

**Last Fuck for Johnny**  
by A.Horniman

**part 5**

Eric is the nicest of all the nurses. "You're the best Eric!" I tell him. He grins and says "Thanks!" and ruffles my hair.

The other shifts are taken by other nurses on a sort of a rota. All men. All strong enough to move me and lift me. Must be an agency or something.

There's Alex, ex military who tells me he got into nursing after he came back from Iraq. I wouldn't have minded a tussle with him when I was fit but he doesn't give any signs of interest. Well, he's a professional isn't he.

Then there's Vince, an old hippie who tries to cheer me up with crazy stories of his travels to Latin America in search of shamans and hallucinogenic plants.

But Eric is there most days and he's the one I look forward to. The way he touches me is so special, so caring when he lifts me, when he cleans me and bathes me.

"Would you like to watch a movie?" he asks me.

One blink.

"This one?". He shows me a box.

It's an old action movie which never did much box office. I've got a small part in it. Two blinks.

"This one?"

I don't recognise the cover. I'm curious. OK. One blink. He puts it on. Shit, it's the porn movie I made with Gary! Eric is watching open mouthed.

"Jesus H Christ! This is hot stuff man!!" Eric says as he watches me kneading Gary's cute buns and fingering his ass, the expressions passing across Gary's face: the fear as he knows he's going to get fucked, the stab of pain as my knob breaches his anal sphincter, then the flickering of pleasure as he yields to the inexorable penetration. His eyes open and he looks at me, the me in the movie. There's such love there and he's not acting.

"Shit man!" says Eric. "This is getting me turned on big time." Rubbing his crotch.

If my dick worked, it would be raging. But it doesn't and it isn't. It's always weird watching yourself in old movies but this time, watching myself, the fit me, the active me, the me before the accident is almost unbearable. Watching Gary, beautiful sweet Gary who loved me, who still loves me although I was a complete and utter bastard to him. Listening to his panting and sighing, his whimpering and moaning as my dick plunges into his hole. Recreating our first fuck. His journey from terror to acceptance, from fear to joy.

"Fuck me Johnny! Fuck me hard, fuck me!"

Eric has got his dick out now and he's stroking. He's hung good and in my imagination I'm crawling across the floor to take him in my mouth. I imagine him ruffling my hair as I suck his knob, lick his shaft and lave his balls with my tongue, inhaling the musky fragrance of his crotch as he watches the movie. Me in the movie fucking Gary. Me in my imagination sucking Eric's cock. Me immobilized in my wheelchair, wired up with tubes in and out of me.

"I'm coming Johnny!" Gary's voice on the soundtrack as he pumps out a load all over his smooth hairless belly.

"Shit man!" Eric's voice as he shoots his load into his hand groaning and convulsing with pleasure. "That is one horny movie Johnny my man. Really got me going there you did. Shit!" I can smell the sharp smell of semen on him. He goes to the bathroom to wash.

"You OK?" he asks when he comes back.

One blink.

"I don't believe you man. That must have been heavy for you watching that."

One blink. He's getting good. He knows now when I'm lying. He knows when I want his attention, when I want to communicate. There's a sort of telepathic thing developing between us.

Slowly I spell out how I feel. "It's a good movie. I enjoyed it."

He touches my cheek with the back of his hand.

*to be continued...*

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