coupled with reeling in all of those fish was exhausting. While my two brothers continued to man the reels, my dad and I sat in the shady part of the deck to drink a beer or two. We both had our shirts off and the blond hair on his chest really stood out against his dark tan. I noticed that dad was spending more time than normal for a cock adjustment and realized what he was up to when he reared back in his deck chair. Instead of a simple adjustment of his equipment for more comfort, he had worked the leg opening of his briefs so that his cock and balls were now outside the confines of his underwear. He looked around to make sure that my brothers weren't looking when he opened up the leg hole on his shorts a little more to show me his plump cock. I gave him a "do you think this is an appropriate place?" look and he just cracked a big smile. He then reached into the leg hole with his other

hand and skinned his foreskin back and forth over his cock head a couple of times to tease me. I said "knock it off" a little too loudly and both of my brothers turned to look. In one motion he quickly lowered his deck chair while pulling down the leg of his shorts and neither of my brothers had a clue what he was up to. He just laughed and told them that he had splashed me with cold beer and I jumped from the shock. They went back to fishing and he stared at me and nodded his head toward the boat's cabin to suggest that we go inside. I just nodded my head from side-to-side to let him know that I did not think this was a good idea and he just smiled and nodded "yes" while rubbing on his crotch. He stood up and made a general announcement that he was going to step inside and take a little nap (which had been out code word for sex). He knew that my brothers could not be pried away from the fishing poles so long as the fish were biting, but he asked them if they wanted to join him inside. Of course they said no. He then turned to me and said, "What about you Josh? Are you up for a nap?" (placing a little extra emphasis on the word nap) and then grinning at me. I could not help but grin back and said that I might join him in a few minutes. He went in to the cabin and waited a couple of minutes before joining him in the stateroom inside the boat. When I opened the door to the stateroom, he had already stripped off his shorts and was sitting on one of the two twin beds in his Jockey briefs with a raging hard on. I asked him if he really thought that this was a good idea and he did not even answer. He just grabbed me, pulled me close to him and started kissing me while his hands were inside my shorts playing with my dick. Horniness got the best of me and I returned his kisses and cock strokes. I broke away and locked the stateroom door and reasoned that the boat's diesel engines would cover for any noise that we might make. We were both completely naked in a second and it was hot seeing his lily white crotch as a contrast to everything else that was tanned. He sat back on the bed and I kneeled between his legs taking his cock in my mouth. All of the fishing, sun and sweat made his cock and balls very ripe. Although I generally prefer it when he is freshly showered, I had come to still enjoy sucking on him when he was musky like now. Peeling back his foreskin revealed a thin coating of cheesiness and I wasted no time in licking his cock clean from head to base. He told me to lay down on my back and then he started licking and kissing me from head to toe. I yelped a little when he bit on one of my nipples and he reminded me to watch the noise so that neither my brother nor the captain and his mate would hear us. Dad pulled me to the edge of the bed, lifted my legs up and pushed them back toward my head. This action opened my ass up and he wasted no time in giving me a good licking. I knew that he would next want to fuck me, but I was not sure that I could remain quiet enough and told him so. He reached over to the other bed and grabbed a pillow telling me to put it over my face if I needed to yell or moan. With that he spit a couple of globs of saliva on my ass and started pushing his cock into me. Knowing that my brothers and a couple of strangers were just a few feet away added to the excitement. The seas had really started to roll, so the movement of the boat really helped him pound my ass...often throwing his body on top of mine with his thrusts. I used the pillow technique to drown out my noises and he managed to keep his to a few moans and a couple of grunting sounds. After several minutes of hard pounding he gave me one last thrust and then shot his load into my ass. I came a few seconds after

that and my first spurt of cum hit the wall of the cabin and the next couple coated my face and neck. Realizing that we did not have a towel or anything to wipe up the cum we were left with no choice but to eat it. So he licked some it off me and fed me the rest with his fingers. We took a few minutes to compose ourselves and put on our briefs and shorts. Just when my dad was pulling up his shorts we heard someone try the door handle and then knock on the door. My dad unlocked the door and opened it to find my oldest brother outside the stateroom. He asked why the door had been locked and my dad responded that we must have locked it by mistake. I am sure that he sensed that something was going on and/or smelled sex in the air, because my brother gave us a both a funny look. However, nothing else was said so I have no idea what he did or did not know. All I knew was that my ass was full of my dad's cum and I was ready to actually take a nap!

