

Worth It

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Atwater takes advantage of Gibson, the ranch slut, but is their fuck worth the risk?

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 are 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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Just past dawn, the day already sweating-hot and only going to get hotter, Atwater watched from the hay loft opening as the limousine stopped in front of the barracks house shared by the ranch hands. Atwater was nearly naked, shirt hanging from a nail on the other side of the old barn, pants in a bunch down around his boots. Nearly naked, in plain view of anyone who might have bothered to glance at the barn, and he didn't care who saw. He long ago stopped caring who saw him naked. One of the perks of working at this ranch was that no one gave a shit.

Perspiration matted the black hair on Atwater's chest. Twenty-one years old. Black hair cut short. He was big: six feet, four inches tall. And muscled: years of rodeo-riding, weight-training, and ranch work had pumped up his long muscles thick. His thighs were bigger than those of any other rider he'd seen in the locker rooms. His cock was thick too; when it was soft, it hung like a rope between his thighs, and when it was hard, like now, it resembled a miniature baseball bat jutting out of his groin.

As he watched, the limousine chauffeur's door opened and a muscular man stepped out. Lean, with wide shoulders. His name was Quinn, and he'd been a ranch hand here when Atwater came to work

here two years ago. Quinn had been a favorite of the owner, had gotten himself promoted to chauffeur, maybe other duties, and still kept his body tight and solid. Quinn walked around the vehicle and opened one of the rear car doors. The owner stepped out and faced the barracks house. Then the owner reached into the back seat and yanked someone out into the sunlight.

This was Tim, the newest ranch hand. He stumbled as if drugged. His shirt was open and out of his pants. His feet were bare. His hair was mussed and, even from this distance, Atwater could see Tim's expression was dazed, hungry. A fine pattern of hair worked up Tim's lean stomach and across his chest, and his nipples looked red and swollen. The owner shoved him toward the house. Tim stumbled and fell to his knees before he reached the steps.

Tim was six feet tall, twenty, had been a high school track star and local wonder-boy who'd played a season of college football before getting married; a wife and two kids lived away in the city, where the schools were better. Tim had gotten hired on two weeks ago because the foreman knew from experience that all that running meant a fine ass, with a hole like the eye of a needle and a sphincter like a steel band. But Tim was religious, a family man. He never understood all the casual skin the other hands showed, and he scowled judgmentally as he pretended to ignore what he glimpsed some of them doing with each other.

Today was Sunday morning. Less than two days earlier, Friday just after quitting time, the foreman had sent Tim to meet the owner. The men sometimes joked that the owner could make any man beg like a woman, but every one of them knew first-hand how true that joke was. Now, Tim's needful look as the owner dragged him into the barracks house made Atwater laugh. Less than two days: that was all the owner had needed to bring Tim in line, make him as hungry for cock as all the other hands.

Tim was getting off easily, Atwater thought, because he'd still had his pants and his shirt partially on when the owner hauled him out of the back of that limousine. Atwater, nineteen at the time, had been a judgmental little prick just like Tim when he too first arrived at the ranch looking for work. He thought back to his own first turn with the owner--was it really almost two years ago? Atwater didn't remember much of what happened that night. He recalled the foreman had walked him down the road and up the steps of the owner's mansion, and then his next memory was four days later when the owner dragged him out of the back of the limousine and pushed him into the barracks. The first thing Atwater remembered was the sudden sunlight blinding him, snapping him partially back to consciousness, as he faltered out of the vehicle on legs untrustworthy as a newborn colt's. He had been nearly naked--barefoot, bare-legged, bare-chested, in just his boxers--when the owner pushed him into the barracks. Atwater had not been aware of much beyond the hunger at that moment, the fire that shaved his consciousness down to the pinpoint driving need to have something in his mouth, in his ass. He had would've done anything, endured anything, to satisfy the starving emptiness his body. He had fallen to his knees there in the front room of the barracks. One of the hands stepped forward, opened his jeans, hauled out his erection, waved it in the air in front of Atwater. Atwater didn't care who watched; he opened his mouth and begged to have it filled with cock, and the hand obliged. Atwater sucked on the hand's cock, not sure even how he'd learned to suck dick, cringing from the shame of it but also knowing that he craved it, was starving for it. He sucked that hand off, and then another one, then the owner, then Quinn, and finally two more hands. Only then had the hunger for cock begun to ease. The shame was gone too. Atwater looked around, needing more: more men, more cock. The owner had patted Atwater's head as if congratulating a pet for learning a new trick and then walked out, leaving Atwater to the hands and their hard-ons.

