

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

**part 6**

There was this teacher when I was in secondary school, Mr Noble. We boys called him Knobless. I was 16 at the time and well into the hormonal rush of adolescence. I was heavily into sports: football, athletics so my body was starting to fill out. I was starting to get admiring stares from women, from other boys and from some of the teachers as well.

I'd hit puberty early for my year group and I was the first one to start getting hairy. My patch of pubes and my chubby boydick were starting to get noticed in the showers. It gave me the nickname "Plonker" and was the cause of much merriment.

"Ere Plonker. 'Ow come you got such a fat one on you?"

"E gets the teachers to rub it for 'im. That's what he does."

If only. Like most boys of that age, all I had was my trusty right hand and a come rag that I used to jack off into to photos of footballers and rugby players.

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Mr Noble taught geography. He was younger than most of the other teachers, probably about 25 or so. He had a good build on him but there was a daintiness to the way he moved that you couldn't help but notice and all the boys thought he was queer. Funny how they all link queerness with being effeminate. I tell you something, in all my years of working in the movies I never once came across a gay hairdresser or make-up artist. The blokes I fucked with were carpenters, truck drivers, cameramen, security guards like Dougie (well thank God not all like Dougie) and the occasional actor.

I wasn't completely naive at that age. I'd had jackoff sessions with guys in the kids' home where I lived. But none of them wanted to go as far as I did. I would have loved to suck a nice hard cock and to have a kid slurping on my 'plonker'. (Strange word that, always reminded me of the thing used to unblock sinks, ramming it in and wriggling it about.) After all, I had my virginity to lose before I got too ancient. I was dying to get my hands on a man's cock. Feel it shooting in my hand, in my mouth, in my ass...

So when I noticed Mr Noble giving me lingering looks, the kind of look you get when someone is undressing you with their eyes, I started plotting.

At first it was fun to wind him up. I'd sit at the front of the class with my thighs spread, giving him a good eyeful of crotch. I liked to wear tight jeans 'cos of the wrapped up feeling it gave my dick and balls. More often than not I'd have a hardon which I would have to adjust from time to time as it would get uncomfortable fighting against the cloth of my jeans - one of the disadvantages of having a big dick. But it certainly got Mr Noble's attention. Couldn't keep his eyes off me! Poor bugger would get flustered and forget what he was saying. Gotcha!

My chance came one afternoon when the regular PE teacher was off and Mr Noble was standing in for him. Not having much of an idea how to referee a football match or to coach us in athletics he sent us all off on a cross-country run. Now back then there were fields and allotments behind the school. I reckon they're all built over now. But in those days there were paths and hedgerows where we'd be taken for biology trips, always asking the teacher if we could look for magic mushrooms. This meant we all knew the paths pretty well.

Now the good thing about cross-country was that as soon as you were back and showered you were free and could go home. As a good runner I was usually ahead of the pack and I could do the five mile run in well under an hour. Not bad for a 16 year old!

But this time I decided to dawdle. I pretended to have something wrong with my knee about half way through and let everyone else overtake me, even the rabbits - the nick-name we gave to the kids who were useless at sports. One idiot shouted "Hurry up Wainwright or Knobless will throw a hissy!" A couple of guys asked me if I was alright or if I wanted a hand but I thanked them and told them I wanted to do it under my own steam.

The teacher of course had to wait for the last runner to get back before he could lock up and I was going to keep Mr Noble waiting. So about 10 minutes after going home time and well after everyone else had gone, I limp into the empty changing rooms, empty except for an anxious Mr Noble.

"You alright Wainwright?" he asks me. Bloody stupid question with me putting on my Oscar winning limping about in agony act.

"Bit of a problem with my knee sir. I think I might have pulled a muscle or something."

So he gets me to sit down on a bench while he has a look at my knee. He's got a nice touch and I'm starting to bone up already. So is he by the look of it as I sneak peeps at his crotch. There's a heavy sexual charge between us. We both want it but who's going to make the first move?

"There's a lot of stiffness there." he says, his voice husky and sort of breathless.

"Yes sir. There is. Can you rub it for me?"

"I'm not sure I should be doing this sort of thing Wainwright."

"Oh please sir, you've got a nice touch. It's helping already sir."

"Where's the pain lad?" He called me 'lad'! He must like me.

"All up my thigh sir." And I pull the leg of my shorts up. "Up here sir."

"Better get those shorts off lad."

"But I haven't got anything on underneath sir!"

"Nothing I haven't seen before."

And I lift my bum as he slides my shorts down and my dick springs free, hard and pulsing and flat against my belly. He freezes.

"Touch it if you want sir." I say to him.

His mouth is moving but no words are coming out.

"Please sir. I want you to." And I take my cock in my hand and start wanking it slowly, up and down, the full length of it. Rubbing my fingers round the top. Pulling back the foreskin to expose the glistening knob. Bringing a drop of precum up to my lips. "Please sir. I won't tell anyone. I promise." I say softly.

