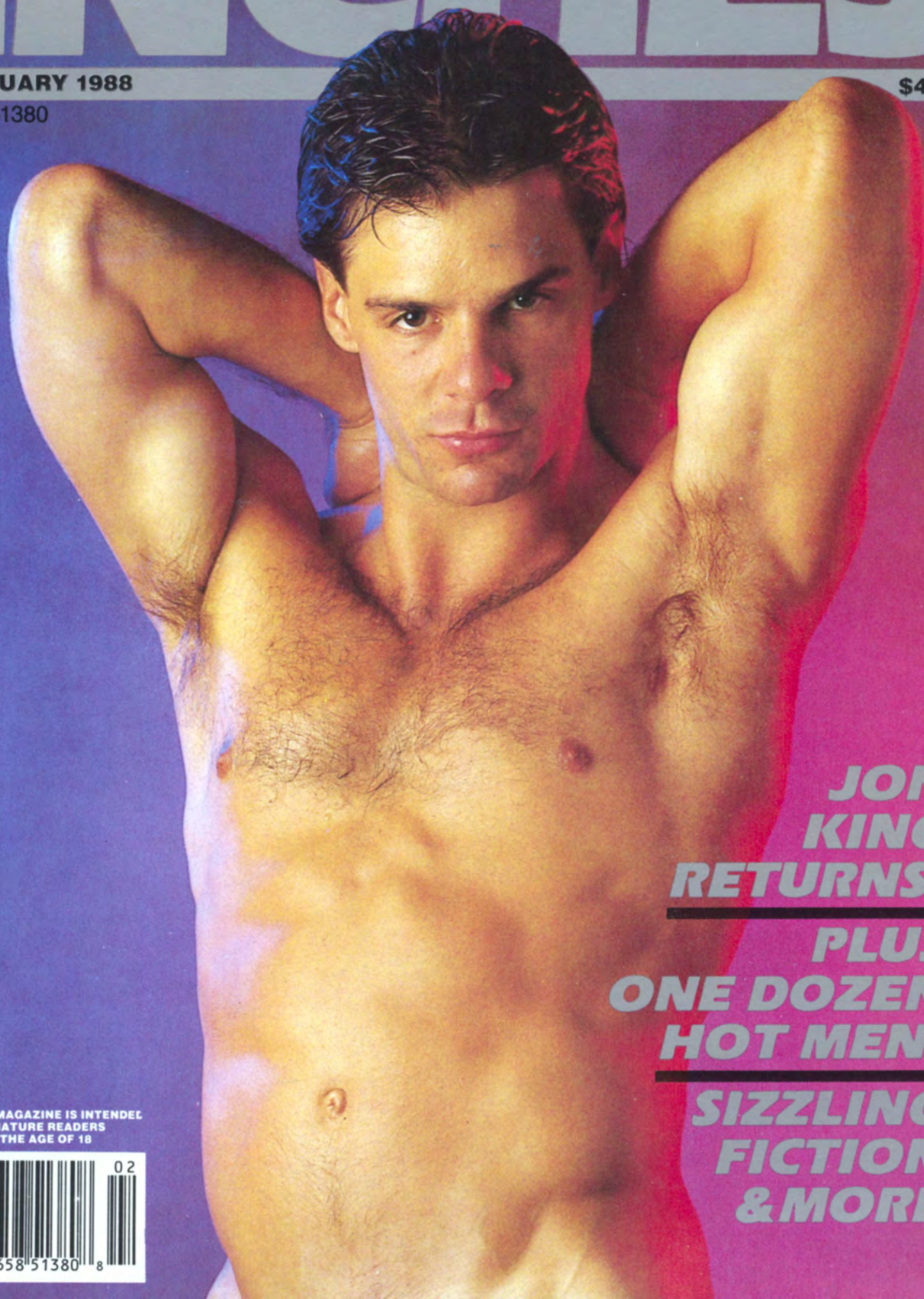


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DOOFER

By Jack Fritscher

You want to hear about the 10-inch Doofer? At this gym where I work out is this guy who's, you might say, a body-builder except he doesn't look like the guys you see in contests all real huge, too big maybe, if not for Krypton, then for this daily planet. Anyway, he's muscular, hardbuilt, a no-nonsense kind of guy with dark curly hair cut short like he was in the military not too long ago, because he's only about 25, or 27 tops. Clean cut. Lotsa chin. Hand-some black moustache. Kind of an air of authority. Maybe a former MP.

