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Hot Trails with Mike & Cody  
A New Day  
By Blake Michaels

Yesterday was such a groundbreaking day for both man/boys. They were both able to try something new and not be freaked out about it. As a matter of fact they both seemed very much at ease after last nights massage exchange.

Mike kept making conflicting comments to Cody that seemed like he wasn't into getting any closer but at the same time he kept making underhanded remarks about how good looking Cody was or his great body, big dick and so on. It must have been that Mike wanted Cody but was afraid of what it might mean to want a guy like that, in a sexual way.

At the same time Cody was totally open to the idea. He'd often fantasized about getting his booty poked by a dildo when he was sucking himself but he never actually thought of an actual man inside of him. He was so into himself when he sucked himself off he forgot about the rest of the world, until now.

Although at this time Mike was looking like he could be a good candidate to take Cody's virginity. If Cody was ever going to do it with a man it would have to be with someone like Mike, a friend he could trust that wouldn't judge him or leave him after they had sex. When he touched his prostate his dick responded favorably and although he liked the sensation he was afraid it would make him gay, so he just stayed away from the whole idea of touching his ass.

Though he could get a little carried away with his fingers when he was drunk. He didn't like to think about how much he really did enjoy it. Cody kept his sexual exploits to himself, he didn't really need a partner; he could do all the important stuff himself.

Enough of these sex fantasies; he needed to pay attention to the path ahead of him so he didn't get hurt. His wounds were still red, but they scabbed up already. Mike did a job cleaning them out with peroxide so there was no need to worry.

Cody and Mike walked single file down the trail, Mike in the lead. If an outsider was to look at them they would immediately know they had been intimate.

The smile and glow on each of them said it all. You'd never seen two happier people. Their surroundings were beautiful, it was springtime and everything was in bloom, not just the man/boys. The air was fresh, the sky perfectly blue with an occasional cloud just for effect. The river water was clean, fresh and was teeming with fish. It was nearing noon when Mike slowed to a stop, turned and looked around then said.

"I think this is where we should have lunch Cody. This stream is off the main river; it's calm and safe here, good shade trees and a nice grassy area. I'm hungry. How about you?" Asked Mike.

"Yeah, it looks good to me, I want something to eat too. I could use a little nap in the sun but I'll need you to put sunscreen on my back again, I think I sweated it all off."

Mike would be happy to touch Cody again, even if it was just to rub lotion into his sexy skin.

Cody walked over to a big rock and sat down, slipped his arms from the pack straps and let his pack fall back on the rock. Pulling his t-shirt over his head he wiped his sweaty face with it, exposing his rippled, sweaty muscles.

“I need to go rinse off, I’ll be right back.”

Cody sat on the bank of the stream, soaking his feet, splashing water on his face and just absorbing the environment. A shadow loomed overhead, Cody looked up and Mike was standing above him. Cody could see up the leg of Mikes board shorts and was now staring right in the eye of the snake in his pants.

Stepping to the side of Cody Mike sat down, removed his shoes and stuck his feet in the water and refreshed himself with the fresh water just as Cody had done. They were like twins in many ways.

“So, Mike, does this place fit the criteria you laid out this morning about the kind of place we’d spend the day?” Asked Cody.

“I think so, the water is calm, the rocks are big, and there’s easy access to the water.”

“I’d like to explore this area with a camera. What about you? Does this look like the kind of place you’d like to hang around naked?”

“Yeah, I’m good.”

“I think I’ll go for a walk up the river bank and look for a beach to lay out on while you take your photos.”

Stated Cody.

“Do you want to smoke before your walk Mike?”

“That sounds good, thanks Code. Maybe I’ll discover a new style of making photographs.” Laughing as he said it.

Mike reached into the small bag he’d brought with him. It held the sunscreen, skin lotion, and condoms.

Cody saw the condoms while Mike was taking out the sunscreen and didn’t say anything but thought again about what it would feel like with Mike inside of him, while sucking his own cock.

"Here it is, turn around Cody so I can put some of this on your back so you don't burn up."

"Cody turned to the side revealing his muscled back to Mike who proceeded to rub sunscreen all over Cody's back."

He had used too much so he boldly asked Cody.

"Do you want some of this on your butt and the back of your legs since you're going to run around without clothes on?"

"Yeah, that would be a good idea, I don't want a burned ass, that'd hurt."

"Cody stood up and dropped his shorts revealing his day-glow white bubble butt for Mike to rub lotion on."

"Get down on your knees so I can reach, all the extra lotion is on your back and I need to rub it down and into your buns and legs."

Cody did as asked and Mike moved the excess sunscreen down, onto Cody's crack and dimpled buns, then down onto the back of his thighs.

"I'll turn around and you can rub the rest on the top of my white thighs."

Then squirt some of that into my hand and I'll rub it on my balls and penis."

Cody did exactly that, and as he turned around his large piece of flesh swung past Mike's face in a blur.

Mike continued to rub the excess sunscreen onto the front of Cody's thighs, hips and Adonis lines, even reaching around and rubbing the sides of his ass making sure everything was protected.

Cody's beautiful penis was elongated and laid nicely over his tightly tucked balls presenting itself like a fine bottle of wine in the hands of a sommelier.

Clearly the man/boys were both very comfortable with each other being nude and touching each other.

It was less than 12 hours since they'd first explored each other's bodies and now they were acting as if they'd bee like this forever.

It felt so natural.

"Ok, Cody, stick out your hand. Here's some sunscreen for your privates. I'm gonna need you to do the same thing for me too. I think it would be cool to take photos in the nude out here in the fresh air."

Mike stood up and dropped his shorts. Semi bouncing around atop his large cream-filled balls. Cody finished rubbing his privates with sunscreen before reaching over and smacking Mikes butt cheek with a handful of lotion.

Cody knelt behind Mike, with a handful of sunscreen in his hand and Mike's firm white butt staring him right in the face. He did just as Mike had done making sure to get the sides of the booty, the thighs, and back of the legs, and then squirted some in Mike's hand so he could protect his privates.

"It says here on the tube that this stuff is water-resistant so if you go in the water it should continue to protect you."

"I'm not going to go very far and I'm not going to do anything dangerous. I've got these radios in my bag and I'm gonna leave you one just in case. Ok? Cody."

"Ok, dad, I'll be ok, I'm just gonna lay out in the sun and float around in the water don't worry."

Cody replied like a kid talking to his father.

Mike walked the twenty feet to the packs and walked the radios back over to where Cody sat.

Mike was so taken by the beautiful site before him, so, he focused on the peaceful innocence before him and his camera, snapped away without realizing how into being a fly on the wall felt.

These revealing shots of Cody sitting on the riverbank au natural really took Mike to another level of interest. These would be photos Mike would remember for a real long time.

It was then; Mike realized how he was going to spend his “walk.” He was going to stalk, for lack of a better word, his buddy Cody.

He wanted to get candid shots of Cody in the buff and he got off on watching Cody without his knowing. Mike didn’t realize he was coming out of the closet, and he was in stage 1. Stage 1 is when a guy is attracted to another guy enough that he starts to act on his fantasy.

Smelling another guy’s shoes, dirty socks, underwear, and slingshots is definitely Stage 1.

You can chalk everything before this up to curiosity and just plain growing up. But, when a boy starts sniffing on his friend, wanting to touch his feet, smells his shoes, or asks to borrow them so he can go home and jerk off in them. That’s when you know you’re on the track to Stage 2, Intentional Contact.

Intentional contact can also be part of Stage 1 because touching another guy’s body is out of curiosity and not just hormones. The boys had already been through both stages, although maybe out of order, they were definitely getting closer to Stage 3, Let’s Do It Again.

If they only knew what the other was thinking it would be so much easier but hardly as sensual, exciting and toe tingling.

This is the best part.

If more people realized the importance of the tease, the promise and threat of foreplay can actually make sex so much more than just sex, it can be turned into an experience.

Mike was stepping into Stage 2 with eagerness reserved for the young. He had plans he was anxious to exercise. He just sat back and watched as Cody lay there in the morning light. The way the light played on Cody's big feet, chiseled torso, his large ball sack laying on his right thigh and his flaccid member laying out on his smooth left thigh, presented in the light like the scepter of a god.

Mike's photo's were coming out great, there were a pair of Monarch butterflies playing above his body, the stream flowing at his feet, hair tossed, rosy cheeks, protruding above his broad, muscled shoulders, what a beautiful site, even if your dick wasn't throbbing at the thought of touching Cody's feet to begin a long, slow journey to his earlobes and all points in-between.

One of the butterflies landed on his Cody's big toe. The butterfly has good taste in feet.

Mike's mind was really wandering, that weed was good. Maybe that was why he felt so enthralled by Cody's naked body basking in the sun.

