

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 3

Chapter 22 – Two Harleys – into the desert

After Randy left the room Mark tried to collect his thoughts, lying on the bed naked except for his boxers. He breathed deeply and languidly stretched his limbs, reaching up to the corner bedposts. Just then there was a tap on the door and Darius came in carrying a heavy tray. He gasped as he saw the near-naked cop stretching his muscled physique and almost dropped the tray. But he took a breath and collected himself.

"Breakfast," he grinned. Anxious to please this stunning cop he had put together a huge cooked meal.

"Gee, thanks," Mark said, realizing how hungry he was. Darius sat on the bed and gazed at him as he ate. Mark decided to run something by him.

"I wanted to ask you something. I need to get out of town and I might go away for a few days with Randy. You know them both. Do you think Bob will be OK with that?"

"Don't sweat it," Darius said. "Those two guys don't worry about stuff like that. They're so tight a bolt of lightning couldn't split them apart. Besides," he grinned, "it'll give Bob and me the chance to spend some time together."

"And you like the idea of that."

"You betcha!"

"By the way, I'm sorry I barged in on your last night," Mark said. "Randy told me I could bunk in with you."

"It was a pleasure," grinned Darius. "A real pleasure."

"If there's anything I can do to return the favor...."

Darius stood up nervously. "Well, there kind of is."

"Name it."

"This'll sound weird, I know. But you don't have to do anything just lie there and I well ..."

"What?"

In a rush Darius mumbled, "I really, really wanna jerk off looking at you."

"And what do I do?"

"Nothing. Just lie there. You can close your eyes if you want. You're just so fucking gorgeous and I can't believe you're actually in my bed. I want to get off looking at you while you're still there."

Mark smiled at the eager young face. "Then go for it," he said. "And to make it more interesting ... " He reached beside the bed pulled his mirrored sunglasses from his pocket. He put them on and lay back with his hands behind his head.

"Now you won't know if my eyes are open or closed. So go ahead. Knock yourself out."

Darius could hardly believe the sight of this muscle god stretched out before him, wearing just his white boxers. With his unruly blond hair, square-cut features and the most incredibly muscular body Darius had ever seen he was more like a fantasy drawing than a real man. The trembling black man reached down, dropped his shorts and his huge 10-inch cock reared up. He began stroking it.

His breathing became heavy as he ran his eyes up and down the gloriously chiseled body. He would dream of this and jerk off to the memory many times in the future. But for now the man was actually here and Darius felt his cock throbbing. He wanted this to last as long as he could.

Behind his glasses, Mark's eyes were open wide. Although he had always been straight, considering himself a regular guy, a working cop, he had always got off at the sight of a beautiful man and without doubt Darius was gorgeous. The sinews of his muscles rippled under his smooth coffee-colored skin as he stroked his meat, and his almond-shaped green eyes gazed intensely down at the bed. Darius was using both hands on his enormous cock, one near the head, and the other at the base.

"Wait," Mark said softly as he felt his own cock stir in his shorts. "Do you want me to make you shoot your load?"

"Yes, sir. Please."

"But not until I give you permission."

Darius could not believe his eyes at what came next. Leaving one hand behind his head, Mark took off his glasses with the other hand and let them fall. Then he reached down to his shorts and pulled out his cock, already hard as a rod. He began to stroke it.

Mesmerized by the sight of this glorious naked cop stroking his meat Darius knew he could not hold back much longer. He felt the pressure build in his cock as his orgasm approached.

"Please, sir. I'm real close," he gasped.

"Me, too," Mark breathed as he pumped his cock faster. "God you're beautiful. You're making me cum. OK, man. Now you can shoot."

Mark watched as Darius's body flexed and shuddered and the head flew back in a spasm of lust. "Aaah!" Darius yelled as his cock pulsed and a huge stream of hot liquid arced high in the air and splashed down on the hard slabs of the cop's gleaming chest. Again and again the jets of semen sprayed down on the glorious body, until the muscles were bathed with creamy white cum

The sight was too much for Mark, whose own cock exploded and his semen streamed over his body, already soaked in white juice. The two exhausted men gazed at each other in total exhilaration. Finally their breathing subsided and Mark smiled up at the trembling man.

"Did that take care of it, Darius?"

"Oh, man. That was unbelievable. I'll remember that always. You are one hell of a man."

Mark jumped up.

"Join me in the shower? You can soap me up."

"Yes, sir. You betcha!"

A short time later Mark was sitting with Randy at the kitchen table and Bob came in. Again, Mark gave a silent gasp as he looked at Randy's lover. Wearing dress pants and shoes but still shirtless Bob was getting dressed for work. Fresh from the shower his perfectly sculpted torso gleamed as the stunning face smiled down at Mark. He knew the effect he was having as he slowly pulled on his starched white shirt, buttoned it over his bulging chest and then put on his tie.

Mark cleared his throat nervously. "Look, Bob. Are you sure you're OK with Randy and me getting out of town for a day or two? 'Cause if you have any problem with it I'll back off."

Bob smiled. "And deprive this asshole of your company? Just be careful he can be a real prick sometimes. Don't get on his bad side."

"Fuck you," Randy grinned.

"I figure you two still have a few things to work out," Bob said. "And when you get back there'll be time for you and me to get to know each other better, Mark. If you would like."

"I would like," Mark smiled. "I'll look forward to it."

Randy said, "I've just been down to the construction site and cleared things with Jack. He'll take over for me. And I've already strapped some gear onto the bikes, so I guess we're all set."

Bob walked them out to the two Harleys. Darius joined them and watched in awe as they straddled the bikes. Randy, the dark, swarthy muscle stud, was dressed in jeans, boots and a black tank top under a leather vest. Mark, the stunning blond, was wearing the clothes he had on when he arrived black jeans, boots and an old torn gray T-shirt that stretched tightly across his torso.

Randy grinned at Bob and Darius. "Take care of each other," he said. "And I mean that in every sense of the word."

The two bikers strapped on their helmets, kick-started their powerful machines into life and roared away.

They rode fast, side by side heading east on Interstate 10. As the wind roared past them, both felt free, exhilarated to be close to each other, reveling in each other's raw masculinity. Competitive as ever, they challenged each other as their speed increased.

They made three stops on the way out to the desert and the first one was not by choice. They were roaring through Bloomington, a small community on I-10 in the industrial wastelands, when they both became aware of a cop car racing behind them lights flashing, siren blaring.

"Shit," yelled Mark and they both pulled over to the shoulder. The black and white pulled in behind them and a cop got out and swaggered up to them.

"License, please sir," he said.

Mark pulled out his police ID and flashed it to the cop, whose whole attitude changed instantly.

"Hey, sorry man. I had no idea. Just trying to fill my quota."

"Yeah, I know how that goes. Slow day?"

"Until you two roared by. Where you headed?"

'A place I know in the high desert. Way up the canyon."

The cop looked over at Randy, astride his bike right next to Mark.

"Oh, he's with me," Mark grinned. "My best buddy," and he threw his arm over Randy's shoulder. When he heard Mark say this Randy was amazed to feel his cock stiffen. The cop took a step back and gazed at them, two of the most stunningly macho men he had ever seen.

"Jeez, you two sure won't have any problem with the ladies. They'll be falling over themselves." He laughed. "If you have any left over point a few in my direction. Well, sorry to have interrupted your trip, guys. Have fun with each other out there."

"We plan on it," grinned Randy. "Thanks a lot, officer."

As the cop walked back to his car Randy looked at Mark.

"What d'you think he meant by that?"

"Guess we'll find out," Mark smiled. "Let the games begin!" And they kicked their bikes into life and sped back onto the freeway.

They finally got off the Interstate on the outskirts of Palm Springs and rode through the adjacent Cathedral City. On the other edge of town Mark yelled at Randy and pointed to a flashing sign ... "Beer!" Randy nodded and they pulled off into the parking lot of a small, shabby bar.

"Thought we should wash the dust out of our throats before we hit the canyon," said Mark.

"I'm right with you," and they took off their helmets and went inside.

After the dazzling sunlight they stood just inside the bar getting adjusted to the darkness. They were aware of a small crowd in the bar, but had a sense that conversation had died, leaving a heavy silence. They walked up to the bar and were greeted by an amiable bear of a man in a leather vest.

Randy smiled, "Two Buds."

"Sure thing," the barkeep said, looking them up and down. When he put the beers on the counter, he said, "Drinks are on the house, gentlemen."

Surprised, Mark said, "Really?"

The barman grinned. "Don't you hear the silence in here? You evidently didn't realize this, but this is a gay bar. And you two guys are the best thing that ever walked in here. You are fucking incredible man. Just look around.

Randy and Mark turned their backs to the bar and leaned with their elbows on the counter. They were indeed an unbelievable sight the dark, swarthy body builder in full leather and the blond muscle god with his perfect chest outlined under his sweat-stained, torn T-shirt. As quiet conversation in the bar resumed they caught snatches of conversation: "Jesus Christ Pornographic!" "Straight out of 'Tom of Finland'."

Randy and Mark were a little stunned by the effect they were having, but finally a few men plucked up the courage to come over and talk to them. Twenty minutes later they had finished their beers and turned to pay.

"I told you, on the house," the barman said, pushing back their money. "Look, you guys are great for business. They'll be talking about this for days, and I guarantee that most of them will go home and jerk off thinking about you. I know I will."

Randy grinned, "We're glad to be of service. By the way, is there a gas station between here and the turn-off to the canyon?"

"Yeah ... an out-of-the-way dump way out there. Weird outfit. I don't care for it but they got gas."

And that was their third stop. The bartender was right. It was a run-down gas-station and auto repair shop that at first seemed deserted. They got off their bikes and looked around for the help. Finally they went inside the repair shop and Randy shouted, "Anyone home?"

They heard a sound and a body slid out from under a car being repaired. The guy stood up and blinked at them. Mark and Randy smiled as they looked at the figure of a young guy in a mechanics uniform really just greasy dungarees held up by worn denim straps buckled over bare shoulders, no shirt. The dungarees were tight enough to show off a beautiful, naturally sculpted body, not gym built, just the kind of body some guys are lucky to have been born with.

He was brown skinned, lean, with no body fat, broad shoulders and what appeared to be a perfectly proportioned chest. Most remarkable was his face. It was a mix of Hispanic and Indian, with high cheek bones and slightly slanted deep brown eyes. His jet black hair flopped over his high forehead into his eyes. Even though it was streaked with grease, it was a remarkable face.

But it was when he bent down to put his tools away that the men stood in awe at his incredibly beautiful butt. Perfectly rounded globes pushed at the thin fabric of the tight dungarees. Neither man had ever seen an ass like it and they both felt a stirring in their groin. Randy looked over at Mark.

"You, too, uh?" he grinned. Then turning to the young guy he said, "So, you sell gas here?"

The kid reached into his pocket and pulled out a pair of glasses. He put them on, small rimless granny glasses framing his big brown eyes. Now that he got a good look at the two men his jaw dropped.

"Wow," he breathed. Then he pulled himself together. "Yeah, we got gas. Come outside." He led the way and when he saw the two Harleys, he again said, "Wow."

Mark laughed. "Is that all you ever say, 'wow'? What's your name kid?"

"Pab ..." The boy cleared his throat nervously. "Pablo," sir.

"Well, Pablo, fill 'em up."

As he started to pump the gas Pablo looked down at the bikes, too shy to make eye contact. So Mark spoke.

"You all alone out here?"

"Right now, yes, sir. I live in a room in the back. The ... er ... the other guys will be back tonight."

"How old are you?"

"I'm gonna be twenty one."

"When?"

"Next week, I think."

"You think!?" said Randy surprised.

"Well, that's what the Welfare told me. The 17th, I think she said."

Haltingly, Pablo told his story. Apparently he never knew his parents and had lived in a long succession of foster homes. He never seemed to fit in anywhere and was often poorly treated.

A couple of years ago, when he became too old for the foster system, three guys offered to take him off the hands of his latest foster mother and they brought him here to work the station.

"The only thing I've ever been good at is working on cars. I'm a great mechanic. That's why the guys keep me here. So that's what I do."

"All the time?"

"Pretty much, sir."

"Do you have any other folks?"

"Nope. Just the well the guys here. Listen, I gotta get back to work or they're gonna" As he leaned over to replace the gas cap one of the straps of his dungarees broke, baring his shoulder and part of his chest and back. Mark immediately noticed bruises and a few welts on his back.

"What happened there?" he asked.

"What? Oh, that." He looked embarrassed. "I I fell downstairs. Gotta go now, sir."

He ran their credit card, and gave it back to Randy, blinking behind his owl glasses. He paused, as if he was about to say something else, but then turned suddenly and went back inside, trying to fix his torn dungarees.

Mark looked at Randy. "What d'ya make of that? You see any stairs here? I don't like the look of that at all. We cops see a lot of weird shit, especially out in remote places like this."

Randy agreed. "Seems like a great kid, though. What you think we should do?"

"Nothing we can do right now. But I'd like to keep an eye on him. We'll come through here on our way back and take another look if that's OK with you?"

"You got it," said Randy, and they rode off. Soon they turned off the road and began the long climb up the dirt track into the canyon.

The place was remote and idyllic. But it was a hell of a ride getting there. The dirt road became a narrow track and wound high up from the desert floor. They wrestled their bikes through the dirt until finally they heard running water and Mark said, "We're here."

They parked under some trees and Mark led Randy to his secret spot. High in the canyon the water of the creek was crystal clear. It tumbled over a waterfall into a deep blue pool beneath. Randy felt all the tension flowing from his body and he turned to look Mark in the eyes.

"This is great, man. God I feel good."

"I hoped you'd like it. I've never brought anyone else here before."

"I feel special."

"You are, man."

"That water sure looks good. Let's wash the dust off."

"So take your clothes off," Mark grinned.

Quickly they stripped off their shirts, kicked off their boots and peeled down their jeans. As they stood naked they looked at each other.

"You are fucking incredible," Randy said.

Mark smiled. "OK, big guy. See if you can get me in the water."

And so their natural spirit of competition took over once again. On the bank that overhung the pool the two glorious men came together, their muscular bodies straining against each other for supremacy. They laughed as they pitted their strength against each other, muscles flexing and gleaming in the sun. Suddenly Randy hooked his foot around Mark's leg and knocked him off balance. But Mark didn't release his hold and together they plunged down into the cold water of the pool.

"Asshole," yelled Randy as they surfaced. "You'll never learn that I always win."

"Is that so?" shouted Mark and pushed Randy's head under the surface.

And so they continued to wrestle and strain against each other, churning up the water in a celebration of their masculinity and male lust. Finally Mark yelled, "Truce!" and they climbed exhausted back onto the bank. They fell laughing onto the grass, bodies heaving and streaming with water.

Finally they were able to relax. They lay facing each other on their side, their heads propped up on their elbows. As they gazed at each other in silence, their eyes seemed to penetrate deep into the other man's soul.

"So, at last," Mark said. Here we are."

"Here we are," Randy repeated. "And you know why we're here don't you?"

"Oh yeah, I know. But....."

".... you're not sure you can. Do you want it?"

"Randy, I've thought about it ever since I left your house. I'll never forget the look on your face when I was"

"Pounding my ass with your cock?"

"Well yeah."

"And you need another man to show you how that felt."

"No, buddy, not any other man. I need you to show me. It could only be you. I'm just well, I've never even thought of doing anything like this being with another guy. I'm afraid that you'll think of me somehow as less of a man."

"Hey, when you'd finished reaming my ass, when I was lying there beaten, did you think I looked like less of a man?"

"I've never seen a man look more magnificent as you lay beneath me."

"So, what are we waiting for? Leave everything to me."

Mark fell on his back. Randy straddled him and pushed the cop's legs back so his ass rose in the air. Lowering his head Randy brought his mouth up between the legs and began to eat the sweet, warm ass of this incredible Nordic god. Mark moaned as he felt the lips bathe his trembling hole and the hard, hot tongue probe his ass. God he wanted this man more than he had ever wanted another living soul.

"Yeah, man," he breathed. "Keep doing that. God, that feels incredible. I love to feel your tongue inside me."

"Randy pulled back and looked Mark in the eyes. "Who does your ass belong to, Mark?"

"You, sir. I've never given my ass to anyone. But it's yours now. Fuck me buddy please."

Randy smiled at him and pressed the head of his thick cock against his ass. As the pressure increased Mark felt the pain and, in a brief moment of panic, closed his eyes.

"Wait I don't think I can. I can't do this. Pull back man, the pain is too much....."

But his voice died away and he looked up at the dark chiseled features of the face above him, steely blue eyes, stubbled, square jaw, black hair falling over his brow. It was the most beautiful face he had ever seen. He heard the soft voice.

"I'm inside you man. Feel it. Feel it move inside your ass."

Mark groaned. "Oh, God. It's incredible. Jesus I can feel your rod in my ass. I've never felt anything like this. Stay in me, man. Don't pull out. I need your cock in my ass please."

"Relax man. I'm gonna make love to your ass with my dick. I'm gonna make love to you."

And so he did. Gently at first he pushed deeper into the hot, moist hole, stroking the velvet skin with his trembling cock. As he gazed at the magnificent blond muscle god writhing beneath him, aware that he was the first man ever to be inside him, the feeling in his cock was unbelievable.

"You are fucking magnificent," Randy breathed. "I love being inside your ass. Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Oh, God, man. Push it deep. Pound my ass it's yours. I want to really feel it. Punish me, man. Hurt me. I love you....."

Randy started to lose all sense of time or place. His animal lust and macho pride took over. He began to pound his cock faster, penetrated deeper until he was hammering the ass of this beautiful stud. Both men were hypnotized by each other, glorying in their masculinity. It was as if the violation of one man's ass by the other was the only way to express their maleness.

It went on and on the pounding, the screamed obscenities the clawing at each other's straining muscles. Randy dug his fingers into Mark's huge pecs and Mark reached up to viciously twist Randy's nipples. They wanted to hurt each other, to make the other man feel to feel something more intense, more exquisite than he had ever felt before. The sensation was a euphoric mix of savagery and lust.

As Mark looked up he began to fantasize. With his dark face and steely eyes Randy took on almost a satanic look and Mark had the delusion of being fucked by the devil himself.

It was not hard to see why. The two glorious men, at the pinnacle of their masculinity and power, were equal in beauty and strength but polar opposites in their look. Randy, a dark, powerful demon, sinewy muscles rippling as he penetrated his victim. Mark, the blond god, his muscular, golden body flexing as he offered up his ass to be brutally punished. If it was good

versus evil, it was the evil image that was triumphant. Except that Mark wasn't in hell he was in heaven.

The two muscular bodies continued to grind together. "You are so fucking beautiful, man," Randy screamed. "I have to own you. I need to shred that gorgeous body, rip you wide open, dominate you, destroy you."

"Do it," Mark screamed. "Do whatever you want. You're my master. I'll give you anything. FUCK ME....."

Randy felt his cock shudder as an intense fire moved up through his legs, into his groin and consumed his whole body. Mark watched in awe as he watched the muscles flex, saw the body of this magnificent, powerful muscle stud shudder and heave above him. He watched the face transform as it entered a world of ecstasy. Mark felt a sudden calm, as if he had entered the eye of the storm. He knew the moment was near.

He said softly, "Cum inside me, man. Fill my ass with your juice. Show me you love me"

Randy gazed wildly down at him. "I do love you, man. You're so fucking gorgeous you're making me cum. I can't hold back. Here it comes, man. Let me see you shoot."

"Aaaah!" And they exploded together. Randy's cock shuddered and pulsed as stream after stream of hot cum poured inside the beautiful ass of this god. He was still pounding the ass, couldn't stop, never wanted to stop, as he felt his cock erupt again and again.

Mark was in a delirium. His own cock had exploded at the same instant as Randy's. He felt Randy's semen pouring inside him as his own cum gushed over his sweating heaving chest. He was in another world.

"Don't stop man. I don't want this to stop. I want you in me forever. My ass belongs to you. I love you, man."

But finally it did stop and Randy fell forward onto the magnificent chest, soaked with sweat and semen. The two huge bodies heaved as they clung to each other. It was a long while later that Randy raised his head and smiled at Mark.

"Well?"

"Now I know," Mark said. "I wanted that from the moment I first saw you, that day when you came out of the shower, gleaming wet, with a towel wrapped round you. From that moment I needed your cock inside my ass."

"I know," said Randy.

"Please stay in me. Don't pull out."

"I'm right there, buddy." He fell forward again, their breathing subsided and they fell into an exhausted sleep, two muscle gods in a tight embrace. And Randy was still in Mark's ass.

That night they slept under the brilliant stars of the desert. In the morning their gleaming bodies were still locked in a fierce embrace. They woke together, looked into each other's eyes and smiled.

"You're still here," Mark said. "I thought you were a dream."

"We didn't dream it buddy. It really happened." Finally they pulled apart and Mark gasped as Randy's cock at last pulled slowly out of his ass. They spent the rest of the day exploring each other's bodies and minds, rolling together over the grass, falling into the water, holding each other submerged, gasping and laughing as they resurfaced. They were in paradise.

It was early afternoon as they lay together talking softly.

"Remember," Mark said, "how I was afraid that having you fuck me would make me less of a man?"

"Dumb, uh? Man, you have never looked, or been, more of a macho stud than when you were begging me to hammer your ass. You should have seen yourself. The world should have seen you. Fucking magnificent."

"I guess being a man is more than just flexing and strutting the way some guys do," Mark said.

"Of course," Randy agreed. "You know who I think is probably more of a man than any of them? That young grease monkey we met back at the gas station. With everything he's been through in his life he's still in there, all alone, hanging tough."

"You know, I can't stop thinking about him," Mark said. "I had a real uneasy feeling about that place. Something wasn't right didn't smell right, if you know what I mean."

"I do know what you mean. You wanna go and check it out, don't you?"

"Yeah. I have one of those cop hunches."

"You got it man. Let's hit it."

They quickly packed up their gear and took one last look at the place.

"Thanks, buddy," said Mark. "I'll never forget this place."

"We'll be back," smiled Randy and pulled Mark toward him in a final, tight embrace.

As they got close to the ramshackle gas station Mark flagged Randy down to a stop.

"I'd rather approach quietly," he said. "You never know."

"You're the cop," Randy said. "Lead the way."

A heavy silence hung over the place as they walked up. A beat up truck was parked by the gas pumps.

"I have a real bad feeling about this," Mark said softly. "Stay here and keep watch. I'll check out the inside."

Mark walked through the office area and went through the door to the repair shop. The door swung closed behind him. As his eyes adjusted to the gloom he gasped at the sight. The car hoist had been raised to its highest level. Tied to it, his arms raised high and wide was the young guy, Pablo. His dungarees hung round his waist and his bare chest was marked with red welts. He was gagging on a filthy rag jammed into his mouth, his eyes wide with terror.

Standing before him, his back to Mark, was a huge, burly bear of a guy in grease-stained jeans and T-shirt, and he was holding his belt in his hand.

"You fucking faggot. I paid big bucks for you and you turn out to be a fucking faggot. Well, pretty boy, this is what happens to freaks like you." And he raised his belt.

"Freeze!" The powerful voice made him spin round.

"Who the fuck are you? Get out of here. There's a private party going on."

"Like hell there is," and Mark stepped forward.

The thug raised the belt and brought it whistling down toward Mark's face. But Mark was too quick for him. He raised his arm, let the belt curl round it, and yanked on it, pulling the man toward him. As he fell forward Mark brought his knee crashing up into his groin. He staggered back in agony and Mark followed up with a vicious right to his stomach, making him double up in pain.

Out of the corner of his eye Mark saw Pablo's head nodding frantically, his eyes wide open. But it was too late. Mark felt his arms grabbed from behind on either side and locked in a vise-like grip. The older guy recovered himself and croaked out, "That's it boys. Hold him tight."

He came up to Mark and, grabbing his hair, pulled his head back. The ugly bearded face came close. "I want you to meet my two sons, you shithead. You made a real mistake coming in here. Now they're gonna hold you while I have my fun. Hey, it's a long time since I worked over a good-looking guy like you. Think you're a hot-shot stud, don't ya? Well that face ain't gonna look so pretty when I'm finished with you."

And he raised his belt and brought it crashing down.

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Chapter 23 – The Rescue

The belt whistled toward him, but in a split-second reflex Mark jerked his head to the side and the leather missed his face, thudding onto his shoulder. The man took aim again.

"NO!" For a few seconds it felt like an earthquake as the door crashed open and Randy howled, hurling himself across the room. He crashed into the backs of the two men holding Mark and in one lightning move wrapped his muscular arms around their necks from behind. The veins on his huge biceps bulged as he choked them. As they went limp he pulled them away from Mark, then propelled them forward across the room, smashing their heads against the wall like twin battering rams.

Seizing the moment Mark slammed the back of his fist hard against the face of the thug holding the whip. As the brute spun round Mark came up behind him and locked his arms around him and behind his neck in a full nelson. He pushed him against the wall next to Randy and pounded his head into the wall. The man slumped to the floor dazed and disoriented.

His adrenaline racing Mark became aware of Randy's screaming curses. The leather man was running on pure, blazing fury. His well-known anger consumed him as he continued to hammer the heads against the wall. "You cock-sucking cowards, torturing a kid. Try taking on a man your own size, you fucking shitheads?"

"Hey, man, back off. You'll kill them." Mark put a restraining hand on Randy's arm. "They're finished, buddy. Look at them."

As Mark pulled his arm Randy finally released his iron grip and let the two thugs slump to the ground. He stood over them, eyes blazing, chest heaving, body pouring with sweat. Ever the seasoned cop, Mark had already calmed down and took over.

"I'll secure these mother-fuckers," he said. "Take care of the kid."

Randy came out of his trance and walked over to the young mechanic who was frozen in a blind panic. Randy kicked at the jumble of tools on the floor and picked up a long knife. He pulled the oily rag from the kid's mouth and raised the knife.

But Pablo recoiled, whimpering, "No ... don't, please!"

"Hey, relax, kid. We're the good guys. It's over. I'm gonna cut you free. Just don't move, OK?"

Pablo stared at him. "OK, sir."

It took a moment for Randy to cut the ropes. Pablo's hands fell to his sides and he stood motionless before his rescuer, almost at attention. His handsome face, with its high cheek bones and slanted deep brown eyes was set in a display of defiance. But only for a moment. His face began to crumple, his heavy breathing became sobs, and tears began to stream from his eyes.

As the full horror of the day crashed in on him he fell forward, gripped Randy in a tight hug and sobbed into his shoulder. Randy brought his hands up around his neck and stroked the back of his head. Softly he spoke words of calm and comfort.

"That's it, kid. Let everything go. It's over. You're with me now. I'll take care of you. Your life's gonna change. No more fear, OK?"

Mark had finished tying up the three thugs and stood back watching Randy. He couldn't believe it. This powerful, muscular stud who only hours ago had been dominating him, fucking his ass, and only minutes ago had been delivering a savage, brutal beating, was now tenderly holding this terrified kid, gently stroking his hair and whispering words of comfort to him. It was at that moment that Mark fell completely in love with Randy.

Suddenly Pablo pulled himself free, took a step back and resumed his rigid, defiant stance. He pulled up his dungarees and pulled one strap over his shoulder. The other strap hung down, beyond repair. From one pocket he pulled an oily rag and wiped his eyes, which only added more grease stains to his face. From his other pocket he pulled his frameless owl-like glasses and put them on. He blinked at Randy.

"I'm sorry, sir. I shouldn't have done that. I never cry."

"Hey, kiddo, you're allowed. What was your name again?"

"Pablo, sir."

"Yeah, right. Well, Pablo, here's what's gonna happen. You're with me now. I'll never let anyone hurt you again. That's a promise. But you have to do everything I tell you, OK?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you sir. What do I do now, sir?"

"You go outside and wait for the officer here and me while we clean up in here. Then we'll take you away from this dump."

Pablo pulled himself up to his full height, turned smartly and left the room, almost at a march.

"And that," said Randy to Mark, "is what I call a man."

A few minutes later the two men had, indeed, cleaned up. The three thugs had taken Pablo's place, tied to the car hoist, arms stretched upward and outward. The grizzled father growled at Mark.

"I paid good money for that kid. I own him."

"Yeah," Mark said. "Well the last time I checked slavery was illegal in this country."

"You don't know who you're messing with here, you fucker. Remember the name Baxter. Me and my five boys will take care of you sooner or later. As soon as I'm free I'm calling the cops."

"I am the cops, asshole," and Mark flashed his police ID at him. "And I'll be the one doing the calling especially about your little project here. You smell that, Randy?"

"They stink like dead skunks," snarled Randy.

"No, not just them. Take a deep breath, buddy."

"Yeah," agreed Randy. "And the trailer out back stinks real bad..... kinda acrid."

Mark put his face close to the older man. "You been doing a little cooking back there, uh, old man? Got a little meth lab going out there, have we?" The old guy flinched.

"So that's what keeps this place going," Randy said. "They're cooking crystal meth. Would never have thought of this scum as gourmet chefs, though. Kinda gives the words 'Home Cooking' a whole new meaning."

Mark laughed. "Go join the kid while I put the call in. I know a few of the local cops in this division."

As Randy left the old man growled at Mark, "You don't know who you're messing with, you pig. If you ever come back out here my other three sons will work you over good. Just remember the Baxter boys when you meet them again."

"That's that, then," said Mark as he came outside. "The old man's a piece of work. Cops'll be arriving soon, but I want to get Pablo out of here. No need for him to be involved in the investigation."

Randy turned to Pablo. "OK, kid. Go and get your gear and we're outa here."

"I don't have anything, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"They took away all my clothes and things. If I asked for anything they beat me. This is all I have."

Randy looked at him. "When did you last eat?"

"Yesterday, I think, sir. I forget when they last brought me food."

Randy clenched his jaw. "OK, that does it. Do you sell jumper cables here?"

"Battery cables? Yes, sir. They're in the office. Do you want me to get a pair?"

"Three pairs!"

"Three...?" Surprised, he ran inside and came back with the cables.

Randy turned to Mark. "Give me five minutes. Then we can hit the road."

He strode inside the repair shop and faced the three bound men. "OK, it's prize-giving time. You guys have had a good time torturing that kid for a couple of years. Now he has something for you. He walked up to one of the sons and snarled, "This is from Pablo." He raised his arm and, his biceps bulging, smashed the back of his fist against the man's cheek. His head flew backward with a howl of pain.

"And this," Randy said, ripping the guy's T-shirt off, "is from me." He held a pair of jumper cables, one clamp in each hand, and squeezed so the serrated teeth opened wide. As he clamped them hard onto the man's nipples there was an agonized scream of pain as the sharp teeth bit into his flesh.

Approaching the second guy, he said, "This is from Pablo." And he delivered a vicious hard right into the terrified man's stomach, making him double up in pain. "And from me you get the same as your brother here." Again he ripped off the shirt and clamped the teeth of the cable to his tits, provoking more screams.

Randy raised his voice to the father. "Sounds like your boys have a good set of lungs, old man. Let's see if you can match them. This is from Pablo." He brought his knee up and crashed it into the man's balls. When the scream died down, Randy said. "Oh, and this is from my buddy Mark who you wanted to hurt so bad." And he jerked his knee up again. "And this is from me." For the third time he ripped off the shirt and clamped the serrated ends of the cables to the suffering man's chest.

