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Backpacking with Ian, Part 5
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"So do you think this is what heaven will be like?" Ian asked.

"I don't know, but I could endure an eternity of this." Ian pulled me onto my back and positioned my legs between his massive tree trunk thighs. We were both stiff but not rock hard. As Ian kissed my face and neck, he rubbed his cock against mine, his balls danced over my own.

Even with Ian's 250-pound frame draped over my body, I was comfortable and warm. "Do what you want with me, Lover," I encouraged.

"Would you be disappointed if we didn't have sex tonight? My ass is still sore from that pounding you gave me last night."

"To be honest, I'm glad you said that. I want you so bad, but I'm feeling a little sore myself. Let's just hold each other and see where it leads," I suggested.

After a few more minutes of kissing, Ian added, "You know, I could still use some oral practice. I'd like to learn to take you all the way down, like you did me." Without hesitation, Ian slid down, kissing his way down the center of my body to my taint. I spread my legs and enjoyed his attention at the base of my cock.

As he continued to suck and lick at my balls, which were pulling up tight, he massaged my thighs with his powerful hands. Looking up from between my legs, Ian asked, "What should I do now?"

"Pull my dick up to your face and lick up the shaft," I commanded. Ian smiled and complied immediately. Taking my cock in one hand, he pulled it back toward his face, and starting from my balls, he slowly licked up the underside of my shaft. Once he reached my swollen head, he began to pull it into his mouth. "Don't! Not yet!" I ordered.

Slightly startled at my sudden command, Ian hesitated and licked his way back down the full length of my dick. "That's right," I said reassuringly, "nice and slow, enjoy the length of it." Ian was really getting into being at my command. I pulled more sleeping bag up under my back and neck so I could more easily look down at my lover worshipping my rock hard cock. With the tip of his tongue he pressed up the center of my shaft, drawing a steady stream of precum out my piss slit. As it ran out and down my rod, Ian licked it up before descending and drawing up another juicy morsel.

"Now lick around my cockhead but don't take it into your mouth yet," I ordered. As Ian complied, I rewarded him with another large glob of precum, which he licked up hungrily with the tip of his tongue. He continued to lick around my deep red glans until I directed him to take it into his mouth. With a dimpled smile, Ian swallowed my fat head into his mouth and attempted to suck more clear liquid from my pole.

"Take more into your mouth, but do it slowly. When you feel me pressing against the back of your throat, stop and just hold me there." As he willingly submitted to my request, I sat up to change the angle of my cock sliding into his mouth. I could tell his throat was resisting but Ian was persistent.

"Just open your throat and swallow, slowly. If you feel you need to gag, don't pull back off, just hold it there and relax." He did as I suggested and I shivered as my swollen head popped through to the back of Ian's mouth and into his throat. He closed his eyes and held me there for a moment, as his throat got comfortable with being stretched. "That's it Ian, just relax and go slow from here," I encouraged.

Ian pressed on and took the last couple of inches steadily down his throat. He drove his nose down into my trimmed pubes and began massaging my cock head with his throat. I felt like I would explode. "Now work the hole shaft, Lover," I commanded.

Ian pulled back off my cock, leaving just my glans surrounded by his beautiful lips then immediately drove all the way back down, pausing slightly as my glans popped through to the back of his throat.

"Ian, I'm gonna cum. Fuck! that feels so good." A moment later, I was pumping a continuous stream of jizz down Ian's throat. He pulled back just enough to take my cum across his tongue, not wanting to have it all disappear down his throat without tasting it. The volume of cum was just too much for him to take and white sticky slime began spilling out the sides of his mouth. I fell back again on my back and breathed out heavily as the last volley escaped my gaping piss slit. But Ian didn't relax his attention on my cock. He drove the tip of his tongue into my dick and attempted to reach the very source of my diminishing spring. I spasmed violently, pulling my dick out of his mouth, it slammed against my stomach with a loud slap. Ian looked up at me and smiled, cum still streaking his cheeks and running down his goatee. I smiled back down at him and exhaled with a shiver.

Ian glanced down at my semi-hard cock and began licking up the strings of cum that had previously escaped his hungry mouth. I shivered again and squirmed with every touch of his tongue and lips; I was so completely spent and sensitive. "You did it Champ," I was finally able to talk again.

Satisfied he had licked up the last of my spent liquid protein, Ian climbed back up on my chest and just nuzzled in close. "I feel so complete with you."

"I love you," I replied.

"You have no idea how good that makes me feel. I love you, too."

Before I had the strength to return the favor, Ian had drifted off to sleep, draped across my body. We were both exhausted and slept soundly until the morning sun was shining full force across our sleeping bags.

I woke first with Ian still at my side. His 20-inch arm across my chest and one of those huge thighs nestled warmly between my own. I closed my eyes again and drifted back to sleep.

Even though the sun was shining in a crystal clear blue sky, it was still freezing cold. We had no desire to get up and face our last day on the mountain and I still hadn't broken my news to Ian. The reason I had invited him on this trip in the first place was to tell him about a change coming in my life. I had no idea that we would be confessing our love for one another and this only made my decision more difficult to reveal. In fact, now I wasn't even sure I had made the right decision at all.

