

Frank

by A.Horniman

part one

"So what do you get out of it?" Frank asked me one evening when we'd been drinking. "It must hurt."

"Not if you're doing it right. Would you like me to show you?"

"That's not going to happen mate. My arsehole is exit only. Remember?"

Our conversations usually came round to sex. And me being gay, and Frank being straight he was the one asking what it was like to be shagged. With most blokes I'd draw a line at that topic of conversation but Frank and me were mates. I'd known him since school. Seen him through his divorce from Gina, been best man at his wedding to Carol. Been his emergency crash-pad God knows how many times when she'd chucked him out. Listened to him and put up with his blatant prick teasing.

That night he was telling me about his adventures with Carol on the straight swingers' scene. The weekend they spent in this posh house in Esher with all these other couples.

"There was this woman, not bad looking for 40, coked up to the eye balls getting pissed on by this black guy..."

"Yeh Frank, sure Frank." I groaned, close to having had enough of his stories of dripping pussies and lezzies fingering each other, wishing I knew a way to shut him up.

"So," I said, "if I went along to one of these parties and there was a nice hard cock that looked like it needed sucking or a nice hairy arse I fancied rimming, I could get in there..."

"No fucking way mate, there'd be a riot!" he replied.

"Hang on a minute. Two lezzies as you call 'em, sucking each other's tits and fingering each other, that's OK. But two blokes is queer! That sounds like a double standard to me."

Frank got my point and shut up for a moment. He was thinking hard and that took silence and an effort of concentration.

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You're gonna ask me what I get out of my friendship with Frank. Was I in love with him? Well maybe I had been at school. His blond good looks, broad shoulders and hunky athletic body definitely drew my attention and regularly filled my wank fantasies.

He'd guessed where I was at and he was totally cool with it. I'd never come out to him, never made a confession of undying love to him, he'd just turned round to me one day and said, "You're gay aren't you?" quite matter-of-factly and what else could I say but "Yes." And that was it. He never told anyone else, he never outed me to my mates which would have made my life in school a living hell. But he made it clear that he was getting his ashes hauled regularly by Sonia Marshall and we were mates and that was it. Just mates.

But he'd do things for me that no one else would. Like taking me down to the clap clinic when I'd caught a dose. "Moral support mate," he called it and I was grateful for his company and for the fact that he was so nonchalant about something that to me was shameful and scary.

"So how was it?" he asked when I'd been seen by the quack.

"They took swabs - throat and arse..."

"Dick as well?"

"Yeh."

He winced and pulled a face remembering what it feels like to have a nurse probing around inside the tip of your dick with a bit of metal.

"Blood sample?"

"Yes. When they could find a vein. I'd be a total failure as a junkie."

He laughed. "And what did they say?"

"They said it was Gonorrhoea. They gave me antibiotics to take."

"So you told 'em you're gay?"

"Yes. Of course."

"And they were cool?"

"No problem."

"And you'll get the results of the blood test in a week or so."

"That's right. They told me to phone in."

"Not too bad then was it?"

"No, it wasn't too bad. Thanks for coming along with me Frank."

"No problemo, mate. You'd do the same for me wouldn't you. Just keep that plonker of yours clean till you've finished the antibiotics."

"You should've been a doctor yourself!"

"No way!"

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Alright I fancied him. And it was good to hang out with him. To have a straight male friend who accepted me without question and was into "live and let live". It was worth all the prick teasing I got from him.

Well in fact I was never really sure if it was prick teasing. As well as his job as a carpenter he also worked out. Not consistently like the gym bunnies you get on the scene. He'd use free trial memberships of gyms to get in and use the facilities then pack it in when the free period ran out. Then he'd relapse back into a life of dope and booze and, when he was flush, the occasional line of coke. But he was 32 and fit and if he kept it together and didn't overdo the recreational chemicals, his body should keep its hunky shape for a few more years.

So he'd sit on my sofa with his big thighs spread and his crotch bulging. And the message was definitely "Look but don't touch." He liked the attention he got from me but he would never take it far enough to piss me off. But there was always an undercurrent of something sexual between us. Of something that could be that never would be.

Until the day that our conversations took an interesting turn.

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"Carol's borrowed this strap-on from a lesbian friend of hers. She wants to try it out on me."

"Wow!" I said. "And what did you say?"

"I said I'd think about it."

"Have you ever taken anything up the arse before?"

"No. I haven't. I know you've wanted to..."

That pissed me off. "Frank. I would never want to spoil our being mates. I would never..."

“Sorry mate. I know. But you’ve wanted to all the same, haven’t you?”

“That’s not the point.” I insisted. “Are you prepared to let Carol fuck you up the arse with a strap-on?” I said, spelling it out.

“I love her. I’m willing to do it for her but I’m scared it’ll hurt.” he said in a small voice.

“It’s best if the first time is with someone you know who knows what they’re doing. So you should be OK.” I went on.

“So what was your first time like?” he asked. We were really into new conversational territory here.

“A bloke I met on the sea-front in Brighton. A stranger. He just stuck it up me with no preparation. It hurt. There was blood. He just pissed off afterwards and left me.”

Frank just looked at me in total horror.

“But I was luckier later.” I went on, “I met a nice bloke who took his time with me and showed me how to enjoy it.”

“And how did he do that?”

“He used a dildo on me. He used his fingers to get me relaxed then he got the dildo up me and it was great. He was really caring and patient.”

Frank sat in silence, staring at me.

“So have you seen the thing that Carol wants to use on you?” I asked him.

“Yeah. It’s not small, let’s put it that way.”

“Alright. Has she ever used it before?”

“I watched her use it at one of the swingers’ parties. She was fucking this gorgeous Asian chick with it. That got me so turned on I shagged her silly afterwards.”

