

**In terms of endowment,
the kid's dick was a solid piece
of Oklahoma longhorn...**

NEW KID IN TOWN

The kid was four days into Frisco from Oklahoma. Long, lean, lanky cowboy with one of those dry Oakie accents that stops a grown man's heart mid-beat. His first day in town, he ate shrimp at the Wharf and wandered back up Polk Street checking out the punk kids his own age. He couldn't do much more than shake his blond head at the weird purple hair and pierced noses.

Better than the crowded streets, he'd liked the Bay, especially the way the Golden Gate framed the ocean. He'd never seen so much water before. But it was the kids on Polk that mixed him up a little. He had traveled two days by Trailways to get to San Francisco, because that's where he'd learned from a salesman passing through a toilet in Tulsa that a cowboy could earn himself some easy money letting guys swing on his big meat.

He stopped in a taco shop, but the Cal-Mex fast food tasted nothing like the *chili verde* he knew where to drive for back home. A guy on the stool next to him asked him for the hot sauce, and then asked him what he was into. The Kid said he was mainly seeing the sights, but he thought he better earn himself a little extra cash, because the \$19.75 a night at the Zee Hotel in the Tenderloin was eating up his savings fast.

"Come on down to Folsom," the guy said.

The Kid allowed he'd heard of that neighborhood.

"I got a motorcycle. Whyn't you tuck your taco on down, and climb on my bike?"

The Kid checked out the guy's eyes. His daddy had taught him how to read a man's face.

"What you looking at?" the guy asked.

"I may talk slow, but I ain't slow," he said. "I come to Frisco to get my dick sucked and fuck me some ass and earn me some cash doin' it."

"I read you," the guy said. "I'm Mr. David."

"You can call me Kid."

"You can call me Mister."

"Sounds awright to me."

"Okay, Kid, let's go. I got a couple connections around town. I do you a favor..."

"And I owe you one."

"You got it, cowboy." He reached into the warm crotch of the Kid's Wranglers. A good solid piece of Oklahoma longhorn started waking from its nap under the pressure of his hand. "Kid, if that dick of yours tastes and looks as good as it feels, don't you worry about \$19.75 tonight. I'll bunk you in my sack for free and give you twenty bucks."

"Time's bein' what they are, Mister, you got yourself a deal."

"If you work out okay, Kid, I can even get you a job."

"You sure must be some honcho!" The Kid's big blond face broadened into a grin as wide as open plains. His light blue eyes, the color of faded denim, already had that flinty western squint that could make a grown man cry.

"I own a western shop down on Folsom. Hell, if I put an authentic Texas..."

"...Oklahoma..."

"...cowboy like you behind the counter, all these urban cowboys are gonna walk on their tongues to my door." He put his hand on the Kid's rawboned shoulder. He felt strong, sinewy, through his western shirt. "Enjoy it," he said. "Nothing like being the new Kid in town."

Two days later Mr. David left the Kid alone to tend the western store by himself for the first time. He felt shitsure he could handle the job. It was a hell of a lot easier stacking shirts and checking boot sizes than it was dogging cattle on his daddy's ranch. Besides, the smell of the new leather in the

boots and belts, and the C&W playing on the shop radio, made him feel almost at home. He smiled thinking how easy putting out a little of his big dick had been. Mr. David was a good-looking man and one helluva cocksucker. The Kid's own eight inches squirmed around uncut in his Wranglers when he remembered the number of times he and Mr. David had fucked with each other in the last forty-eight hours. He put his hand on Ol' Betsy and smiled. He was still hot to trot.

A couple gayboy customers came in and cruised him hard. He was nice to them. Why not? In a way they were all after the same stuff. Then for about an hour, he was alone in the shop, rubbing his long, thick-veined dick through his jeans, when the best-looking dude he ever did see walked in and asked for a pair of tight Levi's. The Kid kept one hidden hand on the big head of his dick. With the other, he pointed toward the jeans. "The fittin' room's back to the right aways," he said.

Five minutes later, a guy no older than himself came in and picked up a pair of jeans. "Think these'll fit?" he asked.

The Kid sized up the huge bulge in the guy's crotch. "Y'all better try the next size," he said.

The guy switched jeans and headed back to the fitting room like he'd been there before. The Kid watched him slowly unbutton his worn 501s with one hand as he shouldered his way through the fitting room's swinging doors.

What happened next continued the Kid's education in San Francisco. He had a fast lesson in groupsex to learn and he wasn't gonna care so much about cash on the barrelhead.

The guys back in the cubicles were checking each other out. The first one knelt and reached for the other's dick already hardening in his face. They had been fuckbuddies once before. Nick, who had come in first, was kneeling under Logan's cock. He grabbed a handful and tongue-teased the wet head up to full glory. Logan leaned against the wall enjoying the deepthroat of Nick's mouth sucking his shaft. Nick's own meat stood at attention between his smooth legs. In the way the shop mirrors reflected the fitting room mirrors, the Kid was watching it all.

