

OLD SCHOOL MEN: THE COWBOY
by Aardvark
linktr.ee/aardvarkia

The first thing Addison Winfield wondered as he stirred awake was why his bedroom smelled like hay.

Maybe he'd tracked some in, he thought, though he couldn't think of where there would be hay on campus, or how his shoes could bring in enough of it to make his whole bedroom smell. And when he rolled to his other side, he noticed how horrifically uncomfortable his mattress was. He'd missed his bed back home all semester, but the dorm mattress never felt this bad before.

God, the smell...

Addison thrashed back and forth and pulled his knees up to his chest, trying to go back to sleep. His forearm brushed against denim and he realized he'd fallen asleep wearing jeans, socks, and tennis shoes. That wasn't like him.

In fact, *why* was he in bed...he'd been at the library in the middle of the afternoon, last he remembered...he'd never gone back to his—

Addison shot upright, as awake as he'd ever been. His wide eyes traced up, up, up into the rafters of a large wood barn. Sunlight streamed in through the second story windows. He was lying in hay - the whole barn was full of it.

He stumbled to his feet and brushed himself off. Had he been kidnapped or something? Knocked out? He was supposed to be in the library! Addison smacked himself in the face lightly - maybe this was a dream - but he wasn't waking up, and everything felt so real.

There was a giant door close by, so Addison shot through it. He was greeted by the most limitless stretch of land he'd ever seen, a postcard image of green fields that met the sky in the middle of his vision. It looked a thousand miles long. "No no no...NO!" he cried, wild with panic. There were no cars around. There were some structures in the other direction, way in the distance, but he couldn't make out what they were. "Help!" he yelled, as he patted his thighs and realized he didn't have his phone. "*Help!!!*"

"What's all the yellin'?"

Addison whipped around to see a man dressed like a cowboy. The guy was tall and looked pretty young - around Addison's age, maybe a few years older. "I got scared that one of the horses run off," the guy said. His western shirt, jeans, chaps, boots, and cowboy hat were so on-the-nose that Addison took it to be a costume.

"Wh-where am I?!" Addison staggered back, hands raised defensively.

"You smoke somethin'? You're the one who told me to meet you here. C'mon back to the barn."

"I'm not going anywhere with you! You kidnapped me!" As soon as he said it, Addison felt a surge of fear and regret. He had no idea what this man was capable of, but he was clearly strong, and accusing him with nowhere to run was stupid. Why did he say that...

But the guy reacted quizzically, a confused smirk gracing his chiseled features.

"Kidnapped...you? You playing some kind of game or somethin'? Ain't no man on earth who could kidnap you. You're the toughest thing on two legs." He stuck his hands in his pockets and looked down at the ground, his body language turning bashful.

"Tough? I'm not tough," Addison said, feeling slightly safer. "People say I'm girly."

"GIRLY?!" The cowboy burst out laughing. "Now you're really pulling my leg. You? Girly?! You'd be fit to be tied if I ever treated you like a girl."

"No, really, it's because of...well, it's a lot of stuff, but my voice is one." Addison's voice was high. It dropped a bit in junior high, but while all his friends got man voices, his just stayed sounding like a pubescent boy's. And now that he was in college, it really stood out. "And my hair, it's-

Addison stopped talking. He'd gestured up to his shoulder-length hair, but it wasn't there anymore. There was still hair, but it was short and tousled, barely long enough to part. "Did you cut my hair?"

"Did I...no. You prob'ly went into town and had Mrs. Stapleton do it while you were sound asleep."

Addison shook his head. Tears welled up in his eyes. "What's going on? Seriously, I dunno what all this is, or how I got here, but you don't seem like a bad guy. You gotta help me, please-

"Whoa there. Hey, hey," the cowboy said reassuringly, walking up to Addison. "What is all this? Ain't never seen you cry before. That isn't like you. Whatever you need, I'll help you out, you know that. Let's get out of the sun, maybe this is heat stress." He put his arm around Addison and guided him back to the barn. Addison felt like a helpless little kid next to him. This guy was over six feet and broad, with big hands - a man's man. The spurs on his boots jangled as he stomped forward.

"Thanks. Uh, what's your name?" Addison asked.

"Now you know 'swell as I do my name's Cliff."

"Right. Cliff." They pushed through the barn door, and Addison's nose wrinkled up. "Ugh, it stinks in here."