The owner didn't speak much, never did. Down in front of the barracks house, Tim was trying to stand but was too unsteady to rise off his knees. Atwater watched the owner reach a big hand into the front

of Tim's open shirt and grab a tit. Tim was gasped, threw back his head as if enduring an electric shock. Maybe he had fought the owner's attentions at first, earlier in the weekend, but he was beyond that now. Now a calm, heavy lust settled over Tim's expression. He wasn't fighting this at all. The owner worked both of Tim's nipples, worked them slow and hard. Atwater could hear Tim's needful cries from here.

The man grunted commands. Atwater couldn't make out the words from this distance, only the tone, the way the owner talked to Tim as he was talking to a freshly broken horse, Tim whimpering all the while. The man pulled the young cowboy up from the dirt, shook him until his head rattled, then yanked Tim's face to his, one hand still on Tim's nipple. Tim's head lolled back, until the owner's mouth found his. Then long, easy kissing, full of hunger. More like sucking.

Every new hand was hired on first for a two-week trial period, to make sure he was a good worker and got along well with the other men. A few did not last, but Atwater had. No one told him what would happen at the end of two weeks; so when he was told he was being taken to meet the owner, he thought the meeting was just for a longer-term job offer. He hadn't expected ... what?--his memories were hazy around the walk up the mansion's steps that day, and he remembered nothing after that until he was being pulled out of the limousine nearly naked, four days later. Atwater's head went dizzy as it always did when he thought back to that time. No sense worrying about what he couldn't recall, so his thoughts turned back to the present.

The owner had Tim by the hair and yanked his head back. Running his other huge hand up from Tim's stomach and across his chest, the owner kissed him. In the open. Squeezed hunks of the ivory-white abdomen like he was testing fruit, using his grip on Tim's hair to twist the mouth back and forth. Satisfied and still holding Tim by the hair, the owner wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he turned and shoved Tim toward the steps and up to the front door of the house.

Atwater chuckled. He watched Quinn open the door, watched the owner guide Tim inside, one hand possessively stroking the ex-runner's ass. "He's a natural," Atwater chuckled as he stroked the blond head sucking at his own crotch. Atwater was tempted to hurry down the barn ladder, get to the barracks house and try out Tim's new attitude for himself, but he knew he would have plenty of time for that later. Right now, Atwater had himself a perfectly good man on his knees in front of him, sucking Atwater's cock, lost in his own hunger. "Yeah, he'll be a real natural," Atwater signed. "Just like you, baby." He stared down at Gibson as he pulled the man's golden head back slowly by the hair.

Gibson was older than Atwater. Twenty-seven? Twenty-eight? Atwater wasn't sure; Atwater was twenty-one, and Gibson was at least five years older. The blond took one hand away from Atwater's hairy thighs and wiped his mouth with the back of his arm as he stared appreciatively at Atwater's thick, long cock. Gibson licked the head of it and moaned. *He's saying thank you*, Atwater thought, *thank you for the feeding*. Gibson's eyes flickered up, caught Atwater looking at him, and Gibson glanced away quickly, blushing hard, as if embarrassed to stare back at a man he'd had his mouth on. Atwater smiled and gently plugged Gibson's mouth-hole with his thumb. "Shit, baby," Atwater chuckled, "it's been nearly two months since the owner turned your head around to our way of thinking. You'll let a man fuck your hole, hog your throat ... but you're still kinda shy, ain't you?"

Gibson closed his eyes and sucked.

Atwater pried Gibson's jaw open and forced three fingers deep into his throat, slowly. The man gagged and feebly reached for Atwater's hard-muscled, furry forearm and the tendons in it that worked like steel cables. "Take it, baby." Atwater murmured, adding a fourth finger. Gibson gagged

again and the color in his face deepened. The hand stretched his jaw open like a vise. Gibson took a deep breath through his nose, and Atwater saw the change, the hunger, come over Gibson again, drowning all resistance. He relaxed, stopped resisting Atwater's hand. Only when the throat opened and the gagging stopped did Atwater begin to slowly twist his mass of fingers in and out, up and down. Gibson moaned, needing more.

