

COWPOKES, COUNTRY BOYS, ROPERS, RANCHERS & ROUGH-RIDIN' MEN

# BUNKHOUSE

Armin  
Uncut Cowpoke

Plowboys and  
Ranch Slave Trainees

Whip-Crackin'  
Pud-Whackin'  
Fiction by  
Jack Fritscher  
Fledermaus  
Tim Brough

Dade/URSUS  
art on the  
Bunkhouse Wall

**COWBOY BRUIN**  
Jim Coleman

ISSUE #9 • \$5.95



# BUNKHOUSE

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# Buck's Bunkhouse Discipline: *The Screenplay*

Written by  
Jack Fritscher

Directed by  
Jack Fritscher

Feature Video

Starring  
Buck Ford and  
Bob Nevada

Running time:  
60 minutes

A Palm Drive Video

Photography by  
Palm Drive Video



## TWO CHARACTERS: BUCK AND THE RANCHER

**BUCK** is a cowboy, 32, roving from ranch job to ranch job. He is good-looking and hung big so most men come on to him to admire him, but he wants more. He smokes big cigars and is attractively masculine. He wears brown leather chaps, an outback range slicker, roping gloves, and cowboy boots. He has Buffalo Bill-length blond hair, a rugged blond beard, and a very hairy chest and belly. His blue eyes are slightly walleved giving him a shifty look—something like a secret cocksucker who works ranches to prowl the bunkhouses in search of cowboy ass to eat. When he isn't a top hand, he doesn't mind a good bunkhouse rape of his hole by a gang of cowboys. His secret is that his nipples seduce him when men work them and he can't help himself begging for sex. Besides the smell and feel of leather, and some really sweaty dirty sex, Buck has a weakness for cowboys and ranchers who tie him up, put a noose around his neck, and make him beg for sex.

**THE RANCHER** manages his own spread with emphasis on *corporal punishment*. He's mid-40s, bearded, a very disciplined loner who hires his cowboys for the actual work they can do by day—and the kind of hard-brawling balling they can do by night. He smells like a man packing a long, thick, uncut dick swollen with veins as big as the ones on the backs of his big callused hands. Showers are on Saturday nights. He runs a tight bunkhouse where the sweaty hands sleep in their stained longjohns—after many a good night of telling tall tales of their sexploits. They horse around daring each other in their cowboy gear to sniff pits, eat butt, suck cock, and fuck ass over a special brown leather Flannery Saddle.

He travels twice a year to rustle up a cache of big seegars he himself smokes and gives out to his cowboy crew. He runs his ranch with the kind of corporal discipline it takes to make wild cowboy vagrants toe the line. His past is mysterious with a suggestion he knows the "real" rumors of Texas Aggies' initiations. He wears a thick black beard, maybe to mask his face, because he's got an outlaw cast to his eyes which are very intense. Cowboys who work for him may move on, but most of them come back to visit him, to get just one more taste of his man-to-man discipline they can't live without. Only one or two of such drifting cowboys has never been seen again. He wears tight jeans, a red shirt, and a cowboy hat on which he smears the cum of the cowboys he ties up, disciplines, and milks sometimes by hand and sometimes by a specially adapted stainless steel milking machine that knows no mercy. He is one of a secret group of rancher sadists all over the West who are, some bunkhouse trail-talk says, more interested in the cowboys they herd than the cattle they herd.

## EXTERIOR. PALM DRIVE RANCH.

THE BARBED WIRE FENCE LINE. A SPRING AFTERNOON.

**LONG SHOT** begins on Buck in full cowboy gear and black cowboy hat, walking the barbed wire fence line, carrying his .22 rifle. The **CAMERA TIGHTENS SHOT** as Buck approaches the camera and spits. The **SOUND** is of a lonesome cowboy singing, "O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," then blends to the natural sound of the wind. Buck leans against the fence, puts the butt of his rifle in his bulging crotch, and strokes his gun barrel with his gloved hand,

erotic, slow, obviously thinking bad thoughts about what he intends to pull off in the bunkhouse of his new job. He spits heavy and works his sexy mouth. His wall-eyed baby blues stare into the CAMERA CLOSE SHOT that registers him as the kind of a cowboy that men would gladly buy a shot of whiskey in some two-stepping bar.

