

Camping Out



Camping Out

By

Levi Holland

Camping Out

One of my more memorable experiences growing up happened when I was in seventh grade.

My best friend at the time, Ryder, had invited us out in his woods to camp out before the season turned for the worse. Ryder was big into scouts, and it was far from our first time camping together, but this was the first time his dad let us spend the night alone.

There were four of us that night. Along with me, Ryder had invited two other friends.

Mateo was well-liked and popular for being on the JV football team, which admittedly wasn't difficult to do in seventh grade. I remember his skin having a chalky, tan complexion as if he'd rolled around in dust. In hindsight, he looked like that kid Yeah-Yeah from the Sandlot, only with ruffled hair. My guess was his family might've been Greek or Italian. Like most of us on the cusp of adolescence, Mateo had some growing to do and was maybe 5-feet-tall at most. As we got older, he capped out around 5'4 and ditched football for the wrestling team, though I never really stayed in touch with him once we started high school.

Ryder's other friend was a younger boy from his scouts troop named Cale. Even though he was only eleven, he had a few inches on Mateo and really long, smooth legs. Cale's eyes were intensely blue in a way I hadn't seen before, and combined with his pale blonde hair that he kept gelled to the side, I thought he was perfect. At that point in my life, I hadn't wrestled with my sexuality enough to understand the puppy-love crush I had on Cale. I just knew I wanted to be near him.

It was similar to how I felt about Ryder, even though he and Cale looked total opposites of each other. Ryder's brown hair was long compared to other boys our age, just short of his shoulders, and it always shined from the amount of conditioner he used. I think most of us were eager to get in and out of the showers our moms forced us to take, but Ryder always gave his hair extra attention. He wore glasses that suited him, framing his angular face perfectly. Much like Cale, Ryder had an attractive quality I couldn't articulate.

Personally I didn't think I was anything special, but considering how things ended up between the four of us, maybe I shouldn't have sold myself so short.

We were finishing up our S'mores by the campfire when Ryder suggested pissing on what remained of the fire. Mateo, I would learn later, was more daring than the rest of us, and without him there, maybe the rest of the night would have gone differently. As it stands, he was quick to agree, and Cale and I followed their leads. Being the first to fish out his dick, Mateo craned his head back as he released a stream of piss. There was enough light to see the tip of his penis, but not much else as he emptied his bladder into the sizzling embers. When the rest of us started adding our own pee to the flames, I tried to compare what we had.

Dicks had only recently become something of a fascination to me, and when we changed clothes for gym class, I found myself sneaking glances whenever I could. It was the same here. Unfortunately Cale kept his shielded, but I had the chance to check out what Ryder was packing. I'd seen his dick before during a previous camping trip, but if I was honest, it held no interest to me then. All we had were shriveled little worms down there. Clearly a lot had changed. Ryder's was thicker, meatier as he pointed it at the fire—probably no more than average for our age really, but to my eyes it was so much bigger than I remembered.

After emptying our bladders, we finished off the fire by dumping what was left of our water canisters over the flames. Ryder's dad was a stickler about making sure we didn't burn the forest down. The least we could do was follow his directions.

The woods behind Ryder's house led to an open meadow where our six-man tent rested. Combined with the battery-powered lantern hanging from the center rung at the top of the tent, we had plenty of light to see, spacious room to spread around, and we weren't really in the mood to sleep right away.

"You guys wanna play cards?" Ryder asked. "I'm not tired yet."

"Nah, cards suck," Mateo said. "Let's wrestle instead. Loser has to do some kind of dare. What do you think?"

We didn't want to have other people bored while they waited, so that night was the birth of a new game between the four of us. We called it Dare Pairs. The idea was simple: someone proposed a challenge you attempted with a partner, the losers did a dare, and before the next challenge started, you paired up with someone new.

Mateo picked Ryder to be on his team, which wasn't much of a surprise. Ryder was our common denominator friend, so it made sense he would choose him over us. That left me with Cale, which didn't disappoint me any. We played Rock, Paper, Scissors to see who would face who, and Cale was up against Mateo.

After rearranging our sleeping bags in a pseudo wrestling arena, Mateo and Cale both removed their shirts so they wouldn't stretch them. The difference between the two couldn't have been greater. My guess was that Mateo played multiple sports other than football, because even though he was short, his chest and stomach were solid. Cale, on the other hand, was all ribs. They struggled against each other only a few seconds before Mateo slipped beneath Cale's arms, spun behind him, and secured him in a full nelson. Cale's bare pits were exposed as he wriggled against Mateo, but it was no good. Between Mateo's firm grip and his knees pinning the back of Cale's legs, it was over in under a minute.