“Ain’t it great?” Cliff said, drawing in a deep breath that nearly burst off the buttons on his Western shirt. “Now what’s all this about not knowing where you are?” He plopped down on an old stool.

Addison looked for a place to sit. There were options, but none were terribly appealing. Hay bales, flimsy old chairs covered in dust...he opted to stand and lean against the wall. “I don’t know. It doesn’t make sense. I was at the library-”

“The library? You read?”

“Of course I read! What kind of question is that?” Addison said incredulously. “I was in a study group with three other guys and we were trying to find examples of...something...and the next thing I knew, I was opening my eyes and I was here.”

“A study group? What were you studying? Cattle?” Cliff laughed as if this was a joke Addison would get.

“I don’t remember,” Addison mumbled, embarrassed to admit it. Hadn’t that been only a few minutes ago? And yet it also felt a galaxy away. “I can’t remember the guys’ names either. I don’t think we were really friends, I was just in class with them.”

“What do they look like? Any of ‘em as good-looking as me?”

Addison hadn’t noticed, but Cliff was decently handsome. He had a strong jaw and pretty green eyes. His nose looked like it’d been broken in the past, but it gave his face character. “Nah. I mean...I don’t really remember what they looked like, either.”

“I bet they were scared of you.”

“Scared of me?!” Addison was perplexed. Who was this guy mistaking him for? “Why would anyone be scared of me?”

“Oh, c’mon, you know what I mean. They sound like city boys. If they were, they prob’ly never saw a real live cowboy up close before. And even if they have, they never saw one like you. The biggest and the toughest. You know that. That’s why you got all them free cigarettes now.”

Addison listened mystified, not feeling the whiskers burrowing out of his smooth skin. They stained his upper lip with shadow that quickly darkened into full glory, a ruddy blond mustache materializing on his face. Each word brought more thickness and fullness to it until it had grown into the ultimate masculine adornment, shaped like the roof of a house and sitting on top of Addison’s mouth like one, too. It angled upward when Addison smiled. “You really think I’m tough?”

“Course I do!”

Addison's mustache thickened further. "That's awesome. No one's ever called me tough."

Cliff shook his head with a rueful chuckle. "What's gotten *into* you? Winnie make you deaf? Everyone calls you tough."

"Who's Winnie?" Addison asked, growing fascinated by the person Cliff believed him to be.

"Ain't that what you call her? Winnie? I reckoned it was short for Winchester. Figured that was as clever as you'd get," Cliff teased.

"Winchester?" Addison had a flash of a memory - some movie where that name was mentioned. "Winnie's a *gun*?"

"Ain't you humble! As if you ain't the best shot for a thousand miles. I know you like to catch and kill your supper."

"My supper? You mean hunting?! No, no, I've never even touched a gun," Addison insisted, looking at his dainty, porcelain hands. Even when he clenched them into angry fists, they didn't look menacing. He used them to play piano and do his homework, not shoot stuff. And he had a lot of homework to do, he remembered. "Can you take me back?"

"Take you back where?"

With a sinking feeling, Addison realized he didn't know the answer to that question. "To...to school," he said, hoping it made sense.

"We're s'posed to be out here for a couple weeks. We'd have to ride the horses back to the truck, then drive all the way to Dodge Creek. And there ain't no college in Dodge Creek anyhow. So I don't know what school you mean."

"I can't be out here for a couple of weeks, I gotta go home!" Addison insisted, his whole body flushed with adrenaline. "I just gotta figure out...how to get there...what state is this?"

"You leave Wyoming once to go to that fancy tall building in California, and suddenly you forget where you came from," Cliff chortled. "Typical."

"Fancy tall buil-**WYOMING**!?" Addison's shock was so intense he didn't feel his body stretch two inches taller. "Wh-what do you mean, Wyoming?! I can't be in Wyoming! I've never even been to Wyoming!" He pointed his finger at Cliff, arm elongating out of his short sleeve as he did so. "Show me GPS on your phone."

"The heck does that mean? Ain't got no phone out here."

Addison angrily kicked the ground, shooting up another two inches. “Of course you don’t!” he snarked. “Why would you have a phone, why would there be service out here? That would be too easy. What kind of millennial or Gen Z or whatever you are doesn’t have a cell phone?”

