

Josh's Adventures Continue - Dad On The Bottom

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. For more background, read Josh's Awakening parts one and two.

Since we had started playing together in 1973, I had assumed that my dad was always the top when he played with men. Actually, I had never even thought that he would even consider otherwise. Looking back, I guess that because he was the father of four kids, the breadwinner, and so masculine that it was hard to imagine him in any position that was not the dominate player. I realize now that this is a silly assumption, but my maturity level at 14 was obviously not fully developed. Therefore, I never even considered asking him if he would like for me to fuck him.

It was sometime during the fall of 1975 while we were camping in the Great Smoky Mountains that I learned that dad also enjoyed getting his ass fucked. It was a beautiful Saturday...a cool day that required a sweater or sweatshirt and the leaves were brilliant yellows, oranges, and reds. We had parked at a state park parking lot late in the morning and hiked into the woods a couple of miles to set up our campsite on a clearing beside a rapidly flowing stream. I could tell that dad was particularly horny, because as we were hiking he was playing grab ass and making all kinds of naughty comments about how he had built up a big load for me and that I was going to be so sore that hiking back to the car was going to be hard for me the next day. I had a hard on for most of the hike and I am sure that he did, also.

About half way along the hike, he announced that he had to pee, so he pulled off his pack and stepped a few feet off the trail. I decided that now was as good a time as any (plus, I always hate to miss an opportunity to stand beside my dad with our cocks hanging out!), so I did the same. We were standing shoulder-to-shoulder when he unzipped and pulled out his cock. My eyes were fixed on him pulling back his foreskin while I unzipped and pulled out my cock. His bladder was really full and he let forth a strong stream of piss. I began to pee and saw that he was staring at me while I was staring at him. So, I adjusted ever so slightly and begin pissing in his urine stream. He played along and sort of played the "who can piss the furthest?" game. I have finished up before he did and had already put my dick away, but he was still going strong. That familiar horny feel had worked its magic on me, so I reached over and grabbed my dad's cock to support it while he finished up. As he was squirting out the last few ounces I assisted by milking out the remaining fluid. With only a drop of two left, I worked his foreskin back and forth over his dick head and shook the shaft a little. The blood started to flow in to his cock shaft and he plumped up right away. Half a dozen strokes later, he was rock hard and pulsing. Dad looked me in the eyes and said, "Now look what you have done. Don't start something you're not prepared to finish."

So we picked up the packs and moved a little further off the trail, dad's dick bouncing outside of his pants the entire time. By the time that I was down on my knees, he had a big drop of clear precum oozing out of his slit. I wasted no time in taking dad's cock in my mouth all the way down to the base. He grabbed the back of my head with both hands and started fucking my mouth. I reached around his waist and began playing with his asshole, eventually working a couple of fingers far enough in him to massage his prostate. His prostate was engorged to the point that it felt like an apricot or small plum. I used the tips of my fingers to really give it a good massage and dad was moaning, "oh my god" so loudly that I was afraid that anyone hiking near us would come running toward us thinking that someone was badly injured. The massage did the trick and within a few more seconds his cock started spasming out ropes of thick cum filling my mouth and throat. Dad sort of leaned back against a tree for support as his knees buckled and I continued to suckle on his deflating cock drinking in every last drop of his sperm. As I looked up at his face, he was staring down at me with his bright smile beaming from ear to ear. I stood up, he zipped up and we continued our hike to the campsite.

Along the route dad started talking about how good it felt to have my fingers massaging his prostate while I was giving him the blow job. I commented that his cock did the same thing to me while he was fucking me and he replied that he loved that feeling, too. I stopped in my tracks and looked back at him..."Dad, you mean to tell me that you have been fucked in the ass?" and he replied, "Duh! Your old man likes a good ass fucking just like you do." I was stunned and excited at the same time. So, I continued, "Then why haven't you asked me to fuck you?" to which he shot back, "Why haven't YOU asked to fuck ME?" I told him all about my reasoning why I thought that he was only a top and he just laughed like I had told the funniest joke of all time. He related that he had a coaching friend who lived in Charlotte and that whenever he was there on business Chris would come to dad's motel room and give him a good pounding. By this point my cock was already leaking precum since I gave dad his blowjob and had not cum myself. As he related the information about Chris, I could feel my cock pulsing out puddles of precum in my briefs. When he finished telling me about Chris, I basically said that we needed to hurry to the campsite as I wanted to fuck him for the first time and that he would be the one having a difficult hike back to the car on Sunday!

