

# Bounty

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Magic]

Synopsis: It's 1878 and Clem wants to become a bounty hunter in the western territories, but first he has to deal with a stranger who carries a strange red pendant.

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 realistic it may appear, 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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## Part 1

From where he lay, flat on his belly atop the rocky bluff under the burning late-afternoon sun, Clement peered down into the gulch at the black-haired stranger in the small pond. The stranger swam the short length of the clear water with sure strokes. His shoulders were strong, his jaw heavy. He looked dangerous.

Well, so am I, Clement told himself. He had his gun; he was plenty dangerous too. If there was trouble, he would show this stranger that he, Clement--no, *Coyote!*--was a man to be reckoned with. He had debated this for days with himself. Yes, *Coyote* was a much better name than *Clement*, which he had heard screeched far too many times by the ancient crones who ran the orphanage, hollering what a fool he was, a dreamer, a lazy sinner, good for nothing, nothing but idle hands for the very Devil to use. But *Coyote* could take care of his own damn self--just thinking the minor swear word made him tingle with rebellion. *Coyote* was self-sufficient, had no use for badgering old widow-women, their God, or their Devil. Yes, *Coyote* was more fitting for a man of the Southwest frontier. There: he'd make his decision.

When the stranger reached the edge of the water and stood up, his body was entirely nude, which shocked Clement. He had never in his life seen another person entirely nude before. Yet there, wading to the edge of the pond, was the fact of the stranger's body, not a stitch of clothes on him, naked as the Lord made him. Clement assessed that his own bulkier, stable-honed muscles probably made him stronger than the lean cowboy, but the stranger seemed plenty strong himself. Tall, lanky actually, with a full-grown man's hairy chest and limbs that looked capable of hiking for miles through the frontier wilderness, riding a horse all day, or beating up any cowpoke he took a dislike to.

Clement marked the stranger at maybe twenty-four or -five, though a true age was sometimes hard to tell with these sun-hardened faces; but definitely a full-grown man, at least six years older than Clement.

Clement's eyes stayed glued to the stranger, who stood and faced the sun, not choosing to dress right away like surely any decent man would. The stranger ambled over to the edge of the brush, his bare back and ass displayed to God and anyone like Clement who cared to look, and the quiet splatter sounds Clement heard confirmed that the stranger was emptying his bladder on that scrubby bush in front of him. But the stranger didn't, couldn't, know Clement was looking. Tight buttocks, powerful-looking, Clement thought. He stared at them, pale in the bright sunlight of the Arizona frontier--or had Clement crossed into New Mexico already?--Probably, but no matter. The stranger's ass flexed as his urine-stream ended; he stretched his arms and shoulders, and Clement's eyes were pulled to the dusting of soft hair across each buttock, disappearing into the deep crevice between.

The cowpoke turned slightly. Now his lean torso was visible, hard chest also graced with a swirl of light hair that trailed down his rock-hard stomach to--*Lord and all the angels preserve me*, Clement thought--a rock-hard dick!

He had a hard-on!

Standing there bare-ass naked, drying in the sun, the stranger seemed unconcerned and unashamed that his aroused dick was jutting out from between his thighs, bobbing slightly. Just thinking the scandalous words *dick* and *hard-on* made Clement blush, and seeing the stranger's seemed both sinful and thrilling. The man raised his arms as Clement watched, and clasped them behind his neck, as if stretching out muscles that ached. Yet there was the stranger's dick, just sticking right out, stiff as a board, like being naked and hard-cocked was as natural as the eternal mountains.

Clement was abruptly aware of his own manhood pressed between his belly and the hard stone beneath his denim trousers. It swelled and stiffened as he watched the naked stranger close his eyes and raise his face up to the afternoon sun, just standing there, parading his naked ass and hard cock for God and all of nature to see!

Clem could not help himself--he pushed up to his hands and knees, still far back enough so the man below would not be able to see him, and unbuttoned his pants. He fished out his own hard prong and began to rub at it with an eager hand. His calloused palm was rough and was just what he needed to bring himself to a quick, sinful release. He pulled on his hard dick for only a scant three or four minutes before grunting like a pig and shooting his seed onto the rock beneath him.

In his rutting, Clement must have grunted too loudly or dislodged some small rock that clattered down into the gulch, because the cowboy below was looking upward, scanning the rocky bluff near where Clem was hidden. "Come on out, whoever you are," called the stranger's deep voice. "I know you're there. Show yourself."

Clement jerked himself back out of sight, his dick still dripping the last of his spend as he frantically buttoned up his pants. *I'm such a fool, led astray by my sinful lusts*, the young man cursed himself.

When Clement dared peep again, he saw the stranger, still naked, bent over and quickly searching through his discarded clothes where they lay on a pondside rock. Then the stranger stood up and held something up. It looked like a medallion with a jewel red as blood in the center, like the necklaces the saloon harlots wore but larger. The two crones who ran the orphanage never cottoned much to such prideful adornment, said no decent woman would. The stranger held it high; it dangled at the end of its thick golden chain in the sunlight. Then the stranger did what seemed to Clement the strangest thing: He folded his other arm across his eyes and he called out in loud, clear voice. The chanted guttural words meant nothing to Clement--not Spanish, which he had heard a little, and like none of the Injun tongues Clement had ever heard, though that was not many of the countless varieties in the area.

But then something even stranger happened. The red stone began to glow, bright enough to color everything red in spite of the afternoon sun. The stranger kept chanting the same short phrase, and the stone glowed brighter, redder, impossibly redder. *Must be a trick*, Clement thought, remembering the sleight-of-hand one of the saloon card sharps had shown him and claimed was magic, that day in the general store, before one of the sister crones saw and shooed the man away. Clement had known that trick was not really magic, did not believe in magic, so the glowing jewel couldn't be magic either, but he lacked enough book-learning to explain this. Staring into the mystery of it, Clement felt somehow calmer, every fear and worry melting away, leaving a peaceful heaviness to his body and a sluggishness to his thoughts.

The stranger stopped his chanting. The glow lingered a moment, then began to fade and die. The man lowered the pendant and removed his arm from across his eyes and scanned the bluff-ridge not far from where Clement crouched. "Show yourself," the man called up. "Stand up where's I can see you."

Clement thought about it. He had plenty of reasons for staying hidden, he knew, but somehow none of them mattered. His caution seemed far away, replaced by an amicable quietness. Before he fully understood what he was doing, he found himself standing, in full view of the naked cowboy below.

"Huh. A white man?" The stranger seemed surprised. "Anyone else there with you? Tell me the truth, boy. Speak up so's I can hear you."

Clement called back, "No one else. Just my horse."

Somehow that made the man grin. He motioned to a trail leading down toward the water and hollered back. "Well, git your horse and come here, boy--the both of you."

Clement fetched his horse and found his way down into the small gully where the pond was hidden near a copse of spindly willows. He wondered what he was doing, then decided the man had told him to come, so he had to. He could not understand the compulsion, but this felt somehow *right* nonetheless. And anyway, he had his six-shooter tucked in the waistband of his pants if the stranger started trouble.

By the time Clement led his horse by the bridle to the stranger's camp, the man had donned his jeans and boots again but had still omitted his shirt and hat. The pendant chain was around his neck, and the medallion with its red stone bounced between his chest muscles as he walked. "Don't mind me. I was takin' a swim," he said, as if Clement had asked for an explanation. "Now, tell me who you are, boy, and what you're doin' here--and tell me true."

Clement had every intention of introducing himself by his new-chosen name, *Coyote*, but somehow he blurted out, "Clement. My name is Clement ... I'm gonna be a bounty hunter." Something about this seemed to tickle the stranger, whose steel-grey eyes shone with amusement. Clem could not stop himself from blurting out another revelation: "I'm hot on the trail of Silverio, the famous outlaw."

As soon as he had said it, he regretted it. What a fool he was! So far as he knew, this stranger might just *be*

that famed train robber who was on the loose in the New Mexico Territory, wanted since the year before, the year of our Lord 1878.

"Sounds like a right impressive job, Clem," the stranger said smoothly, all confidence and not at all intimidated--though would a notorious train robber be intimidated by just one bounty hunter? Clement noted the man had shortened his name to *Clem*, which seemed an extraordinary presumption of familiarity but also somehow right: he *was* Clem now. "Leave your horse with me. Put that pistol of yours on the ground slowly. Take off all your clothes, every stitch, and leave them here too. Go to the water and bathe yourself some," the grey-eyed stranger laughed, indicating the quiet water nearby. "You been sweating a powerful lot, I can tell. Bathe yourself 'til I call you back here."

Clem knew he should feel nervous around the confident cowboy, who was older and more polished and self-assured. But somehow the thought of taking off his clothing as the stranger had told him and immersing himself in that cool water on that hot Southwest afternoon was too much to resist. He had never been naked in front of anyone before, but he found himself compelled to become naked now. He could not ignore the cowboy behind him, but his embarrassment seemed far away, the need to strip far more urgent. He placed his pistol on the rocky dirt as he had been told, pulled off his filthy shirt, his boots, his pants that smelled strongly of horse and sweat and dust. He waded into the water.

