

Still kissing Eddy,
 the meat-eating logger
 couldn't wait to screw
 the tree-hugging college boy...

LAYING LOGGERS

BOB VICKERY

There's a slight breeze blowing in through the cab window, cooling off some of the sweat I've been working up. It ain't the only thing blowing. I reach up and stretch, locking my fingers together, and pull my knees wider apart. They can only go so far with my jeans down around my ankles. I look down at the back of Eddy's head, watching it twist back and forth as I fuck his mouth with long, slow strokes. "Hell, Eddy," I laugh. "I do believe you're getting bald."

Eddy stops his sucking and looks up, holding my cock in his hand.

He gives me one of his easy, good ol' boy growls. "Any guy whose pa named him 'Dale' ought to be careful what he says to me while his dick's in my mouth."

I grin. "Sorry. Don't break your stride." I scratch my beard and settle back into the truck's seat. "Go ahead. Don't let me stop you."

Eddy's intense blue eyes gleam. I swear, somewhere back in Eddy's family tree some great-granddaddy must have fucked a blue-eyed grizzly, 'cause I can see the family resemblance in his brow. He slowly runs his tongue up the length of my dick, sucking gently on the head, tonguing my cum slit. It always excites the hell out of me watching my log jam the face of a man as handsome as Eddy. Without any warning, he plunges down, swallowing all eight and a

half inches. I feel the softness of Eddy's beard press down against my low-hangers. Up and down his mouth goes, his tongue wrapping around my dick, squeezing it, caressing it. Sweet Jesus, can that boy suck cock! It's one of his most endearing qualities. I look up at the cab's roof, letting the sensations sweep over me, and start giving out some mighty groans to show Eddy my appreciation.

Eddy's sucking on my balls, first the left one, then the right, rolling each one around in his mouth, while he strokes my fuckstick slowly. He's humping his fist with the same, even tempo, and I reach down to give him a helping hand. His bearmeat is slick with spit and pre-cum and slides in and out of my hand as easy as butter on a hot skillet.

My other hand rubs and strokes across Eddy's chest, feeling those pumped-up hard pecs and the soft fur that covers them. I grab his left nipple between thumb and forefinger and squeeze hard. Eddy, his mouth full of my balls, grunts his approval, and I slap the back of his head. "Didn't your pappy never teach you not to talk with your mouth full?" Eddy laughs and I pull his face up to mine, shoving my tongue deep into his mouth.

Eddy rolls over on top of me, and his muscular arms wrap around me in a powerful bear hug. I feel his hard flesh pressed tight against mine, the sweaty skin sliding back and forth across my chest, his thick dick dry humping my belly. I breathe in the strong mansmell of Eddy's sweat. We're both not-so-fresh off an eight-hour shift logging redwoods and we reek. I work a finger into Eddy's tight bung hole, torturing him with excruciating slowness, up to the third knuckle. My finger gloves into his warm velvet. I wiggle it, pushing against his prostate, and Eddy goes fucking crazy, thrashing around in the cab, squirming against me, groaning loud enough to wake the dead. This boy needs a serious fucking.

Still kissing Eddy, I pull my finger out of his ass and grope in the glove compartment for a condom. I roll one

down my shaft. Eddy shifts his hips up. We resume playing dueling tongues as I slowly impale him. I fuck Eddy with short, quick thrusts, and he pumps his hips to meet me, matching me stroke for stroke. My hand's wrapped around Eddy's thick shaft, jerking him off like a dawg.

Fucking in the front seat of a truck cab ain't the most comfortable way to get off. Eddy's head is bent down to keep from bumping the roof, and the stick shift keeps hitting me in the leg. But neither of us is complaining. I settle into a steady rhythm of plowing ass. Eddy's face sweats inches away from mine. I look deep into his wild blue eyes, and he stares back at me, his eyes narrowed in concentration, his lips pulled back into a soundless snarl. A low, half-whimper comes out of his mouth, and then another. I spit in my hand and continue stroking his dick. The whimper turns into a long, trailing groan. I stroke faster, and he groans again, loud. I squeeze his nipple and that tricks the shot. Eddy arches his back, and his body begins shuddering as he shoots his load. The first squirt gets me right in the face, smack below my left eye.

The next two hit me on the chin.

Eddy's growling like a damn trapped bruin, and the squirts keep on a-cuming. I'm soaked with spoor before he's done.