**LONGSHOT. CAMERA SHOOTING UP HILL INTO SUNLIGHT.**

BUCK is turned into a fantasy silhouette against the bright sky. Buck walks his bow-legged cowboy walk, rifle on his shoulder, long slicker coat flapping around his legs until he strides strongly by the CAMERA.

**MEDIUM SHOT. WOODPILE UNDER THE PINE TREES.** Buck sets himself down, works his rifle, puffs on his big cigar, and pounds on his bulging blue-jean crotch repeatedly, anticipating the rough-and-tumble cowboy sex he wanders the West to find. **CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA MOVES AROUND BUCK,** sucking up the size of his big blond build. **SERIES OF CUTS** to eat up his beard, his eyes, his Brad Pitt lips, his big shoulders. He takes off his black cowboy hat, so the CAMERA, moving like the viewer's eye, can nose in through his blue cigar smoke and sniff his medium-long blond hair and get a whiff of his sweat-soaked pits and crotch and butcrack. He's so ready for sex, he hits his cigar with a hunger most men reserve for cock.

**LONG SHOT.** Buck leans against a tree, pulling open his fly buttons. CAMERA ZOOMS in TIGHT as he works his big cock out of his jeans. His big dick is rooted in blond hair and the shaft, wrapped with thick cords of veins, glows almost translucent red, the mushroom head already engorged.

**EXTERIOR MEDIUM SHOT THROUGH WINDOW INTO INTERIOR OF BUNKHOUSE.**

The desert range is reflected in the glass and through the reflection the CAMERA sees Buck sitting, framed by the window, like a voyeur's dream of a sex portrait—which is the key to this screenplay. In exquisite profile, he is smoking his huge cigar and his big penis stands up in rampant display. The CAMERA ZOOMS CLOSER for a first look at his cowboy meat. He is alone and turning on to sweaty sex smells of the bunkhouse.

**INTERIOR BUNKHOUSE. MEDIUM SHOT** of Buck who has stripped off his high plains drifter coat. His balls are tied up with rawhide. They are big bull balls and his 9-inch-plus dick stands thick and

tall. **CLOSE SHOT.** Buck's blue eyes fix intensely in mid sex-space as he sniffs the smells of the cowboys who have orgied in these rooms. Afternoon light streams in over him from his right.

CAMERA pulls back to **MEDIUM SHOT** for a **PROLONGED TAKE** of Buck who begins to speak in that kind of hypnotic sex drawl that flows from his mouth like rivers of cum from a dick head. He is masturbating rhythmically as he speaks and the CAMERA alternates **MEDIUM** and **CLOSE SHOTS** of his face, dick, and leather-tied balls. His cowboy boots are spread wide and his legs are wrapped tight in leather chaps. At times the CAMERA moves up and down his body like a nose sniffing, like a tongue licking. He speaks to the "ideal" young cowboy he plans to rope and top and fuck come sundown when the ranch hands return.

**BUCK:** *(Speaking in a hypnotic sex rap of rising lust)* You can bet I'm gonna lay your ass across a big bale of hay and fuck your butt. See how a cowboy rides. You know you want it, pig. Fuckin' slidin' my dick inside and out of your fuckin' fuckhole. Fuckin' pile-drive your backside and get the rest of your buddies, my buddies, in the bunkhouse, man, yeah! Fuckin' pass you around, man, like a fuckin' bunkhouse bitch, man. Gonna stretch your bunghole open wide and ready for us whenever we want, man. Yeah, pig! Have you on your fuckin' knees, licking trail dust off my boots, all the way up inside my filthy chaps. Clean it, man. Fuckin' lather up your tongue with the dirt all over my boots.

