

**Girls Sighed. Geeks
Trembled. But I Had...**

The Assistant Freshman Football Coach

Once upon a time I was a college professor, back during the war in Nam and the war on the campus. The complete cliché. I had exchanged my 3-piece Yves Saint Laurent designer suit for my Ken Kesey jeans, cowboy boots, and tie-dyed teeshirt, all of which fit tight-and-snug in all the right places. I was 28 and toned. I worked out and showered in the campus gym, trading weight benches with the university team players, the varsity squad, and the pencil-necks trying hard not to be geeks. I had me some arms and some pecs, and was determined to keep them, because without pecs, you're dead.

I was far from buffed like the real jocks, but back then I looked more athletic than your usual North-Midwest ivory-tower academic. I was the youngest member of the English department. My "Film as Literature" classes were packed. I was teaching peace, love, sex, and violence in cinema. My chairman thought I could do no wrong. "Nice touch," he said one day after a class. He had walked in and seen me lecturing, sitting cross-legged like Allen Ginsberg on the desk, pontificating Timothy Leary theory, with everything but flowers in my hair and incense burning in my navel. "You can get away with murder!" He patted me on the shoulder. "Just keep packing them in. To save our department budget we have to keep the body count up."

General Wastemoreland couldn't have said it better.

The only body that counted sat in the first row. He could have been Ryan O'Neal's younger, bigger brother. He was a senior who'd mistakenly taken all his "electives" his first two years. Now he was stuck with all his "requirements." He was a sweetheart, more bored than pissed.

You want to know all?

He was also the assistant freshman football coach.

He was a blond knockout. All he owned were faded jeans and teeshirts. His jeans fit him like Levi Strauss used his butt and thighs for a mold. His teeshirts, always white, hung loose on his tight belly, but stretched like Saranwrap around his big pecs and big biceps. Old Levi never had an inkling what his jeans would do for a tight box of big blond balls and 10-inch sausage-roll cock.

He had quite a rep at his frat house. When his house bros let those “certain” campus undergrad girls in late at night and let them walk door to door, a hetero-whore version of exactly what the gay baths used to be, the most beautiful coeds headed straight for his room where he laid out stripped to his massive-packed jockstrap, legs spread, arms up, hands finger-locked behind his head, smiling, flashing his perfect straight white teeth, under his bushy blond moustache that all young men had in those days of “Hair, the political statement.”

He held the documented house record for best body count.

Get the picture? A stud. And studs are always out to prove something. His name, like many boys born during the WWII 40’s and 50’s of the idolized great American father-figure Dwight David Eisenhower, was David. But anybody who called him “David” risked life and limb. When I first called his name on roll, his deep voice interrupted me politely but firmly, “Call me ‘Dave.’” Girls sighed. Geeks trembled. Good. I was one step closer. These were the university days, remember, when students weren’t trying to be like their teachers as in the old traditional days. Everything was opposite: the teachers were trying to be like the students. That was the beginning of the end of American higher education.

Anyway, something clicked that semester. Dave and I got close in the classroom. Sometimes I felt I was talking only to him. It was his corn-blue eyes that mesmerized me. He never said much, but he listened like no student I ever had before. I gave him, he said later, his “intellectual awakening.” Too bad he hadn’t gotten it freshman year, but better late than never.

He showed up at the front door of my home near the campus late one snowy February night. I was a little bleary-eyed from grading papers, the curse of the teaching class. He didn’t say, “Hello.” He said, “Wanna scrimmage?”

Be still my foolish heart. “Warm up by the fire,” I said. “Wanna beer?” “How ’bout some wine?”

Was this massive boy talking to me in code? Beer was for bull-shitting man-to-man. Wine was for romance. “Mateus,” I said. It was the current undergrad wine of choice. “So what’s happening,” I said.

He got straight to the point.

