

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 5

Chapter 42 – Act of Worship

As the truck sped up Coast Highway Jamie was still leaning back against his door, his eyes riveted on Mark. The memory of his own orgasm as he had looked at Mark, and then Mark shooting his load in his mouth, was still vivid in his mind. He gazed in awe at the man he worshipped. He couldn't get enough of the stunning cop.

Mark looked straight ahead, concentrating on the road, but he was acutely aware of Jamie's rapt attention and it finally began to make him uncomfortable. A frown passed over his face. The lust in the boy's eyes, the hunger, the need, the abject idolatry troubled Mark somehow. It was all so intense. He needed time to think.

It wasn't easy to find the shack that Mark's fellow cop had loaned him for the weekend. Fortunately his truck was a heavy-duty 4-wheel drive and bounced over the sandy track with ease. Finally they saw it, a weather-beaten cabin in the middle of the dunes a few hundred yards from the surf. It had once been a ranger station and now stood alone in the sand, nothing and nobody else around for miles.

"Wow," breathed Jamie as they went in. The building was rudimentary to say the least. No electricity, no phone or cell reception, though there was a small kitchen and the water and gas was still turned on. There was a fireplace, and oil lamps and candles for light.

Mark grinned. "Well, just you and me now, Jamie. You feel like roughing it with me for a few days?"

"How about forever, sir?"

Again Mark felt the same uneasiness he had experienced on the drive up. He looked at the eager, youthful face, glowing with admiration and need, and again there was that same stab of doubt. He tried to shake it off. But he knew what it was he was having second thoughts cold feet.

They had stopped for breakfast on the way up so they were not hungry, just a bit cramped from the long drive. Mark stretched his long, muscular limbs. "I need some exercise. Ready for a swim?"

Quickly they stripped down to their shorts, left the shack, jogged over the sand and threw themselves into the waves. With long powerful strokes Mark quickly swam out alone to deeper water. Jamie still had nervous memories of the last ocean swim he had taken with Mark when the cop had to rescue him from near drowning, so he stayed closer to shore. Besides, he had detected a strange note in Mark's voice and he sensed that something was bothering him.

He was right. Ten minutes later Mark was swimming back to shore and they both ran back up the beach. They regained their breath leaning on a plank a short distance from the shack. There had evidently been a shed there at one time, but the weather had reduced it to a few poles and a door frame.

Mark stood still, water still streaming over the gleaming wet muscles of his glorious body. "I'm going for a run," he said, an edge of coolness in his voice.

"Yes, sir?" said Jamie tentatively.

"Not you though."

"No, sir?"

There was an uneasy silence. Jamie gazed at the big cop but Mark looked away. His voice was colder now. "I just need some time to myself, some space. So I'm leaving you here. I don't want you following me and I don't want you beating your meat again either, so I'll make sure you behave yourself."

Mark strode quickly to the shack and came back with a short length of rope. He grabbed Jamie by the neck and pushed him backward so his back was pressed against one of the old poles. Mark expertly tied his hands behind it.

"Try to get loose," the cop ordered. He stood back and admired the sinewy young body as the muscles flexed and strained to get free. Mark was satisfied. It was clear that the young stud was bound tight. His translucent blue eyes held Jamie's with a penetrating look.

"Now, boy, you're on your own. I want you to think carefully about who you are what you want to become. Are you really sure what you want from me or anyone else?"

Puzzled, Jamie waited for more, but Mark turned abruptly away and began a few exercises before taking off on his run. He stretched again, then jumped up to grab the crossbar of the old door frame. He hung there for a while, stretching his upper body. Then he began to pull himself up in a series of chin lifts, raising his face above the bar, then dropping back down.

Jamie had half expected some kind of punishment involving physical pain, another whipping maybe, but this was worse. He was helpless, being ignored by this incredible muscle god whose physique was on glorious display. Jamie was trapped in an extreme session of muscle worship

but unable to touch himself. Before him was the man he idolized, stripped down to his wet shorts that clung to his body, his long, thick penis visible through the thin cotton.

The youngster gasped as he watched the golden muscles flex and strain as the body heaved up and down. The lats flared, the shoulders and biceps bulged and the abs tightened in an incredible exhibition of rugged, male beauty and power. Jamie's cock instantly became rigid and he strained to get free so he could touch it. He ached for release, but he was trapped. The tension was unbearable.

Mark finally let go of the bar and ran on the spot for a while, conditioning his powerful legs for his run. Jamie was mesmerized by the cock bouncing up and down under the shorts. Suddenly, without a word or a glance, Mark turned toward the ocean and took off. Bewildered, scared, Jamie watched as the tall cop jogged away from him on the beach. He ran down to the surf and his feet splashed in the shallow water as the powerful legs pounded in the wet sand.

The deserted beach was endless and the image of the cop rapidly grew smaller as he ran further into the distance. Jamie panicked.

"No!" he screamed. "Don't leave me! I'll do anything for you, sir. Just don't leave me alone. I need you with me, sir. Please!"

But he knew the running man was too far away to hear. Jamie watched as the image became smaller and smaller, became blurred in the mist and spray of the ocean. His eyes strained to keep the figure in sight until it was a small dot on the horizon. Tears came to his eyes as he realized that Mark had completely disappeared. Jamie was alone.

Eventually the sharp panic he felt began to subside, replaced by an acute sadness, bordering on despair. What was happening? Why was Mark treating him this way? The man he loved, worshipped, his whole reason for being, had disappeared. He felt totally bereft. He knew that his life would be an empty void without this incredible man.

He tried to fill the void by re-imagining the gorgeous cop and the things he had done to him. His mind went back to the extraordinary night when his master had broken him, turned him into an obedient slave.

He remembered how he had been handcuffed to the bed, and he now struggled to free himself from his bondage just as he had struggled that night. He pictured again the uniformed cop stripped to the waist, standing over him, legs astride, whipping his chest. He felt the pain again and groaned at the memory. "Whip me sir. My body's yours. Do anything, hurt me. I need you, sir."

Then suddenly he choked. It was the memory of the big, hard rod filling his mouth, pounding his face. His mind heard the man scream and he tasted again the warm, creamy liquid that poured down his throat. He swallowed now, trying again to gulp down his master's juice.

And finally, his body bucked as he felt again the pain in his ass, the pain that became unbearable. "No, sir. I can't do it. Please, sir. It hurts too bad." And then suddenly his master was inside him. Tears flowed from his eyes as he recalled the sensation of his ass being filled by the man he idolized. He clenched his ass muscles again as he had clenched them around his master's cock.

Jamie's cock was rigid, but this time he couldn't shoot his load as he had done that night, again and again, with his master inside him. He slowly calmed down and felt again the loving arms folding him as he fell asleep pressed against the muscular, god-like, naked cop. Then the images became blurred until they faded from his mind completely and he was alone again.

The only sound was the sighing of the breeze as it blew along the beach and through the dunes. Jamie had never felt so alone in his life. It wasn't just the physical solitude of this strange and beautiful place. Jamie had been alone for much of his young life and could take that easily. But now now that he had met this man, come to love him, worship him, given himself to him, become his slave, the sense of abandonment was agonizing.

As he remembered the coolness in Mark's voice as he took off, Jamie moaned in despair. "He's leaving me. I know I came on too strong must've scared him off. God, I need him. He's my life." He tried to imagine what his life would be without Mark, and he failed. He had no life without him. He was intoxicated by his stunning beauty, the incredible physique, by the power of his raw, rugged masculinity. But it was far more than that, more than animal lust. It was he couldn't find the words he simply loved him. He realized he had never really loved anyone before. Never, ever like this.

He slumped against the post and his tears blurred his vision. The wind kicked up and sand blew around him. There was a wildness about this desolate place, a strangeness in the air. Jamie was more miserable than he had ever been in his life.

Far up the beach Mark's physical exertion was giving him time to think, to reflect on his life and his values. He knew that he needed to be alone and this remote, deserted beach was about as solitary as it got. As he ran with long, powerful strides he was a perfect physical specimen, a glorious, magnificent male and there was no one to see. That was fine with him.

Mark knew, as most beautiful people come to know, that great beauty can be a blessing and a curse. He was weary of the adulation of women and the envy of men and never let anyone come close.

More and more he sought his own company, loved being on his own. In fact, when he joined the police force he had elected to become a motor cycle cop because he did not want a partner in a squad car. Now he rode around the city alone, and he loved that. He did not want to share his day or, for that matter, his life, with anyone else.

And now, in this wild and beautiful place, his only companions were the sand, the sea and the sky. He stopped running and listened to the comforting sound of the wind and the waves. He gloried in being the only man in the world. Elated, he stood in the surf, looked out to the far horizon, opened his arms and screamed at the top of his voice and there was no one to hear him. His voice was lost on the wind. He was utterly, completely and wonderfully alone.

Except he wasn't alone. A warm sensation of well-being infused Mark's body, a strange unfamiliar warmth and he knew he was not alone. He gazed at the sand, the sea and the sky and wherever he looked there was Jamie. He couldn't get the beautiful image out of his head.

The memories came crowding in. He saw again the young man tied to the bed, his body writhing under the whip. He saw the beautiful face with his cock in his mouth. He got hard thinking of Jamie lying under him, and felt the heat of his cock buried in the young stud's perfect ass. And he felt again the joy of kissing him, making love to him, sleeping with him folded in his arms.

Mark thought again of the hunger he had seen in Jamie's eyes. But this time the memory was intoxicating and he realized that he, Mark, had the same hunger, the intense need to be with the beautiful young man. It had to be love.

"What is love, after all," he thought, "but hunger, a craving of one soul for another that has to be satisfied again and again."

He walked a bit further out and stood knee deep in the surf. In a sudden move he ripped off his shorts and watched the waves carry them away. Naked now, he took his cock in his hand and stroked it. Soon it was rock hard and he was ready. He looked up at the sky and screamed out loud, "I love you, Jamie!", and a long stream of semen shot from his cock and landed in the waves beneath. Mark smiled. Then he threw his head back and started to laugh joyously.

And there was no one to hear him but the wind.

Suddenly he needed Jamie to hear him. And that thought brought to his mind the image of Jamie, alone, tied to the post, bereft, scared, miserable. The truth hit him like a fist to the jaw and he murmured to himself.

"My God what have I done? I am such a damn fool. I have to go to him." He raised his head and yelled "Jamie!" and he took off running back along the endless beach. He ran in a near panic, half afraid that the young man he loved wouldn't be there anymore.

As he gathered speed his guilt increased. He needed to make amends, to make it up to Jamie, to give him a gift. But what could he give? Here he was, totally naked. All he had was his body. And then he knew that was the answer. He knew what he would give to Jamie. He knew that Jamie worshipped his beauty, and that's what he would give him. For once his beauty would be a blessing.

For Jamie the wait was an eternity. He was drained, tears flowed from his eyes and he began to think he would never see Mark again. In desperation he looked up one last time and gazed along the beach into the far distance. And suddenly his heart leapt. Through his tears he saw a small dot appear on the horizon. Was it really ? He was afraid to hope, afraid that the mirage would disappear. But it did not fade it grew larger, clearer, until he could see that it was a man, a glorious, powerful man pounding through the surf.

It was Mark! The relief was so overwhelming that Jamie's body was again racked with sobs. Now he saw the image clearly, saw the magnificent physique, pumped from the exertion and streaming with sweat. The beautiful man was naked. As he came closer Jamie was about to call out to him but something prevented him. He knew he shouldn't.

Mark stopped, exhausted, at the water's edge and bent forward, his body heaving as he struggled to regain his breath. Finally he stood up and stretched, his muscles streaming with sweat and sea water. The physique was magnificent, an icon of raw, rugged masculinity. But he did not speak or look at Jamie.

Instead, Mark turned suddenly and launched his body back into the waves, swimming out with long lazy strokes, then turning and swimming back until his feet again touched bottom. With the sun gleaming behind him he strode back through the surf. He truly was a god tall, powerful, perfectly sculpted muscles gleaming gold as they streamed with water. His jaw was clenched in the intensity of his effort, wet blond hair falling over his brow, blue eyes shining with the joy of physical exertion.

Jamie wanted to shout with joy, but he remained silent. He would not speak, would not try to get free, make no effort to touch himself. It was enough to be back in the presence of this man. It was enough just to be there it was a privilege to be near him. He froze, scared of doing something, anything, that would cause Mark to leave again.

It was only then that Jamie realized just how desperately he needed this glorious man. It was then that he really understood what it meant to be enslaved by another human being.

Mark was near the end of his workout routine. Still ignoring his prisoner completely he did a few more pull-ups on the bar, then fell on his stomach in front of Jamie and did push-ups in the sand. Jamie watched the muscles ripple in the broad back and shoulders, flexing and straining

with the effort. Jamie's cock had been rock hard throughout his ordeal and it now began to throb. He longed to touch it.

Suddenly Mark flipped himself over and, right at Jamie's feet, he lay on his back, put his hands behind his head and started to work on his stomach in a series of crunches. His eight pack abs stood out in sharp definition. The man was totally ripped and Jamie watched as the lats flared, the shoulders and chest flexed hard, and the face poured with sweat as the effort intensified.

Jamie was beside himself. Right beneath him was this muscle god, his body now honed to perfection, gleaming, rippling in an exhibition of stunning male beauty. He could hardly breathe. Then something happened that made him cry out. Mark pulled his hands away from his head and reached downward instead, down toward his crotch. He put his hand round his cock that was hard as a hammer. As he began to stroke it his other hand came up to his chest and he twisted his own hard nipple. He groaned with pleasure.

Jamie was in a trance. He had never in his life seen anything as beautiful as this glorious man pounding his hard cock, his body pumped and honed from physical exertion, the most magnificent body he had ever seen. The sculpted god-like features moaned in ecstasy, eyes closed, square jaw clenched.

Jamie felt his body start to shudder. A heat rose up through his legs and into his groin, spreading throughout his body. His entire focus was on the magnificent man beneath him. Suddenly the man's pale blue eyes opened and pierced Jamie like an arrow. Finally, after all this time, Mark was looking at him and Jamie couldn't believe it the face was smiling.

Jamie felt his cock pulse, he felt the cum rising from his balls. Then, in his delirium, he heard the deep, gentle voice.

"Watch me, Jamie. Watch."

Jamie saw the superb body spasm and then go rigid. He heard a scream and he watched mesmerized as a jet of white cum erupted from Mark's cock and rained down on his sweating, heaving muscles.

The voice yelled at him. "Look at me, Jamie. You know it's beautiful. It's the most beautiful thing you've ever seen. It's so fucking beautiful it's making you cum. You have to shoot, Jamie. Now!"

Jamie screamed and his orgasm erupted. He struggled against the ropes, desperate to touch his cock, but there was no need. His body was now beyond his control, working on its own. His cock exploded in a huge stream of white liquid that shot high in the air, then splashed down on the flexing muscles beneath him. He still strained to get free, but pulling on the rope served only to intensify his spasms. His cock shot again and again, pouring rivers of hot liquid onto the gleaming body and face of his master.

Jamie lost consciousness for a few seconds. When he opened his eyes he saw the body beneath him, still now, with pools and rivers of semen running over it. He hardly dared to look at the cum-splashed face. When he did it was smiling and it was smiling at him. He saw the lips move and heard Mark's voice.

"You are so beautiful, Jamie. So fine. You're such a fucking stud, man."

Both men closed their eyes and were still, making an effort to control their ragged breathing, their heaving bodies. Jamie became aware of movement beneath him and opened his eyes. Mark was up on his knees, inching forward toward him. Now he was kneeling directly before him, his face only inches away from Jamie's now soft penis.

Mark breathed, "God, that's beautiful."

Jamie tugged again at his wrists but was still bound tight. He could hardly believe what came next. The handsome cop put out his tongue and licked the head of Jamie's cock. The young man gasped and tried to pull back. Having just shot his enormous load the head of his dick was now extremely sensitive and the merest touch of Mark's tongue almost hurt. But he kept licking, more and more fervently as Jamie's head twisted with the exquisite pain burning through the tender membrane of his cock.

The tongue kept stroking the cock, harder and harder until Jamie stopped breathing the cop took the soft dick fully into his mouth. Jamie looked down at the spectacular face pressed against him, his square jaw locked open as he took the cock down into his throat. Incredibly, even though he had cum just minutes before, Jamie felt his cock getting hard again, until it was like a rod in his master's mouth.

As Mark took the cock deep into his mouth he closed his throat muscles around it and Jamie gasped. His master this macho, powerful, dominant cop was sucking his cock. It was too much for Jamie to watch, to feel, to believe. It was not just the intense sensation in the membrane of his penis, it was the sight of this glorious man, this symbol of authority, on his knees before him, humbling himself in this act of subjection.

Jamie couldn't hold back. Again he felt the warmth rising from his groin, the cum gather in his balls, rise up along his cock and then erupt into the cop's hungry mouth. Mark was sucking him off! Jamie was shooting his load into the mouth of the god-like face he idolized, dreamed of.

Mark took load after load of hot, sweet cum in his mouth, but he didn't swallow. Instead, he stood up, brought his face close to the bound young man's and pressed their lips hard together. He opened his mouth and let the big pool of semen in it flow into Jamie's mouth and down his throat.

Jamie was drinking his own cum from the mouth of his master. It was an incredible fantasy, sending his mind into a delirium of whirling sensations. Their mouths ground together, lubricated by the thick, warm juice as it oozed from under their lips and ran down their chins onto their chests.

With his mouth still pressed against Jamie's Mark reached round behind him and quickly untied the ropes. Jamie's arms instinctively wrapped around the cop's magnificent body. His face fell against Mark's chest and he sobbed in his master's arms.

Half an hour later the wind had become still and the sun was sinking lower in the sky. The two men were sitting in the sand outside the shack, leaning against the warm wooden wall. They were drinking beer and their bodies and minds had finally relaxed.

They sat in silence for a while, then Jamie said softly, "You came back sir. You came back for me."

"Yes, Jamie. I came back." Mark smiled at him. "Listen, kid. I want to tell you something. I owe it to you. See, I loved being with you driving up here, and everything you did in the truck. But then I saw you looking at me. You couldn't take your eyes off me. And I saw that same look I had first seen in your eyes the lust, the need, the worship, the overwhelming hunger."

"It was your intensity! I've never seen anything like it, and frankly I didn't know if I was up to that. I wasn't sure I could handle a slave with that much force of passion, devotion. That's why I became cold, distant. As I told you, I wanted to be alone, to have space to think. And I took off running far, far away along the beach."

Mark described everything he had felt, thought and done while he was away. And he told Jamie why he came back.

Jamie was still puzzled. "But you didn't say anything, sir. You still ignored me."

Mark smiled. "I wanted to make it up to you, give you a gift but what? I was naked. The only thing I had was myself. Then I remembered how much that excited you."

Mark jumped up, paced back and forth, then stared down at Jamie and spread his arms wide, his glorious physique gleaming gold in the sunlight. "Look at that, Jamie. I know how beautiful I am. I've always known that, and I've always been great at showing it off. I wanted to do that for you. I wanted to give you a gift you would remember."

Jamie gazed up at the spectacular man, speechless with wonder.

"That's why I swam back into the sea and strode back out of the waves. I knew how that looked, the sun behind me, my ripped muscles gleaming wet. I know how it looked when I did pull-ups,

then push-ups on the ground, my muscles flexed and straining. I saw the look on your face as I began doing crunches and made my ripped abs stand out. And I heard you gasp as I started to stroke my cock. That's why I shouted out what I did."

"I knew I would turn you on as never before and I did. I knew I could make you shoot your load without touching yourself and I did. I knew I could even make you cum a second time right afterwards and I did. I did it all for you, Jamie. I wanted to give you something only I could give you. In the most complete sense, Jamie, I gave you myself. And you know why?"

"I think so, sir."

"I did it all because I love you, Jamie. I love you and I want to be with you. I want to share my life with you. Do you want that?"

Jamie could hardly speak. He whispered, "More than I've ever wanted anything in my life, sir."

Mark sank to his knees and looked Jamie full in the face. "It's a deal then, kiddo."

Jamie said softly, "A deal, sir."

Mark's face became more serious. "But I have to have it all, Jamie. I'm the kind of man who always gets what he wants always have. There's only one way it can be and here are my rules. I am the boss, your master, always. I will own you. You will not give yourself to anyone else unless I give you permission. No one will touch you unless I allow it. Is that quite clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will do everything I tell you to and I will do to you whatever I want, whenever, I want. I will tie you down because I love to see you in bondage. I will whip your body because I love to see your face wince in pain and your muscles strain to get free. I will fuck your face and, most of all, I will fuck your ass again and again because it's absolutely the best feeling in the world."

Jamie was trembling, in a haze of euphoria. All he could manage was, "Thank you, sir."

"In return I will protect you. I'll never let anyone hurt you. If they try they'll answer to me and believe me they won't try again."

"Thank you, sir."

"One more thing, Jamie. I left you alone today, and then came back for you. There will be other times when I have to leave you alone. But here's the promise, kid. And never forget it. I will always come back for you. Always."

Jamie was crying now. "Thank you, sir."

Mark stood up. "Now, dry your tears because I'm gonna take you inside now. I'm gonna make love to you and fuck your ass again and again for the rest of the day and all night. That's an order and a promise."

In a trance, Jamie stood up and allowed himself to be pushed through the door into the shack. Later, when darkness fell, they lit the oil lamps and candles, lit the fire, and made love some more. In fact they didn't leave the shack until the sun rose the next day.

Of course, Mark could not know at the time how soon his promise of protection would be put to the test with shattering results.

Meanwhile, beside a still, deserted lake in the forest two other men were defining the depths of their new relationship. Randy's adoption of Pablo was now final and to celebrate Randy had taken his new son on a fishing trip to the lake high in the Angeles National Forest. His present had been a rowboat that they were now launching into the lake.

The big construction worker smiled at Pablo. "You ever hear the phrase 'pushing the boat out', kid?"

"I think so, sir. Kind of means the same as 'Let the games begin,' no?"

"You're no dummy, are you kiddo? So what are we waiting for? Give the boat a shove and 'Let the games begin'." He grinned at Pablo. "And we'll forget about that adoption thing for a while. What I have in mind for you, kid, is definitely not paternal."

And beside another stretch of water Bob and Darius were taking a breather. The handsome business executive had just taken the young black man on an intense fantasy in a squalid motel room in Hollywood. Bob had shown him the secrets of how he and Randy had first met and spent their first incredible night together, when Randy had broken him in body, mind and spirit.

When it was all over Bob had said, "Let's get out of this rat-hole. I need to breathe some clean air." So here they were strolling along the famous Santa Monica Pier, taking in the fresh sea air of the Pacific.

"It's great to be out of that flea pit." Bob said. "Now we deserve a little extravagance. You ever stay in a luxury hotel, Darius?"

"There's always a first time, sir."

"Don't get cocky, kid. You're gonna earn your stay there. You're really gonna earn your keep. You ready for another trip into Fantasyland?"

Darius's eyes shone. "You bet, sir."

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Chapter 43 – Rough Fantasy

"Adoption approved. Good luck, gentlemen."

These words from the Family Court judge had brought a chill of both excitement and apprehension to the two men Randy, the dominant, macho construction worker, and Pablo, the beautiful young man he had taken under his wing. Now they were trying to define their new relationship on a fishing trip to the lake high in the Angeles National Forest.

The drive up there had begun strangely, each man silent, neither one quite knowing how to react to the other. Up to now they had certainly been intimate with each other many times as Randy had firmly established his sexual domination of the 21-year-old boy. Randy was his undisputed master and there was still, as always, a sexual charge between them. But now they were related, if only by adoption, and were not sure how this would impact their sexual relationship.

But then, in the truck, Randy had dispelled all the tension and doubt when he pulled off the road, taken Pablo's head in his hands and kissed him ravenously, almost savagely. 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 was intoxicated by the male smell of his master's sweat, his taste, the feeling of his warm, wet mouth covering his face and the rough, stubbled chin grinding against him. Their virile, passionate embrace seemed endless.

Then, abruptly, it ended and Randy pulled back onto the highway with a smile on his darkly handsome face. He knew now that it was up to him to re-establish his total physical and sexual dominance, even if it meant getting rough.

And from that moment there was no more coolness between them. Far from it.

"Think of it as a sort of graduation present," Randy had said when he presented Pablo with his gift a long, wide bottomed rowboat. Now, having just arrived at the lake they were impatient to launch it.

But first Randy said, "OK, get naked kid." Quickly Pablo obeyed and stood naked before his master. The big construction worker smiled at Pablo.

"You ever hear the phrase 'pushing the boat out', kid?"

"I think so, sir. Kind of means the same as 'Let the games begin,' no?"

"You're no dummy, are you, kiddo? So what are we waiting for? Let's give the boat a shove and 'let the games begin'. Get in, kid."

Pablo stepped into the boat and then got a shock. Randy didn't load the fishing gear or even the oars. Instead, his muscles flexed as his body heaved against the boat and with a powerful lunge pushed it hard out into the lake. Pablo gasped as he felt himself floating away from the shore, all alone with no control.

On the small beach Randy heard a whimper behind him. They had, of course, brought Pablo's Doberman, Billy with them (boy and dog were inseparable) and Billy was confused. Randy ruffled the fur on his head. "Stay here, buddy, and guard the gear. We'll be back." Billy climbed on top of their clothes and gear and lay down with a mournful gaze. He would be a silent witness to the events on the lake.

Randy watched the boat drifting out into the lake and murmured to himself, "OK, time to show the kid who's boss. Son or not, he's gotta know I'm still his master."

With nervous exhilaration out on the lake Pablo lay on his back in the boat, propped on his elbows. He watched as the gorgeous, rugged man, stood up, stretched his limbs, then quickly pulled off his grimy tank top, kicked off his boots and dropped his work pants. Pablo gazed at the awesome physique standing naked on the shoreline..... and then it disappeared! Randy had walked into the lake, dived into the water and disappeared.

Breathless, Pablo watched and waited. By now he was a good distance out into the lake alone and helpless. After long minutes he was becoming anxious. But there was nothing no sound, no ripple on the water. But suddenly the silence was shattered as a huge body broke the surface of the lake and in one powerful move pulled itself into the boat.

Randy stood up, astride the stunned boy. Pablo looked up at the glorious body, heaving from the exertion of a long underwater swim, muscles flexed and gleaming in the sunlight, streaming with water. He was like a naked god appearing suddenly from the depths of the water no more like a dark, powerful demon.

"So here we are, kid. We're all alone in the middle of the lake, and you're completely at my mercy. For now we'll forget all that father and son shit. What I have in mind is a lot rougher. And it sure as hell ain't paternal."

Pablo was shaken by the harsh guttural voice and the savage look in Randy's eyes. This was not what he had expected. This was not the gentle, nurturing parent. This was the wild, ferocious man who had first imposed his total dominance over Pablo.

He stammered, "Sir, you're making me scared, sir. I never thought that"

"Did I say you could speak?" Randy thundered "Guess I'll have to put a stop to that."

Randy fell to his knees in the boat, astride Pablo. He fell forward and pinned Pablo's hands above his head on the floor of the boat, so his massive, rock-hard cock was inches from the frightened face. In a nervous reflex Pablo opened his mouth, and the huge rod plunge in and down into his throat. Pablo choked and gagged as his master's shaft pulled back, then pistoned back into his mouth. The savage face fucking began and tears sprang to Pablo's eyes as they opened wide and looked up at the dark, stubbled face, it's steel blue eyes gleaming.

The voice growled. "So, you were wondering what it's like to be my son, eh? Well nothing's changed, kid. You're still my boy. You're here to service me."

And the rod kept plunging in and out of Pablo's mouth, bruising the back of his throat, choking him as tears flowed down his face. The agonized young man thought he was about to suffocate when suddenly it all stopped. The huge cock pulled out of his mouth and Randy sprang again to his feet. He was sweating now as his body heaved and his eyes burned down at the boy.

"You begin to get the picture, punk? I'm your master. I own you. Get it?"

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

"You scared, kid?"

"A bit, sir."

"Good! You a good swimmer?"

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir."

"Just as well," Randy said, leaning forward. He grabbed Pablo round the waist and lifted him up bodily. With his massive strength he held the helpless body over his head, then launched it far out into the lake.

Pablo gasped as he hit the water, back first, and sank beneath it. He was a strong swimmer and quickly surfaced, taking in great gulps of air, and tried to gather his scattered thoughts. He was feeling the full, fierce strength of the big construction worker, just as he had once before.

He was scared, it's true, but the sexual charge that ran through his body was exhilarating. He caught sight of the muscular body diving off the side of the boat then disappearing under the water. Pablo treaded water and waited. Suddenly his master surfaced right beside him.

"Take a deep breath, kid."

Pablo did as instructed and felt his head being pushed under the water. In the clear water he saw the dark, stubbled face come up to him, felt the big hand cup the back of his head, and then the lips clamp over his mouth. Held under forcefully under water Pablo opened his mouth and felt Randy's hot breath blowing into him. Trying to calm himself Pablo began to breathe steadily. The two men breathed as one, sharing the air that passed between them.

The effect was intoxicating. Pablo was totally helpless, held prisoner under water, but being sustained by the breath of his powerful captor. He was dependent on his master for life itself. Pablo was dimly aware that his cock had become rock hard as he felt the hard body pressed against his and tasted the hot breath flooding his mouth.

He was becoming dizzy, disoriented, when suddenly Randy let him go and they both shot to the surface. The two men took in gulps of fresh air as they looked at each other. Randy laughed with the thrill of domination of this beautiful boy he now owned.

"You're terrific, kid. I love you, you know that? You OK now? You trust your old man?"

"Yes, sir. I love it. I love you, sir. Do anything you want with me."

"Race you back to the boat." Randy shouted.

They both swam with powerful strokes but Randy let Pablo arrive first. The young man clung breathlessly to the side of the boat, trying to recover, still too weak to pull himself aboard. He felt Randy swim up behind him and press his body against his back under the water. Then Pablo opened his eyes wide as he realized what came next.

He felt a pressure against his ass and knew that Randy's cock was stiff as a rod. He gasped as he felt the pressure under the water, and then the pain as the head entered him. The rest of the long, wet shaft followed, sliding effortlessly deep into his hole. He clung tight to the boat as Randy's body bucked against his under the water.

"Oh yes, sir," Pablo moaned. "Please, sir. Fuck my ass. Aaah I love that, sir. Please, sir. Harder."

Randy increased the pressure and tempo and whispered in Pablo's ear. "You're still my boy, kiddo. I can do whatever the fuck I want with you. Your ass is mine," and he laughed, "even when it's under water. Get ready, boy. I'm gonna pump your ass full of my juice."

The piston plunging in and out of the young man's hole became harder, faster, more insistent and Pablo was spinning into a world where pain and delight mixed together, its focus uniquely on the feel of his master's rod in his ass. As he felt the huge head pound against the tender depths of his gut his own hard cock began to throb and he knew he couldn't take much more.

Randy knew that too and felt his own cock close to eruption. He reached down under water and brought his hand round to grasp Pablo's cock. "OK, kid. I'm gonna make us shoot together. "You feel my hand stroking your pretty dick?"

"Yes, sir," Pablo moaned.

"And you feel my rod in your ass?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"OK cum now, son."

Their orgasms were huge and simultaneous. Randy's cock exploded deep inside his boy's ass and Pablo's cock shot a stream of cum into the water. As the head of Randy's dick throbbed in Pablo's burning hole, the boy's creamy semen floated in the water and up to the surface. Both men were yelling with the exhilaration of spectacular release. Their shouts turned to laughter as Randy pressed hard against the young body and began kissing and biting the back of his neck.