After his face, I first notice his thighs, how big they are, then I notice his arms, how nice they are. So is his chest. But what knocks me out is the bulge in his grey cotton gymshorts, like his jockstrap is a slingshot for about ten pounds of raw meat I want slung at me *en brochette*. But what can I do except look? Turns out the guy's attending the Police Academy so he can be a deputy sheriff for the county.

A forbidden object of desire! Perversely, I want him more. I

respect men in authority, and the evening I finally see him step out of the single shower stall at the gym, drying off his hair, with the towel ends dangling down over his face and eyes, I act on my vow to get him. Someway. Somehow. The way our kind always gets what we want, because desire is smarter than a 10-inch cock.

In high school, I played every sport, not because I was much good, but because that was the way I got to hang out with the jocks, and hanging out you become buddies, friends, and more than friends. You become secret sharers.

That's how I set my cap for Deputy John Wilson who is coming walking dripping toward me, naked, with the towel over his head, and his big dick swinging thigh to thigh. Hairy thigh to hairy thigh. I make my move. I duck my head down to do a real cool gymstyle loose-tie of the laces on my carefully scuffed white Reeboks, and, like a heat-seeking missile, he bumps his cock into my hair.

I raise my face straight up the

length of his dick sniffing his soft-hanging pud every inch of the way and say, "What the fuck," and he says, "Jeez, excuse me," and then we both laugh like it's the funniest thing that ever happened, which breaks the ice, and leads me to say, "Hey, I'm going to Don's Cafe for a protein smoothie," and would he like to come, and he says, "Why not," and that's how I found out all about him and the Police Academy and why he wants to be a deputy sheriff, because he intends to become a private investigator.

"Like Magnum, P. I.," he says.

"A private dick," I say.

He looks at me curiously, then we both break up laughing again. Good. Everytime you get a potential trick to laugh you chalk up one more klick to yes. When they don't laugh, leave; you'll never lay them. His big fingers toy with the length of his smoothie straw. It's plastic, not like the old-fashioned paper straws where you can play "He-loves-me/loves-me-not."

He says he likes me because I talk about things, about stuff, which he pronounces drawled out like

stough, like for him his *stuff* is *tough*. He says I don't just ask doofers, as in the kind of questions bodybuilders get asked 90 times per day at the gym by other guys: "What do you do for your biceps, or do-fer your pecs, or doofer your shoulders?"

An hour and six cups of unleaded decaf later, we're laughing so much, I put my hand on his knee under the table and he doesn't pull away. So I move my hand to his crotch. His hard rod feels like 2 inches short of a foot. Real fine. Total silence. Our eyes lock. This is stough.

"So," I say, without moving my hand, "what do you doofer that?"

"I shove it down your throat."

Hyanas. We laugh like fools. Half the cafe looks our way. I like being seen with handsome guys.

"Let's go," he says. We grab our gymbags. I figure my place. He insists on his condo efficiency. Cop stuff is everywhere. Soon-to-be Deputy Sheriff John Wilson is kinky for police work. Everywhere: night sticks, handcuffs, service revolvers, rifles, uniforms, pictures, actual Al Antuck photographs from the police-only bodybuilding competition called Mr. New York's Finest,

posters, Police magazine all stacked nice and neat next to his physique mags. His place is totally rad.

We slowstrip each other. He gets me naked first. He strokes my 8 inches. I launch from the calloused pad of his hand. His big cock hangs massively thick. He pulls on a pair of tight-fitting red nylon police running shorts that display his 10-inch rod like a nightstick behind the PD insignia. His muscular build is perfect. Not too much. Just right. His wrestler thighs are perfect proportion to display his big dick. He tells me to kneel in front of him. The bishop orders his tomb at St. Praxed's. I go down eye-level to his cock. He towers over me. He strokes his meat with his hand. He spits in his palm. He adds baby oil to the spit and soaks the red shorts. The wet nylon glistens so sheer the veins show like rope laced around hard flesh.

"So," he says, "what are you gonna doofer me?"

What I do is rub my hand down the slick wet nylon length of his cock. His stomach is tight. Hair spirals out of his navel. He smells clean. I pull the nylon shorts down his hard hips. I cup my palms around his perfect ass. I watch his cock, free of the shorts, rise drooling toward my mouth. He's got big hairy nuts.