"You're always doing stuff for me. I figured it was time I did something for you." He sat on the floor next to the fire. I plopped cross-legged opposite him. He didn't say what he had in mind exactly. It took three more glasses of wine. "I thought," he said, "you might be getting tense grading papers and all, so maybe I could give you a massage."

A log popped, cracked, and tumbled in the roaring fire.

"You don't owe me anything."

"We all owe each other something," he said, like a line he learned in one of the new sensitivity-training classes where the instructor had students draw their version of their real faces on the inside of brown grocery bags and then put the bags over their heads. I'd still love to have a snapshot of that: a whole classroom of students with sacks over their heads, meditating, while the teacher walked around, invisible, checking out groins and loins.

I never argue with sensitive, blond, muscular, handsome, senior-class assistant freshman football coaches built like brick shit houses.

"Turn around," he said.

He put his big strong hands on my shoulders and kneaded my neck. He rose to his knees and slid them along the outside of my thighs, planting his crotch against my butt. Was this foreplay? Or was he just a jock, trainer, coach, who regularly touched men's bodies to salve their bruises and ice their strains, and nary a sexual thought crossed his mind? This BMOC, after all, was known by coeds and frat bros alike as the campus studmaster.

"Feeling better?" he said.

"Better than what?" I said.

"Turn around," he said.

I faced him directly. Our knees touched. He put his hands on my shoulders and stared directly into my face exactly the way I'd seen him stare into players' helmeted faces under his intense coaching.

He was the most beautiful young man in the world.

"Since I was in grade school playing ball, and on up through junior high and high school, and now in college, and maybe some chance at some semi-pro ball after I graduate, I've been being touched by men. Like, you know, crashing into them. Getting rubdowns from coaches."

I wanted to say, "Getting your fanny patted," but I didn't.

"And I touch them. I put my hands on them. I feel them. Can you imagine how good it feels to be 6-2 and weigh 225 pounds and be all suited up and crash into another dude built about the same? The impact is like nothing else in the whole world. Except maybe two armored tanks.

You come crashing down together, rolling end over end, like you two are one person and then you untangle helmets and pads, slap butt, and turn your backs on each other.”

“Like most gay romances.” I didn’t say that either.

“Why don’t you take your shirt off,” he said, “so I can rub you the right way.”

“I will if you will.”

His pecs were a mass of blond hair eddying around blond nipples. The heat from the fire ran rivulets of innocent sweat from the hair in his armpits. His belly was the sportster belly that’s halfway between the hard-disciplined ball-playing jock and the beer-drinking fraternity party animal: hard-muscled underneath, but sheened over with a tiny layer of soft keg-beer roll. He was all of 21. He’d been born a jock to a jock father who raised him right until the school coaches took over. He’d be a jock all his life. Some jocks’ athletic masculine sex appeal blooms early and fades, their glory days gone forever with high school or college. His early bloom, I could tell, would last his lifetime—if the draft didn’t get him—changing, maturing, with the decades, but always in dominant bloom.

My cock was hard.

His massage of me turned into my massage of him. I followed his lead. We were like dancers. His hands, more powerful than he realized in his innocence, started soft on my shoulders and grew stronger on my chest. He gripped my pecs like he’d found something he’d lost or looked for forever. Maybe deep down he just really liked men’s chests. I palmed down his hairy chest savoring the texture of fur over bulging muscle.

He massaged me harder.

“Easy,” I said. “This isn’t the playoffs.” I flattened my palms on his pecs, gripped medium hard, and for the first time, instead of athletically massaging him, erotically massaged him, not unlike a sex-coach, and said, “Like this.” I knew what he was after, even if he didn’t know what he was after. I could only jump-start him. I placed my fingers on his nipples. Startled, his eyes opened and looked directly into mine. The tiny mounds of flesh on his pecs burst to life. He tossed his head back in a new-found ecstasy as I finger-rolled his virgin nipples in my fingertips calloused from the iron-weights at the gym.

“Can we get naked?” he asked so sweet, this boy who had fought his way for years across the gridiron.

