

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 2

Chapter 12 – Bob's mistake

It was over. It was still hard for Randy and Bob to clear their minds of the extraordinary experiences of the last twenty-four hours, every minute of it watched greedily by twenty men in a group of voyeurs, in this lavish house in the Hollywood Hills. The group had sure got its money's worth, watching the swarthy construction worker and the clean-cut muscular businessman, two stunningly beautiful men, fight and suffer together.

The two body builders showered and washed from their faces the semen of the beautiful young black man Darius. As they pulled on their clothes in the bedroom, memories raced through their heads the whip fight that Bob lost and then endured the humiliation of being spread eagled on the floor and pissed on by all twenty men. The wrestling match where Bob was victorious and subjected Randy to the nightmare of having his face fucked by twenty cocks. And the incredible torture of being tied to wooden crosses by Darius, with massive black dildoes forced into their asses. And finally the way they climaxed together with Darius, ending in a passionate three-way embrace.

But probably the most intense experience of all for two macho, straight men they had made fierce, passionate love to each other for the first time, all under astonished gaze of the spectators on the other side of the two-way mirror. The memory brought mixed feelings of elation, joy and some embarrassment. After that they saw each other in a whole new light.

There was a knock at the door and the leader of the group, and owner of the house, Mitch, came in. "I hardly know what to say to you guys, except that if you ever want to come here again, we'll all be waiting. It was the most incredible sight any of us has ever seen. You were both magnificent. Believe me, the memory of this will be the cause of many orgasms among our group over the coming weeks."

He held out a fat envelope. "Mere money seems inadequate, but you'll find an extra bonus in there as a mark of our appreciation. And here's a memento that I think you'll appreciate," handing them a small bag. He put his arms around their shoulders, led them out through the front door and said a regretful goodbye.

They were striding to their truck when they heard footstep behind them. Darius was running after them. The beautiful, perfectly sculpted black man, shirtless, in jeans and boots was breathless. "I'm gonna miss you guys. That was the most unbelievable experience of my life. I

really hope I'll see you again. I'll be thinking of you and jacking off at the memory. I brought you this gift. Make use of it."

Driving home along Mulholland Drive the friends were silent. Words seemed inadequate to express their swirl of emotions. Finally Bob spoke.

"So what did you think of Darius? He sure seemed to be turned on by us."

Randy frowned as he remembered his first sight of the gorgeous black man with the enormous dick as he fucked his face, trapped in the ropes of the wrestling ring. It was hard for him to accept humiliation at the hands of any another man except Bob. "He's OK. Comes on a bit strong. He's a stud, I'll give you that one of the most beautiful black men I've seen. Still, that's all past. Don't suppose we'll be seeing him again."

"No, I guess not," said Bob, though the memory of that awesome body and huge cock still stirred something in his groin. "I guess we won't."

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It was with relief that they got home to their newly-leased house in the rustic neighborhood of Mount Washington. They realized that they were exhausted and they stripped off their clothes and lay naked next to each other on the bed. Bob was asleep almost as soon as he hit the bed, lying flat on his stomach. Randy propped himself on his elbow and looked at his sleeping buddy. There was a smile on Bob's face and, in his sleep, he licked his lips like a contented puppy.

Admiring his broad muscular back Randy ran his hand lightly down Bob's spine until it came to rest on his ass. God, it was a beautiful ass. Randy gazed in awe at the perfectly rounded twin mounds and the tight crack between them. He smiled as he realized that it actually brought tears to his eyes. He loved that ass, and it was all his. The man belonged to him he owned that gorgeous butt. He bent and kissed the bubble cheeks and ran his tongue over them. Then he buried his face in the ass, probing the warm, moist hole with his tongue.

Bob stirred. "Don't move," Randy said. But Bob did move just a bit, enough to push his ass higher in the air. Randy moved to straddle the half sleeping man, his swelling cock pointing directly at his ass. Lowering himself, his rigid cock pierced the beautiful ass and slowly penetrated deep inside. Bob groaned with pleasure.

"Fuck me, man. My ass is yours. It belongs to you."

"Only me?"

"Of course. Fuck me. I love you."

And so Randy fucked the ass that he worshipped, slowly and tenderly. It didn't take long before he felt the semen rising up from his groin and he stopped still, letting his rigid cock do the rest. As semen poured into the warm ass Bob's own cock erupted and splashed cum all over the sheet beneath him.

"I love you," Randy breathed, and fell forward onto his lover's body. With his cock still inside the tight ass he fell asleep. And that's how the men slept all night.

In the morning Randy and Bob knew that it was time to get on with their lives, and they soon realized that their heroic efforts while they were on display had paid off handsomely. Bob opened the envelope Mitch had given them and counted out the contents...a wad of \$100 bills, 120 of them.

"Wow, twelve grand," Bob said. "They told us it would be ten. They really did give us a bonus."

"And we deserve every last nickel," Randy grinned. "Now we can afford to get this place in shape. What else we got?"

Bob opened the bag Mitch had given them and pulled out the torn, cum-stained T-shirts and boxers they had worn when they made love to each other for the first time. Randy smiled at the memory and threw the clothes into a drawer.

Finally they opened Darius's gift and gasped. "Well, will you look at that?" Bob said. It was the two huge dildoes, the hard rubber cocks that were taken from a mold of Darius's monstrous shaft. Ten-inches long and as thick round as a beer-can, these were the instruments of torture that had filled their asses and caused so much pain.

Randy gave a roguish grin. "They go in the room downstairs. Maybe for later?"

In the days that followed the men began to shape their lives. They both started their new jobs. Bob took up his post of vice-president at the Los Angeles branch of the finance company he had been with in San Francisco. And Randy took over as the foreman of his former construction site. As the boss he was always on call and often had to go down to sort out some problem or other.

Randy worked hard on the house and it began to take shape. He began with the large basement room. It had evidently been used as a gym as it was lined with floor-to-ceiling mirrors and had spotlights, bars and hooks in the ceiling. It was ideal for the kind of activities they had

in mind and, as he looked around, Randy felt his dick getting hard as he fantasized about his buddy and what he would do to him. They had bought all kinds of leather toys whips, restraints, leather bondage straps for when the mood took them. When they had put in a king-size bed the room was complete.

Their lives took on a routine of work, gym, construction around the house and lots of time in the basement. They played hard and rough and sometimes painfully, always testing their strength, endurance and masculinity. This was what had first bound them together, but there was one new dimension now. They also made love to each other.

So, their lives seemed to be bringing them everything they wanted. They were happy, in love, and explored every kind of raw sexual pleasures with each other. The basement was getting a thorough workout.

And then, one day everything changed

They had just got home from work and Bob was preparing dinner when there was a knock at the door.

"Who the fuck...?" said Randy. "We're not expecting anyone, are we?"

He opened the front door, stepped back in surprise and said, "What the hell are you doing here?" Bob looked up.

Standing on the doorstep was Darius. Dressed in jeans, boots and a tight white T-shirt he looked as striking as they remembered him. His muscles rippled under the shirt and his massive cock was clearly outlined in his pants. His beautiful face had a sheepish, nervous grin. He cleared his throat and started to stammer out an explanation.

"Hi, guys. Sorry I didn't call. I just I just thought" He paused, and then it all came out in a rush. "Hell, I had to see you guys. I've thought about nothing else since you left. God, I've fantasized about you, jerked off thinking about you a million times. I guess I'm more or less bisexual, but mostly I get off on beautiful people and you are two gorgeous fucking men. I stole your address from Mitch's files. He doesn't know. I'm not supposed to contact you but I had to. God, you must think I'm stupid. But please don't send me away. I just want to talk."

Bob smiled at the nervous energy of the beautiful black guy who was clearly embarrassed and out of his depth. He felt a sympathy for him and said impulsively, "We were just about to have dinner. There's plenty of food. Join us."

Randy gave him a sharp look. He was not sure about this at all. He still had vivid memories of how Darius had been part of his brutal humiliation and he still resented him. But, what the hell, it was just dinner. He stepped back and let Darius in.

The meal turned out to be not as bad as Randy had anticipated. Darius was more than ten years younger than them, open, innocent, and chatted happily with the men he looked up to and revered. His handsome face smiled with pleasure, his astonishing almond-shaped green eyes shining as he gazed at the two gorgeous, virile, straight men sitting with him.

The three guys drank a lot of beer and dinner was almost over when Randy's cell phone rang. He had a brief conversation and snapped it shut. "Shit," he said. "There's been an accident at the site. One guy hurt, so I have to go down there for all the follow-up and paperwork. Shouldn't take more than an hour. When I come back, we'll see. Maybe show Darius the basement." He grinned as he pulled on a denim shirt and left the house.

Bob and Darius sat together on the couch, a bit ill at ease now Randy was not there. After all, he was the guy who made the decisions, who ran everything. They would have to wait.

"What did he mean, 'basement'?" asked Darius.

"Come, I'll show you. Bring the rest of the beer with you."

Darius followed Bob downstairs and his eyes opened wide at the sight of the room. "Wow! This is awesome. Is this where you.....? Sorry but it looks like....."

"It is," Bob smiled. "This is where we play."

They sat on the bed and drank more beer. There was a tension in the air and their nervousness made them drink faster. They were getting really smashed and soon Bob lowered his eyes to gaze on the outline of Darius's monster cock that was now rock hard in his pants. Darius began to stroke it as he looked into Bob's deep brown eyes.

"You know," Bob stammered. "We gotta wait for Randy."

"I know," said Darius. "It's just that I'm so fucking turned on. You're fucking gorgeous, man."

"By the way," Bob tried to change the subject and picked up one of the black dildoes Darius had given them. "Thanks for the gift. Are they really taken from a mold of that?" pointing at the bulge in Darius's pants."

"Sure are. You wanna see the original?" Even though Bob protested Darius unbuttoned his fly and slowly pulled out the massive, hard rod that reared straight up in his hand.

"Jesus," Bob gasped. "Look, man, I'm really drunk. I don't think I mean I know we shouldn't...." But the hungry look in Darius's beautiful green eyes was too much for him.

It was half an hour later when Randy came in the front door. He had cleared up the mess at the construction site quicker than expected and he needed a drink. He was surprised that Bob and Darius were not around. He frowned as he looked at the used dinner things still on the table, with no sign of the guys.

It was clear they were not upstairs so, on a hunch, he walked down the stairs to the basement and opened the door silently. His eyes followed the clothes that had been discarded on the floor all the way to the bed. He stood stock still, his face blank, as he struggled to take in the sight that greeted him.

Both men were naked. Bob lay flat on his stomach, his perfect ass pointing upward. On top of him lay the big, sculpted black man. Unbelievably, his massive cock was in Bob's hole, moving slowly in and out. Randy watched mesmerized as the whole thick ten inches pulled all the way out and plunged back into his buddy's ass, the beautiful ass that belonged to him, Randy, that only he had ever fucked. He was struck dumb, paralyzed, as he watched and listened.

"God, that feels great," Bob groaned, looking at Darius in the mirror. "Yeah, fuck my ass. Your prick is so damn hot."

"Take it all," Darius said. "You love it, don't you? You've never felt a cock this big. Give me your ass."

"Yeah, take it. My ass is yours. It belongs to you and that huge fucking pole."

Drunk and completely engrossed in each other the two men were unaware of Randy's presence. Eventually the construction worker's body and mind finally unfroze and came back to life. His instinct was to howl and launch himself on the two men, drag them apart. But his seething anger took another form and an eerie calm came over him.

He said in a steely monotone, "If either of you moves a muscle I'll kill you."

Startled, the two drunken men froze, with Darius's huge cock still buried in Bob's ass. Randy picked up four of the long straps they had bought earlier. Working quickly and efficiently he brought a strap under Bob's waist and buckled it tightly over Darius's back so their bodies were lashed tightly together, the hard dick still inside Bob's ass.

Without a word Randy tied another strap around their upper thighs, just below the ass, so their asses were strapped tight and there was no way Darius could withdraw his cock. Randy used

two more straps, one to bind their ankles and the last to tie together their wrists. Their arms were still stretched upward, so they were now lashed tightly together, stretched on the bed with Darius on Bob's back and his cock now imprisoned in his ass.

They were stunned into silence, but Randy came to life. He did not yell at first; his voice was calm, steely. "You fucking bastards. You miserable pieces of shit. Couldn't wait to get me out of the way so you could fuck. Now I see exactly what you both are." Finally he yelled. "And now.....you're gonna pay!"

Randy took off his belt and, with all the strength he could muster, smashed it down on Darius's broad back. The black man screamed and his body bucked and reared on top of the man he was tied to. Screaming obscenities the construction worker used his huge muscles to bring the belt down crashing down on Darius's back, again and again and again.

Darius was howling in terror and agony and flexed his muscles desperately as the belt bit into his back. Then the blows moved down to his ass and the perfect mounds of his butt were punished savagely as they bounced under the rain of blows. Randy was quickly losing control. All he could see was the beautiful body of the man who was fucking his buddy, his lover whose body and ass belonged to him.

Tied as they were, Darius's face was pressing down against Bob's cheek and his frantic screams shattered his ears. Bob had to stop this. Tensing his muscles he twisted and with one quick heave turned himself and Darius over so that Bob was now lying on top, his chest vulnerable to the crazed man with the whip. He looked up at the wild eyed man.

"Don't," Bob whimpered. "It was my fault. We were drunk. We didn't know...."

"SHUT UP!" screamed Randy. "Shut the fuck up. You fucking traitor. I thought you loved me. You were mine, you belonged to me. Your ass was mine, and you let this prick fuck you. Guess my dick wasn't big enough for you. Fuck you.....fuck you!"

And he brought the belt crashing down across Bob's beautiful, sculpted chest. Time and again the belt lashed against his pecs and his nipples, leaving angry red welts and bruises. Randy spared no part of the muscular body he had once made love to. The vicious belt thrashed his chest, his straining arms, his thighs and legs, even his cock.

Screaming in pain Bob's reflex was to try to avoid the blows and he turned again, so Darius was now on top and bearing the brunt of the torture. Instinctively he too turned, so the two strong bodies, bound tightly together, began turning over and over, falling to the floor, each trying to avoid the whip.

Randy was now completely out of control. He saw the two bound bodies churning over and over and, in a frenzy of anger, blindly brought his belt smashing down. The two tortured men

were screaming in pain, begging the big man to stop. Streaming with sweat their bodies bucked and flexed, twisting over and over, but the brutal pounding continued.

It would have gone on and on, but suddenly, even in the blindness of his fury, Randy glimpsed something out of the corner of his eye. He stopped and picked up one of the huge black dildoes lying there, made from the mold of Darius's huge dick. He dropped it on the bed, then went over to the shuddering, sobbing men on the floor still strapped together in mutual agony.

Endowed now with the strength of adrenaline and anger Randy bent down and, grabbing two of the straps, picked up both bound bodies and with one mighty heave, threw them down on the bed. They had been tied so tightly together that Darius's cock was still plunged deep into Bob's ass. It was trapped there.

Randy kicked at them so that Darius was on top, his back vulnerable again. As Randy looked down at the rounded cheeks of the black man's perfect ass he was shocked to feel a stirring in his groin as his own cock grew hard. But he ignored it and, picking up the huge black dildo, he growled in Darius's ear.

"OK, mother fucker. This is what you get for helping yourself to the ass that belonged to me. Nobody fucks with me. I am the master in this house, and you are just a miserable piece of shit. You think your huge piece of meat is so fucking gorgeous that you can put it where you like. You wanna know what your dick feels like in my buddy's ass? Well, I've got one right here in my hand. And this is what you get for messing with me."

Darius whimpered as he started to understand what was in store for him. In the mirror he saw Randy holding the dildo above his trembling ass.

Bob saw it too and, for the first time in his life was terrified by the look on Randy's face. "Don't," he groaned. "Please Randy. Please sir, master. I'll do anything. Just don't do that."

"Shut up, asshole," Randy said, and watch. Randy reared up gripping the dildo in both fists and touched the head to the crack of Darius's ass. "Remember me, Darius," he said and with all his might plunged the black rubber cock deep inside Darius's hole. The black man's screams shook the room as he bucked and reared up in the most searing pain he had ever felt. He felt as if his body was being split in two and the innermost part of his gut was being smashed. His spasms and his screams went on and on as Randy ground the dildo, Darius's own dick, into his ass.

But Randy wasn't finished. Suddenly he pulled the dildo all the way out, sending another jolt of agony into the stunning body. Again he plunged it deep inside, to the renewed screams from the tortured man. Then he really began to fuck the body he hated passionately. Again and again he plunged the dildo in his ass.

Darius was close to passing out as his ass became insensitive to the pain. He was feeling nothing now, except He was feeling something, not in his ass but in his dick, still buried deep inside Bob's ass. As the massive rubber dick massaged his ass his cock began to get hard in the hot furnace of the muscleman's hole. He was crossing the line between pain and rapture, unable to distinguish the two.

Darius's dick was now rock hard and burning hot. In the mirror he watched the construction worker torturing his ass, and he saw the other bodybuilder tied underneath him. His fantasies took over and he felt the heat gathering in his groin. He couldn't hold back and his screams of agony turned to ecstasy as he felt the stream of cum rushing through the length of his cock and then flooding the beautiful ass of the man beneath him.

As Bob watched the scene in the mirror he knew what was happening, and the effect on him was electric. His own cock became rock hard as he watched Randy's fury and Darius's lust and felt the long hard shaft buried deep in his ass. When he felt Darius's semen pouring inside his gut his own cock exploded and hot, creamy cum spurted out, soaking the sheet beneath him.

Their shuddering bodies finally became still and they lay limply, bound together, both sobbing close to each other's faces. Randy looked down at them and frowned. Everything had suddenly changed and for a moment he did not know what had happened. Then he reached round, under Bob, and felt the hot sticky cum.

Suddenly it was clear. He, Randy, had caused the very thing that was the source of his anger. Through his whipping and fucking with the dildo he had brought the two men to their climax of passion and Darius had shot his stream of cum Bob's ass, the ass that had belonged to him. And the feel of Darius's massive, hard dick had caused Bob to climax too. He had shot his load because another man was fucking him.

"NO!" Randy screamed. He shook in anger and frustration. His uncontrolled anger had caused these men to consummate their passion. He hated them and hated himself. His mind was racing in tortured confusion. He looked down at them and knew he had to get rid of them. With one vicious heave he pulled the dildo from Darius's ass, causing one last scream and shudder from the exhausted man.

Randy was fast. He untied the man and picked Darius up bodily by the scruff of the neck and pulled his face close to his own. He growled into the terrified features of the black man.

"Get out...now! I can't stand the sight of you. And if I ever see your face again I swear I'll kill you. Is that clear? IS IT?"

"Yes, sir," Darius stammered.

Without letting go of the trembling stud, Randy pushed him across the room, grabbing his clothes as he went. Then he half carried him upstairs, dragged him to the front door and flung him bodily out onto the gravel, tossing his clothes after him. He slammed the door and went back downstairs. Bob was sitting on the edge of the bed, his head buried in his hands. Randy walked over and, grabbing the trembling man's hair, pulled his face back.

"And now for you." As he looked into the terrified face his voice softened and became almost pleading. "How could you do that? I thought I knew you? We were buddies, soul mates. I loved you, man. You said your ass belonged to me. You were mine.....I was your master. And you let another man fuck you. "Tears came to his eyes as he said softly, "We're finished. You know that?"

"No," Bob pleaded, tears running down his cheeks. "Please Randy....sir....master. I'll do anything. Please. Beat me, whip me, torture me....anything. I'll show you. I'll be your slave. I need you. I love you."

"No, that's all over," Randy whispered. "You killed it tonight. When I saw that, something died inside me. We're over. Don't say anything else. Leave.....now."

Bob picked up his clothes, took his wallet and keys and headed up to the front door. Tears streaming down his face he turned to face Randy but the steely look in his eyes was implacable. Randy said the last words.

"Come back for the rest of your gear when I'm not here. I wish to God I'd never met you. Get out. I never want to see you again."

And Bob stumbled out the door.

Randy leaned against the closed door. Then he walked back down to the basement and knelt by the rumped bed. Taking a deep breath he smelled Bob's cum that was still pooling on the sheet. He fell on the bed, rubbing his face in the pool of cum, smelling, feeling the man he had loved and had expelled from his life. His body was now heaving with sobs as he ground his face into the warm creamy liquid of the man he had lost.

His mind in a daze Bob drove away from the house, and away from the man he worshipped. His thoughts whirled as he drove aimlessly, sobbing in despair. He was so disoriented that, as his streaming tears clouded his vision he turned on the windshield wipers as if to clear the rain. He knew he had to find shelter, try to sleep.

As he had done once before, he eventually found himself pulling into a seedy courtyard and he parked in front of the motel room where he had spent the first glorious weeks with Randy. Pulling himself together he went to the office and asked if Room 14 was available. It was, he rented it, went in and caught his breath as the memories came flooding back. Then he threw himself on the bed, and sobbed himself to sleep.

Early next morning Randy came groggily to his senses. He was lying on the basement bed, face down on the sheet, and he slowly became aware of the stickiness all over his face. Sickening memories came flooding back, and he realized that he was lying in the remains of Bob's cum. He found himself licking hungrily at the sheet, trying to feel and taste every last trace of his former lover.

Realizing what he was doing he leapt to his feet and yelled, "Godammit! Get a grip." He stumbled upstairs to make coffee and sat hunched over the table. Without thinking, he opened the drawer where he had tossed the T-shirt and cum-stained boxers that Bob had worn when they had recently made passionate love for the first time. He buried his face in the shorts and breathed deeply, intoxicated by the scent of his lost buddy.

Randy was wound tight. He walked around, slamming doors, banging on walls and muttering to himself. "The fucking bastard. I hate his fucking guts. I'll never see him again. Asshole."

He couldn't settle. He went down to the basement and looked at himself in the mirror. Without thinking he rummaged through the box of dirty laundry and pulled out an old sweat-stained tank shirt and shorts that Bob had worn at the gym. He ground them into his face and breathed deeply, his head swimming with the smell of Bob's sweat in the filthy clothes. He stripped off his own clothes and put on the tank and shorts.

Looking in the mirror he stroked the shirt that was stretched tightly over his chest, then moved his hands down to his crotch and grabbed his cock. He narrowed his eyes trying to imagine Bob in the mirror. He started to stroke his cock and it immediately grew rigid. He was not thinking, moving by impulse, unaware that he was talking to Bob in the mirror.

"I love you," he said and felt a surge in his groin. His cock erupted in a stream of cum that splashed over the mirror. As he breathed raggedly, reality came back to him and all he saw in the mirror was his own, distraught image.

In the motel Bob woke slowly and reluctantly. Disoriented, he looked around and reached over to feel Randy. But he was alone, and the hideous memories of the day before came crashing back to him. He had no idea what he would do. He got up and looked at himself in the mirror.

He looked terrible. The reflection of the room brought back memories of the intense experiences he and Randy had shared there.

Without thinking he pulled off his shirt and slid his belt from his pants. He tried to imagine Randy behind him, whipping him. In his fantasy he began to lash his own body with the belt, curling around his back and his ass. With his other hand he started to stroke his cock. He put all of his strength into the whip strokes, punishing his body harder and harder until he felt the heat rising up through his legs. As he watched his own body get thrashed his mind flashed on Randy and he shot a huge stream of cum onto the mirror.

The relief lasted only a short while and the depression soon returned. He picked up the discarded T-shirt and twisted it tighter and tighter into the shape of a thick rope. Then, as if in a trance, he walked into the bathroom.

At the house Randy had been drinking, hard. He was in a mindless frenzy as he paced back and forth. He never wanted to see Bob again, and yet..... He rationalized to himself.

"He's probably forgotten me.....but he's not gonna get away so easily. He's gotta pay. I'll show him he can't fuck with me. I'll give him the thrashing of his life and then throw him out on his ass for the last time. Yeah.....that's it. Punish him, thrash him. And that'll be the end of it."

Still wearing Bob's filthy tank shirt and shorts Randy pulled on his jeans and walked barefoot out to his truck. He threw himself into the cab and screeched out through the gate. By instinct he knew exactly where Bob had gone. There was only one place. Breaking every speed limit, he drove crazily, fueled by liquor, anger and adrenaline until he finally peeled into the parking lot of the motel. He was right.....Bob's car was there.

Moving by instinct, not logic, Randy went to Room 14 and silently opened the door. The room was empty. "Shit," Randy said under his breath and he stopped short in a frustration bordering on panic. Then he heard a muffled sound from the bathroom. He opened the door and looked in amazement. Bob was there, naked, sitting on the toilet seat, his hands tied behind him. He had somehow used his twisted T-shirt to tie himself to the pipe in back, exactly as Randy had once tied him there.

Bob raised his shattered tear-stained face and couldn't believe it was Randy. Their hearts both leapt at the sight of each other. Randy had come for him. Their eyes met in that familiar but unfathomable union of souls that they shared. There was no thought, just sensation. As Bob looked up at the disheveled, rugged construction worker he slowly opened his mouth.

Randy took out his cock and leveled it straight at Bob's mouth. There was a pause, and then a stream of hot piss gushed into the mouth of the shattered bodybuilder huddled before him. Bob frantically gulped down as much as he could of the steaming urine and the rest poured out of his mouth, down his chin and onto his heaving chest.

When he had finished Randy looked down at the soaking face. Even in his misery Bob looked stunning. God he was beautiful. Randy's impulse was to take him in his arms and comfort him. But suddenly he jolted back to reality and into his mind flashed the image of Bob flat on his belly, begging Darius to fuck him in the ass with that monster cock. All his intense anger flooded back and he brought the back of his hand hard across Bob's face. He hit him from side to side again and again until Bob was spinning in an agonized daze.

"Asshole. Nothing's changed. I hate your guts and we're finished. But I came here to teach you a lesson, and then I'll throw your sorry ass onto the street."

He reached behind the dazed muscleman and released his wrists from the pipe. They were still tied behind him as Randy pulled him roughly to his feet. Yanking his arms painfully high behind his back he pushed the naked, terrified man to the door.

Outside Randy opened the tailgate of his truck and bodily threw the big man in. He sprawled on the tarp in the flat bed of the open truck. Randy took off his tank and used it to tie Bob's ankles. Then he bent Bob's legs and tied his ankles to his wrists. The big body builder was hogtied, buck naked, on the truck's flat bed, open to the sky.

"Get ready for a taste of what's in store for you," Randy barked, and leapt into the cab of the truck. He burned rubber as he screeched out of the parking lot and hit the road. Driving dangerously fast he soon made it to the hills where he took every winding road and sharp turn at a sickening speed.

In the open back of the truck the big body was jerked violently from side to side, rolling over and slamming into the metal sides. Bob lost all sense of time or place as he flexed his muscles to lessen the pain as his naked body was savagely thrown around like a toy. He crashed again and again into the sides of the flat bed, his body bruised and battered until he screamed for Randy to stop. But inside the cab Randy couldn't hear and turned the steering wheel manically to inflict the maximum pain on his helpless victim.

They finally, mercifully, arrived at the house. Randy leaped out of the cab and threw open the tailgate. "Had enough?" he screamed and, with the strength of rage and adrenaline he grabbed the ropes behind his prisoner and lifted him up bodily. He carried him into the house and staggered down the stairs to the basement. In his fury Randy slammed Bob's muscular body down heavily on the bed, still hog-tied.

"You thought that was bad? Now you'll see what happens when you give your ass to another man. I'm gonna torture and destroy that pretty ass completely, and when I've finished nobody will want it again. And then I'll throw you and your sorry ass out for ever. Is that clear?"

Bob managed to croak, "Yes, sir." He looked in wild eyed terror at the crazed construction worker flexing and heaving over him, and he waited for his punishment to begin.

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Chapter 13 – Bob's punishment

The wild-eyed construction worker towered over the beautiful, bruised and trembling bodybuilder. He still could not shake from his mind the image of the back dick inside his lover's ass.

"That ass was mine," he yelled. "It belonged to me. You belonged to me. And you let that shithead fuck you with his huge goddamn prick, 'cause mine wasn't big enough for you. So be it. Now you're gonna find out what happens when you give your asshole to another man. I'll make sure nobody ever wants it again. I'm gonna torture that pretty ass, destroy it, tear it to shreds so there's nothing left. And then I'll throw you and your sorry ass out for ever. Is that clear?"

Bob managed to croak, "Yes, sir," and waited helplessly for his agony to begin.

Randy untied him and pushed the powerful body face down on the bed. "Put your ass in the air. Let me see it one last time before I ruin it."

Bob obeyed and, pulling himself to his knees, thrust his perfect round cheeks upward as an offering to the enraged construction worker above him. Randy looked down at the stunning ass and tears came to his eyes, part anger and part lust for what he had lost. Mustering all his strength he brought his arm crashing down and his open palm smashed against the waiting ass. He raised his other arm and delivered the same savage blow to his other cheek.

Bob howled in pain as the hand pounded his stinging ass. It was burning hot, marked with the imprint of Randy's big palms. All Randy could see were the mounds of the ass as they bounced under his terrible blows. This was the ass that had betrayed him. He had loved it, loved the man, but that was over. Now all he wanted to do was hurt it. He thrashed the ass again and again and stopped only when his hands were raw.

He slid his belt from his pants and began to whip the blazing, ravaged ass without mercy. Bob could not think or speak. All he was aware of was the searing pain in his butt as it was brutally tortured. The pain was so intense that he was unaware when it stopped. He was sobbing, tears pouring from his eyes as he begged his former lover to stop.

But Randy was not finished. He flipped the big man over onto his back and pulled Bob's legs upward. They were now resting on Randy's broad shoulders and the panting construction worker stared down into the eyes of the helpless man.

"Now I'll ruin your ass for good. I'm gonna split it wide open."

He reached over and plunged his left hand into a jar of lubricant. He brought the tips of his fingers up close to the crack in Bob's ass. The terrified man realized what was coming.

"No. Please, sir. Don't. I can't take that. You'll rip me open."

"That's the idea," Randy growled. Slowly he twisted his fingers against the hole and narrowed his hand into a tube shape. He pushed and his greased fingers began to slide into the hole, two fingers at first, then three and four until the base of his thumb was resting against the hole. Bob closed his eyes and waited for the pain. When it came it was terrible. As Randy's hand pushed further and further the tortured man's sphincter was stretched wider than he thought possible. As the pain became intolerable he screamed and thrashed his head from side to side. But Randy was implacable and increased the pressure.

And then suddenly everything changed. The pain lessened and the hand stopped moving. The men looked at each other in disbelief. Randy's big hand was all the way inside his buddy's ass. Bob's sphincter muscle had closed tightly around the hairy wrist and the pain subsided. They held each other's gaze and it was as if they were drowning in each other's eyes. The intimacy of the act was so intense that they were joined as one spirit.

Randy was intoxicated by the silky, warm, moist insides of his lover's ass. It was like caressing velvet. And Bob had the euphoric sensation of his hole being filled with his lover's fist. His eyes feasted on the virile, rugged man; his gaze followed his arm from the broad shoulder, past the bulging biceps and down to the wrist as it disappeared into his ass.

Very slowly Randy curled his fingers until finally his hand clenched into a fist. Then he began to turn his fist slowly inside the beautiful ass. The feeling for both men was incredible. They had never felt such a sensation, the bond, the intimacy that united them as one. Randy was inside his lover's ass!

"God I love you." Not breaking his intense gaze Randy smiled down at the moaning man. He bent his face forward and kissed Bob lightly on the lips. What had begun as an act of punishment, of brutal torture, had become an expression of passionate love. The past, the anger, the fear....all of it dissolved in this sensation of total ecstasy.