Cliff blinked. “What’s a cell phone?”

“WHAT’S A—” Addison steadied himself. This guy was fucking with him. He had to be. “Y’know what, no, you’re trying to get me mad, and I’m not going to fall for it.”

“No I’m not. I wanna help you. But what’s a cell phone?”

“You know, a cell phone,” Addison said, gesturing incredulously, still steadily growing. His small 5’6 frame looked like a funhouse mirror reflection now that it was stretched out to 6’2. “It’s like a phone, but...different, kinda.”

“What do you do with it?”

“You call people.”

“How’s that different from a regular phone?”

Addison’s mind was rushing. “It’s...I guess it’s not, really. What else would you do with a phone aside from ring people up?”

“But you were calling it a...what was the word? Cell?”

Addison sprouted up again, passing six-foot-three. “I...I must’ve been asking where they sell phones.”

“Oh!” Cliff started laughing. “Shoot, I was so confused.”

Addison laughed too, covering the sounds of his bones and joints creaking as they pushed him up to a dizzying six-five. “I’m sorry Cliff, I dunno why I got so mad. I’m just really confused, that’s all.”

“It’s nice to know that even the biggest, toughest guy I know gets scared and confused sometimes.”

“Of course I do,” Addison said, bobbing up to six-foot-six, tall enough to lengthen his face and create more canvas for his magnificent mustache to spread across. He stood a whole foot taller than he’d been on arrival, so lofty that not even the massive barn could make him look short. “I need to remember to not get so angry.”

“So what was it you wanted to meet out here for?” Cliff asked, shifting the subject.

"I don't think I did...did I?" Addison mumbled. "Sorry if I did. I don't remember. I keep thinking about a library. And how I'm in Wyoming. I don't feel like I'm s'posed to be in Wyoming, I think my folks will be worried. Maybe I should write them a postcard." That didn't feel right. There was a quicker way to get in touch with his parents, wasn't there? Maybe a phone call, but they weren't guaranteed to answer, and long distance was expensive. He paced back and forth, agitated. "How'd this happen, Cliff?"

"How'd what happen?"

"This!" Addison bounced up another two inches - this time not because of his height, but from the new thick heels erupting out of the soles of his sneakers. The squeaking of his pacing changed to thuds as his sneaker soles smoothed over into leather and lost their print. The height of his heels forced him slightly forward, and an attempt at countering made him stumble into the wall. He felt so high up. Unconsciously adjusting to suddenly being six-and-a-half feet tall was hard enough, but wearing two inch heels on top of that made him dizzy. "I must be dreamin', right? But I don't think I am..."

Out of the backs of Addison's sneakers burst shiny curved spurs, the rowels spinning like pinwheels from the force of their creation. *Clink! Clink!* As Addison paced back and forth, his new spurs jangled loudly with each step.

He snapped his fingers and pointed at Cliff. "Tell me what *you're* doing out here, maybe it'll jog my memory."

"Herded old man Aguirre's cattle through the hill passes to get 'em out here, now we're gettin' the rest of the ranch fixed up," Cliff said matter-of-factly. "Same as you."

The short sleeves of Addison's t-shirt suddenly unfurled down his arms, as if they'd been rolled up the whole time. He began to unconsciously tuck his newly long-sleeved shirt into his jeans. "Gosh, I don't know anything about herding cattle!"

"That's worrisome, seein' as you're our point man."

Addison didn't hear that, as he was too busy unbuckling his belt so he could finish tucking his shirt in. He didn't remember buying this belt - it was thick brown leather, and it had a swirling embossed design all around it. Probably handmade by some craftsman, maybe even a gift from one. It was two inches wide, different from the skinny belts he usually wore, and instead of a normal buckle it had a silver plate bigger than a tin of chewing tobacco. "How the hell d'you buckle this..." Addison complained, holding the ends of the belt as he analyzed them.

"Crimany, here," Cliff laughed, standing up. He pulled the belt tight and connected it easily, revealing the bucking horse and rider engraved on the front of Addison's oversized buckle. Addison tried to watch how it was done, but Cliff was standing too close, so all he saw was the

top of Cliff's head. He liked being taller than the cowboy. He was never taller than anyone, but he towered over Cliff, and Cliff wasn't short. It excited Addison. So much so, that centimeters away from where Cliff's fingers were working on his belt, Addison's bulge pushed out hard against his jeans. The outline of his shaft stretched down the inside of his right leg, and it got thicker - longer, too, better proportioned for how tall Addison was.

