

**My dad said, “Your way in the world  
will be easier if you remember  
most people prefer masculine men,  
straight or gay,  
masculine in the best sense,  
not macho in the worst.”**

## **TALES FROM THE BEAR CULT: BUZZ SPAULDING'S TRAINING ACADEMY**

**M**ASSIVE! My dad was built big like a cocky power lifter. He was a local construction trucker. Hard-bodied bear, bearded, athletic burly Look, handsome as all outdoors, and hung a full third-of-a-yard. Inside the thick neck of his blue collar, he was a laidback free spirit. As a kid, I imagined he worked as a pro wrestler, not the comic-book ugly villains, but one of the broad-shouldered, thick-armed heroes, armored by his big, but tight, hairy belly, standing on legs like twin oaks.

I grew up loving his Power Look.

Some guys whose taste is no wider than *Gentleman's Quarterly* have a hard time understanding that not every man who loves men likes them garbed and groomed

to the 9's and 10's, all gussied up with underarm deodorant, mousse, shaved chests, and 32-inch inseams. Me? I like men big. I want to be one. I intend to get as big as I can. Not just so I can play some ball in college, but so I can make my dick as big as it can be pumped and stretched.

Mention "Bears" to some men and they go crazy: hairy, powerfully built men, usually bearded, maybe a little attractively balding, thick furry forearms and hands, the kind of horsehung men who, if they were centaurs, would be Clydesdales. My dad was the picture of bear-solid manhood, right down to his dick. Built as big as he was, he was gifted with a massive cock that jutted out below his belly and hung stallion thick down between his thunder thighs.

He was a man's man okay. He worked out at the sweaty gym in the unventilated basement of the local Y and I used to go with him, not knowing why, not knowing what homosexuality was, unable even as a kid to imagine in my innocence what two men could do. Shoot! I only knew I got this fainting, dying feeling watching all those big-bodied bear-men strutting around the locker room, stark, buck, naked. Not comprehending what I really wanted, I translated my feelings into an aching prayer, Oh please, dear God, I want to be like him, him, no—him, no—all of them when I grow up. My genes, however, came out 60-40, my mom's side of the family beating out my dad, no matter that he shot me out his big stud cock.

"You're built fine," he consoled me, "like a swimmer."

I blanched. Swimming wasn't my sport. I dreamed of tough football in college, sleek bodybuilding after

*Buzz Spaulding's Training Academy* ©Jack Fritscher 181

graduation, and bearded powerlifting when I came into full maturity. But there we were naked, dad and I, alone at the house, after jogging. It was my last summer before starting college. I'd graduated high school the night before. All of a sudden, he was telling me the facts of life, a bit late, but dads always put it off until they absolutely feel they have to actually talk about it. I took advantage of the situation. "But mine's not big enough," I said, fishing for a complement and a compliment.

He smiled and took my 8-inch soft-on in his hand. Nothing feels better than your dad's big paw holding your cock, then guiding your rod right next to his, holding them side by side, inch for inch. He took my hand and wrapped his fingers into mine around our cocks. This wasn't sex. It was sex education of the best kind. It was reassurance. My dick was big enough to cause my asshole buddies to kid me in the shower, but it wasn't anywhere near my dad's size 12. "How'd you get so big?" I asked.

"There's ways."

"Tell me. Tell me how I can get big. I take after mom's side."

"Maybe a little more than my side, but you're my son. If you want to get big, I can make you get big."

"Can I pack on some shoulders and some big pecs like yours?"

"You can have anything you want. You want big forearms and massive biceps? Shoot! You can add inches on anywhere you have a mind to."

"My mind is in my dick."

"Like father, like son," he said. "I know a man. He's a kind of coach."

“What kind of coach?”

“A Power Coach. He can work you over thoroughly. He can change your body image completely. A dick coach. A coach who stretches eager penises, who Vaseline's tender cock and slips it into a vacuum pump that sucks the dick longer and wider than you ever thought possible. I've worked with him. I go to him once a month. Have for years. Just to keep the pump he puts into my dick. Check out these massive veins.” He put my fingers on his cock. “I put on 3 inches in length my first year with him.”

“What'd mom think?”

“She sings soprano while she does the dishes.”

My dick was hardening down the length of my father's cock.

“I didn't know you were like that,” he said. He meant my hardon. He meant my liking us dick-to-dick. He meant, suddenly discovering it, my liking men like that.

“So what.” I said. I was ready for a fight. He raised me to be a wise ass.

“So nothing. It's your life. It's cool. I'm just a dumb dad. I never guessed. You're so much like me every way else. It's cool. Really. I should have noticed.”

“Relax,” I said. “I just noticed it myself a couple months ago.”

“Is it good for you? I often wonder what it would be like, but I'm true to your mom.” He blushed. “Kind of corny these days, huh? Neither man nor gal nor sleet of night can tear me away from that woman.”

