

# Barn Storm

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: There's a storm brewing and a city-talking young drifter in town--it's time for Paw to make a stand.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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## Saturday

Right from the beginning, that Jason had hisself a hard time with the rules, and he had some kind of dark influence over my boy Sterling. Weren't much I could say 'bout it, on account'a Sterling had a wild streak hisself, and all it'd take was me a-tellin' him not to hang 'round that Jason and that's all he'd be a-wantin' to do.

Nobody knew where Jason come from. He just showed up 'round town. We're pretty country out here and everybody knows everybody else's business goin' back a whole lotta generations. So somebody with no history here kinda sets your mind cross-wise, y'know? 'Specially with his big-city way of talkin'. Jason hung out in some'a them same places my boy Sterling did, so's it was natural they-all got to be friendly. Don't mean I liked it none, though.

When Sterling introduced me to Jason, he said, "Jason, this is my dad," just like I raised him to.

Did Jason call me Mister or sir? No, he just said, "Hello, Sterling's Dad," with that smirk of his, like he was a-makin' some big-city joke or somethin' at my expense. After that, Jason always called me "Sterling's Dad," like it was my name or somethin'. "Hi, Sterling's Dad," or "How's it going, Sterling's Dad." He weren't a-givin' me none of the respect he shoulda been a-givin' his elders. That's how I knowed right from the start that Jason was plum' no account.

Some things I let slide. Sterling was twenty years old, and he coulda gone off to college if he found a way to pay for it or he coulda joined the Army. But he didn't. He stayed 'round the farm helpin' me out, like a good son. It's a purty big piece of land--my daddy left me most of it, and the rest came from my wife's family. Takes me and a coupla'a hired hands to run it, so I weren't sayin' no to an extra pair of hands 'round.

That time, we was a-balin' hay down in the Bottoms. We call it the Bottoms 'cause it's the lowest part of the property. The radio was predictin' heavy rains, and if the rains came the creek might swell up over its banks and flood that part. Hay's gotta cure a few days after you cut it 'fore you can bale it up, and rain'll plum' ruin it. We really should'a let it cure 'til at least Sunday, even though that's the Lord's Day, but with rains a-comin' we got out there Saturday to start a-balin' and a-haulin'. We had to get that hay in if we was gonna be able to feed the livestock that winter.

Balin' hay is heavy work. It was me and my two hired hands and Sterling, and I told Sterling I'd pay a coupla his friends to come help. He brung the Dukes' boys, Sam and Luke, and he brung that Jason too. Sam was on the short side but he was strong, lots of muscle from doin' honest hard work. Luke was a big guy, did hisself two years in the Army right outta high school, and strong as an ox, so I was real glad to have him too. That Jason--I figured him for a lazy good-for-nothin' expectin' easy pay, but he pulled his own weight. I was plum' surprised. He really put his back into it.

Balin' hay under the hot August sun is some'a the most back-breakin' work y'all can imagine. One'a my hired hands ran the tractor and baler. I drove one'a the pickup trucks, and a hired hand drove the other. Each truck had two guys a-tossin' up the bales, and now and again one would hop up on the truck bed and stack up them bales. When one of us teams had ourselves a truck full, we'd drive over to the barn and pitch the bales up into the loft and stack 'em. Those bales weighed fifty or sixty pounds apiece, and we'd get about five hundred bales outta the Bottoms. Durn honest day's hard work, if y'all pardon my French.

After Rob finished the balin', he put away the tractor and started in a-helpin' us load bales on the trucks. Weren't no time for piddlin' 'cause we had to beat all that rain. It was hotter'n blazes out there, so's I didn't begrudge some of the men if they pulled their shirts off. We was all men-folk out there, so's we didn't have to worry none 'bout nobody a-seein' us bein' immodest. My boy Sterling knows how I feel about decency, and when he shucked off his shirt, I glared at him sternly but I didn't say nuthin' on account'a the heat and we was all a-sweatin' bullets.

'Round about noon, the sky started a-gettin' terrible dark, and 'round three o'clock it started a-sprinklin' rain. Near 'bout an hour later, we got the last bales loaded on the pickups and headed to the barn. We was near finished unloadin' the last truck when the bottom dropped out and the rain came a-pourin' down in torrents, just like they talk 'bout in the Bible with the Great Flood and all. Luke and Rob was outside a-tossin' bales up to us in the hayloft, and they got plum' soaked! The rest of us was up in the loft a-catchin' and a-stackin' so we didn't get wet from the rain, but it was still hot has H-E-double-blazes under that tin roof. Had us a-sweatin' somethin' fierce. Luke and Rob finished a-tossin' up the last of the hay in a hurry and they hopped up in the loft to help us stack. By the time we finished that, the loft had cooled off a lot but the rain ain't

slacked up a bit. Luke went down to the truck and brought back the cooler, but other than that there weren't nuthin' to do but sit tight and wait it out.

I ain't a drinkin' man, and the cooler was mostly full of cola. Normally I don't allow no alcohol on my property, but I do understand the need to celebrate the end of a hard day's work so there was two six-packs of beer hidden in the bottom of the cooler too. With me and Sterling not touchin' any, I figured that worked out to 'bout two cans a man. Not enough to get drunk on, and it was Saturday, so I figured the Lord weren't gonna mind much.

Luke set out the cooler and I told all the guys to go on and help themselves. Sterling reached for hisself a beer, but I cleared my throat just loud 'nuff to be heard. He gave me that *Awww, Paw* look he gives me when he wants somethin', but I didn't relent. Since his mom died ten years back, it's just been me raisin' that young'un, and what kind of father would I be if I him get away with stuff he knew was wrong? Sterling took hisself a bottle of cola instead. He's a good boy, that one is, long's I keep my eye on him.

With the rain a-beatin' down on the tin roof, it sounded like a movie gangster shoot-out, all *ratta-tat-tat* and lightning--*kablam!*--all over the place. Too loud to hear yerself think, purty much, much less carry on no conversation. Mostly the men just stood 'round' their cola or beer. At least the rain was a-coolin' things down in that loft. Otherwise we'd done been baked alive in there. The rain weren't lettin' up anytime soon. 'Least we was dry in that ol' barn. Had a good roof on it--I'll give it that much.

The men was all a-standin' 'round, a-talkin' and a-carryin' on like young men do. If the rain didn't let up soon, we'd have to make a run for it. Weren't no way we was gonna get those trucks through them pasture roads with it a-rainin' like that. They'd mire up plum' to their axles. Purty soon, I was a-gonna have some hungry men on my hands, and there weren't no people-food anywhere near that barn.

Jason was a-sittin' on this old bale of hay over by the corner. Sterling and his friends Luke and Sam, they was all a-standin' 'round over there, Jason a-talkin' and the others a-listenin to him. I couldn't hear what they was a-talkin' 'bout over the rain. Like I said, it was plenty deafenin'. The two hired hands was over in another corner a-finishin' off their second beers and not doin' much else. Me, I sat by the openin' of the hay loft and watched the rain soak my pastures. Been a long, blisterin' summer--we been a-needin' that rain, that's for sure.

After a while the rain started a-taperin' off some. Oh, it was still a-pourin' cats and dogs, but there weren't so much lightnin' and the rain weren't a-bangin' so loud on the tin barn roof. You could hear yourself think again.

