



see her mouth. Her lipstick was orange, it made the scarf look like flame. Then the dwarf stopped dancing and sat down on the chair opposite me.”

“And what did the dwarf tell you this time?”

“He told me—are you quite comfortable? I can send down for room service if you’re hungry. Damn fine hotel this, especially when you consider how reasonably priced it is. Room service 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.” He smile and sighed with evident pride and satisfaction. “America at her hard-working finest.”

“The dream, sir?” Truman prompted, anxious to find out—finally—who had killed Laura Palmer.

“The dwarf said the answer was still locked inside me, still a secret that I hadn’t seen yet. And he said—and this is the really interesting part, Harry—he said that I couldn’t find the answer because I was too frustrated, sexually speaking. He said that I was putting much more energy into suppressing my manly desires than it would take to *express* those desires. And of course, I said to him that as I wasn’t married, how was I supposed to take care of these desires without using up all this energy. I told him, clear and straight as I’m telling you now, that I couldn’t be with a woman. I couldn’t sully American womanhood like that. Nor even Icelandic womanhood, either. A man just *can’t* have sex with a woman who is not his wife, not if he wants to remain pure and decent. Then the dwarf said that you had the answer to my dilemma. He said I should call you straight away, the second I woke up and have you come over here to tell me how to express my manhood without behaving in a way that’s immoral against the fine women of this fine nation. Isn’t that the most amazing thing, you having the key that will let me find the key to who killed Laura Palmer? Absolutely amazing. Then the dwarf told me to wake up, which I did and then I called you.”

Harry Truman just stared at him, unable to believe his luck. He was a farm boy; he knew all kinds of ways a man could do what a man’s

gotta do. He just hoped that the way *he* wanted to do it was the way the dwarf had intended would free Special Agent Cooper’s mind. Agent Cooper was staring at him intently, intense innocence mixed with intense interest on his face.

“Well, Harry? Can you show me how to unlock the key to the key? Tell me what I have to do.”

“Em...” Truman temporized, gathering his thoughts, trying to figure out just what the dwarf had in mind, trying not to let his own desires cloud the issue. Then Cooper stood and began to pace, back and forth, back and forth, never taking more than three steps in either direction.

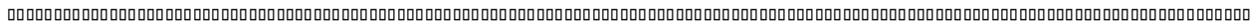
“I have to know, Harry. Perhaps,” he said, stopping unexpectedly directly in front of Truman, crotch at eye level, a very interesting vista indeed, “if you’re uncomfortable showing me—and many men would be, it’s not the kind of thing fine upstanding citizens discuss—then perhaps you could write it down for me. Then I could just follow your instructions and you wouldn’t have to witness anything at all.”

“No, no, it’s okay,” Truman blurted, seeing Cooper slip through his fingers, although not yet literally. And he wanted it to be literally. He was going to *make* it literally. “With these things, sir, it really is best to have a hands-on demonstration.”

“Okay, you’re the expert in this, I’ll take your word for it. If you don’t want to do it, perhaps one of the others would. Hawk. Yes, Hawk looks like the kind of man who would know how to keep a man’s nature in harmony with the driving needs of his body.”

“Yes, but the dwarf *did* say that I was the one to show you how to...to channel all your energy better.”

“True, true. Well, Sheriff Truman, I’m afraid it looks like we don’t have a choice about this. We’ll get started straight away.” He came to a halt directly in front of Truman, weight resting on the balls of his feet, hands resting on his hips, his groin thrust a little forward, boxer shorts partially agape. Definitely a room with a view.



Truman was so engrossed in staring that he had to ask Cooper to repeat what he had just said.

“I asked you where you wanted to begin. Should I sit down on the bed or is it better if I stand to watch whatever it is you do?”

“The best thing, sir,” Truman said, finally managing to pull his attention away from that innocently quiescent groin, “is if we both take all our clothes off.”

“Really? I thought I would just watch and take notes.”

“No, it’s usually better with two people participating and it’s always better with no clothes in the way.”

