Tenting

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With my mouth full of his cock ... I laid still and sucked it a while

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Camping in the Yard
by T. Sterone

August in Indiana is pretty much like August anywhere in the USA - the hottest time of the year. This August had been no exception. Still, what red-blooded young man objects to a little extra heat during the day when the nights, at least in Indiana, were so pleasant? So toward the end of August, then, my best friend, Francisco, invited me and two other guys to a camp-out beside his house. We wouldn't really be camping, just sleeping in tents. Still, it was a night and sleeping out of doors after a very pleasant day. I was, perhaps, the most eager of the four of us, but I had no idea why.

Francisco and I were in one tent, the others in a separate tent, and since we were still young enough not to feel the need for anything as mundane as sleep, we didn't intend to do it. Instead, we told jokes, discussed all the sex we hadn't had yet with anyone we knew and lusted over, and we played cards - 21, mostly, and I lost mostly. It didn't matter, because we weren't playing for money or any stakes at all, really.

As the evening light faded, the flashlights came on, and as the night wore on, we grew weary. Francisco and I decided to lie down. We could still talk, just not sit up any longer, because we were not as young as we felt we were. I don't know if it was by his intent or just by fickle happenstance that we ended up in the position we did, but his hips were right in front of my face, and as it was dark, and as I needed to stretch, my right hand bumped into his crotch.

His cock was hard. That wasn't unusual for Francisco, because he was easily the horniest guy I knew. What was unusual was that I didn't retract my hand. I left it there, feeling his hard-on and remembering the times I'd dreamt about sucking one. Those dreams had started when I was too young to write about it here, but at the time I was older and a bit more adventurous, so I fondled his cock a while.

"Let me take it out for you," Francisco said, and he unzipped and extracted his cock. It wasn't the first cock I had felt in my hand, but I suppose I shouldn't count my own. It felt wonderfully warm and exciting, the skin so pliable and thin over the rigidity of his shaft, the head so smooth and spongy beneath my fingers, and the musky smell that I remembered - from when I don't know.

After fondling his cock for a while, Francisco asked me to jack him off, and I loved the way his cock slid through my fingers under its skin, and I was so engrossed with the feeling that I didn't notice any shifting of position. But in fact, he was pushing his pelvis toward my face, inch-by-inch, and the only reason I eventually noticed it was that his cock head found my lips.

I recoiled a bit at first, then realized it was just a dream coming true. Having gotten over the initial start, I returned my head to its former position, letting my lips find his cock and caress its head. I licked it a little, then a little more when I found it tasted good to me, then as I licked it, I pressed toward his zipper, wetting his cock as thoroughly as I could along the way.

With my mouth full of his cock, then, and my lips closed around its base, I laid still and sucked it a while, but not for long. Francisco had a full head of steam, by then, and started fucking my mouth slowly. I didn't object to his use of my mouth in that way, and in fact I really enjoyed it.

"Mmm," I purred in approval.

He hastened his fucking a little bit.

"Mmm-Humm!" I hummed into his cock, enjoying the faster speed. His thrusts stayed at that new speed, steady and full-length, and I loved it. Now and again he would move a little differently and break the suction in my mouth. He called it a "Fuck-Fart," and I laughed. He kept fucking through my laughter and seemed to be enjoying it as much as I was.

I kept moaning my approval of Francisco's cock and fucking, and he started moaning his approval of my mouth and sucking, and before long we had an audience of two, flashlights blazing on my face. I didn't notice the lights, completely lost in the cock fucking my mouth. Even if I had noticed, I wouldn't have objected to an audience of hundreds, because it seemed, oddly enough, to be what I was born to do.

The two on-lookers got hard and unzipped their own pants as they knelt and just inside the tent flaps. They withdrew their cocks and started jacking off in rhythm to Francisco's fucking. I'm told they were commenting right along, but again I didn't notice. My ears were as useless as my eyes while I was being fucked.

What did work, though, was my mouth. I sucked like I was trying to get Francisco's insides out, and I started sliding my tongue around as he fucked, and before long his cock began to twitch, then he trembled, and then he filled my mouth with something I hadn't considered. I had never tasted cum before, and like the cock it was squirting from, I found an instant attraction to it.

I swallowed each squirt, and though he had stopped fucking, each time I swallowed Francisco's cock would jump inside my mouth and squirt some more cum into my throat. Too soon, he had finished cumming and started to relax. He pulled his shrinking cock from my mouth, and I heard someone say, "I'm getting ready to cum, too. Open up, you!"

I looked, having regained my sight along with my hearing, and not quite close enough for me to suck it was another cock. I moved toward it quickly and enveloped it in my lips as I had done Francisco's at first, and he squirted. His cock never really got properly inside my mouth, just the tip of his head inside my lips splattering his cum against my teeth and tongue. I swallowed that, too, and like the first cock of the night, he lost his rigidity and withdrew.

"Now me," the fourth guy in our tenting party said. I again had to crawl toward his cock to taste it, and I was privileged to take three full strokes on it before he started cumming. Unlike the other two, whose cum was a little caustic but tasted great, this guy's cum was bitter but smoother to the tongue. It was like drinking medicine, and it was a medicine I wanted to swallow. Soon he, too, finished cumming.

As I felt his weakening cock slip from my lips, I realized what I had done. I had become a cock-sucker. I liked it and decided to sign C.S. after my name on all but the most official documents in the future. From that point on, the second tent went unused, and whenever anyone of the other three had a hard-on, I didn't hesitate to blow him. And of course, to blow one of them meant I would also blow the other two in quick suck-session.

And then was the Summer of my discontent complete, and the Autumn of fulfillment begun. It was obvious to me that I hadn't blown Francisco, but his cock. I reasoned that to blow a person would mean an emotional attraction to him, but to suck a cock was just different. It was the most blissful feeling I had ever and have ever known. Even after forty years, I still go ecstatic with a cock in my mouth. The world disappears, and there's just my mouth and its favorite counterpart, a cock.