As his mind continued to wander, Mike, lost in the moment, felt moisture between his legs, he had pre-cum on his thigh. He'd forgotten he didn't have any clothes on. He really was "in the moment" and it was great, it felt so natural and good. He reached down and wiped at the pre-cum with his left index finger and brought it to his lips, which made his member jump and his tongue tingle.

Cody must have been clairvoyant; he too reached down and touched himself. His skin shone from the lotion and sweat that seeped from his pores. Scratching his balls, his protruding penis flopped in time with his movements. This was all it took to cause his favorite member to swell. Stroking his shaft, with 2 fingers, the monolith began to rise. A large smile appeared on his face as he lay there with closed eyes, butterflies playing, and water streaming by. Life was good and he loved it.

Cody didn't really think twice about raising his foot to his mouth, suckling his toes, tickling the soles of his own feet always got him off. The next

thing he usually did was stick his dick in his own mouth and bust a nut while thinking about someone playing with his balls and ass. This time was no different, he felt so comfortable and natural he didn't care if Mike saw him, actually he'd like it if Mike could see him in action, maybe he'd be the one to suck on his toes, tickle his feet, lick his balls and maybe even fuck his virgin little pucker.

Code continued to suckle his toes, his penis bobbing up and down, as if it had a mind of its own, wondering what young master Cody would do with it, once in his luscious mouth. Cody wasn't in any hurry; he gave his feet a good work-over then lay back, allowing his cock to throb in the sun. He didn't want to get off too quickly, he wanted to really enjoy this time in the sun by the water, with nature, au natural. After lying there for a few minutes catching his breath, Cody sat up and grabbed his left leg and wrapped it around his neck, he then did the same thing with the right leg. This put his face right in his crotch, enabling him to wrap his hot wanting lips on his quivering cock.

Mike was in awe, he couldn't believe what he was witnessing and photographing. He couldn't help himself; he'd never seen anything quite like it, not even in a porno.

Not that he watched gay porno, but he had seen a tape of different guys jerking off. He told himself he only watched it out of curiosity, but as things were unfolding he was feeling gayer by the minute. Mike was quiet as he focused his long lens on Cody and his crab-like pose.

Snapping away, he realized how much this was turning him on. He just wished he could see Cody's bung hole, it was probably little pink and puckered. Mike found himself really wanting Cody right then, it was more than curiosity and voyeurism, he wanted to have "real sex" with his friend. But, he didn't. Mike didn't want anything to change. He didn't want to talk about it, he wasn't even gay, and it just felt good, fun and sexy. He didn't want to turn into a fag, and he didn't want Cody to turn into a fag either, he wanted everything to stay just as it was. If he had his way they would stay on this trip forever.

Cody's body rolled to his left, exposing his pink, puckered little virgin bunghole to Mike's long lens.

Mike focused in on the pink flesh and snapped away as Cody did his best to deep throat his own cock.

He couldn't get more than 3/4 of it down his throat but it was long enough to still be a mouthful.

Mike was lost in the moment, his own throbbing gristle spewing pre-cum in torrents as he watched in amazement at his friend pleasuring himself.

Cody's ass began to twitch, he reached up, licked his middle finger, then, reached back down to fondle his hole as he ravenously gobbled his manhood closer to the big payload. He couldn't help but think about those condoms in Mike's bag and how it would feel to have Mike inside of him, fondling his balls, his big toe stuck in Mike's mouth as he sucked himself closer to eruption. As much as Cody wished Mike would catch him in this position and take advantage he couldn't also help but feel like he never wanted anything to change. The fantasy alone propelled him.

He didn't want his relationship with Mike to change, he wasn't gay, and didn't identify with being gay. He was just a guy with a friend, whose company he enjoyed, immensely. Or so he thought.

Cody rolled around on his towel, exposing his body to Mike's lens from every angle as he sucked and fondled himself into a bliss he hadn't ever known. When he did cum, semen overflowed from the sides of his mouth. Cody let his penis slip from his mouth as it still spewed and he stroked. His big balls sucking close to his body, hard nipples, abs rippled and sweating. Cody never blew a load like that before.

That was definitely the best ever; the fantasy of Mike violating him was what really sent him over the top.

Mike's nipples were throbbing as they rubbed against the cold granite rock he was laying on.

The perch he chose was shaded, cool and private.

He wanted to hold-off, and wait until tonight's massage and see where things went. After seeing what Cody had just done, in order to get rid of his raging stiffy, Mike would have to bust a nut, holding off was not an option. He was sure he'd be ready to do it again later that day during their massage exchange with just as much vigor and verve as right now. Maybe even more.

Mike lay back on the cold granite, his low-hanging balls touching the stone as he raised his knees and spread his legs. Slowly stroking himself he fantasized about the soles of Cody's feet, his long sexy toes, his smooth inner thighs, his big sweaty balls, his big fat dick, his deep belly button that he wanted to swirl his tongue around the walls.

With each new thought another shudder of electricity flowed through his fully erect, stiff body, his abs were taught, nipples hard, every muscle ready to burst in bliss when the time came to release his load.

He would get close then hold back and fantasize more about licking Cody's feet as he slept, smelling his shorts and licking his balls.

He wanted that boy like nothing he'd ever wanted before and he didn't care what that made him. No matter how much he wanted Cody he still didn't think of himself as a fag and he never would.

Mike got himself to the edge a few times before he finally blew his big load all over his chest, the rock and the leaves of the bush concealing him from Code.

Mike lay back with a smile on his face as he thought about how good that had felt. He never got off like that when he thought about a girl, but

maybe that was cause it wasn't taboo to be with a girl like it was to suck on a dude's toes.

Maybe that was it, he wasn't gay, and he was just excited by the secrecy of it all. The clandestine aspect could be as much of an aphrodisiac as the actual act itself.

At this point he didn't really care, his mind was racing from the adrenaline, the orgasm and his friend Cody's sexy body. Mike climbed down from the rock and sat in a shaded grassy patch at the foot of the large stone lookout. He took a drink from his canteen, laid back and passed out, naked, spent, sweaty and relieved.

Cody rolled over to get some sun on his back, exposing his bright white buns to the sun. He too passed out from all the energy he'd just exerted, sucking your own cock is a lot of work, and it makes you tired.

Cody slept for about an hour before waking up to the sound of a tree limb falling in the woods. He had a stiffy, but he just ignored it, walked over to a tree and let his stream flow. Looking around and he didn't see Mike so he thought he'd take a little walk. He didn't bother to put any clothes on; at this point he didn't care who saw him. Fuck um, if they can't take a joke.

He decided to wash off the cum and sweat that was all over his body so he walked into the deepest part of the stream and washing the salt and semen from his youthful tan skin. Walking down the path towards where Mike went Cody was careful not to touch any poison oak, or to scratch himself on any of the bushes, in doing so, he was quiet and slow which is the only reason he came across Mikes hidden little perch.

Cody saw Mike laying in the grass, asleep, smiling face, camera on the ground next to him, dried semen on his stomach, his hand on top of his semi-hard member.

As Cody eyed the scene he realized Mike had been watching him with his camera and had clearly pleasured himself just as Cody had. Well, not just

as Cody had, he doubted very much that Mike could suck his own meat or would finger his own hole.

Cody didn't think of Mike as a gay guy, just a good friend who was comfortable being naked with his friend. Kind of like athletes, and warriors. They see each other naked, protect each other and spend a lot of intimate time with each other but that doesn't make them gay. Cody quietly walked away from Mike's lair, careful not to wake him.

Cody was flattered and excited that Mike would want to watch him, take photos and then bust a nut to the thought of it all.

Cody was sure he put on a good show since he was fantasizing about what was actually happening, someone in the bushes watching him, and even better than that was Mike. He just wished Mike had come out, slipped one of those condoms he had reserved for the "wild girls" and slipped his big dick in Cody's anxious ass.

Tonight was going to be fun. They both knew something about the other, but neither one of them wanted to break the spell of secrecy enough to say anything.

So, it looked like they were both going to just hold in their desires, take it slow and keep it from becoming an all out orgy.

It would have been easy at this point; it would only take one of them to actually say something, or would it. So far, the one thing they both had in common was secrecy, neither one wanted to come out and say what they wanted so they were going to have to beat around the bush (literally as well as figuratively) to achieve what they wanted.

Which, at this point was just to touch and explore each other's bodies while fantasizing about gay sex. They were both afraid to go that far, so maybe it was best to just keep quiet, swap massages, and fantasize instead of taking a chance of ruining a good thing.

If guys were anything like girls, once you say you like them the whole relationship changes and not usually for the better.

What starts out as a fun booty call turns into an uncomfortable obligation. Better to say nothing.

