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Backpacking with Ian, Part 3
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I stripped off my clothes and slid over the abrupt edge into the cool stream. Which way? I turned right and decided to head down the gently flowing stream. Because of the way it wound its way through the valley, I couldn't see more than ten or so feet up or downstream at a time. With each tight 'S' curve, I expected to see Ian. After a hundred yards or so I came out of a tight bend into a larger open area. There was Ian standing on the far side, completely focused on something in the water. Then I noticed in his outstretched left hand a six-inch trout!

Suddenly, he stabbed his right hand into the water and pulled out another and held it up above his head. He hadn't noticed my presence yet and raised both fish into the sky above his head in triumph, his lats flaring in a broad 'V' shape. Then he noticed me across the water and sheepishly grinned.

"Amazing!" I shouted.

"It's really not that hard," he admitted.

"I didn't mean the fish."

His smile broadened, dimples piercing his cheeks, teeth gleaming in the sun. Slowly he lowered his hands to his sides and released his catch. "Come here."

I didn't question, I just started moving toward him. As I walked across this wide spot in the stream, I noticed I was slowly coming up out of the water. I looked down and saw that I was climbing up on a sand bar. By now the water was only up to just above my knees. "You could have told me about this," I smiled as I pointed down at the water.

"Where would the fun be in that?"

Suddenly, I dropped off into deep water again, up to my chest.

Ian just laughed, "Watch out! It gets deep again."

"Thanks!" By the time I was next to him, he was holding out his hands, inviting me into arms.

I must have had a questioning look on my face because he offered an explanation, "I'm ready to talk." He wrapped me in his arms and I suddenly felt very vulnerable and a little scared about what was coming next.

I buried my face in his powerful chest and wrapped my arms around his waist. He held me tight against him with one hand at the small of my back and with the other took hold of my chin and turned my face up toward his. Looking down into my eyes with those beautiful blue crystals, he said, "I'm ready to confess that I love you. I've loved you for years but couldn't admit it to myself or anyone else."

I stood there speechless, just staring into his eyes. "I don't know what to say. I'm shocked, ecstatic, dumbfounded."

"You don't have to say anything right now, just hold me." I tightened my hug around his waist. He cupped my jaw in his open hand and tenderly kissed me on the lips. I could feel his heart pounding in his chest. My own heart was beating wildly, my manhood pushed up against one of his massive thighs and his own member was struggling to find room between our tightly pressed stomachs. We continued to kiss and grope each other's bodies while standing waist deep in the slow moving stream.

Ian reached down between us and grabbed hold of my nearly rock hard sausage. He pulled it up to his own and struggled to hold them both together. Even his large hands weren't enough to hold them both in this state. I pushed back from his kiss and looked down at our cocks in his hand just below the surface of the water. By now, I was completely hard and a full nine inches. Ian was thicker and only an inch shorter. "You have no reason to feel small now, do you, Big Boy?" I teased, breaking the silence.

"Your cock is so beautiful," he said as he held it out next to his own. His foreskin was stretched taught around the crown of his hefty dick. I reached down and began slowly stroking it straight out toward me as he did the same with mine. I looked back up into his face and smiled. He looked directly into my eyes again with those tender blue eyes of his and pushed my cock down, wedging it in between his massive thighs then pulled me in tight against him again. I pushed his arm up over his head and began bathing his chest and armpits with kisses, drinking in his manly aroma. He moaned and stroked my cock with his quads.

I pushed him gently back against the edge of the stream, which was like a grassy pool edge. Once his rock hard ass was up against the bank, I reached down to the back of his thighs and pulled him up onto shore. We continued kissing as he sat back and spread his legs. Released from his grip, my cock slapped up out of the water and hit loudly against my rippling abs. He broke our kiss long enough to giggle with delight at the sound. His cock jutted out at an angle toward me, begging me to give it attention. His low hanging balls, completely unaffected by the cool waters, pooled between his open legs and rested on the grass. I placed both my hands on his knees and began kneading and exploring his massive legs. He rested his hands on my shoulders then sat up straight and just smiled.

I didn't want to break his gaze but was drawn to his groin by the smell of pre-cum gathering at the opening of his foreskin. I wanted our first time together to last forever and avoided direct contact with his cock as long as I could. Instead, I focused on his thighs, running my stubbly cheeks and broad wet tongue up the insides of his legs to his ballsac. I nudged my nose up under his balls and kissed and sucked at that tender spot between scrotum and anus. Ian fell back onto the grass behind him and opened his legs even wider, giving me even better access to his most tender of love triggers. The smell of his crotch drove me wild, I knoshed on his balls, taking each one in turn into my mouth and bathing them with my saliva. Ian grunted and moaned, pivoted his hips and squeezed my head between those beautiful muscular thighs. He grabbed hold of my head with both hands and drove my face deeper into his groin. It was a place I was more than willing to go.

