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but it was the ride he'd remember...

HIPPIE HITCHER

FURR

The northern coast of California is an interesting place to live. Not only is the rainforest, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful places on the face of the endangered Earth, but it's home to all kinds of interesting people you'd never run into in big cities. Lots of loggers, always speeding through tough times, live in the trailer parks. Quite a few Harley biker types and longhairs grow all the pot the north coast is famous for. A surprising number of people curve right out of a time-warp from the 60s. Not that these groups are distinct. I know a few guys who qualify for all four. Hey, I'm a mixed qualifier myself. Some folks even live in remote settlements of longtime collectives. Nobody uses the word *commune* any more!

So no surprise to see a young man with a bushy beard and long hair along the shoulder of the road with his thumb out, his pack on his back, and his guitar case leaning against his legs. I sized up his size pretty quick and pulled off into the gravel. He moseyed up, tossed his pack in the bed of my pickup, and climbed into the cab, resting the guitar case, split between his knees.

"Thanks! I'm Josh."

I shook his offered hand and scoped his grubby, patched Levi's, hiking boots, and flannel shirt he had layered over a union suit that had probably been white some weeks in the past. Guys with dirty longjohns ain't got no women

in their life. His light brown beard was bristly and dense, cropped about two inches long, and his hair touched down, catching on his strong shoulders.

“I’m Ike.” I had to grin.

His eyes were running a check list on me. I always figured my furriness was a signal of kinship. My hair is overall dark brown, graying some at the chin and temples, and so way longer than Josh’s that my hair hangs down nearly to my leather-belt line. Our clothes mirrored each other. The only substantial difference between us was my big engineer boots.

Being as I live alone and don’t subscribe to the Madison Avenue corporate idea that a healthy human body stinks unless it’s scrubbed and deodorized, I was pleased to note the dark wet patches under Josh’s armpits as he stretched in the seat, his male musk filling the cab.

“How far you goin’?” I asked.”

“All the way...to Seattle, but I’m in no big hurry. I wanted to see the country and meet people, so I gave myself plenty of time.”

“I can’t take you all the way to Seattle,” I grinned, “but I can take you...about thirty miles down this road.”

“What happens there?”

“That’s where I turn off to my place. By then dark’ll be coming on, and my turnoff’s in the middle of nowhere. If you want a warm place to sleep, I’ve got space.”

He looked pleased. “You’re the man, Ike. Truly nice of you. I’ll take you up on that as long as company’s no bother.”

“Nope. I like my privacy, but, hey, it’s nice to have someone visit every so often.” I put my right arm up across the back of the seat. “Particularly someone who can stand the way I smell.” My sweat-stained armpit of my own shirt so intensified my aroma that I could smell myself. “Laundry ain’t my strong suit.”

Josh kind of sniffed, and smiled polite the way a hitchhiker should. He looked hungry, maybe both kinds

of hungry—grub-hungry and man-hungry, exactly what I was hoping to see.

“I know what you mean, Ike. A lot of drivers have passed on me climbing in with them once they got a closer look and a sniff of me.” He grinned. “Frankly, I think I meet a better class of people this way!”

“Yeah,” I said. “Separates the men...”

“I hope not.”

Such kind of joking started us laughing about some of the bizarre conventions society shoves down your throat like how deodorant is a US religion, and how circumcision and shaving fuck up nature.

“I’ll be damned,” I said, “if I’m going to scrape my face with a sharpened metal edge on a daily basis to tame my own masculinity...” I paused for emphasis to read his face to see if he was catching my drift, and when I saw he was riding along open to the future evening, I said, “Damn! Looks like I’m not gonna make it.” I started popping open buttons on my fly and hauling out my cock. “I knew I shouldn’t have had that last mug of coffee.”

Josh snapped his head to attention.

I squeezed a yellow arch of piss up through my foreskin hitting the dust on the dashboard. My shaft and dickhead enlarged. Piss splattered on the clutch, dripped on my engineer boots. “You won’t drown,” I said. “It all leaks out through the rusty holes in the floor. This is one beat-up truck and this is how it got that way.” I watched Josh out of the corner of my eye, and he looked suddenly maybe as thirsty as he had looked hungry, and I wondered had I picked me up a live one.

“Fuck,” Josh said. “And I was too shy to tell you I gotta take a leak, but I always been the opposite of pee-shy.”

That hippie boy popped open his own fly buttons, scooped out his cock and balls, and aimed his dick across the transmission hump towards my boots.

