



Indian Summer

Jason Crow

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By
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Chapter 1

In the summertime, when the weather is hot, my best friend Pete and I went into the woods behind our houses a lot. We did this since the moment I moved here. We played all sorts of stuff out there, but at the moment, it's mostly war. We were both dressed in second-hand army clothes, and we made our own weapons from old, leftover pieces, of plywood and stuff. They weren't just sticks or something that looked a little bit like an assault rifle. Nope. Pete and I spend a lot of time crafting the wood into actual M16, AK47, MP5, and some pistols. That was our thing. We liked to play stuff, but to us, everything we did needed to be as real as it could get.

It was the summer of 1987. Our vacation was about to start. The Berlin Wall was standing strong and the Russians were our enemies. President Reagan was weeks away from telling Gorbachov to tear down that wall, but no one I knew cared about that. Everybody sang along with Bon Jovi's 'Livin on a Prayer'. No one knew what a Rick-roll was, but Rick Astley was singing his song over and over again on the radio. Nobody ever heard of the internet yet, and a telephone was just used for talking to other people. Yeah. Life was simpler back then. That's for sure.

But my life wasn't always that simple. I have lived with my grandparents in south-east Missouri for about seven years now. My name is Ronald or, as most people call me, Ron. Well... technically, my name is Dewdrop, but my grandparents changed it officially to Ronald. I'm twelve, almost thirteen, have pale skin, and reddish hair. I'm four eleven and on the skinny side.

My mom ran away from home when she was fourteen, almost fifteen. She was one of these people who are easily manipulated, and that was also the reason she ran away. She'd always been rebellious, according to my grandparents. So, in 1975 when she met one of the 'Children of the Divine Sunlight' followers, she decided she wanted to join them. It took her just a little bit of planning, and one evening, she was gone. No note, no signs of where she went. Just gone.

Her parents, my grandparents obviously, were devastated and full of fear of what happened to their daughter. About half a year later, they heard from

someone who knew someone, that knew someone... They learned their daughter joined that obscure cult. The FBI was investigating the cult because of some disturbing signs that people were brainwashed, and because there were some hints of them wanting to commit mass suicide to achieve maximum enlightenment. Or some bullshit like that.

But the cult was very closed, and no one ever left it. That fact alone was a bad sign, but then there were also some tales about adult-child sex. My grandparents did everything in their power to free their daughter, but it was virtually impossible.

After a few years, they heard about me being born. Their divine leader knocked up my mom, just like he did most of the women there. By the time my grandparents knew, I was already five years old, but this changed everything for them. My grandfather served two tours in Vietnam with the special forces. He wasn't on active duty anymore but served in the reserves at the training facility we lived nearby. But, of course, he was still close friends with some of his former special forces mates, and they came up with a plan to rescue us from the cult. This plan had to be put in motion quicker than they originally intended because the signals of their 'ending the time on earth and transit into the spirit world above' grew a lot stronger lately.

So, one night I was taken from the cabin I slept in with four other kids and was returned to my grandparent's house. They tried to rescue my mom too, but she refused to leave. In fact, she alarmed everyone, which meant our getaway was loud and a bit messy, I later learned. I don't remember much from my time there, nor the rescue mission. I do remember bits of the compound and the fact that people hardly wore clothes there. But that's about all.

The intel we had about the planned mass suicide, unfortunately, was true. A little under a week after my rescue, I walked into the living room and saw my grandparents crying. On the tv was the compound I knew, and I saw bodies lying everywhere. But luckily it didn't register that they were dead and that something awful had happened there. They just appeared to be sleeping to me.

I do remember the funeral. Everyone was sad, and there were a lot of people in the house after the funeral. That was also the first time I met Pete. He lived next door, and he and his parents came over to pay their condolences to my grandparents. I was sitting on the swing in the backyard, not quite knowing how to cope with my feelings.

“Mind if I join you out here? It’s a bit depressing inside...” he asked.

He didn’t wait for my answer and sat on the swing next to me. I looked at him and he looked at me.

“I’ve never seen you around here... Are you related or something?”

“Sort of...” I said.

I wasn’t in the mood for talking, but he did seem nice, so I didn’t walk away.

“What does THAT mean?” he asked a bit annoyed.

“My mom died, alright!? And now I have to go to some stupid orphanage or something. So stop bugging me. Okay!”

“Wow... sorry dude! I didn’t know that. I’m sorry...” he replied, clearly a bit ashamed about his rudeness.

I immediately felt sorry for my blunt reply.

“It’s okay... You couldn’t know that. I’m Ron,” I said, trying to change the subject.

“Pete!” he said and stuck out his hand so I could shake it.

We shook hands, and from that moment on, we were best friends.

My grandparents automatically got custody of me. There were no other options, and they were thrilled to have me, so that was an easy deal. And considering the fact they were really young when my mom was born, combined with the fact that my mom was only fifteen when she got me, they could easily pass for a-little-older-than-usual parents. I didn’t want to call them mom and dad, grandpa and grandma, or anything in that line, so we opted for first names. From then on it was Chris and Marla.

We lived in a big farmhouse, but we hardly had any cattle. A big forest lay directly at our backyard and was practically owned by Chris and Hank. Hank

is our next-door neighbor and Pete's dad. It was a pretty big piece of forest, and only accessible through our backyards. I never saw anyone else in these woods for as long as I lived there. The house and the forest were the main reason Chris bought this house. Of course, the proximity of the Army Reserve Station was the initial reason. Obviously, there were more houses available in the area. But, because of the forest, he bought this one.

Our neighbor's house was close. Not close enough to hear everything that was going on there, but also not so far away, you needed a car to get there. It was about a five-minute walk. Our two houses were a bit in the sticks, though. The next house in our vicinity was a few minutes away by car. And the small town was a bit further.

Having Pete next door to play with, was a big plus for me. We were both twelve, and our birthdays were just eighteen days apart, with him being older. His birthday is just after the summer in August, which means we're both almost thirteen. Pete is also a twin. His sister Maya is a few minutes younger than him. The three of us got along really well, but it was mostly just Pete and me hanging out. Sometimes Maya would join us, but only if she didn't have a friend to play with, and their mom ordered us to play with her too.

We spent a lot of time in Pete's shed, building the stuff we could play with when we went into the forest. We'd almost finished an M60 replica that Rambo liked a lot, so it was a no-brainer that we needed it too. We were planning on a weekend in the forest to play war again and asked our parents if we were allowed to stay the night there, but they didn't allow us. First, the school year needed to be over, and then we were allowed to camp out. Just like last year. Only last year, Hank or Chris joined us in the woods because they thought we were too young to stay out there alone. Of course, that was last year when we were eleven, and this year we were allowed to stay out there on our own.

School was still in session, so staying in the woods was limited to the weekends. On Saturday, we decided to go into the woods at 6 am and stay there until around 8 pm. This wasn't unusual for us. We had an army tent there and we brought enough water and food with us to last a few days. We'd put up the tent near a small swimming hole, which was our favorite

spot out there. The swimming hole looked like it came directly out of a Bob Ross painting. Trees were hanging over the water to create nice shady spots. There was a big rock in the center where we could lie on or jump from. And on the banks of the swimming hole, there was a nice, and soft spot with grass and moss for us to lie down on.

We had a campfire place where we could cook and even had a small toilet, or better: a hole in the ground, where we could take a dump if we needed to. Peeing was done at a designated spot outside our camp, near the toilet.

After we put all our stuff in the tent and got comfy, we discussed the plans for today. As always, one of us would hide in the woods, and the other one would be hunting him. The only difference this time was that the hunter had the M60. We both knew these parts of the woods so well that it was getting a bit old. After eating lunch, we decided to go swimming. We did that more often, but not too much because the water was cold, and it took a lot of time before our undies were dry again. We always went swimming in our underwear. Back then, the plain white Fruit of the Loom bikini style briefs was the underwear every boy wore. We weren't an exception.

Pete and I never saw each other naked after around our ninth birthday. I don't know why, but we didn't bathe again together, and in situations like this we kept our underwear on. We weren't doing it deliberately. It just happened this way. Of course, swimming in white underwear meant that most of our junk would show anyway. But that didn't matter to us, we weren't naked. After swimming, we sat down in front of our tent and let the sun and wind dry us. When we were dry again, we went for another game of war. And another. And another.

After we cooked dinner, we sat down to eat it.

"Pete?"

"Whazzup?" Pete replied with his mouth full.

"I'm getting a bit tired of war..."

Pete looked at me, and I could see him swallowing his food.

"I know what you mean. Me too, if I'm honest. It's always the same. We're both too good at it," He said.

“But I really like our camp and hanging out here.”

“Me too! And I want to camp out here without any adult bugging us,” the look on his face brightened saying this.

We were silent for a bit, both lost in our own thoughts.

“You know what might be fun too?” I asked.

“Indians!” Pete replied enthusiastically.

“Yeah! How did you know?” I asked.

“Well... we did have that lesson about them last week, and I figured that might be fun to do too,” Pete replied.

