

**This story really happened,
as all good stories really
happened, not too long ago and
not too far away. A man who
lived it told me so...**

FORESKIN PRISON BLUES

Animal was hung big and uncut. His name was lost in the prison records. The warden said, “You ain’t no human. You’re an animal.” The insult became Animal’s badge of honor.

He was no more than thirty-four and he was doing twelve years of hard time. Three times he had made a fool of the warden. Three times he had escaped and gone back to robbing banks. Three times he’d been recaptured. He was a legend inside the prison. For three years, the warden had kept Animal welded, by acetylene torch, into his special cell on display on a tier designed for the general population.

Caged in this exhibitionistic kind of isolation, Animal ate, slept, and lived alone, in full view of the other prisoners who sneaked up to the bars and slipped him soap and hand-crafted playing cards and small sheets of toilet paper and pencils. All just to be near him.

Animal never spoke. He was deaf and mute and gifted with the kind of ultimate male body that the hearing and the screaming die for. He was, I think, wise, in his silence. He was unstoppped by it, and even better off because of it. I envied him. He could not hear the clamor and cursings and night screams of the prison. To those who brought him gifts, he nodded his thanks. He squinted his forest-green eyes and tugged at his red-blond moustache that bristled across his upper lip and was trimmed down in two long ‘staches that passed the corners of his mouth and ended on either side of his big chin.

He shaved no more than once a week. His cheeks and chin were a clock: the smoothness of the first day's shaving; the first bristle of day two; the longer stubble of day three; the light-catching whiskers of day four; the full red-blond thatch of day five; the rasping, rugged look of the sixth day; and then the seventh, the day that he shaved and took the one shower allowed him, standing buckass-naked over the hole in the floor that was his toilet, using a hose passed into him through the bars. By the warden's orders, the water was always freezing cold.

I know.

I was a Hose Man.

I felt the spray the first time I handed Animal the black hose. I felt uneasy. The Hose Man before me was dead. Some spear-chucker had stabbed him over an unpaid debt of two packs of Camels.

When I handed Animal the hose, our hands brushed. His palm was hard with yellow callouses. His fingers were long and thick and tattooed in blue jailhouse ink with the letters:

"I-M-A-N-I-M-A-L"

The twin tattoos on his thumbs were the ace of spades. My eyes jumped to his face. His green eyes lasered through me, but not in hate. I don't think he had hate in him except for the warden. His look was like he was sizing me up. A Hose Man was the only prisoner allowed to spend any time with Animal.

And I was the Hose Man.

"I can go," I said, meaning I could turn the water on and leave for the thirty freezing minutes allowed him. I figured he could use some privacy, at least for his shower, even if he was welded into a cell where the guards on the gunwalk had him in plain sight whenever they looked.

"I can go," I said again. But I wanted to stay. More than my lips, he read the look on my face. He understood it. He pointed with his index finger toward the concrete floor where I stood. I knew what he meant. As much as he was legendary, his big uncut cock was a legend all its own. Maybe that's why the warden who had small fingers, small feet, and a small nose had it in for him in his small brain. In that hard place,

I had heard what it meant for Animal to point and tell a Hose Man to kneel outside his welded bars. It was a chance to become part of the uncut legend.

Not all Hose Men were given the nod, and some who were ignored grew so jealous they hated those who were chosen. More than one killing, like the knifing of the Hose Man before me, was less over a debt of Camels than over the favor of Animal. Everyone held him in awe for the million bucks the grapevine said he made on his last big haul, the one they caught him for. All those stashed bucks waiting for him plus his record three breakouts! What a rep! To say nothing of his open, spitting defiance of the warden, who was everything a warden always is, only worse.

I looked hard into Animal's face. His green eyes had meant what they said. So I knelt. He smiled and his good-looking grin split wider the cleft in his strong chin. The red-blond of his moustaches and eyebrows blazed with the light that filled the cell from the windows behind me. His red-blond hair was slammer classic: combed with water and stiff grease straight back from his widow's peak to the weathered nape of his thick neck. He raised his big arm and ran his fingers through his hair, dragging his palm to the back of his neck. His biceps stretched the sleeves of his teeshirt. He had big arms, big guns, thick, freckled, tattooed with a cross, a Mexican girl, a heart pierced with a knife, and a peacock starting at the bottom of one wrist whose tail plumed up the entire length of his forearm.

