

A Tale of Gay Marriage...

BRIDESHEAD OF FRANKENSTEIN REVISITED

Sebastian, that certain summer, I found intolerable, scooping up uncut rentboys with a net along the nude beach on the Bavarian strand. The young men liked Sebastian's naturally muscular body as much as his decadent blond good looks, and his dollars *American*. We, Sebastian and I, were in a slow drag becoming undestined as lovers. "It's still the same old story...as time goes by." We were "Skinners." Our foreskins had brought us together, but the handwriting was on the wall. Strange smegma was on the sheets.

For myself, I preferred the company of Anne Rice's *Beauty Trilogy* as well as that of the minister's handsome son, an overheated and under-ventilated classic blond boy of 18 who relieved his sexual tension through meditation and intense gymnastics. We had met, Dieter and I, eyes first, across the small tables of an outdoor cafe. Something in the breeze, perhaps the sweet smell wafting from the cheese inside his blond foreskin, or was it his dazzle in the noon light, caused me to raise my glance from *Beauty's* frolics.

The sea, wind, and blue sky combined into a sudden explosion of sunburst blondness. His hair raised in the gust of breeze and fell perfectly back in place. Very *Deco*! He smiled and dropped his hand from his sweating glass of Perrier down to his naked thigh. He smiled again. I set my marker in *Beauty* and smiled back. He knew I was the companion of the infamous Sebastian and that knowledge made him, if not bold, then daring.

Sebastian at last was good for something.

Dieter moved his hand up his thigh, rubbing it across his white nylon athletic shorts, dropping the concave palm of his strong gymnast hands over the big convex cup of his cock and balls, groping himself, adroitly, for just a moment. He pulled the nylon shorts so tight I could see the transparent outline of his cock.

He was uncut.

Even his face was the confident face of an uncut male.

I'd spied not just the size of his dick, but a clear outline of his large nipple of foreskin wrinkled, folded, and long as a sausage sleeve tied off with two inches to spare.

My own nine-inch cock hardened. I shivered with uncontrollable pleasure as my cockhead mushroomed out through my tight foreskin that rolled back and down my shaft like an O-ring on a sky-bound Shuttle. Tight 'skin. I like it. I got it. I wondered about the minister's son. How tight is the foreskin of a cherub?

I sipped the last of my Bavarian coffee.

Oh God. Ohgodogodogod!

A bead of sweat, bright as a crystal, formed in the cleft of his strong blond chin, caught the sun, glistened

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and dropped to the top of the channel between his lean hard pecs. The tip of my tongue grew dry and hard. I could tell he appreciated the subtle sensuality as the sweat-bead, slower than slow motion, micrometered down his chest, stopping for an even instant in a direct horizontal line between his sweet brown tits, themselves small and sculpted and aching with virgin hunger.

His chest and tensely lean torso were not hairy, yet he was not smooth. His pecs, belly, forearms, and legs were downed with the babyest of blond hair, enough to catch the sun, adding to his physique an aura of gold. He was an angel skimming the ground. He sat motionless. My cock strained hard in my shorts. My foreskin felt tight as a rubber band around my shaft. I sucked in the smell of my smegma packed in under the corona of my cock.

I wanted him, with my hands gripped tight in his blond hair, to teethe the cheese from my cock.

I wanted him. I wanted to suckle on his foreskin, sipping its hidden juices and clots of blond *fromage*.

He drew a breath. On purpose, he drew a breath, dislodging from between his pecs, the bead of sweat that slowly rolled down the maze-way of his gymnast-carved abs, not straight down, but following the hard-flexed muscle groups, left, then right, like a silver pinball. I imagined buttons on his slender hips that flipped flippers. I wanted to shoot the bead of sweat back up his torso, hitting his nipples, scoring points, lights flashing, bells dinging, with the same concentrated intensity a champion pinballer passionately keeps his silver ball in play.

I must have looked like a fool standing on my own tongue. When the sweat bead reached his navel, it

dropped in, stopped, stayed. He smiled and flexed his washboard belly popping the bead up and free, rolling down toward the band of his shorts. I dreaded its absorption into the white nylon.

He was even better than I thought. At the last possible moment, as the sweat rolled to his waist, he pulled his hand from his crotch. He fingered into the waistband and triangled it opened and the sweat bead ran down, disappearing into the almost visible blond bush growing around his big jock cock. He flipped his finger, snapping the waistband closed like a slingshot, and for the first time, he opened his mouth and laughed the deep laugh that comes from loaded stud teenage bullballs.

