

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 6

Chapter 52 – The Boys’ Hard Labor

Now the three directors of the construction company, Randy, Bob and Mark, had serious work to do. With an architect on staff they could look at a major expansion. They had project offers on hold that could now be taken seriously, but it called for a lot of planning, and during the next week a lot of time and energy went into that. The three guys spent long periods together, stopping only for meals. Randy talked staffing and equipment levels; Mark addressed the need for increased security; and Bob crunched the numbers.

This left the three young men, Darius, Pablo and Jamie, kicking their heels, with little contact with their masters. They were used to serving them, being with them most of their spare time, but now the men were sequestered together in the house in meetings. They saw them only at mealtimes, and even sex was scarce as the masters’ energy went into their work.

There was a kind of vacuum in the house, with little social or sexual contact. As the boys hung out together they found themselves becoming frustrated, irritable. The days dragged on and they started to quarrel rivalries sprang up. One day it reached a climax.

Pablo snapped at Darius, “I’ve seen you looking at Jamie’s ass. It’s him you want, not me.”

“So what? You don’t own me. I can fuck who I want. So get out of my face.” And he shoved Pablo. The boy’s anger was as volatile as Randy’s he did not get shoved around. So he pushed back and in seconds the fight was on. It was no holds barred.

As the battle raged, Jamie heard the crashing sounds from next door and came running in to them.

“Get out of here, asshole,” Pablo yelled. “This is all your fucking fault.”

Like them, Jamie was already wound up, pumped with adrenaline, and he was in no mood to be yelled at. Instantly all three young guys were fighting each other. It was not so much about issues as a way of relieving all the pent-up energy and frustration of the last few days. They punched, wrestled, kicked, rolling around the room, crashing into walls and furniture.

The noise of battle was so loud that it reached Bob’s office where he and the other two men were hunched over laptops. They raised their heads, pissed off at being distracted from their work.

“What the fuck?” Randy stood up. “OK, I’ll handle this. You guys carry on here. Should take me a minute.”

He strode determinedly across the lawn toward the other house and was almost hit by a chair that came crashing through a window, splintering the glass and frame. The guys inside had lost all control and the room was a wreck, furniture in pieces, shredded curtains blowing out of the shattered window. Pablo had the upper hand, with a head clamped under each arm. He was about to smash them against the wall when he looked up and froze.

The boss’s massive figure loomed in the doorway. All three boys stopped instantly as reality came crashing in on them. Without a word Randy grabbed Pablo by the neck of his shirt and smashed his hand against his face, sending him flying across the room. In quick succession the other two felt the back of Randy’s hand until all three were groveling on the floor.

Randy didn’t shout. His voice was even. “If anyone speaks I’ll thrash him. You will clean up this room now. And then you’ll report to Bob’s office.” He turned on his heel and left the room.

The men realized that their continued absence had led to this. But punishment was essential and, after some discussion, they decided what that should be. Randy made sure that Mark agreed. Jamie was his boy, after all, but he went along with the communal punishment for all three. When the boys came in it was almost like a courtroom. The three masters sat at a table and the three boys stood before them. Bob spoke first.

“Has anyone anything to say?”

Pablo stood up straight. “Yes, sir. It was all my fault, sir. I started it. I’m the one should be punished.”

Randy looked up at his boy, his still smoldering anger tempered by admiration for the kid’s courage. His fury cooled.

“What the fuck got into you? Trashing your room ‘til it looks like the city dump.”

“Sir,” Pablo began. His voice cracked and he cleared his throat. “Sir, there is no excuse but well, you guys have left us alone so much that we got kinda frustrated and”

“What the hell?” Randy said. “We should be your fucking baby-sitters or something?”

“No, sir..... it’s just that” Pablo’s face crumpled as if the fight had gone out of him. “It’s just that I missed you, sir.”

Randy was taken aback, feeling a wave of affection for his adopted son. Bob asked, "Is this how you all feel?"

"Yes, sir," said Darius and Jamie in unison.

There was a long silence as Pablo's heartfelt words sank in. Mark broke the silence. "OK. We've come up with a punishment for all three of you. And Jamie, I decided that it should apply to you too."

"Yes, sir," Jamie muttered.

Randy took over. "You guys have to learn that there will be no brawling under my roof. Left to me, I'd thrash all of you, and you know what that means. You're lucky the other guys talked me out of it. So first, you will repair the room and the window out of your own money. Darius, you'll supervise that."

Darius murmured, "No problem there, sir."

"Next you all know the pool needs servicing and cleaning. I was gonna drain it and pay a crew of guys from work to scrub it down. But now I'll save the money and you'll do it. I'll start the drain today and when it's empty you'll spend the weekend scrubbing it from top to bottom. Looks like another heat wave coming, so you'll be naked except for sneakers. You will spend the whole time in the pool, sleep there even, with breaks only for food and bathroom. Is that clear?"

They spoke in unison "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"One more thing. You'll probably get horny as hell down there, but there'll be no sex without our permission."

Randy was right about the heat wave. Los Angeles produced one of its sweltering summer weekends all too familiar to Angelinos, most of whom sought air-conditioned refuge. They certainly were not crazy enough to spend time in a white concrete pit with the heat bouncing off the gleaming walls.

The masters looked down at their boys as they began work. They wouldn't admit it, but all three men had hard-ons under their shorts. The boys were naked, except for sneakers, and they looked incredible Darius, his powerful black body gleaming in the sun; Pablo, dark-skinned, exotic, beautifully proportioned physique; Jamie, tall, striking blond looks, with all the muscular virility of youth.

Their weekend was brutal. The sun poured down on the naked bodies as they worked feverishly, scraping and scrubbing at the blinding white walls. They poured with sweat, leaving stains and puddles on the concrete. They had bottled water and knew they had to stay hydrated, but still it was not long before they were exhausted. What kept them going was their memory of the fury in Randy's eyes, and also their shame at having let their masters down. They were desperate to make amends, to prove themselves.

From time to time one of the masters came to check on them, looking down at the grueling activity below. Randy noticed that Pablo had instinctively taken charge, dividing the work into three one guy scrubbing on each side and the third cleaning the two ends. Randy gave a satisfied smile. His boy was a chip off the old block.

They worked in exhausted silence, keeping their distance as there was still residual animosity between them. But later when Randy checked back he saw that Pablo had re-designated the work assignments. They were all working together on one wall now, talking as they worked. Their earlier enmity had disappeared and they were supporting each other. Randy smiled to himself again. "The boy's learning," he thought.

When the sun went down Bob came out and pulled three long cushions from the lounges by the pool. He tossed them down, followed by sandwiches and more water. "OK, you can stop for the night. It could get chilly so keep each other warm."

The guys pushed the three cushions together making a big mattress. They slept there together, young bodies entwined together for warmth. They were buddies again, in survival mode.

The next day was more of the same. The sun blazed down on them again as they worked and sweated side by side. The grueling physical effort had a striking effect on the naked young men. As they looked over at the other faces pouring with sweat they felt raw lust in their groin. Their dicks were rock hard but they knew that Randy had forbidden any sex.

Randy sauntered out of the house in just his shorts and when he looked down at the boys he saw at once what was happening. Pablo looked up at him and stopped work. He took a deep breath and spoke.

"Sir, may I say something?"

"Shoot."

"Well sir, me and the guys are working as hard as we can, but"

"But what, kid?"

“Well, sir. We’re all real horny. It would help if we could shoot our loads.”

Randy stared down at him, then came to a snap decision. He looked back at the house. “Bob, Mark, get out here.” Shortly the other two men ambled out of the house, also wearing just their boxers.

“Seems that our crew here is getting horny. Seems they want to blow their wads. What d’ya say, fellas?”

Bob grinned and Mark rubbed his jaw in thought. “Well do we get to watch?”

Hell yes!” grinned Randy. “OK. Pablo, on your knees.” Pablo obeyed. “You, Darius. See that ass?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Fuck it hard.”

“Yes, sir!” the young black man said eagerly.

And Jamie,” Mark said. “Remember what you did to Lloyd last week? Get in front of Pablo. You know what to do.”

Darius came up behind Pablo and salivated as he looked at the perfect round globes of the boy’s ass. In one swift move he pushed his rigid cock into the warm hole and slid it deep inside. The guys above heard the ecstatic moans of the two young men. Jamie took hold of Pablo’s hair and pulled his face upward. He looked up at Mark, and seeing his nod of approval, eased his cock into the young man’s mouth

“Wow, man,” Mark said. “That looks fucking beautiful. Watch those guys go.”

“No doubt about it,” Bob said. “We got three gorgeous young studs there. What d’ya say, Randy?”

But Randy wasn’t saying anything. He had pulled his dick out of his shorts and was stroking it as he gazed down in awe. The other two guys were quick to follow. The sight was incredibly hot. The three youthful bodies flexed and poured with sweat as the muscular black man eased himself back and forth into the mounds of the kneeling kid’s ass.

The young blond closed his eyes and moaned as he fucked the exotic, dark face. Then he found himself gazing into Darius’s stunning green eyes. Their faces came together and they began kissing each other passionately as they worked each end of the body beneath them.

The three juiced-up young studs were so hot, physically and sexually, that they couldn't hold back for long. They had been waiting for this since they started work. Darius looked up at Randy.

"Sir. My cock's on fire. Permission to shoot my load sir?"

Randy was still stroking his own cock as he said. "OK, punk. Go for it."

Jamie looked up at Mark, who grinned down at him. "You too, Jamie. Enjoy!"

And all three young men shot their loads in a spectacular triple orgasm, screaming as their hot young juice poured out of them Pablo's on the hot cement, Jamie's deep into the mouth, and Darius's into his lover's ass. Their bodies bucked and heaved and their screams echoed round the cavernous pit of the empty pool.

They had barely caught their breath when they heard Randy's commanding voice.

"On your backs, all of you, right here below us. Now!"

They fell onto their backs on the scorching cement and looked up at the men towering above them. They gasped in unison at the sight of three magnificent, near-naked, muscle gods, sculpted chests flexing hard, biceps bulging as they pounded their meat. The boys knew that nothing could be more beautiful than this. The rugged, swarthy construction worker, the stunning executive with the perfect physique, and the cop with the face and body of a Greek God. They would have worked for a week just to see this.

The climax was near. Randy glanced at his buddies and said. "You ready, guys? Ready to show them who's boss?"

"Let's do it," Mark shouted.

As the young guys gazed up in silent awe they saw the three glorious bodies shudder, fists wrapped round their huge dicks. The air echoed with shouts of jubilant release as three simultaneous jets of white liquid rose into the air, seemed to hang there, then splashed down on the bodies waiting far below. The streaming cum hit them with full force. They all opened their mouths and drank in the hot juice that rained down on them. Repeated streams poured onto their faces and over their chests.

The boys were transported into a world they never wanted to leave. They rejoiced in this spectacular anointing by the men they worshipped, something they would remember, feel, forever.

Randy's deep voice brought them out of their trance.

“Now. Clean each other off.”

They knew what he meant. Still lying on the hot cement, their bodies smothered in the cum of their masters, they rolled toward each other and began to lick. Their mouths worked feverishly, lapping at the pools of semen on each other’s faces, chests and whole body. They rolled over each other, savoring the pungent taste and smell of the warm, white juice. The sight of these beautiful young men sliding over each other’s naked bodies was enough to once again stiffen the cocks of their masters looking down from above.

“Does that look clean to you guys?” Randy asked his buddies.

“Not to me,” grinned Bob.

“What they need is a shower,” added Mark.

The boys stopped their efforts, stood up and looked up at their masters, who were again holding their cocks. And for a second time liquid poured from them, though this time it was hot, steaming urine spurting up in three golden streams that gleamed in the sun. Again the boys felt their master’s liquid pour down on them, soaking their faces, hair and entire bodies in stream after stream of hot piss.

They opened their mouths and gulped hard. When the deluge finally stopped they stood still, gazing upward, their soaking bodies glinting in the sun. Then all three instinctively sank to their knees in a ritual act of total worship, mesmerized by the gods towering over them.

Suddenly the spell was broken by Randy’s commanding voice. “Did I tell you punks you could stop work? Get on with it, assholes. And scrub all that piss and cum off the concrete. I want it clean in two hours. Then report back to the office.

The three men returned to Bob’s office where they still had things to sort out.

“I’ve been thinking,” Bob said.

“Oh, God,” groaned Randy.

“No, listen. All this gave me an idea. It’s time we involved the boys in the construction company more, taught them how it really works. For instance, I’d really like one of them to learn the business basics, budgets, payroll and so on. Any ideas?”

Mark looked thoughtful. “Now you mention it, turns out Jamie was very strong in math at school. Who knew? Was a surprise to me. But he said he loves it. At his uncle’s liquor store he did the books single-handed. You might give him a try, Bob.”

"I'd like that."

"OK," Randy agreed. "And if the company's gonna grow I want Darius to learn more about job-site security. He closes up at night and hands over to the guard, but he has no clue what happens then. I need someone who understands how security works, you know, the latest tools and methods."

"Well the timing couldn't be better," Mark said. "The cops at work were talking about going to the Security Expo coming up next weekend in Vegas. I had toyed with the idea of going myself, but perhaps it would be an idea to take Darius."

And so the plans were laid.

In a couple of hours the boys presented themselves to their bosses.

"Shit, you stink," said Randy. "Someone piss on you or something?" The boys tried to stifle grins. "Anyway, now you've been punished we'll close the book on that episode. But if I ever see you brawling like that again I'll beat the shit out of you..

"Yes, sir," they murmured.

"Now, we have plans for you." And Randy outlined what had been decided. Jamie was enthusiastic about working with Bob at something he really enjoyed. And Darius's eyes shone.

"You mean a Vegas convention hall full of guys in uniform? Wow."

"Now shut off the fantasy motor, punk," said Mark. "This is serious stuff. I was thinking of riding out on one of the Harleys. It needs to be opened up on a long freeway run. Think you could handle that, Darius?" The young black man's body was trembling in anticipation.

Pablo had been silent but now he looked nervously at Randy. "What about me, sir?"

"You, kid?" Randy laughed. "Hey, I'm taking you fishing."

And so the weekend began. Darius's eyes were shining as he sat on the back of the Harley, his arms gripped tightly round the waist of his fantasy cop. At the house Jamie sat down with Bob at his computer and looked over at the beautiful face close to his, the square jaw, sculpted features and soft brown eyes. He was gonna enjoy this.

And three others piled into the truck Randy, Pablo, and Pablo's excited dog Billy, who could always sense the start of a new adventure. After they had been driving for a while on the open highway headed up to the National Forest, Randy turned to Pablo.

"You know, kid, one day I'm gonna hand my share of the company over to you, so it's time you learned how to manage guys control them. I noticed you taking charge when you were working in the pool with you other guys. How did that work out?"

"Well, sir. We were still kinda mad at each other the fight and all so I assigned work that would keep us apart. After a while I realized that wasn't working we weren't talking to each other. So then I had us all work together on the same space and that was much better. We ended up helping each other. All the bullshit went away. We were friends again. Was that OK, sir?"

"That was dead on, kid. I'm proud of you. See, the most important thing about a work crew is they must be a team. They have to work together, support each other. It's called cohesion. Bunch of guys all doing their own thing separately never works. It's one of the things I have to teach Lloyd when he begins work on Monday."

Pablo frowned. "Sir, why are you being so tough on Lloyd? Is it because he slept with Bob?"

"Nah I settled that. I punished him and it's over. No, Lloyd is aloof, arrogant. He has to become one of the guys get down and dirty. So I'll have to rough him up a bit, show him who's boss."

"I think he knows that already, sir, judging by the way he was looking at you when your cock was inside him."

Randy laughed. "Fuck you, kid"

"I'm counting on it sir."

Randy threw his arm across his boy's shoulder. Pablo was in heaven.

And he got his wish about getting fucked. When they arrived at their secret place by the lake they unloaded the rowboat from the truck and rowed it to the middle of the lake. That's where Randy took care of Pablo's ass. They forgot about fishing.

Afterwards they drank beer and Randy talked a lot to Pablo about what it takes being the boss, taking command. "On a construction crew you must show them whose boss, even a guy bigger and stronger than you. A man like that you have to dominate."

Finally they rowed back to shore and fell into an exhausted sleep. Next morning they were still wrapped in each other's arms, and they stirred as the rays of the rising sun fell across their eyes. As they stretched their cramped limbs, Billy, who had nestled against Pablo, hauled himself to his feet and walked down to the lake for a drink.

Pablo had expected some gentle morning sex, but Randy jumped up and stood over him. "Come on, kid. I was just gonna take your ass again, but maybe I'll give you a fighting chance this time. Let's see what you've got. We'll wrestle for it. Whoever gets thrown on his ass first is the loser and his ass gets fucked by the other. You game?"

"You bet, sir." Pablo grinned and jumped up. He knew he would be the loser but it would be a turn-on getting thrown to the ground first by the big construction worker.

They went to the water's edge, put their arms up, palm to palm, locked their fingers and pushed against each other like wrestlers in a trial of strength for supremacy. Pablo put all his strength into it, but of course Randy was too strong. They disengaged and Randy taunted the young man, shoving him backward to the point where Pablo almost fell.

"Come on, kid. You can do better than that." He held out his arms sideways presenting his muscular chest as a target. "Let's see what you got, man."

Pablo laughed and pushed hard, but Randy barely moved. The boy tried punching his chest, so hard that Randy finally had to take a step back.

"That's more like it, kid. Now, harder. You want my ass, don't you? Here I am."

He was playing with Pablo, taunting him, knowing he was far too strong for the kid. But what neither man saw was that Billy was still mooching around in the shallow water. He stood still now and looked up at the two men. Pablo pushed again and Randy stepped backward, but this time Billy was behind him. The timing was perfect. He took another step back, tripped hard against Billy, lost his balance and fell backward over the dog onto the wet sand.

With a yelp Billy ran off the beach and then there was silence. Pablo looked down in horror at the big, naked, muscular man, sprawled in the shallow water.

"Jeez I'm sorry sir. I didn't know Billy was there. Here....." and he reached down to help Randy up.

Randy looked up at him and smiled. "No, kid. You won with a little help from your friend here. You two double-teamed me, but anything goes in wrestling. You won."

Pablo stood dumbstruck. "But you said that whoever falls on his "

"Damn right. A bet's a bet. Always honor your bets, kid."

“But that means “

“It means my ass is yours, kid. You ready?”

Pablo froze. His mind was spinning. What the hell was going on? This was his master, his adoptive dad. This was the total top man, the boss, who fucked Pablo’s ass whenever he wanted. Now here he was on the ground offering his own ass. Impossible!”

“Guess you don’t get to fuck much do you, kid with that perfect ass of yours and all.”

Pablo found his voice. “N ... no, sir,” he stammered. “Darius once or twice but with

“..... with your sweet ass and his monster cock there’s no contest. Well it’s time you got to show another guy who’s boss. Think of it as part of the training we talked about dominating a guy bigger and stronger than you.”

Pablo blinked and stammered.

“Come on, kid.” Randy laughed. “You know I’m crazy about you, so prove to me you can be the boss. Come and fuck your old man.”

Pablo gaped. Randy was serious. He looked down at the rugged alpha male sprawled in the sand and suddenly, improbably, he found himself fantasizing about putting his dick inside this muscle stud, and his cock stirred. It rapidly got stiffer until it was standing straight out rock hard.

“That’s it, kid. I wanna feel that pretty dick in my ass. Come on, show me you’re the man I think you are. Go for it.”

Pablo sank to his knees in front of his master. Randy raised his legs, wrapped them round the young man’s waist and used them to pull Pablo toward him. Pablo jolted as he felt the head of his dick touch the stud’s warm hole. He felt empowered, more of a man than he had ever felt. He had always felt like a bottom ‘cause everyone wanted to fuck his perfect ass, but now the blood rose in him, his muscles flexed and he was on top.

It happened very quickly. Pablo felt his cock enter the burning hole and slide forward, farther and farther until it stopped in the soft warm depths of Randy’s ass. Both men opened their eyes for a stunned moment and then let out a huge sigh of pure joy.

“Jesus Christ, kid. That feels sensational. Your cock’s in my ass, son. You’re fucking me. Shit, it feels good. You too?”

Pablo couldn't speak. His cock had come to rest but it was pulsing and throbbing in the burning hot membrane of the moist ass. He looked into his master's pale blue eyes and tears began running down his face. It was the most incredible sensation of his young life.

"Here, kid," Randy said. "This is for my boy." And he clenched his ass muscles hard, like a vise, around the rigid cock inside him. The effect on Pablo was instantaneous. He let out a guttural scream.

"Aaaah! Oh, man. Oh shit. Oh God. I'm gonna"

"No!" Randy ordered. "Whatever you do, don't cum," and he quickly relaxed his ass muscles. When Pablo had calmed down Randy slowly tightened his ass again, then relaxed, then clenched again. It was as if he were fucking the cock inside him.

Pablo became captivated by the sensation in his cock. Only now it was his turn.

"Go for it, kid," Randy said. Now you. You're the boss now. Take me, man. Punish my fucking ass."

Energy surged through Pablo, male energy, all the virile, physical lust of a young stallion. He was juiced, focused only on the hot furnace of the ass around his cock. He pulled his dick back then plunged it in again, throwing his head back and finally finding his voice in an ecstatic howl. This was incredible. His cock was a piston and as he looked into the swarthy, macho face he heard Randy's voice.

"You're the man now. The big guy. Talk to me, fucker."

Pablo was transformed. "OK, man, this is it. Yeah, you've pounded my ass enough times, now it's payback time. I'm on top now, asshole. You may be a fucking muscle god but you're not too macho to take my dick up your ass. How's it feel to have your boy fucking you, man? Shit, I really wanna hurt you, you fucker. I wanna see my master howl in pain while he gets fucked by his slave."

Pablo looked down at the magnificent man, leaned forward and slapped his hands on the slabs of his chest, sinking his fingers into the muscles like a claw. The grimace of pain on the swarthy face excited him even more and his cock became a jackhammer, pounding hard against the big man's body. He was really starting to hurt him.

"Jesus, the pain," Randy gasped. "You're tearing me open. You're torturing my ass, man. I can't take any more. OK, man. You win. I submit."

"Fuck you, asshole," Pablo growled. "This is payback for all the times you fucked me. Take it, man. Feel your boy slam your ass."

Pablo took one hand off his chest and wrapped it round Randy's rigid cock. He stroked it hard and fast and knew he was close. "You wanna cum, stud? You want your boy to push the cum out of you."

"Yes, sir. Please let me cum. God, my ass is on fire. I can't take any more pain. I beg you, sir. Please shoot your load in my ass. Please let me go."

Pablo smiled into the anguished blue eyes. "OK, stud. So you wanna feel your slave's cum in your ass. Here it is. You're beaten, man. Finished!"

The screams of the two men echoed across the lake as Pablo felt his jet of semen explode deep in his master's ass. He watched the dark demon thrash and flex as his own cock streamed with cum, splashing over his glorious physique. They stared wildly into each other's eyes as their cocks continued to erupt.

Finally it was over and Pablo looked anxiously down at his master. Randy's eyes gleamed and quickly his smile grew into a roar of laughter. He pulled Pablo down into his arms and they rolled together down to the shallow water of the lake. When they stopped Randy was on top, pinning Pablo's hands in the water as he looked jubilantly at his boy.

"That was the best ever, kid. God I love you. You're such a fucking stud. I'm proud to call you my son."

"Thank you, sir," Pablo said. "You made me feel like a man."

#

Chapter 53 – Jamie is Double-Teamed

Mark had had no problem leaving his boy alone with Bob. In fact, just before he had left for Vegas he had taken Bob aside to have a quiet word with him.

"Hey, buddy," he had said. "I wanna ask you a favor. "

"Sure, Mark. Anything."

"See, Jamie is crazy about me. Like hero worship or something."

"Easy to see why," Bob laughed.

"Yeah, but the thing is he's scared shitless I'm gonna leave him. So I need him to relax, get to know someone else well so he knows I'm not the only guy in the world who likes him. This weekend you two will be alone in the house so I was wondering"

Bob smiled at Mark's hesitation. "I think what you're trying to say is that if I want to get to know Jamie well, that's OK with you. Anything goes."

Relieved Mark said, "You're fucking terrific, man, you know that? I trust Jamie with you. No matter how close you get, day or night, that's fine with me. It would do him a power of good."

"Say no more, buddy. Leave it with me."

They hesitated, then the two men hugged warmly, their mouths coming together in a lingering embrace. Mark smiled. "I'm gonna have to ask Randy's permission to get closer to you too, man."

"Just say the word, officer."

A short while later Mark had related the gist of this conversation to Jamie, whose reaction was predictable.

"You're not giving me away, are you, sir?"

"Kid, when are you gonna get over that? I've told you before, you'll always be my boy. I've just told Bob he can do anything he likes with you until I come back. Think you can handle that?"

Jamie thought hard. "Well, sure sure I can," and he smiled. "Bob's a great guy. Yeah, I'd like getting closer to him. Might be fun."

"That's my boy," Mark said.

So Mark and the other guys had left town and Bob and Jamie were alone.

When Jamie eventually sat down with Bob at his computer he looked over at the beautiful face close to his, the square jaw, sculpted features and soft brown eyes. Yeah, he was gonna enjoy this.

They worked hard. Bob took Jamie through the basic elements of book-keeping, budgets, purchasing and payroll. Turned out that Jamie had a real affinity for the work. Some years back he had handled the books for his uncle's liquor store and enjoyed working with figures.

"You know," Bob said, "I was thinking of having an outside company take care of payroll but I'd rather keep it in-house. How would you like to have a crack at it?"

Jamie's face glowed. "You would trust me with that, sir?"