“I know. And during class, I was thinking about all the opportunities we have when we’re doing this. I mean... we can make real bows and arrows, an original tipi, a headdress, a totem pole...”

“Yeah! We’ll turn this camp into an Indian village! And we can dress like them with the loincloths and headdress, and do rain dances, make a sweat-lodge...” Pete rattled on.

It was pretty obvious we were both pretty hyped about the idea. We still had a few weeks left to do our first sleepover here in true Indian style. But we were both determined to make it work. The rest of the day, and during our walk back, we spent planning everything. The hardest part was the tipi. We needed the stuff for that, and I offered to arrange the stuff we needed for it. I was sure Chris knew some people that could help me with that. The totem pole was easy, according to Pete. There was a large part of an old tree lying around, which he could turn into a pole. That was his job during the coming week.





Chapter 2

It was our last week before school ended and this week we would be hauling our stuff into the woods each day. One day, we even did two runs to get our stuff out there. Our army tent was already gone, and the stuff for the tipi was almost completely there. We hauled the last bits up there and put up our tipi. It was big enough for six people if we wanted to, but we didn't mind that one bit. This way, we could fit in all our stuff and still have leftover space. It was Wednesday evening, and we were walking back to our home. All that was left to do for us, was haul the totem pole up there.

The next evening we would be finishing our bows. We didn't make it from some spare wood lying around this time. We bought some high-quality wood that was the best for creating a bow and we each carved some ancient signs in them. We couldn't use animal gut or something like that as a string, of course, but Pete's dad found some excellent parachute cord that would probably be even better. After we put everything together and the bows were tested for their strength, we wanted to try them out. We took some of the arrows we made and tested our bows in the backyard. Maya, Hank, and Chris came to look at how we did.

Apparently, I built a better bow than Pete. Or maybe I was a better shot than him because I hit almost all the targets after we shot the first test arrows.

And then there were the loincloths... Pete was in charge of these. We had a tryout session in his room and the loincloths were WAY too small. We both kept our underwear on, but even a baby couldn't hide his penis under this. So I decided to help him with this. The string he decided to use, which needed to go around our waists, was perfect. It was a bit elastic and about half an inch wide and felt soft and comfy on my skin. The cloth itself was the problem. It was stiff, too thick, and way too short. I chose a soft, almost silk-like fabric, tripled it in size, and made sure it was long enough. After I was done, the fabric ended halfway between my ball sack and my knee. Pete hadn't thought about our backsides either, so I added a piece of cloth there too.

But when I fitted the new loincloth in my room, the undies just didn't do it. They needed to go, so it was just the loincloth obscuring the view. I tried it this way and looked at myself in my full-length mirror. And I liked it. The two cloths hid all the precious jewels that needed to be hidden, but they also made me look real Indian too. There was just a slight problem with the pubes I started growing recently. They were peeking out over the top of the cloth. Not a real big problem because I figured Pete had these too already, but they were visible this way. I decided to cut off the most prominent ones but didn't want to cut off all of them. I was too proud of having pubes now, after all. I did feel a bit sexy in this cloth and I sported a boner. It was still hidden from view by the cloth, but it was impossible to hide the fact that I was sporting one. This could possibly become a problem, but I guessed I'd figure this one out later.



Chapter 3

Well... Eventually, school ended and we immediately wanted to sleep in our Indian village we created in the forest. That Friday afternoon we walked toward our camp. We were going to stay for two nights in a row and would be eating there both evenings. We were completely psyched! Our backpacks were filled with food, candy, drinks, and the usual camping stuff like flashlights and air mattresses. The walk was almost half an hour, but it went by so quickly, we both were surprised we were already there. We put our stuff inside the tipi and our sleeping stuff inside the mosquito net we hung inside.

This was also the moment we started going native, so we needed to shed our clothes and wear loincloths and headdresses. I was the first to go inside, and I disrobed quickly. I put my clothes in the plastic bag I brought with me for this purpose and put them away. I put on the cloth and quickly pulled down my Fruit of the Looms before I could chicken out. Next was my headdress and I immediately felt like an Indian. We would also put some stripes on our faces and chests, but we decide to do that the next morning with the charcoal from this night's fire.

I crawled out of our tipi and stood before Pete, who looked me over from head to toe and admitted he was impressed with the way I looked. I felt pretty naked standing in front of him, but I tried not to think about it too much. My dick was covered up after all. Pete got up and went inside to change. He'd already put down the pieces of carpet around the fireplace for us to sit on. We did have three chairs and a bench, but we found it more realistic to sit on the ground like Indians.

A few moments later Pete came out of the tipi. And I admitted to him that I was impressed too. We wore the same outfit, of course, but seeing it on another person was a lot different. Pete looked almost exactly like me. He was a few days older, so the development of our bodies was practically equal. He too was on the skinny side but with a darker complexion. His belly was tight without a sign of a six-pack, and his belly button was an outie. His shoulders were a bit broader than me and his chest was a bit wider. At 5

feet he was a tiny bit taller than me. He had brown hair and grey eyes. I could see some hairs peeking out above the elastic band that had the cloth attached, so he was growing pubes too, just like me.

"I feel like I'm naked dude..." he said as he kept his arms in front of his chest.

"I know. Me too. Let's go and do something to get our minds off this, okay?"

We both took our bow and arrows and went into the woods. There was a small open spot a few minutes away. We figured we could go there for our target practice. At home, we made a few fake bunnies and took some of them with us. We were carrying them over our shoulders, along with our bow and arrows. Pete was walking in front of me, and I kept my eyes focused on the exposed bits of his butt. The outer parts of his cheeks were exposed, and the movement of them when he walked, almost hypnotized me. I didn't consider myself gay, although I've never given it much thought. But I also didn't label 'looking at another boy's body' as gay.

We put down our targets and took turns shooting at them. I was way better at this than Pete, so I offered to give him some pointers. He accepted this gratefully. I took a few steps back and looked at his posture, the way he held his bow, the way he positioned his feet.. all that kind of stuff. Pete fired four arrows with me looking at him. When he fired his third arrow, I noticed that the front flap of his loincloth moved up when he fired his arrow. This briefly exposed parts of his penis, which I found very interesting. Once again, I wasn't gay but curious as hell about these things.

"Do two more," I said after his fourth arrow. "And lift your elbow higher at the back."

During these two arrows, I saw his entire penis, by mentally adding up the flashes he gave me. He was my size, only his penis was circumcised, where I wasn't. The shooting was going slightly better, but not by much, so I walked over to Pete. He took his position and I stood beside him. I lifted his elbow, just like I said. But he didn't know exactly what I meant. I laid my left hand on his lower abdomen, just above the waistband of his loincloth, and pressed on it so he would stand straighter. I felt some hair tickling my fingers but decided to ignore that.

“Try shooting like this now,” I said and looked Pete in his eyes, keeping my hands where they were, so he would stay like this.

I noticed his face was red, but couldn't quite place why. Until I saw movement in the corner of my eye and instinctively looked down at what was moving. I didn't expect what I saw. His cloth was sticking out, and it was obvious he was sporting a boner. Luckily for him, the cloth was still covering his dick.

“Ehh...” I didn't quite know what to say to this, so I chose to ignore it. “Just shoot, Pete!”

He tensed his belly muscles more, I could feel that quite clearly, and he fired his bow. His arrow struck the target dead center. He stepped back a bit and my eyes went to his crotch. Looking at Pete like this made my own pecker rise too, and was fully hard in no time. Pete's eyes went to my boner too.

“Well... this is awkward...” I said, trying to break the tension.

“No shit!” Pete laughed. “You want to put your undies back on?”

“Nah... It'll pass. Do you?”

“No. Guess we need to get used to walking around practically naked. I didn't think this one through. I just figured it would add to the whole Indian vibe,” Pete said and smiled at me.

“It does! Good thing it's just the two of us. Think about going to school like this!” I laughed.

Pete started laughing too and before we knew it, we were both soft again.

We went back to camp and got ourselves a nice fire going. Darkness would come soon, and we learned from experience that making a fire in the dark is quite an adventure. So, by the time it was dark, we were sitting around the fire, Indian style, of course, waiting for our stew to be ready. Karen, Pete's mom, made this for us, so we could heat it on our fire. And by cooking this for us, she was sure we had a decent meal.

“It's a good thing it's summer,” Pete said.

“Huh?”

"Well... Considering I'm not wearing much, I'm not cold at all"

"You're right! Never thought of that. In fact, the fire feels kinda hot." I said and slapped a mosquito sitting on my arm.

"Did you remember to put on the bug spray?" Pete asked and he threw the bottle to me.

"Thanks!" I said and sprayed my body from head to toe with the anti-bug stuff.

I threw the bottle to Pete and sat back down again. We were both lost in our own thoughts for a while. That is one thing I like about Pete so much. We can be together and be quiet for over an hour, without the need to talk. And that was what was happening now.

"Ehh, Ron?" Pete said after a while.

"S'up?"

"Your stuff..." he said and looked at my crotch.

