

City Boys, County Boys

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Trent takes his big-city boyfriend to visit the farm where he grew up, where they meet the new hot young farm hand.

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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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

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"You really did that?" J.D. rolled his eyes and laughed. "Seriously?--You fucked a bale of hay?"

"Yup--tried to, anyway." I grinned too because now, eleven years later, I knew I should have known better. "I was just fourteen back then. I was working alone in the big field at south end of the farm, and there was nothing around but thirty acres of hay bales."

J.D. cackled, "So you were all alone in the middle of nowhere, and you got horny? Imagine that!"

"Sort of. Back then I was still a virgin and I was ready to fuck anything I could stick my dick into. I stacked two bales flat on top of each other, with an old rag folded between them. I figured the folded rag and the pressure of those two bales would feel just like what I imagined a vagina would feel like. So I hunkered down and stuck my dick in between them. I was a horny teenager out there working with my shirt off, and it was

sunny summer day--enough to send any guy's balls into overdrive."

"Your balls are still in overdrive half the time, you horn-dog. That's part of what I love about you." J.D. leaned across the car seat. "This big piece of meat must have looked spectacular on you when you were fourteen." He squeezed the heavy sausage that hung between my legs.

"Jesus, J.D.!" I swore at him. "Not while I'm driving! Anyway, I was just a skinny country boy back then. I'd never seen a woman's vagina or a hard-on other than my own. I thought every guy had a bone my size. That was before I knew I had the biggest dick in the county!"

He gave my cock another gentle squeeze through the crotch of my jeans, feeling it swell, and raised his eyebrow appreciatively. "That thing'd take first prize at the county fair for sure," he said. "So, what happened with your love affair with that bale of hay?"

"Oh, that. Even with the rag, the hay stubble scraped the holy fuck out of my cock. It only took two strokes to figure out I'd made a really big mistake. The scratches took nearly a week to heal. At least there wasn't any scarring!"

J.D. made a big production out of laughing his ass off at my expense. "Two strokes? One would be enough for most guys to learn that lesson!"

"Don't laugh, you bastard!" I mock-growled, pulling the car quickly over to the side of the deserted country highway, throwing it into Park. I grabbed him and rolled on top of him as best I could in the car seat. After all the fucking we'd done the night before, I didn't think either of us needed more sex, but now I had a new motive; I was going to get revenge by fucking him mercilessly.

I proceeded to do just that.

Afterward, as I waited in the car and watched J.D. and his dangling cock saunter to the edge of the woods alongside the highway to piss, I called my parents' farm to let them know we would be arriving in an hour for a surprise visit.

"That's too bad," Dad's voice apologized over the phone. "Of course you can come anyway, and we'll be home by Sunday afternoon. But we plumb forgot about the reunion. We promised Aunt Nee-Nee we'd be there, we're already late leaving, and we got to be walking out the door right now. I'm afraid we've got to be gone by the time you get here."

"That's okay." I not to sound disappointed. This was just like my parents. "You go ahead. We'll come anyway. I want to show J.D. where I grew up."

"Your brother will be here tonight. He's got a summer job in town, but he's usually here in the evenings after work."

"Okay--It'll be great to see Tanner," I lied, thinking about how my kid brother being around might put a considerable cramp in J.D.'s and my style.

"And of course Dax will be here, and--"

"Dax? Who's Dax?"

"Oh, he's the college student we hired for the summer. He won't get in your way, though. It's hay season--he's

got lots of work to keep him occupied."

I remembered my own summers in the hay field before I moved to the city. Mowing, baling, and hauling hay is a lot of hard work under a hot sun. "I'll bet he does."

The drive to my parents' farm was another hour through the ass-end of nowhere, and on the way I felt J.D.'s hungry eyes roaming over my work boots, jeans, and tee-shirt. Every now and then he'd hint he needed me to pull over--he needed to piss, he needed to stretch his legs--some excuse to get me to stop so we could fuck again. That boy just never got enough!

"So," he said, "you sure seem to like the farm. Why did you move to the city?"

I grinned. "Part of me likes the farm. I like being out in the open. I can breathe there, and I like the feeling of doing an honest day's work, pulling my own weight. Know what I mean? But part of me also likes the hustle of the city--all the people and the traffic and the night life. Besides," I smiled out of the corner of my mouth, "people get really nosy out in these little communities, and I don't care to have everybody gossiping about who I fuck every night. You know?"