"You're really good at that," Cale said while trying to catch his breath.

"Sorry, Dylan."

"It's okay," I said. "So what happens if I win?"

“Oh, that’s funny that you think you have a chance,” Ryder said before removing his glasses and t-shirt.

Like I said before, this wasn’t my first time seeing Ryder dressed down, but lately certain things were catching my eye, like the way Ryder’s nipples stood like fine eraser points on his chest. Before, it was always a ‘whatever’ thing, but there was a super-charged energy in the tent that night.

“I guess if you win,” Mateo said, “you can go against me, and we can decide from there.”

“Go, Dylan!” Cale cheered, and I took off my shirt. It plopped as it smacked against the tent wall.

“Yeah, kick Ryder’s ass!” Mateo added and laughed when Ryder turned back to shove him.

We squared up, and Ryder and I locked hands as we began wrestling. We tried to pivot and make the other person lose their balance, but it was impossible to gain the advantage on our knees. The more we strained against each other, the more my arms shook as I tired out, but Ryder must have been in the same boat. When I attempted to pull off the same move I watched Mateo do on Cale, I was only half-successful, managing to lock my arm beneath one of his elbows, but I couldn’t pin my weight on his legs. Instead, I coiled my foot around his thigh to limit his movement. The only problem now was the way my crotch was pinned against his butt, and the more Ryder struggled against me, the more my penis smushed against his back.

I had a vague notion of sex and how it worked. Occasionally I’d played with myself in the shower or early in the morning when I boned up, but not yet to the point of orgasm. I never knew there was an end game to it all. Still, I recognized when a boner was about to happen, and boners at that age were mortifying. I hardened up pretty fast, and when my boner pressed against Ryder, he froze. There was no way he didn’t feel it there.

I panicked and loosened my grip, which gave Ryder the opportunity to wriggle from my grasp and quickly pin me on my back. He held my wrists above my head and plopped himself down on my torso. I couldn't be certain, but as he leaned forward, it felt like Ryder might have been hard too.

"I win," he grinned.

"Aww, dang it," Cale said. "Good try, though."

After Ryder rolled off of me, I squirmed my way back of the tent and tried to stealthily adjust myself. Ryder and Mateo started deliberating about what our dare was going to be.

"Just know," Cale said, "whatever you guys decide, we'll remember it for the next time someone wins!"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever."

They spoke in giggly whispers before turning back to us with wicked grins.

"Alright, we talked it over," Ryder said. "We have an idea, but we have to agree on a couple rules first."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Well first, no one can make anyone do something that might get them hurt. That's stupid and wouldn't be any fun."

"That's fair," Cale said, and I nodded in turn.

"Second, no one can say a word about what happens tonight. We can't tell anybody. Ever."

Now I was even more curious as a fluttery feeling grew in my stomach. We all agreed and waited for Ryder to tell us the dare.

"Cool, so you guys know the creek that runs through the woods?"

"Yeah," I said.

"We dare you both to run down to the creek and back. Butt. Naked."

"Naked!?" I shouted.

“We know,” Ryder said, and raised his hands. “But remember, the dares go for anyone who loses, no matter what. And no one can give you any shit for it.”

Cale looked to me and gave a grin. “I’m okay with it if you are. But no one try to look at us!”

“Oh, you are so going to get it later,” I told them.

Cale and I stood to our feet, and I turned away from them. My shirt was already gone, as were my socks and shoes, so all that remained were my gym shorts and briefs. I took a deep breath and shucked my clothes before cupping my junk in my hands. The only solace I had were the nerves that had killed my boner. When I turned around, Cale was standing in much the same way as me while Mateo unzipped the front flap of the tent.

“Have fun, ladies,” Ryder said and gave us a dainty goodbye wave.

I almost gave him the finger, but I was still hesitant about anyone seeing my dick, so instead I rolled my eyes and stepped through the tent opening. Cale gave a yelp as Mateo slapped his ass on the way out. Without the enclosed bodies in the tent to keep us warm, the chilly air made goosebumps crawl up my arms as Cale and I faced each other.

“Ready?” I asked.

“Lead the way.”