Bob smiled at him. "Jamie, you always under-estimate yourself. Mark has told me about your insecurities, how he has tried to give you more self-confidence. You gotta get over that, kid. That's partly why I'm teaching you the business."

"Thank you, sir. I'll work real hard for you."

"I know you will, Jamie. Still, we've worked enough for one day. Time to play. And remember, Mark said we could do anything. Tell you what. Why don't we turn off the computer and treat ourselves to dinner in a fancy restaurant?"

Seeing the boy hesitate Bob smiled. "And don't worry that you won't know the right fork to use. I'll guide you through that. Think of it as the start of your education as a young professional. Come on. Let's find something for you to wear."

An hour later found them seated at a window table overlooking the ocean at Santa Monica. They were both well dressed, in slacks and dress shirts but Jamie was obviously intimidated by the stylish restaurant. Bob quickly put him at his ease ("just use whichever fork you want to it's your dinner") and soon they were talking animatedly about how Jamie's new duties would work.

"Sir," he asked, "are you sure Mark will be OK with this?"

Again Bob reassured him, but still Mark's name came up repeatedly. Bob realized why Mark was concerned about Jamie's intense idol worship. He would have to do something about that. Already he had a plan. Subtle but effective, he hoped.

After a great meal and long conversation they got home late and were both tired. "Time for bed," Bob said lightly. "You might as well sleep in my room so we can get up together and make an early start. OK?"

Jamie felt a mix of nervous emotions but he stammered, "OK, sir." And they began to undress. At first Jamie half turned, shyly, not looking at Bob. But as he caught a glimpse of the beautiful man he began to shed his inhibitions. He watched as Bob unbuttoned his dress shirt, revealing the white tank underneath. He gasped as Bob took off the shirt and stood smiling at him, his magnificent physique visible under the tight tank top.

Jamie took off his shirt quickly and let it drop. Then he unbuttoned his pants and stepped out of them. He watched Bob pull the tank over his head until he stood there stripped to the waist. Jamie couldn't help himself.

"Oh man you're beautiful, sir." Then he caught himself and blushed. "Sorry, sir."

“That’s OK, Jamie. You can admire another guy..... even if it’s not Mark.”

Bob kicked off his shoes and stepped out of his pants. As he stood in just his white boxers Jamie again half turned away, but this time it was because his cock was like a tent pole under his shorts. Bob pretended not to notice and threw himself on the bed.

“Jesus, I’m bushed. Thank God for cool sheets.”

Jamie hesitated then slowly climbed in beside him. Bob murmured, “Night, kid. Good day’s work,” and he turned on his side, his back to Jamie, ready for sleep.

Jamie lay on his back, his mind in a whirl of confusion. His hard-on wouldn’t go down and the thought of sleeping next to this incredible man excited him in spite of himself. Of course, he would remain faithful to Mark but still He had half expected Bob to make a move on him and was ashamed to feel disappointed that he didn’t. He didn’t move. He knew he would never be able to fall asleep like this.

Ten minutes passed and he cleared his throat. “Er sirare you still awake?”

“Just,” Bob muttered.

“Er” Again he cleared his throat. “Sir, do you think Mark would mind if I touched you?”

Bob smiled to himself. This is what he had been waiting for. He turned over and looked into the boy’s nervous eyes. “No, he wouldn’t mind if you did. But I’ll certainly mind if you don’t. I thought you’d never ask. Come here.”

Bob wrapped his muscular arms around Jamie and heard his deep sigh of pleasure. Bob ran his hands down over the beautifully formed young body until he reached the shorts.

“Hey, what’s this tent-pole doing here?”

“I’m sorry, sir. I can’t help” But Bob cut him off.”

“Kid, you never have to apologize for a hard-on. Especially to the guy who’s causing it. OK. We’ll take care of that real fast. On your knees.”

They both got into a kneeling position on the bed facing each other. “See, me too,” laughed Bob, pointing down to the bulge in his own shorts. “You ever masturbated just looking at a guy?”

“Well, Mark, of course, sir, but”

“..... but nobody else eh? Well this’ll be a first. Take out your dick.”

Shyly Jamie pulled his cock out from his shorts and it stood straight out, rigid. He gazed at Bob as the muscle stud flexed his shoulders, then put his fists on his hips and pushed his shoulders forward, flaring his lats in bodybuilder pose. His handsome face broke into a gleaming smile. He looked magnificent. Jamie gasped as his eyes travelled over the incredible physique of this muscle god.

“Oh, God. That is so damn beautiful sir. Oh, man, I

“Show me how much you like it, Jamie. Most guys would already have cum by now.” He raised his arms and flexed his biceps in a classic competition pose. “Come on, kid. I’ll start to think I don’t turn you on.”

With this challenge Jamie’s pulse raced and he could actually hear his heart thumping. He took hold of his cock and didn’t even need to stroke it. The spectacular man posing before him was too much for him and Jamie screamed as a huge jet of hot white cum blasted from his cock, shot high in the air and splashed down on the slabs of the body builder’s gleaming chest. It was followed by stream after stream of semen that covered Bob’s shoulders, chest, legs and shorts.

Jamie was lost in a visual world of pure lust. He gazed in awe at the body covered with white juice and, without thinking, he fell forward and began licking greedily at the cum-soaked muscles. Bob brought his hands behind the boy’s head and pressed his face against his chest between his pecs. Jamie felt the heat of the body, smelled the sweat and tasted the cum. It was a complete overload of the senses. Finally, from somewhere above him he heard Bob’s commanding voice.

“On your back, kid.”

Jamie obeyed instantly. He lay on his back and watched as Bob sprang to his feet and stood astride him.

Bob smiled down at the handsome young man and said, “I’m not the only beautiful man in this bed, Jamie. Look at this.”

From his shorts he pulled his cock that was hard as a rock. “See what you do to me, kid.” He stroked his rod slowly. “So, what do you want, Jamie? Look at me and tell me what you want.”

Jamie looked up at the awesome sight, the tall, magnificent muscle god towering over him, his body shining with sweat and cum. Jamie was intoxicated by the image. “Sir, I want to feel your juice on me, sir. Oh, God. You are so beautiful. Please, sir. Cum for me, sir.”

Bob didn’t speak. He simply smiled, then his body flexed as semen began to pour from his rigid cock onto the body of the awestruck boy beneath him. Jamie’s body, his whole being, trembled

as he was anointed by the warm liquid streaming out of this awesome man. As his face and chest were soaked, the rush of emotion was too much for him and he went blank for a few seconds.

When he finally opened his eyes he saw the big man sink to his knees, then fall forward onto him. As they embraced hungrily, their bodies slid over each, greased by their own sweat and semen. They didn't clean up. Just as they were they fell into an exhausted sleep.

And for the first time in his life, Jamie was wrapped in the arms of a man who wasn't Mark.

Next morning Bob came slowly to his senses and reached over for Jamie. Not there. He wondered if the young man had left the room in embarrassment when he woke and remembered the events of the night before. Then he knew the truth as he heard and smelled what was about to come through the door. Breakfast!

"God, is that a sight for sore eyes early in the morning," Bob grinned, watching Jamie, completely naked, come through the door weighed down by a huge tray containing a cooked breakfast. "That's beautiful, kid." He laughed. "The breakfast looks good too."

There was an initial hint of shyness in Jamie, but it soon dissolved as he found his voice and chatted animatedly, speculating about how the other guys were getting on and what work Bob would be doing with him that day. Nothing was said about last night's sex, but it had obviously made all the difference and opened the floodgates of Jamie's newfound confidence.

And so the day progressed in a flurry of activity and intense computer work. They broke only for a bite to eat, then worked on until finally in the late afternoon Bob said, "OK, Jamie. Another thing you have to learn about work is when to stop. Time for a swim." They stripped naked and dived into the pool, horsing around like seasoned buddies. Finally they hauled themselves to the side of the pool.

"What do you want to do now kid?"

"That's up to you, sir."

"OK. Then here's the deal. I'm gonna have sex with you again but what I really want to know is what turns you on what really turns you on."

"Well, I" Jamie stammered then trailed off.

"Come on, kid. Time for the truth. Time to open up. We all fantasize. What's your fantasy? After what we've been through you know you can tell me your secrets."

Jamie looked deep into his eyes. He took a deep breath, hesitated, then took the plunge. "Well, sirwhat I really like what I fantasize about is being tied up."

"Bondage, eh?" Mark smiled. "Great. I can handle that. Shit, I live with Randy, so I've been through my share of that. The guy's an expert." He paused to reflect. "Tell you what. You go get a shower, get dressed and report to me in the basement room in half an hour. OK?"

"OK, sir." As Jamie climbed out of the pool Bob saw his cock was already semi-erect.

After Jamie disappeared inside Bob got out of the pool, reached for his cell phone and hit the speed dial. "Hi, Mark? You on your way home? How long? Perfect. I need to run something by you. Something I think you'll enjoy."

Freshly showered Jamie went nervously down the stairs to the basement room. There was nobody there. He had not been down here often but knew that this was where the guys worked out and played their sexual games. It was lined with mirrors and Jamie admired his own reflection, simply dressed in jeans and tight, pale blue T-shirt. He waited apprehensively.

He heard footsteps on the stairs and got a surprise when Bob walked in. He was fully dressed in his business suit, shirt and tie as if he were going to the office. Even so, he looked stunning. Bob made no comment but he did look approvingly at the tall, handsome young blond standing before him. He walked over to a black leather bag that Randy kept in the corner and pulled out what he needed.

He came close to Jamie, looked deep into his eyes and quickly buckled leather restraints on his wrists. He clipped two ropes to the restraints and threw the other ends over the chin bar high above them. So in a few seconds Jamie's arms were stretched upward in a V, the ropes attached to each end of the bar. Bob stood back, took off his jacket and admired his work.

"Well, you asked for it, kid, and I gotta say you look damn beautiful like that." He took a step back and folded his arms. "OK, now try to get free."

Jamie looked at Bob, then up at his shackled wrists. He pulled first one arm, then the other but the rope held them fast.

"Come on, man. You can do better than that. What if I told you I'd whip you if you didn't get free?"

Alarmed, Jamie really struggled now, yanking on the ropes trying to snap them. He tried to scrape the rope across the bar in an attempt to fray it, but that clearly wouldn't work. Then he made Bob gasp. He grabbed the rope and, with all his strength, pulled himself up to the bar and grabbed it. With great effort he tried to loosen the rope round the bar.

As he looked upward and struggled, his body twisted and strained, his legs kicking wildly. His jeans slipped down his waist and came to rest halfway down his ass, so the crack, his tan line, and the top of his perfect mounds were visible. His T-shirt rode up his body, revealing the six-pack of his hard-muscled stomach. Bob gazed in awe at the beautiful young stud as he struggled. His hands dropped to the crotch of his dress pants and he stroked the bulge of his rigid tool underneath.

“God, that looks sensational, kid. You really are fucking beautiful tied up like that.” He walked right up to Jamie, who still grasped the bar above him. Bob put his arms around his waist and locked him in a bear hug. Jamie felt the breath being squeezed from him and he now had to struggle to get loose from the vise of the muscular arms wrapped round him.

The boy’s shirt had ridden higher and his waist and lower chest were bare. Bob pressed his face against the naked flesh and breathed in the smell of the youthful body, wet with sweat. He was intoxicated by the feel and scent of his young prisoner and the bear hug became intense. Jamie thought he would pass out and managed to stammer.

“Please, sir. You’re gonna crush me, sir. I can’t take it, sir. I’ll do anything for you. Anything! Please let me go, sir.”

“Don’t listen to him, buddy,” a deep voice growled. “He’s all yours.”

It was Mark.

Through his pain Jamie looked over Bob’s shoulder in shock and terror. Mark had silently come into the room, dressed in his full police officer uniform. Jamie’s mind reeled. He wanted to scream, to plead. He thought he was losing his mind.

“Just in time, man,” said Bob. “Here, give me a hand or rather two arms.”

Jamie saw the big cop walk round behind him, felt the uniformed body press against his back and two brawny arms wrap round him and join Bob’s. Jamie was now being crushed, front and back, by these two powerful body builders. The pressure of the two bodies was intense and his mind began to go dark. He knew he was losing consciousness when suddenly the pressure decreased. He was able to let go of the bar and his feet mercifully touched the floor.

But the men didn’t leave him. Instead their hands wrapped around each other’s backs and they hugged gently, with Jamie still in between. In his delirium he heard their voices.

“Welcome home, officer,” said Bob. “Thanks for your help.”

“Anytime, stud,” said Mark.

In total disbelief Jamie watched the two beautiful faces coming together over his shoulder and the glorious men kissed hungrily. Their faces rubbed against his cheek as they ground their lips together. Jamie heard them, felt them, as they made love to each other as if he wasn't there, trapped between them.

Then suddenly it was over. The cop and the businessman separated and Jamie was left standing alone, his arms still tied to the bar above his head. His mind still reeled from his helplessness, the pain of Bob's brutal bear hug and, most of all, the shock of his master's sudden return. What happened next was an even bigger surprise when Mark spoke.

"Join me in a beer, Bob?"

"Sure, man. So tell me about your trip."

Jamie was stunned. He was being ignored.

The contrast was hard to adjust to. From being crushed between the two men as they made love, Jamie was now a neglected bystander. The cop and the businessman sat together on the couch ten feet away from him, drinking beer and catching up on their weekend.

"Yeah," Mark said. "The Security Expo was terrific and I think Darius learned a lot. He's a great guy, you know, when you can get him out of his fantasy world. I can see why Randy made him foreman. What about your student?"

"He's a quick learner. He just needs more confidence. I thought a bit more discipline wouldn't hurt either."

"So I see," grinned Mark. "Good for you, man."

And so the conversation went on and the men downed one beer after another. Finally Mark stood up. "Well, guess I better get out of this uniform."

"I gotta change, too," said Bob, standing up. "Here, I'll give you a hand with that."

Jamie desperately wanted to get free. He struggled and tugged at the ropes but to no effect. He was a prisoner. Then he thought he was entering another world as he witnessed the scene that unfolded before him. The two handsome men faced each other, the smart business executive, dark-haired with sculpted good looks, and the uniformed blond cop, with stunning, classic Nordic features. They reached up and began to unbutton each other's shirt.

They seemed oblivious of the bound young man struggling to get free as they slowly undressed each other. The black cop shirt came off first, then Bob's dress shirt. They both had white T-

shirts underneath and they rubbed their hands over them, feeling the bulging pecs underneath. Jamie looked on wide-eyed as they reached behind each other's necks and pulled up on the T-shirts, which rose slowly over the abs, the chest then over the heads and off.

Stripped to the waist they looked at each other's beautiful torsos. "Jesus, man," Bob breathed to the cop. "You are so fucking beautiful." He ran his hands over Mark's naked chest and squeezed his nipples."

"Oh, yeah," Mark moaned and did the same for Bob. Jamie gasped as they squeezed hard, making each other groan with a mix of pain and pleasure. Again he struggled hopelessly to get free. Then the two men pressed their chests together, put their arms around each other and ground their torsos against each other. The young man's cock was raging inside his jeans and he longed to touch the growing bulge.

Then things got serious and went faster. With increasing passion they unbuttoned each other's flies and pulled down the pants. Boots and shoes came off until they were standing naked before each other. They sank to their knees, their bodies came together and they rolled over and over on the floor, in a passionate, building embrace. In a trance Jamie watched the two glorious muscle gods writhing together, their straining limbs locked in a strenuous battle for sexual supremacy.

They wrestled, kissed, thrashed, stroked each glorying in the feel and musky smell of a body as superb as his own. It was a sight Jamie would never forget. He struggled frantically, desperate to touch them, to feel their magnificent bodies, to shoot his load all over them. But he was trapped in the bondage he had asked for.

Mark was on top now, holding Bob down as he lay on the floor. Suddenly he grabbed his legs and pushed them over his head. Mark lowered his face and buried it hard against Bob's moist hole. He licked ravenously, tasting, smelling the stud's musky warmth.

Jamie watched spellbound as the furious rimming continued, until the cop finally came upright on his knees and pressed the head of his raging cock against the beautiful ass. Jamie held his breath, waiting for the moment where the cop's hard rod would penetrate the waiting hole.

"NO!" With a sudden surge of strength Bob put his feet on Mark's shoulders and pushed hard, making the cop rear up onto his feet. He stood over the naked man, shuddering with frustration. Bob too sprang to his feet and placed his hands on Mark's shoulders.

"Oh, man. Oh, fuck. Jesus I wanted that, but you know I can't. You know I can't surrender my ass to anyone except Randy. God, I'm sorry, man. But it belongs to him."

Mark sighed deeply. "You're right, buddy. I guess I got carried away. It's just that you are so fucking hot. And I'm so fucking juiced up. What am I gonna do with this?" and he pointed to his rigid shaft.

"Well," Bob said slowly. "There's always the young stud here." Jamie took a sharp intake of breath as they seemed to notice him for the first time.

"You're right," said Mark. "Jesus my dick needs a hot ass right now. And this kid is hot. But he's yours for the day, buddy."

"No. I owe you this, man. You take him first. But leave some for me. Check his ass out."

Mark stood behind Jamie, reached round to unbutton his fly and pulled the pants down round his ankles. "Oh, shit, man. That is some ass. I gotta get inside that."

Bob grinned. "Here, I'll hold him for you." In one quick move he grabbed the neck of Jamie's T-shirt and ripped the shirt clean off. Jamie trembled as he stood naked, his jeans round his ankles. For the second time that day Bob pressed his body against Jamie's and put his arms round him in a bear hug. His deep brown eyes penetrated Jamie's with an intense gaze and Jamie saw the trace of a smile on his face.

And suddenly he knew. All this had been for him. Bob had arranged with Mark that he would come in when he did, in full uniform. That's why Bob wore his suit they put on a show for him, a spectacular show that drove him wild with excitement and frustration. He had asked for bondage and he got it. Helplessly he had watched these two magnificent muscle gods strip each other naked and then make love before him, until the final moment when the penetration was abruptly abandoned.

And now! Now the two men had turned their attention to him. He was going to get fucked by his master and then by his new boss. Bob held him tight in his arms and Jamie felt his master's dick behind him touch his ass. He took a deep breath as he felt it slide all the way in. As it started to fuck him, slowly at first, then gathering speed, he looked into Bob's eyes and the face came closer. He felt Bob's lips touch his and immediately they were grinding each other's mouths, feeling, tasting, searching with their tongues.

Jamie was transported into another dimension. As before, he had one man hugging him from the front and another behind him. But this time they were naked and the man behind was pounding his ass. Jamie's rigid cock was being crushed between his body and Bob's. He was in a delirium of pure pleasure as he felt the two muscle studs work on him. Then Bob took charge.

"OK, man. Let him have it. Show him who his master is. Fill up his ass."

Jamie heard Mark yell and felt the eruption inside his ass as his master's orgasm exploded. At the same time his own cock pulsed and he felt the hot stream of creamy liquid shoot up between his own body and Bob's naked flesh pressing against him. The three men moaned and shuddered endlessly until finally their bodies subsided.

Jamie closed his eyes and was only dimly aware of the cock pulling out, of bodies moving, and when he opened his eyes he was looking into the smiling blue eyes of Mark, the man he worshipped. Bob and Mark had changed places.

Mark's voice was gentle. "You doing OK, kid? Thought we'd give you a treat."

Jamie's eyes filled with tears. "Thank you, sir. You did all this for me. You you really do love me, don't you?"

"Crazy about you, kid. Glad you finally realized. But hey, I still have to thank my buddy. I'm gonna lend your ass to him. And while he fucks you you're gonna make love to me. Got it?"

Jamie didn't need to reply. He felt his master's lips touch his at the same time as a second cock entered his ass. Bob's fucking was gentle, loving, as Mark made spectacular love to him, kissing him, licking his face, rubbing his muscular body against his that was still slick with his own cum. It was a truly thrilling sensation and Jamie relaxed back onto Bob's cock as it blasted cum into his ass, adding to the semen that his master had just poured into it.

And it was over. Bob set Jamie free and the three naked men looked at each other for a long moment. Then Jamie threw his arms round Bob's neck and said, "Thank you, sir. I'll never, ever forget that. I love you, sir. And I'll work real hard for you."

"You bet your ass, you will, kid. When you get off work tomorrow you report to my office, OK? Now I'm gonna hit the shower," and with a wink at Mark he left the room."

Mark frowned at Jamie. "My man, I still have a problem. Trouble is, for the last five hours on the freeway from Vegas I've had a Harley throbbing between my legs. You know how horny that always makes me. One good fuck just won't cut it. I'm greedy and you're my boy. Think you can make love to me again, kid? And again after that?"

"Just as often as you like, sir," Jamie smiled, and they went upstairs together.

Monday morning dawned sunny and hot. Randy and Pablo had got home late the night before and now Pablo, Darius and Jamie were making breakfast, tripping over each other to relate their stories of the weekend. The air was thick with exclamation "No way, dude!" "Awesome, man fucking awesome."

Soon, though, they all left for their jobs. All day Jamie was eager to get home that evening and start his work for Bob. When at last he walked into Bob's office at home he got a surprise. Bob had worked fast. In the corner of the room was a brand new work-station and computer. Jamie sat at it and put his hands on the keyboard.

"It's all yours, kid for my brand new assistant." Bob had just come in. "Now, let's get to work."

Much earlier that morning Randy had skipped breakfast and headed straight to the construction site. But he wasn't the first one there. Waiting at the gate, ready to begin work, was the architect the new apprentice Lloyd. He was dressed, as ordered, in the clothes he had been given the last time he was there Randy's old work pants and boots and the grimy tank top that still stank of Randy's sweat and piss.

Randy's eyes ran approvingly over the handsome face, with the trim moustache and goatee, and the chiseled physique. "Impressive, Lloyd. You've bulked up since we last met. Been working out hard, I see. Even got some hair on your chest." He ran his hands over the sculpted torso and Lloyd gasped as the fingers scraped against his nipples.

They walked across the construction site and into Randy's trailer office and confronted each other. Randy repeated the plan he had agreed to as a condition of hiring Lloyd permanently.

"OK, just so everything's clear. You work for me as one of the construction crew for four weeks. In the evening you stay here and work on the plans and blueprints in your architect role. At the end of this probationary period I decide if you'll become our full-time architect. Agreed?"

"Agreed." Randy noticed that Lloyd was no longer addressing him as 'sir'. "Soon fix that," he thought to himself.

As they looked at each other they both had mixed emotions. Randy's priority was to see if he could mold the arrogant man to fit in with the tough work crew rough him up a bit. He told himself there was nothing personal in it, but deep down his macho dominance was at work. Part of him admired the handsome, well-built man and he needed to subdue him as a matter of pride. Randy was always the alpha male and needed to prove it. He would never admit that even deeper down he felt a simmering lust for the man.

Lloyd's feelings were on a similar track. Above all he wanted to prove that he was man enough to join the crew. He wanted the job. But stronger than this was his admiration and hunger for this incredible stud. He had been already been fucked and humiliated by him and was reluctant to face the truth he had loved it and wanted more.

Neither man would admit that they both felt their dicks stir in their pants.

“Hey, Luke!” Randy yelled. The rest of the crew was arriving and one of them strode over in answer to Randy’s call. “This here is Lloyd.”

“Yeah,” said Luke. “I’ve seen the architect here before. Never looked like this, though,” he grinned. Luke was a big, beefy guy shirtless, plenty of hair on his chest but none on his shaved head. He had worked for Randy for years and usually knew what the boss wanted. He knew this time too.

“Lloyd’s gonna be working here for the next four weeks,” Randy said. “Think you can take care of him for me?”

“Sure thing, boss. Yeah, no sweat, I’ll take care of him alright.”

Lloyd looked at Randy, startled. “But I thought I’d be working with you.”

“For’ me, Lloyd, not ‘with’. You’ll be working with Luke.”

And he abruptly turned and went back to the trailer, leaving Lloyd with the brawny, bald-headed construction worker.

And Luke knew just how to take care of Lloyd. Luke worked on the principal that if there was a dirty, unpleasant task to be done it was given to the low man on the totem pole. “And you’re the lowest, Lloyd,” he growled. So all day in the scorching sun Lloyd sweated and strained through the most menial work on the site. He dug ditches, demolished old walls, broke up concrete and anything else Luke commanded.

At one point they discovered that there was a blockage in a wide drainage pipe. Luke made Lloyd crawl through the pipe to open it up. He emerged with his handsome face and body streaked with grease, dirt and rust stains.

He endured the physical tests of strength, but the hardest thing was catching sight of Randy, his wet tank clinging to his chest, sometimes with his arm over Darius’s shoulder explaining work projects to him. God, he wanted to be close to the man he wanted to serve him.

The exhausting day finally ended and Randy called him into the office.

“Jeez, you’re a fucking mess, Lloyd. Looks good on you. Anyway, now your architect duties begin. There are new plans here that you need to go over. There’s food in the refrigerator over there. You’ll sleep the night here on the couch. If it gets cold there’s a bunch of my old filthy clothes in the dirty laundry pile in the corner. Feel free to wear what you want.”

As Randy turned to leave, he added, "By the way, you did OK today, Lloyd. I was watching."

"Thank you, sir," Lloyd stammered. (Randy heard with satisfaction that the 'sir' was back.)

Lloyd desperately wanted to say more just touch him, for God's sake but Randy's look was intimidating.

"Get some sleep," Randy said. "You're gonna need your strength for tomorrow." And he was gone. Lloyd was alone.

Lloyd turned to the drawing board in an agony of frustration and longing. Evidently Randy saw him just as a work horse, nothing else. He worked for a few hours on the plans but he was exhausted. He needed to sleep. But he didn't lie on the couch.

Instead he knelt on the floor in front of the pile of Randy's old, filthy clothes. His mind was spinning. He fell forward and buried his head in the pile, breathing deeply, inhaling the essence of the man, the dirt on the pants, the sweat on his shirts, the piss in his shorts. He couldn't get enough of this man who was driving him wild.

