

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

*"This bad place, Meester - This place of last fuck for Johnny."  
William Burroughs*

**part 1**

Out somewhere in Tunisia I think it was. Shooting a sci-fi movie. Some Chinese guy directing. Stuck for weeks in some desert hole. Getting paid. Sure, getting paid good. Good food as well. They always look after you on location. Usual shit. Falling through plate glass windows. Falling off roofs. Getting disintegrated by ray-guns. The FX people deal with all that post production shit. Life of a stunt man eh? Keeps you on your toes. Gotta stay fit for it. I cycle a lot, gives you a cute butt and good solid thighs. Also upper body workout when I can in the gym. Weights and that. It keeps me in work and keeps me in demand as well. The leading man can't wait to get into my pants. I let him have a bit of a grope. Says I got a nice fat one. Fit nice up his ass. Horny sod he is. I'll keep the old queen dangling a while. Might let him suck me off.

Last night was fun with two Polish electricians in their trailer. Shit those guys are built. That's what I like on a man. Muscle. Man smell. None of that metrosexual shaved pubes shit. Yeh those two blond Polish hunks taking turns up my ass. Just what I needed after a day of falling off roofs and crashing through windscreens. God knows how many condoms we got through. Once I get in the mood to take it I can't get enough. Know what I mean? I'm seeing the younger one tonight. He told me he'd love to take a fuck from me and I'd love to give him one. Nice furry muscle butt. Unusual to see a blond with so much body hair. Gonna feel good round my dick. Gonna make him squeal as I ram it to him. Reckon he's a squealer. Yeah. Gonna be a good location with those two guys as playmates.

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Yes I'm in here. I can hear everything, see everything. I know what's going on but I can't fucking move. I listen to the doctors talking. They use the expressions, "paraplegic", "locked in syndrome". Just my left eyelid. Only thing I can move. Blink my fucking left eyelid. What happened? All of a sudden and I wake up and I'm like this. No motor control they say. Doubly incontinent. No sexual response. Blink once for yes. Twice for no. OK, at least I can communicate. But what is there to say? Horny as fuck but what can I do about it?

The nurse who looks after me, Eric, big black guy. They need someone strong to lift me. Turn me over at night. Stop me getting bed-sores I suppose. He does everything for me. I've got this tube down my throat to feed me. A drip in my arm to make sure I don't dehydrate. Even a thing in my dick for me to piss through. Also, and this is the worst thing, a diaper, man-size 'cos I can't control my bowels. He changes me. Cleans me. Rubs cream on my ass. Could I ask him to get a finger up me? I can't get a stiffer so I don't think it would be much use but the thought would be nice.

He reminds me of Tony so much. Maybe if I can recall some of the sessions we had I can get stiffer and Eric will help me out. Helping a buddy out. That's what they call it isn't it.

Tony was a truck driver. *Is* a truck driver. It's me that was. Anyway. Built like a brick shit house. Arms you just wanna lick. Pecs bulging through his clothes no matter how loose he wore them. Ass from heaven. I couldn't keep my eyes off him. I even followed him to the pisser. Stood next to him. Sneaking glimpses at his fat freddy of an uncut dick.

"Like what you see?" he asks.

"Yeh man." I reply.

"Reckon you can handle it? I get a lot of guys whose eyes are bigger than their asses. Pisses me right off."

"Let's see how big it gets." I say and take his dick in my hand, slide the foreskin back and forth and feel the blood pulse as he thickens and lengthens. "I gotta try that for size man." I say.

"No way man. I'm not into trying. Once I start in there's no backing out. I fuck, you take it. Deal?"

"OK but I'll give you the name of my next of kin just in case."

He laughs. "Ain't killed no one yet man. Taken a few on a trip to heaven though..."

That night was wild. Tony had some weed and we smoked in his trailer. His hand was inside his underpants playing with himself till I couldn't stand it anymore and crawled over to him and pulled his jeans down over his massive thighs. Big balls and big black dick with a purple head oozing and slimy and I get my mouth on him "Oh yes man," he sighs and I'm giving him my best and he's showing his appreciation with moans and thrusting himself deeper into my throat. And he whips his t-shirt off and I get to play with his nipples and he's leaning over me getting his hands on my butt. Sliding down the crack. Fingering me through my boxer shorts with his long fingers. I wriggle out of my jeans so he can access all zones and he slides my boxers down and teases his finger round my hole as I continue to tongue his heavy balls and lick and suck at his dick. Shit he's a big boy but I'm gonna take him no matter what.