If I ever drown, and the soundtrack of my life flashes by my ears, I hope the last thing I joyously hear will be him asking, “Can we get naked?”

We could. We did. I unhitched his belt. His cock was at full staff in his jeans. God! Was he hung! He was totally unembarrassed. He trusted me. Like the quick study he was, he reached for my belt and peeled me, free of my undershorts, springing my hard cock to full view. We both smiled, like a student and teacher breaking taboo in a war-torn time of broken totems; and he hugged me in his powerful arms.

"You know everything," he said.

"Not everything," I said. "But this I know."

We stood and stripped off our jeans. He dwarfed me, only 175 and 5-11 to his 225 and 6-2. We stared at each other in the blazing firelight.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you too," I said, meaning it the way we meant peace and love back in those horrible war years of nightly news of grisly combat footage and the lies of Watergate that led young men like him to doom. We both had draft numbers. His was active. No wonder with so much death we wanted to hold each other. Our love was real. I think at that instant the general love and respect I had for him turned to a specific love that to this day I cannot forget even though he is long gone, and that only makes me romantically love him all the more in memory forever.

That night, I remember, his hard cock did not embarrass him.

"It never goes down," he said.

I had seen him in the gym shower room. He spoke virtual truth. His cock did, in fact, go down, enough for decency's sake, but it always hung thick, fat, long, and raring to go. No wonder he had a rep as a stud. He sported one of the biggest documented pieces of visible meat on campus. One drunken night, his frat bros measured him in at 10+ inches. Word that good gets around.

With studs like him slumping wide-legs open in my classes and stripped in the gym, it was no wonder I had a taste for big beefy college boys with built chests, hot nipples, b-i-g d-i-c-k-s, sweaty buttoholes, fast cars, faster cycles, daddy's money—all of them driven fuck-crazy by the danger of death in a very dangerous war. Gloriously golden. Inviting. But untouchable, forbidden, tempting. Once, when no one was looking, I had dived like a true fetishist, sniffing Dave's gym gear, chewing his jock that he had dropped in a sweaty pile on the dirty floor in front of his locker.

The maze of gym locker rooms, and showers, made galleries of exhibition and horseplay. Big wide feet stomping wet out of the shower. Big toes. Thick-haunched thighs. First-string players. Wet white towels dropping carelessly off their hard athletic butts. Me, pretending to take forever to tie my laces, bent over, eye-balling their young stud equipment. Big nuts.

Big dicks flopping, curving right or left, betraying the hands they used since boyhood to beat their meat. Some pud thick-veined, long. Some dicks thick, fat, and juicy. Big hands, like his big hands, toweling dry big young bodies. Big. Big. Big. Big everything. The goal of every power athlete. Their muscular arms raised, buffing the towels across broad shoulders beaded wet with shower spray. Lickable armpits rampant. Fresh and dripping. Powerful arms rooted in thick shoulders crowning strong chests and staunch backs. Naked. Horseplay. A flurry of white towels snapping across the benches at bare butts. Big hands cupping dick and balls for protection. Jumping. Laughing. Grab-assing. “Cut it out, fuck-face!” Bull-shitting in the locker room. Wild. Fuck-crazy. Absent-mindedly scratching their naked crotches the way they do standing talking serious to each other.

The locker room air was always boiling with their heat, spermy with their smells. The movie in my head remembers him, exactly him, him exactly, Dave, the way he planted his perfectly formed foot squarely on the wooden bench next to me, drying himself slowly toe by toe by toe, his square-boned hand rubbing foot and calf and thigh and crotch dry, 10-inch dick and balls and asscrack, dropping the towel like some careless gift that fell seconds later wet and redolent of him into my own casually open gym bag.

The blaze from my fireplace lit his cock from below throwing a huge dick shadow up his body and across the ceiling.

“You’re a big boy,” I said.

“So are you.”