Animal made a swift, eloquent motion that I read as easy as if Shakespeare had scanned it. He pointed at me, then pointed at his eye, and then ran his finger from his face down to his dick and smiled his killer smile. If that wasn't asking me, "Do you want to fuck or whu-u-ut," then I'm not a born voyeur!

Animal was maximum. He hadn't been outside or seen the yard or the iron bull pen for three years, but welded in his cell, he daily pushed himself hard. Layered in raunchy sweats, he ran in place, pumped out push-ups and chin-ups, crunched out sit-ups, and generally turned the bars and walls and his bunk into gym equipment even Nautilus, the ancient

Greek god of expensive spas, hasn't thought up.

Whatever animal Animal was, he was stud.

And if he was stud, with all that red-blond body fur, he was stud grizzly bear.

He was an easy six-two, maybe three, weighing at least 245, absolutely carved like a ton of translucent marble. He carried not an ounce of fat. He was tight, Huge veins, like the thick blue veins around his big, uncut dick, climbed like thick vines from his big hands up his forearms. Vascularity looped over his baseball biceps and ran up inside his white teeshirt, ending in that hairy, ripe armpit where his arms and shoulders and chest and lats combined like a freeway exchange, making me hungry to suck out his sweaty armpits through the bars, because I could tell he was teasing me with his big dick. He knew when I saw his legendary foreskin, I might forget about licking his armpits and sniffing his asshole.

I figured if he was gonna tease me, I was gonna enjoy it. My daddy always said, "Son, if you ever wanna drown yourself, don't torture yourself in shallow water."

I knelt. When I hit my knees, one of the young, built guards whistled from the gunwalk opposite. Animal was the only show in town. Down the tier of cells, white and black and brown arms held out mirrors to see what was happening. No one went crazy, but a buzz went down. A black voice yelled, "Shee-it! Animal's got hisself another Hose Man! What's he got I ain't got?"

"Twenty-two-inch arms," a brother said.

"Ten uncut inches," a Mexican voice answered.

"And two inches of foreskin," a white voice said.

"Yo' mamma! Woo-ooh!"

Animal couldn't hear the gab. I put it out of my head. I focused on him. I was born for what was going to happen between him and me. I knew other Hose Men had got away with it. I was going to do what I was going to do, because everybody inside did it one way or another, just as long as I didn't have to take it up the ass. Not with everybody watching. Sucking was like a gift of foreskin and dick and hot smacks of white cum. Getting fucked was punk. And that's the name o' dat tune!

Animal nodded to me, asking if I was ready. I smiled. He walked over to me, both of us inches from the bars chipped with green paint. He put his two big paws through the bars, fists closed, introducing himself to me, turning his fingers reading I-M-A-N-I-M-A-L so close into me I could smell his paws. His hands were big meathooks. The fingernails were bit down to the quick. His wrists were more squared off than the Speidel wristwatch ads I'd jerked off to as a little boy.

His forearms were hamhocks. He reached them through the bars and took hold of my ears. He pulled my face up to the cold steel so my eyes were flush with his big cock already bulging hard under cover of his prison blues. He moved one hand to my throat and held me by my larynx as if to warn me not to scratch his dick or bite his foreskin or he'd tear out my lungs.

Then he smiled. His teeth were perfect: spaced like well-kept pickets that flashed the way a white fence shines in the night when headlights hit it during a short, fast rain. He was a carnivore, Animal was, and I was willing to be any kind of hotdog he wanted to clean up around inside his foreskin. I was hungry for those clots of head cheese. I knew if I was ever gonna drown myself, by taking the chance my daddy said, about getting in deep enough to do the job right, then my time was at hand.

I was more than a cocksucker.

I was a foreskin sucker, a connoisseur of the biggest fore-skins on the biggest of cocks on the biggest of men. I'd do anything, lick toejam, eat ass, suck butt, even tongue out a snot nose, or more than once, eat a boss-guard's shit when I was locked down in a straight jacket in isolation, to pay my dues. To survive. Anything, except of course, give up my butt.

I'm a sick fucker and I was kneeling right where sick fuckers belong: in jail, doing hard time with a lot of other sick mother-fuckers, kneeling cock-level in front of a fucking Animal, me begging him with my two eyes to suck on the soft nipple of his famous foreskin.

