

**The kid was a Tri-Delt pledge
with a dick so big,
the frat boys called him...**

BEERCAN CHARLEY

The big blond Pollock was 18 and a fullback on a football scholarship. He had dropdead good looks, a big dick, a fast car, and daddy's money. Those on whom the gods smile they positively grin. He was the hottest pledge courted that fall on fraternity row. His name was James Charles Engkowski but before the pledging was over they whistled and screamed and called him, "Good ol' Beercan Charley."

Hold a king-size can of Bud sticking out of your crotch and you'll have the view Beercan had every time he took his dick in his hand. Stuff the can in your pants while you consider Beercan lugging his meat from the freshman dorm to the locker room for football practice. From the time he was nine, Beercan knew his main talent hung between his legs.

"Always walk," his daddy told him, "like you got a big dick. Because you do."

From his daddy, he got the Pollock muscle, the big dick, the thickness of thigh and calf, the rounded bubblebutt, the small waist, and thick upper torso. He had pounded the iron in his high-school weight room. His chest and shoulders and arms, like his thick neck, backed his enormous dick with the authority of a young Polish-American stud strutting his way across campus.

Beercan knew what was what.

Flashback.

"Show me what you got," his daddy said.

"Let me see you work what you got," his high-school coach said.

"You let me check you out totally," the university football scout said, "and a boy like you can write your own ticket."

Beercan said, "Yo! Why the fuck not? There's enough Polish sausage to go around." He said Yo to his father. He said Yo to his coach. He said Yo to the scout. He pulled his rod from his gray cotton gymshorts and let them worship and tongue and lick and try to swallow his big blond dick.

Beercan was no dumb blond. He understood why grown men as manly as his dad and his coach and the football scout liked young men like him. They were the kind of grown men who fathered, guided, and coached upcoming young men like him to full adult manhood.

They knew what they wanted. He knew what they wanted and he enjoyed it. He knew how to play his studliness to his best advantage.

He was an expert at Attitude Posing.

Like the night he shocked, then wowed, the Tricep Deltoid fraternity brothers. All the pledges were ordered to come as a fantasy, their own or someone else's, to put on a Tri Delt Gong Show. Half the pledges came as refugees from *Star Wars* or *Saturday Night Live*. The worst came in togas or Jerry Lewis goof glasses and buck teeth fantasizing they were computer nerds. "Which they are! Which they are! God! Dump 'em."

No one, not even the pledge master, was ready for Beercan Charley's big act. He was a pure exhibitionist with plenty to exhibit.

The stage in the attic of the Tri Delt House was dim.

Slowly a single spotlight came on shining directly down on Beercan crouched over in stage center suited up in full football uniform, his taped knuckles dug in, his helmeted head thrust forward, chin-strap tight around his aggressive thrust of jaw. His white teeth grinned. He was all pads and cleats and black grease under his eyes. He looked ready to charge the audience. He was a dream of a fullback football hero.

The brothers cheered. Beercan could have exited the stage, then and there a winner. But he didn't. He was only starting. If these fraternity boys had attitude, he'd show them real attitude, and reason for it, like they had never seen before.

He crouched in place. He called out plays and numbers. He switched from fullback to quarterback, hiking back, faking a pass, then a fullback again, blocking an imaginary offensive lineman. He was an animal. His roaring grunts and shouts filled the room like a beast in heat.

He popped a sixpack of beer and poured the cans one after the other past the faceguard of his helmet into his mouth. The beer gurgled and foamed and ran down his chin drenching his uniform.

The crowd called out for more.

Beercan figured they were ready. “Yo, you fuckers! What goes best with beer?”

“More beer!” they shouted.

“Beer,” Beercan boomed out, “and *sausage!*” He groped the crotch of his white, wet football uniform. He started his own little sack dance. The crowd started clapping.

Some dude with his hand on his own cock shouted, “Take it off!”

A senior jazz buff hit the music. “Night Train” blared into the room rocking with adolescent wildness.

“Yo!” Beercan shouted. “You gonna see a football beast All-American animal Pollock stud fuckin’ dick! Oh yeah, buddy!”

Beercan was monstrous. He moved like a Fucking Dream Jock to the music. He ran his hands over his helmet. He spit between his teeth. He groped his crotch and ground his hips. He stripped off his jersey. His tight belly showed below the short gray teeshirt he wore under his wide white shoulder pads. He kicked his cleats free. He untied the drawstring of his football tights. He peeled them open, working them down his hips, kicking them off his feet.

His jockstrap bulged. He groped himself.

“Do it!”

“Go for it!”

He screamed *Yo!* through his faceguard. He pounded on his helmet. His shoulders were immense under their pads. He pulled at his meat in his jockstrap.

“You wanna fuck or w-h-u-u-a-t?” he roared.

“We wanna fuck!” they screamed. They shook unopened

cans of beer and popped them at him on the small stage. They drenched him with suds.

“What goes best,” he shouted, “with beer?”

“*Sausage!*” they screamed.

With his helmet on his head and his pads on his shoulders and his short gray teeshirt exposing his belly, he peeled down his jock and flipped out his big pud. It was soft and huge in his hand. He spit into his palm and stroked the big uncut head. The thing rose like a monster under his touch, growing big as one handful, then two, then more than both his big meathooks could hold.

He stroked his shaft. He worked his palm around the head. His big fullback balls swung between his thick thighs. He was Good-Time Beercan Charley.

“Shoot it! Shoot it!” The room was an orgy of excitement. He dared to do something they never dared do. “Shoot it for old Tri Delt!”

He growled deep in his throat. Once. Twice. Three times. Kicking his big strong body in behind the power of his massive hardon. He was loaded with spunk. He was erect and wild and ready to shoot. He pounded on his helmet and shoulder pads with his fists. His dick bobbed wild straight out and up. He liked showing off. He was one proud motherfucker. The beercans sprayed him. He wet his palms and took his shaft in both hands. His beautiful blond bubblebutt tightened behind him. He growled again. He was a cock beast. He was a big-dicked animal.

The drunken brothers begged him for it.

He worked both hands up and down the shaft. The purple veins stood out under the fair blond skin. The big mushroom head protruded beyond his two hands. His beercan dick was big enough for three hands.

He started the final pump, arming his rocket launcher, pounding his pud, beating his meat, growling, *uh, uH, UH*, rearing his helmeted head back, his big arms working his dick, shouting, “Big blond animal football Pollock beast dick!” Shooting the thick white cum from the slit of his huge prick. Spraying it hot and heavy in steaming clots across the upturned drunken faces of his undergraduate fraternity brothers.