“Oh, hey, catch!” I heard and flinched as Ryder tossed me a small flashlight.

Instinctively I reached out to grab it, which left my dick on full display.

Ryder giggled again as I shouted, “Fuck you!”

After we left the meadow, Cale and I ran along the trail that led down to the creek bed. With the leaves overhead blocking the moonlight, we resorted to the flashlight, careful not to trip on any roots or jab the bottom of our feet on the loose stones. Cale followed close behind since I knew the way by heart. The last leg of the trip involved us maneuvering down a steep bank made slippery by the mud and wet leaves from a recent rain. I reached out a hand to steady myself against the trunk of a tree, but it was tough to shine the light at the same time.

“Oh, shit!” Cale shouted as he slipped behind me. I heard him oof as he hit the ground and slid forward, his foot taking out the back of my leg as we tumbled down. I lost my grip on the flashlight, and it clattered down the muddy embankment before stopping just short of the creek bed. My tailbone was a little sore, but otherwise I was okay as I carefully stood back to my feet. Somewhere in the dark beside me, Cale groaned.

“You okay?” I asked him.

“Fine, but I’m covered in mud.”

“Same,” I said.

After grabbing the flashlight and shining it on us, Cale plucked away the leaves stuck to his body. I knew I shouldn’t have been more interested in checking him out than I was in his safety, but I couldn’t help myself, especially since I hadn’t gotten a great look earlier when we peed on the fire. Cale’s entire body was thin and long, even down to his penis, which hung over his balls maybe three or four inches. If he had any pubic hair, it was tough to see considering how blonde his hair was and the brightness of the flashlight. His balls looked pretty round and hadn’t dropped much.

I was glad to see he was checking me out too. Around my penis, I had a few tiny, dark curls, and my balls had gotten more egg-shaped over the recent months, but while soft, my penis looked small for my age. I ended up being a grower and got a few more inches when hard.

As Cale looked on, his penis began lifting and sticking out. He reached forward and gave his pale length a small tug before catching himself.

“Sorry,” he said. “It gets like that sometimes.”

I shrugged, my own penis stretching out to its full length. I shined the flashlight down on myself. “Mine, too. Let’s get cleaned up.”

The running creek water was cold enough to make me hop around on my feet as I hurriedly scraped away any mud I could. Cale and helped each other clean the mud from our backs, and through it all my penis was rock hard, especially as my hand swiped the mud around his butt. He didn't seem to mind though since his dick stayed hard too. After we were mostly cleaned, we used the trees as leverage to make our way up the bank and sprinted back towards the tent. The sooner we were back inside, the sooner we could get warm again.

We soon entered the meadow, and I switched off the flashlight once I saw the glow from inside our tent. The flap had been zipped up in our absence, and when I started to unzip it, a couple muffled shouts came from within. Ryder and Mateo sat suspiciously on opposite ends of the tent, Ryder trying way too hard to act casual as he leaned back on his hands. They were both still shirtless, but Ryder's cheeks, neck, and chest were really blotchy.

"Finally," Mateo said unconvincingly. "What took you guys so long?"

"Dylan and I slipped in the mud," Cale said. "We had to rinse ourselves off."

Mateo and Ryder both looked between our legs at our exposed packages and back at our faces. Honestly, it didn't feel as embarrassing anymore, but I was still cold, so I slipped back into my clothes and wrapped myself in the lining of my sleeping bag. Cale did the same.

"What were you guys up to?" I asked, which renewed the blush on Ryder's cheeks.

"What do you mean?" he stammered. I knew my friend well enough to know he was dodging the question, but Mateo gave some bogus excuse, and I just let it go.

"What's our next game we're doing?" Cale asked. "I'm ready for some payback!"

Our next pairings were Cale and Mateo against Ryder and I. It was Cale who came up with the idea of writing a secret word on the other person's back, with the winner being the first to get it correct. Cale and I met in secret to land on the word butterfly before starting.

Ryder hunched over, giving more surface area for me to trace my finger along his bare skin, which sent a little shiver through me. Beside us, Mateo looked ready to crush us in this game too, although I doubted it would go over as easily as the wrestling did. Mateo wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed.

Cale asked, "Everyone ready?"

"Go!" I shouted and started drawing through the letters as quickly as I could. Ryder's back was hot against my finger as I traced over the muscles along his shoulder blades.

"B-u-t: Butt! It's butt!" Mateo screamed as Cale dragged his finger across his back.

