

The Camping Sight

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It was a cool February morning when Caleb and I went on our camping trip. We were only going to be gone for a couple of days but Caleb had a habit of packing everything, including the kitchen sink. Well...at least we'd be ready for anything...almost.

Caleb and I had known each other for about five years and we had been very good friends for the last three. The two previous? We don't talk about those much anymore. You see, Caleb was an incredible homophobe when we first met and my homosexuality made him extremely uncomfortable around me. So, it wasn't until we really got to know each other, when we got lost on another trip with friends of ours, that he grew to know me as who I was instead of what I was.

This camping trip was one of my favorite kind. We'd go out into a local forest preserve (fortunately, I knew the rangers) and set up in the most out of the way place we could find. Caleb was an excellent woodsman, being ursine, and knew every inch of those woods after the first trip out. Which was why I was so surprised when he said he was thoroughly lost.

"What?" I asked, "How can you be lost? You don't get lost."

"Well...I'm lost now." he said, dropping his heavy pack, taking a swig from his canteen, and wiping his muzzle with the back of his arm.

I dropped my pack as well, sighing, "Wonderful, now what?"

"Well, we can either make camp here until I get my bearings," he kneeled next to his pack, stabbing the earth with his knife, "Or...we can yell our fool heads off until the rangers come and save poor little us."

He was getting a bit pissed off. He didn't like thinking that he was lost...especially when he was.

"Ok, ok..we'll make camp here. No biggie." I looked around at the rather serendipitous campsite. It was clear of thorn and briar, with enough foliage to cover our being easily seen, yet not so much that we couldn't watch the occasional bit of wildlife stroll by.

"Actually, Mik'l," Caleb said suddenly, "This isn't bad at all."

"You read my mind, Fuzzy." I loved calling him that. It always gave me the image of him lying atop me, making passionate love, his coarse fur brushing roughly against my smooth, dark green scales. But...that was for fantasies... Fantasies that set my blood on fire with longing.

We went about the tedious tasks of setting up camp and finished around mid-day. Our tents were close enough that we could talk back and forth easily from inside. Caleb had set up his tent in a small depression off to the left of mine. I would have questioned his logic considering that it might rain and flood his tent...but that would just make him mad again. We weren't here to bicker...we were here to relax and enjoy being out and away from the city for a while.

He went out to gather wood while I started on the fire pit. When he returned he was sweaty and smelled of moss and fertile earth. These were the only parts about these trips that I hated...dealing with him when he was....like he was...natural. He dropped the huge load of wood he was carrying and wiped his furry brow with his shirt sleeve.

"Whew! I reek...good thing I found a stream over the next hill."

"Really?" Oh no... "Isn't it a bit chilly?" Please, don't let it be a hot spring, I thought to myself.

"Aww..don't worry. It's a hot spring. Nice and warm. Unless, of course, you land dragons don't like water..."

Damn! I should have known better. "Sounds great. When do we go?" Wait, had I just said what I thought I'd just said?

"Let me grab the towels and we can leave in two shakes!" he said in his all too cheery, yet arousingly baritone voice.

"Ok. Why don't you run ahead and I'll catch up in a sec?" I had to get out of this somehow..this should work.

"But you don't know where it is, silly," he chided. Damn him! Ok, ok. I could deal with this like an adult.

"Oh..yeah right. Ok...let's go."

"Alright!" he exclaimed as he leapt over a log and started trotting into the deepening woods. I was so distracted, I didn't even notice that he didn't grab the towels.

We walked for about ten minutes through some pretty thick underbrush and about the time I'd had my fill of having my clothes scratched and tugged at by over-insistent vines, I heard the distinct sound of a small waterfall. The smell of moisture was heavy in the air and the plants in this area were even more lush than at our camp.

Soon we broke free of the thick scrub and were, quite suddenly, on the edge of a small cliff that overlooked one of the most romantic settings that I, personally, had ever seen.

The waterfall was not from a river, as I had thought, but was coming directly out of the cliffside. It poured out into a pond about the size of an Olympic pool and almost as clear. I could smell the richness of the minerals in the air. The pool was bordered on all sides by boulders of varying sizes, and all were carpeted with a sweet smelling moss.