He pulled his cock out of Pablo's ass and spun him around to face him. Again the faces came together in another passionate, burning embrace. Their lips churned together in a bruising, virile display of affection.

Suddenly Randy reached down under water, grabbed Pablo by the waist and heaved him bodily into the boat.

"Hang on, kid," Randy yelled, "We're going ashore."

The big man came round, gripped the stern of the boat and began to kick his legs. The power of his strong thighs in the water propelled the boat smoothly and rapidly over the surface of the lake. In no time they were approaching the small beach and there was a splash as Billy launched himself into the lake. Barking joyously he paddled out to greet his master.

As the dog came close Randy picked him up and threw him down into the boat on top of Pablo. The two rolled over joyously in the bottom of the boat, Billy furiously licking his master's face.

Randy's feet touched bottom and he pushed the boat the rest of the way until it rested on the sand. As Pablo wrestled with Billy he looked up at the superb, muscular physique towering over him, the muscles pumped with exertion and streaming with water. He marveled at the man who

had tossed him into the lake, pulled him underwater and kissed him savagely, then fucked him hard and long as he clung to the boat. His master was simply magnificent.

Randy grinned as he looked down with pride and affection at his boy his son now his beautiful dark brown eyes laughing joyously up at him as he hugged his panting, soaking dog in his arms.

Randy shook his head. "Not bad, kid. Not bad at all. No doubt about it you're my boy."

As the two men and their dog settled in to make camp by the lake, their friends Bob and Darius were taking a much more relaxed stroll near another body of water the Pacific Ocean. The handsome business executive had already taken the young black man on an intense fantasy in a squalid motel room in Hollywood. Bob had shown him the secrets of how he and Randy had first met and spent their first incredible night together, when Randy had broken him in body, mind and spirit.

When it was all over Bob had said, "Let's get out of this rat-hole. I need to breathe some fresh sea air." So here they were strolling along Santa Monica Pier, and they stopped to watch the famous carousel going 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."

As he reflected on this Darius's imagination was fired 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 imagination!"

Bob laughed. "Kiddo, 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."

As they strolled back to Ocean Avenue Bob's mind went back to a few hours earlier. "Hmm that dingy Hollywood motel room wasn't much of a place for a relaxing weekend was it?"

"Wouldn't have missed it for the world," Darius said, his memory flashing back to his enthralling experience there."

"How about a little luxury for a change? That dump barely had bed sheets. I think we deserve Egyptian cotton. You ever been to the Shutters?"

They came to their car and within minutes were pulling into the luxury beach-front hotel. The desk clerk looked dubiously at the two guys strolling in, dressed in old jeans and boots. But his mood changed when Bob showed his business card ... senior vice president of a major financial services company that used the hotel a lot.

"Sorry, sir. I didn't realize. Welcome to Shutters. Your usual corporate rate?"

A few minutes later they were waiting for the elevator. Bob had over his shoulder a bulky garment bag that he had brought with him from the truck. He turned and gave Darius a piercing look. "Well, this sure is a step up from that dump of a motel we were in. But I don't think you should take luxury for granted, kiddo. You should earn it. How's your imagination doing? You up for another trip?"

Darius's eyes lit up."

"You bet, sir."

"OK, here's what you do. Go outside, walk around for fifteen minutes. Then come back into the hotel and come straight up to....." he looked at his room key "room 414."

Intrigued, and a bit nervous, Darius was nevertheless eager for this new fantasy. "Whatever you say, sir." He turned on his heels and left the hotel as Bob stepped into the elevator.

As Darius walked around outside his thoughts were spinning and he wondered what Bob had in mind. He was still nervous as he walked back up the hotel steps. He took the elevator to the fourth floor and knocked on the door of room 414.

"Come in! It's not locked," the voice shouted.

Tentatively Darius opened the door and went in. He blinked as he looked around the room awestruck. It was luxurious alright, and through the huge window he could see the ocean glinting in the setting sun. Sprawled in an armchair by the window was the big, powerfully built man sipping on a beer and reading a newspaper.

Bob was dressed in a blue blazer, dress shirt and tie, and beige slacks. He was the perfect image of a handsome businessman relaxing after a hard day in the office. He wore the black rimmed glasses he sometimes used for reading.

“Jesus,” Darius thought as he gazed at Bob’s Superman features, “he looks like Clark Kent.”

Bob ignored him at first, engrossed in his newspaper and Darius stood awkwardly just inside the door. Then the businessman looked up and sized up the black man wearing jeans and a T-shirt. Darius was starting to feel uncomfortable when he heard, “Yeah, you’ll do. Black’s good. Makes a change. What’s your name?”

“Darius, sir,” he stammered.

“Grab yourself a beer from the fridge and come here.”

Darius obeyed and took the chair by the window facing Bob, a small table between them. Nervously he sipped on his beer.

Bob pulled his wallet from his pants pocket and counted out some money. “Two hundred, you said for an hour?” He tossed the money across the table.

“That’s right, sir.” Darius’s whole body shook and his cock became rigid in his pants. Now he understood. This was something he had often fantasized about. And now it was really happening. This handsome businessman was paying for his services. There was a silence as Bob sipped his beer and looked at his newspaper.

Darius cleared his throat. “Nice room,” he said hesitantly.

“It’ll do. You used this hotel before?”

“No, sir,” said Darius.

“But you must work a lot. Good looking black stud like you. You get a lot of repeat clients I bet.”

“Yeah, sure but “

“But what?”

“Well, if you don’t mind me saying so, I’ve never had a customer who looks like you, sir.”

“There aren’t many around like me.” Bob looked at his watch. “OK, enough small talk. We only have an hour so let’s get down to business. Stand up, kid.”

Darius got up and stood in front of the man sprawled in the chair.

“What was your name again Darien?”

“Darius, sir.”

“OK, Darius, take your shirt off.”

Darius slid easily into the role he knew he had to play. Smiling seductively he moved slowly and Bob watched as he pulled the T-shirt over his head. Darius stood there, stripped to the waist, slightly flexing his chest, shoulders and arms, showing off for his customer.

Bob loosened his tie and breathed more heavily. “Yeah, kid, you’ll do fine. Now strip naked.”

The boots came off, then the jeans. Darius reached down and stroked the huge bulge in his shorts.

“I said naked!”

“Whatever you say, sir.” He dropped his boxers. The beautiful young black man stood there for inspection, his smooth coffee-colored skin gleaming in the soft light of the setting sun, his massive cock hanging down almost to his knees. His sharply etched features, high cheek bones and slanting green eyes were lit up by a dazzling smile.

“I’m all yours, sir.”

“You bet your life you are. That is some piece of meat you have there. Bet they love that. But I want something else.” He frowned a little. “You do take it up the ass, don’t you?”

“For you, sir, anything you want.”

Bob smiled a little. “You may be sorry you said that, kid.”

“I doubt it sir.”

“On the bed.”

Darius lay back on the bed and his cock started to grow as he watched the handsome businessman, his ‘client’, stand up and stare down at him.

“You’re beautiful, I’ll give you that. Quite the stud. But you know something? You’re still a hustler. Oh, I know you call yourself an escort, but you’re just a cheap hustler. Not so cheap, either, at two hundred bucks a pop.”

Darius flinched, feeling demeaned and humiliated by Bob’s words.

“OK,” Bob said, “let’s get down to business.”

Bob shrugged off his blazer and threw it on the chair. Then he undid his tie and unbuttoned his shirt. Underneath Darius could see his white tank top stretched over his muscular torso. Bob peeled off the shirt and tie and stood for a minute looking down at the mesmerized black man, stripped down to his tight tank. Then he reached behind his neck and pulled it off over his head, revealing the perfectly chiseled musculature of his chest, shoulders, bulging biceps and eight-pack abs. Darius gasped, awestruck by the man’s awesome physique as he stood there stripped to the waist, his dark, sculpted features looking down at him.

“Show me your ass.”

Darius put his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs up, displaying the mounds of his ass. Bob reached forward and ran his fingers over the warm moist crack of the ass.

“Hmm. Not bad at all. Stay like that.”

Bob walked forward and knelt on the bed. Again he sized up the merchandise. He reached down again and ran his hand over Darius’s huge cock that was now standing straight up like a steel rod. Bob unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, also rock hard. Without a word, and without touching Darius with his hands, Bob eased himself forward until the head of his cock was resting against Darius’s hole.

“OK, stud,” he grunted. “Now we’ll see if you’re worth the money. He pushed his hips forward and his cock slid effortlessly inside Darius’s ass. The young black man took a deep intake of breath as he felt himself penetrated by this muscular, powerful man. He saw Bob close his eyes and groan with pleasure. He grabbed Darius’s ankles and pushed his legs back further. He started to pound the ass now, pushing deeper and deeper inside.

“Yeah, that’s it, fucker. I bought your black ass and you’re gonna take every inch of my cock. Understood?”

“Yes, sir. My ass is yours, sir. You’re the boss, sir.”

“You bet your life, you cheap hustler. For the next hour I own you. And you’re gonna earn every damn penny. Here goes, kid.”

Bob now applied every ounce of his strength, plunging his cock ever deeper into the furnace of the guy's ass. Darius gasped as he felt his ass being plundered, violated by this man who had rented him. The punishment continued for so long that he wasn't sure how much more his ass could take when, suddenly, the huge rod pulled out and his ass snapped shut. Darius gasped again as the heaving, sweating muscle god looked down at him.

"Do you do bondage?"

Darius thought fast. "That costs extra, sir."

"Another hundred?"

"That'll do it, sir."

Bob took his wallet from his pants and tossed more money on the bed. Then he picked up Darius's discarded T-shirt and ripped it in two. With the strips he tied Darius's wrists to the bedposts above him. He got off the bed, kicked off his loafers, unbuckled his belt and stepped out of his slacks.

"Now we'll really get down to business."

Naked now, Bob knelt back on the bed, grabbed the ankles again, pushed up the legs and with one swift lunge buried his raging dick in the ass again. This time the punishment was brutal. The pounding was merciless and Darius looked up in fear at the obsessed, sweating, heaving muscle stud.

"Sir, I don't think I can take much more."

Bob's eyes flashed. "You'll take whatever I give you, asshole. You're a hustler I'm the boss. Didn't I tell you? I like to hurt the boys I rent, especially the studs. And you're special so you get the full treatment."

Genuinely afraid Darius struggled to get free, pulling at the wrist restraints, but his writhing body only turned his torturer on more. He had never seen anything like this huge, hard body crashing down on him, never felt anything like the piston torturing his ass. Despite the pain and the fear his cock was still rigid and it began to tremble. He felt the heat rising from his balls and he knew he was close.

"Sir, I I think I"

"You'll cum when I'm good and ready, punk. You cum before I give you permission and I'll rip you apart."

Darius gritted his teeth and tried everything to hold back his orgasm. But the sight of this incredible man was destroying him. Finally, he felt the cock in his ass start to pulse. He watched the look on the handsome face change and saw the head thrown back.

“OK, man,” Bob yelled. “Now!”

The two orgasms were simultaneous. Darius felt the eruption in his ass and he shot his own load high in the air, splashing the magnificent body above him with thick, warm juice. The pounding continued, and his cock kept exploding until finally both men were spent. Bob’s eyes were wild as he gazed down at the exhausted man. His sweat poured down onto the black face as both men fought to get their breath under control.

They were totally spent. Bob reached up and untied the young man’s wrists. They fell into each others arms, kissing each other ravenously, rolling over and over in the bed in a wild display of hunger and passion. Finally Bob broke free, stood up and gazed down at the gleaming black body.

“That was incredible, man. Tell me, how much d’you charge for all night?”

Darius shook his head. “Nothing at all, sir. For you it’s on the house. It would be my privilege.”

An hour later the two men were facing each other across the meal table. They had showered, put on the thick robes supplied by the hotel and ordered dinner from room service. Darius had ordered prime rib ‘cause that’s what he thought a call-boy would order. Also, prime rib was his favorite.

The amazing thing for Darius, what he had never expected, was that the fantasy continued. Bob was still the client, a very satisfied client, and Darius even came to believe that. The scenario felt so real, Bob was utterly convincing, and Darius felt totally like a boy for hire.

“You know, sir,” he said. “I’ve never had a client like you. I’ve never felt so well so “

“Careful, kid. What’s the escort’s first rule never let feelings get in the way? No emotional involvement?”

“That’s right, sir. Forget what I said.”

Bob studied Darius as the young guy worked on his prime rib. “You ever think of getting off the game, kid?”

Surprised, Darius stammered, “Well, I

“Guess you’d still need someone to take care of you.”

“Well, sir. It would depend on the guy.”

“What about me?”

Surprised Darius stammered, “You, sir? Well, I guess I mean I’ve never met anyone as hot as you. Of course I

“What if I asked you to give it all up and come live with me?”

Darius looked Bob straight in the eye, and he meant what he said. “I’d say yes, sir. In a heartbeat.”

“OK, here’s the deal. I’d still be the boss. I get to fuck you whenever I want. You do whatever I tell you to. I live with a few other guys they look as hot as I do, and I might loan you out to them sometimes. What d’you say?”

“I say yes, sir!” Darius was as enthusiastic as if the situation were real, as if he was really being offered the opportunity of being with this glorious man for the first time.

“That’s settled then. Tomorrow we leave the hotel and I take you home with me. No more customers except me.” Darius was embarrassed to feel tears coming to his eyes.

“But for now, you’re still on the clock, so let’s go to bed.”

They fell into the big, luxurious bed with its Egyptian cotton sheets and made love for hours. Darius took Bob’s cock up his ass several more times until at last they were both totally exhausted. Wrapped in Bob’s muscular arms Darius was finally coming down to earth, drifting out of the fantasy. Bob kissed him lightly on the forehead and the spell was broken.

“How was that, kiddo?”

Darius sighed heavily. “You are absolutely the best sir. That was totally awesome. I think it’s the best time I ever had.”

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Chapter 44 – Mark’s Revenge

The euphoria of their various weekend journeys made for a raucous celebratory dinner for the three masters and their boys. Randy, the brawny construction worker and boss of the house had reaffirmed his dominant sexual relationship with his newly adopted son, Pablo. Bob, the

businessman with the body and features of a Superman, had taken Darius on a fantasy-filled journey.

But it was the change in Mark and Jamie that was the most striking. The stunningly beautiful cop and the handsome young man had obviously shared a transformation of sorts and their newly forged bond was unmistakable. Mark had, in fact, taken exclusive ownership of Jamie. His new master promised the boy, "In return I will protect you. I'll never let anyone hurt you. If they try they'll answer to me and believe me they won't try again."

Throughout the boisterous meal Jamie gazed at Mark with an awe and admiration that was palpable. Bob saw this clearly and so did Randy. And Bob watched his friend's expression with unease. Randy's reaction to Jamie's adulation of the gorgeous cop was disturbing. There was a hint of resentment there, jealousy even, and Bob sensed that it could lead to trouble. All the guys were, after all, strong-willed men and Bob knew that their friendly rivalry could change quickly, assume a life of its own.

The bond of friendship between Randy and Mark had always been intense and complicated. They were two strong, beautiful and authoritative top men. Their beauty, stunning physiques and strength of mind was the cause of great mutual admiration between the two alpha males but also the reason for the competitive edge that existed just below the surface. And now they both owned handsome young men who worshipped them.

It was hard to imagine that the house was big enough for two such totally dominant personalities to co-exist. As Bob watched the construction worker glower at the cop he knew that trouble was always simmering just below the surface. He just never guessed how soon it would erupt.

"Shit," Randy growled and slammed the phone down. "That's just what I need!"

It was a week later, and he was in his trailer office at the construction site. He made another call. "Darius," he barked into the phone. "Get your ass over here now. Jack's called in sick. You and I will have to cover both shifts."

Darius heard the anger in the construction boss's voice and rushed out of the house. Randy had entrusted the young black man with the job of second shift foreman. The early shift was covered by Randy's long-time buddy Jack. Darius knew that Jack's absence was a real problem, just when they were facing a tight completion deadline. So Darius and Randy would be facing a twelve-hour workday.

It turned out to be grueling with Randy barking orders to his crew all day long. He paid them well, better than anyone, and expected a hard day's work in return. They all respected the boss, with his heavily muscled physique and darkly glowering good looks, and knew that

absolute obedience was essential. Darius knew this better than anyone, and had several times paid an agonizing price for disobedience.

Some weeks before, at Mark's request, Randy had agreed to hire his boy Jamie, and the young guy was really pulling his weight. He had a strong body and had quickly gained the respect of the other workers. He was usually supervised by Jack and this was the first time Darius had been his foreman.

"Hey, careful up there," Darius called out to his friend.

Jamie was balancing on a plank eight feet above the ground, trying to grab a hook dangling just out of reach. Like everyone else he was feeling pressure from Randy and took just one risk too many. His foot slipped and he fell heavily to the ground. He landed badly on his wrist and was stunned. Darius ran up to him.

"You OK, dude? Can you get up?"

Jamie struggled to his feet but was still dazed.

"I dunno, man. My wrist hurts like crazy. I think I better rest for a minute."

A deep voice growled, "What the fuck's going on here? I don't pay you two to hang around and chat."

Darius looked up at Randy and said, "He fell, boss. Hurt his wrist. He needs to rest."

Randy glared. "I'm the one who makes the decisions round here, punk, and there'll be no rest for anyone." He looked at Jamie. "You get back up there."

Jamie was scared but stood his ground. "I don't think I can, sir. I feel a bit dizzy."

Randy was used to being obeyed. He shoved Jamie and barked, "Talk back to me, kid, and I'll give you something that'll make you so fucking dizzy your head'll spin. I'm ordering you. Get back to work."

The shove made Jamie lose his temper. "I won't. Mark told me that I

"Mark!! What the fuck's he got to do with this?"

"He's my master. Not you!"

Jamie was pressing all the wrong buttons. His mention of Mark touched a raw nerve with Randy and his eyes blazed.

“Not around here, he’s not. He’s nothing. I’m your boss here, asshole. You do what I tell you or I whip your fucking ass.”

“You can’t. Mark said he if anyone ever hurt me they’d answer to him.”

“Oh is that so? So Mark’s your big protector, is he? Well, we’ll see what he has to say about this. No one talks back to me and gets away with it. And there’s nothing your big stud cop can do about it. You’re my boy here, and Mark can go fuck himself. Now, I’m ordering you. Get back to work.”

“I will not!”

“Fuck you, asshole. We’ll see about that.” Randy grabbed Jamie’s T-shirt and dragged him bodily away to his trailer.

His fury was roused not so much by the disobedient kid as by the thought that Mark’s influence extended even here, to Randy’s territory. In the house all of the other men were subservient to Randy. He was the undisputed boss. Everyone except Mark, that is. And now his boy Jamie was defying him in front of the whole work crew.

All of the construction boss’s smoldering resentment of his rival now burst into flames. This kid represented the cop’s power and magnetism and Randy was about to punish the boy’s beautiful master as much as the kid himself.

Darius stared in horror as Jamie was dragged away. Some months past he had been in exactly the same predicament when he sounded off to Randy. The big man’s anger was legendary and Darius knew painfully well what Jamie was in for. Taking a big risk Darius crept up to the window of the trailer to watch.

Randy hauled the terrified boy into the trailer and slammed him face down on the drafting table.

“Now, you little shithead, I’ll show you who’s boss around here. You can forget your big stud cop. This is me you’re answering to now.”

Jamie trembled as he bent over the table, his vulnerable ass in the air. In one savage move Randy ripped his pants down exposing the perfect globes of his ass. He raised his arm and brought his hand crashing down across the firm, round cheek, making Jamie buck and scream with pain. Blinded by his fury Randy slapped and pummeled the ass savagely, knowing that it was a prized possession of the macho cop. Jamie’s body shook and tears of pain and anger poured from his eyes.

“Yeah, that looks better. Your big, tough cop’s gonna enjoy looking at that nice red ass. Now, I’m gonna show you who it really belongs to.”

Randy picked up the shuddering body and flipped it over. Jamie was now lying back on the table, his terrified eyes looking up at the massive body looming over him. The construction worker’s greasy, sweat-soaked tank top clung to his muscular torso as he yanked open his work pants. He pulled out his thick dick and with a few strokes made it rock hard.

“No,” Jamie whimpered. “You can’t. Mark’s the only guy who’s ever fucked me. He said I couldn’t let anyone else touch my

“Fuck Mark!” Randy bellowed. “He’s nothing. I’ll fuck his sorry ass too. Right now you belong to me.”

He pulled up Jamie’s legs and with one agonizing thrust he plunged his stiff rod straight into the trembling hole and buried it deep in the boy’s gut. Outside the trailer Darius winced as he saw the kid’s agony and heard the terrified scream. He watched in horror as the brutal fucking began.

Jamie too kept his eyes open, looking up at the muscular demon as he felt the piston of his cock ravaging his asshole. The pain was agonizing but, in open defiance of his tormentor, he gritted his teeth and refused to make any more sound. As the huge body pounded against him again and again he stared rebelliously up at the steel blue eyes. Tears poured from his own eyes but he was determined to resist this man out of loyalty to his real master, Mark.

Randy sensed this and it added fuel to his seething anger as he rode the ass savagely. “You fucking little shit. You will submit to me, boy, or I’ll rip you apart. Now tell me who’s your master?”

There was even a curl of a smile on Jamie’s face as he answered. “Mark is my master.”

“OK, asshole,” Randy growled. “So pain’s not gonna break you. But I know what will.”

Suddenly Jamie felt the pain lessen as the onslaught ended. Now the cock eased back and forth gently in his burning hole. As Randy leaned forward and held his wrists down on the table Jamie knew he was trapped but he didn’t struggle. He relaxed, took a deep breath and looked up at the body rising and falling over him, the cock gently caressing his insides. The rhythm was soothing somehow, and he heard the deep, calming voice.

“That feel better, kid?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What do you say now?”

“Thank you sir.”

“Look at me, Jamie.”

Jamie looked up at the dark, swarthy face, the pale blue eyes set into sharply chiseled features. He saw the square, stubbled jaw, the strong forehead covered with a tangle of black hair. The flexing chest muscles were etched under the stretched, sweat-soaked tank top, and Jamie gazed at the broad shoulders, flared lats and bulging biceps as the man lowered himself gently over the awestruck boy again and again.

As sweat dripped down on him from Randy’s face and body Jamie was overpowered by the smell, the taste and the sight of this incredible man. A change came over him as he became mesmerized and began to fall under his spell. Until now Mark was the only man ever to fuck his ass, but now he was drowning in the raw sexual power of this other master. He saw the eyes smile and heard the voice.

“You get off on that Jamie?”

“Yes, sir,” Jamie breathed heavily.

“You feel my big dick in your ass?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How does it feel?”

“Incredible, sir.”

“You like what you see, kid?”

“You’re you’re beautiful, sir.”

Losing all awareness of anything or anyone else, Jamie was transformed by the overwhelming sexuality of this magnificent muscle god whose glorious cock was caressing his ass. He was hypnotized by the beauty, the strength, the absolute macho dominance of the man. He became aware that his own cock was rock hard and he felt a heat rising up through his body.

“You want me to make you cum, Jamie?”

“Oh yes, sir. I want to feel your juice in my ass.”

“Who does your ass belong to, Jamie?”

“You, sir,” Jamie whimpered.

“OK. Cum with me, kid. You feel my cock getting bigger? You feel it in your sweet ass? It’s all yours, Jamie. Cum with me because you love me.”

“Yes, sir. Please sir. Fuck my ass, sir. You’re making me shoot. Oh God, that feels aaah!”

He shut his eyes tight and his cock erupted in a huge stream of creamy, hot liquid that splashed down onto his chest and face. At the same time he felt Randy’s huge dick pulse and explode in his ass and saw the stunning face jerk backward as the glorious man poured his semen inside him. Suddenly the cock pulled out and continued to pour its juice over Jamie’s face and body.

There was a pause as the heaving, sweating bodies subsided and the men regained their breath. Jamie finally opened his eyes and gazed up again at the face looming over him. But now it was different. Now he saw a demonic face, the face of a man who had dominated him, overpowered him sexually and made him betray the man he loved and worshipped. Jamie was horrified.

“NO!” he yelled.

“Oh yes, you little fuckhead. You wouldn’t submit to pain you’re tough I’ll give you that. But you had to submit to me. Everyone does. That’s why I’m the master. I am the best. You gave your ass to me, kid. They all do. You begged me to fuck you. They all do. And you shot your load without touching yourself. They all do that too.”

“NO!” Jamie yelled again.

“So you go back to your big stud cop and tell him he lost. I won. Tell him you gave your sweet ass to me and I made you shoot your load. He thought your ass belonged to him but he was wrong. And tell him that whenever he needs his own ass fucked he knows where to find me.”

Jamie was sobbing now as Randy leaned forward, put his fingertips on the boy’s nipples and squeezed hard. This time Jamie could not hold back his screams.

“Now you know what it means to defy me, asshole. I always take revenge and I always win.”

Randy released the nipples and stood back. His cock was still hanging out of his pants and he took hold of it and pointed it at Jamie’s face. Before the horrified boy could react he felt the sting of hot, bitter urine pouring over him. He closed his eyes but it soaked his face and his body, making his ripped T-shirt cling to his chest.

When he finally stood up the rivers of piss ran down his legs and soaked his jeans. He stood there dazed, totally defeated, soaked in piss and cum, sobbing in the misery of abject humiliation.

Outside, Darius pulled away from the window and leaned in shock against the wall of the trailer. He had seen and heard everything. But he couldn't make sense of anything, couldn't get his mind round what had happened. He just knew instinctively that it was very bad, and would not stop there. His thoughts whirled. He desperately wanted to comfort Jamie but wouldn't dare defy Randy. And he couldn't begin to imagine what Mark's reaction would be.

He heard sounds from inside and ran back to a safe distance. The door to the trailer was flung open and Jamie was hurled through it. Soaking wet, his torn clothes drenched in piss and cum, the broken young man stumbled toward the gate. Behind him he heard Randy shout out to Darius and the rest of the crew.

"That asshole is fired. I never want to see his face here again. And if anyone else wants to mouth off to me go right ahead. You'll get the same treatment. Now back to work!"

Outside, Jamie grabbed his bike from the back of the Darius's truck and started to peddle home. His ass was agonizingly sore from the beating and the fucking so he could not sit on the saddle. He stood on the pedals and pumped his legs furiously, desperate to get to the safety of home.

He sobbed in despair. It wasn't so much the beating and ass fucking he had endured from Randy. It was the fact that he had submitted to him so completely. The cock in his ass had felt so incredible that he had shot his load. Jamie had been so intoxicated by the man's beauty and power that he had given his ass to him willingly, the ass that belonged to Mark. To Mark, whom he loved more than life itself. He could never, ever forgive himself.

"Hey, kiddo. I'm home early."

Still in his police uniform Mark came in and was surprised that Jamie wasn't there. He went to get himself a beer, when he heard a noise from the bathroom. He went in and stood riveted by the sight that greeted him. Jamie was huddled on the floor in the corner hugging his knees, his eyes glazed over.

"Jesus Christ," breathed Mark.

Jamie raised his head. He managed to stand unsteadily and stumbled forward into Mark's arms. Now, at last, he gave way uncontrollably. He sobbed as he buried his head in Mark's shoulder, on the edge of hysteria. Mark held him tight and let him release all his pent up

emotion. Despite his shock, his bewilderment and his building anger Mark was a cop and knew he had to let the boy recover at his own pace.

As the young man shuddered in his arms Mark could smell the piss and cum soaking his ragged clothes. Finally he held Jamie at arm's length and looked calmly into the tear-filled eyes. His voice was soft, steady, reassuring.

"What happened, Jamie? Who did this to you? Can you tell me?"

The words tumbled out in an incoherent stream. "I I deserved it, sir. I mouthed off, I disobeyed You said I should never go with..... but I did. I gave my ass to him I didn't mean to cum, sir. But he made me. Forgive me, sir. I tried Am I still your boy, sir? I really tried but "

And he broke down again, sobbing uncontrollably in Mark's arms. When his shuddering slowed down Mark pulled away, walked over to a cabinet and took out a bottle of brandy. He poured a glass for the shattered boy and made him drink it all.

"Now, here's what's gonna happen, kid. First we get you out of these clothes and you take a long, hot shower. Here."

Gently Mark pulled off the shreds of his T-shirt, undid the buttons on his pants and put his hands round to pull them off. But as his hands touched Jamie's ass the boy yelled and pulled away. Mark walked round, pulled down the pants and gasped at the sight of the flaming red cheeks still bearing hand prints.

"Bend over a bit, kid."

Jamie painfully bent over and Mark gently pulled the cheeks apart, exposing the raw, inflamed hole. "Jesus Christ," Mark breathed, but still held his composure. He took off the rest of the clothes and led Jamie to the shower. As he felt the first touch of warm water Jamie shook himself and felt his terror draining away. He looked up as if he were seeing Mark for the first time.

"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to give way like that. I'll be fine now. Just let me shower on my own and I'll be fine."

Mark understood. "OK, kid. I'll be right here in the next room."

Mark went into the bedroom and flopped down in a chair to compose himself. Now he started to react. He clenched his jaw and felt the anger rising in him. He slammed his fist against the arm of the chair and it took all of his willpower to control his emotions. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. He went to open it and there stood Darius. The young black man blinked and started to stammer.

“Oh. Hello, sir. I er I came to check on Jamie, sir. I er didn't know if he “

Still calm, Mark interrupted him.

“Do you know what happened, Darius?”

“Well, I er “

Now Mark gritted his teeth and almost lost it. He raised his voice. “I said, do you know what happened? If you don't tell me, kid, I'll fucking beat it out of you.”

Darius saw the building fury and knew he was deadly serious. He would not dare to defy the raging cop. He came into the room.

“I do know, sir. I saw it and heard it sir.”

“Everything?”

“All of it, sir.”

“Then Darius, you are damn well going to tell me all of it. You will tell me the whole truth. You will not exaggerate and you will not hold anything back. I'm a cop. I know when someone's lying. If you lie I will thrash you. Is that clear?”

“Yes, sir. Perfectly clear sir.” He swallowed hard. “Well, sir. It was like this

And Darius told Mark the entire story, from start to finish. Every last detail.

When Jamie came back into the room, drying himself, Darius had finished talking and Mark was standing with his back to them. He was breathing deeply, his fists clenched. When he turned round both young men were shocked by the look in his eyes a cold steel-like fury they had never seen before. But he spoke calmly as he put his hands on Jamie's shoulders.

“Feeling better now, kid?”

“Much better, sir. I just

“Don't say anymore, Jamie. Darius told me the whole story. You have nothing to blame yourself for.”

Darius took a step forward and looked at Jamie. "Hey, dude. I came by to see if you well, if you needed" But Mark cut him off.

"Darius. I thank you for being so honest. You're a good guy and you have done nothing wrong. Now, you need to leave us alone."

Darius managed a weak smile at Jamie and left the room.

Mark looked hard at Jamie. "OK, kid, we're leaving. I'm taking you away and you're coming to live with me. Throw what you need in a bag and I'll arrange for everything else to be picked up later."

Jamie was suddenly charged with renewed energy and he sprang into action. The two men worked quickly and soon they both had big overstuffed bags slung over their shoulders. Without a backward glance they left the room and walked across the lawn to the gate. Just as they reached it, the gate swung open and Randy walked in.

The construction worker had had a tough day since Jamie walked off the site. He had run roughshod over the crew at first, yelling orders and instructions, but then spent the rest of the day in his trailer. He tried to concentrate on the blueprints and paperwork but failed. He was still consumed with anger.

