

Josh's Awakening

Having lurked on this site for many years, I feel the need to apologize for having not contributed anything until now. Everyone else's stories have provided many hours of reading pleasure, especially the true stories. I decided that it was long past due that I stop procrastinating and add my experiences to the collection. I am thinking that I have 3 or 4 stories to write, so hang in there. All of the 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.

I am the youngest of four children. We lived in a medium sized city in North Carolina in the midst of beautiful mountains. At the time of this story I had very blond hair, bright blue eyes, and was quite athletic. My father was a like character right out of a television show. He was handsome, very social, and was truly a man's man. In addition to his office job, he was a part-time coach for baseball and football for the city municipal sports league. As such, I have vivid memories from as far back as I can remember of often being in a locker room filled with naked teen boys. Since these were my father's players they always treated me like a mascot. They were always patting me on head, lifting me up, or carrying me on their shoulders...usually while they were naked or only partially dressed out! My favorite spot to hand out was at the entrance to the showers where I would hand out towels to the guys after they finished cleaning up after a practice or game. From this point forward, I always knew that I preferred to spend time with men rather than women, but I had no concept of what it meant to be gay.

It was from all of the time spent in locker rooms that I developed a keen awareness of the differences in penises and was especially fascinated with foreskins. My father was very open with his nudity around his boys, so I noticed that his penis had more skin on it than my brothers or I had. All four of us shared a bathroom at home and we often would shower together if there was a rush to get everyone ready for some event. This provided ample opportunity to see that my brothers and I had been circumcised as infants while my father was uncircumcised. Sometimes his foreskin would completely cover the head of his penis while at other times he would have it pulled back behind the head. Watching his pull the skin back to pee and then work it over the head and back while he was working out the last couple of drops always amazed me. However, I was too timid to actually ask him to explain the difference or why he had his sons circumcised until I was older.

At about twelve (around 1971) I discovered that my penis was for more than just urinating. A close friend had told me about masturbation, but I thought that he was just making up the part about milky fluid coming out. However, on this particular Sunday evening my mother told me to take a bath. I sat on the side of the tub while it filled with water. My cock started to get hard (back then it was almost always hard) so I started playing with it. After a few minutes, clear fluid starting dripping out of my piss

slit (I have been a heavy precummer ever since). I had no idea what this fluid was but it super slick so I proceed to rub it all of the head of my penis. After a few minutes of incredibly pleasurable rubbing, my legs went stiff and ropes of what liquid began shooting from my cock. It felt better than anything that I had experienced previously. The funny thing is that I was also frightened that I may have broken something since the fluid continued to leak out of me for the next half hour or so. However, not so frightening that I stopped. This was the beginning to a lifetime of frequent masturbation!

About a year after my first ejaculation I discovered Playgirl magazine. While walking to a friend's house to play I saw one in a trash pile. After making sure that no one could see me, I hid the discarded magazine under my sweatshirt and went in to the nearby woods to look at it. I had looked at my father's Playboys before, but they did not do a whole lot for me. Looking at the Playgirl had a completely different effect! My cock was so hard that it hurt and that clear liquid had already started seeping from my piss slit and was making a large wet spot on my Jockey briefs. I jacked off twice to the pictures and then decided to go home instead of visiting my friend. The Playgirl was stashed beneath my mattress and was well worn out by the time that I finally threw it away. However, was this magazine that led to my father and I having sex together.