The blond was almost too pretty. Six foot one, sandy hair, and long, heavy muscles. A slimmer version of Atwater, but with hairless skin like a woman's. "I used to play basketball," the accountant had once laughed. "But you don't go to Yale to play basketball."

Atwater could imagine Gibson's hard, muscled body on the basketball court. Cock-teasing the fans as the crease of his jock-strap bands dimpled his ass through thin nylon shorts. That sweet curve of ass in those shorts as his legs pounded down the gym floor. Nipples sticking out like rivets as his pecs held the tank-top away from his stomach. Girls giggling, and their boyfriends staring blankly, vaguely wondering what it must be like up the crack of that hard, white ass.

After college, Gibson had joined an accounting firm. They had sent him to the ranch three months ago to examine the books. He arrived in a suit and tie. In this heat?--A tie? Atwater shook his head, wondering what Gibson had been thinking. Two days later, Gibson had dropped the suit coat and the tie. Two days after that, he switched from slacks to jeans. Then he was showing up in jeans and a T-shirt.

Atwater noticed the way Gibson looked at the men as they worked on the ranch, shirtless in the heat. All of the hands noticed the way Gibson watched them through the window of the shed the foreman used as an office. They saw how Gibson blushed when they suddenly slapped him on the shoulder. Gibson liked what he saw, even if he seemed to not want them to know how much he liked it. Atwater shook his head. He hated nothing more than a cock-tease--and he liked nothing better.

The next day, Atwater heard Gibson had been called into the owner's mansion. Four days passed before they saw Gibson again. The limousine had pulled up in front of the barracks house, and Quinn opened the door, and the ranch hands watched the blond stagger out, gasping for breath. He was barefoot, shirtless, his pants unfastened as if they had just been pulled on. Then the owner climbed out of the limousine and hauled Gibson into the old barn next to the barracks.

From then on, Gibson was installed in the barn. "Fringe benefit," the foreman told the men with a grin. "Paid vacations, free meals, and a company cunt."

Whatever the owner did to their heads had taken root extra-hard in Gibson's. Around lunchtime one hand went into the barn and tried him out. He laughed in wonder as he told the rest about it afterward, said Gibson's mouth was an amazement, almost enough to make a man give up pussy. They all laughed, because they all knew they had long since given up pussy in favor of man-hunger and man-cunt. Two more men hurried to the barn to try Gibson out before their lunch break was over. They came back late, recounting how tit-work and a hard dick in each end drove the hungry ex-jock into a high heat. From then on, Gibson's holes were first-come, first-served.

From then on, Gibson did his accounting work a couple of days a week, worked alongside the hands the rest of the time, and was available for the hands' pleasure any time one of them wanted him. The foreman dealt with Gibson's accounting firm with a few irate phone calls about "that jackass y'all sent named Gibson who just stopped showing up one day." That was nearly two months ago. No one came

looking for him until yesterday: Gibson's girlfriend. She had come poking around looking for *her man*, as she called him. A God-fearing woman. Big tits and bigger hair. A joke.

The foreman said the thing that made Atwater's head go all *whoosh-dizzy*, and when he snapped out of it, Atwater knew what to do. Atwater had been something of a ladies' man, an impressive history of bedding them, before he had arrived at the ranch. He knew exactly what to do. He sweet-talked her all afternoon, then took her into town for a nice dinner. She was unprepared for this kind of attention from "such a gorgeous hunk of man," and a younger one to boot. By nine p.m., Atwater was the second man who'd ever gotten into her pants. He worked those big tits, sending his huge, thick dick into places she'd never felt, showed her how much stamina a man-stallion could have, over and over. She spent the rest of the evening giddy with gratitude.

"Gibson's more gentle and natural in bed," she confided, then defended his honor by adding, "but he's a real man too. If he ever found out about us, he'd beat the life out of you." She'd said this warning with a *gosh, I'm serious* look on her face.

