

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was on my summer vacation in 1990. We were backpacking in the Alps near the border of Germany in Switzerland. There were only two of us this year. My name is Joseph, Joe for short. Tom was with me for the third year of backpacking. Our other two partners both worked for the same company, and had run into an emergency situation that demanded their attention. Tom and I decided to continue with the trip anyway. But let's start this story a little earlier, before we actually left, that way what happened later will make a little more sense.

I was both happy and unhappy that only Tom and I were going. Unhappy - because Mike and Bill were excellent hikers, good friends, and had super personalities. We always had a good time together, and were about the same age, 24. Happy - because I fantasized that, being alone with Tom, I might, just might, get a chance to find out what his sexual orientation was. All four of us dated regularly, and I was almost positive that Mike and Bill were strictly straight. Tom, on the other hand, left some subtle idea in my mind that he might be, or at least have some latent tendencies toward men. (I was really in for a double whammy on this one.)

Our planning went off without a hitch. Our gear was assembled together in my apartment, and checked and rechecked to make sure we didn't forget anything. Friday evening, Tom decided to stay at my place so we could recheck maps, passports, tickets, traveler's checks, etc. Finally, at about 9 pm, I said that it was time to hit the hay since we had an early flight. We both stripped to our skivies and crawled in bed. I think it was nervous exhaustion, but we both slept soundly until the blanket-blank alarm gave its shrill call at 4am.

Tom rolled out first, stripped, and headed for the shower. I had to admire how he kept himself in shape. Not an ounce of fat on him. He was about 6 ft even, lithely built, but with lots of muscles in the arms, shoulders, thighs, and calfs. The muscles came from another hobby of his, rock climbing. I'd seen him scoot up a sheer rock wall that looked smooth to me, grabbing into fingerholds that must have been no more than an inch deep. He had flaming red wavy hair, and a hint of soft red beard stubble over an absolutely smooth skinned face. The four of us had known each other since early high school, and had gone to a school where the guys in swimming class still swam in the nude. None of us was the least bit bashful around each other.

A quick glance at his groin area was a bit surprising, his balls were a good size and swung freely, but his cock was shrivelled up with no more than an inch showing through his red bush. It must have been the ungodly hour, but he didn't have a morning-piss hard-on; in fact neither did I. Through half-open eyes I watched him head for the toilet and grab his cock, give a little pull on it, and as it lengthened, shoot a thick stream of yellow. By the time he stopped, and had shaken off the last drops, he was a good 6 inches long, soft.

At this point I could feel my prick getting firm, but it was from what I was watching and thinking, not just from morning-piss. As he flushed, I climbed out of bed and slipped the elastic waistband of my boxers over my now erect pole and dropped them to the floor.

Tom wasn't paying any attention to the bedroom, at least as far as I could see. He grabbed the shower door, and reached in and turned on the water; feeling with his hand, waiting for the hot water to arrive. I wasn't sure, but it looked like his cock was more at half mast than it was a few seconds ago. Just then he decided the water was right, stepped in, and closed the door.

I continued heading to the bathroom, and the toilet. The bathroom has the toilet and sink along one wall, and the shower/tub along the opposite wall. The wall with the sink has a mirror the full length of the wall starting at sink height. As I entered the bathroom I could see myself in the mirror. I was

shorter than Tom by about 2 inches, had light blond hair, and (at least in my opinion) a well formed muscular body. Muscular in a different way than Tom, since I played both Tennis and Golf. A moderate amount of body hair, somewhat darker than my head, and (at this point) a fully erect 7 inch cock over my tightly drawn up balls.

I stood at the toilet trying to bend my cock down and not having much luck at it; especially since I could see, thru the shower door, the blurred image of Tom starting to soap his groin, and seemingly doing a thorough job on his cock. Eventually I got myself aimed, and unloaded last night's beers and cokes. I then headed to the kitchen to set out a light breakfast.

Since we didn't want any dishes that were hard to clean up, I put out the milk and cold cereal, and started a kettle of hot water for coffee. With that done, I returned to the bedroom, just as Tom was coming out of the bathroom. God what a bod! I hurried in to avoid a potentially embarrassing problem. The shower relaxed me and I shaved quickly under the sting of the hot water. I towelled off and headed to the kitchen. Tom was sitting nude at the table just pouring milk on his cereal. I followed suit, trying to keep my mind on the business of the morning, instead of what I hoped for over the next 3 weeks.

We had finished breakfast and washed the dishes, and were heading to the bedroom when there was a gentle tap at the door. Tom continued in to get dressed while I went to the door. I cracked the door to check, and then opened it for Bill and Mike, who had come to drive us to Baltimore Airport.

Bill gave a quick look and then joked, "you don't look ready to go". I replied, "Oh we're ready all right, but at this hour, who's moving very fast. Sure you don't want to change your mind and come with us?"

Mike chimed in something about their "prick of a boss". And that he would keep Bill busy while we were overseas. The way it came out, I started wondering if I'd been wrong about his orientation. But there wasn't time for doing anything now anyway, so I headed in to put on some clothes. We'd decided to wear our one good change of clothes that were for sight-seeing.

At 5 am we hoisted our backpacks and headed for the car. There was a little light banter on the way to the airport. Mike kidded Tom about staying away from the Frauleins, and Bill chimed in that we be careful not to get rammed by any of the mountain sheep. (It sounded like a pun to me, but again I wasn't sure. Oh well.) The flight to Frankfurt Germany was uneventful, and we even got a few winks of sleep on the way.

Clearing customs was a snap now that the European Community is getting going. We caught the shuttle train from the airport into Frankfurt. In the train station we went to the tourist office and arranged for an inexpensive room for one night. We had decided that we would stay the night in Frankfurt and let our biological clocks adjust to the 5 hour difference. We checked into the pension (pen-see-own, rooming house), and then headed out to look around the downtown area. One nice thing about Europe is that the adult stores are all around, and intermixed with standard high and mid-class shops. This was Tom's first trip over so he was really amazed at the open doorways. We did a little exploring of the things on the historical "walking tour", and then crossed the river to eat at one of the popular outdoor cafe's.

With our watches saying it was early, and our bodies saying it was late, we headed back towards our room. At one of the adult stores, I think I surprised Tom by turning in. Everything you could possibly imagine in the field of adult toys was displayed. Cock/ball rings, butt plugs, whips, and other leather. About half the shop was devoted to video booths. These had 85 selections each. I've seen one shop that had booths with 120 selections. I said lets feed a few D-Marks into these, and headed for one of

them. There were about 20 gay videos that I found; and one that really turned me on that involved two men, a gal, and a horse.

I didn't have enough change to stay very long, and when I came out, Tom was nowhere to be seen. Not to worry, a few minutes later he popped out of the booth next to mine. I was quite certain that his crotch was just a bit fuller than it was before. I made an excuse to look in his booth and saw the selection number looked like one of the ones I had found. (Humm, that was a good omen).

"Gee, I wish they had this kind of sophistication, and technology, in the States", he said. Sophistication referring to the openness of their attitudes, and technology referring to the video selection quantities in a booth.

At this point, we decided we were done for, and headed back for an early bed.

Next morning we got up when we were damn ready, even so it was early, since it would take another day to be completely reprogrammed on time. I was first up and headed down the hall to the floor's bathroom. One D-Mark stuck in the coin-fed instant hot water unit gave about five minutes of hot water to the hand-held shower head. I played the spray over me quickly, soaped up, and then rinsed all over. This time I let the spray caress my balls and ass hole. I thought back to the time about 4 years ago when I discovered that you can do pretty thorough job of internal cleansing by turning the water low and unscrewing the shower head from the hose.

My thoughts went back to that summer, when just out of high school, I had bummed around Europe for a month. I was too naive to have gotten as much out of that summer as I could now, but just at the end I was sacking out on a park bench when a kid my age came up to me and said Hi, and started talking in excellent English. He asked if I had been in Europe long, and then said that it looked like I hadn't had a good hot shower for some time. I hadn't. We had talked for a while and he explained that he was also bumming around, but he was from the Netherlands. He asked if I'd like to join him for a quick bite of lunch and a good hot shower (free) at his place. I had jumped at the chance.

We got to his flat, (really one room with hotplate, folding bed and private bath), and I had dropped my sack on the floor. Jack (his real name was Joachim but he preferred Jack), opened the fridge and got out smoked fish, sausage, and bread and said to make my own. He then suggested that I take that shower I'd been promised. I stripped to my skivies and headed for the shower. Just as I was about to get in, I heard Jack say he had some towels to use. I turned around and there was Jack, towels in hand, totally nude. Naive I was, and didn't know what to say. He took the lead and didn't wait for confirmation, "I'll show you how to work the \*@#\$&! water heater and then help you with your back, now reach up and turn the red knob to the 5. I did as he said, and then turned on the tap.

Jack squeezed himself into the tiny stall and I could feel his body rubbing against mine. He reached up and took the shower hose and got us wet all over and then soaped up a washcloth and started working down my back. I didn't want to turn around because I was getting hard. He continued the back of my neck and armpits, then down around my buns. I felt the soapy cloth suddenly work its way into my crack and against my pucker. Then just a quickly it was gone.

Then I felt Jack kneel down, and apply the wash cloth to my thigh, roughly scrubbing up and down, seemingly taking extra long on the inside. Down the leg he went, and a light touch told me to lift my foot. My mind was spinning. I'd never thought of a shower as sensual, although I'd jacked off in the shower before. Since when, I thought, is someone washing your feet and between your toes sensual. This sure was! Then the other leg.

Then I heard him say to turn around. I hesitated! He again applied a light touch to insist. I didn't dare look down, but turned a little bit at a time. Eventually I had done the requisite 180, and felt the cloth working over the front of one leg. I still couldn't look down. Then the time came, I felt the cloth start to soap around my balls, and at the same instant felt something warm around my rock hard prick. The soapy hands continued to massage my balls. I finally looked down. The sight of his mouth around me was all it took to drive me over the wall and I shot jet after jet of 18 yr old boy cum. He paused to swallow and then very gently continued milking me. He seemed to know that I got very sensitive and he was most gentle in the final phase.

As I started to lose rigidity, without saying a word, he resumed the washing ritual, paying special attention to my very erect nipples. He finished up with a short but very affectionate tongue kiss. I'd never cum with another man. (Well, except the circle jerks as a teenager.) I didn't know what to say or do. He just handed me the soap and cloth. I started getting hard immediately at the thought of washing his prick, which incidently was a healthy un-cut 7 incher. I'd never gotten close to someone who was un-cut. I started to soap his chest and gradually got the nerve to start on his meat.

I started by washing the outside and around the balls, and then on a whim I started working a finger inside the prepuce. I heard a soft moan, and saw his eyes closed. I gripped the shaft and skinned him back. The head was even more huge than was implied when covered. I was getting into the swing of things and washed him real good. Then I got up enough guts to kneel down and take it in my mouth. I started to gag and backed off a little. More moans came from above. Then his hand grabbed the back of my head and in 4-5 thrusts I felt his jets fill my mouth. My first real BJ. I let most of it dribble from the corners of my mouth, but really thought the flavor was good.

In a few minutes he opened his eyes and suggested we needed to start over on the washing.

Jack invited me to spend that night there, which I gladly accepted since I was low on money. We went out to a local spot for a late dinner. Over dinner he broached the shower incident and asked if that was my first time. I said that I had always had an interest in men and couldn't take my eyes off any good-looking basket that I saw. I was intrigued by all the different sizes and styles that I saw in the school locker rooms, but outside a few close friends enjoying a circle jerk talking about girls, that was my first. We talked a bit about him and his first experience. He never asked if I thought I was gay or not. Then he asked if I would be interested in some other experiments. I wasn't really sure, but nodded OK.

When we returned to his room, he unfolded the bed and asked if I'd ever had an enema?

"Only when I was little, and had a bad stomachache, once."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"I don't really remember."

"Well, I find them really stimulating," he said, "I'll help you try one, in preparation for some other experiments. I'll take one too!".

He led the way to the bathroom.

"I don't have a regular enema bottle, but the shower works fine," he explained. He unscrewed the shower head from the hose. Then took another length of hose that he brought from under the bed and wedged it into the shower hose. It was about 8 ft long and 1/8 to 1/4 inch diameter. He said to lay on the rug on my left side. I heard the water start very slowly in the shower.

"I'm checking the temperature, just a minute".

Then I heard the cover of a jar opening, and felt something slippery being applied to my ass pucker.

"Now, I want you to concentrate on relaxing, push a little bit. I'm going to work my finger into your rectum and massage it to help you relax." The finger started, and I immediately clenched up. He kept playing with me until I got used to the feel and didn't react so quickly. Each time the finger went further. After 3-4 minutes, the finger was in, and it kept working around, he was taking his time. Then he started inserting and withdrawing the finger, repeatedly. All of a sudden I realized that last time it wasn't the finger. He said that he didn't have a real nozzle, and I should clamp down, as I felt the water filling me up. I complained that I had to shit, but he merely shut off the water, said to relax, and started massaging my stomach. I heard the water restart several times. Finally, he said that was enough for the first time.

I no sooner got on the toilet, tube still in me, than I exploded. He reached under me and worked the tube back in and turned on the water. "There, now you just clench and unclench to fill up and release. It was really a wierd feeling but pleasant nonetheless. Then he took the hose and cleaned himself out while I watched.

"About half the time, I don't even bother with the small hose," he said. "I just use the shower hose while I'm standing in the shower. The drain is super large and everything goes down the drain". That's how I learned the potential for shower hoses. And I saw him demonstrate the technique later that night.

We climbed into bed and he said "Are you hot for another round". "Sure" He reached over and started playing with my tits, then worked down to my prick. Soon I had a raging hard on. He said, "I want you to fuck me." I realized now why the enemas, and discovered that he had left us lubricated. My first fuck. It went superbly. Then I felt his finger toying with my asshole. I knew what he wanted. I also knew there was no way it would fit in. Fit in it did, barely, and only after a lot of preparation. He was very tender and gentle in the process. Something I would copy in the future. We both slept soundly, and I stayed with him for 2 more days. But enough of this reminiscing, I was telling you about Tom and I, and our Alpen Trip.

I realized that I'd really been daydreaming. The water had turned luke warm and was on its way quickly to ice cold. I stepped out of the shower, toweled off, went to the sink and brushed my teeth.

Tom was up and said that he had gone down and used the bathroom on another floor. He was walking around in some yellow boxers, and it looked like they were tented out more than usual, but I was probably just visualizing what wasn't really there. We got into our hiking clothes, re-stowed our packs, checked out of the room, and headed for the Bahnhof (train station). Our ticket was for Zurich and then Andermatt, near the St. Gothard pass in Switzerland. We found an empty compartment and settled in to the two window seats, facing each other. There were six seats. The train ride south was wonderful. The countryside slipped by, changing from vineyards along the Rhein valley, to farmland and picturesque villages.