"Make me cum," Bob breathed as they became aware of their raging hard-ons. As he bent over the trembling body Randy's dick was touching Bob's. He wrapped his big hand around both the rigid shafts together and began to stroke. His other hand was deep inside the burning ass and he twisted it slowly round and back against the silky lining of the hole. Both men entered

another state of being. Looking deep into each other's eyes it was as if they could see their very souls.

As Randy held the two big dicks together he stroked harder and faster. Then suddenly he stopped as he felt them throb under his tight grasp. His fingers felt the cum surge upward inside the motionless cocks and he watched spellbound as two huge jets of semen gushed out, erupting all over the heaving chest of the gorgeous man on the bed. Again and again the shafts gushed with cum and the muscular torso was streaming with white creamy liquid. The two men had not uttered a sound and they now stayed completely still, gazing at each other as if for the first time.

They did not move for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, very slowly, Randy began to pull his hand from inside the furnace of his lover's ass. Bob winced at the momentary pain, but then relaxed with a deep sigh as his ass became free. Randy quickly wiped his hand on a towel and then fell forward onto the beautiful cum-soaked chest of the man he had just fist fucked. Their faces pressed together, Randy whispered,

"Promise me, don't ever leave me again. I can't live without you."

Bob looked at him and began to stammer. "I...I...I'll never forgive myself for giving my ass to Darius. We were drunk and...." Tears began flowing from his eyes, but Randy bent to lick his face and tasted the salty cheeks. He came close to his ear again.

"Sshh. That's all behind us. No apologies, no need for forgiveness. After today we're together forever. We'll never see that guy again. He's in the past forgotten. I love you."

And so they turned their back on the past and lived for the present and the future. They resumed their former idyllic lives, going to work, coming home, then exploring each other's bodies and minds. They still played rough, having sexual adventures, testing each other's strength and endurance. And when their bodies were tortured to exhaustion they stopped and made love.

Meanwhile, there was a lot of work to do around the house. The big garden in back was still like a jungle and as they worked on it they made a few discoveries. There had been a sizeable lap pool that was overgrown and had long since fallen into disuse, though Randy found that it was still structurally sound so they decided to bring it back to use. There was also a dilapidated shack near the pool that had evidently once been a pool house, with a sink and toilet, but it was now loaded with junk and would have to be cleaned out.

"Jeez, we're gonna need help with this," Randy said to Bob as they worked in the garden. In the hot sun they were both stripped to the waist, in jeans and boots, and hacking at the dense undergrowth. "I'm gonna have to go down to the lumber store and pick up a day laborer or two to help with the heavy stuff."

They paused and looked at each other. They never ceased to be amazed at the absolute beauty of the other man's perfect body, muscles now pumped from the exhausting labor and streaming with sweat. Shirtless they looked magnificent and their cocks strained under their tight jeans.

"Time for a break," Bob said, and his hand slid down to rub his crotch. Randy did the same, coming forward to stand a few feet in front of his buddy. They looked into each other's eyes and read each other's minds. Ripping open the fly of their jeans they pulled out their raging cocks. With the sun burning down on their naked shoulders, back and chest they began to pump their dicks, gazing silently at each other. The only sound was the dry crackling of the cicadas and the men's heaving breathing as their excitement grew.

Their faces broke into wide grins as they felt their orgasm approach. Then, with a triumphant shout, they simultaneously shot their load, gushing streams of semen arching high and splashing hard onto the other man's heaving chest. They began to laugh and came together in a tight embrace, rubbing their chests together, sliding against the hot creamy juice of their cum. Their laughter echoed around the hills, a celebration of their lust and passion.

Then they got back to work.

It was early on a Saturday morning some weeks later, and Bob was the first to stir. Reluctantly leaving his naked buddy asleep in bed he pulled on a pair of boxers and went to the kitchen to make coffee. They planned to spend the day in the back garden tackling some of the really heavy work that needed to be done.

Bob threw the old coffee grounds in the trash, picked up the trashcan and took it to the back door. Drowsily he unlocked the door and, as he stepped outside, almost fell over a bundle of clothes on the doorstep. He looked down and what he saw made him gasp. "Hey, Randy," he called out. "Come and take a look at this."

Randy woke and, pulling on his boxers, stumbled to the back door. He followed Bob's gaze down to the step. "Jesus Christ! What the fuck's he doing here?" The bundle of old clothes was actually a man, huddled asleep on the doorstep. Randy kicked the body over. It was Darius!

The big black man came quickly to his senses and leaped to his feet, blinking at the two near-naked body builders. He looked terrible. His face was streaked with dirt and he clearly hadn't

shaved for days. He was wearing jeans, boots and a work shirt over a sweaty black T-shirt. He had evidently been living rough for some time.

There was a stunned silence as Darius looked at the astonished men, his nervousness bordering on terror. Even though he was filthy and disheveled he was still a great looking man, his handsome face grimacing in confusion and his sculpted body rippling under his filthy clothes. But Randy could see only the man he despised, the man he had caught fucking his lover's ass with his huge cock, the bastard who had almost ripped their relationship apart. He broke the silence.

"OK, asshole. Speak."

Darius opened his eyes wide and began to stammer incoherently. "I....I just....I didn't know what to.....Oh God....." and he started to weep.

Bob took him by the shoulders and asked gently, "What's up, Darius? What are you doing here? Just take a deep breath and explain."

Then it all came tumbling out. "I know what I did to you was terrible. I know you hate me. But I couldn't get you both out of my mind. You guys are... ..I need to... Anyway, I couldn't sleep, couldn't work. I lost my job, couldn't pay my rent, got thrown out. I've been living rough for a couple of weeks, but I couldn't stop thinking about you guys. The only thing I could do was to come back here. I wound up on your doorstep last night but I was so tired I guess I fell asleep." His head fell forward.

"What the fuck do you want from us?" Randy barked. "Money?"

"No, no. Nothing like that. I...I just...I just wanna be near you guys."

"You want to stay here?" Bob asked.

"I know I don't deserve anything from you, but...."

"Jesus Christ!" Randy exploded. "You've got balls I'll give you that. You fucking crazy, or something? After what you did you really expect we'd give you house room? Shit, you're lucky I don't fucking kill you," and he stepped forward clenching his fist. Bob intervened, and pulled Randy aside, out of earshot of the trembling black man.

"Listen, we can't just send him away like that. Look at him. He probably hasn't eaten in days."

Randy folded his arms and said sarcastically to his buddy, "So what do you suggest, asshole?"

"Look, you were saying that you need help with the heavy work around here. You were going to hire a day laborer. Well, what if we put him to work? Let him work off some of the guilt he's feeling?"

"And let him stay here?"

"Well, there's the old shack out back."

Randy lost his cool. "Shit, man, you just want him here so he can shove that big dick up your ass again."

Bob winced and stepped back as if Randy had physically struck him. Randy immediately regretted his words and, putting his hand behind Bob's neck, pulled his face next to his. "Jesus, man, you know I didn't mean that. I'm a damn fool sometimes. I love you, man. I shouldn't have said that." Then he pulled back and looked into his buddy's eyes. "OK. We'll see. And I hope we don't live to regret this."

They walked back over to Darius who waited nervously. Scared as he was, as he watched the two men approach him, stripped down to their boxers, their muscles rippling in the sun, Darius wanted desperately to stay, to be near them.

Randy stood in front of him, deliberately intimidating him. "The first thing you should know is I hate your guts. And that's never gonna change. The only reason I'm even talking to you is that my buddy here spoke up for you. So, you wanna work? Well we've got work, back-breaking, punishing work. I doubt you'll last. You ever done manual labor before?"

"Yes. Yes I have."

Darius flinched as Randy strode angrily up to him and gripped his chin tightly in his big fist. "Now let's get one thing clear. When you speak to either of us you will address us as 'Sir,' get it?"

"Yes, sir," said Darius, almost in relief.

"You look strong enough, but I need someone who can take punishment without giving up. You think you can do that?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir."

"We'll see. Strip!"

Darius acted feverishly to obey this big, rugged man that he had thought about day and night, dreamed about even. He tore off his shirt, then his filthy T-shirt, and his sculpted torso gleamed

in the sun. He kicked off his boots, quickly dropped his jeans and his monstrous cock hung free. He stood still with his hands behind his back.

The two buddies stared at the naked man, his coffee colored skin gleaming under the hot sun. God, he was stunning. He had naturally honed, rippling muscles without an ounce of fat. Filthy as he was, his face was near perfect, high forehead and cheekbones setting off incredible almond-shaped green eyes. And that huge shaft hung halfway down his thigh.

Randy gave the orders. "Bob, get the ropes from the shed. This tree should do."

Five minutes later Randy stepped back and admired his work. Darius stood buck naked, his arms stretched up and outward, his wrists tied to the high branch of a tree. His body strained and flexed, his feet barely touching the ground. He looked magnificent.

Randy turned to Bob. "Pick up a rope and stand behind him." Then he came up and looked Darius hard in the face. "Now listen, you piece of shit. This can be a rough house so I wanna see how tough you are. Here's what's gonna happen. My buddy Bob is going to thrash you.....twenty lashes on your back. I doubt you'll last more than three. And while he's torturing you, you will look into my eyes and you will not make a sound. The first sound out of you, we'll stop and you're out on your ass. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Darius shouted firmly.

"And you," he said to Bob. "The rope you have has a knot in the end, worse than any belt or whip. You put every ounce of strength you have into this. No pulling punches. I want him hurt. If I think you are holding back the deal's off and he goes. Get it?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob, remembering again how the toughness of this rugged construction worker had first turned him on. His cock got hard at the thought. He knew he had to obey. Randy stepped back and folded his arms, looking piercingly into Darius's green eyes. Bob paused, then raised his arm and brought the rope smashing down on the broad black back.

Darius's body leapt with the searing pain of the first blow, but he never took his eyes off the big near-naked man in front of him and never made a sound. Then the next blow came, even harder. Darius gritted his teeth as the raw rope bit into his flexing muscles. Again he made no sound and riveted his gaze onto the steely blue eyes of the man he wanted desperately to please.

So the torture continued, each lash of the rope searing across his back with incredible pain. But he refused to submit. As he locked eyes with the construction worker, tears began to well up and flow down his cheeks. Randy stood rock still, watching the torment of the man he hated so much for violating his lover's ass.

Randy had intended for this episode to be short. He had been sure that Darius would give up screaming after one or two blows and they would be rid of him. But here he was, halfway through his torment, still locking eyes with him. Even though his body leapt and flexed under the blows and his face grimaced with pain, his beautiful eyes remained rock steady as they bored into Randy's. As he watched him Randy became aware of just how much the tortured man wanted to be accepted by him.

Randy was a man's man. The thing he respected most in a guy was a rugged masculinity, his toughness and endurance, his ability to accept pain without flinching. And this is exactly what he was now seeing in the steady, unflinching green eyes of the man enduring such a thrashing. Randy hated him for what he had done, but he could not help admiring his strength, his determination not to submit. He was not only beautiful. It was his very maleness that earned Randy's respect. Randy suddenly knew that Darius would not give up.

Both men continued to gaze into each other's eyes until Bob shouted 'twenty' and suddenly the beating stopped. Darius had not uttered a sound. Randy approached him and brought his hands to the black man's hard nipples. Not breaking his gaze he twisted the nipples hard, but Darius still did not flinch. In fact, he may have been mistaken, but Randy could swear he saw the faintest trace of a smile on the handsome face. He looked deep into his eyes and saw something he had seen only once before in a man in his buddy Bob. And he felt his cock stirring in his shorts.

Then the spell was broken. Randy jolted back to reality and, reaching up, untied his victim's wrists. Exhausted and racked with pain Darius collapsed forward onto the muscular construction worker, his arms falling round his neck. Slowly he slid to the ground, rubbing against Randy's naked chest, his waist and then his legs. As Darius's face brushed past the bulge in his shorts Randy felt his cock leap and he watched mesmerized as the agonized man fell in a heap at his feet.

Meanwhile Bob, even while he put all his strength into the beating, was aware of every subtlety of what was happening. He still felt a kind of tenderness for the younger man, knowing that the two of them were equally guilty of the terrible mistake they had both made. He was pleased to see Randy's reaction to the man's endurance and smiled to himself. And now it was over.

"Not bad," Randy said and kicked the limp body away from him. "Now we better clean you up." He walked over to the garden hose and turned it full blast onto the huddled heap of muscle. Rolling over Darius tried to shield himself from the force of the water and held his arm over his eyes until the stream of water stopped.

"Get up," Randy shouted and, despite his pain and fatigue, Darius dragged himself to his feet. He stood unsteadily and faced the two near-naked men he wanted, the men he lusted for. Randy folded his arms across his chest and spoke.

"OK. I made the deal thinking you would flake out and I could get rid of you. But you're tougher than I thought and you didn't break. A deal's a deal, so here's what I'll do.....reluctantly. I'll take you on for a month, during which you will work harder than you've ever worked before. You will do whatever I tell you to. You will obey me in everything. Here are the rules."

"While you are here you will never leave the house or grounds. You are here twenty-four hours, seven days a week. Understood?"

"Yes, sir." Darius's voice was firm and clear.

"You will serve us both, whatever we tell you to do. You will live in the shack there. You will enter the house when we give you permission. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, and one other thing, just in case you were thinking about sex. While you are here you will never, ever, have an orgasm unless I authorize it. No jacking off, not even touching yourself. If you break any one of these rules, or fail to perform your work to my satisfaction, you're out. OK?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't move." Randy walked over to the trash bin, rummaged inside it and pulled out a piece of cloth. He threw it to the naked man. "Yesterday I threw out these old shorts of mine. They're torn, filthy, stained with sweat, grease and piss and no more use to me. This is all you will wear until you finally leave here. The only exception is that you will be allowed to wear boots when working in the yard."

"Thank you, sir," said Darius, pulling on the ragged, filthy shorts. He was embarrassed that the head of his long, thick dick hung out below the bottom of the leg.

"Wait here." Randy went into the house and came back moments later with something in his hand. "Kneel!"

Darius fell to his knees and hung his head. "Look at me!" Randy barked. As Darius raised his eyes to the muscle man towering over him Randy held up a leather collar and fastened it ritualistically around the muscular neck of the kneeling black man.

"You will wear this at all times. You are a slave here. You exist only to serve my buddy and me. Do you accept all these conditions?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir." And, without thinking, the beautiful man bent to the ground and kissed the feet of the construction worker in an act of total submission.

"Get up!" Randy ordered, and Darius sprang to his feet. "Today we work. Before that you will have two hours to prepare. You will clean yourself up and clear out the shack so you can live in it. Bob will bring you the bare essentials. When did you last eat?"

"I don't remember, sir."

"Jesus. OK, he'll bring you food too. Then we work."

"Thank you sir."

Randy growled at him. "Don't thank me, punk. I still hate your guts. You're here to work. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

Randy kicked at the pile of filthy clothes on the ground that Darius had discarded. "As for these...." He went into the shack, brought out a small bottle of kerosene and sprayed the clothes. He threw a lighted match on them and they blazed to ashes in a few minutes. Randy kicked the ashes and looked at Darius.

"Now you own nothing. You are entirely dependent on us. As far as I am concerned you are nothing just hired labor. Be ready to work in two hours." And he turned and walked back into the house.

Half an hour later Darius was energetically clearing the trash out of the old shack. All that was left was an old table and chair and a single bed. There was a small closet, toilet and washbasin. Bob came in with a couple of towels, soap and a razor. He also had a plate piled with sandwiches.

"OK," he said. "You can eat." Darius sat and ate ravenously.

"Shit, you really haven't eaten in a while have you?"

"No, sir. I couldn't think of anything else but you guys. Can I ask you something, sir?"

"OK."

"Do you think Randy will ever forgive me?"

"Look. Randy never apologizes or forgives. He just turns his back on the past. But what we did really shattered him and he punished me big time. You will have to earn his respect. That's if

he doesn't break you first. Work hard. Do exactly what he says. But first, clean yourself up. You're a mess." And Bob left him alone.

Two hours later Darius's cock stiffened as Randy and Bob strode out to the garden. The big construction worker was wearing loose cargo pants, boots and an old grubby white tank shirt stretched over his broad chest. He wore a tool belt round his slim waist. Bob was shirtless, in jeans and boots. To Darius they looked incredible.

For most of the morning Randy worked repairing the roof of the dilapidated shack, while Bob made Darius help him dig out the root of an old tree. Darius worked hard, determined to prove himself and he was soon panting and gleaming with sweat. He allowed himself a few sideways glances at the beautiful shirtless man working beside him and his cock never lost its hard-on.

When the root was out, Randy shouted to Darius to come over to the pool. "You're going to spend the next few hours scrubbing the bottom of the pool. Get down there. Take some drinking water with you." Darius scrambled down the steps and Randy threw down to him brushes and cleanser. The empty pool was like a furnace, but the eager slave immediately began his work.

A while later Randy had finished the roof of the shack and took a breather. Sweating, he pulled off his tank shirt and went over to check on the hired help. As he looked down into the pool he felt a surge of admiration for the beautiful black man, his muscles straining and streaming with sweat as he scrubbed feverishly in what was for now just a concrete pit. The noontime sun was merciless, bouncing off the white walls and beating down on the near naked man, wearing only stained and ragged shorts. He looked up at the magnificent construction worker, shirtless now, whose pumped muscles gleamed with the sun behind him.

"You hot?" Randy yelled down. "You wanna cool off?"

"Yes, sir."

Randy shouted, "Hey, Bob. Get over here." Bob came and stood by Randy and they looked down at the muscular slave in the pit.

"Our friend here says he wants to cool off. He needs a shower," Randy said, unbuttoning the fly of his pants. Bob grinned at him and did the same. "On your back," shouted Randy.

Darius dropped to his knees, then fell flat on his back, his arms and legs spread wide. He was spread eagled on the burning hot concrete. He looked up, squinting in the harsh sun. The sight was incredible and his cock became rock hard. The two gorgeous body builders were standing way above him, both stripped to the waist. As the bright sun shimmered behind them they

looked god-like. Darius was looking up at heaven. And he knew the heavens were about to open.

The two big men were pointing their cocks down at the spread eagled slave. Darius waited what seemed like an eternity. Then he felt it two streams of burning hot, rancid yellow liquid began to pour onto his face and splash down his body. The two men he had fantasized about, the men he had dreamed of, worshipped, were pissing down on him. He was in ecstasy. He opened his mouth and gulped down the hot liquid flowing from the big cocks of his two masters.

Randy and Bob looked in awe at the beautiful slave eagerly swallowing their piss. It splashed in his face and streamed over his perfect muscles. Urine mingled with his sweat and made his body gleam. The filthy shorts were soaked and clung to the outline of his enormous, rigid cock as it stood straight up. Soon the spread eagled man was lying in a pool of yellow urine, obviously in some kind of rapture as his masters' piss poured over him. He looked up at the two giants towering above him and screamed.

"Thank you sir! Thank you, God!"

Randy broke the spell. "Get up," he barked. "Hose down the pool and yourself and come up for something to eat."

After a quick lunch they were ready to work again. Bob had work to do for his company on his computer so he went into the house, showered, pulled on some underwear and settled in front of his lap-top in his bedroom, by the window overlooking the garden.

Randy pulled on his old tank shirt again and went outside, where there was a major job to tackle. On one edge of the pool was a big, ugly concrete slab that had apparently once been the beginnings of an uncompleted Jacuzzi. Randy had decided it had to be removed. He turned to Darius, who was looking up at him like an eager puppy.

"This has to go," said Randy. "I could get a jackhammer from work but I figure if we both work together on it with pick axes it'll be faster."

"Yes, sir," Darius said. He loved to hear the phrase 'both work together' and his cock started to get hard again. Randy brought out two pick axes and tossed one to Darius. "You ever used one of these?"

No, sir."

"I'll show you." And the muscular construction worker stood back, swung the axe in a wide powerful arc and brought it crashing down on the concrete. Darius joined in and for a while they

both swung their axes hard, so the concrete began gradually to crumble. After a while Randy watched Darius's clumsy efforts with a frown.

"Asshole. You're not very good at this, are you? You're holding it wrong. Here, let me show you." He got close behind the sweating body of the black man and brought his arms round to the axe Darius was holding. "Here, your hands should be higher round this way." He put his hands over the other man's and showed him how to swing the axe. Darius felt Randy's hard muscles scrape against his back through the thin tank and, as the two bodies rubbed together, his cock became rigid.

Randy was now pressed against the muscular black back, his cock resting hard against the firm, rounded cheeks of Darius's ass. As his crotch rubbed against the other man's shorts the construction worker felt his own dick swelling. Darius adjusted his hands on the axe and looked over his shoulder. "Is this right?" His handsome face was up close to Randy's, who found himself looking straight into the shining green eyes, so eager to please. His cock became rigid as he felt their bodies stick together with the sweat pouring off them.

There was a long moment as their eyes locked. Then Randy pulled away sharply. He saw Darius's long, thick cock now hanging stiffly way down below the bottom of his shorts. "That's enough," he growled abruptly. Grabbing the leather collar he had made Darius wear and pulling his face close, he raised his voice. "Don't get any ideas, punk. You're a shit and an asshole and I still hate your guts. Now get back to work or I'll throw your ass out on the street."

"Yes, sir," said Darius, with the faint trace of a smile on his lips. Then they both raised their axes and resumed work.

And so the two gorgeous men swung their axes hard down on the concrete, blow after blow. With the black man wearing only dirty, ripped shorts, and his big master in tank shirt and loose cargo pants, they were a magnificent sight. In the blazing sun their bodies gleamed with sweat. When his shirt was soaked, Randy pulled it off and used it to wipe his face, chest and shoulders. Then he flung it to Darius who wiped his own face slowly, breathing in the raw, intoxicating smell of the big man's heaving body and stale sweat.

None of this was lost on Bob who had raised his head from his laptop and was watching from the bedroom window. He looked on in awe at the two gorgeous bodies, pumped and rippling as they worked. He had seen the pick axe 'lesson' as the bodies rubbed together, and the lustful reaction in both men. He saw with amusement the look that passed between them, and he also heard as Randy cursed the younger man and sternly ordered him back to work.

Bob had seen everything and understood everything. He smiled with satisfaction as he murmured to himself. "Hmm we'll see how this develops. Should be an interesting month....."

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Chapter 14 – “You’re a hell of a guy, Darius”

It was a hot Saturday afternoon and the three men were consumed by their work and lost in their own thoughts. The brawny construction worker and the beautiful young black man strained and flexed as they swung their pick axes at the slab of concrete they were demolishing. Indoors, by the open window, Bob concentrated on a spreadsheet on his lap top.

In the blistering sun Darius was still wearing just the old, ripped black shorts Randy had given him. Randy was stripped down to loose cargo work pants. As he swung his axe in wide powerful arcs, Randy contemplated the man beside him. He had been very reluctant to take Darius into the house on a month's trial, and still he could not rid his mind of the sight of the bastard fucking Bob's ass in a drunken expression of lust. He hated him for it. Still, the guy was strong, and evidently devoted to the two men he worshipped.

Randy recalled with embarrassment his own stirrings of lust as he had stood behind Darius showing him how to hold and wield the axe. He remembered the intensity of the look that had passed between them. Even now, as he glanced at the bulging, sweating muscles of the younger man, his cock started to stiffen. 'No,' he thought, 'that's not gonna happen.'

He had made that brutally clear to Darius earlier when he told him, "Don't get any ideas, punk. You're a shit and an asshole and I still hate your guts. Now get back to work or I'll throw your ass out on the street."

But Darius was in paradise. He was in the same house as the two most beautiful men he had ever seen, men he had fantasized about, lusted for and followed here. He would never, ever, forget the sight of the shirtless men pissing on him from the edge of the empty pool as he lay on the floor of the concrete pit. He was being treated as a slave and loved it. He would do anything for these guys.

Intuitive as ever, Bob was aware of the undercurrents running through the house. After watching the axe 'lesson' he was aware of the subtle stirrings of lust between the two men, but he also knew that Randy would dismiss any idea of pursuing that. Randy prided himself on his masculinity and toughness; he had never before been intimate with a man until Bob. Theirs was a uniquely close relationship, finding expression in sex and physical competitiveness that tested their endurance and pain threshold.

Bob tried to concentrate on his laptop, but the hammering outside distracted him. Raising his head from his computer screen he looked through the bedroom window at the two sweating men. God, they were glorious. Bob was wearing only white Jockey briefs and a white T-shirt and he felt his cock getting hard. He watched the stunning men for a while until finally he could take no more and got up from his work.

He walked outside and stood at the opposite side of the pool from where the men were working. He saw the muscles flexing and pumping as the two powerful bodies exerted themselves. The sculpted V-shaped torsos glistened as they raised their arms again and again and smashed the axes down on the slab. Bob rubbed the cock that was straining under his Jockeys. Randy and Darius saw him standing on the other side of the pool and they stopped work.

There was a stillness as they all gazed at each other. Then Bob moved. Slowly he raised his arms behind his neck and began to pull off his T-shirt. The other men gasped as the shirt rose above the body builder's tight abs, then his sculpted chest and broad shoulders. He discarded the shirt and stood there naked except for his white Jockey briefs, stroking his swollen crotch.

Randy knew what Bob wanted to see. The sweating construction worker picked up a bottle of water, took a long drink, then poured the rest over his head, face and chest to cool off. He tossed another bottle to Darius who copied what his master had done. The two men stood there, stripped to the waist, with water pouring over their pumped bodies

Then Randy abruptly turned to the younger man and clipped him behind the head.

"Did I say you could stop work?"

"No sir."

"So, work, dammit."

And the two bodies became alive again, redoubling their efforts with blow after blow on the crumbling concrete slab.

On the other side of the pool Bob took his time, slowly rubbing his rigid cock through his briefs. He was overcome with lust and admiration for the two gorgeous, shirtless men, their bulging muscles streaming with water and sweat as they worked in the blazing sun.

Finally he could stand it no more and he pulled out his cock; he needed only a few strokes. His legs started to tremble as he felt the heat rising up through his muscled thighs to his groin and his cock began to throb. The two men stopped work and watched in awe as the magnificent muscleman stopped moving and became rigid. There was a long, silent moment, and then he threw his head back and screamed, "Aaahh!"

Out of his big, motionless cock, a huge stream of white liquid gushed out in a high arc and splashed on the pool's bottom far below. It was followed by another torrent of semen, then another as Bob kept his eyes on the glorious men watching him. Down below a pool of thick white cum gathered on the concrete floor. The streaming finally ended and Bob's throbbing cock was still.

For a few minutes there was silence as eyes met across the pool. Darius gaped in stunned excitement. Bob and Randy grinned at each other. Then Bob picked up his discarded T-shirt, threw it over his shoulder and walked quickly back into the house. He sat down at his laptop and resumed his work.

Progress on the yard was rapid in the three weeks since Darius arrived. The three men worked long hours and transformed the landscaping from jungle to garden. The pool was now clean and structurally sound so they filled it with water and were finally able to swim. Randy also decided that they should construct a wooden deck by the pool, so he ordered lumber and supplies. He was well able to do the work himself with the help of his apprentice, Darius.

Throughout this period of hard work Darius was in his own private paradise. He had dreamed and fantasized about these two beautiful men and now here he was working beside them all day. His month there would be up in a week and he had worked hard to prove himself so they would keep him on.

He had only one problem his more or less permanent erection. Every time he looked at one or other of the men his cock became stiff, but there was no release. Randy had made it very clear to him that sex was not part of the deal. He was not allowed to masturbate, not even to touch himself. An orgasm would be grounds for immediate expulsion from the house.

Still, Randy was impressed by Darius's willingness to work. He was teaching him many skills of the construction trade and they worked closely together on the new deck. Bob watched with satisfaction as they worked shoulder to shoulder, Randy taking the younger man under his wing.

"No, asshole," Randy said. "You hold the chisel like this and hit at this angle. Got it? Now try again."

"Yes, sir." Frowning with concentration Darius got it right this time and Randy grinned and clapped him on the shoulder. "That's it, good. You learn fast. We'll make a carpenter of you yet." His feelings for Darius were like a master to his apprentice, or even big brother to kid brother. And yet not quite.....

The beauty of the young black man was stunning, and not lost on the big construction worker. Many times, as their bodies brushed against each other, or as Darius looked up at Randy with his astonishing green eyes, Randy felt a stirring in his groin, and he spent much of the time with a semi-erection. But he shoved this to the back of his mind and stifled the urge. Randy's only exploration into another man's mind and body had been with Bob. That relationship was exceptional, and the only time he had lusted for a man so he told himself.

One afternoon Bob was still at work, but Randy came home early carrying a big package. He called Darius over from the work he was doing in the garden.

"Here, give me a hand with this." He opened the box and rolled out a large rope hammock. "Look good to you? We'll hang it in these trees here. But first I need to cool off."

Randy stripped off his work shirt and T-shirt and Darius gasped yet again at the sight of his beautiful swarthy torso. Quickly Randy kicked off his boots, dropped his pants and stripped down to his boxers. He strode to the pool and plunged into the cool, welcoming water. Darius watched in awe as the muscular arms powered through the water in long, languid strokes.

"Come on in."

"It's OK if I do, sir?" Darius stood tentatively at the edge.

"I gave you permission didn't I?"

So Darius, still in his shorts, dived into the pool and luxuriated in the cool water. They swam a few laps, their bodies sometimes rubbing past each other. Randy had to admire the younger man's body as the perfectly chiseled black muscles streamed through the water. Darius swam up to him laughing, his almond-shaped eyes shining with happiness. Randy put out his big palm and pushed Darius's head under water, and they began playfully tumbling over in the water, wrestling each for supremacy.

But Randy suddenly realized that his cock was rock hard and he swam abruptly to the edge of the pool and hauled himself out. "That's enough," he barked. "Get out and help me with this." The two men, dripping wet, their shorts clinging to their ass and stiff cocks, began work on the hammock. In no time it was suspended by its four corners between trees, ready for a man to stretch out in it and relax.

They stood back and admired their work, then looked at each other. Maybe it was their earlier arousal in the pool, or the sight of each other in their clinging shorts, or even the urgent buzzing of the cicadas in the hot stillness of the day, but for a moment they were in another world. Darius brought his face to Randy's and their lips touched. Then the black man slid down to his knees, and clamped his mouth over the bulge in Randy's wet shorts.

Randy gasped and threw his head back. He reached down, pulled out his rigid dick and pushed it into Darius's mouth. His pulsed raced and he felt his cock pound. He looked down at the gorgeous face sucking him and then reality crashed in on him. This couldn't be happening.

"What the fuck?" he screamed. "Get away from me!" And he kicked the kneeling man savagely, sending him sprawling on his back. "You fucking whore! Is this how you seduced my buddy? So that's why you came here. You just wanted to suck my dick."

Darius was devastated. "No, sir. It's just that being with you makes me crazy. I worship you. I love you. Please, sir, please allow me to cum. Please, just looking at you" Gazing up at the man who towered god-like over him, stripped to his shorts, muscles gleaming, Darius forgot where he was, forgot all the rules and began stroking his own cock.

"I just need to cum, sir. Just once. It's been weeks now. I....."

"NO!" Randy screamed, and kicked the body further away. He looked down at the terrified man cringing before him. "I warned you, you cheap piece of shit. You're out of here. Tomorrow you leave. And I'll make sure you don't touch yourself again."

