My First Time And the Rodeo: Conclusion

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The return trip and a third passenger in the cab

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“My name is Michael,” I responded as I struggledwhile getting myself back together. I instinctively extended my hand. He grasped it but his grip was hardly what you would expect from a cowboy.

“Joe,” he said now going laconic on me, after being so expressive sexually a mere minute ago. He was obviously uncomfortable now that we both had nutted. His senses were returning and he was wondering what the rest of the trip to Pueblo would be like.

He turned the key on the column and with a cloud of dust and at the expense of probably at least one prairie dog he peeled back onto Highway 50. The distance sign said *Pueblo 33* and it was about there that the silence was broken. “You’re not going to call the cops or anything, are you?” He turned to me with this pleading look as his voice trailed off.

“Fuck no, Joe, you didn’t see me jump out of the truck or anything.” I said with a glance followed by a turn of my head in the direction of the passing countryside off to the right. I thought about my last statement. *Why didn’t I jump out of the truck?* All that shit about homos on the highway I guessed was true*. I’m still breathing and I am beginning to think I will make it to Pueblo alive.* His gaze was fixed straight ahead and I took a moment to really look at his profile and take stock of this guy now that he and I had leap-frogged over every social restraint my young mind had come to understand.

Awkward hadn’t yet become hackneyed but that pretty much describes the next thirty miles or so.

“You know, I’m no queer or nothing,’” he blurted out after an excruciatingly long silence.

I had no clue what the proper response to that would be. I did wonder exactly *what* kind of guy picks up another guy and almost immediately exposes himself and then invites the hitcher to play with him. Back then folk weren’t real tolerant of people who were different. Even in the 21 st century indecent exposure can land you in jail. But of course my dark secret was that I had been different pretty much

all my life. I didn’t see myself as a queer either. I liked girls—I *really* liked girls—but I also liked playing with boy’s peckers.

“Hey, man, I coulda’ asked you to stop I guess.” There wasn’t a lot of conviction in my statement as I continued to stare down the road hoping Pueblo would soon come into sight*. Ixnay* on that. I don’t think I could have said no if we were sitting still two blocks down the street from my house on a dark night at 3:00 AM. “No biggie, man, really.”

“I ain’t had much luck with women.” Joe looked serious and sincere but I was surprised to hear him say it. “I just quit tryin’ a few years ago.” Eyes front, he sort of just threw that statement out there. His words were cloaked in sadness and shame.

“I’m hoping to meet a nice girl down there at the rodeo. You want to hang out with me in the chutes? Maybe there’ll be two together.”

"No thanks, Michael; I’m meeting a couple of guys there.”

So it was. He was meeting a couple of guys and me, despite having engaged in a consensual man-on-man *tete a’ tete* (better yet: taste a taste), I was intent on meeting a female.

For those of you who have never attended an American rodeo the first thing you need to know is that there is lots of testosterone. Rodeo is a spectacle comprised of several different *men vs. unbroken beast* competitions. You’ll see cowboys ride a wild horse that hates saddles. You’ll see a man try to ride a ginormous long-horned bull for at least eight (8) seconds. You’ll see a couple of guys on horses try to rope and then hog-tie a calf, or you can feast your eyes on a beautiful young cowgirl on a strong incredibly agile quarter horse competing over who can negotiate a barrel course the fastest and without incident.

Back then in the new west getting laid was as much about whether you could project the image of a cowboy as actually being a cowboy. My friend Joe was certainly closer to a cowboy than me. He had grown up out there on the plains, while I was just an eastern kid exiled to eastern Colorado every summer in hopes that working on my grandparent's ranch would infuse some of the right stuff into my lover-not-a-fighter value system. Despite the fact he had moved to Denver and found acceptance from gender-benders who shared a thing for boots and leather, it didn’t make Joe any less of a cowboy.

I wasted no time heading for the stock chutes where the girls could always be found. Real rodeo

c’boys would sort of straddle the arena fence, or sit on hay bales, or adjust, re-adjust, and then re-re-adjust their tack in hopes that some comely lass would notice them. They were hardly posers, but they were posing.