Atwater had nearly laughed out loud, thinking how she was already an *ex-girlfriend* but just didn't realize it yet. No way would Gibson ever be able to shake off his new hunger for cock and go back to a snatch like her. But instead of telling her this, Atwater allowed that, yeah, maybe she was right. He told her, *gosh*, he'd surely miss her when she went back home to her busy life in the big city, and asked, well, if he could have her panties as a souvenir. She was thrilled.

Today, sneaking away from the barracks just before sunrise so he'd have an hour alone with Gibson, Atwater had burst into the barn; he found Gibson sleeping in the far corner of the hay loft and poked him awake with his boot. The sky was barely lightening, but Atwater could see well enough. The blond, naked like he nearly always was these days, was lying on his back on the mattress in the corner of the hay loft over the old barn. Atwater had almost hated to wake him: Gibson's head had been tilted blissfully back in his sleep, his dick mostly erect, while his ass muscles tensed over and over with that empty need to be stretched and filled. The mattress smelled musky from sweat and cum.

Gibson's eyes had flown open in surprise when Atwater's boot prodded him. He stared up at the huge ranch hand towering above him. Atwater was wearing a shirt open to the waist, sleeves rolled up just past his biceps, and a big shit-eating grin.

"Guess where I've been, baby?" Atwater crooned. Reaching into his back pocket, he pulled out the panties and dangled them from one finger. "A gift from your girlfriend. We fucked for hours. I made her cum a dozen times at least, maybe more."

Gibson must have expected someone would eventually show up looking for him. Maybe a deep-down part of him the owner hadn't reached still expected to be rescued--the way his expression broke across his face said so. Said he knew Atwater was telling the truth. "You son of a--" Gibson growled.

Atwater moved his wide, pointed cowboy boot onto Gibson's cock and balls and pressed. Gibson jerked. Atwater pressed harder. "Come on, baby," he sweet-talked, the same tone he used with the girl. "Why would you want to have that shit-dick of yours plowing that ungrateful cunt"--Atwater slowly slid back the toe of his boot and slid it between Gibson's thighs, and Gibson's expression and widening thighs exposed how much he liked the feeling as the toe began to nudge in the vicinity of his asshole--"while that tight back-door pussy of yours has gone hungry for sooo long." Atwater shook his head. "We gotta get your head back in the game, baby." Atwater flipped the panties at

Gibson. He pushed his boot-toe hard into Gibson's butt-crack. "Aren't you hungry? You ready for a feedin'? I got your breakfast right here."

While he had no memory of the words the owner used, Atwater had the next best thing: a big dick that could reduce any of the hands to a begging slut devoted to sucking or getting fucked. Atwater found he liked being in charge. Liked it a lot.

Gibson stared up at the muscular ranch hand. At the hard ridge of impressively long cock, denim-laminated halfway to the man's knee. At the leg muscles that undulated as the toe of that boot probed his ass, and then down at the panties. Gibson paused, blinked, blinked again. That dick. His eyes kept coming back to Atwater's dick, and Atwater grinned, knowing he had Gibson hooked and just had to reel him in. He knew just how to do it, too.

Atwater knew how making a man horny could plunge him deep into the hunger, could make even the most arrogant cock-of-the-walk among them drop to his knees and beg for Atwater's long, thick dick like a slut. He liked triggering that helpless cock-hunger in them, liked the control it gave him over them. His dick was already throbbing-hard from anticipation. And if sometimes someone sent Atwater himself drowning into the hunger?--That was alright too; sometimes loss of control was the price he had to pay, and Atwater gladly paid.

Atwater reached down, leisurely, and with a hand on each of Gibson's nipples, he slowly, slowly hauled the ex-jock to his feet with an incredible show of strength. Gibson cried out. Atwater's huge biceps bulged against the rolled-up sleeves as he continued to raise the man up until Gibson stood on tiptoe, as if hanging from his tits.

"You like that, baby. Don't try denying it," Atwater intoned quietly, his mouth two inches from Gibson's, their nose tips almost touching. "This body of yours is meant for one thing only--making a man feel good. When are you gonna stop fighting it? You're just like the rest of us, baby. Just accept it, and you know it'll feel good. *Both* of us will feel real good."