He pulled Darius up by the leather collar round his neck, then punched him brutally in the stomach. Darius gasped, but managed to stay on his feet. Still holding the collar Randy brought his other fist crashing again into his stomach. Darius flexed his abs as the fist pounded him again and again. Then Randy stood back, looked Darius full in the face, and brought the back of his hand viciously across his cheek, sending him sprawling on the ground.

The stunned black man tried to crawl away, his wet body becoming streaked with dirt. Randy stood there, his chest heaving, watching the beaten man drag himself through the mud. In his fury he bent down and, with a remnant of rope left over from the hammock, tied Darius's hands tightly behind his back. Then he went to his tool kit and brought back a length of chain.

"You're a fucking animal," Randy growled, "and that's how you'll be treated."

Several hours later Bob came home from work and walked through to the kitchen to get himself a beer. As he drank it he looked idly through the window and he could not believe what he saw outside. On the far side of the pool Darius was kneeling in the dirt, his hands apparently tied behind his back. Attached to his collar was a long chain, the other end tied round a tree.

Darius hung his head. He was streaked with mud and had clearly been beaten. The sun beat down on his naked body, his muscles streaming with sweat. In front of him was a shallow bowl of water. Evidently parched with thirst he fell forward on his stomach, crawled to the bowl and lapped the water like a dog.

Having no idea what had gone on, Bob's first impulse was to look for Randy. He ran upstairs and was about to go into the bedroom when he stopped at the half open door. Randy was inside, gazing through the window at the beaten and degraded man. But what shocked Bob was that Randy had his hand wrapped around his cock and he was stroking it as he looked down at Darius.

Randy was riveted by the sight of the chained black man and unaware of anything around him. Bob heard him mutter under his breath, "God, you're beautiful," as he pumped his thick shaft even faster. Darius started to crawl again, which aroused the big construction worker even more. Soon his breathing became heavy, his muscles flexed and he threw his head back. His eyes still on Darius he breathed, "Here it comes man," and he shot a huge load of cum that splashed on the window and ran down in a thick stream.

Randy stood still, gazing at the man in the dirt. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he said to himself and threw himself exhausted onto the bed. Silently, Bob turned round and went down to the kitchen. He grabbed a second beer and took it back upstairs. He sat down on the bed beside his buddy and touched his shoulder with the cold beer. "Here, take this." Startled, Randy turned, looked at Bob and took the beer.

Randy looked away embarrassed and, after a long silence, Bob said gently, "So what's up man? What's all that outside?"

Randy grunted, "He leaves tomorrow. I knew it was a mistake taking him in."

"But what happened here?"

"I'm not gonna talk about it. I hate the guy's fucking guts."

"Is it really hatred you feel?" Bob asked gently. "Or is it affection and lust?"

"Just shut the fuck up. He leaves tomorrow."

"Look, man. I've seen how you worked with him, helped him, taught him. He's become almost a younger brother to you. Also, I saw you jack off in the bedroom. The guy's so fucking hot he turned you on."

Randy wheeled round and came face to face with Bob. He snarled, "Now get this clear, mother fucker. I'm a straight man. The only guy I have ever looked at in that way is you. You're the only man who's ever turned me on but that's it no one else. No way I'm gonna feel anything for that piece of shit out there. I'm not into guys, dammit except for you. Get it!?"

"Ok, OK, I get it," Bob said evenly. "I know what you are. It's your masculinity that I love about you, that turns me on so much Look, do you want me to call the girls to come over?"

"Yeah yeah. Do that. For tomorrow evening. That's good."

"And in the meantime, will you leave Darius to me?"

"Do what the fuck you want with him. Just keep him out of my sight."

Ever since the two men had moved in together their heterosexual needs had not been neglected. They would often have two girls they liked over for dinner. Afterwards, each man would retire to his own bedroom with his girl and fuck until his needs were satisfied. And so it would be the next evening. Bob had suggested it as a way for Randy to reassert his machismo and forget, at least for a while, whatever conflicting feelings he had for Darius.

But first Bob had to take care of Darius. He went outside and his heart went out to the broken man who looked up at him.

"What did I do wrong, sir?" he pleaded, his beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Be quiet," Bob said, and untied his wrists and unchained his neck. "Let's get you inside and cleaned up. As Darius showered he winced at the soreness of his stomach muscles and Bob noticed the bruises on his body.

"Jesus. What happened to you anyway?"

"I'm not sure, sir. We went swimming, then I helped Randy hang up the hammock. Then I guess I said I loved him and he lost it beat me up. I only wanted to cum looking at him. He hasn't let me cum since I've been here. Almost four weeks it's driving me crazy. You guys turn me on so much my cock is hard all the time. I really need to cum, sir. But I won't until he says I can."

"Look, for now, just stay out of Randy's way. I'll see what I can do. I'll think of something. OK?"

"Thank you, sir." Darius leaned forward to touch him but Bob pulled back.

"That's enough of that. Don't want any more trouble. Oh, and by the way. We're having company tomorrow evening. So stay out of sight, OK?"

"Yes sir. I'm sorry, sir. Thank you, sir"

"Jesus!" Bob breathed to himself.

The dinner had been a good idea and went off well. It was great for the guys to talk and laugh with the girls, leading to the inevitable pairing off for sex in their separate rooms. Bob heard the loud moans from next door and knew that his buddy was enjoying himself. He always played hard, and a bit rough.

When the girls had left, Bob watched Randy preen a little, evidently proud of himself and his sexual prowess. Then they both lay on Randy's bed and fell asleep together. But Randy seemed restless, tossing and turning in fitful sleep. Sometime later Bob reached over for him, but he was gone.

Bob pulled on his shorts and went downstairs. Grabbing a couple of beers, he went outside. It was a full moon and he knew where to look. Randy, wearing his boxers, was leaning against the wall of the shack. Bob walked over and said, "Hey, buddy. Come here." Randy joined him at the window of the shack. The curtains were drawn back and they looked into the small room.

Darius was naked on the bed, sleeping restlessly. He was tossing and turning and murmuring to himself, as if he was having a dream. And all the time his massive ten-inch cock was rock hard. His body was lit by the moonlight that streamed into the room and he looked extraordinarily beautiful. His sculpted muscles flexed as he stirred, and his face was sublime as he dreamed.

"Stunning, isn't he?" Bob said as they both looked at him.

"Yeah," Randy breathed.

"Come here," Bob said, and they went and sat together at the edge of the pool drinking their beer, their legs dangling in the water.

"Look," Bob said. "I know how you feel and why you want to avoid Darius. But he's really a great guy. He's worked so hard to please you and, admit it, you feel a lot of affection for him."

"I know, I know," said Randy. "But the other thing, his lust, his need to I can't handle that."

"Maybe you were a bit hard not letting him have an orgasm. Every time he looks at you he gets an erection. Jesus, he's hard all the time, and it's been a month since he came. He must have built up such a head of steam. When he finally cums it's gonna be like the eruption of a fucking volcano. Wouldn't want to be on the other end of that."

"Yeah, well that's never gonna happen," Randy growled. "While he's in this house, no sex for him, got it? I'll never give him permission to cum."

Bob smiled, "Not willingly, maybe."

"And what's that supposed to mean?" Then Randy grinned, "Asshole."

"Meanwhile," said Bob looking down at the bulge in Randy's shorts. "What you gonna do about that."

Randy grinned. "You're gonna take care of it. On your back."

Bob flipped onto this back in the grass, pulled down his shorts and with his hands behind his knees, pulled his legs upward, exposing his bare ass.

"It's all yours, sir."

"You bet your life it is," and Randy pushed Bob's legs higher. Randy's cock sprang through the fly of his boxers and he brought it up to the beautiful ass that he owned. As he eased the tip into the hole and pushed it gently inside the ass he breathed, "God, I love you. You're so good and so fucking gorgeous," and he slammed his stiff rod deep into the back of Bob's gut.

They gazed into each other's eyes, and that miraculous transformation occurred where they melted into each other's eyes and became one. Their minds, spirits and bodies were united as the big swarthy man flexed and moaned and pushed his cock again and again, deep into his lover's burning hole.

"Here it comes, man," said Randy.

"Yeah," breathed Bob. "My ass is yours, man. Take it."

Randy stiffened and flexed as he felt the cum rising from deep inside him. He felt it in his groin, then his balls and finally pulsing up his raging dick until it poured into his lover's pleading ass. Bob shot his own huge load and threw his head back in ecstasy. There was no feeling in the world like getting his ass fucked by the gorgeous man he loved.

Unseen behind the window of the shack the beautiful black face gazed out in awe. Darius was breathing heavily as he watched the two men he worshipped fucking in the moonlight. His cock was raging hard, his balls pulsing with the load of cum that had been straining for release for a month. But he would wait. He had to. And Bob had promised to take care of it. He would wait

In fact Bob did have something in mind, a long shot that might change Randy's animosity toward Darius though it also risked blowing everything apart.

Randy had got into the habit of relaxing when he got home from the construction site. Bob and Darius always watched in silent awe as Randy stripped naked and dived into the pool. The chiseled body cut through the water with powerful strokes, easing the aching muscles. Then Randy jumped from the pool and, still naked, threw himself down on the hammock and dozed. Usually he stretched his arms and legs to the four corners of the hammock. The spread eagled sleeping giant never failed to cause stiff cocks in the watching men.

And so it was a couple of days later that Bob waited until Randy slept in the hammock, then drew Darius aside and told him what he must do. "I hope this works. If it doesn't then we're both totally fucked. Do whatever I tell you, no matter how nervous it makes you."

A few minutes later the two men stood on either side of the sleeping man spread eagled on his back, his arms and legs stretched to the four corners of the hammock. They each held lengths of rope. Bob took a deep breath, then nodded to the Darius. With lightning speed they brought their ropes up to Randy's wrists and, in an instant, tied them tightly to the top of the hammock.

"What the fuck?...." Randy woke with a start and instinctively looked up at his bound wrists and began tugging at them frantically. With his face turned upward, he didn't see the guys at the other end of the hammock as they just as quickly roped his ankles. Randy was now bound tight, stretched to the four corners of the hammock and at their mercy.

"Fuck you!" He screamed. "What the fuck are you doing? Untie me now or I'll kill you!"

Darius stood out of sight behind the struggling prisoner. Bob came up to Randy and stood between his spread legs. He pushed the edge of the hammock back so Randy's ass hung over the edge, totally vulnerable. Bob watched as the muscular giant tried to twist his body, flexing and jerking as he strained to be free of the ropes. The sight of the struggling body builder immediately made Bob's cock rock hard, which is just what he wanted.

"Forgive me, Buddy. But believe me, you're gonna enjoy this." He moved forward and pressed the tip of his dick against Randy's heaving ass. Looking deep into his lover's eyes he eased forward until the head of his cock slid into the hole.

"NO" Randy screamed. "Back off, man. You mother-fucker. I'll kill you for this."

But his bellowing soon subsided as he felt his lover's hard rod sliding deeper into his ass. God, it felt good. His shouts of fury faded into moans of pleasure as he looked up at the chiseled features of the stunning man and felt his cock penetrate his burning ass. Randy was always a top man and Bob had fucked him only a few times before. He had forgotten how incredible it felt.

"Jesus, man, that's fucking unbelievable. Fuck me, man. Yeah. Push your cock into my hole buddy. Fuck your master's ass." As Bob eased himself forward and back, massaging the inside of Randy's ass with his dick, the bound man moaned in ecstasy, threw his head back and closed his eyes.

Suddenly, Bob pulled his cock all the way out. With his eyes still closed Randy pleaded, "Don't stop, man. I want your cock inside me. Please....." But when he opened his eyes his face twisted in a burst of anger. It was not Bob standing there....it was Darius! And his huge, thick

ten inch cock was rock hard, and inches from the victim's ass. Randy forced himself to speak quietly, his voice steely with anger.

"You fucking piece of shit. If you move another inch you're a dead man. I'll thrash you and then I'll kill you, I swear it. So just untie me now!"

But Bob was right behind Darius and whispered in his ear. "Go ahead. Don't be afraid. Do what I told you."

Trembling with fear Darius looked down at the body builder writhing against the ropes that bound him. Spread eagled he looked magnificent. His wide shoulders and lats tapered to a slim, tight waist and his huge thighs bulged in the effort to get free.

Scared as he was, Darius had never seen anything so beautiful and his cock remained stiff as a rod. He brought the huge head to the opening of Randy's ass, paused, and then pushed hard so the monster dick penetrated quickly.

Randy's head flew back and his screams echoed around the hills as he felt the massive rod push into his gut. He had never felt pain like this. He thought his ass was being ripped open.

"NO!" he screamed. "Pull it out. You're tearing me apart. You fucking bastard. I'll kill you."

Darius withdrew his cock a few inches, then pushed it in again, deeper this time. The pulsing became methodical as he pulled out, then penetrated a bit farther each time. He was entering another world as he looked down at the beautiful man he worshipped, his master, writhing in pain as his, Darius's, cock plunged inside his gorgeous ass. He could never have dreamed of anything like this. He had not had an orgasm for a month and now all his semen was building in his swelling balls. No matter what happened to him after this, it was worth it for this euphoric sensation.

Near exhaustion, Randy's writhing and screaming diminished and he opened his eyes to face his tormentor. He was stunned by the look on the beautiful black face that stared down at him. Darius was in a trance, the ecstasy in his eyes making the perfectly sculpted features serene, sublime, more beautiful than ever. As he moved back and forth his muscles rippled, his coffee colored skin dappled with the shade of the trees above them.

Randy murmured to himself, "God, you're beautiful." Soon he felt no pain, just the unbelievable sensation of this man's huge cock massaging the inside of his ass. He had never felt anything like this. The sight of the man and the feel of his cock were one and the same. Randy was entering a state of rapture as he gazed into the almond green eyes gazing down at him.

Darius sensed the profound change in the man and he pushed harder. Finally he pulled back and plunged his cock all the way deep inside his master's ass, touching a spot in the back of his

gut that made Randy jolt and gasp. He opened his eyes wide as he felt a sensation that sent shockwaves through his entire body like a lightning bolt.

Darius looked deep into his eyes. "Sir please sir may I cum now sir?"

Randy lost all sense of where or who he was. "Yes yes. Cum, man. Cum in my ass."

Darius wanted to be sure. "Do I have your permission to cum, sir?"

Randy yelled, "Yes, dammit. Cum. It feels so fucking good man. You're so fucking beautiful. Shoot your load in my ass. It's all yours. Take it. Please, I'm begging you, man. Please cum in my ass."

"Here it comes, sir." Darius looked down at the muscle god in bondage before him, the man he worshipped. He pulled his long cock nearly all the way out, paused, and then plunged it deep, deep inside the burning hole. His cock shook and pulsed and the orgasm that had been building for weeks like molten lava in a volcano finally erupted, deep inside the man he loved. He pulled back and plunged his cock again, causing another eruption of white hot semen deep inside the man's gut.

Randy's head was thrashing from side to side, his magnificent body shuddering in spasms as he felt his insides bathed with cum. Bob had been standing at the side of the hammock enraptured by this stunning spectacle. His cock was hard as iron as he held it over the heaving body of his lover. "Pull out," he breathed to Darius.

Darius's orgasm was not over, but he pulled his cock out suddenly, sending new spasms into the screaming man. Darius and Bob both held their cocks over the muscle man's heaving body and they erupted simultaneously over the sweating torso. Randy watched as the two beautiful men aimed their streams of creamy cum all over his body and face. The spectacle was too much for him and his own cock shuddered and exploded in a jet of hot semen over his own chest and face. The sight was awesome: three perfect, muscular physiques shooting uncontrollable torrents of creamy liquid over the bound body.

As their heavy breathing subsided Bob and Darius looked down at the pools of cum on the muscular chest. Without thinking, they both dropped to their knees on either side of the hammock. They buried their faces in the hot semen and lapped it up, sucking in the sweet, pungent taste and drinking it down. Bob took in a big mouthful and moved up to Randy's face. He brought his lips to Randy's and the big man greedily swallowed the cum that poured from his lover's mouth.

Finally, Bob pulled back and gave a slight nod to Darius. The black man hesitated, gazing down at his gorgeous master. He figured that by now he had nothing left to lose so he bent down, slurped up a mouthful of cum, and brought his lips to Randy's. Randy breathed in hard, pulling

the cum and Darius's tongue into his mouth and grinding the lips in a long passionate kiss. It was a long time before he let go.

The tangled mix of emotions was heavy in the air. Tentatively Bob untied Randy, who stood up, his heaving muscles streaming with cum and sweat. He did not look at either man but strode straight to the pool and dived in.

Bob and Darius pulled on their shorts and waited anxiously by the pool to learn their fate. Bob had no idea what he had unleashed. And Darius was a wreck, scared not so much that he was in for a beating, but that he would be thrown out of the house.

Randy finally pulled himself from the pool and pulled on his shorts, his body gleaming with water. He strode up to Darius, crossed his arms and looked him straight in the face.

"Well, punk. What have you got to say?"

Darius was trembling. His throat was dry, but finally he was able to croak a reply.

"Th...thank you?....sir?"

Randy stared at him, then threw his head back and roared with laughter. "Come here you asshole." He opened his arms and drew Darius to him in a hug. Then he held him at arm's length and looked into his eyes. "I've been pretty rough on you all these weeks haven't I? I whipped you, worked you hard, beat you and treated you like an animal. And you took it all and came back for more. I admire that in a man. You're a hell of a guy, Darius."

Darius's beautiful face broke into a huge grin. "Thank you, sir."

"But one thing that's not gonna change is the hard work. I'll help you, teach you, look after you, but you'll do everything I tell you to. Clear?"

"Yes sir!"

"And you know you have to get punished for what you did here today."

"Yes sir," said Darius eagerly.

"One more thing." Randy reached behind Darius's neck, took off the leather collar and threw it to the ground. "Welcome to the house, buddy." They shook hands. "Oh, and Bob...." With one sharp pull he ripped the tattered shorts off Darius. "For God's sake get him some clean shorts. Now, Darius, go to bed. Leave me with Bob."

Darius was in paradise. He almost floated back to his shack. Bob smiled in relief. Evidently Randy's emotional log jam had broken and he was now free to express his pent up feelings.

Randy looked at his buddy. "As for you" He grinned. "You fucker" and he pulled him close in a bear hug. "It's scary how well you know me better than I know myself. God, I love you man." Then he pulled back and looked him deep in the eyes.

"You're gonna pay for this, you know."

"I'm counting on it sir."

Randy grinned. "Asshole." He threw his arm around his buddy's shoulder and they walked back to the house.

That night they all fell asleep with thoughts of retribution in their heads. The master had been tied up and fucked in the ass by the other two men. Everyone knew that Randy would have to reassert his supremacy, reemphasize his dominant position in the house. The two men could only imagine what punishment was in store for them.

But one secret Darius was keeping to himself out of fear. Although men had tried, his ass had never been fucked. He had never had a cock inside him

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Chapter 15 – Initiation of Darius

"You'll pay for what you did." Randy smiled at Bob as they lay in bed together.

"Yeah...but it'll be worth it," Bob said. "I'll never forget the sight of that monster dick pumping your ass. I'll jack off for weeks thinking about it."

Randy was still getting his mind around the sight and feel of Darius fucking his helpless ass with his enormous cock.

"Come on, admit it," Bob said. "It felt sensational, didn't it?"

"Smartass. Sure it did....but you knew it would. You know me better than I know myself."

So Randy had now embraced Darius as a member of the household, a buddy even, but he still had to be punished. And his firm round ass was the obvious target. Everyone knew that the big

construction worker would have to reassert his supremacy, reemphasize his dominant position in the house.

As Bob began to fall asleep that night with his arm around his friend's muscular body, he was elated at the way everything had turned out. He had genuine affection for the young black man who was so eager to please the two guys he worshipped. But Bob too would be punished eventually....he knew that, and fantasized about what form it would take. Bob was a powerfully built, self-assured corporate vice president, but he knew he could be reduced to a pleading wreck by his glorious master.

Meanwhile Darius, sleeping alone in his shack, was over the moon. He still could not believe that his first orgasm in a month had been inside of the most beautiful man he had ever seen, his master, the man he lived for. But there was one problem. He knew that Randy would exact his revenge....and this was a source of dread for Darius.

He felt pretty sure that his master would attack his ass, but there was a secret Darius had never dared to share. Although many men had tried to fuck him he had always fended them off. The pain was excruciating and he would never let a cock penetrate his ass. He was a virgin. He could not ever let anyone fuck him, not even the god-like Randy.

In the days that followed the two big guys resumed their jobs and daily routine and Darius worked hard on the renovations of the house. An eerie calm settled over the house as Bob and Darius wondered anxiously about Randy's next move. But Randy was biding his time. Let them wonder....and wait.

There was one thing that increased as a result of the enforced fucking of the master of the house.....Randy's sexual appetite for Bob. He couldn't get enough of him. What Bob had dared to do, tying him up and pounding his ass, had stunned and excited him. Randy and Bob read each other's minds and needs, and this event had brought them even closer.

So Randy's lust for his beautiful, muscular lover now overflowed. At all times of the day or night he reached out for him. Sometimes he expressed his needs in tender love making, sometimes in passionate displays of lust, and often in rough, savage couplings where he would tie Bob up, work him over and fuck him brutally. Bob loved satisfying the voracious hunger of the electrifying muscle stud and willingly submitted to all his emotional and physical assaults.

He never knew when, where or how these attacks would occur....in the bedroom, downstairs in the basement playroom, or outside in the blazing sun. Sometimes in the middle of the night Bob would be aroused from a deep sleep by the muscular body wrapping him in a hug and the big dick pressing against his ass. Still half asleep he felt the huge rod slide into his ass and massage his insides with a rhythmic movement that increased slowly and became an explosion of semen deep inside him.

When he was engaged in a complicated job for his company Bob would often work at home, shutting himself in his bedroom with his spreadsheets and laptop. But often he was interrupted by the sudden arrival of the construction worker on his lunch break. Bob responded immediately. He stood up, stripped naked and fell to his knees. The sight of his ripped body roused Randy even more and he pushed his iron hard dick into the mouth of his lover's beautiful face. Bob came to long for these moments where he drank his lover's hot cum or felt the semen pouring into his ass.

But there was one such time in particular that he would never forget.

Randy had been having a tough morning at the construction site where he was the hard-driving foreman. His orders had been challenged by a burly giant of a contract worker who had a habit of defying the boss. Randy's well-known anger had got the better of him and a fight ensued. The two big men rolled in the dirt, trading brutal punches and kicks in a trial of strength for supremacy. The other guy was getting the upper hand and Randy, battered and bruised, sprawled on the ground with his face bleeding.

He looked up in humiliation as the boot came crashing down, but, with a final supreme effort, Randy grabbed it and twisted the man off balance. He crashed to the ground and they came together again in the dirt. But this time Randy got on top and brought his fist crashing down on the swarthy face until the man submitted and begged for release. Randy got up, dragged the beaten man to his feet and shouted in his face.

"You're fired. Get the hell off the site and don't ever let me see your pathetic face here again."

The man slunk away and Randy stood still, his huge body heaving with anger, exhaustion and pain. His pumped chest flexed under his torn tank that was streaked with mud. He looked over to his second-in-command, and said, "You're in charge Jack. I'll be back." And he strode off the site, leaped into his truck and burned rubber as he peeled off toward home.

Bob had been finishing some work at home before heading off to the office. He had just showered and put on dress slacks, a crisp white shirt and blue tie. He looked admiringly at himself in the mirror. He looked good, every bit the handsome, successful business executive. "Hmm...not bad," he said." Randy had taught him to get off on looking at himself. And he needed to look good today because, as vice president, he was going to have to crack the whip a little in the office. The staff had been slacking and a project was way behind schedule.

He was about to put on his jacket when he was surprised to hear the truck screech to a halt and then the front door slam. Randy burst into the bedroom and Bob looked in amazement. It was obvious his buddy had been in a fight. His anger still boiling over, he stood there, breathing deeply, dressed in old cargo work pants, boots and his grimy tank shirt. He was filthy. The flexed, sinewy muscles of his chest and arms were caked in dirt and blood and his dark swarthy face was bruised and bloody. And he was stinking of sweat.

He didn't say a word. He grabbed Bob by the neck and propelled him through the door and down the stairs to the basement. He threw the muscular executive onto his knees on the bed and in one quick move pulled down his slacks and shorts, exposing his naked ass. In the mirrors lining the room Bob looked up and saw himself, dressed in shirt and tie, on his knees, vulnerable.

He watched nervously as the construction worker ripped open his fly buttons and pulled out his raging cock. He cupped Bob's perfect ass in his hands and in one savage movement, plunged his hard dick deep into his hole. Bob screamed at the sudden brutal invasion of his ass as he felt the back of his gut battered by the head of his master's huge cock.

Venting the rage he had brought with him from the construction site Randy pulled his dick out then jammed it back deep into the ass. The fucking was brutal and merciless. He pounded the burning ass harder than he ever had before and Bob's screams bounced off the walls of the room. Bob watched in the mirror as the filthy, sweating, heaving muscle man concentrated all his anger on the ass of the powerful, handsome executive.

Finally, mercifully, Randy reached his climax. His cock and his whole body shuddered as he pulled back and then pushed deeply into the ass one last time and shot his load. For a few moments he held his dick deep inside, then quickly pulled it out, buttoned up his fly and stormed out of the room. He had not uttered a word.

Bob heard the truck door slam and the squeal of tires as Randy headed back to work. He stumbled to his feet and looked at himself in the mirror. Disheveled in shirt and tie, with his pants and shorts down around his legs, Bob still felt the burning pain in his ass where his buddy had brutally fucked him. The pain, and the image of the ravaged, handsome, half-dressed businessman in the mirror, turned him on and his dick got hard.

He undid his tie and slowly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his solid, rounded pecs underneath. He brought his left hand up and twisted his nipple hard. With his free hand he took hold of his dick and began stroking it. In another mirror he could see his ass, still red from the pounding it had suffered. He flashed on the image of the enraged, filthy construction worker streaked with mud, sweat and blood, fucking that ass, and he jerked himself off, shooting a stream of semen onto the mirror.

He had to put on a fresh shirt, and shorts before he dressed again for work. Then he left the house, to instill some discipline in his slacking staff.....show them who was boss.

That evening both guys got home late from a tough day at work. Bob was in the kitchen fixing a snack, still dressed for the office in shirt and tie. He heard Randy's truck pull up and the next thing he knew a pair of burly arms wrapped round him from behind. Randy whispered in his ear a word Bob had never heard him use. "I'm sorry, man. It's just that a son of a bitch at work made me so fucking mad I....." But Bob interrupted and turned to face him. "Hey....you always say never apologize. And there's no need to. I understand. I'm glad I was here to help."

"I love you, man" said Randy and kissed his mouth hungrily. Bob pulled back and smiled.

"Was that my punishment for tying you up and fucking you the other day?"

Randy grinned back. "No. That was the guy's punishment at work for challenging me. You've still got yours to come, asshole."

"OK, sir," Bob smiled. "You're the boss." Then he frowned as he looked Randy over. The messy construction worker looked about the same as he had earlier, covered in mud, bruised, bloody and sweaty. He was still wearing cargo work pants and boots, with his old, filthy tank shirt tight across his chest.

"You're still a fucking mess, though," Bob said. You look as if you took quite a pounding."

"Yeah, but you should've seen the other guy," Randy grinned.

"And you stink."

"Wanna help with the cleanup?"

"Yes sir!"

"OK. Follow me, Mr. Vice-President....sir" and he grabbed Bob by the tie and pulled him downstairs to the basement room. Randy threw himself fully dressed on the bed and lay on his back, his hands cupped behind his head. Bob got on his knees on the bed, straddling his muscular buddy, rubbing his hands over the filthy tank.

"So go for it," Randy said.

Bob undid his tie and took off his shirt. He was now stripped to the waist, still wearing his dress slacks. Randy looked up at him.

"Jesus. Have I told you lately how fucking gorgeous you are?"

"Er...this morning, in bed, as I recall."

"Asshole. So start cleaning."

With his hands behind his head Randy's armpits were the obvious first target. Bob lowered his head and brought his tongue into the stinking pits lapping feverishly at the stale, rancid sweat. Then he moved his mouth over the broad shoulders, licking greedily down the arm, over the veins that bulged in the huge biceps. He even licked the tank, slick with oil and sweat as it was, exulting in the feel of the massive chest underneath. God, he loved this man. It was his raw, rugged maleness that always turned him on.

"You are such a fucking stud," he said.

"What about cleaning up the face?"

Bob fell forward onto the big torso and rubbed his own chest against the rough, filthy tank. He brought his face close to Randy's and licked the dark five-day stubble on his chin. Then he lapped at the dried blood stains on the cheeks and forehead. The smell of grease and sweat on the construction worker was overpowering and was driving Bob wild.

As he moved his tongue to Randy's lips he was acutely aware of the huge body writhing beneath him. Both men were still wearing pants and Bob's groin was directly on top of Randy's. He ground the bulge in his slacks into the crotch of Randy's work pants. He felt the swelling in his buddy's pants grow hard through the rough fabric.

He looked hard into Randy's eyes and that, as always, did it. They melted into each other and their bodies became one. The grinding of their stiff cocks through the pants became frantic until Randy breathed in Bob's ear, "Now!" And they both shot their huge load of cum inside their pants, soaking their shorts with sticky, creamy liquid. Their bodies shuddered and their breathing heaved.

"Oh, man," Bob sighed as he lowered his head onto the dirty tank stretched across his lover's heaving chest. Randy cupped his big hands around the head and face of the exhausted man. And that's how they fell asleep.

Darius was aware of much of the intensified sexual activity between his two masters. He kept himself out of sight at these times, but when the guys made love outdoors he could watch them through the window of his shack. The sight of them together thrilled him and he jerked himself off to a spectacular climax. Randy had told him that orgasms were no longer off limits.

But the experience was bitter-sweet for the beautiful black man. He watched as Randy fucked his lover hard, and knew that he could never endure that. As much as he worshipped the man, he could never let Randy penetrate his ass. The pain would be too great.....and he had a mental block that he had never confessed to anyone.

Darius was still allowed into the house only when invited by one of the guys, but that was happening more and more. They liked having him around, and he was good at preparing and serving meals. One day they were sitting round the kitchen table drinking beer and Randy asked Darius about something that had been puzzling him.

"One thing I don't understand. We met you at that voyeurs' group of rich guys, and yet you don't seem to have a lot of money."

"I don't have any," Darius said. "I wasn't a member there. I performed for them a couple of times....my big dick and all....and they invited me back as an assistant, like I did when you were there."

"Yeah," Randy said, remembering how Darius had joined in the group fucking his face when Randy was tied up helpless. "I haven't forgotten. That's something else you still have to pay for."

"I bet those guys fucked you good, too," said Bob.

Darius lowered his head. "Not really, sir."

"Shit," Randy said. "Why the hell not?"

Darius raised his eyes, brimming with tears. He spoke haltingly.

"There's something I haven't told you guys. I....I don't get fucked. I can't."

"What?!" Randy slammed his hands on the table. "What the fuck are you saying?"

"Lots of guys have tried, but it's just hurts too much. I've never let anyone fuck me. I can't. And with my big dick they always settled for that. Fucking me was not a big deal."

Randy reached over and cupped Darius's chin in his hands. "Now let's get one thing clear, punk. I'm your master. You and your asshole belong to me. I own that pretty ass and I can do whatever the fuck I like with it. And I am gonna fuck it. Hard. OK? What kind of a guy do you think I am, shithead? Do you really think you could stay here, be my buddy, without me putting my dick up your ass?"