He knelt back up and stared down at the clothes. He pulled his raging cock out of his pants and started to stroke it. In his mind he saw the image of Randy as he had been today, sweat running from his black hair and down his handsome face, his magnificent physique straining under his tight tank as he worked.

"God you're beautiful," he breathed as his body shuddered and his cock erupted in a long stream of hot cum that splashed on the pile on the floor. He was sobbing with frustration as he fell forward and buried his face in the heap of stinking clothes.

And that's how he slept all night.

#

Chapter 54 – Lloyd's Trial by Lust

As he began to wake, Lloyd's senses returned to him slowly especially his sense of smell. Still half asleep he became aware of the rancid smell of sweat and piss, the smell of Randy, the construction boss. The stink was overpowering but Lloyd wanted it. He wallowed in it, in the essence of the man who had become an obsession for him. And that's how he now struggled back into consciousness, his mind and his senses still full of the man whose image haunted him.

Lloyd had dreamed of his handsome face, sweat running from his tousled black hair down to his square, stubbled chin, his magnificent physique straining under his tight tank as he worked.

And then, suddenly, there was the man himself. Not sure if he was still dreaming Lloyd looked up at the figure looming in the doorway. He was not sure if the image was real of the tall, rugged, muscular construction worker in his usual cargo pants and tank top. But then the deep voice made it real.

“What the fuck you doing down there Lloyd on those stinking clothes? Come on, get up. Time to start work. Luke’s waiting with your first job.” And he abruptly left the trailer.

“Shit!” Lloyd moaned to himself. “Damn him.” Randy was all but ignoring him as he worked on the site. He had assigned him to the supervision of Luke, the experienced, burly construction worker with the shaved head. As he worked with Luke, Lloyd had tried in vain to ignore Randy too, but every time he caught sight of him his cock got hard. And he had a month to go of this torment.

He staggered to his feet, still wearing Randy’s old work pants and sweaty tank he had been given. He wore them continuously and they were becoming more rancid and filthy by the hour. He had not showered (only the hose was available for that anyway) and he just had time to piss in the toilet out back before starting his grueling day.

Despite his earlier immaculate, preppy appearance, Lloyd was surprisingly tough. He could take the punishing physical work, but the sexual frustration of seeing Randy was driving him crazy. God, he ached to be close to the man he longed to serve him

So began another day digging, hammering, breaking concrete, crawling through greasy pipes anything Luke assigned to him as the lowest worker on the team. At the end of this apprenticeship Randy would decide if he would become their full-time architect. Lloyd wanted the job desperately so now, more than anything, he wanted to prove that he was man enough to join the crew.

The work was degrading but Lloyd would do anything to please the rugged construction boss. Two weeks earlier he had been fucked and humiliated by him and he now had to face the truth he had loved it and wanted more.

The sun beat down on the handsome, well-built architect as he sweated and strained through the brutal manual labor. And always, always, there was Randy at a distance, taking no notice of him. Even during the lunch break Lloyd ate with the crew while Randy ate with his foreman Darius in the trailer, discussing the projects for the afternoon.

The day dragged on, a day of physical exhaustion and sexual frustration as the once arrogant architect was transformed into a dirt-stained construction worker. Near the end of the shift he

was heaving on a rope, helping Luke and another guy haul a beam upward to its assigned position. Suddenly he heard Randy's deep voice.

"OK, Luke. I'll take over from this guy now. I need him to go into the trailer and work on the blueprints." Lloyd winced. Randy hadn't addressed him directly, hadn't even used his name "this guy." He felt the closeness of the boss's sweaty body as the muscular arms reached round him and grabbed the rope from him. His cock stiffened immediately. "Shit!" he murmured to himself as he walked to the trailer. "Fuck! Damn him!"

Inside the trailer office Lloyd started to study the new blueprints but he couldn't concentrate. He was drawn to the window. He didn't want to be seen so he stood back from the glass a little as he watched the scene unfold outside.

The three guys were still trying to place the beam but it was being obstinate. Randy was sweating and losing his grip. He secured the rope and Lloyd watched as the big man wiped his hands on the front of his tank top, then pulled the shirt right off and used it to wipe the sweat off his face his chest and his hands.

Lloyd was mesmerized by the image of Randy, stripped to the waist, his chiseled body flexing, his veins clearly etched as he grasped the rope again and hauled it with all his strength. His back muscles rippled, his lats flared and his shoulders bulged with the intensity of the effort. His face and body streamed with sweat, and his wet black hair stuck to his forehead. He looked magnificent and Lloyd was in a frenzy of admiration and lust, his cock rock hard.

Without even being aware he was doing it Lloyd unzipped his work pants, pulled out his cock and began to stroke it. He watched the sweat stream over Randy's glorious body, soaking the pants round the waist, the stain running down to the bulge in his crotch. He saw Randy take a deep breath for the final effort, his legs spread wide, his entire body bulging as his muscles were pushed to their limit.

The beam finally swung into place, the rope slackened and Randy let go. Lloyd gazed hypnotically at the glorious man standing shirtless, taking deep breaths, his gleaming muscles still heaving and flexing with the residual exhaustion of his intense effort.

Suddenly Lloyd's view was obscured as the window was covered in a creamy white film. He became rigid as he saw cum pouring from his own cock and splashing onto the glass before him. Breathing heavily he was horrified at what had just happened even more when he realized that his orgasm had caused him to scream. The sound reached Randy who quickly raised his head and saw white liquid pouring down the inside of the window. His reaction was instant.

"OK, guys," he said to Luke and the other worker. "Good job. That's it for today. You can cut out now. I still have something to do." And he strode over to the trailer. Lloyd had quickly pulled off his tank top to clean the window but he froze as the door crashed open.

“What the fuck?” Randy roared. “What the hell’s going on here?”

“It’s nothing, sir. I was just going to clean the window.”

“The hell you are!” Randy grabbed his wrist. “What’s that on the glass? And don’t lie to me, asshole. What is it?”

Lloyd was scared but tried to brazen it out.

“It’s my cum,” he said.

“And what the fuck’s it doing there?”

“I was looking out the window, sir, and it made me cum.”

“What did?”

Lloyd gulped.

“I said, what did?”

“You, sir. I was looking at you haul that beam up and and it made me cum.”

“You sick fuck!” Randy roared. “You were getting your rocks off looking at me and shot your load?”

“Yes, sir.”

Randy glared at him and Lloyd withered under the fierce gaze of the penetrating blue eyes. Randy grabbed the tank top from Lloyd’s hand, spun him around and tied the shirt round his wrists behind his back.

“You got one thing right, shithead. You’re gonna clean the window real good. Now!” and he pushed the trembling architect’s face against the window. Lloyd knew what he had to do. He began to lick hard at the glass, scooping and sucking the creamy liquid and swallowing hard. His hands firmly tied behind his back he leaned his head forward and worked furiously.

Randy stood back and watched him. He was angry, sure, but there was something else. The sight was incredible. The handsomely sculpted features were pressed against the glass, white juice smearing Lloyd’s cheeks, his moustache and goatee beard. The effort of bending forward made his shirtless body strain, his perfect, naked torso flexing and gleaming with effort. The sight was at once pathetic and electrifying, the iconic image of a beautiful man humbled and degraded.

Randy's emotions were mixed as he suddenly realized the extent of Lloyd's lust for him. Randy had not personal vanity he knew what he was and the sexual magnetism he had over others. When the heads turned, as they always did, he paid no attention simply took it for granted. Nevertheless, at this moment he could not resist a sense of satisfaction that this particular man had succumbed so completely to his intense sexuality.

Also, he had to admit as the architect licked the window, he did look incredible. Shit, Randy felt his cock getting hard and that intensified his anger. Lloyd was here to be worked and humiliated and here Randy was watching him with a hard-on.

No! He'd be damned if he'd let that happen. His one goal was to mold the arrogant architect to fit in with the tough work crew rough him up a bit. He told himself there was nothing personal in it, but deep down his macho dominance was kicking in. Part of him admired the strong, handsome man and he needed to subdue him as a matter of pride. Randy was always the alpha male and needed to prove it now more than ever.

He would never admit that he had any feelings for the man. No, he had to get over this, had to dominate him, show him that he was here to work. Randy had ignored him up to now. But after this he had to demonstrate once and for all who was boss, to cure him of his infatuation.

"So that's why you came here, asshole" Randy growled. "Not to work but to beat off looking at me. We'll I'll soon cure you of that, you piece of shit. I'll show you what sex means around here. I fucked you once to punish you but evidently that wasn't enough. Believe me, after this you won't want it again."

In a series of rapid moves Randy untied Lloyd's wrists behind him, spun him around, and retied his wrists in front of him. He dragged him over to a wall where there was a big coat hook above a mirror. He pushed the prisoner face-first against the mirror, pulled his arms up and hung the bound wrists over the hook. Then he yanked the pants down so they hung round his ankles. His ass was bare, vulnerable.

Lloyd looked into the mirror wide-eyed, his thoughts spinning. He had wanted to be near the man, dreamed of being fucked again by him, but as he saw in the mirror the look of fury in the steel blue eyes over his shoulder he was terrified. This was not going to be sex. This was retribution.

Now, Randy could be a great fuck or a brutal fuck. This was going to be the latter. He looked down at the perfectly rounded, defenseless ass and his cock got hard again. He lost no time as he pulled his rigid cock from his pants, pressed against the naked back and, in one savage move, plunged his thick dick deep inside the architect's ass. The scream was deafening as Lloyd bucked and reared trying to ease the excruciating pain of the rod in his ass.

“NO!” he yelled. “Please, sir. Not like that. I can’t take it

” but his voice trailed away into sobs. Randy ignored his screams, running on the adrenaline of pure, cold anger. He pulled his cock all the way out and plunged it back in again, deep into the back of the man’s gut. From then on it was a relentless piston, ramming again and again into the tortured hole. Randy became an animal, intent only on brutalizing the agonized ass.

“That’s it, you shithead, feel what it’s like to get fucked by a man. So, you get off looking at me, eh? Well after this you’ll hate the sight of me, guaranteed. I’m gonna rip you open, man”

In a delirium of pain Lloyd looked into the mirror, first at the image over his shoulder, then at his own tortured face, his handsome features now twisted in despair, gleaming with sweat, tears pouring from his eyes. The rod in his ass felt like a red hot poker, reaming his shattered hole. His whole body shuddered as he tried to speak, to plead.

“Please, sir,” he sobbed. “I beg you. Please stop. You’re tearing me apart. I can’t take any more, sir. I’ll do anything. Please

I’m begging you, sir.”

“Shut the fuck up, asshole. This is what you wanted. You’ve had this coming a long time. I’ll ruin you this time.”

Lloyd sobbed and his ravaged body hung on the wall, his arms and shoulders bulging with the strain. His voice grew weaker as he groaned, “Please, sir. I can’t take it. Please stop fucking me. Please end it, sir. I beg you cum in my ass.”

“OK, fucker, you got it!” With one last mighty plunge of his massive shaft Randy pinned the body to the wall and blasted a huge stream of hot cum deep inside the shattered ass. Lloyd uttered one final, desperate scream, collapsed against the mirror and went blank.

When he came to seconds later it took him a while to realize that the brutal cock was no longer in his ass. He looked in the mirror and through his daze saw Randy doing up his pants and turning to leave.

“That’s it, Lloyd,” he growled. “That’ll cure you on any sexual fantasies you have about me. From now on it’s all work, get it? For me you’re nothing just a hired hand. Do you understand that, you prick?”

“Yes, sir,” Lloyd moaned.

Without another word Randy spun round and slammed the door as he went out, leaving the broken man moaning, hanging from the wall. Lloyd hung there limply for some time until he was able to gather his strength. Finally he reached up high enough to unhook his wrists and he slumped to the floor. He managed to untie the shirt from his wrists, then he dragged his broken, naked body slowly, agonizingly across the floor.

When he reached the corner his head fell on the pile of Randy's stinking clothes and he breathed in the smell of sweat and piss of the rugged construction worker who had just pounded him into oblivion. Instantly he fell into a tortured sleep.

In the days that followed Randy made no mention of the event and ignored Lloyd as much as before. The shattered architect felt numb as his body went through the ritual of pain, hard labor and physical degradation.

But Randy had been wrong about one thing. The savage incident had not cooled Lloyd's feelings for him. Far from hating him, far from losing his sexual hunger, Randy's brute strength had only intensified Lloyd's infatuation for him. He had been badly hurt and he wanted more. Randy's power, his rugged masculinity was so overwhelming that Lloyd had to admit it was now more than sex. He actually wanted to feel pain at the hands of this incredible man. He ached to submit to him.

So the days dragged on into the second week and the only change was in Randy himself. Though he largely ignored Lloyd he still glanced at him occasionally to check on his progress. And he found himself being impressed. Above all Randy admired guts and determination in a man and Lloyd was proving that he had plenty. As the grueling work progressed Lloyd was changing from his clean-cut preppy look to the hard-muscled, dirt-covered, sweaty look of a real construction worker.

It was early afternoon one day when Randy was working in his trailer office. He took a break from the paperwork, stood up and stretched and looked idly through the window. He watched the crew work, and off to one side was Lloyd. Luke had assigned him to a small demolition project. There was a concrete slab that needed to be removed but the power drills were being used elsewhere so Lloyd was told to break up the concrete with a pickaxe

In the intense heat Lloyd had taken off his tank top and now, stripped to the waist, he was swinging his axe down hard on the slab. His body flexed, his muscles bulged and his torso streamed with sweat as he concentrated on his task.

"Damn, he's changed," breathed Randy as he watched Lloyd work. After so much intense labor his physique had become more muscular, more chiseled. He had not shaved or showered since he arrived so his chin was heavily stubbled, his tangled hair fell over his handsome face and his muscles strained under a coat of dirt, grease and sweat. He was, Randy had to admit, an incredible looking stud.

The big construction boss became mesmerized by the sight of the beautiful, straining body as it flexed with every swing of the axe. Randy was unaware that his hand had dropped down to his bulging crotch. As he gazed through the window he felt a burning sensation in his cock, so intense that he glanced downward.

“Shit! Damn!” he said out loud. He realized that he had pulled out his cock and was stroking it into a hard erection. “No! Fuck it. And fuck him.” Determined not to shoot his load Randy hastily pushed his cock in his pants and zipped up. He paced the room, furious more at himself than at Lloyd. The last thing he wanted was to feel sexual attraction for the fucking architect. Besides, he had everything he wanted at home. Shit, he had the most beautiful, glorious man in the world, a man who belonged to him.

Suddenly he stormed out of the trailer, strode off the site and leapt into his truck. He took off with a squeal of tires on gravel.

At the house Bob was alone in his office, barefoot in T-shirt and jeans. All the other guys were at work and Bob took advantage of the quiet afternoon to catch up on work that had piled up. His intense concentration was broken by the screech of brakes outside and the slam of a truck door. Bob was startled, not expecting anyone home at this hour.

In a few seconds the door to his office slammed open and there was Randy, breathing heavily, his body heaving and sweating. But what stunned Bob the most was the wild look in the steel blue eyes. Bob had seen that look before and guessed what was coming.

Randy didn't speak. He strode over to his lover, grabbed his arm and whirled him around to face the desk. He pushed him forward over the desk and with one powerful move yanked his jeans down around his ankles. Bob braced himself as he heard pants being unzipped and then felt the hard knob of a cock against his ass. He yelled mightily as his master's rod plunged into him, slammed into the back of his gut, then pulled out and slammed again.

The fucking was intense, but Bob was used to this from Randy and the pleasure always outweighed the pain. He leaned further forward and gripped the edge of the desk as the powerful hammering continued, the rod pulling all the way out then smashing back into his hole. His ass, his whole body was on fire as he endured the pain of the piston ripping into him.

He heard Randy's heavy breathing become more ragged, felt the powerful body flex, then heard the echoing roar as his master's cock exploded in Bob's ravaged ass. Bob could not hold back. No need to touch his own cock. With a life of its own it blasted a stream of heavy white juice that poured all over the desk, papers and all.

He was still gathering his breath when he felt the huge rod pull back out of his ass. He didn't even turn round. He heard the zip of pants, heard the door open and slam shut, heard the roar of the truck's engine as it sped away.

Bob slumped over the desk to recover, then pulled back and looked downward. The papers he had been working on were smothered in his own cum. He smiled, shook his head and murmured, "You son-of-a-bitch."

As the truck raced back to the construction site Randy's breathing was subsiding and his face broke into a broad, satisfied smile. He said out loud to himself, "Who needs you, Lloyd, when I already have the hottest fucking guy on the planet?"

"We need to have a meeting." It was a week later and Mark was talking to Randy and Bob. "We've got all these new proposals from customers piling up and we need to get serious about our expansion."

"Agreed," said Bob. "And this time the boys should be included. After all, we said we want to get them more involved."

Randy remained silent, his thoughts elsewhere. Bob knew what was on his mind and attacked the subject head on.

"And we have to include Lloyd. If he winds up as our staff architect he'll be pivotal in assessing the potential of upcoming jobs."

Randy grunted. He had tried to keep his distance from Lloyd but he saw the logic of their arguments. "OK," he growled. "Set it up."

As usual the atmosphere was raucous when all six guys were gathered round the table. Randy silenced them by slamming his palm down on the table and fixing them with his piercing gaze. Bob spoke first.

"OK, you all know we're thinking of expanding the company and I'd be interested to hear first what the boys think of this, since we've included you in several aspects of the operation. Obviously payroll is a major consideration. Jamie?"

Bob had been training Jamie intensely on this and the young man spoke up. "Well, sir. It may not cost as much as you'd think. See, if we hire casual labor and part-timers as independent contractors we pay no fringe benefits or payroll taxes, and they like it 'cause they have no deductions. 'Course, there'll be additional security guards to pay."

"Not so many," Darius chimed in. "At the Vegas Expo we looked at new security cameras that are tamper-proof. Can't even shoot them out. So one security guy and a few cameras can do the work of several."

“What about the mechanical equipment?” Randy asked. “That’s a shit load of maintenance.”

“I can handle that,” said Pablo. “I know I’ve mostly worked on cars, trucks and bikes at the Motor Pool, but I’ve taken a look at the machinery on the site and it’s not so tough. ‘Course, I’d need the help of a couple of the crew on the real heavy stuff.”

There was a pause as everyone looked at Randy. They were relieved to see a grin spread over his face as he stood up. “I guess that’s it then,” he said jokingly. “Seems like the boys can handle everything. Bob, Mark, we’ll let them take over and we can go for a swim.”

“Asshole!” Bob smiled and pulled him back down on his chair. Their laughter was silenced by the ring of the doorbell.

“I’ll go,” said Darius and ran to the front door. When he opened it he stepped back startled. “Wow,” he gasped involuntarily. “Er, come in Lloyd. Bob said you’d be joining us.”

When the two men walked into the room and there was a stunned silence as everyone looked up at the new arrival. Lloyd was not the same preppy, well-groomed architect who had last been in the house three weeks ago. This man had beefed up, his muscular physique was now chiseled to perfection. And the neat grooming was gone. His hair had grown long and hung disheveled over his handsome face. The square jaw no longer had a neat goatee it was covered with several week’s growth of dark stubble.

He was wearing the same clothes he had worn for the last three weeks, Randy’s filthy old work pants and the tight tank top that now stretched over his newly defined chest. He stood tall, erect, as his body gleamed in the morning sun streaming through the windows. But there was a distinctive scent about him rather a stink of stale sweat and piss.

Randy sensed the awe around the table and diffused it by breaking the silence.

“Shit, you stink, Lloyd. For God’s sake go take a shower. Get cleaned up so you’re fit to sit down with us.”

His harsh words visibly deflated Lloyd, and Bob flashed a critical look at his buddy, shaking his head in frustration. When the hell was Randy ever gonna let up on the guy? Bob tried to smooth the tension.

“Darius, why don’t you take Lloyd to your shower? And then lend him some of your clothes. Find something that fits.”

“Sure thing, sir,” said Darius eagerly, his mind already racing ahead into the realm of fantasy. He jumped up. “Follow me, Lloyd.”

“Here’s the shower,” said Darius. “Is there anything I can do for you? Anything at all?”

“No thanks,” Lloyd replied. “I can take it from here.” But as Darius lingered in the doorway Lloyd realized he was intent on watching. He didn’t care he was just relishing the thought and feel of his first hot shower in three weeks. He stripped off his sweaty tank top, kicked off his boots and stepped out of the mud-caked pants. He heard Darius’s sharp intake of breath as he stepped naked into the shower.

Darius craned his neck to see the shape of the beautiful body through the steam behind the shower door. He didn’t care what had gone down between Randy and Lloyd. He knew a gorgeous man when he saw one and wanted to get his fill. The shower took some time so Darius went to his closet and decided what clothes to pick out for Lloyd.

He was still operating in fantasy mode as he envisioned Lloyd in different flattering outfits. He knew how to make a man look good and pulled out just the thing. When Lloyd had finished and slid open the shower door there was Darius waiting with a thick towel.

“Thanks, Darius,” Lloyd said. “God, that shower felt good.”

“Guess it makes a change from the construction site hose,” Darius grinned. Then he watched in awe as the tall, handsome man rubbed the towel over his stunning body.

“Here, let me get the back for you,” Darius said, picking up another towel and running it over the muscular V-shaped back. He ran it over the shoulders, down over the lats, down to the waist and then brought it (unnecessarily) round the front to rub the six-pack abs.

Lloyd caught sight of the huge bulge in the black man’s pants and couldn’t hide his smile. “Thanks, man, but I think I can manage. These the clothes for me?”

Yeah, I chose them special. I’ll throw these in the laundry,” Darius said, picking up the rancid shirt and pants Lloyd had taken off.

“No, don’t do that,” Lloyd blurted out. He blushed. “Put them in a bag and I’ll take them home with me.”

Darius grinned broadly and Lloyd knew that he understood perfectly. Sex was never far from the boy’s mind.

The meeting was in full swing when Darius returned.

“What kept you so long, punk?” growled Randy.

“Just wanted to make sure Lloyd had everything he needed.”

“Yeah, I bet you did,” said his lover Pablo. Darius kissed him on the mouth.

“Don’t worry dude. It’s always you, only you.”

The general laughter died suddenly as Lloyd came into the room. He looked stunning. Darius had carefully chosen his tightest muscle T-shirt, black jeans and heavy boots. There was no mistaking the ripped muscles etched under the stretched cotton, and the sleeveless shirt showed off the shoulders and arms perfectly. The shirt tapered in a V from the broad shoulders down to the slim waist, the pants cinched by Darius’s widest black belt.

“You son of a bitch,” Pablo muttered as Darius grinned at everyone, pleased by the effect his choice of clothes was having. The black outfit accentuated the now rugged features of Lloyd’s face and there was a long silence as everyone stared at him, even Randy who felt his cock stiffen in spite of himself. It was Bob who broke the silence.

“OK, Lloyd. Take a seat. I think Randy has already shown you the proposals we’ve received. We need to know from an architectural point of view which ones we could reasonably take on as we expand the company.”

Lloyd became all business. “These two, I think, would be feasible and not stretch the company too thin. I could design them in a way that you could tackle them simultaneously.” As Lloyd elaborated expertly on his reasons the others listened with rapt attention.

Only Randy seemed to be distracted, his thoughts elsewhere. As he watched Lloyd, clean and sexy in his black clothes, he was overcome with admiration for the man who had undergone such brutal treatment, suffered so much humiliation, and had the guts to survive. Randy admired strength and endurance and this guy had it all. Plus he had become one hell of a good-looking stud.

Bob looked over at Randy and smiled. The two guys knew each other so well by now that they could almost read each other’s thoughts. As Lloyd’s presentation came to an end Bob raised his eyebrows questioningly at Randy, who stood up and spoke.

“Lloyd. Come outside with me for a minute.”

Out in the garden the two men turned to face each other. Lloyd was apprehensive and was surprised to see a smile on Randy’s face. Randy shook his head.

“You are one tough son-of-a-bitch, you know that Lloyd. I have never seen a guy suffer so much, all the pain and humiliation, and come through it unbroken. And now here you are,

without any bitterness or hard feelings, giving us your great expert advice. Thing is, man, I know I caused all that suffering. I resented the hell out of you for that night you spent with Bob. And I'll be frank I resented your professional expertise, your fancy college degrees and oh hellyour fucking great looks. I needed to tame all that, dominate it."

"You did, sir. Completely."

"I also know that you tolerated all that because of the way you feel about me. Well, lots of people have felt the same way about me, I'm used to it, but I've never seen a guy go through so much hell to prove it. I would shake your hand Lloyd, but I'm not going to. I'm gonna do this."

Randy reached out and put his hand behind Lloyd's neck. He pulled his face up to his and clamped his mouth over Lloyd's, grinding their lips together in a long, ferocious, probing embrace. The two handsome, rugged faces locked together in an expression of mutual admiration and lust, and both their dicks were rigid in their pants. Finally Randy pulled back and his blue eyes gazed into Lloyd's.

"I know you've wanted me to do that since we first met, Lloyd."

Lloyd was beyond words. He threw his arms around the big man in a tight, passionate bear hug. Randy returned the embrace momentarily but again pulled back.

"Later, man, later. Right now we've got a meeting to get back to." As they walked back to the house Randy added, "Oh, one more thing. When we're with the others no need to call me 'sir'. You only do that when we're alone. Just so you don't forget who's boss."

"No fear of that sir."

The other five guys looked up as the two men returned. There was a glow about them and it was clear something major had happened. Randy held up his hand for silence.