“Ha! My cock’s only a Fellini.” A reference to the film we had discussed that afternoon’s class.

“8½,” he laughed. “You always crack me up.”

“How about me—cracking you up—tonight?”

“You’re the coach,” he said. “I mean, the teacher.”

I knew he was a tight-end virgin. I poured him some more wine. He pulled out a rolled doobie flown in from Columbia, the country, not the university. We drank and smoked and necked. To show him we were equals by then, I spread his linebacker thighs and went down on his 10-inch trophy dick. His meat was fine stuff, a hard-veined column of manhood, I kissed, lipped, tongued, and swallowed, inch by glorious inch, going down on him, slowly, taking him down my throat, like a wide receiver running the ball for a touchdown past the 50 yard line, the 40, the 30, 20, and 10, straight into the TD end zone.

He moaned. “Nobody’s ever swallowed me whole.” His voice came from the ozone. “Be careful. I always cum too fast.”

With 10-inches down my throat, I could hardly warn him not to. He grabbed my head tight as a football caught in his hands, and held me down, jamming his cock farther down my throat. He raised his hips. His body locked down. I felt his cock build to spasm in my throat. Oh shit! He came. His hot sperm exploded from the tip of his cock.

With the shock, came the thought that I had just swallowed somebody's older brother, because our one night, I knew, for him was just an undergraduate sensitivity experiment before he took his diploma in Phys Ed and ran off and married some Peggy Sue who, full of some later night's sperm, would give birth to his first baby. Fuck Peggy Sue. And he would. But I got there first, and Peggy Sue, who'd probably think cocksucking was lip-kissing the head of his penis, would never be able to chow down on his 10 inches.

"I cum fast," he said. "But I can cum four or five times a night."

Things were looking up. I rose up his body with my mouth full of his cum. We were both blissfully, transcendently stoned. He stared straight into my eyes, not at all afraid I was going to kiss him. I didn't. I dribbled his cum back and forth across his pecs and down his belly and onto his rockhard cock, glazing him like a meat pie. The rest I swallowed. I wanted him in me. I wanted his cum to be digested in my body so that forever he'd be part of my flesh.

"You are what you eat," I said.

"Far out."

We took a break. His cock stayed hard. I stoked the fire. He lit the joint. He wanted more. So did my hard cock. Small bottles of baby oil were planted in drawers all around my house. He laid back and I squirted the oil on top of the cum and with both hands rubbed his square pecs and hard belly straight down to his big hard cock and hanging balls. My fingers reached under and oiled his buttcrack. He moaned. He didn't say any words, but the moan, when I fingered his asshole, sounded like *yes* to me. What the fuck? The politically correct fascists were yet to be unfortunately invented. In a permissive age of campus revolution, who needed to ask for permission when everything was permitted? Besides, free, white, and 21, he, unannounced, uninvited, but most welcome, rang my doorbell, standing there, his football shoulders covered with snow, asking for he didn't know what, but wanting whatever it was, and trusting me to deliver.

I took his wild-red penis in my hand and masturbated him up to the point of another fast cum, just to keep him willing, but I didn't let him shoot. Instead, I spread his upturned knees with my shoulders and scooted

my Fellini under his balls and planted the head of my cock against his virgin pucker.

We were 4th down and goal.

I decided to punt.

His blue eyes grew wide as saucers. He wanted it. He didn't want it. He wanted it. He wanted sensitivity training. "That may be a little too sensitive." He was getting a feel of what all those coeds felt when he came at them all 10 inches rampant, hard, veined, cocked, and ready to fuck. He sighed, "But maybe it's not." The movie playing the Campus Theatre was *Myra Breckenridge*, and he was Rusty Godowski.

"Hike up your butt." I chose the word *hike* deliberately. He slid down on his shoulders, his head resting against the couch. If there was apprehension in the stoned brain cells huddling behind his eyes, his eager rockhard cock was already six plays ahead. Cocks do that: betray conscience, intellect, and bourgeois morality. I had me a future All-American butthole up against my present faculty cock. "Go Panthers! Push 'em back! Push 'em back! Way back!"