I was sitting Indian style and wasn't boned up, I was sure of that. But apparently, the cloth covering my front had a mind of its own. The waistband had shifted and now my cloth hung completely the other way. This way my entire package was exposed.

"Oops!" I blushed and quickly corrected my fashion error.

"Don't worry about it. I can handle it" he smiled. "Hey! We should come up with some typical Indian names for ourselves!"

"Good idea!" I said, thankful for the subject change.

"Lemme think..." Pete said and went quiet.

"I think I'll go with 'Ray of sun,'" he said a few moments later. "How about you?"

"I think my name will be 'Dewdrop,'" I said.

Pete knew I had experienced something in the past, but he never knew how or what. That also meant he never knew my real birth name. So why not use it now?

"That settles it then. Let's eat, Dewdrop. I think it's ready."

"Alright, Ray of sun. I'll get the plates," I said and went into our tipi to get the plates and spoons.

We ate Karen's stew and talked about our plans for the rest of the weekend. Tomorrow we'd go hunting for real rabbits. The moccasins we made proved to be perfect and we could easily go through the woods with these on our feet. So one concern we had about this outfit was gone. A swimming break was definitely part of the program because tomorrow, we would get a blazing hot afternoon.

Another thing we both agreed to was a weather dance we needed to do this evening. We made these small drums we saw in our history books, and we needed to put them to use too.

"I brought us some firewater too..." Pete almost whispered.

"Huh!?"

"I took some bottles from my dad's liquor cabinet, stupid!" he laughed. "I mixed some of them to create the firewater."

"Oh... Why?"

"The Indians drink some special potion before their dance, so they could get into a trance. That way, they'll get closer to the spirits."

"Right... I've read something about that," I responded, but not sure if I wanted to drink it.

We washed our dishes in the collapsible army bucket and set them to dry. By now, it was completely dark. I went inside the tipi, took my flashlight, and made sure my air mattress was blown up, so I could sleep tonight. Pete figured he'd do it later, and he wasn't in the mood now. He said he'd watch the fire and get our firewater ready.

I was done setting up my sleeping arrangements for the night and crawled out of the tipi when I saw Pete set down his mug with a slam.

"AHHH! Wow! That's some strong stuff," he said, looking at me.

"You drank one already?" I asked, a bit annoyed.

"I needed to test if it's okay dude..." he said and poured us both a new cup.

I don't know what kind of mixture he made, but it was a coffee mug containing some sort of a brownish liquid.

"To the spirits!" Pete said as he held up his mug for us to toast.

"To the spirits!" I responded, and we banged our mugs together.

We both drank it down in one swift motion. The mugs weren't too big. It took me two big gulps to get it empty. But damnit! Pete was right. This was strong stuff! I coughed a bit, setting it down as I felt the warm glow flow through my throat. That made Pete laugh, but I could see he struggled too.

"Now we wait in silence for the firewater to start working, so we can dance all night," Pete said and looked into the fire.

I knew he was joking about dancing all night. And I wasn't too much into the dancing, but we both figured it needed to be done, considering we were Indians now. We sat there both watching the flames and lost in our thoughts. Flames can be pretty hypnotic, I learned then and there. I felt my head getting a bit light and I felt warm all over. As I was thinking about all this, I heard the sound of a drum beside me. Pete had picked up his hand-made drum and started a monotonous drum sequence. This added to the hypnotic effect of the fire.

Moments later, I heard ruffling beside me, and I looked over. Pete stood up and started moving his body to the rhythm of the drums. It looked a bit silly at first, but as he really got into it, I felt the urge to join him. I saw his bronze body moving in the shimmering light of the campfire. His loincloth was swaying from left to right on the rhythm of his motions. Every now and then a bit of his penis peeked out, but it didn't bother me at all.

I picked up my drum and started playing at a different pace than Pete, but I matched his rhythm. I got up and joined him, dancing around the fire. Although calling it dancing is a bit of a stretch. We moved around the fireplace on the rhythm of our drums, with our bodies making all sorts of odd moves. But for some reason, we were both really into it. I don't know if it was the firewater, the monotonous drums, the fire, or a combination of these, but I felt like I was in some sort of trance. And from what I saw, so

was Pete. I felt my loincloth shift a bit during the dancing, but because I was so into it, I decided to leave it at that and only pay attention to the dance. I looked over at Pete and noticed he had the same problem as I did. His penis and balls were showing entirely, and he didn't notice or didn't care, because he was dancing like he was the only person in the world. But what struck me most about looking at him this way was that he was stiff. His boner pointed upward and was swaying with the motions of his body. That's when I realized I was stiff too. I was so engrossed in the dancing that I hadn't noticed it. This must've been something to behold when you walked into the forest back then. Two practically naked boys with their boners on display, dancing around a campfire. I wish I had a video of it now to look back at it.

I don't know what it was, probably the firewater, but I decided to keep on dancing. I felt so at ease with myself dancing this way, and seeing Pete go on like this was enough to keep me going. Even if I was on display like this. Feeling my penis bob up and down with each motion, the wind on it, and sometimes a gush of warm air from the campfire made me tingly all over, and especially in my penis. Looking back now, I was just getting horny from walking around practically naked, my best friend's boner on display, and a big mug of booze. But back then, I didn't know what was going on. I never had an orgasm, and my penis was just there so I could pee. Sure, lately I had a lot of stiffies, and I didn't know where that came from. But other than that, nothing even remotely sexual had entered my mind.

The tingly feeling in my penis kept rising, and I just HAD to touch it! So, I took it in my hand and continued dancing like this. That meant that my drum stopped making sound at that moment, and made Pete look over to me. He saw me holding my hardon and smiled. I just pulled back my foreskin a bit in an attempt to release the pressure and started drumming again. Now it was Pete's turn to take hold of his dick. He looked at me doing as he did this, and kept dancing. I didn't know what to think of it, but I couldn't take my eyes off him now. This lasted a few seconds and we danced, just like before.

I was getting a bit tired and all sweaty. So, when I reached the carpet I sat on earlier, I dropped my drums and laid flat on my back, panting. Of course, my penis was still out in the open and my foreskin pulled back a bit, but I

didn't care about that at all. I was too tingly all over and needed a way to deal with that, but didn't know how to do it.

As I was contemplating all this, Pete completed his circle and dropped his drums too. He didn't go to his own carpet but instead came to mine. He laid down on his back too and looked at the stars, but with his head on my belly. We were lying there in a T-shape. His head was quite close to my penis this way, which added to the tingles I felt. He laid to my left, and I looked over at his body. The first thing I saw, was his penis standing up from his groin. I was getting a bit confused by now because I couldn't keep my eyes off it. It looked absolutely magnificent in the glimmering light of the fire. I could see his dickhead was a bit darker than mine, and he had a few more hairs than me. But other than that, we were the same. Even hard like this.

"I think I want to try to jock off now..." Pete said out of the blue, with a slight slur in his speech.

"He is right!!" shot through my head as if a light bulb flipped on. "That is the way to get rid of that tingle in my penis. At least that's what Dan said."

Dan was Pete's older cousin. During the birthday of Pete's mom, he came to visit with his parents. At some point during the day, Dan, Pete, and I were in Pete's room when Dan started talking about the sex stuff he learned recently. He didn't show us anything, but he talked us through the mechanics of it all. We hung on every word he said. And when Dan was gone, and it was just Pete and me, we decided to try it sometimes, because it sounded really interesting to us. We didn't quite remember all the terms, but we were close enough to understand what was meant. And of course, a little bit later in our lives, we learned the correct terms.

"Me too..." I said and heard myself slur a bit too. "Wanna do it here?"

Pete didn't wait for an answer, and I saw him gripping his pecker. His fist moved slowly up and down on his penis and a small moan escaped his mouth.

"Ohhh... Ron... You must try it too!"

I didn't need to be told twice. With my right hand, I gripped my penis and mimicked Pete's movements. And he was right! This felt amazing! I had to

do it slightly differently because I could use my foreskin to move over my glans. I figured that one out already.

“Ohhhh... This IS good, Pete!” I moaned.

“Mmmm...” was all he replied.

We laid there moaning and jacking ourselves off in the dimming light of the fire. Feeling Pete’s head so close to my penis added another level to it all for me. I felt my balls moving with each tug I gave my penis and touched Pete’s head now and then with my wrist. In the corner of my eye, I saw Pete abruptly let go of his penis as if he was stung by a bee. Now he laid there panting and his dick twitching.

“What is it, Pete?” I asked worried and temporarily stopped moving my hand.

“I think I need to pee...” he slurred a bit worried, between his gasps.

“You need to keep going, dude! That’s what Dan said, at least. If you do, the sperm will come out and you’ll feel great. Remember?”

“Yeah... But what if it is pee?”

“I promise if it is I’ll never tell anyone! What happens here, stays here. That’s the deal we made,” I said and started moving my hand again.

That was enough reassurance for Pete. He started moving again too, and I focused on his penis again, feeling a growing tingle in my balls. I never felt anything like this before in my life. Here I was with my best friend, doing something we knew was naughty. But the fact that we did this together made it so much better. I heard Pete’s panting increase again and he started moaning more loudly.