Some while later: "Come up here, Clem," the stranger called at last.

Clem waded out of the water to find that the pockets of his jeans had been turned out, his saddlebags also disheveled from being searched. Clem stood, uncertain, as if waiting for instructions. He saw, and practically felt, the man's eyes rake up and down his nude body, which made him feel even more exposed and embarrassed. But he could not turn away, could not hide himself. Naked in the setting sun, standing before the half-clad stranger, Clem found his manhood betraying with another hard bone. He gritted his teeth and tried to pretend that what he saw in the stranger's face was surely not wantonness or lust, nothing sinful, just the look of one man sizing up another. Yes, that had to be it. Clem felt so damn horny; it would be the downfall of him, were he were not careful.

"Hungry? Come on, Mister Bounty Hunter. Have a seat over there while I heat us up some grub," that deep voice boomed out.

Clem surprised himself by sitting, naked, docile as a lamb under the stranger's repeated appraising glances. The stranger cooked a simple supper: A hunk of bread and a knife-cut slice of the cheese taken from Clem's saddlebags, and from the stranger's own supplies came beans seasoned with bits of some sort of red pepper and two small slices of ham that he fried. The stranger poured the grease from the ham into a tin cup and set it aside for an unknown reason. "Eat," the man told Clem as he passed a plate and fork to him.

They ate together. The stranger stated that his name was Robert Proctor--"Call me Rob"--and he was travelling through the New Mexico Territory to California. His smoky eyes roamed freely over Clem's naked body, and he seemed not to mind that Clem sometimes looked at his chest too, still exposed and bare except for the red-stoned pendant that he wore as a necklace--*Jewelry on a man, who ever heard of such*, Clem thought--since Rob had left his shirt off after his swim to let it dry in the sun. Clem's hard-on rose and subsided, obeying its own will. Rob paid it no mind, seemed not to notice its doings. Clem looked but said nothing unless the cowboy asked him a question.

"I reckon you'll be lousy for conversation 'til you get used to the stone-spell, but I wager you'll answer questions just fine and truthful-like," Rob said. He proceeded to ask a few more, and Clem dutifully answered because he was unable to find the will *not* to. Questions like *Where'd a kid like you git a six-shooter and a horse? You steal them? Tell me how you got them.*

Clem bristled at the accusation, but found himself recounting his story to the stranger without protest. Told him about being taken in at the orphanage after his parents died of a fever ten years back, maybe more, in that settlement town that was little more than a stop for the stagecoach line. About being apprenticed as a stable hand to the local blacksmith and livery operator, where in return for his hard labor he learned his way around horses; learned to bridle, saddle, ride, and care for them; and received a small coin of pay that was eagerly snatched up by the ancient widow-sisters who ran the orphanage. Learned to track too, from the Injun who helped out around the stable when he was sober; in his old age the man had discovered civilized ways, Jesus, and rotgut whiskey, not always in that order, but claimed to have been a damn fine tracker in his day, and Clem learned everything the man could teach and learned it well. As the day of his adulthood approached, the sister-crones made clear that he would no longer be welcome at the orphanage once he came of age, so he had begun making plans: he had a few dollars saved and the livery owner had taught him how to play poker, calling it a vital skill, one every real man needed to know; maybe he would go to the saloon and join a game, win enough to pay for a stagecoach ticket to ... somewhere else, anywhere. He had no relatives that he knew of, so one *somewhere else* was as good as any other.

A week before his birthday, he ventured into the saloon, where he was allowed to join a game between a pair of drunken cowboys. Clem had even managed to win a couple of hands, lost one too, but building up almost enough to buy a cheap coach ticket, though he considered the cowboys had indulge him as a boy and allowed his successes. Tensions between the two cowboys rose as hands continued to be played and whiskey continued to be drunk. A string of bad hands cost one cowboy most of his money, and though he groused about being cheated, the man at last put one of his pistols on the table as his stake. *A pistol!* Clem had thought at the time, a prize worth more than all the money laid down so far. With a pistol of his own, he would be afraid of no man or Injun! Now Clem had to win the hand--just *had* to! So when a fight broke out between the two cowboys, the drunker declaring the other to be cheating because the cards he'd just been dealt included a second ace of spades, punches thrown, bodies down on the plank floor, Clem saw his opportunity. He grabbed the pistol and as much of the money as he could snatch, and he fled while everyone's attention was on the brawl.

He ran and hid in the livery stable. Soon the cowboys would come looking for him. A pistol was a valuable thing to steal, and the sheriff would organize the townsfolk into a posse to search high and low for the thief. But he was not a thief, and this was not thieving, Clem reasoned, because with his hand of three queens, he surely would've won the round and the pistol as his prize. Not stealing; just jumping right to the end result where the pistol came to be his.

But before the cowboys could come looking, before townspeople could come searching, Clem knew he had to make his escape right then. He saddled one of the fillies, left what money he thought he could spare to pay for her; not the value of what she was worth certainly, so he allowed perhaps a little theft in the act, and he rode out of town. Two days of hard riding later, at a trading post to barter for supplies, he had seen a wanted poster offering a cash reward for one Silverio, train robber--five thousand dollars!--a fortune!--and he knew his direction. He had a horse. He had a pistol with four bullets. He could track with the best, better'n the Injun who taught him. He would become a bounty hunter, capture this Silverio, bring him to justice, and claim the reward. He had not yet, though, understood the wide-open frontier was so big, so many different directions to go, and by chance he had ended up here.

The cowboy listened and stoked the fire as Clem revealed everything. The stars were out by the time Clem finished, shining above them and reflected in the quiet pond surface. Campfire sparks and smoke rose in a quiet swirl of natural beauty. Clem wanted to tell this stranger, Rob, that camping tonight this close to water was not safe; the local coyotes and mountain lions likely came here to drink, and some of them might not be afraid of the smell of man and a small fire.

"That's some story," this stranger Rob said at the end, but he did not question any of it, as if knowing Clem had not--could not have--lied at all during the telling of it, not with his head all groggy like it was.

"Roll out your sleeping gear, kid," Rob instructed companionably. "If you have to empty your bladder, go do it over there. But no funny stuff, and you git right back here when you're done." Clem was dog-tired and feeling very relaxed after the water and the meal and that red light whose fog still had not left his head. He did as the cowboy ordered. When Clem returned from pissing, Rob had laid out his own bedroll alongside Clem's, obviously intending to sleep close together against the cold of the night.

"Lay down, on your side," Rob told him, and Clem did. He felt his hands being roughly yanked in front of him, saw with sudden sharp awareness the rope being coiled around his wrists. "I'm gonna tie you up now. You're gonna allow it, real peaceful-like. Unnerstand?" Clem nodded and watched the robe being knotted to bind his hands together, amazed how he was allowing this and how somehow right and inevitable allowing it felt, just because the stranger told him so. Rob moved down and held Clem's feet with strong hands. More rope and knots around his ankles. Clem cursed himself for allowing himself to be held and tied--like a damn fool!--but he could not work up the will to resist. He lay quiet as a lamb and permitted Rob to do as he liked.

"For your safety and mine," Rob offered as an explanation to Clem's unasked question once he finished his rope-work. "So's you don't git no ideas and do nothing foolish if you wake up a'fore me."

The cowboy settled in behind Clem, his chest pressed to the youth's back in the growing-chill night air, and he pulled a blanket over them both. Clem worried about snakes, scorpions, a dozen dangers, but the stranger seemed to know what he was doing. And to Clem, accustomed to sleeping three boys or more to a bed at the orphanage, all of them in the position required by the crones, flat on their backs, blanket pulled to their chests, arms outside the covers and flat at their sides to prevent the temptation to sin by touching themselves, forbidden by the Good Book in the story of Onan, to Clem sleeping on his side with the cowboy's bare hairy chest and jean-clad legs pressed up close against his naked smooth-muscle back and flanks, warm against the cold air, seemed both a luxury and a scandal. Oh, if the crones and the younger orphans could see him now!--They would know him to be a full-grown man, living rough on the open frontier like a real man should!

"Git some sleep, boy, if'n you can," Rob grumbled in his ear, as if guessing Clem's thoughts.

Though some part of Clem's better judgment demanded caution, the cowboy's instruction to sleep sounded persuasive to him. He closed his eyes and settled back against the taller man's wiry body and bare skin, ready to let sleep take him ...

A time later, Clem awoke. *What the hell?* he thought. In spite of himself, he had sleep deeply and soundly, for the first time in the week since he had set out on his own. The hour must be near dawn, he guessed from the stripe of light along the edge of the dark horizon, but bright light and heat from behind told him that the fire had been built up.