I knew what was coming. I'd heard what always happened the first time Animal let a guy kneel in full view in front of his cell with guards and inmates watching. To steady myself I put my hands through the bars and held onto his massive

furry thighs, keeping my eyes on the big, week-old American cheese sandwich stuffed inside the foreskin longer even than his lengthening meat. He liked me hanging on to his massive legs. He was proud of his fine body. He smiled.

Then with his right fist he punched me once hard in the eye. My head popped back. I saw stars. But I never let go of him. Then he pasted me harder with his left fist in the other eye. I reeled back, but his hand grabbed my hair and held my face steady against the cold bars. I snorted his sweaty foreskin through the clean smell of his pressed jeans. I raised my hands to my face. I knew he had given me a pair of shiners. They were his mark, his “trade” mark. On the block, the queens called it “Animal’s raccoon effect.” But what they called it, the queens never got, because Animal wasn’t interested in queens. He was interested in men, which made me glad, because kneeling there for all the world to see, Animal endorsed me, punching my face.

I wasn’t a punk.

I was a Hose Man.

And the hose wasn’t the long, green, garden variety.

The hose was Animal’s big dick with its uncut nozzle.

Animal let go of my hair and ears. He stepped back, raising both his arms to finger comb his red-blond hair, dropping his hands to the back-neck of his teeshirt, pulling it up from behind, revealing his tight, washboard abdominals, furred with hair more red than blond, then pulling the shirt off over his head, revealing the damp red hair of his armpits, and peeling it down his hairy tattooed arms. He tossed it to his metal bunk.

Animal was more finely developed than any man I’d ever seen. Three years welded into a six-by-nine-foot cell had left him needing no better creation than his physical and mental self: his mind, his muscle, his meat. If the warden was at war with Animal, then Animal had already won, even if he never left that solitary cell with the welded door that never opened. His torso was more perfect than a bodybuilder, which he was not. He was no mere steroid decoration posing for a trophy. His strength was real. His power was his survival. He had created a look wilder than any bodybuilder, shaved and

oiled, would ever dare to present on a civilized stage. Animal was beyond bodybuilding. He was beyond linebacker. He was a man, a big man, a fucking big man, thick and hairy. He was heading beyond animal, beyond grizzly. He was becoming a beast.

He was desire.

I feared his primal power, but I did not fear him. Lust knows fear even less than it knows reason. I wanted to run my hands over his thick masculine mass and my tongue over his red-to-red-blond upholstery. I wanted to have to comb my teeth. His furry waist was tight. His belly button was barely visible through the thick hair that reddened down from red-blond, cascading down his muscle-carved belly into the waist of his prison blues, disappearing down toward his cock, nestled in his powerful crotch, red hairs curlicuing up tight with his sweat.

He put one big foot up on the horizontal bar. Red-blond hair grew thick on each toe and thick atop the instep. He did not have to tell me to suck his foot. I did what a man does. My first taste of his body was sweet. I sucked each big toe, rimming under his crescent toenails. I lapped the sole of his foot worn smooth by the smooth cement of his cell. When he was satisfied, he changed feet and fed me some more.

“Oh, come to daddy, do!” a voice shouted.

My world was Animal’s feet.

I would do anything he wanted to feast finally on his prized foreskin.

He pulled back, looked down at me across the massive expanse of his red-blond pecs, and smiled. He reached to unbutton his fly. He took a step back, lowered his hand, and coaxed out the biggest uncut animal dick I ever did see. What I thought in his prison blues was so big it must be hard was, in fact, hanging soft, pendulous, languid as only a thick dick can hang. Soft, he was bigger than the biggest dick I’d ever seen hard.

His was a dick of the imagination.

Nothing in nature can describe its textured beauty. Its proportions of circumference-to-length were perfect. Its texture

of pale white skin mapped with blue veins contrasted against its roots nestled in the red nest of soft pubic hair. The heft of his meat was match for his potatoes. His balls were the *co-jones* of a god. How can someone who has never knelt before a lordly penis and worshiped its foreskin ever know what true divinity is?

Animal's face laughed, but, of course, he made no sound. I must've looked pretty stupid with two blackening eyes and my mouth hanging open in disbelief. He pointed to the tip of his dick.

The eye of his foreskin was completely blind. But the jailhouse legend was wrong. His alabaster white foreskin wasn't two inches longer than his cock. It was three. It was tight and so perfectly transparent the mushroom head of his cock showed through beneath the nipple of foreskin. This size of his uncut dick was at least two inches more than the ten the prison skinny gave him.

