

**The Night the YMCA  
Made Me a Man...**

## **WORSHIP ME!**

Joint in his mouth, he sat on the toilet with the stall door as wide open as his thighs. He was so hot he was cool. It was the summer of '72, and Market Street was all torn up for the new BART subway, which is where this guy had climbed from at the end of a hard day digging, setting his bare butt down on the black horseshoe topping the porcelain commode. More than one subway groundhog found his way up the busy backstairs of the Embarcadero YMCA. Those days, cruising knew no labels.

Anyway, his hand was down between his big thighs, massaging his meat. Hearing the splashing, I figured he was wetting the head of it in the toilet water. Nice and sleazy. He was Italian, maybe 27, rugged, good-sized arms in his filthy white teeshirt. He had long sideburns and a moustache and medium-long hair curling up around his yellow construction helmet that said JOE in handwriting like you usually only see in graffiti. He looked at me and spit on the tile floor. I spit too. We wore almost identical jeans, boots, and shirt. He snorted a

fuck-you-asshole laugh, curled his lip, and nodded me in closer. He took a big hit off his joint and exhaled a flume of blue smoke into my mouth and pushed me back, grinning, sharing dope he knew I didn't need.

He took his big wet hand off his tool. His cock itself boinged up, dripping toilet water. The look in his eye was mean and nasty. His dick was enormous. Thick at the base, rooted in black curlicues of coarse Italian hair, his meat stuck up, I'll be honest, at least nine inches, and maybe ten. I wanted his frosting-white gelato. I could tell he was hot to feed me.

I fell to my willing knees between what I still remember as the best pair of authentic construction-worker thighs that ever squeezed me into submission to suck his big cock. He grabbed my ears and slammed my face into his crotch, impaling my mouth on his shaft, burying himself, so I could memorize the full feel of his doubledip cockhead down behind my Adam's apple. I'm a born sucker of big cocks, especially when they're attached to a man of some power and authority who wants one thing and one thing only: to get himself crazy while he facefucks his dick, in no fucking hurry to get his nut, taking his sweet time to play, turning on every square inch of his shaft and head.

I remember he said, "You like it, huh? It big enough for you, huh? A choker, ain't it? Gag on it, cocksucker."

His dick answered his questions for me. He drove his rod like a tape-measure into me as far as it would go. I looked up at him, and he was this powerful young tough guy, like he was some dialog-balloon fantasy coming hoo-kah-tookah out of my mouth like Acapulco-Gold smoke. (He had me buzzed.) But he was real, right down to his

dripping armpits and gold wedding band and gold cross tangled in the hair on his chest. His forearms and biceps were muscular. He used them to hand-drive my head down on his cock. He liked the power of sitting on the porcelain throne with me kneeling between his thighs from which there was no-escape possible or wanted.

“I’m drillin’ you, shithead. I’m fuckin’ drillin’ you with my big rig.” He roughfucked my throat, searching for my gag-reflex. With his dick so big and his action so rough, he found it fast. Lucky he stayed seated, because I lost my top tray of cookies, and he laughed like a groundhog sure of his tunneling.

I was on my knees, willingly. This was no late-show SM scene. The style was all his, probably the same his wife got, when he got her, while he was no doubt thinking about something else. Guys with big cocks aren’t like other guys. They’re different from the rest of us. They got more, so they want more, and they figure they got more coming to them; and all of us act like they do, because we know they do, because we like to swing on big, beautiful, hard-sculpted male cocks, and because a man with a big cock deserves special treatment—he just does. My daddy told me so.

“Asshole,” he said. “Lick your slop off my family fuckin’ jewels.” His balls were big, low-hangers, as noble as his cock. I bet the fucker sired a rugrat every nine months unless he was filling up rubbers real juicy every night and tossing them at pictures of the pope. “You want my load,” he said. “You’re gonna suck my seed like my dick’s the longest, thickest, fattest straw you ever sucked on.”

Oh Lawdy, Mizz Clawdy! When some men late at

night act out lines like that, I laugh, unless they're hung over ten inches and then I don't care what they say; but this guy was fucking r-e-a-l! How often is the actual man sitting on a YMCA toilet, with his shirt stripped off, his thighs spread, his big dirty construction boots wrapped around your waist, and his dick jutting ten inches straight up his Italian belly, also your fantasy come true?

Life being what it is. Not often.

So when he ordered me to stay put kneeling, I did, even when he leaned forward, stuck two greasy-nailed, tobacco-stained fingers in my mouth, and belched and farted at the same time. He made life real simple. He shit-kicked through life with an open fly. He stood up on the black horseshoe toilet seat like it was a dais and he was a dago statue. "Lick 'em," he said, meaning his dirty boots, which I did, desperate to earn his big cock back in my mouth. My own dick was hard and desperate as Butch Cassidy in the last reel.

Standing on the seat, he towered over me kneeling on the floor. He was a specimen. His All-American beauty translated perfectly from the Italian. He spit down on me. I opened my mouth. He spit again. Bulls-eye! Two points! I swallowed the hawk. His cock rose like a missile from a silo.

"Worship me," he said.

The toilet stall exploded with a dago Day-Glo mix of paganism and Catholicism strong enough to scandalize the Young Men's Christian Association.

"Worship me."

"I worship you." I said it. I meant it.

"Worship me!"

He wrapped his right hand tight around the base

*Worship Me!* ©Jack Fritscher

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of his dick, the head grew purple, monstrous. “Worship my big cock! Worship my huge fucking dago dick!”

I rose licking up his hairy inner thighs. His hand beat his rod. I rose past his bobbling balls. My nose and mouth and eyes rose directly below his fist slamming his dick. Accidentally? On purpose? Who knows? Who cares? His masturbating fist bloodied my nose.

“I worship your big fucking prick,” I said and sucked blood.

His curly head reared back. His daywork-dirty body contracted. Muscles started popping out. Then veins. Saving his right hand for his dick, he grabbed my hair with his left, and, inch by fast inch by faster inch, drove his throbbing, cuming cock, convulsing, shooting, deep into my mouth, drilling me with his big rig, driving his rod, cubic inch by linear inch, down my throat, plowing the inner route toward my asshole like I was some god-dam subway tunnel he was gonna ream out or else.

If my life, or his, ever gets made into a porno movie, this part absolutely must be slow-motion, because, as the Village People are my witness, every inch is true.