But the anger was now not merely focused on the defiance of the young boy. Randy was angry at himself no angry at his own anger. He was acutely aware of his tendency to fly into a rage and many a man had been a recipient of his fury.

This time Jamie had been the victim deservedly so, maybe, but it was more than that. If he was honest with himself Randy knew full well that the real target of his anger and resentment had been Mark. Jamie had just been a surrogate. Deep down Randy was ashamed that he had vented his anger on the young boy. He had beaten him and fucked him savagely. Hell, he had raped him.

He needed Bob. He needed the steady, unwavering support, the loyalty and love of the glorious man who meant everything to him. He left work and drove fast, wanting to gaze into the clear, reassuring brown eyes of the man he loved.

But instead, when he walked through the gate, there was the last man he wanted to see. There was Mark.

There was a still, heavy silence as the swarthy construction worker and the blond uniformed cop faced off. Two pairs of steely blue eyes locked onto each other like flying daggers. Randy was taken aback by the ice-cold fury he saw in the cop's face. He was so mesmerized by it that he did not see the fist that smashed into his jaw from the cop's brutal right hook. Randy's head flew backward, his massive body spun round twice and he crashed to the ground.

"Get up!"

Stunned and dazed the construction worker heard the distant sound of the cop's words. As his eyes tried to focus he slowly became aware of the big, uniformed figure standing astride him.

"I said get up, asshole!"

Randy tried to move but his head still swam. He felt a hand grab the front of his tank top and he had the sensation of being pulled bodily to his feet. All he saw was the blazing eyes of the cop who was holding him up by his shirt before an uppercut sent a fist smashing into his gut. With his left hand Mark held onto the tank top while his right fist slammed repeatedly into the big man's stomach, making the body arch upward again and again.

The construction worker doubled over in pain, hanging by the shirt in the cop's fist. His agonized face looked up at Mark when a second right hook smashed into his face. His body jerked back violently with such force that the shirt ripped clean off his body, and again he spun backward and crashed to the ground. In his delirium he again heard the cop's snarling voice.

"You miserable piece of shit. You bastard. You fucking chicken-shit coward, picking on a kid like that. You're too scared to take me on man to man, so you attack my boy. You beat him and rape his ass. I'm gonna kill you man. I'm gonna fucking kill you."

Mark watched as Randy groveled at his feet, stripped to the waist, using all his strength to pull himself to his knees. He was still trying to stand up when Mark's boot smashed into his stomach and sent him sprawling once more in the dirt. The construction worker howled and grabbed his stomach in agony. He was trying to vomit when the boot smashed into him a second time.

Again and again Randy somehow managed to get to his knees before the boot sent him flying backward. Both men knew that the construction worker was finished, systematically destroyed by the towering strength of the magnificent cop. Mark took a few steps backward and watched the beaten, shirtless man crawl painfully through the dirt, trying desperately to get away.

"That's it you mother-fucker. Crawl like a fucking animal. 'Cause that's what you are, man, a fucking piece-of-shit animal. Nobody rapes my boy and lives. I should beat you to a pulp but I need to get my boy out of here. So I'm gonna finish you off quickly. I'm gonna kill you, man."

Mark kicked Randy over onto his back and dropped to his knees astride him. Quickly he pulled Randy's arms to his side and knelt on them, trapping him helplessly beneath him. Before he finished him off, Mark took a breather as he looked down with satisfaction at the handsome, swarthy face, twisted with the misery of pain and defeat as it looked up in agony. The god-like, blond cop had destroyed the dark, macho stud.

Even in defeat the construction worker was magnificent, with his beautifully etched demon features and incredible physique, now helpless, flexing hard and pouring with sweat. Mark gazed at the perfect slabs of his naked chest, bulging shoulders and arms.

Filtered through his hatred of the man Mark felt another sensation that he couldn't define. Admiration maybe? Then the answer came with Mark's horrified realization that his own cock was getting hard. The man's incredible sexuality was turning him on.

Then he knew the truth. This was not a trial of physical strength and pain. It was a contest of sexual prowess. Just as Jamie had submitted to Randy's powerful sexual magnetism, offered his ass to him and then cum without touching himself, now Mark was falling under the spell of his incredible raw masculinity. The dark demon's magnetism was of such sensual force that it was a siren song, inspiring lust in whoever heard it.

Randy saw the bulge in Mark's uniform pants and, despite his pain, his expression was one of triumph and he managed to speak.

"You too, officer? First your boy submits and cums for me, now you're lusting for me too. They all do. That's why I'm always the master. Your boy gave his ass to me. He shot his load for me. I always win. I am the best."

Mark knew he had to destroy this man. His eyes blazed as he looked down at the snarling face.

"NO!" he howled and pounded the hard pecs with his fists. The handsome face jerked back in agony once more as he flexed his naked chest to absorb the brutal beating. Mark slammed the back of his hand against Randy's face, again and again. "I'm gonna fucking kill you, man!"

Mark stopped, picked up from the ground the ripped remains of Randy's tank top and twisted it tight round his thick neck. He pulled it tighter and Randy's eyes bulged as he felt the intense pressure on his throat. In his panic he managed to pull his arms free. He reached up, grabbed Mark's wrists and tried to pull them apart, but that only made the cloth pull tighter round his neck. Soon his strength failed and his arms fell lifeless at his sides.

Mark snarled in triumph. "You're finished, man. You raped my boy. Now you pay."

Randy was slipping into unconsciousness when he heard a voice.

"No, Mark! Please. Please stop."

Bob was walking through the gate. Mark looked up at him with a puzzled look, lost in the intensity of his fury. He explained, almost plaintively.

“He raped my boy he raped my boy he has to pay.”

Bob dropped to his knees and looked at Randy’s half-conscious face, the cloth tight round his neck. He knew he was no match for Mark. One more twist of the rag would finish it. All Bob could do was beg. He looked at the cop full in the face.

“Please man, don’t do this. Whatever happened, let him go.”

Mark growled, “He has to pay.”

Bob was desperate. “Please, Mark. For me, not for him. Do it for me. I’m begging you, man. I love him. He’s my life. You still have Jamie. Let me keep mine.”

As Mark stared into the beautiful, pleading face something stirred in him. His grip on the cloth loosened. Randy coughed desperately and grabbed his throat as he felt life returning to his body. Mark and Bob stood up and the cop looked Bob in the eyes.

“I have no argument with you, man. I don’t want to hurt you. So you can have him though God knows why you would want an animal like that.”

Mark looked down at the shirtless man’s dark, macho face, now streaked with dirt and tears, eyes staring wildly up at him, sobbing in total defeat. Mark jabbed a finger toward him.

“But I’m warning you, you worthless piece of shit. If you ever mess with me again, if you come within a mile of my boy, so help me I’ll finish you off. I’ll kill you man. That’s a promise.”

He picked up his bag, slung it over his shoulder and grabbed the arm of the awestruck Jamie.

“Come on, kid. We’re out of here.”

As Bob knelt back down at Randy’s side he heard car doors slam and the squeal of tires as Mark’s truck roared away from the house.

Later that night Darius and Pablo were in bed together. Darius was still in shock.

“Dude, you sure missed a show today. You’ve never in your life seen anything like that.”

He had explained everything, every detail, to his lover as Pablo listened in wide-eyed amazement.

“Course, it had to happen,” Darius continued knowledgeably as he warmed to his story. “I could see it coming a mile off.”

“But what’s gonna happen?” Pablo asked in bewilderment. “Randy’s my master, my dad for God’s sake.”

“Oh, he’s still that, kiddo. Always will be.”

Pablo gasped as a thought hit him. “D’you think Mark will come after me in revenge for what Randy did to Jamie?”

“Nah, not a chance,” Darius reassured him. Then he grinned. “Anyway, getting fucked by Mark wouldn’t be much of a punishment, would it? He can plough my sweet ass any day of the week.”

“Dude, this is serious. What d’you think we should do? I should go talk to Randy. He might need me. “

Darius put his arm around his friend. “Listen, dude. I once saw this movie about Ancient Greece. The Gods lived on Mount Olympus and were having this knock-down drag-out fight with each other. They were slinging thunderbolts at each other, setting off lightning flashes one hell of a shindig. Anyway, the mortals were all scared shitless, and you know what they did?”

“No what?”

“They hid, that’s what. Crawled into caves and under rocks until the gods calmed down and the storm ended. And that’s what we gotta do, kid. Keep our heads down, stay out of the way until the storm clouds roll away. ”

“But I don’t have a cave or a rock to crawl under,” Pablo said plaintively.

“Yes you do, lover. This is your cave and I’m your rock. We mortals will be just fine. We’ll let the muscle gods do battle on Mount Olympus and fight it out together.”

“But what d’you think will happen next?”

“I have no idea, dude. Beats the hell out of me.”

“Guess we’ll just have to wait and see.” And Pablo pressed closer to his friend.

#

Chapter 45 – Sexual Supremacy – The Contest

Bob leaned down to touch the beaten construction worker, his naked torso covered in dirt and bruises, but Randy shook him off. Slowly, painfully, he eased himself onto his knees, then managed to stand upright, swaying unsteadily. Without a glance at Bob he walked haltingly back to the house. Bob knew better than to follow. The big alpha male needed to recover on his own.

“Is the coast clear, sir?”

Darius had come from his own house and looked enquiringly at Bob.

“Darius. Do you know what happened today?”

“Mark asked me the same question, sir.”

“And did you tell him?”

“I did, sir. All of it. He said if I didn’t he would

“OK, I get it. Now you’ll tell me. Everything. Don’t leave anything out.”

So, for the second time that day, Darius poured out the whole story, how it had started when Jamie had an accident on the construction site, how Randy had insisted that he keep working and how Jamie had refused, defied him.

“Trouble was, sir, Jamie talked a lot about Mark how Mark was his master, not Randy, and how Mark would protect him. I think that’s what really made Randy mad. He really wanted to punish Mark, not Jamie, and I think

“I get the picture Darius. I don’t need you to tell me what you think. What happened next?”

Darius gulped and took a deep breath. He told Bob how Randy had dragged Jamie to the trailer, beaten his ass and then fucked him.

“But then something strange happened. The fucking got slower, gentle, and I could see that Jamie was kinda hypnotized by Randy’s incredibly sexual well you know, sir probably better than anyone what a stud Randy can be and

“Yes, yes, I get the picture, Darius.”

Anyway, Jamie was loving getting fucked and then he shot his load without touching himself. But then he realized what he had done he had given his ass to Randy. And Randy taunted him and said that he was the master, he was the best, and Mark could go fuck himself, and then he kicked Jamie out and

“Thank you Darius. You can stop there. I can imagine the rest.”

But Darius was in full flood and everything poured out in a rush. “Anyway, Mark and Jamie were leaving the house when Randy showed up and Mark thrashed him, really pummeled him big time. But then even Mark started to get turned on and Randy taunted him and said that he could turn anyone on and Jamie’s ass was his. Mark started choking the life out of him. Anyway, right about then you came in and I guess you saved his life, sir, and then

“OK, Darius, that’s enough! Stop talking. Now!”

“Sorry, sir.”

“Now, here’s what you do. You go back to your house and carry on as normally as you can. I’ll handle this now.”

“And Pablo, sir?”

Bob frowned. “OK, when he comes home you tell him everything. Everyone else knows so it’s only fair to include him. Anyway, you’ve got a mouth like a megaphone. No way you could keep quiet.”

“OK, sir.”

“But don’t exaggerate and this time I mean it, kid don’t fantasize.”

Darius grinned. “Hard not to, sir. You know me.” Then on Bob’s stern look, “OK, sir. Got it. Just the facts.” He looked over at the house. “Good luck, sir.”

Bob put his arm round the earnest looking young black man. “You’re a good kid Darius. Even if you do run off at the mouth sometimes.”

Darius grinned, then walked back to his house. Bob heaved a big sigh and looked over at the door Randy had gone through.

“Here goes,” he said to himself.

Randy was in the bedroom, slumped in an armchair, nursing a beer. He hadn't cleaned himself up, still shirtless, wearing his work pants and boots. Bruised and covered in dirt he was a mess. He didn't look up as Bob came in, just stared into the distance. Bob paused, then cleared his throat."

"Hey, buddy. I just wanted to say" But Randy cut him off and sprang to his feet.

"Not a word from you. You don't say a fucking word."

"Sorry, sir."

"On the bed!"

Bob was still wearing his formal work clothes suit and tie but without hesitation he lay on his back in the bed. Randy moved fast. He pulled off Bob's shoes, unbuckled his pants, grabbed them by the bottom and pulled them off. Wearing only his shirt and tie, and his boxers, Bob stared up at the shirtless man towering over him, his bruised body heaving.

Randy snarled, "What do you see, man?"

"My master, sir." Bob was fearful of the wild, demonic look on Randy's dark face, but he sensed what he wanted. Only half an hour before, Randy had been a broken, defeated wreck, groveling at the feet of the uniformed cop who had thrashed him. Now, despite his pain-racked body, it was time to reassert himself.

"Who does your ass belong to?"

"You, sir."

"Damn right, it does."

Randy reached down, grabbed Bob's shorts and with one violent heave, tore them off his body. He knelt on the bed, tore open his own fly buttons and pulled out his roaring hard cock. He grabbed Bob's ankles, pushed the legs up high and backward, and in one swift move, plunged his thick cock into his slave's hole, burying it deep in his gut.

Bob's head flew backward and he screamed as a shaft of intense pain pierced his body. He knew what was coming. The ass fucking was savage, powered by all Randy's pent up rage, the agony of defeat, the memory of his complete humiliation at the hands of the cop. This glorious man beneath him, his beautiful lover, would bear the brunt of his fury, inch by painful inch.

"What are you, asshole?"

"Your slave, sir. Fuck my ass, sir. You own it."

The brutal attack continued for a long time until gradually it slowed. Randy looked down at the agonized face and spoke softly.

“I love you, man. Thank God you’re here.”

Bob ran his hands over the magnificent bulging chest covered in short black hair. His fingers ran over the bruises and welts, then rubbed against the ravaged nipples. He saw a face that, though covered in mud and bruises, was the most masculine, powerful, erotic face he had ever seen. This man could do anything to him. He felt every inch of the long shaft slowly penetrating deep inside his body.

“What do you see, man?” Randy growled.

“I see my master. God, you’re beautiful. I see the man who tied me up the first night we met, whipped me, thrashed me, made me crawl. The man who made me his slave. I will always want that, sir. I will always be your slave.”

Randy opened Bob’s shirt and fell forward on top of his bare chest, as he kept fucking his ass. Reaching upward he pinned Bob’s wrists to the bed. Their faces were inches apart and Randy gazed into the soft brown eyes. “You know what I need, don’t you.”

“Of course, sir. Whenever you tell me.”

Randy increased the rhythm of the piston plunging into the hot, moist hole and both men were breathing heavily. Their gaze intensified and each saw his reflection in the other man’s eyes. They both smiled as, once more, they felt themselves cross that threshold where their souls merged, they became one man, joined together forever in a mystical union that went beyond their understanding.

“You ready, buddy?”

“Of course.”

“Ok, man. Now!”

And instantly they both felt Bob’s cock stiffen between them, felt the hot liquid spurt spontaneously between their bodies, soaking their stomach and chest. At the same time Randy’s orgasm erupted deep inside his lover’s ass. As Bob’s cock continued to pour his juice Randy rubbed his chest against his lover’s. Their torsos were sliding together on the lake of semen between them.

“I knew I could make you do that cum without touching yourself,” Randy breathed.

“Of course. You always can. That’s why you’re the master. You are the best.”

Consciously or not, Bob was echoing the words Randy himself had used when he had taunted Jamie, and later Mark. Bob knew that, after his savage beating, the big construction worker needed affirmation that his incredible sexual power, his very masculinity, was still intact. And it was beyond a doubt.

Randy gazed into Bob’s eyes. “God I love you, man. You’re my life. I know I can be a total fuckup sometimes but but whatever I do, man never leave me.”

“Not a chance,” Bob smiled. “I couldn’t live without you. Simple as that.”

But the harmony that Bob and Randy had re-established did not disperse the storm clouds that hung over the house. There was an air of gloom as Bob and Randy mostly stayed together in their house, while the other pair of lovers, Darius and Pablo, kept to theirs.

Everyone was deeply conscious of the void in their lives that had previously been filled by Mark and Jamie. Their absence floated softly over the house, causing a pall of silence just as falling snow muffles all sound.

“Wonder how they’re doing?” Pablo asked Darius a week or so later.

“I miss Jamie,” Darius said. “Never thought I would, but I do. He was a cool guy. Miss the big cop, too. God he was gorgeous.”

“You’re talking about them in the past tense,” Pablo said. “I just wish I knew they were OK.”

As it turned out Pablo’s wish would be answered a few days later as he worked at his mechanic’s job in the Police Department Motor Pool. His supervisor called for attention and the guys stopped work.

“OK, we got ourselves a new recruit, a trainee. I know you’re all busy as hell but does anyone feel like taking on this guy, showing him the ropes?” Next to the supervisor stood Jamie.

Pablo knew Jamie had been fired by Randy and he quickly guessed that Mark had found him this job as a trainee, just as he had got Pablo his job there. And just as quickly Pablo raised his hand.

“Er I can take him on, sir. Actually I know him so we’ll have no trouble working together.”

“OK, thanks, kid. Any problems, you come to me.” And they all got back to work.

Jamie came shyly over to Pablo. “Thanks, man. Didn’t think you’d want to even speak to me after everything that went down.”

“Hey, dude. You’re my friend. I’ve missed you.”

“Me too.” Rather formally Jamie extended his hand and, just as formally, Pablo shook it. He pulled Jamie round to look under the hood of the car he was working on. They were soon deep in animated conversation about the powerful, souped-up engine and the cars and bikes that came in for service. Pablo was a good teacher and they worked amiably together.

When the break came they sat on a bench soaking up the sun. They both knew that the subject had to be broached.

“So

“Sure fine. How’s Darius?”

“He’s great. Hell, you know Darius. Never shuts up, always fantasizing about something new.”

Jamie smiled, “I’ve missed you guys.”

“Us too. You and Mark are still

“Sure. He’s great. We’re doing great. He took a sublease on the apartment of a buddy who’s out of town and we’re doing real well there. Closer than ever.”

“You’re really in love with him, aren’t you, Jamie?”

“I worship him, Pablo. He’s my life.”

When he got home Pablo knew that he had to speak to Randy. Even though Randy was his adoptive father he had kept his distance from the young guy since the big fight. But Pablo plucked up his courage and knocked on Randy’s bedroom door. He knew he was alone in there.

The door opened and there he was. Pablo took a sharp intake of breath. Randy was barefoot, wearing jeans and a white V-necked T-shirt stretched over his magnificent chest. He looked stunning, and his dark beauty always took Pablo’s breath away. But his voice was cold.

“You want something, kid?”

Pablo cleared his throat. "I wanted to tell you something, sir. I thought that I should. Jamie was hired as a trainee at the Motor Pool today and I volunteered to train him. So we're working together. I hope you're OK with that."

Randy frowned and clenched his fists. "Why the fuck did you go and do something like that? Why d'you have to hook up with him of all guys."

"Because he's my friend, sir." Pablo stood tall as he confronted Randy confidently.

"He's your ?" But Randy trailed off as he looked at the assertive young man. Again he had a shock of recognition as he saw himself in Pablo. He had to admire his pluck and his loyalty to a friend, offering him support despite everything that happened. Randy softened.

"Well, OK. Do what you want."

There was an uneasy silence. "Is there something else?" Randy growled. Pablo shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"For God's sake, kid. What do you want from me?"

Pablo looked directly into his eyes. "I want you to touch me, sir."

Taken aback Randy saw tears welling in the kid's eyes. It was like a body blow to the big man. He had been nursing all kinds of anger and grudges this last week, and here was this brave, confident kid who had offered friendship to the guy he had fired, and who now just wanted to feel the touch of the man he most admired in the world. Randy felt his own eyes getting moist and he took Pablo into a tight embrace.

"I've missed you, kiddo," he whispered in his ear.

"Me too, sir. I love you sir, you know that."

"I know, son. You'll always be my boy. You know that too."

They clung onto each other for a long time in silence and both their dicks stirred in their pants. Suddenly Randy pulled back. He quickly put his hands on Pablo's T-shirt and pulled it over his head. He unbuttoned the kid's shorts and they fell round his bare feet along with his boxers. Randy put his hands on the boy's waist, picked up the naked body and threw it down onto the bed.

His wind knocked out of him, the startled youngster looked up at the magnificent man standing over him. Randy kicked off his jeans and, now wearing only the V-necked T-shirt, he knelt before Pablo and pushed his legs back over his head.

“I’ll touch you alright, kid. I’ve missed fucking you. I’m gonna make love to you, Pablo.”

Spellbound Pablo reached up and put his palms against the T-shirt, feeling the hard chest muscles flexing underneath. He ran his hands up, over the broad shoulders, down through the hair at the V-neck and over the stomach, feeling the ridges of the eight-pack abs. He gasped at the incredible beauty of the man, at the steel blue eyes, the square, stubbled jaw, and the tangle of black hair falling over his brow. He was always awestruck by his beauty, as if he were seeing him for the first time.

“Please, sir,” he breathed, and he groaned with the sheer pleasure of feeling the hard shaft enter him and slide easily inside him. “Oh, God. You’re so beautiful, sir. You’re my master. Please fuck my ass.”

And Randy did just that, for a long, long time, easing his cock repeatedly into the furnace of the boy’s ass. He was soon sweating through his T-shirt that clung to his torso, his muscles clearly etched beneath the wet cotton. He paused, put his hands up behind his neck and pulled the shirt clean off.

Pablo whimpered as he looked up at the hard slabs of the incredible pecs, rivers of sweat running down through the short, black hair covering the bare chest. The stunning, dark demon face looked down at him as the fucking continued. Finally Randy grabbed Pablo’s wrists and pinned them down to the bed, just as he had done to Bob. And he made the same demand as he had then.

“You know what you have to do now,” Randy breathed.

“Absolutely, sir.”

“You ready?”

“Absolutely, sir.”

With one final heave Randy plunged his huge cock deep inside the trembling ass. “OK, kiddo. Now!”

And Pablo’s rigid cock jerked and began streaming cum upward so high that it splashed his face and hair, then ran all over the perfect muscles of his young body. He moaned as he felt his master’s juice pouring inside him.

Once again Randy had made a man cum without touching himself. Once again he had asserted his own incredible raw masculinity that no man was able to resist. Once again Randy had proved that he was the supreme master.

As if there had ever been any doubt.

A few days later there was another contact between the two sides. In the middle of the day Bob happened to be working at home, alone in the house. He heard the latch of the gate and looked through the window to see Mark striding across the lawn. Quickly Bob ran downstairs and caught up with him. Mark whirled round and they looked at each other uneasily.

“Oh it’s you,” Mark said. “I didn’t think anyone would be home. I just came to pick up the rest of our stuff. I won’t be long.” He turned to go but Bob touched his arm.

“Hey, man. Wait.” Mark hesitated.

“I never did thank you for what you did letting Randy go. I know you could’ve killed him. I’ve head the whole story and I understand your anger. Anyone would have” But Mark cut him off.

“Sure, man. Anyway, I didn’t come here to discuss it. There’s no going back.”

Bob’s deep brown eyes fixed Mark’s in a penetrating gaze. “I’ve missed you, Mark.”

Mark softened. “I’ve missed you too, man. Especially you.”

Involuntarily they fell into a big, tight bear hug. They felt the warmth of each other, the muscular physique under the clothes, and each man was aware of a surge of heat in his groin. Embarrassed, they pulled apart and gazed at each other.

“Oh what the hell,” said Bob. “I may never see you again, man.” He put his hand behind Mark’s head and pulled his face forward, locking his mouth onto his lips. Surprised, Mark’s first reflex was to pull back, but he let the embrace continue. The uniformed cop and the muscular business executive stood in the middle of the lawn, grinding their lips together, kissing passionately. The warmth in the groin became a full hard-on.

Then they both came to their senses and pulled apart. Both men were blushing. Bob spoke first.

“Jeez, I’m sorry, man, I” but Mark cut him off

“You’re one hell of a guy, Bob. I respect the hell out of you. If things were different I” but his words died away.”

Bob smiled. “You remember when we first met?”

Marked grinned back. "You mean when you did that illegal U-turn and I pulled you over. Said I'd tear up the ticket if you stripped for me, and I creamed my pants just looking at you. Hell, I'd do the same thing today. You're a hell of a stud, man."

"No need to tell you that the feeling's mutual." There was another long pause.

"I love him, you know," Bob said. "Right or wrong, whatever he does, he's my life."

"I respect you for that, Bob. Hell, I know you two are joined at the hip."

"Much more than the hip," Bob laughed.

Another pause as they came down to earth and reality crashed in.

"Well," Mark said. "Gotta get going."

"I suppose there's no chance....."

"Not a chance," Mark said. "The wound's too deep."

"Yeah right."

And Bob watched the magnificent cop stride away from him.

And so a few more weeks went by and the guys went about their daily routines. Mark and Jamie set up their apartment together, Randy and Bob were closer than ever, and Darius and Pablo chattered aimlessly about the small events of their day. But for all the guys it was the same there was no real energy, no joy in anything they did.

Then suddenly, as so often happens, events beyond their control intervened. Pablo had the day off work and was in Hollywood doing some shopping. The boulevard was busy and he was in a hurry. At the crosswalk the light turned red but Pablo ignored it. He had learned this from Randy, who usually said 'fuck the light' and strode across the street. Nobody ever stopped Randy, didn't dare, but Pablo was not so lucky.

No sooner had he crossed against the light than a cop car swept up beside him. A burly cop with a moustache and a beer belly climbed out of the car.

"OK, asshole, put your hands on the car and spread your legs."

"What did I do?"

“Jay walking,” the cop barked.

Pablo’s familiar anger boiled over. He wasn’t Randy’s son for nothing. “Shit, man, you’re not serious! Cops don’t give tickets for jay walking.”

“This one does.”

“Not to me, you don’t. I work at the Police Motor Pool.”

“Sure you do…… and I’m Henry the Eighth. I said spread that sweet ass of yours.”

“Fuck you, man. Take your fucking hands off me.”

“OK, that’s it, faggot. Resisting arrest.” The cop quickly cuffed Pablo’s wrists, grabbed his head and forced him into the back of the cruiser.

At the end of his shift Mark had just pulled into the police station parking lot along with other officers ending their day. He noticed across the lot a big cop pulling a young guy out of his car. It was Harrison, a cop he heartily disliked, known for his rough treatment of guys he arrested. There were vague stories of police brutality. Mark watched as he half dragged the young guy into the building.

“Jesus Christ!” At the last minute Mark had recognized the prisoner. Pablo. He walked quickly toward the building and thought fast. He had to tread carefully here. Cops usually back each other up, certainly don’t lodge complaints, so he had to use caution. A rash move could make things worse for Pablo.

He said to the desk sergeant, “Harrison just bring a young guy in here?”

“Yeah. Took him down to the cells …… lower level. You know what that means.”

“Thanks man.”

Pablo was terrified. He was cornered in a remote cell far from anyone else. The fat, ugly cop stood over him grinning, spit drooling through his moustache.

“Well look at you. Guess you think you’re real pretty, don’t you son?”

“I’m not your son.”

Harrison hit him across the face.

“Get this clear, faggot. You’re whatever I say you are.” The cop spun Pablo around and with one jerk pulled down his pants.

“Shit, will you get a look at that sweet ass. Lot a guys would love to loosen that up, and guess what. I’m the lucky son-of-a-bitch that gets to do the honors. See this night stick, faggot? I think we’ll start with this.”

Pablo held his breath and flinched as he felt the cold, hard rod press against his ass. He was determined that he wouldn’t scream.

“Hey, Harrison! Save a piece of the action for me.”

The cop whirled. “What you doing here, Matsen?”

“Don’t need to ask what you’re doing,” Mark said. “I envy you. This one’s prime meat. Long time since I worked on an ass that fine.”

“Yeah, well he’s mine. Stand back and listen to the little pig squeal.”

“How much is he worth to you?”

“Whadya mean?”

“I need some action, man. I’d pay good money for a piece of ass like that.”

“How much? He’s worth three hundred at least.”

“Two hundred it’s all I have on me.”

Pablo felt faint as he heard the cops bargaining over who was going to fuck his ass. But he picked up on a quick glance from Mark signaling that he should keep his mouth shut.

The fat cop hesitated. “OK. Two hundred. The faggot’s too scrawny for my taste anyway.”

Mark took out his wallet, peeled off some bills and handed them to the cop, who sneered at him.

“He’s all yours then, Matsen. Don’t do anything to him I wouldn’t do.” He laughed. “Which means you can pretty much do whatever the fuck you want. Just try to keep the bruises down. It don’t look good.” And with another sneering laugh he walked out of the cell.

While he was still in earshot Mark said loudly, "OK, you little fucker. You're dealing with me now. And it ain't gonna be pretty." They heard the footsteps disappearing down the hall and they were alone.

Pablo was still terrified, but he drew himself up tall and looked defiant. "So, I guess you're gonna take revenge. You're gonna do to me what Randy did to Jamie."

Mark narrowed his eyes and clenched his jaw. "Pablo, that remark was an insult to me and not worthy of you."

Pablo's poise crumbled. "I'm sorry, sir. I'm real glad you're here. I don't know why I said that."

"You said it because you're shit scared, kid, that's why. So we'll forget about it. Now I've gotta get you out of here fast."

He took out his cell phone and was relieved to see that it had a signal this far underground. He had Bob's office number on his speed dial and he sure as hell was not going to speak to that shithead Randy. Bob's secretary put him straight through and Mark briefly explained what was happening.

"The guy's a sadistic bastard and I'm not sure how long I've got. So get your ass down here fast. And bring one of the guys from your legal department. Could speed things up. I'll stay with the kid until you get here."

Mark snapped the phone shut and there was silence. Pablo looked at the beautiful uniformed cop and couldn't stop himself from falling in his arms. Mark held him tight until he regained his composure. Finally Pablo pulled away.

"Thank you for rescuing me, sir. I don't know what would have happened to me if you hadn't come in and"

"I have a fair idea, kid. The cop's a sadist he won't last in the department much longer."

There was another silence. Then Pablo spoke softly.

"I've missed you, sir. A lot. Darius and me, we miss you both. 'Course, I see Jamie 'cause we're working together."

"Yeah, thanks for that, kid. He says you're a good teacher. He really likes working with you."

"We're friends, sir. Still are, no matter what happened."

"Yeah maybe we grownups could learn a thing or two from you kids."

Pablo hesitated and then plucked up courage. "Sir, I know it's not my place to say this, but couldn't you see your way to coming back to the house and bring Jamie with you?"

"You're right, Pablo, it's not your place to say that. But since you ask, no there is no possibility of that. So let's drop the subject. Bob will be here soon."

When Bob arrived things moved fast. His colleague from legal knew his way around the Hollywood police station and all charges were quickly dropped. While he dealt with the paperwork Bob took Mark aside.

"I don't know how we can ever thank you for this, Mark."

"Stroke of luck that I was here. I did it for Pablo and for you, man."

"I'm glad you called me and not Randy."

"Yeah, yeah. If I'd called him he'd have come here, busted up the place and broken the cop's jaw."

Bob laughed. "You're right about that. The kid means everything to him. He's his boy. He'd kill anyone who hurt him."

Bob gave him a penetrating look. "Yeah, I know the feeling, man. I know it well."

"Jeez, I walked right into that one didn't I?"