The girls travelled in packs just as they do in the mall or at the beach. But there was usually one in every group that would pick up your eyes as you cast them about. Although a couple showed some interest, it was this one particular lady that set off bells and whistles.

She and three other girls were standing together outside the refreshment stand under the grandstand. The one that was about my height with boots on was the star. The other two were either frumpy or plain. She doffed her hat as soon as she saw me look her way and ran her hand through her long thick raven hair. She made a performance out of carefully replacing the hat atop a face where everything thing worked. All points south also scored high. She had perfect handfuls on her chest, she was narrow at the waist, and from there on down she looked great from any angle.

At that point I could see that she was eager to pull away from the cluster. The question was how could she do it and not offend the other girls. I conjured up a plan that felt workable. “Hey, that was beautiful mount you had out there.” I said as I passed around behind her after buying a Coke. She looked at the girl across from her obviously perplexed.

“*I* wasn’t riding today,” she said pointing to herself and looking at the rest of the gaggle. She was flattered that I confused her with one of the flag riders that traditionally open the every rodeo. Thanks to lots of eye contact, inclusive small talk, and a ton of laughter I got them to give this girl named Jessi a green light to peel off with me.

She was easy to talk to, bubbly and articulate. She lived in Colorado Springs where her father was an army officer. He was from Oklahoma which was where she grew up for the most part. So she was in her element at a rodeo. We walked the afternoon away. Stopping, walking, stopping, and walking. Once she had touched my arm a couple of times I felt confident enough to grasp her hand as we walked and from then on the stock poop didn’t smell, the rodeo announcer was no longer loud and obnoxious, and I no longer felt the hot wind on my face

As Jessi and I strolled the grounds behind the grandstand we walked by the beer gardens and not surprisingly I saw Joe and another guy sitting at a table in what appeared to be a jovial conversation. We just kept on walking and I pretended not to see him. It hadn’t escaped me that I still had jism deep in the crevasses of my tongue so that taste continued to linger. Also lingering were the images of Joe’s gorgeous penis and the feeling I got when he blew off his load. Not bad for the first time I thought. But women trumped men and I could never imagine that ever changing. Crazy thoughts passed through my brain. *Does man cum stay on your breath? Will I be able to get hard again? What*

if Joe sees me?

As with most young women, once I had kissed Jessi she wanted to make out the rest of the afternoon. Before long playful pecks became tongue in the mouth French kisses. And with them came the always stimulating wet-breath (as I call it) that females emit when their pussies are beginning to swell and weep. With that came a grinding of our groins and the answer to question #2. I had a boner, and to my relief the kind of boner I was used to when with women.

Abruptly, Jessi pulled away. “I hate to tell you this, Michael, but I have to meet my friends at 4:15.” The clock at the end of the arena read 4:05 and they were deep into the bull riding which is always the final event at any rodeo. “Let’s head toward the east gate next to the parking lot.” I could see the sadness in her big brown eyes. She liked me I could tell, and had I been an older guy with my own truck I think she’d have been riding next to me in the cab.

After a long goodbye kiss while her friends admonished her and needled her about meeting somebody, she clambered into an old van. After a goodbye wave I stuffed the piece of paper with her phone number on it and stood there; looking around, considering places to hang out my thumb in hopes of getting a ride back to the ranch. No sooner had I decided where to head a whistle that could only come from a cowboy pierced my ears and I jumped and turned back toward the queue of vehicles trying to exit.

“Michael…Hey Mike!” I knew it right away. It had to be Joe. He had found me. He probably had seen me with Jessi. A wave of dread came over me though I never have understood why. Joe represented a sure ride home but would he have expectations? Was I prepared to get it on with him again?