The water wound quietly, though quickly, from the pool and down through the forest to join some other river in their flight to the sea. There was not as much mist as I thought there should have been. I would have thought that the cool, late winter air and the warmth of the water would have shrouded the entire area in a sweetly scented fog.

I was so completely dumbfounded by the beauty of the place that I barely noticed Caleb shucking his clothes.

"Last one in..." he shouted as he leapt over the ledge.

"Caleb, wait! You don't know how deep.."

Too late..he was in midair by the time I'd said his name. He plummeted toward the surface, which was about ten feet below me, and disappeared beneath it. He reappeared a moment later, wearing that patented smug smile, his fur matted with water.

"Come on!" he shouted up at me, "And Mike, if you get out of those clothes fast enough...I might let you suck me. But, you gotta come down here."

Damn him! What a fuckin' tease. Still, the water did look inviting. Not to mention him, floating on his back, spread-eagle. He almost seemed to be..waiting. No...it couldn't be. I couldn't allow myself to hope that he might be even partially serious. We had come too far in our friendship for me to destroy it over a misconception.

"Ok. I'll be right there." But I could always play the joke along with him...painful as it may be for me.

I removed my near shredded clothing and folded it atop his, which were carelessly strewn about. Turning and looking down I saw him clinging to a rock on the far side of the pool. He just sat there, holding onto the rock behind him with his nicely muscled arms. His fur was now fully soaked, the heat of the water causing small wisps of mist to rise from him and his cock was...WHAT!!?! His cock was as hard as the rock he was clinging to. It had to be the heat from the water....it had to be. But I wasn't in the water and my cock was thickening rapidly, buried in the depths of my scaly sheath. My heat was one of passion, but just as effective.

To save myself having to answer any embarrassing questions I jumped over the edge before I got too hard. I fell through the warm, moist air and hit the water with a large splash. As I sank, I felt the enveloping warmth of the water passing quickly through my scales and thought it almost too hot. I never did hit the bottom, I'd noticed.

I came to the surface and looked for Caleb. He was nowhere to be seen. I searched the rocks above me waiting for him to suddenly appear in mid-leap as he made a cannonball dive. There was no sign of him.

I was so certain that he was going to try to dive-bomb me that I didn't notice him under me until his paws had wrapped around my ankles and pulled me under. Surprised as I was, I didn't have time to take a breath.

He pulled me deeper and deeper under the water. My lungs were burning after only a few seconds. Panic gripped me and I began to struggle. Instantly Caleb was before me, still wearing that grin of his. What the hell was he trying to do to me?

When he pressed his muzzle to mine I almost screamed. I know that I gasped because that was when his lips parted and he blew his air into my lungs. I went limp like a kitten in it's mother's jaws as we breathed from each other and slowly floated to the surface.

We broke the surface wrapped in each others arms. I was faint with the heat from the water, Caleb, and my lust. He helped me swim to the rocks across from the waterfall and once there I turned dreamily to look at him.

"Wh...why?" That was all I could say at the time.

"I don't know," he shrugged, "I guess I wanted to see how you would react."

I was slowly coming back to my senses. "And...?" I asked, arching a browridge.

He smiled again, "You're a damned good kisser."

My confusion was overwhelming. I was almost in shock from the kiss he had planted on me. He too was an incredible kisser...but...I still didn't know why he had wanted to do that in the first place. He was straight..AND a homophobe. It didn't make sense...why the sudden change?

Without saying a word he turned, and dove back into the water. When I dove in and tried to get close to him, he would dive or swim quickly away from me. He avoided my every glance and wouldn't answer me at all.

Eventually, I resigned myself to just watch him closely and I saw his expression looked more confused than mine. I could almost hear him think to himself, "Why DID I do that? What do I do now? What if he...". Suddenly, I didn't really want to think about it anymore.

After we had bathed to his satisfaction he got out, dressed, and headed back to camp. I had to go with him, he knew the way, I didn't.

When we got back to camp I started a fire. I prepared dinner and we ate in silence. I half stared at him throughout dinner and I know he felt my eyes on him. He just stared at the fire until a drop of rain hit him on the back of his paw.

"Rain." he said in his flat, gruff voice. Then he simply went to his tent and zipped it shut. I was so upset and confused that I wasn't aware that I had gone into my tent until after I was already there.