“Ahhh... I think it’s happening, Ron!” he moaned and the speed of his hand increased. “OHH! AHHH!!”

I looked at his penis and saw two spurts of watery fluid shoot from his dick onto his chest. His hand moved slowly, now and a bit more dribbled out of his piss slit.

“How was it!? Was it pee, or sperm?” I asked real curious by now.

"It was... It's... Ah... You gotta continue, dude!" he whispered and turned his head toward my penis.

I increased the speed of my jacking now because I was too curious to miss out on this. Knowing Pete's eyes were glued on my dick, and feeling his breath on it, increased the tingle in my balls significantly.

"You sure It's not pee? Ahh..." I asked as I felt the pressure rising.

"No, dude! Keep going!" he slurred again.

So I kept going. The pressure in my balls was building, and I tried to hold it back the same way as I tried holding back my pee. But that didn't help at all! The pressure was unstoppable, and it was a good thing Pete encouraged me to go on because otherwise, I would've stopped. And then it happened. The dam broke, and I felt a warm blanket fall over me and butterflies dancing inside my penis and balls. I came for the first time in my life.

"AHHHH... I'm mngngn..." I managed to get out of my throat.

I felt three spurts leaving my penis before the feeling died down a bit. I slowed down my movement, but there was still a tiny bit of stuff coming out. I couldn't think. I just laid there.

I felt Pete's head-turning over toward me and looked down at him. I couldn't suppress a giggle because drops of my sperm were in his face. He didn't seem to care because he just smiled at me.

"Oh boy... I didn't know I needed this," he said.

"Yeah. Dan was right! This is amazing stuff. Why didn't he tell us this sooner!? I mean... That stuff shooting out of my penis felt great! Sorry, I slimed you though..." I apologized.

"Don't worry. I knew I should've moved, but I wanted to see it up close." He slurred again. "And stop calling it penis, dude. You're not a teacher. Call it dick, or cock, or prick, or dong, or fuckstick, or..."

I couldn't stop laughing at that last one. Especially the way he said it. I was a bit worried about Pete, though. He seemed drunk by the way he talked, but he didn't act like a drunk. I was still feeling the effect of the firewater myself but was feeling clear enough to know everything we were doing.

“Wanna go to bed?” Pete yawned loudly.

“I do. Don’t we need to clean ourselves up?”

“Oh yeah...” Pete said, making no move to stand up.

So I gently moved away from under him and walked over to the pond. I took the towel we used to dry our dishes and dipped it in the water. As I stood there, I felt my sperm sliding down my body and quickly wiped it from my chest. I walked back over to Pete, and he still didn’t move. So I took the towel and wiped his face clean. He smiled at me again.

“I love you, dude...” he said.

“Sure buddy,” I replied, now knowing for sure he was a bit drunk.

I wiped the stuff off his chest and belly. I hesitated a moment, but then took his dick in my hand and cleaned it too. I never had another boy’s dick in my hand, but it didn’t feel a lot different from mine. I heard Pete gasp and felt his penis growing hard in my hand. I quickly let go and put the towel aside.

“Come on. Get up!” I said to Pete and offered him my hand.

He took it, and I pulled him to his feet. He didn’t stand too stable but was able to walk. So we walked over to our tipi, and he crawled in before me. Because our loincloths were still hanging on our hips, this meant a full moon in my face from his butt. I could see his anus and his balls hanging between his legs as he crawled in.

I went in right after him and then realized that Pete didn’t have his sleeping bag and air mattress ready. Right now, he was lying next to my air mattress, on the floor of the tipi where his mattress should be. I wasn’t in the mood now to fix it for him, so instead, I lay down on mine and pulled Pete over. He was still awake enough to realize that he needed to roll onto my mattress. I laid on my back, and Pete, who was barely awake, draped himself over me. It was a warm night, so a blanket or sheet wasn’t necessary, especially when we kept each other warm like this. The way Pete draped himself over me, I could feel his boner pressing against my leg. He ground it a bit on my leg and a soft moan escaped his mouth.

“I liked it a lot, Ron... Thanks,” he softly said as he drifted off to sleep.

“Me too, Pete. Now let's sleep. We've got a lot of plans for tomorrow.”

I felt his breath deepen, and my eyes grew heavier.

“Tomorrow just one mug of firewater for Pete,” I thought to myself. I only had one and was feeling nicely buzzed. But Pete obviously had too much.



Chapter 4

I didn't know what woke me up, but I needed a moment to realize where I was. My eyes needed to get used to the bright light seeping in through the canvas of the tipi. Despite the fact that I slept on an air mattress, I had a good night's sleep, considering it was this bright already. As I was thinking about all this, I also realized what woke me up. I remembered Pete was lying on the mattress with me, and he must've just moved. I was lying on my right side and Pete was spooning me with his arm holding me. I liked the way it felt. Comforting and warm in a very nice way. But the moment I felt this, I noticed his boner pressed between our bodies and immediately thought back about last night. Was it wrong what we did? Two guys doing this kind of stuff are gay, right? But it felt amazing! And Pete liked it a lot too. He said so himself, even though he was a bit drunk. But drunk people tell the truth, I was told.

The feeling of his boner pressing against my back and me thinking about what we did last night, caused me to get hard. I was surprised that I didn't have my usual morning wood, but I blamed that on last night too. The moment I was almost at full mast, I felt the tip of my dick touch something. I was pretty sure it was touching Pete's fingers, but I didn't dare to move because he might wake up then. As I was contemplating my options, I felt Pete's fingers wrap around my dick.

"What's wrong with your dick, dude?" he whispered in my ear, obviously awake.

"What do you mean?" I asked, not sure what he meant.

"You've got leftover skin on it," he said and pulled my foreskin back a bit.

His touch was an entirely new feeling. Not only was someone touching my boner, but he was also stimulating it. I couldn't hold back a gasp when he did this.

"There's nothing wrong, man. You were born with this skin too, only was it cut off right after you were born. Didn't you pay attention in health class last month?"

"I was sick back then, remember?" he kept whispering, but also moving my skin up and down.

"Ummm... Pete?" I asked, panting a bit.

"Whazzup?"

"You know you're jorking me, right?"

"So?"

"Mmmhh... Isn't it gay?" I moaned.

"Nah... As long as we don't kiss and stuff, it's just a way to get off before we get a girlfriend. Dan told me so himself."

I wanted to ask him when Dan said that to him, but the speed of his movement kept increasing, as was that tingly feeling in my balls. Pete was grinding his boner against my back, and my hips started moving involuntarily as the feeling on my dick kept getting better.

"Ohh... I'm gett... FNG.." I groaned.

I felt my balls contracting, and it was like they tried to get out of my body through my dick. The tingling feeling I felt last night was now even stronger! Moments later, I felt the sperm leaving my dick and heard it splatting down on the mattress. All the while, Pete's hand kept rubbing my dick, and he was constantly grinding against my back. The grinding was getting pretty serious by now, and I could feel the sweat between us made it all real slippery. Pete moaned in my ear and was panting heavily.

"I'm..... hmmph... toooooo!" he groaned.

His penis started twitching against my back, and I felt his sperm coming out of his dick and landing on my back. I placed my hand on his, to stop him from moving on my dick because it was getting too sensitive for me. Pete didn't seem to notice as he kept grinding and coating my back with his sperm, but he kept his hand still and moaned in my ear. Slowly the grinding stopped, and we laid there on my mattress panting like old dogs. We didn't move and laid there in silence for a while when I heard Pete say:

"We need a towel..." and he started giggling like a schoolgirl.

I was SO glad Pete reacted the way he did because I still wasn't convinced this wasn't gay. And I was taught over the years that gay was bad. But his casual reaction put me at ease. Plus, the way this all felt was a big reason to keep going with it. So I started giggling too and the tension I felt at first, was completely gone by now.

"I think I left it outside yesterday," I said and tried to get up.

Pete removed his arm, and I got to my feet. The warm stuff on my back started cooling off quickly, and I tried to assess the 'damage' with my hand.

"It's a bit sticky," I said to Pete.

He turned to his back and looked at his belly. I could see his now soft penis, and his pubic hairs were full of sperm.

"You've got a lot of sperm on you too, " I said, stating the obvious.

"Don't call it sperm, dude. Makes you sound like a doctor. Call it cum, or baby juice, or jizz, or spunk. But not sperm, okay?"

"Okay. I guess. How come you know all this?"

"A while back, when I was over at Dan's place, I overheard him and his friends talk about this stuff. They didn't know I was listening, and back then, I didn't really know what they were talking about. But now that we're doing this, I know what they meant."

"Makes sense... I'm going to clean up. You're coming?"

Pete nodded and sat up straight. He groaned the moment he did this.

"Ohhh... Too much firewater, I guess," he said and grabbed his forehead.

"Yeah. Two mugs are too much, I guess. You were a bit tipsy last night," I giggled. "You practically couldn't stand straight. I had to help you to bed."

