

Josh's Adventures Continue - My Best Friend Rusty

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.

As I mentioned in earlier stories, I grew up in North Carolina in the foothills of beautiful mountains. Our town was one of those places that people describe as a "great place to raise a family" meaning that there really isn't a whole lot to do other than self-generated activities. I lived in the same house until I went off to college. The street had very little turn over and we often joked that it was like living in Mayberry since the street developed in to one big family. My best friend during those years was a boy the same age as me, named Rusty. He name was actually Russell, but since that was the same name as his father and the fact that he had bright red hair, he was nicknamed Rusty and has been called that ever since. Rusty and I were born within a couple of months of each other (he had a younger sister, while I had three older siblings) and we lived three doors apart for the first 18 plus years of our lives. I cannot remember far enough back to think of a time in my boyhood where Rusty was not part of the memory. Our parents were close friends and in addition to us going to school together, our families often went on vacations together. Rusty's father owned a retail store, so he worked a lot of weekends. Therefore, Rusty spent a lot of time at our house and my father treated him as one of his own sons (and his dad treated me the same, too).

Growing up with Rusty was great! We did everything together. My parents even have several pictures of the two of us in the bathtub together as kids. As such, we had literally watched the other grow up. In the early days before we even knew anything about sex we would grab at each other's penis and give it a yank. It was Rusty who told me all there was to know about sex...although not a lot of it was especially accurate. When he told me that women got pregnant from men inserting their penises into the "girl parts" (I don't think that either one of knew what a vagina was at that point other than having seen our sisters naked and wondering what they had done with their penises), I just laughed and said that he was full of shit. He told me all about white stuff coming out of the end of a penis and that it made babies. While I thought that it made an interesting story, I was absolutely certain that he had made this up to see if I would fall for it. It was Rusty who once convinced me to ask my mother to tell us what a dildo was and we both ended up getting a spanking, so I was wary of his tall tales. It was several months later on a Sunday night while taking a bath (earlier story) that white stuff did indeed come out of the end of my penis after a rubbing it a few minutes! Damn...that Rusty was not so crazy after all. The next day I told him all about my masturbation surprise and how I was worried that perhaps I broken something since the fluid kept seeping out for about 30 minutes or an hour after the first gushes had started that he told me there was nothing to worry about. Rusty's parents had given him a copy

of “Everything You Wanted To Know About Sex, But Were Afraid To Ask”, so to me he became the guru of sexual knowledge!

Rusty was the one who suggested that we jack off together that Monday afternoon, so we ventured into the woods behind our houses, dropped our pants and underwear, and proceeded to masturbate. In those days, we had some silly notion that cumming first was desirable! I cannot remember who came first that afternoon, but I do vividly remember thinking that our friendship had grown to a different level. From that point forward, we jacked off together all the time...after school, on sleep overs, at the lake...whenever and wherever we could find a couple of minutes of privacy. We progressed to jacking each other off on occasion, but had not taken it any further until many months later and shortly after my dad and I started having sex together. Frankly, we were fairly naïve sexually and jacking off was so much fun that we were never bored enough to think of something else to do with our cocks! When my dad had asked me about whether I had masturbated with other boys he did not ask me whether or not it was Rusty, but I am fairly sure that he assumed that to be the most likely option since we were always together.

My dad had been adamant that I not share our secret with anyone and this was very difficult since Rusty and I had no other secrets. I honored my dad’s wish for as long as I possibly could, but finally had to reveal it to my best friend. By this point, dad and I had gone the gamut from jacking off to blow jobs to fucking. Therefore, I was the one who suggested to Rusty that we try oral sex. When he asked about how I knew this I told him that one of my older brothers had told me about it. He asked if I had ever gotten or given a blow job and I denied it. However, I am sure that my face was bright red and I sensed that he knew that I was lying, but he never challenged me. We were in a ramshackle fort that we had built in the forest behind our homes with scrape lumber and found objects. My mom had donated an old rug and some old lawn chairs and we considered it our bachelor pad. Anyway, we had already pulled down our pants and were in the midst of jacking off when Rusty started to question me about blow jobs. Instead of answering his questions, I decided to just kneel in front of him and take his cock in to my mouth.

Let me back up for a second and describe Rusty. He was several inches taller than me and would eventually grow to 6’1”. He was lean and in good shape from always being active. He had a sprinkling of freckles on his face as a kid, but those eventually went away by the time he was in his late teens. All of his hair was as red as Lucille Ball’s...on his head, under his arms, and his bushy crotch. His cock fascinated me for a number of reasons. First, he was cut and a shower and not a grower. Other than lengthening slightly, but getting considerably thicker when he was erect, it almost always hung down to his full 6 ½ “ length...I was always so jealous of this because he could strut though locker rooms and look like a stud. His dick head was slightly wider than the shaft and it was about an 1 ½” of the total cock length. The head had what looked like a dimple in it which made the piss slit appear much longer than it actually was. Rusty also had

enormous balls...so much so that his cock always arched away from his body and he had a huge package no matter what he was wearing. Finally, he had the ability to shoot a bucket of cum when he ejaculated. Even when we jacked off multiple times in the same setting, he would shoot more than me on his third time than I did on my first cum. After we started fucking, I would joke with him that it was like getting a cum enema.