"Look," Mark said. "I better get out of here. Take care of Pablo. That's one gutsy young man. He's a great kid."

Bob drove Pablo home and they waited for Randy.

The big construction worker went through a series of conflicting emotions. First, of course, was anger. He clenched his fists and wanted to go right out, find the cop and beat the crap out of him. When Bob explained how much they owed Mark Randy was more restrained. Of course he appreciated that Mark had saved Pablo from a terrible ordeal. But he was still his rival, the man who had thrashed him, broken and humiliated him.

Then Pablo screwed up his courage and stood up. He spoke firmly and decisively.

“Sir. I want to say something. Mark rescued me. He saved me from being raped.” He cleared his throat. “Sir, I want him and Jamie to come back and live with us again.”

Randy stood up. “You what?! Now listen here, punk

“Pablo, could you leave us alone now?”

“Of course. Sorry I spoke, sir. And thanks for everything, sir.” He ran out of the room and went to share his story with Darius. Darius of course was wide-eyed and his fantasy meter went into overdrive.

Randy sat down and shook his head. With a mix of anger and admiration he said, “That little fucker. He’s got pluck though. Shit, he’ll be running the house before you know it.”

“He’s dead right, though,” Bob said and looked hard at Randy. “Buddy, this has to stop.”

Randy shrugged. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“That’s bullshit,” Bob shouted, then paused and toned it down. “Look, you’ll probably beat me up for saying this, but you’ve been a total asshole about this whole affair. You thrashed and raped Mark’s kid and he took revenge. Now Mark has saved your kid from a brutal rape. You two guys have got to settle this once and for all. You can’t but heads for the rest of your lives.”

Randy scowled at Bob, who took one last chance

“Fuck you, man. You know me better than that.”

“I thought I did,” Bob said softly. He knew he was now touching the last raw nerve. Randy looked at him with a rueful smile.

“Shit, man you always know how to get to me know what buttons to press.” But he knew Bob was making sense. And it was true Mark had rescued his boy. He gave in. “OK, what do you want me to do?”

“I want you to allow me to go see Mark, apologize on your behalf and see what will induce him to come back here with Jamie.”

Randy sighed deeply. “OK. Do what you have to. But there’s one thing.”

“What?”

“You were right about the beating thing. You’re gonna pay for mouthing off and then you’re gonna get your ass fucked.”

Bob grinned. “Wouldn’t have it any other way, sir.”

Bob arranged to meet Mark over a drink at a bar. The cop was resistant from the outset.

“Look, man. He raped my boy. He beat Jamie’s ass and then raped it. Then he seduced him and made him cum.”

“Ah,” Bob’s eyes gleamed. “That’s the bit that really gets to you, doesn’t it? Randy is so fucking gorgeous, such a stud, so overpowering sexually that everyone submits to him. They give their ass to him just like Jamie did. Hell, you even got you turned on while you were thrashing him. Randy can make anyone shoot their load without touching themselves, and that’s the real challenge, isn’t it, Mark. It’s not a trial of strength any more, it’s a sexual contest.”

Mark couldn’t help smiling. “What always makes you so right, asshole? You’re so fucking smart. You should have been a diplomat You’re one hell of a guy, you know? “

“This is not about me, dickhead. It’s about you and Randy. What do you say? What price does he have to pay for you to come back?”

“OK, so you’re right, it’s about sex. Well that’s my price. He thinks he’s such a macho fucking sex god, everyone submits cums when he orders them” He jumped up from his barstool and looked into the mirror behind the bar. “Well look at me, man. Don’t you think I can do that too?”

“Mark, you’re one of the most beautiful men on the planet. You know you can make me cum just looking at you. You already did that once, remember. Hell, I’ve got a hard-on now just talking to you.”

“Well maybe the great and glorious Randy needs a taste of that,” Mark said. “OK, another thrashing’s no good ‘cause we know he can take a beating but let’s see if he can resist that,” and he pointed to his own stunning reflection in the mirror.

He sat down and looked at Bob. “OK, man. I’ll do it for you. But here’s what I want. And I’ll take nothing less.”

As Mark laid down his conditions Bob’s eyes opened wide. He couldn’t believe Randy would go for it. But he had to. And Bob would be forced to watch. As he thought about it he felt his cock getting hard.

#

Chapter 46 – Sexual Conquest

Engaging in shuttle diplomacy Bob took Mark's startling conditions back to Randy, who instantly rejected them.

"Fuck him! Who the fuck does he think I am? He thinks because he looks like a fucking Greek God I'll submit to him? No way I'll give the asshole that satisfaction."

"Because you're scared to?" Bob asked tentatively.

Randy's eyes blazed. "Scared of that mother-fucker?! Take that damned uniform off him and he's nothing. It'll be a cold day in hell before I submit to that asshole."

"Then prove it. Give him the chance."

Randy turned his back on Bob and stomped across the room. The challenge lay heavily in the air and the big construction worker clenched his jaw. He had never in his life backed down from a challenge. Finally he whirled round.

"I'm going downstairs to the gym. Don't follow me." And he left the room.

A hard workout always helped Randy get over his anger and sort out his thoughts. But this time was different. As he paced in their basement gym he knew he needed something different before he could even consider Mark's ultimatum. But what?

He stopped and looked at himself in the mirror. He was still in his work clothes the usual grubby cargo pants, boots and the greasy old tank top stretched over his muscular chest. He gazed at the image and, without thinking, flexed his biceps shoulders and pecs. He didn't usually pay much attention to how he looked, but now he had to admit that the mirror image was pretty sensational.

His eyes travelled down from the tousled black hair, past the steel blue eyes, over the high cheek bones and the square chin, heavily stubbled with a week's growth. He gazed at the broad, muscular shoulders, the pecs and eight-pack abs straining under the tank, and the hard, flexing biceps. He put his fists on his hips, pushed the shoulders forward and flared his lats into a wide V that narrowed down to a tight waist. Yeah, he was a magnificent sight. He smiled at himself in the mirror.

“You’re fucking gorgeous, man. You’re the best. They all cream in their jeans looking at you. And you just proved yourself to Bob and Pablo yeah, you made them shoot without touching themselves. You can do that to anyone, man. Fuck, you did it to Mark’s little punk, Jamie.” He laughed at himself.

He had never looked at himself this way before. Never had to. It was a major factor in his innate, raw, rugged masculinity that he never gave a shit how he looked. He was used to the stares and stunned reactions of others and took it for granted. He was completely sure of himself master of his world.

But that was before he met Mark. He had known at once that Mark was his equal in every way beauty, power, strength and authority. The cop was the blond Greek God to Randy’s ruggedly handsome Dark Demon. And the beating he had recently taken from Mark had unnerved him. He needed to reassure himself, to reassert his masculinity. Sure, he had already done that with Bob and then Pablo. But that was easy routine, almost. They loved him, lusted for him. They would do anything in the world for him. He could always turn them on, bring them to spontaneous orgasm.

But now, before he felt able to confront Mark in a sexual contest he needed the challenge of turning on a man the equal of Mark. But Mark had no equal. Except one Randy looked into the mirror and saw the only man who could best the powerful cop. And suddenly he knew! He hit on the ultimate test of his sexual prowess. Before he confronted Mark he needed to triumph sexually over the man looking back at him the man in the mirror!

He stared again at his magnificent body and spoke to his mirror image. “You think you can turn me on, stud? Think you can make me shoot my load. Think you’re man enough? I’m a master just like you. If you can make me cum then you are the best. Come on, man. You’re better than that asshole cop. Prove it. Show me.”

Again he flexed his perfect muscles and smiled at the blue eyes looking back at him, set in the rugged, swarthy face. “You’re a fucking demon, you know that? And they call me a muscle god. So make me cum, man god against the devil.”

He paused and gazed at the dirt-stained clothes stretched over the hard muscles. “Let me see you get naked, man.” He watched as the construction worker in the mirror put his hand on the front of his greasy tank and pulled it slowly. It stretched more and more, until one of the straps broke and hung down, leaving one shoulder bare and exposing part of one of the huge pecs.

“More, man.” He pulled again at the shirt until the other side ripped and the shreds fell around his waist.

“God, you look beautiful stripped to the waist, man. Look at those fucking pecs. And those abs Jesus Christ. Flex them for me, stud.” He watched as the shirtless bodybuilder flexed his hard eight-pack until the veins bulged.

“Now the rest, man. Strip for me.” He kicked off his work boots and unbuckled his belt.

“Slowly I wanna enjoy this. I wanna get hard.” So he took his time. He lowered his cargo pants to just below his butt. He breathed softly, “Turn round.” He saw the man turn round and look back over his shoulder.

He gasped. “Shit, will you look at that ass. It’s perfect, man, those hard round globes. Hell, so what if the asshole cop wants to fuck your ass? You can take it, stud. You can take his rod inside that gorgeous hole.”

He turned back to face the mirror, dropped his pants and stepped out of them. He was now wearing just his boxers and the tattered remains of the tank round his waist. “OK, stud, let’s see it. Let’s see how much I turned you on.” With one move he ripped the shorts from his body and the huge cock sprang out hard as a rock.

“Oh, yeah! I knew I could do that to you, man. Look at that fucking rod. God, I’m gonna enjoy watching it shoot.” The man in the mirror went to pull off the remains of the shirt but he said, “No leave it. It looks real hot just hanging round your waist like that. Hell, you look fucking incredible.”

But it was not yet enough. “OK, get ready man. You’re such a macho stud, you’re not scared of pain from that asshole cop. Let me see, man. I wanna see you hurt. I wanna see the master suffer. I wanna see pain in that glorious face.

He left the mirror, walked over to the black bag he kept on the floor in the corner and pulled out two items. Then he went back to gaze again at the magnificent image of the near naked man in the mirror.

“See these, asshole? Put them on now!”

He was holding a pair of heavy-duty tit-clamps joined by a chain. He had never used them before because he knew how brutal they were. He held one in each hand and clamped them to his hard, protruding nipples. As the serrated edges bit into his flesh he saw the handsome face in the mirror fly backward and howl with the sudden stab of pain.”

“Aaah! The pain in my chest Fuck you, man. No, I can’t take it.”

He watched the massive chest flex to absorb the pain in the nipples, and saw the agony in the rugged face. And then saw a trace of a smile. "Not man enough, asshole? Can't take it? You give up now and you'd give up to the cop in a heartbeat. OK submit to me now. Give up, man."

Randy gritted his teeth. "Fuck you! And fuck the cop! I can take anything you throw at me, shithead. The cop too. And I'll show you."

He bent down and picked up the other object he had pulled from the bag. He looked up at the naked man in the mirror who was holding a thick, shiny black butt plug. "Think you can take this, stud? Wanna see that perfect ass stretched around this huge plug? Go ahead, man. Show me."

Randy reached behind himself and put the pointed end of the plug against his hole. He took a deep breath, looked into the steely eyes of the man in the mirror and shoved the plug all the way into his ass. He saw the massive body convulse in a spasm of pain and spin round, screaming in pain.

"No, man. My ass, man. I can't take the pain. God, my body's on fire, man. My chest, my ass. You're torturing my body, man."

He had always believed a body could feel only one source of pain at a time. But now the multiple pain points joined to ignite his whole body in a searing cauldron of pain. He saw the huge naked muscle stud shudder, the rugged face contorted in agony, tears pouring from his eyes. The body was pouring with sweat now, the soaking shreds of the shirt clinging to the waist.

And it was the biggest visual turn on he had ever encountered. It was unbelievably beautiful. As he watched, his body started to absorb the pain until it melted into something close to ecstasy. The body was bulging, chest muscles flexing to absorb the pain of the knife-like clamps, his ass muscles clenching round the plug to ease the throbbing ache in his ass. He watched the incredible top-man, the powerful alpha male, the master, being subjected to agonizing torture. And his cock was raging hard.

"Oh, man, that is so fucking beautiful. You're turning me on, man. God, look at that body. Feel that pain, stud. Watch the master suffer." He took deep breaths and groaned with a mix of pain and elation. "That's it, man. You are the best. You're gonna make me cum, man. Come on stud go for it!"

Above his head was a chin bar fixed to the ceiling. Despite the intense pain in his body he jumped up and grabbed the bar. Slowly he pulled himself up to the bar, then slowly back down. On the next lift he stopped halfway up, and his rigid body strained hard to maintain the position. His shoulders and biceps bulged and flexed, his lats flared and he held his abs in tight.

He saw the muscle god poised in mid-air, veins standing out all over the suffering body, chain swinging between the two tit-clamps, legs kicking wildly to ease the pain in his butt, the huge rigid cock standing straight out. His low, guttural voice moaned. "You are fucking incredible. Feel the pain in your body, man. Watch that stud suffer."

He gritted his teeth as his entire body strained to hold onto the agonizing stress position. "Aaah I can't take much more, man. The pain I can't Please let me go, sir. Please, sir. I'm begging you. You've beaten me, sir."

He looked into the steel blue eyes of the suffering man in the mirror and passed into a delirium of pain mixed with unbelievable joy. The eyes held him he saw their image and then, incredibly, he saw the reflection of his own eyes in that image. There was a sensation of infinity as the gaze of the two men merged, became one.

The slave felt the intense pain and watched the master inflicting that pain. The master and slave were one and the same magnificent man. The end had to come now. The pain was intense, unbearable, and Randy looked at his master.

"OK, man. You win. I can't take any more. You've beaten me. You are the best. You're my master. I submit, sir. Please let me cum, sir. Let me shoot my load. I beg you."

He saw the face in the mirror smile. "I knew I could beat you, asshole. I win. OK, I release you. Do it now, man. Shoot your load, slave. Now!!"

Randy watched in wide-eyed disbelief at the rigid, muscular stud hanging in front of the mirror. The rigid cock pulsed, shuddered, and a massive torrent of creamy white liquid shot from it, arcing outward, upward, and finally splashing onto the mirror. He heard the man scream, saw the muscular body heave and shudder and watched the river of come pour down over the glass, obscuring the image.

He was finished. Strength drained from him and he went limp. He lost his grip on the bar and his massive body crashed to the floor in a heap.

It was a few minutes before came back to consciousness. The first sensations were of intense pain in his ass and his nipples. Reflexively his ass muscles relaxed and he expelled the plug. He reached up to his chest and pulled open the clamps, causing a jolt of intense pain as the serrated edges pulled away from his skin.

He fell forward onto his chest but managed to raise his head. He looked into the mirror and saw an agonized, brutalized face, made stunningly beautiful by the suffering, by the tears and sweat streaked over it. Then he saw the cum flowing down over the mirror and crawled toward it. He came up against the mirror and spoke to the man he saw there.

“You are the best. You made me cum. I knew you would. I love you, sir.” He brought his lips up to the lips in the mirror and began to kiss them ravenously. The semen flowing between them lubricated their embrace as Randy tasted the sweet thickness of the juice. Their eyes met as their tongues lapped hungrily at their own cum.

Randy was only dimly aware of the feet standing beside him, at the panting sound above him that grew faster and faster, reaching a crescendo in a scream. Randy jerked his head upward to be met by a blast of hot cum hitting him in the face, splashing his hair and running down over the brow, into his eyes and down his cheeks. His vision was obscured by the cum so he heard, before he saw, his lover Bob.

Bob had been unnerved by the piercing scream coming from downstairs and rushed down to see if Randy was OK. He had been greeted by the sight of the magnificent stud crawling toward the mirror on his stomach. He had watched as he made love to his mirror image, kissed himself, and licked at the cum streaming down the glass.

It was the most amazing sight he had ever seen. He had never seen his lover, his master, look more magnificent. He was watching master and slave make love to each other. He was watching Randy make love to himself! He had become rock hard instantly and instinctively pulled out his cock. He didn't need to stroke it. He pointed it downward and, just as Randy had looked up, his spontaneous orgasm had erupted.

As his eyes cleared of the cum, his own and Bob's, Randy looked up at his lover and said, “You too, uh? He made me shoot too.” He looked for a last time at the face in the mirror and smiled. “I knew he could. He is the best. I am the best. I am the master.”

His face still covered in cum and sweat Randy looked back up at Bob and laughed. “OK, man,” he shouted. “You can tell the cop the deal's on. I can take whatever he throws at me, and I will win. I am the master. Bring him on!”

Several days later the afternoon sun was beating down on the garden, the silence broken only by the insistent chirping of the crickets. The air was somehow heavy with anticipation. There came the sound of wheels outside on the gravel and car doors banging. The gate opened.

“He's back!”

It was the voice of Darius that broke the silence as the excited black man ran out of the house and across the lawn, followed by Pablo. Coming through the gate was Jamie, and the three young men met in an exuberant embrace, all talking at once over each other.

Bob came out of the house and smiled. This was the moment he had worked hard for, using all his powers of insight and diplomacy. But there was a long way to go yet and the outcome was far from certain. He watched the youthful reunion and thought to himself, "If only it could all be that easy. Hell, we could learn a lot from those kids." Still, he thought, time to get the show on the road.

He walked over to them and gave Jamie a hug. "Welcome back, Jamie. We've all missed you." Jamie looked into the warm brown eyes of the stunningly handsome face and replied, "It's good to be home, sir. Thank you."

Then Bob was all business. "OK, guys, here's the deal. You are to go into your house and stay there. I don't care what you do, just don't come out until I say you can. Got it?"

Darius frowned. "Oh, sir I thought we could"

"That's your trouble, Darius. You think too much. Now get!"

Thy turned round, Darius flung his arms round the shoulders of the men on either side of him and together they disappeared into their house.

A deep voice growled, "You gonna send me away too?"

Bob spun round to see Mark, looking magnificent in his black cop uniform. Smiling, Bob held out his hand and the two men greeted each other with a firm handshake.

"You came straight from work," Bob said.

"Just stopped to pick Jamie up, that's all." He paused and frowned a little. "You still sure about all this, buddy? 'Cause I sure as hell am not."

"It's all set, man. Here he comes."

Randy was striding out of the house, dressed in jeans and boots, a denim work shirt over a white T-shirt. He had an aura of supreme confidence about him, the ultimate alpha male, afraid of nothing. His stunning experience with himself in front of the mirror had completely restored his confidence. He was ready for anything.

He stood in front of Mark and they locked eyes. As the two macho bulls stared at each other it was as if their nostrils were breathing fire. Bob quickly intervened. "OK, you both know what we agreed. You ready?"

Randy smiled into Mark's eyes and opened his arms wide, palms forward. "Here I am, man. Bring it on."

The contest Bob had made Randy agree to was not a trial of strength. It was to be a test of sexual power between the two muscle gods. Randy had fucked Mark's boy Jamie and the force of his sexual magnetism was so strong that Jamie could not hold back from shooting his load without touching himself. It was this that infuriated Mark.

So now, the only way Mark would come back to the house is to challenge Randy in the same way. He would use his own incredible beauty and sexual power to force Randy to cum as he had made Jamie. Mark would overpower him through raw lust. The construction worker's submission would be a spontaneous orgasm. Except that Randy laughed at the idea. No way would he surrender sexually to this man.

In his supreme confidence Randy had agreed to let Mark set the conditions and use whatever means he wanted. Bob had set it up and the trial was about to begin. Bob stood at a distance and watched as two pairs of steel blue eyes pierced each other like daggers. Finally Mark spoke.

"OK. First you strip."

A slow smile spread over the construction worker's face. Oh yeah, he would strip alright. He had turned himself on a few days ago doing just that in front of the mirror. Now to give the cop a taste.

His eyes gazing steadily at Mark's with an arrogant smile, the big construction worker slowly unbuttoned his denim shirt, pulling it open to reveal more of the white T-shirt stretched over his chest. He pulled the shirt tails out of his jeans, then shrugged off the shirt and let it fall. Again he repeated the open-armed gesture, palms forward, showing off his magnificent V-shaped torso that strained through the shirt.

"Not bad, uh?" he smiled. "Watch this, buddy."

He put his hands behind his neck and pulled up on the back of the T-shirt, slowly drawing it upward, over the ridges of his eight-pack abs, up over the slabs of his pecs, then over his head until he was standing stripped to the waist. He looked incredible. Mark took an involuntary intake of breath and felt his cock stir. Randy noticed this, cocked his head sideways and smiled.

"Thought so," he taunted.

He kicked off his boots, turned around and slowly lowered his jeans, exposing his naked ass. He looked back over his shoulder and smiled at the cop's reaction to his perfect, hard globes. Then quickly he dropped his pants and stepped out of them. Buck naked now he stood facing Mark and again opened his arms in the open-handed gesture, as if to say, 'Look at that!'

“You like?” He nodded down to the bulge in Mark’s uniform pants and laughed. “I guess you do.”

Mark had had enough of Randy’s teasing.

“OK, Bob. Get him ready. Just as I ordered.”

Three young faces gazed awestruck from an upstairs window.

“You think we should be watching?” asked Pablo.

“Sure we should,” Darius replied. “Bob just said we couldn’t go out. Said nothing about watching from here. Hell, dude, this is gonna be the fantasy of a lifetime.”

And then there was silence, except for the very heavy breathing.

A short while later the naked construction worker was lying on his back on the ground, arms stretched out sideways, wrists secured by ropes tied to trees at the side of the lawn. Despite his bondage he still maintained the steady, arrogant half-smile as he looked at Mark.

“OK, stud. Here I am as ordered. Do your worst.”

Mark did not reply to the taunt. Looking commanding in his black uniform he walked back and forth, all the time gazing down at the spread-eagled man. Finally he stood in front of Randy.

“That was quite a show you put on there, man. Now it’s my turn. Watch this, asshole.”

Smiling down at the bound man, the tall, muscular cop was an icon, like a square jawed Greek God. He mimicked Randy’s open-armed gesture and repeated his taunt.

“You like?” He smiled as he saw the first stirrings of Randy’s cock as it began to stiffen. “I guess you do.”

Just as Randy had done, Mark reached up and undid the first button of his shirt, then the others slowly, revealing, like Randy, the T-shirt underneath. He pulled open his black uniform shirt, shrugged it off and let it drop. His T-shirt tapered from his broad shoulders, down over his wide lats to the tight black belt at his slim waist. The short sleeves clung to the bulging biceps.

He looked spectacular and watched with satisfaction as Randy's cock grew rock hard. For the first time the arrogant smile left Randy's face as he realized the sexual power of this beautiful man.

"OK," Mark said. "Let's get down to business. You fucked my boy and made him shoot his load. Now you're gonna get some of your own medicine. But it won't be a bitter pill, I promise you. You're gonna love it. The bondage is just so you don't break the rules and touch your cock. 'Cause you are gonna want to. I promise that too."

He dropped to his knees, grasped Randy's ankles and pushed them up and back, exposing the construction worker's naked ass high in the air.

"Oh, yeah. I'm gonna enjoy this." He looked into Randy's eyes. "So are you, man a whole lot."

He bent down and began licking the warm, moist hole, pushing his tongue hard inside, lapping at the tender membrane. With satisfaction he heard Randy moan. The bound man had not expected this. He had anticipated forcible entry, pain but never this. His confidence began to crumble."

Mark pulled back and let Randy's legs down. He looked down at the now-raging hard-on and smiled at Randy. "Well, at least we wiped that conceited smile off your face. Now feast your eyes on this."

He reached behind his neck and with one quick move pulled off his T-shirt and tossed it aside. His golden torso gleamed with the first thin sheen of sweat, his muscles flexed, the magnificent chest rose and fell with his heaving breaths. This time Randy's cock jolted upright. The cop was so fucking gorgeous, stripped to the waist, that Randy turned his face to one side in alarm. He was scared now, too scared to look.

"Uh, uh." Mark protested lightly. "Against the rules, man. You have to keep watching. Don't worry. You'll like what you see."

He unzipped the fly of his uniform pants and pulled out his rock hard cock. "Well, will you look at that? See what you did to me with all your preening. Just makes my job easier."

He again grasped Randy's ankles, pushed the legs high and rested the tip of his cock against the quivering hole of Randy's ass. Then he stopped. The suspense was too much for Randy and he made a final attempt at bravado.

"Come on, stud. Is this all you got? Hammer my ass, man. You know that's what you want. I can take all you got, man, and more."

Mark smiled. "‘Hammer’ is such a crude word. No, what I had in mind is something more like this."

Gently he pushed his cock until the head went in just past the sphincter of the ass and then stopped. Randy looked up at the beautiful face above him and realized that something was about to happen that was quite different from the savage fuck he expected. He felt the head of the cock pull out, then slide past the sphincter again. Mark was, in effect, massaging the rim of his ass with the head of his dick.

The effect on Randy was electrifying. He moaned as he watched the god-like face and felt the soft, sensual stroking at the entrance to his ass. His ass relaxed, his whole body relaxed, and he felt himself drowning in the incredible sensation. Mark smiled at him.

"You want more? Here

And gently he pushed the whole length of his shaft into the ass, slowly, inch by inch. He felt the head come to rest against a ridge in the depth of Randy's ass. It was the inner sphincter. His cock was long and as he pushed further he felt the head slide over the ridge into the burning inner depths of the ass.

"Aaaah.....!" Randy's eyes opened wide as he looked at the stunning face and knew that this was the same man who was creating the most sensual, erotic feeling in his ass he had ever experienced. "Oh, man. Oh, God," he moaned in mounting delirium.

Slowly Mark pulled his cock back, over the inner ridge, back up the length of Randy's ass until he was once again massaging the outer sphincter. Soon he repeated the movement, back inside the ass and over the incredibly sensitive inner ridge into the furnace of the ass beyond. And that was the magic spot, when Randy felt the head of the cock rest against the deep, inner rim, then pass over it and rest, pulsing, in the warm recesses of his gut. It was as if his whole body was being invaded by this beautiful man. Every fiber of his being came alive. Randy was on fire.

It went on for a long time, the alternate massaging of the outer ass, then the inner sphincter. Randy knew he was lost but wonderfully, magically lost in the warm, gentle, incredibly erotic sensation in his ass. His own cock was blazing, throbbing, screaming for release. Randy looked up at the smile on the god-like face and felt he was being transported into another plane of existence.

He stared at the beautiful face as he felt the whole glorious length of the shaft making love to his ass. The pale blue eyes met his and smiled. Randy gazed into their inner depths. He was hypnotized, spellbound as their gazes melted into each other. All of his senses told him he had fallen in love with the man.

All thoughts of the challenge, the contest, evaporated. The proud man who had earlier boasted arrogantly that he would never succumb to this man's sexual appeal now begged to be allowed to shoot his load. His overwhelming desire was to please this god who was fucking his ass.

"You win, man. You are the best. I submit. Tell me what to do."

"You like my cock in your ass?"

"More than anything in the world. Please, man, let me show you how much.

Mark maintained the gentle rhythm of his cock sliding deep into the man's ass as he said. "OK, stud. When I tell you, you will cum. You will shoot your load for me. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"OK, buddy. Now!"

And Randy's cock exploded. His scream echoed round the garden, his body shuddered and jolted, his muscles flexed, his wrists pulled wildly at their restraints. As he felt the cock sliding deep inside his ass, his gaze locked onto Mark's blue eyes and his semen spurted out in multiple spontaneous orgasms, load after load, until his face, hair, chest and whole torso was splashed with thick, creamy rivers of white juice.

In the convulsion of his climax Randy's ass muscles contracted like a vice round the cock inside it, and the effect on Mark was instantaneous. His cock was already furnace hot and now it blazed alive as his juice rose from the depths of his body and gushed into the ass he had just made love to. Both men were moaning, weeping, shuddering in an ecstasy that overwhelmed all their senses. They gazed at each other in wonder. Then Mark fell forward exhausted onto the magnificent cum-soaked chest.

At that same moment, three more shouts of pure joy could be heard from inside the house as three awestruck young men shot their loads, and three streams of white cum could be seen running down the upstairs window.

Recovery took a long time. Randy was shaken to the core. He had expected a hard, brutal ass-fuck that he knew he could withstand. But instead, the beautiful shirtless cop had made love to his ass in the most spectacular, erotic way. Not only had Randy been unable to resist a spontaneous orgasm he could not resist the man. He now felt a bond with him that could never, ever be broken.

But, after all, Mark had won the contest. Randy had failed to withstand the cop's overpowering sexuality and had submitted to him in the most dramatic way possible. And there was a price to pay.

They stood now face to face. Bob had watched the whole episode spellbound, his own cock rock hard, but he had resisted the temptation to shoot his load. Now he walked forward and looked at Mark.

"You won, man. No doubt about that. And we all know the deal if you won, your prize would be something that Randy valued most. Take what you want use it the way you want to. What's it to be?"

Mark's eyes moved slowly over Bob's magnificent body and down toward his perfect ass. Then he raised his gaze toward the upstairs window and rested on the awestruck face of Pablo, Randy's adopted son, staring down at him.

Mark had a choice to make.

Upstairs Darius whispered, "This is it, dude. The moment of truth."

#

Chapter 47 – Make Love, Not War

At the bedroom window Darius, Pablo and Jamie knew that there were two possible prizes Mark would select either Bob's ass, that Randy jealously guarded as his own exclusive property; or the perfect young ass of Pablo, Randy's adopted son.

"Guess we're gonna have to wait on that one," Jamie said. "They're taking a break. Let's grab a beer and a sandwich."

For a brief while they had been struck dumb by what they had witnessed, but staying dumb was something alien to their excitable natures, especially Darius, who soon started to rattle on eagerly.

"Dude, did you ever, ever see anything like that? Jeez, I'll be jerking off to that for years. No offense, kid," he said to his lover Pablo. "You know I love your ass, but whenever it's not handy all I have to do is remember the cop and the construction worker and bingo there's my gusher."

Pablo was silent and frowned. "But what's gonna happen to me? You know this all started when Randy fucked Jamie here. You think Mark will do the same to me?"

“You should be so lucky!” grinned Darius. “Hell, I’d offer my ass to that hunk any day of the week.”

Jamie chimed in. “Again, Pablo, no disrespect to you, but we’ve always known that the most precious thing to Randy is Bob’s ass. He’d never let anyone get close to that.” He frowned in thought. “Then again, there was something about the way Randy looked at Mark when he was getting fucked. Kinda like the look you get when you’re falling in love.”

“You noticed that too?” Darius said. “Anyway, the whole point is that Mark can take whatever he wants that was their deal.” He laughed at Pablo. “So get that sweet ass ready, dude. You want me to warm it up for you?”

They were so engrossed in their speculation and excited chatter that time went by as they downed their beers. Suddenly there were sounds again from down on the lawn and Darius shot up and ran to the window.

“Well will you look at that!? Guess we got our answer.”

The tableau that greeted their gaze was stunning. Randy, still naked, was on his knees, leaning against a tree. His wrists and his ankles were tied behind him around the tree, so he was pretty much immobile. He had submitted to this bondage as a condition of having lost the contest. Now his gaze was riveted on the two men who stood before him facing each other.

Mark smiled at Bob. “Remember when we first met when I pulled you over for that illegal U-turn? We were dressed exactly like this.”

That day Bob had been driving home from work through Griffith Park dressed in his business suit, white shirt and red tie. Mark, astride his motor bike, was in full black police officer uniform. And that’s what they were wearing right now. Even fully dressed they both looked stunning and as Randy looked up at them he felt his cock already growing stiff, roused by both of them at once.

So, Mark had chosen Bob as his prize, and Bob did not seem too upset by that. Ever since that day in the park there had developed between the business executive and the police officer a growing affection and respect, based not only their integrity and masculine authority but, they had to admit, the fact that they were two of the most beautiful men either of them had ever seen.

Besides, Bob had seen the look on Randy’s face when Mark was fucking him and he knew that passion had replaced anger in the attitude between the cop and the construction worker. And as Bob stood before Mark he had exchanged a fleeting glance with Randy that reassured him that Randy was not only OK with what was happening he was actually turned on by it.