Animal took the tip of his foreskin between two fingers and hoisted his penis straight up. His foreskin stretched from the weight of his meat. His cock was growing hard, pumping itself up with blood and seed, enlarging inside his meaty foreskin, its head turning the angry red-purple color of cocks that have swung for eons between the legs of red-blond Anglo-Saxon warriors, raping and pillaging with cocks and swords. Up and down the tier, the handheld mirrors watched like nosy compacts in a *noir* night club.

Animal liked the watching, thinking perhaps of all those other hands in other cells, holding out mirrors in one hand, beating off their own meat, cut and uncut, locked down, watching his exhibition that he meant as much for their eyes as for the weasel eyes of the warden watching from his office on his live color video feeding into his VCR.

Animal moved toward me. His rising cock was half hard. He dropped hold of his foreskin, bobbling his cock, moving it slowly toward me like the prow of a warrior ship. I pushed my face between the dirty bars. I figured he wanted me to suck the tip of his 'skin. Instead, he aimed the iris eye of his long foreskin straight at my nose, dilating the eye, opening it wide, stretching his 'skin with his big tattooed fingers, pulling it

wide, so the iris eye opened to a circumference in proportion to the depth of its dark tunnel. In there, waiting, a mushroom piston, his dick-head, thumped with the pulse of his animal body. I watched cross-eyed as he pulled the tube of his foreskin like a condom over my nose, pressing its lower edges with his strong thumbs hard against my moustache and teeth, pressing its upper rim hard on the bruised bones below my blackening eyes.

My nose, wrapped in foreskin, breathed the meaty interior smells of his animal cock. The aroma sucked me deep down the tunnel of 'skin, past the clean soap smells near the top rim, through the strata of sweat and layers of piss smells, down to the gritty caverns of deep smegma. My tongue licked out and licked foreskin air. Animal, with his strong hands and huge arms, was dilating his muscle-pumped foreskin across my face.

I knew how it would be. I would feel my eyes disappearing inside the widening mask of his foreskin. Then my mouth and teeth and tongue and my chin. Till finally Animal totally masked my face inside the dark, wet sleeve of his foreskin. Till finally, Animal, animal that he was, in one magnificent pull on his foreskin (the way he pulled off his white teeshirt), would stretch his enormous foreskin back over my head and down my chin and throat and I would be kept hooded, hooded in foreskin, in darkness forever, with his cockhead advancing toward my throat, poised, and aimed, to be holstered forever like a gun down my throat.

Animal pulled back. I gasped for air. His horsecock was fully hard. He aimed it like a slow-motion battering ram toward my mouth. He stopped short of my face. With his iron-rosined fingers, he peeled back my lips, upper and lower, back from my teeth, again warning me not to scratch or bite his enormous rod. Then he playfully punched my jaw meaning if I didn't open wide enough not to scrape him, he'd give me a mouthful of bloody Chicklets.

Then he stuck his index finger and his fuck finger inside his foreskin and scooped out two dips of head cheese. He sniffed it himself, then snorted an airy laugh out his nostril, and shoved his two fingers up both my nostrils, stuffing the

cheese up my nose. The two-fingered kick was richer than snorting pure heroin.

Animal locked his big right hand over my mouth and his left hand behind my head. He wanted me to snort his cheese balls deep up into my sinuses where the smegma would drip for days, the taste of it running down the back of my throat, like the Hose Man I was, a different kind of Hose Man than the warden had counted on.

Animal's hands were suffocating me. I gasped so hard up my nose the head cheese locked into place and he let me breathe, still holding my hair. My eyes watered from his pressure. With one tender finger he wiped what he thought was a tear from my eye. He locked his green-eyed gaze directly on me. He studied me hard. In that brief instant the sunlight from the windows over the gunwalk threw dazzle across the cellblock gloom. Animal's huge dray-horse physique caught the halo of light in the red-blond hair that matted his shoulders and chest and back and arms and belly and legs, that bristled fiery red-blond on his unshaven cheeks and moustache, that burned on his head like the mane on a strawberry roan stallion, that flamed red in his crotch.

Amazing. I knew, from the cradle, even before I myself could speak, that I had always loved the idea and the ideal of such a man.

Animal stepped toward me. His cock jutted straight up. Huge cocks don't often do that. His did. He moved the nipple of foreskin to my mouth. I sucked it, nursing it, opening it with my tongue, fucking my tongue down the length of its tight corridor, mining out the nuggets of cheese, sucking out the hot juice of Animal's prison sweat. His foreskin was perfect. In size. In density. In flexibility. In depth. In richness of smegma to be tongued from under the crown of his big cock-head. He was a rogue outlaw whom I could not pleasure enough.