"There we go," Cliff said, brushing off the giant belt buckle as if dusting it. Inches below, Addison's nuts were swelling so aggressively that the denim of his crotch was wearing out from day after day of supporting such a big package.

"Thanks, pal," Addison said, trying to adjust his manhood discreetly. He popped Cliff's Stetson off and rubbed his new buddy's hair, razzing him.

"Get off!" Cliff laughed, darting away.

"Hey, look at me," Addison chortled, plopping Cliff's worn cowboy hat on his own head. "Bet I look like a real cowboy now!"

"It don't even fit that big ugly head of yours," Cliff retorted, making a lunge toward the hat. Addison sidestepped him, grinning broadly.

"Yessir, bet I look like a *reeeeea!* cowboy!" Addison said again, just as a broad spread collar exploded out of the top of his t-shirt.

"You don't look like nothin', ya ugly varmint!"

Addison laughed and leapt up onto Cliff's stool, putting the hat out of reach. He grinned down at Cliff, proudly placing his hands on his hips. "Don't be mad just 'cause I'm more of a cowboy than you," he needed. The sun streaming into the barn acted as a spotlight for his transforming shirt, illuminating the rich color seeping into it. It shifted from white to pink to brilliant red, the cheap material smoothing into a sturdy cotton blend. Two squares puffed out on either side of his chest, joined by pointed flaps that popped out and snapped his brand new pockets shut.

Addison's bulge was eye level with Cliff, but with Cliff glaring upwards, he missed the continual swelling underneath the straining denim. Addison's balls were like a breeding bull's, primed to pay back with interest all of the testosterone he felt robbed of in high school.

Cliff swung his leg and kicked the stool right out from under Addison's feet, but Addison anticipated the move and leapt backward off the stool a moment before. The impact of his lanky body hitting the ground shook off more of his previous accouterments; a row of shimmery pearl snaps burst into existence down the center of his shirt, matching the trio of snaps that arrived on each of his barrel cuffs. His jeans yanked upward, shifting to a high rise style that put his massive belt buckle at his bellybutton. "You crazy?! Trying to break my neck," Addison laughed, reaching up to fix the rumpled collar of his brand new Western shirt. His fingers met metal tips

as the collar points grew in breadth. "Here. I didn't want it anyhow." Addison took Cliff's cowboy hat back and gave it back to his friend. Neither one of them acknowledged that it duplicated itself as he did so, leaving a cream-colored Stetson with a cattleman crease on top of his own head, pretty as a picture. Addison squeezed the edge of his hat's large brim between his thumb and forefinger, tipping his head. "Thanks for the dance, little lady."

"You're mean enough to steal a coin off a dead man's eyes," Cliff glowered, brushing off his hat before putting it back on his head.

"Aw, I'm sorry," Addison said. "I was just joking. I know I'm not a real cowboy. I mean, look at me!" He took a step back - and the rest of his sneakers crumbled apart into dust, replaced by a pair of aged cowboy boots on his big feet. "You're the real cowboy, not me."

Cliff picked up the stool, sat down on it, crossed his arms, and pouted.

"None of that now," Addison said, trotting over. "I really am sorry, Cliff, honest. I was just messin' around. I wasn't trying to make you mad." He stood in front of the cowboy, once again unintentionally presenting his massive bulge to Cliff's face. And this time, Cliff was staring right at it.

"I just got a lot of respect for you, and I want...ah, never mind, it's stupid," Cliff mumbled, looking away.

"It ain't stupid," Addison said, crouching down on one knee to put himself at eye level with Cliff. "What?"

"I just look up to you and I wanna be like you, so I want you to take me serious."

"I do take you serious, Cliff! Honest I do." Addison clamped his hand on Cliff's shoulder and gave it a squeeze. And then his hand began to grow. Not in length - his fingers were more spindly than ever, now that they were on a six-foot-six body - but in power. Veins bulged across the back of his palm. His hand thickened into a beefy mitt, fingers shoving against each other, knuckles flat and broad. "You're the only fella who's been nice to me in this whole strange situation I've found myself in. Now, granted, you're the only one here..." he chuckled, and Cliff laughed too, "but it does mean a lot!"