"Doofer me," he says.

Holding the base of his rod, I tongue the tip. His piss slit is already oozing 10W-40 white stuff. I wrap my lips around the head, tasting it, savoring the sight of the 10-inch pipeline from my mouth to the hairy base of his bod.

"That's it, baby. Take it easy." He locks the fingers of both his hands behind my head and starts slow-

pumping my face. "That's it. Let your daddy do the driving."

My heart races. Sex is one thing. Nasty talk is another. The jock in him is turning into a daddy and the daddy into a deputy and the deputy into a cop, all my favorite kind of each. I'm working my dick with one hand and rubbing his thighs and belly and pecs. I finger-flip his nipples and he moans.

Suddenly I know this cop's trigger.

He pumps my face slow and easy, enjoying the ride like Dick Tracy fucking holes into the mouths of FBI Wanted posters. I suction him, tongue him, hold the head of his cock prisoner in the O-ring at the back of my mouth, at the top of my throat. I'm impaled on his cock. His cock is locked-down in the back of my throat. In sex, sooner or later, someone surrenders. Not this time, boy-o! Unspoken, we work out a truce.

He jamfucks my face til the snot runs from my nose. He feels great. His big body bumps his boner down my chuckhole. I choke. I gag. I feel pretty. O so pretty! He holds my head tighter. I almost cum. I stop jerking my cock. I reach both hands for his big pecs. I find his tits hard as hood ornaments on his Corvette pecs.

"Don't," he says, "Stop. Don't. Don't stop."

You know the litany.

He is a man whose cock is driven by his tits. His big 10-inch revolver revolves ramtough down my throat. I feel his spasms start. I try to catch my breath for the big blow, knowing he's gonna dump a load to remember. Sure as the weather obeys the TV weather news, he tornadoes his load. A funnel explosion of cum. Trees bend in the wind. Dogs howl. Crops fail. Trailer parks twist into wreckage.

I'm choking, licking, sucking, pigging it all down. Eating cum. Yeah. Sucking sperm out of his 10-Inch Saturday Night Special. He's slamming my face tight into his crotch. The slight sweet taste of blood from my lip. His throbbler keeps pumping out the juice until it doesn't. He eases me back on the floor, straddles my chest, drops his still drooling Big Dog K-9 dick into my mouth, and says, "This is what I'm gonna doofer you."

I look up. Handsome brute. I jerk

my dick. He pokes his tasty cock, now hanging in at 9 fat inches on the peter meter, further into my mouth. My eyes feast up at him.

Always a titman, he plays with my nipples, shoves his cock deep down my throat, and tells me he's gonna sit on my face, all of which together makes me shoot my load all over his hairy ass.

"How'd you know about me," he says. He lays back and lights up a fine cigar. Just like a lawman. Attitude for days.

"Outside shot. I hoped more than I guessed. And you. How'd you know about me?"

He laughs. "You don't quite believe I'm going to be a real P. I. Now you can. I checked you out two weeks ago. I been prick-teasing you ever since. You think you bumped your head into my dick tonight at the gym? No way. I rammed you, fucker." He takes his cock in his hand, takes a hit on his cigar. His cock starts rolling, rising. "If this gets hard again, I'm gonna have to arrest you for good."

"Yeah," I say, "Do it to me one more time . . ."

That's how I broke into the inner circle of bodybuilders and just plain jocks at the gym. Just like in high school: once I sucked off one of the team, the rest came running with "me-too" hard-ons. Deputy John Wilson is any man's hot ticket. When we started working out together, I suddenly became somebody. His buddy. His training partner. Even though my body's only medium gym muscle. I'll never be Mr. America, but women cruise me as much as guys, so I must be doing something right to get through the doors I want open to me.

Anyway, my deputy is my entree who gets me into some stough. O yeah! Like this one night, after 10, after the gym closed, for some after-hours horsing around, post-workout posing, muscle challenging, tape measuring, that leads to a nude posing, cock display, dick pumping, circle jerk looking in a chorus line into the mirrors. Fuck, yeah. A guy hasn't lived till he's been locked into a gym, sucking in air saturated with the sweat of men pumping iron for hours.