Willing as a puppy with a new master, Special Agent Cooper stripped off his underwear and folded them neatly, precisely, on the chair. As he bent over, his full, rounded buttocks were revealed and a shadow beckoned, hinting at the secret hidden between those two globes of firm flesh. Straightening, turning, Cooper stopped in surprise. “I thought you said we both had to be naked?”

“Em, yeah, that’s right.” Swallowing hard, trying not to think about swallowing that lovely penis until it was hard, Truman stripped off his clothes willy-nilly, leaving them to drop where they would, not even noticing. As he stood naked, revealed, Cooper stared at his penis in unabashed curiosity,

“Yours is very different from mine, isn’t it?” he said, stepping forward, crouching down all the better to see it. “May I touch it? I’ve only ever seen phalli when I’ve been forced to use a public restroom, although I always try to use a stall the way my father always told me to. Fine man, my father,” he went on, still hunkering down and staring at Truman’s penis, obviously fascinated by the way it was growing before his very eyes. “Amazing feat of engineering, isn’t it? I’ve always thought the human body to be the most incredible achievement I’ve ever read about, even in an encyclopedia. I mean, just look at the way it’s growing, like a flower in one of those speeded up films they show on PBS to

broaden the mind.”

Truman cleared his throat, his voice a complete contrast to Cooper’s wonderfilled, asexual tone. “It’s all right, sir, you’re supposed to touch it.”

“Really! Fine idea, fine idea. What happens when...” He didn’t finish his question, a groan from Truman and a surge of growth from his cock giving him all the answer he needed. “It feels...it’s...unbelievable.”

Truman couldn’t contain his curiosity any more than Cooper could, as evidenced by strong hands roaming with delicate inquiry up and down his length, making him longer by the second. “Doesn’t it feel exactly the same as yours, sir?”

Cooper looked up at him in shock. “I’ve never touched my own, apart from fulfilling nature’s function.”

“Not even when you were a *teenager*?”

Legs tiring, Cooper sank to his knees at Truman’s feet, hand still holding the tumescent cock lightly. “You’re talking about that time in every man’s life when he goes from being a boy with no control to a man who can command his body without giving in to the animal urges of his hormones. Every night, before I went to sleep, my Mother would come to my bedside, tape my mittens to my hands, tuck me in and kiss me good night.” He rested back on his haunches, eyes distant, hand still absently squeezing Truman’s phallus. “My Mother was a fine woman, one of the finest examples of womanhood a man could ever be lucky enough to find. Damn fine woman.”

He blinked, looked back up at Truman, a question in his eyes.

Truman reminded him, “You were squeezing my...uh...my...”

“Your pee-pee?”

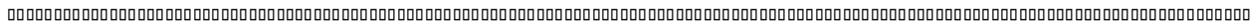
Truman felt a giggle rise hysterically in his throat. He and Hawk had a bet that Cooper was a virgin, but this! “Uh, yeah, my pee-pee. You were squeezing it.”

“Is this the correct way to do it?”

“Oh, yeah, oh yeah. Just keep on doing it

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over on to his side, his erection scraping across the counterpane, “a pæan to Priapus, that’s you, Harry.” His voice was soft, awed, almost breathless.

“What the hell’s that?”

“No need to swear. Pæan to Priapus,” he whispered, gazing at Truman’s unfettered glory. “Hymn of praise to the god of the erect phallus. I’ve seen drawings, photographs of ancient Greek vases and plates, when I sneaked into the archaeology department of my home town library. And you are perfect for that. A work of art. Just like in the books.”

“I’m glad you think I’m good to look at. I’m good to touch, too.”

Cooper was learning his lessons well. He reached out and grasped Truman by the cock, leading him onto the bed, drawing him down until they were in a tangle of Cooper’s hand and Truman’s cock and Cooper’s own cock. And then Truman was on top of Cooper, his weight heavy and oddly reassuring to the other man, the jut of his hips pressing down on him with immutable strength. And then those hips were moving, rhythmically, pressing down and then releasing him, until he thought he would scream with frustration if they lifted up away from him just once more. He grabbed Truman by the swell of his ass and pushed him down, hard, as he himself shoved upwards. His mouth was open in aching hunger, trusting that the emptiness would be filled, as it was. There were lips upon his, breath not his own was sighing into his mouth. Then, thrillingly, for the first time in his life, his body was not inviolate, for the first time in his life he had someone else in him. For the first time in his life, he was not alone.

