

**Prairie Chicken and
Buckskin Foreskin:
I always been a sucker
for a noble savage.**

MY BABY LOVES THE WESTERN MOVIES!

His buckskin loincloth hung soft an long between his powerful thighs. He was a blond warrior, young, no more n nineteen, with perfect white teeth when he finally smiled. He stood in the prairie clearin sizin up my encampment. His bow an quiver hung from one broad shoulder. He was a good hunter. Two large rabbits, both bucks, hung at his belt. Blood from the kill trickled down through the blond hairs on the inside a his tanned thigh.

He watched me watchin him. I sat stock still on a stump, my legs spread, my own chamois loincloth danglin halfway down to my ankles. His eyes, blue as cornflowers, moved slow up an down my body. I wasn't afraid a him an he wasn't afraid a me or my red beard. We danced a cautious dance. Some tribes the Soldier Blues hadn't made peaceable yet. A man could get killed.

I picked up my knife. His bright blue eyes darted to the sharp blade at his belt, met mine, an relaxed when I no-never-mind started in again whittlin an old stick. Whittlin's good. A man puts a strong chunk a solid wood

between his legs an starts workin it an thoughts come into his head something like when he reaches down an takes his own fat cock in his hand, pulls down on the shaft nice an easy an never quite lets his stroke peel his foreskin way back from the head a his cock, until his head pops the 'skin, an blows his white hot flume. Thinkin those thoughts raised my lodge pole, tentin out my loin-cloth.

His keen eyes measured my barely covered hardon. Slowly, he moved his hand over the soft buckskin a his own loincloth. He wanted what I wanted. I surveyed him once more from his roughout moccasin boots, laced up tight around his hard calves, to his washboard belly an hard chest. His smooth blond skin was tanner n berry juice. A thin leather lace banded his head a flowin blond hair. His cock hung big an bent, tryin to jut up an out through the buckskin that pouched his nakedness in the front an gathered into the crack running up his rear. I figured he had been stole as a blond child an raised by Indians, a not uncommon adventure, an he was just old enough a brave to be wonderin what white men was all about.

I hoped his real pa had the sense not to let his ma cut him, an ruin him, takin his foreskin from him. Folks like that go and call Indians heathens. Ain't nothin like a good foreskin, redskin or whiteskin, blackskin or brownskin, when the right brave is brave enough an good-lookin enough to tickle my fancy which is located for ticklin at the back a my throat. I always been a sucker for a noble savage.

What I had standin before me was a genuine wild-child, blond-child, man-child whose strong hand touched

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87

first one dark nipple an then stroked over the bear-claw necklace, hanging across his pectorals, an then down his belly, jumpin the waistband a his breechclout, until his sinewy hand rested cupped aroun what looked to me to be a goodsize piece a uncut blond prairie chicken.

He was uncut. I knew for certain. My dick always hardens near hidden uncut meat the way a dowsin rod twitches over water runnin under a parched prairie.

Ogallala Sioux, I figured, had raised him. So I suspected he spoke some trader English, even if he didn't much remember how he talked before he was carried off, but I wasn't interested in palaver. I was interested in siphonin out his foreskin with my tongue to get some prairie cheese to eat with my prairie meat.

Folks call me a trapper for less n they know what I really trap. They buy skins from me, but they ain't no cash money in the territory can buy the kind a manskins I hunt down an trap. I'm a buckskiner chasin foreskin.

Sometimes a man hunts best just sittin on a stump in the middle a his own camp, stripped down to breechclout an boots, a jug a strong apple jack at his side, rollin his own smoke, carvin pieces a wood into what some call "Widow's Comforters," an what I call woodcocks, carved in medicine shapes, with uncut heads, an smooth enough for a man to slide up inside hissself when the plains night is clear an starry bright an lonelier than the frozen face a the moon.

The blond brave was bold.

Before I could motion him into camp, he came striidin toward me, his heels kickin up little clouds of dust. He was a handsome warrior brave. He could be dangerous, but so could I. We both were chancin it. I been

a trader for twelve years, since I was almost sixteen. I seen men at their best an at their worst an generally like em somewhere in between, which is where we were when he came an stood four foot in front a me, dropped his rabbits, like he was tradin with me, an lifted the flap on his breechclout, tuckin it up in his belt, exposing the warm chamois skin pouched around his big balls an uncut horsecock.