"OK guys, listen up. I have something to say. I'm ending Lloyd's probationary period early right now in fact. I put the guy through hell and he's earned his place with us. I did the same to all of you when you first came here, starting with Bob, so you know what I'm talking about. So the man's hired. Say hi to our new full-time architect." Randy sat down next to Bob.

Amid the whoops and whistles Bob turned to Randy with a smile and said quietly, "You son-of-a-bitch. What the hell took you so long?"

"Asshole!" Randy grinned. Then out loud. "OK, guys. We'll break for lunch and carry on afterwards. Darius, Pablo, Jamie kitchen now! Bob, Mark, and you too Lloyd, how about a swim? And Darius. Bring us out three no make that fourbeers."

Outside, Mark was first in the pool. As Bob and Randy stripped off for their swim, they watched Lloyd pull his clothes off. No doubt about it, he looked even more beautiful naked. Bob looked down and saw Randy's cock start to get hard.

"Hmm," Bob murmured. "From here on out things could get a tad complicated."

Randy threw his arm over his lover's shoulder. "Should be one hell of a ride, though, old buddy."

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Chapter 55 – The Capture – and Rescue – of Darius

Darius was having a bad day. In fact he had been having a bad week. It was some weeks now since his big fight with Pablo, which had resulted in harsh punishment by Randy; all three of the boys spent a weekend scrubbing the empty, sun-baked pool. But things were not entirely patched over and their relationship was still rocky.

Part of the problem was Darius's endless flights into fantasy. Most of the time this led to harmless imaginings centered on beautiful men. But it had its negative side too, like now. Darius had got it into his head, fantasized, that Pablo and Jamie were getting close too close and no amount of Pablo's reassurance to the contrary helped.

Now, to make matters worse, work was a problem, and it centered on the new hire, Lloyd. Now that Randy had embraced him as the full-time architect there was an intimacy between them that seemed to go deep. Up to now Darius had always spent much of his shift as foreman discussing projects with Randy. But now Randy's mind was on future planning and that was Lloyd's expertise. So the two men spent long hours in the trailer hammering out the details of the two new projects they were taking on, to the neglect of Darius.

Randy was so engrossed with Lloyd that he was inadvertently abrupt with Darius, and the final straw came at the lunch break. Darius routinely ate lunch with Randy in the trailer, but now things had changed and Randy was short with him.

"Hey, kid," he said. "Lloyd and I are busy in here. Have your lunch with the crew outside." And the trailer door closed in his face.

Darius gritted his teeth for the rest of the day until he left work for the weekend. He was in a foul mood when he got home and hit the roof when he saw Pablo talking and laughing with Jamie.

“Fuck you, asshole,” he shouted. “I don’t know why I bother to come home at all. Seems like you got everything you need right here. You don’t need me. These days nobody does.”

Pablo lost his cool completely. “Oh shut the fuck up, dude. What? I can’t talk to my buddy here? If it bothers you so much why do you come home? I’m sick of your twisted fantasies. Why don’t you just get the hell out and leave me alone?”

The sound of the crashing door echoed round the house as Darius stormed out. A small part of him knew he had over-reacted but he was not thinking straight. He was running on hurt and anger as he jumped into his truck and slammed his hands on the steering wheel.

“Fuck him. And fuck Randy. Fuck the lot of them. They don’t need me. Nobody does. Well I don’t need them either. Shit, there are plenty of guys would go ape-shit for me. I can get whatever I want. I’ll show them.” He sped off over the hill to Silver Lake and wound up at one of the area’s gay leather bars.

It was early evening, so the room was pretty empty. Darius slumped over the bar and ordered a beer. “And keep them coming,” he said to the bartender.

Half an hour later he was drunk. He became aware of a guy a few stools over looking at him. Shit, the guy was a leather fantasy, dressed in full biker gear from his cap and dark glasses down to his heavy motor cycle boots. His voice was gruff.

“What’s the matter, kid? Your boyfriend dump you?”

“You might say that. Everyone dumped me.”

“Nah good looking stud like you? Forget the fuckers. Who needs ‘em? Wanna come for a ride?”

Darius looked over at the leatherman and, through his drunken haze, the guy looked kinda hot, though he couldn’t see the face well behind the dark glasses. One of his fantasies was a biker in full leather and this guy sort of fit the bill. Without thinking Darius said, “Sure, why not? Fuck ‘em all. I’ll show them.”

In a few minutes he was astride the guy’s bike, his arms wrapped round the black leather jacket, and they sped away. “Where we going anyway?” he shouted over the roar of the engine.

“Palmdale!” the guy yelled back.

Pablo slept alone that Friday night, though he didn't sleep much. This was the first night they had been apart without Pablo knowing where Darius was. It was unheard of for Darius to take off without telling his lover where he was going.

Pablo spent Saturday in a mood of gloom and self-recrimination. He should never have said what he did to Darius, telling him to get the hell out. He turned to Randy for reassurance.

"He's gone," he said. "And it's all my fault. He was in a foul mood something had been bothering him at work all week and I didn't support him. It's my fault."

Randy winced when he heard this. He knew immediately what had caused Darius's 'foul mood.' Randy had been so involved with Lloyd, so close to him, that Darius's nose had been put out of joint. Shit! Still, he tried to reassure Pablo.

"Don't worry kid. Just a lover's quarrel. Every relationship has its ups and downs. He'll be back."

But he wasn't. Saturday dragged into Sunday morning and still no Darius. Even Randy started to worry and shared his concern with Mark. The cop said he would put the word out at his Division for his buddies to keep an eye open for Darius's truck.

As it was one of their own who was personally involved the cops paid special attention and the results were amazingly fast. Darius's truck was found parked in a red zone close to a gay leather bar in Silver Lake and it had a parking ticket. It had apparently been there since Friday. Seems Darius must have gone to the bar and left with someone.

"Jesus Christ," Pablo wailed. "Where the fuck is he?"

Darius was at that moment wondering the same thing. His fantasy had become a nightmare.

He had clung onto the biker as they raced north, apparently headed to Palmdale. He wasn't sure where that was, except it was north of the city, pretty remote, and as the wind blew in his face for the hour-long ride he started to become sober, then anxious, then panicked.

"Hey, man" he shouted. "I'm not into this anymore. Take me back to the city."

The biker's only response was to laugh and speed up, and the only thing the scared young black guy could do was hang on. But he at least had the presence of mind to pay attention to where they were going in the desolate, empty landscape. Finally, in the sparse, sandy wastes outside of Palmdale they swung off toward Leona Valley and then bumped onto a dirt trail, under an old arch that said 'Skull Head Ranch.' They bumped up the trail to an old, sprawling house. Standing in front was a massive, bearded biker in full leather.

"Hey. What you got for us there, buddy?" The guy was obviously the boss of the outfit. "You nabbed a good one this time. Yes sir, a fine black slave. Just what we need."

The two guys pulled the terrified boy off the bike, dragged him to a small hut and threw him in. The sound of a key turning in a padlock filled Darius with panic and despair.

The next morning, in this God-forsaken place miles from anywhere, Darius stood in the blazing sun stripped to the waist in jeans and boots. There were four of them, all in full leather, sitting around grinning at him. The boss got up and towered over him.

"Here's the deal, stud. We need us a drainage ditch all the way to the road, and me and the boys, well we ain't much for digging. That's why my boy here picked you up. You look like a tough dude. You'll do fine. Oh, and by the way. Don't even think of trying to get away. We're in the middle of nowhere here and one of the boys'll be watching you. If you don't cooperate I'll rip that fine body of yours to pieces. See this?"

The thug held a long bull whip that he cracked on the ground. Darius knew better than to say anything. Just go along with this, he thought, at least for now. His cell phone and wallet had been taken from him so he had no way to alert anyone. In mounting despair he picked up the shovel and began digging as instructed.

The four leathermen sat around and drank beer watching him work. "Hell," one of the bikers said, "that sure is a sweet sight. Look at that fine black stud work, will ya? Always wanted a big buck slave, and now we got one."

As the hours dragged on the men were relentless and they weren't kidding about the whip. From time to time, when Darius slowed down, one of the men picked up the whip and curled it across his rippling back muscles, causing him to howl with pain. Darius had to keep his mind occupied, had to stay sane. As time went by he tried to fantasize his way through the fear and the pain. And this was one hell of a fantasy.

He imagined a beautiful black stud captured by a gang of bikers, put to work, stripped to the waist, as slave labor. As the whip lashed his back he saw in his mind the beautiful black muscles buck and flex as the pain ripped through his body. He saw sweat pour off the tortured body, streaming down and soaking the crotch of his pants, the huge cock outlined underneath. At one point the beaten man fell to his knees exhausted and only the repeated lashes forced him to stagger to his feet again and resume digging.

The big stud endured the agony for hour after hour. His muscles rippled and flexed as he pounded the shovel into hard-scrabble earth. His body ached and spasmed and when he took

a breather the lash wound mercilessly around his back and chest. His body heaved with rasping breaths and his gleaming torso was striped with the marks of the brutal whip.

It was an extreme fantasy that, back home, would have kept him roused for a long time until it made him shoot a hot load of cum.

But not this time. For the first time, reality surpassed fantasy. Every hot image that came to his mind was now real agonizingly real. The magnificent black stud forced into slave labor, the gleaming muscles pushed to their limits as the digging continued. The exhaustion forcing the man to his knees, humbled in the dirt. The sting of the lash as his sweat-soaked body was whipped savagely until he pulled himself to his feet and forced himself to work again.

It was all real. It was a nightmare.

Sunday came and Darius was near the end of his endurance. He was moaning now, tears of pain and misery streaming down his handsome face. But at midday came some relief.

“OK, boys,” the boss said. “Chow time. Let’s go inside and eat. This asshole’s not going anywhere. He’s nearly done for, anyway. Save your energy, black boy. You’re gonna need it.” And with a guttural laugh he and the other three went into the house.

Darius sank to his knees in despair and exhaustion. The hopelessness of his situation overwhelmed him and he began to sob. But soon his survival instinct took over. He stood up and looked around him. Not much to see trash everywhere, old chairs and tables where the bikers had been sitting, overflowing ashtrays, empty bottles, and deliverance! One of the men had left his cell phone on the table.

Adrenaline surged through Darius’s broken body and he lunged forward. He picked up the phone it was fully charged. Shit, most of Darius’s numbers were on his own phone’s speed dial but he did remember one by heart. But he had to be fast he heard the men’s voices they were coming back. He dialed frantically it rang for precious seconds. Then, thank God, a voice answered. Darius’s head was crystal clear as he spoke a few words.

“Palmdale. Leona Valley. Skull Head Ranch. I love you dude.”

He threw the phone back on the table just before the men reappeared. And his torment continued.

"I'm coming too," Pablo said. Since the moment his cell phone went dead he had been in a frenzy of action.

"No," Randy said. "I'm going alone. I won't put you in danger."

Pablo grabbed the big man and dug his fingers into his arm. His eyes were blazing with determination.

"I'm going too. With or without you."

Randy recognized the tough kid he had adopted. "That's my boy," he grinned, and they piled into the truck.

Surprisingly, it wasn't that hard to find, remote as it was. They sped up Highway 14 to Palmdale breaking every speed limit. After an hour they turned off toward Leona Valley and drove through the desolate scrub landscape.

"Jesus, this is the back of beyond," Randy breathed. "OK, keep your eyes peeled, kid."

Randy drove more slowly now didn't want to miss it. "There!" Pablo yelled, pointing to the arch with the Skull Head Ranch sign. Randy stopped the truck.

"What a fucking shithole," he breathed. "OK, kid here's the plan. We don't know how many of them there are or even if Darius is still here. I want you under the tarpaulins in the back. While I distract them try to get out and take a look around."

Pablo got out, scrambled onto the flatbed and hid under the tarps. Randy drove up the long dirt road but got only half way. Blocking the truck was one of the bikers, legs astride in the middle of the road. Randy got out and faced him. Wearing his usual cargo pants and old tank top Randy was an intimidating sight, his muscular torso bulging under the tank.

"Who's the boss around here?"

"Fuck off, man. The boss don't talk to strangers."

"He'll talk to me, asshole." The guy didn't even see the brutal fist that slammed into his face and sent him sprawling in the dirt unconscious. Randy dragged him to the side of the road and got back in the truck. He drove onward right up to the ramshackle building and jumped out. Two more bikers came out of the house.

"Who the fuck are you?" one of them growled.

"I've come for my boy."

“Well you can just turn your ass around and get the hell outa here. We ain’t got no boy.”

Randy turned sideways so that, as the thugs faced him, the truck was behind them, and he glimpsed Pablo slipping over the side.

“Don’t fuck with me, you shitheads,” Randy growled. You’ve got my boy. I’ll give you five seconds.”

One of the thugs took a swing at Randy but he blocked the punch with his left hand and slammed his right fist into his gut. The leatherman doubled over with a howl and fell to his knees. The other guy sprang at Randy from behind, threw his arms round him and locked them behind his neck in a brutal full nelson. The first man staggered back to his feet and began slamming his fist into Randy’s chest and stomach as he was held in an iron grip from behind.

Randy thrashed his legs and arms in a wild effort to free himself but the rain of blows continued. Then he saw over the guy’s shoulder the sweet sight of Pablo running forward swinging a tire iron. Randy brought his knee upward and crashed it into the guy’s balls. As the biker doubled over Pablo slammed the tire iron into his stomach, then again across his back. He crashed to the ground senseless.

Randy took a deep breath and flexed his muscles, summoning all his strength. Still being held in the grip of the full nelson he pushed his back into his captor’s stomach and leaned far forward. He doubled over and, with the yell of a warrior, heaved the biker up over his back, tossing him forward over his head, and finally slamming him to the ground in front of him with a mighty crash. Pablo stomped on the fallen body but the guy felt nothing. He was already out cold.

“That was awesome, sir.” Pablo’s eyes shone in admiration. Then he was serious again. “Darius is here tied up out back.”

“Go take care of him back there. I’ll clean up here”

Pablo disappeared round the back of the house and Randy was preparing to tie up the two unconscious thugs when he heard a roar behind him. He turned to see the massive, hulking figure of the biker boss come racing out of the house. Before Randy could react, the mountain of a man slammed bodily into him and the force sent him crashing to the ground.

The giant leatherman picked up the whip from the ground, cracked it once then brought it curling round Randy’s chest and back. Trying to avoid the brutal lash the construction worker rolled over and over in the dirt. But the whip cracked again and again against his body and soon his tank was ripped into shreds and his bulging muscles were striped with lash marks as the brutal whipping intensified.

The biker leered down at the helpless bodybuilder as he thrashed the beautiful, muscular body writhing on the ground. Randy’s battered, near naked torso twisted frantically, streaked with dirt

and gleaming with sweat. He screamed in pain as lash after brutal lash ripped into his back and chest. He heard the taunting voice as the huge biker toyed with him.

“Not such a stud now, are you, asshole?” the thug sneered. “Let me hear you scream, big guy,” and another savage blow caused the tortured muscle stud to howl in agony. Randy tried to get to his feet and was halfway up when the whip wound round his legs and brought him crashing back to earth. Again he staggered to his feet and started to run but whip curled round his chest and jerked him backward, bringing him crashing down. He knew he was losing the fight as he crawled in the dirt and the massive brute continued to taunt him.

“You won’t get away from me, shithead. I’m the boss here and I’m gonna enjoy breaking your beautiful body. Then I’ll ruin that pretty face of yours. Think you’re hot stuff, don’t you? You won’t be so hot when I’ve finished with you. I’m gonna cut you to ribbons, stud. When I’ve broken you I’m gonna chain you up and put you to work along ‘a my new black slave.”

The muscular, tortured man was taking the beating of his life. He rolled over and over, crawled, stumbled, trying to escape the whip, but the biker followed him, increasing the tempo of the beating as the merciless lashes rained down on his naked chest, his back, his shoulders, streaking his agonized body with vicious red stripes. He was near to exhaustion when he screamed in agony as an especially well-aimed lash landed brutally across his balls.

The excruciating pain in his groin jolted his shattered body and gave him one last shot of adrenaline. As he looked up at the bearded, leering face looming in triumph over him, the full force of his rage surged through him. As the whip crashed down once more he held up his forearm and let the lash curl round it. His shoulder and biceps flexed and, with a massive heave, he jerked the whip out of the guy’s fist.

He grabbed the handle and, still lying on his back cracked the whip so it curled round the thug’s massive neck. Still holding the whip Randy pulled himself upright with one move, came up to the startled biker and smashed his fist into his face. Despite the beating he had taken, Randy’s full strength returned and his fists became weapons. The thug staggered backward under the savage rain of blows to his face right, left, again and again.

Randy could have finished him off but he wanted to prolong the vicious punishment of the ugly brute. Like a wild animal he rained blow after blow on the shattered giant until he fell to his knees. Randy grabbed the neck of his shirt and continued to pound his face, one side, then the other. Throughout the vicious pounding Randy screamed at him with uncontrolled rage.

“You fucking animal! You dare to use my boy as a slave. He belongs to me, asshole. You thrash me like a dog and think you won’t pay? This is me, you’re dealing with, shithead. Not so tough without the whip, uh? You fucking coward? I don’t need no whip. You feel those fists? They’re gonna fucking kill you.”

As the biker begged for mercy, Randy decided to end it. He heaved the man to his feet and delivered one final massive blow to the jaw. The huge figure arched upward, seemed poised in mid-air, then crashed to the ground senseless.

Randy gazed down at him, eyes wild, breath heaving, the shreds of his tank top clinging to his dirt-caked, sweat-soaked chest, striped and bruised by the lash of the whip. At that moment Pablo came around from the back of the house supporting the exhausted Darius.

Randy's frenzy subsided and he said, "Help me take care of these assholes." They dragged the three men to the fence and tied them securely.

Suddenly they heard a yell and turned to see the first biker who had guarded the road. He had regained consciousness and came staggering toward them. Randy stood in his path, with Pablo behind him.

"He's all yours, kid," said Randy over his shoulder and quickly sidestepped like a matador with a bull. The biker ran forward, straight into Pablo's fist in his gut. As the man screamed and doubled over Pablo followed up with a knee to the groin, then a double forearm smash to the back of his neck. The biker crashed to the ground.

Pablo looked up and grinned. He wiped his hands against each other in triumph as Randy applauded slowly. Then Randy turned to Darius and opened his arms. Still in a daze the boy fell against him and as the strong, safe arms folded round him the tension broke and Darius sobbed.

"You'll never guess what else I found," Pablo said. Things were quiet now. The four dazed bikers were kneeling on the ground immobilized. Their arms were stretched backward over a low fence and roped securely behind them. Darius was regaining his senses and listened to Pablo in amazement.

"I was looking for Darius's wallet and cell phone and I found them in the garage out back. And you'll never guess what else I found. They got closets and boxes full of it." His eyes gleamed as he strung out the suspense.

"Come on, kid," Randy growled impatiently. "Full of what?"

"Drugs! Bags and bags of weed, packets of coke, tons of meth hey, you name it they got it. These guys deal in bulk."

"Perfect," Randy said, flipping open his cell phone and hitting the speed dial.

"You OK, buddy?" Mark asked. "What the hell happened?"

“Oh, we met a little resistance but nothing we couldn’t handle. Now listen, there’s something I want you to do for me.” He briefly explained the situation.

“Sure, no problem,” said Mark. “That’s the County Sheriff’s jurisdiction up there. I know a few of the guys there. I’ll get onto them and call you right back.” The phone went dead but a few minutes later it rang again.

“OK, half an hour tops. The Sheriff was planning a raid on that place but didn’t want to get into a SWAT standoff situation. Guess you did their work for them. If you take my advice you’ll stay guard there ‘till you hear the sirens then get the hell out. Unless, of course, you wanna press charges.”

“Nah,” Randy grinned and rubbed his fists. “I already pressed my own charges. The bastards won’t forget that in a hurry. We’ll do what you say. Thanks a million, buddy. And be sure to tell the Sheriff to check in the garage out back. See you later.”

He turned to the biker boss tied to the fence. “Now, you fucking moron. I think you have something to say to my boy here. He went behind him, grabbed his hair and pulled his face upward. “Darius, come here.” Darius stood in front of the man who had brutalized him.

“Now, shithead. You’re gonna make real nice to this young man. Say you’re sorry ... and make it good.” The thug started to protest but another brutal yank of the hair made him think twice. He had already taken a savage beating from Randy and was terrified of him. He groaned, cleared his throat and spoke hoarsely.

“I’m sorry for what we did. Me and the boys apologize.”

Randy bellowed. “Not good enough, asshole. You did not address my boy correctly. Now try again.”

The biker grimaced in pain as he spoke loudly. “I’m sorry sir. I apologize for what we did. Please forgive us, sir.”

Randy grinned. “Ok, kid. Might as well show him what you think of his apology. I think you know what we do to scum like this.”

Darius grinned back at Randy. His hands went down to his pants, he unbuttoned his fly and pulled out his huge cock. He pointed it at the biker’s face.

“No!” the big man howled as he looked at the long black hose. “No “ but his cries were drowned by a stream of hot, rancid piss hitting him in his tortured face, pouring into his open mouth, his eyes, hair, and flowing down to his black beard. It was a long time since the boy last pissed and the floodgates opened in a stream that never seemed to stop.

“That’s my boy,” laughed Randy. “Hey Pablo, we don’t wanna neglect the other three, do we?”

“Don’t seem fair,” Pablo agreed. “They look like they need a shower.”

Soon all three guys were standing in front to the agonized faces pouring urine all over them. The thugs choked and begged but the deluge kept coming.

“Now that’s what I like to see,” Randy said as he stood back and looked at the four bikers, kneeling helpless in the dirt, their faces soaked, pouring with hot, yellow piss.

Now they waited. Darius was exhausted and fading fast so Randy made him get into the cab of the truck and sleep. Outside Pablo looked at his master whose shirtless body was still striped with red whip marks. He stroked the big muscles gently.

“You OK, sir? That whip must’ve been “

“Yeah, yeah, kid. My body’s taken worse than that. Shit, my balls hurt like crazy, though. The bastard got in a good last crack at them with the whip. Just hope there’s no permanent damage down there.”

Pablo grinned. “One way to find out, sir. We got a few minutes ‘til the Sheriff gets here.” He quickly pulled down the tail gate of the truck and eased himself up backward so he was sitting on it, facing Randy. He unbuttoned his pants, pulled them down round his ankles, and fell back on the flatbed. Randy looked down at him and shook his head.

“You young son-of-a-bitch. You really are my boy, aren’t you?”

“Why don’t you prove it, sir?”

The sight of Pablo’s perfect ass always roused Randy and he was relieved to feel his dick get hard, despite the pain in his balls. He pushed Pablo’s legs up and back, came close up to his ass and pushed his now-rigid dick into his hole.

“Oh, yes sir,” Pablo breathed. “Oh, sir that feels incredible. No permanent damage there, I’d say.”

“You little fucker,” Randy laughed. “I’ll show you damage.” And the hard pounding began.

The macho heat of battle now found sexual release. Randy rediscovered all his old energy and strength as he looked into his boy’s laughing eyes and hammered his ass. All the pain, tension and adrenaline of the last hours, the fight, the beating he had suffered, the revenge he had

taken, all of it was now concentrated in the burning ass of the boy he loved. Pablo was hypnotized by the wild man towering above him, his bruised muscles flexed and bulging as his glorious body dominated the boy completely.

Pablo screamed, "I love you, sir!"

"OK, kid. Shoot your load now. Let me see it. Do it for me now!"

Pablo's cock shuddered and a long stream of warm cum spurted over his young body, stomach, chest and up to his face. At the same time he heard Randy's roar and felt his master's semen pouring deep inside his ass.

They gazed into each other's eyes and no words were needed. After a while their breathing gradually subsided and Pablo smiled at his master. "We did good today, sir, don't you think?"

"We did great and you were terrific, kid. We're a team. I'm proud to call you my son."

In the far distance they heard the sound of sirens. Randy quickly pulled his dick out and they both buttoned their pants.

"Time to get the hell out," Randy said. "Here, I'll take this," and he picked up the whip from the ground. He looped it loosely round Pablo's neck and grinned. "Just so you'll remember who's boss, kiddo."

They got into the truck beside the sleeping Darius. Pablo leaned out of the window and yelled to the bound bikers on the fence, "So long suckers!" Randy laughed and sped off down the dirt trail and off toward the highway, just seconds before the Sheriff arrived.

As he sat between his master Randy and his rescued lover Darius, Pablo was happier than he had ever been. His face glowed and he wore the whip proudly round his neck all the way home. He was proud to be owned.

Just before they reached the house Darius woke and everything that had happened flooded back to him. He looked up at Randy.

"Sir I know I fucked up big time. I'm ashamed and I'm really, really sorry that"

"Can it, kid," Randy interrupted. "There's enough blame to go round me included. We'll talk about that tomorrow. In the meantime the guy you should apologize to is the kid here. When we get home you two go and make your peace."

And that took no time at all. When they walked through the gate the boys ran off together to their house. They didn't speak much didn't need to. In the shower Pablo took care of Darius's battered body and then took care of all his other needs. That night they held each other tighter than ever.

Bob had been waiting anxiously for Randy's return and came out to greet him. He stopped suddenly, stunned by the sight of Randy's bruised and striped body, covered in dirt, the ragged remains of his tank clinging to his chest.

"Shit, man, looks like you got banged up real good."

"Yeah," Randy grinned, "but you should see the other guy."

Randy showered and, as they relaxed over beers, they talked about what had happened and what it meant for the future.

"What Darius has to learn," Randy said, "is now that we have two new projects I'll be spending a whole lot of time with Lloyd. At this stage it's all about reconciling his architectural ideas with the construction logistics. That'll take hours of hard work between him and me. That's just the way it is and Darius'll have to get used to it."

"Guess I will too," Bob murmured with an uneasy frown. But it was lost on Randy who was still speaking of Darius.