Finally he gathered the other ends of the cables and twisted them all together, so each man was straining, pulling tightly on the chest of the others. The screams were so intense that Mark burst into the room.

"What the hell's going on?" He stopped short. "Jesus, Randy, you don't fool around do you?"

"Well," Randy grinned. "I knew you couldn't do anything like this. That would be police brutality. But me ... well I work freelance, so I can do more or less what I want."

"And usually do," said Mark.

"Pretty much," Randy smiled. "Come on. Let's get out of this rat-hole."

"Here," Randy said to Pablo as they came outside, and he held out a bag full of tools from the repair shop. "Those guys won't be needing these where they're going. They're yours."

"Wow," said Pablo.

"Now food," said Mark. "I know a small Mexican restaurant not far from here. We'll stop there and feed this guy." But Pablo suddenly ran into the office. A few minutes later he came out with a helmet he had found for himself. He also had a 'Closed For Business' sign that he hung up. Underneath it he had scrawled, '(a bit tied up!)'. For the first time he grinned as he looked up at Randy, who punched his shoulder and said, "That's my boy."

Pablo jumped on the bike behind Randy, wrapping his arms tightly around him. Randy and Mark kicked their machines into life and they screeched away. In the distance they heard the sound of approaching police sirens that mingled with the screams of the agonized men inside. But these noises quickly died away, replaced by the wind as it whistled past them.

Twenty minutes later the three men were the only customers in the tiny, remote restaurant. "Wow," said Pablo as the waitress placed before him a huge pile of sizzling fajitas.

Randy smiled. "Boy, do we have to broaden your vocabulary."

Pablo wolfed down the food as if he hadn't eaten for days, which he probably hadn't. Between mouthfuls he told his story. In a car he was repairing he had found some magazines left there by the customer. They were mostly pictures of naked men, and he was thumbing through them when the three guys had seen him.

"That's why they called me a faggot and whipped me, sir."

"And are you gay I mean?" asked Randy.

Pablo hesitated.

"Look I know that's kind of personal, but if I'm to take charge of you I need to know all about you."

Pablo stammered. "II think I might be, sir."

"You think?....."

"Well, I've never done anything with anyone ... sex or anything, but those pictures were interesting especially well, especially the one of the black guy with a huge dick."

Randy muttered to himself. "Boy, do I have someone you should meet."

Mark, in cop mode, was more businesslike. "I want to get a few things clear. Pablo. You say you have no relatives."

"No, sir. I've been in foster care all my life."

"And now you're nearly 21 so you've been emancipated from DCFS?"

"Uh?"

"Your case with Family Services has been closed."

"Oh, yeah. The Welfare wrote me off a couple years ago. I'm all alone in the world now."

Randy stood up. "Not any more you're not, kiddo. Let's go."

As Pablo leaned over his chair to pick up his helmet his perfect bubble butt was outlined under his dungarees. Mark's eyes widened and Randy rolled his eyes at him and grinned.

Outside they climbed on their bikes and Randy turned to Pablo behind him. "We ride fast, kid, but it'll still take well over an hour to get home. You think you can hold on tight to me for that long?"

Pablo cleared his throat. "I'll hold on tight to you for as long as you want, sir."

Mark grinned at Randy. "I guess that goes for me too ... sir!"

Randy smiled back. "I'm counting on it."

And they hit the road, headed for home."

Meanwhile, back at the house the scene was far more domestic. The previous day, while Randy and Mark were exploring each other in the high desert, Darius had got home first and was preparing dinner. Anticipating Bob's return from work, he had put on fresh jeans and a clean white T-shirt. But still his beautifully proportioned, black, muscular body strained through his clothes.

Soon the door opened and Bob walked in, dressed in his business suit and tie.

"God, I'm bushed. Tough day. But dinner smells good." He put his arm round Darius's neck. "You know, it feels real good coming home to see you being all domestic. You're a good kid. I'm going up to change. Bring me a beer, will you?"

Darius got two beers and followed Bob up to his bedroom. He sat on the bed while Bob changed. He loved to watch this it never failed to turn him on. Even dressed in formal business clothes Bob was stunning. His square-jawed, chiseled face, with dark hair and deep brown eyes gave him a Superman look. And Darius was eager to see his incredible body.

Bob took off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt. He shrugged off his jacket, then pulled his shirt off. There he stood, stripped to the waist, his broad muscular shoulders and wide lats tapering down, past his sculpted chest to the trim waist of his pants. He kicked off his shoes and socks, unbuckled his belt and let his pants fall to the floor. He stood facing Darius wearing only his white boxer shorts.

Darius gazed up at this gorgeous man in awe. He was almost drooling. "Jeez...." he said to himself.

Bob pulled on new blue jeans, but remained barefoot. From a drawer he picked a sparkling white V-neck T-shirt that he pulled over his brawny torso. It was not tight but it still clung to his rounded pecs, and his biceps bulged out below the short sleeves.

"You look incredible in that shirt," Darius breathed. "Fucking unbelievable. Look...." And he pointed to his leg. The full length of his swollen ten-inch cock stretched under his jeans almost to his knee.

Bob laughed, pleased at the effect he was having. "Hey, is that burning pot-roast I smell?"

"Jesus!" Darius came out of his trance and bolted for the door.

Half an hour later the two men were sitting at the kitchen table over their meal. Darius had never felt so at ease with a man, despite his almost permanent erection. Bob was not only incredibly beautiful, he was kind, easy going, somehow the bedrock of calm in the house. Randy was the undisputed boss but Bob was the anchor. They were soul-mates, and would be forever, united in affection, passion and lust. Still, Darius brought the subject up.

"I keep wondering," Darius said. "Are you sure you're OK with Randy and Mark going off like that? I mean, Mark's pretty much a god, and they're bound to ..."

"Fuck around?" Mark smiled. "Look, I know Randy better than I know myself. And I know the one thing he still had to do. Don't you?"

Darius hesitated. "Fuck Mark's ass?"

"Damn right. My only regret is that I wasn't there to watch. Can you imagine the sight?"

"Oh yeah," Darius grinned. "Stop making me hard."

"I've told you before. Randy and I have a love that's unique. Nothing, nobody will ever come between us. But Randy has to assert his authority, and if it means fucking a Greek god to do it, so be it."

"You're something else," Darius said. "I ... I just wanna say Hell, man, I love you."

"I know," Bob smiled. "And we're all alone in the house. How about that?"

Darius grinned again, "I told you stop making me hard."

"But you," Bob said. "Don't you ever feel you'd like to have someone nearer your own age around? Someone you can look after, show the ropes to?"

"Like a kid brother, you mean? Yeah, I guess I do sometimes. But meanwhile I'm not complaining. I'm happy living with two of the most gorgeous men ever to walk the planet. And you feed my fantasies. I fantasize all the time, mostly about you two."

"Hmm, maybe we'll do something about that later. But for now I'm exhausted. D'you mind if we call it a night?"

Darius's face fell. "Well, sure."

"What's the matter? You're gonna sleep with me, aren't you?"

Darius beamed. "Try stopping me."

Upstairs they took off their jeans and stood in their shorts and T-shirts. Bob frowned a little.

"Darius. Don't take this wrong, but I'm really bushed. Do you mind if"

"If we just go to sleep together?"

"How did you know?"

"That's one of my fantasies," Darius grinned.

"Then come here."

They climbed into bed. Darius lay on his side and the beautiful man he worshipped pulled up close behind him. Darius gave a big contented sigh as Bob wrapped his big arms around him and held him tight. The young man was in heaven as he felt the muscles rippling under the T-shirt as they pressed against him, the bulge of Bob's cock against his ass. He was in heaven as he closed his eyes and fell asleep with a smile on his face.

"Breakfast in bed, sir?" It was morning and Darius had got up while Bob slept. Now he came in with a tray loaded with steaming hot food.

"You know, I should keep you around," Bob laughed. "Come and eat."

Darius joined him in bed and they attacked the breakfast. "So," Bob said. "Sleeping with me was one of your fantasies. Tell me more."

"They're usually a lot rougher than that. Remember the time when I mouthed off to Randy and he punished me real good ... fucked my ass brutally until I cried? Well it hurt like hell and I

hated him at the time, but now, every time I think about it, it makes me hard. I guess I kinda like being hurt ... by the right man, of course, and especially if my ass gets punished."

"Yeah but you made Randy real angry. I can't imagine you ever making me that mad. And fantasies have to be close to the truth to be any good."

Bob was silent for a while as he ate.

"Tell you what," he said at last. "Today's Saturday and there's a project I've been meaning to get to. There's a tree stump in the garden that needs to be uprooted. But It'll be real tough, a lot of hard work. You up for it?"

Darius's eyes shone as he began to understand. "Absolutely, sir."

"Go put on your work clothes. I'll join you in the garden."

Darius ran downstairs, and Bob got up and rooted around in the dirty laundry. "I'll give him a fantasy he won't forget," he murmured.

Dressed in cut-off jeans, work boots and an old grubby T-shirt Darius stood waiting, and his jaw dropped when he saw Bob come out of the house. He was dressed in Randy's work clothes mud-caked cargo pants and work boots, and an old faded blue tank top stained with sweat and grease. Around his tight waist was Randy's tool belt.

He looked incredible an icon of a macho, muscular construction worker. Darius was used to seeing a handsome businessman, buttoned down, almost preppy, but now Bob looked rough, dirty, tough. He was the man of Darius's dreams his fantasy come to life.

"Jesus," Darius breathed. "You look "

"Forget it punk. We have work to do."

And the work was back breaking. The huge tree stump was a bitch, and they dug, hacked and heaved at it for a couple of hours before it even moved. Despite the hard labor Darius had a permanent hard-on watching Bob's huge muscles flex, strain and gleam as his hair fell over his face that poured with sweat and his clothes clung to his straining body.

Bob tied ropes around the tree stump and they heaved at it. But he was getting frustrated and mad.

"Pull, dammit," he growled at Darius. "You're pulling like a girl. Put some muscle into it."

The criticism stung. "Fuck you. I'm doing more than my share. I need a break, anyway. I'm done, man."

Bob's eyes blazed. "You're done when I tell you you're done, asshole."

"Oh is that so? And who made you the boss? Randy's my boss, not you," and he flung down the rope.

"You fucking shithead," yelled Bob and shoved the sweating black man backwards. Recovering himself, Darius pushed him back. The shoving match that followed quickly escalated into a fight and soon the two men were rolling on the ground, muscles grinding together in a battle for supremacy. Bob was surprised at the black man's strength, but Bob was bigger and gradually gained the upper hand. He finally had Darius pinned under him on the ground, exhausted.

"You arrogant little prick. OK, you want me to show you who's boss? You got it, asshole."

Bob leapt to his feet and grabbed the rope they had been using. Darius started to move but Bob was too quick. Instantly he tied the ropes around Darius's wrists and pulled the other end around the tree stump. Darius was helpless on his back, his arms stretched tight above his head and attached to the tree.

He looked up tauntingly at the huge, sweating construction worker towering over him.

"What you gonna do now, big guy? Fuck my ass? Go ahead, asshole. There's nothing you can do to my ass that Randy hasn't already done. He'll always be boss."

"OK, that does it," Bob growled, and he strode over to the tool shed. He brought back a can of grease and picked up a long-handled hammer they had been using. The handle was rubber-coated and had a rounded end ... fortunately for Darius, whose eyes widened as he began to understand.

"No! You're not gonna I can't do that Please, I've had enough. I give up, sir. Let's stop."

"Shut up, punk. You asked for this." Bob pulled Darius's cut-offs down to his ankles. He coated the handle of the hammer with grease and brought it up to Darius's hole. With one steady thrust he pushed it between the perfect mounds of his ass. Darius threw his head back and screamed with pain. Bob twisted the handle like a corkscrew, pushing it deeper into the agonized man's gut.

Darius looked with pleading eyes at the magnificent construction worker whose eyes blazed with anger. The agonized young man didn't know where he was. He was aware only of the beautiful face above him, dripping with sweat, lips curled as he tortured his ass. He thought he might pass out when suddenly, brutally the handle was yanked out of his ass. He howled again.

But Bob wasn't finished. He smothered his left hand with grease and held it close to Darius's face. "See this? That's one thing I bet Randy never did to your ass."

"No, sir. Please. My ass can't take that. It's too sore. And your hand's too big. Please stop, sir. I'm sorry. I didn't mean what I said."

Bob ignored him. He pushed his fingers against Darius's ass and slowly twisted them into his hole. He paused, then pushed again. As Darius felt the widest part of Bob's fist against his hole he knew what was coming. He closed his eyes and screamed as he felt a jolt of searing pain. When it subsided he opened his eyes and looked down at the broad, muscular shoulder. He followed the arm past the bulging bicep and forearm, and he gasped as he saw the wrist disappearing into his ass.

His eyes streamed with tears as the fist started to turn in the furnace of his ass and stroked the velvet lining. He could not take much of this ... and Bob knew it. With his free hand Bob took hold of Darius's huge, stiff cock and started to stroke it. As the pace quickened he looked down at the suffering man's eyes.

"Now, punk, talk. Who's the boss who's your master?"

Darius groaned, "You are sir. I'm sorry I said I submit to you sir. Do what you want with my ass, sir. It belongs to you."

Bob stroked the big black dick harder and faster and said. "You're gonna show me I'm your master. You're gonna shoot your load when I tell you. Is that clear, asshole?"

"Yes sir."

Bob held his victim's eyes in a penetrating gaze. Darius gazed up at him, his eyes pleading for release. "I'm begging you, sir."

"OK ... now!"

"Aaahh!" Darius's cock shuddered and shot a huge stream of hot cum all over his own chest. He looked up at his glorious master, felt his fist in his ass, and his orgasm erupted again and again. He had never seen or felt anything like this. He was dreaming, in a trance, as his cock pumped load after load.

When his orgasm finally stopped he was sobbing, unable to speak. Bob looked down at the broken man, his gleaming muscles covered in sweat and cum, and realized that his own cock was rigid. Slowly he pulled his fist out of the burning ass, causing a last deep groan from the young man.

There was a long silence as Bob leaned forward, looking down at the tear-stained face. As Darius looked up at him Bob smiled.

"How was that for a fantasy?"

Darius smiled back. "Un- fucking believable. Man, you are awesome. I never thought I Jesus, I'm gonna jerk off thinking about that for years. Man ... I really love you, man."

"That so? Well then, how about one last fantasy? How about a filthy, greasy stud construction worker who fucks your ass gently and tenderly because he loves you? How's that sound?"

Darius's only reply was a huge sigh. Bob reached up and untied Darius's wrists. Then he brought his stiff cock up against his ass.

"And this, buddy, is simply because I love you."

He eased his cock into the ravaged ass and both men moaned in mutual pleasure. He stared down into the almond-shaped green eyes, now brimming with tears of love instead of pain. Slowly, gently, Bob pushed his cock into the willing ass, deeper and deeper. The slow, gentle rhythm continued for a long, long time, leading both men hypnotically into a pastel world with no fantasy, no pain, no anger just the close communion of two souls.

"You ready?" Bob finally asked.

"Of course," Darius breathed.

"Then let's do it." In total harmony their bodies shuddered and both cocks streamed with cum. Darius felt the semen of this incredible man fill his warm ass as his own second orgasm flooded over his body. As their juice flowed they remained fixed on each other's eyes for a long time. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, Bob withdrew his cock and he fell on the grass beside the sighing man. They turned to face each other.

Bob smiled. "That was a lot of fantasies for one day. Think that'll hold you for a while?"

"Thank you, sir. Thank you, thank you, thank you. You're an amazing guy, you know that? God, I'm in heaven."

And they drifted off to sleep.

It was the sound of roaring engines that woke them. They both sat bolt upright and said in unison, "They're home!"

Excited, they leapt to their feet and were halfway across the grass when they stopped and stared. Through the gate came Randy, tousled, grease stained, one arm of his tank torn from his shoulder. Following him came the gorgeous Mark, his T-shirt almost shredded. Obviously they had been in some kind of fight.

Most amazingly they were followed by a hesitant, exotically beautiful young man, with a naturally sculpted body and chiseled features, high cheek bones and slanted deep brown eyes. He was in dungarees, but these too were torn, hanging from one shoulder.

The newcomers also stopped and looked in amazement. Bob and Darius looked filthy, covered in dirt, their shirts ragged, hanging half off their muscular chests. They too had apparently been in a fight. There was a long silence

Suddenly Randy threw his head back and howled with laughter. "Hey, you guys, look!"

He turned to face the big picture window of the house. The others did the same and saw their clear reflections in it, five incredibly beautiful guys, all filthy, disheveled, ripped clothes hanging from their sculpted bodies.

Pablo reached into his pocket and put on his owl glasses.

"Wow," he said.

All five men burst into uncontrollable laughter as they looked at their own astonishing reflections.

And that was Pablo's introduction to his new family.

#

Chapter 24 – Pablo's first man

When the laughter died down Randy took charge. "OK, before we all hit the showers we need a beer. Darius, go to the kitchen and bring us five beers..... That's right it's five now."

"Right, boss."

Soon the group was sitting round the table in the garden. But there was an air of hesitancy; nobody quite knew what to say. Randy broke the silence.

"OK, we have a new friend here so I'll make the introductions. Pablo, you already know me, Randy. I'm the boss around here. I make the rules. Mark you also know. He's a cop and ... well, what can I say? Just look at the guy a Greek god. He fits right in."

Mark blushed and muttered, "Asshole."

"And this muscle stud is Bob, my lover the most beautiful lover a man ever had. Finally," throwing his arm around Darius, "this punk is Darius, who's going to be your new best friend. Welcome to your new home, kiddo. Gentlemen, a toast." He raised his beer bottle, "To Pablo, our new buddy."

They touched bottles and said in unison, "Pablo."

"OK, that's settled. Now, let's hit the showers. Darius, take Pablo to your shower, and Mark you can use the one downstairs, buddy, if that's OK."

"Great," said the cop. "I need to wash off the smell of those scumbags back in the desert."

"Back here in an hour," Randy shouted. "There's a lot to discuss. And Darius, have Pablo help you rustle up some food."

A few minutes later Randy and Bob were alone in their bedroom. They stood for a while just looking at each other.

"You have a good time?" asked Bob. "With Mark," I mean.

"Incredible. I'll tell you all about it later."

"You better all the details."

"You OK with all that?"

Bob hesitated. "Well to tell the truth I did feel kinda jealous this time scared. I mean, Mark is one hell of a guy, real special not to mention spectacularly beautiful. I knew he would fall in love with you as we all do, and I was afraid you might well."

Randy's eyes blazed. "Stop right there. Don't ever say anything like that again. God, you make me crazy. You must know by now that you and I have something nobody can match. You're still the man, buddy, and always will be. Look, I'll send them all away if that's what you want. It'll be just you and me again, like before."

"No, I don't want that at all," Bob protested. "I want us all to live here. And we can do it. I've been making plans."

Randy smiled. "You are something else, you know? I always miss you and I always forget how fucking beautiful you are. Look at you." His eyes roved over Bob's filthy torn tank shirt stretched over his perfect chest, then his mud-caked work cargo pants and heavy boots.

"Those are my work clothes. You look just like me."

"That was the idea," Bob grinned.

"One of Darius's fantasies?"

"How d'you guess?"

"Randy looked deep into his eyes, "Man, I've missed you. You look so fucking hot. You're making me rock hard. You gonna do something about that?"

Bob fell to his knees and his superman face looked up at the leather man towering over him. He reached up, unbuttoned the fly and pulled Randy's stiff rod from inside his shorts. Bob put his hands behind his back, leaned forward and slowly slid his mouth over the thick cock until the big round tip hit the back of his throat.

Randy moaned. "That's it, man. Eat your master's cock. God, it feels good. I love fucking your mouth."

He pulled his hips back, paused, and then rammed his shaft deep inside the stretched mouth. He put both his big hands behind Bob's head and began to pound his face, pushing his cock deep down his throat. Bob's eyes widened and brimmed with tears as the hammering continued. He looked up and watched the incredible leather muscle stud throw his head back, his thick black hair flying wildly, as his huge body slammed forward again and again, and the hands pulled the beautiful face forward, choking the mouth with his gorged cock.

Just when Bob thought he was at his limit, it all stopped. The cock was ripped out of his mouth and Bob looked up at his master, with deep, heaving breaths.

"Thank you sir."

"Remember now who you belong to?"

"You sir always."

"So give yourself to me."

"Yes, sir."

Bob pulled himself to his feet, then fell back onto the bed. He lay there staring up at the dark demon approaching him.

Randy's steely blue eyes pierced him.

"You know what else belongs to me, don't you?"

"My ass, sir"

"Show me."

Quickly Bob undid his belt and pulled the work pants just clear of his perfect ass. Still wearing his pants and boots he put his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs backward, offering his vulnerable ass to his master.

"Jesus, you're incredible, man," Randy breathed. "What do you want now?"

"I want you to fuck me, sir. I want to feel your rod deep in my ass. Please, sir. Fuck my ass Because you own it....."

".....and because I love you." Randy smiled. He grabbed two old T-shirts from the floor and quickly tied Bob's wrists to the bedposts so his arms were stretched up and out. Then he fell to his knees on the bed and pulled Bob toward him until his dick was resting on the soft tissue of Bob's hole. He stopped.

"Maybe you don't want it enough, you fucker. Maybe you didn't miss me. Maybe you don't deserve it."

Bob was in a delirium of need and frustration as he tugged at his restraints and his ass trembled. "Oh, please sir. I beg you. I want it real bad. Please don't pull back, sir. My ass is yours. Take it sir, please."

With an evil grin Randy pulled his dick back from the hole.

Helplessly bound, Bob was desperate. "No, sir. Please don't. I'll do anything. I have missed you, sir. I missed your cock inside me. Please, master. Plea Aaargh!"

He screamed as the leather stud's dick suddenly, savagely pierced his burning ass and crashed hard against the inside of his gut. It immediately pulled out and rammed in again ... and again and again. Bob spun into another world, where all he felt was the joy of his master's cock hammering his ass.

"You feel it now, you cocksucker?"

"Yes, sir ... thank you, sir. Please, sir. Don't ever leave me. Don't ever get tired of me."

"Shut up, asshole. As if I could ever leave this..." and he pushed his cock deeper than ever.
"You're the man, Bob. You're my man. I own you and I will own you for ever."

"Thank you, sir. God, your cock feels incredible. Rip me open, man."

Randy took the captive at his word and plunged his dick faster and deeper into the furnace. They were both unaware of the door opening until a voice said,

"Hey, guys. Do you have a T-shirt I could borrow? I....."

Fresh from the shower Mark was wearing only a towel round his waist. His voice trailed off in embarrassment as he gazed at the sight. He blushed deep red. "Shit. I'm sorry guys. I didn't know I'm gone."

"Stay!" The harsh growl stopped him in his tracks. He couldn't believe what Randy had just said. Randy wanted him to stay? He hesitated. As a cop he was usually the one who gave the orders. He was about to turn and leave when the sharp order came again.

"Watch!"

Rooted to the spot Mark took in the scene. These two incredible muscle gods were making love. The one, in greasy, sweaty work clothes was tied by his wrists to the bed, his legs high in the air. The dark, sinewy leather man in the torn tank was pounding the victim's ass with his rigid shaft, savagely, again and again like a battering ram. His sweat poured over the muscles of the suffering stud. Mark's cock became rock hard. He couldn't take his eyes off the incredible spectacle.

Randy and Bob were in a world of their own, oblivious of being observed. The demon's pale blue eyes pierced the eyes of the enraptured man. Gradually the pounding slowed into a gentle, pulsing rhythm. Bob's eyes looked up imploringly.

"Please, sir. Please let me touch you."

Without breaking the rhythm Randy untied Bob's wrists. Free now, Bob ran his hands over the sweating chest of his lover, rubbing them against the torn tank and over the nipples, feeling the pecs flexing underneath. Then he stroked the broad, rock hard shoulders and ran his hands over the huge biceps, veins bulging, as they pushed against his legs.

Bob breathed, "You are such a fucking stud, man. I will always be your slave. Aaah Fuck me because you love me, sir. My ass is yours."

"You bet your life it is, you fucker. Don't even think of giving it to anyone else. God, I love fucking you."

The rhythm was now gentle ... tender even as the two men locked eyes. Again, they saw each other reflected on the other's eyes and they passed into that magical world where they were one soul, in an intimacy that passed all understanding.

Looking down in frozen awe Mark realized he was watching something he had never seen before the absolute union of two souls. He watched with a mixture of joy, lust and envy. He knew now that these two glorious men were indivisible.

Randy held Bob's gaze. "You want my juice?"

"You know I do, sir."

"You gonna cum for me?"

"Of course, sir."

"Then let's do it."

They stopped moving. There was a stillness, no sound, as Randy began to stream inside his lover's warm, welcoming ass. He watched as his lover's cock shuddered and pumped hot, creamy juice over his own muscular chest, soaking the filthy tank, splashing in his face and hair. Their chests heaving, the two men looked into each other's eyes as their orgasms continued.

Mark was in a lost world, mesmerized by the unbelievable sight before him. His towel had long since dropped to the floor and he stood naked, stroking his rigid cock.

Finally Randy pulled his cock out and he flopped over by Bob's side. Their faces were close, side by side.

It was too much for Mark. He looked down at the beautifully sculpted faces: the one square jawed, golden tan, high cheek bones; the other dark, stubbled, wild like a gypsy, demon-like. The cop could not hold back. He felt a burning sensation in his legs, rising to his groin and his cock started to pulse. As his cum streamed out he pointed his cock at the beautiful faces, covering them with hot, creamy semen, splashing over the mouths, chins, foreheads and hair of the two lovers.

He was dazed. He could not separate the sensation of intense lust, exhilaration, and envy at having watched these two glorious men make love. He was even angry that he had been relegated to just a bystander at this spectacle. He could not believe what he saw next. Each of the men began licking the other's face, sucking on the cop's warm cum running over it, drinking

it in. They lapped hungrily at their eyes, cheeks, foreheads, lips, until they finally fell back looking up at the spectacular, naked cop.

In total confusion Mark blushed deeply. He stammered, "Oh shit. Jesus, guys, I don't know what made me do that. I was just I don't know what to say. You two...."

Randy cut him off. "Mark. Do you want to come and live with us?"

Mark reeled and couldn't believe the sound of his own voice as it said, "Yes. Oh yes. More than anything."

"OK. That's settled. And one more thing, that I never thought I would say to any other man. But I can say it to you, Mark. You know that I own this man's ass. But when the time is right I will loan it to you. OK, Bob?"

Bob smiled. "Asshole. You know damn well it is."

"I'm hitting the shower," Randy said, leaving them alone.

Mark sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Bob. "You know, I was wrong. I can't live here with you."

"You don't want to?"

"Sure I do. But I have to confess something." He blushed deeply. "Out there in the desert, I ... jeez, I never thought I'd say this about a guy but I fell in love with Randy."

Bob threw his head back and laughed. "Well of course you did. We all do. I think it happened to me when I first laid eyes on him. And Darius fell when Randy penetrated his virgin ass."

"It happened to me," Mark said, "when I watched Randy, after giving three guys a vicious, brutal beating, turning to comfort young Pablo with the tenderness of a dove."

"That's it, then. I mean look at the man. He's magnificent, the king of the gypsies. You have to love him. So join the group, and welcome to the house, buddy."

Half an hour later the guys were sitting around the table outdoors. Darius had brought out food and beer and they were all eating ravenously when Pablo suddenly stood up and his exotically beautiful features creased in a grimace. He put on his rimless owl glasses and cleared his

throat. "I want to thank you, sir, but I can't do it. I can't stay here. It's too good for me. I just have to pay my own way, be my own man. I can't live on charity."

Randy cut him off. "Sit down, kid." He leaned forward to him. "Perhaps you didn't hear me earlier. I'm the boss, I make the rules, and you, kiddo, are not going anywhere unless I say you can. Got it?"

Pablo was totally intimidated. "Yes, sir."

"And you will earn your keep. I brought all your tools from that filthy garage in the desert for a reason. From now on you'll be our mechanic. We have two trucks, an SUV and two Harleys, not to mention the punk's bicycle. And they all need servicing. The garage will be your workshop. You'll be the boss there. Anyone wants anything they'll come to you. Is that clear to everyone?"

There were general murmurs of "Yes, sir" all around. Randy's authority was unquestioned.

"You say you're such a hotshot mechanic. Prove it. There'll be a shit load of work to do. Think you can handle it?"

"Yes, sir," Pablo beamed.

"OK. Darius, take Pablo and show him around."

Darius and Pablo jumped up and the eager black man put his arm around Pablo's shoulder. "Let me show you the pool first. It's real sweet. I cleaned it up, you know, way back when"

Randy took a big slug of beer and turned to Mark. "Now for you, officer. What about your old apartment? "

Mark blushed again. "It was my girlfriend's apartment. I moved in with her until my best friend decided to have an affair with her."

"So, you lost your home, your girl and your best friend all at once. Well, buddy, welcome to your new home. For the time being the basement is all yours."

Bob jumped in. "Which brings me to my plan. I've been talking to the landlord and he wants to sell this house. If we bought it we could expand the pool house into a proper guest house ... a duplex."

He'd worked it all out. As vice-president of a big financial service company he had access to all the financing they'd need. And Randy had architects and permit pullers on the payroll at his work and access to all the lumber and equipment he would need. Randy grinned, "No problem

there. I'll build something special a place fit for a Greek god, you might say plus an apartment for Darius."

Bob frowned. "What about Pablo?"

As if on cue Darius came running out to them, having left Pablo in the kitchen. "He can stay with me," he said eagerly"

"You don't mind?"

"Mind?! Have you got a look at that ass lately?"

"Yes," Randy said. "And that's all you're gonna do is look. Don't even think about touching it."

"Aw, boss. My dick and his ass....."

"I know, 'A Match Made in Heaven.' Well heaven can wait, buster. So back off."

Bob intervened. "What Randy's saying is this, Darius. Pablo's had a really rough life and, even though he's nearly 21, he's still trying to work things out, who he is, what he wants. But he has to make those decisions, not be pushed into them by a horny guy with a big dick. What he needs now is kindness and a really good friend."

"Well that's no problem. We're friends already. But you mean I can't....?"

"No," Randy barked. "He can sleep with you but you don't touch him. When he tells us he's ready, we'll let you know. Hands off 'til then ... understood? "

"Understood, sir. You're the boss."

"And don't you forget it, punk."

During the next week things began to settle down. Bob quickly got the financing for a mortgage and put the real estate wheels in motion. Randy and Darius resumed their work at the construction site and Mark became a working cop again. Pablo lost no time in cleaning out the garage and setting it up as a workshop for himself.

Then came the 17th. Pablo was starting to settle in and get to know the other four guys and he was taken by surprise as they all sat at the table. Randy said, "You thought we forgot, didn't you, kid? It's your birthday, isn't it?"

"That's what the welfare lady once told me."

"Then that's it ... your 21st You ever celebrate your birthday before?"

"Not that I can recall, sir."

"Well that's about to change."

Darius brought out a cake, Pablo blew out the candles and they all sang to him. Bob could see the young guy fighting back tears and he reached over and touched his hand. Always the sensitive guy in the group, Bob felt a real empathy for this damaged kid and went out of his way to make him feel at home.