The next time I woke, Ian was gently kissing the side of my face. I turned to him and returned the affection. We just looked each other in the eye and smiled. His blue eyes were the same color as the sky above and it was like I could see right through him to the heavens. I lay there thinking to myself how fortunate I had been to know Ian these five years. And now, to have him return my love made me feel complete.

"We have to get up don't we?" Ian asked with disappointment in his voice.

"Sadly, yes," I responded.

Ian slid over onto my body and began to get up, push-up style. After one last kiss on the lips, Ian stood above me. The cold air sent a shiver over his body and his nipples stood to attention. He reached down to give me a hand up and I stood and ran to the frigid lake. Without pausing, I dove in headfirst. When I resurfaced, I yelled out, "Fuck, it's cold!" Just as I was coming up for air, Ian was diving in. He swam over to me and we took turns washing the remnants of sex off each other's bodies. Splashing and giggling as swam around each other, trying to work up a little warmth. It was a futile attempt. The water was only a couple degrees warmer than the morning air and that was barely above freezing.

I ran over to my pack and pulled out our towels, throwing one to Ian as he ran up. As quickly as possible we dried off and pulled on sweats. We had already settled into a routine and I found myself manning the fire while Ian dug through the food pack, digging out breakfast. "Looks like we're having oatmeal this morning," he announced, "and a couple apples."

In no time at all we had eaten, cleaned up the campsite and were on our way out of the shadows and onto the rocky ridge that separated us from my Mini. Once we were off the ridge and onto more level ground, we walked side-by-side holding hands. The sun was warm and the breeze was cool as we walked through a lush green valley, continuously descending along a rushing stream. In the distance, I caught sight of the ranger's cabin and was reminded of the news I had yet to reveal to Ian.

"I've been meaning to tell you something," I began. "I've taken a new job and will be moving."

Ian stopped in his tracks and turned me round, facing me directly. For the first time in five years I saw anger in Ian's face and an instant later that anger was replaced with the fear you see in a child's face when he's about to be disciplined. "You can't, you can't leave me now that we've found each other," he almost begged as his eyes filled with tears. My heart sank in my chest and my own tears began to flow.

"I brought you up here to tell you, because this will be my new office," I said as I gestured to the mountains all around us. "I don't have to take the job, I had no idea that we'd be getting together."

"You got the job with the National Park Service you were telling me about?"

"Yeah, that cabin over there, that would be my summertime home."

"Seth, you have to take it. You've been working toward this for years. When did you find out?"

"Just a week and a half ago. I didn't tell you because I wanted you to see it for yourself."

"What if you were married? Could you bring a spouse along?"

"I guess, but obviously that isn't an issue," I said, not following his train of thought.

"Let's go see your new home."

As we approached the door opening of the hundred-year-old log cabin, Ian stopped me again, dropped to his knee and held my hands, "Will you marry me?" Recognizing the shock on my face, he said it again; "I've come to realize how much I love you and am willing to admit it now. And now that we are together, I can't imagine life without you. Will you marry me?"

"We can't in this state, but yes, yes, of course I'll marry you, however that looks." Ian stood suddenly to his feet, dropped his pack right there on the ground and pulled mine from my back. He lifted me off my feet and carried me into the one room cabin then exclaimed, "This isn't as romantic as I'd imagined it standing outside." Lowering me back to the dirt floor, we stood side-by-side and just stared in amazement at the carved graffiti in the walls going back decades. Without making a sound, Ian was back outside digging through his pack. As I continued to study the carvings, I heard Ian carving his own message into the cabin wall. I walked over to see the beginning of a heart and arrow with "Seth + Ian" carved into the center. It was corny, but so incredibly romantic.

As Ian continued to perfect his carving, I went out to my pack and brought back in my sleeping pad and laid it out on the pallet built into the wall. I came up behind Ian and began undressing him. First I pulled his sweaty t-shirt up over his head. He did his best to ignore me, returning immediately to his carving as soon as his hands and arms were free of his shirt. Then I unbuttoned his shorts and let them drop to the dirt floor. Pulling first one, then the other boot through the pants legs, Ian stood with his back to me completely nude save his boots and socks.

Ian did his best to finish his work of art as I hugged him from behind, my face pressed against his massive back and my hands exploring his pecs and abs. Ian finished his carving, stabbed the knife into the wall and took my hands into his own. Gently he guided my hands over his body, one to his now erect nipple and one to the growing erection between his legs. Teasing his tit between my thumb and forefinger, I elicited moans of pleasure from my man as I gently pulled and massaged at his nipple.

Slowly I slid down his back, kissing and licking my way down his spine to his beautiful round mounds of ass. Ian spread his legs and raised his butt in the air as I spread his cheeks with both hands and began feasting at his crack and taint. I reached up between his legs and pulled his semi-rigid cock back to my mouth. Ian bent over further as I took his foreskin covered head into my hot wet mouth and began nursing on his flowing precum. Licking my way back up the underside of his shaft, I buried my nose in his ass and sucked each of his balls into my mouth, bathing his loose scrotum with broad strokes from my tongue. With one hand bracing himself on the cabin wall, Ian reached back with the other to pull his cheeks further apart, giving me deeper access to his hot pulsing hole. Still pulling his dick back against my chin with one hand, I worked my saliva into his hole with the thumb of my other.