So it's down to the deputy who's got this husky semi-pro football

build, plus the dropdead blond manager of the gym who's won—I'm talking competition BB here—his share of contests, and another severe dude, hardmuscled, yeah, but lean, and tall, built like a race horse, who trains in logging boots laced up to the knees on his grey sweats, wearing one of those classic male fetishes, a wool plaid Pendleton shirt with the sleeves not torn, not cut, but rotted off at the steaming armpits. Its buttons were long ago ripped off to expose his hairy chest and furred abs. The Look fits his bushy beard and big moustache. His black hair is long, the way ex-con bikers wear it long, when they grease-comb it straight back from the widow's peak on the forehead. "So," the deputy whispers, "what you gonna doofer them?"

"I never been locked into a gym before. It depends on the rules."

"A man's gotta doofer what a man's gotta doofer," he says.

So I play it by ear. I figure I'm the odd man out, the new kid on the block, them having obviously been here before, together doing gym-time after-hours, because I feel something brewing in the air.

The deputy and I are getting close to each other. The fucker's

setting me up. Either to clinch me or dump me. I don't know which.

The three men are pawing their way around the gym, kicking weights, dropping suddenly under a Universal machine, benchpressing up a quick pump on the pecs, wrapping a leather belt around the waist, with a chain hanging down the crotch of their sweats, and 90 pounds of weights clipped to the chain while they grind out a set of wide-grip pullups that pressures the chain tight against their big hardpacked dicks.

The blond BB stands on a 3-foot length of 4x4, bending over 90 degrees, holding onto the weight rack in front of the leg station. The Lumberjack with the torn shirt climbs up on top the BB's butt, mounting him like a muscle horse, adding in the weight the BB needs as he starts his bent over calf raises. In the mirror, they look like one man, two torsos.

I know the long animal dick of the bearded muscle-rider can't help but be hardening against the beautiful blond bubblebutt. They are silent, intense, breathing hard, serious, exhibitionistic. This is what the deputy wants me to see. The nonsocial side of the gym. The secret side of manhood. What hard

muscle really means. Why some men train so ferocious, so hard. The late night side of iron pumping when men engage each other wordlessly, and what happens, happens, and no one of them after the wordless private pleasure ever speaks of it, maybe even knows its real name.

The blond BB completes his set. Sweat drips from his moustache. In the mirror I see his square jaw tighten. Jack, the Lumberjack, meets the blond's eyes in the mirror. He slides slowly off the butt and down the haunches of the big-thighed manager who, without moving his feet, stands straight up, butt against Jack's dick, shoulders against the taller man's chest. Jack pulls the BB's babyblue tanktop, torn to the tiniest shreds across his shoulders, up from the waist, across the batwing lats, and up the mighty upraised arms of the blond watching himself be stripped naked to the waist in the mirror.

His big blond cock tents in his sweats. The sight of his own muscle makes him hard. He is a stud born big, made bigger by diet and workouts, made massive by steroids. Jack sniffs the sweaty tanktop, holds it in his sharp, feral white teeth, and runs his hands over the

I waste no time. I peel it. The blond bodybuilder's big dick reveals itself fast as I unwrap him: Bulbous 150-watt head screwed into a long blond shaft wired with purple veins...

blond's shoulders, then down, cupping his massive pecs, vise-gripping his thumbs and forefingers down on the twin nipples tanned and shaped like perfect blond chocolate chips. The BB raises his arms to a double bicep shot and grins at what he sees bulked and defined and vascular in the mirror. Jack leans down, spitting out the tanktop, and licks the BB's 22-inch biceps, diving under to clean out his sweaty unshaven pits, those two damp dripping caverns where chest and shoulders and lats and arms all tie in together.

My dick is creaming in my shorts. I see my deputy standing off to the side working his 10-incher in his hand. That's cool enough for me. I strip off my shorts and take my 8-inches hot in hand.

The stud pair at the mirror turn face to face. Jack pulls the drawstring on the BB's sweatpants that slide off his edible butt, getting caught on the upraised hook of his hard cock. Jack wraps his hand around the cotton-covered cock. I see 10 inches, maybe 11, looking

like 12 inches wrapped in the gray sweats. The BB flexes his abs, rolls his shoulders, pumps his arms, squeezes his butt, reaches out and peels the Pendleton shirt off the long-muscle hairy lumberjack. He strips him to the waist. He wolfs down on the man's hard pecs and harder nipples, raking his teeth through the thick hair on his chest. Jack pulls a leather thong tied around his neck, and, starting at the base of the BB cock, wraps, cinches, ties the whole length of the bull-steroid muscle dick.

