

That redhead McKenzie,
the Half-Breed,
and six pairs of dice...

TRAPPERS

BOB VICKERY

Six pelts,” I said, disgusted, shaking my head. “I spend a week up at Greenwater Creek trapping beaver, and that’s all I get. Six goddamn pelts. Hardly worth the effort. Hell, I remember five or six years ago I could pull down forty, maybe fifty skins from that creek. Almost ain’t worth my while to head out for the trading rendezvous tomorrow with the pitiful load of furs I got this season.”

Coyote Jim grunted, ’cause his mouth was ’round my cock, but didn’t say anything. I stared down at the top of his head. Off in the distance a wolf howled so mournful you’d think his heart was breaking. I took a slug of whiskey, washed it around in my mouth, and let the liquid fire slide down my throat. “You know,” I added, my voice rising, “on my way back I ran into a hunting party of Crees. I recognized one of them from our stay at Fort Defiance last winter. He told me he spotted a feller trapping around by Greenwater, hair the color of a new-polished copper kettle. That was how he put it. I’ll bet that was McKenzie, snooping around, trapping in the spots I staked out years ago. McKenzie was always poaching my stuff. “That red-headed sonuvabitch,” I said.

Coyote Jim took my cock out of his mouth and glared at me. “Hey,” he said. “Shut your trap about trappin’ right now, Cyrus. You’re ruinin’ my mood.”

I looked down at him, taken aback. I’d not been minding

my manners. Here Coyote was knocking himself out, sucking me off, to make me feel at home and I was ragging on about beaver pelts and McKenzie. I gave an embarrassed cough and spat into the fire. “All right, Coyote,” I said, “why the hell don’t we fuckin’ get down to business.”

“That’s what I been tryin’ to do,” Coyote Jim muttered. His dark eyes gleamed and I could see the hint of devilment playing around the corners of his mouth. Coyote Jim came close to being about the goddamnest handsomest man I’ve ever had the pleasure to come across, white or Injun. His ma was Blackfoot giving him the high cheekbones, hawk nose, and piercing black eyes common to that tribe. His pa was a white trader, and Coyote had the same tall, big-framed build his old man carried all the way from his tribe, maybe, in Germany, and cross the plains to the frontier, spreading his seed every chance he got, which was how the West was won. Where Coyote inherited his big, thick dick, though, was nature’s wild-card only half-breeds have. I’ve seen my share of peckers, both Injun and white, but Coyote’s had to take the cakewalk. Except for the red bandanna Coyote always wore around his throat, he was buck naked, and even half-hard his dick already looked bigger than any man could handle. But I always did like a challenge.

I leaned back on my elbows and watched Coyote’s mouth nibble down the length of my dick (and I got lengthy bragging rights, I might add). I didn’t know whether it was part of some secret Blackfoot teaching, or if Coyote was a natural, but the man was one powerfully mean cocksucker. He worked my dick with the same easy skill that he rode a horse or skinned an animal. Some folks are born naturally competent, and you gotta sit back and a man has to admire their handiwork when you get to experience it.

I slid down off of the rock I was sitting on and landed on Coyote. I did me a pivot around to a 69 so my head was facing Coyote’s dick that lay stiffening against his thigh, dark and fleshy, like some thick one-eyed snake rearing

up, getting ready to strike. I wrapped my hand around it and squeezed. A clear drop of pre-jizz oozed out the piss slit, and I lapped it up. I pulled back the foreskin, swirled my tongue around the dark knob of his dick, and slid my mouth down the shaft. Coyote gasped and thrust his hips up to meet me halfway. I felt the meaty shaft ram against the back of my mouth and I twerked my head so the entire length could slide down my throat. Dick always takes a little accommodating, but after a while my chin was buried deep in Coyote's balls. I gave a mighty sniff, savoring that rich, musky smell. Coyote began fucking my mouth like I was an expensive saloon poke. I paid him back in kind, pumping my dick in and out his mouth with a high-hearted enthusiasm that made my blood sing.