"I know... I don't remember much after us jorking off. I'm sorry, Ron. I didn't realize the stuff was this strong," he said, looking apologetic.

"Don't worry about it! Come on," I said, offering my hand to help him stand up.

He looked at me, smiled, took my hand and I helped him to his feet. He looked a bit pale the moment he stood straight but he didn't complain. I crawled out of our tipi first and breathed in the morning air deeply. I always loved this time of day in the woods! I guessed that it was about 8 am and the sun was already shining down on the far end of the pond. I figured that the quickest and easiest way to get clean was to walk a bit into the shallow end of the water and wash the cum off my back. But I didn't want my loincloth to get wet because that would chafe me too long. The prospect of a cold, wet cloth on my dick all morning wasn't too tempting. I figured that we were past modesty after last night and this morning, so I slid down my loincloth, put it on a nearby tree, and waded into the pool. It was a bit cold at first and I felt my penis shrinking.

"Holy moly!" I hissed as the cold water touched my balls.

My balls pulled themselves up to a point where they were practically inside my body. But the cool air and the refreshing water were doing a fantastic job at waking me up and clearing the haze from the night out of my head. I was standing with my back toward Pete, but I heard him walk into the pool behind me. I turned around and started washing the cum off my back. I looked at Pete, who was trying to get used to the cold water.

"This sure as hell is cold!" He said while a shiver went through his body.

I looked at his dick and it was pretty obvious the cold had the same effect on him. He quickly started washing his groin, and I was getting ready to get out. As I started going out, I could see Pete was eying my junk and then looked at his own.

"We can pass for two six-year-olds if it wasn't for the pubes," he giggled.

"Yeah. I know, right?" And I giggled too.

I got out of the water, took the towel I brought with me, and quickly dried off. As I did this, Pete walked out and stood beside me with his arms crossed, and he was still shivering. As soon as I was done, I handed my towel to Pete and he dried off too. We got dressed and began cooking breakfast.

The fire was back up to a nice warm fire, which we needed to cook the hotdogs we brought. Before I restarted the fire, I took a few charcoal pieces and placed them near the tent. Breakfast was great with our self-cooked hotdogs.

“Do you want to go first?” I asked while picking up a piece of charcoal.

“Sure!” Pete replied, got up, and reached out for the charcoal.

“I meant the first to be drawn. Not the first one drawing. Let me draw you first, then you can do me. Okay?” I said, pulling back the charcoal.

Pete shrugged and stood before me with his arms hanging down his sides. I started by placing some stripes on his face and forehead. It looked a bit like the camouflage we sometimes wore when playing war. So when I moved down to his chest, I decided to take a different approach. I drew over the lines of his collarbones and immediately liked the way it looked. Next, I drew lines around the muscles at his shoulders, which was also awesome. I stepped back and looked at what I did. I noticed that accentuating the muscles and some bones, made him look stronger. I tried to draw a sun in the middle of his chest, just above the bottom of his sternum and between his chest muscles. I found this a nice reference to his Indian name. The first sun was awful, so I quickly wiped it off with the wet towel. The next one was almost perfect.

I colored the undersides of his chest muscles black to see if the effect on his shoulders was the same on his chest. And because of the shadow effect, it was. So the next job at hand was his abdominal muscles. I started a few inches on each side of his navel and drew a line across these muscles toward his pubic bone. As I came close to his pubes with my first line, his loincloth seemed to come to life. It was still covered with the soft fabric, but it was obviously his boner.

“Sorry, bro. But you’re really close to my dick now, and I can’t help it. Just don’t poke yourself, okay?” he said to me with a big smile on his face.

I couldn’t come up with a witty reply to this quickly, so I decided to just keep on drawing. I did want to pay him back a little, so I painted two lines on each side of his dick. These lines went from his hips all the way to his ballsack. I tried not to touch his junk, but with both lines, the top of my

hand touched his dick, which caused Pete to gasp slightly. I could barely hold back a giggle as this happened.

After I finished his legs, I told Pete to turn around. As he did this, he deliberately pushed his hips forward, so his dick almost hit me in the face. We both giggled a bit, and I quickly worked on his back. I used the same technique as I did on his front and just accentuated some stuff on his back. I learned Pete was ticklish at his buttocks because when I drew the round underside of them, he couldn't stop squirming and giggling.

After I was done, I stepped back and let Pete turn around so I could see my complete work. His boner was gone, and I was proud of my work. He looked like an actual Indian from our history book, which I thought was pretty amazing. Pete looked at his reflection in the water, and although he could not see everything this way, he was still pleased with the result.

"Alright! Your turn," he chirped, probably planning some sort of scheme.

So, he took some charcoal, made a nice sharp tip on it with his knife, and started working on me. I trusted him enough to know he wouldn't do something stupid, like draw a big dick on my chest. And even if he did, no one would see it out here, so I wasn't worried at all.

Pete also started with my face and worked his way down. I looked down at him working, and it was already clear he drew mostly the same way as I did. But as he went lower and approached my dick, I felt a slight stir in my groin. He spent a lot of time at the top of my loincloth, and I couldn't quite see what he was doing, but all the action so close to my dick made me grow stiff again.

"Don't poke yourself..." I giggled.

What Pete did next, surprised me big time! He moved my loincloth out of the way, took my erection in his hand, and drew three little symbols on it. One at the base, one halfway down my shaft, and one on my foreskin. I didn't know what he was drawing, but the fact that someone was holding my dick made me not care. The tickling from the charcoal on it was amazing, and I couldn't hold back a gasp. I could feel and see Pete was done, but he still sat on his knees before me. He looked at my dick and pulled my foreskin back a bit.

"I still think it's weird," he said while examining my now exposed glans.

"I don't know any better," I said while trying hard not to moan.

"I wanna try something. Hold still," Pete said and got on his feet.

He took his boner in his hand and pointed it toward mine. I had no clue where this was going, but I was too excited to ask. Pete stepped forward a bit until the tip of his dick touched mine. Both our dicks were horizontal now. Pete pressed a bit harder and started pulling my foreskin toward his dick. We were both leaking a bit of, what I later learned, precum, which made the tip of our dicks slippery. Pete kept going and I saw my foreskin slide over his glans. It wasn't a particularly nice feeling, but not bad either. And Pete was fondling my dick, which was nice by itself.

"There..." Pete said the moment almost his entire dickhead was covered with my foreskin.

I looked down and it was almost like we were Siamese twins grown together at our dicks.

"I don't get it..." Pete said.

"What?"

"Why they cut off the skin. I mean... I like the way my dick is now, but having that extra skin isn't bad either I suppose."

"Yeah... I know. Mrs. Skinner said that the main reason they do this today in America is hygiene. But a lot of religions do it too, but because of their beliefs. But I can keep mine perfectly clean and I like my dick a lot too!" I giggled.

Pete stepped back and my skin slid back to its normal position. I put my loincloth back over my dick and Pete started working on my legs and back. After he finished, I checked myself in the water of the pool and liked what he did. The way he drew the lines made it look like I was a bit stronger and wider.

"How about your dew drops?" Pete asked.

"AH! Is that what that is!?" I asked.

“Yeah. I painted grass above your dick and the dewdrops coming from it on your dick. So when you’re taking a piss, you’re pissing dewdrops.” We both laughed at that. “You drew a sun on me, so I figured I needed to do something with your name too.”

“I like it!” I said and punched him playfully on his shoulder. “Let’s hunt!”

The fire was almost out by now, so we could leave the camp without the fear of burning down the forest. We both took our bow and arrows, our drinking bottles, closed the tipi, and went on our way. Pete walked in front of me and I giggled when I looked at his ass.

“What?!?” Pete asked, a bit annoyed.

“Nothing... It's just that your butt is hypnotizing me now with the stripes on it and with you wiggling it so much,” I laughed.

Pete started laughing too and exaggerated the movement of his butt. Eventually, we found a nice secluded spot on the edge of an open field. We decided we would wait and see if we could shoot a rabbit or some other small animal. We made ourselves comfortable, so we wouldn’t have to move too much because we had to keep quiet for a while.



Chapter 5

“Eeew! That’s gross!” Pete said as my knife sank into the stomach of the rabbit I shot.

“Relax man. It's dead, so it won't feel anything.”

I was the one that shot the rabbit. We were in our spot for about an hour, when the first animals showed up. Pete took the first shot at a squirrel and missed it by about a mile. The squirrel ran away. We didn’t have to wait long before the next animal showed up. I guessed our scent was only around the secluded spot we were sitting in now, so the animals dared to come sooner.

We took turns shooting at the animals. At his third shot, a skunk, it became obvious Pete wasn’t going to shoot anything. Each time he was way off and made a bit too much noise, which scared the animals away. My first three shots were all pretty close, but not just there yet. I got closer with each shot. So after Pete missed the third time, he let me take the next shots. I aimed, took a deep breath, and took the shot. It landed dead center in the head of the rabbit.