“Excuse me,” he said, “but I don’t want to piss on my

guitar.”

“Is that right?” I said. I had his number, and he had mine. “Good,” I said. My piss was warm tinkle compared to his thick and yellow splash. I tucked my cock back into my Levi’s before the rich smell of his hot young piss made me fully hard. With two fingers, he held his hose tight at the base, pressurizing himself. He was kind of lost in the pleasure of peeing and I was enjoying the sight of him when I hit a bump in the road that sent his piss bubbling across my pant leg, from boot to knee to my crotch. My cock went into a full-hard Levi-buster, and as I looked over at him and saw the look on his face, I grinned at him, and said, “...’Bout five minutes to home.”

We were truly comic the way we drove up pretending, so cool, nothing was out of the ordinary. Josh helped me lift the supplies from the truck into my cabin, even when my fly popped open, showing plenty of crotch fur, and the hardening of actual flesh. The instant the last of the stuff was in the cabin and the door slammed closed, my tongue went through Josh’s beard straight into his mouth and he wrapped himself, arms and legs, around me.

Kissing is an art that few people are really good at, especially the eager young, who’d rather suck daddy than kiss him, but Josh whose driver’s license probably showed him no more than twenty-four, knew how to suck face like an expert. Part of sex, I suppose, is not to dive headlong for the cock, balls, butt, and tits, but to savor soul-kissing as exactly that. I lost track of how long we simply stood hugging and touching and rubbing as we made love tangling lips and tongue.

Given that Josh was a couple inches shorter than my 6-3, my neck and legs started to ache after a while, so—without breaking the kiss—I drew him over to the couch and laid him down on top of me, sucking his breath, and him sucking mine, kissing from the mouth and lips to ears, nose, eyes, and beard. And, oh, man, if you’ve never had

someone gently lick across your closed eyelids, or nibble his way up through your beard from your Adam's Apple to your chin, you have my deepest pity.

Winded, we came up for air from our marathon kiss. Josh rose up on his arms grinding his piss-wet crotch into the open hole of my soaked fly while I unbuttoned his shirt down to his belt, and popped the buttons on his sweaty union suit. My palms slid easily across his sweat-slicked chest fur. He shuddered with pleasure as my hands grazed his nipples on the way to the goal of his armpits. I swabbed two good handfuls of sweat, pulling out eight wet fingers and two wet thumbs, making sure to tweak those nipples that made his eyes roll back. I snorted the sweat from one hand while I licked his 'pit juice from the fingers of the other. Sucking his moustache, Josh unbuttoned my own shirt, my own union suit, exposing my own chest fur, my own nipples.

"Why don't we strip off and get on with it?" I asked.

"Sounds good to me. But," he looked very serious, "keep your union suit on, alright?"

I grinned at him. "Two dirty minds. One thought."

We pulled each other up standing, kicked off boots, shucked shirts, and dropped pants. I led Josh into my bedroom and laid him down on the bed, unbuttoning his union suit all the way down to his wet crotch. My knees straddled his hips and I bowed into his hairy chest and sucked fresh sweat, layered on day-old sweat, out of the dense patch of fur over his breastbone. My tongue licked, tracing the natural whorls of his chest fur out to his erect nipples.

He hissed and humped up against me as I lapped and nibbled at his tits and tongued down into his wet, musky armpit. I rasped my beard through his soaked 'pit-fur, beard-wiping up some of that intoxicating smell for later, tongue-washing him halfway down his bicep to the middle of his ribcage.

When he realized he could get his face into my opposite

armpit as I worked on him, we wound up in a sweat-slurping crisscross “Armpit-69” that lasted until both of us, suffocating, had scraped our tongues raw on each other’s armpits and chest, which was quite an adventure because Josh had a fairly typical pattern of fur—quite a bit across his pecs, and a thick line down his belly to his dick, in contrast to the even carpet that covered my chest and belly from collarbone to crotch.

We lay catching our breath. The clock in the kitchen ticked. Outside the cabin, night creatures woke up to the dark. More hungry than sleepy, Josh worked my cock out of the crotch of my union suit, sucking the wet piss from the cotton and pre-cum from the tip of my foreskin. Guys were always surprised to see me stiff, fully hard, and bear-dick-big with the head of my uncut cock covered with a shield of dripping foreskin.

“Lots of ’skin for you to play with,” I said.