The blanket had been pulled away, leaving his naked body and the shame of his morning erection exposed before God and the whole world. Where was the stranger? Something tugged at Clem's ankles. Clem looked down.

"Take it easy there, pardner," the deep voice of Rob spoke from near his feet. "That stone is powerful Injun magic, but I know the spell breaks at dawn--don't try pretendin' it ain't."

Clem thought about it. Yes, his head felt clearer; the cloudiness from that red glow yesterday was gone. He found his voice, found he could finally speak of his own volition: "What the hell are you doing?"

Rob tugged at the knots binding Clem's ankles, unwrapping them. "I'm gonna teach a young fool a lesson or two. I got needs, but I won't hurt you too bad. You might even like it."

Clem craned his neck around and found himself staring up at the cowboy crouched over him, only now

realizing that the cowboy also was naked as the day he was born. And Clem needed only another second to see Rob had a very stiff poker jutting out from his narrow waist.

"What're you doing, mister?" Clem bleated, his quavering voice humiliating him by revealing his fear. He vowed to himself he would not be afraid, nor beg, nor plead, not even for his life. Whatever was coming, Rob had said Clem would not get hurt too bad, and Clem would show the cowboy that he could take whatever punishment this lesson entailed like a man. He had survived the orphanage crones and their beating-canes; he would take whatever Rob had to dish out.

Rob had untied his ankles but not his wrists. Clem waited for the cowboy to undo the wrist-binding, but instead he felt strong hands spread his naked thighs, revealing his erect sinfulness, and he felt those hands slide up the inside of his legs. His whole body tensed at that incredible feeling. He had never been touched by anyone down there, not ever, and those rough hands were riding down under his thighs and right up into his parted ass cheeks, lifting Clem's butt off the bedroll. The sensation as the man's hands squeezed his buttocks shot up his spine and started Clem's asshole to quivering most shamefully; it also shot right down into his balls, then through his bare dick. His cock throbbed immediately, a humiliation so profound it made him shudder from head to toe.

Rob stared down at him. "You ain't no bounty hunter, friend. You ain't hardly more'n a kid." Clem bristled at being called a kid. "But you're a pretty thing, all young and innocent, probably ain't been broken-in yet. I'm gonna enjoy this. When you showed up and claimed you was on the trail of a dangerous outlaw, well, I decided I better relieve you of your stupidity before somebody else with a gun does." Rob began to squeeze and rub Clem's butt-cheeks, like the crones did to bread dough. *Squeeze. Knead. Squeeze. Knead.* "What if I'm that very Silverio, a bloodthirsty outlaw, and you let me catch you and tie you up, and you fell asleep right beside me, like a lamb for the slaughter? You oughta learn some caution, learn to think a'fore you jump into somethin'," Rob crooned over Clem, as his exploring hands did things to Clem's ass that he shuddered to even contemplate.

Clem pulled at the ropes that still bound his wrists but they held tightly. He tried to kick his legs, but the older cowboy's body between them limited his leverage.

Rob squeezed his buttocks--hard!--and Clem yelped in surprise more than pain. "Be still, boy. Even if'n you were to git free, I've got your six-shooter and mine to boot. There's a good chance I'll shoot you dead a'fore you can do diddly-squat."

Clem stopped kicking.

"Good boy. I know the stone-spell's worn off, and that's good. I want you to learn this lesson with your full wits about you."

Clem could not answer, as his consciousness was centered on the fingers now strumming his intimate butthole and making it pulse in a not unpleasant way--no, definitely not unpleasant. The way the cowboy tickled Clem's outer butt-rim and teased it as his other hand rolled each of Clem's vulnerable nuts in a callused palm awakened deep fires of lust and made him feel so, so ... *Hellfire!* he wanted to scream, but only a deep whimper came out of his throat to shame him further.

"That's good. Make all the noise you want, but don't say nothin' you might regret later. Just relax if'n you can. Take it like a man," Rob crooned softly in his ear, his face down close.

The firelight was bright, and Clem could see the rough, unshaven face staring at him so intently. The face was handsome enough, and its hard expression somehow still has a strange softness to it, around the eyes. Clem would have been comforted except for the fact of those big hands exploring his body roughly, without any

inhibition. He knew enough about the ways animals bred to estimate how husbands did their marital duty with their wives, but did this cowboy truly mean to husband him as if he were a woman? He had no experience with the specifics, but he'd heard stories, knew sermon-words like *sodomite* existed for a reason. Was this what men did together in the frontier with no wives or saloon whores around? He admitted to himself he liked the idea, had always been more interested in what the mare got out of being bred than the stallion. The older man, though hardly more than a few years older himself, obviously knew a lot more about the ways of a man's lust than Clem, whose own direct knowledge was limited to his hand and furious strokings in secret. Clem tried to relax as he had been told, so the man could slake his lusts with Clem's body and, in the process, show him how it was done. She-animals had a fold between their legs into which he-animals stuck their lust. Men had no such opening, but maybe ... Clem pulled his knees together so that he could make a satisfying clamp between his thighs.

The cowboy forced Clem's knees apart again, growled, "Keep 'em spread, asshole, wide as you can. Just try to relax. It'll go easier on you if'n you can relax."

*Asshole?* Did the man truly mean to push his lust into his asshole, Clem wondered? Did men together use the asshole as a replacement for the female's fold? Surely not! The thought seemed indecent and physically dirty. But the idea did seem to make a certain convenient sense that matched the whispered stories Clem had heard and the way his very buttohole responded with increasingly pleasing sensations to Rob's strumming fingers.

The cowboy seemed to read Clem's widening eyes. "Yeah, that's right. This cowpoke is gonna have you, kid, but first we gotta prime you. I'll light your fire, git your juices flowin', open you right up. That's what I like best: bein' the first one to break in young steers like you, seein' them start to like it, ridin' 'em good and hard, the cowboy way, 'til they can't take no more and pop off with my dick stuck up their butts."

Clem heard a shuddering gasp that he barely recognized as his own.

Rob seized Clem's nipples and worked them over with a rough pinching, making jolts of sensation burst through the youth's body. Rob obviously relished his rough role and seemed to enjoy Clem's loss of composure. He slid his hands down the youth's smooth stomach to encircle the slim hips. He lifted Clem's legs into the air, which made Clem shiver as he felt the still-chilly morning air touch him *down there*. Rob reached for something. Clem smelled ham and, when he felt the smooth, cool smear of something slick in his ass crack, he understood why Robert had poured off the grease last night. He felt Rob press his erect manhood against Clem's butt, which produced a sharp hiss from Clem.

Rob grinned, enjoying Clem's whimpers. "Oh, I do surely do love those noises a little stallion colt like you makes when I'm breakin' him in," Rob growled. His fingers explored and fondled every exposed nook between Clem's spread ass cheeks, and--curse him!--Clem began to find more than a little pleasure in it!

Clem heard his own groans, his body quivering nonstop at the intimate explorations of the man above him. He was tied up and defenseless; whatever the stranger--Rob or the outlaw Silverio--wanted, he could have for the taking. Would he fuck him? Clem recalled that stiff pecker rising up in the afternoon sunshine, long and purple-hard. His shivering increased as he suddenly visualized it sliding between his butt-cheeks as the cowboy started to sodomize him. That was as far as he would allow his imagination to wander. "Oh, God, no--not my asshole, please!"

Rob--or Silverio, whichever he was--hovered over his captive and Clem felt a drop of warm wetness drip from the cowboy's stiff dick onto his thigh. Clem's own aching prick was stiff as iron, revealing his sinful lusts of the flesh. Robert's fingers lingered there around Clem's asshole, teasing the puckered rim, and Clem felt his hole flutter and quiver under the cowboy's intimate manipulations. Rob even poked a fingertip into the center of Clem's most secret place, pushing, stretching it open slightly.



Rob clamped his hands on Clem's hips, lifted, turned, used his grip to roll Clem onto his stomach, head and shoulders and bound hands down, hips and ass up. Robert assaulted Clem's helpless and exposed butt with a ravenous mouth and tongue--Clem had never imagined a man could do such a thing!--or would!--sucking, licking, eating, thumbs and fingers kneading and tenderizing of Clem's buttocks. Clem shuddered from the sensations that wracked his body. That hungry tongue! The cowboy's invasion coaxed tortured mewling gasps from Clem's gaping mouth.

"Mmh. Can't wait no longer!" The cowboy pulled back and wrist-screwed two fingers into Clem's asshole and used a loosening twirl to open it wide.

"Ahh!"

"It'll hurt some, but a lot of men have taken it a'fore and I reckon you can too. It'll start to feel good real soon--you just gotta give in to it, pardner. I know you want it," Rob crooned again, his voice a fine instrument that sent shudders up and down Clem's spine: Then he added another two words: "Feel this?" And a thick, hard piece of flesh pressed between Clem's quaking butt-cheeks to replace the hand that had been familiarly groping him.

