

Camping with Kwaku

A Fae Schooled Encounter

Emily Carrington

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ENCOUNTERS

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While on a camping trip with his lover and some friends, Fionn celebrates a break from school.

Camping with Kwaku

For Fionn, the day had been full of excitement. He'd been camping before, but never with his beloved Kwaku. It hadn't been just the two of them, but a group -- a "celebrate the end of the semester" thing. They'd driven down to the wildlife preserve and had the campground pretty much to themselves this time of year.

All three of Kwaku's werewolf friends had come along, bringing their partners, and Fionn had invited Rose and Ama, two wolves who ran a soup kitchen in one of Washington DC's poorer neighborhoods.

The werewolves, and Kwaku in his gazelle form, had chased each other all over the woods while Fionn started a fire and cooked dinner for everyone. That meant stew, which meant a large pot, because wolves were hungry creatures. So were Night Wanderers who could shapeshift into long legged, deer like creatures.

The stew, bread, and fruit were all well received and everyone went off into their own tents for "sleep." Fionn didn't know about anyone else but he was looking forward to a tumble.

"It's going to be chilly tonight," Kwaku said after the fire had been doused and they were crawling into their tent.

"That just means if we're going to get up to something, it had better be now," Fionn returned, flashing his lover a grin in the dimness.

Kwaku pounced on him, holding him down and grinding their groins together. This was such an unexpectedly aggressive move for his partner that Fionn gasped. Then he surrendered as Kwaku kissed him hard.

Being a Night Wanderer, Kwaku could wish his clothes out of existence. Which he did, leaving Fionn with an armful of naked magical creature. Fionn raised his head and deepened the kiss, nipping at Kwaku's bottom lip. He only left off when Kwaku groaned and rolled his hips.

"Someone's excited," Fionn whispered as his jeans rasped against Kwaku's pubic hair. "Let me up so I can be equally naked?"

Kwaku did, but he insisted on helping Fionn strip.

"What's lit your fire tonight?" Fionn asked, smirking as much at his own body's reaction as Kwaku's urgency.

"I realized you were all alone. All day long. That's not fair to you. I wanted to show you how grateful I am - both for the stew, and your lack of protest."

Fionn didn't point out that as a leprechaun he could have hardly kept up with the galloping magical beings. Instead, he answered, honestly enough, "I'm just glad to be away from school and to have you here."

Kwaku nudged him down onto the double sleeping bag. Fionn hissed at the chill of the slippery fabric against his skin, and Kwaku paused. "I wanted to ride you but if it's too cold..."

Fionn shook his head. "Straddle me. The moment my cock's up your ass, I'll be warm. Lube?"

Kwaku moved in the confines of the tent and returned with a small tube. "This is a new flavor. I thought I'd go down on you first."

"No way. I'd come without you." Fionn snagged the oil, took the top off, and sniffed. "Smells like sandalwood. Are you sure you want that up your ass?"

It might have been his imagination but he thought Kwaku looked silly with embarrassment in the chancy glow from a single flashlight Fionn didn't remember turning on. Maybe Kwaku had done it.

Well, even if it was just his mind playing tricks, he didn't want his lover uncomfortable. He poured out some oil into his hand and coated his stiff cock. The whole tent filled with the oil's heady aroma and Fionn groaned appreciatively as he closed the tube. "Smells heavenly." He could also smell arousal and realized the sandalwood complimented the other, intense, scent. "Come here. Ride me. After I stretch you, of course."

"I'm stretched." Kwaku turned slowly around.

Fionn stared at the butt plug. He'd bought that for Kwaku's birthday not long past. "You've been wearing that all day?"

"Just since right before dinner."

Fionn remembered his beloved sneaking off into their tent for something. He'd thought to ask what was going on but then the antics of their other friends had distracted him. He gently eased the butt plug out, smiling a little when Kwaku groaned in obvious need. Then Fionn rubbed one finger in the oil pooled around the base of his cock. He loosed his own little moan before slipping the digit between Kwaku's ass cheeks.

"Enough," Kwaku whispered. "Enough. Take me." And he turned around so he could straddle Fionn's thighs and lower himself onto the jutting member.

As the head of his penis disappeared into Kwaku's hot, receptive body, Fionn whimpered his longing. Then Kwaku was riding him, taking all of him in and letting him out again. Faster and faster he rode, his eyes slitted with pleasure and one hand pressed over his mouth.

Remembering they weren't alone at the campsite, Fionn also muffled his moans. Kwaku's ebony-brown skin was so beautiful in the flashlight's beam and his repressed groans stoked Fionn's fire. When he came, it was much too soon. He willed Kwaku to find his climax.

Kwaku rode him until there was no steel at the forge and then he begged, "Finger me. I'm so close."

Fionn slipped three fingers easily into his lover's entrance and pumped hard. When Kwaku came at last, all over Fionn's face, Fionn licked his lips appreciatively. Then he used his other hand to clean jizz from his cheeks so he could enjoy that too.

After they were both clean, using chilly water to wash up, they redressed and snuggled in the double bag. Fionn had his head on Kwaku's broad chest. "I love camping," he said sleepily.

Kwaku chuckled. And with that sound rumbling under his ear, Fionn fell asleep.

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