My dad was the one who was cool. Guys, even more than women, were always propositioning him, and if the truth be known, he liked it, taking it as the complement

*Buzz Spaulding's Training Academy* ©Jack Fritscher 183

and compliment a proposition truly is, especially him being so provocative, parading around the locker room at the Y like a big hairy bear on patrol, padding naked into the steam room, sitting, knees wide apart, sweat pouring down his hairy pecs and big hard belly and dripping off his 12-inch cock hanging thick and veined over the lip of white-grouted tile.

He wrote down the name of the Coach Buzz Spaulding, and handed it to me. "You're what? Six foot, 170? You want to get up to 195 to, say, 215? You want inches on your arms and chest? You want a nice tight gut at your age that can fill out when you're mine? You want a pro cocksman to take your dick and lengthen it and widen it, you call that number. You tell him you're my son. I'll handle everything."

Our dick's were still entwined in our hands. Mine was hard.

"Straight or gay," my dad said, "you're still a man. One's not better than the other, but the only thing I'll tell you is your way in the world will be easier if you remember most people prefer masculine men, straight or gay, masculine in the best sense, not macho in the worst." He laughed and let go of my hand and my cock. "Fuck! I sound like a 38-year-old fart talking through Ann Landers' dentures."

"What am I going to do with this?" I pointed at my cock.

"Terminal hardon?" he said. "Lie back. Here comes the Terminator."

My God! No kid thinks his dad is this liberal. Naked he stood over me, my dad the Bear, facing me, then he squatted down over my hips and spread his hairy

powerpacker thighs across my abdominals.

“Don’t touch me,” he said. “The feelings inside you aren’t inside me. But I understand. You’re my boy. Just look at me. Study me. Memorize what you see. Internalize it. Straight or gay, I want my son to grow up as much like his dad as possible.”

“Okay,” I said, never letting up. “But can I jerk off?”

He smiled down at me, and like a boyhood dream come true, he raised up to one knee as I slid my hand past the long firehose of his cock, underneath his studballs, past the furry pucker of his asshole, and took my cock in my hand, stroking it, watching him rub his big palms across the paired pecs of his big upholstered chest, sliding down his hairy belly, palming the hair on his forearms, raising his arms into a double biceps shot, the sweat beading up in the thick furze of his armpits, then rubbing his hands through his short thick beard, defining his strong jawline.

He was teaching me how to image, man-to-man, about being a man, about how a man enjoys his own body, no matter his sexual preference. He was telling me, when a man, like a young college-bound athlete dedicates himself to getting big, then nothing else exists but big, getting big, eating big, working out big, buying bigger and bigger clothes, walking big through the mall, taking over a room with bigness, big shoulders, massive chest, huge arms, powerful thighs, dynamic calves, big jock bubblebutt, but most of all, the center of it all, the handle of the universe, the big hunk of tube steak swinging long and fat and ready for erection when a gangly kid in his teens fills out, hanging out in the gyms and the dorms, and becomes a Big Man on Campus in his twenties.

*Buzz Spaulding's Training Academy* ©Jack Fritscher 185

He rubbed his hands on his pecs, then ran one down to his big soft penis, and picked it up, because the head of his cock had been dragging on my belly. Seeing that big dick cradled in his hairy fingers, I came, careful not to splash my load on the furry cheeks of his butt.

He squeezed my jaw in his big hand. His biceps bulged. His hairy pecs mounded as he squeezed me. "That's my boy," he said. "I am what I am. You are what you are." He released the pressure. "Go get big," he said. "And don't trim that moustache. Grow it big."

A week later I checked into Buzz Spaulding's Training Camp. Buzz had played pro football for six years as a linebacker before a cash offer he couldn't refuse lured him to the Professional Wrestling Federation. The rich backer who hired him on wasn't interested so much in what Buzz could do in the ring as in what he could do for the "pro-gladiators" in the Federation.

Size was the name of the game. Wrestlers. Footballers. Recruit 'em younger. Train 'em harder. Grow 'em bigger. Unleash 'em into pro sports. Buzz got an underground reputation. He was turning boys into men and men into giants with one interesting side effect none of his proteges could stop bragging about. Almost any strength-camp coach could, in a year, turn a 5-7, 170-pound kid into a 220-pound fireplug with 22-inch arms, or a 6-2, 200 man into a 275-pound no-neck behemoth who'd make Hulk Hogan and Arnold take notice.

What no one did, the way Buzz Spaulding did, was make cocks grow big, bigger, massive!

Buzz Spaulding had invented the better mouse trap and the world was beating off a path to his door. If Buzz and my dad hadn't gone way back, I'd never have gotten

into the Training Camp of my dreams.