"Time to brand your ass as mine, kid!" Rob rumbled. With a shift of his hips, up came the drooling head of Rob's erectness to nuzzle the ring, and Clem felt his hole spasm, then again. "I'm gonna mount you for the ride of your life!"

Before Clem could protest, in one powerful thrust Rob pierced Clem's grease-slicked ass with his swollen manhood and what felt like a mile of shaft. Clem's body jolted, but the muscular body behind him gripped him tightly. As Clem howled, he heard Rob chuckle and say, "Yeah! Now let's fuck!"

Clem fought with his bound hands to keep his torso upright. As Rob pushed in more cock, still more, Clem experienced pain, but also little sparks of something that felt ... oddly good. His head hung and lolled from side to side in shameful abandon, with lustful moans and gurgles rising from his throat.

Rob laughed again as Clem bucked and struggled and fought with a sudden intense will. Rob held his shoulders tightly, keeping that burning dick crammed between those clenching ass-cheeks, keeping Clem pinned, using him like a woman, using him hard. He heard Rob say, "Yeah, you little bronco, that's it--give me a good ride!"

Rob fell on top of the boy, burying his dick fully inside, his pubic hair finally scratching at Clem's buttocks. "Ain't had it down and dirty like this for a long time, kid. Let's have your ass, kid!" After a moment to let Clem grow accustomed to the outrage of his intruding manhood, Rob began thrusting, increasing quickly to urgent full gallop. Clem clenched his teeth as the savage pain in his ass gradually became tainted with a shameful pleasure. Robert's cock kept pressing against a spot up inside him that made Clem feel as if he had to piss and cum at the same, an odd feeling that spread through him.

Rob pulled his cock from Clem's butt. Was this over? Surely not, Clem wondered. In the glow of the firelight and the gathering dawn, the older man's naked body over him gleamed with sweat.

Clem found himself flipped onto his back. Rob pulled one of Clem's legs up against his shoulder. Rob began to reinsert his cock, piercing, stimulating Clem most sinfully again. Clem felt his leg kick helplessly in Robert's grip and rub against the cowboy's unshaven cheek. But just as suddenly as he had begun his struggle, Clem ceased, his body going abruptly limp beneath the man. Rob had Clem's other leg pinned flat to the bedroll by the weight of his hand on the thigh. "Gonna break your ass in right," Rob hissed as he fucked, his pumping hips picking up speed, in and out of Clem's impossibly stretched asshole and the squelching noises it made in answer to Rob's sinful string of moaned obscenities. The pendant bounded against the cowboy's

thrusting chest in the growing dawn light. Rob bent his powerful body over the youth's, a slight change of angle as his hips began to fuck again, and Clem heard him growl, felt the man sink his teeth into Clem's shoulder as if anchoring them together.

Great gasps escaped Clem's throat; a whimper that became a howl of surrender sounded loud in the dawn silence. As his hole opened wide, Clem moaned and lay still, his hands slack in their bindings. Plaintive, staccato yelps of passion and pleasure and surrender, sputtered into the air, and Clem realized they came from his own gaping, drooling mouth. His slick torso writhed and rocked with every thrust of Clem's forceful fucking.

"Love fuckin' me a buckin' yearling. Damnation, kid, I love your ass!"

Clem had surrendered. He hadn't really wanted to resist--he knew that. But he had made the attempt; he had to, to prove he was a man. He let his will go, and his asshole just seemed to open up when his surrender allowed it. Unbelievable! He had a hard cock sliding into his guts while he lay there and accepted the man's ministrations. More than accepted--this felt incredible! The aching pressure in his guts seemed to swell his balls with pleasure; his dick was bouncing and leaking and hard as iron from the blacksmith's anvil. He hoped his low moans conveyed to Rob how much he wanted this.

Clem felt that cock reaming out his buttohole. He felt it push its way still further into his guts; he felt it prod an inner pleasure spot with every deep penetration; he felt its backward slide to hover just inside the aching entrance. Another slow slide in--*prod!*--then another glide backward. Another, faster, and again and again. *Prod-prod-prod!* The feelings! No wonder she-animals would let--No wonder the men of Sodom had ..

His own stiff dick was on fire, like his balls and fucked hole. Clem gave in entirely. Whether this was some cowpoke or the outlaw fucking him, he no longer cared. The constant stream of soft crooning that Rob offered him seemed as much a caress as the hands that roamed up and down Clem's torso and neck. The dick massaging his guts was powerful and irresistible, but not unkind. Clem was roped and tied and at the mercy of the stranger who was fucking his virgin butt like a wife's fold, yet he somehow felt safe. He felt cared for. His cum was building, wanting to explode out of his straining cock. He could not hold back much longer.

Rob's mounting built toward a climax. Clem could see it in the man's clenched-tight eyes, his gasping mouth, head thrown back in ecstasy, the way his body was beginning to shudder. Suddenly Rob opened his eyes, looked down at him. Rob grasped Clem's flailing hard-on, jerked it hard and fast, while hammering himself deep inside Clem's tortured guts. "Giddy-up," Robert yelled, accompanied by Clem's keening whine.

Robert dropped Clem's leg from his shoulder, pushed himself hard and fast in and out of the blazing hole. "Take my seed, boy." With a satisfied grunt of pleasure, he pressed it in deep, threw his head back. Clem realized Robert was planting his spend deep inside his ass. Two more of Robert's hand-strokes on Clem's cock, and the boy felt his world burst into a thumping explosion of eye-clamping, muscle-locking bliss.

Finally Clem felt his spent body go limp as a rag, his moans replaced by a final slow sigh. Rob chuckled as he kept up his fucking. Clem reveled in how easily Rob's still-hard dick could slide so easily in and out of his ass. Gradually Rob pulled his cock out of that hole, pulled himself back, stood up, and grinned down at Clem lying loose-limbed, and the cowboy gave a panting chuckle of success and satisfaction.

Clem lay there as the cowboy went back to the pond and washed the sweat and grease from his limbs. As his breathing settled back to normal, Clem felt an odd sense of contentedness, almost trust. In spite of his bound wrists, he could have slipped off the bedroll, maybe searched the cowboy's saddlebags to find his pistol, and blown his brains out right then; but Rob was washing himself unafraid, his back to Clem. Rob had had many opportunities to shoot Clem too and he had not, which Clem hoped meant he had no reason to feel fear. If the cowboy could make Clem feel wanted, if he could make Clem's body sing and feel the very bliss of the

angels, well, Clem found himself wondering whether staying with the cowboy would be a better option.

Then he noticed the man's discarded gear beside them. A gleaming flash of silver was half-hidden by the denim shirt. Clem reached out and touched it. His mouth dropped open when he discovered it to be a shiny silver star, with words printed on the gleaming surface, and Clem knew his letters well enough to read:

*United States Marshal  
Robert Proctor*

Clem laughed to himself and turned back watch the naked cowboy wading out of the pond, his freshly cleaned and mostly soft cock dripping water in the morning air. Well, Clem thought, Marshall Robert Proctor had taught him a lesson or two, as he promised.

Rob crouched at the foot of the bedroll, his cock swinging, the red-stoned pendant around his neck swinging too.

Grey eyes soft as clouds stared into Clem's. Rob grinned. "We ain't done yet, boy. Reckon I can't much leave you out here on your own, can I? But in order to take you with me, I gotta know you ain't gonna do somethin' stupid or somethin' other'm what I say, so ..." Rob closed his eyes and turned his face away. In a loud, clear voice, he chanted the same words Clem had heard the afternoon before.

The stone began to glow. "No!--Wait!--I'll--" Clem yelped. But Robert was already repeating the chant, and the brightening red glow was already stealing Clem's thoughts, leaving only that familiar quiet cloudiness in his head.

"Git dressed," Rob ordered, not bothering to release the knots that bound Clem's hands, "while I get our things together."

*Git dressed* meant his pants and boots. Clem couldn't think of a way to get his shirt on over his bound hands, so he had to remain bare-chested. Perhaps that was dressed enough to satisfy the command. Out here in the middle of nowhere with only God and the cowboy to see him, he could allow this shameful display of his bare torso without fear.

A few minutes later, saddlebags packed, their horses retrieved from the willows where they had been allowed to water and graze, Rob ordered Clem, "Mount up."

He could do this, Clem thought, concentrating against the foggiess in his head. Grasp the saddle horn with his bound hands. Left foot into the left stirrup. Push his body up. Swing his right leg over. Settle into the saddle, nice and easy, so's not to spook the filly. Right foot into the right stirrup, careful not to kick her. Success. Rob nodded his approval.

Rob tied Clem's bound wrists to the saddle horn. He tied the filly's reins to the back of his own saddle and mounted up. "Giddy-up," he coaxed his horse, a phrase Clem remembered well, and his asshole twitched. The marshal followed this with a click of his tongue, and guided their horses out of the gulch.

