

Josh's Awakening – The Boy's Club

All of my stories are 100% true, but given that I am now in my early 50'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 the "Josh's Awakening" stories posted back in 2008 and 2009. My apologies for the gap in posting more stories, but my father became very ill with lung cancer in 2010 and died in 2011, so it was just too painful to write stories for a while. However, I now realize that he would be happy knowing that our stories were being shared.

During one of our play sessions with my dad's friend Coach Chris (there are a couple of stories in the archives detailing play time with Coach Chris), he asked my dad something about "The Boy's Club" and whether he would be attending their next session. I asked what they were talking about and my father explained that "The Boy's Club" was a group of mostly married men who would rent a cheap hotel room during the day each month, get naked, and play. He said that they generally just traded blow jobs and jacked off, but occasionally there would be some fucking. My cock was always hard when I was naked with my father and Coach Chris (oh, to have the erections that I had at 16), but I remember it getting a little harder at the thought of a hotel room full of naked men. I asked them if I could join them at one of these sessions, but they both replied that the guys who attended were very concerned about remaining secretive and many even went so far as to use a pseudonym instead of their real names for fear of being caught by their wives. Probably just to make me stop begging, they said that they would bring the subject up at a future gathering to see if I could attend. The thought of possibly being included in a future gathering made this fuck session go particularly well. I closed my eyes and imagined that the cocks fucking me belonged to anonymous strangers instead of my father and Coach Chris.

Several months passed and then one day at home my dad told me that enough members of "The Boy's Club" had agreed for me to join them at their next meeting to be held the following Saturday at noon. I could hardly sleep the next few nights because I was so excited. When Saturday morning rolled around, my father told my mother that we were going fishing and probably would not be home until the early evening. She wished us luck and off we went to some cheap highway motel north of Charlotte. I was wearing a jock strap under my cutoff jean shorts to help my control my hard on that had not gone down since the night before!

On the drive to Charlotte to meet up with Coach Chris before heading to the motel, I would not keep my hands off my own cock or my father's. He allowed me take off my jeans shorts, so I was sitting there in just my jock strap and a t-shirt, but had a towel that I would drape over my lap if we were about to pass a trucker or someone who could look in our car. Once we were on the highway, I unzipped my dad's fly and tugged his big uncut cock out for a little playtime while he drove. Of course, he was already

leaking a lot of precum and his foreskin would easily glide up and down over the big head of his cock. I particularly loved playing with his piss slit as it was longer than most and always sort of open. I would lay my head on his lap and just hold his cock in my mouth without a lot of sucking as he did not want to cum until we were with the group. Soon we pulled in to Coach Chris' driveway and he came out to ride with us to the motel. In about 10 minutes we pulled in to something like the Super 8. Dad knew to look for a particular car which had a piece of paper with a code for the room number. Since this was one of those motels where the doors are off the parking lot, it made it easy for everyone to walk to the room without being easily noticed.

Dad, Coach Chris, and I made our way to the room and knocked on the door. We were let in and the room was very dark as the blackout drapes were closed and only the bathroom light was on. My eyes quickly adjusted and I saw about four other guys standing around the room fully clothed. A couple were making some mindless small talk while waiting for the others to show up before the deadline. I could tell right away that my presence made some a little uncomfortable (I was only 17 at the time), but I also could see a lot of hard bulges in these guys pants as they stared at me. At 12:30, the man who let us in locked the door and said that it was time to begin. Everyone began shedding all of their clothes and in a matter of seconds there were about 12 naked men milling about the room groping each other. I initially stayed right beside my dad and Coach Chris, but they soon broke off and started playing with other guys. I looked over and saw Coach Chris French kissing an equally hot guy and then saw my dad drop to his knees to take a girthy cock in his mouth. I was sort of frozen at the end of the king bed not exactly sure what to do until a man who was probably the oldest in the room at about 60 came over and started rubbing my body and playing with my cock. My nervousness lessened pretty quickly and I played with his nipples and starting stoking his cock...which was average in length, cut, and a little thicker than average. He leaned in and starting kissing me, so I started kissing him back. My cock had been leaking precum since breakfast, but after some more kissing and stroking a drop of precum oozed out of his cock. Shortly thereafter, I felt several sets of hands rubbing my naked body all over. It did not take a genius to realize that I was the center of attention for the moment. I had guys playing with my nipples, rubbing my chest and back, and someone on his knees licking my teenage ass. The older guy who I was kissing started licking my ear and asked me in a whisper if I liked to get fucked. I sort of moaned out a, "hell yes" and he returned to kissing my lips while pushing me back on to the bed. While the other guys continued to play with my body, the older guy put my legs on his shoulders before he went down on ass to get it wet for his cock. Soon I had cock in my mouth and one in each hand and was begging for someone to put their cock in me. The older guy moved up a bit and placed his cockhead at my hole before slowing sliding it in. I was in heaven. This guy really knew how to fuck and had my ass in just the right position for his cockhead to keep hitting my prostate with each stroke. He started to really pound my ass with each stroke and had me bent over like a pretzel before letting out a loud grunt as he filled my ass with his sperm at the same time that I shot my first load of the day all over myself. He stayed in me for a few moments and then pulled out announcing, "Next!"