Atwater tilted his head. He slowly began to turn his hands, twisting Gibson's nipples. Gibson's head slumped backward, and he groaned as if in pain--but his cock was iron-hard.

"You like that, don't ya, baby? Like having your tits worked real hard? Makes your whole body come alive, huh? Makes your whole body hungry. I know all about that hunger, babe. I feel it sometimes myself, and right now you look like a starving man who needs to be fed."

"No ...," Gibson started to protest.

"Listen good. You got an ass so a man can fuck it hard and work the kinks out after a long, hard day. You got a tongue so you can suck a cowboy's dick and asshole and make him feel real good. You got lips so you can say *yes, sir* and *thank you* after a nice fuck. You got tits so a man can keep you in line real easy. And you got the look of a man who's just about begging to take whatever the fuck I want to do to you. You gotta learn to accept yourself, Gibby. You're just makin' it harder on yourself. So let's start again."

Atwater gently lowered Gibson to his feet. Gibson shook with fear and humiliation. His head dropped forward. Atwater leaned against the wall and stared at the ex-jock: the tall, V-shaped torso with the heavy overhang of pecs that threw tit-shadows on his flat stomach even in this early half-light; the

white curve of developed biceps, each one with a thick, blue vein; the long, solid legs with soft curves broken by squared muscle.

Atwater slid a hand down his own chest, down his stomach, to his jeans. Flicked his fingers to unsnap the fly, unzipped.

Gibson's eyes never budged from Atwater's bulge. Atwater knew he had Gibson now and he smirked, knowing Gibson knew he was caught. Just a matter of time. Atwater could see the surrender start in his eyes. Nothing left but the reining in. Atwater watched it happen, watched Gibson letting go, sliding back. Gibson couldn't help himself. Probably, Atwater thought, none of them could, though he for one didn't even want to try. He liked his new life too much. When he first came here, at nineteen, Atwater had done ranch work before, but he wasn't quite prepared for this ranch's casual acceptance of skin. That most hands worked shirtless was one thing, justified by the heat perhaps. But after-hours, the way some hands didn't get dressed after a shower beyond pulling on a pair of underpants?--and the way some hands sometimes lay around wearing nothing at all?--that made Atwater feel nervous and somehow secretly thrilled at the same time. Atwater somehow had not witnessed the men having sex together back then, though he suspected such acts were happening on the periphery, something that incited a nervous interest in him. So really, what happened during his meeting with the owner had just clarified things for Atwater. The hunger made everything make sense, brought him into a full awareness of what lay in his body and between his legs--and how to use it. But he'd been immersed in this life for two years, and Gibson had only two months. Maybe Gibson just needed more time--and more cock. Atwater pushed his jeans lower so that Gibson could see the base of his erection, the part that was not still hidden down the leg of his pants. Atwater cooed quietly, "Hungry, baby?"

Another silence, but Atwater could read everything he needed to know from Gibson's expression. The hunger had nearly taken him over. He knew exactly what Gibson was feeling: the eagerness that gnawed on every thought, every part of him, until there was nothing left but a void that needed to be filled with dick--in his ass or mouth didn't matter, preferably both. A consuming need to be filled immediately. Overwhelming. Irresistible. Wouldn't be long now.

"How's it feel, baby? You hungry?"

Atwater was standing inches from Gibson, his mouth at ear level. He stared his way down Gibson's broad white back to his ass. Atwater decided he could almost stand a beer can on it.

Gibson's ass jerked slightly, as if he were imagining the touch of the cowboy's hand on it. Atwater smiled. With his mouth right next to Gibson's ear, he half-whispered, "You like the way this feels, don't you? Your mouth is just a hungry, hungry pussy waiting to be fed, isn't it?" Atwater reached his hand into the opening of his jeans. He stroked.

Gibson began to tremble.

"Yeah, you like it." Atwater continued stroking, easing his jeans a little further down each time. He reached up with his other hand and gently brushed his dry, calloused palm across one of Gibson's sensitive nipple-tips, then the other, back and forth. "Now I think it's time for your breakfast."

The naked blond slumped to his knees.

Atwater grinned, enjoying the victory over Gibson, and stepped back. He slipped off his shirt and hung it neatly on a nearby nail. His hands went to the open flaps of his jeans, and Gibson licked his lips, anticipating the sight of the cock he was about to suck.