My cock aches to see the pair of bones hung on these two. The deputy nods. I get the wink from Jack and a look from the blond manager. They know why I'm here. I know they know why I'm here. The deputy told them I know how to suck, swallow, and worship dicks, big dicks, really big dicks, really big muscle dicks. I crawl on my knees between them.

"Suck him," Jack says.

I go down on the huge cock wrapped in sweats and webbed with the black leather thong. My mouth dries out instantly. Jack laughs. His hunting knife, big as his cock, whispers up out of its sheath. My heart skips a beat. He slashes expertly through the tip of the sweats. The blond stands perfectly posed, his cockhead purple and bulbous from the lacing, as if some overhead light from some eternal physique contest shines grace down on his handsome face, his regal muscle, his monster cock, his radiant blondness.

"Peel it," Jack says. "Doofer me what I want you to doofer him."

I waste no time. I peel it. The blond bodybuilder's big dick reveals itself fast as I unwrap him: bulbous 150-Watt head screwed into a long blond shaft wired with purple veins, skin popping, ready to blow from the palpable thump of his pulse throbbing the ever-ready 12 inches. His dick is magnificent enough. I look up at his muscular symmetry and I figure to deserve this that somewhere in my youth or childhood, I must have done something good, or else I sold my soul.

"Kwitcher stallin'," Jack says. He pushes me, mouth first, down on the BB's dick. The circumference of head nearly splits my lips, but the smell of saltsweat, chalk, and

(Continued from page 32)

(continued on page 96)

iron lifting-bars on Jack's leather workout gloves inspires me, especially when he stretch-jams his fuckfingers into the corners of my mouth and butts the back of my head with his own hard cock bundled in his jock, pushing me smack down on the blond's pole. Vlad the Impaler has nothing on this guy. He likes roughfucking my face on his buddy's cock, holding my head like a bowling ball, jamming, "oh yeah, we were jammin'," the blond bombshell's monster cock like a long ramrod through my mouth and down my gullet. I try not to cum. My cock likes rough stough too.

"That's the way," Jack said.

"Take it like a man."

The Weiderkind BB pulls his dick free, holds its base in one hand,

in place, menaced, jailed, by four powerful thighs. I'm wrong. I'm no add-on.

I'm the cocksucker.

I do the one thing they don't.

The deputy nods for me to play my part. They need me the way exhibitionist bodybuilders need an audience.

The BB slugs me with his dick. A mean streak. "Unlace Jack's sweats," he says. He dickwhips me again, then again, a muscle gangster with a cock blackjack, size 12. I turn. Jack's dick wets his grey sweats. The yellow gurgle of his hose darkens the sweats. The BB pushes me into the foaming wet that smells fresh as a shiny porcelain trough off the Green Room at a bodybuilding contest behind the door marked MEN. I swallow the head of his fountain cock through

down the log protruding between the rag of the plaid wool Pendleton tied around his waist. His dickhead is pointed, not like the blond's round mushroom, more like a war-head. He's down from Oregon I find out later. Works as a logger. Did some hard time. Excon. It figures. He's a hard fuck. He slaps me across the face.

"Watch your goddam teeth, if you want to keep your goddam teeth."

I drop my jaw, open the O-ring at the back of my throat, and he jams in. I choke. My eyes are running tears. My nose bleeds from the strongman pounding of my face into his crotch. They flip me around between them, taking turns with me, rough fucking my face, talking about their big cocks, bragging about their long fat dongs, taking real pleasure in digging in me deep as they want. They smile at the deputy.

"You weren't lying, buddy!"

They motion him toward us, me caught in a sandwich between them, and he triangulates the couple with his 10 inches. They make me suck him while they pump out muscle poses for each other.

"Let's get him," Jack says.

They pick me up bodily.

"Let's finish him off."

They put gravity boots on my ankles and carry me to a high chinning bar where they hook my ankles to the top, hanging my head cocklevel.

Then they put it to me.

"Hit it," Jack tells the blond BB.

The blond's big trophy-winning thighs approach my face. His big cock rams my face. His force sways my upsidedown body. He rams in deep every swing toward him. My dick is hard. He slaps it once. The next time I swing toward him, he goes down on me. He's a cocksucker too. I nearly cum. His golden-blond muscle-mouth on my stiff cock. He feels my throb, pulls off, laughs, and fucks my mouth, my head swinging like a pendulum.