On another occasion later that same summer, my dad asked me to help him make some repairs at the locker room of the municipal facility where he was a part time baseball and football coach. This was part of the city park system and there were facilities for a variety of sports (basketball, baseball, football, soccer, swimming, etc.) all at one place. The building that housed the basketball court and indoor swimming pool had a couple locker rooms that the home and visiting teams used regardless of the sport. These facilities got a lot of use and suffered from a lot of wear and tear. Dad had agreed to make some repairs to a couple of benches and a list of other minor repairs. We decided to do this early on a Sunday morning since the facility would not open until after noon and there would be no one there while we were working. He was busy working on the benches and I was working on a laundry list of other small things when I needed to take a piss. These locker rooms were similar to what you would find in an older YMCA with steel lockers, wooden benches, communal showers, and bathroom with four stalls, some sinks and a trough urinal. I absolutely loved the trough urinal! It had been fabricated out of stainless steel and had a water pipe running along the top edge. Holes had been drilled in the pipe about every foot or so, so when the valve was turned on it looked somewhat like a waterfall across the back of the urinal. When the locker room was being used the water flowed slowly all the time to wash out the urinal. Anyway, I thought that it was very manly to stand at the urinal (even when I was so little that I could barely pee over the edge!) and take a piss shoulder to shoulder with other guys. I never had the piss shyness that some guys experience and so I would usually stand in the center of the trough so that I could look both right and left and see an array of cocks...what could be better?! Anyway, I was standing at the urinal and had just started to pee when my dad walks in to the bathroom with the same idea. He makes some small talk while he fishes out his cock, skins back the foreskin, and started to pee. I made a catcall whistling sound and smiled at him while staring at his beautiful uncut dick. He starts laughing and says something funny like, "be careful or it will get hard and spit at you." I took that as a sign that he was up for a little play between projects so I reached over and took his dick into my hand stroking it ever so slightly. Dad tried to concentrate on getting all of his pee out, which was becoming more difficult as his cock hardened. When his stream stopped I did the honors of squeezing out the last drops

and giving it a couple of shakes. However, I did not allow his to put it back in his pants. Instead, I dropped to my knees and took his cock in my mouth. I could taste the saltiness of a drop or two of urine and then the slickness of his precum. I stood up and he started stroking my cock. While he was doing this I told him that I had a fantasy that he would fuck me while I was leaning over the urinal. He looked puzzled, so I repeated myself. He just said “whatever floats your boat” and reached up to turn on the water valve. A steady stream of water started flowing out of the pipe. I took off my shoes, underwear and pants, but decided to leave my shirt on. Dad just dropped his pants and briefs and got behind me. I leaned over the urinal, spread my legs and put both hands on the concrete block wall above stainless steel waterfall. Dad leaned over my back a little while rubbing his cock against my asshole. Luckily he was leaking a heavy flow of precum and that with a little spit made the penetration a little easier. He eased it all the way in and just stayed still for a minute or so while he reached around and jerked on my cock. He then started role playing like we were complete strangers who just met up in the bathroom which caused my cock to get a little harder...if that was possible. He was saying stuff like, “Do you like the feel of my big dick up your pussy?” and “I haven’t cum in days, so you better be ready to take my big load.” My responses were putting much limited to, “Yes, sir” or “Fuck me, sir”. He pounded my ass like there was no tomorrow and ultimately was ramming into me so hard that I was bent completely over with my head hanging down in to the trough urinal. It was not so far that my head was touching the water, but enough that the water spray had soaked my hair. Dad finally grabbed my hips very hard and thrust into one last time so hard that my head actually banged against the back side of the urinal while his cock pumped spurt after spurt of his semen into me. I stood up while his cock was still in me and he stroked me until I came into the urinal in a series of bursts. It was incredibly hot and I was worn out when he pulled his cock out of me along with a trailing stream of his cum. Dad got some paper towels, cleaned us up, pulled his pants up and had walked out of the bathroom. I was still recovering and enjoying the moment when someone that neither of us knew walked into the bathroom to find me with a freshly fucked (although now shocked) expression on my face, soaking wet hair, and my briefs, jeans, and shoes in a pile on the floor. I was standing in the middle of the bathroom with no pants on and my still plumped up cock very much telling on me. I mumbled some words about just getting dressed, but I am sure he knew that I was trying to bullshit my way out of the situation. He just shook his head, gave me a disgusting look and walked out of the bathroom. My dad heard the noise and walked in to see me fumbling with my clothes. I told him what had just happened and he looked out the bathroom door to see this man looking back and shaking his head as he walked toward the main entrance to the building. The stranger left the building and we never heard another word. Given that the building was officially closed all we can guess is that he was walking in the park and needed to pee, but who knows? Even though it freaked me out, his walking in actually just enhances my memory of that fun time getting fucked over the urinal!

More stories will be posted as I get a chance to write them down. If you would like to provide any feedback, I can be reached at [daddysboyjosh@hotmail.com](mailto:daddysboyjosh@hotmail.com).