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Backpacking with Ian, Part 4

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We arrived at a secluded heavily forested area along a small, slow flowing creek, dropped our packs and began setting up camp. I went about searching for firewood as Ian constructed a fire pit, clearing debris and placing stones from the creek in a ring. As I returned with load after load of small twigs and larger branches, I was impressed with Ian's attention to our campsite. He had cleared an area where he laid out our pads side by side, opened both of our sleeping bags completely out and spread them, one on top of the other. We would clearly be sleeping side-by-side tonight.

"What did you bring along for tonight? Prime Rib?" Ian asked expectantly.

"No, sadly, the fridge is all out of fresh food. We'll be having a tasty freeze dried teriyaki chicken and rice meal. But I have been lugging around a nice bottle of red wine to wash it down."

"Oooh, sounds delish," Ian teased.

Ian filtered some water out of the brook while I built the fire. Dinner would be easy to clean up tonight, as all we needed was boiling water. Our reconstituted teriyaki really was pretty good and the wine certainly didn't hurt.

After dinner, Ian looked over at me and just smiled. "You really are beautiful, you know that don't you?"

"Thank you." I didn't know what else to say, returning the compliment seemed so canned. I got up and sat behind him. I wrapped my arms around his waist and laid my head on his back, "You are the most beautiful man I have ever known."

Ian pressed back against me and guided my right hand up to his chest. I understood what he wanted and began kneading his nipple between my thumb and forefinger. I dropped my left hand into his crotch and gently massaged his cock and balls. Ian responded with moans of pleasure.

The sun had set and, although the fire was warm on one side, the air was growing colder, especially on my exposed back. I stood and took Ian by the hand and led him to our sleeping bag bed. As we passed by the fire, I dropped a couple more large branches into the glowing coals.

I sat Ian down at the edge of the sleeping bag and kneeled down at his feet. I removed his boots, then my own. This simple task was made a little more difficult because Ian insisted on tickling and kissing me as I struggled with my bootlaces. Once the boots were off, I lunged forward and tackled Ian. We wrestled around, each attempted to pin each other to the ground. Whoever had the advantage at the time would tickle the other to the point of not being able to breath. Finally, Ian's weight advantage had me beat. With his knees pinning my wrists down, he swung his cock in my face, not an easy task, as he was quite hard by now. I continued to squirm and thrash below him but made no real attempt to get away. Instead, as he strained his cock toward my face, I tried catching it in my mouth, only to have Ian pull it away at the last second.

When I finally gave up even trying, Ian took my captive wrists in his hands and pushed them up over my head as he slid his body down over my own. He clearly wanted to be in control. He began smothering my face and neck with kisses. Alternately kissing and sucking, he passionately explored my upper body, working his way

slowly down to my underarms and chest. His attentions were driving my wild but I couldn't move, he still had me pinned solidly down -- not that I wanted to go anywhere anyway.

He continued to work his way down my body, smearing his leaking pre-cum down the center of my abs. My hard-on wedged between his legs and caught on his descending ass, but he just continued to push back. The pressure on my cock continued to build until it truly was uncomfortable. Sensing my pain, Ian raised his ass in the air and my dick slammed against my stomach with a loud smack. He just laughed and continued his descent.

"And now it's time for desert!" Ian declared as he pushed my legs out to the sides and dove in face first. My hands went to the back of his head as he swallowed up my balls, one at a time, bathing them with his tongue, and rubbed his hairy chin into my taint. He kneaded my outstretched thighs with his powerful hands and gradually shifted his attention from my scrotum to my love canal. I pulled my knees up to my chest, giving him better access to my hungry hole.

"Oh my god, Ian, that is so fucking hot! Don't stop, you are driving me to the edge!" I yelled out. He looked up from his meal, saliva dripping down his chin and hanging in his goatee, and smiled broadly. His eyes beamed brightly in the light of the campfire. His brown skin, glistening with sweat was accentuated in the fire's warm glow.

"I'm glad to hear you're enjoying this as much as I am." His gaze only lasted a moment, and then he went back to work on my now gaping hole. He spit on my pink sphincter and drove his saliva in with the tip of his tongue. His own grunts and moans reverberated through my body like echoes through a cavern.