"Wait--I got a better idea," Atwater said, and pulled Gibson to the opposite side of the hay loft, where the opening looked out over the barracks house and the ranch beyond. "I always wanted to watch the sun rise while my dick gets sucked." Then he peeled his jeans down just past his knees and let his cock spring free.

Atwater caressed the top of Gibson's head as the kneeling blond tilted forward toward his erection. Atwater realized his first touch had been almost tender, so he grabbed Gibson by the ears and pulled the man's head all the way down on his crotch. He clamped Gibson by the nape of the neck; Gibson grunted as if his jaw almost snapped in two. "Yeah, swallow that dick," Atwater purred. He guided Gibson's mouth up along his monster prong, then down the shaft until Gibson's nose met his pubes. "I wanna feel your throat working the juice outta my meat." Atwater's voice softened almost to a croon: "Suck it. Yeah, suck it."

Atwater was in no hurry to cum, and Gibson seemed content to fill his mouth over and over again with Atwater's meat. In, out, in, out: a rhythm as vital to both of them as their heartbeats. Atwater wanted to make this last. While Gibson sucked him, Atwater did indeed watch the sun rise over the horizon of hills and trees. He watched the other hands shuffle out of the barracks house a few minutes later and disperse to their work assignments for the day--even on Sunday, the ranch had chores that needed doing--though none of the hands looked up to see him getting blown behind the loft opening. Atwater made the experience last, sometimes turning around so that Gibson could tongue his ass, then back around to sink his cock again in Gibson's throat. The blond had been blowing him for maybe an hour when Atwater had seen the limousine pull up to the barracks house and Tim stumble out.

Atwater knew he would catch hell from the foreman for being late to work like this, for making Gibson late too. Two men not showing up for work at the same time?--The foreman wouldn't need to be a genius to figure out what they were doing instead. Since the foreman knew some of the words that made his head go dizzy-foggy, Atwater was pretty sure the punishment would involve him naked, on his knees, half-blind from the hunger consuming him. That, Atwater thought with a smirk, was not really a punishment at all, but it would mean putting off his own sampling of Tim's new attitude. Tim would still be there tomorrow, or the next day, however long the foreman needed to decide Atwater had learned his lesson. Atwater considered this blow-job he was currently getting to be worth any delay.

Atwater liked to slam it in hard. Gibson seemed to like it too, seemed to like the jack-rabbit thrusts that made Atwater's balls thwack against Gibson's chin. *Thwack!* "Yeah--yeah," Atwater chanted. *Thwack!* "Yeah, you like getting mouth-fucked rough, don't you? Your girlfriend liked it rough too." Atwater liked performing here in the loft opening, where his nearly naked body, Gibson's nude one, and what they were doing together could be seen by anybody who bothered to look. He liked showing off how well he fucked. He liked seeing his dick appearing and disappearing in Gibson's mouth, liked the feel of his balls swinging in the early morning air. Gibson seemed to like it too. "Yeah, you're a real slut, ain't ya? You like being my fuck-pig? You like getting face-fucked and butt-skewered by my cock? You're a real good cock-sucker--you know that?--a better cock-sucker than your girlfriend." Atwater moaned, tilted his head back, and enjoyed the feeling of Gibson's mouth moving back and forth along his shaft. *Thwack!* His balls were buzzing. He'd need to cum soon.

Whoa!--Atwater almost let himself go too far, almost slipped into the hunger himself. He blinked, shook his head. They'd gotten into a rhythm, Gibson's mouth on Atwater's cock, and that rhythm had lulled Atwater almost to the point that he lost his hold on himself. He had to walk a fine line: horny enough to stay hard and incite the hunger in Gibson, but not so horny that he himself lost control.

Atwater decided to change things around. Yeah, he decided, he needed a change-up to give himself a moment to cool down. He pushed Gibson away; the blond landed on his back, moaning at the loss of Atwater's cock filling his throat. Atwater knelt and fished around his ankles for the packet of lube in his pants pocket. He slathered the slick fluid over his shaft, then grabbed Gibson's ankles and pushed them up and high in the air. Lube and two fingers disappeared into Gibson's hungry hole, the sphincter practically snapping with eagerness for something more, something bigger. Atwater pressed his dick-head up to the hole, then part of the way into it. With hands gripping Gibson's ankles like steel vises, he rammed his cock all the way into the blond.