“Remember what I made you do that day?” Mark asked.

“Oh, yeah,” Bob said. How could he forget?! Mark had torn up the traffic ticket and in return had made Bob strip, creaming in his uniform pants as he watched. Bob knew that this was to be a repeat performance.

He loosened his tie and undid the top button of his shirt. Then he paused, looking at Mark with a slight smile on his face. Mark copied him, slowly undoing the top button of his shirt, then a second one. The shirt fell open to reveal a small expanse of gleaming white T-shirt at his neck. Both men were aware of a groan coming from the ground.

Randy pulled at his restraints, straining to touch his cock, as he realized what he was in for. He was going to watch his lover Bob, and the cop Mark, who had so recently made sensual love to his ass, strip for each other. This time, though, he was determined that the sight would not make him shoot his load. He would not give Mark that satisfaction a second time.

And so the ritual proceeded. Bob pulled off his tie and, like mirror images, the two men slowly unbuttoned their shirts all the way down. Like Mark, Bob had a white T-shirt underneath, stretched tightly over his sculpted chest and abs. As if to a silent command the two men paused and gazed at the iconic image, each one standing still, their shirts wide open to their slim waists.

“Incredible,” breathed Mark.

“Yeah,” Bob said softly.

They pulled their shirts out of their waistbands, shrugged them off and let them drop to the ground.

“Oh, man,” Bob said as he gazed at the cop, stripped to his T-shirt that slanted down from his broad shoulders to his tight waist. “That is fucking awesome.”

Randy moaned. “You two are fucking incredible. Don’t do this to me guys.”

The men ignored him, their eyes locked onto each other, their cocks rock hard in their pants. Mark’s voice had an edge to it as he said to Bob. “I want to see you stripped to the waist.”

Again both men moved in unison. They crossed their arms around their waist, grasped the sides of their T-shirts, pulled them out of their waistband and slowly, very slowly, up and over their heads. They came free and dropped to the floor. There they stood, Bob in his business slacks, belted at his tight waist, and Mark in his coarse black uniform pants, tucked into high black shiny boots.

The two shirtless men smiled as they gazed at each other in awe. Although the cop was blond and blue-eyed, and the businessman was dark-haired with soft brown eyes, the muscle gods matched each other body for body, their perfect, muscular physiques gleaming in the late afternoon sun.

Instinctively they flexed their arms, shoulders and pecs, giving visual delight to themselves, to Randy and, as it happened, to three young men with their faces pressed to the upstairs window.

“I can’t breathe,” Darius said exaggerating as usual, since his body was heaving with deep intakes of breath. “They’re turning each other on just by taking their clothes off. I can’t believe it.”

“And look what it’s doing to Randy,” said Pablo. “His cock is stiff as a pole. He’s dying to touch it.”

Jamie’s gaze roved from his own master, Mark, over to Bob, the man who had been so kind to him, and then down to the man bound to the tree, the incredible muscle stud who had forcibly fucked him, forced him to cum without touching himself. His anger at Randy was now long gone, lost in his overwhelming awe and lust for the man.

“Oh, God,” Darius said. “Look now. Try not to cum though, guys. Not yet anyway.”

They all watched as the men pulled off their boots and dropped their pants and shorts. They stood naked looking at each other as Randy pulled frantically at his ropes, and tried desperately not to shoot his load.

What came next was inevitable and Bob needed no prompting. He fell to his knees, then onto his back, leaving his knees bent, his ass just off the ground. Mark knelt before him, his cock with a roaring hard-on.

“You know you’ve been wanting this for a long time, buddy. I didn’t come near your ass ‘cause it was off limits. But now I’ve won it. For the next few minutes it’s mine, and you’re gonna love offering it to me. You want this, stud?”

“Yes, sir.” Bob was aware of his bound master just feet away but he absolutely could not resist submitting himself totally to the naked Greek God kneeling before him. He glanced at Randy for affirmation and Randy nodded slightly. Up to a few hours ago the thought of Mark fucking Bob’s ass, the ass that was Randy’s exclusive property, would have filled him with uncontrollable rage. But everything changed when he had felt the ecstasy of Mark’s cock in his ass. Now he wanted his lover Bob to have the same incredible experience.

And so it began. Mark fell forward and placed his palms firmly on Bob's perfectly sculpted pecs. Bob flexed his chest and he, in turn, placed his palms on the chest of the man bending over him. They each felt the other's chest muscles rippling under their hands as the rigid cock of one man pierced the waiting ass of the other.

Mark then began the same thrilling ass-fuck on Bob as he had earlier delivered to Randy. He pushed the head of his cock only just inside Bob's ass, then used the head to massage just the rim, the sphincter, of his hole. Bob moaned with the incredible sensation that ran through him, then gasped as the cock slowly pushed deeper until it touched the ridge at the back of his ass, the inner sphincter.

"Aaaah." His eyes opened wide as he felt the head of the cock pass over the soft ridge and come to rest in the innermost depth of his ass.

"Yeah, man," Randy breathed to Bob. "Feel that beautiful cock inside you clench your ass around it." Randy's memory of the sensation was so acute that he could feel again the same ecstasy that his lover was feeling. It was as if Mark was fucking them both at the same time.

An extreme sensation such as this could not last long. Bob and Randy had abandoned any pretense of trying to hold back. They knew their orgasm was close. The passion rose to a fever pitch. Mark gazed into the deep brown eyes of the man beneath him and a spark passed between them that ignited the final flame.

But then the unexpected happened. Just before the climax Mark suddenly pulled his cock all the way out of Bob's ass. He glanced at the straining, flexing body of Randy, then back at the shuddering man beneath him. He felt supreme. In the final act of his triumphant victory he pumped both fists in the air and yelled, YES!!

And his cock erupted in a long stream of white cream that splashed down onto Bob's heaving chest and face. Simultaneously Bob screamed as he too had a spontaneous orgasm, mesmerized by the glorious body above him, and his own cum joined Mark's, flooding onto his body.

"Aaaaah!" Randy's shout echoed as he was overwhelmed by the sight of the two men's shuddering orgasms. His body flexed and he desperately pulled at his restraints as his own cock exploded and blasted yet more white juice over the already soaked body of his lover.

Incredibly, the three naked muscle gods were all erupting in simultaneous, violent orgasms caused by the wildly erotic vision of each other. They had achieved a stunning triple orgasm without ever touching their cocks. They were beyond thought or feeling, hypnotized by the sheer, rugged maleness of each other, three glorious men at the summit of their manhood sharing the passion of their mutual strength and beauty.

As their heaving bodies subsided they looked wildly at each other. They gradually relaxed, grinned, their smiles became wider and finally erupted into raucous, male laughter.

They were unaware that the upstairs window was now obscured by flowing semen. The three young men had witnessed something they could not have dreamed of. They were mesmerized by the sight of their three masters shouting together and sharing one enormous orgasm. Their own young cocks, pressed against the glass, erupted at the same time, spurting hot juice between their bodies and the glass.

For a while nothing moved. The sound of heavy breathing was replaced by the insistent buzz of the crickets in the hot, still afternoon. The tableau of the naked men was like a glorious still-life, frozen in the memory of everyone present. To move was to break the spell.

Mark was the first to stir. He walked behind the tree, knelt behind Randy and untied the ropes round his wrists and ankles. Randy fell forward and placed his hands on the ground at either side of Bob. Their eyes held each other in the look they knew so well but never fully understood. It was as if their spirits joined, they became one entity, the very incarnation of love.

Bob spoke softly. "I've never loved you as much as I do now. You're my whole world, you know that?"

Randy smiled. "You know I know that, asshole. You scare me, you know me so well."

Randy fell on him and their arms entwined in a tight embrace. They rolled on the ground, kissing, licking, laughing, in a joyous celebration. Mark looked down at them with a smile of satisfaction. But it was not the satisfaction of triumph. It was, rather, the realization that he had given to Bob and Randy an intense sexual experience that resulted in a series of the most incredible orgasms the two men had experienced.

But his satisfaction was somewhat diminished by his concern as to what came next in his complex relationship with Randy. He hoped their confrontational trial of strength was finally over but to be replaced by what?

In fact when they finally stood facing each other, all three men were tongue-tied, nervous, even a little embarrassed at the intensity of the feelings that pulsed in them. Bob tried to break the ice.

"Well, guys, that gives a whole new meaning to the phrase 'coming together'. Three spontaneous orgasms all at the same time."

“Make that six, sir.” Darius was grinning. He, Pablo and Jamie had finally come out of the house and stood before their three masters. They had just lived through an experience they could never have believed possible, never have imagined, and the upstairs window, opaque with streams of white liquid, bore testimony to the ferocity of their multiple climaxes.

As the six men faced each other there was again a nervous silence as they all tried to sort through the uncertainty of whether this extraordinary episode had brought changes to their relationships. The symmetry of the moment was remarkable as the three big, naked men in unison raised their arms and the young men walked forward, each to be enfolded by one of their masters.

Randy embraced Pablo who was so overcome he had difficulty finding his voice. “Sir, you are you looked so I mean I’ve never been so

“I know, kid. No need to say anything. Just know one thing, and remember it always. You’re my boy, kiddo.”

Mark’s arms pressed round Jamie who was, as so often, unsure of himself. “I know all this started ‘cause of me, sir. If I did anything wrong, messed up, like

“Hey get a grip kid. I said I’d protect you and I did. I did this for you, kid. You think we did good? You proud of me?” And Jamie relaxed in the safe haven of the officer’s muscular arms.

Bob smiled into Darius’s eyes. “Well, punk? See what I laid on for you this time. I gotta say, it’s a full-time job feeding that fantasy mill of yours. How did this one rate?”

Darius grinned back. “Thank you, sir. You are unbelievable you drive me crazy. I’ll be thinking about that, jacking off, for

“Weeks, months

“For years, sir. For ever.”

“Hey Darius,” Randy’s deep voice boomed. “Can you guys rustle up an early dinner? We’re starving. We’re gonna take a swim, get cleaned up and then we need food. We could eat a horse each.”

We’ll get right on it, sir. There’s just one thing we’re clear out of horse meat.”

“Not from where I’m standing,” said Pablo looking down at Darius’s crotch and grabbing the ten-inch bulge in his pants.

Amid the howls of laughter Randy aimed a kick at Pablo's ass. "I said get out of here, punk. Kitchen! Now!" The three young men ran off to the house as Randy turned his attention to Bob. He looked at his naked body, still covered in the cum of three huge orgasms.

"You're a mess, buddy. For God's sake get cleaned up." And all three men dived naked into the pool.

An hour later all six men were sitting round the outdoor table on the lawn. Darius and the boys seemed to have cooked everything in the kitchen that wasn't nailed down and a huge pile of food confronted them. As they ate voraciously Bob stole a glance at Randy and Mark.

A shadow passed over this thoughts as he wondered, as Mark had earlier, where this whole episode left them. Bob's ass had always been off limits except this time. Mark had won the contest and fucked him while Randy watched. Bob really wanted peace restored to the house but he had a sense that there was still one more act to play out. He made a sudden snap decision and addressed the three boys.

"Hey you guys, I have an idea. It's a long weekend coming up but I have to drive down to San Diego to look at a piece of property my company is thinking of buying to house our branch office down there. I could use some company and thought maybe you three would like to come with me and make a beach weekend out of it? What do you think?"

Darius beamed. "We don't have to think, sir. Of course we'll come, eh guys?" The other two nodded eager assent.

Bob smiled. "We can rent a couple of rooms at the Del Coronado"

"..... or maybe just one room," Darius chimed in, his fantasies already in overdrive.

"..... and if the King of Fantasy can just cool it for a while, we'll have a blast." Bob turned to Randy and Mark. "Is that OK with you guys? Think you can cope here on your own?" The long glance he aimed at Randy was evidently significant, though its meaning was lost on him for now.

Early the next morning the three young men piled into the SUV with Bob and they took off. Randy watched them go and shook his head. "He must be crazy," he murmured. "They'll drive him nuts."

He walked back into the empty house and made himself coffee. He was hunched over the table gazing out of the open window when Mark came out of his house and crossed toward the gate, shirtless in just gym shorts and running shoes.

Randy called, "Hey man where you off to."

"Need some exercise. Going for a long jog."

"Want company?"

Mark was taken by surprise. "What? Well, yeah, if you like. Think you can keep up?"

"Hey, man," Randy grinned, "don't start with me."

"Sorry, pal that old competitive edge. But sure, why not. Yeah, I'd love your company."

"Well I'm already dressed for the occasion, so let's go."

Randy was also wearing just gym shorts and sneakers and the two men jogged together through the gate and up the hill.

At first the only sound was their heavy breathing as they ran. Any unease they had about being alone in the house together dissolved quickly as they fell into step with each other and felt the easy companionship of two equally matched, self-confident males. They relished the feeling of running in the warm morning sun, along the hilly, tree-lined old streets of their Mount Washington neighborhood. The steep terrain tested and stretched their muscles and the vigorous exercise made them feel alive as the breeze stroked their naked chests.

About a mile into the run Mark said, "So what do you think Bob was up to? What's all this about?"

"Beats the hell out of me," Randy grinned. "His mind is always way ahead of mine. He seemed in an all-fire hurry to get him and the boys out of the house. Evidently wanted to leave us alone."

Mark smiled. "Maybe he was curious which one of us would be left standing when he got back."

"Yeah we've gotta get over this competitive thing, man. Wish I knew what Bob had in mind."

The run was great and the two men were panting hard when they got back to the house.

"Swim?" asked Randy.

"Sure."

They stripped, dived into the pool and swam for a while until, inevitably, their spirited macho aggressiveness got the better of them. They tumbled and wrestled in the water, the one holding the other under until the gasping faced managed to break the surface.

“Truce?” Mark shouted at last.

“Sure. I’m starved. Wanna grab a bite?”

Half an hour later, dressed in jeans and T-shirts, they were walking down the hill to their local Mexican cantina on Figueroa. As they went in heads turned in their direction, admiring glances that the guys always inspired wherever they went. But they ignored them and were soon chatting animatedly over sizzling plates of fajitas, washed down with many bottles of Dos Equis. They were really enjoying each other’s company, feeling the bond growing between them.

It was as if the heat of their relationship thus far, riven with competition, challenge, and contests for supremacy, had now cooled down to the warm embers of a solid, companionable friendship between two supremely dominant men at the peak of their masculinity. The equality of beauty, strength and power that had been the cause of their enmity was now the very essence of their friendship.

They felt comfortable with each other. No need to make allowances, hold back, no fear of coming off as superior. As they looked into each other’s eyes they saw a strong alpha male looking back, an equal, a man they could respect and trust.

“Hey guys. Care if we join you?”

Without waiting for an answer two great looking girls sat down at their table, looking with lustful admiration at the two men. The admiration was returned as Randy and Mark sized them up. They were gorgeous women, well dressed, confident.”

“Look,” one of them said. “We’ll come straight to the point. We saw you the minute you came in and were blown away. You guys are stunning. We thought you might like to hook up. We’re staying in a hotel downtown and would love you to join us. You really won’t be sorry.”

“You’re right about that,” Randy grinned lasciviously. “You ladies are a feast for the eyes. Your offer is real tempting.”

“Sure is,” said Mark, feeling his cock stir in his jeans. He turned to Randy. “How about it, buddy?”

Their eyes locked and something passed between them that they felt rather than understood. It was as if there had been a wordless communication, as if they had come to an agreement that needed no words. A slight, almost sly smile passed between them before they turned back to the girls. Mark spoke for them both.

“Ladies, tempting as you offer is, we have to decline.”

“With great regret,” Randy added.

“But we really have to get back to our house. We have something urgent we have to do there.”

“Yeah, something that really can’t wait.”

The girls sighed. “Well, you can’t blame a girl for trying. It’s just that you two are well you’re just so damn gorgeous. Rain check, then? Maybe we’ll run into you again here. Sure hope so.”

The men stood up politely as the girls left the table. They sat down again and Mark called to the waiter, “Check, please. Quick as possible.”

“Finally,” he said to Randy, “I think I know what Bob had in mind.”

“You read my thoughts, buddy. Let’s get the hell out of here.”

They ran back up the long hill to the house and burst through the gate panting hard.

“Basement,” gasped Randy.

They ran downstairs and then stopped still, looking at each other. They put their hands on each other’s shoulders, almost like a wrestler’s opening move. Then, as if on command, their faces came together and their lips met in a voracious, passionate embrace. A minute went by and Randy pulled back, holding Mark at arm’s length.

“Buddy,” he said “guys like us don’t don’t make love.”

Mark smiled. “There are no guys like us.” And their faces locked in another hard embrace.

They were standing by the king-sized bed in the corner of the basement room. Still kissing Randy feverishly Mark pushed him backwards and they fell on the bed, rolling over and over, limbs tightly intertwined. Finally Mark was on his back and Randy was kneeling astride him.

“Why the hell have we spent so much damn time fighting each other, man? This is what we both wanted all the time.”

“Who knew?” Mark grinned.

“Hell, I wanna see that body,” Randy growled and pulled hard at Mark’s T-shirt. It tore into shreds and came loose in Randy’s fist. At the same time Mark reached up to Randy’s shirt and pulled it downwards, tearing it to pieces. The two shirtless men gazed at each other.

“You are so fucking beautiful, man,” Randy moaned and lowered his head, running his wet tongue over the sculpted chest, biting the nipples, then once again pressing his lips onto Mark’s eager mouth. Mark pushed hard and rolled the big construction worker over, so their positions were reversed. As Randy had done, the cop licked the hairy chest beneath him, sucking on the nipples, biting the hard muscles in a raw display of animal lust.

They paused just long enough to kick off their boots and pull off their jeans. The two naked men came together again in a muscular embrace and their love-making began in earnest. As they rolled wildly over the bed they melted into each other and gloried in the feel of each other’s straining body. They were no strangers to passionate sex, but this was a new sensation for both of them.

This time there was no master or slave, no winner or loser, no contest, no pain or punishment. There was no “sir”. They were simply two rugged, alpha males making passionate love, elated by the touch, the taste of each other. They were intoxicated by the raw masculinity, the very manhood that they held in their powerful arms. It was man-on-man lust and love.

Randy groaned in Mark’s ear. “Man, I knew I wanted this when I felt your cock in my ass. You blew me away when you fucked me.”

Mark gazed at him. “I want to feel that, buddy. I want to know what it felt like. I’ve never given my ass willingly to any man, but now I need your cock inside me. Please, man. Fuck my ass.”

So Randy did just that. Using the same incredible techniques he had learned from Mark he made exquisite love to the cop’s ass. It wasn’t long before Mark breathed, “I love you, man. Cum with me. Cum in my ass.” They locked eyes and knew that, for their first time together, it was love that made their cocks stream with hot, white juice. It was the first of many orgasms that night.

They made love all weekend in bed, in the shower, the garden, the pool everywhere. They now realized that, ever since they met, they had been standing on the rim of a world of enchantment. But their macho pride had blinded them to it. Now, at last, they had stumbled over the edge and were sharing the sweet fruits of that exclusive world where man could love man unconditionally.

And it was not only a union of the body. In their quiet moments they opened up to each other emotionally, talked about their past, shared their inner thoughts and feelings. They loved the freedom to simply talk, man to man.

They were chatting over beers in the kitchen when Randy mentioned his own past behavior. "That's water under the bridge," Mark said. "But, man, you've gotta get a handle on that anger of yours. Could land you in a mess of trouble."

"Already has," Randy said. "Bob says I should get anger management therapy. But fuck that noise."

"He may have a point, though. Lots of cops go through that. Had a few sessions myself way back. If ever you're interested I know a great therapist. He's a hell of a guy handsome too looks a bit like you. The name's Steve."

"Shit, an hour with a guy like that telling me what to do and I'd probably end up beating the crap out of him or fucking his ass."

"Or both," Mark grinned. "Now there's a thought"

"No, the guy I really want to slaughter is this guy at work the architect the current client has hired. He's a good architect but shit does he have attitude. Hell, even his name has attitude Lloyd ... with two L's of course. Always hanging around the construction site giving me what he calls 'tips on the finer points of construction'. I've come this close to hitting him several times. Good looking guy, though, if you like the preppy look. Always immaculate in his fancy suit and tie."

Mark grinned. "Maybe he needs to get his hands dirty actually do some of the heavy lifting sweat a little. I'm sure you could put him to work knock some of that attitude out of him."

Randy rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Now there's a thought Hmm you do set the wheels spinning, pal. I should run that through Darius's fantasy mill and see what he comes up with. The therapist and the architect."

"And if you need help," Mark smiled, "you can always do what the cops do call for backup."

"That's great if you know a cop you can rely on."

Mark put his arm round him. "Do you have any doubt?"

At the end of the weekend they were lying in bed naked, and Mark was pensive.

"What's up?" Randy asked.

“Well Bob and the guys will be home soon. I’m beginning to feel a bit guilty uneasy.”

Randy looked serious. “Hey you’re not worried about Bob are you? Hell, he engineered this whole setup. He wanted all this to happen. Bob’s a man of peace. He wanted us to stop fighting.”

“That guy is really something else. You two have something real special going there.”

“He’s my life, Mark. We’re like one person. There’s nothing, nobody, that could ever come between us, no matter what we do.”

Just then there was a crunch of tires on gravel, the squeal of brakes, car doors banging and excited voices.

“Speak of the devil,” Mark grinned.

A few minutes later the bedroom door opened and Bob stood there looking down at the two naked bodies on the bed. There was a frozen moment where nobody moved. Suddenly a broad smile flashed on Bob’s handsome face.

“Well, well look at you. So it worked. My plan worked. You two have a good weekend?”

“The best.” Randy said. “But you knew we would. You set this whole thing up you fucker.”

“Hey, I was sick to death of you two beating each other up. But I wasn’t sure how to end it. Then I thought of that old hippy slogan ‘Make Love, Not War.’ Seems to have worked a treat.”

“And that being so,” Mark grinned, “feel like joining us?”

“Thought you’d never ask,” Bob said. In a flash he stripped naked and fell on top of them.

#

Chapter 48 – From Boy to Man

After that incredible weekend it took some time for the house to calm down. Like a swinging pendulum that takes a while to come to rest it was a few days before the equilibrium of the house was restored. The stunning events that had remade and reinforced the relationships of the three beautiful masters took time to absorb. The earth tremor that had set that pendulum swinging had spawned several aftershocks, but these were strong, confident men and the ground was now still.

Randy, Bob and Mark spent that night together and by morning their triple friendship was rock solid, built on mutual respect, admiration, love and lust. Since they met, Randy and Bob had enjoyed a spiritual union that nothing could ever tear apart, and now their relationship was stronger than ever. But Mark too now shared in this virile company of men. Sure, he and Randy, two dominant, alpha males, would still engage in a friendly rivalry, even fight sometimes, but they too were now inseparable.

As for the youngsters, what they had seen that day had brought them even closer together and certainly aroused ever more creative sexual appetites. Having watched the cop and the construction worker, Darius, of course, was in fantasy heaven and his love-making with Pablo became more inventive.

“On your knees, cop,” he growled at Pablo the next day.

He had put on his construction gear of shabby, torn Levis and old blue tank top stretched over his chiseled black chest. He had made Pablo wear his Police Motor Pool dungarees bearing his name tag and the Police Department logo. The young construction worker looked down at the exotic features and his thoughts raced as he prepared to bury his long ten inches into the face of the ‘young cop’.

In other words, what passed for harmony in this house was restored.

There was one exception to all this. Jamie.

“You OK, kid?” Mark asked him the next day before he left for work. “You seem a bit down nervous.”

He was nervous. The young man had watched his master triumph over the magnificent Randy physically and sexually, and his lust and admiration for the stunningly beautiful cop had intensified to unbearable proportions. As a result his own insecurity and feeling of inadequacy overwhelmed him. Haltingly he tried to explain himself.

“Problem is, sir, it was me that started all this when I submitted to Randy and he made me shoot my load. I messed up. I caused all that trouble. I’m I’m just not good enough for you, sir.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“Sir, you are the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen. You’re a cop. You could have anyone you want, you know you could. I can’t believe you chose a loser like me. I mean, why me? When you met me I was running with a gang of skinheads to make me feel like someone. Now I’m nothing. You’ll get tired of me, sir. You’ll send me away.”

Mark's first reaction was anger. But as he looked into the nervous eyes he softened and took a deep breath.

"Jesus. Talk about 'low self-esteem'! Sit down kid. I'm gonna tell you a few things. Number one looks. You're a very handsome young man, and since you've been working out hard your body is terrific. Sure I'm hot looking. But so are you. That's a fact, so get over it."

"Number two talent. I talked to your supervisor in the Motor Pool he's a pal of mine and he says that you're a good worker. When your probationary period is over you're sure to be taken on permanently. And since you and Pablo work so well together he's gonna leave you two together as a team. So congratulations, kid. You're making something of yourself."

"Thank you, sir."

"And number three and most important I love you, Jamie. I see a lot of myself in you when I was your age. Except I wasn't nearly as insecure. OK, you're right I could probably have anyone I want. But I chose you, kid. There was no mistake. I love you. I love sleeping with you, fucking you, and just being with you. You're my boy, Jamie. So get used to it."

Tears were welling up in Jamie's eyes and to hide his embarrassment he buried his face in Mark's shoulder. Mark held him tight for a long time. Then he pulled away and smiled.

"You're making my uniform wet with your tears, kid. You know what you need? A good old-fashioned ego boost. And tonight, as soon as I get home, that's what you're gonna get. Though maybe 'old-fashioned' is not the right word. Far from it, in fact."

All day Jamie became more nervous. He was relieved to get home from work and went upstairs to change into clean jeans and a polo shirt. He sat on the bed, waiting. Suddenly the bedroom door burst open and Mark stood there in his full, black police uniform. As always, Jamie gasped when he saw the magnificent sight. The man was a total icon, a Greek God. But his broad smile helped Jamie to relax.

"OK, kid. Now we'll work on that fragile ego of yours. First get me a beer." And he sprawled in an armchair.

Jamie hurried to the kitchen and came back with a beer that he handed to Mark. The cop took a swig and looked Jamie up and down, sizing him up.

"Hmm not bad, kid not bad at all."

The seconds ticked by and Jamie began to blush with embarrassment.

“You don’t believe me?”

“Well, sir,” Jamie stammered. “I’m not I mean, I don’t know.”

Mark laughed out loud. “I want you to see what I see, Jamie. Turn around.”

Jamie did so and found himself facing a floor length mirror on the wall. He could see himself and, over his shoulder, his master sprawled in the chair, grinning.

“OK, kid. Tell me what you see.”

“Excuse me, sir?”

“I said, ‘tell me what you see in the mirror.’ Forget that it’s you. Just describe.”

“Well, sir.” Jamie swallowed hard, then plucked up courage. “I er I see a man, a boy really, dressed in jeans, sneakers and a dark blue polo shirt.”

“Good. What about the face.”

“Er well, blond spiky hair suntanned face, blue eyes, square chin.”

“A handsome face?”

“Well yeah.”

“Very handsome? Narrow your eyes. Forget it’s a mirror.”

Jamie squinted and saw simply the image of a man’s face. “Yeah I guess very handsome.”

“What about the body?”

“Broad shoulders, good chest, narrow waist. Pretty good, I guess.”

“Think he goes to the gym”

“Yeah, sure. Works out hard, I’d say.”

It was as if Jamie was becoming hypnotized by the deep, gentle voice behind him and he was losing himself in his description of the man in the mirror. As he narrowed his eyes he began to see an image that wasn’t him. It was a handsome stranger.

“Flex your muscles.”

Jamie flexed his biceps, pushed his shoulders forward and flared his lats.

“What do you think his chest looks like with no shirt on?”

“I dunno.”

“Want to see?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Go ahead, then. Make him take his shirt off slowly.”

Jamie did just that, watching mesmerized as the guy in the mirror pulled his shirt up over his abs and chest, then off completely.

Mark smiled. “Not bad, uh?”

“Looks great, sir. Great pecs. I like the broad shoulders. Nice biceps.”

“Now you’re getting there, kid. OK, relax and just look.”

Mark watched as the young man gazed at himself. He saw Jamie flex his upper body, then run his hands over his sculpted six-pack abs, up over his hard pecs and then down over his biceps. Without needing a prompt, Jamie brought his fingers to his nipples and stroked them. Then he gripped them in his fingers tips and started to squeeze. He narrowed his eyes again and gazed at the handsome blond face. He started to moan.

That’s what Mark had wanted. He watched with satisfaction as the bulge in Jamie’s pants started to grow. Soon the outline of his rigid cock became unmistakable.

“He’s beautiful, don’t you think?”

“Sure is,” Jamie breathed. “Wow, his cock’s getting hard. Look at that.”

“He should play with it. You want to touch it?”

Jamie’s only response was to reach down and unzip his pants. His big pole almost leaped from his pants and stood out stiff before him.

“Stroke it, man.”

Still squeezing his nipple with his left hand Jamie curled his right hand round his cock and began to stroke. His moans became louder as he ran his eyes over the beautiful young man getting off on himself.

“Yeah,” Mark whispered. “Look at that fucking gorgeous man stroking his meat. Hell, that’s enough to turn anyone on. A man could fall in love with that, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, anyone would.”

“A man like that deserves a gorgeous lover, no?”

“He sure does,” Jamie breathed. “Man, he’s so fucking beautiful. Look at that stud, stripped to the waist. He’s starting to sweat. Those hard muscles are shining now. God, he looks good.”

“A man could shoot his load just looking at that,” Mark said softly.

“Oh yeah. Oh yeah, man. He could make anyone cum.”

“So go ahead.”

Jamie’s body shook. “Man he’s gonna make me cum. He’s such a fucking stud, man, he’s making me cum. I can’t hold back. Wow, watch those muscles flex. That body, that face they’re so fucking beautiful. Watch him cum, man. Here it is aaaah

And both men saw a stream of white liquid spurt from the cock, arc high in the air and splash onto the mirror, running down the glass and obscuring the image of the virile young body that shuddered with the ecstasy of jubilant release.

Jamie was so engrossed in the sight that he did not notice Mark’s hand resting on his own pants at the bulge in his crotch. He didn’t see the hips raise slightly as the body trembled. But he did hear the loud groan as the cop shot his load, soaking his shorts inside his uniform pants.

As his body finally relaxed Jamie turned round to face Mark. His eyes were shining, his face glowed. Mark smiled up at him.

“Does wonders for the ego, kiddo. You should try it more often.”

Jamie gazed at the man he worshipped. “Thank you, sir. I had no idea that

“..... that you were such a turn on? I’ve been trying to tell you that. Guess you had to see for yourself. Now, don’t you think a man like that should have a man like me? Don’t you think that I deserve to have a boy like that stud in the mirror?”

“Yes, sir.”

Mark stood up and placed his hands on Jamie’s shoulders. “And don’t you see now how a man as beautiful as me could fall in love with a boy as beautiful as you? Because I did, Jamie.”

Jamie fell into Mark’s arms. But this time he didn’t cry. The embrace was not one of desperation it was mutual affection. It was the embrace of two men.

“OK.” Mark pulled back and was all business again. “Soon you can make me dinner. But first we take another step in this ego-boost exercise. Are you ready to do whatever I tell you to do?”

“Of course, sir. Anything.”

“Tell me what you think about Pablo.”

The question surprised Jamie. “I like him a lot, sir. He’s my friend. And he’s a real tough young guy. Randy’s shown him how to fight. He can be real aggressive. I like that.”

“More aggressive than you?”

“Well, yes sir. Of course.”