I shove my dick once more hard up its entire length into Eddy's ass and that tricks the shot for me. I groan loud, and Eddy plants his mouth rough on top of mine. He tongues me damn well down to my throat as my jizz shoots into the condom up his ass. There's a lot of thrashing about, a lot of crashing into ashtrays and door handles, until finally, things quiet down. Eddy softly licks his cum off my face as I lay back, eyes closed, feeling the late afternoon breeze blow in through the window. I can hear the leaves outside rustling, and, farther off in the distance, the buzz of the chain saws of the afternoon shift.

After a few minutes, Eddy pushes himself up. "I gotta

take a leak,” he says and climbs out of the cab. I watch him lazily, admiring his fine, tight ass, as he stands on the road edge buck-naked and pisses down the hillside.

His body suddenly stiffens. “Hey, Dale,” he calls over his shoulder. “Come over here.”

I’m almost drifting off to sleep. “Why?” I ask irritably. “Get over here, goddamn it!”

I push out of the truck’s cab and walk over to where Eddy’s standing. “What’s up?”

Eddy points down below and I follow the direction of his finger. Way far down, I see the work crew cutting away at the redwoods growing on the valley floor. But that’s not what’s got Eddy’s attention. He’s pointing closer up, where the logging road winds along the side of the hill before it climbs to the spot where we’re standing. I see what’s got his attention.

Halfway down the ridge, by the side of the road, there’s a man flopped belly-down, snapping pictures of the tree-cutting operation going on below him. A backpack lays by his side.

I look at Eddy. “What do you think he’s up to?” I ask.

Eddy shrugs. We watch the dude for a moment longer, not saying anything.

“I bet he’s a tree-hugger,” Eddy finally says.

I keep my eyes on him. “I think you’re right.”

At this distance, it’s hard to tell, but he looks like he’s not much more than a kid.

I turn to Eddy, grinning. “I see lunch on a stick.”

Eddy snorts, “Let’s do lunch.”

We jump in the truck, and, no engine running, coast down the few hundred feet, tires crackling gravel, braking to a quiet stop. The tree-hugger’s still stretched out on a small patch of grass a little ways off from the road, snapping pictures. I look at Eddy and put a finger to my lips. We climb out of the truck and creep over towards him.

We sneak up a few feet away from him. I assess his butt.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing!” I bark.

This gets the desired effect. The guy jumps up and whirls around, facing us with wide eyes. He’s young, all right, early twenties, clean-shaven, but with a shaggy mane of dark blond hair. His cut-offs fit tight on his powerfully muscled legs. Most likely a mountain biker, I think. I still got the picture in my head of how tight his ass looked when he was on his belly. The kid stares at us, saying nothing.

“The man asked what you’re doing,” Eddy says quietly, his grizzly-blue eyes squinting. Eddy can look real mean when he wants to.

The kid swallows. “I was watching the loggers down below.”

“Yeah,” I say. “And taking pictures too.”

The kid’s eyes dart to my face, then Eddy’s, then back to mine again.

It’s clear he wishes really bad he was somewhere else. I can’t help but notice how goodlooking he is, with a firm jaw, alert brown eyes, tight body.

“Look,” he says, his voice low. “I’m taking a hike. Photography’s a hobby.”

“You shooting for one of them environmental groups?” I said. “You one of them green terrorists?”

“Let me go.”

“Or you just into, like, shootin’ guys?”

“You one of them camera fags?” Eddy said.

I narrow my eyes, doing my best Clint Eastwood. “What’s your name?”

The kid meets my gaze, and, I have to give him credit, holds it steadily.

“Mark,” he says.

“This is private property, Mark,” I say. “Owned by Carolina-Pacific Lumber. You got no business being here.”

“Yeah, and you guys got no business cutting down those old-growth redwoods!” Mark blurts. “There’s a court injunction forbidding you from doing it!”

That sure as hell clears up any doubts about whether or not he's a tree-hugger. I turn to Eddy. "I think we ought to take him down to the foreman's trailer." Which is pure bluff. "Tell him this boy—this trespasser—is into photographing dudes. Ain't that exploitation of the working classes?" I have no intention turning this kid over to anyone, much less those fucking animals down below. I want to throw a scare in him. "It's a clear-cut case. But not of redwoods, huh, voyeur-boy?"

The low rumble of a truck comes from around the bend behind us, and me and Eddy turn to look in its direction.

The kid quick sprints off the road and jumps down the side of the ridge, half falling, half running, until he's swallowed up by the trees.