"No present yet," Randy said. "We had no idea what to get you, so we thought we'd let you choose. Have you any idea what you want? Think big it's your twenty-first."

Pablo blinked behind his owl glasses and stared at them.

"Come on, Pablo," said Bob. "There must be something you want."

Pablo hesitated, then muttered, almost inaudibly, "Sex."

"What?"

He cleared his throat and said more defiantly, "Sex, sir. I'm twenty-one and I've never had sex with anyone in my life. I want it now today."

Mark smiled at him, "You mean with one of us?"

"Yes, sir. If that's OK, sir."

"Are you sure you're ready for this?" Randy asked.

"Yes, sir! Pablo was again defiant.

"Then that's it," Randy said. "Stand up kiddo." Pablo got to his feet. "This is the gift of a lifetime. Look at the four men in front of you. Pretty damn awesome, no? You get to choose one of them to spend the whole night with."

"Anyone?"

"That's what I said."

There was a stunned silence. Any of the men would be willing to sleep with this beautiful, exotic young man, with the exquisite face and naturally sculpted, perfect body. And it would be his first time ever. They all looked at Pablo expectantly. He froze.

"Come on, kiddo," Randy said at last. "The night awaits you."

"Yes, sir." He looked from one to the other of the expectant faces.

"Well, do you know who you want?"

"I do, sir."

"Point him out, then."

Pablo raised his hand and pointed. "You, sir. Please, sir."

And he pointed at Bob.

* * *

Again there was complete silence. Darius's face fell as he realized his dream would have to wait a while. Once again it was Randy who took charge.

"That's it then. You and Bob it is. Go to the bedroom in the pool house and wait. Darius, you'll have to bunk in with me for the night. Any problem with that?"

Darius grinned. "No problem at all, boss."

Randy turned to Bob. "Well, buddy. Looks like you get to break the kid in. That's usually my job."

"I don't intend to break him in. I'll ease him in."

Randy smiled. "That's why he chose you. The kid's instincts are good. Plus, for his first time ever he wanted a man who is absolutely, totally fucking gorgeous. And that's you. Just one thing. Your ass is off limits. It belongs to me, OK?"

"Of course, sir."

Bob left the table and Mark stood up also.

"I've got to go too. My shift starts soon. I should be back about nine."

"Just one thing, man. I intend to give Darius a night he won't forget. And you can help. Here's my plan....."

Bob walked into the bedroom where Pablo was standing still, trembling. Bob took him by the shoulder.

"Are you absolutely sure you want this, Pablo?"

"More than anything, sir."

"Why me, Pablo?"

"This is the first time in my life sir. I wanted someone who would be kind and gentle"

"I'll sure try to be. Are you scared?"

"Very scared, sir."

"You don't have to be. We're not going to do anything you don't want to, OK? And if you want to stop we will."

"Thank you, sir."

"Now, usually the first thing is to take our clothes off. Let me see you do that."

Pablo looked at the beautiful man before him and, his hands trembling, he slowly pulled off his T-shirt. He kicked off his sneakers and pulled down his jeans. Then he hesitated, standing stiffly in his Jockey briefs. Bob's eyes widened as he looked him over. He hadn't realized how beautiful the young man was.

With his genetic mix of Latino and Indian Pablo's features were exotic, the slanted, brown eyes, high cheek bones and jet black hair falling over his high forehead. The body too was perfect, his physique sculpted by nature, not a gym. The skin was like chocolate milk, with not an ounce of body fat.

"Go on. Now the shorts."

Pablo heisted, then blushed. He reluctantly pulled down his briefs and a huge hard-on sprang out.

"Sorry, sir."

"When did you last shoot your load, kid?"

"I can't remember, sir. A long, long time ago. The guys at the garage wouldn't let me."

"So, you've built up a big head of steam, I guess."

"I guess so, sir."

"Well, we'll take care of that. My turn now."

Bob pulled his white V-neck T-shirt over his head and let it fall to the ground. He stood before Pablo stripped to the waist, barefoot in blue jeans, the white waistband of his shorts just showing above the waist of the jeans. The perfect muscles of his torso gleaming, he looked incredible.

Pablo, naked, was rooted to the spot, blinking rapidly behind his owl glasses, his rigid cock pointing straight out. For a moment he thought his legs would buckle. Finally he spoke one word.

"Wow."

Randy smiled, leaned forward and took off Pablo's glasses.

"You won't be needing these," he said.

"Sir," Pablo managed, and cleared his throat. "Could I touch you sir?"

"Of course."

Hesitantly Pablo reached forward and nervously brought his finger tips to Bob's chest. Gaining confidence he laid his palms flat against the hard, rounded slabs of his perfectly sculpted pecs. He moved his hands down and ran his fingers under the exquisite curve at the bottom of the pecs, then up toward the neck, down the sloping trapezius muscles, over the hard, bulging shoulders, down past the solid biceps.

Then he felt behind the shoulders, running his hands down the incredible V of the bodybuilder's lats, down over the eight pack perfection of his abs, down further to the tight waist disappearing into his shorts and jeans. Pablo even ran his fingers slightly inside of the shorts all round the waist. The young man was trembling even more now, as he again said one word.

"Wow."

Realizing that his body was being worshipped, and enjoying the sensation, Bob asked, "Do you want me to flex?"

"Yes please, sir."

Bob raised his arms and flexed his biceps. Then he put his fists on his waist, flared his abs and pushed his shoulders forward. The sight of this gorgeous bodybuilder, flexing his huge, perfect muscles was incredible. Pablo was now trembling feverishly in a pitch of excitement. He leaned forward and placed his palms hard against the slabs of the muscle god's pecs, digging his fingers in. He looked up at the impossibly beautiful face and his trembling turned to a violent spasm.

"Wow ... oh god ... no Nooooo!...."

Bob felt the hot liquid splash hard against his chest and looked down. Pablo's rock hard cock was alive, standing straight up, spurting stream after stream of pent up semen onto the flexed muscles. It looked like it would never stop. All the lust, frustrations, fantasies and dreams of his young life had come to this moment. He was transfixed by the sight of this muscle god, and his cock would not stop streaming.

When it did stop he looked in terror at the torso streaming with his cum. He thought he had defiled this exquisite body.

"Oh no! I'm sorry, sir. I messed up. I couldn't stop it. I'll go now," and he started to pull on his jeans.

Bob smiled and took him by the shoulders. "Pablo. You just paid me the biggest compliment I ever had. And you're not leaving. You're spending the night with me. But there's one thing you have to do for me."

"Anything, sir. I'll do anything in the world for you."

"Go kneel by the bed."

As Pablo obeyed, Bob took off his jeans and shorts and lay naked on his back on the bed.

"Now, clean all this cum off my chest. Oh, just one thing. No hands."

Pablo looked puzzled. Then he understood. Leaning his face forward he brought his tongue to the naked body. Just as he had worshipped it with his hands, he now worshipped it with his tongue. He licked at all the same muscles, sucking in his own semen, cleaning off the chest, shoulders, arms and hard packed waist. He was in an ecstasy of lust and wonder.

When he stopped Bob said, "Now kneel on the bed astride me. Put your hands on my chest again." The eager young man obeyed leaning over the massive body and looking into the eyes

of the man he was starting to love. Bob licked his palms, reached down and took hold of his own rigid cock.

"Now, slowly, sit back."

Pablo did so until he gasped as he felt the head of Bob's big dick against his ass."

"Wow."

"Don't stop. That's an order, Pablo. You said you'd do anything for me."

It was amazingly easy. Without further hesitation Pablo slid back down onto Bob's cock, letting it slide all the way into his ass until he was sitting hard down on Bob's groin. His eyes widened and he moaned. He looked down at this stunning man and realized that his cock was deep inside his ass. He could not believe the sensation. He had entered a world he could never have dreamed of.

Suddenly ... "No ... no No ... aaah" His body shuddered and his cock streamed with another torrent of cum, splashing all over the muscles and sinews of the bodybuilder's torso. Again, it seemed it would never stop, jets of white hot liquid spurting out in a high arc.

"No!" he groaned. "Oh wow. I'm sorry sir. I did it again. I messed up again. Do you want me to leave?" And he eased himself off the rigid cock.

Bob smiled up at him. "I told you, Pablo. You're spending the night with me. Just a few rules though. One: You never apologize again for shooting your load. Two: You try not to drown me. Three: You don't cum again for at least the next ten minutes. Oh, and four: You never, ever, say 'wow' again."

Pablo looked down at the gently smiling, handsome face and started to laugh. The damn was broken. All the pent up lust of months, the fear, pain, loneliness and longing of his young life suddenly dissolved in a joyous peal of laughter. He had found himself, thanks to this glorious, loving man. His inhibitions melted in the exhilaration and freedom of discovery, and he finally relaxed.

Bob heard the joy in his laughter. "That's right, Pablo. Now you know. You're home. You're safe. Now, at last, we can make love. Happy birthday, Pablo"

Pablo fell forward, pressed his lips hard against Bob's mouth and kissed him hungrily. He had never kissed anyone in his life before now.

Meanwhile, Darius was having a totally different experience. Randy had taken him down to the basement room, saying that he had exchanged rooms with Mark for the night. He had, in fact, spoken earlier to Mark and explained his plan.

"So," Randy said to Darius. "While I was away Bob helped you act out some of your fantasies. Was he good at it?"

Darius's eyes gleamed. "Unbelievable, sir. Awesome."

"Well, we'll see if we can top that. Wait here."

Randy left. Ten minutes later he returned and Darius gasped. Randy was a leather icon. He was wearing tight leather pants and heavy black boots. A studded leather harness was crossed over his magnificent chest and under his black leather vest. He wore a black leather cap and dark glasses.

Darius started to tremble in anticipation. "Oh, man. That's fucking incredible. What are you gonna do to me" " but he was interrupted by a tap at the door. "Shut up," Randy said. "Stand over by the wall. Not a word."

The door opened and Mark came in holding a six pack of beer. He had just got off work and was still in his full cop uniform black pants tucked into high leather cycle boots, black, short-sleeve shirt stretched tight across his perfect chest, open at the neck to reveal a small white triangle of T-shirt.

"Hi, buddy," he said to Randy. "Wanna beer?"

Randy smiled. "Sure. Sit down. Rough day?"

"The worst a hostage stand-off. These two guys....." And he began to tell Randy the story.

The two men sat in chairs facing each other. Mark threw his leg over the arm and relaxed. Randy laughed at his stories and recounted a fight that had taken place at the construction site.

Darius looked on in disbelief. These two muscle gods, at the peak of their masculinity, were relaxing and chewing over their day together. The one, dark, swarthy, tousled thick black hair falling over his brow, muscles gleaming in full leather. The other, a golden blond uniformed cop with the body and features of a god. The testosterone flowed thick between them as the two studs chatted together.

They ignored Darius. He stood motionless and stared. He was so turned on by the sight that he brought his hand down to stroke his rigid dick under his jeans.

"Hey, boy!" Randy barked. "Did I say you could do that?" He turned to Mark. "I was gonna bunk in with him but now you're here he'll have to wait. But he obviously can't keep his hands to himself."

Mark stood up. "You forget, I'm a cop. Fixing that's easy." He walked over to Darius.

"Sit in that chair, boy."

Dazed, Darius sat down.

"Hands behind your back."

Darius put his hands down around the back of the chair. Mark quickly pulled handcuffs from his belt and clipped them onto Darius's wrists behind the chair. He walked back to Randy and sat down.

"Now, man. About this fight. How did you break it up?"

Darius was in world of total fantasy. A prisoner, he watched the two incredible men, the demon leather man and the god-like cop, drinking, talking, laughing together. They ignored him completely as they began to get slightly drunk. Darius's cock was rigid under his jeans. He strained to touch it but his wrists were handcuffed tight. As he waited to learn his fate he felt pre-cum dribbling down his leg.

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Chapter 25 - Darius, the Cop & the Construction Worker

Darius was in world of total fantasy. A prisoner, he watched the two incredible men, the demon leather man and the god-like cop, drinking, talking, laughing together. They ignored him completely as they began to get slightly drunk. Darius's cock was rigid under his jeans. He strained to touch it but his wrists were handcuffed tight.

He had never been so turned on in his life, having no idea what these glorious men would do with him. He felt pre-cum dribbling down his leg. The room resonated with absolute, rugged maleness. Darius was intoxicated by the smell of leather and the sound of male voices. He closed his eyes and was mesmerized by Randy's deep, guttural voice laced with profanities. Answering him were the cop's rich, dark brown tones, strong and authoritarian.

He opened his eyes and watched as the men drank one beer after another. Mark drained another bottle and, to Darius's huge disappointment, said to Randy,

"Well, buddy, I gotta go. Having a bike between your legs all day makes you horny as a toad. Thought I'd go down to my old hangout on Sunset and find me a piece of ass. The girls in that bar are always ready and willing. Don't worry. I'll take my lady of choice to a motel."

Randy grinned, "You fucker. You know any woman would throw herself at you. Maybe I'll tag along." Darius's heart sank. His night with Randy looked like a bust. He pulled again at his cuffed wrists.

Mark stood up to leave, but swayed a little. "Hell, didn't realize I was so drunk."

Randy stood too, so unsteady that he would have fallen forward had Mark not grabbed him. With their hands on each other's shoulders the two studs gazed at each other. Drink and animal lust combined to drain their inhibitions as they felt their cocks stiffen. Instinctively their faces came together, their lips met and they kissed each other hungrily.

Darius nearly went ape shit. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, these two ultimate men, the dark demon in leather, the golden Greek god in police uniform, locked in a fierce embrace. He strained at his restraints, wanting with all his being to be close to these guys. His cock was rock hard and he knew that one touch would get him off. The need to jerk off was overwhelming, but he could not free his hands. He was in a wild frenzy.

Finally Mark pulled back and blinked at Randy. "Jesus Christ, I am drunk. Sorry about that, man. Don't understand why"

"You don't have to understand, buddy. You know that spark will always be there between us. Don't sweat it."

"Well, I'm obviously not gonna drive anywhere like this. Guess I'll just go to bed and jerk off before I go to sleep."

He turned and opened the door to leave the room. Darius wanted to scream after him to stay, but Randy had forbidden him to make a sound. Instead it was Randy who spoke.

"On the other hand "

Mark paused,, his hand on the doorknob.

".... on the other hand," Randy grinned, "you could always find yourself a piece of ass here."

"Here?"

Randy jerked his thumb in the direction of the black man, his sculpted muscles straining as he tried to free himself.

Mark blushed. "Oh, man. I dunno about that. Look, the stuff you and I did together drove me wild but well, I've never done anything with another guy except you." He hesitated. "Still, I could use a blow job, so maybe Does he give good head?"

Randy grinned again. "Cost you a twenty to find out."

"Man, he comes cheap."

"He sure does," Randy said. "Here I'll match you."

He pulled out a twenty dollar bill and threw it at Darius's feet. Mark shook his head, pulled out his wallet and did the same.

Darius was reeling. He had never felt so cheap and degraded in his life, nor more wildly excited. Seated in the chair he couldn't move, his arms cuffed behind him. He just stared up at the leather man and the cop as they approached him. Randy stood behind him, leaning against his back so Darius's head was immobilized and he was overcome with the smell of the leather pants. He felt big hands clamp the sides of his face, holding it in a vice-like grip.

"Ok, he's ready when you are, buddy."

Darius's eyes widened as he watched the cop approach. He undid two buttons of his shirt exposing more of his white T-shirt and Darius glimpsed the outline of his rounded pecs underneath. The cop walked right up to his face, slowly unbuttoned his fly and reached inside his shorts to pull out his long, thick tool. It was only semi-hard.

"Think he can make me hard?" Mark asked Randy.

"Try him."

Mark looked down and in his strong, commanding tone said, "Open your mouth, boy."

In a delirium of fantasy now, Darius kept his eyes on the muscular cop and opened his mouth wide. The cop's dick slid easily into the gaping hole and Darius tightened his throat muscles around it. The smell and taste sent shock waves through him.

"Wow," Mark groaned. "That's incredible. Better than any girl can do it. Why didn't you tell me about this, man? Feels wild." And Mark's cock instantly became rock hard. He pushed it to the back of the young man's throat, then pulled it out and plunged it in again. Soon it was like a piston, driving in and out of the hot, hungry mouth. Darius was thrilled to hear Mark's compliment and clenched his throat muscles even more round the pulsing cock.

Mark groaned to Randy. "Hell, man I love this. Come here, you fucking stud." He pulled their faces together and the two men began exploring the inside of each other's mouth with their

tongue. Darius flew into a world he had never dreamed of. He felt the muscular legs, in tight leather, behind his head, which was held in a vice. He watched the cop's black uniform pound back and forth against his mouth. And he saw above him the two glorious muscle gods locked in a ravenous embrace.

He wanted this to last forever. He had never experienced, never imagined, never dreamed of anything like this. But suddenly it stopped and his mouth was free. He saw the iron rod pull back in front of him and heard Mark's voice.

"Hey, man. You want a piece of the action here? I was about to shoot my load but I want it to last. Why don't you take over?"

Darius watched as the men traded places. The cop stood hard behind him, gripping his head, and the huge leather stud stood before him. Randy looked down at the prisoner.

"So, punk. Looks like you got two masters."

Darius nodded wildly.

"Open up, boy. I may not be so easy on you."

And he wasn't. Darius saw the veins standing out on his huge, thick cock, and then felt it plunge savagely deep into his throat. He gagged and tears spurted from his eyes as he felt the brutal hammering begin. He saw and smelt the leather pants as they pounded his face. He couldn't move. The cop held him fast and he was at the mercy of the vicious pounding by the leather stud. He thought he would pass out. He did for a moment several times. He was dimly aware of the cop's voice above him.

"Hey, man, go easy. You'll split his throat wide open. You're really hammering his face."

"Nah ... he can take it. And I want my twenty bucks worth."

Again the two muscle men buried their tongues in the other's mouth. Locked in a helpless vice Darius concentrated on the piston cock pounding his mouth. His own cock was still rock hard in his jeans and it was agony for him that he couldn't touch it.

In the fog of his delirium Darius heard, "Hell, man, we might as well go all the way." It was Randy, as he pulled his cock suddenly out of his suffering mouth.

"What d'you mean?" Mark asked.

"You said you wanted a piece of ass. Use his."

"You mean fuck the guy's ass. Hey, I don't know about that."

"Take his cuffs off, man. Then grab us another beer and come and sit down." Mark quickly freed Darius and sat down with Randy.

"You," Randy said to Darius, "come closer. And don't even think of touching your dick. So, Mark, what do you think? "

"Hard to tell," said Mark"

OK, punk. Strip. And do it slowly."

Feeling totally degraded now, Darius pulled slowly at his T-shirt until it cleared his perfectly sculpted torso. He kicked off his sneakers and dropped his jeans. He hesitated, then pulled his shorts down and his massive dick sprang out at rigid attention. He stood naked before these two muscle gods and hung his head.

"Gotta admit," said Mark, slurring his words a bit. "He looks pretty damn hot."

"OK, boy," barked Randy. "Turn around, bend over and grab your ankles."

Darius did as he was told. He should have felt completely humiliated as he displayed his ass to these men, but his only sensation was one of wild exhilaration as he fantasized on what was in store for him."

"See that ass?" said Randy. "Sweet enough to make grown men weep. You want a piece of it?"

Mark felt his dick rising inside his uniform pants and said, "Hell yes. But how do we decide who gets to fuck it?"

Randy grinned. "I'll fight you for it. Ever arm-wrestled?"

"You kidding? I was the division champion. So we wrestle and the prize I get is those perfect globes over there."

"Yeah, except the prize will be mine," said Randy. "I have never lost at arm-wrestling and I won't now. You can turn round now, punk, and bring us that table."

Darius placed a small table between the guys and stood back to watch. Naked, trembling with excitement he put his hands behind his back and clasped them tight. He knew he was forbidden to touch his cock. He gasped at what came next.

The two men stood up, preparing for the challenge. Randy shrugged off his leather vest and his muscles gleamed under the studded harness that crossed his bare chest. Mark unbuttoned his black shirt, pulled it out of his waist and shrugged it off. He looked absolutely incredible. His white T-shirt stretched across the slabs of his chest and tapered from the broad shoulders in a wide V to the slim waist of his uniform pants. The short sleeves were pulled back from his bulging, veined biceps.

They sat down and the fight was on. Gazing intently into each other's eyes, their elbows on the table, they gripped hands tightly and the pressure began. There was no movement other than a tremor as the two massive arms flexed and strained against each other. Their shoulders and biceps bulged and veins stood out hard. Randy's solid muscles gleamed with sweat and Mark's T-shirt became stained with the sweat pouring off his straining body.

Darius was taking deep breaths to stop from passing out at the sight. The incredible leather man locked eyes with his challenger, his dark, swarthy, stubbled face gleaming and intense. The god-like features of the blond cop were set in a grim smile as he gazed at the demon straining before him. Their arms moved slightly, bending first one way, then the other, but they were so evenly matched that the fight would be a long one.

Darius knew what the prize was, what these two incredible men were fighting for his ass. As the fight went first one way, then the other, he fantasized about being fucked by the winner, either the leather man or the cop. But he had a long wait as the men groaned in extreme, sustained exertion, their macho competitiveness at a pitch. Darius was inwardly screaming to touch his rigid cock as he saw it dribbling with pre-cum.

Then, suddenly, it was over. One arm made a final supreme effort and slammed the other flat on the table.

"I win!"

"Shit!"

The two exhausted men, faces streaming with sweat, looked at each other and grinned."

Darius felt his knees buckling as the realization crashed in on him of who was going to plough his ass.

"Well," said Randy to Mark. "Guess there has to be a first time. I'm just glad it was you."

Mark stood up and walked over to the naked black man. "Well, boy. Looks like you're gonna feel my dick up your ass. Think you can take it?"

In a daze Darius managed to croak, "Yes, sir."

Darius was on his back, naked, on the bed. His arms were stretched up in a V and his wrists were tied to the corners of the bed. Randy, still in his leather pants and harness was standing behind his head and Mark stood at the foot of the bed. The shuddering black man knew what was coming. He had never been so turned on in his life.

"OK, man," Mark growled at Randy. "I won. You lost. Now show me the prize. Show me his ass."

Randy reached far forward, grabbed Darius's ankles and pulled them sharply up and back.

"Like it?" he asked, as Darius's ass was pulled up in display, totally at the cop's mercy.

"Boy, am I ready for that," Mark breathed.

Darius was again blown away by what he saw next. The cop reached down to his uniform pants, pulled his T-shirt out of the waist and, in one swift movement, yanked it over his head and tossed it down. He stood in front of his victim, stripped to the waist, his incredible golden body gleaming, his magnificent torso tapering down to the leather belt at the waist of his pants, which were still tucked into the high leather boots. The Greek-god features gazed down at him in a lascivious grin.

Darius had never seen anything so glorious in his life. His breathing became ragged and for a moment he lost consciousness. When he opened his eyes he saw Mark approach him, kneel on the bed and pull his hard dick out of his pants. He leaned forward between the outstretched legs and put his hands on the bed at either side of the back man's body. Darius felt the tip of the stiff cock touch his ass.

"Hold him tight," Mark said to Randy.

"Don't worry. I've got him. Go for it, man. Do your worst."

Darius was riveted by the sight of the massive torso over him and flinched in surprise at the first jolt of pain as the cop's dick speared his ass, plunging down to the depth of his gut. The momentary pain quickly dissolved into an exquisite, warm sensation as Darius saw and felt the cop's beautiful body arch and buck, his dick sliding back and forth inside him. As he heard the deep moan of satisfaction, Darius clenched his ass muscles tight. Mark threw his head back with an ecstatic shout.

"Jesus, man. That's so fucking tight. It's never felt like that before. Man, that ass is hot."

Darius felt a surge of pride at pleasing this incredible, shirtless cop. Whenever the big shaft plunged into him he tightened his ass, squeezing the big shaft, then relaxed it as the cock pulled

out. The pulsing rhythm sent Mark through the roof as each time he buried his cock in the black man's ass the muscles clenched hard around it.

"God, this is wild," he breathed. "Your ass is incredible like it's fucking my cock. Aaah, keep doing that, man. It's never been this good." He looked up into Randy's eyes. "You motherfucker. You know what I'm feeling man. You set this up. I love you, man. Come here."

Darius watched as the two stunning faces came together, the lips locked and the mouths ground against each other. Still the dazed black man squeezed his ass around the cock of the gleaming muscle god pounding him. He felt the rough fabric of the uniform pants thud against his ass again and again. The sight of the two men, the overpowering smell of leather and the guttural sounds of the studs as they moaned and kissed combined to overwhelm the young man's senses.

"I can't hold on, man," Mark said to Randy. "Let me come, sir. Let me shoot my load inside this hot fucking ass."

Randy grinned. "You look incredible, man. OK, you son-of-a-bitch. Let it go. Let me see that gorgeous face and body as you shoot." He shouted, "Now, man. Cum inside him....."

Darius gazed at the phenomenal sight of this muscle cop streaming with sweat, his blond hair flying as he threw his head back, his body convulsing with spasms of ecstasy. He plunged his cock deep with one final thrust and Darius squeezed his ass tight as a vise around the pulsing shaft. Mark screamed as his incredible orgasm erupted. Darius felt the hot liquid pouring into the furnace of his ass and was aware that his own cock was erupting too, his own semen pouring over his chest and face.

The cop and the leather man brought their lips together again and Darius saw Randy shudder. The cock hanging out of the leather pants reared up and exploded with a jet of cream over Darius's body. It arced high and shot again, this time over the massive, heaving chest of the shirtless cop. Darius was in a world of fantasy, a world he could never have imagined, as he felt his body soaked with cum and watched as the two muscle icons gazed down at him, their sweat pouring down on his face.

"But his ass still belongs to you, man." This was Mark after he had finally come down from the incredible high he had been on. They were standing over the exhausted Darius. "I know the guy belongs to you, his ass too. Jesus, he knows how to use that ass. I have never, ever, felt anything like it."

Randy grinned. "Yeah, but you know, I own his big dick too. Look at it. Must be ten inches."

"What d'you mean, you own it?"

"I control it. Look, I'll show you. Trade places."

Still stripped to the waist Mark stood behind Darius and pulled his legs up, displaying his ass to Randy. His wrists were still tied to the bed. Randy's rough gypsy-like face glared down at him.

"OK, punk. My turn. Your ass is gonna get ploughed again. And you know how I fuck. It ain't vanilla. This time my rod is gonna control your dick. "

Both their cocks were hard again and Darius did not have long to wait. Randy mounted his ass and plunged his thick shaft deep inside him. As he promised, it was rough, brutal even. Darius watched hypnotized as the leather pants hammered against his ass, already well lubricated by the cop's semen. He groaned as the pounding continued, until finally Randy said,

"You wanna cum, don't you, punk?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll wait 'til I give you permission. Clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Watch this, Mark. I can make that dick shoot exactly when I want, without him touching it. You just give me the word when you want to see it."

Mark was amazed at the ferocity of Randy's hammering against the black man's ass. He waited a while and then said.

"OK, I'm ready. Let me see it."

The leather man looked down into Darius's beautiful green eyes as he pounded his ass. Now, asshole, you look at me and you wait. When I give you the word I want to see cum pour from that huge dick, understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Randy fucked him hard for a while longer. Then suddenly he shouted. "Shoot ... Now!"

And at exactly that moment Darius's cock stood up straight and poured a stream of cum high in the air. Randy grinned and plunged his cock one last time as his own orgasm erupted. When their bodies finally relaxed Randy said,

"Well, Mark, was I right?"

"Damn, you know how to own a guy his ass, his dick, everything."

Randy reached down and untied Darius's wrists. At his command Darius jumped up and stood before him. Randy looked deep into his eyes.

"Who owns you, punk?"

"You, sir!"

"I promised you a fantasy tonight, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how was it?"

Darius paused, then his eyes narrowed and he burst into tears. He fell into Randy's arms, held him tight and sobbed on his chest in an outpouring of total adoration. Mark watched the incredible sight and now he understood what Randy had been doing over the last weeks.

Randy and Mark both knew that they were equal in command, strength and beauty and in various ways they had been competing since they met. One was a dark demon, the other a blond god, but they were both stunning muscle studs. Still, Randy always needed to demonstrate his dominance, and that is what he had been doing.

In the desert Mark had watched the young, vulnerable Pablo sob as he held on frantically to his handsome rescuer. Back home Randy had made Mark watch as Bob begged his master to fuck his ass, begged Randy never to tire of him. And now Darius was sobbing uncontrollably against his big master in an outpouring of intense love for him. The man was magnificent and they were all under his spell. They all worshipped him. Randy had said he was 'the boss around here' and now he had proved it beyond a shadow of doubt.

Randy looked over Darius's shoulder at Mark. The cop slowly shook his head. "Man, you are something else. There's absolutely no-one like you. Everyone here is in love with you. They would follow you to the end of the earth." He paused and smiled. "I have to say, man that goes for me too."

"That's good, buddy, 'cause the feeling's mutual. You're fucking wild, man. I love you."

"I gotta take a leak," Mark said.

"Me too," Randy agreed. "And the punk is filthy. Needs a shower. "

In a few minutes Darius was kneeling in the shower looking up at the two glorious men who had just used and degraded him. They towered over him, the blond cop still stripped to the waist, his magnificent gleaming torso tapering down to the slim waist of his uniform pants. The dark leather man, with the look of a wild gypsy, still in leather, his studded harness stretched over the rounded slabs of his chest.

"Open your mouth, punk!"

As he did so Darius watched wide-eyed as the first jets of hot yellow liquid spurted down to his face, and streamed down his body. After all the many beers they had drunk the torrent of rancid piss was endless. The two huge uniformed studs laughed as their urine gushed into the kneeling black man's mouth, over his face, on his chest, and streamed all down his body.

This was the final degradation for the beautiful young man who had been brought lower than ever in his life, paid like a hustler, face-fucked and butt-fucked by the two muscle gods. As his face and body streamed with piss he was aware of his humiliating squalor but he had never been more exhilarated in his life.

When Darius had showered and walked into the bedroom, his sculpted body gleaming and sweet smelling, he looked down at the naked men on the bed. The two bodybuilders looked incredible together as they lay on their backs, a little apart. Randy patted the bed between them. "Come on then, punk. And make sure that sweet ass is good and ready. We'll probably need it during the night."

"You bet, sir," Darius said, lying down between the two muscle gods. He had never been happier in his life. And he did not get too much sleep that night.

Mark sighed and said to Randy. "Man, that was wild. But I'll probably feel guilty in the morning."

Randy laughed. "Maybe so. But you can always blame it on being drunk. I'm told a lot of guys do that the morning after."

Meanwhile, Bob was showing Pablo how to make love. The eager young man had spent a long time worshipping the muscle god's body, bringing himself to spontaneous orgasm several times. But now that the floodgates of his emotion and lust have burst open, he can relax and enjoy the far greater pleasure of making love with the man he has chosen, the most beautiful man he has ever seen.

Bob was taken by surprise at the energy, ferocity even, of his youthful passion. Pablo was making love with a man for the first time in his life. Now that he was released from his earlier inhibitions he could not stop worshipping the incredible body. He kissed Bob's eyes, his forehead, cheeks and lips, then ran his mouth down his muscular neck and onto the rounded slabs of his perfect chest. In his frenzy he even bit lightly into the golden flesh.

