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ONE LAST SONG

by Donnie "Jager" Jay, SDGM XXXII
E-mail: donniejay@hotmail.com

Coffee on a Winters Night: Part Three

That winter seemed to go on for ever, not that they were not always of a good duration here in Montana, but this one somehow never felt like it was going to end. He arose every morning before sunrise as he had for most of his life and rode the trucks out among the large fenced in cattle pens to scatter the feed as was necessary during the snowy months, when there was no grass for grazing.

More often than not he would eat breakfast and retire to his room afterward. His mother started to become concerned because this was so unlike her son to lock himself in his room so much, but when she went to discuss it with her husband, he just laughed it off. Carl was after all grown up and more than likely just needed a little more private time to himself, he remembered what he was like at that age when the hormones were raging.

Carl would lay there staring at the ceilings most mornings just thinking of the summer that had just passed, anxiously awaiting the next late spring, when the rest of the hands would come back. He enjoyed all their company and had as long as he could remember, and always couldn't wait to see them again, but never as much as he longed for the companionship of Randy. He exercised faithfully every morning after taking care of his chores, determined to be in shape when spring came, he didn't want to just be as Randy left him he wanted to put on more muscle. Now that he had learned to adjust to him limits though they had been steadily increasing, he was very careful to not over do, since there was no pair of strong hands to massage away the cramps and pains. There were a few of the wintering ranch hands around sure, and if asked they would more than likely oblige him, but that was not what he wanted. It was not what he desired, even though he had not come to the inner realization of what he really wanted, somewhere within him it was laying dormant.

It was almost New Years and he was sitting at the dinner table with his dad while his mom was plating the dinner and bringing it to the table, when from out of nowhere his dad looked up from the paper he had been reading and said. "Heard from that new hire from last summer, got a letter the other day saying he'd be heading back the end of March if we needed him. Said to say hello to you."

"To me?" Carl felt suddenly warm inside, but fought to keep a smile from crawling across his face.

"Just that, hello."

"You going to be needing him?" Carl asked casually.

"Recon so, he was good and Tim and Doc, they said they weren't returning, said they was getting to old, heading to California", he gave a slight laugh, "said they could take the cold summer nights no more."

They had both been here as long as

Carl could remember and they had to be well up in years.

That night Carl had the most vivid and strange dream that he ever recalled. He had dreamed before and like all of us remembered bits and pieces of what had transpired, but just as with the rest of us the facts usually just dimmed more as the hours of the day past until they were no longer remembrances. This dream however would not be like that, this one would live on vividly in his conscience up until this very day. In his dream winter's dreary days had long passed, bringing spring and with it came Randy and the rain. He had no recollection on how long they had been out on the range, only that it had been a long time. They were no longer tending the camp closer to the house and were no longer responsible for getting the morning meal and bringing out the supplies. In fact they were at the outer most of the camps a good six hours ride out from the nearest one, they were alone out it, which in his dream state seemed odd as usually it was six guys or more. But in his lustful subconscious there was just the two of them. It had been raining when they returned from the dinner gathering and the were soaked by the time the reached their lean-to. Behind it was dry as a bone and at once Randy began to strip

"You best get out of those wet things before you catch you death." Carl began to undress just as he was told, tossing his wet things in a pile next to Randy's. Randy looked up at him smiling,

"You look great, see you kept up with working out."

I did it for you."

"Huh?"

"Nothing." they stood stark naked looking at each other.

"I thought you said you did it for me."

"I may have."

"So, you did do it for me?" Randy took a step toward Carl putting his hand on the other man's shoulder. Kneading it slowly. "Good work, I can feel the muscle you've laid on over the winter. Good and strong."

"Thanks." Carl was getting that funny feeling in his stomach again, the one that feels like something flying around inside you. Slowly he could feel a warm sensation flowing toward his loins. "I did my best to keep with it."

Randy place his other hand on Carl's other shoulder, massaging them both simultaneously, Lord, Carl thought to himself, please let me control myself. But no one was listening to his pleas, he could feel himself starting to rise. Thank you ever or what ever that just at the moment Randy gently turned him around so the his back was towards Randy, he massaged the area around his shoulder blades, working them well and slowly, then started working his was down Carl's spine, pausing momentary between each to work a bit more. He didn't stop at the waist like he normal did but continued on down till her was at the last vertebrae just at the crack of Carl's twin mounds. Carl couldn't help but let out a slight sigh and trembled just a little.

"You alright? I'm not hurting you am I." Randy inquired.

"Not at all."

"You want me to stop?"

"Hell no."

"Lay down." Carl did as he was told, being careful not to turn toward Randy and expose his desire. Randy straddled him as he had that first night he had given him a massage, the only difference being that there was no clothing this time between their bodies. The feel of Randy's bare flesh against his sent shock waves thought out Carl's body. He craved more than just the other man's touch, wanted much more, but what? He had no idea. Randy slid down Carl's body, and Carl was not exactly sure but he thought he felt something hard pressing against him, as he did so. Randy started kneading his buns and that felt unbelievable great, he relaxed and felt himself open slightly, what the hell was that feeling?

"You've toned yourself up nicely. Firm, but not to hard." Randy continued to knead the area he was admiring. Carl could barely breath, his ever pore was pulsating with desire.