"I wanna be just like you," Cliff said again.

"Just like me?! Why me? I'm nothin'." Addison noticed shirt cuff squeezing against his wrist, without realizing it was because his wrist had doubled in thickness.

"You serious?" Cliff's expression shifted. His eyes were wide and full of reverence. It made Addison nervous. "You're the best cowboy I've ever met."

“Nah, that can’t be true. There’s plenty of other cowboys better than me. I don’t know nothin’ about bein’ a cowboy!”

“And you’re the strongest guy I’ve ever seen.”

“Me?! You’re crazy as popcorn on a hot stove,” Addison chuckled. “You think this is strong?” To demonstrate, he raised his right arm, which had quietly grown to immense size, like a cannonball shoved inside his sleeve. “You’re just as strong as I am.”

“Not yet, but I wanna be. I’ve been trying like you showed me. When you pick up somethin’ heavy, how to lift it so that it works the muscle proper. I’d never heard anything like that before.”

“That’s just stuff I learned over time. It’ll come to you too,” Addison reassured him. “After you’ve picked up a couple hundred sheep, you start figgerin’ out how to do it so your back don’t ache for the next three days.”

“Elbows back, right?”

“That’s right. Elbows back, don’t hunch.” Addison leaned upright and rolled his shoulders back. With a loud pop, the snap button over his chest opened. His high tenor voice suddenly slid down several notes. “When you pick up something heavy, whether it’s a sheep or a saddle, you wanna hold it with your whole body. And you hold it real close so you don’t hurt yourself droppin’ it.” Snap! Another button opened, as curved shapes emerged through the fabric of Addison’s tight shirt.

“Is that how your chest got so big?”

Addison smiled gallantly, and his pecs suddenly ballooned. In a moment, the snaps of his shirt pulled apart to reveal a chest as broad and thick as a barrel of whiskey. “Partly,” he said, placing his hands on his hips and proudly puffing out his big tits.

“Every time we go on a new drive, you’ve gotten bigger.”

Addison’s pecs widened further, now looking as vast as the vista outside. The expansion of his chest cavity added a new rumble to his voice. “That’s the idea!” he said, as the growth spread to his shoulders and sent them sweeping outward. In an instant, the scrawny city boy got a yoke as thick and heavy as the ones that went on cattle. His huge, rippling shoulders looked ready to hoist bales and pull tractors. “I feel kinda funny,” Addison murmured, resting a hand - one of the last vestiges of his old physique - on top of his cobbled abdomen. As soon as he did so, it grew and strengthened to match its mate, pumping up his arm to fill his sleeve to the brink.

“Maybe you need to sit down.”

“Nah, it ain’t that,” Addison said, shutting his eyes as he felt his torso press harder into the seams of his Western shirt. It was like it was shrinking around him. The fabric across the back molded itself against thick, crescent-shaped muscles. “I just...feel different, is all...” he mused, running his hand up and down his abs and feeling the snap buttons fit to burst. “This shirt barely fits me.”

“Most shirts barely fit you.”

Addison visibly swelled. His back, his biceps, his chest, his shoulders - they all grew fuller, lean muscles stuffing themselves with power. “I guess not. I can never...never really button ‘em...” He looked down and tried to pull the two sides of his shirt together over his chest, but there was a foot of exposed skin blocking the way. “Do I look different to you?”

“Thank god, no,” Cliff said, as Addison continued to expand outward in all directions, his physique shifting to a laborer’s. Giant muscles popped out across his frame, from his thick neck all the way down to his powerful calves.

“Why d’ya say that?” Addison asked, as a high bubble butt filled the seat of his jeans.

“‘Cause I don’t want you to look different. Lookin’ at you makes me wanna be a better man, y’know?”

Addison’s ego stirred. He’d never had anyone speak to him like that before, let alone a man as impressive as Cliff was. He’d been intimidated by Cliff’s manliness, and now Cliff was saying the same thing about him. It made him feel so good. And so big. Strapping, that was the word. Ever since he was a kid, when people would stop his parents and say, ‘that’s a strapping little fella you have there,’ that would be the word they used. They never stopped using it, because he never stopped growing. The strapping boy became a strapping man. A big, powerful, strapping man. “Can’t blame ya,” Addison teased, his voice slipping from tenor to baritone. “Okay, I’m glad I don’t seem different. I just can’t quite figure out what’s going on. My head’s all mixed up.”

