

Josh's Adventures Continue - Meeting Coach Chris

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.

Several months passed since dad and I went on our camping trip to the Great Smokey Mountains and I got the opportunity to fuck him for the first time. Our playtime after that point would usually still find me on the bottom, but I did get him to talk more about his coaching friend in Charlotte named Chris. Dad and Chris would always get together when my father was in Charlotte for business or meetings of a coaching organization to which they both were members. It was the coach's organization that provided the opportunity for them to first meet about five years earlier. While my dad was just a part-time municipal league coach, Chris was a full time high school coach. From the sound of it, the organization was more of a reason for a bunch of old jocks to get together, drink, play cards, and chase after women than to improve their coaching skills, but I guess there is nothing wrong with that. In any case, dad and Chris hit it off as friends first and at one of the meetings a couple of years after they met, they had ended up at a Chris' house and before the sun came up dad had been thoroughly fucked by his buddy a couple of times. Dad told me that Chris had a sex playroom set up in his basement with all kinds of sexual toys and devices and that Chris was definitely the master of this domain.

When dad shared with me that he would be heading to Charlotte in a couple of weeks to attend a series of business meetings I began begging him to let me tag along. He was not too keen on the idea at first (I think that he preferred his time alone with Chris), but I was devious enough to get my mom to encourage him to take me along since I would be out of school on spring break. He had spoken with Chris over the telephone about including me in the play and apparently they agreed that it would be okay. As we were packing before the trip, I asked dad if I needed to take anything special and he suggested that I bring my complete baseball uniform, gym clothes, Speedo swim suit, and a jock strap since Chris was into athletic role play. On Friday morning we loaded the car and headed southeast toward Charlotte.

Along the way all I could talk about was Chris, who dad told me preferred to be called either "Coach Chris", "Coach," or just "Sir". I had read a little bit about masters and slaves, but dad assured me that Coach Chris was not into heavy S&M, but instead was just a dominate top. I could tell that dad was little nervous about me meeting his fuck buddy, so I tried to ease the situation a bit by playing with his dick while he drove. In a somewhat unusual move, he asked me to stop as we both need to save our loads for the Coach.

When we got to Charlotte, we Dad checked in to a Holiday Inn motel but said that we would probably be spending the night at Coach Chris' house so need to get out stuff out of the car. He told me that he always checked in to the hotel just in case my mom called looking for him (this was way before cell phones). Dad asked, "Are you sure that you want to go through with this?" to which I replied in the affirmative, so we continued driving approximately 2 miles to Coach's house. It was a typical brick two-story home in a neighborhood where all of the homes looked somewhat the same. We pulled into the driveway and the front door opened a moment later. I think my first word was "Wow!" Coach Chris started walking toward the car and I could not take my eyes off of him. He was about 5'10" and built like a muscular fireplug. Coach obviously spent a good part of his days working out in the gym and it really showed! While my hair was long and blond, his was a reddish brown and cut into a "high and tight" flattop like a Marine would wear. He was wearing t-shirt, a pair of tight coaching shorts (that looked like he had stuffed a soup bowl down the front of them) and no shoes. I thought my heart was going to leap out of my chest it was beating so fast. My dad brought me back to reality by tossing my gym bag toward me to carry in to the house.