"Did you catch a look at the cowboy at the counter?" Logan asked.

Nick looked up grinning around his mouthful of cock. He winked at Logan. Wordlessly they made their instant pact: corral, strip, and fuck that lean and hungry-looking cowboy. They both had a sixth sense for hitting on new meat in town.

“Hey, cowboy,” Logan ordered. His full voice came from deep inside his big balls. “Bring us another pair of jeans.”

The Kid was no dummy. He locked the door and turned the BACK IN 15 MINUTES sign to the street. He figured something was up, and figuring the something was going to be interesting, he reached for a tighter size, and moseyed his slightly bowlegged way back to the fitting rooms. At the swinging door, he stopped and smiled at the two big cocks waiting for him. Mr. David wouldn’t mind; he had said the customer’s always right.

Slowly Nick and Logan stripped the juicy young cowboy out of his gear. He was like the ham in a sandwich between them. They hardened to the scent of his fresh meat. He liked the way they moved him around the store with the same sort of confidence that a couple of oldhand cowpokes can handle a wild young stallion in a dusty corral.

They took turns fucking his young blond face, slicking up their hard cocks to switch-hit between his mouth and his butt. Nick and Logan knew their moves and the Kid took to it like a duck to water. While the Kid gulped Logan’s dick down to full choke, his ass, still high-school tight from the saddle, was stretching like wet-and-willing rawhide to accommodate the size and plunge of Nick’s cock. The two men rocked the young cowboy between them. He was moaning at the size and pace of the hard dicks insistently plugging him at both ends. Nick and Logan smiled approvingly at each other: the Kid was a real working cowboy. They never heard a discouraging word.

The Kid’s mouth became surprisingly hungry for cock. His dick was hard for sucking. His ass was ripe for rimming. Shoot! He knew he’d found the action he’d laid awake many a night beating off to back on his daddy’s small ranch outside Tulsa.

Logan moved behind the cowboy’s sweet butt. He gave each blond cheek the kind of slap a colt accepts for guidance from a good trainer. The Kid’s moan was impaled on the shaft

of Nick's cock. Logan liked the long, lean, lanky look of his blond back: tight haunches that he slapped again, narrow boyish waist flaring out to his big raw-boned shoulders; his blond head sucking Nick's cock; his lean-muscled arms holding onto an old wooden chair for support under the weight of the two men who ate his ass, licked his armpits, and tongued his mouth deep. They had hard hold on him. They weren't gonna let him go anywhere, and he didn't want to. He breathed and tasted and swallowed the hard-riding juices of their sweating bodies.

The Kid knew what was coming. Logan's dick stood at hard attention. Holding his hands out from the Kid's defenseless cheeks, he aimed the glistening, thick head of his cock, handlessly, like a real sex-pro, straight at the sweet blond pucker of the cowboy's well-rimmed asshole. He pushed, again without using his hands, the head of his dick against the virgin hole, and then slowly, with all the skill of a Big City cocksman, slid the length of his dick on into the Kid, past his cherry, up to the hilt. The Kid's loud moan gave Logan a trembling rush. Then his big hands gripped the cowboy's hips and they took a ride no mechanical bull at Gilley's Bar ever dreamed of.

The western gear shop was perfect for breaking the Kid in. Stacks of Acme boot boxes and Wrangler shirts and Levi's jean smelled new and fresh as the Kid himself.

"Ride 'em, cowboy," Nick said. He and Logan grinned at each other over the boy's back and decided to go for it.

The Kid was all the sweetmeat a guy could ever want to fuck full of manseed: mouth and ass. Their lust for his innocent blond good looks drove their cocks deep and furiously into him. His moans made them hornier with lust. The Kid turned into a man-made hole, begging them to fuck his ass, his face; to suck his dick and ass; to deepfrench his throat right past his Oakie moaning drawl for more!

Logan pulled his surging dick from the Kid's ass and shot his load across the smooth young cheeks. Nick slid his cock out of the Kid's hungry mouth and blew his spunk into the Kid's face.

The Kid writhed between them.

They slathered their cum into his sweat, wiping the white clots into his face, poking the hot cum into his mouth.

Together, between them, they held the Kid while he jerked hard on his own big meat with his hard-knuckled cowboy hand. He smelled liked new-mown hay.

Between them, they dropped their wet dicks into his mouth while their fingers went up his ass. Their hands cupped his balls and ran across the taut hardness of his frame straining, arching, between and under their hard thighs. They sat on his face. They pinned him. They squeezed his big bouncing nuts. They held him and worked him tight between them right up to the full gallop of his first three-way cuming.