We lay on the dirt by the campfire, feeding off each other's dicks like it was deep winter and we'd nothing to eat for weeks. I came up briefly for air. Outside the small circle of light from the fire, the night pressed down upon us like black mud. There was no moon, and the stars blazed. I looked up the length of Coyote's beautifully muscled body and into his face. In the red glow of the fire he looked more than human, like one of the heroes in the Blackfoot and German legends he liked to tell me about from time to time.

The tin we kept the bacon drippings in was a reach away. Coyote globbed his hand with grease, and smeared the crack of my ass. His finger brushed lightly against my bung hole, teasing me, and then pushed on in. As lubed as I was, his finger easily slid up my chute to the third knuckle. Coyote began working in and out, staring into my eyes. His own eyes were dark and unreadable, his mouth slightly open.

"Your finger feels just fine," I said, "but I bet your dick would feel a helluva lot better."

"Cyrus, you're a mind reader." Coyote spun the 69 into a 68, grabbed my ankles, and slung my legs over his shoulders. Coyote always tended to get right to the point.

His cockhead push against my asshole, and I made myself breathe deep and relax, opening up best I could. Coyote slid on in the most natural way in the world. He pumped his hips, and I dropped my head down and groaned with pleasure, thinking about all that dick inside of me. I got a dollop of bacon fat myself and started fucking my fist, matching the tempo of Coyote's long, slow strokes. Every now and then he would hold his dick full up my chute and grind his hips against me. Whenever he did, the night sky would unfold above me like eagle's wings, beating hard and urgent against my face. I'd cry out and Coyote would laugh at how easily he could overpower me with pleasure. I think he sees that as a weakness in me, but I don't fuckin' care.

Coyote kept on pumping me, working me over like a mountain bear he was trying to bring down. I wrassled him good, snarlin' we was and spittin', rolling around in the dust by the fire, trying to get the best of each other. Anybody walking into the campsite would have figured we was fighting to the death. Finally I wound up on top. Coyote lay on his back, with something between a grin and a sneer on his face, still driving his dick hard up my ass. His hands slid over my torso, plucked my nipples and tugged hard. That did it! I fucked my fist with one last thrust, raised my head to the sky, and howled as my jizz squirted out and splattered forward hard against Coyote's face. Off in the distance, a couple of wolves howled back. I squeezed my ass tight and clamped down hard on Coyote's dick. He groaned and his whole body shuddered under me as I felt his load squirt up into my ass. I bent down and planted my mouth over his, shoving my tongue deep down his throat.

I could feel his dick softening inside me, but Coyote didn't pull out. I nestled down next to him beside the fire, and he reached over and pulled the buffalo skin over both of us. We fell asleep like that, his arms wrapped around me, his dick still up my ass. That was our favorite way of sleeping together. A couple of hours later I woke up to the

call of a screech owl. Coyote was snoring gently, but his dick was still inside me, half-hard. I nestled closer against him, and that small movement stiffened his dick to full boner. Coyote murmured something but never woke up. After a few seconds I drifted off myself.

I woke up for good, right before sunrise, when the eastern sky was glowing gray. I kicked the coals to get a fire started again, and boiled water for coffee. By the time Coyote got up, I had a cup waiting for him.

“We got three days’ hard riding ahead of us before we reach the rendezvous,” I said. “Better get your purty carcass up.”

Coyote yawned and scratched himself. “Hell, Cyrus, if I thought I could trust you to go alone to get a good price for my furs, I’d as soon sit this one out. I ain’t the sociable type.” He grinned. “But someone’s got to keep your ass out of trouble.”

I didn’t say nothing. I was always glad for Coyote’s company. I knew we’d have some high times down at the rendezvous. Nobody could protect a buddy’s back better than Coyote if things took an ugly turn. The sun peeked up over the nearest hill, red as a copper kettle, red as McKenzie’s hair.

Maybe I’d get a chance to settle some old scores.

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By the third night of the rendezvous, I had already about pissed away all the money the traders had paid me for my pelts. Coyote had seen to it on the first day that we’d bought all the provisions we needed for winter before any-monkey business. After being provident about our larder, and improvident with two nights of whiskey drinking and gambling, I was having a hard time finding two coins to rub together. It was getting on in the night, and the campfires were blazing high. Off in the distance, by the bend in the

Sweetwater River, I could see the campfires of the Crows, the Blackfeet, the Bannocks, all the Injuns who had come along to trade. But around nearby was only the white fur trappers.