Shove my cock down your fuckin' throat, ram-slidin' down your throat, shootin' my load of scum right down your throat. Movin' you on to my next buddy cuz I wanna see a smile on his face. You fuckin' suckin' his stench. We all hit the hay, layin' in our bunks, pullin' out our dicks, man. You sittin' on the floor. Us

kickin' back. Big old cigars stickin' out of our mouths, smoke curlin' up through our 'staches and beards.

**CAMERA MOVES CLOSER ON BUCK.**

**BUCK:** Reach down and grab you by your hair and pull you up and choke you with my stenchy socks tied noose-tight around your neck then cram my big horse dick down your throat. Then take a horse bit, man, a metal horse bit with leather reins and stick it in your mouth. Then we hog-tie you, piss on you, throw you in the corner and make you sleep all night while we just



laugh, pullin' our dicks, not lettin' you cum till we stick a pistol in your mouth an make you shoot off before we pull the trigger.

Yeah, boy. You gonna be our bunkhouse scum boy. Take one after the other up your bunghole while that fuckin' rancher's poundin' postholes down your fuckin' throat. Fuckin' slam into your sweet little butthole, pardner. Yeah, pig. You know you want it. Fuckin' spread those legs for me. Fuckin' slimy shit chute. Slammin' my big ol' dick inside, fuckin' pound it, watchin' you squirm and squeal.

All them cowpokes ridin' slapsaddle sittin' on your face, makin' you lick their buttholes, and findin' after three days' ranchin' them shit chutes ain't so fresh. You eat ass while I fuckin' fuck you. Smell that stench, man. You eatin' out cowboy peanut butter. Dry and crunchy hair in them cracks full of dingleberries. Chow down on that cowboy hole. You know you want to eat out them studs. Chewin' on their butts. Get 'em nice and clean, comin' over, and squattin' square on your face, bud. Yee-ha! Till you clean every fuckin' shit hole in this here bunkhouse. Clean it up real nice now.



You ain't spent a night till you spent a night with a bunch of hands in a bunkhouse. You'll crawl out all saddle-sore, swearin' all them trail stories are sure as shit true. Then you gonna watch. I can't wait to poke my dick up inside plenty of cowboy butt. Grabbin' those hairy chests and twistin' the leather hell outta them hard cowboy nipples. Man, you ain't seen no rodeo till you see a couple of cowboys fuckin' each other's lights out. Fuckin' sweat and slime that drips between you. Stenchy piss, man. Savin' that sweat and scum for days for sweet lickin'.

**CLOSE SHOT** as Buck pulls out a big hunting knife and teases its point and blade across first one of his tits, and then the other, moving the blade down and scraping his tied-off purple bull balls with the cold steel, running the sharp cutting edge up and down his big dick, alternating the knife in his crotch, on his hairy belly, hairy chest, and twin tits. He shows off what he plans to do when he catches up to his cowboy fuck, but, what is interesting in a **TIGHT SHOT** of his face, is his passionate intensity for hard-riding mansex, and the **CAMERA** reveals that Buck—interestingly changing character the way some top men sometimes do—maybe gets turned on torturing himself like some fretsome cowboy sitting alone up in his room over a saloon where the action is more cards than the fists, whiskey-cigar sex, and rough stuff he wants.

**CLOSE UP** of Buck's face. He fires up another big cigar. **CAMERA** pulls back to reveal a large hunting knife in his hand.

**BUCK:** Soon enough, I'll be scrapin' your tits and belly, man. First, I'm gonna show you how I skin my cock and pull this cold blade across my cockhead. You know you want it. I want it. All them fuckin' cowboys want it. Fuckin' bunkhouse buddies gettin' nasty with each other. Stripped down to nothin' but our leathers. Nothin' like the sound of chaps slappin' ass. Leather slappin' your ass, man. Filthy leathers. Cowboy boots that stink. Take a piss in one of them boots, man, and stick your face in and tip your head back makin' you drink the piss and sweat and salt in that broken-in leather cowboy boot.