What I could hear was Jason. He was a-talkin' kind of soft and low, and I couldn't make out his words exactly. I looked over at them boys. That Jason was still a-sittin' on that bale, but he was a-layin' back propped upon his elbows, with the lower half of his legs dropped over the edge of the bale. He had somethin' in his hand, but I couldn't make out what. It was the way he had his legs spread that worried me--there was somethin' right indecent 'bout it. Probably a-braggin' about some girl he serviced outside the sacred bonds of matrimony. Heck, I'm only forty-two myself--that's not so old--and I remember what bein' a young buck was like, always havin' to worry about sins of the flesh and all. I raised Sterling up right. He'd know right from wrong and I knowed he wouldn't believe none of Jason's braggin'. I put it out of my head and went back to a-watchin' the rain, and a-wonderin' when it was gonna ease up.

While later, I realized I could hear what Jason was a-sayin' a little better. It didn't make no sense to me, though.

"Just continue to listen now, as closely as you want. No need to listen to every word. Just let the sound of my voice continue to wash over you. Take another deep breath. Just keep breathing deeply. Listen to the sound of my voice. You may find your eyelids are getting heavy. That's normal. Sometimes when you're listening, but not really listening, you let yourself relax and your eyelids have a tendency to get heavy. Almost as if they had some heavy weight attached to them. And the longer you listen to my voice, the more relaxed you become, the more your eyelids get heavy, and you blink, and they have a feeling like something is pulling them down, as if they wanted to slowly close, and get more relaxed, more focused on my voice, and get drowsier and sleepier and heavier. And you have a feeling, whenever you're ready, just a feeling--you have a feeling as if something were drawing you closer, making you want to listen more closely to my voice, maybe wanting to come closer, closer to me, so you can listen more closely to my voice. Focus more deeply on my voice. Just a feeling, drawing you toward me."

Across the barn, Rob started a-walkin' over to where Jason sat on that bale. Sterling and Luke and Sam, they just stood there a-lookin' at Jason, and Rob walked right on over to them.

That Jason said, "That's right, listening and not listening at the same time. Relaxing. Focusing. Eyelids so heavy. So easy to just listen. So easy to feel something drawing you closer, drawing you toward me. So easy to relax and let it take over. So easy to come toward me."

Across the barn, Thumper went over to Jason and the others. I stood up and walked over too, just to see what was a-goin' on. It seemed like the right thing to do.

Jason was a-rollin' somethin' back and forth through his fingers. It was lit-up. Some kind of child's play-purty with a light inside it.

He said, "That's real good. Just let yourself relax now, and let your attention focus on the light. It looks ordinary but there's something very special inside. Maybe you can see it if you focus enough. But you'll have to focus very closely. It may seem hard, but it's so easy. The longer you look, the closer you focus your attention, the more relaxed you become, the more your eyelids get heavy, and you blink, just blink, and your eyelids may feel like something is pulling them down. Maybe they feel like they want to close. Slowly close. Getting more relaxed, more focused on my voice, focused on the light. Getting more relaxed, heavier, drowsier, sleepier, heavier. Slowly closing. So tired. Getting drowsier and more tired, and when your eyelids finally do close, how good you'll feel. Drowsy, heavy, pulling down, down, down, slowly closing, getting harder and harder to see, and you feel good. Very, very hard to keep them open. Soon they will close tightly, almost tightly closing, almost tightly closing, tightly closing. As soon as you're ready, let them close. Don't rush. Whenever you're ready, let them close. That's good, Sam. Your eyes are closing, closing, tightly closed. That's right, Sterling. Closing. Good, Rob. You feel good. You feel comfortable. You're relaxed and tired. Just let yourself enjoy this comfortable relaxed state. You find that your head is getting heavier; your head nods forward some, and you just let yourself drift in an easy, calm, relaxed state. Eyes closing, closed, so tightly closed."

I couldn't seem to keep my eyes open, so I just closed them.

When I opened my eyes, it didn't seem like much time had gone by. My body felt funny. Heavy all over. And I had a hard-on in my johnson. A really *hard* hard-on. I ain't touched a woman since my wife died ten years ago, and it felt like every erection I ever had rolled into one.

I looked over at Jason, and I'll be darned if he didn't have a hard-on too. It was real obvious 'cause his pants were open and his erection stuck right up in the air. Shameful!

Jason said, "Just us guys here. No need for modesty. It's natural. Just relax and focus and you'll understand. When you're ready for some relief, you know what to do. Just let it happen."

I was standin' at the end, and I looked down the line of men. Luke and Sam had their pants open and their erect johnsons out too. Then Sterling reached for his zipper and he unzipped and popped open his pants and pulled out his erection like he ain't got no shame whatsoever! I knowed I raised him better'n that!

Jason sat up. He moved his finger down the line of men and back. He pointed, and he said, "Sam, you're going to be the lucky one tonight. Come here to me." Sam shuffled forward. Jason reached up and pulled Sam down. Sam got down on his knees, and Jason laid back and guided Sam's head down to his johnson. I couldn't believe what I was a-seein' but, Lord help me, I couldn't look away either. Everything, my whole body, felt too heavy to move. Sam opened his mouth right up and started a-lickin' and a-suckin' on Jason's private parts. It was downright indecent's what it was. I wanted to turn away but I couldn't make anythin' move--my arms and legs all felt too heavy. And God help me, part of me was *real* aware how long it been since anybody but me touched my privates like that.

Down the line, Rob started movin'. He opened the front of his pants and pulled out his hard johnson. That left just Thumper and me with any modesty.

Jason was a-diggin' 'round in the pocket of his pants. He said, "I hope you're hungry, boy, because looks like you've got a lot of meat to eat tonight."

Sam moaned, "No ... please ... don't ..."

Jason pulled somethin' long and black outta pocket. "Now, Sam, you know the rules. Just relax," he said. He wrapped the long, narrow black thing 'round Sam's neck. No more'n a quarter-inch wide. Some kind of leather strap?--Maybe a dog collar? He said to Sam, "You know what this is, don't you. You know what this means, don't you?" Jason fastened the collar snugly 'round Sam's neck. Sam made this groanin' sound, but that was all. "It means I own you, and you have to do what I say, right?" Sam moaned again.

Jason pushed Sam back and stood up. He took Sam by the arm and pulled him over to Rob at the far end of the line. "Go ahead," Jason said. "Get started."

Rob had his johnson out, like I said, and Sam put his mouth on it and started a-suckin' on it. He was really goin' to town on it too, suckin' it for all he was worth. All I could think about was how horny I was and how even my wife never sucked me like Sam was a-suckin' Rob. I know Sam's family--they's good people and they raised him right. This had to be Jason's doin' somehow. Sam weren't like this. It had to be Jason's bad influence over him.

And God help me, I couldn't stop my hands from movin' all on their own. They unzipped my pants and pulled my johnson right out in the open like the rest. My cheeks burned with shame, but all I wanted was to feel somethin' other'n my own hand touch my johnson for once.

I won't embarrass myself by talkin' 'bout how Sam went down the line a-blowin' the men, one after the other. I won't tell about how Jason talked to each one'a them personal, tellin' them how good it must feel and how much they must be a-likin' it. Sinful stuff like that. A-talkin' to them while Sam licked and sucked on their dicks 'til they orgasmed, then a-haulin' Sam's mouth to the next one in line. My boy Sterling was the third one. I knowed he would never've let Sam do those things to him if it weren't for Jason's bad influence.

Jason kept Sam a-movin' down the line. Like I said, I was at the tail-end of it. My boy Sterling had hisself a

big johnson, but his Paw here had a bigger one. When Sam settled down in front'a me, I thought he was gonna complain about the size, just like my wife used to do when she was a-doin' her conjugal duties. But Sam just opened his mouth right up and swallowed my dick near down to the root.

