

Josh's Awakening - More Fun With 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 and the story called "Meeting Coach Chris".

Dad and I would travel to Charlotte to play with Coach Chris every three to four months for many years. Once I had my own car (a refurbished 1967 candy apple red Ford Mustang) I would often go for the night or weekend by myself. He taught me a lot about all types of sexual toys and practices. His downstairs "playroom" was painted black and had a concrete floor. One of the walls had several shelves with and ample supply of toys...dildos, butt plugs, nipple claps, handcuffs, ropes, blind folds, hoods, you name it and he had it. In addition, he had a bed, bench, and a sling. It was a great place for all types of role play and to heighten the dramatic effect the door had a deadbolt lock that required a key and Chris would lock it from the inside once we were in the room and make a point of showing whoever was with him that no one left the room until he was ready to let them out. Of course, I knew that he would not cause any real harm, but it was exciting to feel at his mercy. Over the years I gladly became Coach Chris' bitch and looked forward to our time together.

I cannot remember exactly how the topic came up, but on one of my solo visits with Chris we started talking about water sports. I am guessing that I was about 20 years old at the time and had been fascinated about watching guys piss for as long as I can remember. I especially liked the old trough urinals that could be found in some locker rooms and the rest rooms in most stadiums at the time. To me it is very erotic to see a line of men, all with their cocks hanging out and pissing. Every detail is interesting to me...the different sizes and shapes of cocks, whether they are cut or uncut, the strength of their piss stream, do they hold their cock while pissing or push their hips forward without holding it...all the details were cataloged away in my young mind. As I share these details with Chris I could see a grin appear on his face. He asked if I had ever tried water sports and I replied that I had not, but that I had often thought about what it would be like. He grabbed my hand and starting leading me to the basement door. I tried to ask him some questions, but he did not offer any response other than that he was in charge and my only task was to follow his commands.

Once we were secured in the playroom, Coach Chris commanded that I go to a specific spot in the room, strip completely out of my clothes, and get on my knees. As I was kneeling on the cold concrete floor, I realized that he had positioned me right above a floor drain. While I was getting ready, he had stripped out of his street clothes and put on his leather jockstrap with a zippered pouch and a pair of black leather boots. I was hard as a rock and leaking big drops of precum in anticipation, but knew better than to

touch myself or do anything without Coach's permission. So I remained in a kneeling position as he contemplated the various toys on the shelves before finally selecting some nipple clamps and a butt plug. I very much remember feeling my cock pulse out a continuous stream of precum in these situations and Coach knew that his slow actions only served to rev me up. Finally he crossed the room, reached down and squeezed my nipples hard prior to attaching the clamps. The first few seconds hurt like hell, but I got somewhat used to the pressure and it was like an electrical shock going from each nipple to the tip of my cock. More precum pulsed out of my piss slit. It would not have taken more than a couple of strokes of my cock to get me off, but I kept my hands by my side as directed. Coach then directed me to pull down the zipper on the bulging pouch of his jockstrap with my teeth. The smell of his well worn leather jock was intoxicating. He pulled his thick cock out of the zipper opening and placed the foreskin covered head at his lips. I tried to suck his whole cock in to my mouth, but he pulled back until just the head was in my lips and told me to work his foreskin (which hung about an inch or so beyond his head even when he was completely erect). I licked, sucked and chewed on his foreskin and was amply rewarded with several big globs of his precum. Coach pulled his cock completely out of my mouth and walked around to my back. He commanded me to stand up and bend completely over. While reaching under me with one hand to tug on my nipple clamps, his other hand started working one and then two fingers up my ass using only his saliva as lubrication. I was moaning loudly and begging him to fuck me, but he had other plans. Shortly after he had removed his fingers from my ass I could feel the tip of the butt plug working its way into my hole. He continued with a steady pressure until it was all the way in and stretching my ass along the way.