At the Stuttgart Bahnhof, I stepped out of the train and ran over to a kiosk for some bread, sausage, and beverage. Running along, I saw one of the most beautiful hunks. I almost ran down a heavy set woman, not paying attention to where I was going. This guy was about 5'10", looked about 19-20, curly light blond hair, and a tight white tee-shirt. Below the waist, he had on shorts that were really short. They extended only about a 1/2" below the crotch, and were either 2 sizes too small, or were made of something like a stretch denim. A fair sized, obvious bulge was visible. The outfit ended in hiking boots with calf-length hiking socks, and a rucksack (backpack). He was headed for the train.

I hurriedly made my purchases and just barely made it back before the train started moving. As we were eating our lunch, my blond hunk came past our compartment, which now also had a lady and her daughter in it. He slid the door open and asked if one of the seats was free. I replied, "Ja, bitte". He stepped in and swung his pack up into the overhead rack.

He saw our backpacks, and when he sat down asked, across the two ladies, where we were heading. He was also heading down into the St. Gothard area, and would meet some friends in Zurich. Tom asked what he knew of the trails and hiking huts. Gerhard, (we had quickly introduced ourselves), hauled out some well used maps and started to talk about the hundreds of kilometers of trails, and those he'd been on. We told him where we were going.

The lady and her daughter, volunteered to switch places with us, and I found myself opposite Gerhard, with Tom next to him. Once again I wondered, as Tom was standing, if that basket of his wasn't a tad bit enlarged. My view of Gerhard was disappointing. I thought I could see some sort of outline, but tight pants only tend to compress everything unless there is a solid bone inside. We spent close to an hour going over his maps and ours.

At the border with Switzerland, there was a perfunctory examination of passports all round, that took all of a minute. All too soon we pulled into the Zurich Bahnhof and we disembarked to catch the train to Andermatt. Gerhard could be seen down at the far end of the platform talking to 4 or 5 other guys. We moved over to our platform quickly, because our connection was very short. Suddenly we were in Andermatt, and walking out of the station. We checked the map and asked one of the locals, which bus headed out of town in our direction. He indicated the number 42, and we took it to the end of the line.

We stopped at a Backerei for bread, and then at the Metzgerei for hard sausage and cheese that would keep best without refrigeration.

A quick check of the map, and we headed up the side road and onto a trail wending its way gradually up into the hills. By this time it was 1700 (5 pm) and so the first time we found a little stream with a small clearing next to it, we stopped and put up our small two-man backpacking tent. We were surprised how far we'd risen in altitude. The view of the valley below was exquisite. We ate a simple meal of bread and sausage with some sweet deserts we'd carefully brought from the bakery. I grabbed a book and settled down against a tree to read until it got darker.

After about 20 minutes, it gets dark quickly in the mountains, I looked around and didn't see Tom anywhere. I put the book back in my pack and was quietly wandering around on the soft pine needle carpet that covered the ground. Just around a bend, I stopped. There was Tom, sitting on a rock next to a tree, leaning back on the tree, and staring out over the now shadowy valley. Not so unusual a scene except his pants were down around his ankles, and he was slowly caressing that object of my fantasy. His hands slowly slid up the shaft then slipped off and continued up his belly to his nipples, around them, back down his sides, his thighs, across to his inner thighs, up to fondle his balls, then repeating the sequence.

I watched for several minutes, and then got up my nerve and quietly headed toward him. I was in a turmoil, rehearsing in my mind what to say, how to proceed. I didn't want to screw up a wonderful friendship, and trip, if he was truly straight. As I approached, all of a sudden he jumped as he realized I was there. "Mind if I join you?", I said as nonchalantly as possible. I think my voice trembled and was a bit choked sounding and I cleared my throat. Without waiting for an answer, I unbuckled my belt, dropped my pants and sat on a rock next to him. My rod was rock hard already from having watched him, and I started wanking gently. Slowly he relaxed, and started back with his caressing.

I'd just about figured that I had to continue to lead, when Tom beat me to it and asked, "Do you jack off often?"

"Every day".

— long silence. Then he continued, "When did you start?"

This was a perfect lead for me to unload my story as an opener.

"Well I've done it ever since I was about 13 or 14. But I really got the bug for sure when I was here that summer after we graduated from High School. A guy I met invited me to his apartment and we got it on together. (I didn't tell him all the things we did just yet). Ever since then, I've done it almost every day. I often fantasize him when I'm doing it.

"Even when we've been hiking the past few years, I've always been able to slip off without you guys seeing, and unload at least once a day. What about you?"

— another long silence, then he replied,

"I've been doing it off and on since I was about 12. A bunch of the guys at camp were talking, and bragging about how far they could shoot and how many times. I was about the youngest guy in the cabin and didn't know that most of it was just braggadocio. I decided I had to try it. I got a chance one day, in the two-hole crapper they had. I grabbed my little pecker and started jerking it. It got awfully stiff, and I reached a mild climax, but nothing came. I was disappointed. I knew nothing was wrong because my dad had given me a "growing up" lecture the year before.

"Anyhow, I took to heading for the outhouse on the slimmest excuse. One day, I was in the midst of my ministrations, when one of the older 'Jocks' opened the door. I couldn't cover up fast enough to avoid him seeing me. He told me that what I was doing wasn't half as much fun as sucking on each other's. I wasn't too sure about that, but he 'ordered' me to stand up, and watch for anyone coming thru the hole farther up on the door. He got down on his knees and sucked my little pencil into his mouth until I climaxed, (again without cuming).

"Didn't that feel good?", he asked, and added that he had tasted a little something. He asked if I wanted to try his. It looked huge to me at 5 inches. I got down and sucked his for a few minutes, but then someone was coming down the path. Anyhow, I've been doing it almost daily ever since."

"Yeh!," I replied, "I listened to all that talk in our camp too, but never was lucky enough to have anyone blow me at that age. My first time was with that guy I just told you about. Have you shared a Jack Off session or blow job with anyone since?"

"No ...!", he hesitated, "after that first time, I've thought about it, though."

I got a little bolder. "Yeh! I have too, we've come this far, ... and since we are good friends, do you have any objections.....?", and I reached my hand over and started playing with his tool and balls.

His answer was clear body language. His hands merely dropped to his sides. I continued with another 4-5 minutes of foreplay, and then slowly leaned over and took his tool into my mouth. "Oh, god!", I heard him say, and then he exploded. He was either a prolific producer of cum, or he lied about having done it every day. It seemed like a week's worth, one shot right after the other. I sat back up and started to jack myself off, figuring if he returned the favor it would be icing on the cake. After a few minutes, (my eyes had closed), I felt his hand on top of mine, and I let him take over. Five strokes later I gushed my load. As I felt his hand leave, I felt a quick, light brush on my face from his



nose, and then I opened my eyes and saw him pulling up his pants and walking off to the tent.

Back in camp we cleaned up and then climbed into the tent, both of us nude.

Tom was laying there for some time, and then in a slightly confused sounding voice said, "I don't want you to think I'm gay or anything, but I've thought about how it would be for you and me to do something like that, for a long time. I've never been able to climax with a girl and that is about the first time I've done it with a guy except that time at camp and a couple times at camp the next year."

I knew what was going on in his head. He was scared to admit that he had gay inclinations, and was trying to make sure he didn't upset his relationship with me. "I think I can be honest with you," I said, "I've gone out with girls with you guys, but about two years ago, I finally admitted to myself that I was at least bi-sexual" (I was still being cautious that I didn't come on too strong). "I've had an urge get it on with you for a long time." "I hope when tomorrow morning rolls around, you haven't had second thoughts, and start hating me for what's happened".

"You don't have to worry about that", he said languidly, and rolled on his side facing away from me, snuggled back a little, and let out a big sigh. I let my arm slip around his chest and we both fell asleep.

We must have really slept soundly. I started to wake. My arm was still around Tom and he had moved. Then I realized he had changed position during the night and was on his back. My arm was now laying across his chest, and in the twilight of waking I found my fingers playing in his red chest hair, with nipples which suddenly hardened at the touch. He moaned as he started coming around.

I let my hand tease its way down over his belly, and before it got to his bush, it was halted by running into a very stiff obstacle. I gently started caressing that obstacle and suddenly felt the rest of his body tense up and give a little shudder. I worked fast and got my mouth within inches of the slit when a wad caught me on the end of my nose. I gobbled quickly and managed to capture the rest.

Tom said, "God, talk about mixed emotions. I couldn't have stopped that if I wanted to, and yet I've got to piss so bad that my bladder actually hurts."

"Well, get the hell out of the tent. We don't want to have to dry clean the sleeping bags over here." I had to go too! We hurried out into the brisk, almost icy air, and over to the trees. We both stood there trying to relax the sphincter against the normal reflex that clamps it down when you have a good hard-on. All of a sudden both of us let go. Tom's arched up went a good 10 feet, mine wasn't far behind. The sun was just peeking over the peaks across the valley, and was shining into and through his fiery red hair. His chest and bush were literally on fire, as the rays darted between the hairs.

We both started to feel the cold morning mountain air and hurried back into the tent. This time he had lain down on his side facing me, so I decided to see what would happen and lay down with my back to him and did like he did last night, and snuggled back into him. He didn't hesitate and lay his arm around me.

"How far did we plan on hiking today?" he started a light conversation.

"Only about 10-15 Km", I replied. As we talked I felt his hand start to wander around my chest and then move gradually lower. I felt the blood pressure in my penis build. I rotated towards him, onto my back, to make his caressing easier. His hand lightly brushed my glans, and the sensation was enormous. His head was close to mine and as his fist encircled my rod, I lifted my head and grabbed the back of his head, planting a gentle, lingering kiss on him. He didn't pull back, and in a few

seconds felt his tongue brushing my lips.

Without a word, he left my mouth and shifted in the tiny tent so he could suck on me. Gently. A soft blow of air across the saliva wetted tip. Another gentle suck. Then the mouth engulfed me clear to the base. I came... and I came... and then I just laid there letting the reactions blend and subside. I felt him swallow.

"So how was that for my first time?" he asked. "I figured you deserved some relief too, and I've wanted the first to be with you for a long time.

"You were marvelous. And, no, I don't believe anyone could be that good without previous experience."

"Believe it or not," he replied, "other than those years at summer camp, you are the first. I just did to you what I visualized would turn ME on, and figured you would like it too."

We got up, went down to the stream and cleaned up. Then cooked breakfast, struck camp, and started out.

The next few days turned into wonderful repeats of that first night on the mountain. Each evening we would plan the next day's hike, read books or just talk. As it got dark we would be close to each other and watch the sun starting to set, and would bring each other to a climax, sometimes in the tent, but usually standing, sitting, or laying alone in the nude, just like you would envision some primitive people might do. In the morning we might just simply enjoy each other without any sexual overtones, or if the spirit moved us, share each others body and emotions.

Several days later, we were going through our usual routine of enjoying the sunset with a mutual j.o., when a branch snapped behind us. We both grabbed for our pants, and looked over our shoulders at the same time. Too late! There, not ten yards up the trail towards our tent was a backpacker with blond hair, Gerhard, stopped dead in his tracks, staring at us.

His face slowly changed to a sly knowing grin, and he continued toward us. "Hello! I wondered if I'd meet you today, and then I saw your camp up the trail and knew I'd been successful." (So that's how it was; he was actually looking for us). "Mind if I join you?" And without waiting for an answer, dropped his pack and started to unbuckle his pants, (not the stretch ones we had seen him in before).

He had on European-cut boxers, and before they had dropped we knew we were in for a pleasant sight. He wasn't big, only about 6 inches, but he was uncut with a long loose prepuce covering the head. He was one of those unusual guys that, when they were hard, their penis curved toward their belly so that it was almost pressing against it. He pried it out enough to get his fist around it and started to slowly make a drawing motion from base to tip. He was hampered by his pants around his thighs, but we hadn't gotten ours back on.

I couldn't stand the sight any longer and moved over beside him. As I reached for his cock he dropped his hand and let me gradually stroke him. Ever since that summer of 18, I'd been fascinated by uncut cocks. I worked his flesh down to expose the glans and then back up. He was very loose and I stuck a finger of my other hand next to the glans and slid the skin up over both, and then started to massage him inside the cover.

He had been playing with my shaft for several minutes as well and then pulled me around to face him. He brushed my hand away from his shaft and skinned it back. He held my glans next to his and rolled the skin up to cover them both, and started to jack us both off together. I looked over his

shoulder and saw Tom beating himself faster and faster. The combination of what I was feeling and what I was watching was too much for me to control. I provided lots of cum to balloon his foreskin. Just then Gerhard shot as well. "God, that always does the trick," he said. I looked over and saw drips hanging from Tom's detumescing cock.

"Well, I guess we've just tacitly invited you to join us," I said with a grin".

Tom and I grabbed our pants and headed back the 10 yards around the bend toward camp. Gerhard pulled up his pants, grabbed his pack and followed.

Gerhard dropped his pack. He didn't have a tent and said he preferred to sleep out under the stars. He laid his ground cloth and bag right outside our tent door so we could talk. We asked what had happened to the other guys we had seen him with in the Zurich Bahnhof.

"Well, its sort of a long story. We always have hiked together, and enjoy each other just like you guys were doing tonight. However, when I saw Joe here, watching me as he ran through the station; (boy you really creamed that heavy set gal you ran into, didn't you); I followed you back to the train and then told the other guys that I wanted to try to meet you. They were on that same train, but in one of the first cars. I knew you were in one of the later cars, and walked back until I found you. I noticed how Joe kept watching my crotch while we were talking, and figured you might be interesting to check out further. I made certain that you gave me a good idea on my maps of where you were going.

"In Zurich, I pointed you out as you got off the train, and we agreed that after we'd gotten our supplies and things in Andermatt, I'd take off separately and try to meet you. We have a rendezvous set up for two days from now. You guys really had me worried. I thought maybe I'd mistaken your route. I got on the your trail a day and a half ago, and was just starting to worry that I'd missed you. It really simplified matters, finding you jacking off like that. I didn't have the slightest idea how I was going to figure out if I was right about you or not."

"You mean that this isn't just a coincidence?" asked Tom. "Boy do I feel left out, I never noticed Joe watching you like that in the train. Probably because I was too busy watching you myself."

"Well, coincidence or planned, it matters not," I added, "you're welcome to join us. And, I would really like to meet those other guys."

"That might be OK. Lets talk about it tomorrow. You guys have me tired out from trying to make up a day trying to catch you." None of us said anything more, or else I was the first to doze off.

Next morning, I looked out of the tent and saw Gerhard off whizzing against a tree, his primus stove hissing as it heated some water. My motion caused Tom to stir, and as we watched out the tent, saw Gerhard starting to stroke himself. We snuggled together and watched.