Getting' my cock into Sam's mouth was ... Well, it felt real good, even if it was purty much a mortal sin and all. My big ol' johnson been lonesome so long, it kept a-throbbin' against his tongue. Sam tightened his lips 'round it and started in a-shakin' his head slowly from side to side. That nearly made my legs give out, it felt so good. My knob-head poked out against his cheek from the inside, as he went a-tryin' to jam a couple more inches of my erection into his mouth. He got one hand up under my balls and his other'n wrapped 'round the couple'a inches of shaft he couldn't fit in his mouth.

"Swallow it deep, buddy," that Jason told him. "Oh, man--suck his big cock. Suck it hard." To me Jason said, "You like that, Sterling's Dad? You like the way his mouth feels? He sucks cock really well, right? You just relax and enjoy it." If I'd been thinking' clear-headed instead, I'd've blushed beet-red 'cause of all the nasty things he was a-talkin' about Sam doin' to my johnson.

Sam rammed his head down 'til his nose buried itself in my public hair. He sort of choked and spluttered some at first, but he was actin' all like a five-dollar whore a-tryin' to gobble down on me. I couldn't do nothin' but just stand there, all limp and sleepy, and let him. 'Long as he kept a-suckin' on me, I would'a let him do just 'bout anythin' he wanted to, no matter how sinful.

All of a sudden this feelin' flared off in my johnson-head and my bully-balls. "Cum, Sterling's Dad!" that Jason growled at me, and then I was unloadin' my seed in Sam's mouth like it was my wife's woman-parts. The first shot ran down his chin before he could swallow it, but the next blast squirted right down his throat. He swallowed it all eager-like.

Finally Jason pulled Sam's head off my johnson. Jason had his own man-parts out, and he plugged his johnson right in Sam's mouth and started a-humpin' his face like a bull servicin' a heifer in her first season. Jason had been a-tellin' each of the men, "Relax and sleep," after they had their orgasm in Sam's mouth, and that's what he said to me now. I was real sleepy, all right, so I just closed my eyes and gave in to it.

Later, I started to snap out of it. We all had our pants closed up right and proper again. Jason kept sayin' it would all seem like some kind of dream, and it did, sort of, and maybe the others they thought so, but I knowed it happened. So'd Rob, 'cause he stepped back and said, "What the fuck we just do?" But we all pretended nuthin' done happened.

It was about nine o'clock. The rain had mostly done stopped. I paid the men in cash for their time, a fair wage plus an extra ten dollars. It was about all I could do even to look at them after what happened, but none'a them but Rob and me didn't seem too bothered by it. That Jason kept a-smirkin' at me when I handed him his pay. I wanted to pop him one in the face--wipe that smirk right off'a his face--but the Good Book tells us to turn the other cheek and not to be a-lashin' out in anger. I just smiled all charitable-like and gave him his pay and moved on.

## Sunday

The next morning was Sunday, the Lord's day. Sterling and me was up before dawn like usual, busyin' ourselves with a-gettin' the livestock taken care of. The hired hands had the day off, so it was just us. Then we got ourselves cleaned up dressed and took ourselves to church, same as every week.

We got back a little after noon. Sterling went upstairs to his room to change out of his good clothes. I changed too and got to work on finishin' a-fixin' our lunch. I like to cook things I can leave for a while, things I can put in a pot and let 'em cook a while so I don't have to stand over the stove all day. Today it was pot roast--meat and a lot of vegetables in my wife's big pot in the oven while we were at church.

There was this bangin' on the door. I went to answer it, a-thinkin' it might be one of the hired hands, though they don't usually eat with us on Sundays. I went to the door, and Sterling came down the stairs too. He had changed into everyday clothes. I opened the door.

There stood that Jason.

I said, "We's a-fixin' to have lunch." My way of a-warnin' him off.

He ignored me by a-lookin' over my shoulder and he said, "Hey, Sterling--How's it hanging, buddy?" Which I thought was real impolite to be sayin' on the Lord's day not an hour after church was done. But I ain't never seen that Jason in church. I figured maybe he was a heathern as well as a drifter. I felt sorry for him 'cause maybe he ain't had no family when he was a kid to raise him up the right way. Family is a man's strongest tie in the world, and family stands by family through the hard times, no matter what. I was sorry Jason ain't had no one to stand by him and make sure he was set right in the world.

Sterling said hey back, and Jason said, "I got somethin' to show you," and he invited hisself in and pushed right past me with his backpack like I was just a doorman in my own home. That boy was plain rude! Jason said, "Let's go upstairs to your room and I'll show you," and he headed up the stairs without waitin' for Sterling.

Sterling looked at me and shrugged. I wondered how that Jason knowed Sterling's bedroom was upstairs. I mouthed *Lunch* to him silently, my way of sayin' , and Sterling nodded and followed Jason upstairs.

I went on 'bout my business in the kitchen. I figured Jason was a-gonna try and weasel hisself an invitation to eat with us, like we owed him a free meal when it was hard enough puttin' food enough for just Sterling 'n me on the table. I didn't want to, but it was my Christian duty to be neighborly so I set an extra place for Jason, just in case. I yelled up the staircase, "Boys, lunch is on the table," and went back into the kitchen to finish a-gettin the food outta the oven and onto the table. I heard their footsteps on the stairs so I knowed I didn't need to go a-yellin' again. Good, 'cause I *hate* repeatin' myself.

I had myself a seat at the man's place at the head of the table, and Jason came into the kitchen where we eat and parked hisself at the table like he just assumed he'd be a-joinin' us. Christian charity is one thing, but expectation?--that's just sinful greed.

Sterling came along a moment later. My jaw purty near dropped when I saw him. He done stripped down to his undershorts, and I'll be darned if he weren't a-showin' a boner too! He had on nuthin' but his underpants and that slim black collar thing 'round his neck. I remembered it from yesterday--it seemed like a dream, but I remembered it. And there was somethin' just not right 'bout Sterling's eyes, the way they looked all vacant. Was that boy doin' drugs or somethin' in my house?

"Y'know," Jason said, "it might help if you looked into the light. Might help you get into the mood." I looked over at him like he was a-talkin' all crazy, which he was. He had that little lit-up thing in his hand again, just a-rollin' it through his fingers like a card sharp. "Sterling, why don't you have a seat? This will only take a couple of minutes. Your Dad and I need to have a little talk. That's a good boy."

Jason turned to me and he says, "It's going to happen automatically. You don't need to think about it now. You will have no conscious control over what happens. Keep looking into the light."

I wanted to look away, but I couldn't.

Jason said, "The muscles in and around your eyes will relax all by themselves as you continue looking and breathing. Easily and freely. Without thinking about it, you will soon enter a deep, peaceful, hypnotic trance, without any effort. There is nothing important for your conscious mind to do. Nothing is important except the activities of your subconscious mind. And that can be just as automatic as dreaming. And you know how easily you can forget your dreams when you awaken. Yes. Without noticing it, you have already relaxed your rate of breathing. Breathing much more easily and freely. Without knowing it, you are revealing signs that show you are drifting into a hypnotic trance. You can really enjoy relaxing more and more, and your subconscious mind will listen to each word I say. It keeps becoming less important for you to consciously listen to my voice. Your subconscious mind can hear even if I whisper."