Cody decided to go back and setup the tent, build a fire ring, and get ready to make dinner. He wanted to show Mike he could handle this camping thing on his own without his "dad" telling him everything.

He decided to keep his clothes off, it made him feel sexy.

Kind of like when he used hair removal cream on his balls, he didn't use it on his pubes, they were already thin, he only used the cream on his balls, and ass hole to make them smooth, it made him feel sexy.

He first did that so he could better see his bunghole in the mirror when he sucked himself off in his room. He was excited by his own body and thought it sexy to groom himself almost as much as giving Mike a pedicure or massage. Touching his friend's feet was so exciting, even thinking about it made him hard. He was hard the whole time he setup camp. He couldn't remember the last time he had a two-hour erection.

But, all he could think about as he setup the camp was Mike, his feet, his cock and balls, massaging his muscular butt cheeks, rippled stomach and bulging pecs. He couldn't help but think about what tricks he might pull tonight to encourage Mike to touch him without revealing his true feelings. He would of course ask Mike to put lotion on him to relieve his slight sunburn.

He didn't realize that the sunscreen on his white ass and thighs wouldn't stop him from burning; it just wasn't use to the sun like the rest of his body. These delicate areas burned easily after being in the dark for so long. Cody would offer Mike a massage in exchange and see what happened.

After last night, Mike might play hard to get, afraid he'll look gay if he lets Cody touch him again like last night.

Code couldn't quite figure out what to say to Mike to get him to let him suck his toes, lick his soles and rub his dick between his feet. Maybe a drinking game would work, or even some kind of stupid bet.

They still had a little more than a half bottle of Southern Comfort left. Cody could figure out something, he was a creative guy.

Mike looked like he just woke up; his hair was tossed, eyes behind sunglasses, semi-erect penis flopping in the wind as he walked into camp.

"So, Cody, are we gonna take some photos, or what? Now that I'm back from my walk, I'm ready to make some art, how about you?" Mike asked with his big smile bearing his perfect white teeth.

"Ok, what did you have in mind? Do I have to put my clothes on? Personally I think I'm an Abercrombie and Fitch model and they hardly wear any clothes in their photos." Declared Cody.

Mike paused for a second and said. "You know, your right. If you don't mind being photographed without your clothes we could do an x-rated version of an Abercrombie & Fitch advertisement."

Exclaimed Mike excitedly.

"Whoa, wait a minute, I'm not sure that's what I had in mind. What do you mean by x-rated?" Quizzed Cody.

"I'm not jerking off for the camera or anything like that. I'm comfortable being nude but I don't want to make porn either. Art is another story. So what do you have in mind?" Cody asked with a smile.

"I'm not sure, I guess whatever you're comfortable doing. Making the fire, gathering fire wood. I could make you an apron out of a t-shirt so you can cook with only your butt cheeks exposed. Kind of like Playgirl spread, just a guy doing things without his clothes on. The girls will love it. You know, we could probably make some good money doing these, if we keep it arty and sexy. Do you think you could do it?" Challenged Mike.

"Ok, but, only if I get to approve the shots and we split 50/50. We'll be equal partners on this. Ok buddy?" Answered Cody with clarity.

"Ok buddy! We're partners, for life on this. Together we'll make some great art and finally get you a woman that can take care of you."

Mike laughed as he and Cody gave each other the high-five.

Both their penises flopping with the motion as they jumped to slap each other's open palm, their cute buns outlined by deep tans, the white soles of their feet exposed as they lifted off the ground.

"Ok partner, now lets get our props together. We don't have many but we can make it work. We still have enough light and I have my tripod and a remote so I can be in some of the pics with you. That'll be cool. We can both get famous and laid."

Laughed Mike as he looked for a shirt to make into an apron. He found a dirty grey t-shirt in his pack and using his Army knife, he fashioned an apron to barely cover Cody's package. He cut thin ties to wrap around his waist like Tarzan. The apron ties settled into his bubble butt crack perfectly. It was a perfect accent for a perfect ass. Mike would make sure he took a lot of pictures of Cody from behind to accent his assets.

"We can start off with you putting your shorts and pack back on.

Splash some water and a little dirt on your shirtless body so it looks like you've been hiking for a while and have finally reach camp. It's the end of the day so the light will match the story. I'll do some pics of you laying in the sun over there." Mike pointed to an area where there was a brighter opening.

Cody grabbed his shorts, splashed some water on his body and rubbed a little dirt into his chest. Then he poured water over his head, and then began to shake his head.

It was very sexy and Mike was in high-speed mode so he was able to get some great freeze frame.

Luckily Mike was ready with his camera, he pressed the shutter and didn't let up as Cody shook his head left to right, then up and down.

Mike knew he'd have some great shots, he was happy he was shooting film.

He and Cody could relive the experience together when they got back home. Mike was always thinking ahead. Now that Cody was his partner, they would have a lot of opportunities to touch. He could use the photos as an excuse to get Cody to do almost anything if it was for art, and money. Everyone says they won't do it until someone offers them cash then everyone's a model.

"That was cool, I'm glad I was ready. Now put the pack on and let's walk over to the top of the trail, you walk up about twenty feet and I'll shoot you from the below. It'll make you look tough and powerful. You like that, don't you Cord?"

"Yeah, I'm cool and I know it, I got no problem looking tough and powerful with a splash of cool."

Cordy was speaking in character as a New Yorker, with a smirk on his face.

"Ok, Mr. Cruise, walk up that hill and give me some attitude I can sell. Here, rub some of this baby oil on your body to mix in with the water and dirt. I like the grit and shine."

Stated Mike.

Cody stood at the top of the hill, shorts resting on the crown of his butt, revealing a touch of crack, and a touch of pubes in the front. His Adonis lines were heavily accented. The shoulder straps of the pack accented his large pecs and luscious nipples.

“Ok, Code, just walk to the water, take off your pack, shoes and shorts. Do everything in slow motion, I’ll tell you when to hold it and when to keep moving. If I see an angle I like I’ll move around, but you just stay as you are.”

Ok, asked Mike?.”

“Ok Partner, my modeling career is in your hands, don’t let me down.”

“You know I won’t Cody.” Said Mike with a look of sincerity.

Mike began to snap away as Cody walked toward him slowly stripping the pack.

Cody seemed to have a natural ability for modeling, he knew he was sexy and he knew when to hold his pose.

Mike didn’t have to give him much direction at all.

Cody walked to the waters edge and slowly began to strip.

When he got to his shoes he made sure to point them at the camera so Mike could get a good look at his feet as he removed his dirty, sweaty socks. He pointed his toes at the camera and wiggled them while Mike snapped away.

Dangling his feet in the stream, the sun shone on his beautiful manhood that was splayed out on the rock before him. His white thighs and buns were very sexy against his very tanned skin.

He was so in tune with what was going on artistically that he even asked if Mike was in close enough or was his shot wide enough. Little things like that made Mike feel that much closer to his good friend and now partner Cody.

It was important for Mike to hang with people with a sense of humor and style; what else is there in life? Their bonding was quickening exponentially, in just a couple of days their relationship felt 5 years older last week.

Maybe it was the openness and the fact they both felt very comfortable sharing with each other. Mike had never felt this close to anyone before and he liked it.

Cody decided he was going to go swimming, the photos were fun and sexy, the two laughed and joked the whole time, as usual. That was one of the nice things about their relationship, it felt natural and easy, and needed no definition. At least not now.

The shots of Cody walking out of the water, nude, with the sun glistening on his skin, picture perfect with a proud, circumcised, mushroom head.

His smooth balls tucked close to his body, but when he bent down to dry off, he turned around so Mike could get some shots of his booty.

Mike zoomed through Cody's legs to focus on the back of his nut sack and the head of his hose dangling before him.

Code took his time drying his body, paying special attention to his crotch, nipples, buttocks, and feet. All with a hypnotic pace that kept Mike snapping as Cody went through this like a slow motion mime. Not saying much unless it was necessary. He was really into it, just as much as Mike, or maybe even more.

"Hey Mike." Cody broke his concentration and looked up at Mike, just as Mike was zooming in on Cody's Adonis line that had just caught the sun perfectly.

"Yeah Code. What's on your mind?" Mike replied professionally.

"How about I take some pics of you and we take some together like you said?"

"Ok, but what kind of poses can we do together without being gay?" Quizzed Mike.

"How about if you put your camera on the tripod while I think about it." Cody instructed Mike. Cody was really getting into this.

"How about if we wrestle, like Greco Romans?" Asked Cody.

"What would people say if they saw us doing something like that?

"Well, I'd tell them I'm secure enough about who I am to not be worried about what people will say. I don't have to show anything that I don't want to. I trust that you feel the same and I'm having such a good time, I think I'd have even more fun making some forbidden art. What do you say? Are you up for it? Excuse the pun."