Gerhard looked over and spotted us. He released his grip and walked in our direction, prick at attention, taut against his belly. God what a sight. I really had never seen anyone with a prick that was that vertical when hard. "My I join you? That is if all of us can fit in this dinky tent of yours." He unzipped the door and squeezed in head first. This meant that he was in a perfect 69 position. Which was apparently what he planned because he reached for Tom's cock and started sucking, while he massaged mine. I reached up and grabbed his cock, and then on the spur of the moment, guided it to Tom's mouth so I could watch him as he sucked on it.

Once Tom was busy, I reached up to see what reaction I'd get from Gerhard's ass hole. The reaction was telling. As I started to finger his pucker, his rear end gave a wiggle and an inviting push back.

Gerhard gave some gentle pushes on my buns to bring me over closer to Tom, and then started alternating on us. He occasionally got us both into his mouth together. My middle finger was now fully inside his rectum and I gently massaged his prostate. Tom was beautiful to watch as he sucked. All of a sudden Gerhard's ass tightened on my finger, his body went rigid, and Tom tried to contain the gushing sperm. That was enough for me and my load jetted out onto my chest and over Gerhard's hand. Tom was the last, about 10 seconds later.

We finally got ourselves ready, and started the day's hike. Gerhard's English was excellent and he was a fantastic conversationalist. We talked about cars, politics, and our schools. At one point, Gerhard started us going on fantasies. His fantasy was to open a door and step into a totally dark room, or a maze; to feel 5 - 10 hands suddenly caress his body, unzip his pants, take off his shirt and leave him totally nude; and then disappear. All this would be done in silence, or maybe with some soft music. He would feel a wall next to him and start to follow it. He would sense another wall and reach out to find he was in a corridor. A narrow entry on his left would reveal a small 4 ft square empty cubicle. Continuing along the hall there would be other cubicles. He would pass one and hear some slurping sounds; another some faint moaning; another would be the sound of water.

He would enter that one and find himself in a small lavatory. "I would feel around and find a sink and then a door to a toilet, and then a urinal. At the urinal I would start to take a leak and feel a hand gently holding my pecker while I whizzed. After returning to the hall I would pass bodies along the wall, each of which would fondle my prick and my body, and I would fondle theirs. At one cubicle I'd smell a body that intrigued me and be guided in for one of the most sensuous blow jobs you could be given. I've never figured out an ending to that fantasy. What about you guys".

We continued hiking, and then Tom dropped the second bomb-shell about his sexual preferences. "Even before I was introduced to stuff at camp, I'd watched some stallions on my uncles farm. I was amazed at the size of their cocks when they let them down to piss. I'd only had a rare couple of chances at the farm to get close to one, and my uncle had warned me that they kicked without warning and you could be badly hurt. Finally, I got a chance to reach under and touch one that was hanging loose. I jumped back because, as soon as I touched it, it jumped out straight horizontal. I was really intrigued since I was only about 8 at the time. Once I saw a stallion try to mount a mare in the field, and later I saw a bull mount a cow. Back home I asked my Mom why two dogs were tied together, but her explanation left a lot to be desired.

"That's one of the reasons that I went to camp that first year; they had horses. After I was introduced to jacking off, I thought that would be neat to jack off a horse. In the next two years of camp, I only got one chance. I was in heaven during the event. Ever since, I've wanted a chance to do it again. As I've matured and learned about myself, my fantasy has developed around finding myself on a farm or ranch with a bunch of guys (even including some gals) where you could use the animals to your heart's content without anyone caring, and even others participating. .... I can't believe I'm telling you guys this, it's not something you admit to just anyone."

Gerhard broke in, "you did it because after last night and this morning you must feel you can trust us. You may be in luck. This group of guys we're going to meet are very open, and adventurous, and one of the reasons for our trip, was to experiment with the types of things you fantasized, at a little farm up in a dead-end valley. They'll love to hear about your fantasy.

"What about you Joe, what is your fantasy?"

"Well up till this trip, my fantasy has been to get it on with Tom here. I have a thing about red hair, and he has some of the most beautiful. Don't you agree." A nod from Gerhard. "Well, my fantasy has been to get him alone, and find out that he also likes me. Since I saw you on the train, and then

seeing you with those other hunks, I've fantasized on a real group session. From what you've said, both my, and Tom's fantasies might just become reality.

"My one problem will be the same one Tom will have, ...what do we tell Bill and Mike about the trip when we get back?"

Tom chuckled, "Boy, you're right, those two guys are straight as arrows. Another problem will be next year's trip when they will be with us again. What do we do then? You and I will have to watch ourselves."

As we had hiked we'd pass through little mountain villages. At least every 2 - 3 days we'd pick up provisions we'd need for the following days.

At night we'd either set up camp in a location that didn't seem to be owned or used by anyone, or we'd find one of the many hikers huts that dot the mountains. These were the barest of shelter, designed for the serious hiker who didn't carry a tent. They are all within walking distance of the next one. Only once did we plan on using one and find that another group had gotten there before us. It was two couples. We decided that it would be better if we left them to have the hut alone, and we camped a little ways off. That evening we got together with them and found out they were from England. We had an excellent evening chatting about hiking experiences and general stuff, and really enjoying passing jokes back and forth. We were all relaxed, and sat around talking and looking at the stars until Gerhard suggested we ought to hit the sack. One of the rare evenings we didn't enjoy each others bodies to the fullest.

We'd been on the trail for just a little over a week, and although it didn't seem like it, almost half way through our vacation. It was the day we were supposed to rendezvous with Gerhard's friends. As we pulled into the rendezvous village, I asked Gerhard, "How do we know where to meet your friends?"

"Don't worry, If we don't see them wandering around town while we're getting our supplies replenished, they'll be at a camping spot we know about 4 km out of town up that valley," and he pointed to the east.

Just then a guy came out of a shop door to my right, not watching where he was going, and ran into me. "Willem, you klutz, watch where you're going," Gerhard shot in German. That of course led to Tom and I being introduced to the one bear of Gerhard's group. Willem was not your stereotypical skraggly looking biker-type bear. He had silky medium blond hair, well combed, and pulled back into a pony-tail that was about 10 cm (4 inches) long. He had a well groomed beard that was neatly trimmed to about an inch and a half, and a moustach that blended in to created a beautiful face. (This description, from me, a guy who basically doesn't usually get turned on to hirsute guys). His arms and legs were covered with the same silky looking but thick, dark blond fur. (I suddenly had an urge to run my hands through his hair, his beard, and explore the stuff visible through his shirt on his chest).

"Where's everyone else," Gerhard continued, this time in English.

Willem responded in German, "Well, I think everyone else has headed up to camp. Hans may still be in town, but I don't think so."

We were to find out that everyone, including Tom and me, spoke passable English and German, and it was sometimes funny to hear the two languages intermixed in the same conversation as if they were one language. Most of Gerhard's group also spoke other languages. There was one Swede, Sven; and one east-european, Rudy, (I never did catch which country he was originally or most

recently from).

The four of us headed out of town, Willem and Gerhard leading, Tom and I bringing up the rear. About a km out of town, we heard a voice behind us, and were promptly introduced to Hans.

“Where were you?,” Willem asked, “There are only 4 - 5 shops in town, and we thought we’d looked in each of them.”

“Well, I spotted one of the town kids. He had some well-worn bundhosen (knee-length pants) that looked like they should have been handed down to a younger brother. They were tight, and showed off a promising looking basket. He ducked around the side of a hay shed and I followed him. He was taking a leak, unfortunately I wouldn’t do anything more than admire the kid from a little distance, so I made like I had to take a leak too. I had a lot of difficulty trying to get anything to flow, so I just admired.”

The five of us continued on to the campsite. When we got there we were introduced to the rest of the group. Hans, whom we’d just met on the trail was apparently the “partner” of Willem. He was the tallest of the group at what I guess to be 6’4”. Lithely built, he was clean shaven, with blondish, fairly short hair. Who said opposites don’t attract. He and bearish Willem couldn’t look more opposite.

Gerhard was apparently “partner” to Sven, who was a picture book stereotypical Swede; whitish sun-bleached blond hair, which he usually covered with a red printed bandana, tied babushka style around his head. Another red bandana was around his neck.

Rudy, the east-european, was the shortest of the group, at only about 5’7”. Rudy wasn’t his real name, but a nickname he used instead of a hard to pronounce name. He had dark hair, not quite black, and an angular face. For his size he looked wiry, and someone you’d not want to get into a fight with. He was sitting on the ground against a tree when we first arrived, knees pulled up and spread apart, apparently dozing. He had on only some thin cotten, loose fitting shorts, and I could readily see the outline of a goodsized cock and heavy balls.

Peter, was from Austria, and the apparent “partner” of Rudy. These partnerships, it turned out, were very generalized and it seemed to be a natural pairing, rather than any love or specific relationship. Over the next week Tom and I were to see almost everyone with everyone else. Peter was another germanic looking, handsome guy, with sort of brunet hair. He was the only one with an ear ring; a very small, delicate zircon.

Tom and I set up our tent, next to the others that were already there. It was already dinner time and everyone sat or lay around the ground, sharing whatever they had for an evening meal, and talking about what they had been doing while Gerhard had been looking for us.

Sven said crypticly, “When did you find them, and are they going to join us for the whole trip?”

Gerhard replied, “Well it took me a day and a half to catch up to them, they were really moving. But the wait was worth it, and I’d say they are welcome to join us for the whole trip, but I never really asked. I think I know their answer, at least Tom’s, will be yes, (based on a fantasy he described).”

I figured I’d save them any more questions of this type or speculation of our orientation, and butted in, “Talk about a surprise introduction, Gerhard surprised the hell out of us when he butted in on our evening of viewing the sunset, and jacking off.” At this last pair of words, everyone’s face seemed to relax and smiles opened on the faces.

Gerhard turned to Sven, who he was laying nestled behind, and added, “They’ve got a routine that

we all should copy. Each evening they pick a spot near camp where they can strip and sit or lay on the ground watching the sunset. They sometimes read a little, but they always finish the evening with some kind of sex, from a simple mutual j/o or a passionate 69. I don't know if they go any farther, I've only been with them for two nights."

I didn't tell him that we'd only, just this trip started exploring each other, and hadn't really gone beyond that step yet.

Peter voted that they initiate the practice right away, and nudged Rudy in the ribs. "I'll second that", said Rudy very quickly. And so the evening continued. It got dark finally, and we were still all sitting around in roughly the same positions as we had taken right after dinner. The conversation waxed and waned. Sometimes there were long silences. Not the uncomfortable kind, the kind where everyone for the moment is comfortable with his own thoughts.

Gerhard had switched positions with Sven and was now nestled on his chest he turned his head and planted a loving kiss on that tall person who was his backrest. In turn Sven's long arms had begun gently caressing Gerhard's chest, and had worked their way down under the waist band of his pants. Willem started caressing his basket, and soon unbuttoned his fly. He reached in and seemed in no hurry to let us see what he had. Hans, who had been sitting cross-legged on the ground, uncrossed his legs and shifted closer. As he reached into the fly, the other hand was withdrawn. After a few minutes, he pulled out what looked, in the failing light, to be a battering ram. It had to be 2 inches in diameter, even though it appeared to be only 6 inches long. One by one the other "stars" came out. (You can tell I wasn't watching the sky tonight). Gerhard had again shifted around and exposed the barber pole of the group. Sven had to be 8 to 9 inches long and medium diameter, finely veined. Hans, gradually got into a better position, and was having his 7 incher teased by Willem, while he tried valiantly to close his hand around the ram.

Peter and Rudy, who had voted to copy us, had, to this point, merely been lazily sitting next to each other, petting. Suddenly Rudy stood up and started shedding all his clothes. Peter immediately stood and soon the two of them were standing nude in the throes of some lascivious foreplay. Gradually their two cocks started to harden. Tom and I watched this whole scene, and suddenly Tom leaned over and started unzipping me with one hand, and with the other running his hand through my hair. I co-operated by helping with the zipper; it was definitely a two-handed job with the fabric strained by the hard penis that had grown while watching this group of new friends.

Everyone was doing their own thing, but at the same time all eyes were on the standing pair. Peter dropped to his knees and started licking Rudy's stick, then his balls. His hand moved between Rudy's legs and started working its way between the cheeks. Rudy bent slightly to loosen the access. I wasn't being forgotten either. Tom had bent over and was doing his sensual licking, blowing, sucking job on my pole. I was getting dangerously close to cuming, and gently lifted his head to indicate that he should stop for a minute.

I began unbuttoning his shirt and finishing his pants. Tom lifted himself to help the process of removing them. As he lifted I clamped my mouth around his erect pole and started to work on him. It was just too much, for a novice. The sights around him plus my mouth caused him to give a little grunt, and then before I could back off to let him relax, he bucked, went rigid, and let out a "Yyyyyessss!!". I felt a huge wad hit the back of my throat. He continued to spasm for what seemed like several minutes. I looked up for the first time, with my mouth still around him, and saw all eyes appreciatively watching, then the others went back to their own activity. I swallowed and then changed position to plant a loving tongue kiss on Tom's mouth. "Jeez, I've never cum like that before," he whispered. "The intensity of it was like someone had plugged me into 220."

We glanced over at the others and found that everyone else was now completely out of their clothes, (I was the only one left with clothes on). Willam had joined Peter and Rudy, and was kneeling behind him, licking his ass, while Peter continued ministering to the front side. Rudy, you could see, was getting close, his hands each had a hank of Peter's hair and he was forcing Peter up and down on his cock. Peter was trying to breathe between strokes. Willam was forced out of play by Rudy's increasing gyrations, and it was soon evident that he was cuming....and cuming....and cuming. It took a few minutes but then he stopped and held Peter's head fully on his cock. You could see from his jaw muscles that his tongue was still at work milking the last drops.

Willam went back to work on Rudy's ass, lubricating it with plenty of saliva. Rudy bent over accomodatingly. Willam stood up and with an accuracy I'd never seen before, gave one heavy thrust and planted his pole. "Yeeooow....slow down and let me get used to it!!!" Willam had stopped as soon as he was planted. We were to find out that Rudy's scream was more for show than pain. He had one of the loosest holes around, and was able to relax on command. Willam started with a slow fuck, but soon the pace was picked up.

I never did see him finish, because just then Hans walked over and grabbed my hand, pulling me to my feet. He caressed my chest through the open shirt, and then gently slid it off. Tom, in the meantime, was helping me out of my pants, and handling Hans' rod at the same time. Hans' hands moved around me sensuously, his mouth and tongue explored my mouth, earlobes, neck. I felt Tom playing with our two cocks with his hands, and then felt his mouth engulf them both. His left hand held my balls, I presume his right hand was playing with Hans'. Hans dropped to his knees, forcing Tom temporarily out of play. He sucked first one, then the other, of my balls, turning them slowly in his mouth. Then he started on my pole.