He was waving from a couple hundred feet back toward the arena entrance and he wasn’t alone. Walking beside him was the guy I had seen him drinking with. It was the drinking part that had me a little nervous. He was smiling though. And he picked up his pace once he saw me and motioned for me to come over to where his truck sat in the by now nearly empty parking lot. I returned the smile and quickstepped it in the direction of pickup. He stood there while his buddy went around to the passenger door.

Joe smiled again: “Hey Wildman!” The guy on the passenger side sort of smiled, too.

“Hey, Kirby this is Michael, the guy I told you about.” I gave Kirby a wave as I approached them. “I bet you could use a ride back to that horseshit town where I picked you up,” he exclaimed turning back toward me.

“Uh, yeah, Joe I had no luck findin’ me a horse in there,” I nodded in the direction of the arena. “So

I’m still walking.”

“Hop in pard,” he guffawed in some way I couldn’t make out, and held the door open for me.

“Thanks” I said as I jumped into the same middle seat I had occupied on the way down. Only this time I was the meat in a cowboy sandwich.

Joe wielded that old Ford out onto the side street, romped on it to the stoplight and turned right on route 50. “Kirby here is my buddy who used to live in Denver. He lives down here now, Mike but he’s gonna ride up to Denver with me. We’re goin’ to the Branding Iron tonight. Wanna make it a threesome?”

“Joe, I ain’t old enough to drink.” I answered invoking a rather lame redneck accent.

“At that joint if you’re big enough you’re old enough,” Kirby sort of growled in a deadpan way. All three of us laughed. And then there came a pause that was at least eight months pregnant.

The Branding Iron was a notorious bar in Denver where gay men could cowboy up and not worry about being beat up. The last thing I needed was to end up on East Colfax unable to get into that place and left to fend for my cute young self. Not in those days, I might not be so lucky the next time.

I was walking on broken glass now. *Were they serious about the invitation? Dammit, there it was again.* My pulse started racing and I felt a stirring in my jeans as I sat there getting beer breath in both nostrils fighting a terrible urge to grab somebody’s basket. I figured I’d start with Joe since to do otherwise would not be…well, polite. I placed my left hand on Joe’s thigh about halfway up as they took turns talking about how hot and wild the Branding Iron was. They painted quite a picture. Dancing cowboys, drunk suburban women loose and liberated testing their sexuality on everything from bull dykes to transvestites, and straight voyeurs sounded like a crazy *mélange*.

“We need to change the subject, Joe, or Mike here will get a hard on,” Kirby said knowingly.

Joe dropped his right hand to my crotch. He knew just where to squeeze to complete my arousal. “Why, he’s got one already,” Joe exclaimed looking over at Kirby. “Feel it Kirby.” Before I knew it they both were fondling my junk and I was heating up; and beginning to think of the possibilities this activity presented.

Once again, Joe pulled the truck over to the side of the road as I started returning the favors. All three of us unbuckled and opened our flies, and almost simultaneously three rock hard cocks, all different, but all eager for release, were waving in the air of that hormone charged pickup truck. We were by

the side of the road stroking each other with the directional light still blinking.

“For chrissake Joe, pull off into the sage brush over there,” Kirby whispered. Joe slammed the truck back into gear. But in so doing he popped the clutch and I lurched forward still grasping their cocks. “Ooooh shit!” Kirby muttered as the truck came to a sudden stop. “I thought he was going to rip it off.”

“Suck it for him, Michael, it’ll shut him up.”

Down I went. His pecker was smaller, just about my size. In fact it was a mirror image. Before I took it into my mouth I mentioned: “Hey Joe, his dick is exactly like mine.”

“Lemme see,” Joe said as we both sat back showcasing our cocks. “Shit howdy, he’s right!” Then Joe reached over and took my cock in one hand and Kirby’s in the other. “Yep, they’re just alike.” Then he got an idea. “Hey! Everybody out of the truck.” I think Kirby caught on right away. We started to pull our pants back up when Joe looked back and said: “Fuck the jeans just pull up your skivvies.” Kirby hit the ground first and led us behind a tall *pinon* pine tree.