Catching my breath, I looked over and saw my dad sucking another guy's cock but was in a bent over position to look at me while giving Coach Chris access to his ass. Coach Chris was fingering my dad's ass and was definitely about to slide his cock in any moment. They both had big grins on their face while staring directly at me. I definitely had a big grin on my face knowing that I was in for an afternoon of fucking and breeding.

No sooner than the older guy rolled off the bed and headed to the bathroom then a younger, bulky guy took his place. This guy was in his 40's and was not fat, but very bulky and sort of muscular. He was sporting a very fat and a little longer than average length cock. I was thankful to have an ass full of cum to help him slide in without a lot of discomfort, but he definitely stretched me open more than the first guy. He was not as good a fucker as the older guy, but he made up for it with his weighty thrusts. He sort of lay right on top of me while jack hammering his cock in and out of my hole. I can still remember the squishing sound of his fat cock forcing the previously shot load of cum in and out of my ass. It did not take him long before he let out a groan and filled me with his seed. He pulled out quickly and I made an attempt to get up for some water. Instead, I was pushed back down on the bed while another dude slide his cock right in to my ass without a lot of fanfare. After a couple of pumps, he moved me around to a doggy position which made it easier for me to suck on someone else's cock while he fucked me and someone had my cock in their mouth. He had pretty good staying power and he fucked me for about five minutes before he started pinching my nipples really hard while he pumped his cum in me. This caused me to cum in the mouth of my sucker.

My dad brought me a cup of water while I rested a bit...all the while men were rubbing me, rubbing their cocks on me, fingering my ass, kissing me, and playing with my nipples (which were very sensitive by now). He asked me if I was okay and I wanted to continue playing. I told him that I was great and wanted to get fucked some more. He did not need any more encouragement and put my legs on his shoulders right before sliding his cock in to my fairly used ass. He started whispering in my ear how hot it had been to see me getting fucked by his friends in "The Boy's Club" and that he had saved his cum for me. I was literally whimpering for him to fuck me harder and to breed my ass. Coach Chris climbed up on the bed and fed me his uncut cock (with an awesome foreskin) while encouraging my dad to fill me with his cum. My dad slowed down and asked Coach Chris to fuck him while he fucked me. I don't think that I had ever seen Coach Chris' cock so hard as he lined it up with the dad's ass. I was able to reach around and spread my dad's ass cheeks as Coach Chris inserted his cock. It took a few seconds, but we ended up in a good rhythm. Most of the other guys in the room surrounded the bed and were either sucking each other off or jacking off while watching the three of us fuck. My dad and I were kissing deeply when he looked deep in my eyes and said that he was about to breed me. I wrapped my legs tighter around his back to pull him deeper in to me. A second or two later, I tightened my ass as I felt the familiar twitch of his cock shooting sperm deep within me and I shot my third load of the day. Coach Chris groaned and came in my dad at almost the same time and I felt cum from the other guys starting to shower down on us in big globs. It was quite a scene. Coach

Chris pulled out of my dad and allowed me to lick the last couple of drops from his cock as my dad collapsed on top of me with his cock still twitching in my ass. Soon his erection had gone down and his cock slid out of me (I always hated that feeling).

We cleaned up the best that we could, said our goodbyes, and went to Coach Chris' house to shower and rest up a little before heading home. I slept with my head in my dad's lap the entire way home, but was way too exhausted to fool around anymore. I was allowed to attend several more meetings of "The Boys Club" over the years, but none was more fun than the first time.

More stories will be posted as I get a chance to write them down. If you would like to provide any feedback, ask questions, or share your stories, I can be reached at daddysboyjosh@hotmail.com.