

**Hot Dago Cop!  
 What a man wants is  
 what makes him shoot...**

## **Officer Mike: San Francisco's Finest**

**O**fficer Mike Leonardi graduated from the San Francisco Police Academy righteously proud of himself. He had earned his badge. He had earned his uniform. He had earned prestigious “motor” patrol: the black leather kneehigh boots, the blue wool riding breeches, the heavy leather jacket over the blue shirt that felt rough and good against the white cotton of the teeshirt he wore over his hairy chest and shoulders. He liked the weight of the mesh body armor with its Velcro straps that he pulled tight around his muscular torso. The added bulk suited his broad shoulders. With his helmet framing his moustached face, he was a Blue Knight cruising his motorcycle along the Market Street mainstem.

Mike was born to policework. His dad had been a cop in Omaha. When his old man was away from the house, Mike had moved in on his dad's closet. He pulled on the uniform, cinching the belts in tight to hold the XL-size close against his teenage body. One day his dad caught him, busted him, threw him up against the bedroom wall, spread him, frisked him, then cuffed his hands behind his back. “You're under arrest, son,” his dad said. Mike hoped he'd not notice his hardon in the uniform straight-legs. But his fathered dutch-rubbed his knuckles across Mike's crewcut, lightly cuffed his strong chin, and told his son, “You're okay, Mike. Your old man's proud of you.” After that, his dad put him in Police Athletic League activities. In PAL he learned how to care for and fire a service revolver.

Now the uniform was his. By birth he was seed and son of a cop. By right he had earned it. He had double reason to be hardon into it: his big feet and calves wrapped in the high boots; his legs and butt tight in the heavy wool breeches; his hard-muscled chest, shoulders, and arms cinched into the new leather jacket. He enjoyed those first months as the stiff new leather jacket broke in and took the shape of his body. He liked the feel of his tight black gloves when his hands took control of his cycle. He knew instinctively how to kick his leg off his bike, moseying on down to a chagrined motorist, adjusting his utility belt around his waist, freeing his jacket for fast access to the revolver on his hip.

Mike knew he was a good cop. He had a genuine hardon for police work.

Off duty, his thick strong dick rose hard at the feel and smell and sight of himself creaking and sweating in the hot uniform. He liked to practice his moves alone in front of a single huge mirror with one tracklight canspot angling down over his body. These were his private mirror-fuck nights. Zipping, buckling, snapping his uniform. Lifting his hardening cock and big sweaty balls carefully out from his breeches. Appreciating the long juicy hang of his thick meat. Measuring his warm cock against the cold steel of his revolver until his rod was bigger than his gun. His balls rose and fell, rolling over each other, live and moving in his hand. The heat of his uniform under the spotlight raised a light down of sweat on his skin. Rivulets ran from his dark-haired armpits wetting rings into his white cotton teeshirt. He liked the smell of his night sweat mixed with the cycle-exhaust smells left over from his duty.

The hairy crack of his Italian butt itched for the feel of another man's unshaven jaw burrowing between his cheeks. As much as he liked straddling his bike, he liked sitting on a good man's face. He passionately enjoyed a strong healthy tongue probing into the sweat-tangle of soft hair furzing around the juicy pucker of his manhole.

Officer Mike Leonardi was a gold-badge river a man could float away on.

Mike had a special way about him. He revered himself honestly; he got off on his look without any vanity. He knew what

he was, and he was proud of it by the inch and by the pound. He liked the way other men, from cadets at the Academy to the boys on Castro, studied him. He liked the way some men, older by a few years, checked him out, somehow the same way his father had taken his potential measure that afternoon in the bedroom: they ran their experienced eyes over him like some young stud animal.

He had chosen a profession that made him publicly the man of authority he had always been privately.

And privately, Officer Mike Leonardi was something else. The right night. The right man. And he was ready to give masculine gay men a cop-worship trip to remember. He had understood from his rookie days the kind of stiff-prick salute men gave him. Some of his buddies on the force were confused by the flagrant worship they got on the streets of San Francisco. But not Mike: he had the manly grace to handle even an outrageous compliment. Years before, with his dad's cop pals, he had studied what he wanted to be like when he grew up. Back then he had worshiped from afar the essence of manhood in other worthy men. In the PAL leagues, he had grown husky and big for his age. He had memorized from boyhood the kind of men with the regulation-clipped and groomed, big-muscled and bigger-dicked Look that made his uncut cock slip out of its juice-slick teenage foreskin.

PAL wrestling had taught Mike to be no one-way man. He gave out as good a rough-n-tumble energy as he got. Mike knew how to offer to men the very stuff he found rich and rare among men: heavy dick, ripe crotch, good muscle, sweet pits, big wide span of raw-boned foot. All backed by fullback butt built for thrusting his tense tool the special way a man gets it up to get it on and pump it to another man.