"Yeah!" J.D. smiled brightly, probably about the *fuck every night* part.

"Hey!" I changed the tone suddenly. "You'll get to meet my brother Tanner if he gets home later."

"Yeah? How old did you say he is?"

"Twenty. He's in college."

"Is he cute?"

"Fuck you," I swore and swatted his knee. "Tanner's my kid brother, for heaven's sake!"

J.D. chuckled, "Sorry," taking nothing seriously. "And don't worry. I won't tell your family you're a fag, or that I'm a fag either. It'll be our secret. But Trent, you're twenty-four years old. You graduated from college two years ago. You're a little old to be bringing a 'roommate' home to meet your folks, aren't you? You're not exactly being subtle here. You sure they don't know?"

I gripped his muscular thigh lightly. "Tanner knows. Mom and Dad don't, but they'll have left for the reunion before we get there."

As we drove up the dirt driveway toward the house, I could see someone in the yard filling the tractor with fuel. That must be the student Dad hired for the summer. I hadn't told J.D. about him yet. Even from back here, he looked good. Early twenties--my bother Tanner's age. No shirt. Curly dark hair. That's good for starters, I thought. The closer we got, the more I felt that old familiar tingling in my balls. I thought, *Holy fuck!--Dad sure knows how to pick 'em!*

"Is that your brother?" J.D. asked.

"Naw, that's the farmhand Dad hired for the summer."

"No shit? He really knows how to pick 'em! You sure your dad's not a fag?"

I laughed, because my dad's about as far from a fag as a man can get. "No way! He picks a farmhand the

same way he picks a bull--big, muscular, and able to get the job done."

I pulled the car up beside the tractor and lowered the car window. "Hi. You must be Dax."

"Yep, that's me."

"I'm Trent, the other son from the city."

"Oh! Hey, Trent--I heard all about you!" He came over and leaned down to shake my hand through the window. As I made the introductions, I stared at his rippling belly, inches away and matted with dark young hair, and at the big sausage outlined through his well-worn jeans.

I took J.D. into the house. He changed out of his so-trendy city clothes and into a tee-shirt, jeans, and a pair of my brother's old work boots I found in the closet. He looked hot in snug jeans and boots. We found a pair of old work-gloves for each of us--vital, since hay and baling twine will rip a guy's hands to shreds. We went outside. I stripped off my tee-shirt, because I remembered what working out under the strong summer sun was like out here in the county, and pretended not to notice the way J.D. appreciated my bare torso with his eyes. We headed off to help Dax with the hay.

This field had produced six or seven hundred bales or so to load. J.D. and I were tanned from being outside a lot in the city parks, so I wasn't too worried about sunburn, but I knew how the sun can really fuck with you. I hoped J.D. would hold up okay, and he did. He was strong from working out at the gym a lot, and he seemed to enjoy being outside and using his gym muscles in a new way.

And I was getting off on watching him. Especially when I remembered how he looked, naked and sweating under me, happy as pig in slop, while I fucked his brains out the night before with my big dick.

And then there was Dax. He was doing more work than J.D. and me put together. But the way he kept parading his hot body around was making me randy as a goat. Between Dax and J.D., I was feeling a constant buzz of excitement in my balls.

Dax took an interest in J.D., showing him the right way to grip the two lines of baling twine that held the bale together, the right way to hoist the fifty-pound rectangular bales, haul them to the flatbed trailer behind the tractor, and toss them onto the trailer to be stacked. We'd clear a patch, then Dax would move the tractor ahead, and we'd start on the next area.

J.D. stripped off his sweat-soaked tee-shirt in the heat, possibly showing off his torso for Dax. I was a little jealous, but it gave me a chance to watch them at the same time--I certainly appreciated the scenery. J.D. seemed focused on the job instead of flirting with Dax, which seemed odd since J.D. never ever misses a chance to flirt with cute guys.

After a while, since Dax and J.D. working together on their side kept getting ahead of me working solo on mine, Dax sent J.D. off to take a break in the shade of some old trees at the edge of the field. I was glad of that, since J.D. was looking kinda woozy from the heat and probably needed to rest a bit.