"Still, I have plans for the punk that I know he'll go for."

And Darius did, big time, when Randy spoke to him the next day in the trailer.

"I know I neglected you, kid, working so closely with Lloyd. But that's gonna continue. Still, I have something in mind for you. See, we'll be opening up two new sites and Jack and I will take charge of them. So that leaves you here. I'm gonna make you the site manager here, and this trailer will become your office. I'll help you pick the right guy for your foreman but the final choice will be yours. Think you can handle it?"

Darius was glowing. "Sir, that's awesome. But I don't deserve it, sir."

Randy's eyes flashed. "Asshole! If I thought you didn't deserve it you wouldn't get it. It'll be a hell of a lot of work, but you're tough and you know the project here inside and out. Any problems, you come straight to me. But this is serious, kid. I want you to lose all that fantasy shit while you're on the job, is that clear?"

"Perfectly, sir. Believe me, I'm cured of all that black slave thing."

Randy turned his head to hide the grin on his face.

As Randy had predicted, his work for the immediate future would be mostly with Lloyd, who had set up an elaborate home office in his small house in West Hollywood drafting tables, computers, sophisticated architectural software the works. Randy was impressed.

“Shit, man, you’ve been busy. This looks great.” Then he grimaced. “The fun part will be showing me how it all works.”

And that took many hours. As they worked closely together they developed a mutual trust and admiration. They were both masters of their own field and respected that in each other. But they were both strong willed, so there were inevitably many points of contention and good-natured arguments.

Underneath it all there was still a dual tension. There was the sexual tension, of course, with the two men working intimately side by side. In fact Lloyd spent much of the day with a permanent hard-on, which he tried to conceal. Also there was the natural tension of two proud men, both arrogant in their ways, both sure that their way was the right way.

That tension would come to a head very soon, but for now the atmosphere was congenial in more ways than one. Working in Lloyd’s house they were deeply immersed in their preparation for the meeting the next day, and there were still some unresolved conflicts when Randy stood up to stretch and caught sight of the clock.

“Shit, will you look at that. One a.m.! Hell, our meeting’s at eight in the morning. Time I get home I’ll get only a few hours’ sleep.”

“Why not spend the night here?” Lloyd said lightly. “In the morning we can grab a bite of breakfast and head out together.

“Makes sense,” Randy said. “Too late now to call Bob. OK, man. Let’s hit the sack.”

As they walked into the bedroom Randy was already stripping off his T-shirt. Lloyd’s cock leapt in his pants as he saw once again the construction worker’s stunning physique. There was no hiding it this time. He took off his shirt, unbuttoned his pants and let them drop. He blushed as he dropped his shorts too and his rigid cock sprang up.

Randy had a half smile on his face as said, “This has been a long time coming, Lloyd.”

#

Chapter 56 – Randy: Tortured in Body and Mind

Randy ran his eyes over the naked man, his handsomely chiseled face, tousled hair, gray eyes and square chin covered with several days of dark stubbled. The body had responded to weeks of back-breaking labor and Randy admired the finely sculpted muscles of the lean physique. Trembling with anticipation Lloyd withered under the intense gaze of the rugged bodybuilder and he fell backward onto the bed.

Randy spoke softly. "This is it, Lloyd. You've waited for this ever since we met. I know what you want, man starting with this." Slowly he pulled the tank top up and over his head, and stood there stripped to the waist.

Lloyd gasped and his cock pulsed as he looked up from the bed at the magnificent naked torso, the swarthy, rugged, demon face. Instinctively he put his hands behind his back in a gesture of submission. Randy walked forward, flipped Lloyd over and used his tank top to tie Lloyd's wrists behind his back. He turned him over again onto his back and stood back to admire.

Randy was in no hurry. "Let me see you try to get free, Lloyd." The architect pulled at his restraints behind him, flexing his shoulders, biceps and chest with the effort. His straining body was displayed to perfect effect and Randy moaned with satisfaction.

"You look fucking great, man. Now watch this....."

Slowly he kicked off his boots, unbuckled his belt, slid it out of his jeans and tossed it across Lloyd's chest. He unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down over his hips, over his ass, down over his muscled thighs, down to the floor and stepped out of them. He wore no shorts so he now loomed over the bound man buck naked, stroking his rigid cock. Mesmerized Lloyd groaned again and tried to free his wrists, desperate to touch his own pulsing cock.

Randy's tone was harsh. "Now, asshole, you're gonna see just what I can do to a man. Especially one who wants me as badly as you do."

He reached forward and picked up the belt from Lloyd's body. Holding both ends he snapped it tight. Lloyd was in trance looking up at the dark demon looming over him with the belt.

"Please, sir," he groaned, then yelled as he felt the searing pain of the belt smashing across his chest."

"Thank you, sir," he moaned.

"You want more?" Randy growled.

"Yes, sir. Please, sir."

"Not gonna happen Lloyd. I don't have to. I can make you shoot your load just when I want."

He knelt astride the bound man on the bed and gazed down at him. He brought the belt round Lloyd's neck, looped it through the buckle, held the other end in his right fist and pulled it tight. Lloyd gasped as he felt the leather around his throat. Randy held his right arm outward, firmly gripping the belt. He pulled it slowly, raising Lloyd's head up slightly from the bed.

Lloyd was transfixed by what he saw. The beautiful, swarthy face stared down at him, the right arm strained, the bicep bulged and the chest muscles flexed as his fist clenched the belt. Lloyd felt he was in the power of the devil. The most magnificent man he had ever seen was in supreme control. The architect was helpless, his wrists tied, his face pulled upward by the belt tight round his throat. He heard his captor's deep voice."

"Finally you know how it feels to be completely in my power, Lloyd."

"Yes, sir," Lloyd managed to gasp.

"I can make you do anything."

"Yes, sir."

Randy looked down at Lloyd's pulsing cock.

"You know you're real close, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"So get ready!" Randy was suddenly transformed into a true demon. His eyes blazed, his whole body tensed, flexed, and he pulled the belt upward sharply, making Lloyd's eyes bulge as the tension round his throat intensified. The look in Randy's eyes terrified him. Then he heard the roar.

"OK, asshole," Randy bellowed. "Do it now. Shoot your load for your master. Let me see you cum over yourself. NOW!"

Lloyd's body spasmed, he felt he was choking and he heard his own scream. He was aware of the immense surge in his cock, like it was on fire, and he felt the hot liquid pouring over his naked body. His own cum splashed over his face and his cock and into his eyes, blinding him as he almost lapsed into unconsciousness.

He felt the blessed release of the tension round his throat, and his heaving breaths subsided. The belt loosened, the cum ran down his face and he was able to open his eyes. Gradually the hazy image of the muscle god came into focus. He was smiling.

“See, Lloyd. I told you I could make you do anything. I don’t have to whip you, don’t have to fuck you. I can make you shoot anytime I want to. You know that now, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir. I’ll do anything for you anything you command.”

“Good. See, I wanted you drained of cum before I fucked you, so you wouldn’t shoot as soon as I entered you. And that’s what this is all about, Lloyd. I wanted to see how much you craved me before I made love to you. Now I know. And now I’m gonna make love to you as no man ever has before.”

He pulled the belt free from Lloyd’s neck, untied his wrists and fell forward onto the cum-soaked body. His face was inches away from Lloyd’s. He paused, then pressed his lips against his mouth, lightly at first but then building in force until their mouths were grinding hungrily against each other. Lloyd was drowning, overwhelmed by the taste, the smell, the feel, the whole male essence of this incredible man.

He felt the hard, rippling muscles move over his body, felt the arms embrace him tightly, felt the stubbled chin rub against his, saw the steel blue eyes piercing to his very soul. He was aware of his legs being pushed upward, felt the sudden pressure against his ass and then then, he heard himself scream as the long, thick rod began to penetrate him, slowly, inexorably, into the innermost depths of his body.

This spectacular man, part god, part devil, was inside him. Lloyd could feel him moving inside his burning ass. He looked into the blue eyes, looked down over the incredible muscular physique, past the hard stomach, and down to where the huge rod disappeared into his ass. To make sure it was real he reached up and ran his hands over the rugged face, down over the neck, the shoulders, then rested them on the hard slabs of his chest gleaming with sweat.

And then Lloyd dropped his arms to his sides. Suddenly he felt his own body subside, go limp, his muscles, his ass, his whole being relaxing into total submission. He had never given himself to a man so totally as this. This man who could be so brutal, who had beaten and fucked him so savagely, was now making gentle, tender love to him. Lloyd was adrift. He would let Randy do anything to him anything in the world.

Randy knew that he could take as long as he liked. He had already made Lloyd cum and, even though the man’s cock was still raging hard, he knew he could control Lloyd’s orgasm. And so he made love endlessly. Time stood still. They were outside of time and space. This room, this bed, their own two bodies, were their whole world as they moved together in a rhythmic union of souls.

Finally Randy spoke softly. “Do you want to sleep in my arms, Lloyd? All night?”

Lloyd couldn’t breathe couldn’t believe what he had heard. But he managed to gasp, “Oh yes, sir. More than anything in the world.”

“OK, man. But first I’m gonna pour my semen into your body, and you’re gonna shoot again too.” Randy increased the rhythm of his fucking, then said quietly, “OK, Lloyd. This time you’re gonna shoot because you love me. Do you love me, Lloyd?”

Lloyd threw his head back and almost wept. “I love you sir. I love you.” And for the second time his cock erupted and his body was covered in his own cum. He gazed into the piercing eyes above him and watched as the magnificent body began to pour its juice inside him. It was gentle, everlasting, a ritual anointing. Lloyd entered a world he had never dreamed could exist.

And then, as he had promised, Randy embraced him, folded him in his arms and slept with him all night.

Early next morning Randy woke to the smell of coffee. Lloyd walked in with a breakfast tray and placed it on the bed. The architect was already smartly dressed for their meeting with the client. The room was still redolent of the sexually-charged atmosphere of the night before, and although Lloyd treated him with deference, Randy was surprised that he did not show quite the degree of respect and subservience he had expected.

Maybe it was just because Lloyd was focused on the meeting as he should be. Still, Lloyd’s first words surprised him even more.

“We gotta leave in half an hour. You can’t wear that old tank top of yours. Here, take a T-shirt of mine.” And he tossed one to him.

Randy was taken aback by the architect’s take-charge manner. If there had been time he would have thrown him on the bed and hammered his ass again, just to reinforce his authority. But the meeting came first.

They were meeting with a developer, Hank, whom Randy had done work for before and they respected each other. But this was a new project from scratch, a good-size strip mall, so there were a lot more unknowns. Hank had firm notions of exactly what he wanted but so did Lloyd. There was a clash of egos and the meeting was becoming contentious.

“Look,” Hank was saying. “I hate to throw you guys a curve ball but I’ve been looking at the figures and I’ve decided the building has to be two-storey. To maximize my profit there has to be retail downstairs and offices above.”

“No problem, Hank, we can handle that,” Randy began, but Lloyd interrupted.

“No, you’re wrong Randy. That’s not how I see it. Aesthetically a single, spacious ground floor would be more compatible with the location. Two floors won’t work. My vision is for a one-storey building.”

Hank had heard enough. “Oh yeah, pal? Your ‘vision’ maybe ... but my money. And money talks and walks. Deal’s off.” Hank stood up and gathered his papers preparing to leave.

“Hey, hey,” Randy said in a conciliatory tone and pulled Hank down onto his chair again. “Listen, Hank, we’ve worked together before and you know I can deliver. You’re the client. You want two floors? Two floors you shall have. We’ll revise the preliminary specs right away and get back to you in a week. OK, man?”

Hank relaxed. “OK, Randy. If you say so. I trust you. Just so long you’re the one making the decisions,” and he shot a murderous look at Lloyd.

As they drove back to Lloyd’s house in silence it was clear from the tense way Randy gripped the wheel that he was seething with rage. At the house they went through to the bedroom, where Randy grabbed Lloyd’s shoulder and spun him around. His eyes blazing he brought the back of his hand across the architect’s face, sending him flying backward onto the bed.

Randy towered over him, his body rigid with anger. “You fucking moron!” he bellowed. “You almost lost us the deal. What the fuck were you thinking? Asshole! You contradicted me told me I was wrong in front of the client! Nobody ever does that. They all know I’m the boss, and here you come with your smart clothes and fancy college degrees and make me look like a fool. Nobody does that to me. Nobody!”

Lloyd was terrified. He knew Randy’s reputation for anger but he had never seen rage like this. He stammered, “I’m sorry, sir. I I guess I didn’t think. I made a mistake.....”

“No, shithead. You still don’t get it do you? I’ll spell it out for you I ... am ...the ... boss. After I put you through that hell on the construction site, after I had all my buddies fuck you, after I hammered your ass, and, most of all, after last night, you still don’t fucking get it. I am the fucking boss! I guess I’ll have to show you once and for all, you fucking prick. Strip!”

Instantly Lloyd threw off his jacket, tie, shirt, pulled down his pants, kicked off his loafers and lay on his back naked, trembling. He watched in terror as Randy pulled off his T-shirt and loomed over him shirtless.

Lloyd stammered, “Are are you gonna fuck me again, sir?”

“Oh wouldn’t you just love that, asshole? No Lloyd, I’m not gonna fuck you. I told you I was gonna show you who’s boss.”

He yanked open a drawer in the bedside table where he knew Lloyd kept his lubricant for sex. He pulled out a jar of grease and plunged his hand in it. He pulled his fist out covered in grease and Lloyd's eyes widened in terror.

“No, sir,” he pleaded. “No, I don't do that. I can't do that. I've never done that. Please sir, I

“Shut the fuck up, asshole. I am the master here and I'll do to you whatever the fuck I want to.”

With his free hand Randy grabbed both of Lloyd's ankles and pushed his legs high in the air. He brought his greasy fist up to the man's hole and growled at him. “Now, for the last time, you shithead. I'm the boss. I do what I like. And this is what you get for defying me.”

Lloyd screamed like a wounded animal as he felt fingers push into his ass. His sphincter was stretched wider and wider as he felt the thickest part of his master's fist push inside his ass. His ass was burning with agonizing pain, he looked wildly up at the demon face glaring down at him and momentarily lost consciousness.

When he came to moments later the worst of the pain had gone, but there was a fullness in his ass that made his body shudder. His ass was on fire, but gradually the heat started to spread though his body and he felt an erotic sensation he had never experienced before. As he focused on the man above him he saw the wild look in his eyes, a mix of residual anger and something else. It was a strange, questioning look, a look of calm, a blend of gentleness and passion.

Lloyd's gaze worked down from the swarthy face, over the chest, the ripped stomach, down the arm to the wrist. And there it ended at his ass. The massive arm disappeared into his ass. The hand, the fist, was inside his ass. The pain was intense and yet there was no pain. He felt the balled fist twist slowly in the softness of his hole and he moaned in a delirium of pleasure. Randy, his master, was moving his fist inside him!

Their eyes locked and their stormy relationship entered another dimension. Randy eased his fist back, then pushed it deeper into the hole. He too was in a trance. He had intended to punish this man, rip him open, but something quite different had transformed both of them. His fist felt the heat, the moist, velvet smoothness of the warm membrane inside the furnace of the man's ass. He loved the sense of being inside the man, feeling the deepest juices of his body.

They smiled at each other. With increasing speed Randy massaged the inside of the ass, both men moaning in a state of pure joy. Randy moved his free hand to his cock and stroked it. He saw Lloyd do the same. No words, no prompts were needed. They gazed deep into each other's eyes and were in total harmony. They knew they would cum together. As the fist twisted in the burning ass their breathing became ragged, their bodies shuddered, and at

exactly the same moment their cocks exploded with stream after stream of hot, white cream that poured over Lloyd's shattered body.

They gazed in disbelief at each other and then Randy collapsed on top of him, his fist still inside the warm ass. Exhausted, their bodies spent, they slept.

The following week was intense. They worked together, made love together, lived their lives together. Randy forgot the rest of the world as he focused on satisfying Lloyd's hunger for him. Randy had always enjoyed a natural authority over others, but this was different. His total control of the handsome architect was intoxicating for him.

Lloyd was insatiable. He was in thrall to this man who dominated him so completely. He would do anything for him. He had an overwhelming desire to fuck with him, work with him, love him, sleep with him, be held in his powerful arms. Lloyd was enslaved and Randy found himself falling under the spell of Lloyd's intense worship of him. The two men worked hard, played hard and thought of nothing else and nobody else.

"How long has it been, Buddy?" Mark asked gently.

"Over a week now," Bob replied.

"And no contact at all?"

"Oh sure. Randy called once, and he came home once briefly for some clothes. But he seemed distant somehow far away kinda like I wasn't there."

"Son-of-bitch," the big cop growled, clenching his fists.

It was early evening and the two guys were sitting in Bob's office at the house drinking beer, both dressed casually in jeans and T-shirts. Mark looked at the beautiful, muscular businessman with deep concern and simmering anger. Mark valued their friendship immensely, loved him, lusted for him. But above all he admired Bob's gentleness, kindness, his essential decency. Mark would do anything for him, anything to ease the intense hurt Bob was evidently feeling. Bob typically put the best face on it.

"But you know, they have a shit load of work to get through. I left voicemail messages but he hasn't returned them. Anyway, maybe it's better they spend all this time at Lloyd's house together. I would probably just be a distraction."

Mark leapt to his feet. "Bullshit!" he yelled. His eyes blazed and his building fury made his chest heave under the white V-neck T-shirt stretched over his perfect torso. His muscles flexed as he paced the floor in his fury.

"That's bullshit, man, and you know it. Sure they're working. And when they're not working they're fucking! They're fucking, making love, holding each other, sleeping together all night in that damned house. I'm sorry, man, but you've gotta face it. And this time you can't stick up for him. This time he's gone totally over the edge. The selfish arrogant prick is betraying you. Shit, man, you're losing him. Don't you see that?"

"No!" Bob shouted, standing up and facing Mark. "Don't talk about him like that. You don't understand. Randy is always the master. He does whatever he wants. That's what I love about him his strength, self-assurance, his dominance. He's a real man and" Bob's voice cracked. "..... and I love him"

His strength drained from him and he fell into Mark's arms and pressed his face against his. "I love him, man. I don't want to lose him. I can't. What am I gonna do, Mark? What can I do?"

Mark pulled back a little and then pressed his lips against Bob's in a warm, comforting embrace. Then he held Bob's face in his hands and smiled at him. "You're gonna do nothing. There's nothing you can do because I know you so well. You're the gentlest, most decent soul I know, and you'd never hurt him or retaliate."

The big cop turned away and paced again, his anger reaching a pitch. "But the same doesn't go for me. I can retaliate, and I'm not gonna watch my best buddy get trashed like this. In my way I love the big guy too like a brother. But right now he's behaving like a selfish prick and there's no way I'm gonna let him hurt you, ruin his life and destroy this house. I've had enough of standing back and watching you suffer. And I know just what I'm gonna do."

At that moment the door flew open and Jamie stood there. He was startled to see the two men. "Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I'll come back"

"No, kiddo. Come on in. That's just fine. I assume you and Bob have work to do." Mark was grateful for the change of subject and turned to Bob. "How's that coming along by the way? How's my boy working out as your assistant?"

"Terrific," Bob said. "Couldn't be better. I'm turning more and more stuff over to him. Jamie'll be running the business before you know it."

"Thank you, sir," Jamie blushed.

Mark was all business now. "OK, you two get to work, but Bob stay by the phone. I'm gonna call you later to come and join me. And Jamie, looks like you and the boys will be alone in the house this evening. You three getting on OK?"

“Oh sure, sir. Ever since Darius pulled that running away stunt everything’s been perfect.”

“That’s my boy. I might be late. Keep the bed warm for me?”

“You bet, sir,” Jamie grinned. Mark spun round and strode out of the room.

Mark gripped the steering wheel in a futile attempt to control his anger. He knew that this pitch of fury made him capable of anything and it scared him. But there was nothing he could do about it. He kept seeing Bob’s shattered face before him and at that point he hated Randy wanted to destroy him.

As luck would have it, as Mark approached the construction site he saw Lloyd pulling away in his Mercedes. The night security guard had just come on duty. “The boss is the only one left here,” the guard said. “He’s finishing up alone.”

“OK,” Mark said. “Now listen. I want you to take the night off with pay, of course. There’ll be someone here all night.”

“Just as you say, sir,” the guard said, and left.

Mark walked onto the site and saw Randy hunched over a door frame that lay flat on the ground, hammering in nails. He was so engrossed he didn’t see Mark.

“All alone?”

The construction worker looked up. “Hey, what are you doing here?”

“Came to talk.”

“Talk? About what?”

“You and Lloyd. How’s that going?”

“Great. Terrific actually. He’s a great guy when you get to know him. He’s got some great ideas, works hard he’s real talented.”

“I’ll bet he is,” Mark growled.

Randy stood up. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Mark's anger boiled over. "You fucking selfish, arrogant shit! At any time in the last week have you even thought once about the guy waiting for you at home, the sensational guy who loves you more than life itself?"

"I've called him, sure, but we've been busy and"

Mark cut him off. "I can't fucking believe you, man. You have no fucking idea what that man is going through. In case you've forgotten, he's one hell of a guy one of the most glorious, stunning men who ever drew breath. But more than that, he's beautiful inside, too kind, gentle, caring the very opposite of a shit like you. Man, I've lusted for that guy ever since I laid eyes on him and if he didn't belong to you I'd have snapped him up just like that." And Mark snapped his fingers right in Randy's face.

Randy's anger leapt in him and he shoved Mark. "Oh yeah, fucker? Well let me tell you something. I own the guy so I'll do whatever I want with him. I treat Bob just the way I want to, even if it hurts him. I'm his master, and there's not a fucking thing you can do about it," and he shoved again.

Mark's eyes blazed. He took a swing at the construction worker and the fight was on.

It didn't last long. They rolled over in the dirt, grappling, punching, straining for the advantage. Randy was strong but Mark's police training gave him an edge and he knew how to subdue a man. Soon Randy was on his knees with Mark behind him. The cop had his arm around Randy's neck, pushing against his throat, locking it with his other arm in a wrestler's sleeper hold. Randy's arms thrashed as he tried to get free. He reached back, trying to grasp Mark's neck, but he soon felt the strength draining from him as his oxygen was cut off.

The sleeper hold was applied perfectly and did its work fast. Randy's wildly thrashing arms grew weaker and weaker and finally fell to his sides. He gave one last weak moan and his chin sagged to his chest. Mark stood up and let the unconscious man fall backward onto the ground.

Mark worked fast. He stripped Randy naked and dragged him onto the door frame lying flat on the ground. He stretched him in a spread-eagled position and tied his wrists and ankles with rope to the four corners of the frame. The next step took all his strength. Pushing from behind he eased the frame slowly into an upright position, then manipulated it so that the uprights slotted into the square holes that had been prepared for it in the ground.

His body heaving after his supreme effort Mark stood back to survey his work.

The first sensation Randy felt was pain in his wrists and pressure on his shoulders. As his head cleared he instinctively looked up and pulled on his wrist restraints. Then he looked down and pulled at the ropes round his ankles. But he was tightly secured. He realized that he was

a helpless prisoner, spread-eagled in the door frame. His eyes focused straight ahead to see who had done this to him. Mark! Randy started to bellow.

“You son-of-a-bitch. I’ll kill you for this. What the fuck are you doing to me?”

Mark spoke calmly. “Well, this was the only way I could get your full attention, start to make you see sense. See, you’ve hurt my friend real bad but he’s such a gentleman he would never hit back. But I’m no gentleman and I will hit back hard. After all, that’s what friends are for.”

Randy was defiant. “Oh yeah, shithead? And what you gonna do?”

“Well, first I’m gonna punish you just for me, for hurting my friend. And then I’m gonna show you exactly what it feels like to see the man you love taken from you.”

Mark pulled off his T-shirt and stood stripped to the waist gazing at the bound muscleman. The blond, Nordic god looked magnificent as he faced the struggling, swarthy demon, his muscles straining in bondage. “Yeah, you’re quite the stud. We both are. And I realize that you can take any amount of pain from a thrashing. So it may not break you but it’s sure gonna give me a shit load of satisfaction doing it. Get ready stud.”

Without breaking his gaze from Randy’s eyes Mark slid the belt from his jeans and held the buckle in his right hand. He paused, watching the glorious, bound body tense and flex in anticipation of the first blow. He loved the roar of Randy’s voice as, with all his strength, he brought the belt crashing across the bulging muscles of his chest.

“That was for me, big guy,” he said. “Now all the rest are from me and from Bob. Because he’s my buddy and you are an asshole.”

The whipping was brutal and endless. The first few lashes striped the chest. Then Mark moved slowly round the bound man and curled the whip round his back, his V-shaped lats, his waist, his eight-pack abs. The sight and sound was tremendous. The huge bodybuilder bucked and thrashed in the ropes as the belt cut savagely into his ravaged muscles. His rugged, swarthy face twisted in agony as his screams echoed round the construction site.

The belt moved lower, around the thick thighs and calves. And then Mark grinned as he aimed at the rock-hard cheeks of his ass. Here he applied even more strength as again and again the belt bounced off the cheeks, turning them scarlet, setting them on fire. The muscle god arched and strained as his stunning physique endured the vicious beating. Tears streamed down his face as he watched his torturer, the magnificent, shirtless cop, his shoulders and biceps bulging with the force of the blows.

After a seemingly endless thrashing Mark paused and stood to watch the spectacular body, spread-eagled in the door frame, shuddering in pain, every flexed muscle striped and bruised, his entire body streaming with sweat, the head sagging forward in abject defeat. Mark walked

forward, grabbed the tortured man's hair and pulled his face upward. He gazed at the beautiful dark features, twisted in pain, streaming with tears.