He stopped as tears started streaming from Darius's beautiful eyes. "There's something else, sir. I've never told anyone this."

Bob reached over and touched his hand. "Well you can tell us, Darius. What's the problem?"

Darius hesitated. "When I was a kid my dad used to fool around with me. He said I was cute, called me his pretty boy, and made me suck his dick. He often tried to fuck my ass but I squeezed it tight shut and he could never get in. God, it hurt so bad. He swore he would split my ass open, so I ran away from home. That's about it."

Randy's face clenched in anger. "Jesus Christ," he growled. "I'd like to get my hands on the son-of-a-bitch."

He exchanged looks with Bob and a heavy silence hung over the table. Finally, Randy looked into Darius's eyes.

"How much do you like me, Darius?"

"Sir, I worship you. I'd do anything for you, except.....Please, sir.....please don't send me away."

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes sir.....with my life."

"Look into my eyes."

Darius met the firm gaze in his master's pale blue eyes.

"Listen to me, Darius. Here's what's gonna happen. I am gonna fuck you.....that's not negotiable. Your ass belongs to me and I will fuck you as often as I want. And then I'll give your ass to my buddy here and he'll fuck you. You have two masters, and your ass will be ploughed whenever we want it."

Darius looked terrified and was about to protest.

Randy cut him off. "But I'm gonna give you a break. I won't fuck you until you really want it. And you will want it, I promise you. You'll beg me to put my dick inside you, and then I will. But only then. Deal?"

Darius looked from one gorgeous man to the other.

"Yes, sir," he stammered. "Thank you, sir."

He and Randy stood up, and Randy put his big arm around the younger man's shoulder as he led him to the door. He kissed him lightly on the side of his head.

"Now go to bed. And dream of us. You can jack off if you like."

Darius left, and Randy turned to Bob.

"Poor fucking kid," he said.

After that a strange atmosphere hung over the house. They all went about their usual routine, but there was a heaviness in the air, like the sultry feeling before a storm breaks.

Saturday morning came and the two guys walked out of the house still in their underwear. They saw that Darius had set up breakfast on a table outside in the shade of a tree and was standing waiting for them, he too in boxers and T-shirt. Having lived so long on his own, Darius had taught himself to cook and prepare food, and he had laid out a good meal. Soon the three men were eating enthusiastically.....but in silence. That strange feeling of anticipation was even heavier today. Randy, broke the silence.

"OK. Here's the deal. There'll be no work today. We've earned a day off. The deck's finished, the landscaping looks real good, and the pool's ready. So let's swim."

He stood up, stripped off his T-shirt and shorts and plunged naked into the cool water. Bob did the same thing, stripped and dived in with his buddy. As they swam they saw Darius clearing away the breakfast things. Randy called out.

"Hey, kid. Leave that for later. Come join us."

Darius broke into a wide grin and took off his shirt. He was always a bit shy about his massive cock so he turned his back to drop his shorts. The guys in the pool watched as his ass was exposed. It was perfect.....two exquisitely rounded globes, a shade lighter than the rest of his coffee-colored skin. Randy and Bob looked at each other and grinned. "Not bad, uh?" said Bob.

So the three guys rough-housed with each other in the water, wrestling, struggling and laughing together. Eventually Randy and Bob had had enough. They pulled themselves out and twisted around, sitting on the edge of the pool with their feet in the water. They watched as Darius kept on swimming. He moved smoothly through the water as it streamed over his shoulders, back and legs.

The mounds of his ass sometimes broke the surface of the water and gleamed in the sunlight. Darius was completely unaware that he was turning the guys on. They sat mesmerized by the

sight of the streamlined body and the globes of his ass as they flexed in turn as his legs kicked. Their cocks were rock hard. Randy murmured, almost to himself.

"I've got to have that. I don't care. That sweet ass is mine."

Bob looked at his buddy and saw the determined look on his face that he knew so well. He understood.

"Hey, punk. Come here," Randy called and Darius swam over to them.

"Look what you've done," looking down at the two rigid cocks. "What're you gonna do about that?"

Darius gazed up at his master's swarthy face and knew what he had to do. Still in the water, but grabbing the edge of the pool he pulled himself forward and in one smooth movement brought his mouth to Randy's cock and took it all the way down his throat. Randy threw his head back and moaned as Darius began sliding the thick rod in and out of his mouth. Darius's cock was also rock hard under the water. He was in heaven, giving this beautiful man pleasure and bringing him close to his orgasm.

But Randy pulled out suddenly and said. "Enough. Nobody cums yet, is that clear? Now what about my buddy?"

Darius slid over to Bob's raging hard-on and swallowed his gorgeous cock all the way down. God, it felt great as he raised his eyes and watched the beautiful features of the muscleman as he sighed with pleasure. But again Randy interrupted.

"That's enough. Now step back, Darius." It was shallow enough for him to stand and he faced them expectantly. All three men still had raging hard-ons. Randy looked deep into the black man's almond-shaped eyes and finally spoke..... only now his tone was softer

"Look at these cocks, Darius. You know where they belong, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you ready?"

Darius was mesmerized by Randy's piercing blue eyes. He took a deep breath and stammered, "I.....I think.....Yes, sir. I'm ready."

"Get out of the pool and into the hammock. Wait for me."

When he had gone Bob looked at his buddy. "Are you sure he's ready?"

"No. But I'm damn sure I am!"

"Just go easy with him. Don't push him too hard. Sometimes you can be....."

But Randy whirled on him and snapped, "Are you telling me what to do, asshole?"

"No sir. I would never....." and Bob's voice trailed away.

"Damn right, you wouldn't. Who's the master here?"

"You are, sir. Always."

"OK. Get in the house. Work out or something. Just don't jack off. I'll call you when I'm ready."

Chastened by Randy's harsh reprimand Bob pulled himself from the pool and walked quickly into the house. He pulled on shorts and a tank, went to the basement and worked out hard, stifling the remorse he felt for having pissed his buddy off.

Outside there was a stillness in the air. Randy pulled himself from the pool and strode naked over to the hammock. He looked down at the waiting man who was in the same position Randy had been in a few days before. Darius knew what was expected of him and had stretched his arms up and out to the top corners of the hammock. His legs were stretched out to the bottom corners. Spread eagled he looked stunning.

Randy pulled the body down a little so the perfect black ass was hanging over the end of the hammock. Darius watched as his master picked up pieces of rope and tied his wrists and ankles securely. Randy stood at the foot of the hammock and his piercing blue eyes locked into the anxious green eyes of his prisoner. Something passed between them, an understanding and acceptance of what was about to happen.

Randy dropped to his knees and brought his mouth up to the waiting ass. As he pushed the legs open he was surprised to see that the hole was hairless, entirely smooth.

"God, you have a beautiful ass," he said. "Tell me who it belongs to."

"It belongs to you, sir," Darius breathed.

Randy began to lick the silky skin and pushed his tongue inside the hole. For a long time he sucked hungrily on the quivering ass as Darius moaned in ecstasy. Then the big man stood up and pushed a finger into the hole. He massaged the velvet inside of the ass, then inserted another finger, then another. His fingers twisted inside the hole and Darius was going wild as he looked up at the muscle god standing over him.

"What do you want, Darius?" asked Randy.

"I want you to fuck my ass. Please sir. Please...."

"It's gonna hurt like hell, the first time, you know that."

"Yes sir, but I want it."

"OK."

Randy bent down and kissed the beautiful face lightly on the lips. At the same time he brought the bulging head of his stiff shaft up to the opening of the ass and began to push. Darius felt the first stab of pain and closed his eyes. As Randy increased the pressure the pain got worse and Darius's breathing became ragged.

He fought against the pain, which triggered memories from his past, memories of men trying to penetrate him. It was so intense he became delirious, flashing on the image from long ago of his father pushing against his hole, with stabbing pain that made him clench his ass tight. He did that now as the pain became unbearable and he began to whimper, as he once had to his father.

"No, no. I can't take it. Please stop. The pain.... Please, dad, don't. I'll be a good boy. Just don't hurt me anymore. Stop....please....."

The intense pain made him lose consciousness momentarily. And then, from a long way away, he heard a deep voice calling him. "Darius, open your eyes."

Despite the pain he managed to open his eyes slowly. At first he was blinded by the sunlight, but then he saw the face. It was not his father's. It was the most beautiful face he had ever seen. With sunlight gleaming behind it, the rugged, swarthy, perfectly chiseled face gazed down at him. The pale blue eyes smiled gently at him and he heard the voice again.

"Darius.....I'm inside you."

And it was at that exact moment that Darius fell helplessly and totally in love. It was true....he felt the big head of Randy's cock resting just inside his ass. The pain disappeared. The sensation in his ass was indescribable. He was in another dimension. His ass had been penetrated for the first time in his life, by the most beautiful man in the world.

There was total stillness as he luxuriated in the feeling of his master's cock resting inside his ass. He was hypnotized by the steady gaze from those steely blue eyes. It was as if the eyes were speaking to him. Suddenly Darius was startled to feel his cock shuddering. At first he

didn't know what was happening to him, but then he felt the cum rising from his balls. Desperately he tried to hold it back, but Randy spoke again.

"It's OK, buddy. You can let go. I'll be right there with you."

And as the faces stared intensely at each other, in total stillness the two cocks began streaming with cum. The master smiled down at his beautiful captive as he watched the white liquid splash on the coffee colored chest. His own motionless cock was streaming semen inside the ass he now truly owned. Nothing else moved and their intense gaze never wavered. It was as if they were fucking each other with their eyes.

"I love you," Darius breathed.

Randy smiled, "I know."

The moment stretched into what seemed like an eternity. Even when the orgasms finally came to an end, both throbbing cocks remained totally rigid. At last Randy leaned forward, the head of his cock still inside the ass, and he licked the semen from the smooth chest. He raised his head and pressed his lips to Darius's mouth, sharing the hot cum. They ravaged each other's mouths hungrily for a long time until Randy finally raised his head and breathed into the dazed man's ear.

"And now, Darius, I'm really going to fuck your ass."

"Yes, sir. Please, master. I want you deep inside me. I beg you."

Slowly Randy began to ease his rigid dick deeper into Darius's hole. There was more pain but Darius was beyond feeling it. He watched as the man he loved pushed his rod deep, deep inside his ass, then slowly pulled back. He again felt the thick shaft sliding inside him, then out again, as Randy gently massaged his ass. Darius was intoxicated by the sensation and soon he felt another climax approaching.

"OK, buddy," Randy said. Let's cum together again." And they did. As the head of Randy's dick touched the back of the man's gut they both erupted for a second time. Darius had finally been fucked. Randy had kept his promise. And Darius was in love.

"OK, Bob, get out here!" Hearing Randy's shout Bob ran out of the house, and saw his buddy wiping his dick, staring down at the dazed man in the hammock.

"There he is, buddy," Randy said. "Our beautiful black stallion here has been broken in. Your turn to ride him. He's all yours." And Randy turned abruptly, strode away to the pool and dived in.

Darius still looked as if he were in a hypnotic trance. As his mind began to clear he focused on the big body builder in workout shorts, and tank towering over him. He knew what he was going to do to him, and he longed for it. He also knew that Randy hadn't finished with him yet.

It was obviously going to be a very long day for the handsome young man tied to the hammock.

#

Chapter 16 – The Black Stallion – Broken in

As his mind began to clear Darius focused now on the big body builder in gym shorts and tank towering over him. Bob looked down into Darius's glazed eyes.

"You OK?"

"I.....I feel.....I mean.....he fucked me....he fucked my ass. He's so.....God....he fucked my ass."

"And now he's given it to me." Bob took off his shorts and stood over Darius in just his tight tank, stretched over his chest. "Do you want me to fuck you, Darius?"

Darius looked up at the gorgeous body builder towering over him. "Yes, sir. I just never thought I could, though, but now that Randy has..... "

"....broken you in, as he put it....."

"I've dreamed of your dick inside me ever since I met you."

"Well, buddy.....some dreams really do come true. Here we go."

He moved forward and brought the head of his dick to Darius's hole. The ass was already slick and lubricated by Randy's cum so Bob slid his cock smoothly all the way in. There was no pain. Darius again was in heaven. The feeling this time was different, though.....easy, tender almost, a sweet sensation as his ass was gently massaged by this gorgeous man who had been so kind to him.

They moved in a quiet rhythm together for a long time. Bob marveled at the beautiful face and body beneath him, and saw the change that had come over the young black man. There was a serenity about him now; he was less frantic, less anxious than before. Obviously his experience with Randy had been life-changing.

His asshole felt smooth and silky and Bob groaned in pleasure. He smiled down at Darius and increased the rhythm of his pumping until he could hold back no more.

"OK, buddy. You ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's do it."

And their simultaneous explosions of cum made them both throw their heads back and shout with exhilaration.

"I guess that means you're done." Randy's voice broke into their trance. Bob pulled off his tank and used it to wipe his still pulsing dick.

"Go, swim," Randy said. "I've not finished with him yet."

Alone again with the captive man Randy looked down at him and said, "I guess my buddy treated you real well, uh? Not too rough?"

"He was great, sir."

"Yeah, well I like it rough, Darius. I was gentle with you before because it was your first time. But that's not really me. Now this is how I usually like to fuck. And without missing a beat he plunged his huge dick quickly and savagely into the waiting ass.

Darius's head flew back and he screamed as the long, thick shaft pierced him and slammed against the back of his gut. Randy pulled all the way out and slammed his ass again. Then again.....and again and again. He leaned forward and grabbed Darius's hard nipples, twisting them viciously.

His savagery was fueled partly by his angry memory of Darius fucking his helpless ass so recently, partly by animal lust for this beautiful man, and even, oddly, by his affection for the young man who worshipped him. It was his way of establishing ownership and control over the man he felt so drawn to.

As the pounding continued Darius was rocketed into another world, part pain, part ecstasy as he watched the hard, naked, muscular body pound him brutally. The pain soon disappeared.....or if it was still there he didn't feel it, he was so enraptured by the punishment his ass was receiving from this rugged, dominant muscle god.

Randy heaved breathlessly and his words punctuated the lunging of his huge body. "You think you could get away with tying me up and fucking my ass? This, punk, is a real fuck. Your ass is mine. I'm gonna pound it whenever and wherever I want to. And this is what it feels like."

He attacked the ass with even more ferocity and Darius started to yell. "Yes, sir. Please torture my ass rip it open it's yours I love it I love you, sir."

Randy let go of his captive's nipples and grabbed Darius's rigid dick.

"Now I'm gonna jerk you off while I cum in your ass. And I wanna see your spunk shoot right up into your face, is that clear?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir," Darius screamed back.

His master's big, rough hand wound round his dick and began to slide up and down. Darius watched the veins stand out on the huge arm as the bicep flexed with the rapid pumping action, jerking his dick faster and faster. He felt the stream of sweat pouring down on him from the naked body builder as he worked savagely on the ass and dick. He loved the salt taste as the sweat dripped into his mouth. Finally Darius could hold back no longer. A huge, hot stream of creamy liquid shot like a canon from his dick and splashed over the chiseled features of his face.

"YES," Randy bellowed and his own cock exploded. As his cum poured into the black man's ass he still pumped the rigid dick with his hand and two more huge jets of semen shot out over the coffee-colored body. Darius's face was now streaming with his own cum, and he could feel his master's cum filling his ass. There was a long silence, then suddenly Randy pulled out his cock and it swung over the exhausted prisoner.

As both men sweated and heaved in breathless exhaustion they looked into each other's eyes. No words were needed, or even possible. Darius had been fucked again, this time brutally. His hole had been savaged in a way he would never forget. It was something he would crave every day from now on.

"I guess that was one of your 'special' fucks, uh?" Bob asked. They were lying on the grass together.

"The kind you know so well," Randy grinned.

"Doesn't get much rougher than that."

"I think he might need some tender loving care right around now. You up for it?"

Bob smiled, "Sure."

"Then go take care of him."

Bob jumped to his feet and, still naked, strode over to the hammock. He looked down at the aching body. Then he untied him, first the wrists, then the ankles.

"You're free," he said. You can get down if you want."

"I want you, sir. Please."

"Even after Randy pounded your ass like that?"

"Please, sir."

The sight of the gorgeous body that had already been ravaged by both of them made Bob's dick rock hard again. He moved close to the waiting ass and slowly pushed his rod deep inside. Darius sighed deeply as he felt his ass being gently massaged and he looked up at the body builder he had come to love and respect so much. The feeling now was warm and tender, rather than hot and savage. Bob's eyes smiled with affection rather than raw lust.

Darius reached up and put the palms of his hands over Bob's bulging pecs and dug his fingers in. Then he took hold of the nipples and began twisting them. Bob threw his head back in the ecstasy of the double erotic sensation, in his cock and his chest.

"Take hold of your cock," Bob instructed.

To his surprise Darius brought both hands and wrapped them around his huge cock. It was long enough for him to grasp it with one hand above the other. The sight was mesmerizing for Bob....the sculpted face, the perfectly formed, chiseled body and the massive cock being massaged by both hands.

"You are so fucking beautiful, you know that?" Bob breathed.

"Thank you, sir."

The two men moved together in a union of mind and body until they felt the passion rising in their loins. Bob smiled down at him and he did not need to speak the command. At exactly the same moment they shot their loads one inside the black man's ass, the other high in the air as Darius held his cock rigid. The shooting arc of semen hit Bob in the face and he drank in the hot, creamy liquid as it ran down to his mouth. He leaned forward and pressed his lips against the other man's so the cum ran between the two mouths.

When it was over Bob smiled at the exhausted young man.

"So now you've had it both ways rough and gentle. And there's a lot more where that came from. Come sit with us on the grass." Darius struggled to his feet, rubbing his chafed wrists, and stumbled after Bob to the big construction worker watching them approach.

The rest of the day was one of the most magical any of the three men could remember. They swam, lazed in the sun, ate and drank together. In the late afternoon, as they all lay naked on the grass, Randy pulled Darius's body toward him and once more pushed his dick inside the perfect mounds of his ass. He fucked him for a while, and then Bob said,

"Hey, buddy, don't be selfish. Let me have a piece of the action?"

"OK, go for it," Randy laughed, pulled his dick out and rolled Darius over on the grass to his buddy. Bob slid his cock into Darius's soft, moist hole and fucked him rhythmically. In the glowing light as the sun began to go down the two men took turns entering the perfect ass they both owned, passing the dazed man from one to the other. As he looked at the two muscle gods fucking him in turn Darius was in paradise. This, he thought, is what heaven must be like.

In the following days Randy decided they should fix up what had been Darius's shack into a proper pool house, with bedroom and bathroom and a small wrap-around porch. Under Randy's expert construction guidance they all three worked hard at it and soon it was a small home fit for a man the two lovers had come to regard with affection and respect not to mention lust.

"Now we make plans for you, young man," Randy announced. "First, I bought you a bike so you can get around on your own. You can go out in your free time whenever you like. You're free to come and go, but with some ground rules. You never meet anyone else without my approval. And you never, ever, think of anyone sexually except us. In fact, when you jack off, as I'm sure you will, you are to think only of us. Is that absolutely clear?"

"Yes, sir. That part's easy. I only ever think of you guys all the time."

"And you have to earn your own money. Have you ever worked in construction?"

"Quite a lot, sir. Ever since I ran away from home I've looked after myself, and I did a lot of work as a day laborer."

The thought of Darius as a kid, shunned by his family, trying to make it on his own as a day laborer moved Randy with a wave of sympathy and affection, sentiments he was not usually given to.

"OK, here's what we'll do. I have a couple of vacancies at the site. I had to fire a guy a few days ago, as Bob knows well."

Bob caught his buddy's look and remembered the savage fucking he had endured, as the enraged Randy took out on him all the fury he felt at the guy he had fought with.

"So I'll hire you on probation. But there will be strict rules. I'm now the site manager down there and my foreman is my buddy Jack. He'll be your boss, and I'm his. You will answer to Jack and do exactly what he tells you. It won't be easy, especially at first, and you will receive no special treatment just because you live here. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Darius replied, thrilled at the thought of working with, and for, this man he worshipped.

"Good, you start tomorrow."

In the weeks that followed Randy watched Darius at work and he was impressed. The guy was not afraid of hard work and the rest of the crew respected that, even though he was very much the junior on the site. Randy's office was in a trailer at one side of the site and he could keep an eye on the whole crew from there. As Darius worked, often stripped to the waist, Randy watched through the window of the trailer and always had to suppress the erection that the beautiful image caused in him.

One time, in fact, when Darius was pounding a concrete slab with a heavy hammer, the sculpted black muscles rippled and poured with sweat and the beautiful face grimaced with effort. Randy could not hold back. He locked the door of the trailer and pulled his dick from his work pants. His face behind the slatted blinds at the window, he marveled at the sight of the man as his muscles strained.

"God, he's gorgeous," he breathed to himself, and with a few strokes of his cock brought himself to his climax. He shot a huge stream of cum onto the wall. Some of it even hit the window and he quickly wiped it off before any of the guys noticed. "Shit, man. The things this guy does to me...."

Then one day the shit hit the fan.

It had been a rough day on the construction site. They had hit a snag and were way behind schedule, so Randy and his foreman Jack were riding the crew hard and everyone was on

edge. It was especially tough on Darius who had been assigned a difficult job by Jack. He was trying to pull up a beam by a cable through a pulley, but it kept swinging round dangerously.

"Keep it steady," Jack shouted.

"I'm trying to but it's tied wrong," Darius shouted back.

"Just pull harder."

"That's no good," Darius shouted in frustration and anger. "It needs one cable at each end, not just one in the middle."

"Do what I'm telling you. I'm not asking you to do anything I wouldn't do."

"Then you do it, asshole. I'm finished."

"Fuck you, man. You're finished when I say you are."

Darius lost it. "And fuck you too. You don't tell me what to do. I don't give a shit about you. You're not my boss, anyway. He is," and he pointed at Randy who had been standing nearby listening.

Randy flushed and strode over to them. "I'll handle this Jack," he said and grabbed Darius by the back of his T-shirt. Half carrying him he pushed him roughly to the trailer and shoved him through the door. Inside he threw him bodily across the room, tearing his shirt, and the terrified black man crashed against the wall. He turned to face the boss whose face was etched with fury, his body heaving. Randy locked the door behind him.

"What the fuck was that?" he yelled. "You stupid fucker. Nobody ever talks to Jack like that. You crazy or something?"

"Sir, I didn't mean to....."

"Shut up! You fucking shithead," and he gut punched Darius who doubled over in pain. As Randy shouted at him he punctuated his words with more hard punches to his gut. "This is what you get for mouthing off. And this!" The agonized man fell to his knees coughing and doubling up in pain.

"Get up!" and he hauled him to his feet. "Look at me. Have you lost your mind? I told you that Jack's your boss. You do whatever he tells you. And I'm Jack's boss. So when you mouth off to him, you mouth off to me. When you disobey him you disobey me. When you disrespect him you disrespect me."

"Sir, I didn't realize....."

"I told you to shut up!" He stood there seething with anger. Darius had never seen him like this and he was terrified.

"If this were anyone else I'd fire their ass. You can count yourself lucky that all I'm gonna do to your ass is fuck it!"

In a quick succession of moves Randy swept the plans and blueprints from off the workbench, grabbed Darius by the back of the neck, pushed him forward over the bench, and yanked down his pants and shorts.

"I'm giving you a chance. If you don't make a sound, not one, I'll think about keeping you on. But one scream, one moan even, and you're off the job and out of the house."

Randy ripped open the fly of his workpants, pulled out his raging dick and plunged it in one savage move into the black man's ass. Darius had never felt pain like this, but with a supreme effort he managed to clamp his jaw shut and remain silent. Randy pulled out and then the horrific pain stabbed the shuddering man again as the long, thick rod pierced his hole and crashed against the back of his gut.

This was a fucking like no other. It was fueled by raw anger. There was no lust, no attraction, nothing but blind fury. Darius knew that this was his punishment and he felt no excitement as his master fucked him, only deep, penetrating pain that shook his whole body. As the savage pounding continued Darius gripped the far edge of the bench and gritted his teeth.

As the head of his master's dick smashed into the back of his asshole he almost screamed, but managed to stifle it. Instead, his eyes streamed with tears and he choked back his sobs. He thought his agony would never end. Yelling obscenities Randy penetrated deep inside the agonized man until they were both on the edge of exhaustion. With one last shattering plunge Randy hit the depths of Darius's ass and shot his load.

"Don't you dare cum," he hissed in Darius's ear. The devastated, tortured man slumped over the bench in pain and exhaustion. His body heaved with sobs and his tears mingled with the sweat pouring down his face. Randy pulled his head back, swung him around and let loose a stream of hot, rancid piss full in his face. It poured down his cheeks, into his mouth and down over his heaving chest. As Darius looked up at the man who had brutalized him so thoroughly Randy got his first glimpse of his utter misery.

"Pull up your pants and get out here," Randy growled and he yanked open the door and left the trailer.

He joined Jack and they both looked toward the trailer. Darius came through the door, missed his footing on the steps and fell to his knees. He picked himself up and stumbled toward them,

his face streaked with tears, sweat and piss. His T-shirt was shredded and hung from only one shoulder.

"OK, guys, listen up," Randy shouted to the crew. There was sudden silence on the site. "This man has something to say to his boss."

Darius was a picture of abject misery and humiliation as he looked up at Jack. He was trembling, his ripped, soaking shirt hung from his broad shoulder, and he showed signs of his beating. His voice cracking, he began to speak.

"Sir, I'm sorry for what I said...."

"Louder," Randy yelled. "We can't hear you."

Darius cleared his throat and spoke up clearly. "Sir, I apologize. I lost my temper and said things I didn't mean. I never should have disrespected you. You are my boss and I'll do whatever you say. Please forgive me, sir."

There was a stunned silence as the whole crew looked on. Jack broke the silence. "OK, guys show's over. Back to work." Looking at the broken man he said more softly. "You, go and give a hand to Dave over there." He pointed to an older man, one of the senior hands on the site, who was looking on with sympathy. Dave put his arm round the shuddering man's shoulders and put him to work.

"Sorry about that, Jack," Randy said. "I don't think you'll have any more trouble with him."

"Aw, I was pushing him too hard, maybe."

"No, Jack. Nobody talks to the foreman like that and gets away with it."

"I've never seen a man so crushed. You sure know how to whip a guy into shape. Maybe one day you'll show me the methods you use."

"Maybe one day, buddy."

"I'll look forward to it."

"Be careful what you wish for, Jack."

They grinned, bumped fists and got back to work.

Jack looked over his shoulder and said. "By the way, boss. Darius was right about the cables. There should have been two."

Back in his trailer Randy was a mess. The whole episode had shaken him up and he didn't know why. His mind was reeling as he thought back over what had happened. The end of the work day finally came and he left the trailer. All of the guys had left, and Darius was the last. Randy watched as he picked up his bike and rode out to the street.

"Shit!" Randy said to himself and banged his fist against the trailer. "Fucking shithead!"

He made a last check of the site, then locked up and jumped into his truck. As he drove along Hollywood Boulevard toward home he passed the bedraggled figure on his bike. The sight brought tears to his eyes. "Fuck, man, what's happening to me?" He pulled over, waited for Darius to catch him up and he leaned out of his window.

"Here! Throw your bike in the back of the truck and climb in. I'll give you a ride. You can't bike though the streets looking like that."

Without a word Darius did as he was told. And they rode home in complete silence, each with his own swirling thoughts.

At home they made no eye contact. Darius pulled his bike from the truck and walked it out to his pool house. He went in and closed the door behind him. Randy slammed the truck door, went into the house and slammed that door too. Bob was in the kitchen drinking a beer, reading the paper. Without saying a word Randy got himself a beer from the fridge, slammed the door and sat, staring down at the table.

"OK, buddy," Bob said. "What's wrong?"

Randy looked up. "The stupid mother fucker. Stupid fucking kid!"

"What happened?" And Randy told the whole story, all the details. Bob heard loud and clear the anger and emotion in his voice.

"So, he misbehaved and you punished him. Case closed," Bob said.

"But he made me so fucking angry. How could he do that? Jesus, I....." and his hand shook as he grasped the beer.

"Randy, who are you angry at.....Darius, or yourself?"

"Asshole. What d'ya mean. Why would I.....?" But he checked himself and looked into his buddy's eyes. He smiled for the first time. "Fuck you. You always know me better than I know myself. You can read me like a book. You know my thoughts before I even think them. Yeah, of course I'm angry with myself.... that I got so pissed off. As usual I let my anger take over."

"I'm familiar with that," Bob grinned. "And I've the painful memories to prove it."

Randy smiled back, "Yeah, well you deserved it and enjoyed it. Seriously, though, do you think I was too hard on him?"

"Well, humiliating him in front of the whole crew was a bit over the top."

"Yeah, you're right. I don't know why I feel so bad about it, though. I'm so fucking confused."

Bob put his hands over Randy's. "Listen buddy. You've never really admitted to yourself how much you like him. He's a great kid. And you feel affection for him, even love. Not to mention lust. Admit it."

"Shit, man, I think of him like a kid brother. I always wanted a brother I could take care of, protect, teach, show him right from wrong. That's what I have in Darius. And this afternoon I fucked up big time."

"You beat him, tortured his ass, scared him to death and humiliated him in front of all his buddies. Yeah, I'd say you pretty much fucked up."

"I don't know what to do."

"That's easy. Go to him. He's probably sobbing himself to sleep right now."

"Yeah dammit. You're right."

And Randy stood up and went out to the garden.

He didn't knock. He yanked open the pool house door and went in. Bob had been right, as usual. Darius was lying face down on the bed, but when he heard Randy come in he shot up and stood in front of him. He flinched as if he expected more punishment. He stood there in his shredded T-shirt and jeans, his face tear stained, and his expression one of fear and desolation. Randy's heart went out to him. He reached out and Darius flinched again.

"I'm not gonna beat you, asshole. But we gotta get rid of this," and he yanked the torn shirt clear off his body. Darius stood facing him and started to speak.

"Sir, I wanted to explain, to apologize for..."

"Be quiet," Randy said softly.

"But I can't believe I disrespected you, sir. I worship you. I love you."

"Not quite the same thing as respect."

"You're the last man in the world I would make angry...."

"I told you to be quiet. Look, it was a rough day. Let's just say there was more than enough poor judgment to go around. It wasn't just you. But that's all in the past. Let's live for the present. Get naked."

Surprised, Darius quickly dropped his pants and took off his shorts. Randy stripped too and they both stood there naked. As they looked at each other both their cocks started to rise and that made them laugh.

"Get on the bed. Lie on your side facing the wall."

Randy looked down at the perfectly formed shoulder and arm, and the graceful curve of the back tapering down to the full, rounded curves of the ass he had so recently ravaged. He would make up for that now. He climbed onto the bed and lay close behind Darius and held him tightly in his arms. He heard the contented sigh of the man as his body relaxed.

Randy's cock was now rigid and it was easy to slip it quietly and smoothly between the cheeks of the gorgeous ass. He felt the other man's body tense momentarily, then relax like a bird coming to rest and folding its wings. Holding the soft, brown body tightly he moved his cock slowly, deeper into the eager ass, and then began to move in and out. The two bodies, wound tightly together, moved in unison with a gentle rhythm. There was no hurry. The love making continued for a long time until finally Randy said,

"You want to cum?"

"Please sir."