We were both very excited about our first catch as Indians, so we picked it up and practically ran back to our camp. Chris taught me a while back how to skin and gut an animal and how to prepare it so it can be eaten. We were planning on making a stew from it. We didn’t have a lot of seasoning, but Pete learned from Hank which of the herbs in the forest can be eaten.

After we gutted the rabbit, I placed the meat inside the pot so the meat could ripen a bit. We went looking for the herbs, and after a while, Pete figured we had enough. We prepared the stew, stoked the fire a bit, and put the pot in the cooler part of the fire, so it would cook slowly. While we looked at the stew, I was beaming with pride, and looking at Pete’s face, so was he.

“This is freakin’ awesome!” Pete said to me.

“I know! And if it doesn’t taste like horse doody, we’re pretty damn good Indians!”

“Your marks are fading...” he said and then looked at his chest. “So are mine...”

“We’re sweating like pigs,” I said, stating the obvious.

Moments later we were found splashing around in the swimming hole. We were about hip-deep in the water and having a good time! Of course, we were naked, which wasn’t an issue anymore for both of us, and the cool water was extremely refreshing. It didn’t feel nearly as cold as it did this morning. We splashed around, dunked each other, and grabbed each other’s dicks as often as we could. Of course, we were hard most of the time, and when Pete jumped on my back in an attempt to dunk me, I felt his hard dick at my lower back, nestled between the top of my cheeks.

If this happened yesterday, I’d feel gay and tell Pete to back off. But on the other hand, yesterday we would never be naked together. But now I found it amusing, and even a bit pleasant being so close to another person. So it didn’t bother me one bit. Despite my efforts, he succeeded in dunking me. During this roughhousing, we fell over a bit. When I was underwater, Pete crawled over me so I could get up and not drown. As he crawled over me, his boner rubbed me in the face. I didn’t know if he did it intentionally. But the moment his shaft brushed my lips, another thing Dan told us crossed my mind.

After about half an hour of roughhousing in the water, we were lying on our backs at the banks of the pond in the grass. We were lying in the shadows and it was hot enough to let the air dry us but cool enough to be comfortable and not be cold. I was feeling totally at ease lying here with my best friend. We weren’t talking, nor did we feel the need to talk. I heard the sounds of bees flying, and the soft breeze ruffling the leaves. It was so relaxing that I almost dozed off. At that moment, a bee was almost flying in my ear, and I slapped it away, which made me fully awake again. I glanced over at Pete and saw his chest moving up and down as if he was sleeping. I could see his eyes were closed, so the peace and quiet got the best of him. I glanced down and I saw his soft penis pointing toward me, resting on his thigh. This reminded me of the incident in the water.

Dan had told us about blowingjobs. Or that’s the word we remembered at least. The moment Pete’s shaft brushed my lips in the water, I felt an urge to

try it. And now, lying here with him, I felt an almost unstoppable desire to put my best friend's dick in my mouth. I was torn between talking to him about blowingjobs and just doing it and see where it ends. After last night and this morning, I figured he would probably be okay with it and not push me away or call me queer or something stupid like that. So after a short internal struggle, I moved my head down to his groin. I took a moment and looked at his dick in close-up. It looked different than mine, of course, because he was cut. But other than that, his dick was the same size and looked exactly like mine. He did have a few more hairs, though. But that could also be an optical illusion because he had dark black hairs and I had lighter red ones. After I was done studying, I couldn't resist it anymore. So I took it in my hand and slipped my mouth over it.

"Huh! What? OOH..." Pete said, obviously awakened by this sudden movement.

I felt his dick in my mouth, and it went from soft to hard in about three heartbeats. I liked the way it filled my mouth and the taste was good too. I didn't know what to expect, but it didn't taste like pee or other nasty stuff. It was just skin. I wasn't exactly sure what to do, so I closed my lips firmly around his shaft and moved my head up and down. Apparently, Pete liked it because he kept moaning constantly. I knew I had to keep my teeth away from his dick, but other than that, I didn't have a clue on how to do it the right way. Right now I was just mimicking a hand with my lips and figured this was the correct way to do this. And judging by Pete's moans, I was doing a good job.

But keeping my tongue in the back of my mouth was quite uncomfortable for me. It even started to hurt a bit. So I let it loose and tried not to touch his dick with it. But that was virtually impossible. And a few moments later, my tongue inevitably touched the tip of his dick. I immediately pulled my tongue back, but Pete moaned even louder when it touched his dick. Maybe he liked it? So I decided to test this and lapped my tongue over the underside of his dickhead.

"OOOOHHH! YEAH!" Pete moaned and his body squirmed beneath me.

"Okay... More tongue is better," I said to myself.

I slowed down the up and down motion with my mouth and focused more on my tongue technique. I loosened my lips a bit and made sure my tongue lapped around his glans a lot. At some point, his dickhead brushed against my palate, which Pete seemed to enjoy too. So after a few minutes of blowing my best friend, I had learned a few techniques on how to give a proper blowingjob. When we heard Dan talk about blowingjobs, I focused mostly on the receiving end of it in my head. But now, as I was blowing Pete, I realized I also liked giving one a lot. I liked how his dick felt in my mouth, I liked the texture and the taste of the stuff that came out, but I specifically liked that I was making my best friend feel this awesome. Or at least that was what it seemed like. Don't get me wrong, I was anxious about getting a blowingjob, to know how it felt. But judging by the way Pete was behaving, it must be something amazing.

"Ohhh... Ron... This is... Ohhh... Wow!" Pete moaned.

Good. The more he liked it, the bigger the chance he'd do me too. I started blowing him out of curiosity, but now the curiosity expanded toward getting blown myself.

"Hmmp... I think I'm cumming, Ron! Ahh..." Pete managed to say between his moans.

Ehh... I then realized that I hadn't thought this one through. I knew what was coming, but wasn't sure what to do. I wanted Pete to cum. He jorked me off this morning after all, and I wanted to return the favor. But I wasn't sure if I wanted to let him cum in my mouth. But on the other hand... I was curious about the taste and what would happen if I did let him cum in my mouth. And we both already established that what we were doing, wasn't gay.

"The hell with it!" I thought and doubled my efforts on my best friend's dick.

"Ohhhh... YEAH... It's coming, Ron!" Pete moaned quite loudly.

I had no clue what to expect when Pete came. But now that I decided to go for it, I couldn't wait. I felt his body tense beneath me and his dick grew fatter in my mouth. I had my eyes open and looked at his balls. I could see them being drawn toward his body as I felt the first spurt hit the back of my

tongue. It tasted like... Well, I couldn't determine that yet because another spurt landed on my tongue, so I had to swallow. The moment I swallowed the first two spurts, a third and fourth filled my mouth. The amount of cum decreased significantly, which allowed me to taste it. As I kept my mouth on his dick, but my tongue action to a minimum, I noticed it tasted both salty and sweet at the same time. The texture was a little bit thick, but not quite. Almost like really thin yogurt or something. But I knew one thing then and there. I liked it. And I wanted more.

"Stop... Too sensitive..." I heard Pete pant.

I sat up straight and let the last bit of cum go through my mouth one last time before I swallowed it. I looked over at Pete, laying on the grass with a shit-eating grin on his face, and his eyes closed. He was still breathing heavily, and tiny drops of sweat had formed on his forehead and upper lip. Pete opened his eyes and looked at me with a look of pure bliss.

"That was freakin' AWESOME! Why did you do that?" he asked.

"I don't know..." I timidly responded. "I saw you lying there with your dick out in the open, and I figured I'd try a blowingjob..."

"Wow. I'm glad you did, Bro. That was... Man!!"

I lay down beside Pete and let him enjoy the afterglow of his orgasm. I also needed to process what just happened. I mean... I liked it. I liked it a lot! I felt all warm and fuzzy inside from doing it.

"If you give me a minute, I'll do you too if you want," Pete said to me, looking me in the eyes.

"I want you to. But you don't have to, dude. I didn't blow you, so you would blow me in return. I just wanted to do it."

"What did it taste like?" Pete questioned, avoiding my answer. "Did it taste like pee?"

"No. Not at all! I was a bit afraid of that too. Your dick tastes like skin. Almost like licking a finger."

"And my cum?"

“Not bad, actually. A mix of sweet and salty... A hint of bitterness... Really not bad. I expected much worse!” I chuckled.

Pete looked over, smiled at me and his eyes immediately went to my dick, which was pointing toward my navel, and was as hard as it's ever been.

“I want to try it too,” he said, crawled on his knees, and moved his head toward my dick.

Without hesitation, he took my dick in his hand and pointed it at his mouth. I propped up on my elbows to see what he was doing and was treated to a sensational view. He looked at my dick and planted a sloppy wet kiss on the tip.

“Do I need to pull the skin back or not?” he asked, looking back at me.

“Ehhh... I don't know...”

“Well... Let's try it both ways then,” he said, opened his mouth, and lowered it over my dick.