I eased my cock head against the blond rosebud of his immaculately showered hole. He flinched, but smiled. His eyes never left my face. My eyes feasted on his hard-muscled body and his hard-veined 10-inch keeper. It was time to shit or get off the pot. I punted, slowly driving my 8 inches, an inch at a time, deep inside the furnace of his ass. He took it like a man. I don't mean like the cliché. I mean really like a man.

I felt something mystical, the wine and grass notwithstanding. I felt I wasn't fucking up his ass, but that I had entered through his ass and my cock had detoured up inside his big cock. I swear I watched his 10 inches grow to 11. He must have felt it too. "Make it bigger," he said. At that, I knew I was being too gentle with this virgin. His whole life had been spent, from third grade to college, slamming as hard as he could into boys and men slamming into him as hard as they could. My gentle penetration had excited him, but he wanted what he was used to. He wanted it rough.

He squeezed his big cock and I could feel him squeezing mine inside his. He jacked his hand up and down.

"Don't cum yet," I ordered.

That winter night, like Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," stays forever in my mind. The fire had died to brilliant coals. The cold full moon spilled through the window in a rectangle that framed his body. I fucked him hard and long. The rougher I fucked, the more passionate he became. I realized we weren't exactly making love; more like I was coaching him, me his teacher again. Big built as he was, he was light

as a feather when I hitched him this way and that. His big cock bobbed, oozed clear pre-cum, and throbbed when I took it in my hand.

He had said he had trouble with premature ejaculation. I was teaching him how to hold it back. I greased my hand, all the while fucking his hole as hard as I could, and jacked his dick, slapping it hard when I felt it throbbing toward cuming. To my surprise, and his, the slap made his cock jump another inch. A foot long, 12 inches. Grown longer and thicker because he had another cock inside him, up his ass, up inside his cock.

"I'm gonna shoot," he said.

I slapped his dick, said, "No," raised his legs like goal posts, punted, and rammed my full shaft deep inside him, not once, but a hundred times, getting what I wanted, every football fantasy, because sometimes life gives you only one shot and you have to grab it. He loved it. His hands ran all over his hairy chest, down his belly, back up to his handsome face, feeling himself up, sucking on his long thick blond moustache. The moonlight haloed his blond ringlets he wore as long as the Football Department would allow its players in those long-hair days.

I pulled out and rammed in again, like working out at the gym, pumping at least 10 sets of 20 reps. Over and over. He was moaning, groaning, crying out, never saying "Stop." Even though I could have taken it forever, I couldn't take it anymore. The look of that boy grinding his big body in ecstasy impaled on my cock triggered the click in the back of my head that fired like a starting gun down my spine into my loins, clicking the chambers in my balls, and shooting my load deep up inside him. He felt the force and came at the same time. I stuck deep inside him in awe. His 12-inch cock shot a massive load and then, the big surprise, he convulsed again, and shot a second load, that I feel to this day was my load that I had seconds before shot up inside his cock.

Six months later, he called me. "I'm engaged," he said. "I wanted to be totally honest, so I told Kristie about you. And me with you. She said she wanted me to see a psychiatrist."

"What did he say?"

"He told her I was a normal American male."

"You're better than normal."

"She says, if I want to marry her, I can never see you again."

"Not even as friends?"

"No," he said. "But I had to tell you."

"I'll never forget you," I said. "And I don't mean just that night."

"I've got a job coaching high school wrestling near South Bend," he said. "I'm playing some semi-pro football."

“You take care,” I said. “Hang on to your true self.”

“You were the best teacher I ever had.”

That was the last I ever heard from him. Teachers get used to that. You know students so well for a semester or a year and then they graduate and marry and march off into their new lives and leave you standing there with memories in your heart and a hardon in your hand.