My first night in the dorm, I was too green, too excited, too hardon for action to sleep, so I did what any normal 18-year-old horny kid would do. I left my room to prowl the premises, cruising the other rooms with open doors, seeing guys of all ages, kids my age to big dudes in their thirties, all of them obviously Power Jocks, and from the looks I got at some of the cocks, flopped out soft, or hard, in sleep, Coach Buzz Spaulding's famous Side Effect was working. If my dad told me so, it was so. My dick hardened wanting to meet Buzz Spaulding first chance. I was gonna be one big motherfucker.

Downstairs, in the gym, the "Night Crew," guys who liked the concentration of the hours after midnight, were working out, some nude, some in jockstraps, some in football grey cotton teeshirts cut off right below the pecs, all in sweaty leather weight belts and heavy black leather combat boots to grip the rubber mats better for steadier lifts. They were banging the weights, grinding out heavy sets, pulling at their cocks that were light years beyond any cocks I'd ever seen in high school.

The average hang was 9 inches to maybe 14 inches. Soft. I later found out the way Buzz measured cock: twice. Once soft. Once hard. Starting from the top of the base at the belly to the tip of the piss slit for the length, and then the circumference halfway up the shaft. So a cock wasn't just 10 inches long. It was, somewhat like a 2x4 piece of lumber or a 4x4 truck, judged by length and circumference. A 10-inch cock with a 9-inch circumference was a 10x9, or 90 square inches of dick. Strut! Strut! Strut! Do the Pete Rose Grope! No wonder, jocks in every sport, once they've been to Camp, strut like they're



God's gift to man.

I ducked into the toilet opposite the weight room, and even though the stalls had no doors, I dropped my jock around my ankles, and plopped my butt on the black horseshoe. Hearing the serious weights crashing, listening to the *goddamshitfuckpiss* and the kidding around, my dick kind of jumped up into my hand crying for a lube job. "Hey, little fella," I said, "you're 8x6 tonight and I'm 170. In a month of training, who knows how big we'll be. Me, maybe 190. You 10x8!"

My butt stung where an assistant coach had shot me with my first dose of a new designer steroid with no side effects. "Even if there was a sidekicker, like there was in the old days," my dad had counseled me, "you have to make up your mind whether you want quality of life or quantity of life." He touched my shoulder. "Don't worry. Buzz has doctors monitoring everything from your liver to your bodyfat to your sperm count. Just do what he says. Anything he says."

Imaging myself growing as big and hung and muscular as the Night Crew, I was beating my cock right to the cusp of cuming, when, O sweet jumpin Jack Flash, these pair of knees, followed by massive tanned thighs covered with curly blond hair slid under the partition, presenting in the valley between their bulk a pair of hefty blond balls and a hardon the size wet dreams are made on. Fucking 13 inches. A 13x10, I figured. My buttohole puckered in fear. No way could my ass jam that log. If I chowed down on it, I figured I'd choke to death, and all my mourners would die of jealousy.

The hard blond cock throbbed and bobbed, patient, waiting, seeming to grow another inch. It wasn't going

away. The stud attached to it had made a commit he wasn't backing away from when he shoved his power thighs under the partition. He was big and I didn't want any trouble.

All I could do was take his rockhard pillar of velvet smoothness into my hands. I cupped my palms around it and drooled down some foamy spit. The big blond dick itself seeped clear lube. What a beauty for a handjob. The guy started pumping his hips up and down. From the side, I could see his perfect bubble butt. He looked to weigh in at a buffed 225. I figured if he was this good-looking from the waist down, he must be a knockout north of the border.

"Put both hands on it," he said. His deep voice came from his big balls. "I want you to pull me off, and when I start cuming I want your mouth as far down on it as you can suck."

I fell to my knees on the cool toilet floor. Buzz Spaulding's Bulk Dick formula not only enlarged even the most average cock to remarkable size; it also kept the cocks buzzed, which explained his nickname. No one ever heard of a Buzz Spaulding dick ever having trouble, the way some monster dicks have, of staying hard. I wrapped both my hands around the mystery cock with plenty left over for my lips and mouth and throat. I went to town. Hungry for big dick. Wanting the bulk load from the bulked dick of the buffed stud offering me what I dreamed of. The more of his seed I swallowed, the faster I'd get bigger. I turned maniac, dipping, bowing, blowing, sucking, rimming the corona, tubing the fat head and shaft deeper than I'd ever swallowed anything but food before.

“Hey! Hey! Hey!” he said. “Watch the teeth.”

“Sorry.” I mumbled with my mouth full.

He pulled his butt back, taking his glorious thighs and splendid erect cock back under the metal toilet partition. I figured I'd lost him.

“Let's try it another way,” he said. He stood before me. Framed naked in the doorway. Both hands on his dick. He was a god. A blond, built, Bear God. I lost my mind. He was perfect. He was a man. He had a man's strength and fragility, a man's grace and intensity, a good-looking man's full-bodied muscle.