Jason was a-rollin that lit-up thing slower through his fingers. He said, "You are continuing to drift into a more detached state. Starting to let go completely. At your own pace. Becoming more relaxed and comfortable as you sit there. You don't have to move, or talk, or let anything bother you. Your own inner mind can respond automatically to everything I tell you, and you will be pleasantly surprised with your continuous progress. You're getting much closer to a deep hypnotic trance. And you're realizing you don't care whether you are going into a trance. Being in this peaceful state lets you experience the comfort of the hypnotic trance. Being hypnotized is always a very enjoyable, very pleasant, calm, peaceful, completely relaxing experience. Every time I hypnotize you, it keeps becoming more enjoyable, and you continue experiencing more peace and pleasure. Soon you will really enjoy having me hypnotize you. Continue enjoying this pleasant experience as your subconscious mind is receiving everything I tell you. And you will be pleased the way you automatically respond to everything I say ..."

## Monday

I knowed Jason been into it with Sterling and the hired hands. First, Sterling came down to breakfast wearin' nuthin' but a pair of shorts, his workin' boots, and that little collar 'round his neck. In my family we got this strict rule about bein' fully dressed at the meal table. Otherwise, it's immodest and disrespectful too. Sterling didn't seem to care, and I wanted to say somethin' but I decided to let it slide. He has this dazed look about him, smilin' a little but like he was still half-asleep--either that or all spaced-out but not mindin' it too much.

Next, Rob came to breakfast with no shirt on either. The hands eat with us durin' the week. Breakfast always hits the table the same time every day. Rob and Thumper was on time that day, which was unusual--they was always a-draggin' their asses in a few minutes late, tryin' to put off the honest day's work I was a-payin' them for by a few extra minutes. Rob had on a pair of jeans and his workin' boots. He had this little black band too, but it was 'round his wrist, like a watch band or somethin' with no watch on it. Took me a little while to realize it was the same thing like was on my boy Sterling's neck. It was that same half-asleep expression on his face that went and tipped me off.

Thumper, too. He looked just as dazed as Sterling and Rob. He was a-blowin' off the table rules too, with no shirt. Just this pair of denim cut-off shorts and a pair of shoes. He had somethin' black on his ankle, just above his shoe. I didn't get me a good look at it at first and I'm not a bettin' man, but I was a-willin to bet it was the same kind of band.



Jason, when he showed up, he had this big sly grin on his face, like he knowed all kinds of secrets. I figured he spent the night here, like I was a-runnin' some kind of hotel or somethin', a-givin' free room 'n board to lay-about's like him. He had on this pair of plaid boxer shorts. I figured we was lucky he had on anything at all.

I figured it was either drugs or sinnin' goin' on. I admit I played 'round all sinful when I was a boy. I even played 'round once or twice with a friend of mine before I outgrewed it and became a man and got myself married. I knowed it was the way of boys to play 'round together sometimes, 'cause they don't know to avoid sinnin' yet. But they got to put away childish things and became a man. My boy Sterling was near twenty, Jason was near the same age, and the hands was a couple years older. No matter what they been a-doin', they knowed it was past time to put away childish things and act like men. I wasn't gonna be havin' no sinnin' happenin' in this house. I resolved to hold my tongue 'til evenin' and have a private talk with Sterling first.

That whole morning I been a-feelin' just ... not right. I felt okay--felt pretty good in fact--but not quite myself. Now everybody was here, I sat down at the table. The chair slats was chilly against my bare back. I musta forgot to put on a shirt myself. That was strange; I weren't never immodest 'round the house. I had to set a good example as the head of the house. I meant to remember to put one on before I went out in the fields, but somehow after breakfast I must'a forgot.

That day, me and Rob was runnin' fence down on the south end of the big pasture. We had some fence wires to put back up after some limbs fell in the storm and pulled 'em down. All morning I just felt kind of half-asleep. Why couldn't I wake up? The sun sure felt good on my bare shoulders. I decided I kind of liked it.

I guess I kind of knowed what that feelin' meant, but I didn't *know*-know 'til later. Late in the mornin' I had to piss somethin' fierce so I told Rob to take a break, and I put down the fence stretcher and walked over to this sapling what looked like it could use some waterin', a little ways off in the underbrush so's Rob weren't a-goin' to see. I unzipped my jeans and fished 'round in my underwear and pulled out my johnson. I felt somethin' funny down near the base. While I pissed 'gainst the tree truck, I kind of poked 'round with my finger up in my pubic hair. I couldn't quite get myself to touch it. Somethin' kept just a-makin my finger ... just not finish a-reachin' for it. This real calm, peaceful feelin' came over me. I kind of brushed it, and I knowed what it was. It was one of those leather cord things, only on me Jason had put it 'round my johnson and ballsack.

I was really startin' to zone out real good and my ol' johnson was a-getting' hard, when Rob hollered out was I okay and did I need some help back there, which kind of done snapped me outta it. All the rest of the day, though, I was real aware of my cock and balls. They felt darn good--pardon my French--and that kept a-bringin' a smile to my face.

## Wednesday

We was mostly through with breakfast when there was a knockin' at the door. I got up and went to have a look-see. There was this kid standin' on the porch--must have been about Sterling's age or a little younger, eighteen maybe, no older'n nineteen. I opened the door.

"Yeah?"

The kid said, "Good morning, mister. My name's Dirk, and I'm a-lookin' for some work. I heard you might

need some help 'round the place?"

What kind of name is *Dirk*? Nearest neighbor was more'n a mile off, so he done been a-walkin' a while to get to my doorstep. "I dunno," I said. "How old are you, boy?"

"I'm eighteen, sir, but I'm real good with my hands and I'm a hard worker."

"You ever worked on a farm before?"

"Yessir. Spent all my life on my daddy's farm, but he's ..."

I didn't have time to waste a-listenin' to no runaway's sob-story. "Well, maybe you better get on back there. He'll be missing you." I started to close the door.

"Please, sir! I can't go back there. I--I just need a chance. Don't you have somethin' I can do to help out?"

I heard it all before. It was gonna be one of two stories--either his daddy turned mean and kicked him out when he got to be eighteen, or his daddy died and mom's new beau was a-tryin' to push him outta the nest. So the kid showed up at my place askin' for some Christian help a-gettin' on his feet, probably bein' run out of whatever his home situation was. And Lord knows I took in some strays before. That's how I ended up with Rob and Thumper. But I already had a full bunkhouse and money was too tight to pay three hired hands. And there was that Jason, whatever *his* place 'round here was a-turnin' out to be.

Speakin' of that Jason, he was a-leanin' over my shoulder. "What's your name, friend?"

"Dirk, sir" the kid said, real respectful-like, even though Jason was just a coupla years his elder. "My name's Dirk."

Jason had a hand on my bare shoulder. I got to admit it felt kind of good. He said to me, "Surely we can find somethin' around here for our friend Dirk here to do. You're always talking about all those handy things you need done around the house but don't have time for, like the gutter out front that needs nailing. What say we give him a chance."

My head was a-spinnin'. I said, "Okay, I guess ..." I tried to pull my thoughts together. "I can't pay much--just room and board fer a few days. But just fer a few days."

He pulled me out of the way. "C'mon in, Dirk. We'll find you somethin' for you to do around here. You had breakfast yet?" Jason practically swept Dirk inside and toward the kitchen.

"Thanks, man," Dirk said to Jason. "Thank you, sir," he said to me as he passed. At least here was a kid who had sense to respect his elders. Maybe some'a that would rub off on that Jason.

"You and the others better get into the fields if you're going to get anything accomplished today," Jason fussed at me like a mother hen in this firm tone so I'd know he meant it. Who put him in charge? "Just be sure you stay there until lunchtime. Understood?"