Coach Chris commanded me back to my knees and came back around and was standing in front of me with his fat cock bouncing through the unzipped opening of the leather jockstrap. My entire body was on fire with lust. Coach Chris called out, "Who's my little bitch?" and I quickly responded, "I am, SIR!". He asked the question over and made me answer louder. On the third time he asked "Who's my little piss play bitch?" and without a moments hesitation I yelled, "I am SIR!" With that he grabbed his cock, stepped back slightly and concentrated on getting the piss flow started. First a small sputter of piss shot out and landed on my nose and cheeks. Then another quick sputter and then all hell broker loose. A massive stream of piss showered my face and upper body. Coach shouted, "Open your mouth, bitch." I was slightly apprehensive, but opened up my lips. Coach pushed his cock into my mouth while he was still pissing. I gagged and started spitting out his piss, but he yelled at me "Close your mouth and you better not bite my cock, bitch!" Luckily his piss stream had diminished quite a bit and I was able to accommodate the remaining piss with a couple of small gulps. I continued to suck on his cock to milk out the remaining drops of piss and could taste the precum starting to flow again. Coach Chris had me stand up, move over to the padded bench, and lay down on my back with my legs in the air. He wasted no time in placing my legs on his shoulders, pulling out the butt plug, and replacing it with his cock. We were both in such a high state of excitement that he bottomed out up my ass in one stroke. He asked me what I wanted and I replied, "Please breed me, SIR". That was enough to set

him off and he pounded into me with a series of hard thrusts. As he was getting closer to cumming, he asked me the same question over and over, and my answer was the same but louder with each answer, "Breed my ass, SIR!" True to form, he let out a loud groan as he slammed his seed deep into me. He kept his pulsing cock in me as I was allowed to finally stroke my cock. It only took about twenty strokes before my cum shot out of me and landed all over my own face and chest. Coach Chris pulled out of me, tossed me a towel to clean up, and said "You can come upstairs once you have cleaned this room and your bitch ass up." With that he unlocked the door and headed upstairs.

With my introduction complete, water sports become my latest fascination. I read stories about it, bought a couple of porn videos featuring it, and talked about it incessantly with both my father and Coach Chris over the telephone. Coach Chris and I continued to play with water sports together when it was just the two of us, but my dad did not seem especially interested in joining. Finally dad had decided that the only way that he was interested in joining in was in a "giver" role as he was not interested in being the "receiver". This worked for me and Coach Chris, so we decided that we would incorporate this into our next time together. A month or so passed before we were able to get some play time scheduled. Dad and I headed to Charlotte using the excuse that we had to pick up a part for the boat and that he wanted to be there when the supplier opened on Saturday morning. In actuality, Chris had picked up the part earlier in the week and had it waiting for us at his house. In any event, we looked forward to a night away and a chance to try something new. We pulled into Coach Chris' driveway about 6:30. Coach Chris was wearing a pair of old thread bare gym shorts and a tight t-shirt. As we sat and talked for a few minutes, I could see that he was not wearing any underwear and his fat cock was peaking out from the leg hole. While he and dad shot the shit, I got on my knees between his legs and started licking the head of his cock. He gently pulled me away and said, "I have a surprise for you...are you ready to see it?" I was intrigued and said yes. He said that it was in the playroom, so both dad and I followed him downstairs. The room was completely dark as we entered and he waited until we were in and the door shut and locked before he turned on any lights. Pointing to the far corner of the room he said, "There it is...all for you, Josh". I looked in the direction that he was pointing and saw that he has installed a long, white porcelain trough urinal. He found it at a salvage yard and it has obviously been well used in the past based on the rust stains. We walked over and he showed us that it was fully functional and had extra supports underneath it to support a lot of weight. My smile went from ear to ear. "Enough of the tour, let's get naked and play" were his next words and we all threw off our clothes and waiting direction from Coach Chris.

