

Frank

by A.Horniman

part three

About three days later. A call on my mobile while I'm at work.

"Brian? It's Frank. I gotta see you mate. I gotta talk. I'm freaking out man."

"Slow down mate. You're not in any danger now are you?"

"No I'm not."

"Alright. Calm down. I'm back home around six so get yourself over to my place this evening."

"Thanks mate. See you later."

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Frank arrives just after six looking the worst I've seen him for ages. I give him a shot of whisky. Then another. And he's just sitting there with a glazed look on his face.

"So what happened?" I ask. "Did you do it with Carol? Did she fuck you?"

"I should've known there was more to it. I should've fucking known. It's all that Asian bitch. She's a fucking man-hater. Look I've never asked Carol to do anything seriously weird or kinky. Just a bit of dressing up for me. You know the basque, the tights, the high-heels the panties ..."

"Yeah, I sort of know about that stuff. So what happened?"

"We even done a bit of role play. Spanking and that. Naughty school boy stuff. Even a bit of light bondage." He's gabbling.

"Frank, slow down man. What happened? Did she fuck you?"

"Yeh, she fucked me alright. And she fucked with my head as well. 'Pussy boy' she's calling me. Playing with my bollocks saying I don't need them any more 'cos she's the one who's gonna do the fucking from now on. Saying she's gonna take me down the vet's to get 'em snipped off. And all the while she's fucking me with that strap-on and the Asian bitch is egging her on saying stuff like 'Punk him Carol. Make him your bitch. He loves it, listen to him moaning ...'"

"She was there as well? Oh Jesus!"

"Yeah. Thank fuck I had those sessions with you Brian. Thank fuck you taught me to relax or she would have done some real damage up there."

"Hang on. Maybe it was just a game. Just a role play thing."

"Listen mate. When a woman is raping your arse with a strap-on and threatening to de-bollock you, it's no game. And when her sadistic, man-hating girlfriend is there as well, egging her on, you haven't got a chance."

"Shit!" I say and pour another whisky for both of us. "That's heavy."

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"Couldn't you have stopped them?" I ask him. "Fought back or something?"

"I can't hit a woman, Brian. It's not in me. But I wouldn't let them video it and I wouldn't let the Asian bitch do me afterwards. I drew the line at that. That pissed them off."

"Thank fuck for that. So what are you going to do?"

“Can I stay here tonight Brian, please. I can’t go back there. Just tonight.”

“Mi casa, tu casa, amigo.”

“Thanks mate.”

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A couple of whiskies later.

“You didn’t deserve all that. I mean that’s threatening behaviour. You could...”

“No I couldn’t. If I went to the police about it they’d fucking piss themselves laughing at me. And if it went to court they would say I consented, that it was just a game. Their word against mine. I wouldn’t have a chance, so forget it.”

“So another divorce then?”

“Yeah, looks like it ...”

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“I mean if I yell and tell her it hurts when she’s fucking me they call me a wimp. If I get into it, they call me a pussy boy. You can’t win with women. You can’t fucking win!”

It’s late, he’s shouting, but he needs to let the anger out. Sod the neighbours.

“All of them, they’re all a bunch of ball-breaking bitches!”

“All of them?” I ask.

“**ALL OF THEM!!!!**” he roars and he’s thumping the living hell out of my sofa.

And slowly the anger drains out of him and I’m holding him and he’s sobbing and shaking in my arms.

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“It was different with you mate.” he went on. “What we did... When you went up me, you wanted me to enjoy it. And I did. It was good sex man. I get a hard-on remembering it. But what she did felt like rape...”

“I think I need a break man.” he continued, “I need a break from women. I don’t think I’m gay, but I reckon I must be bi. I might go back to women someday. I didn’t mean what I said before about them all being bitches...”

“I know you didn’t man.”

“But at the moment I need you Brian. Just to be with you like this is so good man. And I never thought I’d hear myself say that.”

“I never thought I’d hear it either.” I added.

“Yeah. Right.” and he laughs. “Thanks mate.” he whispers and plants a kiss on my mouth.

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He sleeps in my bed that night. We don't do anything. He doesn't need that right now. He just needs to be with someone I guess. Jesus, the poor sap! They really did a number on him. No wonder he's freaked out. I look at him lying there, the man I've loved for so long. Listen to his snoring. "Oh Frank..." I sigh to myself. And I kiss his forehead and he snuggles up against me.