Dax came around to my side and started alongside me, helping catch up with hauling bales to the trailer. "He's a good guy," Dax said as he hoisted a bale, nodding his head toward the shade where J.D. sat. "He's really trying to keep up, but I guess city boys just ain't used to this heat like us country folk."

I laughed because his attempt at a joke surprised me.

"You and me, we know how to get the job done. It's important to focus and keep your mind on the work, right?"

I shrugged and heaved a bale onto the trailer. "Right."

"Does the heat ever make you zone out? Because that's what it did to Tanner. But you and me know how to focus and get things done in spite of the heat, don't we?"

"Uh huh," I said. I headed toward the next bale.

"You fix your mind on what you got to do--lift the bale, tote it to the trailer--and it becomes easy as breathing."

I yanked up the bale and swung myself around toward the trailer.

"See?" Dax was saying. "You could do it in your sleep. Take deep breaths. Just keep breathing deeply. Listen to my voice as we focus on the work. You might find that your eyelids get a little heavy. That's okay. You could do this in your sleep, couldn't you."

"I guess so," I said as I heaved the heavy bale up and onto the trailer.

"Breathe deeply. The heat makes you drowsy. Yeah. The sunlight and heat drains you, makes you feel a little sleepy. See? How heavy your eyelids feel after an hour working in this heat? Almost like heavy weights are attached to them."

Dax was standing close beside me, moving alongside me.

"And the more you focus, the heavier your eyelids get, and maybe you blink, because it's so easy to focus even when you're this sleepy, because you can do this in your sleep. The sun makes you drowsier, sleepier, more focused. Maybe you feel your eyelids slowly closing, slowly closing, getting drowsier and more tired, more focused, when they finally do close, you'll feel so good.

What's he talking about, I wondered, though part of me was thinking he was right, working hard in the hot sun made a nap sound pretty good.

Dax put his arm around my bare back, his hand on the back of my neck. The roughness of his work glove felt good, comforting. "Drowsy, heavy, focused, eyelids pulling down, slowly closing, getting harder and harder to see, and you feel good. Shhh ... So very hard to keep your eyes open. Very soon they will close tightly, almost tightly closing, already tightly closing, tightly closing. Your eyes are tightly closed. You feel good. You feel comfortable and focused. Relaxed all over. Just let yourself drift and enjoy this comfortable, relaxed, focused state. Just let yourself drift easily in a calm, relaxed, focused state of mind."

Dax's work-gloved hand stroking the back of my neck felt good. His arm smelled of fresh hay and summer sweat. His grip was comforting and strong. "That's it," he said. "Focus for me, Trent. So related, so focused. Yes. You like this focused, relaxed feeling, don't you."

"Yes."

"Good. Now come on. There's work to be done. It'll go so much easier now that you're focused."

And it did. The afternoon passed in a haze. Nothing distracted me from the rhythm of the chore. Lift the bale.

Lug it the trailer. Heave it up. Repeat. Periodically, when my head would start to clear and I'd look around, trying to figure out what happened, Dax would be there, always clasping my neck with his firm, gloved grip, and he'd say, "Focus for me, Trent," and tell me how relaxed and focused I felt, and I'd get lost in that hazy stupor again. Periodically I'd see Dax do the same thing to J.D. Whatever Dax was doing to us, J.D. didn't seem to mind, so I didn't worry about it too much myself.

Whenever the trailer was full, Dax would hop on the ancient John Deere tractor. It had only one seat, but wide wheel guards over both back tires. J.D. and I would climb up on either side of Dax and park our butts on the wheel guards as he drove the tractor back one of the barns so we could unload it. He didn't seem to mind the way we each had to half hold on to his nearest bare shoulder for support as the tractor bucked and dipped across the uneven ground. He seemed to appreciate our attention.

Mid-afternoon, in the bottom end of the field, Dax ambled over to the fence next to where we were toting bales to the trailer. He popped his jeans wide open and pulled out his dick right in front of us to take a piss. No underwear, and a nice fat sausage. He hooked his thumbs in the unfastened waist of his work jeans and dropped them down his thighs enough to give his cock and balls plenty of breathing room and aimed his hose at a fence post. My head still felt dazed, but I wasn't completely out of it--my eyes nearly popped from their sockets, and so did J.D.'s. I suddenly had an urge to show off my own piece, so I unzipped and followed suit. Actually, I was damn glad when I managed to piss. For a moment, I thought my dick might just pop up hard, and I can't piss with a hard-on.