So, back to the fort. I knelt between Rusty's legs and he lets out a long moan as I took his cock into my mouth. My father had taught me all about how to suck him in without scrapping my teeth against the skin and how to work my tongue around the head for maximum effect. The training had worked well, and within no more than a minute Rusty started bucking in his chair and was filling my mouth with a gusher of cum. I swallowed as quickly as I could manage, but the volume of cum was too much and it flowed out both sides of my mouth and down my chin. Rusty's cock gets real sensitive immediately after he cums, so he pushed my head off his cock and I did my best to lick up all the cum that I had not been able to swallow. Within a minute, he said, "Now me...I want to do yours" and he was on his knees while I sat in the chair with my cock in his mouth. He was not as skilled as I was, but it did not matter a whole lot. Like him, I was filling his mouth with my thick cum in about a minute and he managed to gulp it all down without spilling a drop. For at least the next few months, blow jobs had replaced jacking off as our preferred activity.

A little after the time that my dad started fucking me, I introduced a little ass play into the mix when Rusty and I would get together. While I was sucking on his cock I would reach around and play with his ass hole my index finger. He did not object, so this led to me inserting a finger into his ass while sucking him deep in to my throat. At first he did not return the favor, so I would play with my own ass while he sucked on me. He eventually joined in the fun and would finger me while sucking on my cock. We had both started sticking household objects up our own asses when we jacked off privately and he told me that he had hidden one of his mom's candles under his mattress for when he jacked off alone. I confessed that I did the same and had used other things, too. Since my dad and I had started fucking I had less of a need for inanimate object, but was not quite ready to suggest that Rusty and I start fucking for fear that he would find out about my dad and me.

My parents get the credit for Rusty and me first fucking. He was spending the night one weekend and everyone had already turned in for the evening. My mom always made up a bed for Rusty on the floor in my room, but we always just slept in my bed. I had locked the door and we were already naked in bed playing with each other, when we heard my parents whispering and giggling though the wall that separated my room from theirs. We knew exactly what was going on as we had heard them making love many times before. Tonight was a little different though and instead of just jacking off together or swapping blow jobs, we remained quiet and listened as their excitement got louder and louder. When it was clear that they were starting to fuck, I whispered to Rusty that I wanted him to do the same thing to me. He looked me directly in the eyes

and said "What did you say?" and I repeated, "I want you to fuck me...now." With that, I reached into my bedside table and retrieved a jar of Vaseline. Without giving Rusty any time to agree or disagree, I rubbed his cock and my ass with the petroleum jelly and rolled over on to my back. He was still looking at me with a startled look on his face, so I pulled him over so that he was lying on top of me. I raised my legs up and wrapped put them on his shoulders. His moved up a bit and his cock was rubbing against my ass hole. About this time, I could hear my parents really getting into it and both were moaning, "oh, god", "oh, that's it" and stuff like that. I reached down and guided Rusty's dick head as he started pushing his cock into me...it felt so good to feel his cock stretch me open. He slid all the way into the hilt and nature took over from there. Rusty started pumping his hips and his cock worked its way in and out of my hole. He pulled back a little too far a couple of times, but he put it right back in and kept pumping. About the time that I heard my folks cumming fairly loudly, Rusty rammed his cock all the way in to me and flooded my ass with his cum. A stroke or two later and my cock spit out its load all over my chest and stomach. Rusty collapsed on top of me and we hugged and kissed until his cock eventually slid out of my ass. Knowing that my ass would be leaking all night if I did not do something, I put on a pair of briefs and scooted across the hall to the bathroom where I sat on the toilet and allowed the cum to flow out of ass and into the toilet. When I had finished and was heading back across the hall, my dad was coming out of their bedroom and also heading to the bathroom in just his briefs. He smiled and said that I looked like the cat who had eaten the canary while feeling up the front of my briefs. I just smiled back and told him that I thought that we both were having a good night. I told him good night, went back into my room, and got back in to bed with Rusty who was already fast asleep.

After Rusty had gone home after breakfast the next morning, dad came into my room asked me to tell him what had happened the night before. I did not spare any details and by the time that I had gotten to the point of Rusty and me fucking, dad already had his hands in his shorts and was groping his cock. I locked my door and pushed dad's shorts and briefs down his legs. He leaned back on my bed and I sucked his cock deep into my throat. Given that my mom and siblings were all in the house, we had to be very quiet, but that did not keep me from giving him a great blow job. I was rewarded with a nice daddy load before he pushed me down and sucked a load out of me. Dad said that he would like to watch Rusty and me fuck some time, but was uncomfortable with inviting him into our little secret. I was hoping that he would change his mind, but knew that he was concerned about other people finding out about us.