“You fall off your horse? I heard of a guy in Billings who hit his head and didn’t know his own family after.”

Addison rubbed the back of his neck, his sleeve audibly sighing as it struggled to contain his huge arm. “Maybe? I mean, no! I can’t ride a horse.”

The air around Addison glimmered as a pair of suede chaps formed from nothing around his legs, the side fringe fluttering in the air like the tentacles of a sea anemone.

“What kind of cowboy can’t ride a horse?”

“No, no,” Addison insisted, “can’t you see...something’s strange here! I just need to figure something out...” He spun on the heels of his boots and strutted over to the wall - spurs singing,

chaps brushing - to finally get a feel for his surroundings. One of the first things he saw was a yellowing calendar pinned to the wall, some dates crossed out: December 1963. "Holy shit, that's old," he chuckled.

"Ain't too old," Cliff said, walking up next to him. "Only a few months. We should put a new one up."

"A few months and like fifty years," Addison laughed, running his fingers over some ropes coiled around wall hooks.

"Fifty years?"

"Yeah, what year is it? Like 2020 or somethin'." Addison couldn't quite remember, which made him wonder if he *had* hit his head landing in that pile of hay. But whatever he had in mind, it was better than what Cliff said.

"It's 1964, brother."

"No it ain't, don't do that to me, you know I'm feeling strange," Addison said, as he unhooked one of the ropes and held it to feel the weight.

"I'm serious. It's 1964. Remember? President got shot last year in Dallas? We were comin' out of 'Hud' and we saw that lady cryin', and she said Kennedy was dead."

Addison dropped the rope. "No...no I don't remember that..." But he did. He remembered liking the movie, and thinking Paul Newman was cool. And he remembered the lady in the blue dress sobbing, and no one knowing what to do. "N-no! Cliff, I...it can't be 1964! I ain't s'posed to be in 1964!" He started to yell. What he was yelling, he didn't know. He just saw Cliff go pale and reach out to hold him up, so he fell into his friend's arms and wailed into his shoulder, wild with panic. Cliff tried to guide him over to the stool, but Addison was so big and heavy that they didn't make it that far, and fell into a heap in the same hay he'd awoken in.

"Stop! Shh...stop...calm down, calm down...shh, shh, shh..." Cliff held Addison down, whispering into his ear and giving him nuzzles like a spooked pony. Addison's thrashing slowed, his pulse lessened. He wrapped his arms around Cliff and held him tightly, and Cliff hugged him back, then kissed him on the forehead. "It's okay. Shhh. You're okay."

Addison pressed his face against Cliff's neck and felt his warmth. "Thank you," he whispered.

"I got you, pard," Cliff said, leaning back and smiling down at Addison, who smiled up at him. Their hands rested on each other's faces, thumbs stroking back and forth across stubbled cheeks. "I got you."

And then he kissed Addison right on the mouth.

Addison pulled away. "What in the Sam Hill—!"

"Sorry. Did you not want me to today?"

"Boys don't...boys don't kiss each other," Addison mumbled, confused. He was fine with gay people. Did he know any? Part of him said yes, part of him said no. Back at the school he barely remembered, he knew some. But here, in Wyoming, no. He wasn't gay, was he? Was Cliff...?

"Just calming you down. I know how worked up you get." Cliff's hand massaged Addison's crotch through the denim. "Don't you need to relax?"

"Goddammit, do I ever..." Addison was full mast in his tight jeans. He was too horny to think. He stretched his head forward and lavished Cliff with wet, scratchy kisses. Their tongues rolled around each other as Cliff popped open the buttons of Addison's fly and unleashed his monster dick. Addison was unsnapping Cliff's shirt and kissing his chest. It was hard as marble, and the musky workman's scent almost made Addison cum right there. "I just gotta relax a little..."

Cliff rolled back to let Addison unbuckle his belt and yank down his jeans, their heavy breathing the only sound in the arid barn. Once Cliff's own long cock was free, Addison got up to his knees and went back to kissing the cowboy, only breaking free when he began to giggle.

"What is it?" Cliff asked.