Take some horse tack, man, and strap that boot to your face, wrap it around the back of your head. Keep your face shoved in that cowboy boot. All us guys blowing thick blue cigar smoke, makin' you choke on it inside that boot till you puke. Then tie you spread-eagle on the floor and shove our boots into your balls. After a couple hours of discipline of your face inside that boot, I come over and unstrap you to feed you my raunchy butt. Shee-it. Feast down on it. Chew on the blond hair in my butthole. I kick back and make you eat it. Yeah, pig!

**MEDIUM SHOT** as Buck picks up horse bit and puts it in his own mouth, hitting his teeth, biting down, the reins wrapped around his hand. He pants heavily. The knife has scraped his dick head the sensitive side of raw, and he's ready to ride. The **CAMERA PANS SLOWLY** up from his balls and dick, across his forearms covered with blond hair, up across the tit clamps chained together tit to tit, up to his bearded face with the horse bit between his teeth. He shoves his big cigar in his mouth through the horse bit, so he is virtually gagged.

**BUCK:** (Driving himself.) Smoke it, fucker! Smoke it! That's it! Puff it! Oh yeah, that's it, fucker. Smoke it hard!

**BUCK's** face reddens with passion. Blue smoke surrounds his mouth, his nose, and hangs in his beard. He pulls on the tit clamps. He bites down on the steel bit. His passion is rising. His eyes go out of focus. This is a sex movie and he does what a sex star does best: he rides out of the script to ad lib his own passion. He's riding into the dream of his own wild fantasy. Ten times harder, he yanks on his tits, bites the horse bit, smokes his stogie. His huge dick throbs. He strokes the shaft harder. His dick is two hands tall. Between the horse bit and the cigar in his mouth, he is on a driven, rising passion of *rodeo sex* where the cowboy becomes the horse!

**BUCK:** Ride it, cowboy. Ride it! You're comin' out of the chute! You got the bit in your mouth, the bridle pullin' your head back, them spurs of that cowboy's boots diggin' into your sides.

**THE CAMERA PULLS BACK** to a **FULL TORSO SHOT** capturing Buck's auto-torture ecstasy. **BUCK CUMS**, shoots his load, moaning. White plumes of cum, hot seed, cattle sperm, run down his hand. The **CAMERA ZOOMS INTO CLOSE SHOT** of his spasming dick, then **CUTS UP** to his face, and **HOLDS**, then **PULLS BACK** to a head and crotch shot. Buck sways with passion. *Cum is everywhere!* He's moaning, breathing heavy. The tit clamps remain in place. He bites heavy onto the bit with the big cigar, both still in his mouth, his head wreathed with a cloud of cigar smoke very blue in the afternoon sunset pouring in through the bunkhouse window. Drool runs out of his mouth. Sperm-drool continues to erupt from his swollen penis with his balls tied off tight as a calf's nuts at a castration roundup. **FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN: SAME INTERIOR BUNKHOUSE.**  
**SAME AFTERNOON. SLIGHTLY LATER.**

**BUCK** sits mounted on a big saddle. A rope harness is bound tight

around his chest, pecs, and tits, and part of the rope is tied around his throat and neck—suitable for suspension or hanging. His big blond dick, hard again, stands taller than the big saddle horn. A brown leather armband circles his left bicep. He obviously cannot control himself. He tweaks his nipples, groans, smokes another huge cigar, spits drool on his dick. Once again he's the castrating cowboy scraping his balls and cock, sticking the tip of his knife point into his nipples.

