

Last Fuck for Johnny
by A.Horniman

part 4

I've learned to communicate with eye blinks now. There's a system where I scroll through the alphabet, letter by letter and Eric, bless him, writes it down. At first I asked what happened as I didn't remember anything. They told me I fell off a horse and landed on my head. A bit like that Superman bloke, Christopher Reeves. Worse than him in fact. At least he had some movement. I've got zero motor control. I can breathe unaided but that's about it. Can't swallow. Can't control my bowels. No movement apart from my left eyelid. One blink for yes. Two for no. But total sensory awareness.

Friends come to visit from time to time. Some of them are really supportive. Some are just freaked out to see me immobilised like this. They know Johnny the stunt man. Good for a laugh. They can't handle Johnny the cripple, the broken toy. Makes them aware of how fragile they are. How we all are really.

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Gary was starting to become a bit of a pest. Phoning me every couple of days wanting to "get together" as he calls it. Now don't get me wrong, he's turned out to be a great shag with all those raging teenage hormones. He can't wait to bury his bone in my ass. First time he comes a bit quick of course, then when he's calmed down a bit he's in his stride for some enthusiastic sex. He's learning to hold back, to slow down when he feels the urge to shoot and his stamina is starting to build. Hey maybe I should run a fuck school for horny teenage boys. That'd be wild!

Then after he's pumped a few loads of cream into my ass it's my turn. Now after getting my ass plugged a couple of times I'm pretty rampant and nothing is going to stop me getting where I want to go. But he likes to play the game of me forcing him into it. He struggles to get away from me but we both know it's a game. He loves it when I turn into the "fuck monster" as he calls it. And it leads to some great sex. He's learned to relax his hole so I can shove it straight up him and the feeling of my dick soaking in his hot tight manpussy can't be beat. He's learned to make his hole nice and tight for me and all the time he's saying "No, you're too big. Take it out." which just gets me going even more and I give him a good hard ramming. Guys, there's nothing like a hot teenager impaled on your dick, wriggling around as you bugger him senseless. He loves it of course. If it pops out he's the one reaching behind to get it back in. He'll usually get a couple of loads out of me straight off. We're still barebacking so the second time his hole is nice and squelchy with my come.

Then when we've come down from the sex high it's into kissing and cuddling. He's so affectionate, telling me all the things he likes about me, how much he likes my muscles, my hairy tits.

"And my big fat cock" I remind him,

"And your hot tight fuckable ass," he adds, then, "I love you Johnny, all of you."

Now why does he always have to spoil things by saying that? I can't answer. I don't know what to say so I hug him and plant a big kiss on his sweet lips to shut him up. I know what he wants me to say but I can't. I'll tell him he's got a great body and he's a really good fuck but I can't say those words and for some reason I don't want to lie to him. He's a teenage boy for fuck's sake. I'm the first "relationship" he's had. Of course he loves me. Or at least he thinks he does. Oh I don't know.

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But, when he's not after me for sex, he's nagging me to sort out a photo shoot for him so he can "get into movies". So I give a mate of mine a call, chap called Tariq, hotshot cameraman who'd love to do the job just for the pleasure of watching me and Gary going at each other like a couple of rampant rabbits. Maybe getting a bit of action himself if there's any spare going.

I explain to Gary that we're going to do some solo shots of him. Then some shots of him and me "doing stuff", posed. Then if he's up for it we'll make a short porno movie. I tell him that a lot of big stars started in porn. "It's the way things are done in the film industry." I tell him. Well, sometimes it is. What I don't tell him is that Tariq and me have got a little side line of putting porno movies on the Internet for hungry punters. Makes quite a nice little income.

So we start with some solo shots. Gary posing. Fewer and fewer clothes. Then down to his tighty white boxers with his lovely boy-sausage bulging through the cotton. Till we're down to what the punters really want. Hunky blond teenager, bollock naked showing off his man-sized dick. Then some shots of us together. Gary with my cock in his mouth. Me with my tongue in his ass. Ecstatic expression on Gary's face as he's getting buggered. Some close up shots of my dick reaming him out. Then some cream pie shots of my come oozing out of his puffy well-fucked hole. Lovely stuff.

Then after a little break it's time for the movie and we do our routine. Him playing scared little boy and me playing the predatory "fuck monster". Tariq has set up proper lighting and is moving around with the handheld camera getting all the best shots. He loves the shot of me sliding my dick into Gary's ass and we do that a few times from different angles. Gary loves it. Well he loves taking dick now doesn't he. Then we do some shots of his face as all the expressions move across it. Fear, pain morphing into joy, and totally blissed-out fucked-senseless with his eyes rolled back and sweat beading on his forehead. Delectable.

