

**Two teens go down the garden path
with silver bells and cockle...**

CABBAGE-PATCH BOYS

I shot my lover this morning. With the garden hose. Just as a joke. I mean, he'd slept in late, and then walked bare-ass out into the cabbage garden where I had been working up a two-hour sweat. He was a little hung over, besides being a lot hung. So I was tempted. Right? What's a spritz of cold water between young lovers?

I figure if I know Jeff at all, he's gonna get off on a little wet horseplay. So I blasted him. Right between the buns. Bull's-eye! Shoot! How was I to know if you give some guys an inch of hose, they'll shove eight inches down your throat and up your ass? With good old Jeff, I should have known.

Both me and Jeff like the mix of outdoor sex, sunshine, hard, wet muscular bodies, jockstraps, and hot action. Must be because we both came out in the Midwest, and both moved out here to Frisco. I arrived two years ago, maybe six months before Jeff pulled his pud out of someplace like Peoria.

That's when we met: at a Haight Street dance joint called Palm Drive—which is what you do with your dick. Get it? I got it. The Red Hot Chili Peppers were playing on the juke. Jeff was one of the peter-meter contestants that night in the Palm Drive Jerkoff Derby.

Hot damn! I took one look at his long, fine, blond body, and figured I was gonna get me a piece of that veal. He moved real good the way a young man should! Besides, his doublepacked jockpouch bulged bigger than all the other contestants. But mostly it was the way the stage lights hit his

baby-blues with that ol' razzle-dazzle that made my own dick twitch.

Jeff won my heart in San Francisco that wet January night! We've lived together ever since: the best of lovers, fuck-buddies, and friends. When I found out that Jeff had been 4H in Illinois, like I had back in Iowa, we both decided to grow our own garden in the secluded backyard we have behind this really small cottage we rent up in the Castro. The best of both worlds: all of San Francisco humming around us while we work buck-ass naked out in our garden where we keep a good bit of lawn for sunbathing, and, well, frankly—True Confessions Time, okay?—some hardballing f-u-c-k-i-n-g around!

Anyway, this morning of the day when I'm scheduled to be a contestant in the Palm Drive Jerkoff show, Jeff parades his suntanned buns right by my face. I'm sort of weeding around the cabbages when this naked number, my lover, comes strolling out, showing me his morning hardon, tempting me with his big uncut blond serpent swinging between his legs and over his nice, nice balls. Gives you a good idea how Eve felt in the Garden. When you see something that long snaking down a pair of thighs, you want to choke your Adam's apple on it.

Just like Jeff dared me to enter the Palm Drive competition, I knew he was teasing me into getting into a good ol' mid-morning outdoor fuck session. Talk about a bright, bright, sun-shiny day! Basically, all he said was, "Good morning, Scott," and, like I said, paraded his hard swimmer's body past my face. With the garden hose already running in my hand, I rained on his parade! If seduced he wanted me, seduced he got me. But I was gonna play too.

I gave him a fast squirt! The cold water on his sunhot skin made him jump into action. He came running at me, jumping over the rows of lettuce and cabbage and carrots, and took me on in a water-wrestle that was the nicest kind of foreplay for getting two hot bodies wet enough and slick enough to slide over each other into some good-loving sucking, rimming, and fucking.

Jeff was a swimmer in high school, and we both were on the varsity wrestling teams; but, even though I've got more

the short, hard, dark wrestler's build, he's got some height on me. To say nothing of his broad swimmer's shoulders. Usually, I can always take him when we wrestle. Besides sex, wrestling is our main way of keeping in shape. But who-the-fuck always wants to pin his lover? How's that song in *Oklahoma* go? "Everytime I lose a wrestling match, I somehow sort of feel that I won!" If you catch my meaning!

We got into a playful, but genuine tussle, all arms and legs, with him trying to get the hose away from me. Sometimes, I admit, we get a little kinky at night and get into some real watersports with each other; and with the hose shooting all over us in the hot sun, right there at the edge of the garden, this was sort of the same kind of turn-on. Only somehow on the garden walkway, with both of us laughing, and getting hotter by the minute in the sun, this seemed like a real wholesome way for two guys to get wet for sex.