He told me to lay down face up in the trough. It was a little awkward, but I was too excited to care. Once in the place, Coach Chris led the way and strutted up to the trough asking my dad to join him. They kissed and played with others nipples and cocks for a bit. Coach broke away and asked, "Are you ready for this, bitch?" My dad had a little bit of a shocked look on his face, but I looked Coach in the eyes and replied, "Yes, SIR...please give me your piss." With that, his stream started to flow and he directed it

from head to my legs. Dad watched, rolled back his foreskins and moments later the flow of piss burst forth. I was in heaven! My cock was leaking a stream of precum as their piss bathed my body in warmth. Coach Chris made me open my mouth and he blasted the last of his piss down my throat while I sucked out the last drops. He pulled out and I sucked the last drops out of my dad's cock. Coach Chris then made my dad get on his knees and suck on his cock while I was told to soak in the trough of piss and watch them. When Coach was close to cumming he pulled his cock out of my dad's mouth and told him to sit on the bench until he was ready for him. He told me to get out of the urinal and get positioned in the sling hanging in the middle of the room. I climbed into the swing still dripping with their piss. Coach Chris had grabbed a large black dildo and was lubing it up with petroleum jelly while walking toward the sling. His only words were, "Open up!" as he proceeded to invade my ass with the plastic monster cock. My ass would not cooperate quickly enough, so Coach grabbed a bottle of poppers and placed them under my nose telling me to breathe deeply. Within a nanosecond my head was spinning and my ass relaxed enough for the dildo to slide up into me. Coach Chris began to work it in and out of me and I just laid back and moaned with joy. He continued this for a few minutes and then abruptly pulled the dildo out and replaced it with his cock. As I mentioned earlier, Coach's cock is very thick (at least 6 - 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " around) and it feels incredible as it stretched my ass open. He pushed all the way in and immediately completely pulled all the way out. Then his thick cock head stretched me open again and pushed all the way in and then all the way out again. Over and over this continued. The sling was swinging back and forth with the force of his pumping. He was giving my ass an extreme workout when he let out his loud groan and starting shooting his load deep in my ass. Coach Chris kept his cock in my ass and told my father to come over and suck on my cock. My dad worked his tongue all over my cock and paid extra attention to the head which was purple by this point. Soon I was shooting a huge load of juice down dad's throat all the while Coach's cock was still buried deep in my ass.

I was making a move to get out of the sling when Coach said, "Not so fast, bitch. I will tell you when you can get down. Besides I have another surprise for you." I did not have a clue what he meant at this point, so just remained in the sling and waited for his command. Coach asked me, "So who's my little piss bitch?" and I dutifully answered, "Me, SIR!" He said, "Damn right and don't you ever forget it." Shortly thereafter I saw him close his eyes and let out a little groan. I did not know what was going on until all of the sudden I felt a warm rush deep within my ass and it dawned on me...Coach Chris was pissing up my ass! He opened his eyes and stared directly into mine asking "Can you feel that bitch?" I smiled back and said "Hell yes, SIR...keep it coming." He instructed me to suck on my dad's cock while he continued to piss deep into me. A minute or so later when he was finished, he told my dad to get ready to fuck me and to be ready to ram his cock in to me the moment that he pulled out. My dad opened my legs a little wider and got into position right beside Coach Chris. The moment that Coach pulled out with a gush of his own fluids, my dad's cock was sliding up into my worn out hole. He wasted no time in starting to pump my ass, although thankfully not

as hard as Coach had done. It did not take long before he was shooting his load of sperm deep into my ass and I shot another load onto my stomach. My ass hurt like hell, but felt awesome all at the same time. We cleaned up and all jumped into Chris' king size bed naked for a good nights sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night I woke up to Chris (he was only Chris outside out the basement, but Coach Chris when we were role playing) rubbing his hard cock head on my ass hole. I reached over to the bedside table for a scoop of petroleum jelly to provide some lubrication to my swollen ass and rubbed the remaining bit on Chris' shaft. He slid in to me and gave me a nice and slow romantic fuck from behind. Once he had shot his load into me, he pulled me close to him and we fell back asleep with his cock still in me. The next morning, we had breakfast together at a local pancake house and dad and I headed back home...both with smiles on our faces and me with a very sore ass!

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.