"Now who's the master, asshole? And we've only just started. Nobody, not even you, gets away with hurting my friends. Man, you and I were blood brothers; I admired and respected you. But since you've shackled up with that prick Lloyd you've become a changed man. Not even a man anymore. You're an animal who deserves to feel pain. So here's more."

And the savage whipping began again. The body took more brutal lashes until the big construction worker was writhing in a vortex of pain. The agony was all he was aware of as his chest, back, ass, every part of his body felt the vicious bite of the lash. He knew he couldn't survive this much longer. The pain was overwhelming him. He raised his head, looked hard at the shirtless cop torturing him and screamed.

"Enough. I submit. I give up. I can't take any more." He started to sob. "You win, man. Please stop whipping me. You're killing me. Please let me submit to you, sir."

The whipping stopped. With a smile on his face Mark threaded the belt back through the loops of his jeans and folded his big arms across his chest as he gazed at the broken man.

"OK. That's enough of that. But you know something, stud? There are worse things than physical pain. Don't you think Bob would have endured any pain in exchange for having you back with him. He thinks he's lost you, that you've abandoned him. He knows he can't live without you and the mental anguish he's going through is worse than any whipping."

Randy groaned, partly from the pain in his body, partly at the sound of the truth in Mark's words. He suddenly pictured the beautiful face of the man he had promised to love forever. He knew he deserved this beating..... and more. And more was to come.

"So now, asshole, you're gonna feel the other kind of pain the kind that's worse far worse. It's the pain of loss." Mark flipped open his cell phone and hit the speed dial. "OK, man. It's time. Get over to the construction site. Now."

Twenty minutes later Bob walked onto the site and stopped in his tracks, gazing in horror. The sight was awesome. The magnificent muscle god, his master, hung naked, spread-eagled in the door frame. His rugged physique was ravaged with welts and bruises, his body streamed with sweat and heaved with pain and exhaustion. The handsome, square-jawed face hung down, the tousled black hair matted to his forehead. He was a broken giant.

Bob's first instinct was to run to him, to comfort him in his agony. But then he saw Mark, standing shirtless, his arms folded across his chest. The look on his god-like features was still one of intense anger and Bob stood rooted to the spot waiting for his command.

“Come here.” Mark ordered Bob to stand in front of the bound man. He again grabbed Randy’s hair and pulled the agonized face upward. “See that?” Mark said. “This is the face of a man who has hurt my friend, who made you suffer, buddy, as you don’t deserve. You did nothing wrong and this animal trampled on you and gave himself instead to that fucking prick. Now he’s a beaten, broken man. And now he will feel real pain. He’ll know how it feels to be abandoned by someone he once loved.”

Mark reached forward to Bob and pulled his T-shirt off over his head. He took his face in his hands, and pressed his lips to Bob’s mouth. Resistant at first, Bob felt the warmth of the lips, felt the force of the naked chest pressing against his, saw the look in the beautiful blue eyes. And he let himself be folded in the powerful arms.

Randy looked at them in horror as he realized what was happening. Worse, he saw Mark’s hands slide down over Bob’s naked back, over his waist, and cup the globes of Bob’s perfect ass through his jeans. The cop was kissing the beautiful face hungrily, rubbing their glorious bodies together and caressing the ass.

“No!” Randy yelled. “Not that. His ass is mine. It belongs to me. I own it.”

Mark looked at him and smiled. “Not any more, man. You deserted him. With what you’ve done you renounced all rights of ownership. I’m taking over now. You made your choice Lloydnow I’m making mine. And this time, it’s you who’ll know what it feels like to lose the man you love. I’m the master now. He’s mine, Randy. Bob’s mine.”

“NO!” Randy screamed again. His naked body thrashed and strained helplessly in his bondage, desperate to prevent what he knew would happen next.

#

Chapter 57 – The Broken Construction Worker

While waiting for Bob Mark had pulled two blankets out of the trailer and spread one at Randy’s feet. Mark and Bob stood facing each other and locked eyes as Mark reached forward, unbuttoned Bob’s pants and let them drop. Bob kicked off his boots and stepped out of his pants. He was naked.

“God, you’re gorgeous,” Mark breathed as he took off his own boots and pants. They came together in a passionate, naked embrace, then Mark pulled Bob down onto the blanket, their mouths and bodies still pressed together. Soon the cop pushed Bob onto his back and lowered himself onto him. Their bodies were entwined as they rolled on the blanket, glorying in the feel of each other’s rippling muscles.

Randy's body thrashed in a frenzy of anger and frustration. "Fuck you, man," he screamed at Mark. "Don't do this. Leave him alone. I'll kill you for this." He pulled frantically at his bound wrists in a desperate struggle to get free. His body arched and strained, his flexing muscles, streaming with sweat, gleamed in the rays of the setting sun.

But Bob and Mark were by now oblivious of the bound giant howling above them. What had started as an act of retribution against Randy had quickly developed into a lustful coupling of two magnificent bodies as their passion built. There had always been an intensity of feeling between the two men but they had kept it in check. Bob's ass, in particular, had been strictly off limits, the sole property of his master Randy.

Not anymore. As Mark had said, Randy had forfeited all rights of ownership through his betrayal, and now Mark and Bob were building to the inevitable climax that was agony for Randy to watch. All three men knew with certainty what came next. Bob was on his back gazing up at the extraordinary sight of the naked cop's beautiful blond face smiling down at him.

"You know what I'm gonna do, don't you, buddy? You want it?"

"Oh yes, sir. Please fuck me. My ass is yours sir. Please push your cock inside me."

"NO!" Randy screamed helplessly again. "Stop. I'll do anything, man. I know I deserve to be punished. Whip me again. Thrash me. Fuck me. Just don't take his ass, man. Don't make me watch that."

But he had to. The door frame groaned and shook as the powerful man thrashed and strained against the ropes, veins standing out in his sinewy muscles, his black hair hanging over his rugged, sweat stained face. He watched in horror as Mark gripped Bob's ankles and pushed his legs up, as he came up close, the head of his rigid cock pressing against the warm entrance to his ass.

"Tell me again, buddy."

"Please, Mark. Please put your cock in me. I want to feel you inside me. I want you to fuck my ass, sir."

So Mark did. The naked cop pushed forward and took pleasure in Bob's deep, ecstatic sigh as he felt the rod ease slowly inside him, sliding against the soft, moist membrane of his warm ass. Bob could not believe the sensation that shot through his entire body. Both men had wanted this for a long time and now they looked into each other's eyes and smiled, breathing heavily, as each felt the joy of finally coming together in a powerful expression of love.

"God, that feels awesome," Mark breathed. "You're a fucking amazing man. I love this."

"I love you, Mark," Bob breathed, as he felt the cop's shaft massage the inside of his body, pushing deeper with each stroke. When the head of the cock finally passed over the inner sphincter it sent jolts of electricity through Bob's whole body and made him scream.

Randy was in a delirium of despair. He had stopped struggling and his huge body hung from its bonds, the muscles in his arms and shoulders bulging as they were stretched to their limit. His face was a mask of abject misery, tears flowing down his cheeks as he pleaded.

"Please man, I'm begging you. Please pull out of his ass. You've won, sir. I submit to you. You're my master. I'll do anything for you. Just please leave him alone. I beg you, sir."

But Mark was beyond hearing. His body was on fire as the sweet sensation raced from his cock throughout his body. He was fucking this glorious man, making love to him, taking possession of him. He increased the rhythm as his body rose and fell on the moaning man beneath him. He had never believed it could be this good. It went on and on until he knew that he and Bob were close to their climax. He gazed into Bob's soft brown eyes.

"You want to feel me pour my cum inside you?"

"Yes, sir. May I cum too?"

"We'll do it together. You ready?"

"Whenever you say, sir."

"OK, man. Here it comes." Mark's cock pulsed, he pulled back, then plunged it back in, all the way to back of Bob's gut, in the final penetration. Bob felt the cock erupt, felt the hot juice flooding into the depth of his ass. He didn't need to touch his own cock. His hot semen exploded over his naked chest, up to his face, into his hair. Stream after stream shot from his cock as he heard the screams of two men, his own and Mark's.

Randy pulled frantically at his restraints in a frenzied mix of emotions anger, despair, but also lust and desire. As he watched the shuddering climax of the two men he wanted desperately to touch them, to be with them. And there was only one way. As a master he had often made men shoot their load when he subjected them to physical pain. But he had never heard of mental pain causing an orgasm. That was about to change.

He was aware that his own cock was rock hard at the sight of his lover's ass getting fucked by the glorious cop. His body was rigid in his restraints but he felt no physical pain. His mental anguish overwhelmed him, consumed him. He screamed and felt his cock throb. He felt a heat rising from his balls and erupt from his cock in a burst of cum that arched upward, then splashed down onto Mark's back and into Bob's upturned face. The anguish he felt had combined with his lust to force his helpless orgasm. In tight bondage he couldn't touch the men, but his semen could. He had joined with them in their climax.

He gazed down in mesmerized silence as the two men held each other, their bodies heaving against each other. Randy was beyond word, thought or action. He was crushed, totally beaten. His lover, the man he had owned, had made passionate love to his best friend; his ass had been fucked and they had both screamed in ecstasy. Randy felt abandoned, lost. In his misery he suddenly knew now the agony Bob had gone through, thinking he had lost Randy to Lloyd.

Randy now knew the magnitude of his betrayal, and he sobbed with regret. This man was everything to him, and he had lost him. The construction worker had been brutally punished by Mark, but he would have endured any physical pain, any torture, to have Bob back with him. As his naked, bruised body hung limply in bondage, his punishment was now complete. He was a broken man.

Randy watched, hollow-eyed, as if in a trance. Mark and Bob were still clinging together, their bodies joined with thick layers of white cream. Mark raised his face, then lowered it onto Bob's in one final, ardent embrace. Suddenly he jumped up and reached down to Bob. Their hands joined and Mark pulled Bob to his feet. He put his hands on his shoulders, gazed into his eyes and spoke solemnly.

"Thank you, man. You were sensational. But now you have to make a choice, Bob. It's entirely up to you. Both Randy and I have owned your ass. We have both loved you, made love to you. Now you have to choose between us. Who's it to be?"

There was a heavy silence. Bob turned to look at Randy, hanging helplessly, hopelessly in his restraints. Then he faced Mark, smiled at him and kissed his lips hard. "Thank you, Mark. That was an incredible experience. I love you." He paused. "But you always knew, didn't you? You knew who I would choose didn't you?"

Mark grinned. "Of course I did, asshole. Why do you think I went through all this? Sure I knew all along. You two guys have something going that's unique. Neither of you could live without the other, and you both know it. For God's sake go to him. Forgive him, mend him, love him. And don't ever leave him." He laughed. "Don't make me go through all this again. I may have to whip you both next time."

"I love you, Mark," Bob said. Then he broke away and walked toward Randy. He threw his hands round his neck and kissed his mouth hungrily. Tears were streaming down both their faces as they moaned in the passionate expression of their wounded love.

Randy was dimly aware of his ankles being untied from behind by Mark, then his wrists. Free at last, his body crumpled against Bob's and they fell to their knees on the blanket, then lay down

in each other's arms. Their mouths were still locked together. They were one entity, as if their bodies would never separate again.

They were unaware of Mark who gazed down at them, smiling. He picked up the second blanket he had brought out and threw it gently over their locked bodies. They were warm, now. They were together again. Still smiling Mark strode off the lot, jumped into his truck and drove away.

The next morning Mark was having breakfast with the three boys, Darius, Pablo and Jamie. When he heard the truck pull up he went outside to meet Randy and Bob, who had spent the night at the construction site.

Randy whispered in Bob's ear. "Go jump in the shower. I'll join you in a minute." Then he strode forward to confront Mark. Two pairs of steel blue eyes met and there was a tense silence. Then Randy stretched out his hand. Mark grasped it hard, Randy pulled him toward him and they fell into a tight bearhug.

Randy said quietly, "You know, man, you're the only guy in the world who could do what you did, put me through that torture, and have me thank you for it."

Mark pulled back and smiled. "You're my best buddy, man. I love both of you. Something drastic had to be done. I couldn't lose you both."

Randy shook his head. "I've been such a damn fool. The man is everything to me and I put him through hell. I needed to be punished, brought to my senses, and you did it. You're the only guy who could do it. God I love you, man." And they embraced again.

"So what happens now?" Mark asked.

"I'm taking Bob up to the lake for a couple of days. I'll try to make it up to him, get everything back to where it was. Think you can handle things around here while we're gone?"

"No problem," Mark smiled.

"Oh, by the way, Lloyd may call on the house phone while I'm gone. Can you explain that I"

Mark cut him off. "No sweat, buddy. Leave him to me. I'll take care of Lloyd."

As it turned out, a day and a half went by with no word from the architect. Then, just as Mark got home at the end of his shift, the house phone rang. He hesitated, then picked up. He didn't say anything before he heard Lloyd's breathless voice.

"Hey, Randy, where've you been? I've missed the hell out of you. I'm waiting for you, sir. Come to me. Door's unlocked, come right through to the bedroom. I promise, you'll like what you find."

"Be right there," said Mark softly in a neutral voice, and hung up the phone. He didn't even wait to change out of his police uniform. His jaw and his fists clenched as he strode out to his truck.

He was tense as he drove over the hill to West Hollywood, thinking back over the last few weeks. He remembered how Darius had been ignored when Lloyd and Randy were together. Darius had felt neglected, resentful of Lloyd. He had taken off and got into a whole mess of trouble that could have been dangerous had he not been rescued by Randy and Pablo.

Then Mark recalled the look of desolation in Bob's eyes when he felt that Randy had abandoned him for Lloyd, had spent a whole week with him with barely a phone call to Bob. The only way was to punish Randy big time and then briefly, dramatically, to possess his lover Bob. And all this pain and suffering because of Lloyd! His voice still rang in Mark's ears: "I promise you'll like what you find."

"Asshole!" Mark murmured to himself. "Fuck him. Fuck him to hell. Everything was fine before he came. He nearly ruined everything. Selfish bastard sex-maniac. Fuck him!" He was still fuming when he drove up to the West Hollywood house.

"Come through to the bedroom," the voice called out as the front door opened. "I'm ready for you."

Mark walked into the bedroom and stopped dead. Lloyd was lying on the bed, naked, his eyes closed.

"Mmm, you even smell good, man. My ass is waiting for you, stud."

"It'll be a long wait, asshole."

Hearing Mark's growl Lloyd's eyes shot open. "You!" he gasped. "Where's Randy?"

"Taken Bob away to try and heal the wounds you helped to open."

"What d'ya mean, wounds? Ah, never mind. You'll do fine. Man, you are such a stud."

He gazed up at the stunning, tall uniformed cop, finely sculpted Nordic features, shock of blond hair falling over his brow, perfectly sculpted physique bulging under the uniform.

“Yeah, you’ll do just fine. Come and fuck my ass, officer. It’s all greased up.”

Mark’s eyes blazed. “You fucking slut. You a damned sex addict or what? Have you any idea the havoc you’ve caused? Darius nearly got himself killed, Randy and Bob almost broke up, and all since you arrived.”

“Ooh. Sounds like I’ve been real bad. You gonna punish me, officer?”

Mark moved forward and knelt on the bed over the hungry architect.

“You gonna fuck me, officer?”

“I wouldn’t fucking soil my cock putting it inside your sorry ass, shithead. But you got one thing right. I am gonna punish you. You all greased up, you say?”

“Sure am,” Lloyd grinned.

“Right!” Mark reached down to his side and unhooked from his belt the black truncheon that’s a standard part of a cop’s equipment. “See this asshole. Ever heard of police brutality? Allow me to give you a demonstration.”

Without hesitation he pressed the tip of the nightstick against Lloyd’s ass and pushed. Slowly the long, black rod slid into the greasy hole, making the architect gasp and moan as pain shot through his ass.

Mark waited for the scream but there was no scream. Instead, the look of pain on Lloyd’s face slowly morphed into a euphoric smile. Lloyd reached upward and ripped Mark’s shirt open, running his hands over the T-shirt, digging his fingers into the hard slabs of the cop’s chest.

“Oh yeah. Punish that ass, officer. God, you’re beautiful. Let me see you push that rod in my ass. Deeper, man. Take your shirt off, man. Let me see that gorgeous body.”

Surprised by this reaction Mark paused, and then knew exactly what to do. He pushed the nightstick all the way into Lloyd’s ass, then smiled down at him. He unbuttoned the rest of his shirt and pulled it off slowly, flexing his biceps as he did so.

Lloyd looked stunned as he gazed up at the magnificent cop, his white T-shirt a perfect triangle, tapering down from his broad shoulders to the narrow waist at his belt. “Oh, God,” Lloyd moaned. “You are unbelievable, man. Like a fucking god.”

“You want more?”

“Yes, sir. Let me see your chest.”

Mark reached behind his neck and slowly pulled at his T-shirt. It slid out of his pants, then rose over his hard eight-pack abs, revealing his perfect chest, his lats, and finally his shoulders as the shirt came free. Again Lloyd reached up and ran his trembling hands over the hard, square pecs as Mark flexed his muscles.

“Oh, man. That is fucking sensational. Why don’t you strip, officer, and fuck my ass? I always wanted to get plowed by a cop.”

Mark looked into his face and the smile in the cop’s blue eyes slowly changed to a look of steel, piercing Lloyd with a look first of anger, then of total disgust. He grabbed Lloyd’s wrists, forced them high over his head and pressed them hard onto the bed.

“Do you really think I would do you’re the honor of fucking your lousy ass, you prick? Do you think for one minute I would give you that pleasure? You’re delusional, Lloyd. You’re a sicko. No, man. I know I turn you on like crazy, and that’s just fine part of the plan.”

In one swift movement Mark unclipped his handcuffs from his belt, looped them round the rail of the headboard and snapped them onto Lloyd’s wrists. The architect’s arms were stretched tight above his head and he pulled at his restraints.

“Bondage! Man, I love that. Come on, officer. Do your worst.”

“I intend to,” Mark growled. And here it is.” He stood up, flexed his magnificent torso for the last time, then quickly pulled on his shirt, leaving it open to reveal his sculpted chest.”

Lloyd frowned in frustration. “What are you doing, man? I said take your clothes off. I wanna see you naked.”

“In your dreams, fucker,” Mark sneered. “Just one last thing.” And he reached down and gave the truncheon a huge shove, penetrating deep into Lloyd’s gut.”

This time he screamed. “No! That’s too much. It hurts too much. Please, man. Take it out. I can’t take it that deep.”

“Fuck you, Lloyd. But you know what’s worse? I’m gonna leave. I’m gonna abandon you the way Darius walked out of his home, and the way Randy abandoned Bob. You can kiss Randy and me goodbye, you son-of-a bitch. But I’m gonna do you a favor. I’m gonna cure you of your sexual compulsion. And I know just the way. So long, asshole.”

Mark picked up his T-shirt, flung it over his shoulder and turned toward the door.

Lloyd struggled in desperate frustration. "No, man. Don't leave! I want you, sir. At least let me touch my cock. You can do anything to me just don't leave."

But Mark was already through the front door, the helpless man's frantic pleas growing fainter in his ears.

It took Mark twenty minutes to drive from West Hollywood to the Police Academy in Elysian Park. He pulled up at the office of the Facility Manager.

"Hey there, Manuel, how's it going?" he said breezily.

"Hi, Mark. You're a sight for sore eyes. You come to work out in the gym?"

"Not this time, buddy."

"Hey, don't tell me you got another bad boy for me?"

"Not exactly. A bad man would be more like it. Can you use an extra pair of hands?"

"Shit, man, I've got two men off sick. Nobody to cover the locker room. Think I can have him for a week?"

Manuel was used to Mark's unorthodox method of meeting out unofficial punishment for young miscreants who just needed straightening out. Reluctant to put them through the criminal justice system he would sometimes turn them over to Manuel who put them to work in the sprawling sports facility. Most of the cops used the gym, sports fields, swimming pool, or boxing ring at the academy to train or just unwind when they got off duty.

"I'll put him in the gym locker room, if that's OK. Work's pretty tough and dirty, as you know, and the guys can be rough. Might be good for him."

Mark smiled. "The locker room is perfect, Manuel. Tough and dirty is just what this one needs. Just don't do him any favors. Don't pull any punches, OK?"

"You know me better than that, stud," Manuel grinned. "Bring him by as soon as you can."

"Thanks, pal." As Mark was leaving he shouted back over his shoulder. "By the way, the name's Lloyd."

Mark had been home less than half an hour when he heard Randy's truck pull up. He looked up as Randy and Bob walked in. There was a definite glow about them.

"Shit," Mark smiled. "No need to ask if you guys had a good time at the lake. Looks like you're walking on air."

Randy threw his arm round Bob's shoulder and grinned. "That obvious, uh? Yeah, great time. And we have a lot to thank you for, buddy."

"More than you know, big guy. Lloyd called and I went to see him."

"Oh yeah?" Randy said apprehensively. "What did you?"

Mark interrupted him. "Look, guys, pull up a beer and sit down. We gotta talk."

As the three men nursed their beers Mark described his visit to Lloyd. Then he got down to business. "Now listen. The guy is seriously sexually compulsive. His dick is permanently hard whenever one of us is around. That's what's caused all the trouble in this house. I know you value him as a good architect but he can only work for us if he gets over the sex thing."

"How the hell you gonna make that happen?" asked Bob.

"I have a plan. You know the theory that the way to cure a chocoholic is to put them to work in a chocolate factory. They eat as much as they like for the first few hours, then they're sick of it and never want to see another chocolate. Well, what Lloyd needs is total testosterone overload. Needs to be saturated in sex, hit in the face by it."

"What do you have in mind?" Randy asked.

Mark grinned. "The Police Academy. I swung by and spoke to the facility manager he's a pal of mine. He's shorthanded right now and would put Lloyd to work there for a week, as a janitor in the gym. There'll be cops coming and going all the time, stripping off their uniforms ready for a workout, boxers, swimmers, the lot. And, believe me, when the football team comes in and strips off their gear down to their jock-straps the air is thick and heavy with testosterone. They're a raunchy, macho crowd."

"Hey," Bob grinned, "maybe you could get me a job there."

"Not on your life, asshole," Randy growled. "Seriously, Mark, it might work. Go for it, buddy. And thanks again."

"Oh, by the way," Mark said. "You should probably go over to his house and set him free. He's spent several hours handcuffed to the bed with a huge plug up his ass. Explain that we'll only

keep him on if he does the locker room thing. Don't think he'll need much persuading. Here. You'll need this." And he tossed him the key to the handcuffs.

As Randy went out the door Mark called after him. "Oh, and bring my nightstick back to me. Just wash it off first."

It was the next morning when Mark drove Lloyd to the Police Academy in silence. Mark spoke to him only when they arrived at the office. "You report to Manuel. Just one thing. The guys will pretty much ignore you. They always ignore the janitor. And this is important don't tell any of the cops you know me. They'll go easy on you if you do, and we don't want that do we?"

"No, sir," Lloyd said meekly. And Mark drove off.

Manuel gave Lloyd his uniform, white pants and dark blue T-shirt and explained his duties. They were simple: keep the locker room scrubbed clean and tidy up after the jocks. "They're a messy, rowdy bunch of guys. Hope you're not offended by foul language," Manuel said with a grin.

It was early in the morning so the gym was fairly quiet. In fact Lloyd was alone for a few minutes, and then the first cop came in from the night shift. He nodded briefly to Lloyd, then forgot about him and got ready for the gym. Dark-haired with handsome features and a muscular physique, the cop stretched his limbs, then quickly began to strip off his uniform. Soon he was naked and pulled on a jockstrap. Just then two of his buddies came in from their shift.

"Hey, Jenkins, you cut out early, you shithole. Can't let you get away with that." The two cops pulled out their towels and began to snap them on his naked body. Still in just his jockstrap the cop tried to protect his body, ducking and weaving around the locker room, cursing at his buddies. From a distance Lloyd watched the scene and his dick instantly became rigid. Fortunately his pants were loose so his erection didn't show too much. He desperately wanted to pull out his cock and stroke it as he watched the horseplay of the macho cops.

Then the night shift started pouring into the locker room and began to get ready for their workout. Lloyd couldn't believe his eyes. Dozens of cops were now crowded into the large room, stripping off their uniforms. Some were stripped to the waist, others were naked, some in jockstraps, others in shorts and tank tops. There was more horseplay in the showers, which were in an open area visible from the locker room.

Lloyd couldn't take any more. No one was aware of him so he crept into one of the toilet stalls and locked the door. Through the crack of the door he could see all of the raucous activity taking place as the big jocks let off steam after work. He pulled out his rigid dick and stroked it.

He watched the naked cops in the shower, then focused on the new arrivals stripping off their uniforms. The air was heavy with crude jokes and obscenities.

Then Lloyd turned his attention to the three cops who had come in first. They were all stripped down to jock straps now and the two were still attacking Jenkins in raunchy horseplay. The naked bodies ground together, pushing for advantage, until the two held Jenkins's arms firmly from behind.

"Hey guys," one of them shouted. "Jenkins cut out from his shift early. You gonna let him get away with that? Someone come and hold the mother-fucker so we can teach him a lesson."

Quickly they were relieved by two other cops, both stripped to the waist, one holding an arm each. The two in jockstraps came round the front and began to punch Jenkins lightly on the chest and stomach. He grimaced and strained, his flexing muscles now gleaming with sweat.

"You fucking bastards," he yelled. "Let me go. I'll fucking kill the both of you. I'll kick your balls so hard you'll sing soprano. Fuck you, assholes."

Behind the restroom door Lloyd was beside himself. His gaze was riveted on the muscular cop in the jockstrap getting punished. He saw the fists bounce off his chest and abs, watched him strain and flex, trying to get free. As the handsome face grimaced his curses became howls of pain.