## Part 2

The two cowboys, one a U.S. Marshal and the other a would-be bounty hunter, hovered over their captive, bound and helpless on the scrub pine needles littering the ground at their feet. Under the unforgiving sunshine in the New Mexico Territory, both cowboys were buck-naked and their hard cocks jutted eagerly out from their groins. Standing side by side emphasized their contrasts: the young bounty hunter was lighter of hair, solidly built, all smooth-skinned muscle; while his black-haired partner was taller, lean, hairy, with ropy

muscles and a darker complexion. The U.S. Marshal wore a red-stoned pendant around his neck, had a long and possessive arm draped over his partner's wide shoulders, which the younger man not only allowed but seemed to revel in with an oddly blank-eyed grin.

Earlier--The events that led to this situation had begun an hour before. They were somewhere north of Santa Fe, the autumn dawn crisp with an unusual frost. The horse tracks Clem could read plainly headed off toward a deep canyon, still hidden in shadow that early in the morning. He glanced back at the man astride the dark gelding behind him and nodded silently. As usual, Clem was struck by the softness of Rob's cloudy grey eyes, such a contrast to the raven-black hair and the sharp features of his deeply tanned and craggy face.

The marshal rewarded the young bounty hunter he'd hooked up with a month before with a grin. Although Clem knew himself to be young and inexperienced, he also knew he had proven himself to be an excellent tracker, and after they got that tip at a nearby settlement where they stopped for provisions, his expertise had led them here, hot on the trail of the infamous outlaw Silverio. Clem had proven himself cooperative too, and Rob scarcely needed to use the pendant under his shirt to cloud the kid's mind, yoke his will, and ensure he stayed docile and obedient--scarcely, but Rob used it anyway, most mornings, for as he told Clem he was not a man who believed in taking chances.

Together they entered the canyon, silent as ghosts in the early morning. Pine trees, weathered and scraggly, rose above them as they descended; the rocky trail was steep but their frontier-toughened steeds followed it easily.

The men halted simultaneously. Just below them was a man with a roan mare nearby. The man was crouched on a rock, his back to them, as he busied himself with the remains of a campfire. A scruffy cowboy hat on his head, and thick black hair fell to his shoulders, hiding his face from that angle. Rob and Clem each had been assessing him, comparing what little they could make out to the likeness on the *Wanted* posters they had seen. Now the two partners exchanged silent glances, then Rob nodded. He quietly reached for his rope, breathing easily, as calm as Clem was nervous in spite of the pendant's spell on him.

Clem's enthrallment compelled him to wait when the marshal whispered the order. The cowboy confidently crept closer, closer, close enough, and raised his rope, swirled it above his head and let fly. The whirring sound of that rope caught the attention of the man below, but too late. The flying rope settled like the descending wings of a bird around his neck and one of his shoulders in mid-turn. The man jumped, and the rope tightened at once, and the spooked stranger tumbled unceremoniously into the dirt, his loud grunt the only sound he emitted.

The man rolled to his feet, reaching for his sidearm, but the Marshal already held something aloft, a golden pendant with a red stone, a stone that glowed with a bright red light as the cowboy chanted the string of words that Clem had come to know so well. To Clem, already under the pendant's spell, the glow had no further effect; but the man below, his gaze caught helplessly by the red blaze, froze where he was. His pistol, being drawn as the man's hand stilled, somersaulted into the dust at his feet.

Soon Rob and Clem had their outlaw bound up like a sack of grain by his own campfire in the bottom of the canyon beneath a towering pine tree. "This calls for a celebration," Rob told Clem as he wiped the sweat from his forehead in the morning's rapidly warming autumn sunlight. "You know what to do. Strip down."

Clem nodded, then began to remove his clothing, as did Rob. By now, Clem was accustomed to following instructions and quickly became naked without shame in front of their bound captive. Rob already sported a sizeable erection, which he unabashedly waved over the hapless outlaw. Clem's cock rose too.

"Cat got your tongue?" Rob gloated at the outlaw, though Clem knew the cowboy understood how little will the red stone's spell left their captive for speaking. "We know you're the outlaw Silverio--don't try denying

it--and we intend on bringing you in for the trial you deserve. But that's a long ride off. Got anything to say in your defense before we give you a taste of our own kind of justice?" Rob's laugh was not mean, but was not merciful either. Clem knew Rob had little sympathy for the hog-tied robber they had been seeking for the last month.

But Clem thought this criminal was damned handsome. He looked to be Mexican, or at least some variety of Hispano, which Clem had not realized until they actually had him roped and at their feet. Dark straight hair gleamed around the outlaw's wide face and broad shoulders, and his golden complexion was smooth and creamy, from his Spanish ancestry. Lips lush as a woman's but with a man's small, neat mustache above them added character to his features. He was big, bulky with muscle held in check by the ropes around his body and the spell that sapped his thoughts. He had not said a word since they had captured him, merely stared at them with those swimming amber eyes that Clem found to be unreadable.

In spite of the spell, something about the outlaw cried out to be tamed, some inner tension that the spell kept in check but still needed to be captured and bound and punished. His arrogance, absolutely self-assured, still shone through the mind-sapping spell.

Naked now, Clem followed Rob's lead when the marshal began stroking his dick; soon both of their rods had swelled to full size. The bound outlaw merely stared up at them, though Clem thought he detected an edge of appreciation. The outlaw's eyes settled on the pair of stiff cocks and remained there. The cowboys pressed close together, the older, dark-haired Rob's arm still draped over Clem's broad shoulders as their breathing turned into gasps and their hands stroked faster than a gunfighter's draw over their fuck-pistols. "Open your mouth, Silverio," Rob growled, pushing his hips forward. The Hispano outlaw's lips opened in a slow grin, calm and unruffled by what some part of him surely must realize was about to happen. "I'm gonna shoot!" Rob panted. His cock erupted, cum rocketing out in the morning air to land in streaks across the bound captive's face and hair. Clem shot too, though his load did not shoot as far, landing on the outlaw's shirt.

Silverio reached out his big tongue and licked at his thick lips, lapping up the bit of Rob's load that had landed within reach. Rob laughed and declared, "Looks like there's more to you than your reputation lets on. We're gonna have to test your mettle. Hey, Clem, I'm gonna string him up and then we'll play with him some. We'll see whether he speaks English or not!"

The marshal kept a pair of shiny handcuffs in his knapsack. He took them out, and with Clem's aid, they untied and cuffed the spell-quieted outlaw, who naturally did not resist but made no effort to cooperate either. They had him standing up with his wrists raised above his head, the handcuffs themselves tied to a low branch of the pine tree above them.

Rob surveyed their handiwork and then grinned when he saw Clem's cock was still hard. "You got the right idea, kid!" He reached out a strong hand and stroked Clem's stiff dick, which made the younger cowpoke shiver.

Clem fetched a sharp knife at Rob's instruction. "Be still, Silverio," Rob hissed. "Don't move a muscle 'less I say to." Silverio managed to curl his expression into a sneer before the order to *don't move* took hold. Rob began to slice into the outlaw's clothing, tearing it from his body in expert swiftness. The shirt was gone, revealing a wide back, lightly bronzed, bulging biceps and thick forearms, all hairless. His torso bore numerous long-healed scars, no doubt from his hard life as an outlaw. Then Rob's slashing blade moved down to the man's heavy denim pants. That gleaming knife moved up along the man's crack and split the trousers wide open, revealing a hard pair of butt-mounds that were as hairless as most of the outlaw's big body.

In less than five minutes, Rob had Silverio naked aside from the heavy cowboy boots that rose up to his lower calves, boots that were beautifully tooled and cared for--no paid for with money from one of the trains

the outlaw robbed. "Stand up straight. Let me git a good look at you." Rob stood back and eyed their victim. "Yeah, I'm gonna enjoy this!" Instead of quivering or shaking with fear under Rob's gaze, the captive was calm and serene as if nothing was out of the ordinary. The stone-spell had him, obviously, but somehow he was finding ways to show defiance still. He stood tall, thighs spread in a stance of confidence, each hard ass cheek bare and shining in the morning sun.

"Nothing to say? Not gonna plead for mercy?" Rob teased the cuffed captive. "Not gonna tell us how you ain't really no crook and never killed no one?" Clem wondered if the captive could even answer. If the mind-spell affected Silverio the way it did Clem, *not* might mean *can't*.

Silverio turned his head and looked back at his captors with a dazed but confident expression. Then he offered them that slow, mysterious smile. *Amazing*, Clem thought. Silverio was completely at their mercy, they could do anything to him, but he showed no signs of fear, and he seemed much more capable of handling the stone-spell than Clem could, even after a month. The robber seemed to be smiling without struggling against the effect at all.

"Take a good look at his ass," Rob told Clem. "He's got a nice one, ain't he? Nearly as nice as yours. I'm gonna like fuckin' it. I might even let you take a turn pokin' it. Hey, you'd like that, I bet."