A logging truck comes around the curve, loaded down with redwoods, all old-growth. Mike, the driver, toots his horn and waves, and Eddy and me wave back. We watch the truck round the next bend in a cloud of dust.

We laugh 'cause the kid thinks he can get away.

Eddy nods towards the kid's backpack. "Our buddy seems to have left something behind."

I grin. "You want to go look for him?"

Eddy gives me a tetchèd look. "Are you crazy? I ain't climbing down that hill. I'm going home to a cold beer."

I'm already sliding down the hill. "You ain't going nowhere with the keys to the truck in my pocket," I call over my shoulder. "You can either wait or come with me."

Behind me, I hear Eddy curse. He starts scrambling down the hill after me. We find Mark a little ways off, sitting on a log with his right boot and sock off. His ankle is already beginning to swell badly.

"Looks like you had a little accident," I say mildly.

Mark glares at me but says nothing.

"Come on," I say. "Me and Eddy'll get you back to the truck."

When we get to the road, Mark shakes us off like so

many flies. He hobbles to his backpack and pulls out an Ace bandage.

“Get in the truck,” I say. “You can do that back at our place.”

Mark begins wrapping the bandage around his ankle. “Leave me alone. I can get back on my own.”

“Yeah, right. It’s eight miles back to the main road.”

“That’s my problem.” Mark stands up. He takes a step and grimaces with pain.

“Don’t be a jerk,” I say impatiently. “Get in the damn truck.”

Mark starts limping down the road. He flips me off without looking back. “I was shooting trees, not guys.”

I shrug. “Whatever. Get in or not. Suit yourself.” I open the truck door and climb in. I look at Eddy. “You comin’ or are you walkin’ too?”

Eddy glances at Mark and climbs into the truck. I start the engine and begin pulling away.

“Wait!” Mark shouts.

I stop. The kid is blushing now, but his eyes are shooting daggers at me. Damn if he don’t look sexier than a motherfucker. I like ’em hot and helpless. I feel my cock stir paternally.

“You’re right,” he says. “No way can I can make it back on my own.”

I can tell it’s killing him to admit it. I throw open the door. “Hop in.”

Mark’s face twitches, and, in spite of himself, he grins. “Hop is about the only thing I can do right now,” he says.

In the truck, we jaw on the way back to the cabin where I don’t mind supporting Mark’s arm around my shoulder. Me and Eddy feel him up a bit, helping him up the steps, but not so he notices. Mark takes a pull from his beer. He’s sitting in a chair by the fire, with his foot propped up on a stool. “What those fuckers you work for are doing is illegal, you know. Like I said, there’s a court injunction against

logging old-growth in this area.”

I give him a long, deadpan look thinking about “logging his new growth.” I want to win him over. “What if me and Eddy told you we agree with you?”

“Yeah, right. Two fucks who’ll justify anything by saying you’re only working for a living. Support the wife and kiddies.”

“Fuck you,” Eddy says.

“Whoa!” I say. “We do, you know. Me and Eddy. We agree with you.” I nod towards his camera. “Look, we could pull the film out of your camera right now if we wanted to. You think you could stop us? Pulling your film? Stop us? Period?”

Mark glares at me. He’s a suspicious li’l fucker.

I make him more so. On purpose.

Mark says, “Then why were you guys out there cutting down the trees along with all your asshole friends?”

The kid is getting my goat. “Because, you little college punk,” I say slowly, “if we refuse, we get our asses fired. Logging’s the only thing we know how to do.” I glare back at him until he finally looks away. “Me and Eddy grew up in this area. Our daddies were loggers. So were our granddaddies....”

“...and our grandmas too.” Eddie was never serious.

“...Our folks knew how to harvest. But this shit is new. These companies are clear-cutting everything. They ain’t harvesting. They’re killing the land. In twenty months, there ain’t going to be nothing left to log. When it’s gone, guys like us are history. I don’t wanna learn routing for fucking telecom companies.”

“Hell, man,” Eddy chimes in. “If those pictures keep me from computer training classes...”

Mark laughs relieved. “Cool. Great. Logger Logic 101. I’ll take it next semester. You get me to my car tomorrow and I’ll do the rest.” He kills the rest of his bottle and scans the room. “You guys live here together?” he asks.

I can hear what he's thinking: two guys, one bedroom.

He looks at me again, his eyes bold. "Pals? Partners? Lovers?"

Eddy shifts in his seat. "You a national fucking inquirer?"