And they both came. There was no sound, except for their breathing as they lay still and calm. Randy did not pull out. He left his cock buried deep inside the warm, velvet ass and pulled even closer to Darius.

As they were drifting off to sleep, Randy whispered to Darius,

"Oh, by the way you were right about the cables."

"I know I was, sir."

Randy smiled and murmured to himself, "That's my boy."

And with the master's cock buried in the young man's body, that's how they slept all night long.

"Get up, punk. Early start today." It was 5am and Randy was already on his feet, shaking Darius awake. "I'm gonna shower here. Bob will still be asleep and I don't want to wake him at this hour. Come on."

Darius shook himself awake and followed the big, naked man to the bathroom. Randy stepped into the shower but Darius hung back. "Come on," Randy said. "No point in wasting water. Come and soap me up." He turned the shower on full blast and Darius rubbed the soap in his hands. He brought his palms up to the big slabs of Randy's chest and began to rub soap over them. His cock got hard instantly.

It was pure body worship as he spread thick suds over the taut muscles. He ran his hands over the broad shoulders, biceps and pecs and down to the trim waist. He gasped with excitement as he caressed the body builder's muscles. As his hands dropped below the waist they touched Randy's long, thick cock that was fully erect.

"Well?" Randy asked.

Darius didn't need to be told. He dropped to his knees, rinsed the soap off the rigid shaft and drew it into his mouth. He was in ecstasy as he moved his head back and forward, taking the dick deep into the back of his throat. It didn't take long. As he stroked his own cock with his free hand Darius felt the construction worker's cock shudder in his mouth. Suddenly Randy pulled out and a hot stream of thick liquid hit Darius full in the face and ran down his chin. His own cock erupted simultaneously.

Darius looked upward. Through the film of cum, steam and pouring hot water he had a shimmering image of the man he loved and he gasped at the sight. He would do anything for this man. He would take a beating every day if it meant that he could service the muscle god he held in such awe. He fell forward and threw his arms around the thickly muscled thigh of his master, pressing his cheek tightly against the leg.

Randy smiled down at him. "That's enough. Now rinse off and get dressed."

They left the shower, dried themselves, and Darius pulled on his jeans and boots. He picked up the shredded remains of his T-shirt from the day before and looked questioningly at Randy.

"This was my last one, sir," he said.

"What do you mean?" Randy pulled open a drawer in the small chest and laughed as he looked down. It contained only one pair of threadbare boxers.....nothing else.

"You poor fucker. Is this all you have?"

"Yes, sir. You remember? You burned the clothes I came here in."

"Yeah, that's right. Wear this," and he tossed him his own T-shirt. It was much too big for Darius and hung on him. They laughed as he looked in the mirror."

"Right," Randy said. "After work we'll take you clothes shopping and get you kitted out. Time for work. We'll get a bite to eat on the way." And they left the house quietly so as not to disturb Bob.

It was about an hour later that Bob woke up. He reached over for Randy.....but he was not there. Must have left early. Funny he didn't hear him get out of bed. Then the truth hit him. Randy must have spent the whole night with Darius, in his pool house.....in his bed.

Suddenly the house seemed very empty. And, oddly, Bob himself felt kind of empty.....confused.....forlorn, somehow. His mind swam with confused thoughts. He was pleased that Randy and Darius were finally bonding, that Randy had someone like the kid brother he had always wanted. But where was this going?

Suddenly a sharp sensation went through him like a knife. He missed his buddy like hell. Then the realization hit him. This was the first night he had not slept with Randy since they first met.

#

Chapter 17 – Flight to the Forest

As he lay restlessly in bed Bob's mind ran over events since Darius had arrived. Randy's interest in the beautiful young black man had quickly become intense. He had welcomed him into the house and had been the first man to penetrate his virgin ass. He had put him to work on the construction site, disciplined him savagely when he got out of line and then, overcome with remorse, had spent the night with him, no doubt, Bob thought, making tender love to him.

Bob was pleased that Randy had become fond of Darius, treating him like a kid brother. But he couldn't shake the feeling that his buddy had suddenly transferred all his affection to the younger man. Perhaps he found the beautiful young black man more sexually arousing than he did Bob. Did he still turn Randy on as much as he always had?

Subconsciously he wanted to reassure himself that he still looked good desirable to Randy. And now was the time, because there was something more immediate he had to take care of. He was horny as hell. With Randy giving all his attention to Darius, Bob hadn't had an orgasm

for days and he had built up a real head of steam. He got out of bed and looked at himself in the full-length mirror.

Yeah, he looked damn good. Randy had taught him to get off on himself in the mirror and as he stood there in his underwear, a tight white tank and boxers, he flexed his gym-perfect muscles. He ran his hands over the bulge in his shorts as he became aroused by his own image in the mirror. He pulled his dick through the fly of his shorts and began to stroke it. His long, thick rod became rock hard in seconds. He ran his free hand over his chest, and was turned on by the feel of his solid muscles underneath his tank.

Remembering what had excited Randy so much, he took hold of the cotton tank and began to stretch it slowly. Soon there was a ripping sound as, bit by bit, the shirt began to tear. One shoulder ripped away and as the fabric hung loose from the other shoulder he looked in awe as it exposed one of his sinewy pecs. He pulled again and tore off the other side, so the shredded shirt dropped to hang round his waist. He pulled down his shorts, kicked them away and stood back to admire the muscle god in the mirror.

He was naked now except for the torn white cotton clinging to his waist. He admired his broad shoulders, the sculpted slabs of his pecs, his wide lats tapering past solid eight-pack abs to a trim waist. He smiled at the handsome face with its chiseled features, the lantern jaw and deep brown eyes.

He reached under the torn tank shirt and resumed massaging his cock. He narrowed his eyes and the image in the mirror became someone else, a gorgeously sculpted body builder. He began to fantasize and spoke to the mirror image.

"Jesus, you're fucking beautiful. Look at that body man Yeah, flex those big muscles for me. Remember when you were tied up and whipped? Remember how you flexed when the lash wound round that huge body? Yeah, feel it, man. Feel the pain in that gorgeous body. You fucking beautiful naked slave. Remember how your master broke you by making you cum? But you're tough, you won't cum. But you can't take it can you, man? So get on your knees, fucker. Start to beg."

He fell to his knees, enraptured with the image of this big powerful man being degraded by his master. As he pumped his cock he spoke again, lost in his fantasy.

"Feel that whip man. You can't take much more, can you? He's gonna break you ... he's gonna make you submit and shoot your load. But you don't wanna cum, do you? So beg him to stop"

Bob flashed on the memory of Randy standing behind him, torturing him.

"Please, sir. I can't take it. You're ripping my body to pieces. The whip is killing me. Look at that muscular body being torn apart. Please, master. I'll do anything. Just don't make me cum.

Aaah, no! Please stop thrashing me. I give up, sir. I submit, master. I'm your slave. But please don't make me cum, sir. Please, I'll do anything but Noooh!!!"

His cock shuddered and he let lose a massive stream of hot semen that splashed all over the mirror. It arced high and hit the reflection of his face, running down over the straining torso, the flexing shoulders and biceps that had, in his fantasy, been so brutally beaten. He fell forward and brushed his face against the warm semen on the mirror. He licked the cum-splashed image of his face, lapped at his tongue, kissed his own face.

He pulled back and, on his knees, looked in awe at the broken man, body heaving, streaming with sweat, cum streaming down him, the shredded remains of his shirt hanging round his waist.

"You're finished," he said to himself. "You've thrashed yourself. You are your own slave."

As the gleaming body builder stood up and wiped the sweat and cum off his body with the torn tank, he smiled into the mirror. That proves it, he thought. He knew he was still physically and sexually desirable ... he knew he could turn Randy on like no other man could. So that was not the problem.

After a quick shower Bob sat down to a solitary breakfast, his usually healthy mix of oatmeal, brown-rice protein powder, yoghurt and granola. He stirred the bowl absently as his mind fixated on Randy. He wasn't sure where all this was going. He would have to wait and see.

Time for work. He dressed quickly. He unfolded a crisp new white shirt, put on a striped red tie and pulled on his best dark gray suit. He was transformed from a cum-covered slave into the confident, successful vice-president that looked back at him from the mirror.

An hour later he was sitting in on an especially boring board meeting. His memory flashed back to the scene of earlier that morning, the image of him pumping come all over his mirror image, and his cock became rock hard. It stayed hard in his pants under the conference table as he gave his presentation of the sales figures to the board. As they thanked and praised him for his speech he smiled and thought to himself, "If they could only have seen me two hours ago...."

His thoughts wandered again to the tangle of relationships at home. Maybe, he thought, Randy's fascination with the man he looked on as a kid brother would diminish and he would come back to Bob with the love and passion they had always felt for each other. He smiled to himself. If all else failed ... well ... he always had the man in the mirror.

Meanwhile Randy and Darius were hard at work. Earlier, in the truck, the dominant construction worker had told the young man how things would be. At work Randy would be distant; he would treat him like one of the crew no special treatment.

"I'll have a word with Dave. He's a great old guy. He'll take care of you. Just do what he tells you to, OK?"

"Yes, sir."

When they had arrived at the site Randy went over to the older man and said, "Keep an eye on him, will you, Dave? He'll work hard. Help him as much as you can, buddy."

"Sure thing, Randy," said Dave, with a knowing look.

"Shit," thought Randy. "He's a canny old bird. Probably knows, or guesses, everything."

After work Randy drove Darius over to the nearby Target store on Santa Monica Boulevard. He had promised him they would pick up some clothes for him as he had none of his own. Randy got off on helping Darius make his choices. He smiled as the young man tried on shirts and pants. Shit, he looked good in everything.

"Wanna get a beer on the way home?"

"That'd be great, sir."

"And listen. You can ease off on the 'sir' most of the time. We're buddies now, OK."

"Yes, sir"...I mean...." And Randy roared with laughter.

Over many beers at the bar Randy listened intently as Darius described his difficult early life, how he was physically and sexually abused by his father and ran away from home to fend for himself. Randy looked deep into his eyes, moved by his candor, his struggles and the toughness he had shown in overcoming them.

"Well, don't worry anymore," Randy said. "You've got me to take care of your now." He reached over and rubbed the top of his head affectionately. They were both a bit drunk when they left, and they drove home with Randy's arm over the younger man's shoulder. They got home late. Darius went straight to his pool house and Randy walked through the house where Bob had already finished dinner.

"Sorry we're late," Randy said. "After the store we stopped at the bar, and you know how that goes. I'm gonna check that he's OK." And he walked straight out the back door, leaving Bob alone again, and strode over to the guest house where Darius was trying on his new clothes.

"Looking good," Randy said. "But there's one way you look even better. No clothes at all."

Darius grinned at him and quickly stripped naked.

"That's better. Now come here," and he pulled the beautiful black body into a tight embrace. They fell onto the bed and in a few minutes Randy's cock was inside the willing ass and their bodies turned over and over as they made love yet again. It had been a long day and they were soon asleep, locked in each other's arms like the night before.

So for a second night Bob slept alone. He understood very well that Randy was establishing his big-brother relationship with the young man and he was OK with that. "Bonding, I think they call it," he thought to himself. But that didn't help the loneliness he felt and his foreboding about the future.

The situation did not improve as the week wore on. Randy and Darius were having a good time getting to know one another. They talked a lot, laughed together, and spent much of their time in the guest house. Bob was being ignored, but he rationalized that Randy was like that. When he was enthusiastic about something he became obsessed with it, to the exclusion of everything else.

By the weekend things were coming to a head as Randy had spent most nights with Darius and Bob realized things were getting serious. Finally, one night, Randy did sleep with Bob at least for a while. As he always did when next to his lover Bob had a hard on. But Randy was preoccupied and paid little attention. Suddenly Randy got up and walked naked out of the bedroom. Bob knew he was going to Darius.

That was enough. Bob got up, pulled on his clothes, and wrote a note. He gathered a few things from the closet and silently left the house and drove away.

In the morning Randy pulled himself out of Darius's bed, pulled on his boxers, and walked into the kitchen of the main house. He went to get some milk and saw a note taped to the refrigerator. As he read it he froze.

"Sorry, buddy. Had to get away for a few days. Needed some time to myself. Time to think. Be happy with Darius. Take care of him. He's a great guy. I love you.....B"

Randy took a deep breath and looked up at the ceiling. It was as if a bright light suddenly flashed on. His world came crashing down as reality hit him in the face like a bucket of cold water. He saw the whole picture. "Jesus Christ. I am such a fucking asshole What the hell am I doing? I've been a selfish fucking prick." He walked aimlessly round the room trying to gather his thoughts.

Bob was his life. But he had been so caught up in his new relationship with Darius that he had treated his buddy liked shit. He became frantic. He had to go to him, talk to him, beg for forgiveness. "How could I treat you like that? Where the fuck are you, man?" He punched the wall. "Shit ... damn....I need you, buddy."

He paced the floor in a rising panic. He felt lost, spinning out of control. Then a sudden thought hit him and he looked in the closet. As soon as he saw that some of the camping gear was missing he knew where Bob had gone. He grabbed one item from the closet, ran out of the house, leaped into his truck and sped away toward the freeway. Soon he was heading north to the Angeles Crest Highway. He would find his buddy in their special place in the forest, he was sure. He just hoped to God he was not too late.

His thoughts were racing and he spoke to himself. "I can explain I'll try anyway I'll beg his forgiveness." He was racked with guilt and there was only one way he knew to deal with it. "I need to be punished, that's it. There's only one way I know. I need to be hurt, man..... Please, buddy" and his hand gripped the bullwhip on the seat beside him.

In his frenzy he almost missed the turnoff from the highway onto the dirt road they had taken before. It led to a lake high in the Angeles Forest where they had gone soon after they met. Here they had shared one of their most intense experiences together, and first realized they were in love. As his truck bumped along he prayed that his instinct had been right and that Bob had returned to this place.

He almost shouted with joy when he finally saw Bob's SUV parked by the lake, at a small beach surrounded by trees. He screeched to a halt, leaped from the truck and looked frantically for his friend. No sign of him.

He was about to start yelling when he saw splashing far out in the lake, coming closer to shore. It had to be Bob. With powerful strokes the figure swam closer and finally stood up in the water and began striding to the small beach. Randy looked in awe at the stunning, sculpted figure of the beautiful naked man, his muscles rippling after his long swim. As he strode ashore, his body streaming with water, the sun reflected off the water and bathed his magnificent body in glittering light. He truly was a muscle god.

Randy murmured to himself, "Damn, he's a knockout. He is so fucking gorgeous. How could I have been so fucking stupid?"

Bob had seen the figure of the construction worker standing by the lake and his heart leapt. The sight of his buddy was enough to make everything right. He had come for him. He left the water and walked toward Randy but then he saw in the bullwhip in his hand. He knew he would be thrashed for leaving so suddenly. He stopped, put his hands behind his back and hung his head in submission.

Randy stepped forward, unfurled the whip and held it out to Bob.

"No, man," he said softly. "This is for you. You must use it. I need it."

Bob frowned in confusion but Randy stopped him from speaking.

"I've been such a damn fool. I love you, man, you're my life, and I treated you like shit. I was an arrogant prick. I feel so guilty and there's only one way I know to get rid of the guilt, to purge it. I need to be punished hurt physically. You know me so well sometimes physical pain is the only language I understand. Please, sir. Whip my body."

Bob was stunned. At this moment all he wanted to do was take Randy in his arms. For him there was nothing to forgive. But Randy was right Bob knew him well and knew that he could never forgive himself unless he was physically punished by the man he had betrayed. He knew what he must do, the role he must play. So he reached out and took the whip.

Bob stood looking at the brawny, powerful man, waiting in submission, his arms locked by his sides. He looked magnificent, in his old T-shirt, jeans and boots. But Bob knew he must break him to restore their friendship. He locked eyes with him and spoke.

"You fucking bastard. You arrogant cocksucker. You really thought you could treat me like that? You think you're the master, don't you, the top man? Well think again, asshole. You're nothing but a piece of shit."

And with one swift move he reached forward and ripped the T-shirt clear off the heaving torso before him. Randy stood there, stripped to the waist, his superb body waiting for the sting of the lash.

Bob stepped back and unfurled the bullwhip, eight feet of braided leather. He raised his arm and paused as he looked into the eyes of the big, shirtless construction worker. Flexing his bicep he brought the whip curling round the hard body with a sharp, savage crack. As it wrapped around the muscular torso Randy's head flew backward and his scream of pain echoed across the lake. He had no time to recover before the lash fell again, and again.

The pain was intense, but the big man stood his ground and gave no sign of giving in. The lashing continued, accompanied by the tortured man's moans and screams. Bob walked around the rigid body and struck from every angle. He watched in awe as the huge muscles tensed and flexed to absorb the excruciating pain. As the whip fell again and again the body was driven backward until it staggered to rest against a tree.

Bob bent down and picked up the torn remains of Randy's T-shirt. He quickly brought his captive's arms backward around the tree and tied them at the wrists. He pulled off Randy's boots, pulled down his jeans and tossed them aside. He looked into the eyes of the suffering, naked man tied to the tree. He saw not only intense pain, but also a continuing need to be punished.

"You piece of shit," Bob snarled and brought the back of his hand viciously against the prisoner's cheek. "Look at the big stud now. How does it feel to be on the receiving end for a change?" And he hit him again and again, watching the handsome, chiseled face fly from side to side under the blows. Then he brought his hands up to the heaving chest and began twisting the nipples in a vise-like grip. Randy's breath came in huge gasps as he struggled to endure the pain in his chest. Finally Bob stopped, stepped back and looked at the sagging body bound to the tree.

"That chest is so fucking gorgeous. I'm gonna really enjoy shredding it." And he began to bring the whip across the massive pecs, again and again, until the torso was a mass of angry red stripes and welts. Randy looked up with agonized eyes and clenched his jaw. He managed to gasp out,

"I'm still your master, asshole. You'll never make me submit, no matter what you do."

"Is that so, man? Well we'll see." Bob untied Randy's hands and pulled him forward. As he stood there by the lake Randy waited in defiance. Bob suddenly gave up just playing the role of torturer and became serious. He really needed to break this man, to pay him back for what he had done. He began to whip him mercilessly, curling the lash around his chest, arms, and shoulders, then bringing it around his naked ass so the tip hit his cock.

Randy was screaming, his body shuddering, streaming with sweat, and tears poured from his eyes. But he refused to submit. "That's it, fucker. Thrash me. You'll never break me. You're not man enough."

Hearing this Bob lost it. Shoulders and biceps bulged as he thrashed the body uncontrollably, with lash after brutal lash on the straining, agonized muscles.

Randy was in another world, his only focus was bearing the overwhelming pain. He was not even aware he was speaking as his defiance began to break in his confused delirium. "You're nothing. You'll never break me. I'm too strong for you. I won't give in, sir. I'm your master, sir."

I love you. Forgive me. Please sir, whip me forgive me. You're my master. I submit. I give up. I can't take any more..."

And he finally fell to his knees and looked up with pleading eyes.

"Please stop sir. Have mercy. You've broken me. Please forgive me. I'll do anything for you. You're the master. I'm a worthless piece of shit, your slave. Please buddy....." And he fell forward onto the ground, flat on his stomach."

The word 'buddy' jolted Bob back to reality and he stopped whipping and looked down at the broken man. This is what Randy had needed. He had needed this intensity of pain to rid himself of the guilt he felt.

But Bob was not finished. Grabbing the big construction worker by his hair he pulled him back onto his knees. He looked down at the handsome rugged face, tan, swarthy skin, high cheek bones, square jaw covered with dark stubble. Bob's cock was rigid and he pointed it at the gorgeous, pleading face.

"Not so macho now, uh? You're pathetic. OK, stud. Open your mouth."

As Randy obeyed, Bob pushed his iron-hard shaft viciously into his mouth and all the way down his throat. He began to fuck his face brutally, pulling all the way out and then ramming his throat again. The big man's eyes opened in horror and he gagged helplessly. Tears streamed down the muscle stud's face as the pounding continued, until he was close to passing out.

But suddenly Bob pulled his dick out, pointed it at his slave and shot a huge stream of hot cum all over the agonized face. Semen, sweat and tears poured down the beautiful, tortured features. Bob reached forward and his hand roughly smeared the creamy cum all over the face. He stood back with a satisfied smile.

"Just look at you now, stud. You're a fucking mess. You need a shower." His cock shuddered and let loose a torrent of hot, bitter urine. Randy gasped as the piss hit him, and he instinctively opened his mouth. He swallowed the rancid liquid in huge gulps, but some still streamed out of his mouth, over his chin and splashed onto his bruised chest and down to his thighs.

When the pissing stopped he again fell forward onto his stomach, his body heaving and shuddering in pain. Bob walked backwards and stood ankle deep in the water. He taunted the fallen man.

"Come on big guy. Come and wash the piss off that beautiful body. You're finished and you know it. You're a broken man. Let me see you crawl."

And that's what the agonized man did. Slowly he dragged himself on his stomach toward his master. The ground was soft here and his body became caked in mud as he painfully heaved

himself forward. All the time he looked up at the man he loved, the man who had beaten him so brutally and broken him. The sun shimmered behind the tall muscle god and Randy fell in love all over again. As he crawled forward he sobbed.

"Thank you, sir. You're the only man alive could have given me that. You're magnificent. You're my master. I love you with all my body and soul." And he fell against his buddy, grabbing his muscular thighs and pressing his face against them in an act of total submission.

"We're not done, asshole," Bob said. "On your back."

In the shallow, muddy water Randy rolled onto his back. Bob knelt down between his legs, grabbed hold of them and pushed them backward. His cock was still hard and he brought the head against the hole. With one hard shove he penetrated the big man's ass right to the back of his gut. Randy gasped in a mix of pain and joy as he felt his lover's rod plunge inside him. He looked up at the man he loved and pleaded with him.

"Fuck me, sir. I'm not the master you are. I'd do anything for you. Use me how you want. I'm your slave. I belong to you. My ass belongs to you. I beg you fuck me....." and suddenly his rigid cock flew up and started to pour with hot cum. It pulsed out of him, the culmination of all his guilt, the pain, the degradation, but mostly the passion he felt for this man who had totally demolished him, the man he loved completely.

Bob again felt his cum rising from deep within him and it poured into his lover's ass, pulsing into the back of his gut, anointing him with the powerful love he felt for him. Eventually he pulled out and, still on his knees, looked down at the magnificent man lying in the mud and water, his body striped and bruised, his face caked with mud and tears. They held each other's gaze and they experienced that unique union of souls, joining together in another spiritual dimension.

Their bodies heaved as they stared intensely at each other. After a long while reality intervened and, as their gaze softened, a broad smile spread over their faces. "You son-of-a-bitch," Bob said and fell forward into his lover's arms. They began to laugh and rolled over and over in a tight embrace in the shallow water of the lake. They were back together.

After a long, soothing swim they splashed ashore and fell down on the grass. Lying close their faces were inches from each other. They smiled. No need for words. They understood felt rather what had happened and knew that they were reunited, closer than ever before. But eventually Randy broke the silence.

"I'm a damn fool. I've always acted like a master of the fucking universe."

"But you are," Bob smiled. "You're the master of my fucking universe."

"I'll do anything for you, you know that. I need to put it right. I'll get rid of Darius. He leaves tomorrow."

Bob frowned. "Don't be such a fucking asshole. You can't do that. Buddy, you can't treat people like that, throw them away like yesterday's trash especially people you love. And I know you do love Darius. I do too. He's a great guy. He's crazy about both of us." Bob smiled, "Plus he's a great, great fuck."

Randy grinned. "You noticed that too, uh?"

"Like it or not and I know you like it Darius is here to stay. He's part of the house, part of us."

"You know," said Randy, "you're not only totally gorgeous, you're a fucking saint. But there must be something I can do for you. Just name it."

"There is and I think you know what that is."

Randy pulled Bob to him and held him in a warm embrace. Then he turned him over onto his back and knelt between his legs.

"I love you man. Let me show you."

He pulled Bob's legs up, placed the head of his hard dick lightly against his hole, and ever so slowly eased forward. The long shaft slid gently into the warm, moist ass and they both entered paradise. Randy had never fucked anyone this tenderly. There was no lust, no pain, just intense, profound love that could be expressed only in this way. He smiled down at the man he loved and eased himself gently back and forth, lost in the sublime touch of this sweet, soft ass.

"Oh god, man," Bob breathed. "Whatever I said before, you are my master. You own me. I'll be your slave always. I love you inside me. Keep fucking my ass. Don't stop, buddy. It's yours."

And they didn't stop for a long time. Finally the warmth intensified and, without any break in the gentle rhythm, their cocks began to pour cum, Bob's all over his heaving chest and Randy's inside of the body of the man he loved.

As they drove back, with Randy's arm draped over his buddy's shoulder, they talked of what came next with Darius.

"The poor kid," said Bob. "He must be wondering what's up. You know how scared he is that you'll send him away. We have to make it clear to him that that will never, ever, be an option. I

want him to feel secure. After the life he's had security is something he has never dared hope for. We must show him he belongs to both of us."

"And just how do we do that, smartass?"

"Oh, I have something in mind."

Randy laughed. "I bet you do"

Meanwhile, at the house, Darius was sitting at the kitchen table, his face buried in his hands. He had come in to tidy the kitchen and he quickly saw Bob's note that Randy had not pulled off the refrigerator before he left the house. By this time Darius knew the guys well and it didn't take him long to work out what was up. And he thought it was all his fault.

"I never should have come here," he said aloud. "I'm bad news for these guys."

Grabbing a big empty trash bag he ran out of the house, back to his pool house and started stuffing his clothes into the bag.

"Home at last, thank God," said Randy as the truck started to climb the hill to their house. "I need a beer."

"...or two," echoed Bob.

"What the hell?" Randy braked sharply as he saw, coming down the hill in the other direction, Darius on his bike, balancing a big overstuffed trash bag on the handle bars. Randy wrenched the wheel into a screeching U-turn and took off in pursuit. He quickly caught up and skidded to a halt in front of the bike. He leapt out of the truck.

"What the fuck's going on?"

Darius looked up scared but defiant. "I'm no good for you guys. I gotta go. I'm leaving."

"The hell you are," Randy shouted. He picked up the bike and threw it in the back of the truck, followed by the bag of clothes. "Get in."

He pushed Darius in beside Bob, got behind the wheel and made another U. Darius was trembling as he sat between them. Randy looked at Bob.

"Said he's leaving." He gave a grim laugh. "The punk's walking out on us." Then he turned to Darius.

"Get one thing clear, asshole. You do not make decisions like that. The guy who makes the decisions around here is me. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," Darius said feebly. He looked terrified but was reassured as he felt Bob squeezing his knee.

When they got to the house, Randy said. "Take the bag back to your room and come back in here."

Bob pulled two beers from the fridge and sat with Randy at the kitchen table. Soon Darius came in sheepishly and stood facing them.

"Get yourself a beer and sit with us," Bob said. "Now what was all that about?"

Darius cleared his throat and said, "I saw the note and realized you'd left. It's all my fault. If I had never come here you guys wouldn't be breaking up. I wouldn't hurt you guys for anything in the world. I love you So I gotta go."

Randy started to lose it, "You stupid motherfucker. What the hell gave you that idea? Nothing, and nobody, is breaking us up ... ever. And you are not, repeat not, going anywhere!"

"But it's all my fault that you"

"Shut up! Did I say you could speak?" Bob shot him a warning look across the table and his tone softened. "Jeez, you make me so fucking mad sometimes. Listen, if it was anyone's fault it was mine and I just got punished big time for that plenty enough for the both of us," and he gave a sideways smile at Bob.

Bob spoke up. "Darius, we both love you. You are part of this house. After all you've been though in your life you can finally stop being afraid. You're safe. You're with us now. And nothing's gonna change that."

Randy threw his arm around the young man's shoulder and grinned, "As long as you make that perfect ass available whenever we want it."

For the first time Darius smiled. "No problem there, boss."

Bob continued, "You're probably wondering where we go from here, whose gonna sleep with you next, fuck you next. Well, it's real simple. I have something in mind."

"You do?"

"Go down to the basement room and strip naked."

"Yes, sir!" and Darius jumped up and ran downstairs.

Randy grinned at Bob. "You sure you have a plan?"

"Sure, I'm sure."

"Am I gonna like it?"

"Oh, yeah! Guaranteed!"

#

Chapter 18 –The Most Beautiful Cop in the World

The basement room had once been a gym and had floor-to-ceiling mirrors lining all the walls. Reflected in them Darius was standing naked, waiting. As always, the two men were in awe at his perfectly sculpted coffee-colored body. As they came in he watched them expectantly, nervous, but tingling with anticipation.

He opened his eyes wide as they stood on front of him and both began to strip. The T-shirts came off first, revealing chiseled, muscular torsos. Then they kicked off their boots, dropped their pants and shorts. All three gorgeous men now stood naked, and as they looked at each other their cocks began to get stiff.

Bob walked to the bed and lay down on his back.

"Come here, Darius," he said. "Kneel over me."

Darius got to his knees on the bed, straddling the powerfully built body and looking down at the face smiling up at him. The sight of the young stud made Bob's cock rock hard. Reaching forward he gripped Darius by the hips and lowered him slowly. Darius gasped as his ass felt the tip of Bob's shaft touch his hole. Bob didn't stop. He pulled the round globes of the ass lower until his cock slid gently into the warmth of the sweet, moist hole.

As the tip of Bob's dick touched the back of the young man's gut they both closed their eyes and threw their heads back in the first flush of ecstasy. Bob pushed the hips up, then lowered them again, easing into a pumping rhythm as Darius rose and fell, penetrated by the huge dick of the man he worshipped.

Bob smiled up at him, feeling the young man's body shudder with excitement. He watched as the black muscles tensed and flexed as the shaft penetrated his ass. Simultaneously both men reached for the other's nipples and began to stroke them, sending jolts of pleasure through the heaving bodies.

The action continued for a while and then, even before he opened his eyes, Darius became aware of another presence. Close in front of him he saw the muscled thighs of the construction worker who was standing astride Bob, his crotch up close to Darius's face. With a sharp, excited intake of breath, Darius looked at the huge, thick, rigid cock inches from his face.

"Oh, God," he gasped and opened his mouth wide. The big dick slid easily into his mouth, not stopping until the monstrous head rested against the back of his throat. Darius was entering a whole new world of wonder as the two dicks pumped him, the one in his ass, the other deep in his throat. The two muscle gods that he worshipped were both fucking him. He ceased to wonder or even think; he simply luxuriated in the exquisite rush of sensations he was feeling.

All three men were groaning with pleasure as they felt the intimate joy of flesh on flesh. Bob and Randy were now moving in unison and Randy whispered to his buddy,

"So this is what you had planned."

"This isn't the half of it," Bob said. "On your knees."

Randy pulled his stiff dick out of the hungry mouth and fell to his knees, face-to-face with Darius. He brought his mouth forward and began roughly kissing the greedy face. They ground their lips together while Darius still pumped his ass on Bob's shaft beneath him. Darius lost all sense of where he was, reveling in the exhilaration of having the two magnificent studs work him over ferociously.

Finally Randy pulled back and smiled at the dazed black man. Bending lower he took the huge black cock deep into his mouth. The young man threw his head back and moaned with pleasure.

As Randy bent forward his ass was close to Bob's face and Bob could not resist burying his face in his buddy's hot, moist hole and probing it with his tongue. He sucked hard on Darius's huge dick, feeling the intense sensation of having his ass eaten by the man he loved.