I will never love anyone as much as I loved him that moment. If my whole life ever flashes before my eyes, I hope the film gets stuck on that one frame: where the blond muscular boy laughed as the bead of hot sweat ran down the length of his ten-inch cock. He had everything. Even *that*: a big dick. Blond. Blue-eyed. Built. Sweet-natured. Innocent. And a ten-inch cock. Two inches more than Sebastian, I might add, and one inch more than me.

Was I in luck, in love, or what?

There is only one sin in life. When a Bavarian Methodist minister's muscular son invites you to suck his big blond uncut ten-inch cock, and you will not do it. Me? I'm no sinner. "This could be heaven," the Eagles sang on *Hotel California*, "this could be hell." I was going down on that boy. I was going to swallow him till his foreskin came out my asshole.

With all due respect to the genius of Anne Rice, I dropped her *Beauty* for his. He was the perfect blond youth who sang "Tomorrow Belongs to Me" in *Cabaret*.

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He was the lean-muscled ideal Dr. Frankenfurter sang about in *Rocky Horror Picture Show*: “In just seven days, I’ll make you a man!” He was the perfect, sculpted blond the Marines put on recruiting posters.

And he hadn’t been around the block. He had an innocence. He was not one of the village boys who worked the beaches and hotels where the likes of Thomas Mann and Tennessee Williams once spoiled them with too much of everything, making them mercenary, hard, and liars. I was tired of rough-trade German and Bavarian boys force-feeding me the cheese pastry from their thick European foreskins.

I wanted the minister’s tasty son.

I wanted his fresh innocence.

I wanted his innocence to give rebirth to mine.

The only hitch was Sebastian. He wanted whatever I wanted more than he wanted what he wanted. Ever since that bed-and-breakfast night we spent in a freezing castle in Transylvania, Sebastian had turned into the bride of Frankenstein. You know how some gay guys are; they latch onto a schtick and can’t let go, repeating the same act or the same catch phrase like “See how you are” or, worse, “Thank you,” a million times a day as an answer to no matter what you say.

Just so Sebastian. He was a film queen. He’d forced me through a truly gross week at the Cannes Film Festival. I saw more films than I wanted to, and Sebastian saw none. He spent the week cruising like a human mattress up and down the sand, *Gauloises* in one hand, champagne bottle in the other. No matter what happened to us, or who we were with, or what was the conversation, he continuously spouted *non-sequiturs*: “Just like

Susan Hayward in *I Want to Live*,” or, “How Bette Davis!”

“Transylvania” was his latest affectation. Why he identified with Elsa Lanchester, the female monster, and not with the male, puzzled me. Sebastian was masculine enough. At least on the outside. Through the chatty haze of his martinis, he thought he was terribly clever as, without realizing it, he was driving me farther away. Our summer tour had been meant to bring us closer together. It took Transylvania to make me realize I hated Sebastian.

“You and this preacher’s kid haven’t a chance. You’re just Sandra Dee in *A Summer Place*. And he’s Troy Donahue and I want his foreskin.” He sipped his 1000th martini. “We agreed what was mine was yours and what was yours was mine.”

“Here’s a new word, Sebastian. *Disagreement*.”

“You so piss me off.

“You’re so easy to piss off. You’re a queen.”

“You’re a cocksucker.”

“Better a cocksucker than a queen. When I get up off my knees, you’re still a queen.”

That didn’t end the argument, but it ended the conversation.

“Here’s your hat,” he said. “Don’t let the door hit you when you leave.”

“So long. Farewell. Auf Wiedersehen,” I said.

“I don’t need to be Barbra in *On a Clear Day* to know where you’re going.”

I sped our rented Peugeot through the village streets, heading to Dieter’s house, the parsonage and school, where he lived with his mother and father and three younger brothers, whose coming of age I knew,

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would make returning to this village every summer for the next six years, a delight.

I drove, remembering that first day at the outdoor cafe, how it had happened, how Dieter had stood up at his table and stretched his full body in the blinding sun. His dick and balls hung transparent in his white nylon running shorts. He was hard. He winked at me. I rose from my chair, forgetting *Beauty* on the table, and walked toward him. His beauty grew with each step nearer. My stiff cock made me drag my leg.

He put out his hand to me. I took it. His gymnast palm was cool and hard from working the parallel bars. His grip was firm. Not rough. Not soft. Just right. He smelled the sweet smell of young men who have not yet begun the long menu of grown-up poisons and addictions.

He smelled, his strongest smell, after the first sweaty waft from his hairy blond armpits, of smegma. He held my hand long after the handshake ended, and then, right there in front of God and everybody, he placed my hand on his hard cock, guiding my fingers to his two-inch foreskin on his ten-inch cock, stretching it between my thumb and index finger.