The skin a his breech was worn so smooth over his goods, my own cockhead slid like a one-eyed snake through my own foreskin. I could see the outline a his uncut horse 'skin shieldin his cock. I humored my fancy that his Indian name was "Horse Skin." I reckoned he hadn't come to powwow. He had one thing on his mind. No big blond boy, raised so bold an wild, was gonna walk right up an stand almost between my legs so we could flap our jaws, when we could jaw our 'flaps. Sure as shoot-in he weren't no Indian. He looked like he might a been outa some a that strong blond German stock that settled a long way's hard ride north an east, farther even than the Dakotas.

He snorted air from his nostrils. Like a horse.

I reached out an touched the big pouch a his breechclout. He took a step closer. He put his hand on my naked shoulder. I looked up at him an he squinted his skyblue eyes, then he smiled, but his lips never parted. He put his hand on the back a my head, a gesture that in these parts can give a white man with a full scalp a red hair somethin've a palpitation. Kinda nervous, I sniffed through his buckskin the rich smell a unwashed cock, that pure, wild scent a unwashed cock that's so healthy a man like me remembers why he left

civilization in the first place.

I turned my face an rubbed my red beard on the back a his hand. He touched my cheek with his palm. I figgered he was curious about how he might grow up, like a white man, different from the Indians. For a young blond, he was yet as smooth and hairless as the Indians who adopted him. But I could tell on his cheeks, under his armpits, an especially by the light line a hair arrowing down from his chest to his navel, that he was gonna be furred heavy when he grew up. Probably never leave his wild Indian ways behind. Never be civilized either. Be halfway round-eye an halfway Indian. An neither a both. The best kind. Most likely grow up to be one a them lone-wanderin moutainmen, like I become, trappin 'skins.

The way he looked at me made me feel my mouth was the answer to a question his dick was askin.

I reached for the cinch on the belt a his breechclout. I hesitated. I looked up at him an my mouth musta fell open starin up at the kid. He smiled, curlin his lip, with just that edge a meanness I find excitin when it ain't no real cowtown brawl. Then he let drip with the longest, whitest, sweetest tastin, droolin spit I coulda ever asked for. He moved in over my open mouth an I swear the spit a his honey was no thicker than those white webs that float through the air in Indian summer. The long flow from his mouth to mine juiced my skinner's cock up harder. I sucked his spit into my mouth an we both smiled cuz, without so much as a word, we figgered out who was gonna play chief.

He raised his lean muscled arms in the air holdin his bow in one hand, his medicine pouch in the other. He

raised his face to the sky. His long blond hair hung down his back. Sweat from his pits ran down his dusty tanned body. He sang out three times the name a the Great Spirit. I pulled the cinch at his tight waist, an his breechclout floated away down his powerful runner's legs.

He was buck naked, starin at the blue sky hummin over the bone-white plains. Rabbit blood ran red down his inner thigh, pinkin with his sweat, evaporatin in the heat. I licked it away with my tongue.

His young horse cock hung between my eyes. His meat was half hard, but the shaft a it, untouched by him or me, was arollin, side to side, growin, stretchin down the long corridor a the biggest flag a foreskin I ever did see a man run up his pole.

I touched its iris eye with my fingers. It was softer n doeskin. Liftin him up by his 'skin, I raised his thickenin dick toward my nose, breathin in the wild smell a his young cock. I pulled the big nipple a 'skin through my moustache. His body arched back like a bow. I kissed his foreskin. I sniffed it, tongued it, nipped it, sucked it. His risin cock aimed straight arrow up his belly. Indians maybe raised him, but in the big bow a his crotch, his meat was fat, big, blond German sausage. His balls climbed over each other beggin to blow like a horse soldiers' ammo dump stashed too near a redhot cannon.

He sucked in a deep breath. His body was a natural wonder. I've heard a Indian rock climbers who coulda scaled his torso pullin themselves up with nothin but their fingertips clawin up in the tight crevasses a his chiseled belly.

He put his arms behind his head an untied the thin leather thong a his headband. He craned his head

forward, an looked about to dive mouth-first down on his own hard cock pointin straight up his belly. My hand cupped his balls at the base a his cock. He reached down an braided his fingers into mine, workin me an his tips together in a slow tease up his shaft. Our twenty fingers met at the tip a his foreskin. His growin cock was still hardenin. He guided my fingers, both thumbs and both forefingers, to grip the top a his foreskin the way a man grips a boot before shovin his foot into it. He wanted me to stare down into the openin iris a meaty darkness. He had everythin.

Horse balls.

Horse cock.

Horse 'skin.

I held his big flap a palomino foreskin tight in my fingers, stretchin his cock out real easy from his groin, while he wrapped the brown thong a his headband tight as a wampum pouch between the tip a his foreskin an the head a his cock. Expert, he tied off the eye to his foreskin with a perfect slip knot. All the time his cock was advancin up from its roots, slidin up the inside tube a his tied-off 'skin like a stiff lodgepole workin up inside a buckskin teepee. He held the long laces a his knotted headband in his hands like they was reins to the wild horsecock he moved left an right, guidin his tied rawhide raw hide toward my mouth.