And his hand reaches out of its own accord and takes hold of my dick. "Rub it up and down sir. It'll help the stiffness go away."

And he's rubbing and I reach over and feel his hard on through his trousers. I unzip him and get my hand inside. The heat of his crotch. The feeling of his straining dick and soft balls through the cotton of his underpants. I get his pants down and there's my prize - a grown man's dick, rock-hard and oozing, my first. I'm awed by its size, its beauty. I rub my hands over it, feel the smooth shaft, the elegance of the knob. To me it's precious, an object of worship.

I lean forward and lick the top of it. He gasps. I feel him run his hand down and squeeze my tightly drawn up balls. "Beautiful." he says.

"It's all yours sir." I say to him. And he wanks me slowly as I get his dick deeper into my mouth and soon, all too soon he's panting and I feel a flood of his juice in my mouth. I'm right behind him shooting my load a good 6 feet onto the changing room floor.

"Thank you sir. That was brilliant sir. Can we do it again some time?"

"We've got to be careful Wainwright. We could both get into trouble if anyone finds out."

"I'm not going to tell anyone." I say to him. "I promise."

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The first time I went to his flat for "extra tuition" was the first time I saw a grown man naked. We had a shower together and he let me feast on his body with my eyes and hands. The fuzz of hair on his chest, belly and ass. (I didn't have any body hair till quite a few years later.) The sleek musculature of his body. Oh he wasn't a Greek statue by any means but to a 16 year old boy he was marvellous.

He soaped me up all over, paying special attention to my crotch and ass. To say that I was horny would be the understatement of the century. Touching him, feeling him touching me, the squelchy soap on chest, belly, ass and legs, his soft kisses on my shoulders and back.

I watched in amazement as he put a special attachment on the shower head and inserted it in his butt to clean it out, squirting out a stream of water till it came out clean.

"Can I try?" I asked him.

"Have you had anything up you before?"

"Just my finger a bit."

"OK we'd better leave that till another time."

We dried off and went into the bedroom. Not into bed but to a soft rug on the floor. We kissed and cuddled a bit and then he asked me to lie on my back.

"Why?" he asked.

"You'll see!" he replied.

So I was lying on my back with my erection sticking straight up and he puts some slippy stuff on my dick and sort of squats over me and just lowers his ass down onto my boner. Shit! If I thought getting my cock sucked was good, this was beyond words. The heat and tightness of his ass around my dick was almost enough to make me shoot straight away.

"Relax!" he said. "Don't move. Wait for the feeling to pass."

I did and he smiled at me.

"Good lad." he said. Then he started to move up and down my dick. It felt great but it felt sort of wrong as well. Then I realised what it was!

"Can I be on top sir?" I asked.

"I thought you'd never ask," he replied as he got off me, knelt on the floor with his bum in the air. He helped me get the top in and then I pushed and slid all the way into paradise.

"Oh yes!" he said. "That's it lad. Now fuck me. Go on. Fuck that hole."

I didn't need any more encouragement. It's like my body just took over. I was a natural born fucker. I was speechless but he was verbal enough for both of us.

"Give it to me lad. Oh yes. Oh yes. Show me what a man you are. Use your dick. Use the full length of it. Fuck me lad." as I grabbed his waist and pummelled his hole for all I was worth. Glorious!

The orgasm hit me like a truck. I'd never felt anything so intense.

He got three more loads out of me in the next couple of hours. Two down his throat and one more up his hungry ass. That's teenagers for you. But he certainly drained my balls.

At the end of the evening I sucked him off. It didn't take him long to climax. Not after all the action I'd given his ass. God I loved the feel of his dick in my mouth. Almost as much as I loved the feeling of my cock up his ass.

I was always asking him to fuck me but he would always tell me "Not yet. You're not ready yet." He'd spend ages rimming me. Then he'd suck me off with his lubed finger probing and wriggling around inside me. Then one day in the shower – 'cos we always showered before sex and afterwards – he used the shower attachment on me. Got my hole good and cleaned out. I knew what was coming and although I'd been wanting it for ages - his cock up me – I was nervous and a bit afraid. I'd seen the pleasure that my fucking gave him. How I could sometimes make him come just by fucking him. Him telling me how good it felt and what a good fuck I was.

So he gets a finger full of lube and spends ages relaxing me, cuddling me, kissing me, spreading my hole with his fingers so that when he slides up into me it's so sweet. Everything I've always wanted. "OK?" he asks me. "Yes sir, please fuck me sir. I need it. Your lad needs it." We're lying spooned sideways on. It's a gentle fuck letting me explore the sensations of being filled and emptied. Of needing and being needed. As I relax he gets deeper inside me, the feelings are so intense. My dick is rock hard as he starts to speed up, the sound of crotch slapping against arse, I find I can squeeze my hole, tighten it to make it better for him.