J.D. joined in, and all three of us had a chance to look each other over as our piss streams arched out and splattered against that fence post.

Dax finished first and surprised me by not tucking his meat away. He just stood there with it dangling from his wide-open jeans, watching J.D. and me piss. I tried to gauge his interest, but I wasn't sure. He seemed to be definitely checking out our meat, but I couldn't think clearly enough to determine if that meant what I wanted it to mean. I looked over at him, still wondering, but when his eyes met mine for a long moment, I knew this wasn't just a naive country kid.

I lost all control of my cock. My head spun, and my legs felt weak. The blood was pumping into my dick, and I could feel my pulse beating furiously in my cockhead. Dax's eyes were on my cock now; I could feel the lust in his gaze, inviting me.

My cock was sticking up thick and straight in front of me. Dax and J.D. both had hard-ons too. Dax let his eyes shift from my cock to J.D.'s, then back and forth several times. Clearly Dax wanted the two of us to work him over. I stared at his near-naked body with its nice-sized cock sticking up. Then I reached for him.

Dax pushed my hand away gently but firmly. "No, not yet, Trent. Stay focused on the job, and we'll play later. Focus for me, Trent." Dax reached down and yanked his jeans back up. As he fastened them, he grinned and looked around the field. "Right now, we need to get our asses in gear and load these fucking bales!"

We finished loading them into the barn and stacking them about five o'clock. My head was clearing--Dax hadn't told me to stay focused in a while. Dax said, "You guys head back to the house, and I'll join you in a few minutes. Your mom left everything in the 'frige. Just stick it in the microwave."

That surprised me. "Since when does my mom have a microwave?"

"Since a few weeks back," Dax said. "Your brother Tanner bought it for her."

"Damn!--A microwave oven in the House of the Homecooked Meal? Is nothing sacred?" We all laughed.

Working all afternoon made me hungry, but when J.D. and I got up to the buildings, I began to feel a different hunger. "Come on," I nodded toward the other barn. "There's something I want to show you." I gave my crotch a gentle squeeze and winked at him.

Judging by the bulge in his crotch, J.D. was feeling the same hunger. I pulled down two bales and pushed them side by side, then stacked two more bales on top of them, a makeshift bed, flat and sturdy, about waist high. I threw an old blanket over the bales to protect our skin from the rough hay. Perfect.

I caught my finger in the belt loop on J.D.'s jeans and pulled him over to the "bed." We grinned at each other. I took off his work boots and pulled off his pants and then his socks. Judging by the hard-on throbbing in front of him, he was surely looking forward to what was about to happen.

I shucked off my own boots and pants. My cock was pounding so hard. "Bend over. I want your elbows on the blanket and your legs spread, city-boy," I told J.D. "I'm gonna fuck your ass."

J.D. smirked, "Show me what you can do, country-boy, if you're man enough." He pulled me in for a kiss.

A little spit, and I slid my cock into J.D.'s hungry ass. I'd barely begun to screw him when I heard a rustle behind us. I jumped back so fast that J.D. yelped in surprise.

"What the fuck--?" I barked.

Fuck! Dax stood in the shadows, grinning from ear to ear, with his hard cock sticking out of his jeans.

"Where did you come from?" I demanded.

Dax shrugged. "I wanted to see what you fuckers would get up to."

He sauntered toward us, his hard-on swaying as he walked. He shoved me out of the way, spat on his cock a few times, and jammed it into J.D.'s asshole, making J.D. grunt with hungry pain. Dax fucked J.D. I moved in closer, close enough my bare shoulder nudged Dax's, and stroked myself, watching them.

Dax grabbed me by the neck. "Focus for me, Trent." I blinked, that groggy feeling coming over me again. "It's your turn now, lover-boy," Dax instructed me. "Bend over, put your elbows on the blanket, and get ready to get my cock shoved up your asshole. Just relax. You've been wantin' this cock all day, and now you're going to get it."