I said, "Understood, sir." Because it's only right to be respectful to the man in charge.

When Rob and me got back to the house at lunchtime, I could tell Dirk had been busy a-doin' some stuff. The gutter out front was back up. The shutter on that second-story window weren't hangin' loose no more, neither. Looked like he done a good job too. Maybe the kid had potential.

I walked in the kitchen, and there was Thumper and Sterling and Jason. No sign of Dirk. So I asked, "Where's the kid at?"

Jason just grinned and handed me a plate with a couple sandwiches and said, "He's already eaten," with this real sly grin like he knowed somethin' I don't. Then he said, "Dirk is going to sleep in Sterling's room tonight, because he needs a little special instruction." He stroked a finger over the front of my pants, where that leather strap was wrapped 'round my johnson and balls. This tingly sensation ran through me and I purty much couldn't think straight.

I jabbered somethin' like, "Where's Sterling gonna sleep?" All I wanted that Jason to do was run his finger across my pants again.

"You like that, do you?" He smirked at me. "Sterling's going to stay out in the bunkhouse with the boys, just for tonight. Dirk needs my ... undivided attention."

He could have said he was a-fixin' to slaughter every head of cattle for twenty miles with a chainsaw and I woulda thought that was a-okay, if he just touched me there one more time. But he didn't. He turned and disappeared into the rest of the house. So I sat right down and started eatin' on my sandwiches.

I couldn't touch the band 'round my cock and balls that tied me to Jason and kept me a-feelin' too peaceful to raise a hand against him. Jason had us a-workin' out in the yard that afternoon, buck-naked as jay birds 'cept for our boots and those little black bands he got on us. It was overcast--weatherman said there was another storm a-comin' through--and the summer breeze and the August sun when it came out from behind the clouds--it all felt real good on my skin and my johnson. It made me want to enjoy it more, but it was sinful bein' naked outdoors like that. Especially since the way it felt got my johnson half-erect. I knowed it was snful and I got to put those thoughts out of my mind.

I couldn't touch the band 'round my own johnson, but I figured maybe I could touch the one 'round my boy Sterling's neck. Took me a while, but I managed to get my hands to move that direction. "Hold still a minute, son," I said to Sterling, and he did 'cause he's a good boy, spite of whatever dark influence Jason had over him. My fingers fumbled some with the clasp. But I got it open, and it fell away--the whole thing fell away from his neck.

"Snap out of it, boy," I whispered.

He looked 'round and blinked and said, "Paw? Am I *me* again?"

I told him, "Don't just stand there jawin', boy. I can't do it myself."

He said, "Huh?"

"You got to undo it for me, son," I managed to say. "It's 'round my johnson. You gotta undo it--I can't do it myself."

"Oh--right!" he said, and he reached down for the clasp just to the side of my balls, both of us a-blushin' beet-red, 'cause it ain't right for a son to be a-puttin' his hands near his father like that. He got the band off and tossed it into the shrubs over by the foundation. "Now what?"

I felt my head a-clearin' already. "Now we go get the Sheriff. He'll put a stop to this nonsense!"

"But Paw, we's naked."

"I got a coupla spare pairs of old coveralls behind the seat of the truck. We'll wear 'em. All we need's the spare keys that's hidden under that rock outside the shed. High-tail it down to the truck and wait for me, boy. We're a-gettin' outta here."

I always kept a spare key out by the shed 'cause you never know when you're a-gonna need it. The house might catch on fire or somethin'. I ran and got the key from where I hid it years back, and we high-tailed it down the dirt road out to the highway. I was in such a hurry to get outta there before Jason saw us, I didn't even stop so's we could get dressed 'til we was purt-near halfway to the highway.

I drove us right to the Sheriff's office in town. We must'a looked a sight, 'cause those old coveralls I had stashed behind the seat of the truck was real old ones Sterling and me only wore for real messy work. They weren't too clean or purty-looking, but they kept us from bein' all naked in public.

I walked right in to the Sheriff's office and I said, "Sheriff, you got to come out to my place. That Jason boy who's been hangin' 'round town lately--he's holed up out there, and I need you to come help me run him off. Just 'tween you and me, I think it's drugs. You might have to arrest him too."

I didn't rightly know what it was that Jason was up to, so it might have been drugs makin' us do things like that 'gainst our better natures. Maybe it weren't false witness after all. The moment I said it, I started to think, *Yep, I bet it was drugs after all.* Which made me feel some better.

The Sheriff said he was too busy to head out to my place, on account'a he was a-headin' in the other direction to see about some trouble, but he told his deputy to go with us 'n help us out. I weren't too sure about that, 'cause the Deputy was still green behind the ears, a young guy, in his mid-twenties and practically fresh outta the police trainin' school over'n the next county, but I figured better him than nuthin'. Maybe the sight of a badge would spook that Jason into high-tailin' it back where he come from and leavin' me and Sterling alone.

The Deputy followed us in his squad car out to my place. We parked right in front of the house, and he pulled in behind us. I was happy the nearest neighbor was so far off, weren't no one to see the police over at my place. That would only give those old hens somethin' more to gossip about after church next Sunday.

We all got out. The dust cloud we kicked up on that ol' dirt road stung my eyes for a moment, but it was blowin' off purty quick.

That Jason came out on the front porch. He had Rob and Thumper and that drifter boy Dirk a-flankin' him. Jason had hisself on a pair of shorts, my boy Sterling's shorts--I oughta know, 'cause I washed 'em often enough--but them other three was naked as jay-birds.

I squinted up at the house. The sky was full of dark clouds, what with the storm a-comin', but the sun still peeped through ever' now and then. "You better skee-daddle right now, Jason," I hollered up at the house. "If'n y'all don't, I'm gonna have the Deputy here arrest you and haul you off to jail for drugs and who knows what else." The Deputy hooked his fingers in his belt and grinned and rocked back and forth on his heels, lookin' all intimidatin', like the long arm of the law should.

My boy Sterling whispered, "Paw, you really gonna have him arrested? He's my friend. He ain't done nuthin' wrong, Paw."

"Hush, boy. Let me handle this."

That Jason got down off the porch and strolled hisself out into the yard over to us, purty as you please, all smilin'. He didn't seem worried at all. That was the first sign this weren't a-fixin' to go the way I planned.

"Hiya, Deputy Dave," that Jason said, callin' the Deputy by his first name like they was buddies or somethin' and givin' the badge no respect at all. "What's the matter?--The Sheriff too busy making a run across the county line to buy his hooch and can't drop by to say hello?" That Jason and the Deputy chuckled like it was a real funny joke.

Jason looked at me and said, "What? You didn't know the Deputy here and I know each other real well? The local constabulary took an interest in me the day I came to town. Deputy Dave here was one of my first 'special friends' in the area, weren't you, Dave? Why don't you show him?"

"Okay, sir," the Deputy said, still a-grinnin', and he started unbuttonin' his shirt front, and he pulled his shirt tails outta his britches and he took his shirt plum' off. There wrapped 'round his left arm was one'a them little strips of black leather.

That Jason said, "See? Deputy Dave and I know each other really well. Don't we, Dave?"

"Yessir," the Deputy said.

"Why don't you tell Sterling's Dad what that armband means, Dave. Let him get a good look."

"It means I belongs to you, sir." The Deputy turned my way and flexed his big ol- arm like some body builder on the tee-vee, makin' the muscle pop up and a-shown' off real prideful.

"And that makes you happy, right?--Belonging to me?"

