

Chapter Eleven: Old Queer Joe Buggers Me

Excerpt

He responded with several more flicks across my awakening dick.

It felt really good, but we were just across the street from folks and I was scared of being seen, as the walls weren't up yet in the mercantile. I told him we needed to find another place. His jaw dropped. He didn't expect to get anywhere with me this quickly, if ever, and I'd just suggested we find someplace private.

Old Queer Joe winked at me and said, "Let's go for a ride."

As soon, as we were on the buckboard his right hand reached down and began rubbing my knee and thigh. I didn't tell him to stop – that and the fact I had an erection bulging in my pants told him he was getting' lucky. I was sexed up and he was getting some.

Ten minutes later we were on Smashed Possum Road headed east on the back roads to the B-Bareback. Not a mile out of town I had scooted a foot closer to him – just close enough as to not alert any passing cow poke that there was anything unsortly going on – and the old man undid my pants. My three-inch boner popped out, and he began stroking my willy up and down, while chewing his lower lip.

For a few seconds worry spread across his face, as he wondered if he was going too fast or too far. I chased that concern away by grinding my cock into his hand and telling him, "Pappy, you can do whatever you want with me."

He swallowed hard and licked his lips.

Old Queer Joe understood I was going to let him fuck me and I smiled at him knowing how much that prize meant to him.

I liked feeling desired and I liked the fact that my child body made big men happy and quenched their thirsts. A lot of people condemned them for their feelings, but even at this age I understood such men and wanted them to feel good about what they wanted. And to have it. They wanted my tender lips on their bodies, they wanted to touch every inch of my smooth young skin, and they wanted to sink their cocks into my kid mouth and ass. I made their dreams come true and there's something special about that.

These men had all been lonely for a long time right up until I fell off that stage coming into Tail Tickle. Between the B-Bareback Ranch, Fort Big Hoss, and the Soiled Dove Saloon I was making quite of few of them happy.

We slowly road the back way with me relaxing while Old Queer Joe masturbated me. My boy cock was throbbing in his rough calloused hand. The contrast between his old weathered dark hand on my preteen pink cocklet was a turn on. I didn't mind the callouses running over my sensitive skin nor his sand paper like thumb rubbing across my dick helmet. We could've put on a slicker – there was a bucket of axle grease handy, but I wasn't protesting, so rough skin on soft skin it was. I slowly bucked against his chapped hand as he drove, enjoying the pleasure the old man was giving me.

It wasn't long before my I started tapping out dry ones. *Ooooo! Oooo! Oooo!* I mooed like a calf - almost falling off the buckboard 'til Old Queer Joe grabbed me by the collar and pulled me back against him.

It was a strong orgasm – long dry shots – but I wasn't anywhere near done. I needed his dick right then. Old Queer Joe probably had figured that out by then, but I pushed it by panting out, “Oh god, I want to suck your cock so bad right now, pappy!”

We weren't going to make it all the way back to the ranch.

We went over the small bridge that traversed the Itchy Beaver Creek, pulled down a scary trail into the trees, and started undressing. He had his boots and pants off and I was only half-way undressed, but anxious to get his cock in my mouth. His manual stimulation had turned this nine-year-old on in a hot, hot way. As he turned towards me in the buckboard, I forced his meaty legs apart with my head and started gobbling his dick like a raider. It wasn't much in length being maybe 4.5 inches long, but it was an engorged fattie bright red in color. Tangy and salty too. Mostly, it was weird. You hear about mushroom-shaped cock heads and this was that, but even wider with the rest of the cock being a short fat stem. And the old man's shroom helmet was spongier than any I'd ever come across to that point. *I loved it.*

He was holding on to the back of my head and groaning like crazy as I sucked his old dick relentlessly having no problem taking it all the way into my mouth. It took about ten minutes and Old Queer Joe was spurting his man cream into my nine-year-old mouth.

June in Tail Tickle, Texas is already hot and we were both soaking wet with sweat riding in the buckboard, but we still continued our heated love session, as we spread out a blanket out on the back of the buckboard and got down to whipperwillin'. With both of us now fully naked, we were bouncing around in the back of that buckboard making out by passionately kissing and rubbing our nude sweaty bodies against each other. The fat 63-year-old had some man titties going on, which I went to sucking on, as my hand reached down between his legs to work at getting him back to another full erection. I was wanting fucked in my chocho something fierce by this point.

As I worked on his shaft, Old Queer Joe pushed two fingers into my asshole and began massaging my prostate. He had spread my legs apart, dipped his fingers into the bucket of axle grease, and slipped the greasy digits into my hungry hole, which brought out a deep moan from me. I knew the old cook had to be mighty pleased with himself for getting a little boy so turned on like this.

His middle finger was in just deep enough to play with my ass clit. He knew just how to get a boy pussy ready.

I was so turned on that I pulled my mouth off of his tit, saddled his lap, and started French kissing him, while I rode his fingers. His other hand grabbed my throbbing three incher and started tugging it.

Our mouths never parted as I felt his cock head finally punch into my cunt. My coos and groans were going right into Old Queer Joe's mouth and his into mine, as he fucked into me and I bucked down on him. His mouth tasted like chewing tobacco and whiskey. My recently birthed taste for dirty was fired up, so's I began exploring his old toothless mouth with my tongue, which he really got off on.

The thought that a little boy like me was turned on by the thing that most embarrassed him about his advanced age fueled his confidence. He began pounding my puss like a mad man.

That spongy shroom head though was what had me humping up and down hard. The shape with its outrageously flared head was prodding constantly at my backdoor clit. Not going in deep, but right there where it was needed to milk my sensitive prostate. It was almost like having a new form of anal sex to engage in. I knew right away I was going to be wanting a lot of this old man's strangely-shaped cock in the future.

Just as he tensed up and started seeding my kid hole, I started popping another round of dry firecrackers.

We reeked of semen, sweat, tobacco, rot gut whiskey, and butt fucking, but goddamn the sex had been amazing with that toothless old fat man.

As Old Queer Joe sat naked in the back of the buckboard cutting him a piece of chew, while I was between his legs licking my ass juices off his cock and sucking a few remaining drops of elder seed out of his dick.

Once you get me heated up it's hard to douse my fire!

After a bit, he probed down into my ass cheeks and pulled out a big dollop of his cum, which he slowly fed to me. Then, using his tongue he pushed a big wad of chewing tobacco from his mouth into mine, spit and all.

Riding towards the B-Bareback, he told me he'd fucked a number of boys over the years, but I had been by far the easiest one to convince to take off their pants and the wildest one he'd ever rode. No one had ever been so desirous towards him, nor had they gotten so downright nasty with the sex.

Old Queer Joe said he'd been contemplating sneaking up behind me one night and putting a tater sack over my head, tying me up, and raping me. I just told him he could fuck me without all those trappin's. I weren't about to be ashamed of taking his dick some more, any time and any where. But, if he ever wanted to play rape, we could do that too.

He almost steered the buckboard off the trail, when I hopped up on his lap and stuck my tongue back into his mouth to help him work his tobacco chew. I reckoned we'd be making a couple of stops before we got to the ranch. My boy clit was sure aching to have some more of that old man's shroom head rubbing on it.

Yeah, I was an easy piece...*but a damn good one.* And I was one step closer to finding my father's killer.