The moment Rob said that, Clem's eyes took aim at the robber's ass. Clem was young and horny, and although amazed at the outlaw's poise, his thoughts were now dominated by one thing: that beautiful pair of rounded butt-cheeks, with the deep crack between them that led to the butthole that he would find hidden inside that mysterious crevice. Yes, Clem felt himself wanting to mount the big Hispano outlaw the way Rob had been mounting him once or twice a day for the last month. Clem wanted to pierce the outlaw like a woman with his manhood, and breed him until Clem took his satisfaction. His balls and dick pulsed at the thought.

Rob was smart, Clem decided; he must have seen the course of Clem's thoughts over the last while, seen the way Clem had been wanting to try mounting Rob himself, and Rob had decided to steer Clem in the direction of a new target. So maybe Rob could tell what was in the mind of this outlaw as well? Clem moved closer to Silverio, smiling in his face before looking down to get a closer gander at his stomach and the private parts below. Wow!--Silverio had one huge cock dangling soft and relaxed between his big thighs. When it stiffened, would it be big as Rob's?--bigger? What would being bred by it feel like?

"Go ahead, Clem. Touch him down there," Rob said huskily. "Stroke his thing. Get him real hard."

Clem reached down, pressing his own naked body against the outlaw's, and took Silverio's dangling cock in one hand and massaged the fat meat. It grew at once, began to rise up and harden.

When the monster dick was fully rigid, Clem could barely wrap his hand around its fat girth. He looked into the outlaw Silverio's eyes. They were half-shut now, evidence of the stone-spell and the lust that accompanied his cock being at full-mast and twitching. Under flickering eyelids, the amber orbs met with Clem's, yet neither man said a word.

Rob laughed again. Clem felt the marshal's hand on his shoulder, pulling him close. "Okay, Clem, I want you to fuck his big Hispano butt. Git your dick hard, grease it up, and shove it up Silverio's hole! Maybe that'll make him squeal. He's an outlaw; he deserves to be punished," Rob ordered, his voice gruff, something cunning in his gray eyes.

Clem looked from Rob's lean form to the captive and his raised arms cuffed above him, helpless to defend himself, his broad back and body naked. Clem had never fucked anyone before--he had only been fucked by Rob, though Clem had often, increasingly, wondered how being in the saddle and riding his cock into a man's

asshole himself would feel. Now, ordered to fuck the outlaw, Clem was eager to oblige. He released his grip on Silverio's cock and took up a position behind the outlaw, leaning forward, pressing his bobbing dick vertically into the deep fold between the outlaw's dusky ass cheeks. The warmth seemed incredible to Clem, and he longed to be inside the outlaw like Rob had said.

"Here," Rob said, passing Clem the now-familiar tin of ham grease. "Slick your cock with this and fuck him. And you, Silverio--you're gonna take it like a man and let him fuck you, ain't you? 'Course you are!"

Clem scooped a generous amount, smeared the grease on his erect manhood, and rubbed his the pointed end of his stiffness into the crease of Silverio's ass, searching between his ass cheeks for his hole. The muscles were hard, but the cheeks parted pliantly as Clem aligned his cock-head with Silverio's hole and pushed, pushed harder, leaned into his task, and was rewarded with the feeling of the head beginning to split that pucker. Clem was too focused on the outlaw's hole to pay much attention to Rob telling Silverio to relax his ass and let his hole open up. The sphincter seemed tight at first, then surprised Clem with its sudden pliant softness and gaping openness. His dick-head slipped past the gateway and into the steaming confines of the outlaw's ass-pit. *Thunder and damnation!* Another push and a third of Clem's cock was swallowed completely. Another push, another, and then Clem was driving two-thirds of his shaft into the nearly hairless crack. He shuddered as he bucked his hips and fed the last of his entire long man-shaft into the warm depths.

Rob leered. "How's he feel, Clem? Tell me how his ass feels."

"I'm in him!" Clem gasped in awe. "He's so hot inside. Feels so great. Damnation, his insides feel so hot!"

Rob grinned, said, "Fuck him good, kid," then turned back to staring in the outlaw's lidded eyes, as if trying to predict what Silverio was thinking or if he was going try something. Rob was stroking the huge Hispano cock slowly and playing with the man's swollen nuts at the same time. Rob's own dick was hard against the man's leg, and he was humping it along the muscular flesh.

Clem wrapped his arms around the Hispano's chest to steady himself. His hips pounded back and forth as he reamed out Silverio's asshole the way a stallion would ream out a mare. The outlaw shifted his hips slightly, and suddenly Clem discovered the angle was easier. How much will did the outlaw have left?--No matter. Clem's grease-slick dick drilled the captive's butt easily now. The feel of the warm fuck-tunnel that his dick plowed inflamed Clem, and he found himself gasping, moaning, and driving his cock in and out as his hips pumped frantically.

The outlaw accepted it, powerful butt muscles spread as his wide-parted thighs stood rock-solid and firm against the storm Clem was unleashing upon his ass. Rob's hand on Silverio's hard dick had that member bobbing and jerking, but still the outlaw did not move or moan or speak. His eyes remained half-shut, his mouth half-open, that slow, easy grin still on his handsome features.

In mere minutes, Clem shot his load up the pliant fuck-hole, gasping and nearly sobbing with pleasure as he collapsed, clinging against the Hispano's broad-muscled back.

Rob pushed Clem aside, and the youth's softening dick popped out of Silverio's anus as he stumbled back and surveyed their cuffed victim. The outlaw was as calm as ever, as if he got man-fucked every day, as if nothing unusual had happened. His ass crack drooled a bit of Clem's cum. Rob took Clem's place at Silverio's asshole and pressed his greased cock up to it. "Now, bastard, you're gonna tell me who you are, and then you're gonna beg me to fuck the daylights out of you, y'hear? Tell me who you are, and tell me true."

One thrust, and Rob buried his entire cock inside Silverio down to the balls.

"Yow!" the captive howled, finding his tongue as ordered. He confirmed what Clem already knew and more: "Yes, I'm the train robber Silverio! Please fuck me--do whatever you want--fuck me--do whatever you want

to me. Oh, damnation, your big dick is up my asshole!" he shouted.

"Hear that, kid? Like breakin' in a new colt," Rob chuckled. "Just takes some of 'em a little longer to give up fightin' than others. Now, why don't you be right neighborly and stroke this outlaw's cock for him while I take my turn fuckin' his ass?"

Having surrendered now, Silverio was a moaning, writhing mass of fucked flesh between them, with Rob's cock up his butt and Clem's fist wrapped around his dick. Rob fucked and Clem stroked for a good ten minutes, maybe longer--Clem was unsure how long. Silverio and his hungry asshole and pulsing cock did not cum easily. In his travels, Clem wondered, had this outlaw met and conquered many other cowboys, fucking them with his monster dick, or forcing them to shove their always smaller dicks up his own twitching hole? Had he ever had enough, his buttohole always needing just a little more than they could give it? Rob's cock was big, as big as the outlaw's, and surely it must be giving him as much pleasure as he could handle? Silverio was slowly being reduced to a state of moaning euphoria by the spell, Rob's cock, and Clem's hand. Any moment now, one or the other was going to cum--Rob or Silverio--and Clem wondered who would be first. Suddenly Silverio gasped and stiffened, and with no further warning he shot his load. Cum flooded Clem's hand, the dick in his grip swelling with spasms as the outlaw exploded.

"Lordy--gonna cum!" Rob panted, and then his body too spasmed violently, pumping in rapid convulsions that turned into a familiar last push inside, driving his dick deep into Silverio's ass and holding it there as he shot his seed deep inside.

When the two men removed themselves from the captive's body, they stood back and contemplated the huffing man. His body was drenched in sweat, his asshole gasped and clenched, freshly fucked. His spent dick stood at half-mast, drooling the last drops of cum, but still swollen and thick. They had succeeded in capturing the infamous outlaw, and Rob had taken control of him. Somehow, in spite of his surrender and the spell, Silverio managed to turn his handsome head and stare back at them. Although hanging in his cuffs, sweat-drenched and drained of cum, something of his natural dignity remained. He looked up at them, his eyes hooded and mysterious. Then his slow grin surprised them. "If'n ... turn me ... in?" he slurred in a quiet, deep voice. His eyes twinkled. "Think ... what ya ... be missin' ..."

Rob laughed loud and long. "Well, Silverio," he smirked, again draping a long arm around Clem's naked shoulders as his dick began to lengthen and stiffen once more, "it's a long ride to Santa Fe, and the way I see it, we got ourselves lots of opportunities for fun 'tween now and then!"

## Part 3

Robert Proctor, U.S. Marshal, was tied to a pine tree trunk in the hot Southwest sun, stripped naked even of his pendant. He was gagged with his own kerchief, his badge discarded on the ground next to him.