I looked over at Gerhard and Sven and saw them snuggled in each other's arms, apparently finished with whatever they had been doing, watching Rudy and Willem, and Hans and me. I was starting to feel the beginnings of a climax on the way. I glanced down and saw that Tom had somehow worked his way into a position so that he was alternately sucking and jacking Hans. Hans started to moan, and was alternately working brutally on me, or merely stationary and involved in what was obviously the beginnings of his own excitement. All of a sudden he clamped down on my cock especially hard. I could feel him bucking and shaking, as he unloaded into Tom's mouth. The sensation finished bringing me to my own climax. Hans gagged a little as he was still caught up in his own ejaculation, and not prepared for mine.

We slowly came down from our highs. I looked across the group. Willem had just pulled out of Rudy. Tom disentangled himself and leaned back against the tree. Hans stood and planted a quick kiss, which I responded to in kind, and headed over to rejoin Willem.

"I pronounce this marriage and feast a success", exclaimed Gerhard.

"That's an interesting tradition you've started; ... watching the sunset", Peter said, adding a grin when he added the last 3 words.

We all sat there in silence, watching the stars start to twinkle, and afraid to break the mood by saying anything. Finally Hans got slowly to his feet, followed by Willem, and headed to their tent. "G'nite, see you in the morning."

I must have been tired. I normally am awake before Tom, waking at the first sign of the light of dawn. This morning a single finger woke me. It was lightly tracing up and down my cock. The tickling sensation had my cock rock hard, and I realized I had been dreaming as I moved through the twilight between sleep and waking. I don't have any idea what I was dreaming about except I



remember it being a sensuous theme. As I was completing the transition, I felt a mouth replace the finger. I didn't, couldn't, open my eyes, yet I knew it was Tom by the way he wet the shaft and then blew gently on it, and then sucked again. It didn't take long for a climax to build, and resolve into the warm sensation that accompanies an ejaculation. Finally I opened my eyes for the first time, as Tom completed milking my shaft.

He moved up and gave me a sticky kiss as my hand reached for his now accessible cock. It was half hard and sticky. "You don't have to do a thing," Tom whispered. "I got so hard watching your cock twitch as you were dreaming, that I ended up teasing myself until finally you started bucking in your dream. You got a smile on your face, and looked like you were enjoying something. That finished me, and then I started teasing your cock to see what would happen". I returned Tom's kiss, and then reached up and unzipped the screen door. I suddenly had the overpowering urge to pee.

One by one, the others got up and we shared our breakfasts. Mostly hard rolls, cheese, and jelly. Conversation centered around last night, and then moved on to the days hiking plans.

As the days moved on we developed into quite a team. At some difficult spots, we'd form a chain and pass packs up, down, or across, regrouping on the other side of the difficult area. In the next two days, Tom and I experienced some form of sex with everyone in the group. I even had a fuck session with Willem, even though I'm basically turned off by most bears. He had one of the most fun personalities, and I enjoyed being with him.

Finally, one day we came over a crest and looked down into a verdant valley that stretched up between two peaks. In the distance, you could see what seemed to be some corrals and neat fields, with a fair sized house. Everyone stopped and gazed at the sight.

Gerhard came over and stood between Tom and me. "There it is. The place I've been telling you about." To the others he added, "I wonder if anyone else will be there."

"Who knows!" Peter added rhetorically.

"I wonder if that guy with the ten incher will be here. Can't think of his name," added Rudy.

"Well, we'll only find out by going on down," Sven finished.

We swung our packs back up, and headed down the trail.

As we got closer, I saw that it was a fairly big dairy operation. The cows were well cared for and had huge udders that are typical of milk cows. In a couple of fields were some fine looking horses. Mares in one field; Stallions in another. A couple of fields had sheep and another some goats, also apparently used for dairy. As we got close to the house, the group turned off toward an out building. It turned out to be a bunk-house. Gerhard just opened the door and went in. Cots were neatly arranged along the walls, with a door at each end. One door said Herren above it, the other Damen. There was no evidence of any other visitors. Gerhard dropped his pack at the end of a cot with the others following suit. Tom and I picked two and did the same just as the door opened and two good looking guys, appearing to be in their late 40's opened the door.

"Wilkommen, Bienvenuto, Welcome," one of them said. "Ah, now I recognize you guys. Dietrich and I were trying to remember from your letter, which group you were.' He walked over to Tom and me and stuck out his hand. " Hi, you two are new! I'm Markus, (Mark for short), and this is Dietrich." Dietrich walked over and also stuck out his hand.

"Hi, my name's Tom, and this is Joe," Tom beat me to saying.

"Glad to have you," Dietrich pitched in. "You other guys know the rules and procedures. This is a working dairy farm, we don't allow any abuse of the animals, or interference with the daily routine, otherwise you're on your own. We have video cameras available this year if you want to use them. You can check them out at the house.

"Your group is already paid up so that is taken care of... except you have two more than you said were coming,... but we can take care of that later. There aren't any other people scheduled for the three days you'll be here. ... That's right isn't it Markus?" he said as an aside. Markus nodded. "We occasionally get others that haven't reserved ahead of time, but that's rare. Any questions?"

"Have you anything new this year?" Sven asked.

"Not really," Markus replied. "We had the game room last year, but yes, we've added a new sling in there, and have reworked the barn game room a little. Not really much. Anything else? If not, dinner is at 6:30, if you remember. See you then." He and Dietrich walked out.

I had to take a leak and headed for the bathroom. The urinal was typical European; a tile wall, with a drain trough at the bottom leading to the floor drain further down the wall, and a pipe along the top about chest high that had holes in it that sprayed water down the wall when you opened the spring loaded valve. A tiled communal shower room led off one end, and four stools were along the wall opposite the urinal. There were no partitions, and there was a 1/2 inch hose attached to a mixing valve coiled on a hook behind two of the four.

When I returned to the bunk area, Tom hollered, "Hey, Joe, come on. Gerhard and Sven are going to give us a tour."

Gerhard led off with the three of us following. The first stop was the main barn, a little further up on the same side of the road. There was a well worn path from the bunkhouse, which crossed two fences, so we didn't have to follow the road. One fence had just a narrow space to squeeze thru between two posts, the other had a proper stile to climb over. The barn was not a typical Alpen barn, where there are stalls for animals below, and living quarters above. (Europeans generally help heat their living area with body heat from the animals that are quartered below). This barn's main floor had well lit, clean stalls, with stanchions and milking machine connections in each. At the end of the first level there was a large area, that Sven explained was used as a playroom for the larger animals. There were hooks in the ceiling and walls and several sling-like leather devices hanging from a couple. In the corner were several, what looked like leather-covered couches with cranks on the sides. Gerhard explained they were all adjustable for height and tilt for various uses.

We headed up some stairs to the next level and found more large stalls and rooms. Sven opened one door and showed what he called the "Spielraum" or Play Room. This was equipped with all sorts of equipment, leather appliances, and with cabinets lining one wall. In one corner was a large chrome device. Both Gerhard and Sven tried to think of the English name for it, and Tom and I didn't recognize the German name. After a little description however, we realized it was a full-function steam Autoclave for sterilizing various devices in the room. A side room led off one wall. It had tile walls and floor and shower heads at various places. The floor was sloped gently to a large drain. Sven said it was for water sports, enemas, and similar pursuits. There were several hooks along the wall, and one had an enema bag hanging there. Several mixing valves with hoses were also on the wall.

Leaving the barn we headed for the road to join the others that were coming from the bunkhouse. It was dinnertime. We waited for them at the gate, and then started toward the main house. Along the way, the various out-buildings were pointed out. Several hay storage sheds; a maintenance shop, a

smaller barn which had nothing in it of particular interest to us; a garage and machinery storage building. In all a very large operation for Europe. At the house we were welcomed again by Markus as we entered the dining room. The fare was sumptuous and simple at the same time, and very filling. In true European fashion, wine was served with the meal, and then we adjourned to the sitting room for coffee and conversation.

We spent at least three hours just sitting around talking with our hosts. They had to hear all about each of us, especially Tom and I as newcomers; how we had met; how the trip was going; where we were from; what sort of work did we do. In the process we learned even more about our traveling companions of the past week. Sven and Willem were computer programmers, who had met via one of the technical programming networks. Afterwards they had discovered by accident that they both also participated in several of the adult echoes that were available in Europe. Gerhard and Peter were engineers. Hans was a clothing salesman. Rudy was a probation officer. They all had met by accident at this farm two years ago. They later found out that they had written to each other on one of the adult echos, at one time or another, under their pseudonyms (handles) that they used.

Our hosts related the history of the farm. How the two of them had gotten together, become lovers, discovered they both wanted to get back into farming, had a love of loving animals, etc. They had pooled their money and bought the farm, and after a couple of years had quit their city jobs to work the property full time. They explained that there were often others on the farm and that they scrupulously insist that no adult, gay, or bestial activity go on when others were present. One of those times was every morning around 9:00am, when the milk pickup truck comes.

They have two hired people, an older couple, to cook and help with the chores. They live in a small cottage about 1 km up the dead end valley. Apparently they had stayed on the farm during its early days, and were into all types of experimentation, group activities, etc. They liked the atmosphere so much that when the man retired they offered to work for a place to stay, some enjoyment, and a small salary. We met them later on, and found them a real joy to be with. They were pro-gay and the wife struck me as having latent tendencies in that direction.

When we looked at the clock we found it was after 11:00pm, so we said goodnight, and headed back to the bunkhouse. This was, after all, a farm and ran on sun time. When we got back to the bunkhouse, Rudy said he was not sleepy yet, and asked if anyone minded if he put on a video. The others said they didn't care, so he went over to a large cabinet in the corner with a large screen TV on top. When he opened the doors, I saw that it had a VCR inside and shelves of tapes. He scanned the titles, and popped one in. The screen lit up and we saw opening title screen which said "Falcon Studios presents:". I knew I wasn't going to sleep right away tonight. It was amazing, however, what being on the trail does to you. I must have only seen about half the video. Next thing I knew, I was being awakened by whoever was in bed with me stirring. I opened one eye and saw that the morning sun was starting to come thru the window. Tom was the one I was snuggled with. He must have joined me after I fell asleep.

I turned to face him. He gave me a big smile and whispered that he hadn't been able to resist my peaceful look when I fell asleep. I looked so much like a teddy bear that he came over to my bed, being careful not to wake me in the process. I gave him a big hug and kiss. Looking up, I saw Peter pass the end of our bed heading for the bathroom. The others were also stirring. We snuggled together for several minutes. Then I heard a toilet flush, and a shower start. "OK, that does it", I said, "The sound of water running has done it's work. I better get up or I'll flood you."

We had apparently all slept nude. Tom and I climbed out and headed for the the john. I started to piss with Tom next to me, when suddenly he swung around a started spraying me.

“Hey!” I said. He started giggling.

“How does it feel?”, he asked. “After that movie last night, I just had to try it.”

Just then three others came in, saw what was going on, and started unloading on both of us. Peter came out of the shower room and said, “Hey, what did I miss”. By this time everyone was drained, and we headed for the showers. I was worried about smelling, but didn’t need to. We had three guys tripping all over each other trying to lather us up and wash us off. Such a sensuous shower I hadn’t had since that one with Jack back when I was first in Europe.

We finished cleaning up and all headed up to the house for some breakfast. During breakfast, we were each given our chores for the day. It wasn’t really a mandatory thing, but it gave the illusion of working on a farm. Each person’s chores could be done in a couple of hours, and it did help Mark and Dietrich. Dietrich explained that many people come specifically for the hard work aspect, and they usually come during planting or harvest seasons. We were a rare group in that we had come by hiking, most just come by car. Tom and I were to clean out the barn stalls used for milking as soon as milking was done.

When we got back to the bunkhouse, Tom and I sat down to look at a calendar. Based on our schedule, we figured we had, at most, two days to spend here on the farm. Obviously our original schedule was shot full of holes when we met up with Gerhard and decided to follow him and join the group. We figured that we had at least two days to hike out to a convenient train connection. Then, one day to get back to Frankfurt for our plane back home. (Gad, where had the three weeks gone).

We were directed by Sven, over to the cupboards that were at one end of the room. In them we found coveralls, and work boots. We each slipped on a set and headed for the main barn. When we got there Markus, Dietrich, Peter, Willem, and Rudy were just leading the first batch of cows out of their milking stalls. In a few minutes they were back with a second batch. The cows knew just where to go. They each had their own stall. Once in place, some fresh hay was put in the trough in front of them. Hoses with soft spray were then used to spray off their hind quarters and udders. A disinfectant solution was sprayed on the udders from a hand held sprayer, and then the milking machine cups were slipped on. Several of the cows let out lowing sounds as this was going on, apparently really enjoying the feeling.

While we were waiting, Markus explained that this was the last batch, as the rest of the cows were being allowed to dry up. They would be freshened (impregnated and bear a new calf) soon. We could play around for a while if we wanted.

When the milking machine cups were removed, I went over to one cow I’d liked the looks of, and started to feel around her cunt. Her head turned in the stantions and she gave a low moo. As I continued to rub her, she stopped what she was doing and just stood stark still, obviously enjoying the attention. I grabbed some sterile lube that was kept for the milking machine and smeared it around. I started with one finger, then several, then my hole hand, working it around, and inside her cunt. It was a wierd, warm feeling. I noticed a box-like platform next to the stall and pulled it over with my free hand. I learned later it was there because it was just the right height for what I, and others before me, were going to do. I loosened the snap of my coveralls letting them drop. My dick needed no assistance since it was already rigid. I plunged into her and felt the warmth envelop me. I started a slow in and out.

Just then I glanced over into the next stall. Tom had put a loop of rope used to keep a cow from kicking around his cow’s hind feet. With his pants around his ankles, and his hand around his pole, he was under the cow sucking the cows tits. That blew my mind and I picked up my pace, feeling the

onslaught of an ejaculation's rising tension.

Fully spent, I stepped down and went over to Tom and engulfed his pole in my mouth. All of a sudden, he pushed my head away. "I've got to try it like you were doing," he said. He quickly climbed out and stepped up on the platform. Not to be outdone I took his place, and proceeded to extract some fresh cow's milk. It was another wierd sensation; that longish tit in your mouth. Not unlike a small cock but more flacid and not long enough to reach the throat. Carefull not to use my teeth, I used my tongue and suction and got some very rich warm milk for my efforts.

Tom had finished loosing his load and together we pulled up our coveralls. There was some light applause from Peter, Willem, and Rudy who, it turned out, were having some fun in some of the other stalls.

Markus returned and we helped release the cows. They knew just where to go and proceded out single file behind their leader. Markus explained what cleanup was needed. Tom and I, as newcomers, were elected to shovel the manure into a waiting wheelbarrow and dump it into the manure pit outside. A high pressure hose then cleaned the floor back to spotless smooth concrete. Meanwhile Markus and the others had completed the cleaning and disinfecting of the milking equipment.