The storm, which normally would have made me very calm and happy, had little or no effect on me. I was so absorbed in my thoughts of Caleb that I didn't notice the torrent outside my tent. So, it was an even bigger shock when the zipper on my tent began to purr softly.

Caleb unzipped the tent door and climbed in, soaking wet. Either he had been standing out in the rain for a while or....

"My..umm..tent flooded," he said shyly. Ah-ha...

"Well...you wanna stay in here? You don't have to worry about..." He held up a paw to silence me, shaking his head.

"I can dry my stuff tomorrow. Is it okay?" he asked, looking me in the eye for the first time since we were on the rocks by the pool.

"It's fine, Caleb. Pull up some floor."

"My sleeping bag is soaked...can we share yours?" Was there a trace of a grin on those lips? No...couldn't be.

"Yeah sure," I threw my bag open and we each took a side. "Are you okay with this? It won't make you uncomfortable?"

Instead of answering me he just stared blankly at my chest and licked his lips once.

Ok...I'd had enough of this.

As I opened my mouth to ask what was the matter with him he placed the tips of his claws to the end of my muzzle, silencing me instantly.

Caleb reached for me and soon I was wrapped in his arms again. I was so lost in the confusion that when he kissed me again, I just kissed back as if Caleb and I had been lovers for years. Skillfully, our tongues danced a slow, sensuous waltz. There was a sincerity to Caleb's kisses that let me know he wanted this. However, I could feel he was torn.

We kissed for a long while, the storm raging on outside the tent and inside my chest. My paws followed their practiced track across his body. But the feelings I conveyed through them was far different from anything I'd ever felt with any of my past lovers.

I felt him respond by shifting to rub his crotch against my leg. Through his soaked denim jeans I could feel his cock hardening rapidly. His wetness acted as a conductor and his heartbeat sounded loud and fast against my chest. The only sounds from him were the sounds I make in the final throes of passion. He was getting into this even more than I.

He ground his loins against my thigh and I felt a warmth spread out very slowly from his crotch. His precum was coming out fast and furious. His breathing increased in speed and depth and I knew he was nearing the edge. I didn't want to push him to slow down and try something else...but I didn't want him to come yet either. I had to do something though. He was just too close and, if he came, I might never have another chance at him again. I made the choice in a split-second.

Without saying a word I pushed him up and off of me. We moved with each other fluidly. Fortunately, he was practiced enough at love-making that he knew how to follow the movements of his lover.

We moved into a sitting position, never breaking the kiss. I slowly removed his wet, flannel shirt and tossed it aside. His nipples snapped to rigid attention at the touch of the cool air. I took one between my digits and rubbed it gently, drawing a low moan from him. I wanted to suckle it, but he broke away and looked deeply into my eyes and I saw a determined lust that almost frightened me. He reached out and slowly unbuttoned my shirt and when my chest was bared he dove onto it with vigor.

My head lolled back in spite of the fact that I wanted to see him. His expert tongue flickered over my hard nipples and made them burn. He moved slowly up to my neck, a very sensitive area for me, and licked it roughly. His dense fur set my soft underside on fire and gave me chills down my arms and legs. I felt him smile when I reacted to his attentions and he redoubled his efforts.

Now, it was my turn to moan. I began to writhe about and twitch as the spasms he was causing took me. My tail rattle began a loud, rapid buzzing. I was sinking deeply into a blinding lust that would give me little or no control over whether I would just let him continue, or, whether I would attack him and take what I wanted so badly. I knew that would scare him off...I had to slow this down.

"Caleb," I said, my voice broke and shook.

"Yes?" he chuckled. I could hear him grinning.

"I think we should slow down." He stopped his wonderful tortures on my throat and sat back, looking somewhat disgruntled.

"But I really want to try this." He sounded like a scolded child. I reached out and ran my claws through his wet chest fur.

"So do I. But if we don't take it slow...we're both gonna come soon. And I, personally, would like this to last a while."

"Ok," he nodded slowly, looking into my eyes again, "What should we do?"

Good question. I wanted him at my throat again...but that wouldn't help at all. An idea came to mind suddenly.

"Well...take off your pants," I said.