In front of me, Ryder misinterpreted the e in butterfly for an h and shouted "Butthead! Butthole!"

"Ryder! It's not an h!" I shouted.

"Butter F? What is Butter F?"

"Butter!"

"Butterfinger!"

"Butterfly! It's butterfly!" Ryder shouted.

I let out a huge sigh of relief. Between the two of them shouting constantly over each other, I almost missed when Ryder shouted the correct answer.

"Cale, I'm starting to see a pattern," Mateo said grumpily before Cale tackled him.

"It's your idiot self that shouted Butter F!" he said before getting flung to the ground and pounced on.

Ryder looked over at me and wriggled his eyebrows. Last time, Cale and I had to run butt naked down to the creek and back. I had the sneaking suspicion things were only going to escalate from there. We convened together in the corner and whispered back and forth about a plan. A couple ideas were shot down between us until Ryder said he had the perfect dare in mind.

We scooted back over to the middle of the tent. "Ahem," Ryder said with a pretend cough. "Ladies, I believe it's time for your punishments."

They froze in place and craned their heads upwards at us.

"First thing's first, you both need to get down to your underwear."

Cale wriggled out from beneath Mateo and dressed down. Mateo rocked on his back and slipped off his gym shorts. It was the first time I'd seen Mateo this close to being naked. That fluttery feeling was back in my stomach.

"Is that it?" Mateo asked.

"Hardly," Ryder said. "Here's the dare. You can do whatever you want to the other person, and they have to stay perfectly still, but you can't stop until they get a boner. And no covering up!"

I whipped my head to Ryder. This was taking things too far. I mean, running around naked was one thing, but now we were talking about getting each other hard? What had gotten into him? I was discovering a lot about my best friend that night.

"I get hard all the time for no reason," Cale said.

"Join the club," Mateo said. "Just bust one out later."

Ryder giggled beside me, but Cale didn't seem to understand Mateo's meaning. Honestly, neither did I.

We decided Mateo would go first. He moved like a lion stalking its prey as he crawled toward Cale, who sat cross-legged beneath the hanging lantern. Mateo leaned forward until his lips were right at Cale's ear. I gasped along with Cale as Mateo stuck his tongue inside and swirled it around. A little moan escaped Cale's mouth as he tried to ignore the sensation. With his fingers, Mateo reached out and rubbed his index finger around the little nub of Cale's nipple. It stiffened up, and goosebumps spread along Cale's arms, making the blonde vellus hairs there raise up. With Cale having a long penis, it was difficult to see if he was really hard or not yet, but it looked like the front of his white briefs were ballooning some.

Mateo shielded our view as he crawled in front of Cale and straddled his lap. Ryder and I moved to either side and as Mateo leaned in to kiss Cale on the lips, pushing him back as he forced the two of them to the ground. All the while, Mateo never let up on Cale's nipple, and finally, Cale abandoned any hesitation and kissed back, their mouths working hungrily against each other. After about thirty seconds, Mateo wriggled his hips against Cale's and leaned back up.

They were both visibly tenting their underwear.

"I guess that counts for both of us," Mateo said, a little out of breath. Cale looked dazed on the ground but had a lopsided grin on his face.

"Woah," I whispered. At that point in my life, I'd never kissed anybody or even really imagined what it must have been like. "Did kissing really make you both hard?"

"It feels really good," Ryder said. "Right, Cale?"

I found it funny that Ryder didn't ask Mateo the same question.

"It was...wow," he said dreamily, his short blonde hair a little sweaty on his face. He reached down, gently squeezed his boner, and shuddered.

"I could show you," Ryder half-whispered beside me. "If you wanted, I mean."

Before I could answer, Mateo suggested we skip the challenges and go straight to the dares. I was intensely curious about where it all might lead, but at the same time the newness of everything made me super anxious. It felt like everyone was in the loop except for me. My chest tightened, and I found it hard to breathe, so I left the tent, shivering outside as the cool air entered my lungs. It wasn't long before Ryder crawled out and put a hand on my bare shoulder.

"Hey, you okay?"

"Maybe—I don't know. This is all just..."

"A lot?" he offered. I nodded. "Well, hey, if you want, we can take things slow. Everyone learns at their own pace. Just because Mateo and I have done stuff—"

Ryder cut himself off as he realized what he said.

“What have you guys done?” I asked, unable to stop my curiosity.