Instead of returning to the bunkhouse, Tom and I headed upstairs to the playroom. It turned out the others must have had the same idea, because there were five or six other pairs of coveralls on the hooks outside. Inside the room we were to find that Rudy had another talent, his stretchability. He was using one of the irrigators and just finishing cleaning himself out with the help of Sven, who he was spraying with the now clean effluent. Then he got up on a naugahide table.

Sven dipped his hand into a bowl of what turned out to be warm lube. I had heard of fisting but had never been involved in such a scene. Tom and I stood and watched as Sven slipped one, then two, then three fingers into the expanding chute. Rudy had his eyes closed and was emitting low moans of pleasure. His rod was at full attention, as was Svens (and ours).

"Tom, I'm going to clean up first, care to join me," I whispered to Tom. I slipped over to one of the shower heads and started cleaning up. Tom came over to join me. I grabbed one of the irrigators and shoved it gently up my ass. I knew I was reasonably full so I emptied into the slop sink in the corner. None of us, it turns out were really into scat, so the idea of just spraying shit all over the floor or each other.

"Have you ever had an enema?" I asked Tom.

"No, and from what I see this isn't a real good example. More for just flushing you out?"

"Well I would think that is specifically why they're here in the playroom, but if you keep at it, it can be even better than a full 'lay-on-your-side-and-breathe-deep' type enema. I think I'll give it a quick try just to flush out," Tom decided.

"Here, bend over with you hands on your knees." I grabbed the nozzle, tested the temperature, and then sprayed the soft stream on his ball sack, and then the perineum, and finally around his hole. As I played the stream around the hole I watched the muscles tighten.

"Relax a little, hey! It's not like you had never had anything up there before." I saw him trying to relax, but as soon as the nozzle touched him, he tightened again. On an inspiration, I ran over and dipped my hand into the warm lube next to Rudy. Gradually I worked a finger into his hole and started to massage it. I felt Tom finally relax and quickly replaced my finger with the nozzle.

Tom felt the flow from the nozzle and straightened up. In about 15 seconds he suddenly started running toward the slop sink, with the hose still up his ass. At about the halfway point, he ran out of hose and the stretched hose snapped out of his ass, and started spraying around anyone close. Everyone except Rudy and Sven had seen it and burst out laughing.

We finished up with another sluicing each, and soaped off. Our dicks were still at half mast. Rudy and Sven were still at it. Sven had massaged Rudy's prostate so much there was a pool of cum on his belly, and Peter was alternately licking it off, and sucking to get more. Hans was on his knees sucking off Sven.

"Where are Gerhard and Willem?" I asked to the group in general.

Sven, who seemed the only one capable of talking looked up, "I think they headed out to the horse fields."

Tom said to me, "That sound like fun. It's such a nice day outside, we should take advantage of it".

I agreed and we left the others to their scene. Slipping on the coveralls and boots, we headed downstairs to the door.

Outside the barn, the sun was warm on us, the breeze had a fresh scent like fresh hay. As we walked the loose cloth of the coveralls, the only thing we had on, kept my dick stimulated and at half mast.

I said to Tom, "You know its been years since I wore coveralls. When you don't have underwear on, motion of the loose fabric really is quite a turn-on. It's keeping me hard all the time!"

"Me, too!" was Tom's only reply.

We hikeed across the fields in the direction of the horses, and pretty soon saw Gerhard's and Willem's coveralls on a fence. Then we spotted them at the other side of the fenced area, with a most beautiful stallion. Another stallion was just on the other side of the fence. Both had simple rope bridals so they could be controlled.

We shed our coveralls on the fence as well and approached somewhat noisily so as not to spook the horses. Gerhard was stroking the stallion's mane and head, while Willem tried to tease and stimulate his balls and cock into sight. He was seeming to have no luck.

Tom and I hopped over the fence and approached the other stallion. They were obviously used to this treatment, if not outright trained for it, because he headed right for us, and started sniffing. I started stroking his mane and neck, Tom his head. All of a sudden a big tongue licked Tom's cock and he jumped back a little. The horse followed and licked again. This time Tom stood still and enjoyed it. I moved back toward the hindquarters. Just about 4 inches of cock showed outside the sheath.

I didn't touch his cock but started to massage him on either side and along his belly. The cock lengthened about 2 more inches. I started to fondle his balls. They were huge, bigger than golf balls. The sack, which had been hanging loose, started to contract, and the cock started to pull back in. I quit that and went back to gently stroking his belly and undersides. All of a sudden he lengthened and shot a stream of yellow piss on the ground.

I took immediate advantage of the situation to start stroking his long rod. It hardened immediately. Tom came around and immediately shoved his mouth over the end of it. It amazed me but Tom, who was relatively new to cock sucking at all, was getting four or five inches of that monster into his

mouth. Tom, obviously was hard as a rock himself. So was I for that matter. I positioned myself so that by stretching a little, I could fondle both sets of balls, Tom's and the stallion's. When I thought about it later, it wasn't maybe the best position to be in, since if the horse kicked, I was sure to be the target. I didn't need to worry however. He was obviously enjoying every attention. He was swaying back and forth, and looking back at us, with a look that seemed to me to say "More, more!".

I shifted positions and knelt down next to Tom. "Let me see what it feels like, sucking that big thing," I said to Tom, and put my head next to his. We both had our hands on the shaft massaging up and down. Tom let the shaft slip from his lips, and guided the saliva wet head over to my mouth. When I touched it with my tongue, the taste was sweeter than I expected. Evidently there was some pre-cum already leaking out. God, he was big. I wasn't getting any more than two to three inches in. Even so, I was apparently getting through to that guy, because more of the pre-cum was dripping out onto the back of my tongue.

Tom didn't say a word but gave a little tug on the shaft. I let it pop out of my mouth and he immediately shoved it into his. After all, I said to myself, it was Tom who had originally expressed his fantasy to do this, when Gerhard and we were on the trail that day.

I went back to massaging the shaft and balls. It didn't take too much longer and the stallion started rocking back and forth harder, trying to shove his cock into Tom farther. He started letting out little snorts and noises. I felt the shaft grow a tiny bit harder and then noticed gobs of horse cum dripping from Tom's lips and down his chin. It just kept coming. It was several minutes before the ejaculation was over. The shaft was getting soft, and was starting to slip back into the sheath.

Tom was exhausted, and lay back on the grass. I went over and started to lick up some of the drippings off him. I glanced over the fence and saw Gerhard and Willem still at work, but apparently getting somewhere. As I was licking, I was rudely shoved aside by a big brown muzzle. It seems the stallion had come to do some of his own licking. I had an idea. I took my hand and smeared some of the drippings on both of our cocks and balls.

The big guy took the hint and using that big tongue of his started licking each of us. This didn't last long however, because across the field were sauntering two of the ranches dogs, a doberman and a black lab. They were both males, and they came over started doing their own licking. The stallion lost interest and sauntered away. The lab was licking at my cock with his hind quarters close to my shoulders. This was too much to resist. I reached up and started massaging his sheath. He whined, and kept licking at my cock. I started working the sheath back, exposing the thin pink penis.

On a hunch, I took a large gob of horse cum that had been missed and started to massage my ass hole with one hand while working on the dog with the other. His knot had started to swell, and I worked the sheath back so that it was held back by the growing knot.

I stopped what I was doing and turned over onto my knees. The lab needed no coaxing. He immediately mounted me and started stabbing. I quickly reached between my legs and guided him to his target. His knot was already too big to slip into my ass, which was a good thing since it's dangerous to get locked unless you have an exceptionally large hole, from fisting or other training. Through my legs I grabbed his knot and held him firm to me, to simulate him being locked into me. His humping soon stopped and I let him withdraw.

That penis which was formerly a nice pink was a beet red and larger diameter than before, and the knot was huge. I swung around and started sucking on him. There were still shots of cum every 5 to 10 seconds. I was holding him behind the knot. It took 4 to 5 minutes, and the swelling started to reduce and I let go. The lab immediately lay down on his side and started to clean himself up. Tom

had been watching me, (and me him), and had done much the same as me with the doberman. He was done and was laying back on the grass again.

Neither of us had ejaculated, and we were still, after over 30 minutes, rock hard. I walked over to Tom and got into a 69 position and started working on him. He reciprocated. Needless to say it didn't take any time at all and I was both cumming in his mouth and receiving from him. We lay back exhausted. The sun beat down, warming us both.

We must have stayed that way for five or ten minutes when we heard Willem holler, "We're heading back to get cleaned up."

Tom whispered, "The breeze IS getting a little chilly, I suppose we should too. I wonder what time it is anyhow? I'm starting to feel hungry." The position in the sky indicated it was at least mid-afternoon, and we had missed lunch. It would be getting close to time for afternoon chores.

We got up and started walking toward the fence and our coveralls. They weren't there. Off in the distance we could see Gerhard and Willem just topping a rise near the bunk house. They turned around and started waving our clothes at us, and then disappeared over the hill.

"Oh, well," said Tom. "At least it's warm enough with the sun, but we'll have to figure some way to get them back. Any ideas?"

We started across the field. "No, but we can keep our eyes open for an opportunity."

Actually it felt good walking along nude. The sun was warm, the earth was soft, Tom's hand felt good in mine.

When we got to the bunkhouse, our coveralls were laid on our beds and we could hear water running in both shower rooms. "I wonder if Gerhard and Willem aren't speaking to each other," I said.

"Wouldn't think so after this afternoon," Tom replied. The water shut off behind us in the "Damen" shower room.

"Well, Hllllloo!" Came the distinctly feminine voice. We turned around to see two very attractive young women, towels over their shoulders, walking into the room. Even though they were nude and shining wet, my first reaction was one of embarrassment at being nude. I did my damndest to suppress the feeling, and replied in a voice that I thought didn't have too much surprise in it, "Hello to you too."

"We've just arrived. Dietrich says we're about 4 days early. The rest of our group isn't due for another couple of days." They came over to us. "My name is Joanna, and this is Helen. We came down from England by car. We originally intended to stop in Bern, but had a change in plans. So here we are. Dietrich says you guys are all together. Helen and I stay pretty much to ourselves, so hope you don't mind."

Tom took over the conversation, "Not at all. This is Joe and I'm Tom. If you haven't guessed from our accents, we're from the U.S. By the way, have you met any of the others in our group?"

"Not yet, we figured we'd meet you during afternoon chores or at dinner," Helen answered.

"Well no one here is shy, and we owe our two buddies in there a "favor" for having brought our clothes back here from the field without us. You do get the picture, don't you? Why don't you go in



and introduce yourselves right now?" Tom suggested.

Joanna got a devilish grin on her face, (she's going to be fun, I thought), and replied, "Oh! One of those situations. We get the picture. Come on, Helen!" We followed them down to the Herren room and hung up our towels.

The steam was rolling around in the room and we saw the two targets with their backs to us, facing the wall, rinsing off, and obviously engrossed in some sort of conversation. The girls took the opportunity to scurry quickly into the room, get behind them, and then together they reached around them and grabbed their dicks. "I'm Joanna, and this is Helen. Glad to meet you guys!"

They both turned around suddenly and were rewarded with a huge kiss. I've never seen a face turn from normal, to dead white, to red as fast as their's did. Tom and I couldn't help laughing. The girls were in hysterics. Willem looked at us and could only blabber, "You, you put them up to this." He couldn't get anything else to come out.

The girls winked at Tom and I and headed out of the shower, arms around each others waist. They were obviously lovers, and I looked forward to talking to them more.

Gerhard and Willem were still standing there, poles at full staff. Their faces gradually returned to normal, and then to grins. "Ok, you two, we're even?" suggested Willem. "Sure," replied Tom.

When we finished cleaning up, we headed back to our bunks to slip into our coveralls. The girls had left, and Gerhard and Willem were just going out the door. We no sooner got them on, when the other guys came crashing into the room.

"Do you know what time it is? We've got 10 minutes until chores," said Rudy.

"Did I see two gals heading up the road?" asked Peter.

Tom answered him, "Yea, and you better be careful. Ask Gerhard and Willem about them."

"What do you mean?"

Tom gave a thumbnail recital of our missing coveralls, our intro to the girls, and the shower incident.

"Boy what I would've given to see Willem's face," said Hans.

"Same for Gerhard," said Sven.

We headed for the door; they headed for the showers.

For this afternoon we were to report to the goat shed. We found more like a full barn, just like the main barn, but smaller, with a smaller milking machine setup. The hired hand, (never did hear the couples' names), was just leading the first group of nanny's into the barn. We clipped their heads into the stalls and gave them some food under instructions of the hand. Then we took the disinfectant solution and washed their teets and rinsed them down, similar to what we'd done with the cows, and connected them to the milking machines. We did three groups of eight nanny's that way.

When we were finishing up with the last group, the hired hand said in German, "I suppose you are aware that their pussies are just the right size." He didn't say 'for what', but it was obvious what he was talking about. Without any other preamble, he proceded to slip out of his coveralls. With one

hand massaging his 8+ inch uncut prick, his other reached into a lube bucket and started massaging the cunt of the closest goat. The goat let out a bleat and planted her feet a little farther apart. We took the hint and did likewise.

God, what a sight that must have been. Wish I'd had a video camera running at that point. Picture three guys lined up behind three nannies, all humping away. And quite a feeling it was too. I hadn't cum yet, and was sort of leaning over hugging the goat while I humped, when I felt a slippery hand between my legs, massaging my balls and ass hole. I looked around and saw the hired hand, pole still very erect. His finger was working its way into my pucker, and I did my best to relax.

My own pole was twitching with the combined sensations. I felt the tip of his rod pushing gently against me. He must have relaxed me properly, because I felt the head slip in very smoothly, pause, and then the whole eight inches slid in. He paused, and then started a slow out-in, out-in, each time the motion causing a reflected motion between me and the nanny. I didn't have to do anything except enjoy the sensations that bounced back and forth between my prick and my ass. Finally I could take it no more, and with a shudder and a severe clenching of my ass, I came in three sequential waves. The hired hand came as a result and as I lay there on the goat, feeling the last of my own ejaculations subside, I felt the pulsations of his ejaculations as well.

"Danke, sehr gut," was his comment as he withdrew. I pulled out too.

"That goat was great," said Tom, "but it looks you had an even better deal. We pulled on our coveralls, and let the goats out of the barn.

As we walked out, I hollered a last "Danke, fur alles" (Thanks for everything) to the hired hand. He smiled and gave a friendly, "Bis Morgen" (until morning or see you in the morning). We headed over to the main barn and up to the play room. No one was there, so we headed over to the bunk house and took a quick shower. I don't think I've ever taken as many showers in a day as we did those two days at the farm. The others gradually filtered in and got cleaned up from what ever they had been doing, and joined us stretching out on the bunks before time to head up to the house for dinner.

"I didn't realize that we had missed lunch earlier," said Tom, "and, you know, I'm really quite hungry."

I agreed and looked at my watch. "You know it, well, five more minutes and you can sate that hunger with a good dinner. After that sumptuous feast last night, I wonder how they'll top it tonight?"