“Jamie, I’ve seen real toughness in you too. You survived on your own on the streets all that time. I admire you for that. Here, let me show you something.”

To Jamie’s huge surprise Mark unbuttoned his uniform shirt and shrugged it off. Then he pulled his T-shirt over his head and threw it to the ground. He stood stripped to the waist in front of Jamie and flexed his muscles, especially his rock hard abs. Jamie felt his cock get hard again.

“See this, kid? One tough cop, uh?”

“Yes, sir,” Jamie stammered.

“Did Pablo tell you about the sadistic cop who arrested him and was gonna thrash him?”

“Yeah, he did,” growled Jamie.

“Did that make you mad?”

“Sure did.”

“OK. Imagine I’m that cop. I’ve captured your friend. See these abs?” And he slapped the hard, sculpted ridges of his stomach. “Punch me in the gut.”

“What? I don’t “

“Come on, kid. You gonna let me fuck your friend? Hit me. Let’s see what you’ve got.”

Jamie looked at the flexed, iron abs and clenched his fists. He raised them like a boxer and took aim at the cop’s stomach. The blow was not hard and Mark didn’t move.

“Come on, kid. That all you got? I thought you were a real man. Thought you were tough.”

Mark’s taunting started to annoy Jamie. He aimed another blow at the gut, then another, until he was punching with all his strength. He focused single-mindedly on the chiseled abs and tried to punish them as hard as he could. Mark flexed his muscles hard and barely shifted.

“Come on, man. You wanna be my boy? You gotta do better than that. You’re just a fucking wimp.”

Something in Mark’s sneering tone got to Jamie and he saw red. The abs were his target and he let fly. Adrenaline pumping through him doubled his strength and he pounded the abs mercilessly.

He saw just below the stomach the cop’s tight leather belt and the black pants tucked into high shiny boots. He thought of Pablo’s arrest and at that moment he hated the police. The onslaught intensified and he felt an amazing mix of hatred and lust. His cock had become raging hard and the sexual charge, fueled by adrenaline, sent him wild.

“You fucking, pig,” he yelled. “I’m gonna kill you.”

The gut punching grew brutal and finally Mark started to weaken under the onslaught. He stepped backward, but Jamie followed up with increased ferocity. “Give up, asshole,” he yelled. “I’m gonna kill you.”

At last the pain was too much even for Mark’s rock hard abs. His legs buckled and he sank to his knees, yelling, “OK, man. I submit. You win. I give up.”

Jamie stopped. His whole body was heaving and his eyes blazed as he looked down at the beaten, shirtless cop. The adrenaline that still coursed through his veins made his cock rigid and his whole body shuddered with desire for this stunning man. Suddenly he snapped back to reality.

“Oh my God. What have I done? “Oh, sir. I don’t know what happened.”

Mark looked up at him and his face broke into a huge smile. "I know what happened, Jamie. You showed me just how tough you can be when you're roused. As tough as they come. That was sensational, kid. You're a real man." Mark stood up. "And I'm proud you belong to me."

Jamie realized what had just happened, what Mark had made him do. And from then on he walked a little taller.

"However," Mark grinned. "You may be a tough guy, but you're still my boy. And while I shower you're gonna make me dinner."

"Yes sir!" shouted Jamie.

Over dinner Mark became aware that his lessons were having the desired effect. As Jamie talked freely he became more confident, assertive, less afraid of making a mistake. He had found his footing. But Mark knew there was one more lesson he needed to learn.

"I want to ask you something, Jamie," Mark said. "You remember when I first knew you, when I drove you up the coast? You boasted a lot about all the girls you had taken to bed. You came across as quite a stud. You even tried to fuck the waitress we met, though as I recall that didn't turn out so well."

Jamie blushed. "You might as well say it, sir. I couldn't get it up."

"Well, that set me thinking. Were all those stories true, Jamie?"

Jamie blushed deeper and averted his eyes. "No, sir. I lied about all that just to impress you show you what a stud I was." Then he looked right into Mark's eyes. "But that's the last time I ever lied to you, sir. I swear it."

"I believe you kid. So let's cut to the chase. Jamie, have you ever fucked anyone?"

Again Jamie averted his eyes and looked down at the table, still blushing. He said in a small voice, "Never, sir."

Mark murmured to himself. "I guessed as much. That explains a lot." He looked at the bowed head and was overcome with affection for this young boy who had wanted so much to be liked and respected that he had invented a macho façade for himself. He had lived a lie just to be loved. Mark made a decision.

"OK, kid. Time for bed. You can leave the dishes until the morning."

In the bedroom there was an air of anticipation, of something strange about to happen. While Jamie watched, the cop quickly pulled off his V-neck T-shirt, then dropped his jeans and shorts. Naked he fell on the bed, on his back, looking up at the nervous young man.

“Jamie. You said you would do whatever I told you to.”

“Absolutely, sir. Anything in the world.”

“Good then fuck me.”

“OK, sir. You wanna fuck me?”

“That’s not what I said, Jamie. I said’fuck me’.”

Jamie again thought he had misheard. Trying to make sense of it he frowned hard and stammered.”

“Me, sir? Me fuck you, sir?”

“That’s what I said, kid.”

Jamie looked down at the muscle god sprawled on his back before him. The sight of him had, as always, made his cock rigid, but he could not get his mind around what Mark had told him to do.

“No, sir. That’s not right. You’re my master, sir. You fuck me whenever you want but no sir I can’t do that.”

“Damn right I’m your master. And your master is giving you an order.” His tone softened. “I want you to know what a man feels like when he fucks how good it feels how powerful it makes him. And Jamie, I want to be the first for you. Now, I’m telling you for the last time fuck your master.”

Jamie took several deep breaths to steady himself. He knew he had to do it. His master had ordered it. And deep in his subconscious the thought excited him beyond words. He was being given the extraordinary opportunity to penetrate the ass of this glorious man, this ultimate alpha male, this god.

Slowly he took off his shirt, then the jeans, and stood naked before his master. Then, as Mark looked straight into his eyes, with a slight smile on his face, something extraordinary happened to Jamie. He pulled himself up to his full height, and really for the first time in his life, he felt like a man a real man.

Confidence surged through him. He had looked at his own stunning image in the mirror and the sight was so beautiful it had made him cum. Then he had gut punched the cop and become so provoked, so tough, he had beaten him to the ground. Now he was going to fuck a man. And not just any man. He was going to fuck the cop, the man who was an icon of masculine beauty, the man everyone wanted, the man he loved. And the man who loved him. He was going to fuck him!

“I’m gonna fuck you man. Show me that ass.” His voice was firm, steady supremely masculine.

Mark saw, heard, the change in Jamie and knew that, at last, he was looking at the man he really loved, the confident male who had just emerged from the body of the insecure boy.

“Yeah, man. Fuck my ass. I wanna feel your dick up my ass. Come on, man fuck me.”

Jamie strode forward, grabbed Mark’s legs and pulled him to the edge of the bed. He pushed the legs back and gazed down at the vulnerable ass.

“Yeah give that ass to me.”

“It’s yours, Jamie. Fuck it.”

Jamie brought the head of his rock hard cock to the warm hole of the cop’s ass. He gazed in wonder at the stunning blue eyes as he pushed forward. He felt the head pass over the sphincter and enter the warm ass of the man he loved. He threw his head back and screamed as he plunged the whole length of his cock deep, deep inside the cop’s body until it came to rest in the innermost depths of his gut.

Jamie was inside this glorious man. He looked down at tousled blond hair, the beautiful sculpted face, the face of a Greek god. His eyes ran down over the incredible sculpted physique, the golden muscles gleaming with the first sheen of sweat. The man was magnificent and he was inside him inside him!

Jamie felt strength and power surge through him as he began to pump hard. He had never, ever, imagined a feeling like this. The rhythm of his movements heightened the incredible sensation in his cock and he was mesmerized by the image of the muscular man beneath him. The energy that pulsed through his body electrified him. For the first time he was feeling the intense heat of a man’s ass gripping his cock.

He felt invincible. “God that feels sensational. Feel that cock, man. That’s a man’s cock punishing your ass. You’re so fucking beautiful. God I’m fucking my master’s ass!”

Mark too was hypnotized by the sight of this beautiful body that was penetrating him. The boy he loved had been transformed into a man, a forceful, virile man. He was falling in love all over

again. But as he watched he knew that Jamie would not last long. He felt the cock shuddering in his ass and knew he was close. Mark grabbed his own cock and smiled at the ecstatic face above him.

“I love you Jamie. You are such a fucking stud. Cum for me, kid. Cum inside your master’s ass.”

That did it for Jamie. All he could see was the eyes of his master, all he could feel was the furnace of his master’s ass. With a scream that rocked the building he shot the most massive load of his life inside the man he loved. He saw the cop’s face twist and scream, saw the glorious sight of the man’s streaming orgasm as cum splashed over the perfect body.

Jamie had fucked a man for the first time in his life. He had fucked Mark.

It was minutes before either of them moved. Jamie was still on his knees and slowly pulled his long dick out of the ass he had just fucked. Mark smiled as he looked up at the awestruck young man.

“That’s it, Jamie. Now you’re a man. I loved a boy before. Now it’s a man I love. You’re terrific, you know that?”

“Thank you, sir. I don’t know how to

“Then don’t try. Just enjoy the feeling.” Mark sat up and became mock serious. “OK, so you’re a stud, you’ve proved that. You’re a fucking beautiful man, no question about that. But you know what, kid?”

“What, sir?”

“You’re still my boy. I’m still your master.”

Jamie sprang to his feet and stood almost to attention. “Absolutely, sir. More than ever, sir.”

“But now you can hold your head high in the world. You can be proud that you are loved by one of the most beautiful cops ever to straddle a Harley. You are his boy. He owns you. But you are not owned as a fearful, subservient slave. Your pride is now that of one strong, beautiful male who is owned by another. That’s what I wanted, Jamie why I wanted you. That’s why I chose you.”

Jamie smiled. “Thank you sir.” He felt invigorated, empowered. He had crawled out of the shell of the nervous young boy into the resilience and confidence of manhood. And here was the amazing thing his newfound strength made him even more eager, better equipped, to

serve the man he worshipped. Now he would serve him not as a subservient, nervous slave but as a virile male, proud to be owned by a master such as Mark.

“OK then,” Mark said. “Now back to business. Look at me. I’m a mess. You’re gonna come with me to the shower and you’re gonna be my body slave. It’s your job to make me feel good.”

A few minutes later in the shower Jamie was on his knees before the cop, sponging and soaping the body, massaging the tense muscles of the magnificent physique. He looked up through the water and the steam at the beautiful god-like face, the face of the man who loved him the face of the master he had just fucked in the ass.

Exactly a week later the heat wave hit Los Angeles. The dry, scorching Santa Ana winds roared in from the desert and turned the city into a furnace. While Angelinos hunkered down indoors and turned their air conditioners up high, life was especially miserable for workers outside. Randy’s construction crew sweated and swore in the cauldron of the site. Most were shirtless, and the drenched T-shirts of the others clung to their torsos.

It was the beginning of the afternoon and Randy was in a ragged mood, pushing the men to keep up the pace despite the heat. Darius was his foreman on the afternoon shift. The sweating young black man looked up and nudged the boss.

“Uh-uh. Look what the wind blew in, boss. That’s all we need.”

“Shit,” Randy growled. Through the gates strode a figure in a smart business suit. Randy had earlier mentioned to Mark how much this guy got under his skin.

He had told him: “The guy I really want to slaughter is this guy at work the architect the current client has hired. He’s a good architect but, shit, does he have attitude. Hell, even his name has attitude Lloyd ... with two L’s of course. Always hanging around the construction site giving me what he calls ‘tips on the finer points of construction’. I’ve come this close to hitting him several times. Good looking guy, though, if you like the preppy look. Always immaculate in his fancy suit and tie.”

And here he came, on today of all days, flawless as ever, crisply dressed in business suit and tie despite the heat. He defined ‘clean-cut’. Actually he was more than just good looking. He was tall, arrogant, with short dark hair, square features, neatly trimmed moustache and short goatee beard and soft gray eyes. Even under his elegant suit his trim physique was evident.

“He’s a looker alright,” Darius whispered to Randy. “Now that’s what you call ‘well-groomed’.”

“Shut up, kid,” Randy said. All he knew was that he had to keep his temper never easy for him.

Lloyd smiled. "Hi, guys. Hot enough for you? It's the Santa Anas, you know."

"Really?" Randy growled. "Didn't know that. What do you want, Lloyd?"

"Came to check on that wall we were discussing. How's it going?"

"See for yourself," said Randy.

Lloyd walked over to the wall and shook his head. "No, no. That won't do. It should be higher. It's not an accurate interpretation of my vision."

Randy took a deep breath. "Any higher and it would be unstable. My vision is of a wall falling down, Lloyd. That's my interpretation." Darius stifled a laugh.

"Not if you laid the bricks on a slight bias."

Randy bit his tongue and tried hard to hide his note of sarcasm. "Oh really? Why don't you show us how, Lloyd.?"

"Glad to." The architect took off his jacket and pushed it at Darius. "Here, hold this."

"Yes, sir!" said Darius smartly, with a similar hint of sarcasm. He folded the coat elaborately and draped it over his arm as a waiter drapes a napkin and stood to attention. He caught the eye of Randy who raised his eyebrows in silent warning to the grinning young man. Lloyd loosened his tie, rolled back his shirt cuffs and became engrossed in his brick laying lesson.

Randy whispered into Darius's ear, "Not a word out of you, punk. I'll handle this.

"I'm sure you will, sir. Can I watch?"

"OK. But no wisecracks!"

As he worked in the intense heat Lloyd was soon streaming with sweat and his shirt was clinging to him.

"Hmm," Randy muttered to himself. "Time to dirty the guy up a bit." Then out loud, "You're gonna spoil that shirt, Lloyd. Why don't you take it off?"

Lloyd looked up, surprised. "OK, sure. Good idea."

Darius stepped forward, stretching out his arm that already held the jacket. Lloyd took off his tie and draped it over the jacket. Then he did the same with the shirt. Darius could not resist a muted "Wow" as he saw the sculpted, shirtless physique for the first time.

But it was not the rugged look of Randy. It was the body of a gym regular. The even, golden tan was evidently from a tanning salon, the hairless body a result of waxing. And the perfectly proportioned muscles were clearly produced by hours at the gym. As Lloyd bent over the wall Darius's hungry eyes travelled down to his rounded globes of his ass, clearly etched in the snug dress pants.

"Cool it, punk," Randy hissed at him. He was not impressed by Lloyd. Randy respected raw masculinity, tough men he could relate to. This gym bunny left him cold. He watched as the shirtless man struggled with his brick laying task.

"You get the idea now?" Lloyd asked.

"I'm not sure," Randy said. "Here, let me try. Stay where you are."

Lloyd had his back to the wall as Randy came forward. "Here," Randy said. "Let me see what you did up there."

He leaned forward and as he reached up to the top of the wall his chest pressed against Lloyd's. Randy was wearing his usual grimy tank top that was oil-stained and soaked with sweat. The young architect grimaced as he felt the big chest press against him and the perspiration ooze between them.

But then his grimace was smothered as Randy reached higher, leaned forward and his armpit pressed into Lloyd's face. The man gasped for breath and took in the sour smell of the construction boss's sweat. His mouth was full of the wiry hair of the stinking armpit and he could actually taste the acrid sweat as it trickled down his throat. He started to choke and Randy pulled back.

"Oh, sorry about that, Lloyd. Occupational hazard when you work in construction. In this heat we all sweat like pigs."

"Yeah, sure. I know that," stammered Lloyd as he wiped his hand ineffectually across his wet face.

"Here," Randy grinned. "Use this to dry off." He quickly pulled off his drenched tank top and threw it at Lloyd. The architect caught it and, without thinking, wiped it over his face. But instead of drying him off, the soaking rag just wiped more of Randy's sweat across his face. He felt the liquid ooze over him and he gagged on the rancid smell.

He winced as he looked at the big construction worker, now stripped to the waist. As he gazed at the magnificent chest, gleaming in the fierce heat, he could smell and taste the man as well as see him. Unsure of himself, he didn't move.

Randy noticed that Darius was now staring at Lloyd's crotch. No doubt about it, there was a distinct bulge in the snug dress pants. Randy glanced up at Darius and the two men shared a discreet smile.

But Randy shook his head. "You know, Lloyd. I don't think you're cut out for this. Better you stay at your drawing board in your air-conditioned office. This out here is man's work. We're used to the smell of sweat."

Lloyd bristled. "Oh yeah? I'm no stranger to manual work. I sweat plenty at the gym. See?" and he wiped the rancid tank top over his face again. He took in deep breaths of Randy's smell, then lowered the shirt with a look of triumph. "See?"

Randy couldn't take any more. "I'll level with you, Lloyd. You're a talented architect but your attitude sucks. Tell you the truth, you're an arrogant prick and you piss the hell out of me. You wouldn't last a day on this site, especially with me as the boss."

"You think not? Listen, man. I'm as tough as any of the guys here, even you. In fact I could teach you a thing or two about construction."

"That sounds like a challenge, Lloyd. OK, tell you what. Stay here for the rest of the day and we'll see what you've got. Think you can handle it?"

"You're on!"

Randy turned to Darius. "OK, kid. It's nearly four o'clock. The guys are dragging in this heat so let's call it a day. Tell them to finish what they're doing and then cut out of here. You too."

Darius took Randy aside. "Aw, boss. Can't I stay and watch."

"No kid. This is between me and pretty boy there. Go home and fantasize and when I get home I'll tell you how close you came to the real thing."

He turned back to the young architect. "OK, Lloyd. Let's find some work pants for you to wear. We've got work to do."

#

Chapter 49 – The Architect's Humiliation

Randy strode over to his trailer office, closely followed by the confident architect. Inside Randy went to a pile of dirty clothes in the corner.

"Here. These were waiting for the laundry, so they're pretty filthy, but these should fit you."

He tossed a pair of his old work pants, grimy with dirt, oil and sweat. Lloyd was taken aback and hesitated.

“Come on, man. You can’t work in those dress slacks. They’re already covered in dirt. So put these on.” He stood there looking at Lloyd, his arms folded across his chest. As he had intended, Lloyd was intimidated.

“Here?” he grimaced.

“This isn’t the gym, Lloyd. No locker room here. This is as close as it gets.”

He watched as Lloyd kicked off his loafers and lowered his pants.

“Shorts too, Lloyd. Otherwise they’ll get soaked with sweat. Don’t need anything under those pants.”

Lloyd stepped out of his shorts and suddenly regained his composure. He looked up and, once again, an arrogant expression crossed his face. He stood naked before Randy and, with a slight smile, stretched his arms out as if to say, “Here it is, man. Not bad, uh?”

For a brief moment Randy was thrown off balance as he looked at the trim, perfectly proportioned body before him, gym-honed muscles gleaming with a sheen of sweat. He was a looker, that’s for sure, but too clean-cut, too smooth, too studied for Randy’s taste.

As Lloyd pulled on the old cargo pants Randy tossed him a pair of boots and he was ready for work. But even stripped to the waist in these muddy pants and boots he still didn’t look like a construction worker. Muscular, handsome for sure, but too clean by a mile.

Randy picked up Lloyd’s discarded pants, shorts and shoes. “Hell, these are pretty banged up, Lloyd. Come with me.”

As they stepped out of the trailer the heat hit them in the face like a blast furnace. The crew had all left and Darius was about to go through the gate but Randy called after him.

“Darius, what did you do with the gentleman’s jacket and shirt?”

“They’re right here, boss.”

“OK. Take them and these pants and drop them off at the dry cleaners on your way home. Can’t let the gentleman leave here wearing sweaty clothes. And while you’re at it, put a shine on the shoes for the architect.”

"I'll get right on it, boss," said Darius scooping up the clothes. He exchanged a knowing look with his boss, and wished again that he could stay and watch.

Lloyd frowned as he watched all this and called out, "Hey, boy. Wait a minute. Those are my best clothes you've got there." But Darius had already disappeared through the gate.

Randy rubbed his hands together in eager anticipation. "OK, Lloyd. Let's start with this. There's a small slab of concrete here that's been bugging me. Needs to be broken up but I'm reluctant to use the drill because the wall here would be weakened by the vibration. So we'll just have to use the picks." He lifted up a heavy pick axe and tossed one to Lloyd.

"Know how to use one of these, Lloyd?"

Lloyd's look was scathing. He raised the axe high and brought it crashing down on the slab. Soon both men were swinging their axes hard on the concrete, trading blow for blow. Darius would have loved to watch this. The two beautiful bodies, stripped to the waist, flexed with exertion, their muscles straining and sweating in the grueling late afternoon sun. The men frequently looked up and exchanged glances, challenging each other to keep up the pace.

Sweat poured off their bodies, streaming down to their waist and soaking their pants. Their hair was matted to their foreheads and their breathing became ragged as their muscles strained and suffered with the intense effort. Deep down, each man subconsciously acknowledged that the other was a magnificent sight. Randy, the raw, rugged laborer with the glorious body hewn of hard manual work. Lloyd, the arrogant, clean cut yuppie with the smooth, perfectly proportioned body of the gym.

Lloyd finally paused and said, "Where's the bottled water? We don't want to get dehydrated."

"It's here," Randy said, picking up the hose and raising it up to his face. He turned it on and drank from the water that splashed down into his mouth, over his face and down over his chest. He handed it to Lloyd who, after a moment's hesitation, did the same thing. With water flowing down his body he looked defiantly at Randy.

"Before we start again Lloyd," Randy said, "let me show you what you're doing wrong. You're not holding the axe right."

He came up against Lloyd's back, wrapped his arms round him and grasped the handle. "Here, see? Your hands should be higher up. You get a bigger swing that way, more force." He deliberately pressed against the naked back and his crotch pushed against the ass. He heard Lloyd take a sharp intake of breath and felt the back relax into him.

There was a silent moment as Randy pushed against him, but then Lloyd pulled away and swung round. His eyes met Randy's indignantly and he was about to speak, but checked himself. Randy lowered his gaze to the bulge in Lloyd's pants and smiled. Lloyd actually blushed, then abruptly turned away and resumed hammering angrily at the cement.

"Hmm," Randy thought. "The man has a temper and a hard-on."

It was not long before the cement block was a pile of rubble and Randy had turned his attention to another project he had been putting off for days. Two heavy metal frames needed to be bolted together. They were horizontal to the ground and could have been pushed upright but Randy had other ideas.

"OK, Lloyd. One of us needs to push down hard on the frames from above and hold the bolt while the other screws on the nut from beneath. So get on your back under the frames."

There was a moment's hesitation but Lloyd was grimly determined to demonstrate his toughness so he slid under the frames, his naked back pressed into the dirt. Randy leaned forward over the frames and pressed down hard, squeezing them together. He was parallel to the ground a few feet above the architect. Lloyd grabbed a wrench and began to turn on the screw on the end of the bolt.

Despite his concentration on turning the tight screw Lloyd looked up at the big, shirtless construction worker looming over him. Randy was applying all his strength to keeping the frames tightly locked and his body flexed and strained with the intense effort. Lloyd saw the chiseled pecs, broad shoulders and bulging biceps as the swarthy face stared down at him.

Then he felt it. As the burning afternoon sun beat down on him Randy's straining body was already gleaming with sweat but now it started to pour off him. Lloyd felt the first drip, then another, and soon a stream of stinking hot sweat was raining down on him. It ran off Randy's face, his neck and whole torso and down onto Lloyd's own naked chest.

Randy shifted higher and the torrent of sweat poured down on Lloyd's face. It stung his eyes, filled his nostrils with the rancid smell and even flowed into his mouth when he opened it to take a breath. Lloyd was simultaneously revolted and mesmerized by the sight, the smell and the taste of this massive, greasy body looming over him, soaking him.

"That's it, Lloyd" Randy said, "we're almost there. You OK?"

"Yeah," stammered Lloyd, taking in another gulp of sweat.

"I just need to edge up a bit higher," Randy grunted. There."

Now Lloyd choked. It was Randy's armpit that was immediately above his face and that's where the sweat now came from, streaming down onto his face. He saw the tangle of black armpit hair glistening wet and watched, smelled and tasted the stinking liquid running down onto his face. The smell was overpowering. He was disgusted. But worst of all, something he could not understand, he felt his cock get stiff in his pants.

They were almost finished when the nut jammed. Lloyd pulled at it with the wrench but it wouldn't budge. "Nearly there, but we need to lubricate it a bit," he panted.

"You got it," Randy said and reached over for a can of oil. He began to pour it over the bolt so it would flow down to the nut. But he poured too quickly and smiled with satisfaction as the oil flowed over the bolt and the nut, down onto the sweat-soaked naked chest beneath him. He shifted a bit higher so the oil began dripping onto Lloyd's face. He turned his head quickly to shield his eyes but the steady drip of oil fell onto his forehead, cheek and neck.

"That's got it!" Randy said as the nut finally came to rest, snug against the frame. "OK, Lloyd. We're done."

Lloyd eased himself painfully from under the frame and rose unsteadily to his feet. Randy stood back and smiled at the filthy, shirtless man, his beautiful body coated with dirt, sweat and oil.

"Shit, man," he said. "You're starting to look like one of us."

And so the afternoon dragged on into the evening until the brutal sun mercifully went down. Randy kept up the grueling pace until he could see that Lloyd was exhausted. The man's chest heaved and the veins stood out on his naked torso and arms after the supreme effort he had made all afternoon.

Randy had to grudgingly admire the architect-turned-construction worker as he stood before him. He looked completely different from the smooth-skinned, clean-cut preppy who had earlier stripped off his shirt.

No doubt about it, Randy thought. He's a fucking mess. His neatly combed hair was now a greasy tangle matted to his forehead. The handsome face was streaked with dirt, sweat and oil. And his previously flawless chest was coated in a crust of mud, grease and the stinking sweat of two men.

"Hungry?" Randy grinned.

"Yeah," Lloyd muttered. His tone was an indefinable mix of resentment, defiance, pride and, as he looked at the powerful construction worker, a strange new feeling that even he could not identify.

They went into the trailer and Randy pulled a packet of sandwiches and two beers from the small fridge he kept there.

“You keep beer on the site?” Lloyd asked, in a somewhat sanctimonious tone?

“Hell, yeah,” Randy said. “Couldn’t get through the day without it. Here, drink up. You know, Lloyd, you did pretty damn good today.”

“Thanks,” Lloyd said grudgingly.

“And you were right about the wall. I suppose it could go higher. I’ll start tomorrow.”

“OK, but first I’d need to alter the plans a bit. I could do that on the drawing board here. Should take just a few hours if you’d let me hang out here after you’ve gone home.”

As Randy munched on his sandwich he looked hard at the architect.

“So what’s your story, Lloyd? You got someone waiting for you at home?”

“Nope. Live alone.”

“Not married?”

“Divorced. Didn’t work out.”

“So now you’re married to your work.”

“Pretty much.” Lloyd wanted to change the subject. “So what about the alteration to the plans?”

A slight smile came to Randy’s face. “Think you could take another day like today, Lloyd?”

Lloyd was taken aback. But he saw the challenge in Randy’s eyes and was damned if he would back down. “You think I can’t cut it, don’t you? Not man enough, I suppose.” He took a deep breath. “OK, fucker. Bring it on. I can take whatever you dish out.”

“I was hoping you’d say that, Lloyd, ‘cause here’s the plan. We start early six a.m. So I leave you here now to work up the new plans and then you crash on the couch here. That way you’ll be right on the spot bright and early tomorrow. You’ll even get room service I’ll bring you breakfast from McDonald’s. Then we’ll get right to work. What d’ya say? You can hardly go home looking like that anyway.

Lloyd hesitated. He saw the logic in it but, hell, he was such a fucking mess. And he had no clothes here. “Is there a shower on the site?” he asked.

“Hell, this ain’t the Ritz Carlton, Lloyd. But there’s a toilet out back.”

There was something in Randy’s challenging look that made it impossible for Lloyd to refuse. But it was more than that. He was not only rising to the challenge. He realized that he wanted to prove himself to this incredible, rugged alpha male. He winced at his next thought. Could it be that he actually wanted to please him?”

Lloyd replied simply, “You’re on.”

So it was a deal. On his way out Randy bent down and picked up from the dirt his old tank top that Lloyd had used in a failed attempt to wipe his face. He tossed it to Lloyd. “Here in case it gets cooler tonight. In this heat it’s dry now. Stinks more than ever but it’s better than nothing.”

And Randy walked off the site and headed home.

A few hours later Lloyd had finished the revised plans and helped himself to another beer. He leaned back and tried to focus his thoughts, but they were a whirl. He looked down at himself, sweaty, greasy, stinking, wearing just filthy old dirt-caked cargo pants.

Images flashed across his mind. First Randy, standing before him, stripped to the waist, magnificent looking guy, but infuriating with that superior grin of his. Then he thought of Darius. Why was he foreman? He was young, black, annoying. Why had Randy chosen him for his assistant? Hell, I could do a better job myself, he thought.

For now, though, he was bone weary and his muscles ached. But there was a certain satisfaction in his exhaustion. In fact he felt more alive than he had felt in a long time. The night had cooled off from the heat of the day and there was even a chill inside the trailer. He picked up Randy’s stinking tank top he had thrown at him and, without thinking, raised it to his face. He breathed in the rancid smell of Randy’s dry sweat. He pulled it on over his head and smoothed it over his chest.

He threw himself down on the bed. There he lay, in filthy clothes, body smeared with dirt and oil, stinking of stale sweat, his nostrils full of the smell of the big construction worker. He fell into a deep sleep and dreamed dreams he could never have imagined until tonight.

At noon the next day Darius arrived at the site to begin his afternoon shift. It was another brutally hot day and the young black man stood blinking in the sun. He was amazed at what he saw. In the thick of the action was Lloyd, wearing grimy cargo pants, boots and Randy’s sweaty

old tank top. His face was streaked with what looked like grease and he was sweating like a pig. His sodden clothes clung to his body, his trim physique clearly etched underneath.

“Thank God you’re here,” Randy said walking up to Darius. “We need all the help we can get today.”

Darius was still riveted by the sight of Lloyd. “Wow. You sure did a number on the architect, boss. Hardly recognize him.”

“Yeah. Gotta admit, he’s tougher than I thought. But he’s still got that superior attitude, like his own shit don’t stink. I’ve come this close to belting him several times.”

Darius grinned. “He doesn’t like me much either. Looks down on me. He makes that clear.”

“He resents you,” Randy said. “He’s jealous of you because you’re young to be a foreman and because you and I are close.”

“And because I’m black.”

Randy clenched his fists. “If I thought that was part of it I’d beat the crap out of him. Anyway, back to work. Here’s the plan for today.” And Randy put his arm round the young man’s shoulder as he explained the projects for the afternoon.

This was not lost on Lloyd. He was acutely aware of the closeness between the two men and Randy was right he resented it like hell. The black guy was just a kid much too full of himself. How come Randy made him foreman?

Randy interrupted his thoughts. “Lloyd Darius is here now. He’s the shift foreman so you’ll be taking orders from him. I have paperwork to do in the trailer.” Lloyd shot a disdainful look at the young black man.

So the day wore on under the merciless sun with Darius in command. Young as he was, the crew liked and respected him. He may be foreman but he was one of them. He worked harder than anyone and he was fair, even if he did show some of Randy’s toughness. Lloyd did not share the crew’s opinion. He felt a real dislike, even bitterness, for the black man as he gave his orders. He chafed under his direction and felt demeaned by the situation.

His resentment finally boiled over. The guys were straining to hoist a beam into place and Darius was urging them on. “Come on, guys. Nearly there. You, Lloyd, put some muscle into it.”

Lloyd’s eyes flashed and he wheeled round to confront Darius. “Get off my back, boy. Listen here. I signed on to help Randy, not you. Just because he made you foreman you think you’re

one tough shit, don't you? Well, I've got news for you, asshole. The only reason he made you foreman is 'cause you're his friend, though God knows why."

"Hey, man, I was just" Darius protested, but Lloyd was in full swing.

"You black boys are all the same. Just because you've got the body and the strength, just because you got a horse dick swinging between your legs, you think you're God. Well don't get uppity with me, black boy. See, I happen to be a friend of the client on this project and I can get your black ass fired just like that. So get the hell away from me. Take your big fucking dick with you and jack off or something."

Darius took a step back as if he had just been sucker punched. He winced at the venom spewing out of Lloyd's mouth. But his eyes widened for another reason too as he looked over Lloyd's shoulder and saw a pair of steel blue eyes blazing.

It happened in an instant. Lloyd felt a hand clamp down on his shoulder from behind. It wrenched him round and he had a split second to see the fury in Randy's eyes before the fist slammed into his jaw and sent him spinning, crashing to the ground. He sprawled in the dirt stunned. As his vision cleared he saw the terrifying sight of the big, shirtless construction boss towering over him, his chest heaving with anger.

The rage in Randy's voice was chilling. "You miserable piece of shit. I knew you were an asshole but I never took you for an arrogant, bigoted pig. Before I punish you, Lloyd, let me make a few things clear. First, this man here is my foreman because he deserves to be. Anyone who says otherwise insults me as well as him. He works damn hard and he's worth ten of you, you prick."

"Also, Darius is my buddy. And anyone who knows me knows that the worst thing you can do to me is attack my friends. You insult my friend, you insult me. And make no mistake, Lloyd. You insult me and you get punished."

Lloyd looked up from the ground in terror. He had never seen anger like this as Randy's eyes flashed at him and his massive, naked chest heaved. Then, amazingly, he saw a grim smile spread over the face.

"But you got one thing right, Lloyd. The size of his dick. I'd guess three times the size of yours. Show him, Darius."

Taken aback Darius hesitated for a split second, until Randy flashed him a knowing look. The young man recovered quickly from the verbal abuse, grinned and unzipped his torn Levis. His monster ten-inch dick flopped out of his pants. Lloyd's eyes grew wide at the sight of the huge piece of meat hanging over him.

“You know,” Randy growled, “I should use that to punish you, Lloyd. It makes a great weapon. But I have another idea.” And he fell to his knees, straddling the shaken architect. He pulled Lloyd’s arms down to his sides and knelt on them, immobilizing him. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his long, thick dick that hung over the helpless, cringing face.

“I should really cram this down that vicious mouth of yours, asshole, but I’m gonna spare you that.” The piercing blue eyes bored into the terrified face as Randy planned his next move.

“Lloyd, you ever heard the phrase ‘Wash his mouth out with soap’ when someone says something really disgusting? Well as you know we don’t have much call for soap around here, but I’ve got something that’ll do just fine.” He leaned forward and clamped his hands on the sides of Lloyd’s face, holding it like a vise.

“Open up, asshole.”

Lloyd opened his mouth to plead at just the wrong moment. He felt a stinging stream of rancid piss pouring into his mouth and streaming down his throat. He choked it up but there was more to follow much more. The stinking yellow liquid poured into his mouth and flowed out over his cheeks and down his neck. Another stream soaked his hair and face. The desperate architect coughed and spluttered but he had to swallow. He could not escape the bitter taste of urine pouring all over him.

Finally the flood of urine slowed to a trickle and Randy’s eyes blazed as he gazed down at the piss-soaked face. Then he sprang to his feet. “Get up,” he roared. Desperate to avoid more humiliation Lloyd pulled himself unsteadily to his feet and finally stood upright. His face and naked chest gleamed in the hot sun with piss, sweat and oil, all mixing together as they flowed over his body. He was a totally broken man.

“Hell, that felt good. Was it good for you, Lloyd?”

Lloyd stared like a deer in headlights.

Randy bellowed, “I said, was it good for you, Lloyd?”

The architect stammered, “Ye ... yes, sir.”

Darius grinned as he heard Lloyd use the word ‘sir’ for the first time. He had known it would come eventually. With Randy it had to.

“Yeah,” Randy grinned. “Pissing feels good. You should try it Lloyd now, in fact.” There was a pause. “I said now Lloyd!”

“Yes, sir.” Lloyd knew what he had to do. As all the men looked on they saw a stain slowly spread over the architect’s work pants, starting at the crotch and growing larger as it travelled

down his leg. And there he stood, in front of everyone, peeing his pants. As Randy had promised, the arrogant, elegant, immaculate architect had been well and truly “dirtied up.” He stood stripped to the waist, his face and body covered with warm piss, stinking sweat and filthy oil. His pants were wet as his own piss made them cling to his legs.

Randy looked at him with satisfaction. “You’re a fucking mess, Lloyd, you know that. And you stink. You could use a shower. What d’ya say?”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

“OK, here goes.” Randy reached down and grabbed the hose. Turning it on full he aimed it at Lloyd who was blown back by the force of the water. He stumbled backward and fell in the dirt. The heavy stream of water poured relentlessly over him as he rolled over in the dirt, which quickly turned to mud. Through the spraying water he could see his muscular tormentor, powerful, merciless, administering the final humiliation.

Suddenly the hose was turned off and Randy looked down at the soaking, mud-caked figure cowering on the ground like a beaten animal. He sneered, “How’d that work for you Lloyd? Now get the hell off my work site and out of my face. You’re finished here.”

As Randy strode away Darius stepped forward and spoke.

“Er, Lloyd. I brought your suit and shirt back from the cleaners, neatly pressed and laundered. They’re in your car. And I polished your shoes myself sir.”

He ran off and caught up with Randy. “Hey, boss, I gotta thank you for sticking up for me. You’re the best, sir. And you called me your friend!”

“Yeah,” Randy growled. “Well, don’t push your luck, kid. You piss me off and you’ll get the same treatment as the architect.”

Darius grinned. “I should be so lucky!”

That evening the three boys were making dinner and Darius was holding court. With his own inimitable mix of fantasy and hyperbole he was regaling the other two with a colorful, detailed account of how Randy had thrashed and degraded the architect, breaking him down to a filthy wreck of a man. The guys’ reactions ranged from awestruck silence to raucous laughter.

Things were more serious out at the dinner table as the three partners in the construction company Randy, Bob and Mark considered the likely repercussions of the afternoon. Randy shook his head.

“Well that’s it. We sure as hell won’t be getting any more contracts from that client. Once the pretty-boy architect goes whining to the owner he’ll probably pull this job out from under us too. And we’ll certainly never lay eyes on Lloyd again.”

Bob was thoughtful. “Pity in a way. I’ve been thinking that what our company really needs is a full-time staff architect of our own. I was crunching the numbers and it makes a lot of sense. Whenever we or the client have to hire a high-priced architect it comes out of our fee. Besides, if it was our guy you’d have complete control over him, Randy.”

“As he apparently did with Lloyd,” Mark grinned. “Bob makes sense, though Randy. It’s something we should think about.”

“Whatever,” Randy sighed wearily. “It sure as hell won’t be Lloyd. That asshole hates my guts.”

Bob smiled at Randy. “Are you sure about that, buddy? There’s a chance he’ll keep quiet and not go whining to his boss.”

“You serious? After what I did to him? What would you do if I sweated and pissed all over you, then hosed you down?”

“Ask for more?” Bob grinned.

“Yeah, well that’s just because you’re one sick puppy,” Randy smiled. “Why in the world would Lloyd keep quiet?”

“Buddy, you under-estimate yourself. You’re an incredible guy. You don’t realize that most people who meet you fall in love with you a little or a lot or a whole lot in some cases.”

Randy put his arm round him and smiled. “Fuck you, asshole.”

“Well,” Mark said. “We’ll just have to wait and see which of you is right. Wait for the axe to fall.”

They found out soon enough. Dinner was the usual boisterous affair and when it was over the six guys lounged at the dinner table drinking more beer. Over the din of voices the doorbell rang.

“I’ll get it,” said Pablo and ran out of the room. In a minute he came back wide-eyed. “There’s a real hot guy at the door asking for Randy. Says he wants to apologize.”

Randy and Mark both looked at Bob. “Shit, man,” Randy said. “Why do you always have to be so right? Well, he asked for me, and that’s what he’ll get,” and he stood up.

Bob restrained him. “No, buddy. Let me handle this.”

Randy looked down at Bob’s soft brown eyes and gave in. He sat down with a gentle, “Fuck you, asshole.”

Bob went out to the hall and there in the doorway stood a tall, broad-shouldered man dressed simply in jeans and white T-shirt. Pablo had been right, Bob thought. The man was hot. Clean-cut, short black hair, squared jaw, gray eyes and neatly trimmed moustache and goatee beard. Their eyes locked in a long, silent gaze.

The newcomer seemed taken aback to see such a beautiful man as Bob, whom he had never met. “Oh,” he stammered. “I was looking for Randy. Does he live here? I’m Lloyd.”

Bob smiled. “I’m Bob. Come in, Lloyd. We’d just finished dinner.”

They went into the dining room and Lloyd stood rooted to the spot. Round the cluttered table were six stunning-looking men. He had trouble believing his eyes. Bob broke into his trance as he made the introductions.

“Randy and Darius you know already, of course.” Randy glared up at Lloyd but stayed silent. “The big guy’s Mark, that’s Pablo and that’s Jamie. Say hi to Lloyd, fellas.”

Everyone except Randy looked up at the handsome newcomer and said in unison, with barely concealed amusement, “Hi, Lloyd.” The architect was dumbstruck as he looked in awe from one handsome face to the next.

As Randy watched Lloyd’s gaze settle on each man in turn he thought to himself. “Yeah, and all you get to do is look, asshole. They’re all gorgeous and they’re mine. You lay a finger on any of these guys and you answer to me.”

#

Chapter 50 – The Burning Desert

Lloyd recovered himself, cleared his throat and spoke hesitantly. “Er, I’m sorry to barge in like this and interrupt your meal but I would like to speak to Randy alone. I er I have something to say.”

Randy fixed him with a hostile look and growled. “Anything you want to say to me you can say right here, asshole. These guys are all my buddies. They need to hear it too.”

Darius's eyes shone as he whispered to Pablo, "Damn right we do." Pablo kicked him in the shins under the table.

Intimidated by this audience Lloyd cleared his throat again and began. "I have come to apologize. I don't know what made me behave like that today. It was totally unacceptable and not like me at all. I know I sometimes come across as arrogant, but I guess that's just a defense mechanism. Anyway, I deserved everything you threw at me Randy. It may not seem like it but I respect the hell out of you and just wanted to prove myself to you."

He ran out of words and blushed. Randy grunted. "That all you got, man? What about the "black boy" here?" he snarled, using Lloyd's own words of earlier.

Lloyd blushed even more. "I'm embarrassed to hear those words thrown back at me. I know I used ugly racial slurs and I'm deeply ashamed of what I said. From what I saw you're a great guy, Darius, and you did not deserve to hear those words out of my mouth." He hesitated, "Tell you the truth, I guess I was jealous that you and Randy were so close."

The abject apology left them all silent. Nervously Lloyd pulled out his business card and threw it on the table. "In spite of everything I would like to continue as your architect on this project but I realize that's your decision, Randy. My home number's on the card, sir. I hope you call me."

Without another word he turned and walked out of the room and they heard the front door close softly behind him. There was a stunned silence, which was finally broken unexpectedly by Jamie.

"Wow, that guy speaks real well real elegant."

Mark smiled and put his arm round his boy's shoulder. "You're right, kid. He sure has a neat turn of phrase. But it's what he said that impressed me. He sounded really remorseful. Took a lot of courage to say that in front of all of us."

Randy jumped to his feet and took a deep breath, his fists clenched. But before he could speak Bob stood too and said, "I think we should sleep on it. No reactions or decisions right now. Mark, we'll talk tomorrow. Boys, clear the table. Randy, bedtime." He put his arm round his buddy's neck and together they went upstairs.

The discussion the next day was a long one between the three partners in the construction company, Randy, Bob and Mark. Bob argued convincingly that their firm needed a full-time architect on staff. "I was crunching the numbers and it makes a lot of sense financially. Besides, if it was our guy you'd have complete control over him, Randy."

Mark agreed but Randy was hard to convince. Mark argued, "You've said it yourself, buddy, Lloyd is a talented architect. Real innovative."

"Yeah," Randy growled. "Always talking about his fucking 'vision'."

"Vision's a good thing, no?"

Bob brought the discussion to a close. "Look, the first thing we need to do is take a look at some of his past work."

"Count me out," Randy snarled.

"It'd be tough for me," added Mark. "I'm pulling 12-hour shifts right now."

"Well, I have a couple of days off work," Bob said. "I could take a look at his earlier projects and report back to you guys."

Randy gave Bob a strange look of disapproval mixed with suspicion, but he voiced no objection.

Events moved pretty fast after that. Bob called Lloyd and explained what they had discussed. Lloyd reacted with enthusiasm. The firm he worked for was based in San Bernardino, a city sixty miles due east of L.A., which is where most of Lloyd's buildings were. He was keen to show his work to Bob and arranged to drive him out the next day in his Mercedes. The men considered it a business trip so it happened that both had dressed in jacket and tie and dress slacks.

The drive to San Bernardino on Interstate-10 was only about an hour but in that time they got to know each other well. It turned out they had a whole lot in common. Both had lived previously in San Francisco, both had MBA degrees from UC Berkeley, and both now worked for major companies. They easily fell into comfortable conversation and when they arrived in San Bernardino Bob allowed himself to be driven from one impressive building to another.

"And you were the lead architect on all of these?" Bob asked.

"Yeah. They were team projects, of course, but I did most of the concept design."

"Why on earth would you consider working for a small company like ours?"

Lloyd smiled. "I need to be with guys who are forward thinking, to have the flexibility to try new concepts. That 'vision' thing I talk about. Besides, seems to me your company won't be small for much longer."

They talked about the synergy between architecture, engineering and construction, cost effectiveness, budgets, environmental concerns. They spoke the same language. They understood each other, related to each other liked each other. The day was too short to take in all of the buildings they needed to see so, without thinking twice, they decided to stay overnight and continue the next day. Besides, they found they really enjoyed each other's company and wanted to talk more.

Bob called the house to tell Randy of his plans but only Pablo was home, so he left the message with him and said they'd be staying at the local Hilton overnight. At the hotel registration desk they both pulled out their credit card and slapped it on the counter.

Bob said to Lloyd, "My Company has a corporate rate with Hilton."

"So does mine," Lloyd laughed.

It turned out there was a convention in town so rooms were scarce. "Sorry," said the clerk, "no doubles, but we do have a nice king-size on the top floor." They didn't have to think about it. "Perfect," they both said in unison.

Even when they entered the room the fact that they would be sharing a bed never even crossed their minds. They were so into their conversation that sleeping arrangements never really occurred to them. They went downstairs to the restaurant for dinner, two smartly dressed, very handsome men who made more than a few heads turn. But they were oblivious.

The waiter handed them the menus and they both decided on the salmon. Lloyd perused the wine menu. "Hmm, it's an all-California wine list but they have a nice Castle Rock Chardonnay. That be OK?"

"Sure." Bob smiled to himself, thinking how he had become used to beer all the time with Randy. This touch of sophistication was a new, and he had to admit, pleasant experience. After dinner they went to the hotel's martini bar and became acquainted with the lavish array of martini flavors. They drank steadily as they talked. They moved on from business topics and the conversation became more personal.

"You told Randy you're divorced," Bob said, and he saw Lloyd blush.

"Yeah ... well it's true technically. Truth is that for seven years I was in a relationship with a guy. We had a tough separation a year ago and I haven't touched anyone else since."

"Sounds a bit lonely."

Lloyd's soft gray eyes held Bob's. "You don't know how lonely," he said. "All I have is work."

The bar closed at midnight and by the time they went up to the room they were both pretty drunk. It had been a great day. Once inside the room they looked shyly at each other. Then, in unison, they shook off their jackets and loosened their ties. They watched each other through a pleasant alcohol-induced haze as they slowly began to undress. The shirts came off and Lloyd took a sharp intake of breath.

“Jesus, man. Sorry, but you’re fucking gorgeous. That body, that face. I’ve never

Bob interrupted. “You’re not so shabby yourself. Wow. You work out a lot, uh?”

“Every day. Work and gym. That’s pretty much my life.”

When they finally took off their shorts they were embarrassed to see that each had a huge erection. “You too, uh?” grinned Bob sheepishly. They climbed into bed and lay apart, self-consciously, for a few minutes. Lloyd finally broke the silence and asked hesitantly, “Is it OK if I touch you? It’s been so long since I touched another guy.”

“Sure,” said Bob. “Make yourself at home.” But his casual tone changed when Lloyd reached over and put his hand on Bob’s chest. Bob’s cock immediately got harder as he looked into Lloyd’s handsome face. He gasped as he realized what was about to happen. He reached over and ran his hands down Lloyd’s body, luxuriating in the soft, silky, hairless skin, so different from Randy’s rugged body.

Emboldened by drink Lloyd said. “God this feels great, man. My cock’s like iron. Is it possible I mean do you ever get fucked?”

“Only by one man,” Bob said. “Sorry.” Drunk as he was he knew better than to give his ass to anyone but Randy. He saw the look of disappointment and sadness on Lloyd’s face, so he asked, “What about you?”

“Haven’t had anyone inside me for over a year. But if the right man came along

“Come here,” Bob whispered taking the smooth, sculpted body in his arms. Lloyd turned over and Bob pressed his raging dick against the velvet ass. As he eased it inside both men forgot all else, all sense of time or place, and surrendered themselves to the joy of their new-found intimacy. They made love for a long time until they finally fell asleep in each other’s arms.

It was early in the morning when Bob woke with a start. Disoriented he took a moment to remember where he was. Then he focused on the hotel room blinds and it all came back. He turned his head and saw the handsome face on the next pillow sleeping peacefully with a slight smile on his lips.

Bob jumped out of bed and looked at himself in the mirror. "Jesus," he thought. "What the fuck have I done? You fucking idiot." He stared at himself aghast. He had slept with the man Randy had so recently beaten and humiliated. He tried to tell himself that it was OK that he had got along so well with Lloyd but, hell sex! He became scared. He had to speak to Randy had to explain face to face. Jesus, what a fucking mess.

He shook Lloyd. "Sorry, man. We have to leave right away. I have to get home something real important I gotta do."

Twenty minutes later they had checked out and were walking across the parking lot to Lloyd's Mercedes. The architect put his arm companionably round Bob's shoulder as they approached the car. Bob was about to get in when something made him look up and his blood ran cold. He stopped breathing. There, across the lot, was Randy's truck.

A pair of steel blue eyes narrowed as they watched the two men speak quickly, urgently with each other. Then they shook hands. One got into the Mercedes and the other walked quickly toward the truck.

"Get in."

The voice was expressionless. No way for Bob to gauge the mood, though he knew beyond doubt what it would be. He guessed that Pablo had given Randy his message and that Randy had immediately followed him out to San Bernardino. He had no doubt been waiting hours for him. There was a short silence, then Randy's words and his tone amazed Bob.

Calmly, Randy asked, "So how was your day? You see his work? What d'ya think?"

Trying to keep cool Bob cleared his throat and spoke as normally as possible. "Great. Er, it was a great day. His work is excellent. And you know, Lloyd turned out to be a cool guy."

"Really?"

"Yeah, er turns out we had a lot in common. Same background, both got MBA's from U.C. Berkeley, both work for major corporations. We talked non-stop about business, architecture, engineering the works you name it." Bob was starting to stumble, with a vague sense that he was saying all the wrong things. The more he spoke the deeper the hole he dug.

"We decided to stay over so much to talk about. We got along so well so compatible, you know?" He was drowning. "We came here and had dinner in the hotel. We both had fish. And Lloyd really knows his way around a wine list."

“Did he fuck you?”

The question hit Bob like a hammer between the eyes. He was starting to panic. “No. No, of course I would never let anyone

“Did you fuck him?”

Bob visibly shrank, as if the air went out of him. “Yes, sir.”

“How many times?”

“Twice, sir.”

“Did you sleep together all night?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did you hold him all night?”

“Yes, sir.”

There was a silence. Bob was aware of Randy clenching his jaw and gripping the steering wheel hard in his fists. Suddenly he turned on the ignition and the truck sped out of the parking lot with a squeal of tires.

They careened through the streets of San Bernardino. No words were spoken but the air in the truck was heavy, like the oppressive heat before a storm. On the outskirts of town as they drove through a desolate warehouse district Randy suddenly pulled the truck over and stopped. He looked straight ahead, raised his hands and banged them on the steering wheel.

“Fuck you, man!” he roared. “Fuck you to hell! I wish to God I had never met you. I was happy before I met you. I was my own man. I knew who I was, what I was. I don’t know any more. I can’t see me any more, only us. But that’s over, man. We’re finished.”

Bob was shaking with fear but managed to speak. “Randy, I don’t know what to say. There’s no excuse. But we’d been drinking and he was such a decent guy and so lonely

“So it was a mercy fuck?!”

Bob knew there was no point in saying more. A silence again settled over them and they both stared straight ahead. Finally Randy once again surprised Bob. His tone was calm now, even gentle.

"I'm sorry, man. You did the natural thing. You know, deep down I was always aware that this day would come. I always knew I'd lose you to a man like him. I mean, look at you and look at him, driving away in his Mercedes. You're like two peas in a pod. Both successful executives, well dressed, sophisticated twin MBA's from Berkeley. Then look at me just a fucking construction worker in a tank top."

"But that doesn't mean"

"Face it, man, you belong together. You're both on your way up in the world. You're smart, successful executives. You need to be with someone like that, not me. Shit, you need someone who knows his way around a wine list, not some guy who's happy with a six-pack of beer. Look at you man, then look at me still in the same filthy old clothes I always wear. When did you last see me wear a shirt, for Christ's sake?"

"STOP!" Bob shouted. He couldn't take any more. "You got it all wrong. I don't care about all those things the suits, the college degrees, the Mercedes, the wine. It's you I want, man." He started to break down. "Since I met you my life has become whole. I need you, man. I can't live without you."

"Well you're gonna have to, pal. I had plenty of time to think in that parking lot and I worked it all out. I'm leaving. I'll take Pablo with me and I'll start over try to be a good dad for him. You can have the house share it with Mark and Lloyd if you want. I won't stand in your way."

Panic stabbed at Bob like a knife. His vision blurred. He strained to collect his thoughts. "No, Randy, please. Please, sir. I'll do anything to keep you. Punish me, thrash me, hurt me, I don't care as long as I can stay with you."

"Fuck you, man," Randy growled quietly.

Bob turned to him. "Look at me, Randy. Please, please, look at me." Randy finally turned to face him and the look of infinite sadness in the pale blue eyes broke Bob's heart. "Randy, we've had fights before, and once when it was over you asked me to promise never to leave you, no matter what happened. Well now I'm asking you the same thing, begging, pleading." Tears started to flow down his cheeks. "Please let me make amends. Please don't leave me, sir."

As Randy stared into the pleading, moist, brown eyes something happened. It had happened before. The look that passed between became a union of souls, mysterious, beyond comprehension. It was what had joined them the day they first met and held them together, united, ever since.

"Fuck you, man," Randy said again and started the engine.

The truck sped back toward the 10-Freeway. Once again Bob was in for a surprise. When Randy drove onto the freeway it was not the westbound on-ramp back to Los Angeles. It was the eastbound toward the desert. But nothing was said. Bob was rigid with fear, expectation, hope.

Randy drove fast, breaking all the speed limits. The 10 opened up when it reached the desert and, just before Palm Springs, the truck exited the freeway onto Twentynine Palms Highway toward Morongo. In twenty minutes Randy bounced off onto a side road, drove deeper into the desert. The road became a sandy track and the truck finally pulled off to the side.

After the speed and the roar of the road the silence was broken only by the wind blowing over the empty expanse of sand. As the men got out of the truck the fierce desert heat hit them in the face. It was desolate here, nothing but sand for miles, no buildings, no people except two. Two men who faced each other, alone in the wilderness, alone with their conflict of anger and fear. Randy looked into Bob's eyes.

"Part of me wants to hurt you, man, and, God help me, part still loves you."

"Yes, sir," Bob whispered.

"I'm not jealous of you and Lloyd. I don't get jealous. I get mad."

"Yes, sir."

"You know I have to hurt you, Bob. It's all I know how to do."

"It's what I need, sir. I'm ashamed. I know I have to pay for what I did."

Randy spun round and pulled from the back of the truck a long length of nylon rope. He reached down to Bob's hands and tied them tightly together, wrist against wrist. The other end of the rope he tied to the tailgate of the truck. He gazed into Bob's face, then put his hand behind his head, pulled it forward and kissed him savagely on the mouth, grinding their lips together.

"Is that how he kissed you, asshole?"

"No, sir. Never like that."

His eyes blazed. "Fuck you, man. Fuck you!"

He jumped into the cab and started the engine. He steered off the road and headed toward the open desert. Behind the truck the rope tightened and Bob's arms were pulled out straight in front of him. His wrists were yanked forward and he stumbled after the truck as it moved over the sand.

The heavy-duty 4-wheel-drive bounced over the sand, faster and faster. Behind it Bob had to run to keep up as the rope pulled him forward. There was no-one to see, but it would have made an awesome sight. In the limitless expanse of the desert a moving truck with a handsome, muscular man tied behind it, trying to keep up, his white dress shirt starting to stick to his sweating, chest and back.

A short while later Randy saw in the shimmering distance a single wooden telegraph pole. It had once been part of a phone line strung to a remote house, long since abandoned. Now the weathered pole stood alone, forlorn and incongruous in this unforgiving landscape of sand and scrub. Randy aimed in that direction. He looked in the rear view mirror and saw Bob being pulled along, struggling to keep up and stay upright.

Once again his anger surged and he growled softly, "Fuck you man. You want to pay for what you did? OK, asshole here goes." His foot pressed hard on the accelerator and the truck lurched forward, gaining speed. The rope tugged hard on Bob's wrists and he knew he was lost he could not keep up. He ran faster but lost his balance and fell forward into the burning sand. Randy was relentless and did not slow down.

The big muscle man was dragged through the sand. His shirt quickly ripped and started to peel from his chest. He lost his shoes and his pants were shredded as the sand rubbed and chafed against his struggling, suffering body. His face coated with grit Bob gasped for breath. He felt the hot sand scraping against his near naked chest, his legs and his crotch, grating against his cock. The friction and the heat amazingly caused his cock to stiffen despite the pain.

His clothes in shreds the near naked body builder was being pulled helplessly over the desert floor, his body writhing, heaving, twisting through the sand. The tortured man looked up in agony toward the back of the truck and he moaned, though no one could hear. "No, please sir. You're ripping my body to shreds. No more. I can't take any more." But the sand coating his mouth stifled him. His shoulder muscles burned, his arms felt they were being wrenched from their sockets. His grazed chest was on fire as the grinding pain intensified, and as he gasped for breath he felt himself losing consciousness.

Dimly he became aware that the truck had stopped. He heard a door slam and saw the boots by his face. He felt his body being lifted up and thrown backward, slamming against a pole. He opened his sand-caked eyes to a sight he had seen before pure fury burning in steel blue eyes. His body slumped in complete submission.

A few minutes later Bob became aware of his new predicament. The rope was now around his neck and stretched back ten feet to the pole, where the other end was tightly secured. His wrists were tied behind his back, his arms secured at the elbows so he could not work his hands down and under his feet. He could walk as far as the rope allowed but otherwise he was completely helpless.

Randy stood before him, reached forward and ripped the remaining shreds of his shirt from his chest. He did the same for the strips of his pants that clung to his legs. The muscular man was now a naked prisoner in the vast emptiness of the burning desert. He heard Randy's voice.

"Look at me, asshole." Bob focused on his master's burning eyes.

"I could beat the shit out of you, but that's too easy. I know you can take pain Hell you'd get off on it. But you deserve worse. You're gonna know the agony of doubt. So you know what I'm gonna do?"

"No, sir," Bob groaned.

"I'm gonna go away and get drunk, that's what. And I'll leave you here to think think about what you did and what your life will be like without me. And when I'm good and drunk I'll think about what comes next. If I decide I never want to see you again I'll have someone, maybe the cops, come and rescue you. If I decide I can still stand the sight of you, I'll come back for you myself. But you'll have plenty of time to wait and to wonder."

Randy stood for a moment gazing at the broken, bound man. "And just for old time's sake, I'll leave you with this." His right fist smashed brutally into the naked stomach, making Bob double over and fall to his knees. He lowered his head in abject misery as Randy jumped into the truck and roared away.

The mid-day sun beat down mercilessly on the naked prisoner in the empty desolation of the unforgiving desert. His only companion was the wind that blew relentlessly over the infinite sand. Desperately he paced in a mindless panic. When he walked forward he felt the rope pull at his neck. He tugged again and again until his neck was chafed. He pulled at his wrists but his hands and arms were securely tied. His muscles strained and flexed but it was no use. The big body builder was helpless, bound naked to the pole, alone in the blazing desert sun.

For hour after hour he endured the furnace heat that scorched the scraped, grazed muscles of his tortured body. Sweat poured off him, mixing with the coating of sand so streams of mud flowed down his face and body.

But worse than his physical suffering was what Randy had described as the 'agony of doubt.' Bob knew Randy was serious about his threat to leave him. He knew his master well and had

seen the fury in his eyes. He knew that nobody could betray a man like him without paying a price.

The broken man mouthed silent appeals for mercy. He would do anything, anything to have his master return to him. The suspense burned into his mind more brutally than the desert sun scorched his naked body.

Hours later the naked man was on his knees in a daze of fear and despair. He had been forsaken. Paranoia gripped him he would never see Randy again. In the ferocious heat he started to hallucinate. He looked up and gazed at the infinite expanse of sand shimmering in the heat. He fantasized that he saw a figure in the far distant haze. But this was the desert it must be mirage.

But it wasn't his imagination. It was real. As the approaching figure grew larger a wave of panic seized him it must be a stranger sent to release him. Then he sobbed in relief. He recognized the long strides, the tall, muscular silhouette. Tears poured down his cheeks and he closed his eyes, close to collapse, and waited.

"Get up." He could have shouted with joy to hear the familiar, savage growl of the man he loved. Exhausted as he was, he sprang to his feet and looked into the pale blue eyes he knew so well. But they were expressionless. He held his breath. Randy gazed into the fearful face and finally spoke.

"You say you really need me in your life."

"Yes, sir."

"Then show me how much." Quickly Randy untied Bob's wrists and his arms hung free. "Let me see you reach out to me."

Bob opened his eyes wide and took in the full glorious image of the man before him. He reached out and touched his chest, running his hands down the sweat-stained tank top. He felt his cock get hard. The relief of being able to touch Randy's flesh left him breathless.

"Take it off," Randy growled.

Confused for a moment Bob hesitated, then he knew. He grabbed the thin tank and ripped it hard. It fell away from Randy's broad shoulders and dropped down around his waist. Shirtless, now, Randy held his arms wide and slowly began to walk backward.

“Come on, man. Touch me. Show me how much you need me. Bob walked forward, his arms before him, but then the rope tightened and he felt it pull at his neck. He strained to walk further but the rope was stretched tight.

“Come on, man. Touch my body. Show me, man. You said you loved me.”