"You know Cody, I never knew there was an adventurous artist inside of you. I'm down with whatever you want to do. I'll do anything in the name of art. Well, most anything." Mike blushed a little as he spoke.

"You setup your camera on the tripod and I'll get the oil."

Cody went for the oil as Mike put his camera on the tripod and put a wide lens on the camera body.

"I'm going to set the camera to take a picture every 10 seconds until the roll is empty. I have quite a few rolls, if I was shooting digital we could take a lot more photos but I prefer the look of film and not being able to see what I've shot until I get the film developed. You can hear the camera fire and see the flash go off, I'm going to use a fill flash. I brought all this equipment with me, so I may as well use it. The flash will allow us to keep moving without having to pose. I think it will look more professional. I'm ready when you are." Shouted Mike.

Cody walked up to Mike with a bottle of baby oil in his hand, a smile on his face, his muscular, his tan, hard body was quite a site. These were going to be some really great shots. Very homoerotic but that's who would buy these kind of pictures, yeah, some women might be into them but it was the rich gay guys that would pay for stuff like this.

"Ok Mike, turn around and let me oil you up."

Mike set his camera remote down and turned around as Cody approached.

"I'm all yours boss." Stated Mike coyly. Cody rubbed oil into Mike's shoulders, back, arms, buttocks, and legs. When he did Mike's legs he wrapped his hands completely around the legs and pulled down like he was massaging them. He brushed Mike's penis and balls when he was at the top of the leg. This didn't seem to bother Mike. He was enjoying the attention; he was usually the one that had to do all the work on a photo shoot.

Cody was very thorough; he coated everything in oil but Mike's cock, balls and feet. However, he was salivating at the thought of rubbing them in oil as well.

But the time wasn't right yet; he knew how to get to that later.

He just hoped Mike had enough film to make it happen.

The photos were the perfect excuse to do anything they wanted, in the name of art they could justify anything, and would they.

Cody handed the bottle to Mike and turned around so he could get the same treatment.

Mike responded in kind, oiling Cody up just as well as he had been.

Mike asked, "What are the rules?"

“Rules, what rules? We don’t need no stinkin’ rules.” Cody responded in a Spanish accent like the movie where the line was stolen.

“Really, we can’t be kicking each other in the balls or anything like that. So our dicks are off limits, these are meant to be erotic pictures not porno. Remember to take it easy, we don’t need anyone getting hurt, especially me. If you hurt me, you have to heal me. I expect a massage later if you do anything crazy to me.” Chided Mike, as if he’d have to actually beg for a massage, yeah right.

“Yeah, well you better count on a massage, cause I count on doing some crazy shit to you in these photos. I want to make some art that’ll sell. I’m gonna go as slow as I can but a lot of my moves have to be fast. You know, I into wrestling when I was a kid.” Stated Cody, mater-of-fact.

“Oh, I didn’t know that, now I’m really gonna get my ass beat.” Stated Mike, jokingly.

“Don’t worry, Mike. I’ll take it easy on you, and if I don’t, you’ll get your massage, either way it’ll be ok.

The grassy area they had chosen was bathed in late afternoon light, the boy’s bodies shone like gold. The two boy/men looked like ancient warriors, oiled up, and circling each other, bent over, each one looking for an opening.

Surprisingly Mike made the first move, Cody thought he was the only one that knew how to wrestle, Mike didn’t want to burst his bubble but he had wrestled for five years at summer camp, always victorious.

He might just let Cody win, for the fun of it. It might be fun to be on the bottom while Cody held him down and made him scream to be let up.

That’s just what happened, Cody did a reversal on Mike and had Mike on his back, legs in the air, shoulders pinned to the ground.

The camera kept going off as Mike tried to wiggle out of Cody's hold. It was erotic and the camera probably captured that as much as they both felt it."

Hey, I thought you didn't know anything about wrestling. That was a good takedown. Not good enough, but, not bad either." Said Cody.

"No, I just didn't brag about how I was gonna kick your shiny white butt."

Mike took this opportunity to break free of Cody's hold and get back on his feet.

He grabbed at Cody's legs, caught one, and brought Cody down flat on his back.

Mike then threw his full body weight onto Cody's chest with his own.

The two were now chest-to-chest, penis-to-penis, and eye-to-eye.

Now, Mike held onto Cody's wrists, but only for a second as Cody twisted his body and tossed Mike to the side as he rolled over onto his new partner.

The two were pretty evenly matched.

"Ok, so you think you're a better wrestler than me, do you? Quizzed Cody as he looked down into Mike's eyes.

The camera took the last picture on that roll and Mike said.

"Hey, I gotta change the film.

Will you let me up? Cody was just lying on top of Mike enjoying the feeling of Mike underneath him, the feel of his manliness and the smell of his breath and armpits.

It was all-good as far as he was concerned.

Cody let Mike up to change the film.

Both had semis but didn't care.

They were both caught up in the moment.

"Ok, I think we have some good take-downs, and holds.

What now, Cody?

Do you want to try just doing some posing?"

What, and stop kicking your butt? No way, I'm not done with you yet." Chided Cody.

"I'll tell you what the next person to get the take down has to lick the other guys feet on camera.

I heard those kind of pics make a lot of money, people that like them and will pay a lot of money, I'm thinking that now that we've done all this we may as well get paid for it. I'm having fun and I'll have even more fun knowing I can take it to the bank. What do you think Code?" Asked Mike, with a big smile.

Knowing Cody just needed an excuse to suck on Mike's toes, and lick the soles of his feet was enough to make Mike blow a load. He knew Cody would do a lot more than just lick his toes after what he saw this afternoon. But, he didn't want to reveal anything to Cody about this afternoon. Little did he know that Cody knew he'd taken photos of him while he sucked himself off.

Cody knew that Mike had seen everything he'd done to himself.

Oh, what a tangled little web the boys have woven around each other.

The two stood toe-to-toe ready to lunge on each other as the camera flashed, this was their cue to make a move. Cody reached for Mike and Mike reached for Cody, as they did this they butted their heads together so hard they both fell to the ground in agony.

The camera flashed, and they both laughed.

"Ok, enough of this competition. I'll tell you what, we can both do the foot thing for the camera, that way neither one will be embarrassed that the other one had to do something so demeaning.

Ok, Code? I'll tickle your feet and suck your toes until I run out of film; actually we should do it to each other so we can save film.

I'll put the camera above us and we can mess with each other's feet as the camera snaps.

I'll take some separate pics of you sucking your own toes."

"What do you mean, sucking my own toes? Asked Cody, as if he didn't know what Mike was talking about."

You are double jointed aren't you? I've seen you contort your body into some pretty strange positions and I just figured you were double jointed and could probably stick your foot in your mouth really easily.

"Sorry, is it a secret?" Asked Mike, innocently."

"Well, it was my secret." Cody said in a disappointed tone.

“I never wanted anyone to think I was a freak so I never told anyone and I try to never do anything that would give it away. I guess you pay more attention than most people. I didn’t know you knew. If people knew, the first thing they would want to know is: can I suck my own dick? Then, they would want me to show them and that’s not something I want to demonstrate for anybody.”

Confessed Cody.

“Ok, lets change the subject, back to the photos before we lose all our light. You put your head at my feet and we’ll each tickle each other’s feet, lick the toes and soles, just try to do it like you like it unless you want me to stand and make you lick my feet? We can do that afterwards, lets get this show on the road.”

Commanded Mike.

The two man/boys lay out on grass with their hands on each other’s feet, their members both slowly swelling as they both started to giggle from their feet being tickled.

The camera flashed and the boys laughed. The laughing subsided as Cody grabbed Mike’s foot and put his whole mouth over the Mike’s big, fat, sexy, toe.

He sucked on it like a drumstick or a maybe even a jumbo shrimp. Squeezing Mike’s large toes Cody stuck the whole foot in his mouth for a second before letting it pop out. His tongue moved down to the sole of Mike’s size 13 and back up again to grab another toe between his lips and suck. Cody loved Mike’s smell, feel, and vibe.

It was all so good, and now that they had an excuse they both could let go, at least until the film was gone.

Mike followed Cody’s lead and did exactly what Cody did to him.

The camera could see the erections at full mast, but the boys were oblivious to anything except that which was before them, in their face mouth and nostrils.

They had both wanted this for a while and it was finally happening. The camera stopped firing, as the light set over the mountain ridge.

It was time to think about food.

The two didn't quite sucking on each other's toes until a few minutes after the camera quit firing. They were both in "the zone.

Cody was the first to raise his head, although he wasn't in a hurry to stop sucking Mike's toes he did want to make sure they had a good dinner and got the tent setup before dark.

They both acted as though nothing strange took place, it was all very matter of fact. They were both very comfortable being nude in front of each other, and even more comfortable touching each other in questionable ways.