"Hey, hey steady, kid! What, d'you want to eat me alive?"

"Yes, sir. That's what I feel like doing. You're so incredibly beautiful."

"Well keep your teeth to yourself, OK?" Bob smiled.

Pablo resumed his frantic kisses, down over the chiseled eight-pack of his abs, down over the slim waist. Finally he buried his face in the damp hair of Bob's crotch and breathed in the sweaty smell of his manhood. He looked up questioningly and Bob nodded.

"OK, go for it, Pablo."

Pablo pressed his cheek against the big, rigid cock rising straight up, then poised over it before slowly lowering his mouth down and taking the muscle stud's rod deep into his mouth. He uttered a sob as he tasted, smelled, the damp, sweaty shaft that pulsed in his mouth. He began to suck it feverishly.

This was the first time he had sucked cock and his inexperience showed. In his frenzy his teeth got in the way and Bob winced a little. "Jesus," he thought. "Darius will have to give him lessons on this."

But it didn't last very long. Suddenly Pablo reared his head back and stood up. He looked down at the magnificent man, whose muscular body now gleamed with a sheen of sweat, and Pablo shuddered wildly.

"Oh, no," he gasped. "Not again. I can't stop, sir. I'm cumming!"

And another huge spout of hot creamy liquid poured from his cock down onto the chest and face of the object of his worship. It spurted again and again, until semen was gushing all over Bob's body.

When things calmed down Bob said, "Jesus, man. You're like Old Faithful in Yellowstone Park. But at least that geyser erupts only about once an hour. Yours gushes every ten minutes!"

"I can't help it, sir. Every time I look at you it makes me shoot my load."

"OK, tell you what. Stop looking at me a while. Flip over onto your stomach and let me look at you for a change."

Pablo obeyed and buried his head in the pillow. Bob knelt by the bed looking at Pablo's naturally muscled back and that glorious ass. He ran his fingers down over the smooth, creamy brown skin, down over the slim waist. He came to the perfect globes of his ass, rising high up from the waist, hovering in two gorgeous round globes and then curving down to the top of the legs. He had never seen an ass like it.

He leaned forward and touched it with his tongue. The skin looked smooth as silk but Bob's tongue felt the downy, soft, invisible fur that covered it. He gasped and his cock became hard as a rock. He knelt over the ass, bent down again and pushed his tongue between the soft, perfect globes. All the smell and taste of callow youth, passion, and warm, moist sex filled his nose and mouth. He lapped hungrily at this virgin ass, tasting the velvet inside, and he knew he had to enter this young man.

"I'm going to fuck your ass, Pablo."

"I know, sir. It's what I've wanted ever since I first saw you. Please, sir. Please put your cock inside me."

It was remarkably smooth and easy. The bodybuilder's stiff rod slid easily into the welcoming, quivering hole and Pablo gave a huge, contented sigh as the man he worshipped drove his cock home. Bob stopped still, deep inside the silk-lined ass, and fell against the back of the beautiful young man. They lay still for a long time. Then, keeping his chest on Pablo's back, Bob raised his hips so his cock drew out of the ass, then pushed it slowly back in.

Both men were in a state of bliss as the gentle motion continued. Neither had felt anything quite like this before. Pablo knew that his ass was being fucked by this beautiful muscle man, the man he had chosen from all of them, and Bob felt the joy of opening up this exotic young man for the first time in his life.

"OK, it's time," Bob said and flipped the young man over without removing his cock. He leaned forward between Pablo's raised legs and continued the gently rhythm, stroking the inside of his ass. He knew without any doubt that Pablo could not delay his orgasm. His eyes were open wide and wild as he focused on the muscle god heaving above him and felt the exquisite sensation of his cock inside him.

"I have to, sir. I can't hold it back....."

"I know, buddy. I'm right there with you. Let it go."

And their orgasms erupted in perfect harmony. The two beautiful men gazed at each other, sighing in the rapture of sexual release, their cocks streaming with hot white liquid, the one inside the perfect virgin ass and the other pouring over the shuddering brown body. They lay together for a long time, breathing in quiet unison.

"Will you stay inside me all night?" Pablo whispered.

"Of course."

But in no time Pablo felt his lust rising and he wanted to make love again. He was fucked many more times that night and he experienced many more exquisite orgasms. He more than made up for the many dry months of frustration, fear and loneliness. Eventually, though, they collapsed in a dream-filled sleep of total exhaustion. And even when they woke in the morning, Bob was still deep inside the flawless ass.

The next morning all five men sat silently around the breakfast table. There were no words adequate for the experiences they had been through. But many glances were exchanged and subtle smiles, as their minds replayed some of the incredible sights and sensations of the night before.

Randy looked at Pablo. "You enjoy your birthday, kid?"

"It was the best night of my life, sir."

"...of your life so far, kiddo. I'm sure we can find lots of things to celebrate. Just wait."

"Now I have to get back to work, sir."

"You working on my truck?"

"Yes, sir. The timings a bit off but it'll be easy to fix." He flashed a quick look at Bob. "Thank you, sir," and he strode off to the garage.

Randy grinned at Bob. "Jesus. He's a changed man and I mean 'man'. He's not a kid any more. What did you do to him, Buddy?"

"Oh, just showed him a little love. That's been in short supply in his life. Trouble was, every time he looked at me he shot his load."

"Well of course he did," Randy laughed. "Have you taken a look at yourself in the mirror lately?"

"All the time," Bob grinned. "You taught me to do that. Anyway, Pablo knows what he wants now. He's ready. That gorgeous ass is ready."

Darius's head shot up. "It is? You think he's I mean, he knows what he wants? He's ready?"

"Hell, yes."

Darius didn't wait for any more. His eyes glowing he stood up and sped off to the garage.

Randy grunted. "Seems like my truck will have to wait."

The three men got up from the table, stripped and dove into the pool.

"Thank god it's Sunday" sighed Bob. "I think we need a rest."

"I sure do," said Mark. "Long day tomorrow. I have to go back out to the desert to give evidence at the preliminary hearing of the Baxter trial."

"What?!" Randy barked. "Hell, you're not going out there alone with those assholes on the loose. I'll be right there with you, buddy."

"No, Randy. I can take care of myself. How would it look if I brought my own stud body guard to protect me? I'll be fine. Just a quick court appearance and then straight home."

"But the other three Baxter boys are not on trial. And they're out there waiting to dish out the payback they threatened you with"

"Empty threats," laughed Mark. "They know better than to mess with a cop. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine."

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Chapter 26 – Randy & Mark in a Living Hell

Early next morning Randy went into the garage and was surprised to find Pablo working on his truck.

"Almost finished sir. She's running like a bird. Thought you might need it today."

"Thanks, kid." He grinned. "You cleaned it up real good." He gathered up the padded blankets that he used for hauling stuff and threw them in a heap in the corner of the flat bed.

As he strode out of the garage he bumped into Mark, who was already dressed in his full police uniform.

"Early start," said Mark. "Out to the desert."

"God, I wish you'd let me come with you, with those three assholes on the loose."

"I told you before, I'll be fine." He laughed as he straddled his big police motor bike. "Don't worry. I can take care of myself. They'd be idiots to try anything."

"Call me on your cell phone when you're headed home. If there's any trouble, I'll be ready."

They bumped fists, Mark kick started his bike and roared away.

As it turned out Mark's evidence, as the police officer who discovered the Baxters' meth lab, was brief and factual. It was, after all, an open and shut case. Old man Baxter and his two sons would almost certainly get long prison terms. The three other sons were not involved and were still running around free.

After grabbing a quick sandwich Mark decided to head for home right away. He jumped astride his motor cycle, kicked it into life and hit the road, glad to put all this behind him and get back to Randy and the guys.

He was still on a fairly deserted road headed for the freeway when suddenly a truck skidded out of nowhere from a side track and almost collided with him. Mark braked sharply and wrenched his bike sideways. He ran off the road, jolted down a small embankment and crashed against a rock, falling stunned to the ground. He was only dimly aware of a strong arm coming round his neck and squeezing his throat. Then everything went black.

The big cop was slow to regain consciousness. He was first aware of a dim light and the smell of grease. Then he heard the sound of deep, rasping voices. He tried to move but couldn't. He realized why. He was spread-eagled, his arms stretched up and out and tied at the wrists, as were his legs. Slowly he opened his eyes and his heart sank. Three sadistic, surly, ugly faces leered down at him and he knew where he was.

Still in his uniform he was spread-eagled on his back on the car hoist in the Baxter garage. He gradually focused on the three thugs surrounding him. They were huge bears of men with beer guts, two of them bearded, all dressed in filthy grease-stained jeans and black T-shirts, stinking of sweat.

"Welcome to hell, pretty boy," growled the leader. "Guess you think you're one hell of a stud. Well, we'll take care of your pretty face and body real good. After what you and your boyfriend did to my daddy and brothers you had this coming."

Mark managed to speak. "I'm a police officer. You'd better think again, man."

The burly giant laughed. "You know where you are, don't you. In my daddy's garage. 'Course, it's closed for business now thanks to you and your fucking boyfriend. So it's nice and quiet. Nobody comes here. We're miles from anywhere. No one to hear your screams. And you are gonna scream."

"Maybe we should introduce ourselves, officer. I'm Jake, this here's my brother Silas and this is my baby brother Junior. Junior's still in his twenties and not too bright so we give him things to play with. He's gonna have fun with you. Silas and Junior can be real mean but I'm worse," he said with a guttural laugh.

He nodded to his brother Silas who stepped forward, put his hands on Mark's uniform shirt and yanked it open, exposing the white T-shirt stretched over his muscular chest. The man ran his hands over it, felt the shape of the big nipples and squeezed them tight, making Mark wince in pain.

"I wanna see his chest," ordered Jake.

Silas grabbed the neck of the T-shirt and quickly tore it to shreds. With a few violent movements he pulled at the tattered remains of the shirt and T-shirt until Mark lay spread-eagled, naked to the waist. His sculpted chest heaved and flexed in anticipation of what was to come. He didn't have long to wait.

"Belts off, boys. You know the drill." They pulled the heavy studded belts from their jeans and stood over the helpless cop.

"This is it, shithead. And I wanna hear you scream." They all raised the belts and brought them crashing down on the bodybuilder's flexed chest muscles. The sudden pain was intense and the beautiful cop threw his head back and screamed in agony, pulling frantically at his restraints, his magnificent body bucking and straining under the rain of blows.

The pounding went on for several minutes and the heavily veined muscles writhed as they became a mass of red welts and bruises. Finally it stopped and Mark lay in agony, his breath rasping, his shirtless torso heaving and streaming with sweat.

"I need to take a leak," said Junior.

"Think that goes for all of us," sneered Jake. "And here's our piss pot right in front of us."

They pulled out their dicks, pointed them at the bound cop and began to stream urine over his face and chest. Mark gasped as the bitter smell of their putrid piss poured over him, blinding him and making him choke. When he was able to open his eyes he looked down at his ravaged chest, streaming with sweat and rancid piss. The muscle god closed his eyes in the helpless agony of a tortured man.

"Now here's the good part," said Jake. "The one we really want is your boyfriend. He's the one who really hurt our kin. See this here? It's your cell phone, officer. Now let's see here. Yeah, there's a number listed here for 'Randy'. Bet you a dime to a dollar that's lover boy. Let's find out."

Randy was feeling uneasy all day and had come home early. It was mid afternoon and he was talking to Pablo when his cell phone rang. He looked at the screen and saw with relief that it was Mark.

"Hey, buddy. Where are you?"

"In hell," the guttural voice said.

"Who the fuck's that? What the hell's going on?"

"Here's what's going on, lover boy. We got your boyfriend but it's you we want. Come on out here and we'll do an exchange. We'll stop torturing his ass in exchange for yours. In case you need any persuading, listen."

Randy heard a loud crack and what sounded like the scream of a tortured animal.

"You motherfucking sons of"

"Shut your mouth. Get out here. I think you know where. And if you tell a living soul where you're going he's a dead man." And the line went dead.

In a panic Randy looked around but Pablo had already left the room to give him privacy. There was no one to tell. "Shit. Shit. I knew it."

He didn't wait to grab clothes or any gear, except for a tire iron from the garage. . Dressed only in jeans, boots and an old gray tank top he sped out of the room, threw himself into his truck and, with a screech of tires, sped away.

Randy had never driven so fast in his life and gave silent thanks that Pablo had tuned up the truck so well. And he had never felt so alone. He willed his buddy Mark to hang on. He wanted him to know that he, Randy, would absorb all the pain these thugs could dish out. He prayed that he would not be pulled over for speeding, and that prayer, at least, was answered.

In just over an hour he was approaching the remote garage. He stopped the truck a distance away, grabbed the tire iron and walked up quietly. He knew that all the odds were against him but he thought the element of surprise might give him an edge. All was quiet. He crept around the back of the garage and tried to see in. He was unaware of the figure behind him and was suddenly immobilized by a chain pressed around his throat from behind.

"Inside, lover boy," hissed a voice in his ear. "Your buddy's waiting for you."

He was manhandled inside the garage where he instantly took in the terrifying sight and screamed, "NO!" He stood helpless, in a state of shock. Mark was still spread-eagled but no longer on the car hoist. He was hanging from hooks in the ceiling, his arms spread wide and his legs spread and secured to hooks in the wall.

Stripped to the waist, still wearing his uniform pants and high boots, his magnificent body shuddered, his huge muscles straining and flexed, his chest and shoulders covered in angry red welts and streaming with sweat. His head hung down in semi-consciousness and a heavy chain hung round his neck and down to his waist.

"Come on, big guy. Say hello to your boyfriend. My brother Silas was just working on him. Show our new friend, Silas."

The big thug was holding battery jumper cables in his hand, the end attached to a small humming electrical generator. He moved forward and touched the cable terminals to Mark's nipples. There was a buzz and the effect was instantaneous. With a piercing scream Mark's body convulsed in a jolting spasm as the electric current ran through him. Even when the cables were withdrawn his body still shuddered.

"Looks pretty good, uh?" Jake sneered. Randy stared in disbelief at the magnificent, heavily muscled, shirtless body that now hung spread-eagled, jangling in its chains like a helpless rag doll. The beautiful, sculpted features were twisted in agony, tears pouring down the face, blond hair matted to the forehead.

Randy clenched his teeth and growled, "Let him down. Put me there instead. It's me you want. It's me that beat up your father and brothers. Torture me, thrash me. Just let him go."

"You hear that, guys?" Jake laughed. "He wants us to hurt him. Let's take a look." With one move he ripped the tank from Randy's chest and it hung round his waist. "Wow, you sure are a big guy. Looks like you're used to getting your own way. I'm really gonna enjoy torturing your ass. OK, my brothers. Let's do as he says."

A short while later everything was ready. Mark was slumped on the floor. Randy was naked, his arms stretched upward, wrists tied to a single rope attached to a hook high in the ceiling, his feet a few inches off the floor. He hung twisting from the roof as if he were being stretched on the rack, and the pain in his arms and shoulders was intense. He stared defiantly at Jake who was inches from his face. He could smell his stinking breath.

"Now let's see," Jake leered. "You was gonna be a punching bag for Junior here help him work on his boxing skills. But we thought it would be more fun if your boyfriend did the honors. We'll let him give you the thrashing you begged for. But first, a little insurance."

He picked up a long length of rope, grabbed Randy's balls and tied one end around his scrotum so his balls were stretched tight. Then he picked up the other end, went over to the wall and sat in a chair. He flicked the rope back, stretching the bodybuilder's balls in an agonizing jolt. Randy clenched his teeth and winced with pain as his body swung from the roof.

Jake jerked his head at the slumped Mark and said to his brothers. "Pick him up." The young one, Junior, threw a bucket of water in Mark's face and he and Silas hauled the shirtless cop up on his feet. He stood there swaying unsteadily, water pouring down his muscular, bruised torso.

"OK, officer, here's the deal. You're gonna give your buddy the thrashing of his life. And just to make sure you don't hold back I'm gonna yank his balls if I don't think you're putting all your strength into it. Like this here " and he pulled hard on the rope, jerking Randy forward by the balls with a howl of pain. "Just remember, pretty boy. I can rip his balls off in a second, so don't pull your punches. Just pretend he's the punch bag at the gym."

Dazed as he still was, Mark knew what he had to do. There was no choice. The two muscle men locked eyes and there was a silent agreement that this was the only way. Randy nodded imperceptibly. Mark took a deep breath, walked around the hanging body and punched hard at the flexed pecs. Randy gritted his teeth but made no sound as his body swung backward and spasmed with the sudden pain.

His silence did not last long. As his buddy continued to punch him hard his screams echoed round the small space as his body flexed and jerked in agony in his tight bondage. Mark's eyes filled with tears as he continued to circle the stretched, beautiful body of the man he loved and rained blows on the chest, stomach and thighs. Flexing his bulging muscles hard to withstand the blows, Randy was howling as their mutual agony continued.

If Mark tried to soften the blows Jake yanked at Randy's balls and made him scream at his buddy. "Hit me harder, man. Thrash my body. He's ripping my balls off. Harder, man, harder! Torture me, you motherfucker." The agony continued, as one bodybuilder put all his muscle into savagely beating the other. The only way Mark could get through this was to visualize the

punching bag at the gym instead of the huge muscle stud. Blindly he pounded frantically at the figure swaying before him.

"Hit his face," Jake screamed.

Mark brought the back of his hand against the sculpted features of the swarthy face, which contorted in a howl of agony. Again and again he smashed his fist against first one cheek, then the other.

Finally, mercifully, Jake called a halt. The huge body hung twisting slowly, shuddering and jerking in pain. "So what d'ya think, boys? Some show, uh?"

"Jake," whined Junior. "Whadya think these faggots do when they're together. D'ya think they fuck? D'ya think they fuck each other up the ass?"

"Good question, Junior. Why don't we find out? Untie him. Strip the cop.

The two muscle gods stood naked facing each other. Untied now, both thought of making a break for it, but they knew that it would be useless against these three and lead to worse torment.

"You," Jake pointed at Randy. "On the floor. On your belly."

Randy obeyed. He lay prostrate, face down on the stone floor, the smell of grease filling his nostrils.

"Show us your pretty ass, big boy."

Randy pushed his ass in the air. Silas leered down at the muscular body. "Don't they need some kinda lubrication for that? Like oil or something? We got plenty of oil."

"Damn right," said Jake. "Ok, Junior. Get him ready."

The youngest brother laughed and grabbed from the shelf several cans of motor oil. He began to pour oil over Randy's ass, running it all over the rounded cheeks, into the crack, and finally all over his broad, muscular back. In a sordid state of abject humiliation, Randy slid on the filthy floor in a lake of motor oil.

"OK, officer. Now that he's all oiled up, let's see you fuck you're boyfriend. I'm sure you've had plenty of practice. If you don't give us a good show I can still rip his balls off."

Horrified, the beautiful, bruised, naked cop knew what to do. He sank to his knees astride his fallen buddy. Looking down at the magnificent man, even though he was in utter, filthy degradation, he was amazingly still turned on and his dick was soon hard. He fell forward onto the broad back, sliding in the black oil and brought his mouth to Randy's ear.

"Hang in there, buddy," he whispered. He brought his cock up against the man's oil-slicked hole and slid it easily all the way inside his ass. Randy let out a groan that was part agony, part humiliation but, incredibly, part lust as he felt his buddy's cock slide all the way in."

"Fuck him!" Jake barked. So Mark did. He brought his own ass up and pressed it down hard time and again as he penetrated deep inside his friend. The three brothers could not believe the sight of these two beautiful bodybuilders, crushed, beaten, sliding around in the thick oil, the one fucking the ass of the other.

Silas moaned. "I wanna see his face. I wanna see the fucking loser's face as his ass gets ploughed in all that oil. You, asshole, flip him over."

As gently as possible, Mark turned Randy over, pushed his shoulders against his legs and continued to fuck him hard, knowing that Randy's balls were still at the mercy of Jake. As his agonized eyes gazed into the handsome face of his friend he could swear he saw a hint of a smile spread over the swarthy features. His admiration for this battered giant grew and, despite the filth and degradation, he found himself fucking the magnificent man through lust, not fear.

Jake sensed that his plan was not having the effect he wanted. "OK. I want to see you two animals shoot your load. Pull your dick out, shitface.

Mark pulled himself back on his knees over the ravaged man and started to stroke his cock. Lying beneath him Randy did the same, and they locked eyes as they stroked themselves close to their climax.

All three brothers stood looking down in amazement at the men as they slithered in the oil. Jake growled softly, "OK, losers, let's see you cum." Mark smiled down at Randy, their rhythm increased and suddenly, silently, their oil-covered cocks streamed with hot white cream, splashing all over the heavily muscled, bruised chest of the beaten man.

In total exhaustion Mark fell forward and rolled off Randy, splashing down on his back beside him in the pool of oil. They looked up at the three brothers with a slight smile of defiance.

Mesmerized by the sight, and without thinking, the three brothers had pulled out their own cocks and stroked them fast. Soon there were three jets of cum splashing over the oil-stained bodies of the two battered musclemen. They flinched as the rancid cum splashed over their faces and chests.

"These animals are fucking filthy," Jake growled. "Wash 'em off boys." And the two shattered men felt more liquid pour down on them, this time with the stink of bitter, rancid urine. The thugs emptied their bladders all over their agonized bodies, into their faces and mouths. They gagged as they tasted the nauseating taste of their tormentor's piss.

"Tie them up," Jake ordered.

Randy was now tied up as before, his arms stretched painfully upward, wrists tied to a single rope, though this time his feet touched the floor. The rope was still tied around his balls. A few feet in front of him, Mark was in exactly the same position. They stared at each other, at the bulging muscles stretched to their limit, their beautiful bodies streaming with black oil, rancid piss, and the cum of their three jailers.

"I liked it when they shot their load, Jake," said Junior. "Think you can make them do it again?"

"Junior, I can make these pricks do anything I like. You wanna see them cum again? You got it, kid."

He reached up and untied one of the wrists of each man. The arm dropped down limply.

"Now, assholes. My little brother wants to see you cum again, all over each other. And you're gonna do it, or Silas and me's gonna rip your boyfriend's tits off." He raked around in a box. "Here we go. This should do it." He held out four alligator clips, long-nosed clips with serrated edges. He gave two to Silas. Each stood behind one of the men and brought their hands round to their chest. "Wanna give them a little demo, brother?"

They quickly clamped the clips onto the nipples and pinched them hard. The two bodybuilders screamed and their torsos shot forward in agony. They flexed their pecs hard as the searing pain ripped through their massive chests like an electric current. Then the squeezing stopped and the pain lessened.

"Now you know. You two are gonna beat your meat. And if you don't shoot your load pretty damn quick your buddy's tits are gonna be ripped off. Got it? Better make it quick, assholes."

Mark and Randy knew what they had to do. They took hold of their dicks and started to pump. But they had already shot their loads a few minutes ago. They concentrated on their buddy's face, each one still glorious despite the oil, cum and piss running down it. They locked eyes, reading in them all the lust and passion that they had for each other. They had to make the other man cum despite the pain and agony of their torture.

The brutal pressure began again and the teeth of the clips bit savagely into their nipples. Again the agonized men screamed as intense pain shot through their bodies. They looked into each

other's tortured eyes and pounded at their dicks. They knew this was their only means of release.

As the pain and their frantic effort continued they began to beg each other. Mark shuddered and moaned to Randy, "Please cum, man. God, the pain. I can't take it. Please, man, I beg you. Shoot your load."

Randy gasped, "I can't buddy. The pain's too much. I've got nothing left. Help me, man ... "

"Aargh " Their screams echoed again as the two brutes intensified the pressure on the clamps, twisting them viciously on the nipples. Hanging by one arm the men twisted and strained, their shoulders, arm and chest muscles bulging and streaming with sweat. As they pounded their cocks frantically they gazed at each other and it was as if their buddy was causing the agony to continue, as only he had the means of release.

Mark was close to collapse as he yelled at Randy. "For God's sake man, you're killing me. You're ripping me open. My chest is on fire. Have mercy on me, man. Shoot your load. Shit man. You said you loved me. If you love me make the pain stop."

That finally did it for Randy. He mercifully felt his cum rising from his balls, his cock shuddered and he pointed it at the tortured man's chest. A huge stream of white cream shot out and arced upward, splashing over the straining, flexing chest muscles, over the agonized nipples squeezed in the clamps.

Mark watched wide-eyed as his buddy bucked and heaved as he emptied his semen all over him. The sight had an instant effect on Mark who, with his own piercing scream, shot his load over Randy's massive chest. The pressure was immediately removed from the clamps and, though the sharp teeth still bit into their nipples, the pain became dull and bearable. The bodybuilders hung exhausted by one arm, bodies streaming with sweat, their heads bowed in abject misery.

"Shit damn," said Junior. "That was something else. We gonna play some more, Jake?"

"Nah, time for a break. You got those burgers outside? We'll go eat, leave these two assholes with something to think about. You ain't felt anything yet, faggots. Wait till we start again. You'll see what real pain is. Tie 'em up, Silas."

The three brothers went outside to eat their food and Randy and Mark were left alone. But new agonies were being inflicted. Both wrists were now tied to a single rope high above them and they faced each other about three feet apart. They were attached to each other in a brutal way. Ropes had been tied round their balls and brought together, pulling them toward each other. They arched their back and pushed their cocks forward as far as possible to ease the stretching

of their balls. Their tits were also attached with a tight cord on the alligator clips pulling their chests together.

They strained their bulging, muscular bodies forward and tried not to move, as each movement sent shock waves of pain through their chest and balls. Their faces were twisted in pain and their flexing, bulging bodies streamed with sweat.

"Hang on, buddy," Randy groaned. He was agonized not only by his own physical pain but even more by the sight of the glorious muscle god, his buddy, broken, filthy, streaked with oil, piss and cum, his magnificent body racked with pain. All Mark could murmur was, "I love you, man."

They held each other's intense gaze as their glorious bodies stretched forward and they felt identical pain in their nipples and testicles. Randy had a chain loosely looped around his neck, hung there by Jake as a promise of new agonies to come. Both men knew that they could not endure much more torture.

The minutes dragged on and they were descending into a haze of pain and delirium. Through it all, though, Randy heard a scratching far above him. He strained to look up at the grimy skylight in the roof. He watched mesmerized as the small window started slowly to open, inch by inch. Finally it was thrown back and a face appeared. Randy thought he was hallucinating.

The face was Pablo's.

Randy shook his head and looked again. He was not going mad. It was the face of the boy they had rescued from this same hell hole. The face disappeared and the young man's legs came through the opening. He swung himself over a beam and eased himself along it to the hook supporting Randy. He pulled a knife from his belt and with some difficulty cut the rope.

Randy felt the blessed relief as his arms drops to his sides. His first reaction was to release his nipples from the agony of the clips, with a sharp intake of breath. Pablo was now by his side and he cut the rope attaching the men's balls. The relief was enormous but Randy had no time to enjoy it. There was a noise outside and Pablo whispered, "They're coming back."

Even though Randy's body was still racked with pain, and he had been close to collapse, adrenaline now shot through him, giving him a jolt of energy, and he sprang into life.

"Take care of Mark, kid. Then keep clear. I'll take care of this."

Heavy with food, the brothers burped as they came through the door. "What the fuck ?" yelled Jake. He stood stock still at the sight of the man before him. The big stud bodybuilder stood there buck naked, bruised body streaked with oil and sweat, his muscles heaving and flexing. Both hands were gripping the chain that had been looped around his neck. His eyes were ablaze and penetrated the gaze of the big thug.

With a guttural howl, part wounded animal, part war cry, Randy raised the chain and whirled it over his head. He brought it crashing down and it wrapped around Jake's bull neck. Randy yanked and the big man was dragged forward, straight into Randy's fist as it crashed into his face. Junior turned to flee but Randy brandished the chain again. It caught him around the chest and he slumped to the floor.

Pablo was trying to free Mark, but he saw Mark's eyes open wide as he nodded. Pablo turned to see Silas approaching Randy from behind. Like lightning Pablo picked up the tire iron Randy had dropped earlier. He took aim and with a wild swing smashed it into the man's gut. Silas screamed and fell forward.

Randy turned. "Thanks, kid. Now leave him to me." He became a wild animal, his intense fury fueled by rage and adrenaline. He became a machine of destruction, his magnificent naked body gleaming as he swung the chain and brought it crashing into the three men again and again. He reached down to Jake, pulled him up by the hair and smashed the back of his fist into his face.

Silas was trying to crawl away but Randy kicked him in the stomach. As he fell on his back screaming, Randy stomped hard on his chest, then reached down, pulled him up by his shirt and slammed his knee into his balls. The big man crashed to the ground unconscious.

Junior had recovered enough to pick up the tire iron and started to swing it. Randy reached out and grabbed it with one hand, pulling the thug close and leering into his face. "This is for my buddy, shithead." He clamped his big hands onto the sides of his face, holding it rigid. He looked into his eyes, then crashed his head forward in a vicious forehead smash. The thug's eyes opened wide, he paused, motionless, then fell backwards onto the floor, unconscious.

"You motherfuckers!" Randy screamed and whirled the chain, smashing it again and again into the slumped figures of the three brothers. "You fucking, sadistic shitheads. You whipped my buddy. I'll fucking kill you." He was totally out of control, with no sense of restraint or limits. He was truly a demon, face blazing with fury as he savagely attacked the broken men on the floor.

He finally became aware of a restraining hand on his arm. It was Mark, freed by Pablo, trying to calm the raging giant. Slowly Randy came to his senses and shook his head. He looked around him and became aware of where he was and who he was with. He looked at Mark, naked, filthy oil running over his magnificent bruised body. He gazed at him for a second, then fell forward and wrapped his big arms tightly around him, sobbing with relief and the draining adrenaline, knowing that his buddy was safe.

Pablo looked on in awe at the two huge, naked bodybuilders, their muscular bodies entwined, both shuddering in an ecstasy of release as their emotions overwhelmed them.

"How the fuck did you get here?"

The three men were outside, waiting for the cops that Mark had called. They had hosed themselves down and pulled on their pants and boots.

Pablo blinked and put on his rimless granny glasses. "Don't be angry, sir. I was with you at the house when you got the call on your cell phone. I could see by your face what it was. I know the Baxters. I lived with them. I know what they can do. I also knew you would go out there."

"You know a lot, kid," Randy grinned.

"More than you think, sir. Anyway, I knew you wouldn't take me with you so I ran into the garage and hid under that pile of blankets in your truck. Jeez, you drive fast. I was thrown all over the place. Then we got here and those goons took you and there was nothing I could do. I had to wait until they went out of the garage. The only way in without being seen was the skylight."

"But I had to wait and listen to what they were doing to you. I heard you I imagined what they were doing. I knew they were hurting you but there was nothing I could do while they were there. I'm sorry, sir. I" and tears began to roll down his cheeks.

Randy stepped forward and held him in a bear hug. "Pablo. You saved our lives. You were incredibly brave. You're a man's man. You really are one of us, now. Forever, kiddo." He ruffled his hair. "You'll get your reward when we're back home."