Once inside we dropped our bags and dad and Chris gave each other a bear hug. Chris said, "Well, you must be Josh." I replied, "Yes sir" (not so much from dad's prior instructions, but because I always said "yes maim" and "yes sir"...this is the south after all!). Chris just smiled and said, "Welcome! Make yourself at home. We are going to have a fun weekend!" Chris got us all a beer and we settled down in his den, all three of us on the sofa with me in the middle. Dad and he caught up on all their news and I just sipped my beer, listened, and fantasized about what Chris was carrying in those tight shorts. After an hour or so of chatter, Chris put his arm around me and pulled by a little closer to him and said, "Josh, tell me all about you." I started telling him all about school, sports I played, and a whole lot more than I feel certain now that he really did not care about. However, he acted as though I was telling him the secrets of life and paid close attention to my ramblings. He started rubbing my arm and playing with my hair. To the best of my memory, my cock had been hard since we pulled in to the driveway, but it was definitely hard and leaking precum with all of this special attention that I was getting. Chris said, "Men, let's get another beer and head downstairs for some fun." I looked over at my dad and saw that he was also popping a boner, so I knew that we were heading to Chris' playroom. While Chris went to get the beers, my dad told me to put on my baseball uniform and be sure to wear my jock with the protective cup. When I returned to the den, my dad had stripped down to only his white Jockey briefs, but Chris was still fully dressed.

We walked as a group down the basement stairs, and just before opening the door to the playroom, Chris spoke directly to me and said, "Before you step through this door you need to know that this is my playroom and you and your dad are invited guests. Inside this room you do what I say, when I say it, and how I say it is to be done. Do you understand?" I just shook my head in the affirmative and he continued, "Inside this room you will address me as 'Coach' or 'Sir'" and you will only speak when I ask you a

question...is that clear?" I said, "Yes sir" and he unlocked the deadbolt and opened the door for us to enter. My eyes were as big as saucers as we entered the playroom. The walls had been painted black and the floor was concrete. There were a bunch of shelves on one wall that held a variety of dildos, vibrators, butt plugs, and just about every kind of sex toy imaginable. The room had a double bed and what looked like a weight bench. There were hooks on the ceiling and what I would come to know later as a sling hanging from them. The room was lit primarily by black lights and there were erotic posters hanging on the wall that glowed in the light. It was a little scary, but also incredibly exciting for me.

Coach's first order of business was to strip the underwear off my father then tie him to the weight bench device while still sitting up. Once dad was secured, Coach turned his attention to me. He told me to stand at attention while he inspected me. He seemed pleased and walked all around me several times while touching and squeezing various parts of my body. He started kissing me on the lips, but commanded me to keep my hands by my side while he did so. Next started to remove my uniform piece by piece, commenting about my body the entire time. I was completely silent. First my shirt and undershirt...stopping to rub and squeeze my hard nipples. I reached to start removing my baseball pants and he smacked my hands telling me that I was not to do anything unless he instructed me to do it. Off came my shoes and long socks. He groped at my athletic cup and butt, and just said, "Nice!" He slowly opened the uniform belt, then the button and zipper, and slid his hand inside my jock strap. By this point the inside of my cup was wet with the precum that had been flowing since I put it on. He removed my baseball pants but told me to keep the jock strap on until he instructed otherwise. I was then told to put my hands behind my back and he handcuffed me to a metal support pole.

Coach moved over to my father and began teasing him while I watched. He told my dad to chew on his dick through the coaching shorts while Coach alternated between playing with my dad's nipples and his own. Off came Coach's t-shirt and his ripped torso made my dick squeeze out a fresh supply of precum. I could see that the foreskin of my dad's cock had fully retracted and he, too, was oozing a lot of precum. Coach reached down and played with dad's cock and then made him suck the sticky fluid off his fingers. Then he moved to remove his own shorts and both my dad and I stared as he slowly opened the button to the shorts, pulled down the zipper and used both hands to lower them to the floor. He stepped out of the shorts and stood in the middle of the room in his Bike jock strap (my favorite brand!). He reached inside the front of his pouch and felt himself up for a few minutes teasing us both, and then removed the hard cup. He first placed the hard cup over my dad's nose and mouth and commanded that he lick it clean, which my dad did without hesitation. Coach turned toward me and said, "Like what you see boy?" to which I replied, "Yes sir!" He walked toward me and asked if I wanted to see what would be breeding mine and my father's asses this weekend and again I replied, "Yes, sir". Coach stepped out of his strap and his cock sprung back and slapped his stomach. It wasn't that it was so long (probably 6.5 inches), but that it was so thick

(probably 6 - 6.5 inches). He was uncut like my father, but had a lot more foreskin. Enough that there was another half inch overhang and he was hard as a rock! I honestly thought that I was going to come right then and there without even being able to touch myself! Seeing me staring with wide eyes and a big grin on my face made Coach smile, too. He picked up his jock strap and held it under my nose..."You like how this smells, boy?" As I was opening my mouth to answer, he pushed it between my teeth and said "Suck on it!" My dick was bouncing up and down and long strings of precum were dripping to the follow, but he was done with me for a while.