The Deputy grinned real big. "Oh, *yessir!* It surely do!"

"See, Sterling's Dad? I'm not such a bad guy after all."

That's when I hear'd another car a-comin' up the dirt driveway to my house.

"Deputy Dave, why don't you come stand over here by me?" that Jason said.

"Yessir!" the Deputy said and trotted over and stood behind Jason with Thumper and Rob and that sleepy-lookin' Dirk kid.

The car pulled up fast behind the Deputy's, and I looked over, and it's Luke and Sam a-getting' out and a-slammin' the doors like hellions. "We came right over, just like you said," Luke announced to Jason. "We're not late, are we?" They headed up the yard toward that Jason and his boys. Luke and Sam had on dungarees and no shirts, like neither of them had no shame about a-showin' off their flesh like that. Luke and Sam both had one'a those leather strap things 'round their left arm-muscles.

"You're right on time, boys," Jason purred. To me and Sterling, he said, "See, Sterling's Dad, the Sheriff called and told me you were on your way, so I arranged for a little reunion."

That Jason said, "By the way, Sterling, we found somethin' that belongs to you in the bushes." He pulled somethin' long and black out of his pocket, drawin' it out real slow.

I knowed what it was and I looked over at my boy Sterling. "Turn away, boy," I hissed at him. "Don't look at

it."

Jason crooned, "I bet you'll be wanting this back, right, Sterling? You want to be with your friends, right?"

Sterling looked at it, 'n he looked at me, 'n he said to me all pitiful-like, "Paw?"

I warned him, "Look away, son. Just put that nonsense he's sayin' right outta yer head. He ain't got nuthin' you want. You listen to yer Paw, y'hear?"

"Don't you want to be with your friends, Sterling? Didn't we have a lot of fun together? All you have to do ..."

"Paw? I ..." He took half a step toward the house. Toward that Jason.

"Listen here, Sterling. He ain't got nuthin' for you, boy. What he's a-temptin' ya to do, its just not right. You stay right here with yer Paw. I mean it."

"But Paw, I--my--"

"I ain't foolin', boy. Don't you move another inch."

"Don't you remember how good it feels to wear it, Sterling? Don't you want to feel that way again? Don't you want to join your friends?"

"Sterling, boy--what he's sayin' to y'all--it's right sinful. Pure and simple. You got to stand firm against the sin, boy. That's the way I raised you."

Sterling, he just looked at me, and I couldn't tell what his expression was a-tryin' to say. He looked at that Jason again, and back at me, and back at Jason, and that was it. That's when I lost my boy. He just stared at that Jason and started a-walkin' over to him and his friends, and he didn't stop or turn 'round no matter how hard I begged him to. He just walked right up to that Jason, and Jason smiled 'cause he won, and Sterling let him fasten that strap thing 'round his neck again.

Jason asked my boy, "There. Doesn't that feel better, Sterling?"

"Yessir."

"How'd you get it off anyway? You know you're not supposed to touch it."

"My Paw undid it."

"Ah. He found a loophole. We'll have to remedy that."

Jason looked my way again. "" Jason weren't tryin' to hide the disrespects in his voice. He won, and we both knowed it. My boy weren't mine no more.

"It was good try, Sterling's Dad. But Sterling and I've been doing this longer than you know, ever since we met. I've got my hooks in deep. Isn't that right, Sterling?"

"Yessir."

"Now, what're we going to do with you, Sterling's Dad? You certainly didn't set a good example this

afternoon for the rest of our little family, disobeying my instructions like that. But I still have one for you too, Sterling's Dad. I've got it right here. All's forgiven and we can pretend this afternoon didn't happen. All you have to do is walk over here and submit to me again. How about it? I'll put it on you, and we can go back to the way things were, like none of this afternoon's unpleasantness ever happened. What do you say?"

Thunder was a-grumblin' upstairs in the clouds. I weren't sayin' nuthin'. I just glared at that Jason under that dark sky. I couldn't raise a hand 'gainst them when it was eight to one, and them all fine young men in their prime, not if I didn't want my ass kicked. I wanted to get back in my truck and high-tail it outta there. If the Sheriff weren't on my side, maybe I'd go to the County Police, or the State Troopers. Maybe even the National Guard. There had to be somebody willin' to listen to me and kick that Jason off my property. But I couldn't leave my boy Sterling.

"You got what you wanted," I hollered up at that Jason, over the rumbin'. "You better take off and leave me alone. What you gotta be doin' all this for, invitin' sin into our lives?"

Jason, he just shrugged. "I'm doing it because I can. And because I like to. Country boys are easy, and I like it here. I think I'll stick around a while. I like being in charge. Don't you, Sterling's Dad? Don't you like it when I'm in charge?" He had another of those black straps in his hand, shorter. I knowed it was the one taken off me earlier. I just knowed it. I wanted to go up there and smack it outta his hand and smack that shit-eatin' grin off Jason's face--pardon my French--but, same time, I didn't want to go near him neither. I didn't know what to do.

That Jason turned to my boy and said, "Sterling, take this down to your dad. See if you can talk some sense into him." He handed that black strap to Sterling.

Sterling came a-walkin' down the yard toward me. I looked him right in the eye like a man, but there weren't none of the upstandin' young man I raised in there, not no more.

Sterling said, "It's all right, Paw. Jason's right. It's what I wanted."

"Sterling, boy--"

"I ain't your boy no more, Paw. I belong to Jason now. We all do. Just like he said. It's what we want."

"No, it ain't--"

"Paw, you can stand by me, or you can get out of my way. Them's your choices. But to stand by me, you got to stand by Jason too. You got to belong too." He showed me the black band like he did this baby bird he found when he was five.

"I can't do that, Sterling. You know it's wrong. It's sinful. I can't--"

Sterling didn't say nuthin' more. He turned and he walked back up the yard to Jason and the rest.

Jason took the black strap, the one meant for me, from Sterling. He looked up at the black sky, lit up a by a lick of lighnin' off at the horizon. "Looks like the rain's gonna start any minute now. What say we take this little reunion party to the barn, where we'll have plenty of room and stay dry too."

They started off to the little barn nearest the house, like they forgot about me. But that Jason turned my way and he held up the band to me and said just like some radio commercial announcer, "You sure, Sterling's

Dad? The offer still stands but for a limited-time only. After that, it's over."

I didn't say not one sorry word. I just watched them walk off to my barn, all a-smilin' and not a-carin' at all about half of them bein' all naked in the open like that.

They went inside the barn. I wanted to get back in my truck and just go, go anywhere and find me somebody willin' to come help me run that Jason off my property. But I couldn't turn my back 'n abandon my boy like that. That's not the kind of father I was.

I snuck over to the barn. Maybe I could grab Sterling when no one was a-lookin', haul him out of there again. Maybe I could get that thing off his neck and he'd come to his senses again and he'd come with me to get help.

Inside my barn, the Deputy was pullin' off his boots. Sam and Luke was droppin' their drawers and exposin' their privates. Sterling was gettin' those coveralls off and standin' there naked as the day he was born. The others, 'cept for that Jason, was already naked, and their johnsons was all hard like a bunch of bulls ready to breed. Shameful!

Jason put his hand 'round my boy Sterling's neck and said, "You caused a big ruckus today, my friend. It's only fair you make it up to your friends and to me."

Sterling made this gruntin' sound. Jason pushed him down to his knees, and Jason opened up his pants, and he pulled out his whacker, and he put it right in Sterling's face. Sterling just opened his mouth and took it in like some Tijuana whore and started a-suckin' on it. All the others was a-linin' up when Jason told them to, like they was a-waitin' their turn at my boy.

