

**Fetish hunter raids gym,
tries on men's clothes...**

Big Beefy College Jocks

Tempting. The taste for Big Beefy College Boys with built chests, hot nipples, big dicks, sweaty buttholes, daddies' money, fast cars. Fuck-crazy. Gloriously golden. Untouchable. Forbidden. Tempting. Stealing sniffs and whiffs off their gym gear dropped in wet piles on the dirty floor in front of their lockers.

Sometimes stealing a worn-torn teeshirt. A lot of times stealing a couple of their jockstraps. Inhaling hot elastic smells through the warm crotch cups. Breathing so long through their sweaty pouches that all my life's breath was totally filtered through the wet web of their moist jockstraps. Eating the coarse curled pubic hairs. Biting the hairs between my teeth. Sucking the sweat juice from the jockstraps. Scared shitless of getting caught, beat up, punched out, laughed at, kicked around. Those big, wet, wide feet stomping out of the shower. Big toes. Thick-haunched legs. First-string players. Wet, white towels dropping carelessly off their hard athletic butts.

Trying to tie my own laces, bent over, eyeballing their stud equipment. Big nuts. Big dicks flopping, curving left or right, betraying the hand the guy had for years beat his own meat with. Some pud thick-veined, long, and uncut. Some dicks thick, fat, juicy.

Big hands toweling dry big bodies.

Muscular arms raised, buffing the towels across broad shoulders beaded wet with shower spray. Armpits rampant. Fresh and dripping. Powerful arms rooted in thick shoulders crowning

strong chests and staunch backs. Naked. Horseplay. A flurry of white towels snapping across the benches at bare butts: big hands cupping dick and balls for protection. Jumping. Laughing. Grab-assing. “Cut it out, asshole!” Bullshitting in the locker room. Wild. Fuckcrazy.

Studying how the biggest of them all takes longer drying his dick and balls separately and carefully. Quieter than the rest. His own man. Captain among the male animals. Big. Healthy. Strong.

The locker-room air warm with their heat, thick with their smells. The way a big, thick, perfectly formed foot plants itself square on the blond, wooden bench to be dried toe by toe by toe by a big, thick, perfectly formed hand rubbing foot and calf dry, dropping the towel like some carelessly forgotten gift that falls minutes later wet and smelling into my own casually open gym bag.

Touching with open palm the heat of their feet and butts stored in the warm wood of the bench.

The slow pulling on of clothes. One puts on his gray wool socks and sits naked, lost in thought, his dick, hanging lower than the bench, only slightly covered by his hands hanging from his forearms resting on his open thighs. Hulking. Severe. The kind of player with an aggressive attraction to opponents’ groins and eyeballs. One who seems always to be standing, talking, unself-consciously, stripped next to the bank of gray lockers with only his soggy towel wrapped around his neck, over his shoulders, and down off his big pecs. He’s one of the Ball-Scratchers. Can’t keep his hand from sort of lifting his nuts and pulling them around while his mouth moves and makes easy laughs that blend with the noise of wet males satisfied with their game and chomping for fun. One who fingercombs his wet hair, walks in his jeans, stripped to the waist, big arms slick-combing back his wet hair. His mirrored reflection lighting the rippled moves of his arms connecting to his chest. Tight hairy belly of a born jock. Easy smile. White teeth thick as picket posts. Predatory All-American chin. Aggressive stubble. Good moves. Captain’s best buddy.

Slam of metal locker doors. Towels tossed in the direction of the heavy duck canvas bin. Coarse, white, cotton teeshirts tight

across big bulked shoulders and tight around huge biceps. Loose-fit hang of teeshirt off the ledge of pecs over the jock bellies.

The sound of a long, heavy, thick, rich piss from the locker-room urinals. “Shit. That feels so good,” he says. His big paw hits the flush valve. His other shakes his massive dick. He turns still tucking his meat into his white jockey shorts and jeans. The urinal porcelain, cool and white and curlicued with a harvest of perfect pubic hair. Perfect for a good licking. Nothing too extreme to connect with the essence of well built college jocks.

Gathering up their stuff. Taking home what they’ve forgotten. Saluting it: dick in hand. Cumming in it. Returning it washed to the pile of their clothes days later. Waiting for semester’s end when the college gym manager opens up all the lockers these guys never bothered to empty. Not completely. Waiting for him to pull out the used jocks and socks and shirts and shorts and shoes and sweat-cruste salty gloves. Waiting for him to throw them on the locker-room floor. Unclaimed. Waiting with an empty gym bag. Waiting for him to disappear on other duties. Waiting to pick up in one final harvest the feel and smell and taste of all the sweaty guys watched all semester long. Waiting to fill my bed with all their worn-torn gear. Waiting to bag it and get it on home for the Ultimate Clothes Fantasy.



Chris Duffy, Mr. America—Video: *Sunset Bull*
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