"You feel great in my hands," Randy talked on. "better than anything I've felt in a long time. Better than anything I've ever felt to be truthful." And out of the blue Randy placed his lips on Carl's right buttocks and kissed it. Carl didn't say a word, he could not believe what just happened. He was in total shock, in fact he wasn't even really sure it had taken place, but then he felt the kiss on the other side and then suddenly a flurry of smooches all over his backside. He groaned loudly this time.

"Damn." he yelled out.

"You want me to stop?" Randy moved his hands to Carl's shoulders roughly pinning him down.

"Yes. No. Damn I don't know. It feels to good that's all. Should we be doing this even?"

"Doing what? Me massaging you? We've done it before."

"You've never kissed my butt before."

"I've never had it beneath me before."

"So why did you kiss it?"

"It was there, it looked to good. I don't know. I just felt like that was what I was suppose to do. It was like it was puckering up to be kissed. I asked if you wanted me to stop."

"I didn't, it felt....good."

"So?"

"So what?"

"What is suppose to happen next?"

"How the hell should I know, I thought you knew what you were doing."

"I have never kissed a man's butt before. Hell I've never kissed anyone's butt before."

"I said it felt good." Randy sat up, no longer holding Carl down.

"So now I'm suppose to go through life kissing you ass?"

"If you want, I wouldn't complain if you wanted to."

"I think maybe we better both get dressed." It was what he said, but he didn't more to get up instead he began massaging where he left off. Carl spread his legs wider causing Randy to move his in between Carl's, he was now kneeling directly above Carl's opening. He could feel himself starting to react to the situation.

"I'm not sure what's happening here." He stood up abruptly, Carl rolled over onto his back exposing himself to the man standing above him, but suddenly he

wasn't worried about his state of excitement, because he saw that Randy was agonizing over the same problem. "Look what's happening to us."

"I guess we're just both horny." Carl smiled sheepishly at him.

"That must be it. Better it we unload don't you think?"

"You want to help each other?"

Randy seemed a bit reluctant now, strange Carl thought after having been all over him, kissing him in the most private of places. He hesitated for a few more seconds and then finally said. "Hell, why not, we use to do it as kids."

Randy laid down on the damp ground next to him on his side and turning Carl to face him pulled him close. The reached in unison for each other and as their hands clasped each other simultaneously electricity seemed to pass through the both of them. Gently at first they began, picking up speed one after another and when they finished Randy gathered Carl up even closer to him and entwined they feel asleep.

When Carl awoke, the dream had been so real he expected to have Randy holding him still, but he was all alone. Alone and moist, it had been one hell of a wet dream. As the months dragged on he had the same dream at least once a week, then twice and as April drew closer it was almost nightly, until it was the day Randy was due to arrive back at the Ranch.

Carl didn't go out with the other hands that morning, he feigned being sick, but in fact he had not felt better all winter long, he just wanted to be home when Randy rode up. He sat by the kitchen window, gazing at the horizon to spot the lone rider. He stayed in his night clothes playing his game and sipping on some hot soup his mother had prepared for him. He sat until dusk, but no one came. Finally disheartened he climbed the stairs back up to his room and crawled into bed. Despondent he turned on the radio and feel asleep listing to ONE LAST SONG.

To be continued...

You may contact me at donniejay@hotmail.com.

the "official" dish ...from M-10

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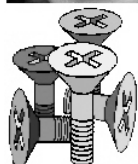
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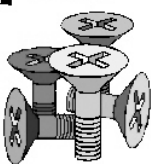
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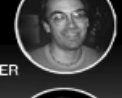
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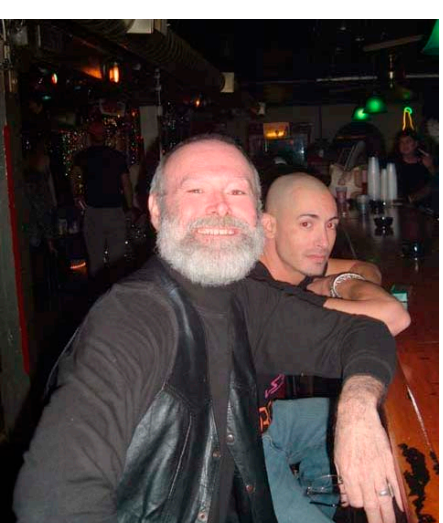
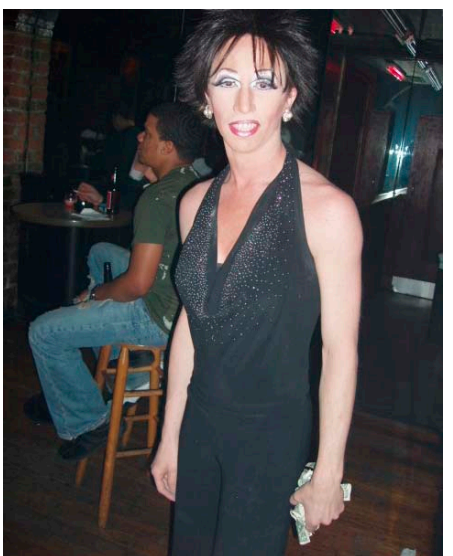
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