

# **Dude Ranch**

**Crimson Rose**

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It was well after midnight when Mike pulled into the parking lot of the Hussfeld Dude Ranch and after a nearly ten hour drive he was worn out – his only thought on getting to bed before he fell asleep at the wheel. Grabbing the slip of paper from the passenger seat with the crudely drawn map his best friend Jake made showing the way to his cabin, he exited the truck and made his way down the deserted sidewalk where he found cabin sixteen nestled in a copse of elms. Using the key his friend provided he entered and flipped the light on.

Giving the place a cursory glance, he had to appreciate the rustic style with rough-framed furniture and animal heads hanging on the walls like trophies. It was not his style, but it fit his friend – an avid hunter, to a tee. Shrugging, wondering if they were real or fake, he eventually found his way to the bathroom where he was happy to find running water and toilet. After washing up, too tired to take a shower so late at night, he stripped out of his clothes and climbed into bed. No sooner did his head hit the pillow then he was out – snoring like two wild bears fighting over a freshly caught salmon.

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Chris stood outside the dark cabin and stripped out of his clothes before using his master key to unlock the door. Giving his eyes a moment to adjust to the darkness, the chiseled six-foot-four two-hundred-twenty pound tiptoed across the wooden floor, avoiding the squeaky spots as if he had done this a thousand times. In the bedroom, he added lube to his hard cock and carefully pulled the covers back so as to not wake the snoring man. Climbing onto the bed, he gripped the man's hips, drew him into position and placed his cockhead against the tightly puckered hole.

Thrusting his hips, Chris' nine inch cock slammed full force into the man's virgin asshole. Mike woke with a pain in his backside. Mind foggy, it took him a moment to register what was going on. "Uuhhgghhh!" he grunted as the dick plowed in and out. Lurching forward, he cracked his head on the wall and fell to the pillow leaving his behind up and in position for penetration. Chris quickly moved in and pushed his dick back into Mike's ass and dug his nails in as he thrust in and out harder and faster.

Mike's mind was reeling from the assault and he managed to spin around while keeping Chris's cock deeply embedded in his pooper. Chris grabbed Mike's legs and draped them over his shoulders as he continued to fuck him harder and faster.

"Uhn...uhn...uhn...w-what the f-fuck!" Mike groaned. "Get...uhn...get off of m-me!" he said swinging his fists. Chris caught Mike's right hand and held it tight and a moment later he had the left. Using them for support, he increased his thrusting, but Mike somehow managed to move his right leg so that his foot was pressed against Chris' chest. With all of the strength he could muster, he shoved his attacker to the floor and sprang out of bed after him.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! Take it easy," Chris said throwing his hands up defensively.

"Take it easy!? You break into my cabin and rape me and you have the nerve to..."

"HEY NOW, I didn't rape anyone. This is the random nightly butt sex you requested when you registered!"

"Are you out of your fucking mind!? Why in the hell would I request that?"

"You are Jake Weller, right?"

"NO! My name is...that son of a bitch! Jake is my best friend. He couldn't go on vacation so offered it to me. Please tell me this isn't a gay ranch."

"It is. I suppose that means you're straight?"

“Son of a bitch! Yes, I am straight and my friend knows that. God damn, my ass hurts.”

“You have my sincerest apologies for fucking your ass. I had no idea you weren’t the actual guest that registered this cabin. If there was a change the office should have been contacted.”

“That bastard could have warned me!”

“True. To play devil’s advocate for a moment, maybe he didn’t tell you because he wanted you to experience anal sex. That being said, are you going to call the police for what I did?”

“I should, but I guess it wasn’t your fault. If anyone’s to blame it’s my friend Jake. You’re free to go, but please don’t come back.”

“You have my thanks. And to avoid anything else from happening, you should go to the office in the morning and inform them of the occupant change.”

“Will do. Now, if you don’t mind, I am exhausted and now have a sore ass and would like to try getting some sleep.”

“Of course. Can I ask you a question before I go?”

“I suppose.”

“Did you like my dick up your ass?”

“What? No, I didn’t like it!”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive! I’m not a fag!”

“I only ask because it’s been a few minutes now since I was in there and you’re harder than a rock,” Chris said pointing to Mike’s stiff cock. “I know this is an awkward situation for you, but I can take care of that for you.”

“I don’t think so! I’d rather you just left so I can put this nightmare behind me.”

“Alright, but there’s no shame in enjoying a bit of rough anal sex,” Chris grinned mischievously. Reaching out with his right hand, he wrapped his fingers around Mike’s cock and slowly moved them up and down. “Please, after what I did the least I can do is to make you feel good. Will you let me make you feel good?” he asked, giving Mike’s dick a gentle squeeze as he continued to jerk him off.