He is loaded with seed and ready to shoot it. He says so. He does. Grabbing me on the inswing with his massive arms and fuck-pumping my inverted throat. His cum explodes deep inside me. He squeezes me, a "Most Muscular" shot, with all his might, like a lost brother, his whole huge physique

The BB slugs me with his dick. A mean streak. "Unlace Jack's sweats," he says. He dickwhips me again, then again, a muscle gangster with a cock blackjack, size 12...

with two handsful protruding like a billy club, and beats my face. Hard. Spit from his piss slit drools across my eyes. The hardness of hard flesh amazes me. Jack drools down some spit of his own. Cock-sucker. He's packing a pinch of Copenhagen under his lower lip. The BB laughs and they grab each other's tits, flathand slapping of chests, rough, the way you figure big built guys like it, feeling up biceps, licking armpits, hugging shoulders with big arms so tight their mighty pecs grind into each other.

They need me like a hole in the head. I'm a bell, a whistle, an add-on. I try to move, but they lock me

the filter of his sweats. He shoulda been a fireman. I choke. The fuckers like it.

The blond unties the string around Jack's waist. His wet sweats cling to him like a second skin. "Fuck," Jack says. He slowly rolls his sweats down. He smiles. He reveals his cock. Shit! Shoot! Shinola! A matched set. The logger pairs with the BB. Another 12-incher. Pig heaven. Bodybuilder ironpumpers with 24 inches. The deputy with another 10. That's 34 inches. Plus my 8 is 42 inches of cock. One yard and 6 inches of dick.

"Take me," Jack says.

The blond BB guides my head

squeezing me, his big dick still creaming in my mouth. He lets me go and yanks his dick from my throat, the suction pulling out my breath with great globs of his cum that drain down my face.

No quarter is given. No quarter is expected. Jack plants his big boots square in front of me. His dick is a sword. My throat its scabbard. He teases his cock into my mouth, bends over and takes my balls into his mouth, biting down on them hard enough to make me shout. I fall for his trick. When I shout, my throat opens, and he rams his dick full bore down the length. He's a deepfucker. His strong fingers grip the cheeks of my ass. His hips slam into my face.

"You want heavy-duty muscle pump jerkoff workout, huh? You're getting muscle dick, big 12-inch, fucking muscle cock. You got some buddy who'll get you what you want, asshole, but you get it my way, hanging upsidedown. I'm a fucking facebanger, fucker, and I'm banging your face."

His 12-incher grinds in my throat. He augers me deep, never pulling out, ordering me to tighten my throat, the two of us swinging

together, his 6-3, 225 pounds, clinging monkeylike to my hanging body, almost his full weight hanging with mine from my ankles. I can feel his paroxysms start. He plans to choke me with his cum. He plans to make me pass out. He can kill me if he wants to. I'm already in heaven.

His mouth comes off my balls. "Doofer me," he says, and he slides my dick into his mouth. Fucking closet cocksucker! His beard in my crotch. His warm mouth around my cock. He feels my body cumming. He feels my dick about to cum. He slams his hips into my face. We both begin to howl at the same barbaric moment, both with our dicks full of cock, shooting, shouting, shivering together. I feel my body, my soul, my aura, my being, my becoming, my transfiguration. I swallow cum. His cum with the blond's cum. I'm groaning for joy.

The two of them cradle my upsidedown head in their hands. Their muscular arms are pumped and veined. Their pecs like God's chest.

"One more doofer," Jack says to the deputy. "Cum on this sorry

fucker's face."

The deputy pulls his service revolver from the holster at the small of his back. He parts my lips with the cold blue steel. I suck the gunsite. His dick is in his hands. My head is held by bodybuilders. My mouth is arrested by a husky muscular cop. He takes his 10-inch cock and strokes it. Three times. No more than three times. He jams the gun between my teeth. He leans between the two panting bodybuilders and fires point-blank his seed into my face. I lap. I lick. I suck. I swallow. The gun tastes cold, oily, mixed with his warm cum.

My own cock shoots thick white gelatinous sperm that runs down my belly, down to my pecs, down to my chin, down to my mouth.

They raise me up, the three of them, gently, easily, and lay me on the floor, kneeling in a circle around my face, fantasy men, but real men, men of our tribe, men who do the things you pray men will do, if only, as I learned in high school, you know how to crack the inner circles of their secret society.

"How's that," the blond BB gym manager says, "for a total doofer?"