

Fucked out of being straight,
the trucker learned
the secret of snow:
the traction to plow...

STORMY WEATHER

MIKE WHITE

I was sitting in the truckers' area of the Nevada restaurant when two men approached me. One was tall with a black beard and a shaved head. The other was a little smaller with a flat top and a short beard.

"The desk clerk told us you got the last room," Jack, the taller of the two said, after he had introduced himself and his friend, Steve.

"Yeah. And?" I looked at him over the rim of my coffee cup.

"We were hoping we might talk you into letting us bunk with you. With the storm, there's not much moving. There's no other rooms available and the desk clerk says you got two beds," he replied. "We'll pay for the room."

I looked out the window at the flying snow.

"There's no place to go even if we could drive," Steve said.

"I ain't sharin' a bed," I said.

"Uh, yeah. It's not a problem." Jack, the aggressive one, sat the pair of them down in my booth. "Hey," he said.

"Hey," I said. "Have I seen you around?"

"Yeah," Jack replied. "We run this route more than we care to."

"We don't have our regular truck," Steve said. "The sleeper on our rig is a mess."

We sat for a few minutes eyeing each other. They seemed like nice guys so, finally, I said *yes*. They even bought my chicken-fried steak dinner for me.

“We really appreciate you doing this, man,” Jack said as we headed for the room.

We walked past the desk the clerk. “Have a good night, guys.” He winked sidelong and said. “I’ve never seen such a trio with absolutely no socially redeeming significance.”

I wondered what the hell he was talking about.

“I’ll take the bed close to the john,” I said.

“No prob,” Steve said.

We dropped our gear and bags on the floor.

“I’m gonna shower.” I stripped down to my boxers.

“OK, buddy. We’ll be right behind you.” Steve said.

After a long, steamy shower, I found Jack and Steve watching the pay-per-view Adult TV. “Our treat,” Jack said. “Tits and ass.” The pouch in his briefs looked a little fuller than I remembered. The front of Steve’s boxers seemed tented out too. They both were having a little party in their pants. The pay-TV was over soon enough and no one had moved a muscle, although I felt a certain tension had been rising in the room.

They took showers separately. Each of them making small talk with me.

Finally, we were all in our beds. I fell asleep quickly.

Sometime during the night a noise woke me.

“Quiet, man,” I heard Steve say. “He’ll hear you.”

“Fuck him.” Jack said. “I’m horny and I want your ass.”

“This dude’s straight. He’ll kick us out of the room,” Steve whispered. “Or he’ll call security.”

“Fuck! Show me a trucker so uncool he ain’t stuck his dick through a goryhole.”

“You fucking my ass and me sucking your dick ain’t the same thing.”

In the dim light I could see Jack was lying on top of Steve. Their hairy chests were pressed together. Their

bearded faces close. The sheet was pushed down revealing Jack's broad, hairy back.

Jack was right. I'd seen plenty of other truckers getting their dicks sucked. But I liked women. In fact, because of my future wife and my future kiddies, I had resisted any attempt by another man to suck my dick. I'd certainly never fucked anyone's ass. I'd seen guys fucking guys in videos, but never in person. It hadn't done much for me.

Until now.

I guess it was the fact that I was in the same room. I'd never seen two men fucking live. I suddenly realized my cock was as hard as a rock. If one of them glanced over at me, they'd think I was becoming what maybe I was thinking about. I kind of knew my straight white-picket future was getting farther away every fucking night I spent alone on the Interstate.

I loved the road.

"Jack," Steve said, "try not to make so much noise."

"Why not? I think it would be a blast to have a straight guy watch us fuck."

"Fuck me and shut up," Steve said.

"Because you ask so nice," Jack said. He spit into his hand and reached beneath the sheet.

I could tell he was working on his dick, making it slick.

Steve raised his legs and the sheet dropped away.

Jack thrust his hips forward and Steve moaned softly.

I could see Jack's hairy ass slowly pumping in the low light.

"Fuck, you're tight!" Jack whispered.

"Oh, man!" Steve gasped. "Give it to me, buddy!"

"You got it, man!"