He shrugged. “Enough.”

“Did you know this was going to happen?”

He shrugged again, this time with a guilty smile. “No, but I was kinda hoping. I like you guys. And I think it could be really fun. And besides, it’s just messin’ around.”

“I’ve never done anything like this...” I trailed off.

“Not even with yourself?” My guess was that Ryder had his answer from the look on my face. “Dude, it’s one of the best feelings ever! You’ve gotta let me show you.”

The tent flap unzipped again, and Mateo shouted, “Hey, what’s the hold up? You pussies hanging out there all night?” Behind him Cale reared back and slapped Mateo’s ass the same way he’d been smacked before. Mateo yelped before diving towards him.

“It’s up to you,” Ryder said, offering me the start of our secret handshake. My heart was racing, and it felt like I was about to step through a one-way door as I grabbed his hand and completed our shake.

After we opened the tent back up, Cale shouted, “Woo! Finally! Save me!” Mateo had him crushed under his body weight. Ryder and I joined forces in rescuing Cale, but it took all three of us before Mateo finally yielded. It was no wonder he became such a strong wrestler for the school down the road.

When the proverbial dust settled, and Mateo asked again about jumping straight to the dares, Ryder answered first. “Actually, I wanna do the same dare you and Cale did. Dylan needs to know what kissing’s like first.”

“I do?” I asked.

“Uh, yeah, you do,” my friend said.

The others made way for us to sit in the middle of the tent, and I took the same posture Cale had with my legs crossed as Ryder crawled in front of me. He swept his hair from his face before leaning in close, his eyes only inches from mine. "You trust me, right?" he asked. I nodded, and Ryder gave me my first kiss. I wonder if everyone remembers their first. Certainly the uniqueness of mine was memorable, but there was nothing that compared with the softness of Ryder's lips against mine or the little zaps of electricity that pulsed between us. In my underwear, my penis went from zero to sixty faster than a motorsports car, and those same amazing zappy feelings happened there too. As we continued making out, Ryder leaned his weight against me, his dick rubbing against my stomach and his thigh against my dick. When he finally broke away, a string of spit joined our mouths together before breaking apart on my chin, and I understood the dazed pleasure Cale felt when he and Mateo kissed.

"I've never felt anything better than that my whole life," I said in a breathless rush.

"Just wait," Ryder said as he leaned up. His boner angrily tented against his underwear. "It gets even better."

When I turned my head, Cale's jaw hung open while Mateo gently palmed himself over his boxers.

Things were quick to progress after that. A dull ache spread from my balls and lingered in the pit of my stomach, a lot like after getting kicked in the nuts.

We ended up on the floor, all four of us, and there was a hunger and desperation in Mateo's voice as he dared everyone to strip down entirely. I wasn't nearly as embarrassed as I thought I would be, especially after talking with Ryder. My penis jumped as everyone lost their clothes. I was definitely right about the amount of growth Ryder's penis had undergone over the past year. It was longer than mine, though not by much, but I was drawn like gravity to the way his dick was so proportionate to the rest of his body.

We all gawked at Mateo as he dropped his plaid boxers. As the shortest of us all, I expected his dick to be the smallest, but it was the opposite. His olive-skinned boner jutted from his crotch like a thick spear, surrounded by a small nest of curly black hairs. It bobbed with his heartbeat as some clear stuff clung to the tip of his dick.

“What is that?” Cale asked with a grimace as he pointed to the goo.

Mateo gripped his boner and wagged it up and down, flinging some of it on the floor of the tent. “This,” he said proudly, “is babies.”

Ryder rubbed at his forehead. “It’s not babies technically. It just helps make them. Don’t you remember learning about semen in health class?”

“That stuff is semen?” Cale asked, blanching a bit more.

“Get used to it,” Mateo said. “Every guy makes it eventually, though I doubt you can.”

Cale was the only one of us without any hair. I especially liked the way his smooth, veiny stalk curved upward as it bobbed with his heartbeat. Cale’s penis was long and thin like the rest of him. He asked, “Mateo, have you had sex?”

Mateo blushed but shook his head. “No, and you can’t just ask people that! Where did that come from anyway?”

“Well, you said that stuff makes babies, and girls get babies after having sex.”

Ryder understood Cale’s confusion right away. “Oh, no, it’s not that,” he said. “You can practice having sex with yourself. Kind of. Semen comes out after you do that. Oh, and we call it cum, too.”