“But as far as you know she’s never used it on a bloke...”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“So she probably wouldn’t know how to loosen you up first.”

Frank was silent again.

“Could you explain to her?” he pleaded. “I mean tell her how to do it?”

I laughed. “Sorry mate. She’s your missus. I couldn’t...”

“Alright, alright. So what can I do? From what you say, I need to practise first. Get loosened up a bit.”

“A lot of it is psychological...” I went on.

“Meaning?”

“You’ve got to want it. A bloke isn’t used to taking anything up there and you can feel like, like...”

“Like someone’s taking your manhood from you?” he finished for me.

“Yes, something like that. But it’s bullshit! It’s just another erogenous zone that’s all, and when the prostate is stimulated it’s really great!”

“So if you won’t talk to Carol, will you help me?” he asked.

“How?”

“Teach me how to relax down there so that I’ll be good and ready for when she fucks me.”

"Are you sure Frank?"

"You're my mate Brian. And don't tell me you don't want to..."

"OK. When?"

"Now. While I'm in the mood."

"OK. If you're sure, I'll get the gear."

"Alright if I roll a spliff?" he asked, knowing that I don't really like him smoking in my flat. "It'll help me relax."

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I came back with some aqueous cream to use as lube, my collection of sex-toys and some condoms. Frank was holding a lungful of smoke which he released in a cloud. I put some of his favourite easy music on and lowered the lights.

"I'm scared Brian." he said.

"I'll stop anytime you want Frank. I want you to enjoy this."

"OK. How do you want me?"

"Jeans and shorts off. On your back with your legs over the arms of the sofa and your bum in the air."

And like a little boy Frank got out of his jeans. Beautiful strong legs covered in a fuzz of blond hair. His dick bulging through his boxers. He stood there, grinning shyly at me.

"You've got me now mate." he said softly.

"This is for you Frank." I replied. "Boxers off please."

And his hard-on stood out, proud, thick and pulsing.

"Nice stiffy." I commented. "Can I?"

"Yeah... Go on..."

And I got on my knees and kissed the tip of his dick.

"Go for it ..." he encouraged, "I know you want to..."

And I licked his big meaty balls, the full length of his dick, running my tongue round the rim of the knob. Tasting his pre-cum, so sweet.

"Carol calls it my dribble. I make loads of it when I'm turned on."

I continued working on his dick, my mate's dick, my best mate's dick. Giving him the blowjob I'd always wanted to. Getting my lips round the cock of the guy I'd loved since school.

"Oh yeah. Nice. Suck me man." he moaned as I stroked his sexy bum and ran a finger down his crack to find his pucker, almost lost in a furrow of soft hair. Slowly I massaged my finger round and round while I nursed the tip of his dick in my mouth, playing around it with my tongue. Keeping him just gently simmering. Then getting some lube on my finger I worked it round as he started to whimper with pleasure. Then slid a finger in. His muscle resisted but I slipped past it and probed as deep as I could till I found the hard nut of his prostate.

"Oh fuck man!" he cried.

"OK now on your back." I ordered and he stripped off his t-shirt and dutifully lay on the sofa and presented me with his arse. Trusting me. Totally vulnerable. Naked. Adorable.

Getting more lube on my fingers I returned to the job of loosening him. Taking it slow. He was enjoying the feeling of one finger sliding in and out.

"Wank yourself." I instructed, "but don't come till I tell you."

Two fingers, then three. Moving around inside him. He's starting to push back to get more in him.

"OK?" I ask.

"Oh yes." he replied, "You're doing great down there mate. Just keep doing that stuff."

"Are you ready for something bigger?"

"Yes." he whispered and I took the smallest dildo, the corporal, slipped a condom over it, slapped loads of lube on it and got the first few inches up him. He gasped. I paused then slowly started to work it in and out of him, going deeper each time.

"Squeeze my tits man!" he said.

"OK. Anything else?"

"And keep fucking me with that thing."

"Feels good?"

"Fucking nice man..."

Pushing his arse back against the dildo, wanking his cock as I squeezed his nipples and fucked his now open arse.

"Faster man, faster, harder, harder. Fuck me harder. Oh yes, Oh yes. I'm gonna come. I'm gonna come. Shit!"

And ropes of come shot up his belly, all over his chest hitting his face. His whole body spasming.

Slowly his dick stopped pulsing and he shuddered to a halt.

"Push it out now." I said and he squeezed his arse and the dildo slid out of him.

"Oh Brian that was fantastic! I've never come like that in my life. Come here you bastard." and he hugged me to him and planted a kiss on my mouth.

"Sorry mate. I'm getting my jizz all over you," he said.

"No problemo." I replied. "Shower?"

"Thanks, I need one. It's all a bit messy."

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While Frank was cleaning himself up, I shot off a massive load in a tea towel. Well, I wouldn't expect him to do anything for me. Not yet anyway. Not the first time...

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Back from his shower with one of my towels wrapped round him.

"OK?" I asked.

"That was great man. But what about you? Do you need..."

"It's alright, I had a wank while you were in the shower."

"Sorry. I don't think I can do anything for you..."

“No problem.” I replied as casually as I could. “So do you think you’re ready for Carol and the strap-on?”

“I dunno. Show me the thing you used on me.”

And I showed him the dildo that I’d used.

“Hmmm. Carol’s is a lot thicker than that. Maybe we should have another go next time with a bigger one.” and he grinned his sexy grin at me. “And maybe I can try the real thing up there as well some time...”

I looked at him in total disbelief. He was asking me to fuck him!

“Would you do that for me mate?” he went on, “I mean sorry to put you to all this trouble. I’ll do you back if you like some time. I know you want me to...”

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