Men found it easy to honor Mike in straight bars and to worship him in private bedrooms. He was naturally a strong center, careful never to diminish any man. He put no man down. He made no man feel small. He saw no need to make a man bottom-out in order to get down to the uplift worship of the Great God Cock. He was so at ease with himself, and so disciplined with his partners, that men found Mike solved the main problem of men needing men to worship: too many barguys, biblically fearing the commandment about not having strange gods before them, refused

to be glorious sexual gods to the men who, seeing God in them, understand totally the proper worship of deity is man himself.

Mike let men worship him, rubbing his muscular body, studying his face close-up, chewing lightly on his thick black moustache, rebreathing the breath from his mouth, swallowing his slow spit, tonguing up inside his powerful nostrils, sniffing their way through his curly black hair, licking his thick pecs and rockhard nipples, sucking his feet, eating his asshole, lapping up his hairy balls, deep-throating his olive-skinned cock.

More often than not, Mike led his worshipers beyond his own body into honoring the ideal of manhood they found lodged in him. While they played on his body, pleasuring him with their lust, he talked a hypnotic ritual rap that lifted them out of time and space into timeless, spaceless transcendence where they found themselves a surprisingly integral part of the platonist manhood they idealized.

“You’re quite a man,” a leatherman daddy, hot in his forties, said.

Mike put one police-gloved hand around the man’s cock and balls, and the other behind the man’s neck, pulling him close face-to-face. “It takes one to know one.”

Mike learned his empathy from older men who had liked the dark, athletic look of the son of one of Omaha’s finest. He had been primo among that special breed of big boys who grow up hanging around grown men, holding his own, moseying along as they kicked bullshit back and forth, starring in the PAL leagues, spending summers on highway construction crews. He worked shirtless, sweaty, an olive-skinned tanned adolescent already upholstered with dark hair on his chest and belly and shoulders. He liked the work; it muscled him up for football in the fall. He passed straight through his adolescence with an untouchable masculine grace that drove other men to rib him about the silent waters that fuck deep. His Look was a gift acknowledged around Omaha. Boys his age wanted to be like him. Fathers wanted their sons to measure up. No one talked about it, but everyone knew, Mike was fucking a banker’s daughter up on the hill. She had always been a friend; but she was not his preference. Yet he could fuck her because she worshiped the ground he walked on. He

never bragged about his exploits. He always came on noncompetitive. For that, less secure, less gifted men, liked him.

Mike was the greatest young guy in Omaha. He was, right down to it, a man's man. What Mike knew, and Omaha didn't, was that a man's man, when defined all the way to its essence, is a far cry from a ladies' man. That was his secret. As much as he liked to bury his face in pussy, and always would keep coming back to it in the SFPD, he knew he needed more the sexual fraternity of other athletic and authoritative men. That frank insight at an early age was his ticket out of Omaha.

Mike was the finest of the New Breed of HomomascuLine Men.

He was smart enough to be friends with his own body. He knew what he needed to keep himself centered. Playing alone nights in front of his mirror, he ran his thick hands, with throttle-callused palms, over his shirtless pecs under his fur-lined leather jacket. He stroked his belly, crossed from shoulder to waist with his fetish addition of a Sam Browne belt that had been his dad's.

He kicked back and stroked himself. He greased his hand to slick his big cock up longer and thicker, self-hypno-ing a Zenlike positive imaging that over the years had added inches to his powerful cock. He knew a man controls his own body, psychs mind over matter, by meditatively pumping his meat as much as by pumping iron. What a man wants is what makes him cum. If he's focused on what image he wants to shoot off for, he can extend himself precisely the way he wants. A man's Look, a man's physique, and a man's dick are all products created out of his own view of himself. Mike played with mirror-fucking; but, in truth, looked into no mirrors more than reflections of himself in his own eyes and in the eyes of other men.

The jut of his big Italian-American chin and the slick shine of his long, mushroom-head dick had caught his first attention as a growing boy, and held his interest as a grown man. His private meditations on his own personal manstuff made him all the better an encounter for all the men whose lives he fucked his way through. He was, in fact, so honestly grateful for the gift of his Look, that often in gyms where some discreet gay man could not take his eyes off him, he'd purposely leave behind the gift

of his sweaty jock or headband, as if he'd simply forgotten it, so the man could harvest the gear and take it home for his private pleasure. He had that kind of cosmic equity above and beyond the call of duty.

More than skindeep, his Look was the “handsome-that-is-as-handsome-does.” He was a good-looking cop and he was a good cop. He was as real a man as he looked to be. He could fuck a man royally and never fuck him over. There was no difference between his appearance and his reality. He was more than the sum total of his parts.