“Dude, let’s just show them how to jack off,” Mateo said in annoyance.

“You do me, and I’ll do you.”

I gasped as Mateo spoke words I’d only previously heard joked about. It was easy enough to laugh along and join in whenever someone teased another boy for jacking off or beating his meat, but I’d never really known what it meant. It’s not like we went around demoing it for each other.

“Okay,” Ryder said shakily, “but just so you know, I’m probably gonna bust pretty soon.”

With the four of us circled together in the middle of the tent, it was easy for both Ryder and Mateo to reach over and take each other’s dicks in their hands. Ryder used his whole fist, whereas Mateo encircled his thumb and index finger just below the tip of Ryder’s erection. Beside me, Cale and I traded glances as our two friends began stroking up and down. Their balls bounced inside their sacks with each tug, and their breath huffed out of their nostrils every few seconds. Whatever was going on, they must have been enjoying it. My heart skipped a beat each time Ryder’s eyes fluttered or Mateo gave a low groan. That dull ache inside my nuts spread out even more.

Ryder started huffing like a dog before saying, “I’m almost there. You want me to finish or no?”

Mateo grunted, “Whatever man. I’ll wipe my hand after. Just make sure to finish me too.”

Ryder only nodded as his huffs became more ragged. A moment later he started rocking on his butt while his stomach clenched and a whitish liquid shot out from the end of his dick. It struck his chest with a plop before running down. Then came another burst, this time with less force as it splattered across Mateo’s hand. It looked like more might have dribbled out at the end, but it was difficult to tell. I sat there in stunned silence as Ryder’s semen dripped onto his balls before sliding onto the tent floor.

“Oh, yuck,” Cale said half-heartedly, and I could tell he was immensely curious by it all as he leaned in.

Throughout it all, Ryder managed to keep his hand moving. Mateo’s face was a grimace of pleasure and pain as he chewed his lower lip, his eyes squinting in concentration as he doubled over. He grabbed Ryder’s hand and encouraged him to go even faster.

“Get ready, boys,” he said. At the last second, he pushed both Ryder’s hand and his dick forward, aiming it in the middle of our circle before more semen, even whiter than Ryder’s streamed out of his dick. Whereas Ryder’s semen came out of him in pulses, Mateo’s fired out in thin ropes. It streaked across the tent floor, the first strand smacking against Cale’s knee as he yelped and flinched away. Mateo only laughed as less and less pumped out each time until the only thing left was dribbles.

Ryder finally let go, and both of them were breathing like they just ran a mile. Both of their dicks looked irritated and red from all the grabbing and tugging. Ryder’s had started drooping forward like it was getting soft. The smell of sweaty boy and something chemically like bleach struck my nostrils as they flared, breathing in the scent.

“So yeah...so that’s like having sex with yourself, I guess,” Ryder said with a sheepish grin as he wiped the back of his hand across his forehead. “If you thought kissing felt great, Dylan, wait until you feel that.”

Cale dipped his finger in the bit of cum on his knee and squished it between his fingers. “This stuff is so weird. It’s warm, too.”

Mateo wiped the hand that was around Ryder’s boner against the tent floor, smearing in whatever leftover semen was there. “Alright, now it’s your turns. You saw what we did. Now do the same to each other.”

Cale cast a glance over at my erection before looking me in the face. It was tough to name the expression on his face. “I guess I’m fine with it if you are.”

I nodded and gently reached out a hand towards his pale dick. When I tried wrapping my fingers around it, he jumped and said my hands were cold, so I blew hot air into my palms, hoping they wouldn’t be so clammy, and wrapped my hand around his penis again. This time he didn’t flinch.

“Okay, now it’s a balance between how hard or soft you squeeze,” Mateo said. “You’ll get a better grip the more you do it. Cale, you grab Dylan, too.”

When Cale reached his thin, lithe fingers around my erection, those zappy feelings from when I kissed Ryder were back in full force, like I was being tickled from the inside out. I couldn't help the shuddering moan that slipped out as he gently slid his wrist upward, testing out the texture of my penis in his grasp. He seemed encouraged by what he was doing and sped up. I did the same for him, using his groans as a guide whenever I could. His eyes sparkled in half-lidded pleasure as we continued stroking each other, and all at once the urge to kiss him washed over me.