"I dunno," Addison laughed, huge shoulders shaking. "Something just really...really...heh...*tickles!*" He jolted upright and bit his lip as fluffy curls erupted through the undone buttons of his shirt, then grinned when Cliff shoved his face into the new chest hair, kissing it. "You like papa's pelt, huh boy?" Addison said, his voice morphing into the resonant bass he'd always wanted, masculinity echoing through the barn.

The men were starting to lose control, tearing at each other's clothes, groaning and grunting until they were down to their underwear, which they stripped off and kicked away to look at each other's naked bodies. Addison's body hair was still growing in across his lean muscles, ruddy and blond like his mustache, making his tan physique radiate with light.

They mauled each other's mouths, neither acknowledging that Addison was still growing a bit larger, pecs popping out into a shelf, legs layering on new size. The grit of the barn made Addison feel feral, especially when he noticed dirt and hay stuck in his chest hair. He threw Cliff down onto the bed of straw and they tussled like wrestlers.

Addison's big hand shot out and wrapped around Cliff's throat, pinning him down. Cliff moaned and grabbed onto Addison's forearm.

"You ain't gonna tell anyone about this, right?" Addison said.

“Never,” Cliff said, looking Addison straight in the eye.

“I got too much to lose. I’m not a...a...ffffa-” The word flared into Addison’s mind. He was the only one who ever called himself it, because he hid that side of himself so well. But now Cliff was seeing it. And that was scary. Vulnerable. He didn’t like feeling vulnerable.

“I know. I got a girl too,” Cliff said.

Addison shoved his tongue down Cliff’s throat to shut him up.

“No one’s comin’, right?” Addison asked.

“No. We’re alone.”

Alone.

No one was going to know.

“Get on your knees,” Addison said. He had trouble recognizing that deep, rough voice as his own. What was happening...why was he doing this...and it wasn’t really 1964, was it? It couldn’t be. He remembered so much stuff from after 1964. What it was, he wasn’t quite sure, but he was positive he did.

He was trying to think it all through as he lubed up his cock with his own pre and saliva. He wasn’t this kind of guy. He was...he was an intellectual, wasn’t he? Or trying to be? A student in a library. Not some big, burly, hairy outdoorsman whose brains were in his dick. Cliff was right, he was pent-up. He needed to relax. Take the edge off.

So he gripped Cliff’s hips and thrust against them, grinning evilly when he heard the young cowboy mewl with painful ecstasy. It was so hot to hear them give in to him. To make them submit. Addison loved it. So he thrust, harder, relishing the moans. He began to pump in and out, in and out, faster and faster, balls slapping against Cliff, cock fucking him raw. His muscles reddened from exertion. This was hard work. A man’s work.

Addison folded himself over Cliff, cupping his buddy’s pecs and fondling them, feeling his own chest hair bristling against Cliff’s strong back. The sound of Cliff’s loud, pained groans reverberated through his head like the peal of a bell, his features vibrating and then, with each thrust, beginning to shift...to change...

A bigger chin...a squarer jaw...

The looks that had gotten him deemed “girly” were gone now. He had a strong nose and deep-set eyes, under eyebrows that were thickening up to better catch dust and grit. His face

lengthened, captained by a wide jawline shadowed with heavy stubble. Age set into his features, turning them burnished and leathery. He looked strong and worldly now.

Addison grabbed Cliff's chin and turned his head around to look up. Cliff's eyes were glazed over, drunk off lust and admiration, just like Addison wanted. He kept pounding Cliff's ass while they kissed, Cliff's moans swallowed by Addison's mouth. And through it all, more testosterone surged into Addison's features, morphing them into an ultraman's. Sharp cheekbones, strong brow.

"Uhhnnn...fuck...FUCK-"

Addison shoved in deeper, determined to give Cliff the fucking of his young life. He didn't want to think about them both being men, but it was getting louder in his head. A few minutes before, he'd felt fine about it. But now, it felt like a part of himself he needed to hide. He didn't want to hide it, but he had to.

But it felt so good...and Cliff was so handsome...

Just don't think about it. He slid into his animalistic side for a few moments, grunting and fucking until-

"UHhhhHHNNN *LOWELL!*"

Lowell's head snapped up. That wasn't his name. But it was his name. He'd had another name and it had just been batted right out of his head, like an inconsequential gnat.