“It’s all yours,” he said.

Back in Kansas City, we always laughed about the “PK’s,” the Preacher’s Kids who were wilder than anybody else in town. I was about to find the same thing in *Zeider bei der See*, Bavaria.

He led me from the cafe to the ancient stone gymnasium, built in the 14th century, with his father’s present high-vaulted church set upon its foundation at the turn of this century. Fantasy and charm.

“No one uses it anymore. Just me. And, sometimes,

my brothers.”

He smiled making me imagine him taking his younger brothers one by one to the cellar gym for a workout on the rings and the parallel bars, naked, always nude, their growing young dicks flopping on turns and tumbles, all four brothers with matching thick foreskins they'd strip back after their workouts, exhausted, to let the sweaty heads of their cocks breathe, laughing, dipping their fingers into their foreskins and feeding each other their steaming headcheese like chip dip. Once he had tied together all four 'skins, his and his three brothers, wrapping them with rawhide and making them play tug-of-war. “So they will grow up to be men,” he said, “tough as their foreskins.”

Uncut!

Uncut!

Uncut!

The way Sebastian wanted the uncut versions of movies, I wanted the uncut version of males. That's why he was a bride, and I was a groom, born to groom uncut dick, groom uncut horse dick.

Some men are lucky enough to know that their destiny, their purpose in living, lies hidden in the tight foreskins of young men.

I know me. Dieter recognized me. He saw my face. His foreskin twitched. He knew me for the true-blue “Skinner” I was.

“We are brothers,” he said, “under the 'skin.”

No shit, Sherlock!

I drove the Peugeot quietly up the drive heading to the back of the church where I knew the door to the gym would be unlatched and he would be waiting for me,

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sweaty from his workout, his hungry uncut cock arching up, wanting service.

He stood naked under a single light next to the parallel bars. He said nothing. His eyes spoke all. I moved closer. He turned, placed his chalked hands and taped wrists on the shoulder-high wooden bars, and, without so much as the tiniest jump from his feet, lifted his whole body using only his arms.

The movement tightened the definition of his muscles.

He was hard as a rock and he was rock hard.

He held his position. I knew mine. I crawled between the bars and knelt below him, my face a foot under his Thuringer cock which stood out and up 45-degrees above the horizontal. He did not move. I leaned forward and sucked his toes, first one, then all of them, licking the salt-sweet soles of his feet and tonguing his hard heels. His strength was amazing.

I leaned up and opened my mouth, wanting his foreskin-cock reigning above me. He began to do slow dips, lowering his shoulders down almost to where his hands gripped the bars. He raised his legs at the knee behind him and crossed his feet. Each dip brushed the tip of his 'skin across my face, going down, going up. He lavished me with his tube of 'skin, teasing me.

“Give me your innocence,” I begged.

He laughed, as well he should have. “Then I give you my cock.” He dropped slowly to the floor. “Suck my foreskin.”

I pulled the two-inch tube to my nose and breathed in its heady aroma. I stretched the 'skin open and fit it tube-tight around my nose, snorkeling deep inside the

clean, cheesy darkness, snorting like a pig for truffles of smegma. Big young meat always tops itself with clots of melting cheese. His aroma was so sweet and strong, I almost hyper-ventilated.

“You will eat it now,” he said. His voice was sweet but commanding. So German.

I let go of his foreskin. It closed down tight. Its iris-eye stared me straight in the face. Its folds wrapped in soft flesh rings around the huge head of his hidden cock. A long strand of clear gleet drooled from the iris. He took hold of the 'skin and stretched the two inches to three, then four.

“It is big, ja? Bigger than you imagined? I have trained it. I have disciplined it.”

He put his beautiful hands on his long, thick shaft, and stripped the foreskin back, slow, slow, so slow, slow as the most expert Skinner. The big lip suctioned back down over his mushroom cockhead. Its rosy blond crown shined with 'skin juice. His smell was clean, dirty, athletic, angelic. My tongue hardened in my mouth and parted through my lips like a heat-seeking missile exiting its silo. I tongued his piss slit. I sucked his head, vacuuming the cheese. He kept his fist wrapped tight below the corona of the head.

“Eat it,” he said. “All of it.” His passion made him fierce. “Fresse dich!” Not the polite, “Essen sie.”

I suctioned his dickhead into my mouth. I beat my own meat, sticking its licentious head out through my own foreskin. Maybe Sebastian had been right about putting down the minister's son. “Probably a neo-Nazi pervert tease.” But Dieter definitely wasn't that. He was merely an oversexed village boy with a ten-inch cock and a two-

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inch foreskin who liked games he could only play with tourists.