The pace of our hiking picked up dramatically and in about 30 minutes we were busy setting up the tent and collecting wood for our campfire. Once everything was all set up and a small fire started, we retreated to the warmth and privacy of our small tent. Dad had opened both flannel lined sleeping bags so they almost completely covered the floor of our tent. We quickly stripped of all of our clothing, sat down facing one another and started making out. Dad is a great kisser (and I think that he also taught me well if I do say so myself) and we spent a lot of time just embracing, rubbing each other's body, and kissing. In no time at all we were both erect and dripping precum. Dad began to suck on me, but I stopped him after about a minute because this is not how I planned on

cumming during this trip! So, I reached into my backpack and pulled out the container of Vaseline (our lube of choice other than precum and saliva).

Dad was now on his back and he was holding both of his legs back so that his ass was open and fully exposed. I scooped out a generous portion of the Vaseline, smeared it on his hole, and then started working it inside him with my fingers. My father began to writhe with pleasure and was moaning continuously. He was very encouraging... "That's it son, open daddy's ass up" and "Damn, I need to feel your hot cock inside me." He was clearly ready to accept my cock, so I rubbed my Vaseline covered hand up and down my dick a couple of times and placed the head right on his pucker. He let out a loud moan and said, "That's it boy, ram your cock all the way into my ass." With a little pressure his hole opened right up and I slid in all the way to the hilt in one motion. Bottoming out, I stopped for a moment to ensure that he was ready and bent over and rammed my tongue down his throat. He started bucking his hips and I took that as a signal that he was ready for some pumping, so I pulled back until just the head of my dick was inside his ass ring and then pumped it all the way back in. Dad's moans just got louder and more frequent. My pumping started out slow but the pace picked up to the point where I was pumping his ass with all the strength that I could muster. He took it and moaned for more. He started jacking on his own cock and I brushed his hands away telling him that I would tell him when he could cum. He just smiled and used his hands to pull his legs back further to give me greater access. A few hard pumps more and I was over the edge...cum flooded out of my cock so hard that my balls actually hurt. I collapsed on top of my father with my cock still planted deep in his ass. It was an awesome feeling knowing that my baby-making fluid was inside the man who had made me 17 years earlier. My father was so happy that tears were running down his cheeks. We embraced in a big bear hug and kissed some more. My cock never went down and dad had not cum yet, so I started rocking my dick in and out of him a little at a time until we were back at it full force again. I was able to hold off cumming a little longer this time and I just fucked him at a much slower pace. He moved me over so that his back was to my chest and we were sort of laying on our sides...my cock never leaving the confines of his cum filled ass. We developed a nice rocking rhythm and this new position allowed me play with his nipples while he slowly jerked his cock. When Dad started moaning that he was getting close to cumming, I picked up the pace of my pumping. Soon thereafter, his cum was flying all over the place and within a minute later I had added another load up his ass. We stayed in this embrace until my penis deflated and slid out of his ass along with a steady stream of boy juice. He grabbed his undershirt and held it against this hole to keep from making a bigger mess on our sleeping bags and crawled outside the tent. I peeked my head out to see him squatting down by the river as he allowed my cum to flow out of his ass. He splashed a little of the freezing river water on himself to clean up a bit and then walked gingerly back to the tent to warm up. We dressed so that we could go outside the tent to cook dinner, but were quickly back inside, naked, with his cock deep in my ass before we fell asleep bundled up in each other's arms. We were spooning with me laying against his back, and some time in the middle of the night I woke up with another hard on. While he snored away, I worked my dick back into his

ass. He immediately woke up, rolled over on his stomach and I pumped a third load into him in a single day (still a record for me). The next day after were packed up and hiked back to the car he smiled at me and said that he was never so happy to be so sore! On the way home he told me more about his buddy Chris and we began making plans for me to meet him on dad's next trip to Charlotte.

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.