I took another hit of whiskey and passed the jug on to Coyote. The sound of men's voices and laughter rose from nearby fire circles. Shouts were hooting from one of the more distant fires where the men were gambling, tossing bones, and betting on which side would land face up. Damn if one of the St. Louie traders hadn't brought a concertina with him, and I heard the music float out over the night. Coyote passed the jug back to me and I drank deep, feeling the whiskey's warmth pass through me and make my body tingle. This is what a man's life is all about, I thought. It don't get no better than this.

I climbed to my feet again. "I'm going gambling. I still have a couple of bucks left to blow." I looked down at Coyote. "You coming?"

Coyote shook his head. "Naw, I'll hang out here by the fire." He seemed relaxed again, but he gave me a long, measured look. "You goin' to stay out of trouble, Cyrus?"

"I ain't goin' looking for it, Coyote. But if trouble comes knockin' at my door, I ain't goin' to hide under the bed neither." I headed towards the fire circle where all the gaming was goin' on, and turned back and warned, "Don't let no trouble go knockin' on you."

I meant red-headed trouble named *McKenzie*.

I gambled for an hour before the man himself, McKenzie, showed up larger than life, and louder, and joined the circle. I'd seen him comin' and goin' around the rendezvous the past couple of days. Hell, with that bright red hair he was easy enough to spot. His eyes were always on me. He was thinking up some new devilment. But this warm summer night was the first in a long while we actually got nose to nose. He was stripped real showy to wearing a buckskin vest. The fire light played on his upper body, lighting

up the cut of his muscles, the dusting of red hair across a chest as ripped and powerful as a young buffalo bull's. His show was working. When he reached up and stretched, I couldn't help but notice how his muscles rippled, how his biceps bunched together like small animals humping under his skin. I'd been winning, and was up about a hundred dollars and feeling flush.

McKenzie looked me in the eye and that wide mouth of his curled up into a slow, friendly grin, full of big white predator teeth. With McKenzie, this only meant trouble. He started right up betting against me, and damn if my luck didn't turn sour right away. Hell, I couldn't do nothing right. Them bones kept on turning up wrong, no matter which way I threw them. Somehow this bad medicine was McKenzie's doing. Every time I threw the bones and lost another few dollars to McKenzie, that old heat in me boiled higher and hotter. He sat across the patch of dirt, his blue eyes trained on me, and I could see the laughter in them, like his gut was about ready to bust from the joke of it all. I don't think I ever hated that bastard more for all he was always doing to me behind my back.

After a steady hour of losing, I threw the bones to the man next to me. "Hell, I'm about all cleaned out," I grunted. "You take them. I gotta piss." I climbed unsteady to my feet and stumbled out into the darkness. I pulled down my buckskin breeches, aimed my dick towards the bushes, and let the piss stream go.

I heard footsteps on dry leaves. McKenzie came up from behind.

"Looks like a good idea," he said. "Mind if I join you?"

"Yeah, I do. I'm right particular about the company I piss with."

"Too bad." He whipped out his dick and our two streams poured down the leaves of the bush. "With all the whiskey I been drinking," McKenzie said, "I imagine my piss is at least 90 proof. Hell, I should fucking bottle it. Shame to

let it go to waste.”

“McKenzie, you look like a piss drinker.”

His smile didn't waver a bit, but the light in his eyes turned threatening. “If I didn't know better, Cyrus,” he said calmly, “I'd think that you was trying to insult me.” His stream trickled down to a few drops, and he gave his dick a couple of shakes. But he made no effort to slip his breeches back up.

“McKenzie,” I drawled, “I guess you don't know better, 'cause that's exactly what I'm trying to do. I know you been nosing around my trapping sites, taking my game. We got some old scores to settle.”

“You'd be a hell of a lot more convincing, Cyrus,” McKenzie said gently, “if you looked me in the eyes when you said that instead of at my dick.”

I glared at him full in the face. “You wave your dick around. I can't help but look at it.” In spite of my best efforts, my eyes shifted down again. His hand was stroking his meat in a slow, teasing pull. Flesh swelled in his palm, fat and spongy, the head poking out of the foreskin like a prairie dog checking out the weather.