"Define *fucking*."

I return his slap shots. "Yeah, we're lovers," I say levelly. "You got a problem with that?"

Mark shakes his head. "Shit no." White teeth grin over his strong chin. "I may hug trees, but I...eat...meat."

A big lightbulb turns on over me and Eddy chewing on this tasty piece of 411. I give Mark a hard steady look, trying to keep a poker face, but I can feel my heart pounding. Mark looks back at me. Firelight flickers across his handsome face, his eyes gleaming, his lips pulled back into a waiting smile.

Damn! The very young are so cocksure. Why not? With the world changing every fifteen minutes, why wouldn't he be available and think we were available?

My dick is already stiff under my jeans, and I shift in my chair so as to give Mark the satisfaction of noticing. "So what do you want me to do about this...meat?" I grunt.

Mark's grin widens. "We can all think of pulling something off." He stands and real slow-posing teases his teeshirt off and even more slowly unzips his cut-offs and pulls them down, carefully lifting his right ankle to kick them off. He sits back in the chair again, looking at both of us very come-and-get-it. Even half-erect, his cock is impressive: thick, meaty, with a large, mushroom head. Firelight dances over his veined, twitching dick and the fleshy young balls beneath it.

I glance at Eddy, but his eyes are fixed with a hungry gleam on Mark's naked body. Eddy always was a pig for dick. But, hell, so am I. Eddy begins polishing his own knob under the heavy denim of his jeans. He shoots a go-for-it in my direction. *Go, Eddy!*

Mark watches us quiver. “Dudes! With my ankle, I can’t come to you. If you want it, here it is; come and get it.”

I don’t do nothing for a couple of beats.

“What you waiting for?”

Don’t want the kid to think I’m too eager.

“I got a twisted ankle.”

Or too stupid.

“I can’t even run away.”

Mark’s not playing a game. Why am I? I stand up, walk over to Mark and rub my crotch inches from his face. “Okay, fucker, chow time.”

Mark reaches over and slips his hand under my shirt, sliding palm across my belly. His fingers hook around the top of my jeans and he draws me closer. He places his mouth over the rough denim pouching my cock and gently bites. With his other hand, he begins pumping his dick. I reach down and squeeze his left nipple, not gently. He winces. Nice. I harden harder. He unbuckles my belt and unzips my fly.

I stand like an old-growth redwood letting him do the logging. He’s lost his coy smile. He has an expression I know well: dick hunger. That look always gives me wood.

His hands pull my jeans down to my knees. His teeth pull down my shorts. My cock springs to full attention. I glance at Eddy who’s already chainsawing his own dick with his grizzly-blue eyes hungry for the boy.

Mark reaches over and squeezes my cock gently. A little pre-cum pearl oozes through my cum slit. Mark laps it up. “My favorite flavor,” he grins, looking up at me.

“Yeah,” I say, “Log-cabin syrup.”

Mark laughs. He runs his tongue up the length of my cock, swirls the head twice around, and swallows it all, his nose buried deep into my brushy pubes. My knees buckle for a second, and then, holding the kid’s head with both hands, I begin fucking his mouth with long, slow strokes. Mark cups my balls with his hand and squeezes them gently.

I glance over at Eddy, still on the other side of the room, still yanking his crank. His beautiful, low-hangers bounce to his beat. “Hey, Eddy!” I yell. “Get your hairy ass over here!”

I look down at Mark, who’s looking back up at me, my cock shoved full to the base down his throat.

“Eddy’s a little shy at parties.”

“*Shut up, ‘Dale’!*” Eddy lurches over, his jeans down around his ankles, his thick meat swinging heavily from side to side.

“*Shut up, Eddy.*” I pull him over to me and kiss him hard, my tongue probing deep into his mouth.

“*And you shut up too, Mark.*” I make him equal for good measure and choke him on my dick. I spit in my hand and wrap fist around Eddy’s dick, sliding palm up and down the thick shaft. Eddy’s grizzly-blue eyes narrow, and a small roar growls out of his mouth.

Mark tongues Eddy’s fleshy nut sac, sucking on one ball, then the other, lumping the two of them together. He pushes my hand aside and deep-throats Eddy’s dick. His mouth works his lips tight up and down the thick shaft of meat. All the time he’s palm-fucking his own fist hard and fast. It’s clear that Mark’s a brother dick-pig as well. After a few sucks, he returns to my meat, then back to Eddy’s. I look at Eddy’s dick and my dick thrusting out side by side. Eddy’s is red, and thicker than mine, uncut and heavy veined. A good, meaty dick. Mine is longer and darker, cut, with a narrower head. Mark is giving us both masterful head, sliding his mouth up and down our cranks, while twisting his head from side to side in long, skillful strokes. The kid’s amazing! Is this something they teach in college? Makes me regret dropping out of high school.