“Move as close together as you can.” I look over at Kirby as if to ask what the fuck? “I want to suck you both at the same time.” Good thing we were young and skinny. He managed to position us so that he could get both cocks into his mouth-- and almost parallel to each other. Not easy, but it was an indescribable sensation; Kirby’s cock and mine in Joe’s mouth at the same time while he is sucking us off as one.

The busy highway couldn’t have been more than fifty feet from where all this was going on. Just the thought of all those nice people whizzing past while we’re carrying on like lust-crazed libertines only added to the excitement. Faster and faster went Joe’s head. His tongue was working like a baby calf’s. Kirby’s legs started to shake and he began to rise up on his toes.

“Oh that’s fucking amazing. Don’t stop man…don’t stop.” Me? MY eyes were closed and I was wracked with so much stimulation I wouldn’t have cared if there was a county sheriff behind the next bush. I wanted to pop and I felt it starting to rise. All of that stimulation from Jessi had returned my body a high-level of sexual readiness.

I was so blissed out that I hadn’t realized that Joe was also caressing our bare asses at the same time as he was blowing us, but when his fingers entered my butt crack and slide down to my sensitive anus I lost it. My involuntary paroxysm sent a load of steaming semen up the pipe in the direction of Joe’s ravenous throat.

On and on, up and up it went, my penis swelling with every surge of sweet crude being pumped up

from the depths of my being. My legs turned rubbery. I needed support. I grabbed onto Kirby's shoulder as the catharsis sent a spurt of spunk hurtling out of my peehole. I felt a lower pressure stream leaving my body for at least another three seconds and then things began to subside. I slid away from Kirby, taking my cock with me, and leaving Joe with just one in his mouth. (Imagine *just one*!).

There I lay on the hardpan a complete noodle. The high-altitude 5 o'clock sun cloaked my face, already deeply tanned from a Colorado summer spent mostly out of doors. Above me, I heard noises that said Kirby was going to be the next to blow. With a loud gasp he took a swan dive onto Joes back, but Joe somehow kept Kirby's torso in front of him and that splendid cock in his mouth. They both collapsed in a heap but incredibly Joe stayed connected to that hose.

Next to me lay Kirby on his back with Joe on his knees trying to drain every last drop of nectar out of that thing. After a brief respite, Joe climbed back into a standing position. With half-opened eyes I saw Joe start fisting his very erect tun with ferocious intensity.

"Which one of you wants it," he growled between deep breaths as he stood staring down at his suck-buddies splayed out on the ground the pace of his pounding picking up

Kirby looked like he may have passed out. So I meekly raised my arm. It took Joe two steps to straddle me before in a flash his eyes went glassy. He dropped to his knees and ended up astride me with his long poker pointed at my face.

"Take it bitch! Aaaaargh"

I felt the warm goo hit my face in three places followed immediately by a steady drip that came down on my neck. I opened my eyes only to feel the sting from male spunk trickling into my eye. There was a puddle near my nose so I picked up the distinct odor that freshly released sperm gives off. I discovered that some of his load had landed on my lips but I made short work of that. By then the taste of the afternoon's festivities had finally left my mouth and I needed a refresher.

We all must have been down on the ground after-glowing for at least three minutes. But finally, one after the other, we got up wiped ourselves and got dressed again. No words were spoken until we got back into the truck.

I broke the silence.

"Joe, I wanna thank you. Not just for getting me down and back to Pueblo but for introducing me to fooling around with guys. Shit man that was fun." They both laughed, nervously but with sincere

appreciation.

Kirby leaned forward, looked over at Joe and drawled: “Yeah, you horny fuck, thanks for picking up this hot little peckerwood.”

Before long we were back in the junction and I got out to walk the last half mile to the ranch. Now my jeans pocket held three separate sheets of paper all with different names and phone numbers. All three with special memories attached. I must have been feeling like a young girl does after losing her virginity. I don’t remember any specific thoughts but I know I kept playing the day back again and again in my mind.

One thing I know for sure is that I wasn’t asking*: Is that all there is?*