And so the double teaming of Darius proceeded, the three men luxuriating in the feel and taste of each other's muscular, sweating body. The many mirrors reflected multiple incredible images of three stunning bodies rising and falling in blissful harmony. Finally Bob whispered to Randy. "Time for my plan. Get behind him."

Randy walked around and knelt behind Darius, watching as his ass continued to rise and fall on Bob's cock. Suddenly he knew what Bob had meant all along. He looked over Darius's shoulder at Bob, who read his thoughts and smiled up at him. "You got it, buddy. Go for it."

Slowly Randy brought his cock up behind Darius's ass as he watched Bob's cock thrusting in and out. He slid the head of his stiff rod up against the hole where Bob was penetrating it and rubbed it against his buddy's cock. Darius felt what was happening behind him and his eyes opened wide. He looked down at Bob.

"No, I can't I can't take both. Please"

Bob smiled up at him. "Relax. We both want you. And you want us, don't you?" And at that moment Randy's dick entered Darius's ass, rubbing tight against his lover's moist cock. The two big dicks began moving in unison, in and out of the ass that was now stretched to its limit.

Darius screamed at the initial painful thrust but, as the realization that both these glorious men were inside his ass, total euphoria took over and his screams became moans of exquisite joy. He looked down at Bob's face as the big man groaned, feeling his lover's cock pulsing against his inside the hot, moist ass. As the two big shafts rubbed together it felt to both men as if they were fucking each other. Randy too looked down at Bob and smiled. "You son-of-a-bitch," he said softly.

"Man, that's incredible," Bob breathed. "Are you OK, Darius?"

In reply Darius leaned forward and brought his mouth hard against Bob's, kissing him ravenously as the two big dicks pounded his ass. Randy watched his two buddies making love to each other while he felt the intense sensation of his dick sliding against his lover's. Randy knew it was nearly time.

"OK, guys," he said. "Get ready."

Darius pulled back so he was kneeling straight up and Bob took hold of the black man's huge dick with both hands. He began pumping, and that put Darius over the edge.

"No....!" he screamed as he felt the juice pulsing up through his cock. Here it comes.....!" And he let loose a huge stream of white hot cum that splashed heavily over Bob's face, shoulders and chest. As Bob felt it Randy watched it simultaneously and they both tensed as their own dicks began shooting inside the burning asshole. Darius felt the rush of hot liquid filling his hole. The glorious men that he worshipped, adored, were both streaming cum into his ass. He was in paradise.

As their heaving bodies grew still and their gasping breaths returned to normal, the two big men slowly pulled their dicks out of Darius's cum-filled hole. Darius and Randy fell forward onto the bed on top of the exhausted Bob. As they lay together the two muscular lovers leaned forward

and kissed Darius together, licking his lips, his cheeks and his eyes. Then they pulled back and smiled at him.

"Welcome home," Darius, Bob said.

"I gotta hand it to you." Randy smiled at Bob. "That was one hell of a plan."

"You think it worked?" Bob asked.

"What do you think? Look."

They both looked over to the bed where Darius was curled up on his side in a deep sleep, with a big satisfied smile on his face. He began making small grunts and moans He was dreaming.

"What d'you think he's dreaming about?" Randy asked.

"Well just possibly it could be about two dicks up his ass."

"Asshole," Randy grinned. "Anyway, we can't wake him and shouldn't leave him here alone. What do you say we sleep here with him?"

"You read my mind." And Bob lay on the bed up against Darius. Randy lay on the other side and both reached over and linked their arms across the sleeping body. Soon all three men were entwined in the deep sleep of exhaustion. And they stayed that way all night long.

Early next morning Randy was standing by the bed looking down at a sleepy Darius. "Time for work. Get up," he said, then grinned. "That is, if you think you can stand."

Darius leapt to his feet. "No problem, boss. Feels great ... just great," and he rubbed his ass with a wide grin on his face.

"What about you, buddy?" Randy asked Bob. "You going to work today or you just gonna lie here and dream about double teaming our friend here?"

"Nah, I gotta go too. Got a big lunch today. Prospective new clients ... trying to land their account."

Randy grinned. "No problem there, big guy. Just impress them with what you did last night. They'll be eating out of your hand."

Well, Bob did not take Randy's advice, but he did land the account, though it took at least three martinis and several bottles of wine to do it. After the handshakes he left the restaurant and decided to go home and work from there. He was too drunk to go back to the office. He was also too drunk to drive, but he thought he would just take a quiet route, through the back roads of Griffith Park.

Griffith Park is a very extensive, hilly, semi-wilderness area at the tail end of the Santa Monica Mountains. Bob could cut through there as a quiet, untraveled route to his house. Despite the martinis he negotiated the narrow roads well until he realized he had taken a wrong turn. He made a quick U-turn and was driving back down the hill when he heard the siren and saw red lights flashing in his rear-view mirror.

"Shit!" he said to himself. "Oh shit. This I don't need." He pulled over and the motor cycle cop pulled behind him. Bob realized he was still drunk and knew he was in real danger of getting a DUI ticket. He knew what that would mean ... possible loss of his driver's license for a few months and sanctions at work. He had to get out of this somehow."

"You performed an illegal U-turn back there, sir. Could I see your license and registration, please?" Bob looked up through the open window and found himself looking into one of the most beautiful faces he had ever seen. Chiseled, Nordic features, high cheek bones, square jaw, grey eyes and a shock of blond hair falling over the wide brow. The cop was stunning ... straight out of Central Casting.

"I, er ... what ?"

"Driver's license, please sir. And step out of the vehicle."

Bob knew he was fucked. He'd never pass the sobriety test. He stumbled out of the car. The cop looked at him and narrowed his eyes. He took in the sight of the gorgeous business executive, his eyes lingering longer than was usual or even necessary.

"Turn around, sir. Hands on the car, legs spread."

Bob obeyed. He knew better than to mouth off to a cop, especially in his condition. The cop came up behind him and began to frisk him. Leaning against him he reached round and ran his hands over the muscular chest, down the lats and narrow waist and finally stroked the thighs. Bob had been frisked once before and it had never taken this long.

"You can turn around now. Wait here please, sir." He went back to his motor cycle, got on the radio and called the license in to the office. After a pause he came back and appraised the big man again.

"Your license is clean, sir. But I have reason to believe you are driving under the influence of alcohol. I'm going to have to administer

"Look officer," Bob cut in. He looked at the cop's name tag ... 'M. Matsen'. "Look, Officer Matsen, is there some way we can make this go away?" He began to pull his wallet out of his breast pocket.

"Bribery of a police officer is a felony, sir. You know that."

"Jesus, you are by the book," Bob said. "Are you sure there's no way around this?" and he gave the cop his most dazzling smile.

The cop seemed taken aback. He looked Bob up and down, and their eyes met for several long seconds. Bob had to admit that Officer Matsen was quite a sight. In his black uniform, tapering to high black leather riding boots he looked like something out of a fantasy. A flash of white T-shirt at the open neck of his shirt set off the stunning face perfectly.

The cop's professional cool seemed to falter. He looked around. It was a quiet road, no traffic, and right by the car there was a narrow trail leading into the woods. He cleared his throat, nervously Bob thought, and spoke.

"Well, there may be a way. But I want no false moves. Try anything and I'll cuff you for resisting arrest, is that clear?"

"Yes, officer." Bob had no idea what was coming but he knew he could take care of himself if there were any rough stuff. Officer Matsen told him to walk along the dirt trail. He walked slowly along it for several minutes, the cop following him. Finally they came to a small clearing.

"This will do. Turn around." Still dressed in his business clothes, Bob turned to face the cop who stood about ten feet away. There was a long pause before Officer Matsen spoke. His voice was softer now, less authoritarian.

"Please remove your jacket, sir. Slowly"

Apprehensively Bob unbuttoned his jacket, took it off slowly and let it fall to the ground. Underneath he was wearing a crisp white shirt and a red tie, and underneath that a tight white tank undershirt. He thought he caught a slight gasp from the cop, who stood motionless staring at him.

"Loosen the tie and take it off ... very slowly."

Bob did as he was told. He pulled the tie down, undid it slowly, letting it hang loose round his neck, and he undid the top button of his shirt.

"Undo two more buttons." The cop's voice was becoming slightly hoarse.

As Bob unbuttoned more of his shirt the tank became visible underneath, stretching across his muscular pecs. The cop's mouth was dry and he licked his lips.

"Unbutton it to the waist."

He did so and pulled one side slightly out of the waistband of his pants.

Officer Matsen began to breathe more deeply as he gazed at the body builder with his shirt wide open.

"Now slowly, very slowly, remove the shirt."

Bob pulled off the tie and let it drop. He pulled the tail of his shirt from his waistband and let the shirt hang open. Then very slowly he began to pull it off, first uncovering one broad shoulder, then the other, until finally the shirt dropped to the ground. He stood there in his dress pants, his beautiful, muscular torso covered by the white tank. Now he was sure that he heard a gasp from the cop who stood transfixed in front of him.

"That's good ... very good." And officer Matsen brought his hand down to cover his own crotch.

"Now I want you to take off the tank ... again, very, very slowly."

Bob reached up and took hold of the back of the tank behind his neck. Slowly he pulled it up and it began to rise up over his torso. As it rose it uncovered his rock hard six-pack abs and he paused.

The effect on the cop was unmistakable as he gasped and began to rub his crotch very slightly. Bob pulled again until the tank uncovered his heavily muscled chest. Finally it came free and he let it drop. He now stood stripped to the waist, facing the cop, and he put his hands behind his waist. The cop gasped.

"Incredible," he said. "You're a very beautiful man." He rubbed his crotch harder as he took in the sight of the magnificent man before him.

"Now I want you to undo your belt and unzip your fly. When you have done that, drop the pants."

Bob began to do this, but realized that he had a problem. As he watched this stunningly handsome cop get off on him he felt his dick getting rock hard. There was no way he could disguise it. The silence in the woods, the heavy breathing of both men, their obvious mutual admiration Bob found all this strangely exciting. What the hell, he thought, and he let his pants drop round his ankles.

He was wearing white boxers underneath and his big, stiff dick pushed against them. His hard-on was on full display.

Officer Matsen gasped again. "You're so fucking gorgeous, man. Open the fly."

Bob stretched the opening in his shorts and his huge cock sprang out at full attention.

"Oh, man," the cop gasped and rubbed the front of his pants hard. Without being asked, Bob let the shorts drop; he now stood naked in front of the drooling cop.

The officer cleared his throat. "Now, you want me to forget about the citation, right?"

"Yes, sir," Bob said, responding not to the authority figure but to the incredible beauty and lust of the man facing him.

The cop walked forward until he was only four feet in front of the naked man, and said. "OK, here's what you do. Stroke that huge piece of meat slowly until you have an orgasm. I want to see you shoot your load."

Bob had a moment of hesitation, making the cop speak again.

"Please, sir."

Bob began stroking his cock, not so much because he was ordered to but because he wanted to. He found himself wanting to please the beautiful blond man who looked so incredible in his black uniform. The eyes of the two men locked and something passed between them that had nothing to do with cop and captive. They admired each other, respected each other, and found themselves lusting for each other.

As he gazed at Officer Matsen Bob could not hold back for long. He stroked harder and harder and finally said.

"Here it comes, officer."

His cock shuddered and a huge jet of creamy white semen shot from it, arcing between the two men and splashing the cop's face and uniform shirt. Bob shot again and again until the beautiful Nordic features were streaming with his cum.

"Aaah ... aaah," the cop screamed and his body shuddered as he rubbed the crotch of his pants in a frenzy. His head jolted back and his body spasmed. He had creamed in his shorts. Bob looked down and saw a big stain spreading over the front of the uniform pants.

Chests heaving with sharp intakes of breath the two men held each other's gaze. Finally a slight smile spread over Bob's face.

"Does that mean I don't get a ticket?" he asked.

Despite his obvious exhilaration, Officer Matsen now began to look guilty and uncomfortable. He swallowed hard.

"You're free to go, sir. Get dressed." And he watched mesmerized as Bob pulled up his shorts and pants, put on his shirt and hung his tie loosely around his neck. As the cop turned to leave Bob bent down and picked up his discarded tank from the ground.

"Here," he said, holding out the shirt to the cop. "Wipe your face, man. You're a mess." The officer paused, then grabbed the shirt and wiped his face that was still covered in Bob's semen. He held the shirt to his nose and breathed deeply. Then he stuffed the shirt into his pocket. Bob was surprised to see that the handsome blond cop was blushing, and he flashed the officer a big smile. After one last, confused, lingering look at the stunning businessman, Officer Matsen spun round on his heels and quickly left the clearing.

Bob followed him down the winding trail but as he reached his car he saw that the cop was already astride his bike. He kick-started it and sped off. Bob watched in a daze as the figure disappeared into the distance. And he suddenly realized that he was now stone cold sober.

"You're late," Randy said as Bob came in. "Thought you were coming home after lunch. Did you land the account?"

"Yeah ... and that's not all I landed."

"What d'you mean?"

Bob and Randy had no secrets from each other and shared everything, so Bob related the whole story of Officer Matsen.

"Son of a bitch," Randy growled through clenched teeth. "I wish I could get my hands on the bastard."

"Oh, it could have been worse. And he didn't give me a ticket. He could have got me on 'driving under the influence'. I was smashed, after all. I would have lost my license."

Randy gave him a puzzled look. "What did he look like, this cop? A fat pig?"

"No, as a matter of fact. He was ... uh ... pretty good looking."

"Fuck that. He wouldn't look so good or so pretty after I'd worked him over."

"Anyway, it's all over ... except for one thing. I just realized he forgot to give me back my driver's license. Now I'll have to get a new one."

The week wore on, crammed with hard work for all of them, and they were relieved when the weekend arrived. They played hard Saturday night so slept in late on Sunday. Bob was woken by the buzz of the front doorbell. "Who the fuck....?" He groaned, pulled on his shorts and went to open the door. He stood still and his jaw dropped. It was Officer Matsen, his motor bike parked in the driveway.

"What the hell? Bob stammered.

"I'm sorry to disturb you so early, sir. But I realized I did not return your license to you. Here it is," and he held it out to him. Although he was in full uniform, Officer Matsen's attitude was far different from the efficient cop of a few days ago. He looked rather sheepish, and Bob was amused to see that he was blushing again.

Bob gathered his thoughts. "Well, you didn't need to return it in person. But thanks. I wouldn't like to get arrested for driving without a license. No knowing what would happen to me," he said with a grin."

"Look, about that. I would like to apologize for the way I handled that incident. I was way out of line, sir. You have every right to report me."

"Hey, go easy on yourself, man. You didn't give me a citation after all. I couldn't afford to have a DUI. So we're even. What about my undershirt. Did you bring that too?"

"Er .. no, I ... kept it."

"Enjoy," Bob smiled.

Office Matsen made no move to leave. Instead he stood nervously on the doorstep twisting his cap in his hands.

Puzzled, Bob said. "Look, I was about to have coffee. Join me?" Matsen hesitated. "Come on," Bob laughed. "You can't make me strip again. Look at me," and the cop looked at the perfectly sculpted body, naked except for his boxers.

The cop managed a slight smile and followed Bob tentatively into the kitchen. Bob brewed coffee and they sat at the table.

Bob looked straight into the nervous gray eyes. "Now what's all this about? You didn't come here just to return the license did you?"

"No," the cop stammered. "I ... I..."

"Well?"

"I just wanted to see you again," and this time Officer Matsen blushed deeply.

Bob paused and stared at the gorgeous, chiseled features in front of him. Nervous as he was, the cop looked even more striking than he had before. Bob looked down at his name tag ... 'M. Matsen.'

"What's the M stand for?"

"Mark ... Mark Matsen," and he held out his hand.

"Bob," and he shook the hand.

"I know The license ... I ..."

"Matsen' is Scandinavian, no?"

"Norwegian. Both my parents were born in Norway and came here when I was a kid."

"You sure have that Nordic look," said Bob admiringly. There was an awkward pause.

"Look I shouldn't have come, sir."

"Oh, shut up. And drop the 'sir'. You're off duty now. Just tell me what you're feeling."

And the truth started to pour out. "Look, it's not what you think. I'm not ... you know ... well, I have a steady girlfriend and we're very happy. But there's something missing. I don't have any guy buddies. The other cops at the precinct, they're OK but they're always kidding me about the way I look. Say I should be in movies or something. And they keep their distance."

"They're jealous," Bob cut in.

"You think so? Why? I can't help being"

"....one of the most beautiful cops ever to straddle a bike," Bob grinned. "You know what you need? You need a buddy who is a match for you ... in body and mind. Someone who looks great, as you do, and has the same ... inclinations."

"That's about it, Mark said. "And ... I would only say this to you, because you know already. I just get off looking at beautiful men ... their face and body. And when I saw you the other day, I
.....

"..... made me strip naked and shoot my load for you. And please don't blush again, man."

Mark laughed for the first time, flashing a perfect set of gleaming white teeth in his wide mouth. "You really seem to get me. I kind of guessed you'd understand how I feel."

"More than you can imagine," Bob said, almost to himself.

They were still talking when the door opened and Randy walked in. Straight from the shower his magnificent body was still streaming with water, naked except for a towel wrapped round his waist.

"Hey, asshole, you coming for a swim....?" He stopped dead in his tracks, staring at the stunning cop sitting at their kitchen table. "Who the fuck are you?"

"It's OK, buddy," Bob said hastily. "This officer just came round to return my driver's license."

Randy clenched his fists and took a step forward. "You mean this is the cop who ...? Now listen you piece of....."

Bob cut him off. "Hey buddy, everything's OK. Cool it. We were having coffee. Come join us."

Randy stopped himself. He leaned forward and looked at Mark's name tag. "What's your name? Matsen?"

"Mark Matsen," said Bob. "We were just talking. Come and sit with us."

"No thanks," Randy said, clenching his jaw. "Officer Matsen and I will have our talk later. Depend on it. Right now I'm gonna cool off in the pool." He bent down and whispered in Bob's ear. "You said he was 'pretty good looking'. He's a fucking Greek God, and you know it, being one yourself." He stood up, whipped the towel off and strode naked from the room."

Mark gaped after him. "Who was that...?"

"That's my buddy Randy. We share the house. And a lot else besides."

Mark stammered. "He's one of the most gorgeous men I've ever seen."

"Randy's a great guy."

"I don't think he liked me at all."

"Oh, I told him about our incident the other day. He's very protective of me."

"I sure wouldn't like to have any trouble with a guy like him."

"That may be unavoidable, I'm afraid."

Bob was spared giving an explanation as the door opened again and Darius walked in, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He was wearing nothing but white Jockey briefs, and his coffee-colored muscular body had a slight sheen of sweat. He looked stunning.

"Jesus," he said, and started backward.

"It's OK, Bob said. This is Mark Matsen, a new friend. He hasn't come to arrest anyone."

But Darius still looked nervous. "I ... I think I'll join Randy in the pool," and he beat a hasty retreat. He'd had run-ins with the law when he was living rough on the streets.

Mark looked dazed. "What the...? He's a knockout too. Are you guys all fitness models or something?"

Bob laughed. "No, that was Darius. He lives in the pool house out back. He and Randy work in construction and I'm a vice-president of a financial firm. We don't model ... except for each other....sometimes Quite often actually, in a way."

Mark stared at Bob. "God, I wish I could No, forget it."

Bob reached over and touched his hand. "Look, Mark, let's cut to the chase. I know what turns you on. I saw you cream in your pants the other day looking at me. There's nothing wrong with that. You and I think alike." He paused to consider something. "You know, you can't often find someone like me to jack off to."

"Tell me about it."

"But you don't have to. Randy taught me something that blew my mind. And I'm gonna teach you. Come with me."

Mark got up and followed Bob down the stairs. He gasped when he saw the basement room. "Jeez, all these mirrors." And he looked at the multiple images of Bob and himself. He couldn't believe it, but he felt a slight stirring in his groin.

"It used to be a gym" Bob said. "Now come here." He brought the uniformed cop in front of the mirrors and said, "Look here. No, asshole, not at me, at yourself."

Mark looked at his mirror image: chiseled Nordic features, unruly blond hair falling over his forehead. His tight uniform could not hide the muscular body rippling beneath it. His black shirt was open at the neck revealing a triangle of white T-shirt. His biceps bulged from under his shorts sleeves and the broad shoulders tapered down to a small tight waist, his wide belt hung with his night stick and handcuffs. His muscular thighs were clad in tight black pants, tucked into high, shiny black, motor cycle boots.

Bob sighed. "Now that, Office Matsen, is a truly stunning sight. I don't think you realize how fucking beautiful you are. You are a walking fantasy for most people, you know, men and women alike. You are what's known as a 'masturbatory image,' the kind of guy people go home and masturbate thinking about."

Mark didn't respond. He just looked at himself in the mirror and his hand instinctively went to his crotch.

"You see," Bob smiled. "The other day in the park ... I didn't shoot my load because you told me to. I did it because you turned me on so damn much. And I'll tell you another thing. From today on, if you can't find a man like me to drool over, there's always him," and he pointed to Mark's reflection in the mirror. "Wait here ... don't move."

He ran upstairs and was gone for just a few minutes. When he came back he was followed by Randy and Darius, both dressed just in shorts, who sat down on a couch against the wall facing the mirrors. Darius was wide-eyed with anticipation. Randy's face was grim. He didn't want to be here, but Bob had told him that this was his way of getting back at the cop tit for tat the punishment fitting the crime.

Bob came up behind Mark and they both looked into the mirror. "Bob reached round and undid one button of Mark's shirt. "We start here," he said. "Now just do everything I tell you."

Darius whispered to Randy beside him. "This is incredible, don't you think? The cop is magnificent. He is such a fucking turn-on."

"Cool it, punk," Randy said in a low voice. "We'll let Bob do his thing and maybe we'll even get off on it. But when he's done it'll be my turn. You know that 'good cop, bad cop' routine? Well, Bob's good, and I'm bad. And I plan on being real bad. That shithead cop made Bob strip naked and jack off for him. Nobody humiliates my buddy and gets away with it. Nobody."

"Can I get a piece of the action?"

"Oh yeah. I've got something in mind for you too."

"I can't wait," said Darius, and turned his attention to the show that was starting.

#

Chapter 19 - The Cop Pays a Visit

Mark looked over at the couch and said to Bob, "I don't feel comfortable doing this in front of those guys. You know, I've never done anything like this."

Forget about them," Bob reassured him. "In fact, forget about everything except the guy in the mirror. Focus on him, stare at him. Even narrow your eyes if it helps. And eventually you'll be looking not at yourself but at some incredibly hot stranger who turns you on. Now, take your time, go slowly and enjoy"

Bob walked away and sat on the couch with his two buddies. In a low voice he said to Randy.

"Look, buddy. There's something I have to tell you a confession. When I look at Mark I get an instant hard-on. To me he's a mind-blowing turn-on. So if you have a problem with that we can stop right now and I'll send him away."

"Are you crazy?" Randy growled. "Send him away before I've done what I have to do? He humiliated you, buddy. I can't let that go. So we'll keep him around until I've had a little talk with him. For now, let's just watch."

Mark had, indeed, forgotten that the guys were watching him. Taking Bob's advice he was staring at his mirror image: chiseled Nordic features, unruly blond hair falling over his forehead. His tight uniform could not hide the muscular body rippling beneath it. His black shirt was open at the neck revealing a triangle of white T-shirt. His biceps bulged from under his short sleeves and the broad shoulders tapered down to a small tight waist, his wide belt hung with his night stick and handcuffs. His muscular thighs were clad in tight black pants, tucked into high, shiny black motor cycle boots.

He ran his hands through his hair, then down over his neck, and over his shirt feeling the hard pecs underneath. He raised one arm and flexed, so the short sleeve slid back off the bulging bicep. "Yeah," he breathed as he ran his hands further down, over the leather belt round his narrow waist, over his pants and the shape of the hard-muscled thighs underneath. Then his hands came up and cupped his crotch. He was startled to feel that his cock was rock hard under his uniform.

He took a deep breath, narrowed his eyes and stared. He gasped as he transcended the reality threshold ... the difference between looking at himself and watching a magnificent stranger. All he could see now was a beautiful blond cop, one of the most riveting sights he had ever seen. From that moment he did not think or reflect. His hands moved of their own accord. They came up to his neck and he undid another button on his shirt, then another. He pulled the top of his shirt open to reveal the dazzling white T-shirt underneath.

The three men watching held their breath. They could not believe what they were seeing. This gorgeous, powerful man, stunning in his uniform, was starting, slowly, to strip. They all three had rigid hard-ons. Darius was breathing hard, his gaze riveted by the sight.

Bob turned to Randy. "Whadya think?"

Randy smiled at his buddy. "You son-of-a-bitch."

Officer Matsen was now undoing the remaining shirt buttons and pulling his shirt tails from his belt until the shirt hung open. He was breathing heavily as he raised his hands to the front of his T-shirt and with his thumbs gently rubbed his nipples through the thin cotton. He smiled at the stranger in the mirror as he removed his shirt completely and let it drop.

And there he stood, his rippling torso etched under the white T-shirt tucked into his uniform pants. He stood mesmerized by the image in the mirror and ran his hands over the T-shirt the chest, the arms and down to the waist. He paused, just looking at the mirror.

Bob whispered to himself, "Take off the shirt man. Let's see the body." Darius moaned, "He's fucking incredible."

Slowly, the cop reached behind his neck and began to pull at the T-shirt. It came clear of his pants and rose over his stomach. The three guys gasped in unison as they saw the hard, ripped, six-pack ... no, eight-pack ... abs. Their jaws dropped as the white shirt rose over the hard slabs of the chest, revealing perfectly chiseled pecs. Then the shirt came off and dropped to the floor.

Darius moaned. "He's a Greek God a fucking Greek God. Look at that."

Officer Matsen stood stripped to the waist, his naked torso defying anything they could have imagined. His skin was a light golden brown, with light, barely visible blond hair on his chest. His chest heaved as he took deep gulps of air. "Yeah, man," he moaned as he looked at the stud in the mirror. Again he ran his hands over chest, now naked, and with a slight sheen of sweat.

As his fingers touched his nipples he groaned louder and he began to twist them, tighter and tighter. His moans got louder and he started to speak. "Yeah, look at that fucking body, man."

That's so fucking beautiful. Come on, fucker, hurt those nipples ... make that cock hard. God, you turn me on, man."

On the couch the three men had all pulled out their dicks and were stroking them slowly. They watched in awe as the shirtless cop turned himself on. Now his hands dropped down until they were at his crotch. "Let's see your dick, man," he whispered to the mirror. Slowly he unzipped his uniform pants, reached inside his shorts and pulled out a huge stiff rod. He dropped his hands and let his beautiful cock stand straight out from his pants.

"Jesus," breathed Bob. "Will you look at that?" Even Randy, reluctant as he was to praise the man he disliked, said to himself, "That is fucking unbelievable. Look at that body." And Darius was beside himself. "What a stud!" he whispered. "He's so hot. That gorgeous cop ... Come on man, beat your meat."

Mark was, in fact, starting to stroke his cock. He was staring hard at the mirror and running his free hand over his muscular chest. He was in another world, a world of fantasy and lust, and he was aware of only one thing ... the stunning image in the mirror. As his frenzy mounted he began to speak again. "God you're beautiful. You're such a fucking turn-on. Look at that cop, stripped to the waist, beating his meat. Just don't cum, man. Men like you don't make themselves cum. You're not gonna make me cum, asshole. I can hold back. You're not gonna beat me."

"Oh, God. You look so good, man. You're so fucking hot. Please don't make me cum. Please, sir. Oh, man. I can't hold back. No OK, you win. You're so fucking beautiful you're making me cum. No! .. No! .. I love you, man" And from his rigid shaft there shot a powerful stream of creamy white liquid, splashing on to the mirror and obscuring the stunning image of his fantasy.

On the couch they could not believe their eyes. Randy breathed, "OK, go ahead, guys, and Bob and Darius screamed as they let loose their own jets of semen, pumping in double, triple orgasms as they looked at the moaning cop. Only Randy did not shoot his load. He was saving himself for later. He still had a job to do.

Bob wiped his dripping cock, got up and walked over to the dazed cop. Standing behind him he whispered in his ear. "You haven't finished. Walk forward." As if in a trance, Office Matsen walked right up to the mirror. Without being prompted he sank to his knees and looked at the reflection of his face, still obscured by the streams of come running down the mirror.

"Clean it off," Bob whispered. Mark leaned forward and began to lick the hot semen from the glass, lapping at it until his face became clear. He did not stop licking. Now he was lapping at the chiseled features of his handsome face. He came to the lips and, as if hypnotized, kissed his own mouth with hungry passion.

On the couch Darius was recovering from his own orgasm. He looked at Randy. "That was so fucking hot, don't you think?" But Randy stared straight ahead and did not reply.

"What's up?" Darius asked.

"OK, he's hot, I'll grant you that. But he has his weak point. Everyone does. What would you say is Officer Matsen's weakness?"

"I don't know anything about him, except that he's totally gorgeous and he sure likes looking at beautiful men."

Randy slapped him on the back. "That's it you got it in one. He fantasized looking at Bob in the park, and then at himself in the mirror. Now he's gonna look at me."

"What you gonna do take your clothes off?"

"On the contrary, I'll put them on." He looked at Darius and smiled. "You know how I used to get around before I bought the truck?"

"You told me you had a motor bike."

"A Harley and I had the outfit to go with it still have. Officer Matsen hasn't seen anything yet. Wait here, I'll be back." And he jumped up and went upstairs.

Fifteen minutes later Bob and Darius were talking to Mark. The cop was recovering from his vivid experience, though he looked somewhat nervous and embarrassed. He couldn't believe what he had just done and he was quick to wipe himself off and put his T-shirt back on. Bob and Darius were still complimenting him when suddenly they saw him look up and freeze. They turned in the direction of his gaze and they too gaped in awe.

Randy had come in. He was dressed in his motor cycle gear heavy boots, black leather chaps over his jeans, black tank top under a black leather vest. To complete the picture he was wearing mirrored sunglasses and a leather cap. The swarthy, masculine hunk looked incredible, like something out of a leather fantasy. None of the men had seen anything like this, anything so awesome.

Mark gasped, "Jesus!" That looks" But he couldn't find the words. There was a long silence as they stared at the stunning image before them. Randy broke the silence.

"OK, guys. I need some time alone with Office Matsen. Why don't you go up and take a swim? Wash that cum off yourselves. Don't cum again, though. Save that for later. You're gonna need it."

Bob grabbed Darius and pulled him across the room and up the stairs, leaving the two men alone. The silence was heavy as Randy folded his arms and looked across the room at Mark, dressed still in his uniform pants and boots, and white T-shirt that hung loose, untucked into his pants. They stood motionless, in anticipation of what was to follow. Both stunningly beautiful, they were physically polar opposites ... the golden, Nordic cop, his muscles bulging under his tight white T-shirt, versus the dark, swarthy, macho biker, his sinewy body spectacular in black leather.

Randy knew what he had to do, but he was not sure of his reasons. First, he was still mad at the cop for making his buddy strip and jack off for him. He would have to be punished for that. But more than that, in a strange way Randy hated him for being so incredibly beautiful. A Greek God, Darius had said, and both he and Bob had cum just watching him.

Was Randy jealous? All he knew was that he had to dominate this man, to assert his supremacy. The alpha male kicked in; he needed to break this man and he knew just how to do it. He walked forward and stood up close to the mesmerized cop.