“Come on, Cyrus,” McKenzie crooned. “Take a break from that hot half-breed buck of yours. Give someone else a tumble for a change.”

I said nothin', staring at McKenzie's stiff dick shining slick in the light of the half-moon. I ran my tongue over my lips and cleared my throat. I hated this varmint more than anyone else in the Rockies. But my traitor dick wouldn't buy it. My own flesh swelled full staff in my hand. My balls shifted in their sac anticipating a good pumping.

McKenzie wrapped his hand around the back of my neck and planted his mouth over mine. His tongue pushed way into my mouth and, without a dance card, explored the back of my throat. I jerked my head away, but McKenzie held on tight. He was full of traps. The seductive fuck! My tongue pushed into his mouth and returned the kiss.

Off in the distance, the sound of men shouting signaled that someone had won big whoopee at the gaming fire. McKenzie wrapped his hand around my dick and stroked me slowly in that sweet stage of drink where I felt so light I could float. Only McKenzie's calloused hand around my dick anchored me to the ground.

McKenzie pulled back and looked at me. For once, his expression wasn't mocking and I could see the hunger in his face. Dick hunger. Hunger for my dick. His stroke was rougher, faster. My balls were swinging free in the night air. He loosened his grip and palmed his own dick slick in next to mine within the circle of his fingers. I stared down at our two dicks squeezed together in a mighty purty sight. I pulled his face against mine and kissed him hard again.

McKenzie tugged me to the ground and stretched out on top of me full length. He ground his hips against mine in a slow, steady rhythm, his dick poking hard against my belly. My body kind of took over after that, straining against McKenzie's, rubbing against him till I started having a hard time figuring where my skin ended and his began. With all that squirmin' around, our clothes sort of fell off us. I reached around and slid my hands across his furry ass, squeezing his cheeks, fingering his crack, feeling the pucker of his bung hole. McKenzie lifted his head and looked down at me. The moon gleamed full in his face, and damn if he didn't look like some ol' red bear high in rut. He reached down and cupped my balls. I half expected him to give a hard squeeze, but he rolled them in his palm like they was two tender eggs bursting to hatch.

"I like a man whose nuts have some heft to them." His hand slid up to my cock and squeezed. "Seems like you're all-around naturally big down south, Cyrus."

McKenzie took my left nipple between his teeth and bit. The shock slivered like prairie lightning through my body. He rolled my right nipple between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed hard. His other hand stroked my dick.

I groaned from the sheer criss-crossing, double-crossing pleasure of it all.

His tongue lapped a wet trail down my chest, across my belly and into my bush. I pushed my hips up, arching my back. McKenzie buried his face into my crotch, his beard tickling my balls, his wet mouth slobbering over my dick. I slid my dick between his lips and hard down his throat. McKenzie sucked like a true mountainman. His tongue danced a little jig around my meat shooting more lightning sparks through my body. Right about then I forgot all about Greenwater Creek, and my losing at gambling, and every other reason I had to hate McKenzie, and decided to ride the old trickster out to see what he had up his sleeve. Like a St. Louie whore, I pumped my hips, fucking his face with long, steady strokes. I groaned into each thrust of my dick down into his warm, tight mouth. McKenzie looked up at me, my dick fat in his face, scorn in his eyes. Was he mocking me for being knocked so easy off my high horse? Or for him poaching my pelts? But I never was a man to hold grudges, at least against someone who could suck dick as good as McKenzie.

Yet, something about his smugness riled me good. I decided to fight fire with fire. "Swing around," I said. I didn't have to say it twice.

McKenzie shifted his body around and over me so that when I looked up all I could see was his thick dick and low-hangin' balls above my face. I buried my nose in his nuts and snorted in deep his ripe, gamey smell. Damn if I didn't about swoon away. If the traders could bottle the intoxicatin' smell of McKenzie's balls, they wouldn't need to haul their watered-down whiskey over from St. Louie. I sucked the fleshy red pouch into my mouth and tongue-washed it good, 'cause it needed one. McKenzie gave out a long sigh, but never stopped feeding on my dick. I sucked on his nuts. I wrapped my hand around his dick and stroked it long and fast. McKenzie sighed again, only more like a

groan. I squeezed his dick good, feeling cock-warmth spread through my hand, and slid my tongue up the short hairy trail to his asshole. I buried my face in his cheeks and licked his bung hole good. McKenzie groaned and missed a beat sucking my dick. His own dick was slippery with pre-cum, and my hand slid up and down the meaty shaft like bear grease on a skillet.

