

Josh's Awakening – Trying Not To Get Caught

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.

It seems like the most frequent question posed via email in response to my stories is, "Did you ever get caught?" I am happy to report that we were never caught by anyone who would have mattered. It is somewhat amazing that my mother never completely put the puzzle pieces together, but we worked pretty hard to keep our activities private from her and my siblings. Back in 1973 when I was 14 and my dad and I had started playing, she spoke with him on several occasions about whether or not I might be gay. My dad told me about how she had discovered cum stains on my underwear, t-shirts, wash clothes, etc. but that was no different than my older brothers. Then, while cleaning my room she happened upon the Playgirl magazine under my mattress and on another occasion found a tube of Vaseline in my bedside table (which I had forgotten to hide after a fuck session with my dad). Finally, she told my dad that they should confront me about my sexual activity when she found cum stains inside the back of my Jockey briefs. Little did she realize that it was her husband's cum that had leaked out of her son's ass into his briefs! My dad told her that he would have "the talk" with me and that perhaps it was best for me to take responsibility for cleaning my own room and handling my own laundry from that point forward. It was not until several years later that I admitted to being gay to her and she never questioned me directly up to that point.

My mother was a light sleeper who often had to take sleeping pills to get a full night's sleep. The good news for us was that on nights when she took sleeping pills, she could have slept through a tornado. She would put a glass of water and a couple of the pills on her bedside table on those nights. So, I would check out her bedside table or my dad would just whisper "pills" in my ear on those evenings. That was my code to shower before bed with extra attention to getting my ass ready for him to join me after mom had gone to sleep. In my early teen years all of the boys, including my dad, shared one bathroom. By mid-teens, we moved to the Atlanta area and I was lucky to have been assigned a bedroom beside my parents that had its own bathroom with a shower. My dad changed out the showerhead for a handheld shower using the excuse that it would be easier for me to wash the dogs. In reality, he installed it so that I could douche thoroughly before we fucked! So, once I knew that mom would be sleeping soundly, I would take a nice long shower and clean up inside and out.

On night in particular, although this scene played out similarly more than once, I had showered and was beneath my covers naked and waiting for them to go to bed and for my mom to fall asleep. I heard her starting to snore lightly, so knew that my dad would be joining me shortly. I lubed up my ass and played with my cock in anticipating of his arrival. A few minutes later, I heard him open my door and step in to my room with his bathrobe on, but not tied. His big, uncut cock was already hard and bobbing up and down. He dropped his robe at the same time

that he turned to lock the door. I kicked off all the covers and laid back down with a big smile on my face. Dad wasted no time on laid down on top of me...I loved to feel his weight on me...an immediately started deeply kissing me. While out tongues played together, he starting playing with my nipples and grinding his hard cock against mine...both which very wet and slippery with precum. Probably no more than three minutes had passed before he raised my legs to his shoulders, placed the head of his cock at my hole, and began to slide in to me. I knew that we had to be extra quiet during these times of playing at home, but still let out a long and loud moan. Dad placed his hand over my mouth and quickly replaced it with his mouth. We continued to kiss while he slowly fucked me. He would tongue my ears and whisper, "Do you like my big cock in your ass?" and instead of answering I would just let out an affirmative whimper. He would tell me that he was going to fill my little pussy with cum and other naughty things that would make me squirm with delight. All too soon, dad's thrusts became more forceful and picked up speed. He whispered in my ear, "He comes daddy's sperm!" as his cock spewed spurt after spurt of his juice deep within me. At the same time, my cock went off like a fountain covering my chest and his chest with my cum. All of the sudden, we heard my mother's voice calling my father's name and could hear her walking down the hall. We both froze and remained very still. We heard her call out once again, but she was at the other end of the house in the kitchen. My dad quickly wiped himself off with my sheets, put on his bathrobe and slipped out of my room. I tried to remain calm, but was still freaking out so just pulled my covers up and pretended to be asleep. On her way back their bedroom, mom opened my door but saw nothing out of place and me sleeping. She went back to bed and I heard my dad and her talking. The next day, he told me that she had woken up and wondered where he was. He told her that he was in their bathroom taking a leak and she accepted the explanation and simply went back to sleep.

As I mentioned earlier, there were other times when we were caught but did not particularly care. One time that was more funny than scary was when were at the lake. It was late in the afternoon and dad and I had been skinny dipping deep in a cove most of the day. It has been an afternoon filled with jacking off and blow jobs, but then dad announced that he wanted to fuck me. We had fucked many times at the lack, but it was usually in our tent or deep in the woods. This time we were at the stern of our ski boat that had a swim platform on the back. The water was not too deep, so he put down a towel and just bent me over the swim platform and worked his cock inside me. We were going at it pretty hard and he was just about to cum when all of the sudden another boat with a couple of guys comes riding down the cove. We were completely busted, but my dad kept me bent over and told me not to move. As was the style at the time, I had near shoulder length blond hair and dad realized that they would probably think that I was a girl since my ass was almost submerged in the lake. My dad grabbed the towel and sort of draped it across my back and head to hide my upper torso and head. The guys started whooping it shouting, "Give it to her, man!" and "Fuck her good!" Dad's cock had never completely left me ass, but had started to soften until they started yelling their encouragement. He hardened back up and resumed fucking my ass with my upper body still hidden by the towel. The couple of guys kept encouraging him and in no time I could feel that familiar twitch and my dad flooding my ass with his cum. The guys cheered and dad waved them off with a, "Shows over guys...give us some privacy." The obliged and as soon as they

were out of sight, dad lifted me up on the swim platform and took my cock in his mouth. A few seconds later, I was shooting a huge load of spunk down his throat. We same a few minutes more to clean up and then we headed home thankful that those dudes mistook me for a girl!

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.