I did what he said. I couldn't believe Dax could fuck J.D., then turn around and fuck me right after with that nice-sized cock of his. And he did. I seldom got fucked since Tanner was a total bottom, and stuffing that cock of his up my tight asshole took him a little longer, but he fucked the hell out of my ass. He rammed into it so hard I could feel the hay poking my arms and elbows through the blanket--sometimes hard enough to make the head of my stiff cock swing up and bump the prickly bale too, which sent this weird pleasure-pain jolting through me.

Dax pulled out and plugged his rod back into J.D.'s ass. J.D. always appreciated a good fuck, and he made plenty of loud, appreciative moans and grunts. For J.D., part of having a good time was letting the whole fucking world know about it. Dax took that as encouragement and proceeded to fuck J.D. in the same deep, long strokes he'd used moments before on my ass. Watching them enjoy themselves was hot. Dax grabbed

J.D. by the sides of his ass and worked that cock in and out.

"Oh, fuck! Yeah--take it, J.D.," Dax panted, head thrown back, eyes clamped shut. "Take my dick up your city ass."

Dax reached over, grabbed me by the neck, and pulled my body against his while he never missed a beat fucking J.D. Dax pressed his mouth to mine and kissed me, his tongue probing deep into my mouth. "You two are so fucking hot," he panted.

Dax popped his dick out of J.D.'s asshole. J.D. moaned, disappointed. "Jack off, boys," Dax ordered. "I want to see you cum!"

The three of us jacked off, fisting our cocks toward orgasm. My ass still burned from Dax's fuck-job. Dax came first, throwing his head back, back arching, gasping, as his cum burst out in thick ropes. J.D. and I came virtually at the same time, firing jets of sperm across the barn floor.

"Good job, gentlemen," Dax laughed, handing me my pants. "There's nothing like a good fuck to cap a day of hard work. Now let's go see what your mom left us for dinner."

After we ate our microwaved dinner, we sat around with our feet up, chatting. Dax was an interesting guy. He was in college, the same local college my brother Tanner attended, and studying psychology. He had a million interests, besides sex, and he had a story to tell about each one.

Finally, Dax stood up and stretched. "Well, boys," he said, "what do you say we go out to the barn and have some more fun in the hay?"

"Again?" J.D. asked. "Don't you ever get enough?" His grin perked up, though, recognizing a kindred insatiable spirit.

Dax looked at us both and said seriously, "Nope--there's surely no such thing as enough."

I smirked. "Okay--let's go." J.D. and I stood up and headed out the door.

Dax patted J.D.'s shoulder. "You boys head on out to the barn. I'll join you in a moment."

A few minutes later, under the dim electric bulb on the barn ceiling, J.D. sat on top of the blanket-covered bales, his legs wide apart. He was naked again, and erect. So was I. Dax walked in, already unfastening his jeans. He grabbed me by the neck and kissed me. "Focus for me, Trent," he said as he broke away, and I felt that now-familiar wooziness swirl through my head again. Dax and J.D. shared a kiss as Dax hopped out of his jeans, his hard dick flopping in front of him. "Focus for me, J.D. Good boys. Now, if you're both feeling relaxed again, how about we get down to business?"

Dax told us what he wanted us to do, and we did it. J.D. leaned back while Dax leaned over the makeshift bale-bed and started sucking vigorously on his cock. I knelt behind Dax, spread his ass cheeks, and stuck my tongue into his crack. I heard a rustle behind us. I thought about turning around to look, but my head was too groggy. Probably just a barn cat or a rat or something.

"What the fuck's going on here?"

I had jumped when Dax sneaked up on J.D. and me earlier, but that was nothing compared to the way I jerked my head around when my brother Tanner's voice boomed out. I spun around, suddenly clear-headed, and

nearly fell on my ass. My face flushed crimson, and my hard-on wilted instantly.

I stared at Tanner's face, not knowing what to do or say.

I was starting to snap out of whatever Dax had done to me but everything was still happening in slow motion. Tanner, grinning big, said something, sending words floating through the air, but all I could hear was my heart beating in my ears.

More words. This time they sank into my clearing brain a little bit, just enough so that I heard them.

"I said," Tanner repeated, "is this a private party, or may I join you?"