And then he shot. A big manly load, out of a big man, into another big man. Hot white cum filled Cliff's ass and spilled down the inside of his thighs as the younger cowboy blew his own spunk all over the hay beneath them.

Cliff's limbs buckled under him, and he collapsed into the hay, exhausted. Lowell rolled next to him.

"Get me one of those cigarettes," Cliff mumbled as he rolled over.

"Say please," Lowell grunted.

"Please."

Lowell got up and walked over to his jeans, where a pack of Marlboros were stuffed inside one of the pockets. He retrieved his trusty lighter from his boot and lit up a smoke as he walked back to Cliff. "Here."

"Thanks, pardner," Cliff drawled. "You get a lifetime supply for free?"

Lowell looked at the carton of cigarettes in his hand, and the piece fell into place. "I dunno. Maybe. I don't do it much. Kim says it's bad for me. Won't let me do it around the baby."

The baby...

His son. He had a son. A little newborn boy back home, just a few months old. Strawberry blond, like his daddy.

"Don't mention them," Cliff sighed.

"My family? You got a family too. Shit, you thought I was gonna marry *you* or somethin'? How would that work?"

"I know," Cliff mumbled, taking a drag off his cigarette while Lowell did the same. "You love Kim?"

"No. And she don't love me. Not like..." Lowell's eyes wandered to the white cum still on Cliff's skin. "But I take care of her like a man takes care of a woman, and she takes care of me like a woman takes care of a man. And we still...well, never mind. But Dirk didn't just show up on our doorstep one day." Lowell grinned as he smoked, thinking of the raw fucking he'd given his wife. It was so good he knew he was putting a baby inside of her while he did it. Shit, she'd probably forgotten all about her crush on Audrey Hepburn while he was that deep inside her.

"She like the advertising stuff?"

"Course she does. I was worried, flying to Los Angeles with her all pregnant like that. Thought the air might mess with the baby somehow. I don't know how that stuff works. But yeah, who wouldn't like to be married to the Marlboro Man?"

"The most handsome man in America," Cliff teased. "That's you."

"I dunno about that," Lowell grinned, his chiseled features breaking into his signature rakish grin. He never got to smile in the pictures the city boys took of him. He always had to look steely-eyed and stoic, squinting off into the distance from atop his horse, cigarette dangling out from beneath his mustache. It made for a good photograph. Kim framed the first ad of his that she saw in a magazine. He thought that was silly, but she said maybe Dirk would want it one day.

Cliff reached over and casually rested his hand on Lowell's soft penis, stroking it like a cat playing with a toy. Lowell didn't want to cuddle - he wasn't the type - but when he saw Cliff's eyes, and the little bit of heartbreak within them, he put his arm around his friend and pulled him in close.

They couldn't be together. It wasn't meant to be. They were meant for soulful glances and hot trysts. And they always had time alone, on drives and whatnot, and that made it a little bit better.

Cliff moved his hand up to Lowell's pecs and massaged them. "Not a lot of people can say they fucked the Marlboro Man."

"You *got* fucked *by* the Marlboro Man," Lowell corrected, stubbing out his cigarette on the wall. He grinned as Cliff felt his iron jaw, running his thumb back and forth over his mustache. Lowell kissed Cliff's hand lovingly.

They kissed and played with each other's cocks for several more minutes, until the scratchiness of the hay got to be too irritating and they stood. "Get me my clothes," Lowell commanded, and Cliff happily did so, buttoning the older cowboy's shirt halfway up before burying his face in Lowell's chest hair. "Awright, awright, have your fun, but we got work to do, boy," Lowell said, feeling Cliff's soft lips dance across his chest.

Cliff broke away and helped Lowell into his jeans, chaps, and boots. When he put Lowell's hat on, he stepped away and admired the picture-perfect cowboy while he stroked himself. "You're a Belvidere."

"Thanks pardner. You ain't so bad yourself. Now get dressed." Lowell said it firmly, so Cliff obeyed. Didn't want to piss off the boss.

"You're feelin' better?"

"Better?"

"From before," Cliff said. "When you said like you felt you didn't belong here."

"Oh. Yeah, I feel fine now," Lowell said. He ran his hands down his bright red shirt and picked a piece of hay off the fringe of his chaps, muscles casually flexing inside his tight clothing. "I was made to be the Marlboro Man."

Inspo pics:

