

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 4

Chapter 32 – Randy Takes Possession

Harmony was restored the next day when Randy kept his promise and took Darius and Pablo to the Galaxy soccer match. Pablo sat between Randy and Darius in the truck as they drove down the Harbor Freeway to Carson. Randy smiled to himself as the young guys chatted excitedly, thrilled to be seeing their first major league soccer match. They were also hyped up by the new intimacy between them, forged by the effects of the extraordinary discipline Randy had subjected them to the day before.

The game was a cliffhanger. With a minute left in extra time Beckham made a brilliant pass and Galaxy scored the winning goal. The kids went wild and shouted themselves hoarse. With their vocal cords shot, the ride back home was much more silent than the trip down, though the contentment was palpable as Pablo stretched his arms over the shoulders of Randy on one side and Darius on the other.

When they got home Randy said to them, “I’m bushed. You two got enough energy to make dinner? We’ll be four; Bob’s home but Mark’s working.” The guys scooted off to the kitchen and Randy went into Bob’s office where he was working at his laptop. Bob raised his head and grinned.

“Good day, obviously.” He leaned back in his chair and looked at the big construction worker. “So, what’s up? You look restless, nervous. What’s eating you?”

“OK, smartass. Since you can read my thoughts why don’t you tell me?”

“Well, let’s see. You had a great day with the guys. Made you feel like a real dad, which you will be when the adoption goes through. You feel closer and closer to Pablo and are scared by what you feel. You know you’re longing to make love to him but you’re nervous as hell about it ... probably for the first time in your life.” He grinned, “How am I doing so far?”

“Fuck you. Bull’s-eye, of course. You psychic or something?”

“I am with you, you know that by now.”

“What else?”

“You want more? OK. Well, when it comes to sex you always say you play rough, and I’ve had my ass hammered often enough by you to attest to that. Usually you just pull a guy’s pants

down and plunge that big dick in. But Pablo brings out all your protective instincts paternal, if you like. He's been hurt and damaged in the past and you're scared shitless of causing him pain now."

OK, OK. If you're so fucking smart, what do I do about it?"

"Just don't underestimate the kid, Randy. Pablo's smart, tough and he worships you. I have a feeling he'll let you know what he wants. The only way you could hurt him is to stop loving him. The one thing I can do is make sure all the conditions are right. And I have a plan."

Randy grinned. "Don't you always?"

"You know that next weekend I have to go to a director's meeting at our Head Office in San Francisco. I'm up for a big promotion. I'll be away the whole weekend."

"Yeah, I know. Don't get any ideas up there, either. Remember

"..... my ass belongs to you, yeah I know that. I've still got the bruises to remind me. Anyway, here's my plan."

So Bob played the diplomat. He had a conversation with Mark and Darius, and Darius had a heart-to-heart with Pablo. The arrangements were set. With Randy's approval Bob told Mark about their special place by the lake in the mountains of the Angeles National Forest high above L.A. Mark was enthusiastic, but the conversation with Darius was a bit more delicate.

"You know," Bob said to him gently. "Randy is soon gonna make love to Pablo for the first time. How do you feel about that?"

"Oh, I know all about that," Darius said cheerfully. "Pablo and I have talked about it. I just wish I could watch but Pablo says that's not on."

"Well," Bob chose his words carefully. "How would you feel about a weekend with Mark? He is fixing to take one of the Harleys up to the forest and camp by the lake for a couple of nights. Think you could handle that?"

Darius's eyes lit up. "What, me and the officer just us? For two nights? Me and Mark just us? That's awesome. Wait 'til I tell Pablo. When I get back we'll have a shit load to talk about."

"Compare notes, you mean. Well, whatever."

And so Bob's planning paid off. Friday was an evening of departures. Randy took Bob to Burbank Airport (closer and easier than LAX) for his flight up north, with a final reminder about who his ass belonged to. As they embraced Randy said, "You're incredible, man. You've been so" He paused. "Hell, I'm wild about you, buddy. And when you get back"

".... we'll celebrate. And you can show me again just how hard you play."

"Asshole." Randy even hung around to watch Bob's plane take off. Then he came back to the house to see off Mark and Darius. The Harley was loaded up with gear and Darius was wearing Pablo's bike helmet.

Mark came out and, as usual, Darius gaped when he saw him. He was wearing leather chaps over his jeans, big black boots, and a sleeveless denim shirt over a ribbed white tank. With his incredible body and sculpted blond looks he was an icon, a fantasy what Bob always called a masturbatory image.

"You ready, kid?" Mark smiled. "Ever ridden a Harley before?"

"No, sir," Darius stammered.

"Well, I'll do all the work. All you have to do is hold on tight. Think you can manage that?" and he winked at Randy."

"Yes, sir!" Darius beamed.

He climbed on behind the cop, put his arms around the muscular body, and with a roar of the engine they were off.

Randy turned back to the house, where Pablo was waiting. It would be just the two of them for the whole weekend.

It was a warm night, the kind of Southern California evening where the heat of the day sticks around. Pablo was in the kitchen preparing dinner. Randy smiled to see that he was all cleaned up clean shorts, sneakers and a clean white T-shirt that hugged the contours of his perfectly proportioned young body. "Fuck," thought Randy to himself as he felt his dick get hard just by looking at the kid.

"You doing OK, kid?"

"Sure, sir. Darius is a great teacher when it comes to cooking among other things," and he smiled sideways with his cheeky grin.

"I'm gonna jump in the shower," Randy said.

When he dried off he found himself being careful about what he wore. He pulled on clean jeans and borrowed a clean white T-shirt from Bob's drawer, as all his own shirts were old and worn. "Jesus," he said to himself. "Feels like I'm going on a first date. I've gotta get over this shit."

A few minutes later the two guys were sitting together eating dinner. At first there was an uneasy silence and they avoided making eye contact. The heavy atmosphere was broken by Pablo who spoke in his usual direct way.

"It's OK, sir. I'm not nervous. I know you're gonna fuck me. It's what I want, sir. More than anything in the world."

"Shit," Randy grinned. "Bob said you'd tell me what you want. I forgot how direct you can be. But tell me something. On your birthday, when you were given your choice, you chose Bob to have sex with for the first time. Why?"

"I knew he'd be gentle with me, and that's what I needed for the first time. I thought you might be a bit rougher. But ever since that time when you first rescued me and held me in your arms I've wanted you, sir real, real bad. I know you'll do whatever you want with me and I'm not afraid."

"Even after I whipped your ass last week?"

"I know I deserved that, sir. Anyway" he trailed off.

"What."

"Well, sir, when I was tied up and you were whipping me" He lowered his eyes and mumbled, "I liked it, sir."

"You did, uh? After all you've been through in your life?"

"But this time it was you, sir. Thing is, I want to give myself to you. I want you to own me, sir." He cleared his throat and said softly, "I want to be your property, sir."

As Randy gazed at him Pablo stood up and took a step back from the table. He looked hard into Randy's piercing blue eyes and paused. Then slowly he reached behind his own neck and pulled at the top of his T-shirt, sliding it slowly over his body, over his head and then dropping it to the floor. He stood shirtless before the man he wanted to serve.

Randy stood up and looked into the beautiful, exotic face of the young man who was offering himself to him. Pablo undid the fly buttons of his shorts and they dropped to his ankles. He

stepped out of them and kicked off his sneakers. He stood naked before his master. And now he lowered his eyes in submission to the man he worshipped, the man who had rescued him, saved him, the man he wanted to belong to.

Randy could not believe his eyes, especially at what came next. He stood motionless as Pablo slowly sank to his knees. The young man reached down and pulled something from the pocket of his discarded shorts. It was a dog collar a heavy brown, braided leather collar. With both hands he reached up and offered the collar to the man towering over him.

Randy understood. He took the collar, bent down and fastened it around the young man's neck. It hung there loosely, like a halter. Finally Pablo allowed himself to look up into his master's eyes.

"Thank you, sir." He cleared his throat. "Please, sir. I want to be your slave, sir. You are my master, sir. Please accept me, sir. I don't deserve you, sir, I know that. But I want to learn. Please teach me."

He fell on all fours, lowered his head and began to lick the boots of the construction worker standing over him. Randy gazed down at the beautiful, naked young man kneeling in submission. His cock was rigid inside his jeans and his breathing became ragged. Finally his deep vice growled.

"Go outside and wait for me."

Pablo stood up and left the room.

Randy stared after the door as it closed. His mind raced with exhilaration and fear. He trembled at the thought of the power he had over this beautiful young man. Part of him wanted to go outside and fuck the hell out of that perfect ass, to whip him, hurt him, make him beg. But he knew that he could not do that to Pablo. This kid was different, and for the first time in his life Randy felt out of his depth.

Finally he went out to the garden and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Oh, God," he breathed.

There was a full moon that night, bathing the garden in a bright, silvery light. In the middle of the lawn stood a young man, naked, beautiful, perfect body, handsome face, his brown skin gleaming in the incandescent light of the moon. A collar hung loosely around his neck, his arms hung straight by his sides and his head was bowed. Randy felt his knees weaken as he stood still and watched.

The young man raised his head and gazed at his magnificent master whose muscular body was outlined under the white T-shirt that gleamed in the moonlight. The sight of the glorious man made Pablo's cock burn. He remained motionless, hands at his sides, as his cock began to stiffen, rising slowly until it was rigid, standing straight out from his black pubic hair. It was a magical sight, the young man standing at attention for his master, his cock rigid, his soft, brown skin bathed in the soft light.

"Pablo," Randy breathed. "I love you."

"Thank you, sir," and Pablo lowered his head.

Randy walked up to Pablo and took him in his arms, holding him in a tight, trembling, endless embrace. Pablo breathed hard as he felt the sinewy muscles rippling through the tight shirt. Finally Randy pulled away.

"Turn around," he ordered.

As the young man turned the moonlight fell on the firm, round globes of his incredible ass. This time it was Randy who fell to his knees, with another "Oh, God." He lowered his head to the ass and began to lick the soft, velvet skin. His tongue became more frantic until his mouth pressed hard against the perfect ass. He lost control and began to bite into the firm mounds, lightly at first, then chewing harder and harder on the soft skin. Realizing what he was doing he was about to stop when he heard Pablo shout.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Oh yes, sir!"

Randy was now entering territory that was more familiar to him, taking control, doing exactly what he wanted without reserve. He bit harder into the kid's ass, finally coming to the warm, moist hole and burying his tongue deep inside. He lapped hungrily at the velvet skin of the sphincter, pushing the tip of his tongue into the furnace inside, aware of the sighs and moans of the young man above him.

Suddenly Randy pulled back, looked at the ass that he now owned and, without even thinking, slapped it hard with the flat of his hand. Pablo yelled, not in pain but in ecstasy.

"Thank you, sir. Please, sir. Please use my ass, master. I beg you, sir."

The round globes bounced as Randy slapped again and again until the skin was red with the prints of his palm. But suddenly he stopped, shook his head and stood up. He spun Pablo around and again took him in his arms. His chest heaved.

"Pablo, I hurt you again. That's what I was afraid of. But that's what I do, kid. I always play rough, I hurt guys. But I don't want to hurt you."

“But I want it, sir.” Pablo pulled back and stared into Randy’s eyes with a steady gaze. “That’s what I want, sir. I worship you, master. I want to give you everything you want. I want to show you how much I love you.” The two men gazed at each other, chests heaving. Pablo swallowed hard and spoke again.

“Please, sir. I beg you. Tie me up, sir. I want to be completely at your mercy. I want to be helpless.” He voice cracked with a sob. “I want to belong to you sir, to be your property. I want to be your slave, sir.”

There was a silence as Randy stared at the earnest, handsome young face. At last he understood. As Bob had predicted, this tough, determined kid would let him know what he wanted. Randy had always said that he and Pablo were alike, and suddenly he realized the full truth of this. All Randy had to do was to be himself, follow his instincts.

Finally he was on familiar ground. All fear and reticence left him as he looked at the beautiful man he now owned. He took charge. Once again he was the master of his world.

“OK, kid. You asked for it!”

He grabbed the dog collar round Pablo’s neck and pulled the naked young man toward the hammock.

Pablo lay on his back spread-eagled in the hammock, his arms and legs stretched to the four corners. His eyes followed his master as the big construction worker began to bind his ankles and wrists. As he worked Randy spoke.

“OK, kid, this is it. You do exactly what I order you to do, is that clear?”

“Sir, I want

Randy slapped his hand hard across Pablo’s chest.

“Shut up,” he growled. “Get this straight. From now on it’s not what you want, it’s what I want. You’re here to serve me. You’re my boy. Got it?”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” Pablo felt the blood surge into his cock, making it stiffer than ever.

Randy stood back and admired his work. “Try to get free,” he ordered. Tightly bound now Pablo pulled at his restraints, twisting his body with the effort. Randy watched the young man writhing in bondage, his sculpted muscles flexing and straining against the ropes. The moonlight streamed through the leaves of the tree above and dappled the gleaming brown skin

with a luminous light. Randy had rarely seen anything so beautiful and he shook his head in amazement. His cock was rigid in his jeans.

Pablo's brown eyes looked up in alarm at his captor as he realized finally how it felt to be helpless, to be entirely at the mercy of his master. There was even a moment of panic when he really wanted to get free, causing him to moan and strain even harder. Randy saw all of this and spoke to his prisoner.

"Scared?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now you know how it feels to be absolutely in my power. I can do anything to you, and you know I play rough."

"Yes, sir," Pablo stammered.

Randy leaned forward and put his hands over Pablo's bound wrists. His steel blue eyes bored into him. "OK, kid. I give you one last chance before I start to work you over. Say the word and you're free like nothing ever happened."

A new kind of panic gripped Pablo. "No, no, sir. Please. Please don't untie me. You're my master, sir. I want to serve you."

Randy stood back, undid his belt and slid it from his jeans. He snapped it taught between his two fists as he stood over the young body that was motionless now. Pablo looked up at the spectacular demon-like man towering over him and braced himself for what was to come. But there was no pain. Randy raised the belt, bent forward and placed it lightly across Pablo's throat, letting it hang there.

He stared down and smiled at the look of relief in the young man's eyes. "And now, Pablo, I'm gonna fuck your beautiful ass. It's what you've been waiting for since the day you first saw me, right?"

"Yes, sir, Pablo breathed. "Yes please, sir."

"Now, Bob told me that when you were with him you shot your load just looking at him. Can't say I blame you for that. The man is fucking gorgeous, enough to make anyone cum. But with me it's different. You don't shoot your wad until I give you permission. Is that clear?"

Pablo swallowed hard. "Yes, sir," he croaked, though he knew that would be tough as he already felt the blood pounding in his cock at the sight of his powerful master. Randy knew this and intended to make the strain of holding back his orgasm even harder for his slave. He paused to let the tension build.

Then he kicked off his boots and, still locking eyes with his captive, he slowly unbuttoned his jeans and let them drop. His huge, thick dick sprang upward, rock hard. He stepped out of his jeans and stood before the young man wearing only the white T-shirt hugging the contours of his muscular chest. There was another pause before Randy spoke.

“You still want it?” he asked softly.

Almost incapable of speech Pablo managed to croak, “Yes, sir. Please, sir.”

Randy reached back behind his own neck and pulled at his T-shirt. Pablo fell into a kind of hypnotic trance as he watched the white cotton slide slowly up the body that gleamed in the moonlight. The ripped abs, the bulging chest, the wide lats and shoulders all became visible until finally the shirt came clear and fell to the ground. Randy stood there in the dappled moonlight, stripped naked, stunning in his male beauty, ready to take possession of his slave.

“Oh Oh God.” Pablo’s breath came in sobs as he gazed at the incredible sight, and his eyes filled with tears. He was in a world of enchantment where only his master mattered. He narrowed his eyes slightly and the massive figure, the moonlight streaming behind him, became a demon-like fantasy, dark, swarthy, his tousled black hair, his muscles gleaming. Pablo felt that he was about to be possessed, penetrated by the Devil himself.

As if in a dream Pablo watched the figure approach. He saw the man raise his hand to his mouth and he licked his fingers. The hand was lowered and Pablo’s body jolted as he felt the warm, wet fingers press against his ass. He moaned as he felt his hole being probed, at first one, then two and three fingers played softly with the membrane inside his ass.

The fingers withdrew, the man walked closer and Pablo again felt pressure against his ass, this time by the tip of his master’s rod. Randy too was in an ecstatic state. This beautiful young man, the man he had come to love, the man he wanted as his son, was lying helpless before him. And his cock was about to enter that glorious ass, the ass he had first marveled at weeks ago, the perfect globes that made his cock stiff every time he saw it. Now, finally, it was to be his.

“It’s time, kid. It’s here. You want it?”

“Aaah!” was all Pablo could moan as his body trembled uncontrollably in anticipation.

The moment had finally arrived but it was over in a minute!

Slowly Randy pushed his raging dick against the hole and slowly it entered the warm, moist, tender ass of this beautiful young man. Pablo closed his eyes as he felt his master’s shaft sliding inside him, pushing deeper and deeper until it rested against the softness of the deepest recesses of his gut.

It was too much for Pablo. He could not hold back. He was helpless, he could not think, he had lost all control as he felt the fiery sensation of this huge cock inside him. His body started to convulse. He looked up and saw the man he worshipped, the god, the devil that now possessed him. He pulled helplessly at his restraints as his cock reared up one last time and erupted. A huge plume of white liquid shot high into the air and splashed against the magnificent chest leaning over him.

Randy saw and felt the young man's perfect body jolt and spasm as the orgasm erupted. The ass too convulsed, clenching tightly around the thick rod, almost drawing the semen out of it. Randy watched the young man's spectacular climax and felt the ass muscles grip his cock like a vice. He was powerless to stop his own cock from exploding inside the soft, warm ass. Pablo stared in amazement at the huge body shuddering over him as he felt the hot liquid pouring deep inside his hole.

Pablo sobbed uncontrollably, part ecstasy, part horror at what had happened. Through his sobs he stammered, "I messed up sir. I'm sorry, sir. I came without your permission. I couldn't help it, sir. What what will you do to me sir?" And in a panic, "Please don't leave me."

Randy smiled down at the distraught face. "Take it easy, kid. Don't beat yourself up. I shot my load too, so it's OK. There's only one way I'm gonna punish you. "

"Yes, sir?"

"Now that the first orgasm is out of the way, now I'm really gonna fuck your ass."

Pablo suddenly realized that he was still rock hard and that the dick inside his ass was also still rigid. His eyes opened wider as he felt the rod start to move in him. He watched the huge body flex over him as his hole was invaded even deeper than before. The sensation became incredible, his ass was on fire and his mind began to swim as he again narrowed his eyes and saw the fantasy image of his master, stunning in the gleaming moonlight.

As the rhythmic pounding gathered strength both men entered a world where there was only one focus Pablo on the piston in his ass, Randy on the fire burning in his rigid shaft. As they gazed at each other the image they saw was no longer of the man they knew. They were strangers.

Randy saw a beautiful young man moaning with pleasure, his exotic features bathed in the joy of total surrender. Pablo looked up and saw a vision of supreme masculinity, a dark force that had totally overpowered him, had penetrated him, a dark demon who owned him body and soul and was now taking possession of his ass.

As he pushed his cock slowly in and out of the young body trembling before him Randy moaned. "Man, your ass feels incredible. It's setting my cock on fire. I'm burning up inside your hole. Look at me, man. Tell me what you see."

"Aaah," Pablo groaned. "I see my master. You own me sir. You are so beautiful, sir. I'll do anything for you. Please, sir, do whatever you want with me. I'm your property I'm your slave, sir. Please, sir" he raised his voice, "please hurt me."

Randy gazed at the pleading face and leaned forward, placing his hands over the heaving chest. He brought his fingers to the hard nipples and squeezed them tight. Pablo opened his eyes and groaned,

"Oh yes, sir. Oh, that feels great. Oh please, sir. Harder sir."

Randy's eyes narrowed and he began to twist the nipples more and more savagely. He felt the hard skin become tender, sore, burning under the onslaught of his fingers. He brought his nails to the tips of the nipples and as they bit savagely into them he heard the young man's screams. He saw the beautiful face thrash from side to side as the features twisted in an ecstasy of pain. The sight made him twist harder until the nipples were raw."

Pablo was in a delirium. He had felt pain before in his life but never like this. It wasn't really pain at all. It was an extreme sensation that was neither pain nor pleasure. Its intensity set his whole body on fire, sent jolts of electricity radiating from his burning chest through his entire being. As he looked up at the beautiful man torturing him his body bucked and strained, pulling at the ropes binding him. His mind was in a whirl of confusion. He desperately wanted to get free no, he didn't want to be free he never wanted to be free again. He wanted to be bound, tortured by this man forever.

And suddenly it stopped. As the pain in his chest diminished he opened his eyes and saw that Randy was still there. He realized too that the hard rod was still sliding rhythmically in and out of his ass. His body was still on fire as he gazed up at his master. A smile came to Randy's face and he said,

"There's one more thing I want."

"Anything, sir."

"I want you to love me, Pablo."

Pablo's eyes closed again and he threw his head back. When he recovered he look straight into Randy's piercing blue eyes. "I love you, sir. More than anything in the world. I love looking at you, feeling you, feeling your cock in my ass, giving myself to you, sir. I love it when you hurt me. I love you, master. Please"

“Now, kid, I’m gonna show you how much I love you.”

The smile left his face and the pounding of the ass gathered speed. Soon he was really hammering the burning hole, fucking as he really liked to fuck, hard, brutal, punishing the ass that he owned. This was Randy in his own world, the savage demon who showed his love through pain. His hard rod plunged deeper and deeper, battering the soft insides of the young man’s ass.

As he watched the bound body jolted by the piston inside him, saw the frenzy in the young man’s face he realized he was losing Pablo and he had to bring him back. Pablo was in a twilight world and in the far distance he heard a low voice calling him. “Pablo. Hey, kid. Come back to me.” Pablo opened his eyes and saw the most tender, loving smile he had ever seen.

“It’s time, kiddo. You want to shoot don’t you?”

“Please, sir. I beg you. Let me cum for you.”

With a mighty heave Randy plunged his dick hard against the innermost part of the furnace. He said quietly, simply, “OK, kid. Shoot your load now.”

Instantly Pablo erupted with another stream of cum, this time bathing his own chest and face with the creamy liquid. And he felt his master’s juice pouring into his body, saw the muscular torso flex and heave over him, saw the steel blue eyes piercing his very soul. Then he passed out.

As if in a dream Pablo was dimly aware of his wrists and ankles being untied. He thought he felt the collar being removed from his neck. Then suddenly he had a sensation of being alone. In the panic of desertion he opened his eyes, but he was soothed by the sound of a voice. “Over here.”

As life began to flow back through his body the boy raised his head. There in the middle of the lawn lay the spectacular naked body of his master, gleaming in the bright moonlight. Slowly, painfully, Pablo raised himself out of the hammock and stood up unsteadily.

“Come here to me.”

He walked over to his master.

“Lie down.”

He lay next to Randy and quickly recovered his senses, relaxing in the warm closeness of the man he revered. After a while Randy turned his head and smiled. “You OK, kiddo?”

“Terrific,” Pablo sighed. “How did I do sir?”

“You did great, kid.”

“Thank you sir.” He turned toward Randy with a cheeky grin. “Just checking, sir.”

“You little fucker,” Randy laughed. He grabbed him and they rolled together over the grass, hugging, kissing, laughing in the joyful release of shared emotion. They were exhausted. Finally they lay together, naked in the hot night. Pablo turned over and pressed his back against the sinewy chest of his master. His ass was resting against his cock, which stirred and became hard. Instinctively Randy slid his rod between the cheeks and deep inside the moist hole.

In a few minutes they were still. If anyone had come into the garden they would have seen two beautiful, naked men, sleeping peacefully, curled up together, one with his cock inside the other. And that’s how they stayed all night, bathed in the soft light of the full moon.

At that moment Bob was gazing at the same full moon through the window of his suite at the Ritz Carlton in San Francisco. He was in a good mood, having been given great news by the board of his company. But his mind was on the house in the hills back in Los Angeles.

He stripped naked and fell into bed. “I wonder how the guys are doing?” he thought. He tried to imagine Randy and Pablo in the house, and Darius and Mark by the lake. His hand went to his cock as he focused on the image of Randy, perhaps even now pounding Pablo’s ass. It didn’t take long for him to shoot his load under the fine cotton sheets.

“Can’t wait to see them on Sunday,” he thought, just before he drifted off into a dream-filled sleep.

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Chapter 33 – Darius’s Cop Fantasy

The full moon was also shining down on Darius and Mark at the lake. Darius had clung to the big body of the muscular cop as the Harley sped out of town. They had driven fast, high up into the Angeles Forest, and finally turned off onto the bumpy dirt road until they reached the silent lake. Now they stood at the water’s edge and marveled at the expanse of water shimmering in the bright moonlight.

It was still warm even up this high and Mark shook off his shirt, stripping down to the white tank stretched over his magnificent torso. He put his arm around the young man. "Well, we're all alone up here for the whole weekend, just the two of us. Happy, kid?"

Darius smiled up at him. "It's like a fantasy."

Mark smiled. "Is that so? You know what Bob calls you?"

"No, sir."

"The King of Fantasy." Darius laughed. Mark turned to him and grinned. "Maybe we should put that to the test, see if Bob's right."

"Whatever you say, sir"

Mark grinned. "Having the Harley between my legs always makes my cock hard. Think you can do something about that?"

"Definitely, sir."

"OK, tell me one of your fantasies something you've never told anyone."

Darius smiled shyly and hesitated. "Well, sir, you being a cop and all, and the most beautiful cop I've ever seen, I have jacked off sometimes thinking about nah, you'd never go for that."

"Try me," Mark said simply. Haltingly Darius stammered a description of the image he saw in his mind when he beat off. Embarrassed he hung his head. Mark cupped the young man's chin in his hand and raised his head. "Sounds great. Let's go for it."

A few minutes later Darius stared at the big tree at the edge of the lake. His breathing became ragged. "Oh, God," he said. "It's better than I ever imagined it. Oh, man," and he reached down to rub his dick through his jeans.

What he saw gleaming in the bright moonlight was an iconic image that would make many men shoot their load on the spot. Mark had stripped down to his underwear. His white ribbed tank top outlined the contours of his perfectly sculptured torso. White stretch boxer briefs went midway down his thighs and clung to the bulging muscles of his legs. Barefoot, he had his back to the tree, arms stretched back around the trunk, wrists bound. He looked at Darius.

"How's that?" he asked softly. Testing his wrist restraints he tried to look behind him and struggled, making his incredible body flex and strain beneath his underwear. His shoulder muscles rippled, his biceps bulged and, as his face twisted from side to side, his tangle of blond

hair fell across his god-like features. The realization hit him that he was the captive of this beautiful black man and a frown crossed his face as he looked up at him.

Darius had to stop himself from shooting his load right on the spot, and he moaned out loud. "Oh, man. I've never seen anything like that. I've tried to imagine a cop stripped to his underwear, lashed to a tree and at my mercy, but I never came close to this. It's unbelievable. Let me just look at you, man. Now, try to get free."

The big cop began to struggle in earnest, pulling his wrists hard against the back of the tree. Every muscular sinew of his body strained under his tank and briefs as he pulled harder and harder. He took a step forward so his arms were stretched way back behind him, making his shoulders bulge as he lowered his head and groaned.

As he pulled on his arms, his knees began to buckle and his bound wrists started to slide down the tree behind him. He sank lower and lower until he finally fell to his knees. His arms were now stretched high up behind, his shoulders bulging to their limit, and he had difficulty raising his head to look at his captor.

"Fuck you, asshole," he breathed as he hung from his restraints. He was starting to sweat and his muscles began to gleam in the moonlight. Wet patches spread slowly over the front of his tank top and around the bulging crotch of his briefs. To ease the pain in his legs he brought one out in front of him, so he was now kneeling on one knee. He finally brought the other leg forward too and he sat against the tree, looking up at the black man towering over him.

Darius was in a trance. He looked down at the cop and said. "You are fucking gorgeous. And you're all mine. I can use you however I want to. You're helpless. The big, beautiful cop is helpless. He's my prisoner."

"Fuck you," Mark yelled. "Let me go. What are you gonna do to me, man?"

Darius stepped forward and placed his foot against the bulge on the crotch of the cop's briefs. He felt the rock hard cock underneath and pressed against it. As the pressure increased the cop's face twisted in pain and he yelled, "No, you're crushing my cock." His handsome face tossed from side to side and his body strained to get free.

Darius grinned at him. "You gonna do what I tell you, asshole?"

"Yes, you fucker, yes," Mark yelled.

"Wrong answer," Darius said and pressed harder with his foot.

"OK, OK Yes, sir. Please, sir. I'll do whatever you say."

"That's better," Darius said. "Now, get back on your knees."

With difficulty Mark pulled first one leg behind him then the other until he was back on his knees, leaning back against the tree, breathing hard and looking up at Darius. The young black man sneered down at him.

“Well look at you. The big, gorgeous, tough cop. Don’t look so tough now, do you, big guy? Jeez, if all those guys who worship the big cop could just see him now, stripped to his underwear, lashed to a tree. Look at me, asshole. What have you got to say?”

Mark’s sweat stained face looked up and he groaned, “Thank you sir. I’m nothing, sir. Use me.” He watched as the muscular black man took a step back and unbuttoned the fly of his jeans. The cop’s eyes widened as he saw the monster shaft fall out, huge, rigid, pulsing. Darius stood over the defeated man and pointed his cock down at his face. Mark’s body tensed and he groaned. “No, not that. Please.”

Darius ignored him and a dribble of hot urine fell from his cock. It became a stream, pouring downward to the cop’s face. It splashed into the sculpted features and golden hair. Then Darius lowered his cock and the gush of rancid piss poured over the man’s chest, soaking the white tank top, turning it transparent so the muscles showed through clearly. Then down lower, over the cotton boxer briefs, soaking the crotch and revealing the rigid dick pulsing underneath.

What had been pristine white underwear was now soaked with piss and clung to every sinew of the cop’s body. He lifted his face, streaming with warm urine, and looked at the towering black man. The powerful bodybuilder, always in charge, was now groveling, piss-soaked on his knees.

“Thank you, sir,” he moaned.

“Stand up,” Darius ordered.

Mark pushed himself against the tree and strained to ease himself upward. His huge thighs bulged and strained under his briefs as his legs flexed and his soaking body slowly rose until he was once again upright. Darius stepped back and gazed at the incredible sight, the gorgeous, powerful cop stripped to his underwear, soaked from head to foot in stinking urine, wrists still bound behind the tree. He looked at Darius awaiting his fate.

Darius knew what Mark wanted. Slowly the black man began to strip. He kicked off his boots, then dropped his jeans and stepped out of them. He too was now in just his underwear, a white sleeveless muscle T-shirt and white briefs. He pushed his cock back inside and Mark gazed at the huge bulge in his crotch. His own cock showed rigid through the soaked, transparent cotton of his briefs.

Darius smiled at Mark. “You look fucking awesome, man. You wanna cum?” Mark smiled back. “What do you think, asshole?”

Darius walked forward, his eyes riveted to Mark's. Their gaze never wavered as he pressed his body against the soaked underwear stretched over the muscular body of the cop. Their chests were pressed so hard together they felt the beat of the other's heart. But what they felt most was their pulsing dicks pressed hard against each other through the crotch of their briefs.

Darius raised himself on his toes, then back down again as he rubbed his crotch against the soaking crotch of the cop. Under the wet cotton their cocks ground together harder and harder until they could feel the burning sensation pass between them. They smiled at each other as their bodies strained and flexed against each other through their underwear. Finally Mark said, "You ready?"

"You bet," breathed Darius and screamed loud as his big cock erupted inside his briefs. Simultaneously, Mark threw his head back, blond hair wet against his forehead and his own stream of come exploded in his boxer briefs and spread a huge stain over the wet cotton fabric.

As their rods poured with creamy liquid in their underwear the men laughed at each other in the exhilaration of release. Their bodies heaved for a long time until they were finally still. Mark grinned at Darius. "How was that for a fantasy, kid? Get you off OK?"

Darius beamed. "You are fucking incredible, sir. I have never in my life seen anything more beautiful. I'll be beating off to that image for years to come."

A few minutes later they were standing at the edge of the lake, looking out over the moonlit water that was now being ruffled by a stiff, warm breeze. "Santa Anas are kicking up," said Mark, referring to the hot dry winds that periodically hit Southern California, sweeping in off the desert and through the mountain passes. "Wanna go for a swim, wash off some of this piss and cum?"

"Right behind you, sir."

They fell into the water and swam with relaxed strokes, Mark relieving the crampness in his muscles that had been bound and stretched. When they came back and strode up the small beach they were a sight to behold, two perfectly built men, the one a golden, muscular bodybuilder, the other a tall, black-skinned young man with a long, lean sinewy body. They were both still in their underwear, now soaking wet, clinging transparently to their sculpted frames, showing every perfect contour of their bodies etched underneath.

Breathing hard from the exertion of the swim Mark looked at Darius. "My turn now. We gotta get out of these wet clothes, and you're gonna help me. First one who's naked gets fucked by the other, deal?"

“Deal,” grinned Darius and reaching low, grabbed Mark’s leg and through him off balance. The big cop sprawled on the beach and rolled over, covering his soaking white shirt and briefs in wet sand. Darius was on top of him in an instant, but Mark’s superior size and strength quickly overpowered him. The two bodies grappled, rolling over and over in the sand, grabbing, clawing at each other’s underclothes that were now streaked with dirt and gravel.

The whistling of the hot wind barely masked the sound of the panting men and the ripping of wet cloth as the underwear started to come apart. Darius’s shirt came first, as Mark grabbed the neck and yanked it downward, pulling it clear off in one stroke. Shirtless now, Darius lunged at Mark’s shoulder and managed to tear away one shoulder. They sprang to their feet and circled warily, Darius in just his dirt-stained briefs and Mark with his tank hanging from one shoulder.

They crashed together again and Darius twisted suddenly to get the upper hand. He pushed at the cop’s big body and grabbed for his waist as he fell. His hand clutched the tank and the boxer briefs, ripping the shirt clean off and tearing one leg of the briefs up to the waist. Mark was clearly on the losing end of the struggle. But as he sprang back to his feet he lunged forward and body checked the young black man, sending him sprawling on the ground.

Darius looked up at the towering cop and the sight made his cock hard. Nearly naked now, his wet muscles gleaming in the moonlight, all he had left was his shredded briefs hanging loosely on one leg. One more rip from Darius would clinch the fight, but instead he lay sprawled on the ground and gazed mutely upward.

Mark stood over him, his chest heaving. Calmly he reached down to the waist of Darius’s briefs and, with one mighty wrench, ripped them clean off, holding them up as a trophy of his victory. The naked black man looked up at the Greek god and smiled. Mark grinned back down at him.

“You let me win, you fucker. Why?”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. Another fantasy of mine is getting fucked by a cop.”

Back in the city the full moon was being replaced by a warm rising sun in the early morning. The Santa Ana winds had picked up, bringing more dry heat and making the palm fronds stream sideways from the bending trees. The wind raced over the sleeping form of the dark muscular man stretched out on his back on the lawn. Randy stirred and reached over for Bob. Then he remembered that Bob was away, and memories of Pablo and the night before flooded over him. He reached out for Pablo, but he was not there either.

Randy heard a door slam in the wind and he pulled himself up on his elbows. The sight of Pablo walking toward him made his dick stir as it always did. The boy was naked, except that he was again wearing round his neck the dog collar he had pulled out of his pocket the night

before. Randy understood. Pablo wanted to demonstrate his commitment to being his master's slave.

He was carrying a large tray, with an elaborate breakfast on it. He smiled and lay the tray on the lawn beside the big, naked construction worker.

"Breakfast, sir."

"Thanks, kid. Here," and he patted the ground beside him.

Pablo sat beside him and looked up at the trees. "This wind is something else, sir. Kind of makes you nervous, makes your flesh crawl."

Randy laughed. "You've been reading Raymond Chandler."

"Uh?"

"Never heard of him? We've gotta do something about your education, kiddo. Bob reads a lot. I'll have him make up a list of books you should read. It was Bob who read me the bit from Raymond Chandler about the Santa Ana winds. I remember it by heart. Wanna hear it? It's a great description."

"Please, sir."

"OK, here goes 'It was one of those hot dry Santa Anas that come down through the mountain passes and curl your hair and make your nerves jump and your skin itch. On nights like that every booze party ends in a fight. Meek little wives feel the edge of the carving knife and study their husbands' necks. Anything can happen'."

Pablo's eyes shone. "Wow. Think we're gonna end up in a fight? I better hide the carving knife."

"Well 'anything can happen,' the book says.

Pablo moved closer to his master and, as they both wolfed down their breakfast their conversation flowed easily. Last night had been a physical and emotional experience they would never forget. Relaxed now, they were getting to know each other better.

"I remember Bob reading that piece to me one morning in bed with the wind howling outside."

"You really love Bob, don't you, sir."

"He's my life, kiddo. I hope one day you can feel something like that for Darius."

“When I’m older, sir, I want to be like you.”

“No you don’t, kid. It’s tough being me.”

“I know, sir.”

“How would you know a thing like that?”

“Because, sir, in a way I’ve had to be like you all my life. As I was shunted from one foster home to the next I’ve always been alone had to take care of myself. I used to feel that if I wasn’t tough I’d have disappeared. I think you called it an ‘alpha male’, sir. That’s what I had to become, just to survive.”

Randy smiled. “I realized that about you from the moment I saw you confront those assholes, the Baxters. That’s why I love you kiddo. We’re very alike, you know.’

“But the thing is, sir, that’s why last night was so great. For the first time I was able to stop being tough.” He hesitated. “It’s hard to describe, sir.”

“Try, kiddo.”

“See, I was able to submit to another man, give myself to you. And, sir, it was such a relief. I was in your power. I had to do whatever you wanted. I made no decisions. I was able to become a slave. You’ll always be my master, sir. As long as I know you.”

“A you sure you’re only 21, kid? You seem to have it all worked out.”

The cheeky grin returned to Pablo’s face. “You should try it sometime, sir. Give yourself up completely to the power of another guy.”

Randy gazed at Pablo and there was a long silence. Deep in thought Randy said, “There’s only one guy in the world I could do that with.”

Pablo smiled again. “I know, sir. I wish I could be there when you ask Bob to well, you know, sir.”

Randy let that thought just hang in the air. He looked up and touched the collar round Pablo’s neck. “Where did you get this?” “Is there a story in there?”

“It was meant for Billy.”

Randy was surprised by a sudden pang of jealousy. He asked sharply, “Who’s Billy?”

“He was my dog sir, at my last foster home. A Doberman puppy, black and brown. He was the only thing I ever loved in my life before you brought me here, sir. We were buddies, did everything together. I bought the collar for when he got bigger.”

“What happened to him?”

“When they sold me to the Baxters they wouldn’t let me take him but I kept his collar. I guess he still lives there. Must be three or four by now.” His eyes misted up as a lump came to his throat. “I miss him every day, sir.” He swallowed hard and tried to hold back the tears that started to well in his eyes. Randy took the beautiful young face in his hands and gazed into his eyes.

“Hey, Pablo. You can let go with me, you know. It’s just you and me right now. You can let go.”

Suddenly all the toughness Pablo had built up over the years dissolved as he looked at the man who was his master. All the hidden pain and loneliness spilled over and he fell against Randy’s body with tears streaming down his face. He let himself be held and his body was racked with sobs. He gave himself to his master, became naked in his arms as he cried all the tears that he had held back over the years.

He had truly given in to the man he worshipped, let Randy see him in all his defenseless, his emotions stripped bare. Randy fought back his own tears as he cradled the sobbing boy in his arms, feeling the tears pour onto his chest. “That’s it, kiddo,” he said softly. “Now we really know each other. Hold on to me. I’ll always take care of you. That’s a promise.”

Even though they were both strong, tough alpha males, the two men held on to each with a tenderness and gentleness that they would never show to the rest of the world. It would bind them together forever.

Randy’s mind raced and his jaw clenched. He knew what he had to do next for this kid.

For the rest of the weekend the Santa Ana winds blew, adding an ‘anything-can-happen’ edge to their time together. The two men remained naked the whole time, except of course for the collar around Pablo’s neck. Pablo was in every sense Randy’s servant, his boy, his body slave. He bathed him, cooked for him, responded instantly to his every need and whim.

The young man’s body was alert to his master’s every physical desire and his ass was always available. Randy took advantage of it often, sliding his demanding cock between the perfect mounds whenever he wanted, day or night.

They did not talk much. Their relationship had been established and each instinctively played his part. It was a perfect weekend. But it ended of course. Late Sunday afternoon they were in the pool and Randy said, "Come here kid." Up to his chest in the water Pablo walked forward into his master's arms. Randy held him tight in a long, passionate embrace.

"Just remember what I've said this weekend, kid. I'm always here for you. You're mine, and soon you'll be my son. I'll always love and protect you, OK?"

Pablo looked up into the translucent blue eyes and said simply, "Thank you sir." No more words were needed.

Randy unbuckled the collar from Pablo's neck. "I'll hang on to this," he said.

After the intensity of the weekend there was an almost visible glow around Randy as he drove to Burbank Airport to pick up Bob. They had not spent two days apart since they first met and Randy was aching to see him. In the small terminal he waited impatiently just outside the security area and looked down the long corridor to the gates. And he turned more than a few heads. Dressed in jeans, boots and a sleeveless flannel shirt he towered over the crowd, many of who wondered who this incredible looking man could be meeting.

Finally the wait paid off. Randy saw the crowd of passengers coming from the San Francisco flight, and caught sight of the handsome business executive striding among them in his tailored business suit and tie. "Jesus, Randy thought, it's Clark fucking Kent." He saw that Bob too turned many heads of his fellow passengers. In fact two young girls ran up to him giggling and he had a few smiling words with them.

Finally he came through the barrier, saw Randy's beaming smile and the two men hugged warmly. Again the crowd gazed at the two men greeting each other. So that was who the big, muscular man had been waiting for. Well, that figured. They were after all the two most stunning men in the airport.

"God it's good to see you," Randy whispered.

Bob held him at arm's length. "And judging by the glow around you, you had a hell of a weekend."

"Yeah," Randy grinned. "We'll talk. What did those girls want?"

Bob blushed. "They'd never been to Los Angeles before. Wanted to know if I was a movie star."

Randy laughed. "I hope you told them 'yes'."

They were soon in the truck driving home. "So how did your meetings go?" Randy asked. "You look like the cat that licked the cream."

Bob smiled. "Oh, well enough. So well in fact that you're looking at the brand new Senior Vice President for Southern California operations."

Randy grinned. "Well it's about fucking time. I could have told those assholes that you were fucking brilliant as well as totally gorgeous. They should've made you king of the company."

By chance they arrived at the house just as Mark's motor bike skidded to a halt and he and Darius took off their helmets. But the four men's greeting was short. Randy knew exactly what he needed. He grabbed Bob by the tie and led him swiftly through the garden and upstairs to their room.

Randy flopped down in his big armchair and gazed at the big businessman. "Let me just look at you, man. That's what I need. You know, when I saw all those people at the airport gazing at you in awe, you know what I wanted to yell at them?"

"No, but I'm sure you'll tell me."

"I wanted to shout, "Hands off, people! He's mine. He belongs to me."

Bob grinned. "The important thing is that I knew it. So what are you gonna do about it?"

"Well, let's see. They were all ogling you, but now I get to really get to look at you in my own special way long and hard."

"Oh, you are?"

"Well, not just you. I'm gonna be looking at the brand new senior vice-president, and you know what he's gonna be doing?"

"I have a fair idea."

"Course you do. He's gonna be looking in the mirror getting off on himself."

Without another word Bob turned to the mirror and looked at himself, still in his smart blue business suit, tie loosened a little, his top shirt button undone. He had to admit, he looked pretty stunning. Randy had trained him to get off on the mirror image of himself, and he felt his cock stiffen in his shorts. His eyes moved from his own reflection to Randy sprawled in the chair, then back to the mirror.

He reached down, unzipped his fly, opened his pants and shorts and pulled out his already raging cock. As he began to stroke it he caught sight of Randy pulling out his big rod and holding it in his fist. They were both horny as hell and it didn't take long.

As he beat his meat Bob concentrated on his own fine features, saw the outline of his broad shoulders and muscular torso under his business clothes. He shrugged off his jacket, undid his tie and let it hang round his neck. He slowly unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it apart to expose the hard chiseled mounds of his pecs.

"God, you're beautiful," he said to his mirror image. That did it for Randy. He was blown away by the gorgeous man, his man, making love to his own reflection. He felt the blood and fire rising in his dick and he moaned. Bob heard this and turned from the mirror. He took a step forward, and gazed down at the construction worker sprawled in the chair.

"Here it comes, buddy," he said, and a long stream of creamy cum spurted from his cock, splashing down on Randy's face, his chest and arms and all over his shirt. Randy's orgasm was simultaneous and as his own cock exploded the shout of pure joy could be heard by the other three guys downstairs.

Randy grinned up at his exhilarated lover. "Welcome home movie star.

Darius and Pablo had run off to their pool house chatting excitedly. "Dude, just wait 'til I tell you everything we did." "No, me first, you'll never believe" and the door closed behind them.

The three big guys smiled and Randy spoke. "You, guys. Before we get cleaned up and have dinner I need to speak to you. There's a lot I want to discuss, big things, but there's one thing that's urgent. Mark do you still see that girl in Family Services?"

Mark blushed a little. "Sure I do, sure. Why?"

"Do you think you could find out from her the address of Pablo's last foster home?"

"Sure. That should be no problem at all."

It was two days later and everyone had just got home from work, everyone except Randy who had left work early and taken off alone. In a short while they heard the truck skid to a halt. Randy came in and looked at Darius.

“Hey punk, you remember how I said I was gonna give my truck to you?” He tossed the keys to him. “Well, it’s yours. Bob and I are gonna buy a new one tomorrow. I’m gonna need something bigger for the project I have in mind.”

Darius’s eyes opened wide. “Wow, really? Oh wow, thank you sir. I don’t know what to say exactly

“Don’t say anything, punk. Just don’t wreck it, OK?” Now come outside, all of you. I have something for you too, Pablo. They followed him out and Randy stood by the door of the truck. “Ready?” he said. He opened the door and out bounded a three-year-old black and brown Doberman. It stood for a second disoriented, but then spotted Pablo and howled. Pablo yelled, “Billy!”

The dog threw himself at Pablo and knocked him over. The two rolled over on the ground with Pablo shedding tears that Billy lapped off his face with his big wet tongue. The other four men gazed in awe at the sight.

Bob turned to Randy. “How in hell did you swing that?”

Randy grinned. “You remember Mark gave me the address of his last foster home? I just went there. I wasn’t gonna take no for an answer you know me. Hell, those mother fuckers were quick enough to sell Pablo to the Baxters. They sure as hell weren’t gonna stop me from taking the dog.”

Form his pocket he pulled the collar he had earlier taken from Pablo’s neck and tossed it down to him. “Here, kid. You’re gonna need this.”

Bob felt tears coming to his eyes and he shook his head. “You son-of-a-bitch.”

The frenzy finally died down and Pablo pulled himself to his feet. “Sit,” he commanded and Billy sat obediently at his heel. Pablo dried his eyes and looked up at Randy, fixing him with a penetrating gaze. As their eyes met an unspoken, intense intimacy flashed between them. There were no words. They both knew instinctively what the other was feeling. Pablo reached up and lightly ran his fingers down Randy’s forearm.

“Go,” Randy said softly. “Introduce him to Darius.”

Darius walked forward and Pablo said, rather formally, “Billy, this is my best buddy Darius. We’re all gonna live together.”

From that moment on Pablo and Billy were inseparable. The dog followed him everywhere. Where you found one you would find the other. The only place Pablo would not let him come to was the garage when he was working on a messy car job. He had tried that and Billy wound up covered in engine oil. Took hours to get him clean.

So it happened a few days later that Pablo was working alone in the garage and he had left Billy pacing the floor in the pool house. It was late afternoon and nobody else was home yet. Mark was finishing his shift and Bob and Randy were out taking the new truck for a test drive. Pablo had the house to himself. He had rolled himself under Mark's truck and was doing an oil change. He was surprised to hear the garage door open, and then he froze as he heard voices.

"Well will you look at that. It's him alright."

Pablo quickly pulled himself from under the truck and stared up at two figures he recognized instantly. It was the skinheads he and Randy had thrashed a few weeks ago. They had come across them beating up a young Mexican guy on the street and had made short, brutal work of them, leaving them beaten and humiliated in the gutter soaked in urine.

"Hey, faggot. Didn't think you'd be seeing us again, did ya? We found out where you live. And this time you don't have the big guy to protect your sorry ass."

Pablo was quick. Still on his back, his foot shot out and his boot connected with the balls of one of them. The guy screamed, doubled over and fell to his knees. Pablo sprang to his feet and grabbed the second guy in a vice-like head lock, bringing his knee up under him crashing into his chest.

He knew the guy was weakening and couldn't take much more, but suddenly an arm came round Pablo's neck from behind and he felt the cold touch of steel at his throat. The first guy had recovered and pulled a big, serrated knife that he held hard against Pablo's neck. He froze, unable to move or the blade would cut him. The other guy staggered to his feet and also produced a knife that he waved in front of Pablo's face.

The thug breathed heavily, and finally got his wind back. "Well," he sneered. "So here we are, and we've got ourselves another faggot. This one's real pretty. Be a real pity to cut that face, but hell, that never stopped us before. This is payback time, asshole. Pablo winced as the knife came close to his face.

Then suddenly "Freeze!"

They whirled round and stopped in their tracks, paralyzed by what they saw. Despite the danger he was in Pablo could not believe that his dick stirred. Mark stood in full uniform, legs apart, with both arms thrust forward to steady the gun he was holding. The magnificent cop was an awesome sight, stunningly beautiful, powerful and in total command.

“Drop the weapons, assholes. NOW!”

#

Chapter 34 – Randy Gets Mad – and Rough

There was a frozen moment where nobody moved. The thug behind Pablo still held the knife to his throat. But Pablo took advantage of the hesitation and slammed his elbow backward into his assailant’s stomach. The skinhead screamed and dropped the knife. Terrified, now, the other thug threw his knife on the floor. Mark moved swiftly forward and kicked the knives skidding away to the wall.

“On the floor, on your belly, NOW!” he shouted.

The skinheads dropped to their knees, then onto their stomachs, arms and legs spread-eagled. Mark quickly pulled handcuffs from his belt and secured their arms behind their backs. He yanked them up and pulled them across the floor until they were sitting against the wall. Pablo tossed him some rope and Mark bound their ankles.

Mark turned to Pablo. “You OK, Pablo?”

“Never better, sir. I almost had them sir. I would’ve beaten them except for the knives.”

“I know, kid. I saw enough to know you would have taken them both down. I’m real proud of you.”

“Sir will you tell that to Randy?”

A deep voice growled, “Tell what to Randy?”

They looked up to see Randy and Bob standing in the open doorway.

“What the fuck.....?” Randy looked down at the prisoners huddled against the wall. “What are these slime-balls doing here?”

Quickly Mark filled Randy in on what had happened, making sure to add that Pablo would have thrashed them if they hadn’t produced knives.

“Of course he would. He’s my boy.” Randy did not take his eyes off the skinheads. They looked up at the massive construction worker with fear in their eyes. Finally Randy spoke.

“You fucking pieces of shit. You dare to come here and threaten my boy? Nobody messes with my property and lives to tell about it. You’re damn lucky you’re in the custody of the police

officer here or right about now I'd be beating the living crap out of you." He turned to Mark.
"What'll you charge them with Mark?"

"Well, let's see. Breaking and entering, of course. Assault and battery. Assault with a deadly weapon. Hostage taking. Hell, a good D.A. can bump it all the way up to attempted murder. No question, these guys are looking at serious prison time. Look at them. Wouldn't give much for their chances inside."

Randy glared at them and said to Mark. "No chance you could give me an hour with them before you call for backup?"

"Sorry, buddy. You know the rules. They're in my custody."

"Er" In the background Bob cleared his throat. He had watched all this in silence. His vision was not clouded by Randy's blazing anger and, as usual, he saw a different slant to the situation. "Could I have a quick word with you guys over here?"

They were distracted by the frantic barking of Billy locked in the pool house. Randy said to Pablo. "Hey, kid. Go get your dog before he breaks the door down. Bring him here and keep him on a short leash."

Pablo left and the three guys went over to the corner of the garage where Bob spoke softly. He had a radical idea. Could Mark release the prisoners into Randy's custody? "Don't charge them for now ... leave it hanging over them. Randy, you said you were going to have to hire a couple of day laborers to help finish the construction of the new house, do the grunt work. Why not use these guys?" Bob asked.

"Have you totally lost your fucking mind?" Randy hissed. "Give these assholes houserom when they almost killed my boy? I'd just as soon wring their fucking necks."

Mark frowned. "Just a minute, buddy. Bob may have a point. You know I'm a great advocate for rehabilitation and if these guys are sent to prison they'll end up career criminals for the rest of their lives. It would be a stretch but I can bend the rules and let them off with a warning and deliver them into your custody. You'd have to take full responsibility for them."

The nervous skinheads watched the three guys in intense conversation. When it was over the men walked over to them and Mark explained the proposition.

"Right now you're in my custody and normally I'd haul your sorry asses off to jail. But these men have offered to take you off my hands."

Randy took over. "We're gonna give you shitheads a choice. Jail time, or working here. In jail you'll be two new pieces of meat. Here you'll answer to me. But make no mistake. The officer here plays by the rules. I don't never have. Don't even know what the rules are. One false move, one small step over the line and I'll beat the shit out of you. It won't be pretty. I'll whip

your asses and then do something to them that'll make you feel like the "faggots" you enjoy abusing."

Pablo came in with Billy. The dog instantly snarled at the skinheads and bared his teeth.

Randy continued. "This here is Billy. Seems he doesn't like you, and you just tried to cut his best friend, Pablo. One wrong move by you dick-heads and Billy will likely cut you, with these," and Randy reached down and drew back Billy's lips to display the snarling teeth."

"So that's your choice. You take your chances with the big guys in prison or you stay here and take your chances with me. What's it to be?"

One of the skinheads croaked. "We'll stay here."

"Wrong answer!" yelled Randy. "Try that again."

The skinhead flinched. "We'd like to stay here, sir. Please, sir. Don't send us to jail."

"That's better. And remember, while you're in this house you will address everyone here as 'sir' everyone including the dog. Do I make myself clear?"

Both skinheads said loudly together, "Yes, Sir!"

It didn't take long. The new building was partially completed, including a basement room that would eventually be used for storage. For now it was to be the skinheads' new home, and they were locked inside. Mark had given them a final warning that it needed only one word from Randy and they could still go to jail.

Mark had gone off to change and Randy looked at Pablo. His eyes became moist and he took the boy in his arms. "Jesus, Pablo. When I think what could have Hell, I don't wanna lose you, kid."

"No fear of that sir. I nearly had them sir, you should've seen. I had one on the ground and I was choking the other. He was almost down."

"I know, kid. Mark told me. I'm real proud of you."

"Thank you, sir. Er any suggestions?"

Randy smiled at him. "Yeah. OK, so there are two of them. You've taken one down, he's on the ground, and you're working on the other. But you should always watch the first guy out of the corner of your eye. He might recover quicker than you think. A second boot to the balls would have been a good idea. Got it?"

“Got it, sir. I’ll remember that.”

Randy ruffled his hair and laughed. “Hell, remind me never to get on your bad side, kiddo.”

Just then the gate opened and Darius came home from work. “Hey, what’s going on? Did I miss something?”

Randy and Pablo laughed. “Fill him in, kid. Then you two get dinner ready. Don’t wait for me.” He clenched his jaw. “I’m finally gonna get my hour with the assholes in the basement.”

As the two surly youths huddled in silence on the basement floor, the door crashed open and Randy stood there, glowering down at them. They could see the cold fury in his eyes. He took the measure of them, both pale, lean and muscular, their heads shaved, and a cold, hard look in their eyes.

“Stand up,” he ordered. He held up the knives he had picked up off the garage floor. “Now, these are the knives you were gonna use to cut my boy. You fucking cowards, two against one and you still needed weapons. You’re lucky the cop intervened. If you had harmed my boy I would have killed you. As it is, I think we should take up the fight where you left off. Only this time it’ll be me.”

Randy threw the knives across the floor to them. In one sudden move he pulled his T-shirt off and towered over them stripped to the waist. He banged his hands against his huge chest.

“OK, here it is, boys. It’s all yours. The body is yours to cut, as you were gonna cut Pablo.” They hesitated. “Well come on Let’s see what you got.”

The skinheads picked up the knives and started to circle Randy. They swiped at him with the knives, took stabs at his naked chest, but always he stepped out of range just in time. He taunted them. “Is that all you got, assholes? No wonder my boy was able to whip your ass. You’re pathetic pieces of shit.”

As Randy intended, this remark angered them and one came close and raised his knife to strike. Calmly Randy reached out, grabbed his wrist and wrenched the guy’s arm behind his back and yanked it brutally upward. The guy screamed and dropped the knife.

Remembering what he had told Pablo Randy kept his eye on the other thug, who was raising his arm to strike. Still holding the first guy in a vice, he kicked upward and his boot knocked the knife flying out of his hand. He shifted his grip on the first guy and threw him hard against the other, so they both went crashing against the wall. They looked in terror at the shirtless bodybuilder standing over them and knew they were finished.

But Randy wasn't finished. He was only just beginning. He picked up the knives and held one to each of their throats, pricking the skin.

"So, here's what it feels like, assholes. Maybe I should do to your faces what you were gonna do to my boy, uh? What d'ya say, uh?"

Terrorized, one of them spoke. "No, sir. Please, sir. Please don't. We'll do anything you say, sir."

"Damn right you will."

He threw down the knives and stared at them. Then he raised his arm and slammed the back of his hand across the face of first one, then the other. They reeled against the wall.

"That was for my boy. Now this is from me." And again he slammed them, again and again until they were spinning round the room, totally defenseless against the fury of this big demon of a man. They groaned and sobbed as the beating continued. Randy gut punched them mercilessly, then administered the final blow, a vicious knee to the groin that sent them crashing to the floor, doubled up in pain.

They sobbed and begged. "No more, sir please, sir we're begging you don't hurt us no more."

Randy stood over them, his chest heaving, eyes blazing with rage.

"Any of the guys in this house could tell you that I play rough. And it gets rougher than this. Stand up." They staggered to their feet. "Now, strip naked."

Without hesitation they shed their clothes and stood naked before him. "You, kneel," Randy barked. When one skinhead was kneeling in front of the other, Randy said, "Now, what was it the man said about making the punishment fitting the crime? Let's see. The thing is, you hate what you like to call 'faggots', right? You enjoy beating up on them. Ever wonder what it feels like to be a faggot? Ever wonder that, asshole?"

"No sir," groaned one of them.

"Well, it's about time you found out." To the guy kneeling he said, "Open your mouth wide." And to the other, "Take hold of your dick. Put it in his mouth."

The skinhead opened his eyes wide and was about to protest but Randy raised his hand and the man quickly stepped forward and slid his dick into his buddy's mouth.

"Now. Fuck his face. And keep looking at me." The dazed thug started to moved his hips, staring at Randy the whole time. His cock slid in and out as the kneeling man choked. It must have been a combination of the sight of this shirtless stud and the warm sensation in his dick, but the skinhead was amazed to feel his dick getting hard.

“That’s it, ‘faggot,’” Randy sneered. “Looks like you’re getting off on your ‘faggot’ blow job. And your friend sure gives good head. You sure you’ve never done this before?” Tears were coming to their eyes as they were forced to perform what was to them a degrading act.

Randy let it go on for a while, then said, “OK, change positions. Your turn to suck dick, asshole.” The other guy knelt and slowly opened his mouth. Again they flinched and shuddered as they were forced to endure this total humiliation.

“OK, you cocksucker. Pull out and take your dick in your hand.” Randy walked behind the kneeling man and faced the other. He reached forward and put his fingers on the man’s nipples. The guy groaned as Randy started to squeeze.

“Now, jack off.” The skinhead winced and hesitated. Randy squeezed harder and barked, “I said, jack off, shitface!”

Furiously the man pumped his cock. He felt the fire in his tits and his gaze was transfixed by the steely blue eyes of the shirtless construction worker. He started to feel the heat rising in his groin and the blood rush to his cock. Mesmerized by the muscular man facing him he breathed heavily and started to moan.

Randy growled at him, “That’s it, fucker. Now shoot your load over him.” The skinhead had no choice but to obey. He screamed as a long jet of white semen shot from his cock into the face of his friend kneeling before him. The guy on the floor moaned in humiliation as he felt the hot cum pouring down his face. A second gush hit him in the chest and ran down his body.

Randy stood back and smiled. “That’s it asshole. Now you’re a real ‘faggot.’ Feel good? OK, your turn.”

Once again the positions were reversed and, with Randy squeezing his tits, the second guy was hypnotized by the steely blue eyes. It did not take long for him to shoot his wad all over the kneeling man. Both men were sobbing now with the sensation of total degradation at having committed this ‘faggot’ act.”

“That’s it boys. Welcome to the ‘faggot world’. You fit in real fine. Now listen good. If I ever, ever, hear either one of you dickheads utter the word ‘faggot’ again I swear I’ll fuck you in the ass and rip you wide open. That’s when I play real rough. Get it?”

“Yes, sir,” they both sobbed.

It took only a few minutes for Randy to arrange things how he wanted. There were two wooden posts in the middle of the room, structural supports, and the two men were standing against them unable to move, hands bound tightly behind the posts. There was a mirror against the wall

and they were forced to look at themselves and each other, stripped naked, their faces and bodies streaming with cum.

“Well don’t you boys look real pretty?” Randy bent down and picked up something he had dropped on the floor earlier two black leather collars. He quickly fastened one around each of their necks. Then he stood back and folded his arms.

“See, the thing is, guys, I didn’t appreciate you shitholes roughing up my boy. Then I get mad and I get rough.” Their bodies slumped and their eyes streamed with tears. “See that in the mirror? The whole time you’re in this house you’re gonna be naked except for your collars. Now I’m gonna leave you looking at your own reflections, two miserable, broken assholes, stripped naked, your bodies soaked with the cum of your buddy. Feast your eyes on that, ‘faggots’.”

He picked up his shirt and their clothes and turned to go. Then he looked back. “By the way, you can think of this as your job interview. Thing is, I’m not sure yet if you got hired.” He paused “I’ll get back to you on that. Meanwhile, boys, enjoy the view.”

And Randy strode from the room, locking the door behind him.

A short while later over dinner the other four guys looked at Randy. They knew he had spent time with the skinheads and they were longing to know the details but didn’t dare ask. When the meal was over Randy looked round the table at them all.

“I know what you’re all wondering,” he said. “I’ll just say this. Those assholes are scared shitless and I don’t think they’ll give us any more trouble. They’ve been punished, big time, and there’s an end of it. From now on, Darius and Pablo, you’re gonna be in charge of them. While they’re here you’ll be their masters. A new experience for you both. Don’t fuck up.” The young guys grinned at each other.

“They’ll be doing the grunt work on the construction that’s left to do. I want them to work hard, and I want you to treat them fairly. Watch them carefully and if you think they deserve punishment check with me first. But be careful of them. They have to be kept in line.”

Mark said, “Maybe it would be helpful if I looked in on them in uniform occasionally. A uniform has a way of impressing guys.”

Darius grinned, “It sure as hell impresses me.”

Randy whirled on him. “And you, punk, can lose the fantasies for once. I know life for you is one long fantasy but this is serious. You’ll be in charge of them. And you, Pablo, keep your anger in check. You have a habit of flaring up, like me, but you’ve got to tame it here.”

“Ok, sir.”

Bob added, "Don't forget, we want to rehabilitate them, so we have to show them how decent guys live. There's a bathroom off the basement room so make sure they have towels and supplies. There's a TV we can move in and hook up to the cable. They'll be eating down there, but the same food as us."

"One more thing," said Randy. "Pablo, keep Billy close to you at all times. He's your best protection." They heard the tail thumping under the table. "You know what a burglar says. He would rather be surprised by a householder with a gun than by a dog. And you know why?"

"No, sir."

"Because the dog wouldn't hesitate!"

Now that Randy had laid down the ground rules they relaxed. But Randy still held the floor.

"Now, we have more important things to discuss. There are gonna be big changes. Most important, I'm quitting my present job and forming my own construction company." Darius and Pablo looked up in surprise. "That's why I bought the new truck. Bob and Mark have helped me in this. Bob has been crunching the numbers and come up with a budget we can live with. Mark can find guys who'll handle the security we'll need. And I can get good deals on most of the gear and equipment."

"But the strength of a construction company is in the men and the hard work. I've already got more work lined up than we can handle so I'll be running two shifts. My buddy and current foreman Jack will be coming over with me and he'll be the first shift foreman. But I need a foreman for the second shift." He paused and looked at Darius. "That's where you come in, punk. You're gonna be my second foreman."

Darius gasped and had trouble taking it in.

"I've been watching you and you've come on real well. You work hard, you're honest, and you're good with the other guys. Jack will work with you for the first few weeks. The drawback is that you're young to be a foreman. The advantage is that you'll be the only foreman whose ass I can whip and fuck if he screws up. Supervising the skinheads will be good practice for you." Darius's mouth was moving but no sound came out. "No need to say anything, punk. You can thank me by showing me how hard you can work."

Randy paused to let all this sink in. Pablo put his arm around his buddy, the new foreman. Randy hadn't finished. "Now, about the house. The half of the new building that's for Mark is finished and he'll be moving in right away. Our basement, where he's been living, will convert back to a gym and

"..... and play room," interrupted Darius, his eyes shining.

“Yeah, yeah,” grinned Randy. “Mark, we’ll all help you get settled and then we’ll set up the gym again.” He turned to Darius and Pablo. “Your part of the new house is still not finished. The work’s going too slow and I want it done fast so you can get out of that one room you’re living in. That’s where you and the skinheads come in.” He paused. “That reminds me. I think it’s time for me to untie them. I want you all there.

Minutes later all five guys were in the basement of the new building and four of them could not believe their eyes. The skinheads were still tied to the posts in front of the mirror. They looked totally demolished and subdued, and there was a mass of what had to be semen drying all over their faces and bodies.

“Jesus Christ,” said Mark. “You don’t mess around, buddy.”

Randy addressed the prisoners. “I’m gonna untie you now. From now on Pablo and Darius here will be your masters. You will address them as ‘sir’ and do everything, everything, they order you to. If they report any trouble, then you’ll be answering to me again, and that won’t be pretty. My guess is you don’t want to tangle with me again. Am I right?”

“Yes, sir,” they said, hanging their heads.

“The officer here will be living right above you, and he’s just waiting to haul your asses to jail if you fuck up. You will be naked all the time until you start to deserve clothes again. You will not remove the collars round your neck. You will have no first names. Give me your last name and age?”

“Miller, sir. 22.” “Brigg, sir. 23”

“OK, Miller and Brigg. What you’re gonna do now is turn round and look at the five men facing you.”

There was a long silence as the skinheads looked from one man to another the two beautiful young brown-skinned guys with the perfectly sculpted bodies. The incredible cop who looked like a Greek God. The stunning bodybuilder who looked like Superman. And the dark, glowering, muscular demon who had already made them suck dick and shoot all over each other. The air hung heavy as the silence continued.

Finally Randy barked, “You get a good look?”

“Yes sir,” they said loudly.

“OK. You’ve already been thrashed and humiliated and if you put one step wrong you know what’s in store for you. So I’m gonna give you one last chance to change your mind. You can go to jail, or you can stay here and work like slaves for all of us. What’s it to be?”

Everyone was surprised at the speed and enthusiasm of their replies.

“Stay with you, sir. Please, sir.”

“Yes, sir. We want to stay here, sir. Please, sir.”

Unbelievably, the skinheads' dicks had started to get hard.

Later that night Bob and Randy were lying in bed and Bob gazed into Randy's eyes.

“Tired?”

“Totally bushed,” Randy groaned.

“Well, once again you showed everyone who's boss around here. Must be exhausting to be everyone's master. Must be tough to be you.”

“That's just what Pablo said.”

“You should try to relax let go a bit. Try letting someone be your master for a change. It might be a big relief.”

“Pablo said that too.”

“Course, there's only one guy in the world could do that.”

“That's what I told Pablo.”

“So?”

“So what? You could never dominate me, man. You know I'd always beat you in a fight. You'd never make me submit.”

Bob smiled. “In a physical fight, sure. But there are other ways I could make you kneel to me.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. And I have just the plan.”

“You always have a plan. Well let me tell you something, buddy, right now I have a plan of my own.”

Bob grinned. "A plan that maybe involves your cock and my ass?"

"You got it. On your knees, asshole."

As the week progressed everyone followed Randy's orders. The skinheads began work on the construction under the strict surveillance of Darius and Pablo. Billy, too. They were surly at first but gradually showed signs that they were willing to work and obey.

Mark moved into the new house and the gym equipment was moved back into the basement room, which was still lined with mirrors. It was once again the workout and play space, redolent of all the sexual activity that had taken place there.

On Friday evening Bob came home from work and found Randy alone in the room in a pensive mood. Bob, still in his work suit, stood looking at him and picked up on his thoughts.

"It's time, buddy," Bob said.

Randy looked up and said mockingly. "Oh yeah, that's right. I forgot. You're gonna turn me into a slave for the night. OK, come on, then. You wanna fight?"

Bob said calmly. "No I don't want to fight. There's just one thing I want to do, then I'll take it from there. You up for the challenge?"

"Try me," Randy snarled.

A few minutes later Randy was alone in the room and he had allowed his lover to do what he wanted. The big construction worker was sitting in a chair, naked. His hands and arms were bound behind the back of the chair and his ankles tied to the chair legs. Instinctively he tried to struggle but he was tightly secured and could barely move.

"Why the fuck did I let him do this?" he thought to himself. "This is crazy. He's never gonna get me to submit to him like this. I'm the master here and nothing's gonna change that. Shit better just humor him, I guess."

Just then Bob returned. He was still in his business clothes, dark blue suit, crisp white shirt and tie. And he was carrying his gym bag. Randy had seen this many times in the locker room of the gym they belonged to, Bob changing from his work clothes to his workout gear. But somehow this looked different.

Randy growled. "OK, buddy. You've had your fun. Now cut me loose and let me fuck you're ass like I always do."

Bob ignored him, didn't even look at him. It was as if he was alone in the room. He began the usual daily routine of getting ready for his workout. First he looked in the full length mirrors and ran his hand inside his jacket and over his shirt, feeling the hard, bulging pecs underneath, then squeezing his nipple.

He smiled as he looked at the mirror image of the business executive and imagined the bodybuilder's physique that would soon be on display in a muscle-crunching workout. He moaned softly as he continued to stroke his nipples. Randy watched all this too with the same image in his mind. He was always amazed by the beauty of this stunning man and, not for the first time, gazed in awe at the image in the mirror.

Bob unbuttoned his jacket, shrugged it off and placed it carefully over the back of a chair. Then he undid his tie and pulled it off slowly. He unbuttoned his collar, first the top button, then another two. His white tank top became visible underneath. He opened the shirt wider and again stroked his nipples through the soft cotton of the tank. He moaned softly to himself "wow."

Randy's thoughts raced. "Jesus," he thought. "The man's stripping to turn himself on." Instinctively he tried to move his hand to his now-bulging crotch but he couldn't move. His wrists were bound tight behind him.

By now Bob had undone his shirt front and began pulling it from his waistband. He let the shirt hang loose and just stood staring at himself. Finally he pulled the shirt off and hung it carefully on a hanger, the tie draped around it. He stood there stripped to his white tank top, his shoulder muscles and big arms now on full view, the hard ridges of his abs clearly etched under the tight cotton.

Randy now had a raging hard-on and strained to free his hands to touch his dick. He hated his helplessness and his reflex was to give orders.

"OK, man, that's enough. Untie me now. I've had enough of this bullshit. I'm ordering you, asshole. Untie me."

It was as if Bob hadn't heard him, intensely focused as he was on the fantasy in the mirror. Slowly he pulled at his tank top, sliding it slowly up his hard torso, over his head, until he held it in his hand. Carefully he folded it and placed it on the arm of the chair. He stood back and looked at the shirtless stud in the mirror.

He flexed his chest muscles, placed his fists on his hips and flared his wide, V-shaped back. At the same time he hardened the stomach muscles to show off his eight-pack abs. Then he raised both arms and admired himself as he flexed his biceps. He looked magnificent.

"Come on, man," Randy pleaded. "Let me join in. You know how I get off on you. Let me at least touch my cock."

Again, no reaction from the bodybuilder, now lost in the fantasy of his own image. Next he kicked off his loafers and undid the belt around his slim waist. As his pants dropped to the floor he stepped out of them, picked them up and folded them carefully. Now wearing just his white shorts and black socks he put the pants over a hanger, adding his jacket, then hung the hanger on a hook.

The slow, deliberate way he moved sent Randy insane. He was about to bark an order, but stopped himself as he gazed at what came next. Bob bent down and pulled off his socks. He paused, allowed himself one quick, mocking glance at his prisoner, then dropped his shorts. Naked now, he admired his perfectly sculpted body. As he again flexed his muscles his cock started to grow until it stood out stiff in front of him.

Randy's own muscles strained with the desperate effort to free himself. He wanted this man like never before, he wanted to touch him, to fuck him, to dominate him totally as he always did. But he was beginning to realize that this time was different. He began to grasp that this was Bob's way of dominating him, of making him beg.

"I'll be damned if I will," Randy thought to himself. But the image before him overwhelmed his determination. Bob was now reaching down to his gym bag. He pulled out an old sweat-stained jock strap, stepped into it and pulled it up around his tight waist. He turned slightly from side to side, getting a view in the mirror of his bulging crotch in front and the perfect globes of his ass behind, framed by the straps of the jock-strap.

Randy couldn't take much more. "OK, man. What do you want from me? You want me to say please? OK, you win man. You're fucking gorgeous and I want you. Please untie me, let me touch you. I'm begging you now man. Isn't that enough?"

But it wasn't nearly enough. Not by far. Bob had decided that Randy would submit to him completely. He would grovel, crawl. Bob would fuck with his mind, drive him wild and would become his master. And Randy, the alpha male, the boss, would become, just for tonight, the abject slave he had never in his life dreamt of being.

There was a long way to go, Bob thought, before that happened. But they had the whole night ahead of them

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Chapter 35 – Randy Begs for Release

Bob strode over to the thermostat on the wall and turned it up to maximum heat. Randy heard the hot air hiss through the vents and watched as Bob bent down and pulled his gym shorts from his bag. They too were old and worn, stained with the sweat of many workouts. He pulled

them on over the jock-strap, then put on an old, thin tank top that stretched over his perfectly sculpted torso. Finally he pulled on an old smelly pair of sneakers, unlaced, no socks.

He stood back and again admired his body in the mirror. He had to admit that he looked damn good. He ran his hand over the thin cotton of his shirt, feeling his hard pecs underneath, grazing his nipples with his fingertips. He took a sharp intake of breath. "God, you look good, man. Now let's see those muscles strain."

The workout began.

First he jumped up and grabbed the chin bar. He pulled himself up to the bar again and again, putting maximum strain on his shoulders and biceps and flaring his V-shaped lats. As the bulging muscles flexed and his veins stood out in hard-etched relief he looked incredible. Randy was becoming incensed and pulled at his restraints. "Don't do this, man. I'll thrash you for this. Come on let me loose, man. Let me just touch you, for God's sake."

Bob's concentration on his workout was intense and he barely heard the bound man's voice. He went from the chin bar to the bench press and Randy saw the solid pecs bulge under the cotton tank. The bodybuilder moved from one piece of equipment to the next and over the course of the next hour punished himself with a muscle-crunching workout.

The heat in the windowless basement became intense and it wasn't long before Bob's body was streaming with sweat. The thin tank clung to his chest and became transparent, his bulging pecs clearly etched under it. His threadbare shorts also became soaked and the jockstrap was visible underneath. His face, arms, shoulders, thighs all poured with sweat and his whole magnificent body gleamed under the lights.

Sweat poured also from Randy's naked body but he was unaware of it, so focused was he on the incredible sight before him. The man was pumped, gleaming wet muscles flexed and ripped to the max, gym clothes soaked and clinging to the superb body. Randy was hypnotized and he struggled mightily to get free.

His rasping words came in out in sobs. "Oh God. You're unbelievable, man. I've never seen anything so beautiful. That body. It's magnificent. I've got to touch you man. Just touch you. My dick is raging hard. Please, man. Let me loose. I'm begging you, man. Isn't that what you want?"

Finally Bob left his own reflection and turned to the man struggling in the chair. "You know what? Why don't you just shut the fuck up? There's no way you're gonna get free. We've got a long way to go, asshole."

"Just one hand," Randy begged. "Just let me"

"Shut up! I guess I'll have to force you to keep quiet."

Bob looked in the mirror and slowly pulled the soaking wet tank over his head. He stood there shirtless, gazing at his sweat-soaked, naked chest, heaving after the exertion of the workout. Holding the tank he walked over to Randy and in a quick series of moves he twisted the soaking shirt, stuffed it in Randy's mouth and tied it tight behind his head.

Stunned, Randy screamed into the gag, shouting a string of muffled obscenities. He realized that would have no effect and became still, now grasping the full impact of his situation. He couldn't keep his eyes off the stunning bodybuilder, stripped down to his gym shorts.

But even more overpowering than the visual impact was the smell and the taste. The smell of the sweat-soaked shirt in his mouth made his head swim and he clenched his jaw. As his mouth squeezed the shirt a stream of the bodybuilder's sweat poured into his throat and he had to gulp it down.

He glanced sideways and caught sight of himself in the mirror. He saw a gleaming muscle stud, tied helplessly to a chair, muscles bulging and gleaming with the effort to get free. He was gagged with a stinking, wet shirt and his throat spasmed as he gulped down the sweat of his captor. All Randy's senses were overwhelmed at the same time and he moved into a world of pure sensation, of fantasy, of the ecstasy of being totally in the power of this incredible muscle god.

He watched as Bob worshipped the image of himself in the mirror. The bodybuilder smiled as he flexed, posed, looked at every facet of his incredible body. He put his hands to his waist and slowly lowered his shorts until they dropped round his ankles. He kicked them away and kicked off his sneakers.

"Jesus Christ, you're fucking gorgeous, man," he said to his reflection. He gazed at the muscle god in the mirror, stripped down to his jockstrap, his entire body now pouring with sweat. "I love that body, man. You don't need anyone else man. You can always jack off looking at yourself. You're all you ever need. Come on, man. Show it off for me."

Again he jumped up to the chin bar and again his perfect muscles bulged as his body strained up and down. The hot air still poured through the vents, the room was steaming hot and both muscle studs poured with sweat. Randy was still screaming into his gag but gradually he stopped. Motionless, he gazed at the sight of the muscular giant, his soaking, naked body in just a thin jockstrap, putting on a spectacular show of ultimate male beauty.

And it was at that point that Randy crossed the line. He wanted this stud so badly, so desperately and he wanted him to be his master. He felt it now; he felt the intense transformation, the need to serve this muscleman. He needed to be his slave. Nothing else would match the sensations that overwhelmed him. His eyes pleaded.

Sensing the profound change that had occurred Bob gazed at his captive. He walked over to him and slowly untied the gag. He looked down at the pleading, sweating face raised up to him

in submission. The bulging jockstrap was inches in front of his face, thin cotton soaked with sweat so the rigid, heavily veined cock and balls showed through vividly.

“Tell me,” Bob said simply.

“I need you sir. I need to serve you. I need to be your slave. You are my master, sir.”

“Good. We’ll see just how much you need it see if you really mean what you say.”

He walked forward so the jockstrap almost touched the captive’s face. Randy was overpowered by the smell of sweat. The wet cotton brought out other smells, the stink of old piss, and stale semen too where the man had several times cum inside the jockstrap looking at himself. Intoxicated by the pungent smell Randy started to beg in earnest.

“Please, sir. Give it to me sir. I’ll do anything for you sir. I belong to you. I’m begging you, let me taste it, sir.”

“You gonna obey me?”

“I swear to you, sir.”

“Good. That’s what I wanted to hear. Open your mouth.”

He pushed his crotch forward and the naked, bound construction worker began to lick the thin cotton, tentatively at first, then lapping hungrily at the bulge of the dick folded inside, and then the hard round balls. The taste, the smell, the sight sent the broken man into a delirium of the senses. This bulging jockstrap was his world. It belonged to his master and he was being allowed to taste it.

The bodybuilder inched even further forward until the swollen jockstrap entered the desperate mouth. Randy’s eyes widened as his mouth closed over the stinking cloth enclosing his master’s hard cock and huge balls. He stopped himself from choking, then began sucking hard. As he sucked he closed his lips firmly around the scrotum and, like a cock ring, the effect was to make the cock even harder.

Bob moaned, “That’s it, you piece of shit. Suck your master’s balls. Look at yourself, man like a fucking animal.”

Though he was still tied to the chair Randy was able to glance sideways and saw the stunning image of the big, powerful muscle-stud now reduced to a broken slave, sucking desperately at his captor’s balls. All his senses were on fire. He could see, smell, taste, hear and touch the spectacular bodybuilder who now owned him. He switched his gaze upward to the chiseled body towering over him. He saw it shudder, then convulse and he heard his master shout.

“That’s it, fucker. Eat that meat. Make your master cum. Make me cum, man!”

Randy felt a massive jolt run through the body and he tasted the sticky dampness inside the jockstrap. His master's cock was gushing with semen inside it. The creamy juice oozed through the thin fabric, out the sides and over the top as the body shook and trembled.

Randy sucked hard, tasting the cum through the jockstrap, letting the escaping juice soak his face. The sensation was driving him wild. The ecstasy of bringing his master to orgasm overwhelmed him and he felt his own cock shudder as it exploded. His body jerked backward and the stream of cum shot straight up toward Bob's crotch and soaked his already sodden jockstrap. The two muscular bodies shook with the intense physical and emotional release, the passion of two stunning males, master and slave, erupting in a shared and violent climax.

Instinctively Randy leaned forward again and clamped his mouth over the bulge of Bob's cock and balls. The taste of his own cum was now mixed with the pungent smell of Bob's stale piss, sweat and semen. Randy was in a wild, sensual delirium of taste and smell as he sucked on their mingled juices.

Finally Bob pulled back, his ripped body pouring with sweat, his chest heaving. He gazed down as the bound man raised his head. With tears flowing down his sweat-streaked face the construction worker looked up at his master in abject surrender.

"Now that," Bob said, "is a broken man."

It took a while for the room to get cooler. Bob had turned down the thermostat and left the room, much to Randy's dismay. He was still naked, still bound to the chair, still reeling from what he had seen, smelled, tasted and felt. His one desire was to submit to this spectacular man, to serve him, obey him, to be his slave. He desperately needed to see him again in all his stunning beauty. He would do anything he was ordered to do.

Eventually the door opened behind him and Randy caught a glimpse in the mirror of a sight that made him gasp. He could not believe the fantasy that walked round and stood before him. Bob was wearing Randy's leather outfit. He wore heavy black boots and over his jeans he had pulled on black leather chaps that were belted tight around his slim waist. His chest bulged under a black leather harness, with a leather vest over that. His sculpted features still gleamed with sweat and his eyes were hidden behind dark mirror glasses.

Randy gasped, "Oh, God. That's unbelievable. You're fucking magnificent, sir. Please don't leave me again. Make me do anything. I need to belong to you, sir. Just to be near you is a privilege, master."

Bob folded his arms across his chest. "As I recall you boasted that you could never be my slave. What do you say now?"

"I was wrong, sir. I want to serve you, sir. You can do anything to me."

Bob leaned down and slowly untied the ropes that bound the naked construction worker, whose arms fell to his sides as he slumped in the chair. Bob took a few steps backward. He took off his glasses and locked eyes with the exhausted man. They stared at each other for a long time, their eyes speaking a wordless language. The leather man's strong steady gaze mesmerized his captive and involuntarily Randy slid off the chair and sank to his knees, then onto his belly.

"Let me see you crawl, asshole," Bob sneered.

Randy raised his head enough to focus on the black leather boots. He desperately needed to prove to this stunning man how badly he needed him. Slowly he eased himself forward, dragging his naked, sweating body over the floor, closer and closer to the boots. When he reached his goal his face fell forward and his tongue lapped frantically at the boots. Then he rubbed his cheek against the bottom of the chaps and slowly worked his way up, hungrily licking the shiny black leather.

He raised his head and saw that Bob was holding a black leather collar. He moaned, "Yes, sir. Please, sir. Make me your slave." Ceremoniously Bob buckled the collar around his neck.

"Stand up."

Bob was now holding a cat o' nine tails, a whip with many long strands of leather. The big men again locked eyes. Randy took a step back, stood with his legs wide apart, and he raised his arms up and out, so he was standing ready, offering his glorious, spread eagled body.

"Please, sir. My body is yours. Take it, sir."

Bob raised the cat and brought it crashing against the massively sculpted chest. Randy did not flinch or make a sound, but gazed steadily at his master. Again and again the whip wound round his torso and he did not move. He badly wanted to submit his body to his master, needed to be flogged by him.

It was a ritual flogging. Bob knew that Randy could withstand any pain, so the whip was merely a symbol of the master taking complete control of his slave. When the flogging finally stopped tears were flowing down Randy's cheeks.

"Thank you, sir. I am your slave. Allow me serve you, sir."

And serve his master he did, all night long. He obeyed his every command, brought him whatever he wanted, tended to his body, soaped and massaged him in the shower, then towed him off, caressing the spectacular body that he now worshipped.

His subservience came from the depths of his being. Bob was astonishing and Randy knew he wanted to be near him always. He would do anything, anything, to have the man forever. He was truly enslaved by this magnificent being, now and always.

Finally Bob lay in bed. He looked up at Randy standing at attention.

“Come here.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Now I’m going to fuck my slave’s ass.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Randy offered his ass eagerly, a willing slave for the first time in his life. After Bob had taken ownership of the ass, the two men made love for the rest of the night until they finally lay folded in each other’s arms.

In the first glimmers of dawn Bob sighed. “Watching a top master like you become a slave was the most exciting experience of my life. An unforgettable fantasy. You’re an incredible man. Thank you sir.”

And they fell into the deep sleep of total exhaustion.

After that no words passed between them about the stunning event where, for one night, Randy became an abject slave for the first time in his life. They both knew that their relationship had reached a new level, that they had explored depths of intimacy rarely experienced by such rugged males.

In debasing himself so completely, in becoming a slave, Randy had proved to himself and to his lover what a truly powerful, alpha male he was. His position as supreme master was enhanced, rather than diminished, by undergoing such a mind-wrenching experience. Both men knew that Randy could have submitted only to Bob, nobody else. And Bob also knew beyond any doubt that Randy was, and always would be, his master.

The routine of the house continued. All the men went to work, but at home much time was spent on completing the construction of the new house. Under the supervision of Darius and Pablo the young skinheads worked hard and showed a genuine desire to please their masters. Then, suddenly, trouble came out of nowhere.

They were falling behind Randy's schedule and the four young men worked on the construction feverishly. Tempers became frayed and they cut corners. At one point Pablo was trying to hold onto a plank and told one of the skinheads, Miller, to take the other end. He leaned precariously toward Pablo reaching for the plank but lost his balance and fell forward. He had the bad luck to fall onto Pablo, knocking him to the ground. Billy saw this, instinctively felt that his master was being attacked, bared his teeth and lunged at Miller.

In a reflex of self-defense Miller kicked out and his boot made contact with the dog's stomach, sending him howling across the room. Pablo was on him in a second.

"You hit my dog. You kicked Billy, you asshole. Nobody attacks my dog."

He sat astride the fallen youth and began pummeling his face and chest. Alarmed, Darius shouted to Pablo to cool it, but Pablo ignored him. The other man came to the aid of his friend and tried to pull him off. Pablo swung round and kicked, sending the kid sprawling across the room and falling awkwardly on his twisted wrist.

Darius felt powerless to intervene as Pablo lost all sense of restraint and began punching, clawing and kicking at the two terrified youths. "You fucking faggots," he screamed. "You attacked my dog. You shitheads won't get away with that. I'm the master here and I'll beat the crap out of you."

Wildly out of control the crazed young man was really doing serious damage, when a voice roared "STOP!" Randy stood there in disbelief at what he saw.

Pablo stood up, his chest heaving, and faced Randy. "Stay out of this," he yelled. "You made me master here and I'm gonna thrash these fucking faggots. They hit my dog. They're just faggot slaves anyway. I'll kill them. Get out of my way."

Without a word Randy reached out, took the back of Pablo's shirt by the scruff of his neck, hauled him up and tossed him bodily through the open door. He stood over him and said menacingly, "Go out to the lawn and wait for me. Now!" Pablo blinked hard, looked at the big construction worker and shook his head to clear his mind. He finally regained his senses and walked quickly out to the garden followed by his dog.

Mark had arrived by this time and was tending to the fallen men. With his cop's first-aid training he was able to make a quick appraisal.

"This one has a sprained wrist. I'll put a cold compress on it, put his arm in a sling and he should be OK in a day or two. The other guy just has bruises fortunately, but he needs to rest. Could have delayed shock. Sorry, Randy, no work out of them for the next few days. I'll help them downstairs to their room."

Randy was left there with a shaken Darius. "What happened?" he demanded curtly. Darius hesitated, reluctant to get Pablo into more trouble.

"I said what happened, punk? And I want the truth, all of it. I don't want opinions, just tell me what happened. Now!"

Darius had no choice but to describe what he had seen. It started as an accident, Miller acted in self-defense, did not mean to hurt Pablo or his dog, and Pablo just lost it. He kind of went wild.

Randy's face was grim. "Clean up in here. Then see if Mark needs any help downstairs. Leave the two guys in their room, then gather everyone else outside.

The air was heavy with anticipation. Bob, Mark and Darius stood together and watched. Darius held Billy by his collar. Pablo stood at attention facing Randy, whose face was black as thunder and his body heaved. His eyes bore into the fearful eyes of the young man. Then he spoke to everyone.

"This man has to be punished. He has behaved not like a master but like a petulant child. He has lost control of himself and done physical damage to the two guys downstairs and worse, called them 'faggots', a word I have forbidden. I am deeply ashamed of this man I wanted to call my son. You will all witness his punishment."

Without taking his eyes off Pablo's face Randy began to pull his belt from his jeans. Pablo pulled his shirt over his head and dropped it. He dropped his shorts and boxers and kicked off his sneakers. He stood naked in front of his master, hands at his sides. He knew what was coming.

Randy raised the belt and lashed it across Pablo's chest. He hit again and again, the belt winding round the young man's torso and biting into his back. Then he aimed lower, so the belt wound round and cut into Pablo's beautiful ass. But, consumed with fury as he was, something inside Randy made him restrain himself. He did not put all his strength into the blows. The whip stung and red welts rose on Pablo's chest, his arms, back and the globes of his ass, but Randy held back from really hurting the boy. The whipping was more symbolic, a ritual punishment to convey the strength of his anger.

Pablo did not move, did not flinch, did not make a sound. He stood there and took his beating, with his eyes fixed on the man thrashing him. The other three guys flinched at each blow and Bob could hardly restrain himself from walking forward and putting a stop to it.

Finally it did stop. Randy's body was heaving as he glared at the battered young man.

"You have angered me, disappointed me, failed me. Work on the house will stop for two days. During that time I don't want to see your face. You will stay in your room with your dog. Darius will bring you food, then he will stay with us in the main house for two days. You will be alone to contemplate what you have done. That's all. Go."

Pablo was expressionless as he picked up his clothes and stumbled over to the pool house, followed by Billy. Randy watched him go. Then he turned to the others. "It's over. Time for dinner, Darius."

"I'll give you a hand," Bob said quietly."

Dinner turned out to be a solemn meal. Very few words were spoken.

Later, in the bedroom, there was also silence at first. Bob and Randy lay on their backs staring at the ceiling. Randy broke the silence.

"OK, say it. You think I was too hard on him."

"I do. I think you over-reacted. The public punishment was way over the top."

"Well you can just go fuck yourself." Randy's pent up rage erupted and he lashed out at Bob. "I know what's best for my boy. What the fuck do you know? Who made you master of the house all of a sudden? I'm the boss here get used to it. If you don't like what I do you can get the hell out."

Bob flinched at the ferocity of his words. Randy saw the crushed look on his lover's face and winced.

"Oh, God, man. Oh shit. You know I didn't mean that any of it. You of all people. I love you, man. But you know me and my anger."

"Exactly, Randy, and it's that same anger you saw in Pablo. That's what you punished. You know your own anger is dangerous and you hated to see it in him."

Randy put his arm round Bob's shoulder. "You're right, of course, you always are."

"But don't you see, buddy? You reacted to his fury with the same fury of your own. It wasn't Randy punishing Pablo. It was your anger punishing his. The two of you are so alike it can be explosive."

"Shit, I've really fucked up haven't I? What do I do?" Randy asked helplessly.

Bob paused. "There's no question, Pablo behaved really badly. There was no excuse for his actions and he needed to be punished. Well, you've done that, so just let it take its course. You can't go back on your word. If it's any consolation, I have a feeling the next two days are gonna be rougher on you than on Pablo."

And Bob was right. A heavy atmosphere hung over the house and Randy couldn't settle. He was withdrawn, he paced, he was short-tempered, so everyone stayed out of his way, gave him his space. The two days dragged. Darius was the only one to look in on Pablo and Randy was longing to ask how he was, but knew he couldn't.

On the last night of the exile Randy couldn't sleep. Finally, at about 2am he got out of bed, pulled on his boxers and went into the garden. He looked over to the pool house. Then he thought he heard a noise, a scraping sound. He walked over to the building under construction and looked into a window.

Inside he saw Pablo. He was wearing his old dungarees, hanging as usual by one shoulder, exactly the way Randy had first seen him that day out in the desert. Randy's jaw dropped when he saw what he was doing. In his hand Pablo had a plastering trowel. He was slapping wet plaster on the trowel and applying it to the drywall in front of him with wide, sweeping strokes. He worked quickly, his face set in grim determination. Billy sat on the floor gazing up at him.

"What are you doing, kid?"

Pablo spun round and faced Randy.

"I said, what are you doing?"

Pablo cleared his throat. "Sir, I knew we were getting behind schedule and now, with with my behavior with what I did, I mean, it's even worse. So I was trying to catch up."

"Is that all?"

Pablo stammered. "Well, I guess I was trying to show you that II guess I thought that's what you would want. I thought I was trying to I

But he didn't get any further. He broke down in racking sobs and put his hands over his face. Randy couldn't take it. He walked forward and wrapped his arms around the sobbing boy in a tight embrace.

After a while he said, "Hey, kid. You're getting plaster all over your face." Pablo pulled back and looked up at the smiling eyes. It was true, his face was smudged with white plaster.

"Sir. You mustn't be kind to me. I deserved everything you dished out. The worst was when you said you didn't want to see my face. I behaved stupidly. But sir, I don't know why I did what I did."

"I do, asshole. It was that irrational anger of yours that flares up. I know it well. It's been an old friend of mine all my life."

"Really, sir?"

“Yeah, and you know when my anger last surfaced?”

“No sir.”

“When I punished you. That was my rage talking.”

“But I needed to be punished, sir.”

“Not in anger, though. We both fucked up, kiddo, and for the same reason.” He paused. “You know, I made you boss of those guys for a reason, for you to learn. And you’ve learned that you don’t get to be a master just by beating up on guys. You have to be fair. You have to earn respect.”

“But you punished them big time, sir.”

“I punished them for doing something evil, criminal even. You punished them for an accident.”

Pablo hung his head. “I failed you, sir. Are you going to throw me out? I guess the adoption’s off.”

Randy put his hand under Pablo’s chin and raised his head. “Did I say that? Look, kiddo, if every dad abandoned his kid just because he fucked up there’d sure be a lot of orphans in the world.”

Pablo looked up at him with that steady direct gaze of his. “I don’t want to be an orphan again, sir.”

“And you won’t be, kid. I promised you that at the beginning. I’m not gonna lose you, kiddo no matter how many times I have to whip your ass.” He paused, smiling. “I’ll give you this, though. You sure took your punishment like a man.”

“Thank you, sir. Do you do you think you can ever forgive me, sir?”

Randy looked down into those beautiful, soft, almond-shaped brown eyes and took him by the hand. “Come with me.”

He led him out to the garden, across the lawn and up to the hammock. “You know what to do.”

Pablo paused, then unhooked his overalls and let them drop. As usual he was naked underneath. He fell back into the hammock and gazed up at the dark swarthy face looking down at him.

“Thank you, sir. I won’t ever let you down again.”

Randy pulled his hard cock from his shorts and pushed it against Pablo's perfect ass. "You know," he said, "this is supposed to be part of your punishment."

"I know sir." Then he gave Randy that cheeky, crooked grin of his. "I'll take it like a man."

"You little fucker," Randy laughed and eased his cock deep inside the ass he had grown to love. The fucking was no punishment. It was a slow, easy, tender expression of love, a rhythmic massaging of hurt feelings, a banishment of anger and a healing of wounds. They gazed into each other's eyes as their bodies melted together.

Randy and Pablo were reunited.

Much later that night Randy roused Darius from his bed in the main house and said. "Go back to your own room, to your friend. Take good care of him."

"Yes, sir!" Darius said and ran back to the pool house. He and Pablo were soon asleep in each other's arms, Billy snoring by the bed.

Randy went to his own room and climbed into bed beside his sleeping lover with a sigh. Bob stirred. Still half asleep he murmured, "Everything OK?"

"Pretty much," said Randy. He stared at the ceiling, deep in thought. "You know," he said, "being a master can be tough. I think Pablo has learned that a true master has to really understand, has to feel, what goes on in the mind of the slave. Hell, buddy, you showed me that a few days ago when you made me crawl to you. I thank you for that."

"Any time," Bob murmured drowsily.

Randy smiled. "You made me feel fucking great. Think we can do that again sometime?"

"Any time." Bob sighed. "Now do I have your permission to go back to sleep sir?"

"Asshole," grinned Randy, and folded his lover in his arms.

The next day Pablo was not sure how he would approach the guys he has thrashed unfairly. He was reluctant to apologize. In the end, a silent handshake was all it took. Nothing more was said. After that work on the construction resumed with renewed energy.

It wouldn't be long before the project was finished. The inevitable question would then arise, what to do with the two young guys who had begun as prisoners and then worked hard in an

effort to prove themselves. As it turned out, that question answered itself to the surprise of everyone.

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Chapter 36 – A Weapon of Retribution

Randy was restless. As Bob slept soundly beside him he stared at the ceiling, his mind a whirl of decisions to be made, problems to solve. Trying to relax he turned to look at his lover. “Jesus, he’s gorgeous,” Randy thought. As well as he knew him he was always taken by surprise by his beauty, those Superman features, the perfectly built, muscular body honed by bone-crunching workouts at the gym downstairs in the basement.

Randy himself was a magnificent man, with his dark, demon-like, rugged face and incredible body, and he had come not only to worship Bob physically, but also to depend on his opinions and common sense. Randy was the macho construction worker, Bob the handsome but level-headed business executive.

And he would need Bob’s level head in the days to come. Darius had told Randy that the construction on the new house on the property was finished. Randy would inspect it tomorrow and talk to Darius and Pablo.

“Then what do I do with the skinheads?” he wondered. He still thought of them as that, from the time he and Pablo had thrashed them for beating up a ‘faggot’ as they called him. Later the skinheads had attacked Pablo in revenge in the garage. But, at Bob’s urging, Mark, the cop, had agreed to release them into Randy’s custody and they had been working on the construction ever since, under the close supervision of Darius and Pablo.

Randy particularly wanted Darius’s take on how the young guys had performed. Randy was starting his own construction company and would soon begin the hiring process. He intended to make Darius the second shift foreman and was curious to see how effective the young black guy had been overseeing his workers.

God it was tough being boss of all this. He looked again at Bob and studied the quiet smile on his sleeping face. It was the smile of satisfaction, of self-confidence, but there was something else, too. What was it? A trace of smugness, maybe? Suddenly Randy resented the complacent self-satisfaction that he saw there. Bob had been asserting himself lately, giving his frank opinions about how Randy treated the younger guys and how he should control his anger.

“It started that night,” Randy thought. His mind went back a week or so to the extraordinary session in the basement gym, when Bob had turned the tables and forced Randy to become his slave for the night. Randy grinned as he remembered how Bob had turned him on and made

him grovel. "Shit," he thought, "the man's so gorgeous he could make me do anything. All he has to do is stand there and I go weak at the knees."

But enough was enough. Randy had always been the master and had sometimes used extreme methods to impress this on his lover. No doubt about it, recently Bob had become too assertive.

"Time to remind him who's boss," Randy mused. "No matter how fucking beautiful he is he belongs to me, body and soul, and I can do anything I like with him. Yeah, I'll think of something. Nothing too extreme, mind you, nothing too painful. Just something dramatic enough to put the fucker back in his place. "

"Let's see, now. Darius needs a little fun. Yeah, that's the answer, him and that huge piece of meat of his. As he finally drifted off to sleep these thoughts morphed into dreams that brought a smile to his sleeping face.

"OK, everybody out!" Randy had come to the new house early next morning expecting to catch the four young men unawares, but they were up already and Darius was supervising the finishing touches to the work. He and Pablo and the two young guys stood before Randy, as if for inspection. As always, the two workers were naked, wearing only leather collars round their necks.

"So, you say it's finished?"

"We think so, sir," Darius said.

"You two," Randy said to the young workers. "What are your names again?"

"Miller, sir." "Brigg, sir."

Randy had not paid much attention to them since they had arrived and now he saw what a change had come over them. The manual work had filled out their bodies, put muscle on them, and working naked in the sun had replaced their former pallor with a golden tan. Their hair had grown too, and Miller especially looked really fine with his blond, tousled hair falling over his brow. Miller exuded masculinity and had become quite the looker, Randy thought.

Randy stepped forward and ceremoniously removed the collars from the guys' necks. "Pablo, give them back their clothes. Then stay here and supervise the touch-up work with them. Darius, inside with me."

Minutes later Darius stood in front of the table where Randy, Bob and Mark were seated. Randy, of course, took charge.

“Right. Bob and Mark are here with me because we were all involved in taking on these two guys. I made you their supervisor deliberately so I could see how you perform as foreman. Give us your report on them.”

“Yes, sir.” Darius stood up straight and became rather formal. And he gave a surprisingly comprehensive and detailed report of how the two guys had worked. “They were surly at first, sir, but they soon realized we meant business. Miller especially worked real hard. He’s real tough and has grown into quite a stud.”

Randy frowned and Darius cleared his throat. “Sorry, sir. Wrong word, but you know what I mean. I talked to them a lot over the weeks and got to know them. They’ve never been in trouble before, so they say.”

“That’s true,” said Mark. “I ran a make on them when they first came here and they’re clean. No prior record, never arrested.”

Bob asked, “Do you mean you became friends with them, Darius?”

“Oh no, sir. I didn’t think that would be right. They had to respect my position. But I did get to know what they want.”

“And ?”

“Well, sir. Seems the two of them are not really friends just hung our together. Anyway, Brigg wants to go back to his family in St. Louis. I really think he’s sorry about the lifestyle he fell into. Also, he has a girlfriend back there.”

“And Miller?”

Darius frowned. “He’s a bit harder to read. He comes across as the macho stud, but he doesn’t seem to have much of a life. He’s not sure what to do next.”

“Should I hire him?”

Darius blinked at Randy’s question. “Excuse me, sir?”

“Should I take him on? Listen, punk, I’m gonna be hiring soon for the new company. I want you and my buddy Jack to be in on the interviews. I’m asking you if you think we should hire Miller?”

Darius hesitated. Then he was definite. “Yes, sir. I do, sir.”

Bob smiled. “And not just because he’s become ‘quite a stud’?”

“Oh no, sir. Nothing like that.”

"I believe you," Randy said. "Good report, Darius. Well done. Now, I want to pay them something for the work they've done. Not construction worker rates, just enough to give them a leg up, get Brigg back to St. Louis and give Miller money of his own."

Bob spoke. "The best formula would be to give them the minimum hourly rate, if only we had an idea how many hours they had worked."

"Oh, I can tell you that, sir." Darius said. "I kept a log of their hours, made them sign off on it every day. I can tell you exactly how much they did."

Surprised, Mark smiled. "Very impressive, Darius. What d'ya think, Randy?"

"He'll do," Randy conceded.

"Oh, come on, Randy," Bob protested. "Darius has done a great job. He deserves more credit than that. Give the kid a break. You're too hard. You should give him a reward." But his voice tailed off as Randy shot him a look. Bob knew that savage expression well and realized he had gone too far, been too assertive. He had muscled in on Randy's territory, tried to tell him how to act. He instinctively knew he would pay for that.

Randy locked eyes with him for several seconds. Then, in a strange voice, he said to Darius, "Bob's right, Darius. You've done well. You'll make a great foreman. And you will get a reward. I have something special in mind. Make sure Pablo and the two guys are busy, then report to the basement room in twenty minutes."

"Yes, sir." Darius left.

"I've gotta go too," Mark said. "I'm on duty in half an hour."

Randy looked at Bob. "You. Come with me."

Down in the basement Randy stood glaring at Bob.

"I'm sorry, sir," Bob said.

"You were way out of line, asshole," Randy growled. "And it's not just today. It started that night down here a week ago and ever since then you've been telling me what to do. You've forgotten who you are, who you belong to." There was a heavy silence. "Strip down to your shorts."

Bob obeyed instantly, threw off his clothes and stood before his master, naked except for his white boxers.

“Grip the chin bar above you.” Bob reached up, spread his arms and held on to the bar over his head. There was another silence as the two men looked each other in the eyes. Just then there was a tentative knock at the door and Darius came in. His eyes opened wide when he saw Bob there almost naked.

“Oh, excuse me sir. I didn’t realize

“Come for your reward, have you?”

Darius stammered. “Well, sir. You did say

“Yes, I did, punk. And here it is.”

“Excuse me?”

Bob listened in humiliation, his muscular arms stretched upward to the chin bar, as the questions continued.

“Darius, what is the most precious thing in the world to me?”

The young black man squirmed uncomfortably.

“Come on, punk!”

“Well, sir. I guess I’d have to say your friend, sir. Bob, sir.”

“And what part of my ‘friend’?”

“What part?” Darius gulped. “Well, sir. I I guess you’d have to say his ass, sir?” he mumbled timidly.

“Speak up, boy.”

Darius coughed. “I said, sir, that the most precious thing for you is Bob’s ass, sir.”

“Bingo! And you know what? As this man seems to think you did such a great job today, his ass is yours. That’s your reward.”

“His ass? You mean you want me to to fuck your lover’s ass, sir.”

“You don’t want to?”

“Well of course, I do, sir. Anyone would, sir. He’s a magnificent man, sir. And his ass, sir well

How long is your cock, punk?"

"Eight inches soft, sir. Ten inches erect."

"And how is it now?"

Darius looked down at the bulge in his pants. "Erect, sir."

"Then show us all ten glorious inches, Darius."

Darius unbuttoned his jeans and pulled out his raging black cock. It was truly enormous, ten inches of thick, hard, black meat that would be a challenge for any ass. Bob flinched at the sight.

"Come round here."

Darius followed Randy behind Bob. "Feel this," Randy ordered and ran his hands over the thin cotton covering the hard round globes of his lover's ass. Darius did as commanded and cupped the glorious mounds of the ass in his hands. He gasped as his cock shuddered in anticipation. Bob winced at the humiliation.

"You wanna see it?"

Darius gulped. "Yes, sir. Please, sir."

"Here it is, then." Randy ripped the back of the shorts and pulled the thin cotton apart, revealing the perfect ass underneath. He walked back round to face Bob and never took his eyes off him from that moment. That indescribable, intensely intimate look passed between them that even they did not truly understand. They just knew that they had entered their private world where master and slave became one.

Their eyes spoke to each other. Randy was reasserting his total ownership of this beautiful muscle-god, insulting him, degrading him, and by doing so delivering him to a state of ecstasy where only Randy could lead him. Bob's look was a mix of humiliation, hurt, gratitude and worship of a man he wanted to serve forever. A trace of a smile crossed Randy's face.

"Pull yourself up," Randy ordered. Bob took a breath and pulled up to the chin bar.

"Now hold it." Bob's V-shaped back flared, his shoulder muscles and arms flexed and strained as he held the painful position. His ripped shorts hung around his waist. Randy gazed at him enraptured. A week ago Randy had been the slave, worshipping this magnificent man. Now, he looked in awe again at the sculpted, perfect body, the handsome face, but this time Randy was his unchallenged master.

His veins standing out all over his body Bob held himself up to the bar interminably but his muscles finally weakened and he had to begin lowering himself, raising his knees a bit for relief. He was halfway down when his eyes widened in horror. He felt a pressure against his ass and realized he was sinking onto Darius's rigid cock. He tried to stop but his muscles were giving way and his body slowly descended, his ass impaled on the huge pole sliding painfully into his hole.

Bob's moans became a scream as the thick shaft slid inside him, deeper and deeper, brushing past tender, sensitive spots that sent sparks through his whole body. He felt the head bruise his innermost gut and, with a supreme effort, he pulled up again off the cock, to ease the pain. But inevitably his muscles gave way and he was forced to lower himself again onto the massive pole.

Randy watched spellbound as the glorious body pulled up and down. Incredibly Bob was fucking himself on the rigid cock behind him. Darius trembled as the big bodybuilder rose and fell over his dick, sending spasms throughout his body. Finally, exhausted, Bob sank down for the last time and remained still, his perfect body impaled on the monstrous shaft. Darius gasped. His dick had plunged all the way into the warm velvet ass and finally come to rest against some unexplored point deep inside the man's body.

Randy smiled into Bob's eyes. He knew that his lover was feeling that exquisite mix of pain and pleasure, his ass filled with the pulsing cock pressing against the recesses of his gut.

"Remember now who owns you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I can do anything to your ass?"

"Yes, sir"

"Even have a slaveboy push his huge black meat up it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fuck him, Darius. Fuck him hard. Fuck him deep."

Darius began to move his hips backward and forward, pulling his long dick almost completely clear of the hole and then plunging it back in, deeper each time. He cupped his hands over Bob's solid round pecs, then moved them out and down the wide V of his lats, then stroked the hard eight-pack of his ripped abs. The body was magnificent, and he was fucking it! He knew he was not only bringing pain and pleasure to the big bodybuilder, he was also the instrument of his humiliation before the ultimate master.

Darius pulled at his victim's waist and pumped it back onto his raging cock. Randy saw this and placed his own hands over Darius's, helping to push the tortured ass onto the black shaft.

The fucking continued for a long time. Several times Darius's cock pulled clear out of the hole, then plunged back through sphincter and into the furnace. Both Bob and Darius were shuddering with the wild sensation radiating through them and they desperately wanted to shoot their loads. Randy enjoyed making them suffer and wait. Bob's eyes pleaded with him for release, but Randy merely smiled back.

"You want me to let you shoot, don't you asshole?"

"Yes, sir. Please sir. I beg you sir. My ass is on fire. I can't take much more."

"Why is this happening to you."

"You're punishing me for being arrogant, sir. You're making the beautiful black man push his huge cock in my ass. You're humiliating me in front of him, sir."

"You know your place now, asshole?"

"Yes, sir."

Randy smiled again. "Darius. You ready, punk?"

"Yes, sir!" Darius shouted.

"OK, let it go."

The heaving black body shuddered and Darius screamed as his orgasm erupted. He shot streams of hot liquid deep inside the bodybuilder's ass. At the same moment Randy dropped to his knees. He took hold of Bob's rigid cock and held it in front of his face. He opened his mouth just as the cock exploded. Hot, sweet creamy liquid spurted into Randy's mouth and he gulped it down. Jets of liquid poured from the cock and Randy drank every drop of his lover's juice.

Finally he stood up as Darius slowly pulled his cock from Bob's ass. "How's that for a reward, punk?" Randy asked.

Darius caught his breath. "Incredible, sir. Unbelievable."

"OK, leave us now. Go back to Pablo. Tell him your story."

"Yes, sir," Darius said, buttoning his fly. "Thank you, sir." As he walked in front of Bob he stammered, "And thank you, sir."

After he left, Randy said. "You. Come to bed."

In their room Randy stripped naked and fell into bed. Bob stood by the bed and Randy looked up at him. "Is your ass good and sore?"

"Yes, sir. Very."

"Good, that's the way I like it. Because now your master's gonna fuck it hard."

And Randy inflicted on his lover one of his most savage fucks, the kind with a little more pain than pleasure. Bob's body bucked and heaved until finally his dick exploded again as he felt his master shoot inside him. When their heaving breaths calmed down Randy said, "Come here asshole. Your punishment's over." He wrapped his arms around the exhausted man. "I love you, man. You know that don't you?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you sir." And as he fell asleep in his master's arms Bob again had a satisfied smile on his face.

A few days later things had settled down. Darius was helping Randy with the job interviews and it would be a week before construction work began. Brigg had gone back to St. Louis and Miller was living alone in the basement of the new house. Randy had hired him but until work began he was at a loose end. He was in the garage watching Mark examining one of the Harleys.

"That's a fine machine, man," he said tentatively. "A real beauty."

Mark smiled. "Sure is. Pablo's been giving it a major tune up. He recommends that I take it for a long run to see how it performs now. You like bikes?"

"They used to be my passion back home before I well, you know fucked up my life. I'd love to feel one under me again."

Mark looked at him. There was something about the young guy that moved the cop. The kid had apparently had a rough life and taken the wrong path. But he had changed, mellowed out. He certainly looked better than before a real looker, as Darius had said, with his lean, newly buff, tan body and handsome, fresh, blond looks. And he seemed to be eager to prove himself. After a pause Mark suddenly spoke on impulse.

"I've got a couple days off and I planned on taking a run up the coast. Wanna come?"

Miller gaped. "You mean it? Me, on the back of that? Wow. Are you sure, man? I mean I don't wanna crowd you or nuthin', but gee, I'd love that."

"Then it's a deal. You've worked hard. Do you good to take a few days' break until Randy needs you to start work. I'll clear it with him and if he gives the OK we'll leave right away."

An hour later, with Randy's approval, they were all set. Los Angeles was once more blanketed by scorching heat so the two men were lightly dressed. Mark was in his usual jeans and boots, with one of his old black cop shirts (minus the badges) over a stretched white tank top. Miller was in jeans and sneakers, a faded, sleeveless denim shirt over a gray T-shirt.

"Climb aboard," Mark grinned. They strapped on their helmets, straddled the bike, and with a roar the Harley took off, with Miller's arms tightly wrapped around the cop's hard body. Soon they were clear of the city and speeding north on Pacific Coast Highway. The sun beat down, but the wind felt great as it cooled their faces. All their senses were alive as they felt the rush of speed, with the sparkling Pacific on the left and the Santa Monica Mountains rising on the right.

An hour later they passed through Santa Barbara and then stopped at a hamburger stand off the highway. They talked as they ate and Mark had a chance to get the measure of the young man.

"Hey," Mark grinned. "I can't keep calling you Miller. What's your first name?"

"Jamie."

"Jamie it is. Great ride. How're you feeling?"

"Terrific, man. Hell, that machine between your legs sure makes me horny. Think we can score some ass later? I haven't had a girl in weeks. I could do with some nice, wet pussy."

Mark winced slightly at the macho crudeness of his speech, but then smiled. "Sure we can. I'm guessing you have no trouble with the ladies."

Jamie preened. "Never have so far. They go crazy when I screw them. And look at you, man. With a face and a body like that you must have them crawling at your feet. You must be a god to them. You're a fucking babe magnet."

"I've had my moments," Mark said, thinking back to all the girls he had bedded in the past. "You ready to ride again?"

They were approaching the small town of Guadalupe, a collection of modest tract homes between the highway and the sea. Mark pulled off the road.

"Ever see the Guadalupe dunes, Jamie?"

"No, man. That how we get to the ocean? I'm sweating like a pig."

“Follow me.”

Mark parked the bike securely and took off jogging over the extensive sand dunes that are a natural feature of the area. It was a slog over the deep, dry sand and both men were soaked with sweat, chests heaving when they finally came to the ocean and threw themselves down in the sand.

“Jeez it’s hot,” Jamie said. “Can we go for a swim?”

“Sure thing,” Mark said and stood up. He stripped off his shirt, kicked off his boots and towered over Jamie in just his jeans and tight tank. He reached down and pulled the young man up by the wrist.

“Come on, kid. I’ll race you.”

Jamie gazed in awe as the cop pulled off his tank top and jeans; his magnificent body was naked except for his boxers. The younger man followed suit and they both charged toward the sea. They raced into the water and spent the next half hour horsing around in the waves. Naturally competitive, they wrestled for supremacy, gasping and laughing.

At one point Mark put his massive arms around Jamie, lifted and threw him bodily into the waves. As Jamie looked up at the laughing, near naked cop, flexed muscles streaming with water he was embarrassed to feel his cock getting hard. “Fuck that,” he said to himself and ran out of the water.

Lying on his back in the dunes Jamie raised himself on his elbows and watched as Mark came out of the ocean. He took a sharp intake of breath at the sight of the bronzed bodybuilder striding ashore, his gleaming muscles streaming with water. His chiseled features were set in a dazzling smile, his body was pumped from all the exertion, and his wet shorts clung to his waist, the big cock clearly visible underneath.

Jamie looked up at him as he approached. “Jesus, you are one hell of a man, you know that? I don’t think I’ve ever seen such a stud as you. You sure won’t have any trouble with the ladies.”

“Somehow I don’t think you’ll need any help in that department yourself, young man.”

They spent a long time lounging in the dunes, cooling off periodically in the water, then decided it was time to eat. They toweled off, dressed and slogged back through the dunes.

A short time later they had found a small, out-of-the-way bar and motel set back off the dunes. They sat at an outdoor table and ordered a meal of Mexican food. It was brought by a voluptuous, big-breasted young waitress, whose name tag identified her as Barbra.

Jamie grinned and sailed right in. "Hey, Babs what else is on the menu what's cooking?"

"You, obviously," she smiled. "And listen, handsome, it's not 'Babs', it's Barbra as in Streisand. And as for what else is on the menu, well" She stood back and sized him up. "Well, time will tell."

"What time you get off."

"Couple of hours. And I have a room in the motel. You guys staying here?"

Mark looked at the lustful eyes of his companion and smiled. "I guess we are now."

The waitress grinned. "I'm in Room 24. If either of you guys cares to drop by or both of you, come to that I'll be there." And she sashayed back to the kitchen.

Jamie's eyes were gleaming. "Did you get a load of those tits? Wouldn't mind burying my face in them for a while." He frowned. "What did she mean, 'both of you?' Jeez I could never do that. Not with another guy there. Too weird. Guess we'll have to toss for her," and he pulled out a coin."

"Nah," Mark grinned. "I'm pretty bushed. And you're the one who hasn't got his rocks off for weeks and can't stop talking about tits and ass. So you take her. She's all yours, buddy."

They ate, drank a lot and talked. Jamie went on mostly about girls. Seemed to be an obsession of his, Mark thought. Finally they went and got a room. There was only one available in the motel. "Sorry, no doubles," the clerk said. "Just a queen size."

"Makes no difference," Jamie grinned. "I plan on spending most of the night in 24 anyway."

In their room Jamie preened and cleaned himself up. He slicked back his hair as he appraised himself in the mirror. "What d'ya think, man?"

"You can't miss, kid. I'd lose the T-shirt, though. Just the shirt open three buttons."

"Thanks, pal. You sure seem to know a lot about this. Not surprised, the way you look. Bet you don't have to do a thing just stand there and wait for them to fall at your feet."

"Get out of here," Mark grinned.

As Jamie took a last look in the mirror he glimpsed the reflection of Mark behind him preparing for bed. He pulled off his shirt and tank top, kicked off his boots and shook off his jeans. Stripped to his shorts he reached up and stretched, flexing his arms and yawning. Jamie

realized again just how stunning the man was. And again he felt his cock growing in his jeans. "Hell," he thought. "I'm hornier than I thought. Must be the thought of Barbra turning me on."

He left the room and Mark lay on the bed. In the continuing heat he lay on top of the sheets and was soon asleep.

He didn't know how much later he heard the key in the door and Jamie came in, looking disheveled. Groggy with sleep Mark said, "You didn't stay the night, then. How was Barbra?"

Jamie didn't reply. He threw himself into the only chair in the room. Mark opened one eye and realized Jamie was pouting. He pulled himself up on his elbows. "You OK, kid? What's up?"

"Not me, that's for damn sure."

"Meaning?"

"Just between you and me?"

"Sure."

Jamie growled. "I couldn't fucking well get it up. Me, big stud Jamie! I was so fucking horny and there she was butt naked, and I couldn't get a fucking erection! Shit!" and he slammed his fist on the chair.

"Hey, kid. Don't beat yourself up. Happens to everyone sometimes. Must've been all that beer you drank earlier."

"Yeah. Yeah that's it. Too fucking drunk to perform. It's never happened to me before. My cock's always rock hard. Hell, I've had a hard-on ever since leaving L.A."

Mark laughed. "That's the bike throbbing between your legs. Come on, chalk it up to experience, kid. Go get cleaned up and get into bed. We've got an early start tomorrow. Riding further north."

Mark fell back on the pillow and was soon asleep again on his back.

Jamie stomped off to the bathroom, took a quick shower and as he was drying himself he glanced through the partly open bathroom door. He gazed at Mark, lying on the bed naked except for his shorts. "Jeez," Jamie thought once again. "The man is fucking gorgeous." Still drying himself he couldn't take his eyes off the sleeping cop.

A bright moon shone through the louvered blinds casting a striped shadow over the muscular bodybuilder, his tanned skin shiny with a film of sweat. He tossed in his sleep, apparently

dreaming. His right hand rested on his hard pecs. Then, in his sleep, it slid slowly downward, over his perfect eight-pack abs and finally rested on the waistband of his shorts.

Jamie's eyes widened as he saw that Mark's cock was erect under his boxers. Must be having an erotic dream. The hand went lower and rested on the bulge in the shorts. In his sleep he lightly stroked the bulge and moaned softly. Then he lay silent in deep sleep, his hand resting on his still-hard cock.

Jamie, still naked from the shower, was mesmerized as he watched this. He stood still, gazing at the god-like sleeping man. Branches waved lightly outside the window and cast a moving shadow over the naked body. Fixated on the image Jamie was unaware of what he did next. Instinctively his hand slid down to his own cock that was raging hard. He began stroking it.

Hypnotized by the sight, rooted to the spot, he whispered, "Jesus, that's incredible. He's so fucking gorgeous. Look at that body, that face."

He was in a daze, focused intensely on the sleeping man. His hand continued to stroke his hard cock and he began to feel something he had never felt before a warmth in his legs, a tingling almost, that made him tremble. The heat rose up higher, through his ass, past his stomach, over his chest and neck and into his face so it made his head spin.

Jamie's whole body was now on fire, a fire that became concentrated in his groin. His cock was trembling, burning, pulsing with the heat that consumed him. With his eyes fixed on the sleeping muscle god his young virile body started to spasm, his hand worked his cock feverishly and then suddenly

He threw his head back, stifling a scream, as his cock erupted, spurting long streams of hot, creamy liquid in the most incredible orgasm he had ever felt. He didn't know where he was. He knew only that this magnificent man lying on the bed had caused him to shoot the biggest, hottest load of his life. His whole body was ripped with violent spasms as his sperm flooded the bathroom floor.

For a long while he stood in a daze, his body heaving. Finally he came to his senses and reality hit him in the face. He was overcome with disgust and shame at what had happened. He looked down at the cum-soaked floor, grabbed a towel, fell to his knees and scrubbed the floor as if to expunge the memory of what had happened. His thoughts were racing as he wiped frantically with the towel.

"Oh, shit. Holy shit. I gotta clean this up," and he scrubbed harder. "I gotta get out of here. We gotta go home. This never happened. I was drunk. Oh Jesus. First thing tomorrow I'll tell him we gotta go home."

When he had finished he tossed the towel out the bathroom window got rid of the evidence. He crept back into the room and lay tentatively on the bed, as far to the side as he could, his

back to Mark. He was relieved to see that Mark was still fast asleep. Hadn't seen a thing, thank god.

But Jamie couldn't sleep. Finally he turned over and gazed at the sleeping god beside him. The sight of his face, incredibly, made his cock stir again. "This isn't happening" he thought angrily. "I'm drunker than I thought. Gotta go home. I'll tell him in the morning first thing." And he finally fell into a restless sleep.

In the morning Jamie woke and saw Mark stir. He would tell him now that they had to go back. Wouldn't say why. They just had to head home.

The handsome face turned and smiled at him. "Hi, there, kid. Sleep well? No bad dreams?"

"I, er" Jamie stammered.

"Get ready, kid. We got a long day ahead of us. We're gonna ride further north. You with me?"

Jamie looked into the stunning blue eyes smiling at him and he could not believe what he heard himself say. "Sure thing, sir. Can't wait. I'll be holding onto you all the way. You're the boss, sir."

Mark smiled to himself. Trained as a cop to observe, he caught a slight change in Jamie's tone. And for the first time the young guy had addressed him as 'sir.'

"Odd," Mark thought to himself. Then, "Nah, probably nothing to it."

And in a few minutes they were both astride the Harley, speeding north.

#

Chapter 37 – The Breath of Life

"What the fuck am I doing?" Jamie thought, his mind in a whirl of confusion. He had always considered himself quite the stud, his blond good looks always a hit with the ladies, so last night he had been disgusted by his own physical attraction to the muscular cop. But here he was with his arms wrapped around him on the back of the Harley.

The heat had become even more intense so Mark had stripped down to his thin tank top, enjoying the feel of the wind on his body. Gripping tight, Jamie could feel the hard eight-pack abs under the thin cotton and, if he moved his hands higher, he rubbed against the solid, bulging pecs. His dick had been rock solid since they hit the road but he put that down to the throbbing of the machine between his legs. When his arms grew tired he leaned forward and

rested his cheek on Mark's bare shoulder, feeling the thin layer of sweat covering it. His cock was starting to throb.

"Oh, what the hell, he thought. Gotta stop thinking so much. Just enjoy the ride."

They rode for several hours. After San Luis Obispo they had swung off onto Highway 1, the twisting two-lane scenic road that hugged the coast. As he gazed over the sparkling blue Pacific Jamie had to admit he was loving the hell out of this, the wind, the speed, the sound of the powerful bike and he admitted this too the solid feel of the man he held onto.

Some time after they passed through San Simeon Mark pointed left and they swung off the road and bumped over the sandy cliff track. Mark secured the bike in a clump of trees and grinned at Jamie.

"Feel like a swim? It's quite a hike down the cliff to the beach. There's a deserted cove down there that I went to once. Come on, kid." He threw his arm over Jamie's shoulder and together they walked toward the cliff edge. After a hard scramble down a narrow track they were standing on the sun-baked, deserted beach of a small cove.

Mark quickly stripped off his jeans and tank top. Buck naked he turned to Jamie. "Race you in," he said and jogged toward the waves. Still in awe at the perfect body of this god-like man Jamie felt his cock stiffen and he breathed to himself. "Shit. Gotta get a grip. A long swim is what I need." He stripped naked and followed Mark into the ocean and they swam out through the waves. Mark was by far the stronger swimmer and Jamie pushed himself to keep up.

"That's far enough," Mark said finally, breathlessly. "I'm going back."

Jamie wanted to impress this man and said, "I'll stay out a bit. I need the exercise."

"OK, buddy. Just be careful of the rip tides. They can be brutal out here."

Back on shore Mark threw himself onto the sand and lay on his back gazing at the sky. He was feeling really good. After a while he pulled himself up onto his elbows and looked out to sea. He frowned. Jamie was a long way out too far, he thought. Still, he was waving so he must be OK. He narrowed his eyes again and saw more clearly. Jamie was waving both arms, frantically. He was in trouble.

"Oh, shit. The rip tide," Mark said to himself. Still naked he sprang to his feet and raced to the water, throwing his big, muscular body head first into the waves. Using every ounce of strength he could muster he swam with long, powerful strokes, trying to keep Jamie in sight. The flailing body disappeared once or twice but resurfaced each time.

Finally Mark reached him but Jamie was thrashing around, coughing. The first thing was to calm him. "Easy, Jamie, easy. I'm here now. I'm gonna take care of you. Roll onto your back. Don't fight it. Just let me hold you." He came behind him, hooked his arms under the kid's armpits and started to kick backwards with all his strength. The absurd thought shot through his mind, "Hell, good thing I did those extra squats at the gym."

Mark felt the pull of the rip tide and knew he had to swim parallel to the shore. He tried desperately to keep Jamie's face above water but he knew the guy had already swallowed a lot of water. He kicked harder and tried to steer closer to the shore. After what seemed like an eternity he knew they would make it. Finally he felt sand under his feet and he stood up. But Jamie was limp, his eyes closed.

Mark picked him up bodily in his arms and walked up the beach. He lowered him onto the sand and knelt over him, straddling the inert body. He pulled Jamie's chin up to clear the air passage and then, with one hand gently on his forehead, he bent forward. He pinched Jamie's nose, took a deep breath, then clamped his mouth over Jamie's and breathed out hard. He pulled back, listened for the sound of breath, then again pressed his lips against Jamie's and breathed.

This time he thought he heard a breath. He pulled back, still kneeling over the limp body, and placed one hand over the other on his chest, pressing down hard to start the lungs working.

"Hang in there, kid. Come on, buddy. Breathe for God's sake."

Mark pressed rhythmically until suddenly Jamie's head jerked to one side, he coughed and water dribbled from his mouth. He coughed again and more water came up. He took deep rasping breaths and slowly began to regain consciousness. He became aware of a weight on his stomach, and from a long way away he heard a voice calling him, "Jamie Jamie".

Still in a daze, not knowing where he was, Jamie opened his eyes. For a moment he was blinded by the sun, but gradually there came into focus the most amazing face he had ever seen. It was golden, perfectly sculpted, back-lit by the sun, and smiling, with wet blond hair falling over the forehead. Then Jamie realized what the weight was on him. The strong, muscular, naked body, still streaming with water, was astride him, the cock resting lightly on his stomach. He had the crazy momentary delusion that he had died and gone to heaven, and this was God. Then the god spoke.

"It's OK, Jamie. It's me, Mark. You had a small accident but you're gonna be fine. Relax. I'm gonna take care of you, kid."

In an involuntary move Jamie reached up and ran his hands over the gleaming hard chest towering over him.

"Yeah, I'm real, kid," Mark smiled. "And you're gonna be just fine."

And as Jamie gazed up at this gentle, smiling, glorious man, that was the moment. Although he didn't know it at the time (and would certainly have denied it if he had), that was the moment that Jamie fell in love for the first time in his life.

After a few minutes Jamie had stood up and, with his arm over Mark's shoulder for support, was being helped back along the beach. They finally reached the spot where they had left their clothes and Jamie sank to the ground. He lay on his back in the sand and Mark stood over him.

"Now I want you to lie still. You've had quite a shock," Mark said. "Are you warm enough?"

"Yes, sir," Jamie murmured. "The sun's real hot."

"Good. Now what you need is liquid. I have plenty of water on the bike so I'm going back to get a few bottles. I'll be gone ten minutes. Sure you'll be OK?"

"Sure, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you for

"Save it kid. Conserve your strength."

Mark pulled on his jeans and walked back up the cliff path. Jamie watched him go, then closed his eyes, exhausted. His hands touched something in the sand Mark's discarded sweaty tank top. He picked it up and instinctively brought it to his face. He inhaled the scent of Mark's sweat, his total maleness, and his mind began to wander in a mild delirium.

Images of the trauma he had undergone had lodged somewhere deep in Jamie's subconscious mind and they now came to the surface in fragments. He heard again snatches of the strong, deep voice. "Easy, Jamie. I'm here now I'm gonna take care of you don't fight it Just let me hold you relax. I'm gonna take care of you kid."

His memory brought back the feel of strong arms curling round his body as he flailed in the water, and powerful legs kicking underneath him. He felt his limp body being lifted up and carried in strong arms, and then he was lying in the sand. He saw again the golden face framed in the sunlight. As his mind wandered he imagined the muscular body astride him and again he stroked the gleaming, hard pecs. The smell, the sound of the voice, the touch and sight of this god-like man overwhelmed his senses and his body shuddered.

"Don't fight it, Jamie. Let me hold you. I'll take care of you." From the deep recesses of his memory, he saw the face bend toward him and the mouth covered his. He pressed the tank top to his face again and breathed deeply. He smelt, tasted the life-saving breath of the man. As he felt the man's lips pressed against his, his body shuddered back to life. He felt an intense warmth as it engulfed his body; he tensed, jolted and heard himself scream. Then water was pouring over his body again. This time it was hot, sweet-smelling as it flowed over his chest, neck and face.

Suddenly he was still and he felt a serenity he had never felt before. His mind drifted. He was unaware of time passing until a shadow fell across him and he heard a voice.

“You OK, Jamie? I thought I heard you shout Jesus, what have you been doing?” Mark looked down at the beautiful young body, covered in pools of creamy white liquid.

Jamie’s eyes opened and he saw the shirtless man towering over him. Then his eyes went downward to his own body and he froze in horror. It was not water he had felt in his fantasy. It was his own semen, which now lay in pools all over his body. His senses had been overwhelmed by the image, taste and smell of this magnificent man and brought him to a spontaneous orgasm.

Horrified, he gripped the tank top again and frantically wiped his chest, neck and face, trying to soak up the pools of semen. Mark dropped to his knees beside him and Jamie turned away from him onto his side. He moaned, almost to himself. “Jesus Christ. I am such a fucking loser!”

“What do you mean, Jamie?” came the calm, gentle voice. “What on earth happened to make you say that?”

Jamie turned and looked fiercely at Mark. “What happened!? What happened!? Here’s what happened. I take a waitress to bed and can’t get it up. Can’t even get a fucking erection. Then I go for a swim and end up nearly drowning. You have to rescue me. I can’t do anything right. I’m not even a man.”

“Hey kid. Don’t beat yourself up. You’re no loser. Far from it.”

Jamie almost sobbed. “I was just trying to impress you and I fucked up royally.”

Mark put his hand on Jamie’s chin and pulled his face round toward him.

“Now listen to me, Jamie. You won’t impress me with how many women you’ve laid, or how hard your dick gets, or how far you can swim. You’ve already impressed me, kid. You took a wrong path in your life and you’ve worked damned hard to turn yourself around. Randy punished you hard, the other guys worked you like a slave, and you’ve come through it all. And here you are, 23, handsome, great body. You’ve got a new job and a new home. And you know what?

“What, sir?”

“You’ve got a new friend Me.”

Jamie frowned again. “That’s another thing the worst.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Of course you know that was jism all over my body just then. I fucking shot my load, man, all over myself.”

“So what? After what you’ve been through it’s a great kind of release.”

“You don’t get it do you? What made me come was hell, I was thinking about you, sir.”

“Me?” Mark smiled in amusement.

“Yeah saving me, holding me, bending over me, breathing life back into me.” He gazed up at Mark with a defeated look. “And that’s not all. Shit, you might as well know the worst. Last night while you were sleeping I was in the bathroom and I masturbated looking at you. Shot my biggest load ever all over the bathroom floor.” He turned his head away again. “There. Now you know.”

There was a silence for a moment, then Mark roared with laughter.

“Is that all? Jamie, it’s not the first time that’s happened to me, far from it. I guess people just like the way I look. Stop beating yourself up about it. Just as long as you had a good time.”

“But I’m no fucking fa” but Jamie checked himself just in time.

“ faggot? Is that what you were gonna say? Listen kid. You’ve gotta stop putting labels on things. Especially that label. I never want to hear that again. The thing is you had a great orgasm. That’s terrific. Do what makes you feel good, just as long as nobody gets hurt. And you sure as hell won’t hurt me by jerking off looking at me. Quite the contrary.” He smiled down at Jamie. “Here, give me that”

Jamie handed him the crumpled tank top he was still holding, now sticky with his own cum. Mark took it, stood up, opened it up and pulled it over his head, down over his chest. He ran his hand over it, feeling the creamy wetness.

“See, I don’t mind.”

Jamie shook his head. “God, you are something else, sir.”

Mark got down and lay beside Jamie. “Let me ask you something. What do you think of Bob back home?”

“Randy’s friend? I don’t know much about him but he seems a decent guy. And he sure is beautiful. One of the most incredible men I’ve ever seen.”

“That’s what I thought when I first met him. I had pulled him over for an illegal U-turn and he didn’t want me to write him a ticket. So I made him stand and strip for me. And as I watched him I shot my load in my pants.” He grinned, “Then I tore up the ticket. So you see, you’re not the only one who gets off looking at a beautiful guy.”

“Jeez,” Jamie gazed at Mark. “I never would have thought.”

“That’s your trouble, kid. You think too much. Just go with your feelings.” He gazed at the confused young man. “You know what? You need a real treat. We both do. When did you last stay at a really fancy hotel?”

“I never have, sir.”

“Well that’s gonna change. Big Sur is not too far up the road. There’s a big hotel on the cliff with fantastic views over the ocean, the most beautiful place on the coast. That’s where we’ll spend the night.” He grinned. “Gotta wear a shirt, though. Don’t want them to think we’re white trash drifting in on the tide, do we?”

And Jamie laughed out loud for the first time in a long time.

A couple of hours later they were in the lap of luxury. A king size room with its own private balcony overlooking the ocean that sparkled way below them beneath the cliffs. They were lucky to get a room as the hotel was booked, but Mark’s police ID helped a bit. They had showered, ordered room service and sat in their thick terry-cloth robes eating dinner on the balcony.

Jamie was now much more relaxed. He had dropped the macho attitude and the two men chatted easily together, made each other laugh. The sun was beginning to set toward the Pacific and there was a silence as the two faces gazed at each other, bathed in the golden light.

“You know something, Jamie,” Mark said. “You’ve grown into one helluva good-looking dude the face, the body. You’re terrific.”

“Thank you, sir. That’s great coming from you. God, you look like I dunno what they call a Greek God I think.” Then he paused and cleared his throat. “Sir, you know that story you told me about Bob?”

Mark smiled. “You read my thoughts, kid.” He stood up and wheeled the meal cart back into the room. Then he joined Jamie back out on the balcony. “Stand up”

The two men faced each other. As if reading each other’s minds they untied their robes and let them drop. And there they stood, naked, looking at each other, on the sunlit balcony high above

the shimmering Pacific, in the midst of the most beautiful scenery in the world, the wooded cliffs plunging steeply to the sea.

Mark looked out to sea. "Spectacular view, uh?"

Jamie was looking straight at Mark as he replied, "Spectacular."

When their laughter stopped they stood still, gazing at each other. The sun threw a magical, golden light over their sun-tanned bodies as it sank into the glittering sea. Their cocks started to stiffen. They grew harder and soon stood out rigid before them.

"You with me, Jamie?" Mark breathed.

"Yes, sir."

They gazed deeply into each other's eyes as they stroked their cocks, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Mark smiled at Jamie and the young man grinned back. Each was intoxicated by the beauty of the man facing him and the splendor of the moment. Like the sunset, it did not last long.

"You ready, Jamie?"

"Ready, sir."

And there, poised above the world, the two men shuddered, held their breath, and with shouts of joy each of them shot long streams of creamy hot liquid that splashed over the other man's gleaming body. The twin orgasms were intense, multiple eruptions of hot semen pouring from each of them.

When they finally stopped the silence was so intense they could hear the faint sound of waves crashing far, far below. Their smiles, shy at first, became wider until they erupted into laughter. They came together in a tight embrace, two virile men hugging each other and laughing with the newfound joy of true masculine friendship.

That night Jamie did not cling to the edge of bed as he had done in the motel the night before. There was a lot of space in the king-size bed but inevitably their bodies touched from time to time, and when they did Jamie felt his cock stir. But he didn't care. He didn't care about anything, except lying next to this man.

He was happier than he had ever been. No it was simpler than that he was just happy. Jamie knew now that he had never really been happy in his life before. Suddenly His life was simple, untroubled. It was in Technicolor! All the pain and confusion of his past disappeared

and he felt safe. He was lying next to this glorious man, the man who had saved his life, who had said he would take care of him. Best of all, he was his friend.

He lay on his back listening to Mark's steady breathing and soon Jamie too fell into a peaceful, carefree sleep.

The next day, after a leisurely breakfast in their room, they left for home. Holding on tight to the man who had saved his life changed his life Jamie felt a lightness, an exhilaration that he could not understand. But he didn't try to. Hadn't Mark told him not to think so much, just feel? Well he did, and he felt great.

Mark took the Carmel Valley route through the hills and then they sped straight down the 101, all the way to the Silver Lake exit in Hollywood and then they were home. Darius and Pablo were by the pool and as Jamie passed by on the way to his room he called out a cheery, "Hi, guys!" The two lovers looked at each other and frowned.

"He sure seems happy, Pablo said. Guess Mark gave him a good trip. Can't see that they have much in common, though."

"Nah," Darius agreed. "Just a one-time deal, that's for sure."

Mark looked in on Bob and Randy in the office. "Good trip?" Bob asked.

"The best," Mark said. He's a helluva a guy, you know. Still, duty calls. The night shift." He left to put on his uniform for work.

Randy looked at Bob. "Hmm. Seems they had a good time. Don't know what he means, though, 'helluva guy.' The kid's just a new employee after all nothing more than that."

Although Mark worked all night he was in a great mood when he pulled into the garage at home in the morning. Pablo was already there working on the truck Randy had given to Darius. As usual he was wearing his old dungarees, held up by one strap at his shoulder. And as usual he was naked underneath.

"Hey there, Pablo," Mark said. "Man, I gotta thank you for tuning up the Harley so well. It ran like a dream. We had a great trip."

"You're welcome, sir," Pablo mumbled blandly without even looking up.

Mark frowned. "Anything wrong, kid?"

“No, sir.”

“Are you sure?”

Now Pablo looked at him. “Me and Darius, we were talking.”

“Oh.”

“About Miller, sir. We were kind of surprised that you took him with you him being just a new worker and all.”

Mark smiled. “So that’s what this is all about. Listen Pablo, and you can tell this to Darius. The new guy is a great kid. And his name’s Jamie, by the way. I like him a lot. We’re friends and I’d like you to be his friends too. You should get to know him.”

Pablo narrowed his eyes and hesitated. Then he blurted out, “I probably shouldn’t ask you this, sir but did you fuck him?”

Mark’s head jerked back in surprise. “You’re right, Pablo, you damn well shouldn’t ask me a thing like that.” He paused. “But you might as well know that I didn’t ‘fuck him’ as you put it. I’m sure the guy’s not into that didn’t even cross his mind. Why would you ask me such a thing, anyway?”

“No reason.” Pablo’s tone was surly.

Mark stood closer to him, sizing him up. “This is not about Jamie, is it, Pablo? It’s about you. Are you jealous of Jamie?”

Pablo pulled himself up to his full height. “I think you like him more than you like me, sir.”

“Why in God’s name would you say a thing like that?”

“Well sir, it’s just that

“Come on, kid. Out with it.”

It all came out in a rush. “I’ve been thinking. You’ve fucked everyone in this house except me sir. You don’t even want me.”

Mark threw his head back and laughed. “Is that all that’s bugging you? Listen to me, kid. I think you have the most beautiful ass I’ve ever seen. Every time I look at it my cock gets hard. The only reason I’ve never put my dick inside it is that the opportunity has never arisen. I’d love to fuck you.

“Really, sir?” Pablo looked into Mark’s eyes with a gaze of eager anticipation. “You really mean that?”

“Hell, just talking about it is getting me hard.”

“Me too, sir.”

“Then let’s do something about that. Turn round, kid.”

Pablo turned his back to Mark, who unhooked the strap of his dungarees, which dropped round his knees. The cop took a sharp intake of breath as he looked at the perfectly rounded globes of the ass.

“You think I didn’t want that?” he breathed.

Still in his full uniform he sank to his knees, put his hands around Pablo’s waist and began to lick the mounds of his ass. Soon he was burying his face in the warm, moist crack, pushing his tongue deep inside. Pablo moaned as he felt the tongue explore the velvet inside of his ass.

“That feels incredible,” he whispered. “Thank you, sir.”

Mark stood up and pushed the young man forward over the open tailgate of the truck, pressing his head down toward the flat bed. He unzipped his uniform pants and pulled out his raging cock. He pressed it against Pablo’s hole and eased it inside with one long, steady thrust, until the head rested against a silky softness deep inside.

“God,” he breathed. “And you thought I didn’t want that?”

He pulled back, then thrust again, bringing fresh moans of pleasure from the young man. He plunged in several more times, but Mark was a visual guy and said, “I gotta watch you, kid, while I fuck that sweet ass.”

He pulled his dick free, turned Pablo around, put his hands on the naked waist and with one strong move lifted him up so he was sitting on the tailgate of the truck. Pablo lay back on the flat bed and looked up at the cop. He was always hugely turned on when he saw Mark in uniform, and now the uniformed cop was looming over him, about to fuck his ass.

Mark pulled him forward until his ass was hanging over the end of the tail gate. He grabbed his ankles and stretched his legs outward, high over his head. His stiff rod rested against the trembling ass. He smiled down at the spellbound face.

“Now, kid, you’re gonna see how much I wanted this.” And as he pushed his cock deep inside the quivering ass both men moaned in ecstasy.

Pablo gazed up in awe at the beautiful cop, stunning in his black uniform, shirt stretched over the slabs of his chest, a triangle of white T-shirt visible at his neck. His high black riding boots scraped on the floor as his body moved back and forth. Pablo watched this muscle-god, this sexual icon as he felt the long shaft penetrating his body.

Mark loved the effect he was having on the boy. He smiled down at the face that was set in an expression of total worship. Pablo looked up at the image he had secretly imagined many times, and now, at last, it was real.

“Oh god, sir. It’s perfect. You look unbelievable. I’ve always wanted to be fucked by a cop and you, sir are a total fantasy. I can’t believe you’re real. Aaah fuck me sir. Please fuck my ass.”

And that’s just what Mark did, for a long time, plunging in and out of the hot furnace of the youthful ass, the tip of his cock tingling, alive, as it touched the secret depths of Pablo’s body. As he held the legs high his muscles flexed and the short sleeves of his shirt slid back from his bulging biceps. Pablo’s gazed traveled down the body to the wide leather belt as the slim waist push again and again against his ass. The incredible sight was bringing Pablo to a pitch of excitement. He couldn’t hold on much longer.

“It’s time, Pablo,” Mark breathed.

“I know, sir. I can’t hold back any more. I can’t help it, sir. I’m gonna

The words stopped and his voice became a high-pitched howl as his cock exploded with jets of thick juice that splashed over his chest and face. Mark too yelled as he pushed in deep one last time and felt his cock erupt in the moist depths of the beautiful ass. Then they were still as their cocks poured with the juices of their incredible orgasm. Their bodies heaved and their eyes were locked in an intense gaze of mutual exhilaration.

“Now,” Mark said. “Now do you believe I wanted your ass?”

“Yes, sir, I do,” Pablo smiled.

Mark was just pulling his dick out of the hole when they both heard the garage door open. Mark turned round to see Randy. The rugged construction worker had just come from the work site, dressed in filthy cargo pants and boots, his old tank top streaked with dirt. Mark grinned broadly at Randy as he zipped his pants.

“Hey buddy. Great timing. We had just finished.”

“So I see,” Randy growled. He strode right up to Mark and punched him viciously in the stomach. Taken completely by surprise the cop howled in pain. Randy landed another punch and Mark double over clutching his stomach. Randy locked his hands together and his muscles

flexed as he brought his arms down on the back of Mark's neck in a brutal double-forearm smash. The big cop sank to his knees in a daze.

Randy looked at the terrified Pablo. He bent down and pulled the dungarees up over the body, holding them by the neck and dragging the young man out of the garage. He looked over his shoulder and growled at the fallen cop.

"I'll be back for you."

Randy dragged the horrified boy across the lawn to the house, opened the door and threw him inside. As Pablo huddled on the floor Randy hissed, "Stay here. Don't move. Just think about what you've done."

He slammed the door shut, turned and strode back toward the garage. But he was met in the middle of the lawn by Mark who had partially recovered and stumbled out of the garage. The big, swarthy construction worker and the muscular, blond cop faced each other, eyes blazing.

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Chapter 38 – Cop Versus Construction Worker

They were like two great bulls, pawing the ground, nostrils flaring. They circled each other, eyes blazing. The big, swarthy construction worker, in filthy cargo pants and sweat-stained old tank top loomed like a dark demon. The god-like, muscular cop, in full black uniform, was the powerful symbol of authority.

"You asshole," growled the cop. "What the hell's got into you? You're fucking crazy"

"You fucked my boy!" yelled Randy. "Nobody fucks my boy. Especially not you."

"Jesus Christ, man, you're adopting the kid, not his ass. You think you own everything else in this house? Well you don't own me, asshole. He wanted me to fuck him so I did. And you know what? It felt great."

"Pablo's mine," Randy sneered. "What's your problem, anyway? You didn't get what you wanted from that piece of trash you took for a ride? He didn't put out for the big stud cop?"

As soon as the words left his mouth Randy knew he had gone too far, and he didn't even see the lightning fist that smashed into his jaw, sending him reeling backward. He crashed against a tree, shook his head and rubbed his chin. His rage was now out of control. He sprang forward, lowered his head and slammed his shoulder against the cop's stomach in a vicious football tackle.

Both powerful bodies crashed to the ground and they were on each other instantly, grappling, punching, rolling over and over in the dirt. Randy wrapped his bicep round Mark's neck in a tight choke hold, and the cop thrashed wildly with his arms, choking, trying to free himself. He was gasping for breath and beginning to weaken when in a desperate move he slammed his elbow backward into Randy's gut and the construction worker howled and fell on his back.

Mark took instant advantage. With Randy winded and sprawled on his back Mark hurled himself on top of him. Straddling him on his knees he pulled Randy's arms straight down at his sides and knelt on them, locking them in place. His arms pinioned, Randy looked up helplessly at the powerful uniformed cop kneeling over him.

Chest heaving, Mark smiled down at him grimly. "OK, big guy, it's me you're dealing with now. You may scare the shit out of everyone else not me, pal. I'm as tough as you are. I can take you anytime."

"Go fuck yourself, shithead," Randy growled.

"I don't think so," Mark said. "Now, let's see how tough you really are. Flex those pecs for me, asshole."

Randy knew what was coming and flexed his chest muscles hard under his thin tank top. The construction worker watched as Mark raised his arm, then brought his fist smashing down on the slab of his chest. Randy's head jerked back and he flexed harder to lessen the pain. The fist slammed down again on the other side of his chest and again a bolt of searing pain jolted his body.

Now the blows rained down steadily. Mark used both fists to pummel Randy's pecs without mercy. The two muscle studs locked eyes in a mutual look of steely defiance. Randy's entire body was now flexed as hard as iron, every huge muscle etched with bulging veins, as he withstood the onslaught. His eyes challenged the massive cop, with even the shadow of a grim smile.

"Go ahead, stud," he gasped. "Think you can make me submit? My body can take anything you can dish out and more."

Mark redoubled his effort, using every ounce of his strength in bruising and torturing the construction worker's huge chest. He sensed that Randy was finally starting to weaken. But Randy wasn't finished. His upper body was helplessly pinned but his legs were still free. He took a deep breath and raised his right leg, slamming his knee into Mark's back.

Taken by surprise Mark yelled in pain and he fell forward. His knees loosened their grip on Randy's arms and the big man rolled free. Mark was now lying on the ground clutching his back in pain, and in one swift move Randy sprang to his feet and launched himself onto the fallen cop. Again they were locked in a savage bearhug, rolling over the ground, each trying to gain the advantage.

They were totally unaware of the gate opening and the roar that pierced the air.

“STOP!”

Bob had arrived home from work and now rushed toward the writhing men. Although he was still in his business suit he fell to his knees and tried to pull the struggling combatants apart, screaming at them to give up the fight. But the men were consumed with rage and ignored Bob’s efforts. Pinned underneath the cop Randy tried a repeat of his earlier move and kicked up hard with his leg.

But this time the result was very different. Instead of hitting Mark, Randy’s boot made contact with the chest of the man kneeling over them. Bob howled in pain and rolled over the ground clutching his chest. The fight stopped. Mark and Randy looked up and immediately grasped what had happened. They sprang to their feet and ran to Bob who was still writhing on the ground.

“Oh, Jesus,” Randy gasped. “Oh man, what have I done? Look at me buddy. Speak to me.”

“Let me see,” said the cop, taking charge. He bent over the fallen business executive and placed his hands lightly on his rib cage. Bob winced and looked up at Mark.

“Does this hurt?” Mark asked, pressing lightly with his fingers.

“Yeah, a bit. Not too much.”

“And how’s your breathing? Try to take a deep breath.”

Bob did so and said, “It’s fine. Just sore. I’ll be OK. No broken ribs, uh?”

“I don’t think so,” Mark smiled. “Only bruises. You’ll live.”

Randy looked on aghast at what he had done to the man he loved and protected. He could find no words. But Bob recovered quickly and Mark helped him to his feet.

“Thanks, man,” Bob said. He stood up straight and regained his breath. After an uneasy silence Bob sighed. “I don’t know about you guys but I could use a beer.”

Bob, still in his business suit, sat at the head of the kitchen table. Randy, in filthy construction gear and Mark, his uniform streaked with dirt, sat facing each other. They sipped their beers sullenly, then Bob broke the heavy silence, shaking his head.

“You guys are like a pair of pit-bulls. Will you ever stop competing with each other? Now, you’ve told me what caused this, but Mark, I just want to know one thing. Are you sure that what you did with Pablo was consensual?”

“Of course it was.” Mark protested. “I would never force myself on him or anyone. He asked me to fuck him. He wanted it.”

Randy found his voice. “Why in God’s name would he want that?”

“Because he was jealous of Jamie and me.”

“Who the fuck’s Jamie?” Randy growled.

“Jesus you don’t even know his first name,” Mark said in exasperation. “He’s the guy living with us, asshole. Miller the guy you just hired. A kid I happen to like a lot.” He glared at Randy. “He’s the ‘piece of trash’ I took with me up north.”

Randy winced, hearing his own words repeated. “Hell, man. You know I didn’t mean that. I was way out of line.”

“Your anger taking over again?” Bob asked. “Mark, why do you like Jamie so much?”

“Dunno. Maybe the way he’s trying so hard to turn his life around. He reminds me of myself somehow. I ran on the wild side when I was his age. I was often on the wrong side of the law before I became a cop.”

“I didn’t know that,” said Bob.

“Not something I boast about.”

Bob smiled. “Well if Jamie is your buddy he’s ours too. And we’ll make sure Darius and Pablo respect him too. Right, Randy?”

“Right.” Randy shifted uneasily. Finally he said to Mark, “Look you know how hard it is for me to apologize. Never do. But I do now, buddy. I’m sorry, man.”

He walked around the table and stood beside Mark holding out his hand. Mark stood up, grinned and took his hand, pulling Randy toward him in a tight hug. Randy returned the embrace, then pulled back sharply and rubbed his battered chest.

“Hey, easy big guy. My pecs are real sore.”

“And I know just how that feels,” said Bob, rubbing his own rib cage.

The tension dissolved in a howl of laughter.

Randy rubbed his chin and grinned. "Hey, that Police Academy sure teaches you a mean right hook, buddy. You should give me lessons some time."

They drained their beers and were working on a second when Bob cleared his throat and the others fell silent.

"You know," Bob said. "If Jamie's gonna stay here a while we should fix up his room. Right now it's not much more than a storage closet. You're the construction boss, Randy. How about it?"

"Sure," said Randy, eager to make amends to Mark. "But we'll have to start right away. My new company's almost up and running and any work I do here should be finished before I open a second shift." He frowned in thought. "It'll take a few weeks the place needs gutting so the kid'll have to move out during construction. Where's he gonna sleep?"

"There aren't many options," said Bob. "He can hardly move in with the other guys; they're still giving him the cold shoulder. So maybe you could do us a favor, Mark, and let him bunk in with you." Bob grinned at him. "How would you feel about that?"

"Great idea," Mark agreed, a little too quickly, making Bob and Randy exchanged smiles. Mark stood up. "I'll go and give him the news."

Randy said, "Do me another favor, Mark. Drop in on Pablo and let him know everything's OK. Tell him I'll be in shortly to make my peace with him. I need a word with Bob."

"Sure thing, buddy," and Mark left the room.

There was a silence as Bob and Randy stood up and looked at each other. Bob sighed and said, "OK, sir. So now I guess you get to beat me up for taking charge making decisions being too assertive, as you call it. Go ahead. Just stay clear of the ribs."

Randy walked forward and threw his arms around his lover. "Man, what would I do without you? Once again you've saved me from making a total ass of myself. How can I make it up to you?"

Bob smiled. "I can think of a way. On your knees, big guy."

As usual Randy read his lover's mind and he fell to his knees before him. He stared at the bulge in the crotch of Bob's dress pants.

"So, what you gonna do about that, asshole?" Bob said to the kneeling construction worker.

Randy reached up and pulled down the zip of the pants. He reached inside the shorts and pulled out the big dick that was already rock hard.

“Eat it, man,” growled Bob.

Randy leaned forward opened his mouth and let his lover’s cock slide deep inside his throat. He sucked it hard, his head moving back and forth with increasing speed as he smelled and tasted the musky warmth of the moist cock. Bob looked down at the muscular, dirt-streaked shoulders of the glorious man and moaned in ecstasy as his cock began to pulse.

Just in time he pulled out and his voice growled. “On your feet, asshole. Bend over the table.”

Randy obeyed and stood at the kitchen table, bending forward low, so his forehead touched the table, his arms spread outward gripping the sides. He braced himself for what he knew was coming. Bob quickly pulled down Randy’s cargo pants so they hung round his ankles, his ass bare and vulnerable.

His cock still hung out of his dress pants and he came up behind Randy. Swiftly he pushed his raging tool inside the glorious ass, feeling it slide all the way in until it hit the warm inner depths of his gut.

“Fuck me, man,” Randy moaned. “Don’t hold back.”

Without any foreplay Bob began to pound hard against his master’s ass, pulling his cock all the way out, then plunging it deep inside again. Randy’s moans turned to sobs as he endured the brutal hammering of his lover’s long shaft.

Bob growled. “Maybe this’ll make you think twice, asshole, before you pick a fight. Even masters can get hammered. Your ass is mine. Here it comes, big guy.”

And with one final powerful lunge Bob’s cock exploded deep inside the body of the construction worker. Both men yelled in unison, and as he felt the warm liquid flow into his ass Randy’s own cock erupted and he felt hot semen shoot upward between his chest and the table. His torso slid on the creamy, slick surface of the table and he felt his lover’s cum oozing in his ass.

The men were motionless as their heaving breaths subsided and their heartbeats slowed. Then Bob pulled out and Randy stood up. He bent down, pulled up his pants and buckled them. Then he reached down, took hold of Bob’s cock, pushed it back inside his shorts and zipped up his pants. He grinned at Bob.

“I guess you taught me a lesson.”

Bob grinned back. “The same lesson you’ll get every time you pick a stupid fight.”

“Mmm,” Randy mused. “All the more reason for me to pick more ‘stupid fights’.”

“Asshole,” said Bob and threw his arm round Randy’s shoulder as they walked out of the kitchen.

Over at the second house Mark was helping Jamie move his stuff out of his basement room into Mark’s bedroom upstairs. When he had heard that he was to move in there with the beautiful cop Jamie had been secretly excited, but apprehensive at the same time. He hid his enthusiasm and tried to play it cool, be matter-of-fact about the temporary arrangement. They were buddies, after all, and just bunking in with each other until the construction was finished.

Bob had suggested that all six men have dinner together. He wanted harmony in the house and knew there were still some bruised feelings. Everything went OK except that Darius and Pablo were still cool toward the newcomer Jamie. This was especially true of Pablo, who somehow still saw Jamie as something of a rival.

They all drank quite a lot and then it was time for bed. Mark and Jamie walked back to the second house together and climbed the stairs to Mark’s bedroom. He had a big California King bed so sleeping together should not be a problem.

As they got ready for bed Jamie couldn’t help stealing admiring glances as Mark stripped off his shirt and jeans. He lowered his boxers and walked naked to the dresser. He pulled out a V-neck T-shirt and shorts and put them on. His muscular body was clearly outlined underneath and he looked stunning.

“Here,” he said to Jamie and threw him a T-shirt and shorts. “Try these for sleeping in.” They turned out to be a bit too big and loose for Jamie but he loved the idea of wearing the cop’s underwear and was embarrassed to feel his cock get hard. To hide his erection he sat down on the bed.

“You OK?” Mark asked. “Look, I know that the young guys are still keeping their distance from you, but give them time. After all, you used to work for them so it’ll take them a while to get their mind around you living here living with me.”

“Yeah, it’s a bit tough,” Jamie said. “I wish they liked me more. But I’ll survive. By the way, I couldn’t help hearing all that shouting this morning. What was that all about?”

“Oh, nothing,” Mark said. “It’s all over now.”

“But why was Randy so mad at you? I thought you were buddies.”

“I said it was nothing. It’s just that Pablo was a bit jealous of you and wanted me to show him I still liked him. I like the kid a lot and he wanted me to fuck him, so I did. Randy kind of went ape-shit, but it’s all over now.”

Jamie gaped at him in shock. "You what? You fucked him? You mean you up the ass, you mean?"

"Of course up the ass. I'd never done it to him and that was his problem. He's fine now."

Jamie was stunned. He frowned, then his eyes opened wide in fear. "Is that what you're gonna do to me? Is that why I'm here?"

"Jesus Christ," Mark laughed. "Why in hell would you think that? With you and me it's totally different, man. We're buddies. Sure we got off looking at each other, but we're still regular guys who are friends, and that's it. Don't sweat it, Jamie. Nothing like that's gonna happen to you. So forget about it. Let's hit the sack."

As he had done two nights before, in the motel, Jamie lay clinging to the edge of the bed, his back to Mark. His mind was spinning as he thought to himself, "He fucked him? He put his dick in his ass? Shit, I shouldn't be here Still, he said nothing like that would happen to me. We're just friends, right?"

His thoughts still raced in confusion. "He likes Pablo in a different way. Must like him more than me if he fucks him. Yeah, he likes him more than me."

The idea troubled him somehow, but then he thought. "I don't care. Mark's just my buddy. We just have a good time. Sure, he's a great looking guy, spectacular actually. And sure he makes my dick get hard when I look at him. Shit, it's hard now. But that doesn't mean I want him to touch me or anything does it? I sure as hell don't wanna touch him."

"I'll be OK. I'll just keep over here on my side of the bed. He's fast asleep anyway. Fell asleep right away. Just shows, he's not interested in me not in that way not in the way he likes Pablo, thank God Yeah, he likes Pablo more than me. Wonder why that is. Why does he want to do that to Pablo and not to me? Shit, I wish my hard-on would go down."

"Listen, he's breathing steadily. He's fast asleep." Jamie turned over and looked at the sleeping cop. It was warm so Mark had no sheet over him. He lay there in his tight V-neck T-shirt and shorts and there was a bulge in the shorts. "God, he's beautiful," Jamie thought. "I've never seen a man like him. He's like a fucking god."

Then Jamie's thoughts returned to the drama on the deserted beach when he had nearly drowned in the rip tide and Mark had rescued him. "He saved my life, that's for sure. I would have drowned if he hadn't swum out to me, held me, carried me ashore."

Memories rose up from deep inside his subconscious mind. "Guess they call it the breath of life. That's how he saved me. He put his mouth over mine. He pressed his lips on mine and breathed life into me. I can feel it now. I can still taste him, smell him."

Jamie didn't realize that he had moved closer to the sleeping Mark. He pulled himself up on his elbow so that his face looked down on the cop's handsome sculpted features. "Yeah, he put his lips on mine. I think I can remember. I think I can remember the taste. He was just like this, leaning over me. Then he leaned down and I think I can still taste him."

Jamie was now deep in his fantasy. His face dropped lower, he was inches from Mark, whose lips were slightly apart as he slept. "He did it like this....." And his lips met Mark's, lightly at first, then pressing harder and he brought his hand up to Mark's cheek. He felt his own cock throbbing as their faces pressed together.

Mark's eyes suddenly shot open. Startled at first, he quickly realized that it was Jamie's mouth pressed against his. He didn't move, didn't want to embarrass the kid. But he stirred involuntarily and Jamie pulled back abruptly. His eyes opened wide in horrifying realization of what he had been doing. He was paralyzed, had no idea what to do.

He gazed down at the translucent blue eyes and suddenly realized they were smiling. They were beautiful, the whole face was glorious. Jamie couldn't help himself. He was drowning in this incredible man and suddenly he was kissing him again, grinding his lips against Mark's.

Mark gently placed his hand behind Jamie's neck and held his face tightly in place against his. They began kissing each other intensely. They stroked, then rubbed, then ground their lips together, probing deep with their tongues. Their hands were around each other's faces, necks as they pressed together in a display of mutual affection and pure animal lust.

Then it was over. Reality suddenly hit Jamie like ice water and he pulled back horrified. He leaped out of bed and fumbled for his jeans. As he struggled into them he mumbled, "I'm sorry, sir. I don't know I don't know why I Shit, I must be crazy. I'll leave, sir. Leave the house. I'm no good here I'll just pick up my things and"

"Jamie!" Mark's commanding voice brought the young man to a standstill. He was frozen in place, staring wide-eyed at the man he had been kissing.

"Get back into bed. I'm ordering you. Get back into bed. Now!"

Jamie had to obey this man. He stepped out of his jeans and lay down in the bed, facing Mark. The cop smiled at the frightened kid. "Take a few deep breaths kid. Now listen, and remember what I told you before. Stop putting labels on things. Stop thinking too hard. Shake off your old ideas and just feel. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes, sir." Jamie was trembling.

"Now, tell me. Our trip on the bike did you like that?"

"I loved it, sir."

“And on the beach, in the hotel, on the balcony as the sun set, you remember those things, what we did?”

Jamie breathed heavily. “Yes I do sir.”

“And how did you feel about it?”

“I loved it, sir. Every minute of it. I was happy, sir. I came alive. It was incredible being with you, sir. Please don’t make me go away.”

“Mark smiled, “That’s not gonna happen, Jamie.”

“But I Sir, I don’t think I want

“Don’t worry, kid. I’m not gonna fuck you,” Mark smiled. “But I am gonna sleep with you. Properly I mean, not with you hanging onto the edge of the bed. Now come here. And that’s an order.”

Eagerly Jamie slid his body over to Mark’s.

“Now, turn over.”

Jamie turned over and pressed his back into Mark’s chest. Mark wrapped his big arms around the young man and held him tight.

“Feel better?” he asked.

“Yes, sir. Feels perfect, sir.”

“Good. Now let’s get some sleep.”

Mark was soon breathing deeply again and Jamie began to relax, his body pressed against this glorious man, folded in his muscular arms. And that’s how Jamie slept. All night long.

When Jamie woke next morning he was alone in bed. Mark had an early shift and had left before dawn. Jamie didn’t have time to reflect on the events of the previous night as he too was starting work today, on the new construction site with Randy and Darius. Darius gave him a ride there in his truck. The young black man was polite but not overly friendly. He was protective of Pablo and shared his suspicions of the new guy.

Pablo had gone to his regular job at the Police Motor Pool but, as the brass was coming down for a big inspection that day, he had to leave his dog Billy at home. The Doberman was alone in the yard, guarding the empty house.

The work day at the construction site was short. As it was the first day Randy needed to go over things with his two foremen, Darius and Jack, so he let Jamie off early. Jamie's bike was in the back of the truck so he rode it home. He was still biking up the hill when he heard loud noises up ahead yelping and barking. Sounded like a dog fight.

As he approached he was surprised to see that a hole had been torn in the fence next to the gate. He quickened his pace, ran into the yard, and stopped in horror. On the other side of the lawn Billy was locked in a vicious fight with another dog, a huge black and white pit-bull that seemed crazed out of his mind. Evidently he had broken into the yard and attacked Billy. (Much later it turned out that the dog had escaped from the house of a neighbor where he was mistreated and ill-fed, so he was hungry and vicious.)

The fight was really savage and, though Billy fought hard, the pit-bull was heavier and more brutal. He had Billy by the scruff of the neck and was shaking him like a rat. Jamie's reflexes were quick. He rushed for the garden hose and turned it on full blast, aiming it at the struggling dogs. They didn't react, so Jamie turned to nozzle at the end of the hose to make a hard jet of water that he aimed at the pit-bull's face.

As the water hit his eyes he howled and fell backward, releasing Billy. Like lightning Jamie hurled himself at the crazed pit-bull, a potentially fatal move. The dog's teeth sank into his outstretched arm and Jamie screamed with pain. It was impossible to shake the dog off so, acting by reflex, with his arm bleeding profusely, Jamie dragged him all the way across the lawn to the gate.

The gate was still open and instinctively Jamie grabbed it with his free arm. With all his remaining strength he hurled the dog against the gate post and slammed the gate on him. He did this again and again, crushing the dog between the gate and the post. The pit-bull weakened, howling in pain, and finally released Jamie's arm. He aimed a savage kick at the animal, and as the dog fell outside the gate Jamie slammed it shut. He heard the dog yelping as it ran off down the hill.

Jamie turned to Billy who was lying whimpering, bleeding on the grass. It seemed that the damage was mostly to his leg, which had a huge, gaping wound. Jamie knew he had to get him to a vet fast. He knew there was one on Figueroa Street but it was a long walk down the hill. There were no vehicles in the house, except the Harleys, so he would have to go on foot.

He ran to the bathroom and grabbed two towels. One he wrapped round his own arm that was pouring blood and the other he wound around Billy. He picked up the limp dog and began to walk. 'Jesus, he's heavy,' Jamie thought, but he felt the blood seeping through the towel, his own and Billy's, and quickened his pace.

The walk was grueling. He felt nauseous and dizzy, but he stumbled forward. He almost fell several times, but gritted his teeth and forced himself onward. He knew that if he fell both he and the dog were finished.

The vet was shocked to see the blood-stained young man stagger through the door, with the limp dog in his arms. He acted quickly and soon had Billy on the table and was stabilizing him. While he did so Jamie stammered out his story.

“My, God,” the vet said. “You attacked the pit-bull? You must be crazy. He could’ve killed you.”

“I couldn’t let him kill Billy,” Jamie said. “Pablo loves that dog he’s nuts about him.”

The vet insisted Jamie get immediate care. The only number Jamie had was Mark’s cell and the vet called it. By a sheer luck Mark had just finished work and was getting into his truck. The vet only had to say a few words of explanation and Mark said, “I’ll be right there.”

His truck pulled up only minutes later. He rushed in, took one look at Jamie’s ashen face and blood-soaked arm and said, “It’s OK, kid. I’ll take care of you.” The vet hastily told the story.

“I’ve never known anyone attack a crazed pit-bull and live to tell about it. The guy’s real lucky to be alive so’s this dog. That’s a hell of a brave kid you’ve got there sir.”

Events moved fast very fast. Mark helped Jamie carefully into the truck. The cop had his emergency flasher with him and he reached out the window and clamped it magnetically to the roof. With lights flashing and siren blaring they took off.

“Hang in there, kid. Won’t be long. You’re a helluva guy, Jamie, you know that? I’ll take care of you now. How’re you feeling?”

“I’m fine now you’re with me, sir.”

They made it to the nearest emergency room at Glendale Memorial Hospital in minutes. The emergency worker knew the uniformed cop well and said, “Hi, Mark. So what have you got for us today?”

They rushed Jamie inside. After a quick examination the medics said that Jamie had lost a lot of blood and would probably need a transfusion. He would need to be stitched, and certainly require a series of rabies shots. They would have to keep him overnight for observation.

Mark said he would stay there until Jamie was sleeping. He called Randy and told him to alert Pablo and the others. In no time Pablo and Darius were with Billy at the vet’s, and Bob and Randy showed up at the hospital to see Mark. It was only then, as they talked, that the impact of the story hit everyone, and they realized how close they had been to losing Jamie and Billy.

At the vet’s Pablo was thinking the same thing.

It was mid-afternoon the next day when Jamie finally came home. It was Saturday so all the guys were there. Darius was helping Randy mend the hole in the fence. Pablo and Bob were sitting across the lawn with Billy, the dog resting his head in Pablo's lap, his leg heavily bandaged.

They all heard Mark's truck pull up. The gate opened and Jamie followed Mark inside, still looking pale, his left arm in a sling. They stopped just inside the gate and there was a long, still silence. Then several things happened in quick succession. The first to move was Billy. He stood up unsteadily and limped halfway across the lawn. He stopped and gazed at Jamie, enthusiastically wagging his tail.

Randy moved next. He had been on his knees mending the fence and he now stood up and looked straight at Jamie. His face broke into a grin. Then he brought his hands together and began to clap them slowly. As the tempo increased Darius joined in, then Bob and Pablo. Soon they were all applauding wildly. Mark smiled broadly and put his arm round Jamie's shoulder, pulling him towards him.

And the next thing to happen was that Jamie's face blushed a deep red.

#

Chapter 39 – Jamie's Secret Lust

Jamie was embarrassed by the wild applause that greeted him, accompanied by whoops and whistles from Darius and Pablo. Randy and Bob joined in the enthusiastic greeting as Mark put his arm around Jamie. No doubt about it, Jamie was the hero of the hour.

When the applause died down nobody quite knew what to do, except for Billy who gazed admiringly at Jamie and wagged his tail furiously. Soon Pablo walked forward and joined him. His eyes held Jamie's in a steady gaze and he thrust his hand out to him. Jamie took it and they shook hands, rather solemnly.

Pablo cleared his throat. "I I've been a real prick to you, dude. I treated you like shit, then ignored you and then you go and risk your life to save Billy's. You could have died. Why did you do it, man?"

"Because you love him." Jamie said simply. "I've seen the way you are together. You're crazy about Billy. You'd have fallen apart if anything happened to him. I had to save him for you."

“Jesus, man.” Pablo’s eyes filled with tears and he grabbed Jamie in a tight bear hug. The enormity of what could have happened overwhelmed him now and he started to sob. “I can never thank you enough, dude. Billy’s everything to me and I owe everything to you.” He pulled back and held Jamie at arm’s length. “You were incredible, dude. Taking on a pit-bull single handed I never thought I’d say this but I admire the hell out of you, man.”

“That goes for two of us.” Darius had come up to them and it was his turn to hug Jamie. “We’ve been real mother-fuckers, the way we treated you. We’ll make it up to you, dude.”

Jamie smiled, “I always wanted us to be friends from soon after I started working for you.”

“Hey,” a deep voice growled. “Enough of this Kumbaya shit.” Randy was smiling. “This calls for a few beers. Darius, can you rustle up something quick for us to eat and plenty to drink?”

“Sure thing, boss,” Darius said, and he and Pablo ran into the house.

OK, guys!” Randy stood up and there was silence. They were all sitting round the outdoor table eating and drinking noisily. Now they looked expectantly at Randy.

“Relax, I’m not gonna make a speech. I’ll say just one thing, though. Jamie, when you know me better you’ll understand that the thing I value most in a guy is toughness. One way or another I’ve put all these guys through a trial of strength made them earn their place here. But you’re something else! I thought I’d seen everything, but never a guy taking on a mad dog single-handedly. You are one tough son-of-a-bitch and I salute you. You belong here, kid. Welcome to the house.” He raised his beer bottle, then looked at Mark.

“And Mark, you’ve got yourself a hell of a boy.”

Caught off stride Mark said, “Oh we’re really just” But he trailed off as he caught the look on Jamie’s face. He was gazing at Mark with a mix of exhilaration and adoration, a look that told Mark they were more than just good buddies.

Mark corrected himself, smiled at Randy. “Thanks, man.” Then looking straight at Jamie, “I know I have.”

Bob looked at Darius and Pablo. “Jamie’s one of us now, and we’re counting on you guys to make him feel at home.”

“On one condition,” said Darius eagerly. “That he tells us everything that happened on the trip with Mark up north.”

“Everything?” Jamie asked wide-eyed.

"Of course everything," said Pablo. "Every detail."

Bob laughed. "Jamie, you should know that around here Darius is known as the 'King of Fantasy.' So you might want to dress the story up a bit."

"No need, sir," said Jamie. "It was a fantasy."

As the three young guys ran off to the house Randy grinned at Mark and tapped their beer bottles together. "Cheers, man. Treat him well, you hear?"

Late that evening Bob and Randy were in the house talking business. Mark was out working and would not be home until midnight. The three young guys were outside in the pool. Darius and Pablo were swimming but Jamie was just standing in the water to keep his arm dry. It was no longer in a sling but still bandaged and couldn't get wet.

All three had spent a good day together, with the two lovers listening wide-eyed and open-mouthed as Jamie related the story of his extraordinary bike trip with the glorious cop. He had intended to hold some details back but Darius's enthusiasm had somehow dragged out of him every last intimate detail the ride, the beach, the rescue in the rip tide, his spontaneous orgasm, the scene on the balcony where he and Mark had cum looking at each other.

"No way, dude," Darius breathed. "Awesome totally awesome. Has he fucked you yet?"

Jamie was taken aback and blushed deeply. "No, you guys. You got the wrong idea. I know we got off looking at each other

"..... who wouldn't?" Darius interrupted. "The man's a total god."

"..... but that's all," Jamie protested. "We're just good buddies, friends. I could never you know do anything like that. Even with a guy like Mark."

"There are no guys like Mark," said Pablo.

"Well, whatever. I'm only living with him until Randy has remodeled my room. That's all. We don't get into all that stuff."

"O...K," said Darius slowly, grinning at Pablo. "Just as you say."

"What?" asked Jamie, catching their look.

"Nothing," Pablo reassured him. "It's just as you say, dude. We believe you."

As Jamie's bandaged arm prevented him from swimming he left the guys in the pool and went upstairs to wait for Mark to come home from his shift. The day had gone great. And yet he was still troubled somehow confused. He imagined what Mark must be doing right now, the powerful, unformed cop astride his bike. And this incredible man was coming home to him. They were going to sleep together. Jamie frowned.

"And then what?" he thought. He desperately wanted to give Mark everything he needed. "I want him to like me. I want I want to serve him." He winced. "No, shit, that's not the word. I want to"

But he couldn't find a different word.

He heard laughter coming from the two guys outside. He stood at the window, looking down at them playing in the pool. Soon they got out, their bodies gleaming wet in the moonlight. He had to admit they were great looking guys. They stood looking at each other and Jamie sensed a change in their body language. They leaned toward each other and kissed.

Embarrassed and a bit shocked Jamie was about to turn away when he saw Pablo lower his gaze. He was staring at what? No doubt about it, he was staring at Darius's cock. Jamie stood unseen at the window wide-eyed as Darius's huge black cock rose until it stood out rigid.

"Jesus, that's incredible," thought Jamie. "It's massive." He watched mesmerized as Pablo slowly sank to his knees trailing his hands down the length of Darius's smooth, coffee-colored body.

"What the fuck"? Jamie wanted to turn away but stood enthralled by what came next. Pablo grasped Darius by the hips, lowered his head forward and brought his mouth to the head of Darius's huge shaft. Darius placed his hands behind Pablo's head and pulled it slowly forward so his cock slid into his lover's mouth.

"Jesus Christ," thought Jamie as he watched the whole length of the black cock disappear into Pablo's mouth. Then he did turn away from the window, stunned by what he had seen, and threw himself onto the bed.

"I can't watch that shit," he thought in total confusion. "They're I mean I guess I knew they did something like that but, man" He lay there for only a few minutes before he found himself drawn again to the window. He looked down again at the garden. By now Pablo's mouth was being hammered by Darius's cock, the hips pounding back and forth against his mouth.

Suddenly Darius pulled his cock out and said something to Pablo that Jamie couldn't hear. He had the crazy idea that it was like watching a silent porn movie. But he couldn't tear himself away. He watched hypnotized as Pablo knelt on all fours on the lawn, his back to Darius. Pablo pushed his ass in the air and Jamie gasped. It was only then that he realized how perfect that ass was two flawless round globes, smooth-skinned, hairless.

Instinctively Jamie knew what was coming next, and also knew he shouldn't be watching, didn't want to watch but had to. He saw Darius's long pole move forward, enter the perfect ass and bury itself deep inside the kneeling man. As Jamie watched the fucking begin he was horrified to feel his own cock get hard. His hand moved down and he felt himself stroking his cock.

The fucking grew more intense and now he heard the guys because they were screaming. He saw the bodies shudder and then go rigid and he knew what was happening. Both young guys were shooting their load, one all over the grass and the other deep inside his lover's ass.

In spite of himself Jamie was now aroused with lust as he watched the ecstasy on the faces of the two lovers. Without thinking he stripped naked and began beating his meat hard. He felt his climax approaching and was ready to shoot his load when suddenly the gate opened and Mark strode into the garden, home from work, still in full uniform.

Jamie took his hand off his cock and watched. He was amazed at the cop's reaction. He heard him laugh but couldn't catch what he said to the two guys who were lying together on the ground. They laughed back at him and Mark walked toward the house. In a flash Jamie left the window and threw himself on the bed, taking deep breaths, trying to calm himself.

He heard Mark coming up the stairs and he propped himself on his elbows. The bedroom door opened and there he stood, the stunning blond cop, strong, handsome face, his muscular body etched under his tight black uniform. The shirt, open at the neck to show his white T-shirt, tapered from his broad shoulders to his tight waist, the black pants tucked into high, black leather boots. Jamie gasped at the sight.

Mark stopped in his tracks and stared at the bed. "Jesus Christ," he breathed. Before him lay the naked young man, his beautiful body gleaming in the moonlight that shone through the window. And Jamie's cock was still hard as a rock.

Neither man spoke another word. Mark walked forward and stood, legs apart, at the foot of the bed. As Jamie gazed up in awe Mark slowly began to unbutton his shirt. He pulled it apart to reveal more of the white T-shirt stretched over his chest. Then he pulled the shirt from his waist until it hung open. The cop paused, then shrugged off the shirt, letting it fall to the floor.

Jamie fell back on the bed and narrowed his eyes a little so that the tall figure above him became his only focus. The cop stood stripped to his T-shirt, stretched in a wide V from his broad shoulders, down to where it was tucked into the belted waist of his uniform pants. Mark knew the visual effect he was having on Jamie, whose hand reached down to grasp his still raging cock.

Mark smiled and he began to pull at his T-shirt. Slowly he pulled it up from his waist, up over his chest, then over his head, and let it drop. Jamie moaned at the sight and began to beat his cock

harder. The cop was now stripped to the waist, and he unzipped his pants. He pulled out his cock, which was already rigid, and began to match Jamie stroke for stroke.

The visual impact was intense for both men and they couldn't hold back for long. Jamie watched and saw the muscular, shirtless body shudder and tense. The steely blue eyes bored into his and the cop said one word. "Now." His cock shot a long stream of white liquid that hit Jamie in the face. More cum followed, then more, splashing onto his chest.

Jamie was transported into another world as he stared wide-eyed at the magnificent god-like cop pouring out his juice. He gasped as he felt the hot liquid splash into his face and over his body. Then he felt more semen hit him and he realized it was his own. His own cum was now spraying over him, mixing with Mark's all over his naked body.

His body was still heaving as he saw Mark bend down and pull off his shiny boots. Then he unbuckled his pants and let them drop. Soon he was naked, towering over the exhausted young man. The cop knelt on the bed then dropped forward on top of Jamie, their bodies sliding together on the pools of cum all over Jamie.

As Jamie got used to the weight of the naked cop on him his euphoria began to calm down. He was in a sort of heaven, but a heaven that still had a shadow over it. Jamie knew that what they had done felt incredible, but he also knew that he had not been able to give Mark the ultimate gift his ass. His mind went back to the sight of the young guys fucking and he resolved to speak to them tomorrow.

Ten seconds after that he was asleep.

The next morning, Sunday, Darius, Pablo and Jamie were sitting at the outdoor table eating a big cooked breakfast.

"I wish you'd let me help with the cooking," Jamie said.

"Sure. You know how to cook?" asked Pablo.

"Well, my mom was AWOL most of the time so I always fed myself. I got quite good at it. Where are the other guys, by the way?"

"Oh, that's a Sunday ritual here. While we eat breakfast the three masters work out downstairs in the gym."

Jamie frowned. "The masters?"

"Yeah."

"Why do you call them that?"

"Cause that's what they are," Darius said. "You still don't get it, dude. They are the masters and we are here to serve them."

Jamie frowned again. "That's not the way it is with Mark and me. We're buddies."

"Oh really." Pablo looked skeptical. "You don't want to serve him? Most guys I know would give anything to serve a spectacular guy like him."

Jamie remembered that the word 'serve' had been the only one he could come up with when thinking about Mark the night before.

"Do you call him 'sir'?" Darius asked

"Well, yeah, I guess I do, but that doesn't mean"

"There you are, then," Darius cut him off. "He's your master."

Jamie let the subject drop. Then, after a silence he said, "Can I ask you guys something? It's kind of a personal question."

Darius grinned. "That's the best kind. Shoot, dude."

"Well first I gotta confess something. Last night while you well, after you got out of the pool I was watching upstairs."

"Cool," laughed Darius. "Did you get off on it?"

Jamie just blushed in reply. Then he stammered, "What I wanted to ask is how does it feel to get fucked in the ass?"

"Hell, dude," said Pablo. "That's not something you can describe in words. It's out of this world. Feels like nothing else."

"Trip to the moon," added Darius.

"But does it make you feel you know less of a man?"

"Shit, no," said Pablo. "You have to be a real man to take a thing like that all the way," and he looked down at Darius's crotch.

"Does it hurt?"

“Only the first time,” said Darius. “For me it was Randy, of course, the boss man. He tied me spread eagled to the hammock over there and he was the first man ever to put his cock in my ass. I’ll never forget that.”

Jamie gaped. “He tied you up and then fucked you.”

“Oh man, you should try it. It feels sensational to be at the mercy of a man like Randy.”

“Jesus.” Jamie shuddered. “I would never let anyone do that to me.”

“Mine was with Bob,” Pablo said. “It hurt, but he was awesome. The thing is, I really wanted it. You have to really want it.”

“But Mark’s different. He doesn’t want to fuck me. He likes things just the way they are.”

“You sure about that, dude?” Pablo asked.

Jamie frowned then suddenly knew what he had to do.

Just then the three muscle studs came out from the downstairs gym. They looked truly stunning, all of them in nothing but gym shorts and sneakers. Their sculpted bodies, pumped and sweaty from their workout, gleamed in the sunlight.

“Jesus, will you look at that?” said Darius. “Yeah, they’re masters alright. I’d sure like to know what goes on in those Sunday gym sessions.”

“Hey,” Randy shouted. “You boys coming for a swim?”

As they passed by Mark smiled at Jamie. “These two punks treating you OK , kid?”

Jamie smiled back. Yeah, he thought, he knew now exactly what he had to do.

That night Jamie again waited for Mark to get home after the evening shift. The cop was beat when he came in and stripped off his uniform right away. He had a quick shower, then came out into the bedroom with a towel wrapped round his waist. As always he looked spectacular, his still-wet chiseled body gleaming in the moonlight. He let the towel drop and threw himself naked on the bed. He smiled up at Jamie who was standing uncertainly by the bed.

“What’s the matter, kid? Come to bed. Take your clothes off and climb in.”

“Sir, there’s something there’s something I want to do. Something I want you to do to me.”

“OK,” Mark said lightly. “What’s on your mind?”

“Sir I want I want you to fuck me in the ass.”

Taken aback, Mark pulled himself up on his elbows. “Shit, you don’t mess around, kid, do you?”

“Of course, if you don’t want to, sir, I understand. I mean, I know you like Pablo’s ass but if you don’t like mine that’s

“Jamie,” Mark laughed, cutting him off. “Listen kid, I’ll tell you something. A few days ago when I finished my shift I went to the men’s room at the police station, looked into the mirror and beat my meat. I shot my load all over the mirror. And you know what made me cum?”

“No, sir,” Jamie whispered.

“I was thinking about you, kid. Thinking about fucking your ass.”

Jamie gulped, wide-eyed. “Really, sir?”

“But, Jamie, I didn’t really think you were into that. I still don’t. You’re not nearly ready for something like that.”

Jamie’s tone became defiant. “I am, sir.”

Quickly he stripped naked and threw himself face down on the bed. He pushed his ass slightly up into the air and said, “Please, sir. I want you to fuck me, sir.”

Mark paused. He knew what he had to do, even though he also knew Jamie wasn’t ready. “OK, Jamie. If you’re sure you want this.”

Mark knelt astride the naked body. Looking down at the naturally beautiful young body, the smooth skin, the perfect, rounded young ass, his cock began to get stiff. He leaned forward placing his hands on the bed beside Jamie and brought his cock close to his ass.

As Jamie felt the head of the big dick resting on his hole he gulped a deep intake of breath, gripped the sheets hard in his fists and buried his head in the pillow. He gritted his teeth waiting for the moment.

It came right away. Slowly Mark started to push against Jamie’s virgin ass and, as he felt the pressure build, the young man clenched his ass muscles tight. He felt the big cock press harder and harder, the pain became more and more intense. The worse the pain, the more he resisted. And then suddenly he knew he couldn’t take it. It hurt far too much.

“No!” He twisted over and looked up at Mark in desperation. “I can’t do it, sir. It hurts so bad. I’m sorry, sir. I’m sorry, I

Mark flopped down beside him and cradled Jamie's head to his chest. "Hey, hey. No sweat, kid. I knew you wouldn't be able to but I also knew you wanted to try. Don't beat yourself up about this." He pulled back and looked into the troubled eyes. "You don't listen to me, kid. I've told you before, you only do things that feel good to you."

"But I wanted so bad to please you, sir."

"You do please me, Jamie. Just sleeping with you in my arms pleases me. Never do anything that hurts you just to please another guy. You'll know when the moment feels right, OK?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Mark wrapped his arms around Jamie, even tighter than usual. "Now let's get some sleep. You feel OK now?"

"Yes, sir."

But that was only partly true. Jamie loved being folded in the arms of this gorgeous cop. But he still desperately wanted to give Mark the ultimate gift his ass.

The week that followed was full of confusion for Jamie. Although Mark held him tight in bed there was no more sex. Mark held back, feeling that they needed a break after what had happened, and Jamie was scared of more failure, more disappointment that he could not give Mark everything he wanted.

Sunday rolled round again, and once more the three young men were at the outdoor breakfast table. Darius and Pablo were aware that Jamie had been downcast all week but they didn't ask him why even though Darius, as usual, was dying for details.

Suddenly there came the sound of raucous laughter and the other three men appeared, on their way to their Sunday ritual of a heavy workout in the gym downstairs. As always the muscle studs were wearing just their old gym shorts and unlaced sneakers, and as always the three young guys gazed in awe at them.

"So, Jamie," Bob said. "How's the arm coming along?"

Actually it was coming along very well. The healing process was remarkably fast and the bandage was off.

"I'm doing great, sir, thanks."

"Shit," Randy growled. "No sense just nursing the thing. It needs to be exercised. He should start working out again, eh Mark?"

“Well, real light weights might be a good idea,” Mark said.

“So come down with us,” Randy smiled. “Mark’ll put you through your paces while I put this guy here through his,” and he threw his arm around Bob’s shoulder.

“Really, sir?” All three young guys looked astonished. None of them had ever before been invited to join the masters in their Sunday ritual.

“You wanna come, Jamie?” Mark asked.

Jamie looked at his companions, whose eyes opened wide. “Go go, asshole,” Darius whispered. “You’ll never get another chance like this. And tell us everything after you get back.”

Jamie stood up and Mark put his arm around him and said quietly. “It all gets very competitive and kinda raunchy down there, but I’ll take care of you, kid.”

The scene and the atmosphere in the gym was like nothing Jamie had ever experienced. It was like something out of a fantasy. Three gorgeous bodybuilders, almost naked, laughing and joking as they urged each other on to heavier weights and feats of strength. They yelled, cursed and taunted each other and seemed eager for bodily contact whenever possible.

The straining bodies quickly began to drip with perspiration as veins bulged in the flexing muscles. The air was heavy with testosterone, pure masculinity, smelling of hot, male sweat. The room rang with deep, macho shouts and obscenities.

“Come on, asshole,” Randy yelled at Bob. “You’re a fucking pussy today. Here, grab this bar. You can bench more than that.” He stood over the sweating stud as Bob strained to press the impossibly heavy weight Randy had put on the bar.

Jamie watched spellbound as the men grunted and yelled in a display of powerful, masculine physicality. He found the whole experience stunning and he had to admit intensely erotic. He was acutely aware that his cock was quickly becoming rock hard.

Which presented a problem when Mark said, “OK, kid, strip down to your shorts. We’ll just ignore those assholes and I’ll get you started on something simple.” He must have seen the bulge in Jamie’s shorts but didn’t let on. He made Jamie lie on a bench and loaded on a few light weights.

“Here, I’ll spot you.” And he stood astride the young man, looking down at him as he handed the bar to him. “Now, try to press this, and if it hurts your arm we’ll stop.”

Jamie found he could handle more weight than he thought, and Mark was there to assist. But at one point Jamie almost dropped the bar when he looked up at the muscle cop towering over

him and could see, under his shorts, his balls and cock swaying with the motion. He was, simply, in heaven. He had never been so turned on by a man before. He watched the rivers of sweat pour over the cop's naked chest, and gasped as it dripped down onto his face.

Mark pushed him to further effort and the routine carried on for some time until he was starting to feel he needed a break. Just then it seemed that the competitiveness between Randy and Bob had reached a climax.

"OK," Randy growled. "This is it. The final contest pull-ups on the chin bar. I'm gonna ream you, man. And we know the penalty for the loser. Grab hold."

It was an amazing sight. The two bodybuilders faced each other, grasping the chin bar, naked chests pressed together. Locking eyes they pulled their straining bodies up to the bar, then down, again and again, daring the other to give up. They groaned as their biceps and shoulders rippled, their lats flared with the intense effort. Their wet bodies slid against each other as the steady rhythm continued up and down. Jamie stared awestruck.

Finally, it was Bob who caved. He strained mightily but his muscles failed, he could not make one final pull and his feet dropped to the floor.

"Pussy," yelled Randy in triumph and did two or three more pull-ups. "I win. Now for the prize. Get naked, big guy."

Soon both men were naked and they reached for the chin bar again, with a difference. This time Bob had his back to Randy as they began more pull-ups.

"Assholes," Mark grinned and tried to distract Jamie with his own exercises. But when Jamie heard the guys start to yell louder he had to look again. They were now in a pitch of exhilaration. Bob was hanging motionless and Randy was still pulling himself up and down.

But it was their expressions that amazed Jamie, a look of ecstasy that he had seen somewhere before. Then he remembered. It was the same look he had seen last week on the faces of Darius and Pablo as they fucked in the moonlight. The truth hit Jamie like a rock. Randy was inside Bob. His cock was in his ass. As he pulled himself up and down his cock was sliding in and out of his lover's ass.

The flexing bodies started to shudder, their shouts grew to a pitch and then they went rigid, motionless. Bob's stiff cock began to stream thick white cum, which splashed down on the gym floor, and it was clear that Randy had exploded in his lover's ass. Jamie was riveted by the look of exhilaration on their faces.

The incredible workout session was almost over. "You've got to stretch now," said Mark. "On you back kid. We'll do hamstrings first"

Jamie lay on his back and Mark knelt at his legs. He grabbed his ankles and slowly pushed his legs up and back to stretch the hamstrings. "Let me know if it's too much," he said. But as he pushed Jamie slid backward on the mat.

"Hey, Bob," Mark shouted. "Give us a hand here. Can you hold Jamie's hands down so he doesn't slide backward?" Bob knelt at Jamie's head and pinned his hands to the floor. Randy stood at the side watching, his arms folded over his chest.

"That's got it," Mark said. "Now he can't move." Mark pushed Jamie's legs back again, stretching them back almost to his head. "That's better," Mark said. "A great stretch." As he leaned forward his crotch came forward and touched Jamie's ass through his shorts.

The effect on Jamie was electric. He couldn't move. The man he worshipped held his legs and was pressing the bulge in his shorts against his ass. Jamie could see Bob above him, his bare chest dripping sweat down onto his face. And the naked construction worker was watching it all, grinning down at him.

Mark was so focused on stretching Jamie safely that he was unaware what was happening. But Jamie was entering a whole new world. He was pinned to the ground. He could see Mark bending over him, could feel his cock pressing against his ass. And he couldn't move. He was at the mercy of the muscular cop.

He remembered what Darius had said about being tied up and fucked. "Oh man, you should try it. It feels sensational to be at the mercy of a man like that." This was it. This is what he had wanted for so long. He was helpless, a captive of the beautiful cop, and he loved it.

Jamie felt his cock become totally rigid and the head poked up out of the waistband of his shorts. He felt Bob's dripping sweat, he saw Randy grinning down at him, and most of all he felt the euphoria of Mark holding his legs and pressing his bulge against his ass.

It was too much. Jamie gazed up at Mark, his body went stiff and his cock erupted. Hot cum poured over his stomach and chest and sprayed up over his face. He screamed as his eyes locked with Mark's. And that was the look that did it. An understanding passed between the two men. They both knew now. They knew what Jamie needed, knew what they both wanted more than anything. There was only one way they could go from here.

Jamie was shaken from his trance by Randy's laughter. "Hell, kid, that was awesome. Now you're really one of us. You got a great boy here, Mark. You're both gonna have a shit load of fun. I envy you."

That night Jamie was ready as he waited for Mark to come home. He lay naked on his back on the bed, his arms and legs spread-eagled. His gaze was fixed on the door, knowing that soon the cop would come through it. He was still mesmerized by the memory of the gym, lying on the

floor unable to move, his wrists pinned hard to the ground, his legs held up rigid, and Mark looking down at him.

He had been helpless, totally in the cop's power. Never in his life had he had a real authority figure, never felt the need to be dominated never loved or trusted anyone enough. He had always thought of himself as a macho, alpha male, the top man. But that was before he met Mark.

The bedroom door suddenly opened and Mark came in from work, still in his black uniform. He looked down at Jamie, spread eagled and naked, and smiled. "You got it just right, kid." He walked forward and looked down into the boy's eyes.

"Well Jamie, I guess you and I both know now what you need what you've been wanting all this time." His eyes narrowed and he clenched his jaw. His tone changed, became harder. "Get ready, boy. I'm really gonna enjoy this."

And the cop unhooked the handcuffs from his belt.

#

Chapter 40 – “Jamie, I’m Inside You”

Jamie gasped. His eyes followed the muscular officer as he paced back and forth, circling the bed, gazing down at the beautiful, blond young man who was tense with anticipation.

There was a savage tone in Mark's voice. "You know what's gonna happen to you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Jamie breathed.

Mark bent down and picked up the T-shirt Jamie had dropped on the floor. He quickly ripped it to shreds. He wound a strip of the shirt round one each of Jamie's wrists. He took one set of handcuffs and clipped one end round one cloth-covered wrist. The other end he looped over the bedpost. Then he did the same with another set of handcuffs on the other wrist. Jamie's arms were spread wide, each handcuffed to a corner of the bed.

Now for the feet. Mark quickly used two more strips of the T-shirt to tie the ankles, one to each of the posts at the foot of the bed. He stood back to admire his work and shook his head in disbelief. He had rarely seen anything as beautiful as the young, naked body spread eagled, helpless, on the bed. He always got off looking at the boy but now he wanted more. He wanted to see the body struggle and flex.

"Try to get free," he ordered.

Jamie pulled on his wrists. The cloth under the handcuffs prevented them from cutting his wrists so he was able to pull hard. At the same time he tried to free his legs. His naked body writhed and thrashed as he struggled to free himself. His taut young muscles flexed and bulged but he was held fast. Finally the reality of being bound, helpless, hit him for the first time. He had never been in such a desperate situation and suddenly he panicked.

"No, sir. Please, sir. I don't want this. I'm scared, sir. I can't get free. Please untie me, sir. I'm scared"

"Jamie!" The voice was now firm but gentle and made the young man stop struggling. He lay still, looking up at the uniformed police officer, with fear in his eyes.

"Jamie."

"Yes, sir?"

"Look at me."

Jamie focused on Mark. His gaze began at the handsome face, then ran down past the T-shirt at the cop's neck, over the badges on his black uniform shirt, past the belt at the tight, narrow waist, over the pants and down to the shiny, high, black boots. Then he raised his eyes back to Mark's face. The cop was magnificent, a male icon, a Greek god.

"Do you want me, Jamie?"

"Oh, God!" Jamie breathed. "I do, sir. More than anything in the world."

"What do you want me to do to you?"

"Anything, sir. Anything that pleases you. Do anything to me."

"Do you want me to set you free?"

"No, sir," Jamie said loudly. He panicked again, but this time he was not afraid of being bound; he was afraid of being released. "No, sir. Please. I want this sir."

"You know you're completely at my mercy. I'm gonna hurt you, Jamie. What do you say?"

"Thank you, sir. Thank you. Please don't let me go. Please don't leave me." He tugged again at the wrists and this time he loved the feeling of being captive to this man. He looked at the towering cop, struggled again and his cock began to get hard.

"That's better," said Mark and smiled at him. "Now listen carefully, Jamie. Here's what's gonna happen. I'm gonna do whatever I like to you. I own you now, you're my property, so I'll use you however I want to. Is that clear?"

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I really want

“No!” Mark shouted. “It’s no longer what you want. It’s what I want. Understand?”

“Yes, sir. I’m sorry, sir.”

Mark came forward and leaned closer to Jamie’s face. His tone softened. “Now this is very important, Jamie. Listen carefully. Whatever I say and do, even though I hurt you, and however hard you beg me to stop, I will not stop. Unless unless you say my name. As soon as I hear that I’ll stop immediately. Is that clear?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What’s my name?”

“Mark, sir.”

“OK. That is the last time you say that word unless, and until, you want this to stop. Remember that.”

And for the first time, Jamie relaxed. He now knew how to make it all stop, but he was determined never to stop. He wanted to take everything this magnificent man threw at him. He wanted to please him, serve him. He would do anything for him. He loved being his prisoner. He wanted to be his boy.

Mark stood at the foot of the bed and stared down at the handsome young man. Jamie’s tousled blond hair fell over his forehead, his perfectly sculpted muscular young body, naturally proportioned but pumped from his hours in the gym, was bound helpless. After the exertion of trying to get free his smooth, tanned skin gleamed with a sheen of sweat. Jamie was his. He owned him.

Jamie tensed for what came next. It was not what he expected. Mark sat down, sprawled in a chair.

Tied to the bed Jamie could only watch. He knew he couldn’t speak. He had to wait. He had no power. The cop was in total control.

Mark lounged in the chair and looked pensively at the boy. Not really a boy. In his early twenties he was a young stud, but inexperienced, naïve fresh clay waiting to be molded. Yeah, Mark thought, he’s a beauty alright. But more than that, he felt for this young man more than he had ever felt for anyone. And now here the boy was, helpless before him. Mark could do whatever he wanted with him, and he intended to. His cock stirred at the thought.

As a police officer Mark was naturally an authoritarian figure. He was used to people obeying him. He had only to shout one word, "Freeze!" and men became motionless, fearful. He often had to use force and he was used to dominating other men. But here, in this room, this was different. None of his prior captives had ever wanted to be dominated (not that he knew of, anyway.) But here, this beautiful boy was surrendering himself willingly.

It was an awesome responsibility but one he welcomed. He wanted to bend this virile young man to his will, to make him endure punishment and beg for more. Sure, he wanted the young stud to be his boy but more than that. He wanted to subjugate him, to take control so completely that the boy would become his slave. Mark would be his master. He would own him. Nothing less would do.

Then he realized the full truth. He wanted Jamie to fall helplessly in love with him.

Although Jamie's eyes were riveted on the brooding cop he had no idea what was going through his mind and he became increasingly aroused and fearful. Yes, he was still afraid, but a fear that made his cock hard. And it was rock hard. It was as if Mark's penetrating gaze alone could bring him to an intense pitch of exhilaration he had never experienced in his life.

The wait was interminable. And then the cop stood up.

As Mark paced the room he spoke. His voice was now quite different from before stern, harsh, angry even. Actually, the anger was partly real. He was angry that he had been unable to make this man submit to him before now. His pride was wounded. Worse, his vanity was wounded.

"You little fucker. You've made me wait weeks for this. You told me what a stud you were with the ladies and all the time teased me with that pretty face and body, and the perfect ass you wouldn't let me get near."

"Look at me, asshole! Do I look like the kind of guy who takes that kind of shit? I know how I look. I'm fucking gorgeous, I know that, and I get what I want always have. I can have anyone anyone except you, apparently. Who the fuck do you think you are, boy, saying no to a guy like me?"

"Sir," Jamie pleaded. "I did try to" "

"Shut up! Did I give you permission to speak, boy?"

"No, sir.

Jamie was scared by Mark's tone of voice and his glowering look as he circled the bed. Instinctively he pulled at his restraints but realized again that he was totally at the officer's mercy. As he looked at Mark his fear mingled with anticipation. The sight of the powerful, uniformed stud looming over him made Jamie's cock rear up, erect.

Mark's eyes flashed. "Shit I've slept with you every night and you refused me your ass. Refused me! Nobody gets away with that. Well, I am gonna fuck you, man. I'm gonna push my dick so far up your ass it'll split you open. But not yet. Oh, no. First you have to pay for stringing me along."

Jamie's head was spinning. He was truly scared of this man, of what was about to happen, but he was thrilled, in a wild delirium of anticipation. His eyes were riveted on the magnificent cop who now paced silently, then stopped at the foot of the bed glaring at him. Again Jamie's instinct was to struggle to get free, but it was hopeless.

There was a long silence. Then suddenly Mark unbuttoned his shirt and, in one move, ripped it off and dropped it on the floor. Jamie gasped. He looked up at the cop, stripped to his white T-shirt that tapered from his broad shoulders, over the mounds of his chest, down to his narrow waist, the short sleeves pushed back by his bulging biceps. His body was heaving, his face glaring.

He bent down and picked up Jamie's discarded jeans. He pulled the leather belt from them and held it up.

"What's this, boy?"

"My belt, sir."

"What d'you think I'm gonna use it for?"

Jamie swallowed hard and stammered, "I I don't know, sir?"

Mark jumped on the bed, astride the helpless man, bent down and looped the belt round his neck. He held the other end and stood up straight, pulling Jamie's head forward from the neck. Again Jamie's cock leapt up rigid as he felt himself held tight by the cop towering over him.

"Not such a stud now, kid, are you?"

"No, sir," Jamie croaked.

Mark yanked the belt up harder and Jamie's head jerked higher. "You shouldn't have resisted me all these weeks. You know that now don't you?"

Jamie's eyes began to fill with tears. "Yes, sir. I didn't know, sir. I wasn't sure how"

His voice trailed off as the tears began to flow. Deep inside Mark felt an overwhelming sympathy and affection for the young man, but he wasn't about to let him off easy. Not yet.

"Hell, there are guys out there would fall at my feet. I don't know why I'm bothering with an obstinate little shit like you. I should just untie you and kick you out."

Again Jamie panicked. "No, sir. Please, I beg you. I'll do anything you order, sir. Please let me serve you." He began to sob. "I'll be your slave, sir. I want you to be my master. Just so I can be with you sir. I'll do anything " and again his voice died in stifling sobs.

"Is that so? Well, we're gonna find out how much you mean that."

Mark bent down and pulled the belt free of Jamie's neck. He got off the bed and began to circle it again, holding the belt in one hand.

"This is it, boy. It's payback time. This is what you need."

With his free hand Mark reached behind his own neck, grabbed the T-shirt and yanked it clear off.

"Aaaah!" Jamie couldn't hold back the cry as he looked at the glorious cop, stripped to the waist, his magnificent body flexed and gleaming with sweat. His V-shaped torso narrowed down from broad shoulders, past his bulging pecs and tight abs, to the wide belt of his black uniform pants tucked into shiny black boots. As the square-jawed, chiseled face glared down at him Jamie could hardly breathe. He found himself drowning in the sight of this golden, macho stud.

He didn't hear himself speak. Was unaware of what he was saying. "Whip me, sir. Please, whip my body. Hurt me, sir."

That's what Mark had been waiting to hear. He well knew the power his incredible beauty had on men, and now it had hypnotized this boy. He paused, then raised his arm and brought the belt down on Jamie's chest. Mark's cock leapt in his pants as he saw Jamie's whole body spasm, his muscles flexing as they strained against his restraints.

The cop raised the belt again and thrashed it against Jamie's naked chest. The belt fell again and again, all over his body the arms, chest, stomach and thighs making the boy gasp, writhe and strain in a futile attempt to avoid the blows. But Mark was the perfect master. He knew exactly how much punishment his prisoner could take. He would take the boy to the edge of his limit and then, for a few final seconds, slightly beyond that, before he stopped.

So he held back and applied only a small portion of his strength. He could have ripped the body mercilessly, but that was far from his plan. He knew what he wanted and he knew he was close to his goal.

“Look at me, kid. Watch the beautiful cop thrash you. It’s what you deserve. It’s what you want. Do you want me to stop?”

“No, sir,” Jamie yelled. “Whip me, sir. Whip me harder. I love watching you thrash me. Please don’t stop, sir. My body belongs to you, sir. Hurt it, sir.”

“Who are you, boy?”

“I’m your slave, sir. Please master. Do anything to me.”

“Even fuck your ass, kid?”

“Yes, sir. Fuck me, sir. My ass is yours, sir. Whip me, fuck me, use me. Oh God “

“Yes, Jamie?”

“Oh, God. I worship you, sir.”

Mark kept whipping him as he looked deep into his eyes.

“Jamie do you love me?”

Jamie screamed, “Yes, sir. I love you sir. I love you with all my body and soul.” He gazed in awe at the magnificent, shirtless cop thrashing him and he was transported into another world a world not of fantasy but of a new reality. This man was his world now, his whole existence.’

Mark’s voice was softer now. “Then show me, Jamie. Show me just how much you love me.” And now was the moment the master took his slave just over his limit. Now Jamie felt the pain it was too much. He couldn’t hold on. He pulled frantically with his arms and legs desperately trying to avoid the lash. His body was on fire in the furnace of pain, passion and lust.

He looked up at the glorious cop and knew he couldn’t take any more. His body shuddered and jolted. The pain, the fire, overwhelmed him and he screamed, “I love you, sir”

And his cock exploded. A huge single stream of hot white liquid shot from it, arced high in the air, and splashed down on his face and body. Then he shot again, and again, until his body was soaked with semen. One last heavy blow of the belt seared his chest and he shot one final jet of cum.

Then everything stopped. The whipping stopped, the pain stopped, both men were still. Two beautiful men, master and slave gazed at each other. Their chests heaved, their exhausted bodies poured with sweat, their minds whirled with a confusion of sensations. Finally Mark’s face broke into a smile as his blue eyes penetrated the young man’s. His voice was soft.

“Jamie I love you too, man. Body and soul.”

Next door Darius’s eyes shone as he looked at Pablo. “This is it, dude. The cop is finally breaking him in.”

“Sure sounds like it,” Pablo agreed.

“He sure screams loud. I told him Mark was his master but he didn’t believe it. Still thinks of himself as a macho stud, a ladies’ man.”

“Not after tonight, he won’t. Jesus I wish I knew what was happening to him. You think Mark will hurt him?”

Darius grinned. “No more than he deserves. No more than he wants. That guy wants to be the cop’s slave. Shit, who wouldn’t? The man’s a fucking god. He could thrash me any day of the week.”

“Listen,” Pablo said. “Everything’ s gone quiet. Wonder what’s happening now.”

In a way nothing was happening; both men were still. Mark still stood by the bed gazing down at the exhausted young body. Jamie’s tousled blond hair was wet against his tear-stained face and his body was covered with sweat and deep pools of his own cum. Jamie gazed up at the police officer he had just surrendered to, committed himself to, laid himself utterly bare.

Mark found the bound, exhausted, beaten young man utterly beautiful and arousing. He had broken him, forced the truth out of him. Jamie was truly his slave. He owned him, and the thought caused his dick to get rock hard. He reached down, unzipped his pants and pulled out his rigid cock. He gazed down at his property and began to stroke his long shaft.

“God, you’re beautiful,” Mark breathed. “Tell me again what you just said.”

Jamie’s eyes again brimmed with tears. “I love you sir. I am in love with you. I don’t deserve you, sir, but I’ll do anything to stay with you. I have never been owned by anyone, sir, but now I am.”

The sight and the sound were too much for Mark and he knew he had to cum. He could easily shoot his juice over the beautiful body, but he wanted more.

“I need to shoot my load, kid. You gonna help me with that?”

“Oh yes, sir. I’ll do anything?”

“Anything?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Jamie. Did you ever suck another guy’s dick?”

Jamie flinched, recoiled. He remembered watching Pablo do that for Darius but the idea always revolted him. He could never let a guy do that to him. But he heard himself say, “I never have, sir, but I want your cock in my mouth sir. That’s if you want it, sir.”

In reply Mark got on the bed and dropped to his knees astride the frightened boy. The cop’s huge dick was rigid in front of Jamie’s face.

“You see this, boy?”

“Yes, sir.” Wide-eyed Jamie focused on the rigid tool sticking out of the uniform pants. He saw nothing else. He knew that this cock was the embodiment of Mark’s manhood. The man himself was a god, and this was the symbol of his virility. And at this moment Jamie wanted it more than anything else in the world.

Jamie opened his mouth wide and Mark eased his hips forward.

“Look at me, Jamie.”

Jamie looked up into Mark’s penetrating eyes. He glanced down at the huge shaft coming closer, then focused again on the cop’s face.

“Don’t close your eyes. Here it comes, kid. Take it all because you love me.”

Jamie felt the head of the cock touch his lips, then enter his mouth. There was a pause, then slowly, very slowly, the iron rod pushed past his lips, all the way to the back of his mouth and paused again. Jamie was learning to breathe through his nose and not choke on the huge shaft. Then it moved again, past the back of his mouth and into his throat. It did not stop, but slid slowly down his throat.

As it finally came to rest Jamie felt the rough serge of the uniform fabric press against his face. His master’s cock was all the way, deep inside his throat and his face was buried in the cop’s pants, in his sweaty crotch. His nose was pressed into the moist, sticky pubic hair. All of his senses were alive the pungent taste of the man, the smell of his damp crotch, and the look on his rugged face.

Jamie drifted into a haze of hallucination. He swallowed hard, felt the head of the cock halfway down his throat, even felt the drip of the cop’s juice as a few drops began to seep out of him. Instinctively he tightened the muscles of his throat around the meat filling his mouth and watched in awe as the blue eyes closed and the beautiful face fell back with a moan.

“Aaaah! That’s it Jamie. Make me feel good. Squeeze my cock with your throat. Now I’m gonna fuck your pretty face, boy. Here it comes.”

He pulled back, felt his cock slide almost all the way out, then he plunged it back inside the hot mouth. Jamie was in a delirium of raw sensation as he felt his master’s cock slide back and forth in his mouth. He knew from the guttural sounds of the cop that it wouldn’t be long.

“Here it comes, Jamie. This is for you. Drink your master’s juice.”

Mark’s cock shuddered and his body went rigid as he felt his hot cum rising from deep in his balls, along the rigid shaft. He yelled as his semen poured into the furnace of the mouth, straight down into the throat of the man he owned, the man he loved.

In his dazed ecstasy Jamie felt every pulse of his master’s cock and gulped as the thick juice began to stream into him. He swallowed hard, again and again, transfixed by the warm, pungent taste of the semen bathing his throat. He did not take his eyes off the face as the cop moaned in the frenzy of release. Their eyes met and the look that flashed between them united them body and soul.

Half an hour later Mark was again sprawled in his chair, sipping on a beer. His gaze was fixed on the young stud he had whipped, face-fucked, broken. Jamie was his slave in body, thought and desire.

Still bound to the bed Jamie was in a state of near hypnosis. He still felt the sting of the whip on his chest, still remembered the smell of the cop’s crotch, and above all still tasted the rivers of semen that had flowed down his throat. Now he waited again, waited at the pleasure of his master.

Mark drained his beer and stood up. He became matter-of-fact. Jamie watched as the police officer pulled off his boots and socks, unbuckled his belt and let his pants drop. He stepped out of them and his shorts. Jamie gasped as he saw the cop naked for the first time that night. Mark paced a bit, then stopped and looked down at the bound man.

“OK, Jamie. This is it. Do you know what’s gonna happen now?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And what’s that?”

“You’re gonna fuck me in the ass, sir.”

“Do you want that, Jamie?”

“More than anything in the world, sir.”

Jamie remembered what Pablo had told him. “You have to want it, though really want it more than anything.” And Jamie was longing for it.

Mark calmly untied Jamie’s legs and knelt before him. He grasped his ankles, pushed his legs in the air and leaned forward, his cock pressing against the boy’s ass. Jamie’s wrists were still tightly handcuffed as they had been all evening.

Mark smiled. “Remember the gym, Jamie? Remember how it felt? But this time it’s real. This time I’m gonna push my dick inside your ass. You ready?”

“Yes, sir.” Jamie was scared. He remembered his previous failure when the pain had been too much to bear. But he looked up at the huge, naked torso looming over him, gazed steadily into Mark’s eyes, and waited. He felt the head of the cop’s dick press against his ass and there was the pain again. But this time, instead of clenching his ass defensively, he pushed down on it, opened it up.

Still the pain was intense as the virgin ass was probed by the rigid shaft. Jamie took deep breaths, held his master’s gaze, and willed himself not to give up but it was too much.

“No, sir. I can’t. I want it but it’s too big, sir.” The pain reached a pitch. “Oh God. No, sir I can’t. Stop, please!”

Then suddenly the pain stopped. Jamie looked up in alarm and pleaded. “No, sir. I didn’t mean it, sir. I’ll try again. I’ll do it this time. Please, sir. Try again, sir

“Jamie.” Mark’s voice was deep and firm. “Jamie I’m inside you.”

Jamie’s eyes opened wide and he knew. He felt it. It was the most intense, the warmest, the most unbelievable sensation he had ever experienced. His ass was full full of the cock of this glorious man. The cop was inside him, Mark had entered his ass.

All the sexuality, passion and lust of Mark’s glorious body now pulsed together in his cock and his cock was buried inside Jamie’s body. As he clenched his ass Jamie could feel the cop’s pulse, his heartbeat. The boy closed his eyes and moaned, letting the incredible heat spread from his ass through his entire body. He was on fire, alive, soaring. When he opened his eyes again he saw Mark smiling down at him.

“I’m inside you, Jamie. We’re finally together. Now I’m going to make love to you as you deserve, as nobody has ever loved you.” And the cock moved. It pushed deeper, then pulled out, then back in again deeper still.

Jamie's world stood still. All he knew, all he cared about was this man he loved, filling his ass. Pablo had been right no words could describe this feeling. "A trip to the moon," Darius had said. And for Jamie the heavens had opened.

"Oh God," he breathed. "I love that. I love you, sir. Please fuck me. Oh God, that's incredible, sir."

Soon their bodies were moving as one, the gentle rhythm increasing, accelerating, as Mark's cock began to pound the young virgin ass for the first time. Jamie raised his hips and offered his ass to the man he worshipped. They were both moaning now.

"I love, you Jamie," Mark breathed. "God I love your ass. It belongs to me now, only to me."

"Yes sir. I belong to you." His eyes pleaded. "Sir sir, am I your boy?"

"Forever, Jamie."

The pounding became more insistent and they both knew the moment was coming. "This is it, Jamie," Mark said. "I'm going to shoot my load deep in your ass. Will you cum with me?"

"Yes, sir. I..... I think I'm coming sir. I can't stop. My cock's going to" And they both exploded at the same time. As he felt his master pour his semen inside his ass Jamie sprayed a jet of white cream up and onto Mark's gleaming body. He shot again and again, until his juice was running down the rugged, sculpted face, the square jaw, and streaming over the bulging muscles of the shuddering body.

Both men were screaming in the delirium, the joy of release, in the explosion of passion that joined them body and soul. Mark fell on top of the exhausted man, drenched in pools of sweat and cum, and they held each other in an endless, tearful embrace. Jamie, the young macho stud, had finally been fucked for the first time in his life.

Next door Darius heaved a great sigh. "Wow. Did you hear that! That's it, man, he's fucked him. Now Jamie belongs to him. That gorgeous fucking man has made him his slave. Show's over."

Pablo was starry eyed. "Shit, dude, I'd have given anything to see that. Just the sound of it made me hard."

"Me too, kiddo. What you gonna do about that?" And Pablo fell into Darius's waiting arms.

It was a week later and everyone was gathered round the dinner table. They all knew what had happened. Even for those who hadn't actually heard it, there was no mistaking the way Mark

and Jamie looked at each other, the way they spent every free moment in their bedroom. It was official. Jamie was Mark's boy.

As they all ate dinner Bob looked at Randy. "Now it's time for you and Pablo, buddy. Remember? Next Monday you have your day in court to finalize the adoption legally become father and son." Pablo's eyes shone as Bob continued, "My buddy in the legal department says it's a slam dunk just a formality. However, he does say you should look respectable, wear a jacket and tie."

"A tie?!" Randy growled. He had never worn a tie in his life.

"He was afraid you'd show up fresh off the construction site, in your filthy tank top and cargo pants." Bob laughed. "No sweat, man. I'll lend you a tie even tie it for you."

Randy tousled Pablo's hair. "The things I do for you, kid. Well, a tie then whatever it takes."

"Thank you, sir."

Randy grinned at him. "Then we'll celebrate, just you and me. How about we go up to the lake in the forest next weekend? Do some fishing you know, some of those father/son things."

Pablo gave his crooked grin. "And maybe a few things fathers and sons don't usually do?"

"You little fucker," Randy laughed.

"Billy too?"

"Of course. You and that dog are joined at the hip. Come on, let's go check out the fishing gear downstairs.

As the two left the table Mark looked at Jamie. "They're not the only ones going on a trip."

"Us too? Jamie asked.

"I was saving this up for you, kiddo. A cop buddy of mine has a shack in the dunes up the coast at Guadalupe. Used to be a ranger station. Furnished, but no electricity, no phone, no cell service. Just the two of us, next weekend. How about it?"

"Does it have a bed, sir?"

"Asshole," Mark laughed. "But since you mention bed" They both stood up, Mark threw his arm round Jamie's shoulder and they walked toward the house.

Bob saw that Darius was looking down in the mouth.

“What’s up, kid?”

“Oh you know. Pablo’s got Randy. Jamie’s got Mark

“..... and you’ve got me, kiddo.” Bob smiled at him and Darius looked up expectantly. “How about we take a little trip, too?”

“Just the two of us? Out of town?” Darius’s eyes sparkled.

“The two of us, yes. Out of town, no. I was thinking of somewhere a lot closer.”

“But we will go on a trip.”

“Oh yeah. Definitely a trip. Body and mind.”

“Wow.” Darius waited for more.

“Young man, I’m gonna take you somewhere and show you something I’ve never shown anyone before. And I’m gonna tell you a story that’ll send your fantasy meter into overload stoke your imagination for years to come.”

“Wow,” Darius said again.

“And you know the best part? The story’s true it’s all true every word.”

“Wow!”

#

Chapter 41 – Jamie Gets his Wish

The rehearsal was not going well. “Come on, guys,” Bob pleaded as laughter rang round the dinner table. “This is serious.”

Perhaps it was all the beer they had drunk. More likely it was the raucous, crazy mood they were in. All six guys were looking forward to the coming weekend when they would pair off and go on various trips Randy and Pablo to the lake for some fishing, Mark and Jamie up the coast to a shack in the dunes, and Bob and Darius to some mysterious destination in town.

Whatever the reason, they were in no mood for some dumb role-playing rehearsal. But Bob had insisted. The next day Randy and Pablo would be appearing in family court to finalize Randy’s adoption of the young man. “My buddy in the legal department says it’s a slam dunk just a formality,” Bob had said. “However, he does say you should look respectable, wear a jacket and tie.”

Despite Randy's protests about this, Bob suggested they go over some of the points the judge was likely to raise. His friend in legal had provided a list. Hence the session around the table which was going nowhere. Bob was playing the role of judge. Mark, Darius and Jamie were observers.

"Now listen up." Bob cleared his throat and turned his judge-like attention to Randy. "Sir, I have to ensure that you are financially sound. Is your construction company a going concern?"

"Shit yeah," Randy said. "Provided the asshole customers pay their fucking bills on time. My guys work damn hard. Otherwise I whip their fucking asses your honor."

There was a howl of laughter and Darius banged on the table.

"Wrong answer," said Bob. "You have to eliminate all the 'shits', 'fucks', 'damns' and 'assholes' from your vocabulary."

"Fat chance. Put a gag on me then, why don't you? And don't take that literally, asshole." Again, shrieks of laughter.

In frustration Bob turned to Pablo. "Young man. You are twenty-one, an adult, so why do you want this man to be your adoptive father?"

"Hell, just look at him, your honor," Pablo replied. That face, that body, who wouldn't want to be owned by him? Besides, if I say no he'll beat the crap out of me."

"Good answer, dude" yelled Darius to more howls of laughter.

Bob glowered. "I'm gonna give this one last shot." Addressing Randy, "Sir, what is it about this young man that makes you want to adopt him?"

"None of your damn business!" Then, on Bob's glare, "OK, OK. Let's see. What is it about him? Kid, stand up. Show his honor your ass." Pablo turned round and stuck his ass in the air. "I think that speaks for itself your honor. He's a sensational fuck."

The room fell apart and Bob had to join in. He lost it and tears of laughter streamed down his face.

As it turned out the next day Randy and Pablo were on their best behavior and their court appearance was a breeze. The assigned judge turned out to be a woman and Pablo charmed her with his cheeky, sideways grin. "The adoption is approved. Good luck gentlemen."

The celebration at home was as boisterous as the aborted rehearsal had been. Randy laughed, "The judge was crazy about Pablo. Shit, the kid could charm the birds out of the trees." The

outdoor revelries went late into the night. When they decided to call it quits Randy turned to Pablo to say goodnight. Suddenly the mood became serious, nervous almost, as the two men looked at each other in silence. Here they were at last, adoptive father and son.

Finally Pablo smiled shyly and said simply, "Thank you, sir."

"No sweat, kiddo." Another embarrassed silence. "We'll talk. Sleep well, kid," and he walked back to the house with Bob.

Later, in bed, Darius gave Pablo a serious look and asked, "So how're you feeling, dude?"

Pablo frowned. "I dunno. It's kinda weird. I mean, he's my dad. I'm not sure. Maybe all I wanted was for him to fuck me, and now"

"Bullshit," said Darius. "You and Randy go a lot deeper than that and you know it. And he'll still fuck you. With that ass of yours it's a pretty safe bet. Just wait for that trip to the lake."

Pablo smiled. "Thanks, man. I guess you're right. By the way, has Bob told you where he's taking you yet?"

"Somewhere local is all he'll say. But I have a feeling it's gonna be a wild trip."

"What did he tell you?"

"I remember his words exactly. 'Young man, I'm gonna take you somewhere and show you something I've never shown anyone before. And I'm gonna tell you a story that'll send your fantasy meter into overload stoke your imagination for years to come.' Also, he said the story's true."

"Wow." The thought turned Pablo on. "Speaking of fantasies, and my ass, how about you take first crack at it, so to speak?" and he turned over on his stomach.

Friday came. Randy and Pablo were due to leave that evening; the others would leave the next day. Pablo was already home from work when he heard Randy's truck pull up. Randy came through the gate and he smiled as he saw Pablo, smartly dressed in clean jeans and a tight, sexy polo shirt. He was touched that the kid had dressed up for the trip.

"You look great, kid. But don't expect me to change. I'm going like this," as he stood there in his greasy old tank top, work pants and boots.

"Wouldn't have it any other way, sir."

Randy came up behind Pablo and put his hands over his eyes. Pushing him forward he said, "Come with me kid. I've got something for you."

They stood beside the truck with Randy's hands still covering Pablo's eyes. "You ready, "kid?" He pulled his hands away and Pablo gasped. There in the flatbed of the truck was a rowboat oars, tackle and all.

"Wow?"

"Think of it as a kind of graduation present. Hey, you can't go fishing without a boat. Picture it, kid, you and me in the middle of the lake, all alone."

"I am picturing it," Pablo said. "You wouldn't believe the picture I see," and there was the cheeky grin again.

"I'm way ahead of you, kid."

With a quick round of goodbyes father and son were off. As always Randy drove fast and they were soon out of the city on the Angeles Crest Highway climbing up to the Angeles National Forest and Randy's secret spot on the lake. Billy, the Doberman, was fast asleep on the back seat.

But the atmosphere in the truck was oddly subdued. They spoke hardly at all and there was almost a kind of coolness between them. Their dynamic had changed. There was, as always between them, a sexual charge in the air, but the thought of it was now kind of weird somehow. They were, after all, father and son now, even if only by adoption. Pablo especially was uneasy.

The silence grew heavier as they drove along the deserted highway. Suddenly Randy put on the brakes and pulled the truck over to a stop on the side of the road. He switched off the engine and there was silence. Pablo looked over at the dark, stubbled face expectantly. It happened quickly. Randy looked him straight in the eyes, put his hand behind Pablo's head, pulled it toward him and their mouths came together.

Randy kissed the young man ravenously. They ground their lips together, tongues searching deep inside each other's mouth as they breathed into each other. Randy's passion built as his mouth explored every inch of Pablo's face his cheeks, his neck, his brow and finally bathing his eyes.

Pablo's cock was rock hard. He was drowning in the man, intoxicated by the male smell of his sweat, his taste, the feeling of his warm, wet mouth covering his face and the rough, stubbled chin grinding against him. They locked their lips again and the virile, passionate embrace seemed endless.

Suddenly Randy pulled back. Without a word he turned to look straight ahead at the road, started the engine and, with a squeal of wheels, sped back onto the highway, as if nothing had

happened. Pablo was dumbfounded, breathless. He too looked straight ahead, his mind spinning. The man was incredible, stunning. Then he heard Randy's deep voice.

"I am gonna fuck you, you know."

"I know, sir."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw a trace of a smile on Randy's glorious face. And from that point on there was no coolness at all between them. Far from it.

On the back seat Billy stirred in his sleep, twitching and grunting, lost in some canine fantasy of his own.

Early next morning Mark and Jamie were almost ready to leave the house, both dressed very casually in jeans and T-shirts. They had loaded the truck with food and supplies as Mark knew there would be minimal stuff in the shack. For this reason he had decided to take the truck, not the Harley.

"Just a minute," Jamie said and ran back into the house. He came back with a plastic bag that he held out shyly. "I just got my first paycheck from work, so I bought you a present, sir. If that's OK."

"Sure it is, kid. Sure it is." Mark smiled, moved by Jamie's shy gesture. He opened the bag and pulled out a black tank top. He shook it open."

"This is great, Jamie. " He looked at Jamie's shining eyes. "You want me to put it on now?"

"Please, sir."

Mark took off his old T-shirt and pulled the black tank over his head and down over his muscular torso. "How's it look?"

Jamie gaped. "Wow. Better than I ever imagined. I got an extra-large, sir. I hope that's OK."

"It's a bit snug but I guess you planned it that way."

"Kind of." Jamie admired the way the shirt clung to the sculpted chest and accentuated the cop's muscular shoulders and arms. "It looks tremendous, sir."

"That's it, then." Mark laughed. "Guess I'll have to wear it the whole trip. Never know who we might meet."

In little over an hour they were speeding north on Coast Highway. Jamie could not remember being happier than this. He was with the man he worshipped, the glorious cop who, only a week earlier, had fucked him for the first time in his life.

Mark slung his arm across Jamie's shoulder, steering with his left hand, and glanced at the youngster. "Explain something you said back there when I put the tank top on. 'Better than I ever imagined.' What did you mean?"

Jamie blushed deeply.

"Come on, kid. Do I have to order you to tell me?"

"No, sir. Sorry, sir. It's just that I Well, soon after I first met you I"

"Keep going, kid. No secrets."

"Well, sir." It came out in a rush. "When I was alone in my room, in bed, I imagined you wearing a black tank like that and it made my well I got kind of excited and I"

"..... beat your meat fantasizing about it," Mark completed his sentence.

"Yes, sir." Jamie looked surprised. "How did you guess?"

Mark smiled. "Not the first time something like that's happened. Did you shoot your load?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Lots of times."

"Good." Mark had a satisfied smile on his face.

They drove on in silence. Mark concentrated on the road but out of the corner of his eye he saw Jamie glance sideways at him, his hand resting on his crotch. Furtively the young man stroked the bulge in his pants.

Still looking straight ahead Mark said, "You can do it, you know. I don't mind."

Jamie blushed again and quickly withdrew his hand.

"Look. You know me by now, Jamie. I like guys getting off on me. I like having my ego stroked, my vanity piqued. Especially by hot young studs like you. So go right ahead."

Emboldened now Jamie slid his hand back down and began to unbutton his pants. He pulled out his dick that was hard as a rock. He turned and leaned with his back against his door, now looking straight at the big cop. Mark still concentrated on the road ahead, as if he was unaware of what was happening. This indifference excited Jamie even more. He was a secret voyeur.

He stroked his cock as he gazed at the stunning cop. In profile the face was indeed like a Greek god, unruly blond hair falling over his brow, square jaw slightly clenched in concentration. The black tank stretched tightly over his hard chest, the bulge of his shoulders gleamed in the sunlight and his arms flexed as he gripped the steering wheel.

'He's magnificent,' Jamie thought to himself. He gazed intently at the beautiful man, running his eyes all over the muscular body. Jamie's breathing became ragged. He was intoxicated by this incredible icon, this fantasy that he had dreamed about. But now it wasn't a late-night image, it was the real thing, the man himself was right there, dressed as Jamie had wanted.

He couldn't hold back. His cock was pulsing now and there was nothing he could do to hold back the juice rising from his balls. He took one last intake of breath and shot his load. His cum shot forward in a long stream, splashing on the new black tank top that had been his gift to the cop. The thick white juice covered the muscular shoulder and ran down over the bicep and forearm, dripping down onto the cop's jeans.

Breathlessly Jamie looked wild-eyed, scared almost at what he had done. There was a slight smile on Mark's face as he concentrated hard on the road. In the ensuing silence Jamie even began to wonder if Mark would react at all, but then he heard the deep voice.

"Thanks, kid. That was great."

Jamie relaxed and smiled too. "Sorry about the shirt, sir. It was new."

"No sweat, kiddo. Guess I'll just have to wear it like this the whole trip. But cast your eyes a bit lower.

Jamie knew immediately what Mark meant. He looked down and saw the big bulge in his pants.

"What you gonna do about that, boy?"

Jamie knew exactly what to do. He reached over and ripped open the fly. The cock shot out, hard as iron. Jamie leaned down, brought his lips to the big head and slid his mouth slowly over the rigid shaft. He didn't pause. His head went lower until the cock came to rest deep inside his throat. Jamie heard the big cop groan with pleasure.

Then Jamie went to work. His head rose up and down like a piston, gripping the big rod in his mouth as it plunged into his throat. His face crashed again and again against the cop's crotch, his nose buried in the moist pubic hair, in the pungent smell of sweat.

From the outside motorists were aware only of a truck speeding north on Coast Highway, the hills on the right, shimmering in the heat, and the waves of the Pacific Ocean on the left crashing on the beach only yards away. There was nothing remarkable about the truck, except for an occasional slight wobble as the driver lost concentration for a second.

But inside the cab things had reached a pitch and the driver was moaning. Steering with his left hand, Mark put his right hand on the back of Jamie's head, grabbed the hair and forced the head up and down on his cock. "That's it, boy, you fucking beautiful stud. God, your mouth feels good on my dick. Work it man. Take your master's cock all the way down your throat Oh, God. Make me shoot my load, man. Drink my juice, boy. Here it comes"

As the scream bounced off the walls of the cab Jamie felt hot liquid pouring into his mouth and down his throat. He gulped hard and gloried in the taste of his master's semen as it flowed inside him. He finally pressed his face down hard, with the draining cock now still, deep in his throat. He didn't want to move. But finally he pulled back reluctantly and felt the cock slide all the way out of his mouth. There was a silence in the truck as both men regained their breath.

Then Mark spoke. "You know, young man, what you just did was illegal. Distracting a driver operating a moving vehicle. If a police officer had seen that he'd have hauled your ass off and punished you. If a cop had been there, you'd be in real trouble. You might want to think about that."

Jamie grinned. "I will, sir"

And he did. He was still thinking about it when they arrived at the dunes.

Bob and Darius were the last ones to leave the house for the weekend. There was no hurry, Bob had said. They didn't have far to drive. Not far at all. Bob had told Darius what to wear and he appeared in old jeans, boots and an unwashed old tank top.

"It stinks a bit," Darius said.

"Just as it should," said Bob mysteriously. He was wearing jeans and boots too, and a denim shirt over a white tank top. In the Southern California furnace heat of the early afternoon he was already sweating through the shirt. That too was just as it should be, he thought.

Darius's body was already tingling with anticipation as he climbed into the SUV beside the muscular businessman. He had no idea where they were going and it took him no time at all to find out. He had settled in for a long drive so he was amazed when after only fifteen minutes Bob pulled the truck over to the curb at the shabby end of Hollywood Boulevard. There seemed to be nothing there except seedy apartment buildings and a small run-down bar that had seen better days.

Darius saw Bob gaze up at the flashing 'Cocktails' sign, lost in thought. Darius cleared his throat. "Er are we going in there, sir?"

Bob jerked his mind back to the present. "Yes we are kid. You ready for our journey?"

“Yes, sir.” Darius was excited and a bit nervous. It was as if Bob had entered another world. Actually he had.

They got out of the truck and walked through the flapping leather strips covering the door of the bar. Coming from the glare of the sun, they entered total blackness. They stood just inside the door waiting for their eyes to adjust to the gloom. Darius heard Bob say, almost to himself, “Yeah, that’s exactly how it was.”

Finally, as their eyes adjusted, Bob asked, “What do you see, kid?”

Darius blinked. “Not much mostly empty. Couple of guys over by the wall. And two empty stools at the bar.”

“Yeah” Bob seemed lost again. After a long silence he shook his head as if to clear it. “Tell me, Darius. Did you ever wonder how Randy and I first met where it was?”

“Lots of times, sir. None of us could ever work that out what really happened.” He looked at Bob and watched a smile spread over his face. Darius’s eyes grew wide.

“It was here, sir. Wasn’t it? It was here.” Bob didn’t answer; his gaze was riveted on the bar stools. Darius guessed. “On those very stools.”

As if in a trance Bob walked toward the bar. Darius followed him and had no idea why his own cock was getting hard. Bob sat down, Darius took the other stool and Bob began his story.

“It was a blazing hot afternoon, just like today. I had just broken up with my wife in San Francisco and was driving down to Mexico to get away from it all. I pulled off the Hollywood Freeway for a quick breather. The afternoon heat was like a furnace. I walked into the bar, exactly as we did just now.”

“The stool you’re sitting on was occupied by a big mother-fucker of a guy, muscular, dark curly hair, rugged, handsome looks, a week’s stubble on his chin. Judging by his filthy, sweaty clothes he was some kind of construction worker. Just then

“Hey handsome.” A woman’s voice broke into his reminiscence. “Don’t I know you? You’ve been in here before.”

Bob looked up. It was Sheila, the voluptuous bartender. So she still worked here.

“You were with that construction guy, Randy, weren’t you? Often wondered what happened to that big stud. Jeez, he was one hell of a man. We had some great times.”

Bob smiled. “You’re right. I was here before. Randy and I now live together.”

Sheila frowned, her mind working overtime, putting two and two together and coming up with six or more. "OK," she said slowly. Then, recovering her bartender tone. "So what'll it be guys? Two beers?"

The two guys drank a lot just as Bob and Randy had done, and Bob resumed his story.

"Randy and I got pretty drunk. I was too drunk to drive so I asked if there was a place I could sleep for a while in my car. But Randy said, hell, why not crash for a few hours in his motel room. The construction outfit had put him up there while he was in town for two months. He was here from El Paso his wife was still back there. He thought she was probably having an affair with another guy. That didn't seem to trouble him any. Anyway, we left."

Bob and Darius drained their last beer, stood up and headed for the door. A voice behind them shouted, "So long, big guy. And tell Randy to stop by if he ever wants to have a little fun again. I'm always here."

"Will do, Sheila."

The sun hit them in the face like a hammer. They started to sweat again as Bob continued to talk.

"So we left the bar and walked a short block to"

His voice trailed off as he looked up at the run-down motel they had come to. His eyes seemed to glaze over and Darius couldn't miss the bulge growing at the crotch of Bob's jeans. Bob breathed, almost to himself, "Room 14."

He went into the motel office and after a few minutes emerged with a key. Darius followed him to the door of room 14, its faded brown paint cracked and peeling. They went into the squalid, messy room and Bob stood still. "Jesus. Oh, God. This was it." As if in a trance he continued his story.

"He threw himself on the bed. I sat in this chair and closed my eyes. Randy laughed and said I wouldn't get much sleep there, but I could join him as the bed was big enough for two. So I did."

Darius lay down on the bed, still dressed in his sweaty tank top and old jeans, as Randy had been. Bob took off his denim shirt, kicked off his old boots, pulled off his socks and jeans. Stripped down to his sweat-stained tank top and white boxers he lay down and closed his eyes.

The young man was rigid with excitement. He had always worshipped Bob, his beauty, his rugged, alpha maleness, and his kindness. But this was a Bob he didn't know. This was the slave, the man who had been broken in this very room, in this bed. And he was lying beside him, as Randy had done all that time ago.

There was a long, long silence and Darius began to think that Bob had fallen asleep. Then, suddenly, Bob began to moan softly and came closer to Darius. He touched him then put a leg over his and ended up with his head on Darius's chest. He spoke as if in a dream. "I was dreaming of Sheila of fucking her. We were having a ball and I ended up like this, on Randy with a huge boner in my shorts."

Darius almost stopped breathing. There was another long silence, then Darius gasped as Bob came alive and sprang up off the bed. His eyes were blazing. "Randy was like a wild animal. I'll never forget his words, 'You fucking pervert! Faggot! You were coming on to me, shithead. Me! You didn't tell me you were a fag. Look at this,' and he slapped the bulge in my shorts."

Bob pulled the belt out of his discarded jeans. "Then he used this."

Darius was wide-eyed. "What did he do with it, sir?"

"I'll show you."

A few minutes later Bob was lying on the bed spread eagled, his wrists and ankles stretched out toward the bed posts. Darius was standing astride him holding the belt. But etched in Bob's memory was not Darius but the angry, sweating construction worker.

"He had me tied down, helpless. As he looked down at me I saw fury in his eyes but something else too admiration. Then the punishment began." Without thinking Darius ripped the tank from Bob's chest and raised the belt. He brought it down lightly on the straining, muscular body, lash after lash.

Darius was used to fantasies but he was now in a world he had never experienced. He was assuming the role of the man who had punished, whipped and broken this glorious alpha male. As Bob moaned, lost in vivid flashes of memory, Darius was amazed to see the suffering man's cock rise and become rock hard.

Bob closed his eyes and murmured, "The punishment was relentless. He never let up. He whipped me, punched me, tortured my nipples, put a collar round my neck. All I was aware of was the pain and the sight of this incredible man, like the devil himself."

He opened his eyes. He was seeing Randy. "As our eyes met, for a fleeting moment, a spark flashed between us, the look that we later came to recognize, to welcome. It bound us together forever." He winced as the memories intensified. "But then the punishment continued. After the pain came the degradation."

Mesmerized, Darius said softly, "Show me, sir. Show me what happened. I want to see."

His muscles gleaming with sweat the near naked man got off the bed and Darius followed him into the bathroom. Bob sat down on the toilet and put his arms behind his back. "He tied my hands to the pipe behind me. He cursed at me, yelled obscenities. He said there was only one way I could stop the pain. I could beg. So I begged.

Bob closed his eyes, lost in the past. Vividly he remembered Randy towering over him. "OK, sir. You've beaten me. I'm finished. Now I'm begging you. Do you want to piss on me. Please, sir ... piss on me. I need it. I'm begging you, sir. Let me feel it."

Trembling, Darius held his cock in his hand and pointed it at the beautiful face. His bladder was full with all the beer he had drunk and now he emptied it. His hot piss streamed out and hit the prisoner's forehead, the closed eyes, ran down the chin, over the muscular chest and stomach. The stinking urine poured out of him like a raging river, soaking the shuddering man, his straining muscles gleaming in the low bathroom light.

His eyes were still shut tight, the image etched sharply in his memory, as he recalled the words he had uttered that night. "Thank you, sir. Let me drink your piss, sir. Let me be your slave. I need to be with you, sir. You're my master."

Darius was beside himself as he looked down at the gorgeous, shattered man, gazed at exactly the same magnificent spectacle that Randy had seen that night. The sight was too much for the young black man. His cock was rigid and it took only a few strokes to bring his climax. His cum gushed out and splashed on the broken man, mingling with the piss that still poured down his body.

Bob felt the hot liquid, smelled the sharp, sweet smell of semen and reached forward to his own rigid cock. He did not even need to stroke it. He leaned back against the wall, eyes closed, and his orgasm was instantaneous. His own fountain of cum erupted all over his body and he screamed in the euphoria of the memory of that night.

His mind's eye saw his lover as he had seen him that first time, saw again the vivid, glorious image of his master, the powerful, dark demon, the man who changed his life. He moaned in defeat. "I love you, man. Help me. Please, sir, let me stay with you. I belong to you now, sir. I love you, Randy. You're my life."

That squalid bathroom was like a holy place. Darius silently withdrew to the bedroom and lay down exhausted in body and mind. He had seen something so enthralling, so intimate, and so secret that he held his breath. Now, at last, he understood exactly why these two men had bonded like no two men before them, had crossed all boundaries of logic and convention to become lost in each other. Darius trembled and waited.

It was a long time before Bob came out of the bathroom. And he was a changed man. He had been through a catharsis, a purging of memory. He had needed to relive the night of pain and

humiliation that had changed his life. Now he was back to the present, the confident business executive, the proud and beautiful man in control of his world.

“OK, kid. Let’s get cleaned up and get out of this rat hole. I need to breathe some fresh air, and I know just the place.

An hour later the two men were taking in great gulps of sea air. They had showered, put on clean shirts that Bob had in the truck, and headed out to the ocean at Santa Monica. They were leaning on the railing at the end of the pier, looking down at the waves crashing on the rocks.

“It didn’t end there, of course,” Bob said. “I fought back but he won. His anger flared and he worked me over for another two days.”

“He wouldn’t let you go?”

“He would have. At one point he opened the door. But I found I couldn’t go through it. He wanted to kick me out ... but he found he couldn’t do that either. I did eventually leave but I was a changed man, lost, and the next day I found myself back knocking on the door of room 14. He let me in. And we’ve been together ever since.”

Darius let all this sink in. Then, “Can I ask you something, sir?”

“Shoot”

“You telling me all this. Does it mean I’m your boy, sir?”

“Not really, kid. But I’ve taken you somewhere today, somewhere private, secret, and that makes us closer than you being my boy. Besides, I’m not sure a guy can be a master to one guy and a slave to another.”

“You could, sir.”

“Maybe so. But not with a master like Randy.”

“But you’re such a top man, sir. Everyone thinks of you as a master.”

“That’s the only kind of guy Randy would accept as a slave a macho stud who matched him in looks and strength. And I am his slave, Darius. He owns me. He’s incredible. No one else even comes close. I’d do anything for him. I’d walk over hot coals if he ordered me to.”

“Wow,” Darius breathed.

Bob paused. "One more thing, kid. As I said, you and I have been somewhere secret together. And it has to be strictly between us two. No word to anyone else, even Pablo. OK?"

"Absolutely, sir." Darius said. "Thank you, sir. I I'm real flattered. You sure delivered on your promise. That was the wildest fantasy I could ever imagine."

They walked back along the pier for a while. Then Darius said, "Talking of Pablo, I wonder how he and Randy are getting on at the lake."

"Like father and son, I'd say. Pablo brings out all the kindness and gentleness that Randy hides deep inside him. That kid is the best thing to happen to the big guy."

"No, sir." Darius hesitated. "If you don't mind me saying so you are."

Just then they passed the famous carousel on the pier and stopped to watch as it went round and round.

"Look there," said Bob pointing to a young boy riding up and down astride one of the ornate, shiny carousel horses. The kid had his arms folded tight around the horse's neck, his eyes shining, his imagination running wild."

Bob smiled. "He sure thinks he's riding the range. He's on such a trip."

"Thank God for fantasy, eh, sir?"

Bob put his arm round Darius's shoulder.

"Darius, my boy it's all fantasy. All of it."

Darius thought about this and naturally his imagination flared up. He was mesmerized by the carousel turning round and round to the haunting music of the calliope. A thought struck him and his eyes opened wide.

"Hey if this is all a fantasy, do you think it could be a dream, sir? Maybe we'll wake up and realize that all this time we've been living in another guy's fantasy!"

Bob laughed. "Kid, I think you just entered the Twilight Zone." Again he caught sight of the little boy with the shining eyes clinging tight to the neck of his horse. "Even if you're right Darius, just like that kid there, we're sure having one hell of a ride."

And Darius couldn't argue with that.

At about that time the other two couples were living out their own dreams and fantasies. And they too were secret.

Mark and Jamie were alone with each other in the solitude of the dunes no one for miles.

At the lake the only one to see everything that went on between Randy and Pablo was Billy. And the dog wasn't telling a soul.

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