"So, Officer Matsen. It's just you and me now. You knew it would come to that, didn't you?"

"I ... I wasn't sure what Man you look so good. What are you gonna do?"

"Well, for a start, try these on." From his pocket he pulled two leather straps that he quickly buckled around the cop's wrists. "Now raise your arms up and out."

Riveted by Randy's commanding voice Mark did as he was told without thinking. He should have paid more attention. He did not realize that he was standing under a chin bar that had been part of the old gym. In a flash Randy reached up and clipped the wrists to the bar. In his white T-shirt, uniform pants and boots the cop was now helpless, his arms and shirt stretched upward, revealing bare skin at his waist.

Mark suddenly came out of his trance and looked up at his bound wrists. He started to panic.

"Now wait a damn minute. You can't do this. Let me go ... now! I'm a police officer. I can arrest you for this."

Randy smiled and growled, "I think not, Office Matsen. As I said before, you and I have to talk. What you did to my buddy is unacceptable. Nobody uses him like that, except me. And certainly not you. Just because you're so fucking gorgeous you think you can get away with anything."

Mark struggled to get free of his restraints. "It's not like that. Let me out of here. What're you gonna do?"

"Well, now, let's see," and Randy picked up the bullwhip that was lying on the ground. He draped it around the cop's neck and he flinched. "I could just strip you and whip you into submission."

Randy smiled. "Nah ... that would be too easy. Besides, it would be a shame to mark that beautiful body of yours." He threw the whip on the floor. "No, here's what's gonna happen, Officer Matsen. I'll just use my bare hands. I'm gonna crush your body and then blow your mind. I'm gonna control you, break you."

"So here we go. First, I want you to describe exactly what you did when you pulled my buddy over the other day."

"Fuck off. Just leave me alone," snarled the cop.

"OK, have it your way."

Still in full leather, Randy stepped forward against the muscular, bound body, and curled his arms around Mark's waist. He linked his hands in the small of the cop's back, hand over wrist, flexed his hard muscled biceps and began to squeeze the tight waist in a brutal bear hug. The two men were pressed tightly against each other chest to muscular chest, thigh to thigh and crotch to crotch. Their faces were inches apart. Mark inhaled sharply and shouted as he struggled to twist out of the vice-like grip.

"Aaah! Stop. You're breaking my back." He tried to look into Randy's eyes but all he saw was his own reflection in the biker's mirrored sunglasses. He saw the clear image of a beautiful face twisted in pain. Worse, he knew that Randy was seeing exactly the same face. They were both looking at the chiseled features of the tortured cop ... and it made their cocks hard. Pressed hard against each other they were aware of their mutual hard-ons.

Randy increased the pressure and snarled at the agonized man. "I said I'd crush you, Matsen. This is just the beginning. You know you can't take much more. Give up."

"You fucking bastard," groaned the big cop. "I'll kill you for this." But the pressure increased and became unbearable. "Stop! You'll snap my spine. Aaaah! OK, OK I give up, I submit. Please stop."

The pain dissolved as Randy released his grip.

"What do you want from me?" gasped the heaving man hanging from the restraints.

"It's real simple. I told you. I want you to describe exactly what you did to my buddy in the park ... what you saw and what you felt."

"You're sick, you know that? Why would you want that?"

"Because I'm gonna show you something better. I told you. I'm gonna blow your mind. Now talk. Don't hold back anything." Randy walked back about ten feet and, still dressed in full leather, stood looking at the cop.

Mark pulled at his wrists but realized he was bound tight, at the mercy of this powerful stud. He licked his dry lips and started to speak hesitantly.

"OK. We were all alone in a clearing in the woods, looking at each other. He looked incredible. I told him to take off his jacket."

Without a word Randy took off his cap and threw it to the floor. "Then what?"

"I told him to loosen his tie and take it off."

Randy took off his glasses and threw them down. For the first time his eyes looked directly into Mark's, and the cop gasped. "OK, fucker," Randy said. "What next?"

Mark cleared his throat. "I told him to unbutton his shirt and then take it off slowly."

"How did he look then?"

"Incredible. He was stripped down to his white tank and I could see the shape of his chest underneath."

"Like this?" Randy said. He slowly put his hands on his leather vest and shrugged it off, letting it drop. His black tank top accentuated the shape of his body broad shoulders, tapering down through wide lats, past ripped abs to where his leather chaps gripped his slim waist. He looked magnificent, and Mark gasped. His cock grew even harder.

"Go on."

"Then" Mark's voice cracked and he cleared his throat nervously. "Then he began to pull up on the back of his tank." Randy did the same with his own black shirt. "He pulled until it came clear of his pants and showed off his stomach."

"Like this?" As Mark described the scene, Randy played it out. The captive man was not sure if he was describing what Bob did or what Randy was now doing before him. He was losing himself in the fantasy.

"He pulled the shirt up over his chest. Then it came free and I could see him stripped to the waist. He was magnificent." Following the narrative Randy now threw down his tank and stood shirtless in front of the gasping cop. He could see the bulge straining at the uniform pants.

"Then?"

Mark's throat dried. He coughed and stammered, "I ... I told him to drop his pants."

Randy unbuckled his chaps, unzipped them and let them drop. He stood before Mark in just his jeans and boots. He kicked off his boots, then quickly unbuttoned his jeans, lowered them and kicked them off. He stood naked, his gloriously muscled body rippling in front of the hypnotized cop.

"Did he look like that?"

Mark swallowed hard. "You're a fucking god. I've never seen anyone like you, man."

"What happened next?"

"I told him to stroke his meat."

Randy took his rigid pole in his hands and began to stroke it. His eyes remained locked on the astonished gaze of the bound cop.

"Then he shot his load."

"And you."

"I rubbed my crotch and came in my pants."

Randy walked toward Mark and said, "Well this time, Officer Matsen, you're tied up. You can't touch yourself. But that's not a problem. First let's even things up a bit." He grabbed the white T-shirt at the neck and in one sharp pull, tore it completely from the beautiful torso. He quickly pulled off the long boots, unbuckled the belt and pulled down the pants and shorts. Throwing them aside, Randy stood back and looked at the man he was seeing naked for the first time. He was truly magnificent.

"Darius got it right. You are a Greek God. Now that we're both naked, let's try this again."

Randy repeated what he had done before, wrapping his arms around the tight waist and started to squeeze in a tight bear hug. Only this time the pressure was not so brutal. He pressed his bare chest against the heaving naked pecs of the blond cop and pushed his raging cock against the cop's rigid shaft.

The faces were again inches apart but this time there was a difference. The glasses had gone and the two men looked deeply into each other's eyes. They saw themselves reflected in the other's eyes and Mark became lost in delirium at this incredible, swarthy, masculine face. He saw the eyes smile at him.

"OK. You rubbed yourself to an orgasm looking at my buddy. Then I saw you jerking off looking at yourself in the mirror. Now you're looking at me ... but your hands are tied." He looked hard into the beautiful gray eyes. For the first time he used the name. "Come on, Mark. With me, you don't need your hands. You and I know each other. We're two of a kind. We're two incredibly beautiful men. We're equal. You know what I want."

And he squeezed the waist tighter, pressing their naked bodies together, harder and harder. They felt their hearts pounding in their chests, and their cocks were pressed upward against their stomachs. Mark was in a world he had never visited. The only thing he was aware of was this hard body crushed against his, the two dicks pulsing together, and the eyes the incredible blue eyes boring into his.

He saw the beautiful dark face inches from his. He was lost, hypnotized. He moved his face forward, looked deep into the pale blue eyes and pressed his lips hungrily against the mouth. They savaged each other's mouth with their lips, licking, probing, eating, grinding, their eyes still locked together.

Somewhere in the middle of this passionate frenzy their cocks began to pound and simultaneously they erupted, shooting huge, hot jets of semen upward, covering their stomachs and chests. The force of the eruption was so great that some of the semen reached even to their mouths as they ground together. They shared the taste of their cum, the sweet, creamy, fruit of their passion.

And so, two unbelievably beautiful men, a Nordic god and a swarthy giant, had met at last, locked together in an outpouring of passion and lust.

Randy held Mark tight for a long while. As he gazed into the gray eyes he was surprised to see that the big cop was blushing. Finally, Randy reached upward and quickly freed his wrists. Mark's arms dropped to his sides, his body slumped, and his strength seemed to desert him. He sank to his knees.

Randy took a step back and watched as Mark bowed his head. This was part exhaustion, part embarrassment, but mostly an act of submission to the man who had conquered his body and his mind. His mind was reeling. He was feeling, not thinking. He did not even react when he felt the cold touch of leather on his skin as Randy fastened the black leather collar around his neck. He was only dimly aware of Randy walking away.

The naked construction worker went to the top of the stairs and shouted, "OK, guys. I'm done. You can come back now." Bob and Darius, both wearing shorts, followed him back down to the basement and stopped abruptly, their jaws dropping in astonishment at what they saw. The proud cop, this stunning man, now naked, stripped of his uniform, was kneeling, head bowed, with a leather collar around his thick neck.

"Jesus!" breathed Bob. "My-oh-my," whispered Darius.

"You like?" asked Randy with a broad grin.

"Incredible," Bob said.

Randy's voice softened. "Look up Mark."

The beaten cop raised his head and stared at the three beautiful men. His eyes were glazed. He was not sure where he was.

Darius turned to Randy. "Hey, boss, you said you had something in mind for me."

"Oh I do," Randy smiled. "You know I always keep my promises. Come here." And he led the excited black man forward, a few feet away from the naked, kneeling cop.

Randy again fixed the gray eyes looking up at him. "Officer Matsen, we're not quite finished. I have something special to show you." And with one swift move he pulled down Darius's shorts. Mark gasped as he saw the huge cock flop out of the shorts and hang down almost to Darius's knee. His eyes opened wide. He had never seen anything like it.

As Darius looked down at the handsome, sculpted features of this god-like man, his cock began to stiffen until it stood erect, pointing straight at Mark's astonished face. Through the haze of his confusion Mark heard a voice.

"Open your mouth, Mark."

Mark shifted his gaze to Randy's face. He gasped as he realized his fate. "No, I can't do that. I've never I mean, you got it wrong. I'm not a" But he didn't finish. Randy leaned down, cupped Mark's chin in his hand and gave the man another piercing look.

"I said, open your mouth, Mark."

Hypnotized again by this powerful man Mark did as he was told. Darius knew what to do. He walked forward, brought the tip of his stiff rod to Mark's lips and slowly, very slowly, eased his cock into the virgin mouth. Mark's eyes widened in horror and tears filled his eyes as he felt, for the first time in his life, a man's penis push toward the back of his throat.

He choked as the cock filled his mouth and slid down, deep inside his throat. He thought he would pass out, when suddenly the pressure eased and he felt the cock pulling out. He took a few deep breaths, then the rod pushed in again and made him choke again as it massaged the back of his throat. He was amazed and relieved to find that he began to go with the rhythm, and even to welcome the slow thrusts of the big shaft.

Darius put his hand behind the big man's head and, to steady himself, Mark grasped the hips of the coffee-colored body before him. His hands went around the slim waist and cupped the globes of the perfect ass. He felt them as they flexed and bulged as Darius moved back and forth. Mark found himself pulling the ass toward him as the cock continued to pump his face.

Bob looked at Randy and smiled. "You son of a bitch," he said. Darius was becoming delirious as he watched his huge cock slide in and out of the mouth of this beautifully chiseled face. He knew he couldn't hold on much longer without shooting his load. Randy knew that too.

"That's enough," he ordered. Darius slowly pulled out. "Come on guys," Randy smiled, "Lets welcome Mark to the house."

The three men stood before Mark as he looked up at them, three of the most beautiful men he had ever seen. And they were all stroking their cocks. He was motionless, mesmerized by the pounding fists before him. He had never been so focused on anything in his life. As he watched in awe he heard a voice say, "OK, guys now."

Mark heard hoarse shouts and had a glimpse of three jets of white liquid spurt toward him before he was blinded by thick wads of cum that splashed into his hair, into his eyes, down his face, dripping off his chin onto his heaving, naked chest. He lost all sense of reality and exulted in the smell and taste of the juice of these glorious men. His body heaved and flexed, his heart pounded and he screamed, "YES!" Then his body slumped forward and he started to weep, his body racked with deep sobs.

Randy leaned down, cupped Mark's chin in his hand and brought his face upward. He wiped the cum from his eyes and said. "You were great, man. When you're ready, come and join us. Darius, help clean him up."

He and Bob turned to leave. As they walked upstairs Randy smiled at his buddy. "Impressive, uh?"

"What, him or you?"

"Both of us. But you know what? I missed you."

"But you and Mark"

"Oh, he's hot alright. But you well, I love you, man. I want to make love to you."

"Now? But you already came with him."

Randy smiled, "Twice, actually. Think you can make me cum again?"

Bob grinned at him and threw his arm over Randy's shoulder.

"Guaranteed."

And they walked into the bedroom.

Back in the basement Darius was taking Randy at his word and helping Mark clean up in his own way. The cop's face was still streaked with cum and tears. Darius knelt in front of him, leaned forward and began to lick at his face the eyes, the forehead, cheeks and chin. He even leaned further down and licked the splashes of cum from the cop's magnificent chest. Then he wiped him dry with the remains of Mark's ripped T-shirt.

"God you're gorgeous," he sighed. "I guess you got the full Randy treatment."

Mark blinked and started to gather his thoughts. "He's just I mean I've never met anyone like him."

"And never will," Darius grinned.

"He and Bob are real close, aren't they? I don't understand. I mean are they?"

".... inseparable," Darius cut in. "That's what they are. But don't try to understand. Just sit back and enjoy. I do." He held out the T-shirt, sticky with cum and tilted his head. "By the way, can I keep this?"

"Enjoy." And for the first time Mark smiled.

Half an hour later all four men were standing by the pool, all just wearing boxers. Mark was looking uneasy, embarrassed even, still coming to grips with the events of the morning. Bob felt his unease and smiled.

"Do you have to leave?"

Mark relaxed a little. "Well, when I came here I had just got off the night shift. I'm kind of exhausted really beat. I'm not working today."

Randy put his hand on his shoulder. "Good, then you should crash here, buddy." He smiled. "You've earned it, God knows. There's a great hammock over there." He shot a warning look to Darius who was grinning at the memory of the events in the hammock.

"Well," Mark stammered. "If it's OK with you guys. That'd be great."

A short while later the beautiful, near-naked, pale golden body lay sprawled in the hammock in a deep, exhausted sleep. His arms and legs were splayed out, spread eagled to the four corners.

Randy looked at Darius and growled, "Don't even think of it, punk." The three men were staring down at the incredible sight. The cop's gleaming muscular body heaved as he breathed deeply, a slight smile on his face.

"So, what comes next?" Bob asked.

"Let him sleep," Randy said. "And when he wakes he can get to know us better. I have a few ideas left."

Bob smiled and shook his head. "You son-of-a-bitch."

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Chapter 20 – Randy and Mark – the fight

When Mark eventually stirred, in the twilight haze between sleeping and waking, fragments of memory came back to him. He saw himself in full uniform before a mirror, slowly stripping and then shooting his load at the sight of his own incredible body.

He frowned as he remembered what came next. In his mind he saw the glorious muscle god Randy, dressed in stunning black leather, working him over and eventually dominating him to the point where he shot another load and was left on his knees, naked and wearing a leather collar.

As these thoughts crashed in on him he experienced a mix of elation and revulsion. He considered himself a normal, straight, macho guy, a cop living happily with his girlfriend. How

had he ever allowed this to happen to him? He had to get out of here, forget that this nightmare ever took place.

He heard shouts and splashing nearby and when he opened his eyes his resolve to get away melted. He saw in the pool three glorious men horsing around with each other. Bob, whom he had met first, with his perfectly proportioned muscular body, and wide, handsome, square-jawed face. Darius, the young black man, eager and enthusiastic, perfect, smooth, coffee-colored body, stunning features and almond shaped green eyes.

And finally the boss, Randy, the construction worker who was one of the most magnificent men Mark had ever seen. Dark, swarthy, rugged face, powerfully built, sinewy body, honed to perfection by years of manual labor. This was the man who had humiliated him ... and amazingly Mark had loved it. Mark and Randy were equally matched in beauty, the one a Nordic god, the other a dark, supremely masculine muscle stud, and it was inevitable that one would challenge the other for domination. Mark's thoughts were interrupted by a shout.

"Hey, get over here!" Mark looked up to see Bob calling him over to the pool. "Come and get clean ... and cool."

Groggily Mark roused himself and climbed out of the hammock. He walked over to the pool and stood gazing down at the three beautiful men. As they looked up they were again awestruck by the sight of this gorgeous, naked muscleman. A Greek God, Darius had called him.

"What the hell," Mark thought, and dove into the pool. Soon his memories of embarrassment and humiliation evaporated and he found himself enjoying the boisterous company of these gorgeous men. Randy was especially vigorous, challenging the big cop to various playful trials of strength. Bob and Darius could see that the rivalry between the two alpha males was as strong as ever.

Sometime later the four men were stretched out on the grass, wearing just boxers. There was plenty of food and beer and any early inhibitions had disappeared, so conversation flowed freely. Randy and Mark talked motor bikes a lot, comparing Randy's former Harley with the two Harleys that Mark owned. But even in their conversation there was an undercurrent of competitiveness, mostly friendly but with glimpses of something more edgy.

Many beers later Randy stood up and spoke. "Mark, I think it's time you knew us better. Before you really become one of us, you should see how hard we play. What do you think, Bob?"

Bob hesitated. "Well, I guess so." Bob put a hand on Mark's shoulder and said gently, "This may blow your mind, and you may want to get the hell out of here. It's your choice." Mark looked at him in nervous anticipation.

Randy called to Darius. "Hey punk, get over here. You know what to do."

Darius looked nervously at Mark and frowned at Randy. "You sure, boss?"

"Sure I'm sure. I want Mark to see it all. Now do it."

Darius bent forward and grabbed his ankles. Randy yanked down the young man's shorts and looked at the perfect mounds of his ass.

"Look at that sweet ass," Randy said to Mark. "And it belongs to me."

As Bob heard the boastfulness in Randy's voice he realized that his friend, with more than a few beers inside him, was still being competitive, showing off to the macho cop. Randy needed to demonstrate his dominance in the household because he knew that Mark was a match for him, in looks, body, strength and his commanding attitude. Bob felt somehow uneasy about the outcome of all this.

"And now," Randy said to Mark, "stand by for something new. You might call it our specialty of the house."

He stood behind Darius and put both hands on the cheeks of the bubble butt. He brought his big, hard dick up to the crack and with one quick, smooth movement pushed it deep inside the waiting ass. Darius moaned as he felt the rod penetrate his gut and Randy shouted, "Yeah!"

The effect on Mark was stupefying. His first reaction was one of shock and revulsion and he turned to walk away. But he looked back and found himself riveted by the sight. Not by the act of penetration itself, but by the sight of these two beautiful men moving together in a muscle-flexing rhythm as one pushed his huge cock deep inside the other man's ass. Mark had never seen anything like this, never even thought about it, and he stood wide-eyed.

As the fucking continued, the words uttered by the men were almost as intriguing to Mark as the image itself.

"Yeah, boss. Drill my ass, sir. Please, master, push your dick deep inside. My ass is yours, sir. I belong to you."

"You like that, punk? You like your master's big dick filling your hole? I own you, man. I'm gonna rip your ass open. And you know I'm gonna shoot my load deep inside that beautiful body."

Mark stood riveted to the spot. He watched in a trance as the ass pounding continued and the two men groaned in ecstasy. Then he felt something that shocked him. His own dick was growing hard in his shorts.

Randy yelled, "Hey, Bob! Get over here. Grab a piece of the action."

Bob came over and stood in front of Darius, his crotch level with the moaning face. Darius looked up and opened his mouth. Bob's cock instantly became rock hard and he pushed it into the black man's willing mouth. He moved back and forth, slowly at first but then with a more insistent rhythm as the head of his cock hit the back of Darius's throat.

Mark could hardly believe his eyes. In fact he closed them for a second and wanted to run away, but he found that he couldn't turn around. He opened his eyes and was transfixed by the sight of these three gorgeous men moaning in ecstasy and moving together, muscles flexing, bodies gleaming with sweat.

Bob looked into Randy's eyes and they smiled at each other. Slowly, Bob leaned forward and their faces met. Their open mouths touched, then pressed together as their tongues searched frantically for each other and lips ground together. The sight was incredible the big construction worker pushing his huge dick in and out of the perfect globes of the black ass, and the other muscle stud pounding the young man's mouth, making the green, almond eyes run with tears. Darius cupped Bob's ass in his hands and pulled him deeper into his mouth.

The two big studs were now kissing each other feverishly, bringing them to a fever pitch. Suddenly the mouths separated and the two heads flew backward, screaming as their orgasm mounted. Mark watched the incredible sight awestruck. He knew he was about to witness the climax.

"YES!" Randy yelled and the two muscular bodies convulsed as their dicks exploded, one deep inside the ass, and the other in the back of the black man's throat. Darius's gleaming body also shuddered as his cock erupted beneath him and spurted hot, creamy semen all over the grass. Mark thought the orgasms would never stop. He looked on mesmerized at the muscles bulging and flexing as the bodies heaved in a pitch of exertion.

The sight was too much for the shattered cop. Without even touching himself he felt his bulging cock shudder and he could not hold back. He felt the eruption inside his shorts, and his cum soaked the white fabric and ran down his leg. He blushed and turned his back to the group, unable to grasp what he was feeling or thinking.

Minutes later Mark forced himself to turn around and was surprised to see the men had moved away. They were at the pool and they dove in one after the other. Soon they were playing, splashing and yelling in a pitch of exuberance.

"Come on in!" he heard Bob shout, but he remained rooted to the spot. His feelings swung widely between revulsion and excitement. He still couldn't process the idea of what the men

had done to each other, and even worse, the effect it had had on him, his spontaneous orgasm. The whole thing went against who he was, how he saw himself, his very masculinity.

He heard Darius's voice. "Come on Mark. We need you. Come and cool off." The temptation was too great and Mark dropped his cum-soaked shorts, walked over to the pool and dove in. He was soon swept up in the excitement, and the events of the afternoon began to seem less shocking to him.

Some time later the four men were again lounging together on the grass. They were ravenous and Darius had put together a big meal of salad, cold meat, pasta and a huge bowl of strawberries. There was plenty of beer and wine to go with it. Inhibitions fell away as they lazed and talked in the hot afternoon sun.

But underneath the camaraderie, Bob had an uneasy feeling that the conversation had traces of the unsettled rivalry between Randy and Mark, two evenly matched macho males. Randy had never boasted before ... he never needed to ... but now he was. He talked of his life as boss of a construction crew, how rough it could be and how he had never lost a fight in his life. Mark found himself giving as good as he got, describing how tough he had to be as a cop in the meaner parts of town.

With too many beers inside him, Randy began to taunt Mark, reminding him that he had earlier submitted to Randy's domination in the basement room.

"Hey, man," Mark countered. "It's easy being tough when the other guy is tied up. The first thing you did was shackle my wrists. Wasn't exactly an even playing field. Do you always have to tie a guy up to win?"

"Fuck off. You think it would have been any different in a straight fight?"

"Sure it would. I've been trained in the police academy and I've subdued hundreds of guys ... before I cuff them!"

"And I fought my way up since I was a kid," Randy countered. "My 'academy' was the streets. I'm a street fighter."

"I could take you any time."

Randy pumped his fist in the air. "Hey, guys, what d'ya think? Sounds like a challenge to me. That does it, man. Let's wrestle."

The two men jumped up and faced each other, staking out their turf. They were both wearing only shorts, and Randy said. "Whoever gets his shorts ripped off first is the loser."

"And what's the prize for the winner?" Darius asked.

"That's easy," Randy said. "The other guy's naked ass. The loser gets fucked in the ass."

Mark flinched. "Now wait a goddamn minute. I don't go in for that kind of stuff. No way."

"You see?" Randy taunted. "He's chicken. Won't take the challenge ... too scared."

Mark bristled. "OK, have it your way. No way you're gonna win, anyway."

Bob listened to all this with increasing alarm. He wanted to stop it. He thought he would make the stakes so high they would call it off.

"OK," he said. "But let Darius and me get a little of the action. The loser gets fucked by the winner and by us too all three of us." But he had overplayed his hand. The two rivals were now running only on adrenaline and Bob was appalled by their reaction."

"Done!" barked Randy. "Agreed," said Mark. And the battle was on.

The two glorious muscle studs circled each other, getting the measure of each other. Randy put his arms straight up, palms outward as a challenge to a trial of strength. Mark did the same and their hands came together, palm to palm, fingers locked. Their muscles flexed as their bodies pushed against each other, trying to force the other to the ground. They locked each other's eyes as they their arms bulge and strained with the effort. Their strength was evenly matched but gradually Randy took control and Mark sank slowly to his knees.

Bob and Darius watched, mesmerized. Darius whispered to him. "You know what this means? We're gonna get to fuck that gorgeous cop. I can't believe it."

"That's for damn sure," Bob agreed. "Randy's tough. He never loses a fight."

Just then Mark found a second wind and began to stand up. By sheer brute strength he pushed back against the big construction worker until they were back where they began, facing each other. Randy was surprised by the cop's strength and decided it was time for action. Breaking his grip he lowered his fists and punched Mark hard in the stomach.

The cop doubled up in pain and started to fall backward. But before he fell Randy grabbed his shorts and there was a loud ripping sound. One whole leg of Marks shorts tore away leaving just the waistband on that side. The instant Mark crashed to the ground Randy was on top of him. He knelt astride the blond muscle stud and pounded his pecs with his fists.

Mark screamed in pain, but he had been well trained. Pulling his legs up he managed to position them on either side of the big body over him; he linked his legs behind Randy's back and squeezed. With a howl of pain Randy doubled back and in seconds he was on the ground trapped in a vicious scissor lock.

His biceps bulged as he pushed desperately at the iron hard thighs that were holding him in their vice-like grip. It became another long trial of strength, and while Randy focused on freeing himself Mark put his hand down to Randy's side and ripped at his shorts. One side split open but did not come away. He pulled again, but still the shorts did not come off.

The effort he made caused Mark to relax his legs and Randy took advantage of this to heave himself out of the scissor lock. Crawling behind Mark he pulled the cop up on his knees, knelt behind him and grasped his wrists behind his back. He pulled them upward behind him, trapping Mark in a vicious hammer lock.

Mark howled in pain as he struggled to free himself. Bob and Darius gasped at the sight of the incredible body, muscles straining and flexing in pain, head thrashing, blond hair flying, his sculpted features twisted in pain. They had rarely seen anything more stunningly beautiful. They watched in awe as the two muscle gods, locked together, fought for supremacy.

Mark finally managed to loosen one elbow and brought it back hard against Randy's side, making him lose his grip. But Randy was quick. As he staggered backward he grabbed at Mark's shorts and yanked hard. The other leg ripped away, so there were now just shreds of the shorts hanging loosely from the still intact waistband. Exhausted, Mark fell on his back and Randy leaped to his feet.

"He's done for," Darius said. "Randy's won. Can't wait to see him fuck the cop's ass, and then it's our turn. The boss is such a fucking stud. He's the man."

Brandishing the ripped piece of cloth, Randy taunted the fallen cop who lay panting on his back, his shorts ripped to no more than the band of cloth round his waist.

"You're finished, Matsen. You're nothing. You're ass is mine. These guys are gonna watch you're sorry cop's ass get split wide open."

With a manic grin Randy leaned forward to grab the last shreds of Mark's shorts. His hand had almost reached its goal when the cop made one last desperate move. He bent his knee and managed to press his foot against Randy's chest as he leaned forward. With a final supreme effort he pushed his leg hard against the massive chest and, with a howl of pain, Randy began to fall backward.

As he did so Mark lunged desperately for Randy's shorts. The force of the big body falling quickly backward was too much for the thin fabric and, as Randy staggered back, the shorts

ripped clear off his body. After a few steps his back came crashing to a stop against a tree, and stood shaking his head in a daze. It took a few seconds for his mind to clear.

His head was still bent forward when he opened his eyes, and as he looked down he realized that he was naked. He raised his eyes and stared in horror. Mark was standing a few feet away, a big smile on his face. He was still wearing the shredded remains of his own shorts round his waist, and he was holding up his trophy, Randy's ripped shorts.

Darius and Bob leapt to their feet. "NO!" they yelled in unison. They couldn't believe what they were seeing. It took a few moments for them to grasp the unbelievable truth. Randy had lost. He never lost! But this time the muscular cop had beaten him. Mark was going to fuck the big macho stud, the top man, their master!

Bob ran across to Randy. "You don't have to do this, buddy. The whole thing was just a game. Let's just forget it. Mark's not into that. He doesn't really want to fuck you."

"Oh, but he does," said the cool, firm voice over his shoulder. When Bob spun and faced Mark he saw a steely determined look in his eye that he had not seen before. Mark continued.

"Randy and I have some unfinished business." He turned to face Randy and looked him hard in the eyes. "This morning you tied me up, humiliated me. But you and I know that couldn't be the end. We're two of a kind. That's why you've been taunting me all day. But now I've beaten you, and your ass is mine. Get on the ground, on your back."

Randy looked at Bob. "He's right. I'm beaten. A fight's a fight. And I lost."

He sank to his knees in front of his muscular conqueror and bowed his head in submission. Then he fell onto his back on the grass his arms and legs spread eagled. Mark breathed deeply as he looked in awe at the beaten muscle stud, the powerful, sinewy body, dark skin, swarthy stubbled face, the ultimate macho top man. He knelt down between Randy's legs at his groin. Leaning forward he grabbed his wrists, pinning them to the ground. Their faces were inches apart. Mark gazed into the pale blue eyes and spoke softly.

"So this is it, big guy. This is a first for both of us. I've never done anything like this, never even thought of fucking a guy ... until I met you. And you ... I'm sure your buddies over there have fucked you once or twice, but no other man has ever owned your ass as I do now. I think you knew it would come to this. Deep down you even wanted it."

"It wasn't the fight, you know that," he continued. "That could have gone either way, we're both evenly matched. No, when you first saw me you knew you had met your match, in strength and beauty. And you didn't know what to do. I overwhelmed you. And you knew that, sooner or later, I would dominate you."

It was true and Randy knew it as he looked up at the stunning Nordic face, the chiseled features and the perfect body arching over him. This god-like man had thrown him totally off balance. He had thought that he needed to dominate Mark, but he had been wrong. He needed to be dominated by him. Randy needed to be overpowered by him, crushed, beaten, penetrated by him. He needed to be owned by this beautiful muscle god. Only then would his lust be satisfied.

As he gazed into Randy's eyes Mark read his thoughts. "You see. You know I'm right. And now I'm going to fuck your ass"

Bob stood up and pulled Darius with him. Both had tears in their eyes as they saw their master pinned by the gorgeous cop. "We don't have to watch this," Bob said. "We'll come back."

"No!" Mark commanded. "You stay. You watch as I enter your friend's ass and make him submit to me, body and soul. And then I'll watch as you both fuck him, one after the other. Today this man will be broken completely."

He turned his gaze back to his victim. "Now your humiliation begins. Your buddies will watch as I become the only man but them to penetrate your ass. Look at me, Randy. That's it. A Greek God, you called it. This face and body will break your will and make you its slave. Have you anything to say before I begin?"

Summoning up the last vestiges of his free will Randy growled, "Go fuck yourself."