The horseplay stopped almost as fast as it started. Jeff's hands left the garden hose and tugged at my nylon Speedos. He pulled my trunks down off my ass, and worked them slowly over my soaked jockstrap. My white tank top clung wet to my torso, but it felt warm as he ran his hands over me. I reached for his big blond uncut cock and felt him hardening in my hand. We kissed, briefly, and I went slowly to my knees, my face watching his shaft, rich with hard-pumping veins. The knob of his cockhead working its way out of his heavy lip of clean foreskin tasted sweet and fresh in my mouth. I licked him, and then took his dick, big head and thick length, all the way down my throat.

Guys tell us we make a good couple: him so blond, me so dark. His hands in my hair rode my head as I pumped his dick in and out of my throat. I took him in shallow at first, kind of prickt teasing him, looking up at him, studying his lean-muscled blond good looks, and then I opened up the back of my throat and hoed down on his cock to the root, burying my face in the golden wet hair of his crotch. His body arched back as my throat tightened around his rod; and his hands never left me, as if he wanted to plow me as much as I wanted to him.

He pulled me up and kissed me, frenching down my throat, following the furrow his cock had taken. He pulled my wet tank top off and, nipping and tonguing his way down my chest and belly, he sniffed and licked at my dick through my wet jockstrap, hardening me, pulling my cock loose, and sucking me into his mouth.

For being young dudes, both of us are natural-born cock-suckers, and after more than a year together, we know each other's rhythms and strokes as good as we know our own. No man has ever sucked my dick as perfectly as Jeff. His wet mouth swallowed my cock down to the hilt, and I fucked long strokes deep into the back of his tousled blond head. His hand worked under my balls, and stroked the wet curly hair around my asshole. His fingertip rimmed my soft pucker. I pushed out on my butthole. His finger probed deeper. His mouth worked my dick in longer strokes.

I pulled him up off my big cock, and we kissed. I sucked his wet tongue in past my teeth. Both his hands were feeling up, and spreading, the burning cheeks of my ass. I wanted his tongue up my butt, his face buried in my crack, his dick up my hole. We pulled apart with a knowing glance, and I raced him back across the lawn and did a belly flop a true swimmer could appreciate flat down on the big towel he had spread on the grass.

He was right behind me. His tongue went down to taste and wet my crack. He burrowed his face between my cheeks, probing my hole with his tongue, kissing me hard where it counted most, and then, licking and kissing his way up my back, he handlessly placed the head of his big cock against my asshole.

He pushed gently. I relaxed and received the head of his cock, and then inch by loving inch, felt him planting his dick deep in my ass. His love-bites on my neck made my cheeks arch up full-mounded toward him. He knew I was ready for the kind of long-stroke hard fuck he liked to throw.

I took him hot, hard, and deep within me. My hands ached to reach for his tits, his butt, his face, rubbing his long, lean body. No sooner thought than done! Jeff pulled his cock out of my ass and flipped me over on my back. He kissed me

and raised my butt up so all my weight, like a good wrestling pin, rested on my shoulders. And then he sucked ass! Just buried his face in my well-fucked butt, and ate ass.

Finally, he dropped my butt down, and rammed his big cock home up inside me. His face, close up to mine was intense. He kissed me, and flipped me again, wrestling me around, butt-fucking me again on my belly, driving me into the towel, into the grass, into the ground, until he reared back, and heading down the home stretch, pulled his dick from my ass and shot his thick, creamy, hot, white seedload all over my tanned cheeks.

Hardly missing a beat, we switched around, and he lay back on the towel, his big dick still throbbing and hard. I straddled his hips and sat on his cumlick pole, fucking myself on his hard rod. His hands ran all over me. I beat my meat looking down into his sexy eyes and, with the bouncing ram of his dick up my ass, I shot my load, thick and spunky, up his belly, across his chest, and toward his grinning face.

We fell on top of each other right there in the grass, panting, laughing. The garden hose was still running.

“You’re sure as hell gonna be,” Jeff said, “some fucking hot Palm Drive Jerkoff buddy tonight.”

For sure, I was a smiling contestant, because there ain’t nothin’ to put a smile on a farmboy’s face like a good big-city fuck in the cabbage patch.