They were really compatible and it showed in their actions.

"Let's go wash off in the stream. I can pitch a tent, start a fire and make dinner. I want you to go get us a big fish for tonight. I'll take care of camp."

Cody smiled coyly to Mike as he spoke.

Mike grabbed his pole with one hand and his fishing rod with the other as he walked towards the water to catch their dinner.

His cute, firm, white cheeks had just a touch of red from being out in the sun all day and his body had marks from the wrestling that Cody would tend later on that evening in the privacy of their tent.

Mike returned shortly with another large trout that Cody skillfully grilled over the open fire.

They laughed and teased as they ate their meal under the sunset.

The dinner was filling, the shots of Southern Comfort were flowing and the night air crisp.

The two friends were more laid back and comfortable than either one had ever been with anyone in their life.

It was unfortunate they were both dudes.

It was so inconvenient to be gay, why couldn't people just mind their own business and let other people do as they pleased without question? This was the same thought in both man/boys heads. Even though they were both in heavy denial they still wondered what it would be like to actually love a man.

Neither one could think of themselves as gay but they were doing some pretty gay stuff.

Even if they weren't actually penetrating each other's orifices with their penises their intentions were gay, whether they knew it or not.

Denial is a shifting river of deception that flows freely between two points, not always in a straight line.

In this case the line was wiggly, blurring and throbbing.

The two of them wanted each other so bad and just couldn't say it out loud.

Which one would break down first? Mike or Cody?

This trip was very enlightening, it was blowing the doors off both their closets and shining light in places the sun never before shined.

What would happen next? Only the night would tell, and it was nearing nightfall. The first stars were out but the moon wouldn't be out until late tonight, just as it was last night. That was ok with both man/boys they would figure things out for themselves even if they had to feel their way around. They would definitely feel around if necessary.

Mike extended the bottle of Southern Comfort to Cody asking, "ready for another, partner?"

Cody smiled, saying, "I can handle it if you can, besides I need it to get the taste of your feet out of my mouth. I sure hope we make some money on those photos. I should get double for having to suck on your big fat toes, they reminded me of jumbo shrimp only without the sauce."

Cody laughed.

Mike smiled.

"Yeah, you and your toes weren't all that great either, your toes are as long as my little finger and taste like salt.

I'm the one that should get double."

He laughed.

"Just pass me the bottle and promise me that if I ever have to suck your toes again you'll make sure we have a bottle of Southern Comfort to take away the taste."

Cody laughed, he loved the taste of Mike's toes. He didn't need the booze but it was a great excuse to do crazy stuff.

Cody didn't want to admit to enjoying it as he did and he knew Mike liked sucking his toes too. He could tell by the way Mikes tongue lapped away at the sole of his foot that he was enjoying it. They way his hand held onto

his ankle, softly stroking it as he licked away, unaware of the movement of his fingers on Cody's leg.

"The only way anybody's gonna suck any toes again is if we can make money. I'm not gay and it doesn't turn me on so I gotta get paid to do this kind of stuff. I'm ok with making art, but sucking toes is something else."

Mike stated, trying his best to sound serious.

"Let's smoke a little of your weed and get ready for bed, I'm sore."

Said Mike while throwing his arms behind his head to stretch and yawn. His smooth, tan, chiseled chest pushing forward, his flaccid penis in his lap. Neither one of them ever put their clothes back on.

Cody used the makeshift apron Mike had made for him and Mike shot some pics of him cooking dinner in the apron.

The shots were good, the setting perfect, and Cody's ass perfect as well.

Cody got up to get the joint and removed the apron in the same movement.

It was still warm enough that he didn't need any clothes; they would just be in the way for what he had in mind.

Mike watched as hot, sexy Cody, did that sexy move just for him and his pole twitched.

Mike wondered what Cody's next move was going to be.

Before he knew it, Cody was back with the joint in his hand and a bottle of baby oil.

"I got an idea Mike, how about if we both give each other a massage tonight. I've had a great day and that's the only thing that could make it

better for me. How about you? Wanna swap massages again? Hell, we just sucked each other's toes and I licked the bottom of each other's feet. It's not like we're strangers or anything. Is it?" Cody stated and questioned at the same time.

"We both know we're not gay, we're friends and we're having fun. No biggie to me, if it's no biggie to you. Ok?"

"All I know Cody is that I'm having a great time, I feel great, buzzed, relaxed and I really don't give a fuck what anybody calls me. All that matters is that you and I are friends and we're having a great time. I say we go with the flow and not worry about it.

Like you said, we've already sucked each other's toes.

If that isn't kinky, I don't know what is."

Mike said with a devious smile.

"Who's first?" Cody asked.

"I'll go first." Mike spurted, with a big smile. It was strange to be so open about something normally so secretive. He was really enjoying the openness, feeling free and unrestrained for the first time in his life.

Mike lay out, spread-eagle, pole sticking out between his legs for just a second before he decided to pull it up, under his stomach.

He wanted to tease Cody with just a peek before he got to work. It would give him something to look forward to.

This whole experience was the most erotic thing Mike had ever done. Sex is usually fast and furious for him and he hadn't ever really "made love" with a girl, this felt closer to what he thought making love would be, slow and intentional.

Cody could hear Mike's breath, deep and relaxing, synchronizing his breath with Mikes made them closer to being one.

Cody warmed the oil in his hands then, rubbing Mikes calves with a strong yet sensuous touch he reached down and brought Mike right foot up and began to massage the ankle, Achilles tendon, and heel.

He wanted to suck on Mike's toes again but he thought it better to take it slow for now. He'd have more chances in the future, no need to be in a hurry. It was that much more erotic and exciting to look forward to what he'd do next time Mike bared his naked body to him. Instead of using his tongue he massaged the soles with his thumbs apply pressure to spots that made Mike moan. Cody knew he was on the right track when he saw Mike's butt cheeks squeeze a couple of times as he pushed his pelvis into the sleeping bag. Cody knew he was hard and turned-on; this only made Cody want to please Mike even more.

Stroking each toe as if it were a miniature penis, Cody twisted, pulled and fondled Mike's digits as if they could squirt.

Moving to the other foot he did the same, only he made sure to rest Mikes foot in between his legs, oiled toes touching his balls, semi-erect manhood rubbing against the sole of Mike's sexy foot.

Mike didn't flinch; he enjoyed the feeling of intimacy, it only added to the heavy eroticism in the air.

The two had been all over each other all day in one way or another, seen each other in various positions and unknowingly revealed more than they might have realized in their actions throughout the day.

As Cody stroked, fondled, squeezed, pulled, tickled and touched Mike's foot and toes he rocked the leg left and right causing Mikes body to rock, Cody did this knowing Mike was hard and this movement would turn him on and keep his dick hard.

Cody wanted to make this the best massage Mike ever had and Cody wanted to pull out all the stops, go with the flow and leave any hang-ups he may have ever had, back on the trail where they belong.

This moment was too special to let anything mess it up.

Mike was into it, going with the flow, he encouraged the rocking, as he moaned in delight, letting Cody know not to stop.

Cody rest Mikes foot between his legs next to the other, squirted a little oil on his pole and rubbed it over Mikes soles.

He only did this for a second, just as a tease, to make Mike think something was going to happen. It was, just not now.

Mikes mind raced at what was happening to him. He was putty in Cody's hands. He didn't care what Cody did to him at this point, he wouldn't say no to anything right now. He was completely open to new experiences and the day had brought a few and he was ready for more, if Cody was.

Mike was happy they weren't talking about it too much, just enough to let each other know they were aware of what was going on but not in a gay way.

Nothing overt, they were both very respectful to each other, and in a way innocent. Because the both valued each other's friendship so much they were both cautious not to do anything to jeopardize it.

Since this was new to both of them they had no idea of what was ok and what wasn't. This was good; it kept everything sensual and erotic. In this case, ignorance is bliss.

Cody place a hand on each leg, raised himself onto his knees, mushroom head brushing against the soles of Mike's size 13's. Cody ran both hands up Mike's legs to the base of his butt each hand cupping a bun.

Cody had large hands and Mike had lean, yet muscular legs. Cody then took two well-oiled hands and wrapped them around the right leg; the back of his left hand touch balls, right hand nestled in the Adonis line where the leg joins the torso. Squeezing firmly, Cody pulled his hands down the leg, pulling the stress down the leg and out the foot. Cody finished the action by pulling on Mikes toes. He did this a couple more times, each time he pushed his left hand harder against Mikes crotch and balls so he could reach higher up the leg, pushing deeper, pulling harder, making Mike moan even more between his deep breaths.