Pablo pulled back and dried his tears. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir. I love you." He turned to Mark. "And you, sir. You're so beautiful. I"

But he was stopped by Mark who came forward, hugged him, then kissed him hard on the lips. "You're beautiful, Pablo. I'm honored to have you as a buddy."

Hours later, they were on their way home. Pablo sat between the two big, muscular shirtless guys in the truck, each one with an arm thrown over the young man's shoulders. He had never felt happier in his life.

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Chapter 27 – Mark Takes the Prize

"Jesus, my balls still hurt," groaned Randy. The five guys were relaxing in the warm pool, and Randy and Mark were nursing their bruised and battered bodies. The residual pain was most intense in their balls and nipples, where they had been viciously tied together

It was the day after the shattering events. The horrific experience was over, and Pablo was the hero of the day. The whole episode had been related in painful detail to Bob and Darius, and now was a day of recovery. As a cop Mark had extensive medical training and he had checked to make sure that the two guys were basically sound. No bones broken just bruises and welts all over their magnificent bodies that and the searing memory of their harrowing experience.

Nobody was talking much. Bob had been devastated that he had come so close to losing Randy, Darius was still in shock, and Pablo was strangely silent.

Pablo suddenly pulled himself out of the pool and asked Randy, "Is it OK if I get back to work, sir? I want to finish work on the officer's truck."

"Give yourself a break, kiddo," Randy said. "After what you did yesterday you can rest for a week if you want to."

"I prefer to work, sir." He looked at the three men but studiously avoided the gaze of Darius. Then he strode off to the garage.

Randy frowned at Darius. "He's in a strange mood. You two have a fight, or something?"

"No, sir. He's hardly said a word to me since he came back. The other morning, after he had slept with Bob and "

".... and lost his virginity," smiled Randy.

"Well, that, yeah. Anyway I went to see him in the garage but he wouldn't speak to me."

"Maybe you should try again," said Bob.

"Think so?"

"Absolutely. I think he's ready."

Quickly Darius got out of the pool, pulled on some shorts and sped off to the garage.

When Darius skidded to a halt at the garage the door was closed with a padlock and a sign said "Keep Out ... Man at Work." But this time Darius was having none of that and managed to pull

the chain back enough for him to squeeze through. At the sound of the forced entry Pablo appeared from around the front of the truck. He was naked under his dungarees that were held up by just one strap over his shoulder. He frowned at Darius.

"What the hell are you doing? I'm busy. Can't you read?"

Darius took the beautifully sculpted face in his hands and pressed his mouth on Pablo's lips. But the young man wrenched free and glared. "Get away from me. What the fuck are you doing? You don't even like me."

"What the hell gave you that idea, dude? Oh, I get it. You're the big hero now. You've slept with Bob, and saved Randy and Mark, so you're not interested in me.

"Did I say that?" Pablo frowned. "Man, you are so fucking stupid. Look, we've been sleeping together for almost two weeks now and you've never even touched me. Not once!"

"That was because Randy told me I couldn't. He said you had to make the first move. I couldn't touch you until you were ready. And now Bob says you are. Anyway," he pouted, "you never touched me either.

Pablo hesitated. "I was scared of you what you would say."

"And I was scared of Randy. Man, night after night I couldn't sleep. I lay there with a huge boner, dying to put my arms around you. But I didn't dare."

Pablo blinked at the beautiful black man. "Really? You too? I was dying to touch you."

They looked at each other with the dawning wonder of discovery and realization.

Darius smiled, "Hell, dude, we've been wasting time."

Suddenly their faces came together hard and their mouths ground against each other with the hunger of long-denied passion. All the pent up energy of youth and desire fueled their frantic embrace. Finally they separated and gazed at each other.

Pablo broke the silence. "You mean all this time you wanted me?"

"Dude, I've thought of nothing else you and that beautiful, gorgeous ass of yours."

"And you were a fantasy for me a beautiful black man with a big, long dick."

Darius grinned and guided Pablo's hands down to his crotch. "Feel what you're doing to that dick right now."

Pablo gasped as he felt the huge bulge running down the inside of the black man's jeans almost to his knee. Instinctively he dropped to his knees, ripped open Darius's fly and yanked the hard rod out. He paused to admire it, then opened his mouth and lowered it onto the head, then guided his lips all the way down the long shaft. The cock slid past the back of his mouth and partway down his throat before it stopped. Darius let out a loud sigh of pleasure as he looked down at the kneeling man.

He gloried in the stunning face, exotic high cheek bones, proud forehead and incredible slanting brown eyes. Pablo pulled his head back, looked up at the muscular black man, then pushed his mouth all the way down again, engulfing the huge dick. Darius groaned as Pablo began sucking his cock in earnest, increasing the pulsing rhythm as his head flew back and forth, bringing Darius to the brink of his climax.

Suddenly he pulled out. "No, not like this. I want your ass. I have to see your ass."

They were against the open tailgate of Mark's truck. Darius pulled the young man up by his shoulders, turned him around and pushed him forward over the tailgate. He pulled the dungarees loose and they fell around Pablo's ankles. Darius fell to his knees and gasped at the sight of the most gorgeous, perfect round globes he had ever seen.

"Jesus, dude, your ass is incredible. I've dreamed of it ever since we met." He lowered his head, kissed the smooth, creamy brown cheeks and washed them all over with his tongue. Finally he came to the mother lode the hairless crack of his hole. Darius buried his tongue in the warm, moist opening and felt it relax, inviting him in. He fucked it with his tongue, tasting the velvet inside, wallowing in the overpowering, pungent scent of his sweet ass.

Pablo was in heaven as he felt the man's hard tongue probing his inside. He lost all inhibitions and breathed, "Oh, God, Darius, please take my ass, eat it, use it. Man, I want that beautiful dick deep inside my ass. Don't stop man. I need it."

Darius suddenly stood up and his voice was now more commanding. "Your ass is mine, dude. I'm gonna use it. My dick belongs there. I can't wait any more."

He brought the head of his dick against Pablo's hole and with one slow, gentle thrust penetrated deep, deep inside until his body was hard against the twin mound of the cheeks. And there he remained. Pablo uttered a long, low moan. Both men were breathing heavily, and in the stillness they could feel each other's pulse beating inside the exquisite, warm, tight grip of cock and ass. The ass squeezed and melted around the cock, held it fast in a loving, passionate embrace that they knew sealed their future together.

Finally Darius pulled back and pushed in hard again. He began pounding the young man against the truck's tailgate. "Yeah," Darius moaned, "your ass is mine, kid. It belongs to my dick, whenever I want it." Both men howled with joy as the hammering continued. Finally

Darius moaned, "Oh, God. I can't hold back. You're too fucking beautiful, dude. Tell me you want my cum in your ass. Tell me."

"Yes!" screamed Pablo. "You're gonna make me shoot my load. Please, sir, please cum in me now!"

The young man's cock was resting on the tailgate and it spurted a huge jet of thick cream all the way up the flat bed. His youth, passion and energy combined to produce one eruption after another, coating the truck with stream after stream of hot semen. Darius could not believe his eyes, and his own explosion was simultaneous, deep inside the ass he now worshipped. He pushed even deeper as his rigid dick erupted inside the moist, burning hole. Both men were screaming in the frenzy of their first orgasm together.

Their shuddering bodies finally came to rest. "Don't pull out," Pablo breathed. "I want you to do it again."

"I'm ready man," said Darius. His dick had not softened one bit.

Darius reached forward and dragged the blankets that Mark kept in the truck over the flat bed. Then in a feat of strength fueled by pure elation and adrenaline he pressed hard against Pablo and hauled both of them up until they were lying on the flat bed. Still keeping his long dick inside the tight ass he flipped Pablo over and smiled into his deep brown eyes.

"Now I can look at you while I fuck your ass," he said, pulling Pablo's legs up by the ankles. Pablo gazed up at the handsome face and almond-shaped green eyes and knew he was in heaven.

"Do it again, man. Please, sir. Fuck my ass again. Don't stop. I want to feel that huge dick for ever."

And so the pounding began again as the two beautiful young faces smiled at each other. Eventually, Darius leaned forward and brought his mouth against Pablo's, probing it with his eager tongue as they embraced with the pent-up frenzy of youth. That did it. Their second orgasm was simultaneous, as they shared their hot, passionate juice once again.

"Let's go to bed," Darius breathed in Pablo's ear.

Randy, Bob and Mark were still in the pool and they gaped at the sight before them. The door of the garage crashed open and two naked figures ran across the lawn dragging their clothes behind them. Darius was gripping Pablo by the wrist as they raced toward the pool house. As they entered Pablo hung on the doorknob a sign he had grabbed from the garage. The door closed with a bang."

"I guess you were right, Bob," Mark grinned. "Pablo is ready."

Randy grunted, "Don't suppose we'll see those two again for the rest of the day. Can you see what the sign says, Bob?"

Bob squinted and was just able to make it out. He roared with laughter. When he could finally speak he stammered, "It says, 'Keep Out. Man at Work'."

"That's my boy," grinned Randy.

Their laughter helped disperse the clouds that hung over the three guys. They were now ready to rest and repair their bruised bodies and minds.

"Guys," Mark said. "If you don't mind I'm gonna stretch out in the hammock and sleep for a while. I need to let my mind go blank."

He leapt from the pool, strode over to the hammock and stretched out on his back, naked in the warm sun. He was asleep almost as soon as he closed his eyes.

Randy and Bob got out of the pool and stood looking down at the incredibly beautiful sleeping cop, his sculpted body still glorious despite the welts and bruises covering it.

"Jesus, he's stunning," said Bob. "They beat him real bad, didn't they?"

"Yeah, but he's tough," Randy said. "And fucking beautiful. You know how much I admire him ... love him. And I want you to get to know him better too. But that's for later. Now you're all mine."

Bob smiled. "How about a massage to soothe that battered body of yours?"

In their room they stood, naked, looking at each other, with that penetrating gaze that always bonded them together as one. Randy always fought against excessive displays of emotion but at this moment he was overwhelmed. His eyes filled with tears, he stepped forward and took Bob tightly in his arms. He began to sob uncontrollably as the trauma he had endured came crashing back to him. It was only with Bob that he could let go in this way.

"Jesus, man," he sobbed, "I was afraid I'd never see you again. Through all the pain I kept thinking of you. It was your image that kept me going. I had to survive ... for you. God, I love

you man." And his body heaved, racked with sobs. Finally he was able to pull himself together. He pulled back and wiped the back of his hand over his eyes.

"Jeez, I'm sorry, Bob. I just I just lost it for a while there. Some tough guy, uh? I.... "

Bob put his hand up to Randy's mouth. "Sssh ... that's what I'm here for." Then he smiled. "That and a massage. On the bed!"

Randy fell face down on the bed. Bob pulled some light, almond scented oil from a draw and poured it slowly over the magnificent broad back,

"Mmm," Randy groaned. "Feels good." He laughed, "Sure beats motor oil."

"That's better," said Bob quietly. "Now stay still."

Slowly and gently Bob began to run the oil over Randy's back, starting with the neck and broad shoulders, then sliding his hands down over the wide lats, tapering down to the tight, slim waist and then over the hard mounds of his perfect ass. Again and again he caressed the gorgeous, muscular body, making the big man moan with exquisite pleasure.

"Turn over."

Fully relaxed now Randy turned over onto his back and gazed up at the gently smiling face. Once again he was stunned by the boldly etched, Superman features of the pornographically beautiful face, strong, rugged, but infused with the gentleness and kindness Randy had come to love in his soul mate.

Bob looked down at Randy's perfectly chiseled, rock hard chest shoulders and arms, and poured oil slowly over them. Again he ran his hands over the flexing muscles in a sensuous movement that roused them both to a slowly rising, passionate lust. Their cocks were rigid as they smiled deeply into each other's eyes.

Randy breathed softly, "Bob, I want you to fuck me. After what I went through I need to feel someone use my body with tenderness. I need to feel warm. I love you with all my soul and I need you to be inside me."

Bob simply smiled and moved his hands lower, over the globes of the ass, then into the warm, moist hole. Using the scented oil he pushed his fingers into the hole and massaged inside, causing Randy to moan with pleasure. He positioned himself between the massive legs, pushed them up with his shoulders and brought the head of his dick against the hole.

"I knew you'd come back," Bob said softly. "You'll always come back to me. You're my buddy, my lover. You'll always come back."

He smiled as he pushed his cock gently but firmly into the pulsing, hot ass of the man he loved. Their gazes melted together as they saw their reflection in the other's eyes. They were one there was no division. Bob would heal Randy's wounded body as nobody else could. Gently he began to massage the trembling ass with his rigid shaft, pulling out slowly, then pushing back in, deeper each time. Randy's eyes widened and gazed up at Bob.

He sighed, "It's never felt like that, man. You're fucking incredible. You really do love me, don't you? I can feel it in my ass, deep inside my body. Aaah ... fuck me, sir. Don't stop. I love you inside me. Feel it, man ..." and he squeezed his ass muscles tight on the rod that moved inside him.

Bob gasped as he felt his lover's ass grip his cock. He watched the huge chest and stomach muscles flex as the ass flexed around his cock. The man was magnificent, a muscle god. It was a privilege to fuck him. And they belonged to each other. This proud, rugged, virile man had given himself to Bob."

"I really do own you, don't I?" Bob said.

"Body and soul," breathed Randy. "You're my master. Please sir, I beg you. Let me feel your juice in my ass. Please cum inside me."

Bob smiled. "Let's do it."

And they both came together. Bob's body bucked and spasmed as he felt his cock release a huge jet of hot cum inside his lover's ass. He watched mesmerized as his own joyous orgasm was matched by Randy's huge explosion of semen over his own magnificent chest and face. They had multiple orgasms. As Bob shot once again deep inside the furnace of Randy's ass, Randy held his own cock and pointed it at the beautiful man above him, splashing his heaving torso with stream after stream of creamy liquid.

When the orgasms eventually subsided they looked at each other in complete stillness. They could not quite believe what they had just experienced. It was beyond explanation, beyond thought. It was an almost supernatural union of two glorious men.

Finally Bob fell forward into the arms of his lover. As they held each other tight Bob whispered in Randy's ear. "You know you own my ass, too. Do you want it now?"

"Not yet," Randy said. "I'm saving that for something special. But there is something I want. I want you to fuck me again ... now."

"With pleasure, sir," Bob smiled.

A week later Mark and Randy had to go to the Hollywood Division police station to give their depositions on the events in the desert. They decided to drive there together. Wearing his uniform Mark joined Randy in his room.

"You're sure all dressed up," Randy said. "Don't expect me to."

Mark ginned. "Well, you should at least wear a shirt ... if you have one. God, even if you were wearing a tuxedo you'd still look like a construction worker. "

"Asshole," Randy feigned a punch to his stomach.

The depositions were a formality and did not take long. Then they drove home in Mark's truck. They sat in a comfortable silence for a while. Then Randy stretched his arm over Mark's shoulder and said,

"You know, I've never felt this close to another human being, Mark except for Bob, of course. After all we've been through I admire the hell out of you I'd do anything for you."

'You already did. You risked your life by coming out to rescue me. By the way, speaking of rescue, I've been thinking of a way to reward Pablo. I was speaking to a guy in the office back there and I have a few ideas."

"Good. And I've been thinking of a gift for you something special for the guy I love and respect.

The other three guys were home when Mark's truck drove up. Bob was still in his work suit, and Darius and Pablo were in the pool house, probably fucking as they did most of the time now. Mark called everyone together and they sat at the kitchen table over beers.

Randy spoke first. "I just wanna say again how much we owe to Pablo. He risked his life going back out to a place he thought of as hell. Pablo, you're a hell of a guy, and Mark has something for you."

Mark smiled at the young man. "Pablo, how would you like to work as a mechanic at the Police Motor Pool? I spoke to a guy I know in the Motor Transport Division and they have an opening for a good mechanic. But he has to be good. Those vehicles are special very high performance and the cops' lives depend on them. Think you could handle it?"

Pablo's eyes were shining, wide open. "Jeez, really? You could get me in there? That's a dream of mine ... working for the cops, on their cars and bikes."

"I've run it by Randy and he's OK'd it, so you can start next week."

Randy growled, "But that doesn't let you off the hook here, kiddo. You still take care of our vehicles."

"Yes, sir!" beamed Pablo.

"Another thing," said Randy. "For some time I've been meaning to get a new truck. I thought I would turn my old one over to you and Darius. Would you be OK with that Darius?"

"The truck? Ours? Yes, sir! We're together most of the time now anyway, so sharing's no problem."

"Then that's settled," grinned Randy. "Now you two beat it. I need to talk to Bob and Mark."

The two young guys shot out of the room back to the pool house to celebrate.

Some time later the three guys sat in the basement room. Randy looked at the other two, not sure how to begin.

"Bob, I I've said before that I want you to get to know Mark better. And you, officer, I promised you a real special gift. Just for tonight I'm gonna give you something I value above anything. I'm giving you Bob's ass. There's no one else in the world I would do this for, Mark, but you're now part of our lives and I want you know Bob as I know him."

Bob and Mark looked at each other, then at Randy. Bob said, "Are you sure about this, buddy? I mean, of course I want it who in the world wouldn't? But I want it all to be OK."

"There are two conditions," Randy said. "First, you do it now right now before I change my mind. And second" he paused. "I get to watch."

"You want to watch?" Mark said slowly, and mulled it over. "Well, I did get to watch you two making love, so I'm OK with that."

Bob wasn't so sure. "You just said 'before you change your mind'. What if you change your mind in the middle of it? I know you, buddy. Your anger will kick in and you'll pull us apart."

"I've thought of that, and you're right. That's why you're gonna tie me up. And whatever I say, however much I tell you to stop, ignore me. It might be tough for me, but there's nothing I want more than to watch my two best buddies make love to each other, however much it hurts me. So you're gonna do this because I tell you to. And I'm the boss around here."

Minutes later Randy was sitting in a chair, naked. He couldn't move. His massive chest was criss-crossed with ropes binding him tightly to the chair, and his ankles were tied to the legs. This is what he had ordered the two guys to do. In tight bondage he looked magnificent, his chiseled muscles gleaming, his beautiful body helpless as he looked at his two buddies.

They stood a little way off staring at each other. They were still fully dressed, Bob in his work suit and tie, Mark in full cop uniform. There was a long silence as they gazed at each other. Finally Mark spoke softly.

"This is how we first met, remember? In the park, where I made you strip so I could jack off looking at you. Now maybe I can return the compliment.."

Bob understood exactly. He looked straight into Mark's eyes, raised his hands and loosened his tie. He pulled it off slowly and undid two buttons of his shirt, revealing part of the white tank top underneath. Mark raised his hands and undid a couple of his uniform shirt buttons to show more of the white T-shirt stretched over his chest."

Bob shrugged off his jacket and, moving in unison, the two bodybuilders began, very slowly, to strip. They unbuttoned their shirts, pulled them out of their pants and dropped them on the floor. They stood facing each other, Bob's perfect torso covered by a tight white tank top, and a white regulation T-shirt covering Mark's rounded pecs. They looked stunning, their wide lats tapering down to their belt around their slim waists.

Randy was close to drooling at the sight. He gaped at the two most beautiful men he had ever seen, Bob with his dark, Superman looks and Mark, the blond Greek god. They were perfect for each other, as Randy had known they would be. Randy's cock immediately became erect and he struggled a little but he was bound tight. Mesmerized, he breathed "Take off the shirts."

Both men lifted their hands behind their necks and slowly pulled the undershirts over their head, revealing their hard-packed abs, then the bulging pecs and finally the broad expanse of their shoulders as they dropped the shirts on the floor. They stood, stripped to the waist, facing each other.

Bob gasped at the sight of the incredible man facing him and dropped to his knees. He needed to worship this muscle god. He dropped to his belly and crawled forward. He grasped one of the tall, shiny boots and pressed his cheek against it. He began to lick the leather, lapping at it hungrily, moving his mouth up the length of the boot, then over to the other one and down to the feet. Then he pulled himself up on his knees, reached up, unbuttoned the fly of the uniform pants, pulled the rigid cock out of the shorts and brought his mouth up to it.

He looked up at the god-like face. "May I, sir?"

"Go ahead," Mark said.

Bob slid his mouth over the head then let the cop's long dick slide all the way down his throat. As Mark sighed and moaned, Bob smelt and tasted the musky odor of the moist shaft. His head pulsed back and forth, faster and faster, as he made love to his master's cock.

When Randy had seen Bob worshipping at the feet of this god he moaned and struggled but was held fast. Now he stared, part in lust, part in envy, as the cop fucked his lover's face. Again he struggled, with more urgency now.

Eventually Bob pulled back. He reached down to the boots again and Mark knew what he wanted. He raised his foot and Bob's biceps flexed as he pulled off one boot, then the other, and then the socks. He reached upward, unbuckled the wide leather belt and lowered the pants and shorts to the floor. Mark stepped out of them and stood naked before the man kneeling in silent adoration.

"Get up," Mark said. "And strip naked, as you did when I first saw you."

The muscular executive stood up, kicked off his loafers and socks, slowly unbuckled his belt and let his pants drop to the floor. He stood to attention in just his shorts.

"Naked, I said," Mark growled, his voice more commanding now.

Bob quickly dropped his shorts and his rock hard shaft sprang out.

"Turn round." Bob obeyed, showing his perfectly sculpted round ass to Mark for the first time.

Mark turned to Randy. "Mine, I think you said, asshole."

Randy stammered, "I I'm not sure I I don't...."

Mark cut him off and smiled. "His ass belongs to me tonight, man. You gave it to me. I'm gonna fuck it, pound it. He's gonna worship me. He'll call me master. Your lover will give himself to me totally. And there's nothing you can do about it. Watch me take your place, big guy."

Randy flexed and heaved under the ropes. "That's enough. Let me go. I've seen enough."

But Mark ignored him and turned to Bob, who was rapidly falling under the big cop's spell. "On your back. On the bed."

Swiftly Bob obeyed. He lay naked on the bed, opened his legs and pulled his feet up toward his ass, his knees raised. The gorgeous cop knelt between his legs, took hold of the ankles and raised them high in the air. His rigid cock was inches from Bob's quivering hole. Bob looked up

at the glorious face and shuddered with anticipation. He was completely lost to this god-like man. Randy listened in horror as Mark spoke harshly to Bob.

"What do you want, asshole?"

"I want you to fuck me, sir. God, you're unbelievably beautiful. I don't deserve you, sir. But I need your cock in my ass. I beg you, master."

"Am I your master?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have no other?"

"No, sir. Just you. I'm your slave, sir. You own me. You own my ass. God, you're so beautiful. Please, sir. Please fuck your slave's ass."

"When did you first want me to fuck you?"

"The minute we met, sir. I've dreamed of your cock in my ass."

"Then take it," Mark said, and plunged his dick deep inside the hot, quivering hole.

"NO!" Randy screamed. His body flexed and bulged, straining in his desperation to free himself. "Stop right now!"

But the two men didn't even hear him. They were feeling the most exquisite sensation in the union of cock and ass. Bob looked up at the perfect features of the god's face and could not believe that it was this same man who had his cock deep inside his ass. He shuddered and moaned.

"Oh, God. I've never felt anything like this. Go deeper, man. Push that beautiful cock deep in my body. My ass is yours. Use it, man. It belongs to you."

Mark pulled back and plunged his cock again deep inside the furnace of Bob's pleading ass. His cock was on fire. It had found its home, inside this stunningly beautiful man. "It belongs there," he murmured. "My cock belongs in your ass. I'm gonna fuck it forever." He increased the intensity and rhythm of his plunging cock until he was hammering frantically at the burning hole. He was close to bringing both men to orgasm.

Randy was going wild, straining hard against the ropes that bound him. "No! His ass is mine! You fucking shithead! I'll kill you for this. Stop!"

And suddenly Mark did stop. With his dick deep inside Bob's ass he looked down at the face that had drifted into complete euphoria. Their eyes locked and Randy was horrified to see what came next. As their penetrating eyes bored into each other they transcended the boundary between reality and rapture. Bob felt himself soaring into a world he had known only with Randy. Mark and Bob became one spirit, their very souls united.

Bob breathed, "I'm in love with you, man. I want you inside me forever. You're so beautiful. Please own me."

"I do. I love you. Your ass feels sensational. My cock has never been so alive. Do you want my juice inside you?"

"Yes, sir. Please, master. Cum inside my ass."

Randy watched in agony as Bob and Mark were united in a way that, until now, had been unique to him and his lover. He knew now that the two men had bonded in a way that could not be broken. He screamed in agony.

"No. Don't cum. I beg you, sir. Please, guys stop. I'll do anything. NO!"

But Mark didn't hear him. His eyes still locked on Bob's as he breathed. "Here it comes, buddy. I want you to cum too."

The orgasms were simultaneous and incredible. Mark streamed into Bob's ass and Bob splashed semen all over his own body. It seemed that the gushing liquid would never stop. The men gazed at each other in disbelief. They had never felt a sensation as intense as this. Mark finally fell sobbing onto the heavy body beneath him and their lips locked in a wild embrace.

Nothing could stop Randy now. He became a wild, churning animal, his massive body straining at the ropes, muscles bulging, veins etched, so no ropes could withstand the pressure. One rope snapped and at the same time, with a massive effort, Randy pulled his wrists free. He bounded from the chair and stood wild eyed and heaving over the two exhausted men. Instinctively he took hold of his cock, which instantly exploded in a stream of cum that soaked both of the bodies beneath him.

He reached down to Mark's pants on the floor, pulled out the wide leather belt and raised it to strike. But Bob saw it and screamed, "No, Randy. NO!"

Randy was frozen. He gazed down at the two men, his body slumped and he let the belt fall. His voice was hoarse as he spoke.

"You're right. There's nothing I can do. I saw it with my own eyes. You two were incredible. You belong to each other." As the exhausted cop looked up at him Randy said, "You win Mark."

You've beaten me. You've taken my most precious possession. He's yours now. You own him."

He picked up his clothes pulled on his pants and boots and grabbed Bob's discarded tank top. He held it to his face and breathed deeply. Then he pulled it on over his own sweating torso.

"I love you both, guys. You deserve each other. I'm going away. Be good to each other."

He quickly left the room and in a minute there was a screech of tires and the sound of his truck roaring into the distance.

Bob and Mark were stunned, frozen in place. Then quietly Bob started to sob. Mark too felt tears running down his face as he put his arms around the devastated man in an embrace of confusion and despair.

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Chapter 28 – Mark to Randy: “Bring it on”

There was nothing to do but hold each other. They could not deny the intensely beautiful experience they had shared. What began as an act of physical lust, one bodybuilder fucking the other, had been transformed into a transcendent bonding of two minds, two souls. Bob had been transported into a fantasy world that, up to now, only he and Randy inhabited.

But the price they both paid was heavy. Bob had lost the man he had devoted his life to, his soul mate, the man he loved and worshipped. And Mark had driven away the only man he had ever given himself to, the ultimate man's man, his equal in power and beauty. As they held each other tightly in shared desperation their lives seemed to be spiraling out of control.

Mark was the first to pull himself together.

"That's it. I caused all this and I have to put it right." When Bob tried to speak Mark cut him off.

"No, Bob. When I first met you I saw two men who were so right for each other that they were joined body and soul. Nothing could separate you but I did. You're a magnificent man, Bob, and fucking you was an experience I'll never forget. But I have shattered the life you had with Randy. "

Bob put his hand on Mark's gleaming chest. "I'll go to him. I'll plead with him, beg him. Maybe I can

"No. I did this. This is between Randy and me. This has to be the final confrontation. Do you have any idea where he's gone?"

"I know exactly where even the room number. There's a scruffy hotel on Sunset where we spent a week together when we first met. That's where he where he became my master. I know him so well. I'm sure he's there room 14."

Without another word Mark stood up, picked his uniform off the floor, pulled on his pants and boots, buckled his belt and threw his uniform shirt loosely over his muscular chest.

The number 14 was printed in faded, peeling paint on the door. Bob had been right Randy's truck was in the desolate parking lot. Mark stood at the door and took a deep breath. He tried the handle and the door opened. He stepped inside, closed the door behind him and looked at the bed. Stretched on it, his hands behind his head, his eyes closed, was Randy. Even now, even in these extreme circumstances, Mark's cock stiffened as he looked down at the swarthy, muscular giant, still wearing his jeans, boots and Bob's white tank top.

"You've come to beg?" the guttural voice growled. Randy had heard the door open but kept his eyes closed.

"It's not Bob, it's Mark and I don't beg.

"Oh, it's you. Come to gloat, have you?"

Mark moved round to the foot of the bed and stared down at Randy with an even gaze. Randy opened his eyes and his first thought was how incredibly beautiful the man was. That was always his first thought on seeing Mark. He saw the soft, steady look in Mark's gray eyes and instantly regretted what he had said.

"That's not fair, I know. So, why are you here?"

"I've come to tell you that I never wanted to come between you and Bob, so I'm leaving. Leaving the house, leaving your lives."

"The hell you are," Randy growled. What happened next startled Mark. Randy jumped off the bed, looked at Mark, then enclosed him in his big arms in a bear hug. The two men held each other in the solid, masculine embrace of powerful men acknowledging their mutual affection.

They finally pulled away and held each other's gaze. "So what now?" Mark said.

"You're not going anywhere. I told you before. You won. He's yours. Man, I love you like a brother ... no much more than that. But there's always been this edge between us. We're two tough alpha males and we have to compete. Well you won the final contest. I'm finished."

"Sit down." Mark pulled Randy down and they sat side by side on the edge of the bed staring straight ahead. Finally they turned to each other and their eyes met.

"I'll tell you something, Randy. As long as I can remember I've been the big alpha male. Being a cop and all, and looking the way I do, everyone

"...everyone bows down to the gorgeous Greek God," interrupted Randy, smiling now.

"Kind of, yeah. Everyone except you, that is. And that's what I love about you. When I first saw you I knew I had met my match, my equal in power and beauty. You totally blew me away. I knew I could fight you, whip you, fuck you and you would never submit. Look, what I admire most in a man is strength and beauty and you are the toughest, most beautiful man I've ever seen. I don't think I would know how to live without you as my friend."

"Yeah, but now you've beaten me."

"You really don't get it do you? Listen, I'll tell you something else. When I was out in the desert, being whipped and tortured by those scum, you know how I kept going? I imagined that it was you whipping me, that you were thrashing my body. And that took the pain away. Shit, man, I even enjoyed it so long as it was you beating me. You're the man, Randy. You're the master. You could do anything you want with me, just as long as you still want me."

Randy stared at Mark. "You mean? No, man. Doesn't work. When I saw Bob grovel at your feet, beg you to fuck him, call you his master, I knew I was beaten. Shit I should have known. I should have realized that you and I are so alike that he would feel the same intensity for you as he did for me."

"But you're the king, Randy. You're the master of that house and you own Bob body and soul. Show them. I'll submit to you, man. Show them you're my master. It's the only way, man." His voice lowered almost to a whimper. "I need you, Randy I can't lose you now."

Randy hesitated. Mark jumped up and stood facing him.

"Shit, man what do you want from me?" He quickly unbuttoned his shirt and let it fall, standing legs apart, stripped to the waist. He flexed his pecs and biceps. "Look at this, man. You wanna beat me? You want me to grovel, to crawl? Isn't that the way you usually solve things, with your fists?"