Gibson shrieked in pain and need as that massive cock bored its way up his man-cunt. Atwater was used to this: even the hungriest ass involuntarily fought the size of his dick at first. Gibson's face went crimson and he huffed a few breaths, a tear running down his cheek. Then his ass began to open, and Atwater began to fuck.

"You're a great lay, baby," Atwater grinned, pressing Gibson's toes to the planks on either side of his head. "A lot better than your ex-girlfriend. You don't need her anymore, baby--we got enough cock on this ranch to keep your mouth and ass happy for a real long time."

Gibson's answer, if it was one, was a series of animal groans.

Atwater withdrew, easing the man's pain, until only his cock-head was encased in Gibson's sphincter. Atwater waited for the muscle to tighten, trying to squeeze him out. Then he rammed his cock in again with a grunt, forcing Gibson's ass open. Atwater bent forward and ran his tongue lightly around the outside of Gibson's ear. Then he took Gibson's earlobe in his mouth and sucked it like a dick, ramming his tongue along it and around it. With one hand, Atwater teased at Gibson's nipple, twisted it. Gibson bucked as if Atwater had thrown an electrical switch. The tension in Gibson's ass released. The upper half of Gibson's body went slack and the entire lower part of his body shot upward, almost shoving Atwater's muscular body off him. Gibson's brain had relocated to his ass, holding Atwater's man's dick, inhaling it, suck-massaging it. "Damn," Atwater sighed, awed once again by how hungry these men got for his dick once the owner was through with them. Gibson's mouth was good, but his ass had amazing talent. Atwater withdrew, then rolled his huge torso like a dolphin, driving his dick-pipe again completely up Gibson's butt ass. "Yeah, you're a much better fuck than she was," Atwater crooned into Gibson's ear.

The tall blond whimpered one last time, then surrendered his muscular body completely to his hunger again as Atwater fucked him.

Atwater got an idea. Smiling, he slowly pulled his dick out to the tip. He stopped. Gibson's head seemed to dangle limply from his shoulders. Gibson's hips struggled upward, trying to recapture Atwater's dick-shaft, but Atwater pulled his cock up as well. Gibson's eyes opened; he began gasping and grunting like a man drowning. Gibson's head rocked back and forth, trying to bring his mind to the surface enough to figure out how to get Atwater's dick back inside him.

"What do you say, baby," Atwater whispered, while he kissed the tears off of Gibson's face. Atwater teased Gibson's ass by nudging his dick-head barely in and out of the hole. Again. Again. "Just say,

'Fuck me, daddy; fuck me, daddy.'" Gibson was older by at least five years, but Atwater didn't care. "That's right. Say, 'Fuck me, daddy.'" he repeated.

Gibson's eyes closed with a moan; the tendons stood out on his neck. Maybe he didn't remember how to speak, Atwater wondered. He had seen guys get so lost in the need that they couldn't form words, especially the experienced ones like Atwater himself who had been there a while and for whom the hunger was now second-nature. But Gibson was still relatively new. "Say, 'Fuck me, daddy,'" Atwater repeated. His cock did not move. Slowly releasing Gibson's calves, Atwater imprisoned both of the man's wrists above his head with one huge hand. He reached down with the other and gently ran it, thick with calluses, across the skin of Gibson's underarm.

Gibson exhaled suddenly as goose-flesh rose on his chest. Atwater smiled as he watched the nipples instantly shrink to tight points. Gibson gasped and grunted for a few seconds--then: "Fuh me, duhdee."

"What was that?"

Gibson's second try was clearer. "Fuck me, dad'ee," he punched out between his teeth as he tried to cram his butthole up against Atwater's rod one more time.

Atwater pulled away, his dick just at the ass-lips. "Louder, baby," he coaxed as he gently brushed their mouths together. "Say it louder: 'Fuck me, sir.'"

"Fuck me, sir!"