Mike was enjoying this as much as Cody and made a deep sigh of relief while lifting his pelvis to allow Cody full access to his body. Mike really enjoyed Cody's hands on his body, Cody was really taking his time, Mike couldn't wait to be rolled over so he could show Code just how much he enjoyed his work.

Mike smiled to himself as he continued to breath in sync with Cody.

Cody moved up Mike's legs with a leg on either side his cock and balls nested in-between Mike's thighs. Cody was now working on Mike's buns with his knuckles and thumbs, spreading the cheeks to reveal Mike's puckered bunghole.

Only slightly hairy just around the hole with hair growing up from his large balls, his muscular cheeks were smooth and strong, or as I like to say "stroft" a combination of both strong and soft. Coined by the band Devo.

Cody continued to massage Mike's buns, rocking him from side to side to cause excitement to that which couldn't be seen, only felt.

Cody's dick seemed to stay in a semi-hard state the whole time, not quite hard but enough that it had length and girth, extended and floppy. Perfect for rubbing all over Mike without seeming too exited.

Somehow this level of excitement felt Ok for Cody, he didn't think it felt threatening to Mike. More natural than anything, and that's what Code wanted, everything to feel and be natural. Nothing forced.

Cody now moved his hands to the top of Mike's hips, pushed his long fingers in to touch Mike's well-defined Adonis line, massaging his pelvis, hips, and buns he couldn't help but run into Mike's throbbing gristle. It was pushed to the side to run up his left Adonis line. Code felt pre-cum on his left fingers so he was careful to get his hand out with some of Mike's love juice on his finger so he could taste it. He was curious how Mike tasted. It wasn't too salty, kind of sweet, and Code wanted more.

Cody was doing the best he could to restrain himself from turning this into an all out sex session, he wanted Mike to do this to him and he didn't want to get distracted by actual sex. It didn't last long enough, he had no experience with a guy and wasn't really ready, he was happy to take it slow.

He still wanted to try to stick Mike's whole foot in his mouth or even a couple toes in his butt if the opportunity ever presented itself.

Besides, he was enjoying the exploration of Mike's body and how Mike just let him do what he wanted, breathing in time, moaning to let him know he was into it but, not making any stupid comments or just trying to bust a nut like some gay guy would.

As Code moved to Mike's lower back he scooted up and sat on Mike's legs just below his butt, penis nested in Mike's crack, just like last night.

Cody laid his body down on top of Mike's using his well-oiled forearms to push the stress up and out of Mike's back. Code's member, sliding up the crack, balls trailing behind, tickling and teasing Mike beneath him.

Mike's mind was racing; this was so fucking erotic. My god, why did he wait so long to experience something so good, was society that hung up

that it would think that something as good as this could be wrong. He thought not.

This was what life was supposed to be about, feeling good and connected to another person. No hang-ups just ease and comfort. Someone once said, if it feels good, do it, and in Mike and Cody's case they were all about living that sentiment.

Mike lifted his buns up as Code pushed his forearms into Mike's back, this caused Code's penile protrusion to swell and spew a couple drops of pre-cum that landed in Mike's crack. Mike could feel it, and fantasized about turning around and sticking Cody's manhood in his mouth but that wasn't going to happen. He wasn't gay; he was just enjoying a massage from a good friend, all guys' dicks get hard and spew pre-cum, it was perfectly natural.

A guys dick has a mind of it's own and pretty much does what it wants when it wants.

Code felt the same thing as his balls slid along Mike's curvaceous crack.

Cody wrapped his large hands around Mike's upper back, pushing and pulling all the way down his sides, his fingers reaching under Mike's chest, sliding down his rippled abs to where Code again ran into the moist, throbbing mushroom head that was Mike's manhood. Cody acted like it was no biggie and just kept moving down, pulling the energy down and out Mike's hips.

The smell of sweat mixed with the scent of night jasmine, and excitement hung heavy in the air.

Cody reached for a canteen and passed it to Mike.

"Hey bud, you should drink some water, the booze will dehydrate you and this massage has you sweating pretty good."

Mike rolled to the side, careful not to expose his manliness.

He was so lost in the moment he didn't want it to end.

He just wanted to drink his water and get back to being manhandled by his good buddy Cody.

"Hey Code, could you pay special attention to my neck? Thanks buddy, you know this feels so good, I'm like totally relaxed. Your really good at this."

"Thanks Mike, I'm feeling pretty good and I enjoy aligning my energy with yours, it feels good and natural. If you start to feel uncomfortable just say something, I get kind of lost in the moment and don't realize sometimes that I'm touching you in a way that could be confused as sexual. I don't mean too, your shit's to big so I keep bumping into it."

Confessed Cody with an impish grin.

"No problem bro, it's all good and I've got no complaints, it all feels good to me and I don't care if your shit touches me as long as you don't try to fuck me or stick it in my mouth. Were both guys, our shit gets hard and it's no biggie, well actually, it is a biggie, but, you know what I mean."

Mike laughed and smiled as spoke.

Passing the canteen back to Cody he turned back around and laid his head down as a sign for Cody to continue with his work.

Wow, it just got better, Mike didn't care what Cody did to him as long as he wasn't trying to have sex with him.

That sounded perfect to Cody, he just wanted to experiment with another guy's body and Mike was the perfect specimen.

Ready, willing and able. Cody didn't want this night to ever end.

Again, Cody slid his body up Mike's to position his butt on top of Mike's, firm-buns to firm-buns. Cody's penile protrusion was now on the small of Mike's back. Mike's back was a perfect V shape, large shoulders, small waist, with just enough body fat to be healthy and not starving. Mike was perfect as far as Cody was concerned.

Cody really put his weight into Mike's shoulders. Thumbs, knuckles, wrist bone, elbow and even his chin. He got so into it, he let his body slide down to lay on top of Mike and in doing so decided to use his smooth chin to massage Mike's shoulders and back. He was totally into this "full body" thing and Mike wasn't complaining, so Cody just kept rolling with his feelings. His hands continued to probe in time with his chin and a slow soft gyration of his hips against Mike's buns.

Mike voluntarily spread his legs to allow Cody's manliness to slide smoothly along his smooth, slightly furry, manhole.

Cody let both his legs slip down the sides of Mikes legs, forcing them to close, squeezing Mikes manhood just for a second before it slipped out as Cody used his knees to massage the outside of Mike's thighs. He was using every part of his body to massage Mike and was about to lose control, so he pushed himself with his fingers in Mike's shoulders and slid his well-muscled, oiled body down Mike's back, massaging the top of his buttocks with his chin, then his thumbs in Mike's buns and back down to the inside of his legs, to his knees and finally to his feet and out his toes. Snapping each toe as he did so.

It was time to work on Mike's head, the other one. He rolled his body off Mike and slid Mike's boy down so he could sit at his head allowing him better access to Mike's neck, and head.

Mike was happy Cody stopped when he did, the feeling of Cody's dick on his ass was giving him second thoughts about how much respect he really had for Code. But, it was just his dick talking, he loved his friend and wasn't gonna fuck up their relationship.

But, that large cream-filled mushroom head of Cody's eagerly waiting at the entrance of his forbidden zone was almost more than he could handle. Maybe that was why he really brought the condoms. Maybe subconsciously he wanted to have sex with Cody. Damn, after watching Code suck himself off this afternoon and play with his hole Mike was surprised he hadn't already jumped him like a caveman, straight or not. It just seemed like the thing to do when you see someone's cute ass sticking in the air like that, just begging to be poked and prodded. He wasn't really surprised, he knew he had to stay cool with Cody for the sake of the relationship, they were too good of friends to take a chance freaking him out, their friendship had to come first before anything else.

Cody rubbed, and stroked Mike's neck, shoulders and head. Caressing his ear lobes and rubbing his temples, breathing deeper and moving slowly and methodically with his every move.

Audibly breathing in-sync, picturesque like a Maxfield Parrish painting, the man/boys were lost in bliss neither had known ever before.

"Ok Mike, it's my turn. You can just do my back. I'm tired and that should be just enough to put me to sleep." Cody said this knowing that he could easily get Mike to give him a hand before bed.

Like Mike, Cody laid himself out spread eagle, penis protruding, swollen, tight buns glowing, V-torso, shining from sweat, eagerly waiting for Mike to manhandle him as he saw fit. Cody didn't know he was a bottom, or even what a bottom was. He may even be a versatile bottom but he thinks like a bottom.

Cody rocked his body from side to side so his ass shook for Mike. He wanted to excite Mike and lure him into making some kind of overt move that would lead to maybe more than just a hand-job. At this point, Cody was ready for anything, he really wanted Mike to roll him into a ball and penetrate him with his rock hard cock while sucking his toes and watching Cody suck himself. His fantasies were getting a little more hardcore as the night wore on and the moon began to rise. Cody wondered what moves Mike actually make on him, if any.