Just then Joanna and Helen walked in looking pert and sexy, and all ready to go. They introduced themselves to the four they hadn't yet met. "You guys ready? They've got Sauerbratten and Spaetzle for dinner." It seems their afternoon chores were helping in the kitchen. This wasn't because they were girls, just the luck of the draw, Tom and I were assigned to help up there tomorrow morning for breakfast.

We headed up to the house for an evening of comraderie and conversation. When we finally headed back to the bunkhouse it was 11:30 pm and everyone, except the girls who had just gotten there, were tired. We were soon sound asleep, but not before we heard the girls snuggling together one of the bunks, enjoying their first night at the farm the same way we had.

Next day Tom and I were up at 7:00, and headed to the house to help with breakfast. Tom set the table while I helped get the sausages and potatoes done. Eggs would be done, just as everyone arrived, by the cook. We went into the dining room with the stuff just as the others were sitting down. In a couple minutes the cook brought in two big bowls of scrambled eggs.

At the end of breakfast, we headed back to the bunkhouse, (our chores were done), and since we would be leaving early afternoon, started sorting our things and laying them out. Then we headed back into the horse fields. Someone at dinner last night had said that they had some shetland ponies up in one of the more distant fields. There was still a mountain chill in the air, but the sun was bright, and it wouldn't be too long before it would be completely pleasant.

When we got to the fields we found one small separate area with a small stallion. We had brought an apple with us and he was apparently used to getting a treat, because he came sauntering over to use and started nuzzling Tom's pockets and then mine, until he found the apple. I pulled it out and he made short work of it. Tom wandered over to a fence where several mares were. He started to massage a cunt, and got the smell all over his hands, and he rubbed some on the crotch of his coveralls. He came back to where I was still petting the little stallion. The guy got a whiff of the smell and started going crazy nuzzling Tom's crotch. I looked around and saw his rod starting to lengthen. Mine was already hard as a rock inside the coveralls.

Near a tree was a special bench whose purpose was obvious. It had a platform covered with soft carpeting, and some lower side platforms for front hoofs to rest on. (Sort of like a wierd picnic table). Tom walked over and slung his coveralls over a branch of the tree. (We weren't about to let them out of our sight this time.

"I want to see if I can fulfill a part of my fantasies by taking this guy up my ass," he said. "Take some of this lube I brought with me and start to loosen me up." He leaned over the bench, face down with his ass pointing up sexily.

I did as requested, but he was tight and I could only get two fingers in. I continued until he was really relaxed, but he still wasn't very big. All the while the horse was dancing around nuzzling my hand and nickering. I took my other hand and started lubing up his shaft head.

It was real sudden, he pushed me out of the way with his head and immediately mounted Tom. He came down so hard on Tom that I hoped he hadn't been hurt. I reached under and guided him to Tom's anus. He was pushing insistantly, and gradually working himself to a frenzy. Fortunately such things are not made of bone, and can be compressed, because the head popped in and Tom let out a scream of agony. The horse couldn't be made to slow down and he plunged away. I put both hands around his shaft so he couldn't go in to far, and tear up Tom's insides. I felt the pulsing of ejaculation, and the frenzied pushing subsided. The pony, dismounted with his penis still rigid. I pulled it to one side and started to suck for all I was worth. I was rewarded with the combined smells and tastes of Tom's ass and the horses cum.

When I was finished, I looked over and Tom was still laying on the bench. I went over and started massaging his ass gently. He moaned and said, "Oh, am I going to be sore, but that was really the most unusual and stimulating sensation I've felt. He gradually stood up, and I saw his cock soft and swinging. A big area of cum on the bench in front of where it had been.

We were just slipping into our coveralls, when the two girls showed up. "Oh, nuts you just used him up?"

"Sorry about that," I said. "They recover quickly. I understand they have been known to mount 4 to 5 mares a day when they're young. But you might check in that next field. There's supposed to be another stallion there."

We headed back to the barn, and the play-room. Tom and I were the only people there. Someone had been there earlier, because there was a sling hung from the ceiling that hadn't been there before. I

went over and lay down in it just to see how it felt, since I had only read about such things. The sling was in a wierd orientation, and lower than I should have expected for human use. The leather straps felt cool and sensuous on my back. I stuck my feet up over the obvious leg supports, with my legs splayed out wide.

Tom had gone over to one of the long spray/irrigation hoses and was playing some warm water over his rear end. Obviously trying to comfort a rather sore area. When he saw me laying there, he said, "Ooh!, that looks inviting." Before I knew it he had some leg locks that were build into the harness locked around my legs. I could easily have reached down and opened them, but I wanted to see what he would do. I knew he knew less about these things than I did, or so I thought. He came around and grabbed my wrists and locked them in too. Now I was really at his mercy.

He took the hose that was still running a gentle stream of warm water and started teasing my balls and pucker. I could feel by balls pull up tight, and feel my ass twitch each time the water hit it. Even better, I realized that the ceiling was mirrored and I could see what he was doing. He took a finger and started working it in. I closed my eyes. Suddenly, I felt the warm flow of water inside my gut, as the hose replaced his finger. I clamped down around the nozzle, until I couldn't take it any more. I relaxed and the nozzle and water shot 5 feet across the floor.

Tom picked up the nozzle and stuck it back in. This time he held it so that, as I alternated relaxing and clamping back down, the nozzle stayed in place. Twice more I unloaded. The third time the effluent was sparkling clean and I saw the nozzle drop to the floor. Tom used a spray hose to sweep the floor to the drain. When he came back he had three sizes of butt plugs. The smallest went in with no resistance at all. I was just clamping down on it when it was yanked out and the mid-sized one replaced it. This one felt more my size, but still didn't exceed my capacity. Not that it popped right in. Tom worked it gently until I was relaxed enough before it seated home.

All the time Tom was working my rear-end, he wasn't forgetting my front end. He was going back and forth; sucking my nuts, and then engulfing my rigid penis, all the time working the plug around and in and out. Several times I felt the plug come almost all the way out, and then get slammed back in. Natural muscle reactions from being sucked, which told my rear end to clamp down, being countered by the ministrations of plug. I was enjoying the sensations and had my eyes tightly closed, not bothering with the mirrored ceiling.

The plug withdrew slowly, this time all the way, and then was slammed back in. Again, it was taken out and replaced, only this time with the large plug. I knew it right away because it wasn't at body temperature, and also because it didn't go all the way in. Tom worked it back and forth, round and round, each time going a little further. I didn't think I would be able to take it, but perhaps five minutes later, in it popped. (Next thought, would it come out, I grinned to myself? Even though I knew it would).

The door opened. I opened my eyes and glanced over in that direction. Gerhard and Sven strode in with a mule behind them. "Oh, shit! We set up the sling, and before we get a chance, someone else commandeers it," joked Sven, with a broad grin. "Looks like this little fellow might get more than his share of fun this morning." The mule must have been well acquainted with his duties in what was to follow, because he headed right for the sling and started sniffing all around me.

"Well," said Tom, "I wasn't really sure why the sling was here, so I was just going to use it to do some fucking myself. But, if you don't mind sharing this guy, let's see what he can do with Joe."

Sven had reached into one of the cupboards and taken out a small jar. He came over and started smearing a few drops of the oil around my plugged rectum. When he finished, he waved his fingers

near my nose, and I knew it was a mares scent.

The mule was really getting excited. Tom started working my plug around, relaxing me as much as possible. "Now you'll find out what it feels like." He pulled the plug out. The mule was guided into mounting me in the sling. His front legs were guided past my legs so he was straddling me. The sling moved to accommodate the force of his weight on top of me, which meant that the head dipped slightly as his feet reached the floor. This meant that his full weight wasn't on me but still I was crushed between him and the leather of the sling.

Immediately, I felt his dong pushing at my rear entrance. I could feel a hand helping it hit the mark; and suddenly it was inside; one inch, two inches; I hoped someone was doing like I had done for Tom with the Shetland, and not letting try to go 15 inches up my ass. It turns out Sven was in charge of that department, and doing a good job.

The mule was pushing back and forth and giving my ass the wildest sensations. I was already starting to get sore, but I grit my teeth. The mule finished his buildup, and I felt the soothing lubrication of his cum flood into me.

The others helped the mule back off and led him over to some hay, his dong still hanging at half attention. Tom whispered, "boy that made me hot," and plunged his erect pole in my ass. Surprisingly, it felt good. My sphincter must have already begun to shrink down to normal. It didn't take more than 10 good plunges and Tom's face screwed up with the intensity of release.

I looked to my side and saw Sven plugging Gerhard as he leaned over one of the padded tables, his dick, as always, erect and pressed firmly into his belly.

Tom released my bonds and helped my climb out of the sling. As I stood erect, he clamped his arms around me in a loving embrace, and just held me for several minutes. Then, with a short deep kiss, led me over and started to soap me down under one of the showers. Sven finished with Gerhard, and the two joined us.

"We'll just have to come back later for our turn with the mule. You were great, Joe. Any lingering pain or sensations?"

"Well it is a little sensitive," I said, "but that will go away. Any way it's just about time for lunch and I can't let something like that keep me away. Especially since we missed lunch yesterday, and we will be leaving right after, and don't want to do it on an empty stomach."

Tom and I headed back to the bunkhouse, slipped into some hiking clothes, and headed for the house. At lunch, everyone was saying their goodbyes to us, talking about the last week or so, and exchanging addresses. Out of the blue, Tom said, "anyone interested in something different? One of these years, maybe not next year, I'd like to take one of those Windjammer cruises. You know one of those sponsored by one of the Gay/Lesbian groups." Everyone agreed that would be an excellent idea.

Lunch ended, Tom and I hugged and kissed everyone several times, headed back to the bunkhouse, and swung our packs up. Outside there were more hugs, kisses and good-luck wishes, and see-you-soons.

We hiked along in silence for a good half hour. Each engrossed in his own thoughts.

Finally as we walked out on a rock outcropping, over looking a wide valley, Tom broke the silence. "You know, this has been one of the best vacations I've had. I was really hesitant about what kind of

trip it would be with just you and neither of the other guys. But its really been super. We've come out to each other, and are so very comfortable with each other. We've met some super friends. And we've done things that I can't believe we will really ever get to repeat."

I grabbed his hand and squeezed tight. "Uh Huh! I couldn't have said it better."

We stood there in silence, enjoying the tranquility of the afternoon. Then Tom said softly, in a voice that betrayed his real desire to stay right there, "Well, we better get moving." He release my hand and we continued on.

We hiked a little longer than usual, and it was about 6:30 before we found a convenient spot and set up out tent. I set up the primus stove while Tom started cleaning some of the fresh vegetables we'd brought with us from the farm, and putting them into a pot. We'd also brought some fresh mutton, and I cut that up and added it to the pot. Half an hour later the stew was simmering nicely and I added some powdered sauce mix for flavor and to thicken the mixture.

It was already getting late when we finished cleaning up after dinner. Sitting quietly, a dull soreness in my ass made it's presence known. I hadn't noticed it as we walked earlier. Maybe we should have stopped earlier? We were following our usual routine, sitting down to watch the sunset. I mentioned my soreness to Tom.

"Yep, me too. I didn't notice it earlier. I don't think I'm in the mood for any screwing tonight." He gave me a wicked, knowing grin.

"Does that mean you're not in the mood for anything?"

"Hell no! But do you realize that both of us have cum an average of three times a day for the past week? We ought to be dry by now."

"It's probably like those cows. The more you cum, the more cum you produce." I paused for several minutes. "Do you suddenly get a mental picture of us with ball sacks the size of those udders." I started laughing out loud.

"Ouch! I'd need quite a large supporter if that were true," he added. "Well the sun is down, I'm really quite tired, and I'm going to hit the sack."

We got up and I followed him back to the tent.

In front of the tent, as usual, we got out fresh underwear and socks for morning, stripped nude, and then hurried into our sleeping bags to get out of the rapidly chilling air. Rather than "our bags", I should say "our bag". We had found out that the zippers on our bags matched and we could zip them together into a single larger size.

We snuggled together, this time with Tom behind, and me nested in front of him. We were so used to this position, that neither of us thought of it as erotic, just loving, so neither of us automatically got hard. Tom apparently wasn't going to let that condition stay for long. He was snuggling in real close, and caressing my nipples. I could feel them getting hard under his touch. I could also feel the tautness in my groin. As he wiggled behind me, I felt his prick getting hard too.

"I thought you were too tired for this tonight."

"I'm tired, but not stupid. Do you realize we have only one more night before we will be forced back to civilization?"

“Will that stop us from being with each other?”

“I hope not, but it won’t be like this”

“That’s so true.” His hand had worked its way down my belly and was teasing the head of my prick. I felt his insinuating its way to my asshole. “I’m not sure I want you fucking me tonight. Unzip the bag part way down.”

He complied and I swung around into a 69. He scrunched down in the tent until his legs were doubled up, but splayed wide apart. I unzipped the doors slightly and let mine slip out a little, as we’d learned you have to do in that small a tent. He had mine in his mouth before I was even positioned. I quickly engulfed his and started playing with his balls at the same time. He took the signal and started playing with mine, too.

It didn’t take too long and I felt him tense up. His legs were alternately stretching the end of the tent and then pulling up tight. Then he was lifting his ass off the ground in an attempt to shove his dick tighter into my mouth. He dropped back onto the ground. Then the tensions got more intense. I’d never seen him react this forcefully. On the third round of shoving into my throat, he ejaculated. He didn’t produce hardly any cum by normal standards, but that shouldn’t have surprised me, after what we’d done so far that day. He sank back to the ground with a moan of deep satisfaction and pleasure. It was then I realized that his mouth had slipped off my cock long ago.

I still had his cock in my mouth, and was milking the last drops, when I felt his mouth back on my cock. He gave me some understandable nudges to turn over so that now I was on the ground and he over me. I’d gotten a little soft without stimulation for the last several minutes, but he rectified that. Soon I felt the tension of ejaculation building. When it hit me I knew that, like Tom, there was lots of sensation, but not gallons of cum. He milked until I was completely soft, and then let go with his trademark gentle blowing of air across my moist dick.

I turned around, we zipped up the bag and the door, snuggled together, this time with me behind, and soon drifted off into a deep restful sleep.

We must have been really tired. The sun was already well up in the sky when my eyes opened. Tom was still sound asleep. Good for him, I thought. My bladder said I better get out quickly and relieve myself. I slowly and carefully slid away from him, quietly unzipped the tent door, grabbed my fresh clothes, and started wiggling out. My hand hit the ground outside the door; it was ice cold. I peered out where my hand was. Frost! There was a thick layer of frost on everything.

On second thought, to hell with Tom sleeping; I’m going to get dressed IN the tent. I re-zipped the door and snuggled back against Tom to get warm. In a few minutes I started reaching down, pulling my feet up to slip on my underpants. That done, I was starting to pull on the first (liner) pair of socks.