I pull Mark to his feet, and kiss him. My hands explore his torso, pinch his nipples, play with his ass. I lift his right arm and tongue his armpit to savor the bittersweet man-sweat. Licking such liquor I could get drunk. My tongue

crosses over to his left nipple and swirls around it. I nipple him gently and feel his body tremble under my hands. I do the same with his right nipple. On his tender tits, I dial up 1-800-SURRENDER. My tongue slides down the smooth, hard ridges of his belly, past his stiff dick, and washes over his cum-heavy balls.

I vacuum both nuts into my mouth and suck hard. Mark heaves a sigh a hair's breadth shy of a groan. Holding the kid's dick in my hand, my tongue runs the length of his shaft. When I reach its red, corking head, I plunge down and swallow to the back of my throat. My beard presses tight against his balls. Mark cries out. His cries drive me into a frenzy of cocksucking. The kid is good at giving head, but nobody eats dick as good as I do, and I aim to prove how a logger can outsuck a college boy.

Eddy reaches into a table drawer, pulls out a condom, and slips it on, which is something useful we could have learned in high school before we enlisted in the Navy where we never told what we were never asked.

He wraps his powerful arms around Mark from behind, hugging him tighter than any hugger ever hugged a tree, and slowly impales his ass.

Mark grimaces like he's already dying for more. Eddy teases a bit before he continues working his dick in. It don't take long before he's sticking Mark's sweet young ass hard, driving his dick home with ball-slammin' force.

My mouth glides up and down the shaft of the kid's meat, my head twisting from side to side to increase the sensation for him. Between the two of us, the kid is getting worked over good. I can see he's well on his way to losing it big time. His groans are bouncing off the rafters. His body is trembling like a leaf at the top of a tree about to be toppled. He twists his head around and shoots Eddy a wild-eyed look, sweat streaming down his face.

Eddy plants his mouth over Mark's and tongues him for all he's worth, at the same time reaching down and twisting

the kid's nipples hard. Mark bucks between us, a bronco in heat. But we hold on: Eddy slamming hard into his ass, me feeding on his dick. I come up for air, hand-slicking my spit and pre-cum up and down Mark's crank. I feel his balls in my hand tighten up. I know he's about ready to shoot.

A couple more strokes and **TIMBER!** Mark's over the edge. He yells loud enough to bring the roof down, and a mighty load of jizm squirts out of his dick, splattering my face and chest. Eddy roars in synch. He squirts his load into the condom up Mark's ass. His arms are wrapped tight enough around the kid to damn near squeeze the air out of him. Only takes a few more strokes of my fist around my dick before I'm blasting my load halfway across the room. The two of them sink down beside me, and we kiss. Mark and Eddy lick white-hot clots off my face. We collapse together in a heap on the rug by the fire, and lay stuck together until the sky through the window starts turning light.

We drop the kid off at his car the next morning. "Take good care of those pictures," I tell him. "Sometimes a man's gotta do..."

"Shut up, 'Dale,'" Mark says. "Let me take a few pictures of you two guys."

"Us? For your 'Most Wanted' poster?"

"Yeah." Mark smiles confidently. "You were right. I like spying on guys and taking their pictures." He looks at us like he's predicting our future. "I can see you two bein' linemen running fiber optics."

When all the shutterbuggin' is done, Mark and Eddy hug, and Mark climbs into his car. I stick my head in the window and kiss him hard, my tongue slipping into his mouth. "Come back here some time soon," I say, "or I'll have to head south and hunt you down."

Mark grins. "Wild horses couldn't keep me away," he says. He pulls away, me and Eddy standing barefoot in the gravel, watching, as his car disappears into the distance.

“Some fun, eh?” Eddy winks at me.

“Hell, yeah, Eddy!”

Back in the cabin, we climb in bed.

“Hey, Eddy,” I muse. “How much wood would a tree-hugger hug if a tree-hugger could hug...”

“...woodies...”

“...like ours?”



Curtis James, *Redneck Cowboy: Hellbent for Leather*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Steve Thrasher, *Rough Night at the Jockstrap Gym*
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