With both his hands wrapped around my hard cock, Josh winked at me as he slipped his tongue in between my cockhead and foreskin, polishing the pink glans. He worked spit around the whole neck under the head, making me growl, deep, then deeper, finger-playing my own nipples. He slowly skinned me back, snapping my tight bear-foreskin down, collaring around my shaft. The moonlight was shining rectangles in on us from the windows. I growled down deeper watching him, feeling him sucking the sharp cheese off my dick. He licked, chewed, swallowed. He rubbed the last of the clotted smegma carefully into his moustache. He slid up my body, grinding his furry torso against mine. He brought his cheesy kiss full to my hungry mouth. His piss and my piss were wetting our dirty union suits. We roared into a session of growl-kissing, hands pawing.

I loved what happened next. Taking control from me, the driver, Josh, the hitchhiker, broke the kiss as he sat up. I growled a question. He growled an answer. His hand slathered his greasy chest and my greasy chest and greased

my cock. He growled a question. I growled an answer. He lifted up and held open the rear flap of his union suit as he lowered himself, tight young cub butt, onto my fat bear dick. He rode me slowly, rubbing my belly, making me and my rod enter him burning wet and hot, in one descending steady push until he was all the way down, impaled, his tail-pipe suctioning my cock, rocking on his knees, working his hips in a circle, levering himself up and down with his hairy thighs, fucking himself on my dick.

“Ride me,” I said. “You wanted a ride.” I reached up and grabbed hold of his nipples. He grinned at the ceiling as his eyes rolled back and he started to piston his riding tempo. He did not drift away on his own ecstasy. He was an attentive lover. His hands were always busy, with one on my chest, steadying himself as he tweaked my nipples and fur, the other stroking his strong young cock. I knew looking up the line of fur up his belly, spreading hair across his chest where at his tender throat his pelt met his beard, this was not the first ride he’d hitched, but it was the ride he’d remember, because he started that kind of sex chant some guys fall into in the hypnosis of good sex.

“Oh, yeah, daddy bear...big fat uncut meat up my hairy ass feels so good...I can’t hold it!” And in the incredible last instant he looked down at me, taking me in, like I was really present, really penetrating up inside him, and he husked the ultimate whisper, “Ike! Here I cum!”

Incredible gobs of hot juice jetted out of his dick all over my beard and chest. I opened my mouth to catch one gob, two gobs, three, of sweet cream directly. I licked more out of my moustache as his shots came forcefully, making puddles in the thickets on my chest.

He dismounted and slumped off to one side, face down. I immediately rolled over on top of him and started working my cock back up his butt. He grunted and tried to get away, but I pinned him down and started pounding. I growled the facts of life into his ear. “Nobody mounts this dick and

gets away without a load up his shithole.”

After a minute or two of resistance, the kind that comes after cuming, he started bucking back into me, which was all the invitation I needed to finish myself off. I growled. He growled back. I growled louder, “You wanna ride?” I breathed, inhaled, snorted the armpit vapors rising off his piss-drenched sweaty young body. My hairy thighs brushed his hairy butt. My balls banged his furry crack. My bear-dick pumped his shit chute.

The idea of him exploded in my brain. The sheer chance of him along the road. *What great beauty.* I rammed my cock home. Me growling into howling him. I rose up, pulling the stretch of my dick out of the suck of his hole until only the foreskin-hood of my cockhead was screwed inside his puckered ass-lips as my cum began to pump. I jammed into his butt, my cock moving hard and deep and powerful enough to stretch out my orgasm as long as gushing possible, with him begging for more, for mercy, for mercy’s sake more.

My body felt electric in the night. He trembled between my thighs. A sweet bubble of air farted from his butt.

“Sorry,” he said.

“Nothing to be sorry about.”

“I can’t move.”

“So don’t.”

“You make me feel wonderful.”

“You were everything I hoped you’d be,” I said.

“So,” he said, “were you.” He popped another bubble from his butt and the air from it felt warm on my trembling dick. I tucked my cock and balls back into my union suit and buttoned the bottom two buttons, then lay down. Josh promptly snuggled up to me with his face in my armpit, and we drifted off to sleep that way.

The clock ticked. The refrigerator kicked on. I awoke to the warm, wet sensation of Josh’s tongue working its way up my butthole. I hunched myself up partly onto my knees to raise my bear butt up so he could rim me deeper.