“Yes,” I said. To him I could say nothing but *yes*. One thing I knew for sure. I knew it from my dad. From living with him. I knew for sure that nature very rarely puts it all together: looks, bearing, voice, appeal, smile, intelligence, strength. Rugged face. Massive muscles. Monster cock. Honest manliness is never half-revealed. When it's there, it's all right there in front of you. Especially when the 13x10-inch hardon won't go down. I sat my butt back on the black horseshoe toilet seat. My mouth leveled with his cock.

He took one step toward me. His dick rose like the prow on a Viking ship. His nipples were honeytan and circled by the blond hair on the mounded slabs of his pecs. He didn't have a belly: he had abs so carved their crevasses showed through the blond belly hair that was a darker blond than his golden regulation-clipped moustache. His 130-square-inch dick poled out from a patch of curly blond brillo that was the same blond as his perfect butch-waxed flat top. For openers, I wanted to rub my hard cock through the thick hair on his forearms.

I fisted my dick with one hand. He smiled and

moved closer. He smelled of sweet salt sweat. I reached out to his cock and touched the tip. "Go on," he said. He ran one hand up his torso and wiped out his massive armpit, then fed me his sweaty fingers and palm, making a fist and pushing it like a gentle boxer against my lips, forcing them open, fingering past my teeth, working his big bodybuilder fist into my mouth. I sucked his hand, knowing he was training me. If I could swallow his fist, I could swallow his cock.

He pulled his wet fist out and licked his hand. He stepped toward me, his cock entering my lips, parting my teeth, passing over my tongue. The corona filled my mouth big as a Florida orange. He pumped his shaft hard. The circle of his thumb and forefinger around his cock punched into my lips over my teeth. He was more rugged than rough. Spit ran from my loaded mouth and dripped on my cock my own hand was working. He put both his hands behind my head and started his facefuck ram into my throat. His rod pushed the head deep past my first gag reflex and he rode on in and down slow and easy, pushing in, pulling out, going for the inches. He was well on in 8 inches, with 5 inches to go; that was more than I'd ever taken; but when a handsome man wants to measure off 13 clicks down my throat, I'll be the man my daddy expected.

A couple guys from the Night Crew came in to take a leak. Nobody said a word. At Buzz Spaulding's Training Camp, whatever was, was.

With his cock buried down my throat, he raised his big arms, crossing them below his chest, nipping his pecs with his fingers. The more he twisted at his tits the harder he pushed his prick into me. I wished he'd tattooed

*Buzz Spaulding's Training Academy* ©Jack Fritscher 191

inch marks on his cock so I could read below my nose. Four inches left. I couldn't swallow. I could hardly breath. My dick was dangerously near cuming. I looked up at him. His face was in ecstasy.

From his dick pulsing in my throat, I knew he was close to cuming. I whacked my own stroker to keep pace. He leaned forward and drilled another inch down my throat. I felt something tear, but I knew it was no more than the stretching open of another inch of deep virgin throat. He was making me bigger.

Slow, with a suctioning pull, he drew his plunger from my pipe. His big jock body went into muscle lock-down, like a bodybuilder on stage. His dick pulsing, cuming up my throat, into my mouth, already white seed shooting on my tongue, him pulling his dick free, with 13x10 inches shooting sperm hot across my face, burning my eyes, shooting up my nose, filling my open mouth. Even the loads were bigger at the camp. My own hand kept pulling on my dick. I wanted to look at him, to worship him, to image him the way my dad had taught me, so I could grow big as him.

He stood stock still, breathing heavy. His huge horsecock still erect. His balls were massive and crawling one over the other. White cum dripped from his piss slit. I was crazy with lust. I wanted him to piss all over me sitting on the black horseshoe seat.

Instead, he said. "Stop."

"I'm gonna cum."

"I said, *stop*."

It was the hardest order I ever obeyed.

"You don't cum. Not until tomorrow. Tomorrow," he said, "is a special day for you."

“What do you mean?”

“Tomorrow’s your day.” He flipped his dick, wiped the wet cum on it across my moustache, turned around, pushed his perfect bubblebutt in my face for a fast sweet sniff of his crack and hole, and left.

“Jeez!” I said, sitting on a toilet between a rock and a hardon. “What am I gonna do with this?” My dick stuck up like it would never go down.

One of the Night Crew had been watching all along. “That’s the idea,” he said. “Discipline. Control. Growth.”

“Who the fuck was that?” I asked.

“You know who, and you’ll know better tomorrow after your first session.”

“Yeah,” I guessed, “I know who.”

We said his name together. “Buzz Spaulding.”

The powerlifter grinned at me. “Hey, kid! Welcome to Bulk City! Now, come and do me.”