Mike looked down on Cody's body, and thought about what he'd seen earlier in the day. Maybe he should just be a man a take charge. Roll Code over on his back, wrap his legs around his head like he'd done to himself earlier and fuck him like a beach ball. He might just do that before the night was over but first he wanted to touch Code's body like he'd touched his. Sensually, with care and good intentions.

Their relationship would probably never be the same after this trip so Mike had better get all he can out of it. Every last morsel, gesture, touch and tingle must be savored for tonight is all there is. The chances that the two of them would both be gay by morning was pretty good. Mike had denied it to himself forever and now the way Cody was touching him, running around nude, and sucking his own dick. This was all pointing down the yellow brick road right to aunt Dorothy & Oz.

Mike knew that Cody was his for the taking, he was no dummy. Cody wasn't either, they were both just so afraid and in denial that neither one wanted to be the one to make the first real move. Enough of this let me just give him massage and see what happens. Thought Mike.

"Hey Code, I gotta take a pee. What do you think about another puff and shot when I get back?" Offered Mike.

"Ok, I'll get it ready, you know what I mean." Cody blushed.

Both man/boys knew so much more than they let on, their closet doors were made of reinforced steel and only they had the keys to them. Both did their best to act innocent, untouched and virgin but they knew things they weren't even admitting to themselves. The word play, the posing, rubbing, teasing, foot play, wrestling, the sexy photographs, all of it was just an excuse for the two of them to be themselves but they had so many hang-ups about what it means to be gay that they just couldn't get themselves to tell each other how they felt. Neither one knew what it was to be in love and neither one knew what it was to have gay sex with loving intentions but before the night was over that would all change.

When Mike returned to the tent Cody passed him the pipe and left the tent to take his turn watering the lawn.

Mike waited for Cody to return before lighting the pipe. They both sat cross-legged and nude like natives in the woods, two man/boys about to experience what they both feared and desired most. Each other, intimately.

If they only knew they both had the same thoughts and desires it would have been so much easier but life isn't that easy. They were both in the right headspace, loose, buzzed, and relaxed. The time was right and they knew it.

Cody was ready, he'd already decided that once it was his turn he was going to show Mike how he could suck his own dick and see if it turned Mike on enough to want to penetrate him with his beautiful tube steak.

Mike was determined to make this good; he took another shot and a swig from the canteen to wash it down.

Cody lay back down in the same sexy position he'd taken before, penis exposed, buns taught. Ready and willing.

Mike decided to start at Cody's head and work towards his feet and use them as his finale before he made his final move on his good buddy Cody. Mike had been teased long enough; it was time for him to take it to the next level. Cody had given him more than enough signs that he wanted to try something but he was just as afraid as Mike was.

Mike started off by massaging Cody's scalp like the girl did when she washed his hair. He used his fingernails to stimulate the scalp and his thumbs and fingers to push and pull on Cody's tight neck muscles. He was a little tense at first but Mike could feel him settling into his hands, his breathing was synchronizing with Mike's, their energy was aligning and everything was starting to feel "right" just as it had with Cody massaging Mike.

Mike's touch was soft, yet firm, he was moving very slowly and deliberate. Occasionally Mike would notice Cody squeeze his butt cheeks together and rock his bottom from side to side, rubbing his erection against the sleeping bag. Mike had done the same.

They were no different, they both wanted the same thing, it was just too much to come out and reveal when you don't know how your friend is going to react. Even with the best of friends too much information can be more than they can handle and they run out of fear. Not that they don't want the same thing, they just can't handle the reality that they may be gay. The reactions of their friends and family. Everybody has their own idea about their future and thinks they know what they want. How could anybody else have a clue about what they wanted when they themselves were so unsure?

Mike moved his hands down to Cody's shoulders, pressing deeply causing Cody to moan just as he had. Cody moved his hands from his sides towards his head and rested his hands against Mike's toes. Cody was letting Mike know that he was "down" with the program. As if Mike didn't already know.

That was why Mike had grabbed a couple of condoms from his bag when he got up to pee, he slipped them under the sleeping bag with a tube of vaginal lube he had left from the last girl he'd had sex with, she was really dry and the lube was necessary in order to get inside of her. He could only imagine that a tight butt hole was going to need as much or more lube than she had. He wanted to be prepared just in case things took a turn towards a sexual encounter. Denial could only go so far before the inevitable took place and at this point it looked like the two man/boys would be entwined before morning.

Mike wanted to drive Cody crazy and make him want it as much as he did. He was going to touch him everywhere, but there, maybe just the brush of his hand, arm or breath.

He continued to rub Code's shoulders, and arms, pulling his arms back down to his sides, severing their connection at his toes.

Mike was generous with the oil that he warmed in his hands before applying it to Cody's bronze, smooth, skin. His fingers and thumbs searched for Cody's tight spots, rubbing in a circular motion until the

muscled softened. He ran his forearms down Cody's back just as he'd down to him only from the top down instead of the bottom up.

When his big hands got to the top of Code's curvaceous buns he used his thumbs to release the pressure of the man/boys tight, bubble butt. The muscles on top – gluteus medius get a lot of stress because they work with the abdominal muscles to hold the body erect.

Mike's thumbs ran along the top of Cody's curvaceous crack, spreading the cheeks to reveal his "secret spot" and grabbing the tight buns in his hands as he attempted to squeeze the stress from his friends firm, round, ass.

Mike's thighs and knees cradled Cody's head, he'd cushioned his forehead with Mike's boxers in order keep his spine and head straight. Mike gently squeezed Cody's head as he bent forward to rub his buns, long penis dangling across Cody's back, giving him chicken skin. Mikes hands pushed down Cody's body to his thighs, as his head passed the boys puckered booty he gently blew down the crack and over his exposed balls while he pushed his hands down the legs to the ankles.

Cody loved this, Mike was really being erotic, and when he blew his soft breath on Cody's booty it reassured him that everything was going to be just fine. Cody knew Mike was going to make him his. His body was ready no matter what his head said. He had to let go of all the excuses and denial and just move on with his life. If this was any indication of what happiness felt like then he wanted to be happy even if his family and friends didn't understand. It was his life, dammit, not theirs.

Mike enjoyed the feeling of Cody's body under him so he just rolled to his left, placing his head at Cody's feet. Curling his body around he continues to work Cody's buns placing his left hand on Cody's inner thigh. His large, right hand squeezing and rubbing Cody's buns, spreading his crack to take a peak at the back door.

Slowly Mike moved to his knees, turned around and sat on Code's thighs, penis nestled in the crevice of his legs, pre-cum flowing.

Mike re-oiled his hands and started working the top of Cody's thighs, reaching deep so Cody would lift his pelvis to allow him to get his hands

around the whole leg. And of course in doing so his hand touched Cody's scrotum and moist mushroom head.

As he pulled his hands down the leg twice and on the third time he made a diversion with his thumbs, he cupped those perfect buns, spread them and place his hands on the boys perineum. Cody shuddered but went with the flow. He raised his ass towards Mike so Mike could get his thumb and index finger around the base of Code's manliness. Stroking it gently he pressed his thumb on the perineum while his other hand stroked Code's smooth ball sack. The sack was tight, the balls ready to burst.

Mike enjoyed teasing him. He pulled Code's penis out from underneath him as he stroked the base and cupped his balls. Cody rested his pelvis back down; Mike let go of erect penis as he continued to fondle the precious buns before him.

Cody was dripping with anticipation, both of their breathing had increased, still in sync, increasing moans, temperature rising, tent filled with raging hormones and sweat. Cody still lying there as if he were asleep allowing Mike to have his way with him, sans words, only breath. He was putty in his hands.

Mike moved down to Cody's thighs, he'd teased his ass and cock enough for now. He remembered Cody had a sweet spot in his inner thigh and he wanted to hit it and see what happened. He really enjoyed caressing those long, muscular legs that flowed from Cody's buns to his hot toes.

Mike worked the legs for quite awhile, he was still a little nervous about the next step. But, he had an idea.

"Ok, Code, time to roll over." Stated Mike, softly.

"Ok, but I gotta pee again, I'll be right back." Declared Cody.

Cody walked over to the stream, the water was cold but he had to make sure he was clean for Mike. He knew Mike was going to try something and he didn't want to be embarrassed. Squatting down in the cold water he

stuck his finger in his hole to make sure it was clean, it was, but now he felt more comfortable knowing for sure.

He washed his hands using dirt and sediment from the stream and walked back to the tent to find a towel to dry off.

Stepping back into the tent, refreshed and ready to be taken advantage of by his good friend. Cody was soft when he lay back down.

Mike liked Cody's dick when it was long and limp, he thought about what it would be like to stick it in his mouth as it grew. The thought of that turned him on, causing his member to twitch. He wondered what it would be like to suck his own dick. Of course he'd tried, all guys have tried, few succeed.