Through his moustache and beard, he sucked my hole, ate me out, tonguing open my asslips and bud, making my hungry hole bloom. When he had me woozy with pleasure, suddenly he removed his tongue and before I could beg him for more, I felt his long, hard, young cock slam into me. All of it. I bear-bucked back into him to take him to the hilt.

“Fuck me right, buddy!”

“Hey, Ike! Who’s driving now!”

Oh, as I recall very well, he fucked me very well, hard and fast. His earlier wild cum must have taken the edge off, or he was determined to keep fucking me after he’d fucked me into cuming, because he outlasted my cumshot by about five full minutes of hard, full-dick fucking.

When he finally did shoot, he let me have the first couple shots up my hole, then pulled out and splattered my ass and the backside of my union suit. After he finished, I got up on my hands and knees, and slowly smeared the handful of my own juice down his beard and into his chest fur where I hoped it would cure for a couple days and turn ripe.

He thanked me with a grin, lay back, and said, “I wanna eat my load out of your butt!”

I was happy to oblige, and knelt astride his bearded face, feeling his long, hot tongue slurping away at my ass. I pulled his legs towards me and bent forward to return the favor by sucking his butt. As I recall, although a lot of my load had run out of his ass and scummed up his butt fur, there was still a fair bit of spermatozoa up his hole to suck out...but even if there hadn’t been sexjuice dribbling out, I would have enjoyed rooting my tongue up his tight hitchhiker hole.

“You done feasting?” I asked.

“I am,” he said. “Are you still hungry or thirsty?”

We tumbled around some more, and when we were satisfied that we’d licked each other clean, we lay on our sides face into each other, dick to dick, belly to belly, nipple

to nipple, beard to beard. Josh rolled over, and snuggled up to me spoon fashion, and we drifted back to sleep.

The next morning was about as domestic as you can get for two men in ripe union suits whose beards are crusty with each other's jizz. I made breakfast while Josh tidied the place up, and after breakfast we brushed and braided each other's hair.

As we dressed, Josh said "Well, um...I better get movin' on."

I gave him a lecherous grin. "Don't go getting embarrassed on me, Josh. You told me you had plenty of time for your trip. Besides, I don't believe you've had enough of this." I groped my dick for emphasis. "Besides, I ain't heard you play your guitar."

"I don't want to be a bother."

"There's plenty of work here. Think of all the fun we can have sucking fresh sweat off of each other."

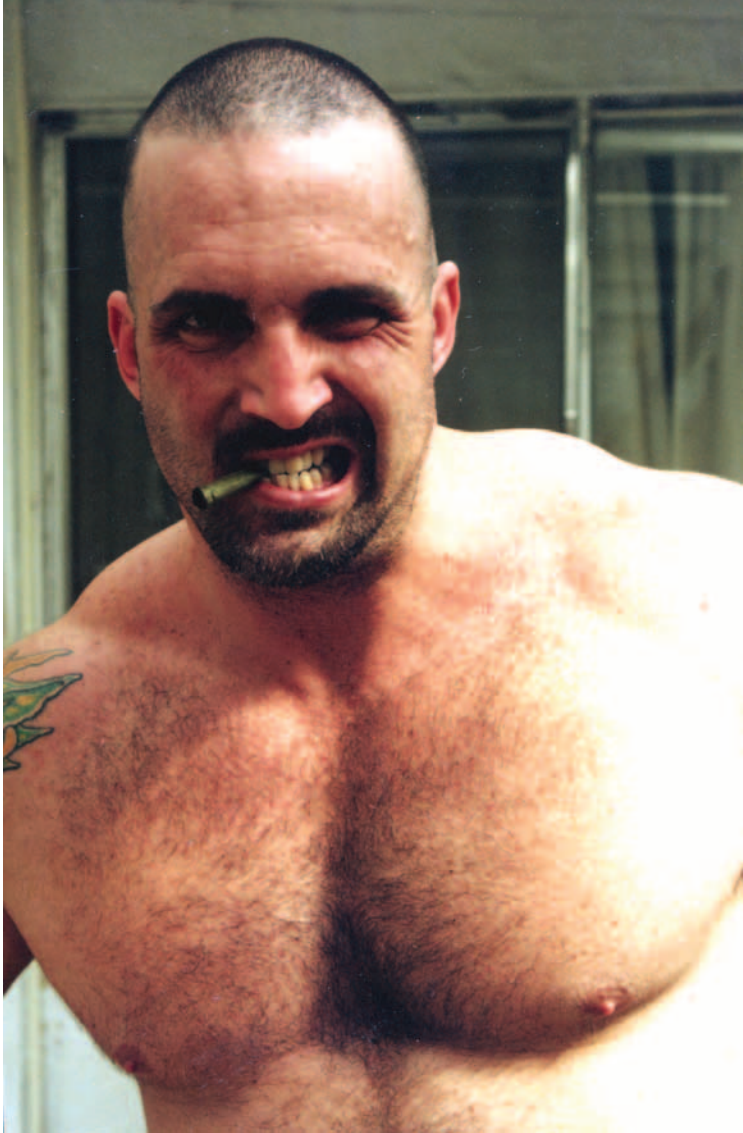
"Hey," he said, "Do I like Ike?"