"Fuck, yes!" He groaned and moaned with pleasure. "That feels so good, Little Man, yeah, just like that."

Completely entranced by his noise making and the odor filling my nostrils from his sweaty ass, I also began humming. My deep moans reverberated through his muscled ass and helped to coax more precum from his swollen but still shrouded cockhead. I used it to lubricate my hand, which was now stroking slowly up and down the entire length of his shaft.

"Unless you want me to cum right here all over the floor, you need to stop," Ian announced.

I pulled my face out of his ass long enough to respond, "Whatever you want Big Boy." Then I buried my tongue back into his hole.

"I want us to cum together," he said as he stood and turned toward me. He took me by the hand over to the bed on the far side of the cabin.

He pulled my shirt up over my head and smothered my face and neck with kisses as I dropped my shorts down around my ankles. My own erection was full and hard, standing at attention between us. Ian groped his way down my back side and knelt in front of me. My dick swung and twitched in front of his face as he removed my shorts from over my boots. Having accomplished his task, he pulled my cock down toward his mouth and slowly slid it into his mouth while looking up into my eyes. Even with a mouthful of cock, his dimpled smile was unmistakable. As he sucked pleurably on my swollen glans, I placed my hands on the back of his head and gently urged him to take more in. He complied gladly and forced my dick down his throat, impaling himself on my entire length and burying his nose into my trimmed pubes. Once fully embedded, he shook his head side to side, vibrating my head in and out rapidly at the back of his throat. I threw my head back and let out a loud, deep grunt and my cock swelled even more. Too large to comfortably remain lodged in Ian's throat, he pulled back and allowed my shaft to escape his mouth then sat back on the bed. In one smooth motion, he sat back and pulled his knees up to his chest, his ass hung over the edge of the bed exposing his dark ass and even darker lips.

I leaned in and smothered his hole with saliva and positioned my fat head at his opening. Ian smiled down at me and said, "Be gentle with me. At least at first," he added with a broad smile.

I pushed my fully engorged glans against his ass and with steady pressure, forced my way in. Ian grimaced slightly and gasped as my mushroom head popped through. I stopped my forward motion long enough for Ian to catch his breath, and then soldiered on. Inch by inch my cock disappeared into his love canal. Ian closed his eyes and smiled as he enjoyed my full nine inches embedded in his ass. Slowly, I began sliding in and out of his hole, enjoying the heat and smooth friction of his inner bowels.

Ian repositioned slightly onto his side with his leg over my right shoulder. I wrapped my arm around his leg and began stroking his cock with my left hand in time with my penetrations. I don't know how long this lasted, we were both enjoying this slow love making so much, and neither of us wanted it to end. As I continued my slow fuck, I studied every detail of Ian's body. I was completely amazed how I felt completely united with this beautiful man.

"You are so fucking beautiful," I declared. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

"Me too. I want you to take this job and I want to join you." Ian smiled and reached up to the back of my head, pulling me down to his face and explored my mouth with his tongue. "Now, fuck me hard," he demanded.

I tightened my grip around his leg and increased my tempo, still stroking his cock in time with my rhythm. As I continued my assault on his ass, his loose balls bounced up and down across his massive thigh and his abs flexed into tight ridges that rippled with each thrust. I would pull nearly completely out and then slam back in slapping my hips against his sweaty ass cheeks. The sound of our lovemaking echoed in the small wood cabin. We were both very vocal lovers. Ian's groans of pleasure drowned out only by my own grunts and moans.

"Fuck, yes, Seth. Fuck me harder!" Ian demanded.

I complied willingly, now concentrating on short but powerful jabs in and out of his ass. It was all I could do to hold on to his leg with my one arm and stroke him at the same time. Sensing we were both near climaxing, Ian replaced my hand on his cock with his own and this allowed me to grab hold of his other thigh and increase my force into him.

Ian pulled his foreskin back, releasing a large flow of trapped precum that he used to lube his cock. As our pace increased, my legs began to twitch and spasm, my head fell back and I held on to his leg against my chest for dear life. "Oh God! I'm cumming!" I screamed as I drove as deep into his ass as I could. I held myself there, pressing my hips tight against his butt. He continued jerking off until he too was cumming in great streams across his chest. I attempted to renew my thrusts but the sensation was just too great and I could only stand a couple short jabs at a time. Ian's leg slid off my shoulder and he wrapped his legs around my hips, locking his heels up under my bubble butt. I collapsed on his sweaty, cum covered chest and my dick fell free of his loose hole. Ian pulled me up onto his body and we kissed and held each other as we recovered our ability to speak.

"Thank you for making me feel complete," he finally said after catching his breath.

"Any time, any where. You have made me the happiest man on earth. Promise me we'll never lose this feeling," I pleaded.

"With all that is within me," Ian promised.