Moving in closer to shore, I began slavishly licking every meaty inch of his fat shaft, tracing his pulsing veins with my tongue. With one hand I scooped up his scrotum and began massaging his large balls between my fingers and with the other hand I pulled back on his cock, forcing it straight up to the heavens. As I continued to bathe his shaft with my broad tongue, Ian held his head up with one hand to watch me service him. A look of complete contentment spread across his face. I stared into his eyes as my tongue drove down into his foreskin. He tasted creamy and salty. I sucked his head into my mouth and began milking his pre-cum up and out of his still shrouded mushroom head with my thumb. His eyes closed with pleasure and his free hand instinctively went to the back of my head, driving me down further on his shaft. Still holding his cock upright, I gripped him

harder and pulled down on the skin of his shaft, forcing his head up and out of its protective covering. Still buried in my mouth, his spongy glans broke free and my mouth was flooded with the pre-cum that had until then been trapped. I cleaned around the lip of his glans with the tip of my tongue, circling his head over and over again, and then drove my tongue into his piss slit. It gaped open again and out flowed another tasty morsel.

Ian was squirming uncontrollably on the grassy ground. Then he did something completely unexpected. He grabbed me under both armpits and effortlessly pulled my 210-pound body up out of the water and on top of him. His cock popped out of my mouth and was trapped between us. My own caught on the underside of his balls between his legs then broke free, slapping me in the stomach before also being trapped between us. Positioned now directly over him, I braced myself pushup style with my hands on either side of his head and looked down inquisitively into his eyes. "I didn't want it to progress so fast; before I got a chance to give you pleasure," he said.

"Big Boy, just being in your arms brings me pleasure."

"Will you teach me how to drive you wild like you were just doing to me?"

I collapsed down onto his chest and drove my still pre-cum coated tongue into his mouth. I think that was enough to say yes. He sucked on my tongue, tasting his own fluids then explored my mouth with his own tongue. I broke our kiss to reposition myself into a sixty-nine position along his side. He rolled over onto his side facing me, my cock bobbing with every heartbeat in front of his face. He reached out tentatively and gently pulled and pushed on my throbbing rod. Partly in awe, partly just playing, he handled my cock like a baby with a new toy, not quite sure what to do with it. "Just follow my lead," I suggested and nuzzled my nose in under his balls, which were now spilling over the side of his thigh. He did the same and I could feel his hot breath leaving his nostrils as he took in the musky smell of my groin. I pulled his cock head back away from his abs toward my mouth and licked from tip to base and back, bathing his entire shaft with my tongue.

He did the same and when he got a taste of my sticky pre-cum, he went back to my piss slit and nibbled there gently with his teeth, trying to encourage more to flow. He got a little too aggressive and I pulled back suddenly when he pinched my glans in his teeth. "Sorry, sorry, it just tasted so good, I wanted more."

"It's OK, just be careful with the teeth. Like this." I gnawed gently on his glans with my teeth, dragging them over his broad blunt head and chewing my way up and down his shaft. I was rewarded with another large glob of pre-cum and his balls pulled up to the base of his cock but his scrotum remained mostly loose and fleshy. We worked each other's cocks for quite some time before I returned my attention to his to his perineum. In order to gain good access under his balls, I had to pull away from his mouth and position myself lower on his body, turning him onto his back. Our difference in height was showing its drawbacks. I pulled back on Ian's knees and hooked them under my armpits, pulling his groin up to my face and feasted on his hairless ass. He grunted and moaned with pleasure as my tongue slathered the inside of his legs with broad strokes.

"Oh God, that is awesome!" He reached up and began massaging my hamstrings with his large strong hands, working his way to my tan less bubble butt. He drove his thumbs in between my ass cheeks and spread them wide, stretching my tight hole. "Your fuckhole is so beautiful framed by this white muscle butt. I gotta taste it." He grabbed hold of my hips with both hands and pulled my ass to his face. I was practically sitting on his head but did not release my own lock on him.

I looked down between us and watched as his hairy chin disappeared in my crotch and felt him scrape his stubble against the underside of my tight ballsac. He alternately spit on my bunghole and then licked it up, growling and grunting into my love canal as he feasted on my ass. It drove me mad and I picked up my intensity, not wanting to be outdone by this newbie. I drove my tongue into his hole, forcing my face into his ass. As he continued chewing on my ass I could feel my cum building up pressure, getting ready to blow. I had never had a rimming like this before and couldn't believe he had had no experience with this before.