With both hands I held his cock aimed straight at my throat. I dropped my jaw and pulled his dick, foreskin first, into my mouth, sucking it, then blowing my spit up inside his foreskin, irrigating it, then sucking it, for every swallow it was worth. I was growling with passion. My own cock was working

hard in my hand, but this moment in time was not for my cock. It was Animal's cock and I was the Hose Man.

Animal's hands raised up and palmed across the big hairy slabs of his chest. With his hard fingers he twisted his perfect nipples. His green eyes rolled back in his head. Then he jerked forward, reaching his strong arms through the bars, holding my head so tight I thought he'd crush my skull or bruise my brain, but he know his own strength and held me steady while he slowly revolved his hips, teasing his foreskin-covered cock past my teeth, over my tongue, and down my throat.

It was like swallowing a huge baby bottle, nipple first. I breathed through my nose. He was a facefucker. My eyes watched him rocking and rolling his hips, grinding his dick, like an oil driller, down my throat, so skillfully he passed through my first gag reflex, then my second, then my third where I knew, if I didn't vomit, he could drive his uncut drill bit down my throat till it came out my ass.

Deep inside me I felt his double action. He pulled his dick back part way, causing his foreskin to nipple forward. Then, powered by his fine butt and linebacker thighs, he pushed his dick deeper down my throat, as deep as I thought I could take it, and then I felt it: his foreskin peeling back, exposing the lubed lead, that then slid farther down my throat, leaving the foreskin like a powerful booster rocket-sheath stretched back down the length of his animal dick.

Animal fucked my face till the blood ran from my nose with the sweat and the dripping cock cheese. No matter where his cock was in my head or my throat, always the foreskin flapped and filled and foamed, until I could feel his dick beginning to spasm. Again and again. He was in no hurry to cum. I was dying on my knees. Dying happy. He was fucking and jerking. He punched my face one last time. Hard. Smack on the cheekbone. Just because he wanted to. I opened my mouth further to shout, but I could not, because Animal played his advantage and jammed his wild uncut cock deeper down into me, impaling me, more than any man before or since.

The last plunge set him off. He yanked his cock from my mouth and with all ten fingers pinched off the mouth of his foreskin. His cock jerked. His body spasmed. He was

beautiful, this Animal, this beast, in rut, in heat, cuming, filling up the rubber of his foreskin with the hot white cum from his cock. I wanted it. His foreskin ballooned full of the volume of his cum. Some jism leaked between his fingers. His hips and butt were still fuck-pumping. He was still cuming. His whole body was flexing. His eyes were closed and he was a million miles away, someplace where he was free.

Animal, still cuming, stepped toward me. I leaned my face between the bars and he put the fingered seam of his foreskin against my lips. I opened my mouth. He let loose with his fingers, and his cum still shooting, still running, still dripping, shot, ran, and squirted into my mouth. I sucked hard on his foreskin feeding a violent hunger that was a new appetite to me.

“Holleee–wood!” a hip-hop voyeur shouted down the tier.

I cleaned up Animal’s dick. I licked his crotch. I sucked dry his balls. When he turned around and offered me his butt-hole, I cleaned that too, because I was the Hose Man and I was more than a Hose Man. I ate from the tube of his dark feast.

The warden was one of those Nurse Rat-shit no-balls no-dick kind of guys who freak out whenever they meet an untamed man who can no way be broken, the way some stallions can never be ridden. I fear someday when the warden’s bored with Animal welded in his cage, he’ll drug his food and when he’s passed out call in his crony, the prison doctor, who, if he’s not too drunk might remember how to circumcise some con who’s got too big for his britches. Or worse, castrate him. I sure as hell hope that never happens.

Not to Animal.

He was a man in rebellion. He was a wild maverick. He was a red-blond Alaskan grizzly. He had an animal’s power. He had foreskin, and, oh yeah, buddy, when he came, from somewhere deep inside him, somewhere so deep that it was not a human voice, because he had none, because he had no human voice at all, there came an animal roar that shook the walls of the prison and rattled the bars in the cage where he was welded the way beasts too dangerous for ordinary men are kept locked away, like creatures their keepers hope will never escape, but know somehow, someday, they will.