I slowly pushed the sheet down, exposing myself. I worked my dick in rhythm with Jack's pumping ass. I wasn't sure if they had seen me or not, but man, it sure was a turn-on to watch. Far better than motel pay-per-view.

Jack continued to pump into Steve. Steve clutched

Jack's hairy back.

I slowly sat up working my dick in rhythm with Jack's churning hips.

"Oh, man!" Steve looked over and saw me. "Hey! Come on down!"

I stood up purposely dangling my dripping cock right in front of their faces.

Jack leaned over and suctioned my cock into his hot mouth.

It was unfuckingbelievable!

"Look at the size of that thing!" Steve said. "You da man!"

Steve made me feel triumphant, which was not what I felt when I paid quarters to truckstop gals for blowjobs.

He grabbed my balls and pulled them, feeding Jack more of my dick.

Jack could say nothing moaning around my cock.

I felt his bearded chin against my nuts.

They maneuvered around so I was over Steve's face. I ran one hand down Jack's hairy back to his pumping ass. With the other, I felt the heavy pelt on Steve's chest. I could see Steve's hard cock, trapped between his and Jack's hairy bellies, oozing pre-cum.

"I gotta have some of that dick!" Steve pulled his lips off my balls.

Jack released me and Steve sucked me into his greedy mouth.

"Fucking great cock, man," Jack said. "You ever fuck butt before?"

"Hell, no! I never even done this before!"

"Now's your chance, buddy. Steve loves a big dick up his butt."

"Yeah," Steve said. "You got one hell of a piece!"

"Let me turn on the lights," I said. "I gotta see this!"

"Lights! Action!" Jack said.

I turned on the light. Jack pulled his dick out of Steve's

hairy hole. I climbed between Steve's upturned legs. Jack grabbed my cock and aimed me towards Steve's furry butt.

"Yeah, buddy. Give him that fucking dick!" Jack said.

I watched in amazement as my cock slowly slid into his hairy hole. I couldn't believe how good sex looked and how hot a man could be inside.

"Fuckin' A, man!" Steve moaned. "What a fucking piece of meat!"

I felt my hairy belly pressed against his balls. "Damn good!"

"Nothing better than a hot ass around your dick, buddy."

Jack pressed his hand against my furry ass.

"C'mon, trucker. Fuck me!" Steve spread his legs even wider.

"Aw, fuck! This is great." I slowly began to plow in and out of Steve's grasping hole.

"Yeah, man," Jack said. His hand palmed against my hairy ass as I pumped my dick into Steve again and again.

"Give it to me, buddy."

"Fuck him hard, man! He likes it when you slam into him."

I looked at Jack jacking his dick.

"You got a great ass too, buddy," he said.

"In your dreams," I said.

"Don't worry about it, buddy!" he grinned, sliding his grin in his beard against my ass. He started at the base of my spine and threaded his way deep into my crack.

"Tasty ass, buddy!"

"Shit, you're nasty," I said, "but your tongue feels fucking good!"

"Give me that load, buddy!" Steve put his legs over my hairy shoulders.

"Fuck him, buddy! Dump your load up that hot ass!"

Jack goaded me on as he licked my buttock.

I rammed harder and harder into Steve. I knew I was gonna blow my load. Sweat ran down my back.

“Yeah, man! Bust your nuts! Give it to me!” Steve hollered.

I looked down and watched my cock plow into his hairy fuckhole. Man, that hole looked hungry.

“Now, man!” Jack liked being orgymaster.

I felt the pressure building in my nuts. “Aw, fuck!”

“Oh, shit!” Steve’s dick sprayed all over his hairy chest and belly. The first shot landed in his beard.

“Motherfucker!” Jack exclaimed. He reared up and I felt his load splash onto my sweaty back. White lava ran down into the blowhole of my ass.

“Unfuckingbelievable!” I collapsed onto Steve’s heaving chest. Cum glued our hairy chests together.

“Man, you’re good. Real fucking good,” Steve said.

“Thanks,” I said. “I never felt anything....”

“Hey, buddy! You’re one of the boys!” Jack licked his cum off my back and out of the hairs of my crack.

We flopped in a sweaty cum-pile. I’d never felt so good after sex.