It was too much for Lloyd. He had never seen anything like this and it was all real. Fortunately the howls and cheers in the locker room were so loud they drowned out Lloyd's own shout as his cock erupted and shot long streams of cum over the stall door. His breath heaving, he stood and watched until the horseplay ended and the cops left good naturedly for the gym. He saw in horror the creamy liquid running down the door. He pulled the cloth from his back pocket and frantically wiped it clean.

After that things calmed down as the cops all drifted off to the gym. For a few minutes Lloyd was alone and then he heard voices. Two guys came in, fresh from the pool, wearing Speedos and toweling their hair. Both had beautiful, lean swimmers' bodies, streaming with water. From their broad shoulders their V-shaped lats tapered down to slim waists at their tight Speedos that hugged the round globes of their ass.

They didn't notice Lloyd who was on his knees cleaning the floor behind a storage box. He watched in awe as the two tall guys hit the showers, peeling off their swimsuits. They lathered up and spread soap slowly over their gleaming bodies. Then each in turn soaped the other's back, running his hands over the broad lats and down to the bulge of his ass.

Lloyd held his breath as he watched spellbound. Without thinking he pulled out his cock and in a few quick strokes he shot his load all over the floor. Gasping, he put his cock away, stood up and frantically mopped his own cum from the locker room floor.

After the swimmers left he worked hard all morning at the demeaning work of scrubbing floors and walls, and picking up after the messy jocks. In the early afternoon he was looking out the window and saw the police football team on the field. They were evidently at the end of their practice and, as the final whistle blew, they headed toward the locker room. Lloyd ducked down to his job of scrubbing the floor.

The door crashed open and with loud raucous laughter and cursing the crowd of muscular football jocks jostled each other into the locker room and immediately started to strip off their gear. Lloyd shot quick glances around him to see the shirts come off, the gloves, the padding until many of the huge bodies were stripped to the waist. Their faces were muddy, their sinewy muscles stinking of sweat.

On his knees Lloyd had an eye-level view as the pants came down and his face was close to the jockstraps with bulging protective cups. He was mesmerized by the sight and smell of the jockstraps, stained with sweat and piss, moving only inches from his eyes. The guys roared with laughter and crude taunts as they challenged each other in macho horseplay in front of the kneeling janitor.

Suffocating with lust Lloyd crept unseen to the toilet stall, looked through the crack and groaned in ecstasy as once again he jacked off all over the door.

It was near the end of the day and Lloyd, intoxicated with the sounds and rancid smells of macho testosterone, had already shot his load three or four more times. Now he was alone in the room when one of the cops came in from the boxing ring. He was soaked with sweat, his tank top and shorts clinging to his body.

From a distance Lloyd watched the handsome, swarthy Hispanic strip naked. The jock's breath still heaved from the exertion in the ring and his body gleamed as he unwound his hand straps. Finally he took off his jockstrap and Lloyd gasped as the biggest piece of horsemeat he had ever seen flopped out of it. The guy was evidently in a hurry and Lloyd watched in awe as he showered quickly, dried off, pulled on his street clothes, gathered up his shorts and shirt and left the gym.

Lloyd noticed something that made his cock rear up. The boxer had left his jockstrap on the bench. Lloyd picked it up and pressed it against his face. It was still soaked with sweat and smelled of piss stains. Lloyd could swear he also smelled dry cum. He was intoxicated. He imagined that monster cock coiled in the cup of the jockstrap. He put out his tongue and licked inside the pouch, tasting the raw, rancid essence of the boxer's juices.

It was again too much for him. Throwing caution to the winds, standing in the middle of the locker room he pressed the jockstrap hard against his face, muffling his scream as his cock exploded in a blast of cum. He spent the next half hour on his knees, scrubbing the floor clean of his juice.

The next few days of his work week were just like the first, with multiple surreptitious orgasms as he watched the rugged jocks strip after their police shifts, then again after their sweaty exertions in the gym and on the field. But as the week wore on his jacking-off diminished. He was not only exhausted, but he had become used to the sight of rugged, naked men. And by the end of the week he was immune to the presence of the cops, barely glancing at them, and concentrated instead on his tasks of scrubbing and cleaning.

As Mark had predicted, after a week's non-stop exposure to heavy, macho testosterone, Lloyd had finally overdosed on sex. He had shot his load countless times and now felt that his orgasms were unsatisfying, meaningless. He would be happy if he never shot his wad again.

On his last day Mark picked him up and drove him to West Hollywood. He immediately sensed the difference in the architect. He seemed drained, listless, not a trace of sexual energy in him. His libido had been shattered.

"Hell, man, those are some bags you got under your eyes. You been masturbating a lot?"

"Yes, sir," Lloyd said meekly.

"So, you had your fill of lusting after macho jocks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Think you can work alongside Randy without a hard-on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just remember this Lloyd. If you relapse you'll answer to me."

"Yes, sir."

"Let me make this clear. The guys in the house are off limits to you." Then Mark grinned. "Unless of course we get horny and call you in to service us all. You never know"

#

Chapter 58 – Jamie’s Humiliation

“So, peace at last,” Bob grinned. “Feel’s great doesn’t it? And we have you to thank, buddy.” Bob threw his arm round Mark’s shoulder. The cop had just got home from his shift and was still in his uniform. He blushed a little as he replied.

“Just did what I had to, man. Randy was being a jackass so I took over. Nothing to it.”

“Still,” Bob said. “I owe you big time, officer. Anytime I can do anything for you, just say the word.”

“I just might take you up on that, stud,” and Mark kissed Bob lightly on the mouth.

“So, back to work,” Bob said. “Better see how young Jamie’s getting along.”

“How’s that going?”

Mark was proud of his boy. Bob had chosen Jamie to be his part-time business assistant and he had made a big success of it so far, taking on more and more of the accounts, bookkeeping and payroll for their expanding construction company.

“It’s going great,” Bob said, “except we’re expanding so fast, I’m thinking I might have loaded too much work onto him. He’s such a perfectionist, and he’s in there right now sweating over a minor error in the books he can’t locate. To make matters worse he had an argument earlier with Pablo and Darius, so he’s in a terrible mood. All his old insecurities are coming to the surface. I better check on him.”

Bob and Mark had been drinking beer in the bedroom and now Bob went through the door to his adjoining office. Mark smiled as he heard Bob speak encouragingly to Jamie. But his smile became a frown as he heard Jamie’s voice rising in anger and frustration.

“I can’t get it to balance,” Jamie said loudly. He was sitting at his work station and banged his hand hard on the desk. “It won’t come out. This always happens. It’s too complicated for me. You’ve given me too much. I’m better off working on cars in the Motor Pool. You forced me into this.”

“Come on, Jamie. It’s not that bad. Let me give you a hand.”

Jamie’s temper was rising. “Don’t baby me. You always do that. Makes me feel useless.”

“Hey, hey,” Bob said in a conciliatory tone. “Where’s all this coming from all of a sudden? You’re just frustrated, is all. The discrepancy’s not large. Just throw in an error correction and forget about it.” Bob put his hand on Jamie’s shoulder but the young man threw it off.

“Fuck you,” Jamie said. His anger was rapidly spinning out of control and his old insecurities loomed up. “I need to find the mistake. I need to prove myself and I’ve failed. Just because everyone here loves you, you don’t know what it’s like to be an outsider. You think you can do what you like with me. Well, I’ve got news for you. You’re not my master, Mark is, and he’ll beat the shit out of you if he thinks you’ve been working me too hard. I hate this job and I hate you. You’re an asshole. And I quit.”

“Jamie, Jamie just take a deep breath and relax,” Bob said soothingly. “You know you don’t mean any of this.” Bob again reached out to the agitated boy but Jamie pushed him hard against the work station. Caught off balance Bob fell backward to the floor, pulling the computer with him. The huge crash unnerved Jamie who stared in horror at what he had done. In a blind panic he rushed out of the room and fled from the house.

Mark had heard all this and resisted intervening in the argument. But now the crash made him run into the office and he bent to help Bob.

“Jesus, man. You OK?”

“Yeah, yeah. But that’s more than I can say for the computer.”

“What the fuck was all that about?”

Bob pulled himself to his feet. “It’s probably been building for some time. As I said, I may have loaded too much work on him. He only works a few hours a day but it should really be a full-time job. It’s my fault more than his.”

Mark clenched his fists. “The hell it is! My boy does not insult my best buddy, one of his masters, and get away with it. I don’t care what the explanation is. There’s no excuse for behavior like that and I’m damn well gonna make that brutally clear to the little fucker.” Mark turned and strode out of the house, leapt into his truck and peeled away.

He didn’t have far to go. Jamie was staggering down the hill, almost falling as he ran. Mark pulled in front of him and leapt out of the truck. His eyes blazed as he confronted the breathless boy.

The cop’s tone was steely. “Get in the truck.”

Jamie's body heaved. "Leave me alone. I hate my job, I hate Bob and I hate you too. You let him work me too hard. Bob's an asshole."

Mark couldn't believe his ears. He knew that Jamie was bordering on hysteria, and he brought the back of his hand across his face, sending the boy sprawling on the ground. He growled threateningly, "I said, get in the truck, boy."

Jamie looked up at the uniformed cop, at the anger etched across his handsome face, his penetrating blue eyes, and the muscular body heaving under his uniform. He was totally intimidated by the sight of his master towering over him and the hysteria drained from him. Meekly he pulled himself to his feet and hung his head.

"Now! You gonna obey me, you little fucker?"

"Yes, sir," Jamie whispered. He opened the truck door and pulled himself in.

Mark climbed in beside him, did a U-turn and drove back up to the house in silence. When the truck stopped he turned to the terrified Jamie. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Do you want me to leave the house, sir?"

Mark slammed his hands on the steering wheel. "No, dammit! I want you to apologize."

Jamie cleared his throat nervously. "I don't know where to begin, sir. I don't know what came over me. I was in such a bad mood. I really fucked up, I know. I didn't mean a word I said. I love Bob and I love working with him. I love you too, sir, more than my own life. And now you'll send me away" And tears began streaming down his face.

"Jesus you make me so fucking mad sometimes. Did I say anything about getting rid of you? Though I probably should. But a boy of mine does not act like a hysterical girl. You have to pay. You have to make amends."

"I know sir," Jamie said in a small voice.

"Here's what's gonna happen. First you're gonna apologize to Bob. The man is a fucking saint, he's been a mentor to you, and you fucking insult him. You're coming in right now and try to apologize."

Mark leapt from the truck, walked round to the other door and pulled Jamie out by the scruff of his neck. Grabbing the top of his T-shirt he marched him through the gate, into the house and upstairs to Bob's office.

"OK. Do it!"

Jamie gulped and knocked timidly on the door. When he heard "Come in," he nervously turned the handle and walked in, with Mark behind him." Bob was still clearing up the mess of the broken computer.

Mark's voice was cold. "This boy has something to say to you."

Bob looked up at Jamie who was wiping his sleeve across his eyes. He cleared his throat and spoke slowly. "First of all, sir, I love and respect you. I didn't mean any of those things I said to you. I loved my job here, though I realize you won't want me anymore. There's no excuse. What I did was horrible. But I hope that one day you will be able to forgive me, sir."

Bob was moved by this little speech and took a step toward Jamie to comfort him. But Mark frowned and shook his head slightly as a warning. Bob realized Mark was in charge so he said quietly, "Thank you for the apology, Jamie. We'll talk later about your job here. But Mark is your master so I leave him to decide what comes next."

"Thank you, sir. I'm sorry, sir. I love you, sir. I just"

But Mark cut him off, grabbed his shirt again and marched him out of the room. When they were in their bedroom Mark grabbed a beer from the small fridge there and sprawled in the armchair, still heaving with anger. Jamie stood nervously in front of him, waiting to hear his fate.

"OK. First, you will pay Bob a hundred dollars a week until you've covered the cost of a new computer. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

Mark paused. "I'm seriously disappointed in you and it kills me that you insulted Bob like that. I've never been so angry with you. You know I have to punish you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. Are you going to whip me, sir?"

Mark thought hard before coming to a decision. "Did you ever have a dog?"

Jamie blinked in surprise at the question out of nowhere. "N no, sir."

"Well let me tell you something about punishing a dog when he misbehaves. You don't whip it never works. The worst punishment you can give a dog is to separate it from the family. And that's what's gonna happen to you for the next twenty-four hours, starting tonight. You will not come down to dinner with the other guys, and you will not sleep with me. You'll sleep on the floor at the foot of the bed. I'll leave you to imagine what happens tomorrow."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." Jamie welcomed his punishment, welcomed the chance to make amends. And he felt overwhelming relief that it seemed Mark was going to keep him as his boy.

“OK, strip naked.”

Quickly Jamie obeyed, kicking off his sneakers, pulling his shirt over his head and dropping his jeans. He stood naked watching as his master finally began to take off his uniform. He unbuttoned his shirt and threw it off. As Jamie looked at the white T-shirt stretched over the stunning torso he felt his cock start to swell. Then the T-shirt came off and Mark stood stripped to the waist.

After a hard day’s work and the stress of the last hour the cop took a deep breath and stretched his muscular arms over his head. Jamie could not control a gasp as he watched the glorious body, the wide shoulders tapering down to the small waist, the black uniform pants tucked into high, shiny boots. The man was magnificent and Jamie’s cock became rigid, standing straight out in front of him.

Mark pulled off his boots and Jamie wanted desperately to reach forward, as he always loved pulling off the boots for his master. Not this time, though. Mark unbuckled his belt and soon stood naked, making Jamie quiver with desire. The cop then pulled on jeans and a V-neck T-shirt and was ready to go down for dinner. He looked at Jamie.

“That has to go,” he growled, slapping his boy’s rigid cock. “During your punishment period you will not touch it no orgasms. And I’ll make sure of it.” He reached down to his uniform on the floor and unhooked the handcuffs from his belt. He quickly pulled Jamie’s arms behind his back and cuffed his wrists.

“On your knees.” Jamie knelt on the floor at the foot of the bed, naked, handcuffed, a picture of dejection and contrition.

The cop looked down at him. “I hope the next twenty-four hours will make you realize the seriousness of what you have done, and give you a chance to show me why you should still be my boy.” And he left the room.

That evening dinner was a subdued affair. Everyone knew about Jamie’s gross misbehavior and knew that Mark was punishing him, so they were not surprised the boy was not at dinner. But they didn’t dare raise the subject. It was completely in the hands of the cop.

Later, when Mark entered the bedroom Jamie was in exactly the same position as when he had left. He raised his bowed head and watched in silence as the beautiful cop stripped naked, the way he usually slept. Despite Jamie’s best efforts at restraint, his cock again grew hard as he looked at the stunning naked body of his master.

“Go and piss,” Mark growled.

Jamie ran to the bathroom, his wrists still handcuffed behind his back. He aimed his cock at the toilet and breathed a sigh of relief as he pissed profusely into the bowl. When he ran back Mark said, "Lie on the floor." Jamie immediately complied, and Mark threw a light blanket over him.

"That's where you'll stay all night. You should know that after a long day on the motor cycle I'm feeling real horny. Normally I would give your ass a good long fuck until I creamed inside it. Then I'd hold you in my arms all night. But this time I'll probably just masturbate and fall asleep alone. Just want you to know what you'll be missing."

Jamie's misery was complete. He heard the bed creak as Mark's powerful body fell onto it. There was silence for a while, but then he heard his master's breathing become heavy. Soon he was groaning and Jamie could hear the sound of Mark stroking his cock. The cop began moaning, fantasizing to himself as he masturbated.

"Yeah, man. Let me see that perfect ass. I'm gonna fuck you, boy. Yeah, feel that cop's big dick sliding in your hole. Give your ass to your master, boy. Let me touch that beautiful young body. Oh yeah, man, your ass feels incredible. You're making my big dick rock hard. I can't hold back, kid. I'm gonna shoot my cum into your ass. Feel you master's juice pour into you. Here it comes, boy. Aaagh!"

In a frenzy Jamie pulled frantically at the cuffs behind his back. He could not see Mark, but as he heard his master's shout, he imagined his glorious naked body flexing, his head thrashing from side to side as his cock erupted over his gleaming chest, then up over his square-jawed, god-like face. He imagined the semen running over the cop's body and desperately wanted to lick it off.

But he had been forbidden even to cum. With a supreme effort he held back his own orgasm in an effort to obey his master. Tears streamed down his face as he thought of the cum pooling on the beautiful body, knowing that it belonged in his ass. He was overwhelmed with despair and frustration. As he heard his master's breathing subside he slumped in abject misery.

Mark had been right about the agony of separation. Jamie felt it now, felt the piercing pain of longing for his master's touch.

But the pain was not Jamie's alone. Mark's own feelings were a whirl of contradictions. He was still deeply angry and disappointed at his boy's behavior. His anger was heightened by the fact that Jamie had insulted Bob. Mark had always held Bob in the highest esteem. He loved him, had occasionally made love to him and once recently even fucked him. He would do anything to avoid Bob being hurt or disrespected. So he was mortified that it was his own boy who had caused the affront. By punishing Jamie to the maximum he had to demonstrate to Bob just how seriously he regarded his boy's behavior.

But it wasn't easy. Mark loved the boy. He saw in him a lot of how he himself had been at his age. In his youth Mark had felt like an outsider. Always a stunningly beautiful boy he was shunned and mocked by the other boys who were jealous and needed to find a flaw. Resentful, he had been running right on the knife edge of the law when a cop, instead of turning him in, had taken him under his wing, resulting eventually in Mark becoming a cop himself.

So he understood Jamie well, understood his frustration, his insecurity, and his flaring temper. Jamie had lived much of his life on the streets where anger and violence were the currency of self-protection and survival. That is what had erupted this evening. Mark loved the boy's toughness, his masculinity. But he grinned ruefully at the old saying, 'You can take the boy off the streets but you can't take the streets out of the boy.'

But Jamie was no longer on the streets. He had a home and a master, and Mark knew it was essential to punish him for this eruption of the street urchin's instincts. However, as Mark lay alone in bed after his orgasm he longed to have Jamie's beautiful young body beside him, to hold him, tell him everything would be OK. He hated the thought of the young man lying handcuffed naked on the floor, miserable, rejected.

But it had to be done. Being a master was tough. And Mark knew that the following day would be even worse.

The next day was Saturday, so all the men were home. They had got up early and taken a pre-breakfast dip in the pool. All, that is, except Jamie who was yet to appear. There was an air of expectation about the group, and they didn't have long to wait.

Mark went inside the house and reappeared with Jamie. There were wide-eyed looks all round and the boys especially were riveted by the sight. Jamie was buck naked, his hands cuffed behind his back, and he was held from behind his neck by the stern-faced cop. The embarrassed boy was fighting back tears.

"Listen up guys," Mark said, "and take a good look at this man. He has disgraced the house. He has committed the unforgivable sin here of striking and insulting one of his masters, the man who has shown him nothing but kindness. He has offended me and all of us. He's my boy so the punishment will be mine. He will be separated from the group in disgrace all day. You will ignore him, not speak to him, until I say his punishment is over."

There was a stunned silence. Mark's tone was so commanding that it forbade any response. The cop pushed the naked boy to a tree at the edge of the garden. He unlocked his wrists, pulled his arms behind him round the tree and re-cuffed them. Jamie stood naked, his back to the tree, and hung his head in shame and embarrassment. Mark strode back to the others.

After he sat down there was a long, uncertain silence that was broken by Randy. "Hey, boys, where the hell's breakfast? Bring it out here pronto." Darius and Pablo ran off to the kitchen, and Bob looked at Mark and spoke softly.

"You know, man, you don't have to do this for me. I forgave him long ago."

"And that's exactly why I'm doing it. You're a fucking saint, man, and it pisses the hell out of me that my boy disrespected you so badly. He has to pay, and there's nothing more to say about it."

And nothing more was said. Gradually the silence over breakfast disappeared and the usual rowdy conversation ensued. Occasionally the boys stole glances over at their buddy who stood limply, helplessly against the tree, but they did not dare to say or do anything to help him. As Mark had instructed, they did their best to ignore him, but found it very hard.

The one who found it hardest of all was Mark himself. He knew what he was doing and hated himself for subjecting Jamie to so much anguish. As he glimpsed his beautiful, naked young body slumped in bondage he desperately wanted to end the punishment, but he knew he had to endure it as much as his boy did.

As for Jamie himself, his overwhelming sensation was shame. He was being exposed to the other men in naked humiliation, ostracized from the group, standing apart in miserable silence. Part of him wanted to run screaming from the house and never return. But he kept his eyes on his master, the magnificent cop, and knew that he would do anything to regain his respect, even if it meant the mortification of being displayed in utter degradation.

"Time for another swim," said Mark after breakfast. He stood up, stripped off his T-shirt, dropped his jeans and stood naked in the growing warmth of the sun. Jamie took a sharp intake of breath at the glorious sight of the cop's muscular body and there was no way he could prevent his cock from getting hard. His humiliation was complete as the other guys saw him standing there, his cock standing straight out from the forest of his pubic hair.

And so the day wore on. The guys engaged in the usual horseplay, joking, cursing, chugging back beer, talking about the week they had had. But always there was the knowledge hanging in the air that one of their buddies was standing nearby, handcuffed and in the pit of despair.

Lunchtime came, and the men ate ravenously. As they leaned back at the end of the meal Pablo glanced over to Jamie, then looked at Darius who gave him a slight nod. Pablo stood up, held himself erect and took a deep breath.

“Sir,” he said to Mark. “I know what you told us, and I know I’m not supposed to say this. Punish me if you want, but I was wondering if you would allow me to take some food to my friend.”

There was a stunned silence. Randy looked up at his boy, his adopted son, and felt a warm glow of pride. Pablo was risking a lot by asking this and it took a deal of courage. But he was simply being loyal to his friend and Randy admired the hell out of him. “That’s my boy!” he thought to himself, allowing a slight smile to come to his lips.

“Look,” Mark said, winding up for a refusal, but a look of entreaty from Randy silenced him. There was another long pause, and finally Mark turned to Pablo.

“OK, take him a bowl of food. But do not speak to him or touch him. Just place the bowl on the ground in front of him. Then come straight back.”

Pablo did as he was told. He heaped leftovers from lunch into a bowl and took it over to Jamie. He risked a look into his eyes, with a slight smile of encouragement and support, then placed the bowl on the ground and returned to the table.

For some time Jamie’s nostrils had been full of the smell of cooked food and he was ravenous. His courage was bolstered by the bravery of his friend in daring to say what he had, and by the encouraging smile in Pablo’s eyes. Now he had to eat and there was only one way.

There were no furtive glances now. All five men gazed at the bound man, riveted by the sight. Jamie slowly worked his hands downward behind him, sliding them against the tree. He bent his legs, stretched his aching arms backward until he was finally able to fall to his knees. The bowl was now within reach.

“Jesus,” breathed Darius softly. The men were mesmerized by what came next. Leaning forward, his arms stretched even tighter behind him, the naked boy lowered his head toward the bowl. The smell made his mouth water and he lost all sense of shame as his hunger drove him. He dropped his face into the bowl and began noisily to chew on the food and suck it into his mouth. He munched, slobbered like a starving animal. He was eating like a dog.

The group of men gazed uneasily at the stunning sight, their feelings a mix of awe, sympathy and an overwhelming desire on the boys’ part to help their friend. The effect on Mark was startling. He turned his head away and took a deep breath to avoid the tears that formed in his eyes. “God,” he murmured to himself. The sight of his boy enduring this total humiliation was killing the macho cop. He felt the touch of Bob’s hand over his and when their eyes met he was comforted by the smile of infinite sympathy on Bob’s face.

After Jamie had emptied the bowl nobody moved. The naked boy stayed on his knees, slumped forward, his head bowed in shame. Gradually, slowly conversation resumed and the men managed to spend a genial, if rather subdued, afternoon. Sometime later Randy called for

another round of beers, which Darius brought out quickly from the house. But by now the spirit had drained from the group as they gazed at their drinks silently, sullenly. Finally Randy glanced at Bob, then gazed directly into Mark's haunted blue eyes.

"It's time, buddy," Randy said softly.

All eyes were now focused on Mark. He looked at them in turn and realized that each was silently pleading with him to end the punishment. At last, he reached into his pocket and pushed something across the table to Pablo. It was the key to the handcuffs.

Pablo reacted quickly. He grabbed the key and ran over to his naked friend, who had by now managed to ease himself upward, back into a standing position. Pablo was able to unlock the handcuffs behind him right away and Jamie's arms fell to his sides. Pablo ran round the tree just in time to catch the exhausted body as it slumped forward. He held him tight, kissed his forehead and his cheek and whispered in his ear.

"It's OK, dude. It's all over. You did great."

At the table Darius looked eagerly, questioningly at Randy who nodded to him. Like a shot Darius sprang to his feet and ran to join his friends. He wrapped his big arms around them both, and the three young men held each other in a warm embrace of mutual support.

Pablo whispered into Jamie's ear again. "You wanna take a shower, dude?" Jamie opened his tear-stained eyes and nodded feebly. From the table the three masters watched as Pablo and Darius, one on each side, supported Jamie across the lawn and, with some difficulty, helped him into the house.

Randy shook his head. "That's three terrific boys we've got there. They stick to each other no matter what. I admire the hell out of that."

Mark was silent. He wiped the back of his hand across his damp eyes, then stared straight ahead. "Jesus Christ," he breathed. "Fuck fuck!"

Randy reached across the table and put his hand on Mark's shoulder. "Hey, man. Don't beat yourself up. He's your boy, he misbehaved badly and you did what you had to do. I'd have done the same to Pablo if he fucked up. Sometimes it's tough being a master."

There was another long silence. Then Bob grabbed Mark's hand and gazed steadily into his eyes. "Go to him, man. He'll be desperate to hear your voice."