"I can't take any more! I need you to fuck me now!" I demanded. As if he hadn't even heard me, he continued to drive me insane with his tongue, lips and chin, working his way up and down my ass but mostly driving his powerful tongue in and out of my hole. In essence, he was fucking me, only with his tongue.

Without pulling his face from my crotch he drew my left leg down under him, then slid his cock up my leg, pushing his chest and abs into my right leg, still pulled up to my chest. He spit into his hand and lathered up his foreskin-shrouded schlong. As he positioned his blunt cock at my willing opening, he leaned in and smothered me with kisses. I could taste my own nutty juices on his tongue as he explored my mouth. I felt he would split me open as he steadily pressed his fat cock deeper in my straining ass.

From this position, half on my side, half on my back, I had both hands free to explore his heaving chest and widespread lats. He held my right leg tightly against his stomach as he began slowly pivoting in and out of my ass, dragging his loose balls over the inside of my left thigh. He reached down with his right hand and began pulling at my cock and balls. He stroked up and down its entire length with his strong hand.

Gasping for air, he broke his lock on my lips and began panting in my ear, whispering his love for me in short stuttering phrases. His climax was not far off. He used my own pre-cum to lube my shaft as he began to quickly stroke, concentrating on my swollen glans. Keeping time with his own humping, he was determined to bring me to climax with him. He drove his expanding shaft in deep, grunting loudly in my ear. He filled my ass with his love juice. He tightened his grip on my dick and pulled back to the base of my retreating balls. I couldn't hold back any longer and exploded across my chest with three arching volleys. Then he drove in even deeper and released another load while releasing my still rock hard cock, he grabbed hold of my upright leg with both hands and massaged his chest and stomach against my flexed hamstrings.

As the climax faded, he slowly dropped my leg to the side, but remained fully embedded in my ass. With his chest heaving in exhaustion, elbows firmly planted on either side of my head, he collapsed over my body. I drank in the aroma of our sweaty bodies, my face buried in his chest, and stroked up the sides of his relaxed lats and pulled my heels up to the base of his solid bubble butt.

We lay there, intertwined, until his soft cock slid out with a flow of cum. Then we repositioned with him spooning me from behind. I reached back and pulled the second sleeping bag up over us and we fell to sleep in each other's warm embrace.

When I awoke the next morning, sometime after sunrise but before the sun had actually come over the ridgeline, I was comfortably draped across Ian's body; my head resting on his twenty-inch right biceps and my right leg snugly wedged between his legs. I was too comfortable to move and quickly dozed back off.

The second time I awoke, Ian was gently stroking my cheek and the sun was shining warmly on us. "Seth, last night was the most intimate lovemaking I've ever experienced."

"Mmm, for me too Big Boy. You completely filled me in ways I've never been filled." Ian reached down and pulled my leg out from between his own and slid it up over his flat stomach and caressed up and down my thick thigh.

"You know," Ian started, "I got all cleaned up last night, and I'm still empty." He smiled down at me with a devious grin.

"You sure you're ready for this?" I asked while kissing his jaw and ear.

As if to give an answer, Ian turned onto his stomach. My cock, which was already fairly stiff, suddenly went rock hard at the thought of popping his cherry. As I slid down his body to massage his beautiful brown ass, Ian stuffed sleeping bag under his hips and pushed his cock down between his thighs and spread his legs slightly to give me full access.

"Go easy on me," Ian begged as he raised his hands over his head, spreading those massive lats out wide. I kneeled between his legs and looked up at my lover's naked body. He was gorgeous. From this position, I was offered an even better view of his lizard tattoo. It was truly a work of art, winding its way around his hip and inside his right thigh. It was green and blue with highlights of red and orange and had claws digging into Ian's flesh. One claw ripped into his striated right ass cheek, the other held tight at the top of his rippling hamstrings. The tail wound away between his legs and ended squarely between those massive thighs. I couldn't help but think about the impact Ian's ass must have had on that artist, working so intimately between Ian's legs.