Then a shout from him. "Oh God, I'm coming! I'm coming in your ass!" And he does. The first time of many.

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Then one day he's not at school. There's a rumour going around. He's left. There's a supply teacher teaching us geography. What's happened to Mr Noble?

The rumours are saying that he was queer and he got caught mucking around with a boy. I'm gobsmacked. Were there other boys he was having sex with as well as me?

I get interviewed by the police. They know I've been having extra lessons with him. I deny everything. "No he never tried anything on with me. I know a lot of people said he was queer but he didn't do anything with me."

"Did he ever talk about sex with you? Ever suggest anything?" they ask me.

"No, nothing like that."

Block. Deny.

And that's it. Suddenly. Gone from my life. Someone who I thought liked me, cared for me.

Nothing more was ever mentioned about him by the headmaster. There was a rumour that he'd topped himself. I never did find out. I loved him I think. Well he was my first.

So the message was - That's life. Easy come, easy go. And if you love someone, either something bad happens to them or they go away. Better not to love. It doesn't hurt so much then.

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I could have gone down the pan then. I mean I hadn't exactly had a stable upbringing. My parents had split up when I was seven and I did a lot of my growing up with a cranky old aunt and uncle in Maidstone and when they couldn't control me, a succession of kids' homes. It was a good introduction to the crap of life. There were kids at the home who'd been through some real shit and were into dope or glue sniffing. Some of them were what they call "self harming". Cutting up, never deep enough to kill themselves but the pain you get from the cuts you make in your arms or legs can take your mind off the pain that's inside somewhere, that words can't reach. I never did that shit. Not the glue or the drugs, not the cutting up.

Instead I took up sport with a vengeance. The more dangerous the better. Skateboarding was too tame. No real risk there. School trips white water rafting were an adrenaline buzz. So were rock climbing, bungee jumping and abseiling. Staring death in the face and saying "So fucking what!" But what really did it for me was tombstoning. That's when you dive from a height into the sea, timing it so you catch the swell and you don't smash your skull open or skewer your spine up into your brain stem. I've heard of kids showing off who died or ended up in a wheelchair that way. Drunken adults too.

Adults warning us of the risk was a waste of time. That's why we did it for fuck's sake. The risk, overcoming the fear, being the hero. But basically not really caring if I lived or not.

So without knowing it, I was right on track to become a stuntman. I was built, athletic, good at lots of sports in fact. But when I told the careers master at school I wanted be a stuntman the sarcastic bastard suggested becoming a plasterer or a gardener. I stood up and said "You'll see!" and just walked out of his office.

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But thanks to Mr Noble I had discovered sex with men and my life had changed. I was in a bit of a dilemma however. Which did I prefer, ploughing a nice tight ass, or taking a good hard shagging? The answer was both! I was a good looking hormone-driven teenage sex fiend. I tried girls a couple of times but it was probably just a phase I was going through. It was blokes I was after. I looked old enough to cruise the pubs and bars and it was easy to pull.

Lots of blokes fell in love with my butt so I found it best to play passive at first. But then as soon as they'd spunked up my ass, I'd flip 'em over and bugger the bejezus out of them. Getting shagged does that to me. Gets me ready for action. "But I'm a top!" they'd complain. "Don't limit yourself." was my cocky response.

So that's how I met Jolyon. Bit of a poncy name. But he knew what he wanted and he wasn't shy about splashing the cash around. When he told me he was an agent for the film industry I laughed. I mean it's such an obvious come on isn't it. But it turned out he really was. And after he'd bounced around on my dick a few times, he got me on the road to doing stunts.

It was great. To get paid to do what I loved doing anyway was my dream job. The risk was calculated of course. The insurance premiums were sky high but living on the edge of death like that kept me alive. I earned a good wedge and Jolyon got his percentage.

He comes to visit me when he can. The first time I could feel how difficult it was for him. He was almost in tears which really got to me. I could see him flashing between memories of me as the young stud who'd fucked his ass so many times and me as I am now, the all seeing, all knowing Buddha in a wheelchair doing my imitation of a vegetable.

Eric patiently transcribed my blinks into replies. I thanked Jolyon for coming. I told him that I understood it was difficult for him. He asked me what he could bring for me. I told him movies. That's one thing I can do is watch movies.

Jolyon kissed me on the forehead. Such a beautiful soft kiss that said so much. Told me how much I meant to him. We'd used each other sure. He'd used me for sex and I'd used him to get into movies. But there was feeling there. Maybe we could have had a nice life together...

After he left I really sank into a downer. Eric could see that. I've asked him before to end it all for me with a big shot of morphine so that I can just float away but he won't.

I tell Eric I love him. He squeezes my hand and tells me he loves me too. I don't know if he's just being nice. First time in my life I've told anyone. Finally I can say it and mean it.

*to be continued...*

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