CAMERA PANS UP AND DOWN his action. Then the CAMERA CUTS TO Buck's butt on the saddle revealing the tightness of the rope harness. REVERSE SHOT of Buck's chest with tits clamped, tied together and pulled upward toward the ceiling of the bunkhouse by a very heavy rope suitable for a lynching. An ominous feeling builds in Buck's face and voice as he begins (as all men must) to suffer in earnest for some master he has yet to meet, but knows he must please through such preparations to readiness.

**BUCK:** Fuckin' rippin' off my own tits. Aaaaugh! Jerkin my meat. Hurtin' so good. Fuckin' hangin' by my tits from the bunkhouse roof, man, yeah, the pain!

CLOSE SHOT of rope harness constricting his big chest and shoulders. He's tied up now. He's strung together in a kind of torturous bondage. CLOSE UP of face. MEDIUM SHOT of face and chest. He raises his hand and pulls tension on the rope stretching his tit clamps up. He rocks in renewed ecstasy on the big saddle. Is he the cowboy or the horse? He has become ambiguous. He is no longer the aggressive top. He has finally metamorphosed. His secret is revealed. He has become a very aggressive bottom starving to be worked over when the cowboys ride home. His two-fisted cock sticks straight up.

**BUCK:** Gettin' taken back to the fuckin' bunkhouse. Gettin' gang raped. All fuckin' night by all them cowboy dicks. Dirty, fuckin' dirty uncut pricks. Them ridin' up deep inside my ass and one after the other down my throat.

CLOSE UP: Buck's face and mouth contort in the ecstatic agony of pleasure-torture.

**BUCK:** Fuckin' balls bangin' on my nose. All them scummy ranch hands. A big 250-pound cattleman's butt comin' out and sittin' on my face. Hey, spread those shit-chute cheeks and set your butt straight down on my face, wipin' your butt on my 'stache and beard. I'll fuckin' clean it out, man, fuckin' stench, filth, slime. All the time with another big cowboy up my ass, fuckin' poundin' me deep. Yeah, uh-huh. Pile drive my ass, yeah, fuckin' rapin' me, yeah, rapin' my blond hairy asshole. Throw your weight into me, man. Grab my head, fuckin' me with your big uncut filthy bull dick. Rape my ass. Rape it, man. Fuckin' horse bit tied tight in my mouth. Pull back on the reins, chokin' me, breakin' my neck, banging your balls against me. Slappin' my butt. Chokin' me. Give it to me, man. Gimme that fuckin' scum and make me eat it in pain! Rape me. Yeah. (*Begging.*) Yeah, man. Rape me.



Give it to me good. Fuckin' tear up my insides with that big horse dick of yours. Empty those big balls into me. Shoot your scum deep inside my ass, that fuckin' cowboy scum. I'm beggin' you, man, to fuckin' rape me.

CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT of Buck in same situation but with a look of sudden apprehension on his face. THE RANCHER walks into the FRAME and stands facing profile into Buck. He wears a red shirt. A can of Skoal is outlined in his butt pocket. He smokes a big cigar, bigger than Buck's. CLOSE UP of Buck's surprised face. MEDIUM SHOT. The Rancher takes Buck's nipples in both his hands.

**RANCHER:** Put your cigar in your mouth, son, and smoke it...That's a good little wrangler. I'm takin' your tits, boy. They been clamped. They gonna be clamped again. Beat your meat. I want you in pain. This is my ranch, my bunkhouse, and you're a piece of range trash that drifted in here without much invitation.

Rock your ass. Feel that big saddle between your legs, bouncin'

up against your butt in those chaps, bouncin' up against your blond balls. You seem to be where you wanna be—in a fuckin' bunkhouse and you're gonna get worked over, beat up, and raped. Hog-tied, huh? Rub that big dick. Hog-tied in the fuckin' stinkin' bunkhouse. I'm gonna fuckin' hurt you. I'm gonna spend some time workin' your tits cuz your tits make you crazy enough to want more and more till you maybe can't stand it anymore. Just me and a couple of my boys takin' your sorry ass, working your great big tits, checkin' your butt with our fists, force-feedin' you—shit, yeah—cigar!