The feeling I felt on my dick was overwhelming. Pete's mouth was warm and wet and it was like nothing I ever felt before. The moment he started moving his head up and down, it was like fireworks were going off in my head. I was still propped up on my elbows, but the moment Pete started bobbing, I closed my eyes, and I involuntarily threw my head back. As I was enjoying Pete's mouth on my dick, I felt him lay his hand on my pubes, at the base of my dick. On his next upward move with his mouth, his hand gripped my dick and started to pull back my foreskin.

The next thing I knew, was Pete's tongue lapping away over my now exposed glans. It was a bit more sensitive this way, but I loved it too. I couldn't decide which I preferred.

I looked down and saw Pete sitting on his knees. His butt was pointing toward me, and his stiff dick was visible between his parted legs. I lifted my head further to look down at the action. He was still holding my dick, and I could see it disappear in his mouth. It was obvious his tongue was doing a lot of work. Not only could I feel this on my dick, but his tongue movement was clearly visible on the outside of his mouth. It was an extremely erotic sight.

"Ohhh... This is hmmmmm," I managed to say.

My moans made Pete increase the effort he put into it. His tongue work intensified, and his hand started jorking me off at the same time. I felt the pressure building in my balls. I wasn't too familiar with this yet, but it was a lot stronger than last time when Pete jorked me off. I wasn't sure what Pete wanted to do, so I decided to warn him.

"Ahhh... Pete! I'm almost cumming..." I moaned and tried to hold back as long as I could, but had no clue yet on how to do this right.

"Hmmm," I felt Pete moan on my dick.

This was an indication that Pete wanted to taste my cum too. So I dropped my efforts and let the good feelings wash over me. At first, I felt a tingling all around my pelvic area. This tingle drew toward my balls, penis, and the top of my head. The tingle in my balls grew stronger and stronger until it was almost unbearable. I heard myself moan loudly, and at that moment, everything went black and I could only see bright sparks in front of my eyes.

My balls felt like they were exploding and I could feel my cum going into my dick. As I felt my first spurt leave the tip of my dick, I noticed that Pete's mouth was firmly around it, and he had stopped jorking me. His hand wasn't on my dick anymore, but he was cupping my balls.

This realization added to the whole experience, and I felt about five or six spurts leaving my dick. It was such an overwhelming experience that I just had to lay down on my back. I just couldn't keep myself propped up on my elbows anymore.

Pete was still cupping my balls and playing with them. He had stopped the actions with his mouth but was sucking every last drop out of me. He was literally sucking on my dick. I was sensitive down there now, but this wasn't unpleasant. This sucking lasted a few seconds before his hand went from my balls to my dick. He slowly slid my foreskin back over my glans when my dick left his mouth and gently laid my softening dick back on my stomach. After that, he sat up straight and looked down at me. Now his shit-eating grin made sense. I had one too.

"That was freakin' awesome," I said with that smile never leaving my face.

"I know, bro. It's the best," Pete laughed. "And you're right. Cum doesn't taste bad!" and he licked his lips.

I couldn't help but laugh when he did this, and Pete started giggling too. He laid down on the grass next to me. We both laid on our backs, looking at the sky. I didn't know what to say or do now, so I decided to just lay there and relax a bit. Pete must've felt the same way too because we were both quiet for a few minutes.

"I don't care if this is gay or not, " Pete said. "I love the way it feels and I want to keep doing it."

Pete looked at me, and I could see him blushing. I figured he was a bit ashamed of his feelings. So was I. I loved giving and getting blowingjobs. But I also knew that if someone at school found out, our lives would turn to shit.

"I love it too, Pete! But we have to keep it between us, you know."

"Of course I do! But that doesn't mean that we can't do it when we're alone, " he smiled.

"I'm so glad we figured this out together. If I knew it felt this good, I would've started it years ago!" and I started giggling again.

"I hear you!" Pete said and giggled too.

"But I still want to fuck a girl, " I said a bit more seriously.

"Don't worry. Me too! It's not like we're boyfriends now, right?" Pete said with a hint of uncertainty.

"No. I don't think so, no. We're more like friends with benefits, I think."

"Yeah. That's about right, I guess," Pete said. "I mean... I love you, man. But not like that. You know what I mean?"

"I do. And I'm glad you feel the same as I do. I don't want a fight over this..."

"Don't worry, bro. We won't."

Pete rolled over and hugged me. I felt his soft penis against my hip but decided to ignore it. It wasn't a sexual hug, just two friends expressing their

affection. I hugged him back, and after a few moments, Pete broke the hug and sat on his knees.

"Why don't we finish the work on the sweat lodge? That way, maybe we can use it next time we're here."

I was glad we found a task at hand to take our minds off the sex part. So, we put our loincloths back on. The next two hours we worked on the side of the pond, finishing our small sweat lodge. Every now and then, we stirred the stew, which was smelling delicious by now.



Chapter 6

By the time it was getting dark, we finished our sweat lodge. But since the sun was setting, we couldn't try it out now. Instead, we made ourselves comfortable around the campfire. The stew was done and, judging by the few bits I tasted during the stirring, was delicious. Pete went into the tipi and came out with the bread and chips his mom packed for us. I took two cokes from the bag we hung in the water to keep the drinks cool. Before long, we were both munching down our healthy dinner. Home-brew rabbit stew with bread, potato chips, and a coke. It tasted delicious!

After we washed our plates in the pond and put everything away, we sat back down at the campfire. After we chilled for a while and talked about all sorts of stuff, I felt myself getting horny. I wanted to suck Pete's dick again but was unsure about how to bring this up.

"Do you want some firewater?" Pete asked.

"Sure!" I said, hoping this would drop some of the reservations I felt.

Pete took two mugs and poured us each half a mug of the firewater. We drank it slowly this time, both aware of the power of the alcohol in it. About half an hour later, we were talking about Predator, the new Arnold Schwarzenegger movie. We were both psyched about it, and even though it's an R-rated movie, A friend of Hank managed to get us into the local theater, so we could watch it.

"Wanna dance again?" Pete asked, out of the blue.

I was feeling a bit lightheaded, but not as much as yesterday. I liked dancing yesterday, so I immediately agreed.

"Why don't we dance for each other this time?" Pete offered. "Maybe it's more fun that way..."

"Sure," I shrugged as I emptied my mug.

Pete noticed me emptying my mug and polished his off too.

"Shall we empty the bottle?" Pete asked.

I wasn't drunk or something, but liked the warm feeling in my stomach. And there wasn't too much left in the bottle, so I didn't see a problem.

"Go ahead," I said and offered him my mug.

Pete divided the remains of the firewater over our mugs, emptying the bottle.

"I'll dance first," he said. "Will you play your drums?"

"Okay. Go for it," I said, picking up my drum.

Pete started moving around the campfire, just like he did yesterday. As he danced, I saw flashes of his balls peeking out the loincloth. But after a few minutes of this, Pete started dancing just in front of me. His loincloth was sticking forward but still hiding his obvious boner. He was dancing quite sensual now with his eyes closed, and I was getting turned on by it. Pete surprised me when he slowly started sliding down his loincloth. The way he did this was almost hypnotic, and I couldn't take my eyes off of it. His dick pointed downward, caught in the elastic band of the cloth. But the moment the elastic band was down far enough, his dick sprang free and slapped against his stomach. Pete didn't even open his eyes. He kept on dancing and let his loincloth fall on the ground.

His stiff dick was swaying back and forth with his movements, and I almost wanted to grab it and put it in my mouth. But Pete had a different plan. He moved his hands all over his body, eventually stopping at his dick. His left hand cupped his balls and played with them, as his right hand slowly started moving up and down on his shaft. He was jorking off right in front of my face. Pete opened his eyes and looked at me, as he continued stroking himself. He moved forward a bit and pointed his dick toward my mouth. I couldn't resist and opened my mouth to let him enter. As I wrapped my lips around his glans, I heard Pete moan above me. He moved his dick in and out of my mouth, all the while moving his body on the imaginary music. All of a sudden, he pulled his dick out of my mouth and stood back.

"Your turn to dance," he said and smiled a mischievous grin.

"You're crazy," I laughed.

"I want this to last," he said. "I don't want to shoot too soon, and the way you suck my dick, I won't last."

He sat down next to me and took his mug in his hand, and held it toward me.

"Bottoms up!" he said.

"Bottoms up," I responded and we banged our mugs together.

We both emptied it in one gulp. I felt the booze burn down my throat, but it didn't bother me all that much this time.

"Ahhh..." we both said at the same time.

Pete took his drum and started playing. I got up but didn't have a clue what I would do. I just started dancing around the fire as Pete did. I felt the booze kicking in and I almost tripped over my own feet. At that moment, I had an idea. I danced over to Pete, gave him a hand, and guided him to sit on one of the chairs that were still standing around and put it near the fire. His glistening boner leading the way. Pete sat down and kept drumming. I decided to ditch my loincloth too. I tried to move sensually too, and the buzz in my head made me think I did a great job. After I was naked, I opened my eyes and saw Pete checking out my boner. I slowly slid back my foreskin and scooped up a bit of precum on my finger. I looked at Pete and slowly licked my finger clean with my tongue. I scooped up another glob and moved my finger toward Pete's mouth. He extended his tongue, and I smeared the precum on it.