Tom was starting to stir, and rolled over facing me. He opened one eye and looked quizzically, “What in the hell are you doing?”

“I’m getting dressed. Look outside once.”

He unzipped the door and peered out. “Oh!” was all he said. It wasn’t the first time in the years of hiking together that we’d woken up to frost, but it’s still unexpected each time. He re-zipped the door. “Do we have to get up today?”

I punched him playfully through the sleeping bag, and then reached inside the bag to put on the

wool oversocks that I always wear (winter and summer). (Wool both keeps you warm and wicks perspiration away from your skin). My shirt went on and then I slipped out of the bag and into my hiking pants. Hiking boots next, and I unzipped the door and scooted quickly for the trees.

My prick was at morning-piss attention, and the cool breeze hit it as I pulled it out of my pants. Slowly it relaxed enough for the flow to start, and start it did. My bladder had been aching for relief ever since I first woke, and the stream arched a good six feet in front of me. Steam rose from the stream and from the ground where it fell. Slowly my member shrank, both from the relief and the cool air. The last drops shaken off, I stuffed him back in, and buttoned up.

The first thing we needed was some caffeine. The primus started easily. Water gushed from the canteen into the pot, and it went onto the stove. The tent walls were bouncing and heaving with Tom getting into his clothes. "You would forget to rezip the door after you got out, you S.O.B." he hollered thru the cloth. I went over to the tent and helped him unzip the door to come out.

As he straightened up, I gave him a big hug, and then reached inside his still unzipped pants. His prong was as hard as his hiking stick. "Hey, you better be carefull, that things loaded, and you don't want it to go off all over your only clean change of hiking clothes."

I kept my hand on his rod and used it to lead him over to the trees. When we got there I kept teasing him by stroking his dick. He couldn't relax enough to release the flow. Finally, with supreme concentration, and me not stroking for a while, his stream gushed forth. There is something sexy, in a way, holding another guys cock while he pees. You feel the stream flowing through the urethra just under the skin on the lower side, and see the warm stream arching out from the tip. As the flow ebbed to a few drops, I shook him, and then dropped to my knees and sucked him dry. I kept on sucking and felt the blood congest anew in his penis. The signal that something was about to happen was his hands on the back of my head moving me in the rhythm he wanted, until at last he held my head still and I felt the wad ejected from the tip.

"Oh my god, the waters boiling over!" He pulled out of my mouth and with cock still waving in the air, ran over to the stove and lifted the pot off. Getting off my knees, I joined him and helped with the coffee. Breakfast, otherwise were some croissants filled with green gage jam and some hard rolls we'd brought from the farm. Today we'd have to get some more provisions for tonight and tomorrow morning.

By the time we were done cleaning up and repacking, the sun had warmed things nicely and the frost was gone. As we approached noon we came to a small village. Just 5 to 10 houses, but as usual with the small general store with fresh bakery and meat. Stocking up with bakery, cheese, and sausage, we were ready to start back out on across country. We were just about out of town, the last house behind us, when we approached one of the outlying hay sheds. We heard boys voices inside. Quietly we approached and tried to see thru the siding. Nothing. We moved around to the other side, the side away from the town. We were rewarded with a couple cracks that gave a clear view inside. There were two young boys who looked about 13 to 15 years old. They had there pants down and were exploring each other, completely unaware that we were watching.

We didn't dare make a sound. We didn't dare interfere, since they were minors, and the laws here were no different than at home. I carefully let my pack to the ground and leaned it against the shed, Tom did likewise. One of the boys was just getting some light bush around the penis. The other wasn't quite that far, but was already developing. You know the way the penis and balls get disproportionately large, before the rest of the body catches up. The older boy had at least 7 - 8 inches already; the younger wasn't far behind with at least 6 inches. The older one was going down on the younger one. God he knew how to suck.



My penis was straining for release, and I had trouble getting it out it was so excited. I glanced over and discovered Tom was already beating on his. I looked back into the shed. The younger boy was holding the older boys head and starting to hump up a storm. It didn't take long and he let go with his load. The older boy started to choke and some dribbled out of the corners of his cheeks. He pulled off and spit it out on the floor. The younger boys cock was still solid and shiny, showing no signs of going down. "What did it taste like?" he asked his friend. The older boy replied, "Sort of salty, but not like anything I've tasted before." The younger boy milked his dick and took the few drops to his mouth.

"Now you do me," said the older boy. I looked over and saw Tom squeezing a drop off his dick. Obviously that scene had been too much. The older boy had stood up and the younger boy was just putting his mouth over his rod. "Ouch, use your lips to keep your teeth off." The younger boy resumed his sucking. I looked down at his crotch and saw his pole STILL at full erection. What staying power when you're that young. While the sucking was going on, the older boy was sensuously carressing his nipples and chest. The climax was on its way. I could see his thigh muscles twitch, his legs straighten and jerk, and then his hands went to the younger boys head.

The younger boy hadn't gotten the technique of deep-throating yet and had his hand around the base of the shaft. He was working his mouth around the knob and upper 2 - 3 inches. Suddenly the older boy's cum wouldn't wait any longer and it startled the younger boy. This was obviously a first time for both of them. The boy choked and released the penis to spit on the floor just as another gush came forth and hit him high on the cheek; another hit him on the forehead. God how I wanted to rush in and lap that up. My own member just then had other ideas, and jettied forth.

The older boy was scraping some of his own cum off his friend and tasting it. "Yours is not nearly as salty, " he said. "I wonder if every one is different?" I would have been glad to let him try some of mine. The boys had a rag, and were helping each other clean up. I milked the last from my tip, and stuffed it back into my pants. We watched the boys get dressed and then picked up our packs and headed up the trail before they came out.

As the afternoon drew on the clouds started to build. We'd been extremely lucky without any real rain. But this was starting to look ominous. We'd made good time so today, and were a little farther than we'd planned. We decided to stop at our regular time, but use one of the hikers huts. It would only be a little distance out of the way. We arrived and went in. Surprise! Two guys were standing there in an obviously rudely interrupted embrace, with hands on the crotch of the other. They both looked younger than we were but not by much. They were obviously locals, with home-spun textured shirts, lederhosen, sturdy mountain boots, and long socks.

I tried to clear the air, right away. "Don't let us stop anything. We might even join in," and to demonstrate planted a kiss on Tom's lips. "Are you guys staying here for the night?"

Both of them seemed highly embarrassed, and hesitated for the longest time. Then one of them said, "No, we're from the village about 10 km down the road. We just come up here to get away from the others. We are stonemasons. We are working on the new building down below at the road." We'd seen the new construction several thousand feet below us as we crossed the last ridge approaching the hut.

The two of them looked like they could be stonemasons by their arms and shoulders. "We've been hiking the mountains for the past several weeks, and are just on our last day. You're welcome to stay the night here with us if you want," Tom replied.

It turned out one of the two was apparently very shy, he appeared to be the younger of the two,

probably 18 or 19, or at most early 20. In retrospect he didn't say a word the whole time. In fact, no introductions were ever made. No names were ever heard. Maybe they wanted it that way? The other, who appeared to be about a year older said, "Thank you, no, we will be expected in a few hours. I wanted to show him some of life's pleasures, as you apparently also know them. He doesn't mix with people very well."

They seemed hesitant as to what to do next, so I said, "If you don't mind then, we'll just discard some of these things and let you continue." We walked over to the cots and dropped our packs. I gave a knowing wink at Tom and went over to him and started massaging his chest standing behind him. Both of us facing the other two. They were still hesitant, and were just standing there. I let my hands work their way down Tom's front until one was caressing his basket while the other continued higher up. The vocal boy/man must have been aroused and was losing his nervousness at our intrusion. His arm went around his friend and he pulled him in front of him, imitating me.

I took that as a good sign and wanted to see how far, and how fast he'd follow a lead. Still caressing Tom's basket, (which was visibly enlarged) with one hand, my other hand started to loosen his belt. I paused and watched the other two. Reward. He too reached for one of the two buttons holding the drop front of the lederhosen. I loosened the top, and then the other, buttons on Tom's pants. The hand caressing his basket keeping them from falling to the floor. The other button was released and the drop front fell down. I could see bare skin, meaning he wore no underwear. I let Tom's pants drop, and began caressing Tom's cock through the white of his briefs.

The young man's lone button that held the front together under the drop front was loosed. All that held them up now were the suspenders. His cock had worked its way out of the front and the long foreskin was being worked up and down the shaft. He had had enough, and slipped the suspenders off his shoulders and the lederhosen dropped to the floor with a thud. This guy had a pole on him that was unbelievable. It had to be nine inches long, and at least 4 inches in circumference. Tom had helped get his own briefs off and had stepped out of them and his pants.

We looked over and the other two were still standing there, one behind the other, the one reaching around caressing the uncut pole with one hand and the chest and belly with the other. It was time to make our move. Still working with each other we gradually worked our way over to them. Tom started to caress the younger boy's nipple area, and then dropped to his knees and quickly engulfed the ram rod below. I could see the glassy look in the young man's eyes. Surely this was a virgin we were dealing with.

I was still clothed, as was the other young man. I reached between them and started to massage his breasts. He turned around to face me. My other hand went to his crotch. I could feel the pressure from within, even through the leather of his pants. Without looking, the buttons of the front flap weren't difficult, and my hand found his waiting manhood. My own cock was bent in its positioning, and was starting to get uncomfortable, waiting to be released. Surely that event couldn't be far off. Letting go of his manhood, my hands went up to his face, and while looking longingly into his eyes, I started to caress his cheeks, his earlobes, the sides of his neck, his forehead, all the while keeping my eyes locked in his. This also got my hands out of the way to see what he would do.

It didn't take him more than a couple of seconds to start running his fingers along the outline of my dick. A few more minutes of his teasing and he started undoing my belt and buttons. I pulled my legs together from their outspread stance, and they dropped to the floor.

I left his face long enough to slip the suspenders off his shoulders and was rewarded with him helping them slide off. He also was wearing no underwear. I reached down and slid my boxers off my hips. His hands helped by lifting the waistband over my extended pole. I was thinking of going down

on him like Tom did, but as he pulled my boxers down he dropped first and grabbed my pole into the warm wet cavern of his mouth. It was very erotic. HE was no virgin. He knew just how to use the roughness of his tongue to stimulate the underside of my glans, at the same time he was sucking the whole shaft.

As he was sucking, his hands kept fondling my ball sack, encircling it and tugging gently, then tickling the hairs of the sack, then that wonderfull spot just back of the bag. I spread my legs appreciatively and was rewarded in a finger gently teasing the opening. He picked up some saliva from his work up front and started to work the finger in and out. I could feel this going much too fast for my tastes, and signalled him by gently lifting on his head. He stood up and I bent over and got my feet free from the pants that were still around my ankles.

At the same time, I reached my head toward his crotch and started on him, while helping his last leg out of the lederhosen. He was not nearly so well endowed length or girth-wise as his friend. He was barely six and a half inches long and an inch and a half in diameter, but the head was huge, at least half again bigger in diameter. It was all I could do eventually to retract his foreskin. Before trying that, however, I was having great fun expanding his prepuce with my mouth's vacuum, and running my tongue inside. Since he had initiated it, I reciprocated with a finger at his anal entrance. This guy had obviously expected something this evening, - he was already lubricated with something, and my finger had no difficulty gaining entrance. I massaged him to the extent my finger would go in, all the while sucking on his uncut manhood, and inhaling the odor of a man that sweat profusely and had just finished an eight hour work session. A rather heady trip.

He gave me the same signal I had given him and I let go and followed his guidings to stand up. He grabbed my dick and led me over to the only small table in the room, turned around, bent and lay face down. The invitation couldn't have been mistaken by a complete dunce. I didn't even think of any more massaging with my finger. Instead I planted my glans against his anus. I worked, pressing gradually harder each thrust, and then without warning, jammed as hard as I could. He made hardly any noise, but I could see his hands gripping the edge of the table, taut and white. Gradually they loosened their grip, and I began a slow stroking. I glanced over at Tom, still sucking slowly on that long virgin pole. I almost wished I was over there instead of here.

Looking at Tom was too much, I felt my climax rising rapidly, and then it came. I banged into his ass and the table banged into the wall. As the waves of feeling subsided, I felt a very talented ass milking me of all the essence I produced. I reached around and started massaging his prick, which was still fairly hard but had started to droop. Finally, I withdrew and took my place at the table. He milked a few drops from my tip and then reached between his legs and exuded a quantity of my cum and his mucous from his rectum and used it to lube me. I felt the finger working my ass to relax it. Then the humungous head was at my pucker. No preamble, just like I'd done to him, he was in.

I looked over at Tom and saw him wiping his chin. Normally Tom can swallow a good-sized load. That kid must have cum in gallons.

I tried to emulate my earlier host and worked my sphincter to milk him as he had done to me. It took almost five minutes of constant banging before he finally unloaded. Meanwhile the other young man had dropped to his knees and was working on Tom. Tom released just about the same time I was succeeding in bringing my partner to his climax. We quickly cleaned up with a towel they had conveniently brought with them. They said "Vielen Dank" and quickly departed. We watched them as they headed down the mountain to the road far below.

"Do you realize what time it is? Almost 7:30, it's getting dark and we still haven't eaten," Tom emphasized. "I'm starved."

We were both very hungry and ate heartily. Dinner completed and everything cleaned up we snuggled into our sleeping bag just as the heavens opened up with everything they'd been storing for the past few weeks. Think about it, snuggled with someone you'd come to love, in a warm sleeping bag, in a dark room, with thunder and lightning and rain beating down on the roof. Something erotic about the whole situation. Something that made us snuggle closer and feel wonderful. Something that, even so, didn't have the power to rouse us sexually, we were too spent. But something very engrossing just the same. Where had the past three weeks gone. I drifted off to sleep counting the things we'd done, and the blessing of having Tom close.

Morning arrived in bright sun. "God, I thought the storm would keep me up all night," Tom said as he too opened his eyes. "I don't think I heard a thing all night. I was going over in my mind all the interesting and nice things that had happened in the last couple weeks, and counting my blessings that this trip had turned out so great, and I drifted off to sleep. What a pleasant morning this looks like it'll be." I didn't say a thing, but silently wondered at having had the identical thoughts, just as I also had drifted off to sleep last night. Well I'll leave those wonderings about two people having the same thoughts at the same time to the metaphysicists.

Our trek that morning took only about two and a half hours and we were at the Bahnhof, ready to start the train-ride back to Frankfurt. Just as I boarded the train I spotted two other guys with backpacks boarding about three cars down. Dejavu? Have I been here before? No it wasn't Gerhard!

I purposely headed in their direction as we searched for an empty compartment. Just as we found one, I saw them enter the car from the other end. I smiled in their direction, but didn't know if the glance was seen, and went in. They came to the door of our compartment and asked, "Besetzt? - Frei?" (Is the spaces occupied or free).