It was only as he was assuaged, only as he was touched, that he realized how painfully lonely he was. How lonely he had always been. But even as he thought it, the hands that brought the loneliness took it away, replacing it with the tingling shiver of pleasure. And the hollow, hurting void of his mouth was filled by the limber strength of another man’s tongue, the taste strange and wondrously good to him. He

sucked on it, needing more, more, trying to pull more of Truman inside him, make them closer. Small noises of pleasure were coming from him, to be absorbed into Harry’s body along with his very lifebreath. And it was all too, too wonderful. He couldn’t keep his hands still, couldn’t control their frantic quest to explore, map, claim every inch of Truman. Couldn’t stop their desire to knead muscle, tangle in hair, dabble in sweat. The more he touched, the more he wanted to touch. And the more that sweet, consuming fire in his belly burned along his cock. He was sure he would set them on fire, he was so aflame with what Harry was doing to him. With the way Harry felt and tasted and smelled. But slowly, cruelly, through the pleasure, crawled a wailing hollow. He was so empty, he needed—he didn’t know. He pulled away, turning his face to the side, Harry’s kisses a meteor shower on his cheek.

“Harry,” he mumbled, biting a shoulder that looked just too good to resist, “what’s wrong with me? I feel so strange. There should be more. I’m so empty inside...”

“Shh, it’s all right. Lots of gay guys get that feeling when they’ve got a man on top of them. I’ll fix it for you, I’ll make sure you’re not empty any more.”

And then there was that oddly delicious sensation of being stretched down there, Harry’s fingers stroking at him...there. He couldn’t quite bring himself to give ‘there’ a name, for all the words he used were too much the product of the morgue to use here, or too much the product of the school yard—and this was his rite of passage into manhood. After this, he would put aside the childish words and use manly words like...

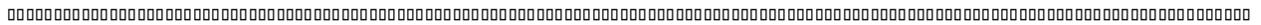
“Fuckhole.”

“What!?” Harry squeaked, shocked. There were only two people in this room and *he* hadn’t said it so that meant... “Cooper, babe, did you say what I think you just said?”

“Cunt.”

“Yeah, you just said what I thought you just said. Like my fingers on your...cunt, do





inside him and then he felt liquid heat suffuse him, fill him, to replenish the store of what he had just lost.

Hands were stroking him as gently as if he were a child, small kisses were being danced upon his face, Harry's hips were undulating tenderly upon him. There was still a presence inside him, but it was small now, and even as he became aware of it again, it slipped from him, his body making a little *moue* at the loss.

The hands caressing him stilled, the kisses stopped, the weight grew heavy. Truman, he realized, had fallen asleep, face innocent as a newborn babe's. Eventually, Cooper eased him off, reaching into the bedside drawer for his memotape. What was that word Truman had used for him? Oh, yes. Gay.

"Diane," he said, very quietly lest he wake Harry, "I've just had the most life-altering experience of my life. As you can hear from the almost complete silence around me, it is near dawn. Soon, the birds will begin singing the praises of life once more and I shall rise to begin

a new day's investigation. Before I do that, though, listen to this." He held the tape to Truman's lips. "Did you hear that? It's the sound of a man sleeping peacefully, having done his duty. We didn't find the answer the dwarf promised me, but that, I believe, is because we haven't tried the right method yet. It would probably be very helpful if you could locate a book for me, one that would give us more clues on how to solve the dwarf's message to me. One of those books you see everywhere. "The Joy of Gay Sex" is one I saw once, in an airport. Little did I know that one day I would need it to crack a case. Well, that's all, Diane. Good night."

He replaced his tape in the drawer, pulled some covers up to keep them warm, then snuggled down in beside the sleeping Harry. Almost of its own volition, his hand found Harry's penis—*cock*, he reminded himself, *cock*—and cradled it fondly. As he slipped in to some quality sacktime, his last thought was that he could get to like being a real man.