Without thinking, I leaned forward and brushed my lips against his downy cheek. He only hesitated a second before turning to face me, pressing his lips against mine. Cale's lips were different in every way to Ryder's. Less plump, thinner, tighter, but hungrier as he mashed against mine. My heart rattled in my chest as we swapped spit, and when my tongue darted out to lick my dry lips, Cale inhaled sharply as I swiped the outside of his lips.

Squeezing around my dick suddenly as his eyes rolled in the back of his head, Cale's penis began twitching with rapid spasms in my hand as he gave a few high-pitched whines. He was doing a bit of that same rocking motion Ryder had earlier, but I was a little disappointed that nothing was shooting out of the end like our other friends. His head rolled side to side as his neck was exposed, revealing a thin bead of perspiration on his skin as the smell of sweat and semen clung to the air.

Cale's penis continued giving a few phantom throbs every so often in my grip as he came back down from whatever high he was just on.

"See, I told you," Mateo said. "Dry as a bone. Heh, get it? Boner?"

"Real funny," Ryder said in a dead-pan expression. "Cale, slide over. I wanna help Dylan finish."

Cale had a dreamy smile on his face as he made room for Ryder, who crawled in behind me, shoving his legs to either side of my own as he drew in close. His chest pressed against my back, his chin rested against my shoulder, and I swear I felt the tip of his penis jutting against me. It felt awesome, but what felt even better was when he took my penis in his hand, moving it with the expertise of someone who had plenty of practice jacking off. What Cale had done before felt nice, but this was in another league.

I groaned embarrassingly loud, much to Mateo's amusement, but Ryder only whispered comforting words in my ear. "It's alright, buddy. I've got you, just ride it out."

The zaps were tingling all up and down my penis, and before I could really sense what was coming, a ripple flooded through me, similar to peeing, but way more intense, and all pleasure.

"Ah...ahh....ahh..." I gasped, clamping my hand on Ryder's wrist as something trickled out of me. My eyes squeezed shut, so I couldn't check what it was, but my head rolled against Ryder's as he continued stroking me up and down. My body was the fourth of July, popping with fireworks and explosions every split second. If this intense feeling was what Ryder was describing earlier, then I was pissed that he'd held out on me for so long. I was also grateful, too, because if this feeling could happen once, then it could happen again, and again, and I could already envision a world where this would become a daily ritual of mine.

"Aw, you make semen, too?" Cale whined beside us, and when I finally opened my eyes, I peered down at the hand still wrapped around my twitching penis. There was a shiny clear coating covering the head and other droplets sprinkled into my pubes. One or two spots had landed on my stomach as well.

"See what I mean?" Ryder asked beside me, and he and I grinned at each other before a fierce yawn swept over me, suddenly tired like my body had been on nonstop roller coaster rides.

"What do we do about this stuff?" I asked, looking at the semen on me, but also the mix of fluids from Mateo and Ryder smeared into the tent.

“Eh, I don’t know,” Ryder said. “It’ll dry up eventually.”

“Dudes, I am beat, in more ways than one,” Mateo said, stretching his arms and adding a yawn of his own.

Not too long after that, we settled down for the night, choosing to zip our sleeping bags together in groups of two. Ryder and I joined ours while Cale and Mateo linked theirs together. We decided at this point to sleep in the nude, since, well, there really wasn’t any point in having our clothes on anymore. As Ryder switched off the lantern and ran over to slip inside the bag, we lay facing each other in the dark, his warm, soft breath against my face while Cale and Mateo giggled across the tent.

“I’m glad you came over tonight,” Ryder whispered beside me. “I wanted to do that with you for a while.”

“Why didn’t you?” I asked, more out of curiosity than anything else.

“I don’t know, maybe I...” He paused, and though I couldn’t see him, I imagined he was looking off in the distance. “I didn’t want you to wig out and our friendship be ruined, you know?”

“You’re my best friend,” I told him. “You’d basically have to blow up a hospital or something ridiculous like that for me to get mad at you.”

“Yeah, I know,” he whispered. “Thanks, Dylan.”

As we lay there, drifting off in and out of sleep, Ryder and I got hard a few times, but neither of us did anything more that night. I think we were too tuckered out. In the weeks, months, and years to come, all four of our relationships grew and evolved in a lot of ways, some for the better, some for the worse. Regardless, I’ve always looked back fondly on that first night together, where my world was opened up for the very first time. It was the first of many pleasures to discover, and that journey was only getting started.

The End

Copyright 2023 – Levi Holland
All rights reserved