Turning his attention to my father, Coach untied the ropes and had him get into the sling hanging from the ceiling. It was obvious that dad had played out this scene before from his level of comfort. Once in the sling, Coach Chris turned his attention to the toys on the shelves and seemed to really concentrate of which of the options he intended to use. He started with a medium size butt plug to which he applied and ample amount of lube. I watched as he slowly slid the black butt plug in my dad's exposed ass hole. When my dad started to moan, Coach just pushed it all the way in. Coach turned his attention to my dad's nipples and applied a pair of nipple clamps from the shelf. He then had my dad turn his head to the side and start sucking his cock. After a few minutes, Coach pulled away and went back to my dad's asshole pulling out the butt plug and replacing it with a larger dildo. Dad moaned as the new device was inserted into him, but I could tell from the tone that he was enjoying every bit of this. Coach moved the dildo in and out of dad's ass and continued the nipple play. Coach came back over to me and unlocked the handcuffs. He placed me on my knees and pressed his cock inside my mouth. He was so thick that it was a challenge to get my lips around it and keep my teeth out of the way. He slowly fucked my mouth, but then pulled out and told me to work on his foreskin. This is one of my favorite things, so I gladly started working my tongue between the foreskin and his cock head. Coach stopped long enough to retrieve the butt plug that he has used on my dad. He added more lube and then slowly pushed it up into me. It took a second to get used to, but then the sensations were very pleasant. I resume my cock sucking and was hoping to get a taste of his jizz, but he pulled me up, stripped off my jock, and led me toward my father. Coach pulled over a small carpeted platform and told me to step up on to it. Once I was on the platform between my dad's legs, Coach barked out, "Fuck him!" The big dildo had already fallen out of dad's ass, so I just moved a little closed and pushed my cock into him. Dad let out a long moan and I started slowly pumping. Coach was behind me working the butt plug and then abruptly pulled it out of my ass. It was immediately replaced by Coach's thick cock. There was no way that he was going to be able to enter me without some assistance, so he stuck a bottle of poppers under my nose and said, "Breathe deeply!" My head started to swirl and I could feel his pushing his monster up in me. Then again, "Breathe deeply!" and I took another hit of the poppers while he added more pressure and pushed all the way into me. I was on the verge of passing out completely when my head stopped swirling and all I could feel was his thick dick sliding in and out of me. I had stopped fucking my dad, but we managed to get into a rhythm. Coach really set the pace and I was just along for the ride. In about ten strokes I was shooting my load deep

inside my dad. I pulled out of my dad and Coach pulled his cock out of me. Coach then slammed his cock right up into my dad using my cum as his lubricant. I was still a little woozy, so I sat on the work out bench and watched as Coach pounded dad's ass. He had amazing staying power and must have fucked him for at least 15 minutes before let out a huge roar and adding his juice to mine deep within my dad's ass at the same time that my dad was shooting his jism all over his chest and stomach. We maintained the role play scene after everyone's breathing had returned to normal and Coach Chris stated that no one would be allowed to wear anything other than a jock strap for the remainder of the weekend.

I can honestly say that other than Ron, no one has left my ass sorer or more satisfied than Coach Chris. We fucked and sucked that entire long weekend and every time that we could get together to the point where I was not sure if I would ever be able to sit normally again. I played with Chris both with my dad and individually for another 20 years until he died tragically from pancreatic cancer. We miss him dearly!

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.