The bulge in his jeans gave me my answer, which turned out to be another three days of nearly constant fucking when there wasn't some chore that had to be done. Memories were made of this. For instance, I remember the priceless look on that hitchhiker's face when I pulled my foreskin over his dickhead. I mean I only captured his cut cock with my uncut foreskin and only held it for a second or two—I swear!—until he started filling my foreskin with his hot juice shooting at the excitement of being hooded again.

Nor will I forget that ride through the mountains when I took him on my Harley, our hair blowing in the wind, with his dick poking up my ass the whole time, both of us cumming as I hit a set of bumps I knew very well right before we made it home. Finally, though, he did leave—walking a little funny, perhaps.

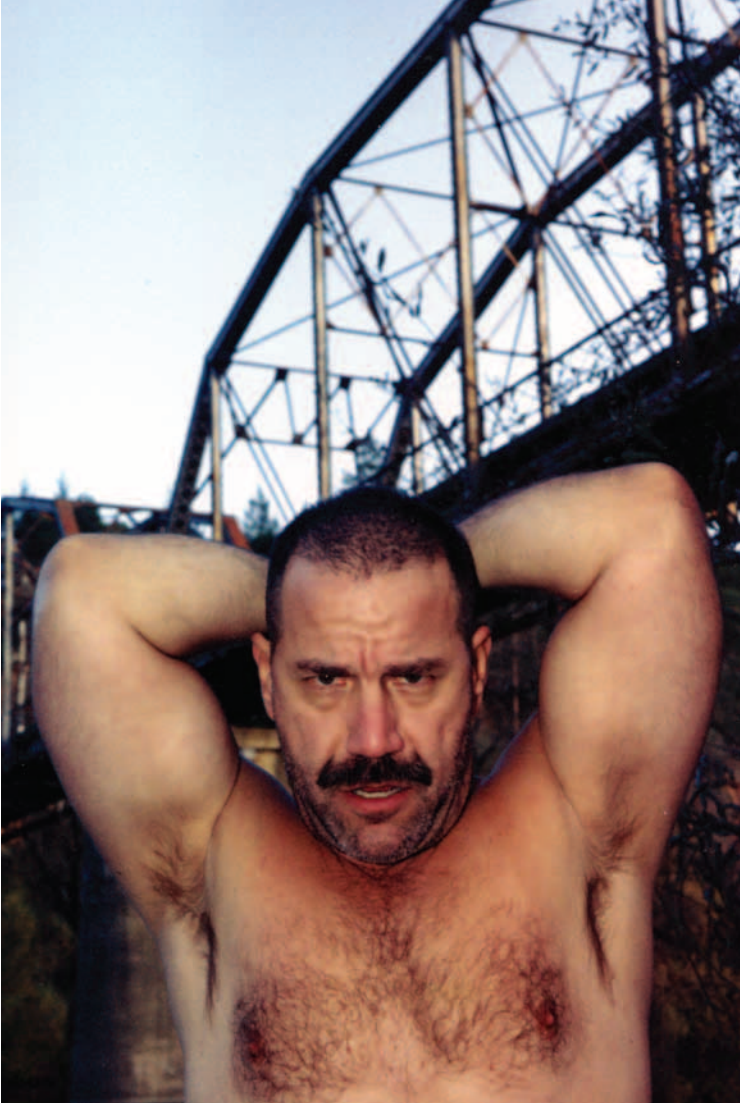
Sometimes I cruise the deep back roads of this northern coast, pissing out the floorboards in my pickup, palming my dick while I drive, looking for him, hoping for a re-match,

and if not him, his kind then, because I know, always out there, horny on the shoulder of the road, stands another hitchhiker smiling eagerly with one of his two thumbs up.



Chris Duffy, *Some Like It Wet*

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