"Don't worry, Babe, I wouldn't do anything to hurt you. Just relax and take it as it comes." With my words of comfort, I saw his body soften as he relaxed. I began by massaging up his legs, starting with his feet. I took each one into my lap and massaged the soles of his feet, toes and heels. I worked my way up to calves, which even when relaxed, had a noticeable split up the center. I kissed the back of his knees, which made him squirm and giggle a little. My big boy was ticklish. I licked and massaged my way up his rope-like hamstrings and pushed up on the globes of muscle that made up his beautiful bubble butt. As I pushed up and out on his cheeks, his light brown ass ring was exposed for the first time, it twitching and spasming with each heartbeat. I noticed his

cock leaking pre-cum out his still loose foreskin; he wasn't completely hard yet. I bent over and suckled his cock head and enjoyed the flavor of my man. He moaned with pleasure as I licked up the underside of his shaft and sucked at his loose balls, hanging on either side of his hardening rod. Spreading his mounds of flesh further out, I now focused my attention on his taint. I shoved my face into his ass deeply, drinking in the smell of sex from the night before. By now, my own dick was rock hard and flowing with a steady stream of clear pre-cum. I reached down with my left hand and smeared my natural lube over my swollen head and up and down my shaft as my tongue explored his tight hole. Ian responded to my focused attention by raising his hips even higher and stuffing more padding under his hips.

"That is so fucking good, please don't stop," Ian begged for more. I drove my tongue in deeper, pushing through his resisting sphincter. Once through the tight ring of muscle, he suddenly relaxed and the broad part of my tongue slipped in and out easily. My nose was buried in his now sweaty crack and my stubble covered chin ground into the tender area above his scrotum. As I continued to work his chute with my tongue, I deposited globs of saliva, preparing him for my assault.

"Fuck me now!" Ian demanded as he looked back over his shoulder. He reached back with his two massive hands and spread his ass out wide, stretching his well-lubed hole. Still working my pre-cum over the head of my cock, I positioned my swollen glans at his backdoor and pressed hard at his entrance. My cock bent slightly at the pressure but I continued to force my hips forward.

"Relax," I whispered in his ear, "I'll take it slow." He released his ass cheeks and just like that, I slid in.

Ian grunted and drove his forehead into the crumpled sleeping bag below him. I stopped with just my head inside his hole. "You like that?" I questioned.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" Ian screamed into the sleeping bag. He pulled his hands back up to his shoulders and did a push up with me draped across his back. His actions drove two or three more inches of my shaft into his ass and he grunted out in combined pain and pleasure. I grabbed hold of his hips just to steady myself on his rising body and he pushed his ass back into my cock. Three more inches slid effortlessly into his chute. He was warm and smooth. With just his shoulders and chest back to the ground, he raised his ass in the air allowing my last two inches to fill his mancunt. Completely embedded in his butt, I began slowly pistonning in and out, my hands firmly gripping his hips.

As Ian became more comfortable with my full eight inches sliding in and out of his butt, he became a more active participant in our lovemaking, pushing back in time with my rhythm. As he continued more forcefully impaling himself on my shaft, his pendulous ballsac slapped back into my own. Believing that Ian was ready for a new sensation, I pulled out with only three or four inches remaining and found his prostate with my cock head and pistonned back and forth in short jabbing motions.

"What the hell is that?" Ian grunted out. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum right now!"

"That, lover, is your g-spot." I didn't want him to cum yet, so I went back to slow long thrusts pulling out till just my glans remained clamped by his sphincter, and then sliding in 'till my trimmed pubes were pressed tight into his crack.

Then I pulled out completely and motioned for Ian to flip over on his back. With Ian's lower back propped up on the mound of sleeping bag, I knelt between his legs, pulled his balls up out of the way and immediately pushed my cock back in. Working just my swollen glans at his still tight entrance, I focused again on his prostate. Ian pressed his hands into my pecs and pinched and pulled at my tits. With one hand I continued to hold his nuts out of the way, not wanting to crush them between us, and with my other, I massaged his thigh and abs as I increased my pace without going deeper. I could tell by the look on Ian's face he wasn't far from cumming. His cock continued to drain pre-cum from his now tightly stretched foreskin. It pooled in the crevasses of his deeply furrowed six-pack.