"Hmmm," Pete moaned.

When we were at Dan's, he showed us a short video on the VHS system in his room, that showed a woman giving a lapdance to a guy. I figured I could try that with Pete. So I turned around and sat on Pete's lap. His boner was pressed between us, but it was nestled nicely between my butt cheeks. It was nowhere near my asshole, which would be gay. With his boner between my cleavage, I moved up and down over the entire length of his dick. My back was pressed against him, and Pete moved his hands all over my chest and eventually down to my dick. As much as I loved him jorking me, I wanted to do the best job I could with my lapdance. I moved around,

so I was facing him, pressing our boners against each other. I ground against him and started licking his neck and ears, which caused Pete to moan a lot. Pete started grinding back, and before I knew it, we were dry-humping each other furiously. We both moaned loudly, and Pete started licking my neck and ears too, with every chance he got. I was getting close to cumming, and I didn't want to hold back. I wanted to cum. And I wanted Pete to cum. I didn't want to postpone. We could always go for it again, I reasoned.

So I sat back a bit but made sure my dick was still pressed against Pete's. I wrapped my hands around both our dicks, and started jorking them simultaneously. Pete looked me in the eyes and suddenly kissed me hard on my mouth. This added a whole new level to our actions, and we moaned in each other's mouths. I could feel that familiar tingle again and started moving my hips. I noticed Pete did too. The moment I felt my orgasm coming, Pete's dick started spurting and he grabbed my neck to kiss me even harder. The moment his first spurt came out, I came too. I almost couldn't breathe because of the kissing, but it was amazing cumming together this way. A lot of cum splattered on our bellies, and after we were done coming, I let go of our dicks. We broke the kiss and sat there panting heavily.

"Oh, man! This is great!" Pete said with a slight slur.

"I love it!" I said, noticing a slur too.

I felt the cum sliding down in my pubes and got up. I expected to feel less horny after my cum, but the opposite was true. Maybe the booze had something to do with that?

"Let's get clean," I said to Pete and waded into the pond.

The water felt colder than this afternoon, but it was still pretty nice. I stood hip-deep in the water as Pete approached me from behind. He pressed his body against me, hugged me from behind, and pressed his still hard dick between us. His hands started moving down and he washed the cum off my belly. We stepped back a bit to get out of the water. Pete was still holding me and his hands went a bit lower, he took my boner in his hand, and slowly started jorking me.

"I'm still horny," he whispered in my ear.

“Me too,” I said and turned around.

I squatted in front of Pete and took his dick in my mouth. Pete’s dick was still covered in our cum, which I found extremely exciting. I licked it clean, and when it was clean I started blowing him for real.

“Hmmm... You’re good at this, you know?” Pete moaned.

I let go of his dick, and with a loud popping sound, he left my mouth.

“Why don’t we go to bed and fool around there?” I asked.

“Great idea!” Pete said, and we got out of the water.

We dried ourselves and started moving toward the tipi. We were both a little bit unstable on our feet, but it wasn’t nearly as bad as with Pete yesterday. We crawled inside, and Pete laid on his back on the air mattress. I fell to my knees and immediately took his dick back in my mouth.

“Ohhh...” Pete moaned. “Move over a bit.”

I didn’t know what he meant, but he soon guided me in the way he wanted. Pete moved his head between my knees, as I kept on sucking him. Moments later, I felt his hand pulling back my foreskin and his warm mouth on my dick. It was heavenly. I liked sucking a lot, but I loved getting sucked. Now we could do both at the same time. I felt a nice buzz in my head and an even nicer tingle in my groin. We both weren’t aiming for cumming as quickly as possible. We were just sucking slowly and enjoying the feelings that came with it. It was also a good thing we both came less than half an hour ago, so we could last longer.

I was holding on and sucking away at Pete’s dick as I moved my other hand toward his balls. Up until then I never touched another boy’s balls. I cupped them gently and toyed a bit with them. I liked the soft feeling of his hairless sack and the way his balls moved inside it. It didn’t feel much different from mine, but according to Pete’s moans and the fact that he took my balls in his hand too, Pete liked it a lot. I was getting a bit of a cramp in my upper legs the way I was sitting. I didn’t like it because it took my energy away from the important tasks at hand. I took my mouth off his dick and tried shifting a bit.

“We can lay on our sides if you want,” Pete said, only taking my dick out of his mouth long enough to say this to me.

“Yeah. Let’s try that.”

We shifted so we were both lying on the air mattress on our sides. I opened my legs to give Pete the access he needed, and so did he. I laid my head on his leg and took his dick in my hand again, slowly stroking it and put it in my mouth after a short while. Now it was even better than before. This way, I could fully concentrate on his dick in my mouth and on Pete’s actions on mine, instead of focusing on kneeling the right way. We were slobbering away lazily, but despite our laziness, that spot between my asshole and my balls started to tingle, indicating that another orgasm was approaching.

“Hmmm.” I moaned on Pete’s dick, which caused him to moan too.

I didn’t speed things up, and neither did Pete. I guess we both had the same idea of making it last. I don’t know exactly, but I guess I was almost twenty minutes on the verge of cumming, when Pete started moaning loudly and bucking his hips. I was still toying with his balls when I felt them drawn into his body and his dick fattened in my mouth. I knew now that these were the signs that he was cumming. I used my right hand to jork him off the best I could while still lapping my tongue over his dickhead. Moments after I started this, he began spurting.

It wasn’t as much as the last time, but it still filled my mouth quite well. I kept my lips tightly around his dick and let him cum before I swallowed it all. After nothing more came out, I swallowed everything Pete gave to me. During his cum, Pete stopped working on my dick, but the moment he was done cumming, he went at it with double effort. As he lapped away on my dick and I swallowed his cum, I felt the now-familiar signs of cumming. I stopped my actions on Pete’s softening dick but left it in my mouth and focussed on my cum. Maybe it was the booze, or maybe it was because I came recently, but the buildup was much slower than the orgasms I had before. The tingle between my legs spread out slowly toward my balls. It stayed there for a few moments and then slowly crept up toward my pubes. The tingle spread out over my entire groin, and a second later, everything focused on my dick. It was almost as if my dick left my body. It was the most powerful orgasm yet, and all the while, Pete kept toying with my balls and

milking my dick clean. I almost blacked out due to all the feelings that washed over me.

As I came down from my orgasm, Pete's soft dick was still in my mouth, and Pete hadn't moved either. Pete was the first to turn on his back, releasing my dick. And as I felt his dick leave my mouth, the cold air on my dick surprised me. I rolled on my back too, still panting.

"This way, a blowing job is even better," Pete whispered.

"Way better," I whispered too.

I felt myself getting sleepy, and I didn't feel the need to move. I could hear Pete's breathing deepen too, so I guessed he was also tired.

"Goodnight bro," he whispered softly.

"Night." I managed to respond.



Chapter 7

I fell into a dreamless sleep. I awoke two times during the night. The first time was when an animal was ruffling around outside the tipi. It was still dark outside, but we had a bright moon. I glanced over at Pete, and he was still lying on his back in the same position as we fell asleep. I looked to my right and saw his stiff dick pointing upward.

“He must be having a pleasant dream,” I thought, and closed my eyes.

The second time I woke up, I felt a strange feeling. I couldn’t quite place it at first. I opened my eyes again, and it wasn’t dark anymore, but the day hadn’t started either. I guessed it was around 4:30 am. The strange feeling I felt at first, was getting quite familiar. I looked down, and Pete was sucking my dick again. That horny bastard! I didn’t want to let another good blowing session go to waste, so I turned on my side, laid my head on Pete’s leg again, and started sucking away on his dick.

“Ahhh... I could do this all day long,” I heard Pete say before he got comfy and went to town on me.

This time it wasn’t as powerful as the last time, but it was still an awesome experience. I guess we lasted about half an hour, and both came within seconds of each other. We were getting the hang of it. After we were done, Pete turned around, so we were lying side by side, and he pulled me close to him. We were spooning now, with me being the big spoon and my dick nestled between his cheeks. We fell asleep like this, and we didn’t wake up until the sun was burning us out of the tipi.

At around noon, after we finished our breakfast, we cleaned up the place, gathered our stuff, and got dressed. We put our loincloths inside the tipi with the rest of the stuff, took our backpacks, and started walking back home.

“This Indian-style living is great,” Pete said giggling.

“It’s awesome!” I responded. “Too bad we have to wait until next Friday.

"I know. But at least I know how to jork off now, so I'll probably be doing that every chance I get!"

"Same here! Do you think we can have a sleepover this week? Then we can do it together," I asked.

"Nah. I don't think so. You know how my mom is during the first weeks of summer."

"You're probably right. Hurray for my right hand then!" I cheered.

Pete and I both giggled, and continued our walk home. During the walk, we were already planning for next week, and Pete had a good idea of how to create new and improved firewater. I didn't care. As long as I could have my best friend's dick back in my mouth as soon as possible. This was turning out to be a great summer.

The End. For now.

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