Jason had one hand on my boy's head. The other one was fiddlin' with that lit-up play-purty. In the near-dark barn, with the sky outside all dark, it shone out some.

The sky was a-startin' to drizzle. Soon it was gonna come another cloud-bustin' rain, just like the radio weatherman said. I didn't have much time. Whole drops of rain was a-startin' to smack my head and shoulders.

Jason kept a-fiddlin' and a-fiddlin' with that thing. It was too embarrassin' to watch him service hisself with my boy's mouth like Sterling was a woman.

"It's okay, Sterling's Dad," Jason said, not lookin' up from the top of Sterling's head. "I know you're watching. It's okay to watch. You like to watch, I bet. You like to watch the light. Focus your attention on the light. The longer you look, the more you focus on it, the more relaxed you become, the more your eyelids get heavy, and you blink, just like all those times before. So focused now. So relaxed. Eyelids starting to feel heavy again. More relaxed, more focused on my voice--all your attention focused on my voice and focused on the light. Nothing matters--just my voice and the light. Focus. More relaxed, heavier, drowsier, sleepier, heavier. Letting go of all resistance. Letting yourself relax and accept. This is the way things are now. Relaxed. Focused. Accepting. So tired. So drowsy. Don't rush. Whenever you're ready, feel yourself accept it. That's good. You feel good. You feel comfortable. You're relaxed and tired and focused. Just let yourself relax into this comfortable state. Isn't that right." Then he looked at me directly, and he said to me, "Come here, Sterling's Dad."

Merciful heavens above, I knowed what I was doing, but I couldn't stop it. I wanted to run and I wanted to walk right over there like he said, at the same time. Next thing I knowed, I'm a-standin' right next to Jason,



right next to my boy Sterling on his knees a-suckin' that Jason's johnson, and I couldn't make my myself run away. Whatever was about to happen, I was a-gonna face it like a man, 'cause that's the way I was raised.

"Hold out your hand," that Jason said to me, and I did. He pushed up the sleeve of my coveralls and he wrapped that strip 'round my wrist and fastened it all snug. It went 'round my johnson and balls before. Now it fit just fine 'round my wrist. "There," Jason said. "That's better, isn't it?"

I considered it as best my cloud-headed thoughts let me, and I said, "Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, sir." 'Cause it felt right to give him my respect.

"Good. Now that we have that nonsense behind us, you're going to help Sterling service these men. Strip, Sterling's Dad."

And I did. I took off my coveralls, and I took off my boots, and I didn't care who saw my hard johnson just a-swingin' in the breeze for everyone to see.

Overhead, the sound of raindrops on the barn roof got louder. It started just a-pourin', and it was only goin' to get harder. I came in just in time.

Jason pushed me down on my knees. Next thing I knowed, the Deputy is a-hoverin' over me, all big and muscular, all naked and hard-dicked. That Jason tells me I have to make it up to the Deputy for all the trouble I caused that afternoon. He told me, "Put it in your mouth. Suck it." I reached up and grabbed the Deputy's cock, licked the tip. It tasted salty, with a funny tang I weren't expectin' but somehow seemed to remember.

I put the Deputy's johnson in my mouth like I was told, and I just started a-suckin' it on instinct. If this was what I had to do to be with my boy Sterling, then this was what I was a-goin' to have to do. I took his johnson in as far as I could go, keepin' my hand 'round the rest of it, strokin' it as I went up and down on it. My other hand went to his heavy-hangin' balls, feelin' the loose, wrinkly skin and all the hair. I moved my fingers all gentle 'cross that skin, feelin' his balls a-danglin' 'round inside. The Deputy had hisself a big pair of bull-balls. His johnson was thick like mine but shorter. I stroked on his balls with one hand while I went to work on his cock with my mouth and my other hand, slowly a-gettin used to it, startin' to like it, just like that Jason was saying, startin to go a little faster and faster up and down on it. Suckin' on a man's johnson ain't one of the Seven Deadlies, so maybe it was better than a-lustin' after women.

I felt Dave--well, I could hardly call him "Deputy" no more, now I'd got his johnson in my mouth--I felt Dave start to shake and he started a-moanin' like he was a-fixin' to cum. I wanted him to cum, too. Heaven help me, I wanted to know what his cum tasted like. I had to know. I felt his knees start a-tremblin', and I thought he was a-gonna climax purty soon. At the last second, there was a mighty clap of thunder outside, real close, that made me jump--Dave's johnson popped out of my mouth and he spurted his seed right over my shoulder and down my cheek.

"Relax and sleep," that Jason said to Dave, and Dave done went and closed his eyes, like he was a-goin' right to sleep.

Next thing I know, there's my hired hands, Rob and Thumper, a-standin' right in front of me, both of 'em ready for servicin'. I sucked on Rob's cock first. Now I'd gotten the hang of it, it was purty easy. I fisted Thumper's with my hand while I went to suckin' on Rob. After a couple minutes, I swapped and sucked on

Thumper and used my hand on Rob, then I swapped back.

Rob was stocky guy, young and trim and built like a little tank. He was prone to not shavin' and he had a day's beard growth, no matter how many times I told him cleanliness is next to Godliness. He had a thick johnson too, like Dave's and mine, but a little shorter. After havin' Dave's whanger bore out my head, Rob's fit real easy in my mouth.

Thumper was taller, just as muscular, but leaner. His johnson was long and straight. Suckin' it was a challenge because it kept like to gaggin' me. Thumper looked all handsome and blue-eyed and innocent, but he had this mischief streak of the devil through him, and he kept a-pokin' his johnson just a little farther in my mouth than he knew I could take, seein' if he could make me choke on it or somethin'. I didn't much cotton to that, so mostly I spent more time a-suckin' on Rob and usin' my hand on Thumper. Neither of 'em didn't seem to mind too much.

Thumper gave this moan, and without warnin' he started unloadin' his balls all over my hand. I was too busy a-suckin' on Rob's to care much. "Relax and sleep," Jason said, somewhere far away, and then I felt Thumper's johnson pull out of my grip real slow. A moment later, there's another hard johnson a-bumpin' my hand, so I wrapped my hand 'round and started a-strokin' it.

Rob tensed up all over, then he sighed and let go and I felt his seed splash in my mouth. I finally got myself a taste of it! He unloaded it on my tongue. It was bitter and salty but not near as unpleasant as I was expectin'. "Relax and sleep," Jason said, and then Rob was a-backin' his johnson out of my mouth.

I turned my attention to the new man whose johnson I had in my other hand. I looked up, and it's Sterling's friend Samuel--Sam, they called him. He played some ball back 'fore he graduated from school and he kept hisself in shape. He had a lot of big muscles. Right then, he was a-lookin to put his johnson in my mouth, so that's what I did. I took my hand off it and I took that pink-headed thing deep in my throat. Sam cupped his hands behind my head, helpin' keep the rhythm but nearly a-chookin' me a few times too. "Yes," he hissed, and then after just a couple minutes he was feedin' my mouth my second helping of seed.

"Relax and sleep," Jason said, and then Sam too faded away from me.

I looked 'round. The rain was a-pourin' down, makin' one heck of a racket on the roof, likin' nearly to deafen me to everythin' else. I looked 'round, and there was Luke in front of me--only he had his back to me.

He bent forward, pushin' his butt back at me. I looked at it for a second, then stuck out my tongue and started in a-lickin' it. He pushed his johnson down between his thighs so I could lick on it some too in between lickin' 'round his butt hole. I didn't care how sinful it was.