Finally, Jack got up and looked out the window. “Fuck this stormy weather. We may be stuck here for awhile.”

“Too bad,” I grinned. “Three dicks. One room. Six holes.”

“Hey, man!” Jack toyed with my dick. “No prob. My turn!”

“Your turn?” I asked.

“Fuck, yeah,” Jack said. “You think I’m gonna let you out of here without putting your horsedick up my ass?”

“Jack don’t get dicked much,” Steve said. “If you thought I’m tight, wait until you fuck him!”

“Whoa! Time out.” I flopped down on the other bed.

“Take five.” Jack was fingercombing cum from his beard. “Like the man said, time out.”

I guess I must have fallen asleep. The next thing I knew, I opened my eyes and Steve’s hot mouth was sucking me hard. Jack was sucking my balls. “Fuck, yeah.”

“Yeah, buddy.” Jack released my nuts. “Ready to go

again?”

“Looks like it to me, buddy.” Steve suctioned his hot mouth off my dick.

“Let’s go in the john, man,” Jack said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Your dick. My ass. The mirror. I wanna see this.”

“How we gonna manage that?” I asked as he walked me to the john. My bobbing dick was pointing the way.

“Like this,” Jack said. He bent over the sink and spread his hairy ass cheeks, exposing his pink hole.

Steve took ahold of my foaming cock and pressed the head against Jack’s hole. I watched as I slowly disappeared into his hot innards. “Oh, fuck!”

“Ooof,” Jack moaned. “Split me open, buddy!”

“Want me to stop?” I asked.

“Are you nuts?” he replied. “Fuck me, buddy. I wanna feel that hairy belly of yours slamming against my ass.” Jack lifted his leg and rested his foot on the counter top.

I watched, fascinated, as my cock slipped into his hairy hole. “Now you see it. Now you don’t.”

Steve swung in below Jack’s wagging balls. He sucked the hairy scrotum into his mouth.

“Oh, buddy!” Jack moaned, pinching his own nipples.

I fucked Jack, watching my reflection over him in the mirror. I looked good! I put my hands on his hairy shoulders to grab more leverage.

Steve licked my shaft as I plunge-fucked into his buddy’s dripping screwwhole. “Lick that juice.” I liked the sound of command that fucking put in my voice.

“Oh, yeah, buddy,” Jack said. “Plow my ass. Big fucker!”

I wrapped my arms around the front of Jack’s chest, fingering his nipples. My hairy pecs rubbed against his broad back. His nipples made him crazy.

Steve knelt in front of Jack and began to suck his cock. I continued to slam my dick into his hot manhole, dialing up his tits. In the mirror, we all looked good together.

“Oh, man! Oh, fuck!” My balls suddenly pulled up tight against the base of my driving cock as I shot a juicy cum-load up Jack’s ass.

“Son of a bitch!” Jack unloaded into the tight ring of Steve’s mouth, open like a hole in a blanket of a beard.

I felt Steve’s load shoot down onto my legs and feet.

“Woof!” Jack exclaimed. “I need a rest, guys.”

Slowly, we uncoupled, undocked, pulled apart. As my still-hard cock popped out of Jack’s well-fucked hole, my cum began to run down inside his hairy thighs.

Steve pigged into licking clots off one leg.

I don’t know why, but suddenly I knelt down and licked the other leg, tasting my own cum. My face met Steve’s face at Jack’s asshole. We looked each other in the eye. Steve leaned forward and kissed me. His thick tongue thrust cum, sweat, and buttslime into my mouth.

“Shit, guys! That’s so fuckin hot. Two bearded men sucking face,” Jack said.

“Especially when one is *straight!*” Steve broke off the kiss.

“He only thought he was straight.” Jack took a slug out of a bottle. “They all think they’re straight...till they don’t some dark and stormy night.”

“What can I say?” I said. “Give a man a blowjob, he eats for a day. Give a man a butthole and he’s a fucker for life.”

“Sing that tune in Nashville,” Jack grinned.

“Ain’t you both fucking philosophers. I need to get some sleep,” Steve said.

I padded barefoot across the carpet and looked out the window. “It’s still snowing.” My breath steamed the glass. “We’re gonna be here for awhile.”