“Kneel closer. Open wide.” He said it and he smiled. He mounted the parallel bars once more, raising himself effortlessly using only his arms. His strong lean pecs striated. His pink nipples hardened. The light down of golden hair on his body glistened with sweat. As he rose on his magnificent arms, his dick passed my waiting mouth. I almost went for it the way a suckerfish dives for the biggest worm. The kid was tasty, we’d say back in Kansas. He liked to take things slow and easy. He knew the world. He wanted no part of the fast lane, not even on the Bavarian Autobahn. He knew how to savor a moment. We knew we had no more than three times together. My Lufthansa ticket was waiting. We wanted them to count.

Stretched tall above me, held aloft by his arms, he smiled down at me. “I want to kiss you, but from here I can’t. Keep your mouth open.”

I obeyed.

He worked his rosy cheeks back and forth, his blue eyes shining. He parted his lips and let loose a long strand of gossamer drool start its slow descent from his mouth to mine. No nectar, no champagne, no sacred wine ever tasted better than his spit. I swallowed his juice into me the way I had cleaned the cheese from his foreskin. I know it’s become unfashionable and unsafe since, but, back that summer, sex wasn’t sex without exchange of bodily fluids. We partied foreskin to buttole.

I hated Sebastian. He was cynical but he was right about vacation romance. Somewhere in the world some radio station was playing Percy Faith’s “A Summer

Place” as Dieter began the first of his long slow dips aiming his hard cock deep into my mouth. He was strong as an engine, pistoning his rod deep into my throat.

He made me part of his gymnastics routine.

Rising, pulling his ten-inch cock from my mouth. Lowering, driving his cock deep past my choke point. Starting slowly. Picking up steam. Like a locomotive. Great hard iron wheels slowly moving, driven by the long lateral rods that turn them faster and faster. He picked up the clip of his dips. Sweat poured from his face, his chest, his hairy blond armpits, ran in rivers down to the spout of his cock. Salt-sweat burned my eyes, my throat.

He was what I wanted. He was what I got.

I dived onto his cock, sucked him down tight in my throat, held him captive, pulling on his cock against his strong arms, a tug of war, until he let me win, and dropped to his feet. He took my hair in both his hands and pulled my head back freeing his cock. I gasped for air. His foreskin slipped up tight around his ten-inch cock.

“Now,” he said, not letting go of my hair, holding my head in place.

His tight foreskin became the nozzle on a firehose. The long yellow stream blasted my face with all the hyper-force of piss shot through the hose of a boner hardon. His hot wet hardly quenched my fire. He aimed straight for my mouth, and, stilling streaming, rammed his cock down my throat. He was pulsating, near to cuming. My own cock threatened to cum before he did, and, if it shot, I did not know if I could still handle the force of a very young man determined to throat-fuck me silly.

He yanked my hair, pulling my nose deep into his

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sweet groin. He was soaked with sweat. I was soaked with piss. He held me in place, and rammed. Rammed. Rammed his cock deep into me. I could feel his foreskin slip and slide over his cock in my mouth. He began groaning. He was close to cuming, and just as I thought he would choke me to death with his huge load of sperm, he pulled out, quickly gripped the tip of his huge foreskin, jerked his cock three times in rapid succession, moaning, grinding his teeth, cuming, not in me, but inside his foreskin. The 'skin ballooned full of his huge dripping load.

“Drink,” he said.

I moved in tight next to his foreskin. His fingers released the first sweet taste. I took my cock in my hand.

“Suck my cum from my foreskin,” he said.

I put my mouth to the iris eye pinched between his fingers. I put my lips around the cum-balloon of his two-inch 'skin. His fingers were in my mouth. And then they weren't. He released his grip and the whole thick white gelatinous load of his cum, condomed in his foreskin, spilled like burning lava into my mouth. I worked it cheek to cheek, staring up at his great beauty, beating my dick.

“Swallow,” he said. “Swallow and cum.”

His was an easy order to follow. I swallowed his million clots of seed and shot my own all over his beautifully formed feet, shouting, “Oh, God, Dieter, I'll love you forever! Forever! I will!”

“There you are, you bitch!” The shock was operatic. Abrupt. And very Transylvanian! Sebastian entered the room voice first, fangs second. “*Forever*, for your info, ends with a 9 o'clock flight tonight.”

Now I know why hand guns should be outlawed,

ones with silver bullets, to kill the monster bitch Bride of Frankenstein who sits snoring beside me with the remote control tight in his hand.