He bent forward some more and opened his ass cheeks for me. I went right for his asshole, which was moist with sweat and smelled of leather, probably from his car seat or somethin'. I licked at it and poked at it with my tongue. Luke's a big, tall guy--what he lacked in smarts, he made up for in bein' strong and he was blessed with a strong body and real solid ass cheeks. Whatever I was a-doin' with my tongue in his crack, he loved it, and he kept a-grindin' his butt into my face. Now and then I'd drag my tongue down over the back of his balls.

Then Luke was a-standin' up and a-turnin' 'round. "Here you go, buddy," he said. He presented me with a Johnson that poked nearly straight up from his crotch. Bendin' it down enough to get it in my mouth was a challenge, but before I knew it I was a-suckin' and a-slobberin' all up and down it, just a-goin' to town 'til he moaned, "Gonna cum," and he slimed the inside of my mouth with his seed.

I was still a-swallowin' it when Jason said, "Relax and sleep," to Luke.

There weren't no more johnsons nearby for me to suck on, except Jason's. I reached for it, but he just laughed at me and stepped out of reach. "Stand up," Jason said, so I did. He chuckled at me ag'in. "Look at you. You're covered in cum. You took to this better than I thought."

I didn't know what he meant by that, so I didn't say nuthin'.

"Come here," he said, and pulled me by the arm over to a couple of bales of hay. There was an old blanket thrown across it. That kid Dirk--what kind of name is that anyway?--Dirk was sprawled out on top of the bales and blanket, on his back, naked as a newborn babe except for this little black band 'round his ankle. He looked at me with this expression that looked half-dazed and half-starved, like I was a meal he was a-wantin' to eat.

Sterling stood beside the bales. That Jason guided me over to them. "I shouldn't be giving you two this kind of reward, Sterling's Dad, because you disobeyed your instructions this afternoon. But you finished off the rest of the men before I got Dirk here ready, so you and Sterling are going to have to help me do the honors."

Somehow, that Jason had turned Dirk from the shy, skinny eighteen-year-old who appeared outside my door that morning, into a naked Jezebel-boy, hungry to be sodomized. I could see it in his eyes. Jason had Dirk wound up and ready to act more sinful than any harlot.

Jason told us how it was a-goin' to go. Sterling climbed on the bales with Dirk. Sterling was on all fours, over Dirk, with his head in Dirk's crotch and his crotch in Dirk's face. They started suckin' on each other's johnsons. Jason called this "sixty-nine." I never heard of such before. At first Dirk gagged a little on the size, 'cause Sterling's got a big pussy-sticker like his dad, but soon they're both a-slurpin' away.

Dirk's legs went up. I was supposed to kneel between them and lick his asshole. I knelt beside the bale and bent forward and started a-lickin' away, like I done before with Luke. I had my hands on Dirk's ankles to help hold his legs up. The one with the black strap 'round it kept a-slippin' and a-bangin' 'gainst the black band 'round my wrist. Bein' reminded it was there kept me feelin' ... well, like it was good to go along with what that Jason was a-tellin' me to do.

I licked at Dirk's shithole 'til Jason ordered me to do somethin' else. I pushed Dirk's ankles up higher. Sterling had to pull back a little as I changed Dirk's position under him. I put my johnson into Dirk's secret parts, and I proceeded to poke the tip up against his butthole.

Jason stood beside me. I felt the warmth of his body in the humid air. He rubbed his hand across my shoulder blades. Then he kissed the back of my neck, just once. "Now," he sighs. "Do it. Fuck him."

I pushed my johnson inside Dirk. Initially, I took it easy, glidin' my big ol' johnson back and forth in Dirk's behind with slow, almost delicate motion, like the way I deflowered my virgin wife on our weddin' night, lettin' him to get used to the intruder. All the while he's a-moanin' like a cheap whore. I eased back 'til I's just barely inside him, then I pushed forward 'til our hips met. Gradually I picked up the pace.

Instead of merely toleratin' my penetration, Dirk worked his ass against me. This boy was no virgin after all. Maybe that was why his parents kicked him out instead. Right then, it didn't make no never-mind to me. He closed his ass tight 'round my johnson, milkin' it with his butt-ring.

"Oh, yeah," Jason muttered. "That's hot." I could barely hear him over the torrent bangity-bangin- down on

the roof. "Fuck him more. Fuck him harder for me!"

Now that I knowed Dirk could take it, I rode him harder. I ain't touched no one that way since my wife died ten years back, and I had a lot of pent-up seed to fuck out. The sensation of my balls a-bouncin' against his ass had me purt-near crosseyed; I can't remember ever feelin' such a good fuck before. He and Sterling started gettin' louder too, a-groanin' and a-gruntin like pigs in slop.

I ran my hands up and down Dirk's calves, a-squeezin' on the muscles, a-grindin my johnson in his butt 'til he whimpered 'round Sterling's dick in his mouth.

"Oh, man, yeah. Fuck that ass," Jason moaned, all but lost in the storm racket. "Make him come!" I surely did feel myself do my damndest to comply, a-rammin' my dong into Dirk's hole like I could fuck the cum out of him from the inside.

All of a sudden, Sterling reared hisself up. His johnson pulled free of Dirk's mouth. Sterling grabbed it and started beatin' hisself off. Dirk's mouth searched like a calf for a teat and found Sterling's ball sack and got to lickin' it. Sterling yelped, and out came his seed, a-rainin' down on Dirk's chest. Seein' his big ol' johnson and the big load of juice he let loose had me swellin' with pride for my boy.

Jason waved a hand in the air between us, not quite a-makin' it to Sterling's head. "Relax and sleep," he said, purt-near hollerin' now to be heard over the downpour. Sterling closed his eyes and went still.

Dirk jerked under me. I turned my attention back to him 'cause he was a-gaspin' for breath and his balls was drawn up in a swollen knot 'gainst the base of his johnson. I figured he was 'bout to bust. But first I felt somethin' wet and hot hit my back and arm, and I knowed it was Jason behind me, a-shootin' his seed too.

I figured it's now or never, 'cause I can't fuck like this forever. "Get ready to cum, men," Jason instructed us. That was sure good timin', 'cause I was a-gettin' real close.

Dirk flopped 'round like fish out of water. His cock swelled up, and he let out this yell. I felt his ass clamp down hard as his seed erupted from his johnson, driven by my thrusts up inside his ass. He buckled like a wild mare, and I had to hold tight to his legs to keep my johnson up inside him.

I was still goin', still fuckin', nearly ready to give up my cream but not there yet. "Go on, Sterling's Dad--cum. Cum for me!" Jason hollered in my ear. Suddenly, I can't stop it from happenin'. The intensity of my ejaculation caught me by surprise and had me seein' stars every which way as I unloaded years of pent-up frustration outta my balls.

"Good, men. You done real good," Jason said, not yellin' so loud now 'cause the storm outside seemed to be easin' up some. "Now relax and sleep for me."

Suddenly, I was wiped out harder'n if I'd spent all day puttin' up fence posts. I couldn't keep my eyes open, and I couldn't stop myself from fallin' asleep.

But I don't mind none. That Jason may be no-account. Maybe he had some kind of dark influence over Sterling, and maybe that dark influence was spread over me too. But if it had to be by that Jason's rules for me and my son Sterling to stick together, it was the way things was a-gonna have to be. I had to be there for him. No matter what that Jason put us through, we'd weather it together. That's what family is for.

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