His finger is doing magic back there.

"You gotta fuck me man." I say.

"Really?" he says. "Remember now, once I get up you I ain't coming out till I empty my balls."

"Yeh man" I say. "Get it up me man. I need it!"

"OK." he says. "Belly down, ass up on the bed. Wish I didn't have to use these rubber things. But I last longer with them. Lube me up man."

And I squeeze a gob of lube on my hand and squish it round the head of his dick and coat his shaft with it. Then I take another gob and get some up my hole.

"You got a good build on you man," he says, "I'm going to enjoy giving it to you. You ever had a black man up you before?"

"Guy at the gym."

"All muscle?" he asks.

"Yeh, all muscle."

"Fuck like an engine?" he asks.

"Yeh man. Like a fucking engine."

"Like I'm gonna fuck you man." And I feel the head of it pressing against my pucker and I'm willing myself to relax and he brings some poppers round to my nose and I inhale long and deep and I feel my hole dilate as he pushes inch by inch into me.

"Good man." he says. "Just keep breathing. I'm about half way in."

Half way! And another hit of poppers as he stuffs more of himself into me till I feel his balls rubbing against my ass.

“You did it man. You took it. Beautiful ass man. Hot and tight.”

The fuck begins slowly enough. He knows his stuff. Knows how to open a guy up. His weight on me and soon I'm pushing back to get more in me. Then he pulls out, gets me on my back with my legs over his shoulders and he slides back into me, eyes locked on mine, wicked grin as he starts to pump in earnest. Balls banging against me. Dick ramming deep into me. Pulling out then grinding back into me with a sexy wiggle, on and on, long dicking me then rabbit fucking till I feel the cum rising.

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Eric pulls me out of my reverie. I've shat myself again and he's manhandling me onto the bed. Off with the plastic pants. Off with the diaper. Sponging me down. It's all loose and sloppy. Stinks too. I guess they're feeding me some high roughage diet to keep me loose.

“You OK?” he asks. I blink once for yes.

“Good man.” he says in his professional voice.

He's got a nice touch. Firm, comforting. Not like the doctors, cold and impersonal. To them I'm just a lump. Interesting from a medical point of view. Brain damage. Paraplegic. Locked in Syndrome. Understands everything we say. I mustn't be ungrateful though. But to Eric I'm a man. A broken man but a man. If I were whole, would he play? Would I lie in those arms? Does he mean what he says with his touch? A touch can't lie now can it?

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Andy's face surfaces in my memory. Andy who worked for a location catering outfit. Slim, couldn't have been more than 19. Big puppy dog eyes. Almost too pretty to be male. So obviously fancied me from the outset. Smelled so fresh and clean. Open smile and a cute butt. On location in this big country house in Wiltshire. Some historical drama. Needed me for the chase scene on horseback as the lead was too either too fragile or too valuable. Usual story. I got Andy behind some bushes and stuck my tongue as far into his mouth as I could while I groped his cute buns. Fucked his virgin ass in my trailer that night. Fucked him the way I like to be fucked. Slow and gentle at first then raising it up notch by notch till I'm slamming it into him and he's thrashing and rolling his head from side to side, the pain and pleasure all mixed up together. Fucked him so he'd always remember his first time. Kissed him and cuddled him as he cooed over my muscles and stroked my hairy chest. Then fucked him again.

“I love you Johnny,” he says as we come down from another shattering orgasm.

“No you don't.” I say to him. “You don't love me. You've only just met me. You don't know anything about me.”

I fucked him a few more times over that weekend. Then as we were packing up on the Monday, he asked for my mobile number. I gave him a number but the wrong one. Just changed one digit. Thinking back maybe he did love me. Certainly trusted me. Beautiful kid. Why couldn't I let myself love him? Why?

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Blink once for yes. Twice for no. And the next day we're learning the alphabet so I'll be able to communicate. What the hell am I going to communicate? Maybe I'll ask Eric if he'll stick his finger up my ass next time he's changing my diaper! Yeucch! Gross!

I'm a plugged in, wired up thing in a chair. They can try out their technology on me. Maybe get me to use a computer! Hah! Does Eric find me attractive I wonder. Here I am. Cute, muscular 36 year old quadriplegic with a bubble butt and a 9 inch dick that won't ever get hard again. Spent my whole adult life fucking and getting fucked without getting close to anyone. Bloody ironic really. All the guys who've had the hots for me. Some of them fallen in love with me and I guess I just used them. Now I'm falling in love with the nurse who changes my diaper!

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