Nothin slides down a grown man's throat like un-cut dick.

He rode my face, guidin his huge cock down my throat, chokin me with the flapped tip a foreskin. He tasted young an wild churnin into my face lettin me go loco wolfin on the saltlick taste a his sweaty blond meat.

The rawhide rasped my throat, cut the corners a my mouth, an kept his dick hooded.

He worked me hard. The sun beat down on us. I fell back on my elbows an he followed me down. I ripped my own uncut cock free a my breech. With one hand I stripped my tight foreskin back farther exposin my cock-head to the hot sun. I rubbed my hands over the smooth hard haunches a his oily blond butt, wettin my fingers, an slicked my palm down my shaft. He reached back an ran his finger smooth around the inside a my foreskin. His finger pulled up clotted with my fresh churnin cheese. He studied the white clots with his blue eyes, posed almost for a tintype, then shoved his finger in his mouth an sucked it clean.

Always trust a blond Indian.

He slowly withdrew his dick from my mouth. He leaned over me, an smilin, drooled down the long web mixed outa my 'skin cheese an his spit. I squished the nectar through my teeth. I stored it in my cheeks. He knelt up over me, lean an wild against the noon sky, knees straddlin my chest, big cock, still tied off blind, risin hardon. No stoppin us. Whoever he was, he was "Horse Skin" to me now. Takin the reins a his headband, he aimed his cock past my lips, across my teeth, an rode on in. We was different nations but we had the same notions. Whatever Sun Dance foreskin-ritual this young man called Horse Skin had endured as a boy called Pony Skin, he had emerged a warrior, an his sturdy cock was his lance.

He was hung so big my back-door wanted him to slam me a good poke, but he had other ideas. He rode me, his knees astraddle my chest, gaggin me with his

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93

dick, gettin a might forceful, jammin the thick nipple a his foreskin deep down my throat. My eyes watered. Without missin a slam he looked down at me, bared his teeth, smilin, an grunted.

He had me where he wanted me: on my back between his legs with his dick sheathed in his tied-off foreskin slidin in, an pullin outa, my throat, but we were equal cuz I had him where I wanted him too.

He gritted his teeth. He was drillin for the kill. He looked down at me through the long blond hair fallin straight down aroun his chiseled face. Deep in his blue eyes I saw the ancient sacred bows cock, each armed with the fierce arrows a bloodlust. His eyes aimed straight into mine. He drove his savage cock, its blind eye tied shut, hard into me. The blond German boy had disappeared. The warrior Horse Skin had taken his place.

I raised my hands to touch his face, to call him back to civilization. His hands, savage, grasped my wrists to stop me. He bucked up, his dick keepin me, impaled, on my back. He dived forward over my face, still holding my hands, stretchin them out spreadeagle in the hot dust. He was strong with the strength a hard cock. He was strong with the strength a combat born a endless naked wrestlin matches with the young bucks a his tribe. He was unstoppable, but I made a show a strugglin against him, to show him I was no squawman, to show him I knew how to wrestle a strong brave in the games a love. My resistance excited him. He drove deeper, harder. I opened wider, breathin gasps, suckin in his drivin cock, his hard belly slammin down into my face, sweat from his crotch drippin down into my eyes an beard, his balls bangin against the outside a my throat filled on the inside with his cock.

My head lay back in the dirt. My eyes were runnin tears from the burnin a his sweatin drippin on me, an from my chokin. I couldn't even touch my own dick afraid I'd shoot before him an then what would I do, so I opened my throat futher an I received his big horse 'skinned dick, acceptin him inside my insides, where I wanted him an his wild seed. I fell back under his weight, knowin a Kiowa medicine man told me once I had powerful medicine if I only knew how to find it. I remembered the Kiowa taught me my inner Eye, so I took my Eye inside my throat, watchin his big, long, thick-veined cock slidin hard down the sleeve a my throat, back past my choke-flap, back past my breathin, back where his horse cock could bury his foreskin head deep inside my body.

Sand stuck in my hair an to my back an butt. Horse Skin, stud-fuckin me, glowed. His sweat caught the comin noon light a the prairie like a crest. His hair, yellow as the sun, an his body, blond-brown, rose weightless over me. This was good medicine. This is what the Kiowa holy man had meant.