Suddenly, Atwater's hips shot forward, heavy and deep, to re-impale Gibson's ass with his cock. Gibson yelped, and his entire body contracted, heavily-muscled legs suddenly grabbing the man above him like a pair of tentacles and holding him in place. Atwater liked the way a sudden sharpness of sensation showed in Gibson's eyes, cutting through for just a moment before Gibson's gaze softened back into the muzzy daze of hunger. He nuzzled Gibson's mouth, using both hands to hold Gibson's arms above his head. "That's how you say 'fuck me, sir'--right, baby?" He rammed again, using the base of his dick and Gibson's sphincter for leverage to corkscrew his cock-head in wide circles deep inside Gibson's lube-slicked hole.

"Urhhhhhh ..., " Gibson gurgled, lost again.

"Oh, yeah," Atwater sighed. He loved this feeling, being in control, flickering just at the edge of the hunger himself, all awareness focusing down into his dick and the need to get off. One slip and he'd be lost too, and the challenge made holding on to his awareness and his control over Gibson even sweeter. "You're a cock-slut, baby, just like the rest of us," Atwater chuckled as his erection and Gibson's hole began to make sucking noises together. "You might have the educated brains to keep the books, but now you're just another ranch slut, baby, using your ass and your dick and that beautiful body to keep us all happy. Don't worry, baby; I'm gonna make you happy too. I'm gonna make sure your ass is well-fed." He shoved hard and deep, rammed Gibson's ass hard a dozen times, claiming that hole. Gibson had reached the point Atwater especially liked: the changes the owner had made to Gibson's head had taken root deeply enough, and Gibson was experienced at getting fucked enough that he knew to let his body go slack at the feel of a man invading him, but he was still new enough to rebel sometimes, fight back a little, which made his ass tighten up snugly.

Gibson belonged here now. No one else would come looking for him, and Gibson would remain here, keeping the books and working on the ranch for practically nothing, just like the rest of them. The owner always got what he wanted, and now Atwater was getting what he wanted. He began to drive his cock home with deeper, faster strokes. He whispered, "You close? I'm about ready to cum, baby. Won't be long now."

Gibson hissed something unintelligible between clenched teeth. He gibbered something incoherent, lost in his need. His face contorted as Atwater's cock bored in and out of his butt.

Atwater straight-armed above the man as he fucked. "Tighten that ass up, baby. Keep it clamped 'til I cum. Can you do that for me?"

Gibson whined. Atwater fucked leisurely, but the planks of the loft floor began to creak as the power of his cock-slamming increased. Atwater heard a man call his name, then Gibson's, from somewhere far away. Probably the foreman, Atwater decided, looking for them since they were late for work. Atwater decided this fuck was much more important. He'd invested too much time, and his balls were about to bust; he couldn't stop now, not before he was finished.

"Yeah, baby, I love your ass." He reared up, hissed, "Gonna cum!" And baring his teeth, Atwater shot. His oversized balls contracted and his sperm hose pumped seed deep up inside Gibson's butt. Gibson clenched his ass muscles in time with Atwater's ejaculation spasms, milking, tugging, practically sucking the cum out of Atwater's nuts.

When Atwater was through, he rolled his head back, eyes closed, and let out a deep groan. Then he dropped his heavy bulk onto the blond body beneath him, knocking the wind out of Gibson.

"Okay, baby, your turn," Atwater whispered, voice groggy with orgasm.

Gibson grabbed his straining rod and stroked it. Atwater managed the coordination to reach for one of Gibson's nipples, and he tweaked it. Gibson yowled and bucked and began to orgasm, spasming and gurgling beneath Atwater like an epileptic, overwhelmed by his climax. Atwater dropped his head drowsily onto Gibson's shoulder. He could fall asleep like this, needed a nap after that long work-out. But they didn't have much time left. Those heavy sounds on the other side of the barn were likely the foreman's boots climbing the ladder into this very hay loft. Gibson's blond head rolled under Atwater, side to side, as his orgasm crested and began to lessen. Gibson's heavy thighs and calves clenched one last time around Atwater's muscular body, then Gibson's whole body went limp, sliding into his afterglow.

Atwater turned his face in time to see the foreman's head clear the top of the loft stairs, rotate like a submarine periscope breaking the ocean surface, and lock on to them lying beside the loft opening.

Atwater grinned. Yeah, he decided, the fuck had been worth it.