Randy looked up at the magnificent shirtless cop.

"Damn right, I do!" He leapt to his feet and came face to face with Mark. "OK, officer. That sounds like a challenge and you've got it. I'll show them once and for all who's really the boss. And if that's what you want we'll see how much you can take in a real trial of strength. I'll

break your body and your mind. I'll make you crawl. I'll humiliate you into total submission. But I warn you, I play rough."

"I know," Mark said scornfully. "I've seen it. The rougher the better, asshole. Bring it on. I can take anything you dish out, and more."

"Oh, man you just sealed your fate." They stared at each other defiantly and were both surprised to feel their dicks growing stiff in their pants.

No more was said. As they looked onto each other's eyes there was a deep understanding between the two alpha males. One of them had to prove his supremacy once and for all. Randy reached down and unhooked the handcuffs from the cop's belt. Instinctively Mark put his hands behind his back and Randy cuffed them. He put his hand behind Mark's neck and pushed him to the door.

They were silent as they sat in the truck, Mark still shirtless with his hands bound. Randy had pulled a rope from the back of the truck and looped it around the cop's neck. As he drove he picked up his cell phone and made a call.

"Shut up, Bob, and listen. Get the other guys into the garden and all three of you wait until we get there. Nobody moves or says anything. You just watch." And he snapped the phone shut.

And they did watch awestruck. Bob, Darius and Pablo were standing motionless in the garden. There was a breathless silence, like the heaviness before a thunderstorm. Bob was still reeling from what had happened and frightened of what came next. The two younger guys glanced anxiously at each other. They knew that something big was up and waited with a mix of fear and exhilaration at what would happen.

Finally they heard the screech of tires on the gravel outside. The truck doors banged, the gate flew open and the three men gasped. Randy came first, grim-faced, his jaw set. He was holding a rope, the other end of which was noosed around the neck of the muscular, shirtless cop, his hands still cuffed behind his back. Staring straight ahead the big construction worker dragged the stumbling cop forward.

They reached the big tree. Randy unlocked the handcuffs and slammed Mark's huge body chest first against the tree trunk. He pulled the rope free from Mark's neck and threw it over a high branch on the other side of the tree. Then he pulled the cop's arms around the tree and tied the wrists high up to the tree branch. Mark's torso was pressed against the tree, his arms tied tightly around it. His back, stretched upward in a perfect, wide V, was helplessly vulnerable.

Randy turned round to the other three men. "This man is being punished for challenging me. And you will all be the instrument of his ruin."

He slid the belt from his pants, stood back, raised it and brought it crashing down across the wide, muscular back. Mark yelled in pain. "You asked for it, asshole," Randy yelled and whipped him again, six lashes in all. Then he turned to Bob. "You come here. Six lashes. Count them off loud. And if you hold back I'll throw you out of the house."

Terrified, Bob hesitated and was about to speak but was stopped by the look on Randy's face. Randy growled through clenched teeth. "Whip him."

With tears in his eyes Bob raised the belt and, shouting "One!" he brought it across the shuddering, flexing back muscles. Mark screamed as the crack of the whip brought more searing pain until the count ended at "Six!"

Randy turned and Darius wanted to flee. He couldn't do this. But he had never disobeyed Randy. "You, punk. Here!"

Tentatively Darius stepped forward and took the belt. He looked at the broad back, with red welts already forming, and suddenly he was filled with lust for the helpless cop. He brought the belt across the back and shouted out loud, "One!" Ritualistically he repeated the punishment with five more lashes. When he had finished he hoped that would end it. But Randy played really rough.

"Pablo," Randy said. His voice softened. "I know you've never done this before and the idea horrifies you. But it is necessary. And I'm ordering you, man to man, to do it."

"Yes, sir." His master had ordered it. Pablo straightened up, took a deep breath and put all his strength behind the six blows, counting off as he did so, trying to block out the sound of Mark's screams. When he had finished Randy went up to him. He put his arm round his shoulder and spoke gently to him.

"You did great, kid. I know it wasn't easy. Now go stand with the others."

Randy walked to the tree and pressed himself against the stripe-covered back. He brought his mouth against Mark's ear and whispered, "I told you I play rough."

Mark turned his head round as far as he could and looked at Randy. There were tears in his eyes. "Thank you, sir. God, I love you, man."

"This is just the start."

"I know, sir."

Randy put his hands round the waist of the bound muscle god, unbuckled his belt and loosened his uniform pants. Then he pulled them down just clear of the ass, so they rested at the top of his tall black boots. Mark's white shorts still covered his ass but with one quick, sharp move Randy ripped them off. The perfect mounds of the cop's ass were now naked, clenched defensively but totally vulnerable to Randy's desires.

Randy again came close to Mark's ear. "You ever get dry-fucked, asshole? It's gonna hurt."

"Thank you, sir."

"And just so we don't hear your screams " He pulled the shredded shorts round his prisoner's face, pressed them onto the mouth and tied them tightly behind his neck. The shirtless cop was now bound to the tree, gagged with his own shorts, his beautiful ass awaiting its punishment. He didn't have long to wait.

The three spectators watched with a mix of horror, lust, and admiration for these two muscle studs going through a ritual of pain, submission and domination. Randy's cock was rock hard at the sight of this beautiful man enduring his torture. He now brought it up against the helpless ass and started to push. He breathed in Mark's ear, "This is because I love you, man. You're fucking magnificent."

The agonized scream was muffled by the gag and the handsome blond jerked his head backward as he felt the pain of the dry fuck, the hard rod penetrating his hot ass. His body bucked and heaved as he felt his hole being violated, until the head came to rest deep in his gut. Then it pulled back and began to piston back and forth inside him.

The searing pain quickly dissolved as Mark realized what was happening to him. The swarthy body builder he had come to worship was overpowering him. He had tied him to a tree, gagged him and was now fucking his helpless ass. During his agony in the desert he had survived by imagining this man torturing him, had found relief in the fantasy. Now it was real. Randy was torturing his ass. Mark spun into a totally foreign world that would seduce him for ever. He would always need this, and Randy was the only man on earth who could do it.

"I'm gonna shoot my load in your ass, man." Randy had been pounding the shuddering ass for a long time and was now close to orgasm. With a last savage lunge he pushed his long dick into the depths of the suffering man's ass, with an eruption of hot juice that Mark felt splashing deep in his gut. The three onlookers gasped as they saw the bucking, straining muscle cop impaled on the rod of the huge construction worker. There was not a sound in the garden the air was still.

Eventually Randy pulled out and pulled the gag down around Mark's neck. Mark gasped, "Don't ever leave me, man. I didn't know how much I needed this. You're incredible. I am completely your slave. Use me, hurt me, control me. I'm your animal, sir."

"Then show me," Randy growled. "Show everyone."

Randy pulled up Mark's pants and buckled the belt up. He unlocked the handcuffs and the cop's arms dropped free, his body slumped against the tree. Randy walked back to the far side of the lawn and told the other men to stand with him. He raised his voice to Mark.

"Turn round. Face us." Mark fell back against the tree.

"Who is the master of this house?"

"You are sir. I am your slave. I worship you, sir."

"Show us, man."

Mark slowly dropped to his knees. The shirtless cop looked up at the four men in the distance and fell on his belly. Raising his handsome, sculpted face to stare at Randy, he slowly, painfully began to drag himself along the ground. His muscular arms reached forward, his naked back muscles rippled as he slowly crawled forward, his pants and boots dragging in the dirt, his ripped shorts round his neck. The four men gazed in awe. All had iron hard erections at the sight of this glorious cop, debasing himself, in total degradation as he proved his abject submission to his master.

Mark was beyond all rational thought and reason. He was dragging himself into a realm of existence that he could never have dreamed of. He was the ultimate alpha male, the cop, the powerful authority figure, the Greek god whose strength and beauty intimidated everyone. But now he was a broken man, submitting to his new master.

Here he was crawling in degraded submission to a man whose very masculinity had conquered him. He was his slave. His manhood was being crushed. And the relief and euphoria were tremendous. He had never given himself to any man before. But as he crawled toward the muscle stud towering over him he knew he was in a world he never wanted to leave.

The men heard the cop's groans get louder as he painfully approached. His blond hair was matted, his huge body streamed with sweat, his back was marked by the welts of the lash administered by all four men. He was groveling before them. Never had humiliation been this extreme.

Finally he was in front of Randy, who loomed over him, his arms folded across his chest. Mark looked up at the dark demon face, saw the white tank top stretched over the bulging pecs of the torso. He had to submit to this glorious stud. He lowered his head to his mud-covered work

boots and licked them, pressing his cheek, his mouth, his tongue against the pungent, worn leather. Then he looked up at the construction worker towering above him. "Please, sir. Tell me what to do next."

"Hands and knees now!" Randy barked. Surrounded by the four men Mark got up on all fours, motionless on his hands and knees. Randy reached down and once again unbuckled the belt and pulled the uniform pants down from his ass. The perfect globes waited, vulnerable.

Randy looked at Bob. "You kneel behind him. Take out your cock." Bob obeyed, grasping his rigid dick. "Now Fuck him."

Bob looked up at Randy and started to protest. "I"

"FUCK HIM!" Resistance was impossible. Bob brought his dick close to the waiting ass and pushed it deep inside the broken cop. He heard Mark gasp and felt the luxurious warmth of the cop's ass, already bathed in cum from his previous fucking. Bob could not hold back long. He looked down at the magnificent, beaten man and gloried in the sight of the naked, striped back and ass. His orgasm came quickly. He exploded inside the beautiful ass, again and again, until he finally slumped forward exhausted.

Mindful of Randy's piercing gaze he pulled out and got to his feet. Randy turned to Darius, who recoiled.

"Now you, boy. Let's see that huge piece of meat of yours disappear into the cop's ass."

Darius hesitated, torn between reticence and lust. He had never dreamed of burying his huge dick in the ass of this stunning, macho cop. But now he did it. And he did it quickly. In one fluid movement he knelt down, touched the tip of his cock against the ass and pushed hard. Mark howled as the whole ten inches of the rigid shaft pierced his cum-soaked ass and slowly buried itself deep in his gut.

Darius was immediately close to orgasm. He extracted the whole length of his cock and plunged it in again. After a few more piston lunges his whole body shuddered as he shot his load in the beautiful ass. He looked down at the suffering cop in confusion. He pulled out his cock quickly and stood up, hanging his head before the frowning gaze of the master. He stole a glance at Pablo, afraid for him. Surely not

But his fears were realized. Pablo looked up at Randy and pulled himself to his full height. "Excuse me, sir. I can't do it. I've never been inside anyone before. Darius and me Well, he always fucks me. I love this police officer, sir. He saved me. I worship him. I won't hurt him."

Randy clenched his fists, then relaxed as he stared at the defiant boy. He saw something in his eyes that reminded him of himself when he was young. His heart went out to him. Pablo, the

young, inexperienced newcomer was the only one with the courage to defy him. He admired him and wanted to take him in his arms. But he had to insist.

"Pablo, it is because you love this man that you have to do what I tell you. It is because I love him that I'm ordering you to do it. One day you will understand. For now, kid, do what I say.

Pablo could not resist the look in Randy's eyes, the steely toughness tinged with kindness. He took a deep breath and knelt behind the battered cop. He looked at the ass that had already endured the penetration of three big cocks, was already filled with cum. He was surprised that his own cock was rock hard. He leaned forward and, for the first time in his life, pushed his cock inside another man's ass. He threw his head back and howled with the unexpected jolt of ecstasy that shot through him.

The three men were mesmerized. This was the ultimate humiliation, the big, muscular cop being ass fucked by the young newcomer, the young, nervous kid to whom everyone was master. Except for now. Right now he was on top. The beautiful young boy was pounding the cop's ass with the raw strength and exhilaration of youth, and the newfound joy of fucking another man.

He had never been good at holding back his orgasm and he couldn't now. In no time he felt his cock burning inside the cum-slicked ass and, with a piercing yell that echoed round the hills, he shot his load inside the first ass he had ever fucked. All he could feel was the exquisite burning, pulsing sensation in his cock. But as the explosion of cum lessened Pablo jolted back to reality, and in confusion and embarrassment he pulled out and stood to attention in front of Randy.

"Good boy," Randy said softly. "You're a great kid. I love you, Pablo. We'll talk later."

"Thank you, sir."

But it wasn't over. Randy really played hard. He knelt behind Mark's ass and pointed at his face. "Stand there," he said to Bob. He leaned forward and whispered to Mark. "You know what to do. Get him hard."

Mark opened his mouth and took the whole length of Bob's semi-hard cock deep into his mouth. The shaft immediately stiffened and filled his mouth and halfway down his throat. As he choked on the cock he was shocked to feel Randy's stiff dick once again entering his ass. He was now being ass-fucked and face-fucked as the two young men watched mesmerized.

The double pounding seemed to go on for ever. The back of his throat was being pounded by the hard rod stuffed into his mouth. His ass, fucked for the fifth time, was sore, shattered, burning hot and flooded with the semen of the men who had dominated him.

Suddenly Mark had a kind of out-of-body experience. It was as if he was standing over the scene watching a beautiful cop get double fucked, his uniform pants around his knees, ripped shorts round his neck, his shirtless body bucking and flexing, streaming with sweat. The imagined sight of this made his own cock rock hard.

Then he was brought back to earth with the harsh sound of Randy's voice shouting to Bob. "OK, now!" And Mark felt cum stream into his ass and his mouth. He choked and bucked as his body seemed to be filled with the semen of men. His humiliation was complete. And he had never felt more exhilarated in his life.

A few minutes later Randy put his boot against the kneeling body and kicked Mark over onto his back. He said to Darius, "Strip him." Darius quickly leaned down and pulled off first one boot then the other. He pulled off the pants and tossed them aside. Mark was buck naked, staring up at the four men surrounding him.

"Now jack off," Randy ordered. Mark didn't need telling twice. He took hold of his hard cock and began to stroke it, then pound it. He had never been in such a pitch of excitement. It wasn't just the sight of four glorious men standing over him, it was the exhilaration of knowing that he had been abused, destroyed by all of them, whipped by them all and fucked by them all.

But the image that brought him to orgasm was the searing memory of crawling in groveling submission to his master, the magnificent stud towering over him. He looked up at Randy and their eyes met in a penetrating gaze of total understanding. They both knew that this is what had been needed, that this would bind them together for ever.

He was barely aware when his cock erupted in a huge fountain of cum, until it splashed back onto his heaving, gleaming chest. He saw a smile spread over Randy's face as he shot his gushing load again and again, streaming up over his face and hair. The blond god's sculpted features were coated in creamy liquid.

The other men were transfixed, gazing down at the most beautiful man they had ever seen, lying naked, broken, degraded but magnificent, his muscles covered in his own hot semen.

Randy spoke softly. "I want you spread eagled." Obediently the naked cop stretched his arms up and out and spread his legs. "OK, men. Wash that cum off him." Mark watched with a mix of horror and elation at the four cocks pointing down at him. He felt the first drops fall on his face, then saw four streams of hot, yellow, steaming piss gush toward him. It blinded him as it splashed onto his face, then gushed all over his body, already gleaming with cum and sweat.

The hot sweet taste of the piss almost suffocated him, but it kept on coming. When it finally stopped, the broken cop's torture was over. He lay there, his huge muscles heaving and

flexing, his breathing ragged, almost in sobs. He looked up and marveled at the four men looking down at him, still holding their dripping cocks.

"Get up!" Randy leaned forward and held out his hand to the broken man. They locked arms, hands over wrists and with one strong heave Randy pulled Mark to his feet. He stood unsteadily, naked, body still heaving, streaming with sweat, piss and cum. His face ran with piss too but he looked at Randy with a level gaze. The men all held their breath. Then Randy pulled Mark toward him and threw his arms around the glorious man in a tight bear hug.

He whispered in his ear. "I told you I play rough."

Mark tried to respond, "I ... I didn't know I wanted ... that I needed to"

"But I knew it. Don't try to talk. I know what you feel. Me, too. That was the most magnificent thing I have ever seen. We're now bound together for ever. I love you, man."

Mark gave in to the intense emotion he felt and began to sob against the shoulder of the man who had broken him, proved his supremacy beyond any doubt. He held on as if desperate not to lose him. Randy sensed this.

"I'm not going anywhere, Mark. And neither are you."

Then, as they embraced each other, they heard something amazing applause. The other three men were not quite sure what they were seeing but they knew it was spectacular. The only thing they could do was clap their hands.

Randy turned round and raised Mark's arm high in the salute of a victorious fighter.

"Gentlemen, I give you this incredible man, who has taken all we could throw it him and is still standing tall. I guarantee you will never see anything like that again. I tell you now he and I are equals. I am master of the house, but you take orders from him too. And you will always love and respect him."

Randy raised his voice to a shout. "Mark is not a broken man. He is triumphant. He is a fucking glorious, spectacular Greek god."

And nobody could deny that.

"You two," Randy said to Darius and Pablo. "Grab a couple of towels from the pool and dry the officer off. "And you," he stared at Bob. "Strip naked, except for your boots. Our conversation is just beginning."

The men all obeyed as Randy strode off to the house. It was a full twenty minutes before he returned and the four men waiting for him gasped. Once again he was dressed in full leather tight leather pants and boots, a studded harness crossing his massive chest, and a black leather vest over that. He was carrying a bulging kit bag and a long whip with leather braids.

"Here's what's gonna happen. You two," looking at the young men, "are gonna take care of the officer here. You will tend him, clean him, help him in whatever way he wants. Tonight you are his body slaves. You will do everything he orders you to everything. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir!" the two young men said in unison.

Randy turned to Bob, standing naked before him, wearing just his boots. "As for you, man. It's time for us to get reacquainted. You got way out of line and we have to deal with that. We've a long night ahead of us, one you won't forget."

He came behind him and tied his wrists with a rope. Then he looped the whip around his slave's neck and pulled him away. Bob stumbled after him, naked, fearful, and the gate closed behind them. The truck roared into life and sped away.

On the road nothing was said for a while as Randy and Bob sat beside each other in the truck. The construction worker looked over at the naked muscle stud, his hands tied behind him, whip looped round his neck. A slight smile crossed Randy's face. "We're going back to where it all began, man. You remember that night?"

"Yes, sir," Bob replied. His mind flew back to those extraordinary events when Randy had first broken his body and spirit. Seemed like a long time ago. He took a deep breath as the truck pulled into the shabby motel parking lot.

#

Chapter 29 – Reconciliation

Back at the house the two young guys had eagerly towed off Mark's soaking, muscular body and stood looking at him expectantly. He smiled at them.

"Well, I guess you have your orders. You OK with that?"

Darius said, "It will be an honor, sir."

"Good. First you'll run me a bath and you can both wash, soothe and massage my body. It took quite a beating as you know. Then you can make me dinner. I'm starved, so I want the best meal you've ever cooked. Think you can handle that?"

"Certainly, sir." The two young men grinned and their cocks stirred in anticipation of their evening as servants to this glorious man.

"By the way. You can join me for dinner and afterwards if you like. Follow me."

Mark strode off to the house and, as they followed, Darius and Pablo looked at each other in wide-eyed excitement. Pablo managed to whisper, "Hey, dude. That thing Randy made me do back there. I've never done it before. D'you think we could?"

"You want my ass, don't you?" Darius whispered. "Later, dude, later."

It wasn't long before Mark's battered and bruised body was luxuriating in a hot, soothing bath. He looked up at the two young men standing in attendance.

"I want you stripped to your shorts." Darius and Pablo obeyed instantly and were naked except for white boxers. Mark gazed in admiration at the two young bodies, Darius's black muscles gym-honed to perfection, Pablo's brown body perfectly sculpted by nature.

"OK. Make me feel good."

They knelt by the bath. Darius took a soapy sponge and gently washed the hard round pecs bulging up above the surface of the water. Pablo worked on the big, sinewy thighs, rubbing them, massaging them, running his hands all the way up to the cop's groin. Mark closed his eyes. He thought back at the punishment Randy had inflicted on him, and then gave himself up to the tender care of the young men, who both had rigid erections as they worked.

Meanwhile, the scene in the motel room was far from peaceful. The demon leather stud looked down at his victim. The bed was in the middle of the room. Right now it looked like a medieval torture rack. Stretched on it was the gleaming bodybuilder, his gorgeous naked muscles straining in bondage. His arms were being pulled straight back past his head, wrists tied by a single rope to a hook on the far wall. His legs too were stretched straight down, ankles secured by a rope to a hook in the opposite wall.

The body builder with the face and physique of Superman was being stretched on the rack. He looked up at his massive torturer, his arms folded over the leather harness stretched over his pecs. But Bob's look was not one of submission. It was defiance. He knew he had done nothing wrong. Randy had offered his ass to Mark, had allowed him to fuck it, and Bob had loved it. Now he resented his punishment.

Randy stood at the foot of the bed and looked down at his bound prisoner.

"First, I will tell you why you're here. Or rather, you will tell me. Who did your ass belong to?"

"You."

"And who was the last person to fuck it?"

"Mark."

"And what did you say to him."

"I told him it felt wonderful. I told him he owned my ass. I called him master. I said he could fuck me for ever."

"But you didn't mean that, did you? Now you regret it and you want my forgiveness."

Bob gave Randy a penetrating, defiant look. "That's not true. I did mean it. You gave my ass to Mark, and he fucked it. He was so beautiful, a Greek god, that I looked on him as my master. I still want him to fuck me. I regret nothing. "

"You are defying me."

"I am."

I see you no longer address me as 'sir'."

"I do not. You gave Mark permission to fuck me. You had no right punishing him, and no right to punish me."

Randy's face twisted in anger. "No right?! You're telling me my rights? I own you, you piece of shit. I can do whatever I want. I made that clear the night we first met. Guess you need a reminder."

He picked up the braided whip and brought it crashing down across Bob's massive chest, causing him to howl with pain. He lashed him several times and then stopped.

"Now you will address me as sir and beg my forgiveness."

Through rasping breaths Bob groaned, "I will not." His stretched muscles strained and flexed in his painful bondage, but he was determined to resist.

"We'll see about that," Randy growled. He leaned forward and inserted the whip handle in the ropes stretching from Bob's wrists to the wall. He turned the handle like a tourniquet, slowly making the ropes shorter and increasing the pressure on the tortured man. Bob grimaced as he felt his muscles being stretched tighter. The pain in his shoulder and arm muscles became more intense as he felt his whole, naked body being stretched to its limit. His breathing became ragged, his body streamed with sweat and the pain reached a crescendo until he mercifully lost consciousness.

Randy looked down at the beautiful man. It was as if Superman, in full flight, had been flipped on his back, stripped naked and lashed to the rack. The muscles bulged on the agonized body, the veins knotted under the skin. As an act of mercy Randy relieved the pressure slightly and Bob came to. He looked up defiantly at his tormentor and held his eyes with a scornful gaze.

"That will never make me submit," he groaned.

"Then try this. You're gonna beg to call me sir before I've finished with you."

Randy pulled from his pocket a set of tit clamps, heavy, serrated, linked by a chain. "Asshole," he said. "You won't survive this." And he quickly clamped the vicious teeth onto Bob's swollen nipples, causing a sharp intake of breath. Bob's head jerked backward in a spasm of pain, but he stifled his scream. He was not going to give Randy the satisfaction of hearing him scream again.

Randy took hold of the chain and jerked it upward, sending jolts of searing pain into Bob's nipples that radiated through his massive chest. His chiseled muscular frame spasmed and twisted in its bondage, stretched to its limit, with pain surging through it from his nipples. He was in agony, but he looked steadily at Randy, his eyes defying him to do his worst. Tears sprang to his eyes, partly from the pain, partly from sadness that his lover was hurting him so badly.

Randy looked down into those brown eyes, the eyes that he had loved more than he had loved anything. Behind the intense pain he glimpsed the tenderness that Bob brought to him, the gentleness that was the essence of this beautiful man. And he, Randy, was torturing him. "What the hell am I doing?" he thought. With a muffled sob, he unclipped the clamps, causing a final sharp surge of pain.

"Jesus, man. What does it take to make you submit?"

Bob gazed up at him with a look of infinite tenderness. "I need to know you still love me, man."

For a second Randy stopped breathing. 'Still loved him?' Still loved him!? This man he had given his soul to, would give his life for? He looked into the eyes of this muscle god, stretched on the rack, and suddenly felt lost. Randy felt unworthy of him. He had crudely used his strength to force Bob to submit, while all the time the beautiful, gentle man just wanted to be his

lover. Suddenly the truth crashed in on Randy. It was he, Randy, who was the slave. He would always be the slave of this incredible man.

He had to show him, prove to him. He loosened the rope a little and knelt over his captive. He put his hands on the bed so his face was a few feet from Bob's and fixed his eyes with a penetrating gaze. That was always how they merged together, became one being.

Bob looked up at the pale blue eyes and it was as if they were piercing his soul. He saw their whole world in those eyes. He was transported back to the first days in this same motel room where he had given himself to a man for the first time, had accepted Randy as his master. He saw the same eyes that had slowly melted from anger to love.

He saw the man he had wrestled in the mud and rain in the forest and surrendered his ass to. He saw the man who had deserted him in anger and then been drawn back by the spell of their intense love. This was the man who had once bound and savagely punished him, and had then made tender love to him. Randy was everything to him, and he knew beyond a shadow of doubt that he could not live without him.

Just as Randy's image was reflected in Bob's eyes, so Bob's thoughts were reflected in Randy's mind. They saw the same images from their past, matched as always in thought, feelings, body and soul. Randy pulled back up onto his knees without breaking his intense gaze. He looked down at the magnificent body, stretched and gleaming on the rack, and the sculpted features of the face gazing up at him. He had never seen anything more beautiful.

The pain in Bob's body slowly dissolved as he was hypnotized by the sinewy, macho leather man towering over him. The leather harness stretched tight over his bulging pecs, the leather pants against Bob's thighs, and above all the handsome, stubbled, sculpted demon face. Bob was all sensation now, no thought, as he watched Randy reach down to unzip his pants, pull out his huge, rigid cock and begin to stroke it slowly.

The penetrating look that passed between them needed no words or gestures. A slight smile spread over Randy's face as he looked down at the glorious muscle man bound on the rack. He knew what would come next. He watched as the body tensed, started to shudder, then strained and flexed against its bondage. The eyes opened in a wide frenzy.

His master's gaze was too much for Bob. He knew now beyond any doubt that Randy loved him. It was the eyes, not the pain, that made him feel the heat rising through his body. All images of the past were finally culminating in the crescendo of this moment. Now, at last, he had to give in. He screamed,

"I submit, sir. I love you sir. I submit

And his cock erupted in a huge fountain of sperm that shot high in the air and splashed back onto his heaving body.

Randy was beyond thought. He was drowning in the glorious image of the man he worshipped, writhing in spontaneous orgasm. He looked down and saw, as if it belonged to someone else, his own cock streaming with cum over the body of the bound man that he loved. The image of Superman, the gleaming muscles still stretched on the rack, was now splashed with pools of creamy white liquid, the body was shuddering and the man was weeping.

Randy fell forward and put his arms around his lover. He squeezed him in a bear hug, not daring to let go, and whispered in Bob's ear. "I love you man. Never, ever believe otherwise. You don't have to submit. It's I who submit. I'm the slave. You're my master and always will be."

It was a long time before the bodies separated. Nothing more had to be said. They sat together in silence, shyly, almost embarrassed at the memory of what they had done together. Bob's gaze travelled over the floor and settled on the bulging kit bag that Randy had brought. Randy followed his gaze and smiled.

"I brought it for you. Go take a look."

Bob stood up, picked up the bag and emptied it onto the floor. It was clothes.

"Randy lay back on the bed, hands behind his head. "You know," he smiled. "Many's the time I've got a hard-on watching you strip. This time I'm going to watch you get dressed. Could be an even bigger turn on. Come on make my dick hard"

Bob picked up the clothes and started to dress.

"Jesus Christ, you are too fucking much. Look at you. Look at yourself in the mirror."

Fully clothed Bob turned to the mirror. His cock instantly stiffened in his pants. He was in full leather black leather chaps over his jeans and heavy black boots. Stretched tightly over his torso was a black leather shirt, buttoned almost to the top, short sleeves straining over his bulging biceps. His sculpted chest was clearly outlined under the thin leather of the shirt.

He smiled as the leather-man image in the mirror was joined by another leather stud. Randy stood beside him, threw his arm over his shoulder, and looked into the mirror. "They belong together, don't you think?"

"They look incredible," Bob breathed. "Look at those leather studs, man. They make my dick hard."

"Me too." Randy squeezed his arm round Bob's neck until he was in a playful head lock. He rubbed Bob's head with his knuckles.

Bob grinned. "Hey, motherfucker. That hurts. Think you're hot stuff don't you?"

Bob put his arms round Randy's waist, lifted him up, then slammed his butt down on his knee in an atomic drop move. Randy howled and crumpled to the floor. He looked up and grinned at Bob. "Not bad, asshole."

"That'll teach you to play rough," said Bob and he was on top of him in an instant. The two muscular leather men rolled around on the floor, arms flexed around each other struggling to get the upper hand. Randy managed to twist his legs up and clamp them round Bob's neck in a tight head scissors. Bob's biceps bulged as he strained at the legs to release him. He felt and smelled the leather that was gripping his neck as he pushed frantically.

Randy laughed. "You never learn do you, asshole. You never beat me."

"Oh no?" Bob brought his elbow smashing down on Randy's abs. He howled in pain and released his legs from Bob's neck. In an instant Bob had twisted round and clamped Randy's waist and locked his feet in a vicious body scissors. "Now who's on top, shitface? Try getting out of that. What was it you said about me being master?"

Randy's whole body strained and his muscles bulged under his harness as he pushed down on the leather chaps covering Bob's legs. He twisted his body furiously from side to side and finally released himself. The two leather men were on their knees facing each other. Their hands clamped round the other's neck in a wrestler's hold and they were soon rolling on the floor again.

The sight was incredible, two bodybuilders in full leather grinding their bodies together. They heard the creaking sound as leather rubbed against leather. They smelled the distinctive leather smell as shirt, harness, chaps were in turn pressed into their face. The muscles flexed and strained as the tense, leather-clad bodies churned over the floor.

They were panting and yelling until their shouts finally turned to laughter. They pulled apart and lay back on the floor, bodies heaving in uncontrollable laughter. Finally, exhausted, they turned to face each other. Randy smiled.

"God I love you, man. I've been such a damn fool. Forgive me."

"Only if you promise me this," Bob said. "No matter what we do or say, and no matter who we do it with, we will always, forever love each other. I couldn't live without you, man."

"It's a deal."

They lay still for a while, and then Randy felt something under his hand on the floor.

"Well, will you look at this? When Mark came here to find me he stripped off his shirt, and he left here shirtless. What d'ya know? Here it is," and he held up the uniform shirt. "Stand up."

He made Bob take off his leather shirt and put on Mark's. They both turned to stare in the mirror.

"Jesus," Randy said. "Looks even better on you than it does on Mark, if that's possible." Randy was standing just behind Bob and he put his arms around him and stroked the shirt, feeling underneath the shape of the hard, rounded pecs, wide lats and sinewy biceps. "God, you're incredible. I have another roaring hard-on."