My balls pulled up tight as my own climax became imminent. With both hands wrapped firmly around his shaft, I stroked him in time with my thrusts, which by now were at a feverish pitch. My body was on autopilot as I drove faster and deeper into his ass. We were both sweating profusely. Ian's eyes were staring into my own as I smiled with satisfaction. He continued to work my pecs with his powerful hands and I felt his cock swell suddenly in my hands as his first volley exploded across his chest and over his shoulder. Within two more thrusts, my own volcano erupted deep in Ian's love canal. His ass clamped down on my shaft and threatened to cut off all flow of blood to my cock. He blasted again and covered his one of his swollen nipples with white ropes of seed. His sphincter released its grip on my dick and I shot my second load. Instinctively, I drove my hips into his solid ass so hard I bruised my tight balls between us. I let out a sigh of pain and collapsed on Ian's cum soaked chest and abs. Ian's hands moved from my chest to my lower back as he held me tight against him. He reached over and pulled the second sleeping bag back over us. As I drifted off to sleep, completely exhausted, I heard him mumble, "Well, I don't feel empty any more."

"Glad I could help take away the emptiness you felt inside," I replied. "I don't want to, but we really do have to get up and move on. We've got a pretty good hike ahead of us. And although it may be cold, at least we'll be able to wash some of this off at the next lake. This brook just isn't deep enough to do much with."

Ian didn't say a word, just smiled and got up, dropping me to the ground, exposed to the cold air.

"Damn, my ass is sore." He pulled up his sweats and slipped into his sandals.

"Just returning the favor," I said glibly as I stood and pulled on my own wadded up sweats. Standing in front of him, I reached up and flicked some crusted on cum off his chest, "You're a mess."

He reached up and pulled a pine needle out of my hair, "Look who's talking."

After breakfast and a quick sponge bath out of the brook, we began our trek to our next destination.

Along the way, we talked about Ian's relationship with Brenda and how it had grown so cold.

"You know," Ian interjected, "Brenda's always been jealous of you."

"What? How could she be jealous of me? It was her you came home to every day. It was her you were wrapping in your arms as she drifted off to sleep every night."

"She was jealous of the time we spent together. I mean, you think about it, we spent more time together in the gym than she and I did awake each day. And, I guess, I must have talked about you a lot. I'd be all, 'Seth did

this. Seth said that.' And she'd say, 'I don't want to hear about your little gay friend.' And the sleeping part just didn't happen. She didn't like to snuggle, and especially not after sex. She'd roll over to her side of the bed and just leave me laying there thinking about you. So really, she had a lot to be jealous of. Maybe she could tell I was thinking about you as we made love."

"So why did you get back together with her after that four month breakup of yours?"

"If you remember, you were still with Max."

"Well, our timing sucks, doesn't it?"

"But we're together now." Ian stopped, grabbed my hand and turned me for a kiss.

"I never told you this, but it was because of you Max and I broke up. He couldn't handle how close we had become. In fact, it drove him crazy that I would 'waste my emotional time on a straight guy that would never return the love.'"

"Part of me is really sad about that. Of course, the rest of me is really pleased!" Ian added with a big smile.

The hours of hiking together went by quickly and we were finally coming down into the mostly rocky bowl where a crystal blue lake lay. Here we would be setting up camp for the night. We dropped our packs at the only area free of snow and scoured the small stand of trees for firewood. It was sure to be a cold night, but I had my bed warmer.

Once the fire was blazing, we stripped down and jumped in the frigid lake, washing off the grime from the trail and the last remnants of the morning's love making. Though it was extremely cold, it felt good to get washed off.

Another freeze-dried dinner was endured and after cleaning up we snuggled in for the night. The sunset was beautiful, casting a pink orange glow across the peaks that surrounded us. The blazing mountain peaks were reflected in the dead still waters of the lake that lay at our feet. We just lay there; our bodies entwined and enjoyed the light show while gently caressing and kissing each other.