Cody laid back, eyes closed, long penis hanging to one side, swollen balls resting between his closed thighs. Nipples hard, chicken skin from the cold stream water, he was ready to be touched.

Mike decided he'd warm Code up a bit. "Here, put this over yourself so that thing isn't in my way again." Mike tossed a towel over Cody's midsection. This way he could sit on top of Cody without touching his dick. He wanted to prolong this all long as he could.

Mike sat atop Code's thighs and reached up to rub his chest, his penis rubbed against the towel where Cody was beginning to stiffen. Mike rubbed himself into the towel occasionally bumping dicks. Slowly rubbing Cody's chest, stomach, shoulders and arms. His face came very close to Code's as he reached up to the shoulders and pecs; he was on to of Cody like he was doing a push-up from his knees. If Cody had opened his eyes he would've seen Mike face in front of his thinking of kissing him.

Mike moved back down Code's body with his hands on the boy's sides pulling down to the hips where his hands went under the towel. Fingers wrapped around the hips, rubbing the sides of his buns, thumbs in the

Adonis lines, Cody's manhood moving under the towel as Mike massaged him passionately.

He moved back down to the thighs, spread them and put his hands up the towel to grab the top of the leg, he couldn't help but touch Cody's cum-filled, throbbing member as it spread cream across the back of his hand.

He massaged the thighs sensuously, searching for Cody's special spot, when he hit it, he could feel Cody's whole body shudder. He worked this area for a few minutes then decided it was time to stretch his friend out and see what he could do with him. He was starting to think with his dick now, his head had already gone round and round with excuses and contradictions, and it was now time to take action.

Mike moved his hands down to Cody's ankles and pushed them towards his body so his knees were upright. This exposed his perfectly puckered pleasure hole and his tight ball sack. His very erect penis was pointed straight up towards his belly button.

Mike had enough, in one motion he raised Cody's ankles off the ground and into the air exposing Cody's eager hole to him.

Cody took the hint, brushed the towel to the side and grabbed his own ankles.

Mike oiled his hands and massaged the back of Cody's legs, blew on his hole and said.

"Hey Code, can you suck your own toes?" Quizzed Mike, he wanted Cody to offer to suck his own dick so he could fuck him like he'd seen earlier in the day.

"Yeah, you wanna see?" Responded Cody with a grin, he'd been waiting his whole life for this moment. He never showed anyone his special gift and he was finally going to get something besides his own finger in his puckered little hole.

Cody wanted to tease Mike just as he'd been teasing him so he first brought his foot to his mouth and licked the sole, then moved up to the toes where he sucked them like he was auditioning for a porn. He wanted Mike to want him badly and he hoped his tongue acrobatics on his toes would give Mike an idea of what he might do to his throbbing member with those same hot lips.

Cody wrapped his legs around his head and began to suck his own dick. Mike couldn't stand it any longer he was so curious about what cock would taste like, he was even tempted to stick his tongue into Cody's pulsing, puckered pussy.

Mike reached over out and started playing with Cody's balls, pressing on his perineum. Rubbing his hands up Cody's thighs in search of his happy button. Mike stroked the base of Cody's cock as Code sucked the top 2/3. Mike wanted to taste but he also wanted to stick his dick in that delicious, delicate hole before him.

"Here Cody, taste this before I use it on your tight, beautiful ass." Mike pulled Cody's body forward to take his pulsing member. Cody's acrobatics made him like a beach ball; you could roll him around and easily get into his every orifice.

Cody tongued Mike's head before taking the whole thing down his throat. He'd had enough practice on himself to make him an expert cocksucker. This was the first dick in his mouth that wasn't his own, yet it felt like it. Almost the same size and girth but it was better cause it was attached to his really hot friend Mike.

Placing a condom on his throbbing dick Mike bent down and licked Cody's balls as he squirted some of the vaginal lube on his throbbing gristle. He enjoyed the smell and taste of Cody, it was more than he'd imagined. Cody was an expert cocksucker; he hoped he could do half as good on job on Cody as he'd done on him. Licking Code's perineum, and balls with gusto he pulled Code's dick from his mouth and started to suck on it himself. He could never do as good as Cody, he had years of experience sucking his own dick and Mike was sure nobody could do it better. But, he was sure going to try.

With Cody's legs still wrapped around his neck, Mike rolled him back and forth as he lubed the man/boys hole preparing it for his first penetration. Neither one had ever done anything like this so they were going to have to stay in sync and hope Mike could keep his big dick in Cody's tight, virgin hole.

Mike let Cody's pole slip from his lips, pushing it back in Cody's mouth so he could focus on sticking his dick in the hot hole before him. His dick met resistance at the Cody's pleasure gate. So Mike decided he'd have to use his fingers to stretch it out a bit. Mike stuck his thumb in Cody's hole rotating it, looking for reaction from his buddy. He found that if he spread his fingers he could rub them along the base of Cody's throbbing penis that ran down beneath his balls right to the perineum. When he pressed his thumb against the cum nut in Cody's ass, he squirmed and pulsed. Mike pulled his thumb out, and then slowly inserted two fingers, rubbing around the walls, stretching the skin so it didn't spit him back out again. Cody was beginning to relax and the position he was in allowed his hole to open easier any other position he could have been in. Mike thought he better stick one more finger in just to make sure. Cody took it like a man, pre-cum oozing from Mikes anxious cock as it stood by waiting it's turn in Cody's eager hole.

Cody wasn't sure what to do except to keep sucking, he didn't want to cum yet but he couldn't do too much more in that position. He was sure Mike would be piercing him with pleasure any minute. He hoped Mike would really have a good time with him and not hold back. They'd both waited too long for that to happen.

Mike pulled his fingers from Cody's hole then pushed his throbbing piece of man-meat right up to the hole where it shuddered just before swallowing the shaft. Mike slipped in as if it was a normal occurrence. The two were now joined.

Cody had a big smile, eyes still closed as he sucked himself. As Mike thrust, Cody continued to ravenously suck himself.

Mike fucked Cody every which way he could, rocking him back and forth, legs around his neck, then on his stomach, Mike laid down and had Cody ride him for a bit while he fondled Cody's very erect nipples. Mike liked

this position; it allowed him to play with Cody's manliness as well as to look up at his hot body riding his bulging cock. Cody was enjoying himself so much he wondered what it would be like to have Cody inside of him.

Rather than say anything he reached over, grabbed a condom and the tube of lube, and rolled the condom onto Cody's pulsing meat as he rode Mike. Cody knew what this meant and slowly slipped off Mike, put his arms under his knees and lifted Mikes legs in the air to reveal access to his manhole. He had more hair down there than Cody cause he didn't use the hair removal cream like Code. But it was still soft and inviting.

Cody worked Mikes hole with his fingers just as Mike had done to him, it took a little longer because Mike wasn't as limber as Cody and hadn't been playing with his own ass like Cody had. Cody was patient, sucking and fingering him at the same time, paying special attention to his cum nut and perineum. Soon he had three fingers in just as Mike had before attempting to penetrate him with his anxious torpedo.

Mike couldn't suck his own dick but Cody was limber enough to be able to fuck Mike and suck him at the same time. This made Mikes eyes roll into the back of his head. Oh my god, the feeling was insane. Cody's large member was rubbing against his prostate, his succulent lips and tongue caressed Mikes very hard cock.

Mike was in a state of bliss, as was Cody. The two of them kept on like this until morning. Both did the same as the other, making sure not to miss a thing.

Cody played with Mikes nipples as he thrust his long pole in and out to the head then all the way back in again. Mike loved the long strokes; he never knew his ass had so much feeling. It made his cock so hard and ready to burst he was sure he could cum without even touching himself. The way Cody worked his ass was enough for him to bust the mother of all lodes.

They man/boys finally decided it was time to cum and the both wanted to taste each other's man juice so they removed the condoms and went into a 69 position. Each fingering the others ass as he sucked on the cock and balls of his partner.

Neither one had ever cum so big in their life. The convulsions didn't stop for at least three minutes. If a camera had been rolling these would be the hottest cum shots in porn.

Cum spewed from each other's mouths, each unable to swallow all the other had to offer. However, each one did their best to take it. They were both so into each other and the whole experience they didn't want to waste a drop.

The two man/boys laid at each other's feet, catching their breath, shuddering with pleasure, reliving the experience in their minds.

Cody turned his body the same direction as Mike, grabbed the other sleeping bag and backed his body into Mike so they could spoon. Mike wrapped his arm around Cody's body, kissed his neck and said. "Thank you buddy, you were awesome."

"Thank you Mike, I always knew you'd be the one." Cody whispered from his tired lips just before falling fast asleep.

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