“Mmmm,” Mike softly moaned despite his overwhelming humiliation. His mind was being pulled in a thousand directions as he struggled to make sense of the emotions he was now feeling. Though he was as far from gay as a man could get, he could not deny how amazing Chris’ hand felt rubbing back and forth along his cock. Embarrassed, he froze and Chris took it as a sign of approval.

“That’s it,” Chris cooed “lay back on the bed and let me take care of you.”

“I...uuhhnnn...I’m n-not gay!” Mike protested even though his cock continued to throb in Chris’ expert hand.

“There’s no shame in enjoying a handjob is there? Trust me, no one here is ever going to judge you for that. In fact, everyone will be thrilled to meet the straight man willing to let a gay man jerk him off.”

“I-I’m n-not willing...”

“Your throbbing dick and lack of stopping me say otherwise. It’s okay. I know this has to be the weirdest night of your life, but please, relax and let me get you off.”

Mike fell back onto the bed with Chris between his legs. Chris leaned in and took Mike into his mouth – swirling his tongue around the base of the cockhead where it was the most sensitive, before taking all eight stiff inches down his sucking throat. Mike’s brain was

screaming for it to stop, but the soft moans escaping his lips told Chris he was doing something right.

After a few minutes of sucking, Chris stood up, pushed Mike's legs back over his head to expose his ass and pushed in. "Uhn...uhn...O-Oh my f-fucking god!" a lust-filled moan escaped Mike's lips. "I...I don't...please..." Every ounce of him screamed to get the hell out of there, that he was no faggot, but he felt weak, powerless to fight back as Chris' cock plowed relentlessly in and out of his ass. "Uuhhnnn...p-please stop...uhn...uhn..." Chris' hand stroking his cock and his ass was stuffed was driving him out of his mind as humiliation was replaced by pleasure and in mere minutes he was close to cumming, but Chris pulled his hand away to keep him edging. A few minutes after that he took his first load up his ass.

"So, how do you like a cock up your ass now, straight guy? By the way, my name is Chris."

"I'm Mike," Mike panted. "And I don't know what to think. One part of me wants to kill you for what you did, but another wants you to do it again," his face flushed red in embarrassment at the confession and he regretted the words the moment they left his lips.

"I hope the part that wants me to do it again is bigger than the part that wants me dead," Chris smiled. "It's a shame I got off and you didn't. Why don't you lube your cock and stick it in my ass?"

"I'm not a homo," Mike protested although recent actions said otherwise.

"Look, there's no need to deny who you are here. Every man on this ranch is gay or bisexual so you won't be judged. Besides, your dick is still hard and it isn't good to stay that way too long. I set my bottle of lube on the dresser over there. Go ahead and grab it and I'll get into position." Before Mike had a chance to protest further, Chris dropped onto his hands and knees on the floor and spread his legs. "Go on, give it a try. You might like it as much as you did my cock up your ass."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Mike whispered a little too loudly. "Look, I'm really not into men sexually. I'm only here because my friend couldn't come and gave me his room key. Had I known this was a gay resort I never would have accepted it."

"But you did and you thoroughly enjoyed me sucking your dick and fucking your ass, so get the lube, coat your cock and shove it up my ass!"

"What part of I'm not gay don't you fucking understand?"

"What part of your dick is hard as a steel rod don't you?" Chris grinned. "Look, just give it a try and if you don't like it you can stop and I'll leave. You're on vacation, loosen up and keep an open mind. Go on, grab the lube and stuff my ass, big boy."

Against all reason, Mike did as he was told. After generously coated his cock with the lube, he stepped up behind Chris' exposed ass. *What a sexy ass*, he thought as he reached down with trembling fingers to spread him open. *OH GOD! What am I saying? That's not a sexy ass! Well...okay, it is for a man*, he rationalized as he placed the head of his dick against Chris' asshole. Chris did not give him a chance to rethink his decision as he pushed back to take it all.

"Mmmm, fuck me lover! Ram your dick up my ass until you explode!"

Holding Chris by the hips, Mike worked his dick in and out, trying to think about fucking a woman and failing miserably. After a few minutes, he thrust in all the way, reached between Chris' legs and took hold of his cock. It took him a minute or two to get the rhythm down, but he managed to work it so he was fucking Chris' ass and jerking him off at the same time. It was more than he could handle for long, and the first ropey strand of semen shot out uncontrollable.

“You got me hard again,” Chris purred. “Get your ass on the floor so I can take care of it.”

Mike dropped onto his hands and knees, no longer bothering to protest. Deep down he knew he had just developed a liking for cock that he would not be able to break himself of and when he felt Chris’ dick pressing against his asshole, he pushed back to take it all in one swift thrust.

Falling off of Chris’ cock, Mike hit the floor and panted as his head spun with euphoric bliss. “Oh god, what in the holy hell have I done?”

“Had a good time, I hope. Would you like me to stay so we can play some more, or have you had enough for one night?” Mike rolled onto his back, his cock sticking straight up. “I thought so. Let’s get back in bed, lover.”