Horse Skin lunged his cock down deep inside my face. I felt its hard head, wrapped in tied 'skin, burrow past the cave a my mouth down the long tunnel a my throat. I was the earth an he was the sky. My dark recesses opened to his penetratin blond light. He coulda killed me. I coulda died a happy man. But he was no renegade, an I knew I was gonna live happy on the memory a this all my days forever.

I opened wider. He drove deeper. He made small gruntin sounds, then blew faster puffs a air, fuckin faster. I felt his 'skin-covered cockhead grow bigger inside his tied-off foreskin like some huge medicine-gourd ram. My

own cock at hard attention bobbed an weaved, an a run a clear gleat ran from the teardrop eyehole a my own foreskin down my cock. I ached to touch it, but his strong hands still pinioned me under all the weight a his buck-in body. His grunts grew louder, risin over the quiet early noon a the hummin prairie, until he was whoopin, strainin, yawpin, an cumin inside the tied sheath a his 'skin, inside my throat. I felt his sweet juice balloon up behind the knot tyin off his 'skin. I wanted the explosion a his manseed chokin my throat, floodin my mouth, me gulpin an burblin an suckin the white clots across my tongue an teeth, tastin him the way a wine merchant nips his lips over his wares, but instead his knotted foreskin stayed thick as buckskin between me an his seed. All I tasted was a trickle a blood from my nose he didn't mean to bump so hard, he was so young, slammin into the dirt my head impaled on his cock.

Still quiverin, Horse Skin knelt upright over me on his knees straddlin my chest, with his cock drippin spit all over my face. His long shaft, topped off with his foreskin balloonin out with cream, hung over me like a club. He looked down at me, both a us pantin, my hands tryin to find my cock around his sinewy legs, an suddenly with both hands, he grabbed the rawhide reins a his headband wrapped aroun the very tip a his foreskin, an gave em a yank that slipped the knot to a spill.

The fast splat a his cum splurted through the hot air, splungin, burnin across my face, fillin my eyes an nose an gaspin mouth, my tongue wagglin up into the tasty rain drenchin me in hot fire. I gurgled an tasted, not just cum from his horse cock, but cum fucked up an stored in his horse 'skin. He leaned forward, put his

hands aroun my throat, an stared down into my eyes, wantin me to swallow, with his hands on the outside squeezin closed the throat he had so carefully fucked open.

His was the noblesse oblige a foreskin.

I swallowed down my throat with his hands ringin, but not quite wringin, my neck. He was terrible excitin. His thighs kept my hands from my cock the way his hands had held my arms pinioned.

He wanted me to cum. I wanted to cum. He dribbled fresh spit from his sweet mouth. He turned to sunlight as noon rose true above us. His hands left my throat an his blond silhouette rose lean an erect between me an the sun. In his shadow, I watched the head a his cock retreat inside his big foreskin the way the moon eclipses the sun. He lowered the three-inch tip a his 'skin at the end a his long cock to my lips an I suckled him the way a man suckles another man, tonguin out his cum juices, drinkin his sweat, swallowin the deep rivers flowin beneath the parched prairie.

I knew how things was supposed to be, an my dick, untouched, shot, shootin up. Light white arrows arched into the blue air from my throbbin cock.

We smoked his pipe an lay naked next to one another on a blanket in the shade a my tent, me holdin his big blond foreskin in my hand, not wantin him to go, when, come dusk, with bow over his shoulder, an one rabbit on his belt, he strode off, blond as all getout, into the prairie darkness, giftin me with one buck rabbit for my supper.

Historical Note

Mountain men were different critters. This country had never seen their likes before. Distinguished by their buckskin clothing, Indian beads, long hair often plaited with feathers, the mountain men, like James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking* and Robert Redford's *Jeremiah Johnson*, lived out their wild lifestyle on the great plains and high in the Rockies. These men were hearty souls keeping one jump ahead of the tame civilization that followed them. They left society and females behind in their pursuit of the rugged romance of a male life dedicated to partnering with another man in a bond that could only be cut by whiskey or greed or lust or death.

President Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase of 1804, and the subsequent expedition by Lewis and Clark, are what actually started the movement to the West. By 1806, the tales brought back by Lewis and Clark of a magnificent, rich land sparked erotic imaginations everywhere. Adventurers who answered this call to primitive excitement were to become what are now called mountain men.

Their rugged buckskin breed is not dead and gone. At the millennium, mountain men still very much live among us, a couple thousand or so full-time, a couple hundred thousand who live the buckskin life on weekend encampments all over the west and northwest, keeping the mountain man tradition of tipis, smoky fires, leather, beards, and black powder rifles alive much the same as other groups of hearty American men gather together in their uniforms to re-enact our Revolutionary and Civil wars.

