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<Thick as Thieves No Nut November>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

The house party was in full swing, I had drunk more than a few, it was mostly just my closest friends. There were five of us, we met in our teenage years thanks to school, and we became thick as thieves. We took the same classes in the same college and the same for university. It started as a bit of a joke so that we could be in the same classes, but it turned out to be one of those “manifest destiny” moments. We would help each other with coursework, studying and because of our matching timetables, it also meant that we could spend our time together all the time. When we moved into a student flat together, it made it even easier.

We have used nicknames almost ever since we met so that is how we refer to each other for the most part. I'm T, I chose this name even before I met them all. I always hated my name, Theodore, whenever I told people that was my real name, most people would try to call me Teddy. I despised it, there were very few exceptions when I would let people call me that. One or two girlfriends would call me Teddy. I allowed that, but mostly no. I was the youngest in the group, only by a few months, but coming up to my 22nd birthday, I was a “whole year” younger than everyone now, as they would often joke.

James “Hench” was my closest friend in the group. I met him first. During a lunch break I was getting picked on by some older kids. They had called me Teddy and I didn't like it. I wasn't one to back down from a fight, even when the odds were that unfavourable. I found four or so boots kicking at my ribs a few seconds after I threw the first punch. Thankfully Hench came to my

defence. Hench was his name because of his insane genetics, the kid was built like a tank, he was a towering 6'7 and about as broad. He was a giant. Nobody messed with me after that day because they knew that he was on my side. Hench threw the boys who were kicking me that day and the one to stand his ground got a swift right to the chin. That right hook got me and him in detention and we quickly became friends. Hench was a gentle giant mostly; he just couldn't stand back and watch when he could do something about it. As the years went on, we had a few scuffles because his sense of justice got us into some sticky situations but it was always for the right reasons.

Matthew "Jonesy" was named as such because there was another Matthew in the same class, the differing surnames meant that they were both assigned names based on their last name, simple enough. Jonesy was a good guy; he was a ladies' man and a looker too. Whenever we needed a wingman, he was our guy. A solid 6" tall and toned, he was the draw of a lot of eyes when he would walk into a bar. He never let it go to his head, he knew his strength and he played it right. Jonesy joined the group after Me and Hench went to the school disco at the end of the first semester. He came over and joined in with Me and Hench with some ladies, despite taking the girl's attention off us at first, we all ended up kissing a girl by the end of the night on the dance floor.

Mark "Greggy" was just Mark for some time but the only one without a nickname, it felt a bit wrong so we did what any teenager would do, pick the laziest name. Greggy. Much like Matthew, his name was based on his surname. Greggy was part of our football team, which is how we met. He was quick and nimble; he was focused on his athletics a lot and was much smaller built but that never stopped him.

Last to join our group was Megan "Boobs". Her brilliantly thought of name was given to her because, well, she had boobs. It was a bit of a joke of a name because Megan wasn't even that busty, but she was just part of the crew and the only one with female genitalia. She was 5'5 and had some curves to her hips but her chest was barely a B. None of us had ever dared to approach her for a date or a fun time but to say the thought hadn't crossed my mind would be a lie. You know how horny teens get. As time went on, I would refer to Boobs as Megan. I didn't like the name as we grew up, but she seemed fine with it. When it was me and her alone, I'd call her Meg, but

Boobs with the rest of the group. Megan joined us when some girls were making fun of her, she approached HENCH and Jonesy to talk to them about the music that Jonesy was playing on his phone, at almost the same second that a group of girls were trying to chat up the two of them. Me and Gregggy arrived just in time to see Jonesy let down the group of girls by complimenting Meg and draping his arm around her shoulders and walking away from the girls.

I can still remember Meg's reaction "Thank you, but unlike those girls, I don't want to snog you".

It was the first and last time we would hear a girl turn down Jonesy, we knew that she was a good one, especially when she started to speak to HENCH about the band, we all had a shared interest in. From that day on, she was in the group, at Jonesy's expense at first but she stuck around by being super cool and on all of our wavelengths.

So here we were, more than tipsy, the five of us in the small kitchen of whoever's flat this was, it was a Halloween party. We were all stoked because we had just handed in a big assignment and we were free from studies for a few weeks, so obviously time to let our hair down.

"Next exam is in December." Jonesy said.

"Ah Shut the fuck up man" Gregggy punched Jonesy's arm.

"Yeah." Me and Meg said in unison.

HENCH lowered himself and wrapped his arm around Jonesy. "If you mention Uni work one more time, I'll throw you out the window" He joked.

We all gave a chuckle.

"So that means we have a free November though, right?" Jonesy added, trying to continue the conversation.

"Yeah, I guess that is right." I replied.

"Well, I guess I should go on the prowl tonight then." Jonesy said.

"How you get women to sleep with you is absolutely beyond me," Meg added.

Jonesy shrugged. "Well, you are still the only one to resist my charm, maybe it could be

you?” He started laughing, unable to contain it as he told his inside joke.

Meg punched him, significantly harder than Gregggy.

“Alrite Boobs, calm down.” Jonesy said, nursing his arm. “That’ll bruise mind.”

“Awh diddums” Meg mocked him.

“Jonesy, honest to fuck, can you go a single week without a shag.” Gregggy accused.

Hench laughed, “Bet he has never heard of no nut November”.

We all roared in laughter drunkenly.

“There is no way he could do that.” I chimed in.

“I so could.” He smiled, “Not wanking for a month? Easy, I’ll just lay a girl a day.”

“You moron, it means you can’t have sex either.” Meg corrected him.

His face dropped. “Oh..”

“See, told you, even he knows he couldn’t do it.” I said, chuckling.

“Oh, and you lovely twats could?” Jonesy said defensively. “I’ll do it if you all do it.”

“No Thanks, I’m Go-” I was cut off by the enthusiastic Gregggy.

“Oi, hang about, you’re telling me that if I try not to cum for a month, you’ll do the same.”

Gregggy stared at Jonesy.

The ladies’ man nodded back.

“Fuck off, no way man, I’m in on that. Ain’t no way this cunt can last 3 days let alone 30”

Gregggy outstretched his hand as if to make a deal.

“Only if they all do it too.” Jonesy extended his hand.

Gregggy looked at me and Hench expectantly.

“Fine.” Me and Hench say in unison.

“Boobs too!” Jonesy remarks.

“What? Fuck off, as if I’d tell you if I cum or not.” Meg snapped.

“Hit a nerve there Jonesy, leave Boobs out of it.” Hench put a hand on Jonesy’s shoulder.

Before he could nod and agree Meg interrupted.

“No, fuck that, I am going to prove to Jonesy I can do it. I am so certain that if I fail, I will sleep with him.”

Silence descends over the room.

“Deal.” Jonesy says, out stretching his hand once more.

All five of us put our hands together and agree.

No Nut November is on.

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