"Me too," breathed Bob. He touched the nameplate clipped to the shirt. "M. Matsen. Hmm Looks stunning doesn't he?"

Randy instantly tuned in to his train of thought. "He's a beautiful man Mark Matsen, police officer. And the two big leather studs are getting off looking at him."

The leathermen were no longer looking at their own stunning images in the mirror. They were seeing the beautiful cop who had become part of their lives. They were mesmerized as the beautiful dark-haired Superman morphed into the gorgeous blond cop.

Randy breathed, "What do you see, buddy?"

Bob sighed. "He is so fucking gorgeous. Look at that body straining under the shirt. And that face the cheek bones, the square jaw, the gray eyes, and the tousled blond hair. He's a fucking knockout. No wonder we both love him."

"Think he can make us cum?" Randy asked.

"Mark can do anything."

Still reaching round Bob's chest Randy undid three buttons of the shirt and pulled it open, exposing the bulging pecs. He ran the back of his hands over the swelling nipples, making Bob groan in ecstasy. Randy came and stood next to the man in the cop shirt. He looked again at the shiny metal badge.

"M. Matsen. Make me cum, man. Let me look at you and shoot my load."

"Make us both cum, officer. Like you did in the park when I first met you."

Simultaneously the men reached down and across, undoing the other man's fly and pulling out the stiff cock. They curled their hand around the other's cock and began to stroke. Bob said, "Talk to him, man."

In a kind of trance now Randy spoke to Mark through Bob's image. "You are such a fucking stud. In that uniform you always give me an instant erection. I loved thrashing you, fucking you. I want to look at you, hear you, feel you, fuck you. Man, the three of us are gonna be great together. What d'ya think, Mark? You ready to cum?"

"Looking at you, of course I am. Come on buddy. Let's do it for Mark. Make us cum, officer."

And they did. They stroked each other until each rigid shaft shot a hot stream of semen straight at their image of Mark in the mirror. It hit hard and streamed down the reflection of the man in the cop shirt. Their eyes stayed riveted on the sight. They almost hallucinated as they saw two muscular leather studs and the fantasy image of the bodybuilder cop. The three of them were united. They would be always.

Later they were lying together on the bed. Bob had changed shirts and was again wearing the tight leather shirt, tucked into his chaps. They were both in full leather, boots and all.

Randy sighed. "That fantasy was incredible. Nobody could do it like you, buddy. And when we get back home in the morning I have plans to make it real."

Bob smiled. "I'm counting on it sir."

They were so exhausted they didn't undress. Still in full leather they fell asleep in each other's arms, two beautiful bodybuilders in a passionate, tight embrace, the feel and smell of leather filling their dreams.

Just as they were drifting into sleep Bob murmured to Randy, "I wonder how Mark's doing at the house? Hope Darius and Pablo are taking care of him....."

They were indeed, thrilled to be playing the role of body slaves to the beautiful cop. They had soothed and massaged his bruised muscles in the bath and then knelt at his feet in the shower, soaping and caressing him as hot water streamed over the magnificent body. Pablo's fingers lightly caressed the ravaged ass. When he stepped out of the shower the eager young hands wrapped him in big towels until he stood in the bedroom dry and naked.

"In the top drawer," Mark said. "Hand me shorts and a T-shirt." They obeyed, then watched in silent admiration as the big cop pulled on white boxers and a white V-neck T-shirt that clung to the etched muscles of his torso. He looked, as always, stunningly handsome.

"Now, I'm gonna relax here for a bit while you cook dinner." He smiled. "Dinner for three and make it a good one. You can cook, I hope."

"Yes sir," Darius said. "I'm the chef, and I'm teaching Pablo." They ran upstairs to the kitchen and Mark smiled to himself, moved by their youthful enthusiasm.

He lay on his back, hands behind his head and his mind began to wander over the extraordinary events of the day, a day when he had given himself totally to another man, groveled at the feet of his master in abject, naked submission. His thoughts drifted to the motel where he knew that Randy and Bob were becoming reunited. He found himself longing for their return. He closed his eyes. In the twilight between sleep and waking he heard voices drifting from the kitchen upstairs.

"Well of course you chop it, asshole," Darius was saying. "You think you just throw it in the pot whole?"

"Like this?"

"No, finer than that. Jeez you have a lot to learn. You shouldn't actually taste it, just get the flavor of it. We gotta make this good. It's for the officer. It's gotta be perfect."

Mark smiled as he imagined the scene upstairs, the beautiful black man shoulder to shoulder with the exotic younger guy, taking charge, teaching him. There was silence for a while, then Pablo came down the stairs. He was wearing blue surfer shorts and a tan T-shirt that perfectly set off his smooth, coffee colored skin. Mark was again taken aback by his beauty. Pablo stood at attention by the bed, a napkin folded over his arm.

"Would you care for a drink before dinner, sir?" he asked rather formally.

"Wow, this restaurant gives great service. The waiters are cute, too. Yeah, bring me a beer."

And so the evening progressed. The meal was terrific and, as they ate, the young guys listened wide eyed as Mark told them stories of his life as a cop. They were thrilled to be with this gorgeous man smiling at them as he chatted. The two young men were dressed in identical surfer shorts and T-shirts and when dinner was over Mark sat back and looked them over.

"You two even dress alike. You look like a team."

"We like to think so, sir," said Darius.

"You're always together?"

"Most of the time, sir."

Mark hesitated, then gave Pablo a quizzical look. "I wasn't gonna bring it up but what Randy made you do to me earlier Is that really the first time you ever fucked a guy's ass?"

"Yes, sir," Pablo said.

"You mean, you and Darius ?

"He always fucks me, sir."

"You never wanted to"

"I do now sir, but"

"And you, Darius. Do you want it?"

"Of course I do, but"

"That's a lot of 'buts' in there. My guess is you're nervous, it being the first time and all. What if somebody ordered you to do it?"

Darius's eyes shone. "You mean you, sir?"

Mark grinned at them. "Well, Randy did say you were to do whatever I told you to."

"Yes, sir," they said together eagerly.

"Get downstairs to the bedroom."

In the mirrored basement bedroom Mark sat back in the big armchair, his hand resting lightly on his boxers. The two young men stood at attention before him, identical in their shorts and T-shirts. Mark smiled.

"Did Bob ever tell you what I made him do when I first met him, when I pulled him over for doing an illegal U-turn?"

"No sir."

"I made him strip. He looked so fucking gorgeous I came in my shorts. I really get off looking at beautiful men, and you two are a big turn-on. You ready?"

"Anything you say sir," said Pablo.

"I want it slow, and I want you to get naked."

The two young men felt their cocks jump in their shorts at the thought of taking their clothes off for the beautiful cop. They kicked off their sneakers and slowly, in unison, pulled their T-shirts up and over their heads, throwing them to the floor.

"Stop right there," Mark said, gazing at the two shirtless young men, one body sculpted by hours at the gym, the other naturally built, no body fat, perfectly proportioned. The cop's hand moved slowly and he grabbed the bulge in his shorts. He rubbed his palm against the smooth cotton fabric and moaned as he looked at the beautiful bodies before him."

"Now the shorts," he said softly.

Slowly, Darius and Pablo began to unlace the cord on the fly of their surfer pants, pulling the string out bit by bit until the waist was loose and the shorts dropped to the floor. They were naked underneath and their cocks shot out stiff as rods before them.

Mark stroked harder at the bulge under his shorts as he gazed in wonder at the naked young men awaiting his orders. "Darius. On your back on the bed." Darius obeyed.

"Pablo, on your knees between his legs."

"Yes, sir," Pablo said, his whole body quivering with excitement and expectation.

Mark got up and stood at the head of the bed behind Darius. He reached forward, grabbed the black man's ankles and pulled the legs back, up high. He looked at Pablo.

"You see that ass, Pablo?"

Pablo's throat was dry and he swallowed hard."

"Yes, sir," he croaked.

"It's all yours, kid. Don't look at me. Look at your buddy's face. And fuck his ass."

Pablo took a deep breath and dropped his eyes from Mark's face to Darius's. The green eyes that stared back at him with a slight smile pleaded with him to enter his ass. Trembling, Pablo brought his stiff dick against Darius's ass and he instantly felt a tingling in his cock's head as it rested against the hole.

Very gently he pushed against the moist hole and was surprised at how easily it moved forward and into the warm velvet lining of the ass. His cock shuddered and a brand new sensation shot through him, radiating from his dick throughout his body. He looked up in wide-eyed astonishment at Mark.

"That's it, kiddo," Mark said softly. "Now, make love to him."

Pablo looked back at Darius and saw the ecstasy in his face. Their eyes locked. Darius felt that he was being penetrated twice by the intense eyes and the hot dick in his ass. Pablo began to move his cock back and forth, each stroke plunging deeper into the black man's gut. Both men held their breath, hypnotized by the pulsing rhythm uniting them.

"Fuck me, dude," Darius breathed. "Yeah, fuck that black ass. It's all yours, man. Push your cock deep inside me. Jesus, that feels incredible."

"I love you, Darius," was all that Pablo could reply. He was quivering with the intense sensation that radiated from his cock. His body spasms became stronger as he pistoned in and out of his lover's ass. He could not hold back any more.

"I'm going to shoot, man. I'm gonna cum in your ass."

His muscles tensed, he flexed his whole body as his rigid shaft began to stream inside the warm, velvet hole. Darius threw his head back and howled as his own orgasm erupted. His dick pointed straight up and shot a huge spout of cum high in the air. It flew back and splashed the T-shirt of the cop standing behind him, riveted by the spectacle.

When the air finally became still all three men gazed in wonder at each other. Pablo had fucked his lover's ass for the first time while the cop watched. And it opened whole new vistas for the future.

"Now you've gotta take care of me," Mark said. "On your knees."

The two young men knelt close together in front of him and Mark looked down at their eager faces.

"Think you can make me cum. Think you can handle my load?"

"Yes, sir," they almost shouted in unison.

They gasped as Mark pulled his cum-soaked T-shirt over his head and dropped it to the floor. They gazed up in awe at the incredible, sculpted, naked torso. They gasped again as he dropped his shorts and his rigid shaft sprang free.

"You first," Mark said to Darius, who opened his mouth wide. The huge dick slid inside and nearly choked him as it filed his mouth and went halfway down his throat. He pounded his cock hard, making tears flow down Darius's cheeks.

Mark saw Pablo's pleading gaze as the faces pressed together, cheek to cheek. The cop pulled his dick out and plunged it down the throat of the younger man, who choked at first but then savored the musky taste of the cop's penis as it pounded his throat. Both men looked up at the muscular cop as he tossed his head wildly in the elation of feeling his dick burning in the young mouth.

Mark grabbed the back of each head, one in each hand as he alternated fucking their faces, first one mouth, then the other. The guys were greedy for the stunning cop's hot dick and drooled as they waited their turn.

Finally Mark's chiseled torso shook as he felt his climax approach. He looked down at both the eager young faces, tears streaming down their cheeks. He was in Darius's mouth now and the heat was too much. His hard body flexed as his cock bulged and finally erupted in the mouth, shooting a stream of hot semen deep into the black man's throat.

Quickly he pulled out, plunged his cock into Pablo's mouth, and shot another torrent of cum into the eager mouth. Both young men gulped hard, frantically swallowing the semen of the gorgeous man they both worshipped. When the gushing stopped and Mark pulled out, Darius and Pablo licked hungrily at the cop's shaft as it dribbled the remains of his cum on their faces. He looked down and smiled at the frenzied faces sucking in the last drops of the juice oozing from his body.

Their tongues went down further to lick fervently on his balls and then they buried their faces in the blond tangle of his pubic hair, breathing in the moist, musky smell of the most private part of this glorious man's body.

"OK, guys. Thanks. You can get up now."

They stood up and reluctantly picked up their clothes. They started to pull on their shorts as Mark watched. He cleared his throat.

"Er I can understand you wanting to get back to your own room and be together," Mark said.
"It's just that"

"Yes, sir?" The men paused.

".....well, it's just that after everything that happened today I could sure use some company tonight. Don't really feel like sleeping alone."

Pablo's face broke into a huge grin. "We were kind of hoping you'd say that, sir."

Mark relaxed. "Well, were already naked. So let's just hit the sack."

He fell on the bed and the two guys joined him, one on each side. They were all exhausted and were soon drifting off to sleep. Mark was dimly aware that Darius and Pablo had each placed a hand on his chest. He felt their fingers entwine as he fell asleep.

#

Chapter 30 – God and the Devil

It was early morning when the voice boomed, "Anyone home?"

Darius and Pablo woke instantly, jumped out of bed and pulled on their shorts.

"They're back! Let's go see," said Pablo.

"Breakfast for five I guess," mumbled Darius, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

As they disappeared upstairs Mark too pulled on his shorts. He had been longing for the return of Randy and Bob, but now that the moment had come he hesitated. He was unsure what to expect from them what was in store for him. Slowly he climbed the stairs.

When he joined Darius and Pablo all three stared at the two men who had just come in. They were both dressed in leather. Randy was in tight leather pants and boots, a studded harness stretched over his sinewy chest, covered by a black leather vest. Bob wore leather chaps over his jeans and a tight, shiny black leather shirt that showed the contours of his sculpted torso underneath.

But more than the look, there was an air about them, something redolent of what could only be described as man sex. They exuded it. The two leather muscle gods were disheveled and the smell of sweat mingled with the smell of leather and even the smell of stale semen. They looked as if they had been having sex all night, and they had obviously slept in their clothes.

Mark was the first to speak. "Jeez, you guys. You look"

".....awesome," Pablo breathed.

Darius stepped hesitantly forward. "Can I touch you guys?" and he ran one hand over the harness covering Randy's chest and the other over Bob's tight leather shirt. He got an instant hard-on.

Randy laughed. "Well you guys don't look as if you were exactly wasting time, either. Look at you. The three men realized they were wearing only their boxers. They too were disheveled, Darius and Pablo with the sheen of sweat on their perfect young bodies and the muscle-god Mark with his awesome body gleaming in the morning light.

As always Randy took charge. "OK, let's stop looking at each other. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but there'll be time for that later. It's Sunday, time to regroup. You two," to Darius and Pablo. "Go jump in the shower, get cleaned up and have breakfast ready in an hour. As for you guys" and he slung his arms over the shoulders of Bob and Mark. "We're going downstairs. Have a little talk."

In the mirror-lined basement room Bob and Mark sat on the bed and Randy sprawled in the armchair.

Mark said, "You two sure look like you had one hell of a night. Wish I'd been there."

Bob grinned, "You were."

On Mark's puzzled look Randy explained. "The two leather guys you see before you actually stood in front of a mirror and jerked off looking at you or at least the mirror fantasy of you. Bob was wearing your cop shirt that you left on the floor of the motel. And you were terrific. We shot our load all over you."

Mark smiled. "As I said, I wish I'd been there. You guys are something else."

"Couldn't have done it without a beautiful man to fantasize about," said Bob and ruffled Mark's already disheveled hair. "OK, Randy, remember your promise. You said you'd turn the fantasy into reality when we got home."

"Randy grinned. "Never let it be said that I don't keep a promise. You got it, man. Here's what I want you both to do. First, the clothes."

A few minutes later Randy sprawled back in the chair and looked up at the men he had told to dress. Mark was once again in his smart cop uniform black police shirt tight on his muscular torso, one button open at the neck to reveal a triangle of white T-shirt. His wide lats

tapered to the leather belt at his waist. His black pants were tucked into high, shiny leather boots. As always, he looked magnificent and Randy felt a stirring in his groin.

Bob's clothes were less elaborate. In fact they consisted of only one item leather chaps over his otherwise naked body. His V-shaped, sculpted upper body narrowed down to the slim waist of the chaps, and his legs were encased in gleaming black leather. His dick hung loose through the front of the chaps, and the perfect mounds of his ass bulged through the back, naked and vulnerable.

Randy, still dressed in his full leather outfit, spoke to them.

"We've been through a lot in the last few days, guys. A lot of challenge, struggle and physical pain. And a lot of macho posturing. Face it we're all equally strong and beautiful, but we needed the confrontation. Now, I'm going to ask you just one question. After all this, who's the master?"

Mark replied crisply, "You are, sir."

"Absolutely," said Bob.

"Good. But I want the confrontation to end. I want us to stop fighting and just get off on each other. We three guys are like nobody else. We deserve each other. And nobody else in the world would satisfy us. Got it?"

"Yes, sir," said the others in unison.

Randy stood up. "And this is how we'll seal the pact."

He lay down stretched on his back on the bed. "Mark, come and stand here," pointing behind him. "And you, Bob, on your knees over me."

In a second Bob was on his knees astride the beautiful leather man. They gazed into each other's eyes and their worlds merged together as they always did. And, as always, their erections were instantaneous.

"Reach behind you," Randy ordered Bob. "Undo my pants."

Bob obeyed and gasped as the long thick cock sprang out of the fly, rock hard. In a reflex he grabbed hold of it behind him. He saw the pale blue eyes in the swarthy face penetrate his as the voice said, "You love me?"

"You know I do, sir."

"Sit on my cock."

Bob eased his ass upward, positioned it over the cock in his fist and slowly sat back until the head rested on his hole. Not breaking his gaze with Randy he paused, then suddenly sat smoothly down on the huge shaft. It disappeared quickly into warm, moist, silky inside of his ass and he felt it penetrate his gut. Mark watched as both men raised their heads in a simultaneous moan of ecstasy. Bob clenched his ass muscles tight around his lover's rigid cock and they held still, feeling the pulsing of their heartbeat in the tight union of cock and ass.

"That's it, man," Randy groaned. "That's where my cock belongs, deep in the ass I own."

"Yes, sir," Bob breathed.

After a minute Randy reached up behind his own head and unzipped Mark's pants. Reaching into his shorts he pulled out the cop's long cock that was hard as iron. He held it in his left hand behind him and brought his right hand round Bob's neck. He pulled his lover forward until he was pressing Bob's head against the cop's shaft above him.

"Yeah, man," Mark breathed. "Take the cop's dick all the way in, stud."

Bob opened his mouth wide and pushed forward, swallowing the cock whole until it was as deep in his mouth as Randy's dick was in his ass. The feeling was incredible, and he stole a glance sideways into the mirrored wall. What he saw was almost as exciting as the sensation in his mouth and ass.

He was being fucked by the two most beautiful men he had ever known. The golden, god-like uniformed cop was fucking his face. And the dark, swarthy muscular demon had his cock deep in his ass. It was as if he were being violated by God and the devil at once. Slowly he began to move. He raised his burning ass, then lowered it back down on his master's cock until he was sitting on the wiry, moist pubic hair. And his head moved too, letting the cop's dick slide in and out of his mouth, hammering against the back of his throat and down deep inside.

"God that looks incredible," Mark said, as if in a trance. "Fuck his ass, man, while I fuck his face. Make him feel both of us. Come on, man give it to him.

And they did. They increased the rhythm with Randy's glistening body bucking, heaving upward as he hammered at the ass bulging through the leather chaps. Mark had both hands behind Bob's head and he pulled it forward, then back, in a relentless pounding of his handsome face.

Bob was transported out of the real world. All he was aware of now was the two pistons, one hammering his mouth, the other punishing his ass. Even when he managed to glance sideways all he saw in the mirror was the shirtless man stripped down to chaps, his Superman features swallowing a huge dick and the hard globes of his ass being invaded through the chaps by a brutal cock.

All three men were in a pitch of exhilaration, knowing that this wild, passionate frenzy was possible only between the three of them. They all looked sideways into the mirror at the sight of the three bodybuilders, flexing, pumping, pounding at each other. The image alone was enough to make them want to shoot their loads. It was accompanied by the sensation of stinging fire, in the quivering cocks of the cop and the leather stud, and throughout the entire, muscular body of their victim.

They were all close to orgasm when suddenly Randy said, "That's enough, guys."

Startled, dismayed, the other two stopped still. Randy looked up at Bob and smiled. "Now do you love Mark and me together?"

"Yes, sir. God, I want" "

"I'll tell you what you want, buddy. You want both of us."

"Yes I do, sir."

Randy looked over his shoulder at Mark. "Get behind him, man."

Mark's body shuddered as he suddenly realized what he had to do. He walked behind Bob as he knelt over Randy, and fell to his knees behind him. He rested his cock against the ass that was already filled with a rigid shaft. The cop's own cock was still hard as iron.

Randy smiled up at Bob with a look Bob had never seen before. "Now you belong to two men, buddy. And I'm gonna show you what that means."

He pulled the handsome face toward him and their lips met, grinding against each other in a passionate embrace. Bob was losing himself in the taste and smell of the man he worshipped, but suddenly he felt a sharp pain against the sphincter of his ass. His eyes opened wide as he realized what was going to happen and he threw his head back with a howl as the second big cock pushed into his hole, sliding against the thick rod already inside him.

He looked pleadingly at Randy. "No, man. I can't take that, sir. Please, you'll both split my ass wide open. The pain, man you're stretching my ass" "

"Be quiet," Randy said softly, "and look in the mirror."

Bob obeyed and what he saw made all the pain tolerable. The dark-haired muscleman was on his knees in his leather chaps. The cheeks of his ass bulged through the back of the chaps and disappearing into them were two huge cocks. One belonged to the brawny leather man beneath him and the other to the gorgeous, uniformed cop behind him.

He was being impaled by two beautiful masters, a leather man and a cop. Their cocks were sliding against each other in his hole. His body was filled with them, stuffed by them and his mind soared into a region he had never visited before. The pain was still there, but it didn't matter. All he wanted was for these two muscle gods to take him, use him, pound him to fuck him for ever. Tight as his hole was already, he flexed and clenched his ass even tighter around the two grinding dicks.

Randy looked up and saw the chiseled features of the cop between Bob's legs. "That's it man. We're together at last, both us inside the body of the man we love. This is it, buddy. Doesn't get better than this. Yeah, push your cock deep man. It feels incredible against mine. You're fucking my dick, man, and I'm fucking yours." And together they felt the beautiful man's ass muscles gripping their cocks like a vise.

All their consciousness was focused on one sensation the other-worldly, burning union of cock and ass. They looked first at each other, then at the mirror. The eyes they recognized, but the image in the mirror was of strangers, beautiful strangers, a Superman being ass-fucked by a stunning leather man and a magnificent cop.

The union of the three men was so spiritual that orgasms were almost an afterthought. As they watched in the mirror the three muscular bodies began to flex, then shudder and three shouts echoed around the room. Bob became aware of hot liquid streaming into his ass from the two cocks as his own eruption splashed onto his heaving, sweating chest. The orgasms were endless. But finally the three magnificent bodies collapsed in a heap on each other in an embrace of complete exhilaration.

Breakfast was ready and Darius and Pablo waited. They had heard the shouts from downstairs and knew that something momentous was happening. After a silence they heard the door open, footsteps on the stairs, and the three men emerged. They were sweating, exhausted, gleaming with the elation of passion. The overwhelming odor of leather, sweat and semen filled the room. It was pure, virile sex.

Randy smiled at their eager faces. "Breakfast ready? We're starving."

They were so hungry the guys didn't clean up or change before breakfast. This was fine with Darius and Pablo who reveled in the way their masters looked and took in deep breaths to savor the smell of their overwhelming masculinity.

The meal was finally over and Randy said. OK, you two guys. Go play in the pool. There's something Bob, Mark and I need to discuss."

When they were alone Randy turned to Mark. "So, buddy, I hope I convinced you that you really are one of us now. I did it in the only way I know full-on sex. But Bob has a more practical suggestion of his own."

Bob smiled. "As we were driving back home this morning I broached a topic with Randy and he totally agreed with me, Mark. Escrow closes on the house in a few weeks so we will own it outright and the renovations can begin. But we want you to be a part of that. We want to put your name on the deed. We want you as co-owner."

Mark was taken aback. "Wow, you guys Jeez, I never expected that. I'm I'm flattered." They were amazed to see tears come to his eyes. "You really do want me as a partner in your lives, don't you? After what we just did and now this "

"So what do you say?" asked Randy.

"Well, yes, of course. I can't imagine life without you two, especially now I know how you feel. Of course, I want to pay my share split the costs three ways. I'm making good money now, so that's not a problem." He hesitated, choking up. "I just don't know how to thank you"

Randy jumped up. "No need, buddy. From now on it's the three of us. So let the renovations begin!"

The house was humming for the next few weeks. The relationships had been defined and preparations were under way for the pool house to be rebuilt. Pablo started his job that Mark had arranged for him in the Police Department Motor Pool and the other guys resumed their regular work. All was set for a calm, ordered domestic routine. Until one evening

Randy's day had been shit. There was a major snafu at the construction site caused by late delivery of supplies. As site manager Randy had had a blazing row on the phone with the contractor's head office. When he finally emerged from his trailer office he saw a major fight under way between two of the construction workers. In his savage way he broke up the fight and was on the verge of hurting the guys until his foreman, Jack, intervened. Randy fired the two guys on the spot and would now have to look for replacements.

The whole thing was a fucking mess and Randy was tense with anger. He handed over to Jack for the day, stormed off the site and headed straight for his regular bar on Sunset. He straddled a stool at the counter and didn't say a word, except to order a beer, then another and another. The beers were backed up by multiple shots of tequila. Finally he stumbled out of the bar and headed home in his truck.

Drunk as he was he still made it home OK and then decided he wanted to take out one of the Harleys. He needed to be alone, put some miles behind him and feel the surge of speed. He flung open the garage door and saw Pablo with his head under the hood of Bob's SUV.

"Out!" he bellowed. "Get out now. I need some space."

Pablo straightened up and, dressed as usual in his greasy dungarees over his otherwise naked body, he blinked at Randy.

"I'm sorry sir. I can't do that. I have to stay here and finish the tune-up on Bob's car. I promised it for 6pm."

Randy's eyes blazed. "I said I want you gone, asshole. I'm taking one of the Harleys. Are you defying me?"

"I have to sir. I made a promise to Bob. Also, I can't let you take the Harley. You're too drunk to drive, sir."

Randy couldn't believe his ears. He clenched his fists. "You ungrateful little piece of shit," he screamed. "Out of my way!"

"No sir." Pablo stood his ground.

Randy stepped forward and threw one of his clenched fists into the young man's stomach, making him double over. Then he gut punched him again, and again. Pablo reeled backward but regained his balance. His eyes too now blazed with anger. He and Randy were both running on pure adrenaline and rage.

Pablo clenched his hands together, raised his arms and brought them crashing down into Randy's stomach in a hard double forearm smash. As Randy doubled over, Pablo brought his knee up hard into his balls and, with a howl, Randy fell to his knees. Pablo pressed his boot hard against the stunned body and pushed the big construction worker onto his back. Then he brought his boot straight down into Randy's abs, making him grab his stomach in pain.

Pablo raised his boot to strike again. Randy was sluggish to respond, his reflexes blunted by too much booze, but just as the boot came down for a second time he grabbed it and twisted the young man off balance. Pablo spun across the room and ended up crashing to the floor against the wall.

Re-energized Randy sprang to his feet and towered over the crumpled body. He glimpsed a broken fan belt hanging on the wall, wrenched it free and raised his arm. He smashed it down across Pablo's chest and naked shoulders as the kid cowered in fear at the fury in his master's

face. Fueled by his drunken rage Randy thought only of revenge. The fan belt lashed down across the terrified body again and again, until Pablo was howling with pain and fear.

"No, sir. Please, sir, don't. Please don't hurt me any more."

It was the sound of the young man's anguished voice that began to bring Randy to his senses. He shook his head to clear the alcohol haze and looked down at the floor. He stopped dead still. Cringing in front of him was the beautiful, crumpled form of the young man he had rescued and brought to the house, the man he admired for his guts, his honesty and his bravery against huge adversity. He loved this young kid and he was giving him a beating.

Pablo's pleading eyes looked up at him. "Please, sir please. When you rescued me in the desert you said you'd never let anyone hurt me again."

His words pierced Randy like a sword. His head was clearing and he took in the enormity of what he had done. With the howl of a wounded animal he fell to his knees and scooped the trembling body into his arms.

"Oh, God," he groaned. "Oh, God, what have I done? Oh, man, I didn't mean it. I love you, kid. You're the last person in the world I would hurt."

He held Pablo very tight and began to sob. Pablo stayed frozen, unable to move in the vice-like grip of Randy's big muscular arms. He couldn't breathe and croaked, "You're hurting me again, sir."

Randy relaxed his grip, pulled back and looked deep into Pablo's eyes. "Pablo, forgive me. I never apologize, but I do this time. It was my anger and the alcohol. I never meant to hurt you. I love you, man. Can you forgive me?"

Pablo jumped up, pulled himself to attention and looked straight ahead. "Sir! It's my fault, sir. I was way out of line. I don't know why I did that? I should never have hit you. I realize I don't deserve to keep my place in the house now. I'll leave right away. And I suppose Mark will take away my job at the Motor Pool."

Randy's heart broke as he looked up at the tough, dignified young man. He reached up, grabbed his wrist and pulled him down on the floor beside him. "Sit down, kid." They sat side by side leaning against the wall. Randy turned to him.

"First of all, kid, I once told you that you're not going anywhere unless I say you can. And I'm never gonna say that to you. You belong here, with us with me. And second of all, Mark would never take that job away from you." He paused and looked deep into the bewildered eyes.

"You know, the way you reacted back there was exactly the way I would have reacted when I was your age still would today, actually. You and I both have an angry streak in us. You were real brave, and dead right. You could not break your promise to Bob. And I certainly was in no state to drive. I thank you for that." He grinned, "And by God, you sure pack a punch."

"You mean I did OK, sir?"

"You did great, kid. Takes quite a man to bring me to my knees."

Pablo looked nervously at the big man. "Any suggestions sir?"

"Well, since you ask, yeah, one. You know how you slammed me first with a double forearm smash to the gut and then followed up with a knee to the groin? Well, it's better to go for the balls first. A man can recover pretty quick from a gut punch, but a knee to the groin will take him out long enough for you to finish him off.

"Got it, sir. Thanks, I'll remember that. Thing is, sir, the double forearm is my signature move."

Randy laughed. "Just don't practice on me. I'd rather not get beaten up again."

Pablo sighed. "I just wish I was stronger, bigger more muscular you know. I should start going to the gym."

"Be careful, though, kid. A lot of guys ruin their bodies by getting too big. You have a perfect, beautiful natural body. But we can set you up with a workout routine if you like."

"A guy who came into the garage in the desert said I should start taking steroids."

Randy glowered. "The guy's an asshole. If I ever see you messing with that shit I really will beat the living crap out of you."

"OK, sir." Pablo grinned sideways at him. "Just checking."

Randy looked at the kid's cheeky face and laughed. He threw his arm around his neck and ruffled his hair. "God, I love you man. You remind me so much of me when I was your age. Hey, tell you what."

"Yes, sir?"

"Remember when I first pulled you out of that hell-hole in the desert, what was the first thing we did?"

"Went and got something to eat. I still remember that big pile of fajitas."

"What say we do that now? There's a little Mexican joint down on the corner of Figueroa. I'm in no state to drive as you pointed out but we could walk down the hill. Fajitas and maybe a pitcher of Margaritas. You game?"

"You bet, sir!" Pablo beamed.

"OK, finish up here on Bob's car, then get cleaned up and meet me in the garden. Then we'll talk some more."