Desperate now Bob strained to reach forward and touch the man he worshipped. He saw the shirtless torso gleaming with sweat in the hot sun, watched the muscles flex, saw the glorious, rugged face just out of his reach. He strained more, his arms outstretched, making the rope tighten around his neck.

He gasped, breathless as he managed to utter. “Please, sir. I love you. I need you, sir.”

But the rope bit into his neck, choking him. Veins stood out on his face and neck as he began to gag and his vision blurred. All he saw was the hazy image of the man he loved, worshipped ... but couldn't reach.

He was desperate to touch him. He would do anything. The rope was tight around his neck, his body became rigid, it shuddered, and his head started to spin. Then he screamed, he convulsed and a huge spray of semen burst from his raging cock. It poured from his straining body and fell to the ground, absorbed instantly by the hot desert sand.

Slowly the exhausted man regained his breath, his vision became focused and his body stopped shaking. He looked up and saw the shadow of a smile cross Randy's face. Bob was in another world now. He watched as the muscle stud pulled off the remaining shreds of his shirt, kicked off his boots and stepped out of his work pants. He was naked now. Bob gasped at what came next.

Randy fell on his knees in front of him, leaned back on his heels, stretched out his arms and gazed up at him. He was displaying his glorious naked body, offering it to him. He spoke evenly.

“Now. Do it again cum again.”

Bob was startled by the sudden command. He had only just shot his load in a massive orgasm and now he had to cum again? Impossible. But it wasn't. He looked down at the magnificent naked man, kneeling before him, his face and body gleaming in the now setting sun.

Bob put his hand round his cock and felt it stiffen instantly. He had to show Randy, to prove himself to the man he had betrayed. He stroked his cock; it grew harder and harder. He spoke to his master who was prostrate before him.

“I love you, sir. You’re my life. I can’t live without you.”

“Then show me.”

Bob screamed, “Yes, sir,” and shot another huge jet of creamy liquid. This time it was not wasted in the desert sand. It splashed heavily onto the sculpted face, the shoulders, chest and stomach of the naked muscle god kneeling beneath him. As he watched his own juice pour down the body he saw in amazement a wide, gleaming smile spread over Randy’s face.

Randy stood up and spoke.

“On your knees.”

Bob obeyed instantly and his naked master towered over him. Wordlessly Randy took hold of his own cock and began to stroke it. It didn’t take long. Randy gazed steadily down at his prisoner, the rope still tied round his neck. He was his slave he owned him. The man could not live without him. Now he would take possession of him once and for all.

He stopped still. Total silence. And suddenly cum spurted from his cock, pouring down over his slave’s face and body. Their eyes locked together and in that moment they both knew that this was a baptismal act of forgiveness, ownership and supreme control. Bob gazed up in awe at the man he lived for his master.

The sun had set, the sky was dark. Bob was lying on the sand, the rope still round his neck. But he didn’t care. His master was lying with him, his arms around him. Both were still naked. They didn’t speak as they gazed into each other’s eyes. Eventually Bob broke the silence.

“Thank you for coming back for me.”

“I had to. You should have known that.”

There was another silence. Then Bob asked hesitantly, “What will you do to Lloyd, sir?”

Randy smiled. “You know better than to ask me a question like that, asshole.”

“Sorry, sir.”

Bob turned over and pushed his back closer against Randy, who said softly in his ear. “But there is one thing you should know. I told you a lie earlier. I said I was happier before I met

you. That was a lie. Truth is, buddy, I didn't know happiness until I knew you even when you fuck up."

Bob smiled as Randy folded him tight in his arms. And together they slept under the glittering star canopy of the silent desert.

#

Chapter 51 – The Taming of the Architect

"What if they've gone to.....?" Darius began eagerly, but Mark cut him off.

"Shut up, Darius," the cop snapped. "I know your fantasy motor is in overdrive but we don't want to hear it."

They were all edgy and the Saturday morning breakfast was overhung with a cloud of doubt and foreboding. Mark was being well taken care of by the three boys who had prepared breakfast outdoors, but they were all wondering what had gone down between Randy and Bob.

All they knew was that Bob had gone off to San Bernardino with the architect Lloyd to view some of his work as a possible prelude to hiring him full time. Then Pablo had taken a phone call from Bob explaining that they were staying the night out there at the Hilton. When Pablo passed on the message to Randy he could not forget the look of cold rage in his eyes as, without a word, he had stormed out of the house and taken off in his truck.

All four men knew Randy's fiery anger personally. They had all been victims of the physical rages he could fly into. And they all knew that he valued his intense relationship with Bob above all else. Anyone who got in the way of that was dead meat. Randy was the undisputed master of the house and he and Bob were its bedrock. Any rupture in that could badly affect all their lives.

"We'll be OK, won't we, sir?" Jamie looked up at his master, the beautiful cop Mark, who put a reassuring arm round him.

"Sure, kid. You're my boy. Nothing's gonna change that. You'll see those two guys will sort things out somehow."

What they couldn't imagine then was the uniquely savage punishment that Randy had inflicted on Bob to 'sort things out'. In the searing heat of the remote Mojave Desert, Bob had been the recipient of physical and mental torture, naked in the wilderness. As had happened in the past,

this trial of strength, and the ultimate reconciliation, had been a catharsis for the two powerful men and forged an even stronger bond than ever.

Breakfast was almost over when the waiting group finally heard the crunch of tires on the gravel outside as the truck pulled up. But were they both there? Had they come back together? What in God's name had happened? The guys held their collective breath.

The gate swing open and Randy strode into the garden shirtless, in workpants and boots. They looked open-mouthed as Bob followed him buck naked with the shreds of a rope round his neck. They were stunned into silence but Randy wasn't.

"Hi guys," he called out cheerfully.

Mark found his voice. "Hey, buddy er everything OK?"

"Never better," Randy grinned.

"Want some breakfast?"

"No thanks we're busy."

He grabbed the end of the rope dangling from Bob's neck and led him into the house. As they disappeared Darius grinned at Pablo, held up his open palm and they high-fived each other. Jamie smiled at Mark. "You were right, sir. Seems they worked it out just fine."

The pall of gloom was lifted and they relaxed into their Saturday routine. Only Randy and Bob did not join them. They stayed in their bedroom all day. As Randy had said, they were busy. It was early evening when the four guys, lounging by the pool in the warm sun, finally saw Randy and Bob emerge from the house, both freshly showered, barefoot in jeans and clean white T-shirts.

"Hey, Darius boys," Randy called out. "Get off your asses. Shouldn't you be making dinner? On the table out here in an hour. And Pablo, bring out three beers. Move it!"

Yes, sir," said the three young men in unison and ran into the house.

Mark sat down at the table and smiled up at the two muscle studs. "Well you two sure have a glow about you. Could set the hillside on fire. Good day? And night?"

"The best," said Bob.

They joined him at the table and Randy said, "OK, we three have to talk."

In the kitchen the action, and the talk, was fast and furious. The three youngsters were tripping over each other, with Darius, of course, taking the lead. His speculation into what had gone on between Randy and Bob quickly morphed into extravagant fantasy, until Pablo stopped him.

“Look, dude. No use speculating. We want the facts. When I’m alone with Randy I’ll see if he’ll tell me. You ask Bob, and you, Jamie, talk to Mark. He shares everything with you.”

While the three young guys rattled on in the kitchen the talk around the table outdoors was more serious as Randy, Bob and Mark nursed their beers. The subject, of course, was Lloyd. The punishment Randy had inflicted on Bob had healed the rift between the two of them. When Randy got mad he took revenge and then put it behind him. But of course, he had not yet dealt with Lloyd.

Still, on the long drive home Bob had felt freer to talk about Lloyd solely on a business level and he enthusiastically described some of the buildings the architect had designed. They were really innovative, he said, but Lloyd felt stifled by the corporate bureaucracy of his current firm and was eager to make a move.

This was the topic that was now taken up by the three partners in the construction company as they drank beer around the table.

“No fucking way!” There was no doubt how Randy felt. No way was he going to hire the bastard who had just slept with his lover. He accepted that a staff architect was a good idea just not that asshole.

But Bob and Mark did not give up. Bob had taken photos of the buildings he had seen and they had to admit they were impressive. “His designs are really unique,” Mark said. “A talented guy like this could put us on the map.”

“Unless, of course,” Bob said, “you think these designs are too challenging for our construction know-how, Randy. We may not be up to it.”

“Fuck you, man,” Randy said. Bob always knew what buttons to press. Randy had no vanity, except in the quality of his work. He could build anything.

Dinner came and the subject was dropped. But it was resumed the next morning and Bob and Mark were finally wearing down Randy’s resistance. Bob, characteristically, tried to find some area of compromise and came up with the idea of a probationary work period to begin with.

“You mean like an apprenticeship?” Randy asked, and Bob caught the light that glinted in his eye.

“Sure,” Bob replied. “Let him work for you for a while let you see what he’s made of.”

There was a long silence as Randy reflected on this. Finally he slammed his hands down and looked up at his two buddies. “OK here’s the deal. First of all, we see how he gets along with all the guys here. We’re a tough bunch. See how he handles it.”

Bob frowned. “What do you have in mind, buddy.”

“Never mind, that’s my business. If he passes that test he comes to work on the building site for four weeks. He’s got to know the construction side of the business inside and out, so he’ll work for me and we’ll see if he can take it. If he’s still standing at the end of the month then OK, we take him on. Agreed?”

Bob looked sideways at him and grinned. “You fucker.” He knew well that Randy had not yet got even for what Lloyd had done with Bob. For him that was unforgiveable. You fuck with Randy worse, his lover and you pay.

Mark grinned too, picking up on what was going on. “Poor guy. Think he can take it?”

“Guess we’re gonna find out,” Randy said. “Let him come here a week from today.” And that closed the subject. He turned toward the house. “Darius! We’re ready for more beer out here.”

“Right away, sir.” Hovering nearby, Darius had overheard much of the conversation. His eyes gleamed. “I can’t wait,” he murmured to himself, and ran off to the kitchen.

So it was that early next Saturday Bob answered the door and there was Lloyd. He was dressed for a job interview expensive suit, tie, the works. Bob instinctively knew that this was Lloyd’s armor; his confidence came from looking immaculate. That was the currency in his business world.

They had spoken on the phone to set up this meeting but had not seen each other since their notorious trip. Their eyes met and they shook hands rather shyly. Bob again felt an empathy for this striking but lonely man. And despite everything he still admired the handsome face, with the moustache and goatee beard, and the perfect physique apparent even under the business suit.

“Come into the garden,” Bob said. “Randy’s in the shower but he’ll be right out. Beer?”

They sat over beers and Bob filled him in on their meeting the previous week. He glossed over Randy’s angry reluctance as he said tentatively, “After what happened Randy had reservations

about all this but we came up with a kind of solution. I'll let him explain. But I have to ask you, Lloyd how bad do you want to work for us?"

Lloyd's gray eyes leveled with him. "More than anything. I admire and respect you guys and really want to be with you."

Bob frowned and spoke hesitantly. "Just so you knowRandy was real mad about what we did. He has anger issues and I paid a heavy price. Let's just say he hasn't addressed that with you yet."

Lloyd smiled. "Don't beat around the bush, man. You mean he's going to punish me. Fair enough. I deserve it I can take it. Bring it on."

Bob winced nervously but conversation came to a halt as they both looked up. Randy was striding out of the house, an intimidating sight, shirtless in just jeans and boots. He walked right up to Lloyd sitting at the table and towered over him.

"So, you came. Haven't spoken to you since you crawled off the building site that time. You clean up well, I'll give you that." Both men recalled the shattered wreck Lloyd had been then, near naked body covered in mud, sweat, oil and Randy's piss."

Lloyd didn't reply, but stood up and faced Randy, holding out his hand. After a moment's hesitation Randy shook it firmly. Their eyes met with a mix of emotions challenge, defiance, pride, muted anger from Randy and apprehension from Lloyd. As their hands clasped there was also something else, a kind of macho respect, though it was subliminal, fleeting, impossible to identify.

But both men understood one thing it was going to be a very long day.

"Boys get out here," Randy shouted. They didn't need telling twice. Eagerly, impatiently they had been waiting in breathless expectation for their summons and they were outside in an instant, with Pablo's Doberman, Billy, yapping at their heels. "Jamie, is Mark working?"

"Night shift, sir. Should be home any minute."

"OK. You all met this man once before. Name's Lloyd and he wants to work for me. But I thought he should get to know us better before we consider taking him on board. So say hi, boys."

"Hi, Lloyd," they said in unison, their voices tinged with just a touch of mockery.

Bob winced, fearful about what came next. Randy spoke softly to him. "You don't get to be part of this welcome party, buddy. As I recall you already had your party. So this time you just get to watch."

Then Randy turned his full attention to Lloyd. "I want to make one thing clear. At any point today, if our meet-and-greet gets too much for you and you want out, you're free to walk right out of here. You won't see us again no hard feelings. Got it?"

"Understood," Lloyd muttered, determined to prove himself to this dominant man.

Randy grinned. "I see you dressed for an interview, Lloyd. But this is no interview. More like a getting acquainted session. So lose the jacket." Quickly Lloyd took off his jacket and let it drop.

"Now the tie." Lloyd obeyed. Randy's face came close to Lloyd's and he said softly, intimately. "Welcome to the house, Lloyd. But, of course, I forgot. You already made yourself welcome to Bob, didn't you? Bad idea, Lloyd. Bad move. See, he's mine."

Lloyd gulped. "Yes, sir." The steel blue eyes boring into his were chilling.

"OK, now the shirt." In one swift move Randy placed his hands at his collar and ripped the shirt downward so it came clear away from the body. As Randy tossed it away there was a gasp from the young onlookers, stunned by the sudden move and also by their first sight of the beautifully sculpted physique of the handsome architect. The muscles flexed slightly and the smooth, velvet skin gleamed in the early morning sun.

Randy's face hardened and his voice became ominous as he growled, "On your knees, asshole." Lloyd sank to his knees on the grass and looked up at the man he knew was about to punish him. But his fear was tempered by his admiration for the stunning, swarthy muscle-stud looming over him like a demon. He had a sense of what was coming and he felt his cock stir.

Everyone held his breath. The only movement was the breeze, the only sound the relentless buzz of the cicadas. Suddenly, the stillness was broken by the sound of a motor bike pulling up outside. The gate swung open and Mark walked in, still in his cop uniform, fresh off the night shift.

"Mark," yelled Randy. "Your timing's perfect, man."

The cop stopped and looked at the group clustered round the shirtless kneeling man. "What the fuck.....?"

"Just a getting-to-know-you session, buddy," Randy grinned. "Hey, Mark, I know when you've had that bike throbbing between your legs all night you come home horny as hell and always

fuck Jamie. But if it's OK with you I need Jamie out here for a while and, besides, I have another idea a great way for you to get your rocks off. Get over here.”

Mark joined the group and looked down at the kneeling architect. Randy stood behind Lloyd and clamped his hands on the side of his face, pulling it upward. “Open up for the officer, Lloyd.”

After a moment of confusion Mark understood what was going on. This was Lloyd's ‘apprenticeship.’ For reassurance the cop looked over at Bob who smiled slightly at him and shrugged with a murmured, “Go for it, buddy.”

Lloyd could not believe his eyes. He gazed up at the stunning Greek God in cop's uniform. The tousled blond hair fell over his handsome, chiseled features, his muscular chest and shoulders filled out the black uniform, with the white triangle of T-shirt at his neck. The black pants were belted tight at the slim waist and tucked into high shiny boots.

The glorious face looked down at him and Lloyd watched mesmerized as Mark undid a few more buttons of his shirt, exposing more of the pecs straining under the T-shirt. Lloyd was beyond rational thought. Instinctively his mouth hung wide open in awe and anticipation of what was coming.

The sight of the handsome architect's face clamped in Randy's big hands was a turn-on for Mark. And Randy had been right he was horny as a bull. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his rigid cock, the big head only inches away from the open, waiting mouth. Mark looked over at his boy Jamie and winked at him. Then, in one swift movement he plunged the length of his cock deep into the mouth, causing it to gag helplessly. Mark threw his head back and moaned with the pleasure of feeling the smooth, hot membrane close round his rod.

Lloyd was helpless, his head held rigid by the big construction worker. Despite choking on the rigid dick stuffing his mouth Lloyd was able to look up at the magnificent cop who was punishing his face. He had never seen anything more beautiful and, despite the pain and humiliation of his situation, he wanted to please this muscle god. He closed his throat tightly around the shaft plunging inside him. His eyes streamed with tears as the cop ravaged his mouth.

Mark's cock had badly needed release and the tightening of the muscles around it pushed him over the edge. Like a piston, his cock pumped back and forth in the architect's mouth until he felt himself getting close. His body shook and he looked again at Jamie.

“Watch this, kiddo,” he yelled as his cock exploded in a massive orgasm of hot semen, streaming down the throat. Lloyd swallowed hard, trying to gulp down the warm cream, though a lot spilled out of his mouth, ran down his chin and onto his chest.

Finally the cock pulled out of his mouth and he was left gasping for air. He gazed helplessly up at the faces of the cop and the construction worker, and he heard Randy's voice.

“What do you say to the officer, Lloyd?”

His eyes still watering Lloyd gasped, “Thank you, sir.”

The three boys gazed in awe at the sight of the humbled architect kneeling before the cop. He had come into the house smartly dressed, the proud executive, and here he was displayed before them in shirtless submission, publicly humiliated. Jamie looked with adoration at Mark, his master, who had totally dominated the handsome architect and now smiled triumphantly at Jamie.

Like the other two boys he waited breathlessly for Randy’s next move. He didn’t have to wait long.

“So who’s next?” Randy laughed. That’s just what Darius had been waiting to hear and he hopped up and down eager to be chosen. But instead Randy said, “What about Jamie? You didn’t get your usual ‘welcome home’ fuck from your master, so what about a substitute? What d’ya say Mark?”

Mark looked gently at his hesitant boy. “I think you can handle it, Jamie after what you did to me the other day,” referring to the time when Jamie had fucked a man for the first time. But this too was new to him, face-fucking another guy, so he waited for his master’s cue. Mark took Randy’s place behind Lloyd and clamped his face in his hands, tilting it up.

“Not bad, eh, kid? Great face, moustache, goatee beard. Wouldn’t you like to fuck the handsome executive in the mouth?” With this encouragement from the cop Jamie felt his cock get hard and he stepped forward.

By this time Lloyd was feeling totally degraded. The guys were taking turns to use him, talking about him as if he were some animal being used for their pleasure. And the cop was offering him to the junior member of the group, a mere boy. But as Jamie came up to him his reflex once again was to open his mouth.

Mark smiled at Jamie and said, “Go for it, kid. He’s already slick with my cum. It’ll feel great. Mix your juice with mine in his mouth.”

And that’s exactly what Jamie did. For the first time in his life he pushed his cock into a guy’s mouth and it felt terrific. He felt his master’s wet semen in the warm hole and began to pump furiously. Mark leaned forward and their faces came together, their lips locking in a passionate embrace. The sensation for Jamie was exhilarating as he felt his master’s tongue exploring his mouth and the burning in his pulsing cock.

Mark was smiling at him now. "OK, kid. Show me you love me. Shoot your load for me." Jamie looked into Mark's blue eyes and exploded in Lloyd's mouth, making the architect choke on his second load of cum for the day.

Jamie smiled at the cop. "Thank you, sir. That felt great. I love you, sir."

Lost in all this was the kneeling man, almost forgotten, choking on the double load of semen as the two men made love above him. He was just a tool, an instrument being used for the pleasure of others. He was reduced to an anonymous face, opening his mouth for whatever new cock was placed before him. His feeling of humiliation deepened, and he knew there was more to come.

"Not yet, Darius," Randy laughed. "I'm saving your ten inches 'til last. No, I want to give my boy a piece of the action." He turned to Pablo. "Hey, son been a while since we spent any quality time together. I'll make that up to you soon. In the meantime think of this as an appetizer. Let's take care of that bulge in your pants."

Pablo grinned. He worshipped this man, the man who had adopted him as his son. He would do anything for him and this time it would be a real pleasure. Randy again held Lloyd's face in a vise-like grip as the young man stepped forward unzipping his pants. He looked down at the handsome face of the architect, the open mouth still spilling with two loads of cum, and brought the head of his cock against the mouth. Pablo raised his head to look at Randy.

"Would you kiss me, please, sir?"

"Be a pleasure kid. Now fuck his face hard. Do it for me, for your old man."

Their mouths came together at the same time as Pablo plunged his young cock deep inside the mouth beneath him. The swarthy construction worker and the exotic young man groaned with mutual pleasure, ignoring the sounds of the abused man choking beneath them.

"That's great, kid. Harder, now. Fuck him harder."

Pablo was exhilarated by the harsh growl of his master and his cock became a relentless piston as it plunged into the suffering mouth. He couldn't hold back for long.

"Ok, now sir? Can I empty my load into him?"

"Sure thing, kid. Finish him off."

Pablo again felt his master's tongue probing his mouth, his cock was on fire and it exploded in a huge jet of hot cum. He jammed his cock deep against the back of Lloyd's throat as he continued to grind his mouth against Randy's.

Finally Pablo gazed into his master's eyes and he breathed, "Thank you, sir. You are the best."

"I aim to please, kid," Randy laughed.

Almost as an afterthought Pablo pulled his cock out of the mouth. He had all but forgotten the architect, and now he and Randy looked down at the suffering face, tears streaming from the eyes, white cream pouring from his mouth, coating his moustache and beard.

"You did great, kid?" Randy said. "Your first lesson in how to destroy a man."

"Think he's had enough, sir?"

"No way. I've been saving the biggest weapon 'til last. The grand finale. Hey, Darius! Get your ten inches over here."

Finally it was his turn, his chance to re-live his fantasies. When he first laid eyes on Lloyd, Darius had imagined multiple scenarios of what he could do with this handsome, elegant man. Unnoticed by the others he had slipped into the house and come back with his cowboy hat, something he had once bought for one of his many fantasies with Pablo.

Now he swaggered forward like a fantasy icon. He was wearing jeans and cowboy boots and the hat, but no shirt. The black muscles of his sculpted chest and shoulders gleamed, his lats tapering down to his ultra slim waist. Pleased with himself, he took his hat off and bowed to acknowledge the amused applause, hoots and whistles of the onlookers.

The boisterous mood was not shared by Lloyd. He remembered before when Randy had made Darius display his cock to him. He was amazed then at the ten long black inches and the memory now filled him with fear.

"I guess we'll leave this one to you, Darius," Randy said. "Don't think you need any help from us."

And he didn't. He walked confidently up to the fearful architect and said, "OK, Lloyd the cowboy and the city slicker. I think we can make something of that. I'm gonna ride you, man. Get ready, pretty boy. Open up."

He had no choice. Randy stood over to one side, in control as always. Lloyd looked up at the beautiful young black body, then focused on the bulging crotch in the jeans. Slowly Darius

unbuttoned his fly and the monster tool flopped out ten massive inches of it, even soft. Lloyd's eyes widened as he saw the huge pole stiffen and grow rigid, until it was pointing straight at his face.

The helpless man opened his mouth and closed his eyes. He felt the head enter, followed by inch after inch of the long dick. He felt it slide to the back of his mouth, but it didn't stop there. It continued smoothly down into his throat until it finally came to rest. Lloyd knew his only hope was to relax his throat muscles, but even then he gagged on the monstrous tool.

Darius pulled back and began to fuck the handsome face. The rhythm increased until the long shaft was plunging in and out like a piston. Darius put his left hand behind Lloyd's head and took off his cowboy hat with the right. He waved it triumphantly in the air as he pulled the face forward onto his cock. For all the world he was a magnificent, shirtless cowboy riding a struggling bronco.

As Darius whooped and hollered Pablo yelled, "Ride him, cowboy!" They all got into the spirit of the moment, shouting encouragement to the bucking black cowboy. Lloyd was being battered into another world. His face twisted and streamed with tears as the monstrous tool pounded his mouth and throat. He would have begged for mercy but his mouth was crammed full.

Darius put on a show for his buddies. He bucked harder, waving his hat in the air, whooping and howling in jubilation. The pounding grew faster, his body flexed and gleamed with sweat until it shuddered and became rigid. The cowboy threw his head back, tossed his hat high in the air with a triumphant "Yahoo!" and his cock exploded.

Lloyd thought he would pass out as he felt the streams of hot liquid pouring straight into the depths of his throat. Darius laughed as he gloried in the taming of his broken stallion. His cum poured in a never-ending torrent into his 'city slicker' whose body was trembling in an agony of pain and humiliation.

There was a wild round of applause and whistles as the spectators cheered Darius on his spectacular performance. As the beaming black man went over to them and fell into Pablo's arms, Randy walked up to the shattered, broken man shuddering on the ground, his face a mask of pain, coated in the semen of four men.

"So now you know my boys, Lloyd. Shit, man, that's just their way of saying 'Hi'. They sure seem pleased to see you. But, hey, you don't really know me yet, do you? I gotta do something about that. Can't let my boys have all the fun."

He turned to the group. "Hey, guys. Can you go into the house and eat lunch or something? I need some time alone with Lloyd. We have business to discuss."

As they all walked back to the house Randy looked down at the anxious face. "I told you, Lloyd, that you can leave at any time and never see us again. Or you can stay and get acquainted with me. What's it to be, asshole?"

Lloyd looked up at him defiantly. "Go fuck yourself, man."

Randy grinned. "Mmm somehow I don't think so, Lloyd. Probably not me that's gonna get fucked."

A short time later Lloyd was thinking his bravado may not have been such a good idea. He was helpless, completely at the mercy of the construction worker. He had not noticed the hammock suspended between two trees, but now he lay in it naked, spread eagled, his wrists and ankles tied to the four corners. Randy towered over him.

"So, it's just you and me at last, asshole. You knew it had to come to this. You messed with my man, you shithead. Shouldn't have done that, Lloyd. Look where it landed you."

The naked architect looked up with terrified eyes. "What you gonna do to me, man?"

"Well, let's see what we got here," and Randy pulled out two things from his pocket: a pair of tit clamps connected by a chain, and a length of rawhide. He reached down for the balls and tied the rawhide tight round the scrotum, prompting a moan from the prisoner. He dangled the tit clamps over his chest.

"This is where you really get to know me, Lloyd." Quickly he attached the clamps to Lloyd's nipples and as the serrated edges bit hard his eyes opened wide and he howled in pain. But worse was to come. Randy attached the end of the rawhide to the chain, and pulled upward. The balls were now connected to the nipples, sending jolts of pain through both as Randy jerked them upward.

"Fuck you, man," the agonized man yelled defiantly. "That all you got?"

"Not quite, asshole. There's this too." Randy ripped open his jeans, pulled out his thick, rigid cock and plunged it dry into Lloyd's ass. Even inside the house the guys heard the echo of the agonized scream and they knew that Randy had begun. The shirtless construction worker began to slide his dick in and out of his captive's ass, matching the rhythm with jerks on the rawhide and chain. His steely eyes bored into Lloyd's.

"Feel that, asshole? It's called revenge. See, I'm the boss around here and this is what I do to someone who fucks with me or my men. You still wanna work for me, Lloyd? Fat chance. I'll break your fucking body before that happens. But here's the deal. When the pain gets too bad

.... and it will all you have to do is submit to me. Then you walk free ... and we never see you again.”

Lloyd managed to open his eyes and groan hoarsely, “Fuck you, man. I’ll never submit to you.”

In reply Randy plunged his dick in deeper and yanked savagely on the man’s balls and tits. The screams pierced the warm air.

It is said that a man can feel only one source of pain at a time. Not so for Lloyd whose ass, balls and nipples were being tortured at once. His ass felt as if it were being ripped open by a ramrod, and his balls and tits were being torn from his body.

The pain was indescribable and Lloyd was sure he had to give up. He looked up at Randy and was about to speak. But he said nothing, mesmerized by the spectacle above him. The man was glorious, black hair falling over the swarthy, chiseled face, sinewy muscles of the spectacular physique flexing, shining with sweat, as the body plunged into him and the bulging arms pulled brutally at his chest and balls.

He flashed on Darius earlier. Again he was being ridden like a tortured stallion. As Randy’s pelvis plunged forward his torso leaned back. His right hand held the rawhide and chain, like reins, and his left arm was held high in the air triumphantly. He pistoned forward again and again, thrilling to the hot furnace of the suffering ass and the joy of riding his horse to the breaking point.

“Give up, man. You know it’s agony. You know you can’t win. Submit, fucker. It’s all you can do.”

But as the tortured man looked up at the magnificent dark demon above him, he knew he could never submit. He had to be with this man, work for him, serve him. He would do anything, suffer any pain, just to be near him. He would willingly submit to him every day but just not this time. Now he had to prove himself to his new master.

Randy watched in amazement as the look in Lloyd’s eyes changed. The agony slowly dissolved into something different, a trance-like ecstasy, exhilaration even, as the pounding continued. Randy caught his breath as he saw the tortured man’s cock become rigid. He looked deep into the gray eyes and a smile came to his lips.

“You fucker. I’m not gonna break you, am I?”

“No, sir. I want this, need it. Torture my body, sir. I want to serve you. You’re my master, sir.”

“OK, man. You got it!” and Randy increased the savage rhythm of his cock, pulled mercilessly on the tits and balls until he knew the pain must be unbearable. Lloyd looked up at him and moaned.

“Please sir, I beg you. Untie my hand. Let me touch my cock.”

“No need, Lloyd. Not with me. Never is. Just show me how much you want me. Let me see you shoot your load.”

The two men joined in an ecstasy of pain and punishment, united in the thrilling sensation of two alpha males becoming master and slave.

“Now, Lloyd. Are you ready?”

“Yes, sir,” Lloyd moaned.

Randy yelled, “Then do it now, man!”

He gave one last brutal tug to the chain, buried his cock deep inside his victim’s burning ass and felt it explode deep inside. He watched the handsome face shudder, the head flew back, the cock pulsed and a huge stream of white cream spurting high in the air and splashed onto the face and chest of the agonized man.

The piercing screams of both men were too much for the group inside the house. With fear and apprehension they ran out into the garden and stopped dead. They gazed in awe at the sight of the heaving construction worker pouring with sweat, his cock buried in the ass of the shattered architect, the naked, bound body soaked with semen.

Randy was gazing into the wild, gray eyes with a newfound admiration. He spoke softly.

“You’re a tough son-of-a-bitch, Lloyd.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“So, you want to work for me?”

“Yes, sir.”

“It’ll be rough. I can be brutal.”

“I know that, sir. And I love it.”

Suddenly Randy pulled his cock out of the ravaged ass and turned back toward the amazed group. He smiled at Bob.

“OK, buddy. Go untie him. Clean him up. The man’s hired.”

He was prepared to hire Lloyd as their full-time architect, on condition that he first serve a four-week apprenticeship on the construction site as a laborer. It was understood that Lloyd had to give two weeks' notice to his current firm.

"OK, then," Randy said. "Two weeks from Monday. Report to me at 6am. By the way Lloyd, you still got the work pants and tank top I gave you when you worked those two days on the site?"

"Yes, sir."

Randy grinned. "Did you wash them?"

"No, sir."

"Still stinking of my sweat and piss, are they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you keep them Lloyd?"

Lloyd blushed. "In my bedroom at home, sir."

"Thought as much." Randy winked at Bob and Mark. "OK, keep them the way they are. They're all you'll wear on the job for a month."

"Yes, sir."

When Lloyd left, as he walked toward the gate, Randy shouted after him, "Oh, and Lloyd grow some hair on your chest, will you? That smooth look has to go."

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