"Wrong, asshole. It's you who's gonna get fucked."

There was a long silence as the two men stared at each other. Then Mark said, "You know what to do."

Hypnotized by the magnificent man pinning him down, Randy raised his legs and hooked them over Mark's broad shoulders. Mark had no experience of this, but looking down at his magnificent captive his cock was rock hard and he brought its head to rest lightly against the crack of the warm ass. Randy tensed. He looked up at the muscle stud who had thrashed him and knew what was coming.

Without breaking his gaze into Randy's defiant eyes Mark suddenly pushed forward and his long shaft slid quickly and easily into the furnace of the big man's ass.

"Aaaah!" Randy screamed, throwing his head back at the intense pain as his body was impaled on the cop's rigid shaft. His body convulsed, flexed and thrashed as he tried to free himself. Instinctively he clenched the muscles of his ass tight, squeezing the cock inside him. Breathing

deeply he flexed his ass muscles tighter and tighter. He was trying to crush Mark's cock so hard that it would pull out.

But the effect on Mark was the opposite. Mark had, of course, fucked many women. As beautiful as he was he could have his pick. But he had never felt a sensation like this. His cock was tight in the furnace of this gorgeous man's ass and the effect was electrifying. His dick throbbed and pulsed, sheathed as it was in the burning walls of the man's hole. Jolts of ecstasy shot from his groin through the rest of his body, which flexed and heaved as if struck by lightning. He screamed out loud as the sensation raced through every fiber of his being.

The scream made Randy open his eyes and he gasped at the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. The perfectly sculpted, god-like man was in ecstasy, his huge muscles heaving and flexing as his body thrashed, streaming with sweat. The face was thrown back in pure joy, his eyes wide open with wonder.

Then the moment came. Mark's face became still and his eyes bored into the pale blue eyes staring up at him. That instant was transforming. The two men crossed the threshold from reality to fantasy. They had passed into another world. For a moment they were strangers in that world and neither knew what to do.

Randy was drowning in the cool, blue-grey eyes and he heard himself speak. "Fuck me, man. Fuck my ass. It's yours. It belongs to you. I need you inside me. Please, sir. Deeper."

As Mark felt the ass relax he was able to push in further, into the innermost limits of the furnace. Then he pulled back and plunged in again. He could no longer think. He was aware of only two things: the stunning beauty of the face imploring him, and the exquisite sensation in his cock that raced through his whole body. He was in a world of enchantment, a place he had never been to, and which he never wanted to leave.

Randy relaxed and looked up at the magnificent body rising and falling before him, filling his insides with indescribable pleasure. He watched as the beautiful face began to smile down at him ... and suddenly he knew that he had seen this picture before. He realized now that, in the deepest recesses of his subconscious mind, he had seen this glorious image the very first moment he had set eyes on Mark. He knew now that he had wanted this from the very beginning.

The two magnificent men came together as one, their stunning bodies rising and falling in a natural rhythm as they explored each other. Mark had been pinning Randy but he now released his wrists and gazed down, his face dripping sweat onto his victim. Enraptured by the sight, Randy reached upward and ran his hands over the perfect slabs of Mark's pecs, shiny with sweat, then over his shoulders, down his biceps, over his ripped abs and finally down to his groin. He gasped as he touched the long shaft that was pounding his ass.

Mark spoke to him. "You are incredible, man. I have never felt this before in my life. I could fuck your ass for ever. You are so fucking hot, such a man, and I love dominating you. Tell me, who does your ass belong to?"

"You, sir. Your cock feels so fucking beautiful inside me. I love running my hands over your body, watching you fuck me. Don't stop. Push deeper inside me. You own my body and my mind."

Both men had completely forgotten that this act of lust and love was being witnessed by two other men. Bob and Darius were spellbound, unable to speak or move as they watched the unbelievable sight of these two muscular bodies writhing together, the blond Greek God penetrating deep inside the ass of the dark, macho, muscle stud. The big top man was being dominated, broken.

They heard Mark speak. "It's nearly time, man. Time for me to prove I can make you do anything." And leaning forward, he again gripped Randy's wrists, pinning him to the ground. You will do exactly as I tell you, is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your cock hard?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Are you gonna shoot your load for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"But only when I give you permission."

"Yes, sir."

Mark started to pound harder and deeper and Randy groaned as his cock started to pulse. He looked up with pleading eyes.

"Please sir, I'm so close."

"No! You wait until I permit it."

"Yes, sir!" Randy clenched his jaw.

"Look at me. Look into my eyes."

They locked eyes.

"Now I'm going to flood your ass with my juice. My cock is going to shoot inside you. And you will watch. I've beaten you, Randy. You knew I would. And your buddies are watching me break you. Let them hear you give in."

Randy shouted, "I submit, sir. You've broken me. I'm your slave. Please, sir. I beg you. Cum inside my ass."

"OK. Here it comes, man. It's close. Feel the cock swelling inside you. Feel it pounding your ass. You've lost, man. I've beaten you AAAH!" His cock convulsed, paused, and then began to stream inside the burning ass of the broken stud. The huge shaft penetrated the inner depths of his gut as it gushed again and again, one orgasm after another.

Mark shouted, "OK, now! Now you can shoot." And Randy screamed, "Thank you, sir!" as his cock reared up and he shot jets of hot, creamy liquid over own body, his chest, his shoulders, his face, until his whole muscular body was streaming with semen." The two bodies flexed, convulsed and heaved together as both men experienced the most incredible, multiple orgasms.

After a long while they began to relax and looked deep into each other's eyes.

Mark smiled. "You wanted that from the very beginning, didn't you?"

Randy panted, "But I never dreamed it would be like that. You're fucking magnificent."

Mark fell forward onto Randy and the two gleaming bodies came together, one on top of the other, sliding together on the slick pool of Randy's cum. They gripped each other for a long time, until finally Mark breathed into Randy's ear, "Now I'm going to pull out." As each man uttered their final moan, the cock slid free of the shattered ass.

Bob and Darius had witnessed the whole incredible sequence in total silence. Their dicks were rock hard but they had not cum. They hadn't dared to. They sensed the supremacy of this glorious man and waited for his command. Mark leapt to his feet.

"Wait here. Nobody move."

He strode back to the house and went down to the basement room where he had first taken off his uniform. Now that he had cum and fulfilled his lust his body felt drained and he found he was reeling from the events of the day. Reality was crashing in on him. What had he done? What the hell was he doing here? He had done things here that were unimaginable.

He looked in the mirror. He was Mark Matsen, regular guy, a working cop, with a girlfriend waiting for him at home. He had to get out of here, get his life back. He needed to get dressed.

His shorts had been ripped off, so he grabbed a pair of Randy's from the floor and put them on. Then he pulled on his uniform pants and buckled the wide belt. He pulled on his motor cycle boots and tucked the pants into them.

His T-shirt was gone, so he pulled on his uniform shirt, fastened the bottom two buttons and tucked it into his waistband. As he looked into the mirror at the handsome cop his cock stirred and began to get hard. Jesus, what had these guys done to him? He found his sunglasses and put them on. He picked up his helmet and went back outside to confront the men.

All three men gasped at the sight of this beautiful, uniformed cop striding toward them. His shirt was open almost to his waist, baring his sculpted pecs, and his chiseled features were stunning behind mirrored glasses. He was like a fantasy illustration of a cop. He dropped his helmet and crossed his arms over his chest. As he spoke the men realized that Mark was back to being a cop. The voice was steely, all business."

"It's almost over. But before I leave there's one last act. The deal was that I get to see you two complete the humiliation of your master. I thrashed him, dominated him and broke him. Now he will submit to you."

He turned to Randy who was still lying dazed on his back on the ground. He put his boot under the muscular body and flipped the shattered stud over onto his face.

"On your knees, asshole."

#

Chapter 21 – The cop's revenge

Now totally subservient Randy came up on his hands and knees, head bowed.

"You," the cop barked at Bob. "On your knees behind him." Bob instantly did as he was ordered.

"Now. You're gonna fuck your master in the ass. But I want him to suffer, so you will not climax until I give you permission. If you come too soon he will be handcuffed and whipped. Is that clear?"

Bob looked up at the towering cop. "Yes, sir."

"Begin."

Bob hesitated, until he heard Randy growl softly, "Do as he says."

Despite his reluctance, Bob had a roaring hard on. It was partly the anticipation of fucking his buddy, but mostly the incredible sight of this powerful, muscle-bound cop. He brought the tip of his dick to Randy's ass and was shocked at how wet it felt. It was still dripping with the cum that Mark had poured into it minutes before.

The big, broken stud waited for the pain, and he groaned loudly as he felt his lover's big rod sliding inside him.

"All the way!" the cop's voice commanded.

"Yes, sir," moaned Bob and pushed his dick deep into the soft inside of Randy's gut. The ass was still flooded with the pool of Mark's semen and Bob gasped as he felt the hot, sticky wetness of the cop's juice. The sense that his cock was being washed by this glorious cop's semen made Bob's cock even more rigid.

Then the fucking began. With Mark's threat of whipping hanging over him, Bob did not dare to hold back. Pulling his dick clear out of the hole, he plunged it back in and heard his buddy scream as he pounded the inside of his gut. Again and again he penetrated deep inside the ass, and his eyes filled with tears as he heard his buddy's screams.

But Mark did not let up. And it was not simply that he wanted to hurt his victim. Despite his desire to end all this and leave the house, he felt his own crotch bulge as he watched one muscle god fuck the other. It was an incredible sight.

The fucking seemed endless and Bob needed the punishment to be over. He raised his head and looked in front of him. Standing with his legs astride, his arms folded across his massive chest, his eyes hidden behind mirrored glasses, the cop looked magnificent and made Bob's dick even harder. Bob was ashamed that their tormenter was turning him on, but he was helpless before this beautiful, dominant man. It was as if he was fucking two men, Randy and Mark together.

Randy too looked up, and the same image caused his cock to stiffen, in spite of the humiliation and pain he was suffering. He was totally overwhelmed by the power of this god-like man. He heard Bob moan behind him.

"Please, sir. Let me cum. I'm so fucking close. I don't wanna hurt him anymore. Do you want me to beg?"

Mark pointed to Randy. "I want to hear him beg."

Randy looked up at him. "OK, I'm begging, man. My ass can't take any more. I'm finished, you know that. Have mercy on us. Let him cum in my ass."

"Both of you. Who is your master?"

The two suffering bodybuilders moaned in unison. "You are, sir."

"And you submit to me?"

"We submit."

"OK. Show me the final degradation of the broken stud. Cum ... now!"

Both men were looking up at the gorgeous cop towering over them as Bob screamed. His cock shuddered and exploded deep inside the shredded ass of his buddy. Randy's body bucked and heaved as his own orgasm erupted. He did not take his eyes off the man who had defeated him so completely.

Mark was silent. He had never seen anything as intoxicating as this two beautiful muscle gods, one fucking the other into agonized defeat. His own dick was rock hard, but he held his orgasm back. Not yet, he thought."

Mark permitted a few moments of rest before the final act of the drama. As Bob crawled away, the cop hooked his boot under the kneeling body and flipped Randy over onto his back.

"You see now what it means to be beaten by me. But the rules were set by you, in your macho pride and arrogance. You needed me to break you, you know that?"

"Yes, sir." Sprawled on his back Randy looked up at the stunning cop and knew he was right. He had needed this. And it took a man as supreme as this Greek God to do it.

Mark looked over at Darius, who had witnessed the whole seen in horror, watching his master's body systematically broken and, worse, his spirit crushed. ""Now you," Mark barked. "Get over here."

Darius came and stood before the cop, instinctively clasping his hands behind his back.

"What is this man to you?"

"He's my boss, sir. My master. He was the first man to fuck me. I worship him."

"Well, now you'll worship me and do as I say."

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see that huge cock of yours."

Darius dropped his shorts and his dick flopped out and hung down almost to his knee.

"Have you fucked him before now?"

"Once, sir."

"Well now that cock is really gonna penetrate the ass of the man you call master. Not because you want to, but because I order it."

Darius screwed up his courage. "I don't think I can, sir."

The cop bristled. "Be quiet. You'll do as I say or it's the same deal as before. I will handcuff and whip the man senseless. So get on your knees. Fuck him. And you too will wait for permission before you cum."

Darius's eyes filled with tears as he knelt between the spread legs of the suffering victim lying sprawled on his back. He wanted to say something but there were no words. He looked into the eyes of the man he loved and then up at the cop standing above him. It was the sight of both men that made his cock stiff. The huge shaft reared up, he brought it quickly to Randy's hole, slick with the flood of semen from the two men who had already fucked it. With one quick movement, Darius pushed the entire length of his monster cock deep inside the muscular body.

The effect was instantaneous. The scream echoed around the hills, bouncing off walls and trees, as the beautiful, swarthy face jerked back and the pain speared through his shuddering body.

Mark was in awe. He had never seen a man suffer so much, tortured by the giant cock of the young stallion who worshipped him. Darius looked up, terrified, at their tormentor and began to plunge his huge rod deep into the shattered man, time and again battering the depths of his gut. His eyes streamed with tears as he looked down at his agonized master.

Darius lost all sense of where he was and what he was doing. The only thing he was aware of was the exquisite sensation in his cock as it pistoned back and forth inside the burning asshole. He was dimly aware of the screams but he focused on the cop, standing legs astride before him.

Like Bob before him, the images of the suffering Randy and the dominant Mark both had their effect on Darius. He was riveted by the visual image of the cop, and simultaneously felt the burning sensation of the muscle stud's shattered ass. He and Randy both looked up at their tormentor with pleading eyes.

"Please, sir. Please let me cum," Darius groaned, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"You can when you tell me who your master is."

"I can't....."

He heard Randy scream again as the iron rod brought searing pain to his insides.

"OK," Darius yelled at Mark. "Please, master. It's you. It's not him. You own me. Do anything with me, but just let me cum."

The cop smiled and said softly, "So what's stopping you? Shoot."

Darius's body shuddered and heaved as his cock erupted into the furnace of Randy's ass. And the broken stud on the ground reached another orgasm as he looked up at the magnificent cop who had broken him, ground him into the dirt and debased him in front of his buddies. His muscles heaving, he shot a fresh load of white hot semen over his already cum-soaked body. Darius fell exhausted on top of him, his body racked with sobs.

The agony of the shattered, ruined, macho muscle stud was almost over. He lay on his back, his ravaged ass still searing with the pain of the three cocks that had pierced him. Bob and Darius watched as Mark stood astride the exhausted man looking down at him.

"You know," he said, staring into Randy's eyes. "We cops are trained to make sure we have totally subdued a suspect. And the tougher the suspect, the rougher we have to be. Well you are one tough son-of-a-bitch and I needed to dominate you, destroy you, show you who's the boss. Who owns you now?"

"You do, sir." Randy's exhausted eyes looked up in total submission at the incredibly sculpted features of the cop towering over him, eyes hidden behind mirrored glasses.

"I have to admit," Mark continued, "I've enjoyed thrashing a man as beautiful as you. You may think you can't take any more but I haven't finished. I'm going to complete your humiliation now while your buddies watch."

The cop unzipped his fly and pulled out his big, thick dick that was already hard, his semen straining for release. Randy moaned as he realized what was coming. He looked up at the stunning sight of the uniformed cop, shirt pulled back over his sculpted pecs, stroking his rigid cock. He could not take his eyes off him. It didn't take long. After a few quick strokes Mark's body shuddered, then stiffened. He stopped, held his cock still, pointing down at the beautiful, agonized face and body.

"You want it?" he asked.

Randy was desperate. "Yes, sir. You're my master. Please cum over me."

The cop stood motionless as his pulsing cock began to shoot a heavy stream of white liquid toward the fallen man. It bathed his face, hair, chest and shoulders, streaming all over his sinewy body. Randy moaned in ecstasy as he looked up at this magnificent icon, this powerful cop, pouring his juice down on him. His tongue flicked out to gather the semen as it flowed down his face.

When his cock finally stopped shooting Mark looked over to Bob and Darius.

"You two. Come over here. One each side of him."

Randy looked up to see the cop astride in front of him and his two buddies on each side. The three muscular men overwhelmed his senses.

Mark's voice was steely as he addressed the two men. "Now do as I do," he ordered.

There was a pause, and then a hot, golden liquid began to spurt from the cop's cock. Instinctively Randy opened his mouth, which was instantly flooded with the bitter, rancid taste of his master's piss flooding into it. He gulped it down as his eyes pleaded for more. At the same time he saw the other streams of urine coming from either side of him.

Now all three men were emptying their full bladders onto the broken man lying helpless on the ground. As he writhed under the deluge of urine he was at the lowest depth of his agony and degradation. His body gleamed as the three torrents of piss poured down and mixed with the semen already coating his body.

Never had a man been so completely beaten, crushed, humiliated and degraded as this muscle stud, this powerful top man who, until today, had strode through his world unbeaten. His shattered body lay shuddering in the agony of defeat, staring up at the muscle god who had broken him.

He watched as the cop put his cock back in his pants and zipped them up. Bob and Darius stood back as Mark fell to his knees astride his victim and took off his glasses. Leaning forward he pinned Randy's biceps to the ground, with their faces inches apart, and their eyes met. Not knowing what came next, Randy was amazed to see Mark smile.

Mark spoke. "You're fucking incredible, man. I've never seen anyone suffer so magnificently. You're such a beautiful stud that the minute I saw you I knew I needed to break you. And you needed it too, didn't you?"

"You fucker," Randy said softly. "You can see inside me. I would never have thought I would let anyone do this to me until I saw you. Then I knew what I needed."

"We're two of a kind, man equals. I've never felt as close to a guy as I feel to you. And your buddies are two gorgeous fucking men. You know they're both in love with you, don't you? You are their master. Take good care of them."

Mark stood up and reached down for his helmet. "But the fact is that you are all too much for me. I don't regret what happened today but I need my life back. I'm a regular guy, a working cop, with a girl waiting for me at home. I need that back."

Turning to Bob he held out his hand and Bob shook it. Mark smiled at him. "I'm real glad we met back there in the park. You are totally fucking beautiful and Randy's one lucky guy that you love him. Take care of him. I won't see you again" and he grinned, "unless you do another illegal U-turn in the park." He put his hand behind Bob's neck and squeezed it.

"As for you, junior," Mark said, turning to Darius and placing both hands on his shoulders. "They're both crazy about you and I can see why. You have an incredibly handsome face and physique. But don't run away and become a fitness model. They need you. Never forget, Randy is your master. Do whatever he tells you. Obey him."

"Yes, sir," Darius said, mesmerized by the blue-gray eyes penetrating him.

Mark put on his glasses, buttoned up his shirt and finally put on his helmet. He became again everyone's fantasy of a stunningly beautiful cop. "Be good to each other," he said. "Don't forget me." And he turned sharply and strode out through the gate. The men heard him kick start his bike and with a roar of the engine he was gone.

"NO!...." At the sound of the scream Bob and Darius turned to see Randy on his belly crawling naked over the grass toward the gate, his face still pouring with cum and piss ... and now tears.

"He wants revenge," said Darius. "No," said Bob. "He wants Mark."

'Don't forget me!' Mark had said. As if they could. The rest of the weekend was spent mostly in silence as the men clung to the memories of the shattering events they had experienced. Randy found it hard to make eye contact with his buddies, having been so totally humbled before them, publicly crushed by such a stunning, dominant man.

They were all strangely silent for the rest of the week. At the construction site Darius went through the motions of his work, but he was distracted by the searing images that invaded his thoughts. Randy shut himself up in his trailer office. He said he had to work on budgets and

crew rosters, but when Darius glanced through the window he saw his boss sitting motionless, staring straight ahead with glazed eyes.

Bob was even more distracted. One day he even went so far as to drive home through the park, take the same turning he had taken before and make the same illegal U-turn. But when he looked in the rear-view mirror there was no flashing light, only trees and scrub. Jesus, he thought, he must be losing it.

All three men looked inward, searching their memories for images of the incredible man who had blazed through their lives. In their own private ways they tried to satisfy their lust for this fantasy cop.

One day when he was alone in the house Darius went down to the basement room and looked at the spot on the floor where he had seen the gorgeous cop on his knees, stripped naked, a leather collar round his neck and his head bowed in submission. Darius had kept the cop's shredded T-shirt that he had used to wipe the cum from Mark's face. Now he buried his own face in it, conjured up the image of the defeated cop, and jerked himself off to a shuddering orgasm.

"Thank you, sir," he said to the fantasy in his mind.

Bob too spent time in the basement with his own memories. He stood alone before the mirror where Mark had stood. He slowly took off his clothes but, instead of seeing himself undress, he saw the unbelievable image etched in his mind of the magnificent cop as he slowly stripped off his uniform. Bob stroked his cock as he said softly, "Cum for me, Mark. Let me see you turn yourself on and shoot your load." And he did, streaming his cum all over the mirror, as Mark had done that memorable day.

Randy was really having a rough time. He resented the fact that he could not rid his mind of the man who had fought him, overpowered him, thrashed him so completely and finally fucked him. He had to satisfy his lust for this man. He waited until late one night. He went down to the basement and picked up one of the big black dildoes that Darius had first brought to the house. Then he went outside into the bright moonlight.

He lay on his back on the grass in the same spot where he had endured the cop's brutal fucking of his ass. Bringing his hand round behind his ass he pressed the head of the hard rubber shaft against his hole. He gazed upward and visualized the unforgettable sight of the muscle god kneeling over him, his cock against his ass.

"Fuck me, sir," he breathed. "You've beaten me. I submit to you, body and soul. My ass is yours. You own it. Please, cum inside me."

He pushed the whole length of the dildo deep inside his gut and gasped as he felt the cop's dick invading his ass. It only took a few strokes to bring him close. "Please, sir," he moaned to

the image of the beautiful cop. "Please let me cum. You're fucking incredible, man. Let me shoot my load for you." And his cock jolted in a huge outpouring of hot creamy juice, all over his face and chest.

At the end of a week, Bob came home from work late one afternoon to see Randy and Darius sitting silently at the kitchen table, dressed just in T-shirt and boxers.

"You eaten yet?" he asked.

There was silence, then Darius mumbled, "Not hungry."

This has gone far enough, Bob thought. He had to take charge. "OK, you guys. Into the bedroom now!"

He led them upstairs to the bedroom he and Randy shared. "Randy, lie on the bed. Darius, stand by the bed."

They obeyed listlessly and Bob stood at the foot of the bed. "Enough of all this. We all know what we're feeling. I miss him too. But Randy, there's one thing you and Mark never did make love. And now I want you to make love to me. Look at me."

Still dressed in his business suit, Bob started to strip slowly first his jacket and tie then he unbuttoned his shirt and peeled it off, then pulled up on his white undershirt to finally expose his sculpted chest. As always whenever he saw this Randy got hard. He gasped as he saw his lover stripped to the waist. Bob quickly kicked off his shoes, dropped his pants and shorts and stood naked before the mesmerized construction worker.

As Darius watched in awe, Randy leapt up and took over. "On the bed." Bob lay on his back and pulled his knees upward. Randy quickly stripped off his shirt and shorts, knelt between Bob's legs and brought his hard, thick dick against his hole.

"Please, sir," Bob said. "You're my master. Please, sir fuck my ass."

And Randy did just that. He hammered the beautiful ass hard, pounding again and again as he re-established his supremacy over the man he loved. They looked deep into each other's eyes and smiled as they experienced the familiar sensation of crossing a threshold and becoming one, joined body and soul. They shot their loads together, the big body builder streaming into the other's ass, and Bob shooting hot cum over his own sweating body.

"Thank you sir," breathed Bob.

Randy was a changed man re-energized. He leapt up and pointed to Darius. "You! Take his place."

Instantly Bob got off the bed and Darius lay down in his place. He looked up and gasped. Incredibly, Randy was still rock hard. He knelt down and in one swift, sudden move lunged forward and buried his rod deep inside the young man's perfect ass.

"Now it's your turn," Randy growled.

"Yes, sir thank you sir."

"Who do you belong to?"

"You, sir always. Please fuck my ass hard, sir. I need it real bad."

Randy plunged the piston of his cock into the pleading ass, harder and deeper than he had ever done. Darius threw his head back in ecstasy, screaming obscenities as he gloried in the feel of the massive construction worker's brutal pounding. Randy ravaged the ass that he owned interminably, until finally the shattered young man watched as his master convulsed and shot his second load of the day into his burning ass. In his delirium Darius was unaware that his own cock had exploded in a huge shower of cum over his own chiseled, coffee-colored body.

Randy finally pulled himself free, stood up and faced Bob with a smile. "You're too fucking much, you know that? You always know how to make things come right. I love you more than my own life." And he kissed the beautiful face savagely in the heat of his passion.

Randy was back. He was the alpha male, the top man, master of the house. Sure, he had suffered mightily, but that had simply proved the strength of his manhood. His two buddies now looked up to him as the undisputed boss.

"We need a project to focus us," Bob said the next day. "And I know what'll keep us occupied. I never use my bedroom to sleep in and never will unless you want me to stop sleeping with you," he grinned at Randy.

"Asshole," said Randy.

"I only use it as an office so I want it turned into a proper one now that I work so many days at home. You two are supposed to be construction workers. How about it?"

"Think we can manager that?" Randy smiled at Darius.

"Mmmm....maybe," Darius said.

"The first thing is to get rid of the bed," said Bob. "Where can we put it?"

Darius was jumping up and down. He had a small bed in his pool room and the thought of having Bob's big California king-size thrilled him. So that's how it happened. Darius helped Randy build a proper work-station, shelves and cabinets in Bob's room, and it took all three of them to move the big bed into Darius's room.

"Wow," said Darius. "There's room for all of us in that that is, if ever you feel like it." Randy clipped him round the head.

As Bob intended, the project took their minds off the recent past and the house settled back into a routine, though there was still hovering over them the memory of the man they would never see again.

A couple of weeks passed. Late one night, around 1am, the house was dark and everyone was asleep. It was Randy who woke at the sound of a hammering on the front door. "What the fuck?" he mumbled as he leaped out of bed and pulled on his shorts. He unlocked the door and gasped when he opened it.

"Jesus! What the hell are you doing here? You look terrible, man."

Mark was breathing heavily as he stood on the doorstep. Dressed in a dirty gray T-shirt, black jeans and boots he looked distraught and had obviously been in a fight. His blond hair was disheveled and the beautiful features of his face were stained with dirt and traces of blood. His sweat-stained T-shirt was ripped at the neck and sleeves.

He gazed wildly at Randy, then blurted out his story. "There was a fight at home. Came home early to find my girl in bed with one of the other cops from the precinct. Turns out they've been having an affair for six months. I lost it, fought with the guy and beat the shit out of him. Then I got the hell out of there."

"You OK, though?"

"Think I look bad? You should see the other guy." There was an uneasy silence.

Mark shook his head. "Look, I'm sorry man, I shouldn't have come here. I was so fucking angry I just drove and found myself here. I wasn't thinking straight. I'll go."

"The hell you will," said Randy. "You came to the right place. Come here." And he stepped forward and hugged the big man tight. He whispered in his ear, "God, I've missed you, man."

"I know. Me too."

Mark followed Randy into the kitchen where they joined Bob who was already sitting down in front of three beers.

"Drink," Bob said. "I heard what you said. I'm glad you came."

"You guys" And Marks eyes welled up as the adrenaline of the evening crashed in on him. They sipped their beers in silence. Mark finally calmed down. He drained the bottle and said, "God, I'm beat. Never felt so exhausted."

"So you'll crash here," Bob said. "No need to explain anything now. You need sleep."

"If I could just bunk down on the floor here. I'm just not thinking straight. I'll be gone first thing."

"You fucking idiot," Randy said. "Don't you know us by now?" We're your buddies. We'll take care of you. And the last thing you'll do is sleep on the floor. What do you think, Bob?"

"Well, there's no bed in my room now. But Darius has that huge king size."

"That's it, then," said Randy standing up. "Darius sleeps like a log. You'll bunk in with him for the night. He won't even know you're there. You can shower in the morning. Come with me."

Mark thanked Bob and followed Randy out to the pool room. Inside they stood looking at Darius, gorgeous in his nakedness, as he lay motionless on the bed. "Told, you," whispered Randy. "Out like a light. Just make yourself at home. See you in the morning. Welcome." He punched Mark on the shoulder and left the room.

Deep in sleep, Darius had been dreaming. And as usual he had a hard-on dreaming of Bob and Randy. The quiet click of the closing door roused him only slightly. His eyes flickered open for a second, then he went back to his dream. But dreams have an odd way of shifting, drifting from one image to another. And in this young man's dream the picture of Randy slowly morphed into the stunning vision of the cop, Mark. Only now he was not in uniform. He was wearing a torn T-shirt, jeans and boots.

Darius smiled in his sleep as he imagined this incredible muscle stud. His cock grew harder as, in his dream, the man pulled off his T-shirt and stood naked to the waist, his perfectly sculpted torso gleaming in the moonlight that streamed through the window. God, the dream was vivid! Darius could almost smell the man's sweat, almost hear the boots drop as Mark took them off.

The cop finally unbuttoned his fly and dropped the jeans. He stepped out of them, naked now except for his boxers. Darius was terrified of waking up and losing the intoxicating vision of the tall, naked muscle god walking toward the bed. It looked so fucking real. It was the most

incredible dream he had ever had. He even felt the sheet being pulled back, heard the bed creak as the body got in beside him and touched him!"

"Aaah!" He yelled as he sat bolt upright.

"Jesus," Mark said. "I'm sorry, man. Randy said I could sleep here. I'm sorry I woke you. I'll leave."

"NO!" Darius said. "Don't. I thought you were a dream. You're not a dream, are you?"

"No, I'm really here in the flesh," Mark smiled and lightly flexed his muscles to prove it. "It's a long story. Do you mind if I stay the night?"

"No, sir. I mean, yes, sir. Stay Please stay."

"Thanks, buddy. Now go back to sleep. Forget I'm here."

Mark put his head back on the pillow and instantly feel into a deep, exhausted sleep. Darius stared in disbelief at the square-jawed, gorgeously chiseled face of this god as he slept beside him. He was scared to move, and he lay on his back staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, his cock raging hard.

But finally even he fell asleep. And neither man was aware that during the night the young black man nestled up against the naked cop and put his arm around the flawless, muscular body. And that's how they slept.

Next morning it was late when Mark stirred and slowly woke up. The bed was empty. Just then there was a tap on the door and Randy walked in.

"Feel better?"

"Yeah, thanks. Slept like a log. Darius was great about the intrusion. I had a strange feeling he even had his arm over me as we slept."

"I bet he did," Randy grinned. "He's out there making breakfast for you now."

"Then, I gotta leave. Gotta get out of town."

"You're not going back home?"

"Hell no, man. I'm out of there for good. I was so fucking mad. I just grabbed a few clothes, my uniforms, work gear. I also put my two Harleys in the truck. Wasn't gonna let the fucker get his hands on my bikes."

"Where you gonna go?"

"I need to feel my bike underneath me, need to ride fast. I know a place way out in the desert, a great place to get lost and think."

Randy hesitated and looked Mark in the eyes. "You want company?"

"I was kinda hoping you might say that." Mark smiled. "I do have two bikes. Think you can handle a Harley?"

"Asshole," Randy grinned.

"Just one condition," said Mark, with an embarrassed grin. "Will you wear that leather outfit you had on that first day in the basement?"

"Try to stop me." Randy put his hand behind Mark's neck. "Buddy, I have a feeling we're gonna have one hell of a ride."

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