

Last Fuck for Johnny
by A.Horniman

part 3

I still get surprised though by some of the so-called straight guys. Security guard on one shoot, Scottish guy, name of Douglas. Everyone calls him Dougie. In his forties, body builder from the look of him. Butt like a couple of bowling balls. Crotch that looked loaded with a heavy cock and nice fat bollocks. And he's coming on to me really aggressive like and I'm thinking I'm in for a really good seeing to. I usually go for younger guys or blokes my age but his macho attitude was pressing a button in me. Get him back to my trailer and out of his kit. Hairy fucker, thighs like pillars of marble, bit of a gut on him which actually looked really sexy, forest of black hair in his crotch and a dick that wouldn't look out of place on a pony. He pulls me into a hug, holding me against his huge body and his sweaty masculine smell.

"You're a lovely lad," he says groping my crotch with his big paw and planting a kiss on my mouth. He loves tit play. Can't get enough of having his nipples worked over. Telling me what to do. "OK now lick my bollocks. Oh that's lovely. You've got a talented tongue there." Now I'm quite hairy myself but this guy is a gorilla. I'm licking through the hair on his balls, tonguing his nut sack while he's wanking himself in front of me. Then he's on his belly, muscular hairy arse with a rich growth of hair in the crack. "Now get your tongue in there lad." And I tease his pucker as he spreads his cheeks for me, licking along the trench till his rosebud is winking at me. This guy is no stranger to raunchy mansex. Now I'm happy as a pig in muck, and so is he from the noises he's making. It's really something to hear a big bear of a man like him whimpering with sheer sensual pleasure. I'm hoping he'll return the favour – I'd love to get rimmed out by him, get me good and ready to take his massive throbbing baby-maker up inside me. But he's got other ideas. "Make love to me Johnny," he says in a soft voice.

"Huh?"

And he's face down, ass in the air wiggling his sexy hairy muscle butt around while he's wanking himself. So I just slip on a condom and lube myself up.

"Just stick it straight up me lad, I'm ready for you." And I do that. Slide my fat nine incher straight into his bowels with no ceremony

He lets out an almighty groan. God, he feels good on my dick and I'm straight into the fuck. Amazing ass he's got. Squeezing my dick with his muscles. Wriggling and pushing back against me almost pushing me off him but I'm on the case.

"Harder man. Squeeze my bollocks. That's it." he says as I grab a hairy handful. "Now, squeeze 'em hard. Really hard." OK mate they're your balls, I think to myself. So I squeeze and he gasps and his ass tightens in a spasm around my plunging dick – that feels so good. And his hot hairy body wriggling beneath me. Fucking great. I bugger him relentlessly for about 20 minutes and he's whimpering like a kitten when I'm shooting up him. "Leave it up me." he says and he wanks himself off with my dick still buried in his chute, coming with a shout.

"C'mere pal." he says, turning round pulling me into a hug. "Do you love me?" he asks. Shit if they're not telling me, they're asking me.

So I lie. "Yes, Dougie, I do."

"Good. 'Cos I love you. If I wasn't married already, I'd be on my knees proposing to you after a fuck like that."

"Yes it was good wasn't it." I reply.

"No man. It wasn't just good. It was great. A great fuck. You squeezing my bollocks like that. Brilliant."

"I was worried I'd hurt you."

"Oh no man. I can take it a lot harder than that. We used to have ball-busting competitions when I was in the army. See how many blows you can take to the nuts. I always won. Balls of steel, they called me. I gave as good as I got though. I remember slamming my knee into this big lad from Yorkshire, amateur rugby player. Thought he was hard. Watched him crumble like a child. All the toughness knocked out of him. Rolling on the ground, moaning in agony, holding his nuts. Really sweet. Reckon you could take it Johnny?" and he's got his hand on my balls, squeezing gently at first, then increasing the pressure.

"No!" I say. "Stop!"

"You're gonna have to make me stop." he says squeezing a bit harder. "You grab mine and we both squeeze. Winner fucks the loser."

"Seems I don't have any choice." I say.

"That's right lad. Show me what you're made of."

Jesus how did I get into this one? He's got my nuts in a vice-like grip and the pain is excruciating. But no matter how hard I squeeze, he's grinning back at me, an evil grin. Bastard is into pain big time.

"You'd better give in lad. I can take much more than that and I don't think you can." And to prove his point he gives a vicious tug as he twists my nuts.