"My paws are too cold." He stood slowly, hunching over in the tent. He smiled wickedly, "You take 'em off for me."

I returned the smile and reached up to the first button. It popped open with very little effort. The others were slightly more difficult as his pants were wet and his cock was hard. My paws shook terribly as I peeled off his pants. I had wanted this so badly, and for so long, yet I'd never had the courage to admit it to him...or myself.

He put his paw on my shoulder to balance as I pulled the legs over his feet. His paws were indeed quite chilled from the rain. I removed the other leg and he stood before me in only his underwear, his cock rigid and clearly outlined through the wet cotton. I wanted so desperately to take him into my mouth and warm his cock while I worshiped it silently. But, instead, I took his paw from my shoulder and began suckling his digits one by one.

As his fingers were warmed in my muzzle he reached out and gently removed my shirt with his free paw. Slowly, he trailed his paw down my soft chest and stomach. It came to rest at my zipper and started to work it open. He knelt with me and I slowly worked my way up his arm, kissing that sacred flesh.

When I neared his armpit, I jumped to his nipple and felt it react instantly to my long, thin tongue. He moaned loudly and pulled my cock free of its painfully tight prison. He stroked my exposed pride with surprising skill. He was obviously very practiced with handling one, even if only his own, because I was closing fast on my climax.

I pulled him into a tight embrace and kissed him deeply, trying to prolong this as much as possible. As we pressed against each other I could feel thick gobs of precum saturating his underwear. The place where his bulge touched my leg was slick with his juices.

I leaned down and pulled his underwear off of him, laying him back on my thick sleeping bag. His cock

dribbled juice on his furry belly. He scooped it up with a thick, furry finger and licked it away, sighing.

"You've got to try this," he rumbled, his deep voice making his chest vibrate softly.

"Ok..." I smiled as I moved down toward him and kissed him deeply, my tongue greedy for the taste of him. My mouth came alive as I tasted his thick spice. It was sweeter than any I'd ever had. It reminded me of the rare treat I used to give myself when I was young. I had a habit of sneaking off to a dairy farm near my home town, buying a gallon of raw milk, and sitting by myself, lapping the cream off the top. That thick, sweet, creamy heaven tasted like swill, comparatively speaking. I had to taste this spice for myself, direct from the tap, so to say.

When I started to move down his neck, Caleb knew what I was going to do and he moaned loudly and he began to thrust his hips slowly, in expectation. His entire body vibrated, more from his passionate growling than the cold.

"Oh...please..." His voice was a barely audible whimper.

I wanted to please him so badly it was hard to pace myself and go slow. But, somehow, I drifted slowly downward, slipping my tongue through his dense fur and pressing it against his belly firmly.

Suddenly, I reached the spot where his fur was saturated with his spicy precome. My taste buds exploded and I moaned loudly. I couldn't take it anymore. I dropped my head and wrapped my muzzle around his thick girth, suckling it desperately. His scent and flavor were too powerful for me to resist and I worked like a madman, pulling him toward the edge.

His body writhed and twitched underneath me as he drew nearer his climax. He began to scream and claw at my head, pulling me into each stroke harder and faster.

With one final, brutal thrust, he crammed his pride deep into my throat and bellowed. His muscles locked as he came violently. His silk splashed into me as I drank hungrily. Spasms rocked his body as the wave took him, carrying him beyond sanity for those few, blissful moments.

All too soon, it was over. The flavor of his spice still fresh in my mouth, I collapsed on his stomach and sobbed shamelessly, my arms wrapped around his waist.

"Wh..what's wrong?" he panted.

"I'm so sorry, Caleb." I blubbered, "I..just couldn't wait any longer. I wanted this to last. I wanted you to enjoy it."

His roaring laughter caught me a touch off-guard, "I did Mik'!! Believe me...I did. That was wonderful!"

"But..." He placed his paw over my muzzle again. His strong arms reached down and pulled me into a fierce hug.

"Besides, who says we're done?" He grinned wickedly, "Now it's your turn."

A few stray tears ran quickly down my face as I hugged Caleb tightly. He turned his head slightly and nibbled softly at my throat, causing me to moan and shiver. My head lolled back and he assaulted my neck with

a barrage of rough licks and softly biting kisses. I melted in his arms and he gently laid me back on the sleeping bag, his huge body arching over my smaller, more lithe form.