* *

The next morning, the sun blasting in through my thin bedroom curtains. We're both awake

"Morning." I say. "Sleep OK?"

"Yeh. Good."

And he pulls me to him and holds me and I can feel his morning hard-on through the cotton of his boxer shorts pressing against me.

"How are you this morning?" I ask. .

"Horny." he replies and grinds himself against me. "Have we got time?"

"I don't have to be in till later..." I say and I grab him round the arse and pull him against me.

"Great. Me neither." he says.

And it's like there's no more walls between us. He needs me. Now. His boxers are off and we're naked. I'm in his arms and his mouth is on mine. His hands are all over me. Oh God Frank. And our sweat is mixing and I can explore his smooth skin, his muscular body, his chest, his belly. And I get down between his thighs and take the top of his cock in my mouth and start to work on it. Moving my mouth up and down the shaft, licking round the head.

"Suck me man," he says.

And his cock is the most important thing in the world and he's moaning and twitching with the pleasure I'm giving him. And I get to his balls and they're drawn up tight against his body. And I lick them so tenderly. Frank's balls. His arching manhood. My mouth and tongue. Lifting his legs, sliding back behind his balls. Licking round his arsehole.

"Oh God Brian."

And I slide my tongue inside. Kissing and loving his hole. And he's pushing against my face trying to get more of my tongue inside him. How long I spend eating his hole I don't remember. All I know is to lick him. Then I'm back to his cock. Stiff and dribbling with his delicious pre-cum. And I feel his hand sliding down my body, reaching for my arse, finding my crack and sliding a finger in. And I push back on his finger, getting as much as I can up me.

"Oh yeah." I gasp.

"Want something else up there?" he asks.

"Yeh." I pant.

"Something bigger?"

"Oh yeah,"

"The corporal?" he asks as he works his finger around inside me.

"No, not the corporal."

"The sergeant?"

"No, man, not the sergeant." He's teasing me.

"How about the boss?"

“Yeah, man.”

“You want the boss? You want the boss’s cock up you?”

“Yeah, man. I need it man.”

And he gets me on my back, lubes me up and plugs his nine inches of steel-hard cock into my arse. He pauses. I’m full of him. I feel the energy connect and a current of pure pleasure flows between us.

“Oh, Jesus man. Your arse feels so fucking good.” he moans as he drives into me, exorcizing all the pain and anger. He’s fucking me to prove himself again after what those bitches did to him. It’s a hard urgent fuck. And I take it. Every thrust of his cock. I take it ‘cos he needs to give it.

“Fuck me boss, harder boss, harder!”

He pulls out, turns me onto my belly and slams back into me. Pulling out all the way then driving it up my hole, pulling out and driving home, over and over, faster and faster till my sphincter has no more resistance. He’s fucking my hole to mush, my brains to jelly.

Then he lays himself full-length on me. The heat of him, the weight of him, his sweat dripping on me. The strength of him pounding me into oblivion.

Now he’s driving it harder and faster, going for it, till I feel I can’t take anymore then he pauses and pulls me tight to him as I feel his cock swell inside me pumping his seed into my hole.

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It takes me a while to return to the earth plane.

“I’ve never been fucked like that before Frank. You’re the boss. You really are the boss.”

“So you’d be up for a repeat prescription?” He asks.

“Where do I sign?” I say and he chuckles.

“No seriously, we’re mates, we look after each other, right?”

“Right Frank.”

“I’ll give you all the dicking you want mate.”

“Sounds good to me.”

And I get to play with your toys?” he asked.

“If I get to fuck you from time to time?” I countered.

“Deal!”

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Frank stayed at my place while his divorce went through. In a way it was fair do's. Carol ended up shackled up with the Asian bitch. And I got Frank.

But after a while the inevitable happened and we were starting to get on each others' nerves. He's a total disaster in the kitchen and his dope smoking was starting to piss me off. Our tastes in TV programmes don't match either. I'm just not a sports fan and although I'll happily watch hunky football or rugby players, I've got no idea what the rules are and one game is just like any other to me.

And from the other side I'm sure I'm not the ideal life partner for him either.

So to save our friendship we decided that he should find his own place. So now, we get together two or three times a week and sometimes he stays over the weekend. We're still best mates. I love him to bits and the sex between us just gets better and better. Sometimes I think I've created an insatiable sex-fiend but he tells me I'm just as bad as he is.

The End

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