"Ganz frei, bitte," I replied (Everything free). They came in and grabbed the seats opposite us after throwing their backpacks into the overhead racks. One of them was somewhere in the 18 - 20 year range, the other although looking much younger looked in the 40 - 50 range. It did not look like a father/son combination. The young man was trying valiantly to grow a beard and mustache, and I would have given my weekly paycheck to be able to run my hand through that hair. They both were wearing stretch fabric bundhosen (knee pants), the fabric similar to ski pants. Especially when the first came in, before they sat down, the bulges were quite noticeable, and I thought I saw the distinct outline of a semi-hard cock when the younger stretched to throw his pack overhead.

The older man looked almost as interesting, too me anyhow, with a ruddy complexion, long wavy hair, and a stunning build. He was fairly obvious in adjusting his crotch as he sat down.

The train pulled out and we started talking. They were obviously also at the end of their journey and heading home. They gave us a run down on where they had been hiking and asked us where we had been. Very cautiously, we gave them a thumbnail of the general areas we had been in, but were careful not to mention the farm. It turned out they were from a small town just north of where we changed trains. Only a short journey. As we talked, I couldn't help notice the ready way the older guy made his points by slapping the leg of his younger buddy. The older guy asked if we needed lodging for the night. We would be welcome to stop at their place. God how I wished the timing had been different. We had to get to Frankfurt tonight.

I excused myself to head to the lavatory. I really did have to take a leak, but also sitting opposite the young guy, I was getting horny and needed to get up and move around before pre-cum got the inside of my boxers all sticky. I went in and pulled out my dick and was just releasing the stream when the door banged into my back. I'd forgotten to turn the latch. (Or subconsciously did I purposely forget). Anyhow, it was the young kid. He apologized profusely, and was closing the door when I decided

not to waste the chance.

“Come on in I’m just about done.”

“But there’s not enough room for two.”

“Sure there is,” and I slid aside and opened the door wider for him to squeeze in. These places are a lot larger than on an airplane.

He came in and clicked the lock behind him. We would have at most 15 minutes to the next station. My dick was still out, pointing at the commode, and I made a valiant effort to restart the stream. What a futile effort. He made the first move, and grabbed my dick and started jacking me off. “Do you want to suck me,” he asked. I answered by unzipping his pants, dropping to my knees and gradually working his dick out from the stretch fabric. He immediately started humping. He wanted a quickie, and it didn’t take three minutes and he filled my mouth with what was interestingly sweet tasting cum. I wondered what he had been eating lately.

He explained that he wouldn’t suck me, but he wanted to jack me off, so he could see me shoot. I couldn’t refuse, and he spit on his hand for lubrication, and proceeded to give me a very skillful J/O. When I shot he watched, and explained that he loved to watch the cum spurt out, to watch the slit suddenly expand and the wad speed on its way. He said he had some slow motion videos that were great. I wiped up the evidence and we carefully left the room, nobody was watching.

When we got back to the Compartment, the blinds were pulled and the door was locked. I jiggled the handle. Tom peered out and unlocked the door. “Sorry, we forgot to undo the door when we were done,” and he gave me a big wink.

The train pulled into the station, we disembarked, and said goodbye as we watched them leave the station.

We grabbed some food from the kiosk nearby and sat eating it on a bench where our other train was to leave from. A half hour later we were wending our way to Frankfurt. A very peaceful, un-interesting trip. Except for the conversation. We decided we needed to come up with a common consistant story to tell Mike and Bill when we got back. By the time we got to Frankfurt we had it all worked out.

I also described the “accidental” meeting of the young man in the lavatory. He smiled and started relating his own activities during the time we were gone.

“No sooner had you left,” he began, “and he started talking about his relationship with his traveling buddy. Apparently he was a clothing distributor, and had needed some help. The young man was homeless and had been found huddled in the doorway of his office when the man had arrived for work. The young man was dishevelled and dirty. He had asked the man if he had any work and by his speech indicated that he was reasonable well educated. It came out months later that the boy had been apprenticed to a tradesman, but had been summarily dismissed when he was discovered giving a blow job to the man’s son.

“The young man was 21, (older than I thought), and had been with him for a little more than a year. He had proved to be a superior salesman. Anyhow, the man had taken pity on the boy and told him he might be able to use him, but that he would have to be cleaned up. So he unlocked the office and told the boy to come in. He had the boy clean up in a small bathroom, and get the worst of the filth off him. He put him to work in the storeroom. In a few hours, the boy had come in and asked some very intellegent questions about the operation and made some suggestions to better organized the

storeroom. They made sense and the boy got everything done that day.

“The man asked the boy if he would like to stay the night at his house, and that was the apparent beginning of the relationship. All the while he’s talking about the young man, he’d been squirming in the seat, and running his hands along the much more defined outline of a cock under his stretch pants. He was making no bones about what he wanted, and apparently knew just what his young partner was up to. I wasn’t sure how to continue so I just kept fingering my crotch while he kept talking.

It didn’t take long before he made the first move by getting up and shifting onto my side of the compartment, next to me. He continued talking and then his free hand started to move onto my leg. I slouched down a little and took my other hand away from my crotch. His immediately replaced it and then he stopped and got up and pulled the shades to the aisle and latched the door. When he came back he pulled me up from the seat and started hugging and kissing and carressing me, all over. It was great, he really had good technique. Eventually we ended up giving each other a blow job, and finished just before you rattled the door.”

In Frankfurt, we got a room from the tourist bureau, again, fairly close to the station.

For the evening we headed over to the university area across the river and found an excellent cafe. We talked about our trip and all the things we had done. It might sound like we had spent the entire three weeks having sex, 24 hours a day. Nothing could be further from the truth. We had hiked well over a hundred miles, met many other hikers with whom we’d had interesting conversations, visited some interesting villages and their churches, spent some time in some interesting local, village level, museums, and taken what seemed like thousands of pictures, (it later turned out to be 15 rolls of 36 exposure film).

After dinner, which was around 9:00pm, we headed started wandering around the district, and ended up in a very crowded Bierstube, “The Gruen Ganz”, or something like that. We spent about 45 minutes there, and were just leaving when I was startled by a glimpse of someone who looked like Joachim (or Jack), the guy I met when I was in Europe at 18, and who opened me up to many new experiences. All sorts of thoughts and ideas flooded my mind. I thought of introducing him to Tom, of getting reacquainted with him, finding out what he had been doing since that year, maybe spending the night with him once again. My heart was beating a mile a minute, as I grabbed Tom’s hand and started dragging him without explanation, away from the door.

Alas, I was to be totally shattered. When we had gotten to 10 feet from him, he turned around and looked in my direction. It was not him. This guy, face-to-face, looked totally unlike Jack. My psyche was smashed, my heart felt empty, I felt my breathing hesitate, I veered off leading Tom behind me and circled back toward the door.

“What in the hell was all that about?” asked Tom when we got to the street.

“You won’t believe it, but there was a guy on the other side of the room who, from the back and sides, looked for all the tea in China like Jack, you know, Joachim, the guy I met here in Europe when I was 18. When the guy turned around, I realized it wasn’t him.”

“Oh, now it makes a little sense. I’ll bet you’re really disappointed.” He put his arm around me pulled me tight for an instant and then briefly ran his hand around my back. “Come on, it’s 10:30 and we have to be up at 5:00 to catch that stupid charter flight. We headed back across the river, pausing for five or so minutes on the bridge to just stare at the river, no words were needed.

We picked up the key to our room from the desk and decided to pre-pay so that we didn’t have to

fuss with it in the morning, and then headed up to the steps to the fourth (top) floor and our room. We were fairly quiet on the way up, but I had the impression we weren't the only ones in the stairwell. When we got to our floor, I signalled Tom to be very quiet. I stuck my key in the door, opened it, paused, and then closed it solidly. Silence. Then just barely perceptibly, I heard movement from the extension of the stairway going up to the roof. Silence. Slurp. Moan. Slurp. Silence.

I winked at Tom and smiled. Very quietly, step-by-step we crept up into the pitch black area above. The sounds were coming from still fairly far away. It turned out that at the first landing there was a short walk in the opposite direction, and then another flight parallel to, and right above the first. My eyes were becoming accustomed to the minimal light filtering up from below. Tom was leading, he paused, then went up a few more stairs, I moved with him. We got to the first landing and turned into the black abyss. Suddenly Tom jumped back, then he veered slightly to the side and continued. As I, in turn stepped forward, I found myself face-to-face with another man. I also felt his hands feeling my crotch. This was apparently a clandestine meeting place, for obvious purposes. Tom pulled me on. We were groped by at least two others before we started up the second flight of stair.

At this point both of us knew what was going on. The door to the roof was open and we could see a silhouette against the dark sky, of what was causing the slurping sound. Several others were on the stair as well, watching the action. We stopped and stood watching. My dick was not relaxed at this moment, nor was Tom's, I suspect. I felt the presence of someone opposite me against the other banister. Then a hand started groping my crotch. I stood still to see what would happen. I felt the hand joined by a second, from another body just below me. It had started at my knee and was working it's way up the inside of my thigh. I looked up toward the open door, and saw a shape working on Tom. The slurping continued from the top step.

The mate of the first hand, was now in play, helping work my buttons loose. My dick was straining for release from it's cramped position. One nice thing about boxers however, is that once the front of my pants were open, the rest was easy. My hand was still in Tom's, and he was squeezing it tightly. A mouth, obviously belonging to the two hands, began to work on my rod. There is something absolutely fantastic, and exhilarating, about such a clandestine environment. It didn't take long and I shot my load into my host. As I ejaculated, I squeezed Tom's hand tighter, and then relaxed. As my host milked me for several minutes afterward. I felt Tom's grip also increase, and as I looked up the stairs saw his head pressed back tight against the wall and moving from side to side. The two at the top of the stairs had apparently finished because there was only one figure standing there in the process of refastening his pants.

I let go of Tom's hand and started refastening my own pants. I felt Tom behind me starting to head back down and I turned to lead the way. Going down was easier. Our eyes were now fully accustomed to the dark, and we were headed toward the light rather than away from it. There must have been at least ten people on the upper reaches of the stairway and landing, that we passed as we went down. Obviously more people had arrived since us. I opened our door and we slipped in and locked it behind us.

"This is quite some hotel," Tom said somewhat sarcastically. "That many people couldn't have gotten up the stairway without the desk being aware of it, unless there's some other way to get in." We both agreed. I set the alarm, stripped nude, washed up quickly at the sink in the room and climbed into bed. Tom wasn't far behind. I watched him pull down his skivies, carefully wash his dick and balls, rinse and then towel them off.

Tom switched off the light, and I felt the covers lift as he snuggled in beside me. I was pleasantly surprised by a quick kiss, and a whispered, "I think I'm falling in love with you." What a way to fall

asleep.

@#\$\$%^\*%^\$ alarm. It was time to get up. I struggled out of bed, slipped on my boxers and sandals, and grabbed a towel. I figured there was no need for anything more at 4:30 am. I opened the door, only to trip over a leg stretched across the opening. The guy barely stirred, and I headed for the shower. The hot water felt good. I finished in record time and headed back so Tom could get done.

When I got back to the door, the leg and body were gone. I opened the door and got a real surprise. There was the body on the floor, with Tom straddling it. "What in the hell are you doing, we have a plane to catch."

"Don't worry so much," he said. "This guy is stoned to the point that he isn't going to wake up for quite a while, I wanted to try an experiment. I want to see if a guy that is completely stoned can get a hard on." With that he undid the only button securing the guy's pants, (the fly was still open apparently from last night), and slid them down around his ankles. Tom started stroking the guy's limp prick and it started to fill out. The guy started to stir, and he started mumbling something. His eyes never opened the whole time. The more Tom stroked the more the guy stirred, his face changing from a smile to a frown and then back. If he was dreaming, I'd have loved to know what it was. His mumbblings suddenly became words, "Oh shit Heinz, that feels so good. Lube me up and fuck me hard." The words slurred back into unintelligible mumbblings again.

I was about to see a slightly sadistic side of Tom. He continued to stroke the guy's bone, and said "Let's give him a thrill, hand me that almost new tube of toothpaste." I took over the stroking. Tom lifted the guy's legs in the air so his pucker was plainly visible. He squeezed a dollop of the menthol cream on his ass and started massaging it in. "Oh, Heinz, you are so good," came a few intelligent words.

Tom, continued to work his fingers into the guy's rectum. Finally he took the open end of the tube and worked it almost all the way in. Squeezing slowly, he withdrew the tube, leaving the paste to take its place. The whole time the guy was smiling and squirming in ecstasy. About half way thru the withdrawal the guy started to shoot. The first load landed on his face and the next ones down the front of his shirt. Tom finished, and stuffed the empty tube into the guy's pocket, and pulled up his pants. I checked outside the door. All was quiet. We grabbed his arms and legs and hauled him up the stairs to the first landing. He immediately curled up in a fetal position asleep. Tom quickly cleaned up, we packed our stuff and headed for the station. "I would love to see what happens when the guy comes to his senses, the cum all over him, and that strange tingling sensation in his ass," Tom said as we entered the station.

We arrived at the air terminal with the requisite 2 hrs to spare suggested for international flights. Those next 2 hours we spent people watching. Trying to guess what each person had done last night, and whether they would ever guess our last 12 hours, (or three weeks for that matter).

Finally we boarded the plane. It was packed. We got into our seats and finally realized that this was the last leg of a fantastic summer vacation. It still didn't seem like we'd been here for three whole weeks. "You guys look like you are really tired. Would you like some pillows and blankets?" It was a very handsome young steward, accompanied by a very attractive stewardess. "Sure, thanks."

Unfortunately that handsome young steward never materialized into anything more than a handsome young steward. Although both Tom and I had some nice conversations with him. But we could dream!



Both Tom and I slept for at least three hours of that flight. Neither of us can remember what movie they showed. At one point, I thought maybe a trip to the head might excite me. On other flights I had had great fun jacking off in front of the mirror while the plane did wierd things around me. Nothing. We did have an excellent lunch, and a small but nice dinner during the flight.

Finally we touched down in Baltimore. U.S. customs went marvelously smooth, and I had the guts to ask the customs agent why things seemed to go so much faster than the last time I'd been through. He agreed, and said the new passports that could be read by computer helped, but more than that, the exchange rate made it unlikely anyone would try to smuggle goods into the U.S. that they could get cheaper here. Other than the push on to stop drugs, their jobs had gotten simpler.

When I finished, Tom was waiting for me at the exit to the customs area. We pushed open the doors and waded into the crowd waiting for other arrivees. At the back we could see Mike and Bill with their current girl friends waving frantically for our attention.

When we got to them, they grabbed our packs, we gave them big hugs, planted little pecks on each of the girl's cheeks, and headed out the doors.

Bill said, "Well tell us all about the trip, and what you did."

**The End**