It all started very innocently. It was a fall afternoon and I was home from school. Both of my parents were at work, one brother was off at college and my other siblings were away from home with after school activities, so I had the house all to myself. I had gotten dirty from horsing around with friends immediately after school and decided to take a shower when I got home. Seizing on the opportunity I decided to take my stashed Playgirl, turn on ESPN in hopes of catching some hot players, and masturbate while sitting in the den. The thought of jacking off somewhere other than my room or the bathroom added to the excitement. So there I was, naked except a white terry cloth bathrobe, sitting on the den sofa with my Playgirl in one hand and my cock in the other. I was seconds away from shooting a load when my father appeared in the doorway to the den. He had left work a little early for some reason and I did not hear his car over the noise of the television. I am not sure who was the most freaked out! I immediately jumped up, closed my robe, and tried to pull myself together. He just walked to his bedroom without saying a word. My heart was pounding so hard that I thought that it would jump out of my chest. Not sure what to do, I headed to my bedroom and prepared for some sort of punishment. About five minutes later, my father knocked on my bedroom door before opening it. He obviously saw that I was freaking out, so told me to stop worrying about it. He sat down on the side of my bed and asked me sit beside him. As soon as I sat down he put his arm around me and told me that all boys jacked off and that it was no big deal although he would prefer that I maintain some privacy when doing it. He broke the ice further by laughingly asking, "What would you had done if your sister was the one who walked in?" He apologized for not have "the talk" with me sooner, but felt that no was a good time. He asked if I had any questions and being the typical teen I thought that I knew all there was to know, so I was not too

quick to speak. He asked me how long I had been masturbating and I answered two years. Then he asked if I had ever jacked off with friends, which made me turn crimson red. I answered honestly and told him that my close friends and I had jacked off a couple of time together. He assured me that this was normal behavior for young guys. He asked me about the Playgirl that he saw me holding in the den and I told him that I found it and was just looking at it for the first time (a little white lie). He asked to look at it and I fished it out from underneath my mattress. He lipped through it and commented on a couple of the pictures. One of the models that he commented on was uncut, so I gathered the courage to ask him about why he was uncut and his boys were all circumcised. He explained that our mom had insisted upon it as that was the normal procedure when we were born. I asked him about the differences and he explained that uncut guys were a little more sensitive. To this day I don't know why, but I blurted out that I liked uncut cocks better than cut ones. He has sense told me that he always thought that I might be gay, but that this comment confirmed his suspicions. By now, I had not ejaculated and my cock was rock hard and causing my bathrobe to tent up. My dad then surprised me by asking whether I would like to see his foreskin and see how it worked differently than my penis. My voice was shaking and I managed to squeak out a "yes". He carefully stood up, removed his shoes and then removed his pants. I could easily see his cock was semi-hard in his white Jockey briefs. While still standing he removed his tie and shirt and before removing his briefs said, "We need to keep this between just us guys...your mother would not understand this. Agreed?" I did and he slid down his briefs to reveal himself. At the time, 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. At this time, it still had a little more growing to go. Anyway, here he was standing before me completely naked except for his socks. I eyes were frozen on his rapidly expanding cock and the foreskin that was automatically exposing the head of his penis as he hardened. He just smiled as I gawked! After a minute of so, he told me to touch it and to move the foreskin. My hands were shaking like a leaf, but I was only too happy to oblige. It was awesome to move the skin back and forth over the head of my dad's penis. In almost no time at all, a big drop of clear liquid seeped out of his piss slit (mine was leaking a river by this point!). As I continue to stroke, he started a low guttural moan. He sat down on the bed and suggested that we jack off together. Seeing that I was agreeable, he reached over and starting spreading my precum all over my cock like I was doing to him. We both laid back and jacked the other's cock more slowly. Dad started encouraging me to "milk out his load" which really turned me on. So much so, that in about another 15 seconds I shot a huge load of cum that splattered my own face and chest. He told me to play with his balls with one hand while I continued to jack him off with the other. Within a few minutes later, he let out a load moan and started shooting off a thick, white load of cum. My cum tended to be a lot more watery when I was younger (probably from jacking off so often), but his was very thick and I remember

thinking how white it looked compared to mine which was clearer. Anyway, we sat there for a minute longer before he reached down to grab his briefs which he used to wipe up the cum from my chest and his stomach. He smiled at me and reminded me that this was our little secret, which I agreed. He gathered his clothes, took a shower, and got dressed before my mom came home from work.

So that is how it all started. Sorry that it was so long winded, but I thought that it was important to know the background. My dad and I ended up have many more sexual encounters over the next twenty five years and I will share more of those later. I realize that many people have strong feelings against sexual activity between relatives, but please understand that no one was harmed in the interactions between my father and me. I have very fond memories of our times together and absolutely no regrets.

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.