“You are,” a kneeling, worshipful man said to him, “Saint Michael the Archangel.”

“Nope. Sorry. I’m just plain Mike, the Dago cop with a dirty mind.”

Mike liked to do all the things only men can do to each other. Men liked to watch him jerk off standing over them in his uniform. Because he knew how to make love to himself, he knew how to make love to other men. When he climbed into the sack with a man, he knew all the moves that oil the body-to-body slip and sleaze of man-to-man contact. When Mike put out, he really gave. Guys, who usually left beds somehow unfulfilled, crawled out of Mike’s on all fours. He was a good-humored fucker. He knew how to leave a man with a taste of hot cum and cold revolver in his mouth.

His uniform was a second skin tailored to a perfect fit. The heavy natural pump of his self-disciplined body bulked its wool and leather contours out full and rounded. A real police cruiser, he tooled tall on his SFPD patrols, stopping men for the fun and the hell of it the way his straight compadres pulled attractive blonde women over for a curbside chat. He knew the double-rush he caused: first the anxious flush of what-the-fuck-did-I-do-wrong, then the relieved rush when men realized this handsome hunk of a motorcop was checking them out with a casual cruise just to say a friendly hello in the name of the Law. Mike had a talent for making a man’s day, and, if the cruise clicked, his night. He was as good at public relations as he was at private.

God! Was there a shitload to love in that good-looking Dago cop with his come-and-get-it killer smile!”

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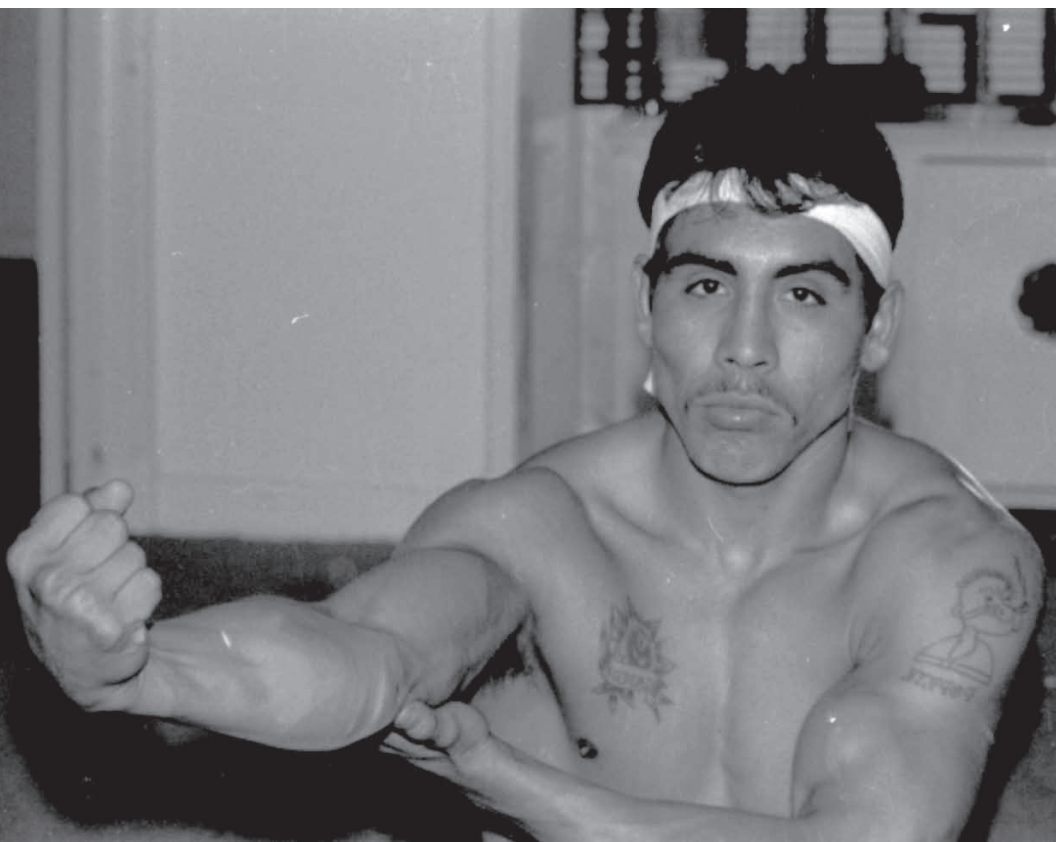
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“What Wraps around a Motorcycle”  
Photograph by Jack Fritscher—©Jack Fritscher

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“Fist of José del Norte”—Video: *Illegal Alien Blues*  
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