“Call 9-1-fucking-1,” Jack said.

“Sleep now,” Steve said. “Fuck later.”

“Sounds good to me.” I rubbed both my hands across the fur on my pecs, fingering the river of hair down the center of my belly and around my navel.

We all crawled into one bed and in minutes we were asleep.

Sometime during the night I awoke with Steve's wet mouth slurping on my dick. "Don't you guys ever rest?"

"Not with fresh meat like you around." Steve choked down on my throbbing cock. His beard rubbed on my balls as he deep-throated me.

"Shit, buddy!" Jack appeared on my bed. "You got one hell of a cock." He was kneeling near my face.

On sudden impulse, I raised my head and took Jack's dick into my mouth.

"Sonuvabitch!" He grabbed my head. He worked his tool down my throat. "Fucking straight-man sucking dick!"

"Hot, buddy." Steve pulled off my dick and started sucking my swelling balls.

Jack pumped his cock into my face slapping his hairy balls against my bearded chin.

Steve released my nuts and headed south toothcombing my hairy asshole. The feel of his beard between my thighs was making me crazy. He stuck his tongue up my shit-chute and blew slobber all over it.

"You thinkin' what I'm thinkin', buddy?" Jack said.

"Fuck, yeah, man." Steve looked up and grinned. His beard was wet from eating my ass out.

Jack and Steve quickly changed places. Steve lowered his hairy balls in my face. Jack started playing with my butt.

"Feed him your cock, Steve," Jack said.

Steve rotated to straddle my chest. He slid his cock back into my mouth. He bent over to fuck my face. His fuzzy balls bounced off my bearded chin with every stroke.

Jack raised my legs onto his shoulders. I felt his cock pressing against my pucker. Slowly he began to thread his way into me. I tried to relax. I wanted him, maybe. I wanted his dick, definitely.

"Motherfucker, you're a tight ass," Jack groaned.

“Fuck that virgin butt!” Steve plowed my face.

“Woof! I haven’t ever broken in a virgin,” Jack said, as his long cock slid into my guts.

Steve pulled his dick out of my mouth for a second.

“Your first is my first!” I said. “Fuck my virgin ass!”

Jack obliged by ramming his cock into my ass hard and fast. I couldn’t believe how good he felt inside me.

“Shit, man. I’m gonna build to blow my wad!” Jack’s hairy balls slapped against my ass. His belly rubbed against my own hard cock and balls.

“Do it, man! Do it!” Steve urged him on.

“Come on, buddy!” I said. “Show me how you fuck!”

I didn’t think it was possible, but Jack slammed into me even harder.

“Fucker!” He shouted at me.

“Come on, buddy,” Steve said. “I want a turn at him.” He continued to saw his cock in and out of my mouth.

I was loving it. I had never known mansex, or any sex, could be so good. I knew I’d be back at this trough soon enough.

“Gonna fuckin’ cum!” Jack said.

“Come on, fucker.” I urged him on. “I wanna feel your dick unload inside me.”

“Cocksucker!” Jack said. “Here it cums!” He smashed his cock into me and I felt his dick expand and pulse, shooting his hot load of manjuice inside me.

“Come on, Jack. My turn!” Steve pulled Jack’s sweaty body off me, rolled me onto my belly, and shoved his cock up my ass.

“Number Two! Oh, yeah!” I gasped. I pushed back against his hairy belly.

“Fuck, Jack! You shot one big fucking load. I can feel your sperm swimming like salmon around my dick!”

Steve pulled me onto my knees. Jack slid under me and swallowed my hard cock.

“Fuck me!”

I meant it.

I really meant it.

“Fuck me!”

That’s the one sentence once said that means you’ll never be straight again.

“Fuck me!”

“Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!” Steve blasted his balls into my ass.

“Aw, fuck!” I hollered, as I shot into Jack’s mouth. My body turned a two-and-a-half gainer in the air, quivering, and I collapsed, flopping on top of them in a pile of hairy, sweaty flesh.

That was three years ago and we still get together. We’re always looking for a fourth to join our little “poker party.” Interested? Keep an eye out for our invitations written on the toilet walls along the Interstate.

We always got a party in our pants.

Stormy weather or not.



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