The six Injuns--maybe Apaches, Clem thought--who surrounded him were laughing as they took turns prodding, punching, spitting on, and slapping the bound marshal. The Injuns were painted savages, all shirtless in the hot sun, laughing, showing off and posturing for one another, and not at all modest about it; four wore a savage's leather leggings and broadcloths, and two wore a white man's trousers. Sweat ran down their lean, ruddy-skinned bodies as they laughed louder, slapped one another, jabbered in their indecipherable tongue, and passed around a bottle of the cheap whiskey they had discovered in the outlaw's saddlebags. They had already drunk one bottle, and this second was half-gone already.

Clem, hands tied behind his back, knelt in the shade of a nearby second pine. He watched impotently as the drunk Apaches shed the remainder of whatever bits of civilized inhibitions they possessed. Rob's lawman badge especially seemed to anger them--before they started cutting off his clothing, one of them had yanked



the badge off Rob's shirt and thrown it into the dust and spat on it, a display which seemed to please the other Injuns mightily. Now that they had Rob gagged, stripped, his hands bound and strung up to an overhead branch, they fondled and teased his lean body. Watching one of the jeering Injuns yank on Rob's dangling ball-sack and another dig his dark fingers into Rob's mouth, Clem groaned in dismay. He recalled how they had gotten into this situation and his own dismal fault in it.

Clem was young, impulsive, and inexperienced. He had realized this after that first day, when Rob took him by surprise and captured his will with the magic in that pendant and butt-fucked him the next morning beside his campfire. That situation had turned out well, since Rob was a good man and an upstanding lawman at heart; and after Rob decided they should search together for the outlaw Silverio, a decision Clem had eagerly accepted, they had been fortunate enough to get a tip and pick up his trail. Clem's skill as a tracker allowed them to eventually overtake and capture him. That had been for Clem an incredible experience. He had gradually earned Rob's trust, and the lawman had been using the pendant's spell to control him less and less often, sometimes letting days go by without it, though he still used it to bind the outlaw Silverio's will nearly every day. *No sense takin' no chances*, the lawman would say.

Nearly every day, but not today.

Now they had been making their way toward Sante Fe, still at least two days of steady riding away, to collect the reward for their captive. Today was one of the days Rob hadn't used the stone and chant, saying he thought that hunk of rock could get a hold on a man's soul and did not want Clem or Silverio to come to need it the way a drunk needs whiskey. Rob wanted Clem to be clear-headed, sent him ahead to scout for trouble, and Clem had fallen into these stealthy Injuns' trap. Their numbers made fighting them off too difficult and he had been captured. Rob, coming along behind half an hour later with their captive, had no choice but to surrender to the Injuns in order to save Clem's life. After seeing the U.S. Marshal badge on Rob's shirt, the Injuns had chosen the older, cooler cowboy as the one to torture. This was no shotgun hospitality--they were the Injuns' captives, pure and simple. With one Injun's knife at Clem's throat, Rob accepted being bound by the rest of them stoically and accepted their abuse in the same manner, which did not surprise Clem.

Clem groaned as he witnessed them grope Rob brutally. *That should be me*, Clem thought--he should have been the one to suffer, since he was the fool who got himself caught. And alongside him, their captive Silverio was also silent, tied and kneeling, not mind-spelled but likewise unable to alter their situation.

Here in this small canyon, the Apaches could do as they pleased. They spoke among themselves in their native tongue, although two of them used enough broken English with Rob to make themselves understood when they ordered him to his knees, hands over his head, as he negotiated to trade his own torture for that of Clem. But now as they grew drunker, they seemed to have forgotten all their English along with any other semblance of civilized behavior. They whooped and taunted and swarmed around Rob while he stared into the distance impassively, ignoring his tormentors, while the merciless sun dipping toward the horizon caused sweat to pour down his body.

Drunk on victory and alcohol, dancing to some chanted song of their own, the Injuns had come to discard their clothing gradually. All half-dozen sported stiff erections, making their intentions plain. Their uncircumcised manhoods were shamelessly on display in the late sun, bobbing between their hard thighs as they cavorted around Rob. One would rush forward and thrust his hips against Rob's bound body, rubbing his hard dick over any area of the man's limbs he happened to be near. Dicks mashed up against Rob's belly, his thighs, his ass crack.

One Injun, the leader who had taken the pendant from Rob and now wore it around his own neck, seemed to have a new idea. Obviously galvanized by his comrades, he moved to the front of their victim, and with drunken hands, tied a heavy stone with rawhide strips to the base of Rob's dick and around his dangling ball-sack. Clem was nearly panicked with fear for Rob. "No!" Clem hollered out, as soon as he realized what the

Injun intended with the rock. The others laughed even louder at Clem's outburst, while Rob said not a single word. Rob's heavy nuts were hanging agonizingly low as the stone weighted them down. Rob grunted once, then said nothing else.

But Clem's outburst caused the Injuns suddenly to remember him and Silverio. With shouts and unholy screams they descended on the two bound men and callously stripped them with rough hands. Clem felt the sexual heat of their captors' cocks rubbing up against him as they removed his clothing. Thanks to the rawhide binding his hands, Clem was helpless, unable to stop them as his pants and boots were pulled from his body, his shirt cut away in shreds.

Two of the rough Injun hands poked at him, then threw him on his stomach in the dry ground beneath the overhanging willow thicket. They were maddening as they searched out and explored every crevice of Clem's nude body, although they quickly left him alone when their friends discovered the fantastic cock on Silverio. As Silverio too became naked, the Injuns were naturally astounded when they discovered that Hispano outlaw sprouted the largest manhood any of the Injuns had probably ever seen. It was half-hard; no doubt the outlaw had been getting some stimulation out of seeing his captor, the U.S. Marshal, bound and tortured.

Clem shook with fear, although he tried to be brave like Rob. Then the outlaw Silverio spoke for the first time since the Injuns captured them. He barked out some guttural Injun phrases, which first caught the Apaches by surprise and then set them laughing. They lifted Silverio up, his Hispano dick growing larger. They hauled him over to the captive U.S. Marshal, and then, amazingly enough, they cut the rawhide bindings that held the outlaw, though a couple of them drew knives at him, a clear warning not to try to fight or run away. What was going on? Clem could not fathom why they had cut Silverio free.

Standing directly behind the captive marshal, Silverio stroked his giant dick into a stiff erection, while the Apaches whooped and jabbered around the two men. Clem lay naked and helpless in the dirt, and he realized what was about to happen when Silverio stepped in behind Rob's widespread thighs, spat copiously into his hand, and smeared it on his drooling cock. Silverio shoved his big dick up into Rob's parted butt cheeks, a forceful breaching.

Clem's mouth dropped open as he witnessed the violation of his partner by the outlaw's heavy cock. With the Injuns screaming and laughing all around, Silverio proceeded to stuff Rob's anus with his huge Hispano meat.

Silverio babbled in a mix of Spanish and the Injuns' language, some English too. From the English parts, Clem understood that Rob's clamping asshole was tight as a drum and gripped Silverio's hard dick like an iron vice, that Silverio wanted revenge, loved the humiliating circumstances Rob was in almost as much as the thrill of finally fucking him.

Clem watched as Silverio slowly buried his big dick deeper while the Injuns howled their delight. He looked at Rob's eyes, which were half-shut. Pain? Humiliation? But Rob's grey eyes seemed almost impassive, stoic, which Clem had not expected. Rob had a neutral expression on his face, as cool as ever. That look puzzled Clem as he watched Silverio grip the man's lean sides and plow into Rob's tight buttocks, begin to fuck like a wild man, wild as an Injun himself.

Clem watched the rape of his buddy, wondering exactly what each of the two men was feeling. And he watched the delirious naked Apaches surrounding them; they had been drinking continually, dancing and chanting in their harsh tongue, their lusts still apparent by the erect manhoods they were all sporting; he watched their hard asses, long-muscled limbs that all blended together in a gyrating blur. Would they want to take their turns with Rob?--Or with him? Clem shuddered.

Rob looked over his shoulder at the Hispano outlaw who was roughly cramming his monster dick in and out of the marshal's tight asshole. Clem saw Rob smile, though he knew pain had to be shooting through Rob's

entire body. His arms had to be aching from being raised above his head for so long. His balls had to be on fire from being weighed down and pulled by the swinging stone the Apaches had tied there. His asshole was now being torn apart by the outlaw's gigantic cock. But Rob seemed to ignore all of the agonies. As naked Injuns dancing and laughed around him, all of their cocks stiff, Rob's own dick began to spring up in a hard, throbbing erection.

Silverio noticed, and he reached around and stroked that hard dick with surprisingly smooth strokes, even as he jabbed deep inside Rob mercilessly with his monster dick. Clem wondered what they were feeling. They seemed to be sharing something private, Rob's grey eyes locked to Silverio's amber, as though not wanting to yield to the other as they rode what had to be overwhelming waves of physical sensations.