My cock bobbed and slapped against my tight abs as every muscle in my body tensed. Then I shot forth a mighty torrent. My ass suddenly became über-sensitive and I pushed my ass back, away from the intense pleasure. Ian grabbed at my ass, not wanting to let it loose and sucked at the base of my cock. Another volley shot out, hitting Ian on the stomach and ran down toward his chest. I pushed his legs back down to the grass and took his fat cock into my mouth. It was time for him to feed me his love juices. In this position, I was able to scoop up his dick in my open mouth and drive his shaft down my throat. His head was so fat and swollen, my throat struggled to allow entrance, but once through, I massaged the entire length of his shaft with my mouth.

"Fuck that is so good, don't stop, I am so close," Ian cried out. I tightly gripped around the base of his cock, pushing his balls up into his loose scrotum and pulled back, focusing my attention now on his sensitive swollen glans. I could feel his ejaculation building at the base of his dick but held it back, intensifying my sucking on his head. His legs pulled up suddenly, his hips shoving up into my face as he lost control. I released the base of his cock and let his jism flood my mouth. In one long burst, Ian filled my mouth with his salty sweet nectar before his hips collapsed back to the soft ground. I struggled to swallow it all down, but there was simply too much. White cum ran out my mouth and down my chin before landing on Ian's stomach. It pooled in the deep crevasses of his abs. As I licked and sucked his cock clean, another orgasm filled my mouth anew. This one less intense and voluminous as the last; I was able to swallow it all down without losing a drop. Satisfied that every crevasse around his foreskin was free of tasty cum, I turned my attention to the pool of sweet liquid on his stomach. I slurped it up like a dog at its food bowl. This tickled Ian and he squirmed and twisted as he giggled with pleasure. Satisfied I had licked up every last drop, I turned around and collapsed on Ian's side.

We lay there in the sun, kissing and caressing each other for another half hour or so. "That was so beautiful," Ian offered. "I'm a confirmed cunt eater, but you have converted me. Your ass is so tasty."

"Glad I could help with your conversion. You're pretty tasty as well," I said with a smile. "I've never cum before just from having my ass chewed out. You have some hidden talents."

"I told you there were still some things you don't know about me."

As we continued to enjoy the afterglow, I began absentmindedly playing with and pinching at Ian's nipples. His large tits were positioned beautifully at the corners of his massive pecs and as I gave them attention they stood to attention. I turned and pushed his arm up above his head and began bathing his sweaty armpit with my tongue. Ian began moaning again.

"Umph, that is so good." He grabbed my thigh and pulled my leg up over his, wrapping it between his own. Neither of us wanted to build back to a climax, we just wanted to explore each other and revel in our new expression of love.

Sadly the time came when we had to leave. The sun was getting low in the sky and we needed to reach our next campsite before dark. I slid back off Ian and into the cool waters of the stream. Ian sat up on the shore, dropped into the water and we washed the remnants of sex off our bodies before holding hands and walking back upstream to our packs.

"You know," I said suggestively, "there doesn't seem to be anyone else out here, and we don't have that far to go. I don't see any reason why we need to get dressed, we're only going to want to strip down later anyway."

Ian gave me a sly grin and tossed his shorts over to his pack and just put on his boots. As we walked hand-in-hand through the tall grass toward the stand of trees in the distance, the grass tickled at our bare legs and asses.

"So is this what you couldn't tell me about last night?" I asked.

"Ultimately, yes. What I mean is, I have been struggling with a decision. Until last night, no, yesterday at the waterfall actually, I knew I was in love with you, I just didn't know it was physical as well. When I saw you standing there, water flowing over your body, cock practically in my face, I knew I wanted you -- completely. I have to admit, I'd thought about it before, but only in abstract terms. You know, 'what would it be like?' kind of thoughts. Aaand, until this week, I was ready to ask Brenda to marry me."

Ian stopped talking, waiting for me to respond somehow. "That's why you wanted this time away? You were thinking about marriage? And dare I ask, what have you decided?"

"I still want to get married," he responded and paused. "Just not with Brenda."

"Then who?"

"If you'll have me, you!"

I stopped in my tracks, spun him around to face him. There we were, naked but for our hiking boots and backpacks, "Are you serious?"

"Never been more serious. I love you; I've loved you for years. When you broke up with Max, I realized just how much I loved you. But at that time it was totally emotional; I was getting all the sex I wanted with Brenda, but it wasn't fulfilling. Like I said, sometimes with her I would think about what it would be like with you. Now I know, and I don't, I won't, ever go back."

"You can't even imagine what that does to me inside. God! I've wanted you since the day you walked into George's club. And for me it was physical first, sorry."

Ian chuckled, "You don't have to apologize. I'm pretty hot!"

"Fuck you!" I pushed him back, smiling.

"Would you?" he asked.

"Would I what?"

"Fuck me, prick."

"Oh that, anytime, anywhere Big Boy."

"Let's hurry to our campsite." With that, Ian turned and nearly jogged, cock swinging in the wind, down the trail.