He rapidly worked his way down to my nipples, dragging his teeth gently over my soft throat and chest. He took one of my nipples between his teeth and licked it roughly. Electricity shot through me as my entire body came to life at his command. My nipple became a rock hard nub under his tongue. Only then did he traverse my chest and repeat the same routine on my other nipple.

Soon he was drifting down my centerline, nibbling here and there. My breathing became panting and groaning as he neared my loins. Tauntingly, he drifted off to the left of my groin and dove down between my legs, pressing his tongue firmly against my anus. The pressure of his tongue was just strong enough for me to feel, but not to actually push it in. My entire body lit up like a Christmas tree as he tortured me with pleasures most splendid.

Slowly, he dragged his tongue up, between my legs, across my soft scrotum and up the length of my scaly sheath. My moaning was bordering on screaming as I quaked. My eyes closed tightly and my mouth went dry as his lips wrapped around my pride. A soft warmth enveloped me as he slipped more of my length within his muzzle, his tongue wriggling wonderfully against the sensitive underside of my cock.

My tail rattle buzzed loud and fast as his warm muzzle glided down along my length. I thrashed and bucked beneath him, my climax closing fast. I was almost scared that he'd stop or slow down. After all, he was in no rush now.

He did not slow or stop. Apparently, he could feel my need and his tempo and pressure increased. His tongue was very skilled and I found myself curious as to how he knew what he was doing. If this was his first time...he was a very fast learner.

All of my muscles locked in unison as the wave took me. Caleb's expression was one of intense yearning and lust. His muzzle tightened around my girth as he sucked madly, milking me of my spice.

"Please Mike," he whimpered, "Come for me...."

That request made me lose all sense of control. I was in his sway, and had to comply. I erupted into his soft muzzle, screaming loudly. My rattle reached a feverish pitch and knocked something unseen over, but I didn't give a damn. My body was under an unbreakable geas to come for my lover. As spasms rocked my body and Caleb swallowed eagerly, I became aware, very slowly, that the storm was over. Now only a small trickle continued outside. I looked down at Caleb, my eyes reflecting the love I saw in his.

"Come here, lover," I said.

He smiled and climbed into my arms. We hugged passionately for a long while and soon I found myself lying on his chest, smiling up at his beautiful face.

"That was incredible," he said, smiling happily.

I ran my fingers in slow circles through his chest fur, "Yes. Oh yes, it was."

His expression saddened a bit, "I'm sorry about teasing you at the pool. I really wanted to try it...but...I don't know. I guess I got scared," He looked away from me and his eyes misted over slightly.

"Caleb," I said softly, pulling his gaze to mine, "There is nothing wrong with being scared. This was a major step and not one to be taken lightly." I laid my head down on his chest and looked out through the top of the tent flap, "I am curious though...."

He sighed above me, "As to why?" I nodded on his chest.

"Well," he began, "I'm not entirely sure. I started getting curious about you a few months ago...but I never thought I'd do anything about it. I guess...I wanted to show you...and me, that it doesn't bother me that you're...y'know..."

"Gay, Caleb. You can say it. Lightening won't strike you." I looked up at him, "But why tell me like this? Weren't you afraid that this would change you?"

He shook his head, smiling, "Nope."

"Why?" I asked.

"Mike," he chuckled, "You're the one who's always telling me that your preference is what defines your sexuality. You prefer males. I prefer females. It doesn't mean that we can't try something new every now and again. Just because blue is my favorite color doesn't mean I can't wear green."

I nodded. more to myself than him, "That is true. So, maybe next time we do this...we can take our time?"

His smile was almost evil, "As soon as the sun comes up."

I looked him dead in the eyes, "Are you serious?"

"Sure am....bud." He licked my nose and laughed.

"I love it when you call me that."

"I know...that's why I do it," he grinned.

I smiled happily and curled my tail around his legs and drifted slowly into a deep, satisfied slumber. Just before I lost all consciousness, I realized that I had one more thing to say.

"I love you, Caleb," I whispered.

"I love you too, Mik'l," came the reply.

Sleep and blissful dreams came quickly to me. And I knew morning was going to be a long time in dawning.

END PART I