Mind? I broke out in a big grin. Whatever Dax had done to my head was clearing. "Sure," was all I could manage, and I nodded Tanner toward the bales.

Dax walked, gloriously naked, still hard, over to Tanner. "Hey, lover," Dax said, and they embraced and kissed, swapping plenty of tongue. Dax cupped the back of Tanner's neck with one hand and said to him, "Focus for me."

Tanner made a little sigh-moan sound, and his expression relaxed, eyelids dropping.

"Good man," Dax said. "Now get naked and join us, Tanner."

As I watched Tanner peel his shirt off his farm-hardened body, my hard-on started to come back. I turned around, and there was Dax, putting his hand on my bare shoulder. "Focus for me, Trent." I felt dizzy for a moment as that familiar horny drowsiness rolled over me again. My dick re-hardened even faster.

Dax took charge. "Tanner, why don't you lie down on the blanket, on your back. J.D., get up there with him and straddle him. And you, Trent, get over here and lean on the bales for me."

J.D. and Tanner followed Dax's instructions. As I settled myself, leaning forward with my elbows and forearms on the blanket, I was staring right at my kid brother's dick. This was no time to be modest. My dick is big, and I was pleased to see Tanner's was big too, though not quite as big as mine. J.D. didn't seem to care--he straddled Tanner's hips as Dax said, and squatted, lowered himself onto Tanner's big erection. J.D. anchored his hands on Tanner's farm-strong pecs, and Tanner reached up and played with J.D.'s nipples, all at Dax's urging, as J.D. began to hunch his ass up and down Tanner's cock shaft. One of Tanner's hands slid down and stroked at J.D.'s stiff meat.

"Now push your ass back," Dax murmured in my ear. I obliged. He crouched behind me and slapped his tongue against my asshole as he worked a finger in and out, loosening me up for the main event. Soon, he slammed his cock up my ass and reached around to jerk on my hard shaft. I could feel the bales wobble a little as J.D. fucked himself against Tanner's cock. My own body was caught blissfully in the rhythm of Dax fucking my ass and jerking my dick.

Dax fucked me a while like that, then had me climb up on the bales alongside Tanner, on my back too only with my ass at the edge so Dax could hoist my calves over his shoulders and fuck my ass again. Dax said, "Okay, gentlemen, cum when you're ready." I was so excited--his cock in my ass felt so good--I couldn't keep my cum-flood back. I shuddered and my spunk spurted and spewed up in the air, splattering down on my stomach and chest and the blanket. It felt like I came easily twice as much as usual.

Dax pulled his rod out of my ass and fisted it and unloaded his cum against the side of our makeshift bed. "Fuck, yeah!" he swore happily, wiping the dribbles off his fingers against the blanket.

Tanner groaned. So did J.D. J.D. froze, body tensed, and I saw his load arch out across Tanner's chest. Tanner shivered and bucked, cumming in J.D.'s hungry ass.

J.D. tumbled off of Tanner onto the blankets alongside us. We lay there, with Dax standing alongside us, all of us content and panting.

I looked over at Tanner. My head was still groggy but clearing. There was so much to say, but I could only manage, "How did ... you know ... we were here?"

Tanner smiled and murmured drowsily. "Dax left me a note."

"What?" I wasn't too groggy to be surprised.

"Yeah," Dax piped in. "Tanner and I are friends at college. How'd you think I got this job?"

"Yeah," Tanner continued, "Dax knows what time I get back home. He left me a note ... then got you guys out of your pants five minutes before I got here."

"Wait a minute," I said, clearing my head. "What note?"

"I stuck it in the microwave. Tanner's a hungry bastard--that's the first place he looks when he gets home."

"So that's why ... you were the last one out of the house," I said to Dax through squinty eyes.

"Congratulations," Dax said, slapping me gently on the shoulder. "You figured it out, Sherlock. Plus, this is where Tanner and I come for some privacy to fuck. That's why we have these old blankets out here. You're not the only one who gets horny for a little ass in the hay barn!"

Tanner grinned sleepily at me. He said, "Maybe some weekend ... the country boys want to find out what gay life in the city is all about."

I looked at Tanner. J.D. grinned and nodded. I looked at Dax.

Dax's cock started getting hard again.