McKenzie swung around so he was sitting on my chest facing me. His dick stuck straight up, fat, red, and shiny from my slobber and his pre-cum.

“Drop your balls in my mouth.” I swear I couldn’t get enough of them. McKenzie shifted his body so I could tongue his nuts again. He reached behind me and started stroking my dick, all the time slapping my face with his dick hard enough to make my cheeks sting.

All right, McKenzie, I thought. You asked for it. I jimmied a finger up his ass, up to the last joint, and commenced to finger-fuckin’ him good, looking up, with big red McKenzie’s nuts in my mouth. His dark prick was in my face. His sweat-streaked face look back at me across all his showboatin’ muscled torso. I could see that I’d wiped that grin off of him good. His mouth was pulled back in a snarl, and that cool, blue look in his eyes had given way to a mean, desperate light. His hand was a blur as he stroked his meat. I shoved my finger hard up his hole and dug in till I felt his peanut. That did the trick, all right. McKenzie threw back his head and let out a groan fit to raise the dead. Jizz squirted out of his dick, splattering against my face.

I opened my mouth for the last drops, rolling them around with my tongue, trapping all of McKenzie’s creamy load. McKenzie kept on pumping my dick with his fist and it wasn’t more than a couple of seconds more that I felt my own load cuming down the pike. I thrashed and bucked and McKenzie had to hold on for dear life till my cum was purty much squirted out. Finally I lay still, panting. McKenzie stretched out on top of me and licked the rest of

his cum off my face.

“Damn if my load ain’t 90-proof too,” he bragged.

“I don’t reckon there’s a more fun way of getting drunk,” I said. We both laughed, though I wasn’t quite easy about it. I was so used to hating McKenzie that it didn’t seem quite right to be horsing around with him like this.

McKenzie seemed to sense this. His eyes narrowed speculatively. “Well, Cyrus,” he drawled. “Are we square, or do you still feel like there’s unfinished business between us?”

I thought for a second. “I’m willing to let bygone’s be bygone’s, McKenzie,” I said slowly. “But if you start nosing around my trapping areas again, it’ll be your scraggly red pelt I’ll be selling for a bottle of whiskey at the next rendezvous.”

McKenzie grinned, but he didn’t say anything about backing off. In fact, he didn’t say anything at all. He pulled on his pants, winked at me, and rambled back towards the gaming fire. I had a feeling my run-in’s with McKenzie were far from over, and were maybe even gonna be epic run-in’s down the line.

Back at the campfire, Coyote Jim was getting ready to bed down. His face didn’t show much expression, but I could tell by the gleam in his eye that sleep was the second-to-last thing on his mind. I could feel my bung hole pucker happily at the plowin’ it was about to get, the one thing old McKenzie had neglected to give me. I eagerly stripped bare-naked and slid in under the buffalo skin next to Coyote who wrapped his arms around me and pulled me to him. His thick dick pushed against my belly.

“I’ve had enough of these sad, whiskey-sotted var-mints,” Coyote said.

“You have?” I was a tad surprised. “Any partic’lar one?”

“Let’s head on back to the mountains first thing sunrise, okay?”

Hmm. I kissed him. “Fine by me, Coyote.”

Sounds of shouts and gunshots echoed in the night. The boys were runnin' naked, drunk, and frisky out in the dark.

Coyote returned my kiss, and we settled down to the serious business of him plowing my ass, me not knowing then what I found out later about how McKenzie, two nights before, worse than poachin' my traps, had poached Coyote's butt that I thought was mine...

...And all the trouble that caused!

...And how I had to take my revenge on that fuckin' redhead.

But that's another story.



Steve Thrasher, *Thrasher Raw and Uncut*
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