

Camping Trip

By Tredain

I smiled and stretched into the open, fresh air. It was a gorgeous day out and the forest smell so clean and new. Light played through the leaves into the little camp clearing. The center was dominated by a moderately sized fire pit with a fair amount of ash still left from the last visitors. Around it the ground was flat and bare with a couple large, long stones pulled up to form makeshift seats. The car sat a few yards away with the back open; we were both pulling things out to set up the camp. It was nothing special, just a tent, a cooler, and some amenities like a couple bedrolls.

The big tiger grinned at me and unrolled one of them with a slight flourish, letting it drop onto the flat earth.

"Before we set up the tent how about you help me with my tent spike, little one," he purred softly. I blushed deeply and gave a nod, setting the tent down into the back of the car again. I walked over, a breeze flitting over my bare body, and kneeled onto the roll. I wasn't allowed clothes for the trip. Once we'd gotten about halfway to the camp I was ordered to leave my clothes in the car for the rest of the trip until we were within sight of the city again.

I settled onto my knees and smiled up at him with my tail swishing eagerly back and forth. Another part of me was already quite eager but it was beneath notice, only one cock was going to get attention this trip. He crossed his arms and smiled down at me.

"May I touch you, Sir?" I asked permission quietly, keeping my gaze just below his and already staring over the sizable bulge in his jeans. He gave a slight nod. My hands slipped up his thighs and I scooted closer as I undid his jeans. I never grew tired of peeling clothing off of him; it was always like unwrapping a gift. I took my time as I slid it off his waist and watched his crotch come into view; he was not wearing underwear that day so I was immediately greeted with his bushy pubes. His dick hung low and proud and already half hard.

I stared only a moment before sliding his pants off the rest of the way. He casually stepped out of them without a word and just looked down on me as I folded them and set them beside me on the mat. I smiled wider and slid my hands up his legs with my eyes locked onto that growing cock. I could smell his musk, soft but definitely present, and his excitement grew by the moment.

This was just natural for us. I loved to kneel before him. I loved his presence; it sent chills down my spine and got me blushing hard even if he wasn't doing all that much to make it happen. I rocked on my knees slightly and stroked his legs, leaning in closer and closer until I could almost feel the heat radiating off of his hard prick. I know he could feel my breath on it as I asked "May I, Sir?"

He purred again and took one hand to his groin. With his fingers wrapped around the base he lightly began to tap the blunt head over my snout, catching my nose, my cheeks and under my chin with it. Soft dabs of pre started to spill out and I could feel them wetting my fur as he got a little firmer with the taps.

"You may, slave," he purred lowly and held his cock to my lips. I didn't hesitate a moment. My lips closed over his shaft and I began to suckle hungrily at the warm flesh stick. His salty pre trickled onto my tongue so I swirled it round and round to savor the flavor and slickness. His dick wasn't really much bigger than mine, just a couple inches really, but for a Master and his slave it was the difference between... well, Master and Slave. But his dick could have been 6 inches or 15, it was Master's dick and therefore the most important dick to me.

I pushed my mouth all the way down the shaft and pressed my nose into his pubes. I could feel the ever so soft raise up onto his footpads as I sucked him to the root and saw his tail flick about in the corner of my eye. I held myself there, holding my breath, and sucked hard all the way back up the shaft until it popped out. He grinned down at me and shook his hips to tap the wet prick against my cheek.

“Good boy,” he purred and took my head in one hand, cradling the back of it, and the base of his dick in the other. He pushed the two together and began to saw his hips back and forth, humping my mouth again and again. I mmm’ed and closed my eyes as he fucked me to just enjoy the taste and the sensation, the warmth of his dick and the firm weight of his hand on my head. I kept my hands at his thighs as I knew already I wasn’t allowed to touch myself; if I tried I know I would feel the familiar ‘no no’ nudge of his foot.

A few thrusts he pushed my head all the way down to the base and held it there, letting his dick throb down my throat before withdrawing all the way. A slight strand of saliva and precum stretched from my lips to the end of his cock. I watched it throb and bob in the air, always hungry for me.

“Finish me with your hands. I want to mark you,” Master commanded. My paws slid from his thighs and I wrapped both around his cock. One gripped around the base and let the last few inches jut from my first before I closed the other over the fat purple head and started to pump up and down. The big cat let a low, content sigh out and set his hands at his hips, lightly pumping his hips back and forth to push in and out of the tunnel of my paws. He closed his eyes and just tilted his head back, clearly enjoying the open air and the warm pleasure in his crotch.

I worked him slowly but firmly, keeping a hard grip on him as he thrust through my paws. He set the pace more than I did, I mostly held on tightly and braced myself, letting him thrust into me again and again, watching the fat tip of his cock peek through between my fingers.

It wasn’t long before his thrusting grew quicker. He let loose a long, low groan and pushed one more time, going up on his toes again, before his cock jumped in my paws. I gripped the base tightly and slid my other off of his head, seeing the blunt tip swell and pulse before it began to spit over me. Splurt-splurt-splurt the hard cock began milking all over my muzzle. I leaned in closer to catch every drop onto my muzzle and let it drool over my narrow snout.

He shivered again and let a happy growl out, sinking back onto his heels and letting me hold his cock a little longer until it began to soften. He smiled down to me and stroked over my head, rubbing up one ear. Then a gentle pat and he peeled his shirt off as he stepped passed me.

“There’s a stream just a little further down the trail. You can wash me down. And maybe yourself,” he purred softly and let his tail tickle across my chin and neck.

“Yes Sir,” I said happily and stood up to fetch the soap and a towel from the car. His cum dripped from my muzzle, my tongue wiping up what it could, and I followed along behind, the both of us naked in the woods, a slave and his Master.