"Stop Dougie," I scream, "For the love of God!"

"That's it lad. Beg me."

"I am begging you Dougie." I say, "You've won."

"Say 'I'm a pussy'. Go on, say it!"

"I'm a pussy OK?"

"And what happens to pussies?" he asks staring me right in the eyes.

"They get fucked." I say.

"You got it." he says and finally lets go of my aching balls.

"Good job you stopped me there." he says. "I might have got carried away and done you some real damage and I wouldn't want to do that. Wouldn't want you to end up in hospital with your lovely bollocks mashed to pulp. Had to do that to one bloke in a pub who was taking the piss out of the army. Built young chap he was. Obviously drunk. We got him in the car park. A couple of my mates held him. We gagged him to stop his noise. Gave him a couple of kicks in the nads for starters. Then I pulled his trousers and shorts down, grabbed a handful and started to squeeze. The look of fear in his eyes was tasty. He had a nice looking cock as well so I sucked him a bit while my mates were laughing. Then I went back to squeezing and I kept squeezing, increasing the pressure on his nuts till they sort of popped in my hand and went all mushy. He must've blacked out from the pain I reckon..."

"Stop Dougie. Enough."

"What's the matter pussy? Don't you like horny stories?"

"Not that type."

"Really turns me on though, see..." he says. And he's standing there with his thick heavy cock rock-hard and pulsing and drooling precum. "I tell you what though. Since you been so cooperative, I'll let you have a bash. Rack my nuts, hard as you can. I'll show you who's the man around here."

"I can't Dougie."

"Yes you can, Johnny. Alright, put it this way, if you don't, I'll do you and much as I'd enjoy watching you writhing around clutching your aching balls, I don't think *you* would enjoy it somehow."

So he braces himself and I let my fist fly, feel it connect with the softness of his testicles. Any other man would have been felled like a tree but the maniac is standing there unfazed, unmoving with a grin all over his unshaven chops.

"Phwoorr! Nice one. You pack a good punch there lad. Now it's your turn ..." He sees the look of panic on my face. "... to get fucked I mean." he says with a smile putting a hand on my shoulder. "Over that table will suit me."

And the bastard gets behind me and slides his slimy cock into my crack, gets the bell-end aligned with my pucker and pushes and pushes and with no regard for what I can take, just keeps pushing till his fat cock is buried balls-deep in my ass. "Lovely pussy, all hot and wet," he says, bending over me and nibbling my ear. "Quite brings out my romantic side." and with that he pulls out and slams it back up me as hard as he can. "Am I hurting you?" he asks.

"Yes." I manage to say.

"You'll get used to it." he says. Again pulls out and slams back in. Over and over till the pain is replaced by the pleasure at being used and dominated by an animal like him. And he's humming to himself as he's ravaging my guts. "Lovely boy. Let daddy show how much he loves you." Slam. The wiry hairs of his chest rubbing against my back. The bastard's got me totally and I'm actually starting to enjoy wild trip he's taking me on. Pull out. Slam. Pull out. Slam.

"Oh yes, Dougie, fuck me man. Fuck me hard. I can take it." This is what I wanted when I met him. This is what I've been wanting all my life.

The fuck went on and on. He varied the rhythm from time to time, stirring it around, rabbit fucking me a bit, but what he loved and what I loved was the relentless pull out and slam it home with all the strength in that massive muscular body of his. I was gone. So was he. The fuck was pure mindless pleasure. Till he just stopped and I felt his member pulse shot after shot of manjuice inside me. Him clinging to my back. Feel his heart pumping through his chest. Me, fucked. Totally fucked. He pulls out and I feel the hot come cooling as it dribbles down the back of my thighs. Turns me round and pulls me into a hug.

"Do you love me?" he asks.

"That was a great fuck Dougie. Really great."

"You forgive me then?" he asks.

"C'mere." I say and I pull him into a passionate kiss running my hands over his sweaty hairy muscles.

"Shame you're not into having your nuts cracked," he says as we cuddle. "Otherwise you'd be perfect. I could train you up you know, make a real tough guy of you." And he reaches down and squeezes my balls gently in his big hand. "It's just a matter of getting used to it, that's all."

“No Dougie. I’m sorry. I’m not into pain.”

“I understand,” he says. And I see tears in his eyes. “I do love you though.” he says.

to be continued...

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