Then Rob shuddered as though his entire body was on fire--his stuffed asshole, reamed prostate, and aching balls, the pleasure and pain causing him to climax in a spectacular cum-spurting explosion. Rob's carefully neutral mask broke, and he bellowed out in orgasm as his erupting spunk flew out in an arc and landed in the dirt.

Silverio howled as his climax took him too. The Apaches answered with whoops of their own. The Injuns swarmed Silverio, abruptly pulled him back, his still shooting cock popping from the marshal's fucked asshole. They dragged Silverio back toward Clem, who had witnessed the entire scene from where he lay with his face in the dirt.

Naked and shivering, Clem was aghast as he realized his turn was coming.

Two Injuns stood over Silverio, knives out in warning, and two others started tying the outlaw's hands again. The leader, the one who wore the pendant he'd taken from Rob earlier, whooped and jabbered merrily in their tongue as he busied himself at the nearby campfire, holding up a long iron brand, no doubt stolen from some unsuspecting cattle ranch nearby. Clem saw the Injun thrust the end of the brand in the fire to heat, saw the Injun point at him, pat his own butt with his other hand, say something indecipherable in a malicious tone that made his friends laugh.

Clem's jaw dropped as he realized what they intended to do to him with the iron, and with his wrists and ankles bound, he could do nothing to stop it! He was already moaning in terror as one of the Injuns roughly rolled his body over, butt up. Clem knew what would happen soon, as soon as that brand was hot enough.

"Hey, kid." Silverio's accented whisper. Clem found the outlaw grinning at him. "You know they plan to kill us when they're through with us, right? Well, maybe not me now that they know I know their language some--but definitely the lawman, most likely you too. But I got an idea." Silverio gave him a wink and then theatrically pressed his eyelids closed. "Cover your peepers, kid, and whatever you do, don't open them until I say so."

Clem was mystified. What was the outlaw planning? What could they do when the Injuns had them bound and captive at knifepoint? But he closed his eyes tightly, thinking of the branding iron. Maybe his fate would hurt less if he didn't see it coming.

Then he heard Silverio call out loudly, the same guttural words from each time Rob made the pendant glow. Clem thought for a moment Silverio wanted the stone-spell to take his will, so he wouldn't mind the branding, but the outlaw had told him to keep his eyes closed, so he did. Silverio chanted the words again, again, and Clem through his closed eyelids sensed something shining brightly. The whooping Injuns quieted down. Clem imagined the pendant on their leader's chest beginning to glow red, brighter and brighter, the surprised expressions of the captors as the light stole away their willpower.

The glow outside of his eyelids faded. Clem heard something scrambling. "Okay, kid, you can open them

eyes," Silverio said, and Clem did, seeing the outlaw wiggling his way out of the half-tied bindings around his wrists. In moments Silverio was free. The Injuns stood around, not reacting or trying to stop him. He pulled a knife from one of them, used it to cut Clem free. He dropped the knife in the dirt in front of Clem. "Go get your buddy free," Silverio told him. "He can't do it himself since the light got him too."

As Silverio went to the Injun leader and claimed the pendant from around his neck, Clem ran to Rob. The marshal, by his slack expression, must not have heard Silverio's whispered warning to Clem to close his eyes, and the red light had taken Rob's will too. Clem quickly cut the rawhide holding the stone to the lawman's testicles, then worked at the ties binding his wrists overhead, nearly too high for Clem to reach. When the last strip broke, Rob's body dropped, sank to his knees.

"*Dios mio*, what an asshole," Silverio said as he joined them, wearing only the pendant and his boots, "but he don't deserve what they was gonna do to him." He picked up Rob's badge from the dirt. "He'll be wanting this back. Something like this deserves respect, even if it's being worn by an asshole like him." He passed the badge to Clem. "Marshal's got a good hole for fucking, though. Tightest I had in a long time." He eyed Clem as he fingered the pendant. "You ain't gonna give me no trouble now--right, kid?"

Clem understood the warning. He shook his head no.

"Good." Silverio moved close, dropped his face down, a sloppy kiss on Clem's surprised mouth. The kiss was unexpected but Clem moaned and accepted it. He recalled how he had crammed his entire cock up the outlaw's asshole only a few days earlier. He wondered whether the man planned to fuck him in revenge, imagined the outlaw's thick pole piercing deep into him.

"Then get your friend over to the horses," Silverio said, pulling away. "This here's where we part ways, but we both better put some distance between us and them Injuns 'fore they wake up." He turned away, stalked toward where their horses were tethered.

Rob was on his feet in a flash. Before Clem could react, Rob had scooped up the rock that had been suspended from his nut-sack, closed on Silverio from behind, and swung. *Thwack!* Silverio stumbled, fell, lay unconscious face-down in the dirt.

"How--?" Clem began.

"Heard what he told you and figured out what he was goin' to try. Closed my eyes and turned away so it wouldn't take me. Was real smart of him. Would've tried it myself, a lot sooner, if I'd seen a way to get one of us free of our bindings first." He nodded at Silverio prone in the dirt. "I guess we owe him. But he's still a train robber, and now we still gotta take him in."

Clem added, "But he just saved our lives."

"Only if'n we get out of here in one piece. You think he's a nice guy?--Think on this: Nice guys don't rob trains or wait 'til *after* they tore up a guy's ass to save his life. He was savin' his own damn skin, Clem, pure and simple, probably hopin' the Injuns would chase after us instead of him, like a distraction so's he could get away. Now go get somethin' to tie him up with."

Clem rushed to find bindings, as Rob took the pendant off Silverio. In minutes, Silverio was tied wrist and ankle with some rope from a saddlebag, and slung over the back of his horse. Silverio was moaning, soon to wake up.

"He's right about one thing," Rob said as he moved between the Apaches' horses, taking what supplies he found and putting them in his own saddlebags. "We gotta put some distance 'tween us and them"--he gestured at the spell-dazed Injuns, who watched impassively, unable to move. Rob cut the Injuns' horses free to

wander--if the Apaches wanted to pursue once the stone-entrancement wore off at dawn, hours away, they would have to spend even more time capturing their horses before they could give chase.

"Better put that stone in something," Clem told Rob. "Can't let that outlaw catch us off-guard with the chant and get away." Without Rob's shirt covering the jewel, nothing would block the glow.

"Good idea," said the marshal. He wrapped the pendant and his badge in a rag that had been someone's shirt and buried the bundle in a saddlebag. "You're smart sometimes, when you wanna be. Be a good bounty hunter once you get some experience. Maybe I'll keep you around after we get this bastard to a jail and a judge."

When Rob, nude but for his boots, mounted his horse, Clem did the same. Riding stark-naked as a jay-bird seemed scandalous, but what else could he do? They had no unshredded clothing left, unless they wrapped themselves in their sleeping blankets--impractical during the hot days--and anyhow, no one was around to see, not for miles out here on the frontier.

"Reckon Santa Fe's two days away, at least. We'll need to get some new duds a'fore we hit town. Figure two days gives us plenty of time to rustle some up."

Rob shook the reins, guiding his horse away from the Injuns' camp, leading Silverio's mare. Clem gave a gentle squeeze with his legs to start his own horse forward too. It plodded along behind the others.

Clem didn't know how the man intended to get clothing for them, but he absolutely trusted the marshal would, somehow. In the meantime, thinking about Rob riding with his prick out in the open, hoping maybe that riding all day would make Rob horny enough to poke his cock up Clem's backside and ride him when they made camp that night had Clem's own manhood threatening to stand up. Some of the things Silverio, awake now and cussing angry blue lightning at them, threatened to do to them when he got loose involved body parts being inserted in ways seemed impossible but might be enjoyable to try. Maybe Rob might be inspired to do some of them to Clem? Maybe Clem would pretend to resist, until the cowpoke used the pendant on him again?

They made a good team, Clem thought, Rob and him. Sure, Rob did most of the work capturing the wanted robber Silverio, but Clem's tracking was what led them to him in the first place and Clem didn't need an Injun magic pendant for that. He could learn a lot about being a man and a bounty hunter from the lawman. He reckoned he liked Rob well enough, especially liked the way the man's ever-hard greased dick felt poked up his butt and the way that red jewel made him feel. Clem allowed how both might have somewhat of a hold on his soul.

Maybe Rob would let Clem stay with him after they brought this outlaw to justice. When they met, the lawman said he was heading for California, which sounded to Clem like a good-enough next place to head, probably plenty of outlaws around there, just waiting to be bounty-hunted and brought to justice by Rob and him. Or maybe they'd go their separate ways. Clem would worry about that tomorrow, or the day after when they reached Santa Fe, turned the desperado over to the local sheriff, and collected the reward. Right then, all Clem needed to worry about was putting distance between the Injuns and them, keeping them heading back toward civilization. In the meantime, watching the taller man's back and backside as they rode would make mighty fine scenery.

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