Before he hit the shower Randy went to see Bob in the room he used as an office.

"Jesus," Bob said, looking at the filthy, sweat-stained man. "What happened to you? Bad day?"

"Take too long to explain. But I want you to do me a favor. Would you ask Darius to spend the night with you? I need to talk with Pablo. Get to know him better."

"Sure, I don't mind." He smiled. "And somehow I don't think Darius will object to a night in my bed."

"Asshole," Randy grinned. "No one would object to that."

Half an hour later Randy came out into the garden wearing jeans, boots and an old, faded gray V-neck T-shirt. Pablo was waiting for him, and he took Randy's breath away. He had really cleaned up, wearing beige cargo shorts, sneakers and a white T-shirt that made his milk-chocolate skin glow. He was wearing his wire-rimmed owl glasses.

"Ready?" Randy smiled. "Let's go."

As they walked down the hill Randy threw his arm over Pablo's shoulder and they chatted like regular buddies.

"I was thinking," Randy said. "At the gym we should start you off with a routine of light weights and high reps. That'll help with definition and let you establish good form. Form is more important than the weight you use. Then we can increase the weight for a bit more bulk but not too much."

"OK, sir. You're the boss. I'm in your hands."

Randy shot him a quick smile. "Good. I like that."

In the small Mexican restaurant Pablo was confronted by a huge steaming pile of fajitas and ate hungrily. Randy was pleased that, with the help of the Margaritas, the young man's nervousness and awe of him had disappeared and he talked a mile a minute, relating his history of being shunted from one foster home to another. Randy was impressed, and proud, that there was no hint of self-pity in the boy's voice, just resilience, a determination to survive, to make something of himself despite the odds. As Randy listened to him, watched him, he felt a wave of affection unlike any he had ever felt before.

As they left the restaurant Randy asked, "So how's the job at the Motor Pool working out?"

"Terrific, sir. Jeez, you should see the engines in those cop cars. They're really souped up. I love working on them."

"The guys treating you OK?"

"Sure. They were a bit leery at first, me being so young and all, but then word got around about what I had done with you guys in the desert and

"..... and now you're the local hero."

Pablo grinned, "Something like that."

Their train of thought was interrupted by the sound of raised voices in the distance, and they quickened their step. They couldn't yet see the three guys up ahead. Two wiry skinheads were beating up on a young Mexican guy cowering in front of them, kneeling on the ground.

"You fucking faggot," one of the skinheads yelled. "We don't want no faggots around here. This is what we do to them. You know what the Bible says about faggots? They gotta die."

A deep voice growled, "Oh, is that what the Bible says? What does it say about assholes?"

The skinhead whirled round and his reflexes were fast. He made a dive for Randy but the big man stepped smartly to one side, like a matador with a bull. The thug staggered straight forward toward Pablo, and Randy watched with a smile. The boy calmly took off his glasses, placed them in a back pocket, and raised his knee to just the right height. The guy slammed into it, balls first.

"Good boy," said Randy. "Always let the other guy do the work for you."

The skinhead doubled up in pain and Pablo smashed his fist on the back of his neck, sending him crashing to the ground. The guy they had been beating staggered to his feet and sped away with a muttered, "Gracias, senor". Randy had tackled the other thug and now held him helpless in a full nelson. "You want him, kid?"

"Yes please, sir."

"He's all yours. I got your back, kiddo."

As Randy flung the guy forward Pablo looked up at Randy.

"Now sir?"

"Good a time as any," Randy grinned. As the skinhead staggered forward he got Pablo's specialty. He brought his signature double forearm smashing into the thug's belly and he howled with pain. Pablo again smashed his fist on the back of the guy's neck and he joined his buddy on the ground.

"You don't fool around, do you, kid?" grinned Randy. He came forward, picked up one of the guys and clamped his arm round his head. "Let's finish them off, OK?"

"Sure, sir."

Pablo did the same with the other guy, looked at Randy and grinned. Both of them now had a head clamped under their arm. They propelled the guys forward and crashed their heads together. The thugs sprawled on the ground.

As Randy looked down at them he said, "Hey, Pablo. I suddenly remembered what the Bible says about assholes."

"What's that, sir?"

"Thou shalt get pissed on."

Okey dokey," said Pablo, pulling out his dick. Randy did the same and they stood over the terrified skinheads, pouring two streams of hot piss on them. As the thugs lay groveling in fear, soaking on the ground, Pablo said, "You know, they're lucky. It should taste like Margaritas."

Randy roared with laughter as they high fived each other. He threw his arm around Pablo's neck and they walked back up the hill.

Back home Randy walked Pablo back to the pool house. On the young guy's questioning look he smiled.

"Don't worry. I arranged for Darius to spend the night with Bob. Tonight I want you all to myself."

When they walked inside Pablo turned and looked straight into Randy's eyes with his steady gaze. "Are you going to fuck me tonight, sir?"

"Boy, you're direct. Go straight for the jugular, don't you? Well the answer's no. I'm not gonna fuck you not tonight anyway. Sit down."

They sat on the side of the bed and Randy looked into Pablo's eyes. "Don't get me wrong, kid. I am gonna fuck you. That's not negotiable. You're the only guy in the house I haven't fucked, but it's gonna wait. With you it's different. I want to know you much better. I want us to be closer before we do any of that. And when the time comes I'm gonna do much more than fuck you. I'm gonna make love to you."

Pablo sighed a deep sigh. "I was hoping you would say something like that, sir. I feel the same but I didn't know how to put it in words."

"I told you before, kid, we're very much alike."

They stripped off their clothes and climbed into bed. They talked a lot more, long into the night. One topic was sports and it turned out that Pablo's game was not football but soccer.

"I played with different local teams but it never lasted long," he said. "I was always moved to another home."

Randy said, "Highland Park, down the hill, is real Hispanic so there's lots of soccer. We'll get you on a team. You ever been to a Galaxy game? They're at home to Seattle next Sunday in the playoffs. Beckham's on the squad. Wanna go?"

"Do I?! I've never been to a big game, sir. That would be awesome."

"It's a date then."

And so it went on until exhaustion overcame them. Randy said it was time to sleep. Pablo turned over and pressed his back into Randy's chest. The big construction worker folded him in his muscular arms, loving the feel of his smooth, velvet skin. His cock rested against the mounds of Pablo's perfect ass. He held him in a tight, warm embrace, and felt the young man's beautiful body relax against him with a sigh of utter contentment.

As they lay naked, scooped together, Randy had a strange sensation that there was something right about this, almost inevitable. His mind raced with thoughts of the past and the future. After a long time he spoke softly.

"You asleep yet, kid?"

"No, sir."

Randy hesitated. "Pablo, there's something important I want you to think hard about."

"Yes, sir?"

"How would you like to become my son?"

#

Chapter 31 – Pablo & Darius get Punished

Pablo's eyes snapped open and he stared into the darkness. He could not get his mind around what he had just heard. He must have been mistaken. Randy switched on a low light by the bed.

"Turn over, kid."

Pablo turned over and found his face inches from Randy's piercing blue eyes boring into his.

Randy smiled. "Well?"

"I I'm not sure what you said, sir. I don't understand exactly. Your your son?"

"I want to adopt you, Pablo."

The young man's mind reeled. He could not speak.

"Sorry, kid. That was a lot to hit you with out of the blue. Bad timing. Sleep now. We'll talk in the morning."

Randy snapped off the light, turned onto his back and pulled Pablo's head onto his chest. Pablo's mind still raced and he found sleep hard to come by. But as he lay cradled in the sinewy arms and his face rose and fell on the muscular chest as Randy breathed softly, he was finally lulled into a dream-filled sleep.

When morning sun streamed through the pool house window and the two men stirred, Pablo's mind again began to reel as Randy's words returned to him. Had he dreamt it? It couldn't be true. What did it mean? What would it mean for his future?"

"Hey kid," the soft, deep voice said. "Sounds like nobody else is up yet. Wanna go and get us some coffee?"

"Right away, sir." Pablo jumped out of bed, glad to have something practical to do, clear his mind of its confusion.

When he came back from the kitchen twenty minutes later Randy was in his boxers sitting on the edge of the bed. Pablo sat beside him, with the tray of coffee between them.

"OK, here's the deal," Randy said. "You say you've never had a family, you're all alone in the world. Well now you will have family. I want you to be my adopted son. I want to be your dad, Pablo. And don't forget, I always get what I want."

"Wow," was all Pablo could say.

"Since I first saw you in that desert garage I knew there was something special about you felt a kind of kinship. You're so much like me, like the way I was at your age. I admire your guts and respect your honesty and determination. I love you, Pablo. I've always wanted a son and you're just perfect, kiddo.

Pablo frowned. Alarmed, Randy asked. "What's the matter?"

"Well, sir." Pablo chose his words carefully. "You know what you said last night about waiting a while, and then you would, well make love to me. Thing is, I really, really want that, sir. I've dreamed about it. I want to give my ass to you. I want to give myself to you. I want so bad for you to fuck me sir. But I guess that's all off if I'm your son."

Randy threw his head back and roared with laughter. "Is that your problem? Kid, I said 'adopted son.' It's a legality. You're 21 so it's your decision. But we wouldn't be blood relations so of course we'll fuck. Hell, it's inevitable. That gorgeous ass on you is enough to make grown men weep." His tone became softer, more serious. "But I want much more than that. I want to be your dad support you, protect you, train you, watch you grow. I want us to be best buddies, kiddo."

Pablo frowned again.

"Does that mean I'll have to leave Darius?"

"Hell, no! You and Darius are a great pair and I think you love each other. Darius is your lover just like Bob is mine. What I'm suggesting for you and me is something quite different." He looked at the beautiful young face. "Well? What d'ya say?"

A smile spread slowly over Pablo's face. "You my dad? Sir, there is nothing in the world I would like more. It would be an honor." And he threw his arms around the naked construction worker and buried his face in his chest.

Randy held him tight. "But get this clear, kiddo. There's gonna be no fooling around. I'm gonna be a strict dad. You get out of line and I whip your ass. Clear?"

"Yes, sir. That's the way I want it, too. But sir, are we still going to the Galaxy game?" Randy had promised to take him to a Galaxy soccer match on Sunday when the L.A. team would be at home to Seattle.

"Sure, kid, wouldn't miss it. But listen, this is important. First I have to run all this by Bob and Mark. So don't say anything to Darius just yet, until I say you can. You can tell him about last evening, how we wasted the skinheads and all, but just not this."

"OK, sir. You're the boss."

Randy poked his head into the bedroom where Bob was lying half asleep on the bed. Darius had already left to help Pablo make breakfast.

"You look bushed," Randy grinned. "Hard night, uh?"

"Bob stirred and smiled. "Not really. We talked halfway through the night and then he fell asleep in my arms. It was terrific, just holding him like that. He's one hell of a guy."

"Same story with Pablo and me. Wella long story, actually. I have to talk to you about that. In the meantime I'm horny as hell."

"You and me both," Bob grinned.

Randy sat on the edge of the bed. "Buddy, there's a lot going on, and there's something I want to tell you, need your advice on. But I don't want it to affect our relationship. So right now it's important to me to show you just how much I love you, how much you mean to me. You're my man and I want to prove it. I want us be as intimate as two men can be. I want us to do things we would do only with each other. Can you understand?"

"Randy, when did I ever not understand you? Of course I do, and you can do whatever you like, you know that." Bob grinned. "And you also know what turns me on."

A bit later they were ready. Both of the bodybuilders were naked, and Randy stood at the foot of the bed and surveyed his work. On his back, Bob's muscular body was doubled over. His wrists and his ankles were tied to the posts at the sides of the headboard, so his ass was raised in the air, waiting, completely vulnerable.

Randy sighed. "God, I always forget how incredible you look. You take my breath away every time. Look here."

Bob looked down between his legs and saw Randy's long, thick cock with a roaring hard-on. He gloried in the sight of the swarthy muscle stud, his demon lover poised to overpower him.

"What're you gonna do to me sir?"

"What do you think, man?"

He climbed behind Bob's ass and rested his dick head against the moist hole. "You want it?"

"Always," Bob said. "I'm never whole until I feel your rod in my ass."

"Here it is, then."

Easily and smoothly he pushed his shaft into the willing ass, deeper and deeper until it slid up into Bob's gut and rested there.

"Oh, God," Bob breathed. "God I love that." He looked up at the gleaming muscles flexing over him, then he lowered his gaze to the stud's pubic hair resting against his ass, the cock embedded deep inside his body. The sight, and the feeling inside him, made his own cock rock hard. Randy began slowly to pump his cock inside the ass he owned, then faster and faster until he was hammering the hot, moist hole.

Both men were approaching that euphoric state where nothing else mattered except their orgasm, their outpouring of passion for each other. But Randy had other plans. Suddenly he stopped and slid his cock out of the quivering ass.

"I want more," he breathed.

"I know," Bob said.

Randy began to caress the soft hole with his fingers, inserting first one, then three.

"Yeah....." Bob moaned. "Let me see your arm inside me, sir. Take my ass. It's yours, master. Hurt me, man."

Randy's fist was dry but the hole was moist. With a swift, smooth movement he pushed his hand into the velvet inside of his lover's ass, luxuriating in the feel of the warm, silky wetness as he stroked his fingers against the sides. He curled his fingers to make a fist, then pulled his arm back.

Bob gasped as he felt the big fist pull back to his sphincter, then plunge deep inside him. He threw his head back in a convulsion of joy as he looked down and watched this glorious man's hairy arm piston back and forth in his ass. Randy had never before felt such a sense of power over another man, a total ownership of this magnificent man's body. As he plunged his fist

inside him he watched the sculpted, sweat-soaked muscles flex and strain as the huge arm invaded his body, assaulted his very manhood.

He gazed wildly into his lover's eyes that streamed with tears. "This is it, man. Only you and me. Feel my arm inside you, buddy. We're one now and forever. I'm wild about you, man. I love pumping your ass. Nothing could feel like this. Nothing in the world."

The fist pistoned in and out of the ass furnace as both men soared into a world of euphoria, of pure, passionate joy. Their dicks were rock hard, quivering with the first burning sensation of their rising juice. Their eyes flashed with shafts of excitement as they felt their bodies spasm uncontrollably. Their gleaming muscles flexed and heaved, shuddering in a convulsion of ecstasy.

Randy looked down at Bob and screamed, "I love you, man. I fucking love you, man! You bastard, son- of- a- bitch! It's now, man."

"Yes, sir. NOW"

Bob's cock reared up and poured with huge jets of hot, white liquid. His body was doubled over so his cock was pointing straight at his face. He opened his mouth and let the stream of semen gush down his throat. He gulped as his cock pumped even more juice into his mouth. Then he closed his throat and held a creamy pool of his own cum in his mouth.

Randy saw nothing but the beautiful, chiseled features, the eyes wild and the mouth open wide, splashing with the man's own cum. Randy's body shuddered and his cock exploded, shooting a thick wad of cum straight toward the incredible face. It poured straight into the open mouth, adding to the pool of cum inside, and dribbling out over Bob's chin and chest.

Randy knew what he wanted. He pulled his hand free of the ass, reached up and expertly released Bob's ankles, so his legs fell flat on the bed. Then the big construction worker climbed on top of him, leaned forward and locked his mouth against his lover's. With a sharp intake of breath he sucked in a gulp of creamy cum from the pool in his lover's mouth. In a wild ecstasy they sucked back and forth, sharing the hot semen from one mouth to the other, glorying in the musky taste of the liquid that had poured from both their bodies.

They were joined more closely than they had ever been. Randy had been deep inside Bob's gut and now their mouths were locked, drinking each other's cum in a delirium of joy. Semen spilled from their mouths and Randy rubbed his cheek all over Bob's, smearing both their faces with the juice of their intense passion.

A while later they were in the bathroom about to shower and Bob asked, "Have you taken a leak yet this morning?"

"No, and I have a whole night's worth of piss inside me."

"Me too," Bob said. "And it's just as well, 'cause it's my turn now. On your knees big guy."

They both dropped to their knees facing each other. Bob took hold of his cock and pointed it upward. Taking his cue, Randy did the same. There was a pause as their eyes locked.

"Something new, something intimate you said," Bob smiled. "Open your mouth. Follow my lead."

A dribble of piss came from the head of his cock, and then the stream began. Steam came off the hot urine as it arced high in the air. Bob's aim was perfect. The piss splashed into the construction worker's mouth and he swallowed hard. At the same time Randy released his own pent-up river of piss that filled Bob's mouth.

Kneeling on the floor they watched each other drink from the amber fountains that shot in the air. They gulped as much as they could but some of the hot liquid oozed down their chins, over their chests and down to the floor. They had a huge reservoir of urine inside them and it kept coming. When it finally lessened Bob closed his lips, his cheeks bulging from the pool of piss inside his mouth. Randy did the same and their mouths came together.

They did the same now as they had done earlier with their cum, only this time it was with the sharp taste of piss. Just as they had mingled their semen in their mouths they now mixed their piss. They passed the warm liquid back and forth from mouth to mouth, swallowing a little then sucking in more from their lover's mouth.

Bob pulled Randy onto the floor that was now soaked with the hot, rancid liquid. Their mouths still locked together their bodies embraced and they slid in the deep pool of urine. In the bathroom mirror they caught sight of two bodybuilders, veins etched in their bulging muscles that gleamed with sweat, cum and now urine.

The intimacy was now complete. It could have been utterly degrading, the two big men grinding together, sliding and splashing in a lake of warm piss. But it was not. It was the most incredible, passionate, euphoric sensation they now felt as their bodies fused together, soaked and lubricated by the juices that had poured from their magnificent bodies.

An hour later they were sitting at the kitchen table, freshly showered and relaxed. Randy spoke.

"Man, that was unbelievable. You always give me exactly what I want. You can't possibly know how much I love you." He hesitated and lowered his eyes. "There was a reason I wanted us to be that intense, that intimate. I have to tell you something and I don't know how you'll feel."

They were interrupted by Mark who poked his head into the room, dressed in his uniform, about to leave for work.

"Oh good," said Randy. "Do you have ten minutes, Mark? I really need to talk to you guys together..... get your advice." Mark sat down with them.

"Sure, man. I'm on duty in half an hour but I can spare a few minutes. What's on your mind?"

Randy hesitated, almost embarrassed. "Well I guess I better come right out and say it." He paused nervously, cleared his throat. "I want to adopt Pablo."

He tensed, waiting for their reaction and was amazed to see them smile. Mark looked at Bob, pulled out his wallet and tossed him a ten-dollar bill.

"What the fuck?"

Mark laughed. "We've been talking a lot about you and Pablo. When Bob told me you were spending the night with the kid he said he wouldn't be surprised if you adopted him. I bet him ten bucks he was wrong. I guess I lost the bet."

Bob put his arm round Randy's neck. "For some time I've watched you with the kid and saw a look in you I'd never seen before. I knew something was up, even before you did."

"You freak me out, man. You always know me better than I know myself. So you're not against it?"

"It's a terrific idea," Bob smiled. "Go for it. You'll make a great father. Hell, if you weren't my lover and I was a kid again I'd want you to be my dad."

"Whew, that's a relief."

"By the way, there's an attorney friend of mine in the legal department at work who could handle this."

"Yeah, what about that, Mark?" Randy asked. "What about the legalities? You think it'll fly?"

"You're in the clear there," Mark said. "When Pablo first came here I did some checking with DCFS."

"Come again?"

"A girl I know in Family Services helped me. She'd do anything for me."

"I bet she would," Bob grinned.

"Anyway, she dug into the archives and found out that Pablo's parents had been big druggers. They both died of overdoses soon after Pablo was placed in the foster program."

Randy frowned. "Should I tell Pablo this?"

Bob said. "You should tell him his parents are deceased, but not how."

"Yeah guess you're right, buddy. You always know best. Now, about Darius."

"Ah, yes," Bob said. "That's delicate. He told me last night he's crazy about Pablo. He sees himself as a mentor, a kind of big brother, as well as his lover." He put his hand over Randy's. "Buddy, I think you should let me break the news to Darius."

There was a special bond between Bob and Darius. The young black man worshipped him, admired and loved him. Darius had been in heaven sleeping in his arms the night before, so when Bob said he needed to speak to him alone Darius trusted him implicitly. But the conversation turned out to be a rocky one. When Bob broke the news, at first Darius was speechless. Then he said,

"So you're splitting us up? Me and Pablo?"

"No! God no!" Bob said. He explained that the two young guys would be closer than ever. They were regarded as lovers and would always be. Randy, Bob and Mark would always treat them equally.

"What does that make me, then? Some kind of son-in-law?"

Bob couldn't resist a smile. "Buddy, you're Darius. You're strong, respected, loved by everyone here. Nothing practical is gonna change."

Darius pouted. "It's because I'm black."

Bob never lost his temper but he almost did now. He snapped at Darius.

"That comment, young man, does not deserve a reply. And soon you'll come to me and apologize for it."

Darius looked up at him. "I'm sorry, sir. I apologize now. I can be a jerk sometimes. Please forgive me."

Bob softened. "OK. We'll forget you ever said it."

When the conversation was over Bob reported to Randy that the situation was still tense. Darius had a lot to take in, adjustments to make. As it turned out, the 'situation' resolved itself sooner than he thought and in a spectacular fashion.

* * *

It was two days later and the two young men were working on the remodeling of the pool house. Randy had shown them how to erect a simple scaffold round the house to give them access to the roof and higher walls. Darius had learned a lot in his work at Randy's construction site and was taking the lead here. He was training Pablo, teaching him the tricks of the trade.

But there was still a tension between the two and the instruction sometimes became irritable. The strain between them was building. It was a Saturday morning. The scaffold was only half built, still flimsy, when the tension boiled over.

"No, idiot," Darius shouted. "You turn the wrench like this. That'll never hold."

"That's not how you showed me before. Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"What the fuck do you know about it? Just because you're gonna be his son doesn't make you the boss."

"Well, he chose me, didn't he? He didn't choose you. What does that tell ya?"

Darius shoved him. "I'm still your boss around here, though. Get it? Get it?"

"Fuck you, man. Go fuck yourself."

Immediately they were rolling on the ground trading punches. Pablo was the superior fighter and had Darius in a headlock. But the young black man brought his fist down hard into Pablo's balls making him release the hold. They glared at each other.

Darius yelled. "That hurt, didn't it, faggot?"

"You're the fucking faggot. I'll tell Randy you said that."

"Yeah, well he can fuck himself too."

"No, it's me he's gonna fuck. He told me. He likes me best and he's gonna fuck me."

The shoving matched started again and Pablo pushed Darius hard against one of the scaffolding uprights. The pole shook, slipped from its foundation and fell, causing the whole scaffold to collapse. The two guys flung themselves clear and sprawled on the ground. It was then that they became aware of a shadow falling across them. They looked up startled.

Towering over them was the massive form of the construction worker. Randy stood with his legs astride, his arms folded across his chest. He was stripped to the waist, wearing only baggy beige cargo pants and boots. He looked incredible, and totally intimidating. He glowered down at them without a word. The two men jumped up.

They both swallowed hard. Pablo found the courage to speak. "Have you, er, been here long sir?"

"Long enough to hear every word you two assholes said," Randy growled through gritted teeth.

Pablo stood to attention. "Sir, it was my fault, sir. I started it. Punish me, not him."

Darius cut him off. "He's lying, sir. It was me who started it. I'm the one you should punish."

Their bid to take the blame became a contest and they began shouting at each other.

"SHUT UP!" Randy's bellow was followed by dead silence as the two young men froze. From the house Bob and Mark ran out, barefoot in jeans, pulling on tank tops. They had heard the huge crash and Mark asked, "What the hell's going on?"

With one hand Randy grabbed Darius and Pablo by the neck of their T-shirts, pulling them both up so they were almost hanging from his fist. "What's happening is this," Randy snarled. "These two assholes, these mother fuckers, these shitfaced losers think it's OK to fight each other, to disgrace themselves, insult me and call each other faggots. That will not happen in this house."

Alarmed at Randy's blazing fury Bob took a step forward.

"Hey, buddy. Let me

Randy ignored him. "Seems these assholes no longer like each other. Seems they hate each other's guts. Well we'll see about that. Right now I hate their guts. I will not be insulted by two fucking scabby-kneed kids. Not a word from anyone. I'll deal with this in my own way." And with one hand he heaved the guys off their feet and flung them in a heap on the ground.

A few minutes later Bob and Mark sat at the edge of the lawn watching in anxious astonishment. A big tree branch hung high over the grass and a rope was thrown over it. The other end was wound around the wrists of the terrified Darius and Pablo. They faced each other, chests touching, arms stretched straight up, their feet only just touching the ground. In two rapid moves, Randy ripped their shirts from their bodies. Then he undid their jeans so they dropped round their ankles.

Randy grabbed a piece of cord and reach down to their groin. He wound one end tight round Darius's balls and the other end round Pablo's. Then he wound the cord so their balls touched,

bound tightly together. Randy grabbed a long piece of rope and coiled it around their waists, pulling them tight together. Then he wound it round and round their two bodies, up over their waist and chest and fastened the end round their necks.

The two young guys were now cinched tightly together, chest to chest, from their balls to their necks. Their arms stretched upward to the tree branch and their bodies strained. Their faces were inches apart, eyes gazing into each other's.

Mark and Bob watched in silent awe as Randy pulled his belt from his pants. He spoke to the bound men. "I told you two that if you ever got out of line I would whip your ass. Back there you got so out of line you're lucky a whipping is all you'll get." He looked down at the two asses, the perfect globes of Pablo's incredible butt and the black mounds of Darius's flawless ass.

He took a step back, raised his arm and brought the whip crashing across Pablo's ass. The kid yelled at the stinging pain and his body jerked, sending further stabs of pain through the tightly bound balls of both men. Randy repeated the move with Darius, and as the whip crashed over his ass he too bucked and strained, bringing more agony to their balls.

"You will never, ever, insult me or discredit this house again," Randy snarled.

Again and again Randy lashed with the belt, first around one ass then the other. The round globes bounced and shuddered under the blows and the two young men howled at the pain in their ass and balls. The young, round asses were soon striped red under the unrelenting lash.

Finally Bob stood up and whispered in Randy's ear. "I think they got the message, buddy."

Surprised, Randy stepped back and looked round at Bob. His first impulse was anger but then he saw that soft, kind, gentle half smile in the eyes of the man he loved and his arm dropped. He put his hand behind Bob's head, pulled him forward and kissed him long and hard on the lips.

He took a deep breath, then said in a perfectly calm voice to Bob and Mark. "OK, guys, wanna go for a swim?" He kicked off his boots and dropped his pants. Naked now, he began to walk to the pool, but then stopped and went back to the bound men. His face came close to theirs.

"One other thing, you ass wipes. Not a word all day. One word from you one word and you're out of the house for good. Now we'll see how much you hate each other."

And the three masters dove into the pool.

And so that strange day progressed. The three beautiful muscular men had a great time, swimming, sunning, eating a big lunch, then playing cards over plenty of beer. They laughed, shouted, rough-housed each other and relaxed in the heat of the afternoon.

And all the time, a few yards away, the two young men stood stretched, their balls and bodies bound close together, sweating in the hot sun, jeans round their ankles, their ass still stinging from the beating they had received. They knew they were forbidden to speak. In fact they were terrified of doing so, after Randy's threat. But their eyes and mouths were inches apart and they could barely move.

From time to time they would rest their head on the other's shoulder. But always they pulled back and were forced to gaze into the other man's eyes. At first their gaze held the remnants of their anger and defiance, but slowly the look softened. Each saw his own reflection in the other man's eyes, and their steady, intense gaze began to penetrate deep inside.

Their bodies were stretched and painful, but they were unable to verbally share, to commiserate, to tell the other man to 'hang in there.' Whatever sensations or emotions they felt had to be expressed through their eyes only. For hour after hour they stood stretched in the hot sun and their eyes learned to speak.

The other three men were still now, lying on the grass. Bob was concerned about the two young men and ventured to Randy, "Hey, buddy. Don't you think ?" but Randy cut him off.

"Watch. Not long now."

For hours the two men had gazed into the eyes inches away from them and they began to enter a magical world, a world where the eyes can speak. Pablo looked into the beautiful green almond-shaped eyes of his friend and frowned. Darius knew without any doubt what he was thinking. 'I'm sorry, dude. I must have been crazy. I love you, man. Please forgive me. Let's go back to the way we were.'

Darius's lips curled ever so slightly into a subtle smile. He knew what Pablo was thinking, and Pablo knew that he knew. Pablo smiled too. And from this simple beginning was born a growing understanding, an intensity, a love, a union of souls that they had never experienced before. They had never visited this world or anything like it. They were bound together in a mix of shared pain and pleasure.

"Watch," Randy breathed as the other two men looked on silently, sensing that something remarkable was happening. They also saw something else. Pressed between the two stretched bodies were the two cocks, squeezed upright against their stomachs. And they were rock hard.

The faces now were wreathed in big smiles. Even if they had been allowed to speak there was no need for words. Their eyes now said far more than words could ever convey. What happened next was inevitable. Their faces came closer and closer and they lightly licked the other's lips. Then their mouths closed over each other, gently at first, then building to a hard, grinding embrace.

At the same time their bodies moved within their rope restraints. They pressed together more tightly and their balls, tied together, rubbed against each other with a building frenzy. The three

masters looked on in awe. They saw the bodies twist frantically together, balls grinding against each other, mouths exulting in a passionate exchange of oral juices.

Suddenly their faces separated and they gazed at each other one last time. Their bound bodies shook in a spasm of joy and the cocks between them simultaneously exploded with streams of creamy liquid, shooting up over their chests and up further to their mouths. Their embrace was now lubricated by the white juice of their passion. They were in heaven, oblivious to space and time, unaware of the watching men, lost only in their intense, new-found love for each other.

Bob looked over at Randy, shook his head and smiled. "You son-of-a-bitch."

"So, what do you say?"

Randy had released the captives and they were standing, dazed, in front of him.

"Thank you, sir," the young men said in unison,

"So. I wanted to see just how much you two hated each other. I think I got the answer." Randy turned to Bob and Mark. "Don't you think so guys?"

Mark grinned. "Hate each other with a passion, I'd say."

But Randy was stern as he turned back to the young men. "Never, ever let me see you fight again. Go now. Make your peace. And later I'll speak to you both separately."

Again, "Thank you, sir," and they walked back toward the pool house, with Darius's arm over Pablo's shoulder. They were almost to the house when Pablo stopped and turned round toward Randy with a cheeky grin.

"Sir? Are we still on for the Galaxy game tomorrow?"

Taken aback Randy finally said, "Yeah, yeah. Now get lost before I decide to whip your ass some more."

"And that," Bob whispered to Mark, "is precisely why Randy loves him so much."

As Randy turned round and walked back toward the house he could not smother the broad smile that spread over his face. He looked over at Bob and Mark and said, "And what are you two grinning at? Assholes."

Randy disappeared into the house and Mark shook his head. "Wow, the guy is fucking unbelievable. No wonder they worship him. Has he made love to Pablo yet?"

"No, that comes next," Bob said. "But you know something strange? He's nervous about it. I've never seen him like that before. He wants it to be perfect."

"I know that feeling." Mark was silent. "I wish I could help in some way."

Bob smiled at him. "Oh there is. There's something you can do. Something real special."

GO TO BOOK 4