Chokin' you, man. Gonna enjoy fuckin' lynchin' you, hangin' you high, stretchin' your neck. (Rancher puts both hands around Buck's throat. Buck's eyes grow wide. He gets that look a man gets when his reason is overcome with his passion.) Gonna take you, change you, make you the bunkhouse slave. You like me twisting your tits so nice and easy till I torture 'em real hard.

**BUCK:** Sir! Spread your cheeks and step across my face and stick my face inside your hairy cheesy ass.

**RANCHER:** Fuckin' good ranch hand, keepin' our assholes clean. You be our fuckin' outhouse, our trail toilet. Cleanin' up our boots and our socks we wipe our cum with, cleanin' up our cumsocks with your tongue. Pullin' our wet wool socks over your face. Flickin' our toe jam into your mouth open like a shootin' target. (The Rancher slaps Buck's face repeatedly.) I'm gonna fuckin' put that stogie permanent in your face. Tie that stogie into your mouth and smoke your fuckin' hide.

**CHANGE ANGLE. MEDIUM SHOT.** Rancher rubs hot ash of his cigar on Buck's engorged cock while Buck, hypnotized by his captor, smokes his cigar. This SEQUENCE includes intense tit work capped with Buck feeling himself be lynched by the Rancher, strung up, sitting for all the ranchers and cowboys to see, sitting naked in a saddle, straddling the nervous stallion, feeling the noose pull on his neck, knowing he's about to be hanged, hung by the neck, and his dick stands up bright in the afternoon sun and taller than the saddle.

**RANCHER:** Puttin' this big fuckin' rope

around your neck, man. Gonna hang you up, stretch your neck. All them cowboys standin' around in a circle watchin' you hang there by your fuckin' neck. Playin' with your tits, makin' your tits want that rope around your fuckin' neck.

**BUCK:** Oh, yeah. String me up. Work my fuckin' tits. Use my face and hole.

**CLOSE UP** of Buck shouting. **PAN DOWN** to cigar ash on clamped nipples. **PAN UP** to Buck's face. Rancher takes the cigar from Buck's mouth, and from his own mouth, and shoves both cigars together into Buck's mouth held open with the metal bit.



**CAMERA MONTAGE** of Buck begging the Rancher as he works the cowboy over thoroughly: savaging his tits, roping his neck, popping the bit between Buck's perfect white teeth, taking the cigars, and blowing smoke into Buck's open and very willing humid mouth. Much smoke exchange and breath control. The Rancher runs the rowels of a prized silver spur across Buck's chest, nipples, and mouth.

**CLOSE SHOT INSERT** of Buck's blue eyes on the

cusps of freak-out passion. Buck pants. Drool drips from his mouth held wide open by the horse bit and bridle. **MEDIUM ROVING SHOT SEQUENCE** of Rancher pulling reins to Buck's mouth with chain between clamps up over the reins so Buck can be double-driven like a horse with a tender mouth. Blue clouds of cigar smoke float around Buck's head as he jerks his big meat wildly, pushing his balls up against the Flannery saddle horn. Buck begs for more. The Rancher takes the reins which run straight from Buck's mouth to under the **CAMERA IN MEDIUM SHOT.** Buck wants more as much as he needs more. Once again, the rope is tied around his neck, tightened, and he exhibits the sensation of a man hanging in the smoke-filled bunkhouse.

**CLOSE SHOT** as his big dick shoots! **CAMERA TILT UP TO MEDIUM SHOT** of Buck's blond face exploding red with orgasm. The Rancher eases his horse-cowboy down. Buck pants in exhausted satisfactions. **CLOSE UP** of cum dripping down Buck's brown leather chaps. Then follows the initial sound of the hard fucking of Buck's bunkhouse discipline. **THE END. FADE OUT.**

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