Rusty and I continued to suck and fuck and had become even closer, if that was possible. Toward the end of the summer, dad asked me if I want to go camping overnight at the lake. I asked him if I could bring Rusty along and he seemed a little disappointed. I told him not to worry, that we would find a way to have sex even though that Rusty was with us. He smiled, but reminded me that we still needed to be very careful to keep our secret. Little did he realize that I had already sort of hinted about it to Rusty, who seemed to question me endlessly whenever we were together. Anyway, I had not told

him the details directly, but he had pretty much figured out the gist of what was going on. When I asked Rusty if he wanted to join us on the camping trip, he readily agreed.

There was an obvious sexual tension on the drive to the lake and while we set up our campsite. We were all dressed in shorts, t-shirts, and flip flops. After the tents were set up (one for Rusty and me, and one for my dad), firewood gathered, and everything organized we decided to go swimming. We all changed into swim trunks and headed to the lake. After a few minutes of swimming, I sort of jokingly said, "Let's go skinny dipping." My dad and Rusty said, "OK, you first" thinking that I was just kidding. I hesitated for a minute or two, so Rusty said, "Come on big man, take off your swim suit." I replied, "Whatever" and pulled down my suit and held it over my head while I was still shoulder deep in the water. Rusty grabbed my suit and swam to the shore with it laughing the whole time. So, I said, "Well at least one of us is man enough to do it!" While Rusty was still standing in ankle deep water he surprised me completely by pushing down his trunks and tossing them along the shore right beside mine (he had been naked in front of my dad and me hundreds of times over the years so it was really no big deal for us to see one another naked). While he was strolling back into the water with his cock swaying from side to side, my dad had pulled off his trunks and was holding them over his head while he swam toward the shoreline to toss them with the others. Rusty was all eyes when dad emerged from the water with his white ass shining brightly. When dad turned around, his cock was standing straight up! He headed back to the deeper water. By this point, Rusty and I also had hardons, but we tried to act like it was no big deal while we swam and splashed each other. While we were playing in the water I managed to get close enough to Rusty a few times and give his cock a few strokes. He turned bright red, but did not tell me to stop. All the while, my dad was cluing in to what was unfolding before his eyes, but he just kept some distance and allowed us to play. I whispered to Rusty that I was horny and needed him to fuck me. He looked at me like I was crazy, but I told him that I was sure that dad would leave us alone for a while. He was resistant, but I announced that I was heading to the tent to put on some dry clothes. Dad said that he was not ready to get out of the lake and planned to swim for another hour or so. This was enough for Rusty, so he said that he was tired of swimming also and was going to take a short nap before dinner. I was in the tent before Rusty and was just about finished drying off when he came in. As he was coming in I said, "Fuck I am horny as all get out...I need to feel your cock in me, now!" He said, "Josh, this is too risky...how about a blow job instead?" I was finished drying off, so laid down on my back with my legs in the air saying, "That won't solve it...get over here and fuck me." Rusty picked up the Vaseline that was already out of my backpack, rubbed some on his cock, and pushed it into me. I was like a bitch in heat and the feeling of his cock sliding into me was just what the doctor ordered. I wrapped my legs behind his back and pulled him deep into me. He had been pumping my ass for a couple of minutes when I noticed that the sun was suddenly being blocked from pouring into our tent. Tilting my head to the side, I was able to see my dad standing at the entrance to our tent. He had his cock in his hand and was slowly stroking while watching Josh pump his dick deep into me. Rusty was clueless as his back was to the tent opening

and he just kept fucking me. In a few minutes, Rusty let out a grunt and pumped his load deep within my ass. Dad had moved away from our tent and back in to the lake so as to not be discovered while Rusty bent down and finished me off with a blow job. A few minutes later, Rusty rolled off of me and I ran back to the lake to clean up a bit. When Rusty did not join me, I figure that he had fallen off to sleep. When dad swam over and hugged me I could feel his hard cock rubbing against mine. I reached down and gave him a couple of strokes. He more moaned than spoke, saying "Josh, I have got to fuck you, okay?" I kissed him deeply and said, "Absolutely!" Dad and I swam over to the back of the boat where we could stand on the lake bottom. I held on to the swim platform while he stood behind me and slid his cock up my ass. He whispered in my ear that he could feel Rusty's cum in my ass and all over his cock. He squeezed on my nipples and continued pumping his cock in to me. Dad was so worked up that it did not take him long before his sperm were swimming with Rusty's deep in my ass. It was a good day!

The three of us eventually played together (dad fucking Rusty while he fucked me), but that was another day a few months later. Just so you know, Rusty and I played together until I went off to college and he joined the Navy. He served honorably in the Navy for a couple of terms (or whatever they call it when you re-enlist) and settled in California when he left the Navy. We eventually both "came out" and he has been in a relationship for over 18 years.

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.