Then we get a great shot of Gary shooting his load on his belly as I'm rogering him. Then a shot of me pulling out and shooting all over his chest. We watch some of the footage back on the monitor. Great stuff! I love seeing myself on the job, watching the muscles of my butt flexing as I'm shagging the victim of my lust. Yes. You bet. I get off on watching myself on video.

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After the shoot Tariq wants to play. He's been watching us get our jollies and he's aching to get some relief. Now Tariq is half Pakistani, half Irish, slim and hairy, fairly muscular but not my type. He's also very shy. Which is why I reckon he's behind the camera most of the time rather than in front of it. So he's asking me very politely if I would mind if he made it with Gary.

"I'm not his keeper." I reply, "You ask him."

"But how do I ask him?" says Tariq.

"Ask him if he fancies one for the road and when he asks you what you mean take his hand and put it on your dick. That'll give him the idea."

It works. Tariq and Gary hit it off nicely and are soon enjoying each other's company in the other room.

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A bit later Tariq comes through to the living room.

"Why haven't you told him about condoms?" he asks me.

"Well we don't use them," I say. "I'm his first so he's clean and I get tested regularly so I reckon I'm OK as well."

"Johnny don't tell me that he's your soul mate and you've sworn undying fidelity 'cos I know what you're like! You like to play the field. And what's going to happen when you move on. You always do! He'll be on his own and he'll be having bareback sex with anyone 'cos that's what he's used to with you and because he'll be heartbroken and horny. What's going to happen to him?"

"Well it's his lookout." I reply. "There's enough information out there about HIV and shit like that. He's a grownup. He has to take responsibility for himself now doesn't he."

"Johnny, he's only 19! He looks up to you. He's totally in love with you. You can't do that to him. He could end up dead from AIDS or on medication for the rest of his life."

"Stop lecturing me Tariq!"

"Well you need a fucking good lecture!"

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"I can't tell him Tariq. I can't say to him that one day, probably sooner than he thinks I'll be gone and he'll be a lamb in a field of wolves so he'd better learn to protect himself and that includes using condoms every time he fucks or gets fucked."

Tariq looks at me long and slow and finally says, "You can't tell him that it's not forever. Is that right?"

"Yeh, that's about the size of it," I reply.

"You're going to break his heart Johnny."

"We all get our hearts broken sooner or later Tariq. And what?"

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"What about the movie then?" he asks me.

"Well he can have a free copy as a souvenir. Something to remember me by. Something to jack off to. When you've done editing it of course."

"God you're hard."

"I've had to be Tariq. Only way to survive mate."

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"So does he know that his face is going to be all over the Internet?"

"I haven't got round to telling him yet."

"What about his family? What if they see it?"

"I don't give a fuck. Anyway I don't think his family are going to be browsing gay movie sites do you?"

"You don't get it do you Johnny Wainwright."

"Get what exactly?"

"You don't deserve a beautiful kid like that totally in love with you!"

"Oh I get it now! Now you've had him you're sweet on him aren't you. That's why you're getting all protective."

"Fuck you Johnny. He needs someone to protect him. He's just a kid."

"I never had anyone to protect me."

"So that gives you the right to be a complete bastard does it?"

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"Where is he now?" I ask Tariq.

"He's asleep in the other room." Tariq replies.

"No I'm not. I'm right here." says Gary from the doorway.

"Oh shit! Gary!" I say.

He stares at me for a long moment and then finally says "I thought you loved me."

"I never said that." I reply. "I said I liked you but I never lied to you Gary."

"But you never told me the truth either," he says.

"I was going to. I was going to tell you. I was going to talk with you about using condoms as well but the right moment didn't come up. You know how it is."

"Sure Johnny," he says sadly and I can feel everything turning to dust around me.

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"So what do you want to do about the movie?" I ask him.

"I'd like a copy." he replies, "As you say, something to remember you by, something to jack off to."

"It could make us a lot of money." I suggest.

"Yeh. I suppose it could. I'll think about it, alright? Tariq, can you give me a lift?"

"Yes sure Gary. Where to?"

"I don't know." he says, "Anywhere away from here. Goodbye Johnny."

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One blink for yes. Two for no. Gary and Tariq came to visit me this morning. Tariq brought me some DVDs. Gary gave me a hug and told me he still loves me and he's sorry what happened to me. Eric explained to them that I can't speak but I spelled out, "Thank you guys."

They're happy with each other. At least I did something good in my life by bringing them together.

to be continued...

ahorniman@googlemail.com

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