Mark shook his head as if he were coming out of a trance. "You're right. Of course he needs me." He shot to his feet. "Thanks guys. Thank God I have buddies like you."

He ran, stumbling, across the lawn and into the house and took the stairs two at a time. In the bedroom Darius and Pablo were standing around waiting for Jamie to come out of the shower. Mark pulled them close and put his arms over their shoulders.

“I wanna thank you guys. You’ve been great to him. He’s real lucky to have buddies like you. But I’ll take it from here.”

The two boys smiled at him and, feeling the cop’s touch and hearing his words, they both had the stirrings of a hard-on. Quickly they left the room. Mark took a deep breath and waited. After a while he heard the shower shut off, the door slid open and Jamie’s naked body appeared. His face was covered by the towel he was using to dry his hair so he couldn’t see.

“Hey, guys. Would you hand me my ……… “

He broke off suddenly as he lowered the towel and saw, not the boys, but his master the cop. Mark stared at the beautifully proportioned body, lean muscles streaming with water, damp, tousled hair falling over his handsome young face. For a second he couldn’t believe this was the same boy he had punished so thoroughly. He was so fucking beautiful.

They stood gazing at each other, Jamie nervous about what came next. He was hugely relieved to see a smile spread over Mark’s beautiful, tanned face. Mark opened his arms. The boy stumbled forward and fell into his master’s arms, uttering a small whimper like a young, lost animal who has just found his home.

The big arms crushed him in a fierce bear hug. Jamie started to sob as he rambled incoherently. “Thank you, sir. I messed up ……… I don’t deserve …… thank you …… the punishment …… may I stay, sir? ……… I’ll sleep on the floor …… just don’t ……………”

“Shut up, kiddo,” Mark said softly and stopped the flow of words by pressing his mouth against Jamie’s lips. They kissed each other hungrily, squeezing each other tight, both with a growing hard-on. Finally Mark held Jamie at arm’s length and looked into his tearful gray eyes.

“It’s OK, kid. You’ve paid the price, and now it’s all behind us. Just don’t ever give me a reason to punish you again. It’s too tough on both of us.”

“OK, sir. Never again. I promise. I love you, sir.”

Mark grinned and held out his arms. “Look at this, kid. You’ve made me soaking wet.” He looked down at his T-shirt that was drenched with water from Jamie’s wet body. “You’re gonna have to do something about that.” He leaned forward and stretched his arms above his head.

Jamie took a sharp intake of breath. He knew what his master wanted him to do. He reached forward, grabbed the T-shirt behind Mark’s head and slowly pulled it forward. It slid slowly up

over the glorious wet body free of the pants, up over the hard abs, over the chest and shoulders, then over the face.

Jamie threw the shirt on the floor and Mark stood up straight, his sculpted muscles gleaming wet. He was shirtless, the top of his white shorts just visible over the slim waist of his jeans. Jamie had a raging hard-on. He couldn't believe that he was undressing this magnificent man.

"What about the rest?" Mark smiled.

Jamie fell to his knees and unbuttoned the jeans, pulling them down around the cop's ankles, revealing Mark's white boxers and his muscled thighs. The boy gasped as he saw the huge bulge under the thin cotton of the shorts. He couldn't help himself. He fell forward and threw his arms round the hard, sinewy thighs. He clamped his mouth over the bulge in the shorts, tasting through the cotton the warm smell of his master's huge tool straining beneath it. He breathed in the faint trace of urine where the cop had dripped after taking a piss. The boy lost himself, grinding his face and mouth into the shorts, stopping just short of biting into the cock.

He wasn't thinking now, or waiting for permission. He reached into the opening at the front of the shorts and pulled out the rigid dick. Instantly he slid it into his mouth and lowered his face until the head of the cock rested deep in the back of his throat. He pulled back, then pushed forward again, until the piston was plunging deeper and deeper inside his mouth. He was in a trance as he heard the deep groan of his master watching his boy service him.

Suddenly Mark pulled his cock out and Jamie looked up at him, startled. But Mark was smiling. "And now, kiddo, I'm gonna make love to you like I've never made love to you before." He reached down, picked the naked boy up bodily and threw him down on the bed.

Jamie fell heavily on his back and looked up in awe as he saw the god-like man, his master, step out of his jeans. Naked, Mark fell forward, his arms bracing his body on either side of Jamie's face. Jamie could hardly breathe as he gazed at the stunning face above him square jaw, straight Nordic nose, high cheek bones, steel blue eyes and tousled blond hair. Incredible! Mark's chiseled body heaved as he looked hungrily into the eyes of his boy.

"You ready to get fucked, boy? You ready to get your sweet ass ploughed by a cop?"

"Oh yes, sir. Do anything. Rip me open. I wanna feel your rod in my ass."

"You like being my boy? You love me, boy?"

"Oh yes, sir aargh!!" He screamed as the massive shaft plunged suddenly into his ass, all the way deep, deep inside his burning body. Both bodies shook and their cocks erupted with cum simultaneously as their screams of euphoria rebounded around the room. It was the jubilant physical release of the pent-up mental suffering they had both endured.

But after they came neither man lost his erection. The passionate, savage fucking began again almost immediately and continued for a long, long time as the cop took repossession of his enraptured boy. The onslaught was repeated again and again that night, and between exploding orgasms they slept, locked in each other's arms.

Master and boy were united again. The past was the past. And their future was more secure than it had ever been.

The next day, Jamie had two interviews. One was about business, the other pleasure, but they both were to have an impact on his future.

It was early in the morning when Mark's cell phone rang. Bob asked Mark if he could spare Jamie to drop by his office next door for a talk. Jamie looked startled. "He's gonna fire me. I know he is. No way he'll take me back to work after what I....."

Mark cut him off. "Only one way to find out, kid. Don't keep him waiting."

Jamie ran into the main house, knocked timidly on Bob's door and went in. His anxiety made him plunge right in. "Sir, Mark already told me I have to pay for the broken computer. I know that what I did"

"Be quiet Jamie and tell me something. How much do you like your job at the Motor Pool?"

Jamie was taken aback. "Pretty much, I guess."

"And how much do you like working here part-time?"

"Oh, I love it, sir. Best job I ever had. I love the challenge."

"Good. Then how would you like to work for me full time?"

Jamie's eyes opened wide. "After what I did, sir? I can't believe"

"Look, Jamie, you're a perfectionist. You got frustrated and angry when you couldn't balance the books. Anyone else would have just thrown in an error correction, but you needed to find your mistake. It's that kind of precision, dedication I need. So how about it?"

Jamie's eyes shone. "Oh!," he gasped. "Working for you full time, sir. That would be awesome. I don't know how to thank you, sir. Of course I'll have to ask permission from"

"I already mentioned it to Mark and he's OK'd it. So that's settled. Now one more thing. Come here and sit at the computer." Jamie did so and saw on the screen the same page of figures that had caused his earlier frustration.

Bob said, "See this figure here? Now move the decimal one place to the left." Two clicks later and Jamie watched as the figures scrolled down, there was a 'ding', and the account balanced.

He stared in relief and Bob laughed. "See, all your problems, your tantrum, your punishment, all because of a single, misplaced decimal point. Not worth it eh? Get your priorities right, kid."

Jamie threw his arms around Bob. "Thank you, sir. Is it OK to say I love you?"

"Sure it is. Especially since we'll be working closely together from now on full time."

The other conversation Jamie had that day was with Mark. They were clearing up loose ends from the previous day's trauma and Mark asked."

"Are you OK now, kid? I know the humiliation was something fierce and you felt thoroughly degraded. Is there anything I can do to correct that help you regain your masculine self-confidence? I love that macho toughness in you. I want to see it again."

Jamie hesitated. Then he looked up at Mark with a slight smile. "Well, sir. Me and Pablo were talking the other day and I said well, I said that I loved getting fucked by you of course, but once in a while I would like to be a top man and fuck someone's ass."

Mark gazed at him in surprise. "Do all you boys feel like that?"

"Pretty much sir. Darius fucks Pablo, of course, but he'd like to take on someone else too."

"Hmm. I let you fuck me that once but that's not gonna happen again, me or any of the masters, of course. But I understand what you all want, and I think it would be good for you. I'd love to watch you fuck." He hesitated and a smile spread over his face. "You know, I've just remembered something I said some time ago when I'd got through disciplining someone?"

"What, sir?"

"I said, 'Let me make this clear. The guys in the house are off limits to you unless of course we get horny and call you in to service us all. You never know'"

"Who were you talking to, sir?"

Mark laughed. "Lloyd! I was talking to Lloyd."

#

Chapter 59 – Jamie Becomes a Stallion

That evening Mark, Randy and Bob were in the garden having a beer while their boys were preparing dinner, and Mark repeated his conversation to the other two. Randy looked intrigued.

“You mean, let them change roles become masters for a while? Let them strut their stuff like top men? Wouldn’t mind seeing that. Wouldn’t mind at all.

Bob smiled. “I think it would be the best thing for them. They could all do with a boost of self-confidence right now. Hell, they clean and cook for us, service us whenever we demand it, offer their ass to be fucked. It’s not good for a man to feel like a servant all the time. Their egos are straining to get free. They’re all macho young studs at heart. Let’s turn them loose.”

“That’s settled then,” Mark said. “Now we have to decide who’s gonna service them.” He smiled conspiratorially. “Randy, how’s your relationship with Lloyd after everything that happened. You got the right mix now?”

“Sure,” Randy grinned. “Not much of a mix, though. I’m the boss and he does what I tell him to do. Simple as that.” Actually Randy and Lloyd respected each other’s skills and they now had a good working relationship.

“But you really think we can use him for this?” Mark asked.

Randy’s eyes glinted. “Like I said, he does what I tell him to do. We won’t tell him shit. We’ll just do it.”

Bob wasn’t so sure. “You know, I think we may have been a bit too hard on Lloyd. Maybe he’s been punished enough.”

“Hell,” Randy scoffed. “You didn’t hear him complain, did you? The guy’s such a sex hog that he’d do it all over again even with our boys. This time it won’t be punishment. He’ll love it. I say let’s go for it.”

And so they did the next weekend.

In fact, the boys had used Lloyd once before, but then it was Randy who was in charge. He had been punishing Lloyd then and ordered all three boys to face-fuck the handsome architect. But that time they had been simply an instrument of his punishment. Now it was to be all about them. They were in charge. They were the top men. And now they would get to fuck ass.

“OK, guys. It’s all yours,” Randy yelled. It was early Saturday afternoon, the usual warm, sunny day that’s standard in Southern California. The three masters sat off to the side of the lawn, wearing just shorts, drinking beer, watching their boys perform. Randy was proud to see that his boy Pablo, his adopted son and a natural leader, was taking charge. They had brought a small, square table out of the house and placed it in the center of the lawn. At Bob’s suggestion they had draped a thick blanket over it to soften the sharp edges.

Pablo looked over to Randy and asked, “So where’s the star of our show?” As if on cue they heard the crunch of car tires on the gravel outside.

“Bingo,” laughed Randy. “Perfect timing.

Darius ran to the gate and brought Lloyd into the garden. The fine-looking architect was dressed in jeans, polo shirt and loafers. He wasn’t sure why Randy had told him to come by the house; he assumed it was to discuss architectural plans. Randy quickly put him right.

“It’s not business, today, Lloyd. It’s all pleasure. For you, especially.”

Lloyd felt his cock stirring as he faced the three stunning men sprawled near-naked on the grass. After his searing experience and punishment resulting from his previous sexual exploits with the group he had assumed this aspect of their relationship was over. Apparently not. But he still had the wrong idea.

Randy laughed. “No, Lloyd not us them.” He pointed to the boys.

Lloyd turned and looked in surprise at the three beautiful young men Pablo, with his exotic mestizo features and naturally sleek body; Darius, the beautifully sculpted, strong black man; and Jamie, the virile young blond with the lean, tanned body. Despite his bewilderment about what was happening here Lloyd again felt his cock stir in his jeans.

“You belong to them today, Lloyd,” Randy said. “They’re the masters. You do whatever they tell you to do. You OK with that?”

Lloyd was not at all sure, but he could never deny Randy, so he stammered. “Ye ... yes, sir.”

The three boys stood facing Lloyd across the lawn. They were all dressed alike in jeans, T-shirts and sneakers. Pablo glanced at the other two with a grin and they all moved in unison. With their eyes fixed on Lloyd they grabbed their shirts behind their necks and slowly raised them up and over their lean bodies and over their heads. They stood still, shirtless, and Lloyd felt his dick become rigid. They were three stunning young men.

“Now you, Lloyd,” Pablo said. Lloyd obeyed and did the same, taking off his polo shirt.

“Nice!” said Darius admiring Lloyd’s muscular body. “Very nice. Now come here Lloyd.”

Lloyd moved forward as if in a trance. He didn’t know if it was Randy’s commanding presence that made him obey, or the compelling beauty of the three young men, but the architect could not resist the impulse to do what he was told. He was directed to stand against the table facing it. Darius gently pushed him forward until he was face down on the table. Still wearing jeans, his ass hung over one end, his face over the other and his arms loosely over the sides.

Stripped to the waist Lloyd was lying like a sacrifice on an altar. At least, that was certainly Darius’s fantasy as he breathed, “Wow, dudes. That’s awesome.” Lloyd closed his eyes and felt, rather than saw, what happened next. His wrists were being tied to the bottom of the table legs in front, and his ankles to the back legs. He was helpless and his cock was rigid, pressed between his belly and the table.

“Well done, guys,” Randy said. “Come and have a beer.”

Lloyd’s head faced the group and he managed to raise it high enough to see them. The three masters, stripped to their shorts, lying on the grass, and their three boys, shirtless in jeans and sneakers, all of them drinking beer and surveying their prisoner in admiration. Finally Bob spoke.

“So who’s first, guys?”

It was Pablo who replied. “Well, this started out as Jamie’s idea. He asked Mark for this, so I vote he gets first crack if you’ll pardon the expression.”

Jamie looked apprehensively at Mark. The cop smiled and nodded. “Go for it, kid. Show me what you’re made of.” Jamie walked slowly round to the other side of the table and stood behind Lloyd. He reached round him, unbuttoned his fly and pulled the jeans round his ankles. Then he lowered his own jeans, and his cock flopped out, level with Lloyd’s naked ass.

The hesitant boy looked up and saw the other five men looking at him expectantly. They yelled encouragement with raucous advice. “He’s all yours, kid” “Go for it, dude, hammer his ass” “Push it in deep, man. Ream that sweet ass.”

But the effect on Jamie was the reverse of what was intended. He found himself totally intimidated. He had only ever fucked one man before, Mark, and he desperately wanted to top another guy, wanted to demonstrate his macho side to Mark. But now the moment had come the peer pressure was too great and his cock was only semi-hard. He couldn’t get it up, and he started to blush.

Bob said softly to Mark, “He needs a little encouragement, man.”

Mark stood up and strode toward the table. As Jamie watched him, his god-like master, stunning, muscular physique glinting in the sun, his cock swinging under his white shorts, Jamie immediately got the erection he needed. Mark always had that effect on him. The cop stood at Lloyd's head, his crotch resting against his face. Lloyd took a deep breath, wallowing in the musky taste and smell of this muscle god's manhood.

Mark smiled at Jamie. "OK, Jamie. Do it for me. I want to see my boy take another man. I want to see you fuck ass, kid. Can you do that for me?"

"You bet, sir." Jamie's confidence flooded back to him. He pressed the head of his rigid cock against the helpless man's ass and pushed. Two shouts echoed round the garden Lloyd's as he felt the hard young shaft enter his ass, and Jamie's, feeling the jolt in his cock as it slid against the hot membrane of the moist hole. Immediately he started to hammer the ass in quick, jerky movements.

"Hey, hey, kid," Mark said, gazing into his eyes. "Slow down. You don't wanna cum too soon. You'll enjoy it more this way. Now, stop and pull all the way out." Jamie did so and his rigid cock stood quivering at the entrance to the hole.

Mark spoke softly. "Now, look at me Jamie. Do you love me?"

"Yes, sir. You know I do."

"OK, do this for me. Now slide your cock back inside, but slowly, very slowly."

Jamie gazed into the steel blue eyes and felt the exquisite sensation as the head of his dick rubbed against the moist, velvet lining of Lloyd's ass, sliding slowly, deeper and deeper into the furnace. The sound of Lloyd's ecstatic groaning made his cock even more rigid.

"OK," Mark said. "Now pull back, slowly, all the way, then slide it back in." Jamie was moaning with joy, his whole body electrified. Mark continued, "Can you feel the back of his ass?"

"Yes, sir."

"OK, you have a nice long cock so now push a bit harder against the back of his gut."

Jamie did as he was told and gasped at the exquisite sensation as the head of his cock passed over the inner sphincter into the secret depths of the man's body. Lloyd screamed as he felt the young man's cock plunder the sensitive, innermost chamber of his ass. And as his cock passed over the soft muscle a jolt of electricity shook the head of Jamie's cock, travelled along the shaft and flamed up through his entire body. His eyes opened wide in wonder as he stared ecstatically at Mark.

Mark smiled broadly at his boy. "Now you know, Jamie. Now you know how it feels. OK. It's all yours now, kid. Make me proud of you."

Jamie was transported to another world. It was not only the exquisite, shattering feeling in his cock and his body. It was not only the thrill of totally dominating this beautiful man. Best of all, he was doing it all for his master, and for his buddies, guys he loved. Here was his chance to show them he was a man. And he took full advantage.

He whooped and hollered as he pulled his cock back and then plunged it all the way past the inner sphincter in the blazing ass. His rhythm became faster, his breath heaved, his naked young body began to stream with sweat. Gone was his shyness, his hesitation. He felt powerful, supreme. And he lost every shred of his inhibitions.

"Yeah, guys. Look at this," he yelled. "I'm fucking pounding this dude. His ass feels great. I'm splitting him open. That's it, Lloyd. It's me you're feeling now the cop's boy. He made me a man and that man's reaming your ass. Feel that hard prick punishing your ass, man. Your ass is mine, fucker."

The spectators were whipped into a frenzy. They were yelling, screaming encouragement as they watched in awe the transformation of their buddy from a reticent boy into a macho fuck machine, like a stud cowboy riding a bull. "Go for it, dude. Ride that ass" "Take him, man. Show him who's boss" "Wow, dude. You're fucking spectacular. You're such a fucking stud. You're the man!"

Jamie was thrown into a pitch of excitement. He slapped the hard cheeks of the ass, then grasped the slim waist and pulled the body hard against his raging cock again and again. As his rod pistoned in and out of Lloyd's ass he felt his climax approaching. He laughed at his buddies and yelled, "Here it comes, guys. You wanna see me shoot my fucking load in this guy's ass? You wanna see me take his ass?"

"Yeah!" they all yelled, whistling and screaming. "Do it, man!"

In a frenzy of excitement Jamie looked straight at Mark and yelled. "This is for you, sir. It's all for you Aaaarg!!

He pulled Lloyd's ass toward him in one last tremendous heave, his beautiful young body arched and spasmed and his cock exploded deep inside the bound man's ass. Again and again he eased back, then yanked the ass forward against his cock, pouring more hot juice inside each time. Lloyd's own screams of ecstasy were lost in the cacophony of male voices echoing round the garden. As he felt Jamie's hot juice filling his hole Lloyd's own cock had erupted, and he lay pressed down onto the pool of his own cum smothering the table.

Then there was silence. The group watched spellbound as Jamie, heart pounding, fought to regain control of his body, his breathing and his mind. His cock was still buried deep inside

Lloyd's ass, still pouring the last jets of his spectacular orgasm. He looked up at Mark and, even at a distance, could see a new light in his eyes, a look of wonder, of admiration and infinite pride. Jamie had truly earned his place as the cop's boy.

Mark stood up, walked across the grass and stood behind him. He pulled him away from the table so Jamie's cock finally fell free of the ass he had conquered. Then Mark turned him around and held him in his arms. He whispered in his ear.

"Now I've seen the real Jamie. I knew that was in you, kid. I felt it when I first met you. That's what I always wanted to see, and today you showed me. You're such a fucking stud. You're beautiful. You're my man, Jamie. And you always will be."

"That's a tough act to follow, dude," Pablo grinned at Jamie. And it was. But follow it they did, and they put on quite a show for the masters as first Pablo and then Darius had their turn. As each exhilarated boy reached his explosive climax so did Lloyd. Three orgasms later he lay exhausted, his chest and stomach lying flat on the table in an ocean of his own warm semen. The boys had used his ass to demonstrate their ability to top a man, and they had made their masters proud.

Perhaps Lloyd should have felt humiliation at being used in this degrading way, but he didn't. His ass and every muscle ached, his body was soaked in sweat and he still felt the cum of three young studs oozing from his shattered hole, but he felt elated, thrilled to have been the object of so much youthful lust. Most of all, he knew that he had been at the center of the spectacle for the three muscle gods he idolized.

As the cheers and shouts died down he felt his wrists and ankles being untied. The three boys helped him off the table and supported him as he stood exhausted before the masters. He heard their applause and Randy came toward him and shook his hand.

"You were spectacular man," he said. "You took everything our boys could pump into you. And you made it possible for them to show off their macho side. Now, they'll take you to the shower and help you clean up. Then I hope you can join all of us for dinner. It would be our pleasure."

"Thank you, sir," Lloyd said in a daze.

Any initial uneasiness over dinner soon disappeared in the usual loud, raucous atmosphere of mealtimes. Bob and Mark were relieved that Randy was so relaxed with Lloyd, and the boys regarded him with new respect for his toughness and endurance. These were resilient men. All the conflict, tension, offenses and punishment of the last few weeks were left behind and the group fell into an easy affability.

At the end of the meal Bob turned to Lloyd. "Lloyd, perhaps you could do me a favor. Jamie's getting used to the books and he's been asking questions on how architectural adjustments impact the budget. I know it's work, but perhaps you could spare half an hour with Jamie and me and explain it to him."

Lloyd smiled at Jamie. "Be glad to." The three of them left the table and went up to Bob's office. Pablo and Darius cleared the dinner table and went off to clean up the kitchen. Left alone, Randy and Mark grinned at each other, raised their beer bottles and touched them together.

"Salud!" Mark said. "Quite a day, eh, big guy?"

Randy nodded. "Awesome, man. God I love you guys. And you, officer, are the only son-of-a-bitch in the world who can go toe-to-toe with me, keep me in line. Perhaps now things will calm down and you won't have to beat up on me so much."

"I'll drink to that," Mark said.

But with this group of strong, opinionated men the hope for smooth sailing was probably wishful thinking. It certainly didn't turn out that way.

In the following weeks events moved swiftly in the expansion of the construction company and the two new projects were inaugurated simultaneously. Everybody participated. Lloyd was busy fine-tuning the architectural details, Jamie and Bob worked together on the business side, Mark helped Darius on the increased security arrangements, and Pablo got familiar with the maintenance of the vehicles and machinery.

And over it all loomed the authority figure of the big boss, Randy. As time wore on the pressure on him became intense as he supervised the two new sites, plus the original one that was now managed by Darius. He worked long hours and when he finally came home late he fell into bed beside Bob and slept like a stone. He didn't even have the energy for sexual release with the beautiful man in his arms, though in the past this had been a nightly event sometimes several times a night.

As the pressure built, Randy's temper became more and more ragged and his legendary anger erupted often. Then, one blazing hot afternoon the shit finally hit the fan. There had been problems at both the new sites and then, to cap it all, Darius called on Randy's cell phone.

"Sorry to trouble you, boss. You know I wouldn't have if I could avoid it

"Cut to the chase, punk. What's up?"

"It's Dawson, sir. I've done my best, like you said, but he's out of control. If it were just me I could handle it, but he's upsetting all the other guys."

"Be right there," Randy barked. He snapped his phone shut and muttered, "Shit! Just what I need."

Randy had hired Dawson because he was a big, strong guy who could handle the real heavy manual work. But his attitude stunk and Randy knew that could become a problem. Darius was the manager of that site and the other guys respected him for his fairness and hard work. Everyone, that is, except Dawson.

Randy strode onto the site and, before he could even speak to Darius, Dawson swaggered aggressively toward him. With his shaved head, tattoos, he was a towering figure, as big, as muscular and as tough as Randy. He walked straight up to the boss and glared at him, their faces inches apart.

"You got a problem, Dawson?" Randy growled.

"Damn right I do. When I hired on here I didn't expect to be taking orders from a kid. I tell you, man, that asshole is not I repeat, not gonna be pushing me around."

Randy's eyes flashed. "And I'll tell you this, Dawson. That 'kid' as you call him is worth ten of you. He was hired by me and the orders he gives are my orders. So you'll do just what he says or you can take a hike."

Dawson sneered. "He's not qualified to give orders. Look at him. In case you hadn't noticed, he's a nigger. No way do I take orders from a stinking nigger!"

The anger that had built up in Randy over the last weeks now exploded. Veins bulged in his heaving body, his muscles flexed and his eyes blazed as he stared into the swarthy face, not quite believing what he had just heard. Then all reason, all self-control evaporated as his fury consumed him. He became a wild man, all his rage concentrated in the fist that smashed viciously into the man's face. The force of the blow spun Dawson around twice until his huge body crashed to the ground.

Randy looked at Darius who stood with an expression of hurt and stunned disbelief. This was the young guy Randy had taken in, nurtured, had come to respect and love. And this motherfucker had just called him a stinking nigger. Randy reached down, grabbed Dawson's T-shirt, pulled him up bodily and smashed the back of his hand again and again across his face, first one side then the other.

The huge man hung limply from Randy's fist, but Randy didn't see him. He saw instead an animal he had to destroy. The brutal beating continued. Randy picked him up bodily, threw

him to the ground, kicked him, hauled him up again, kned him in the groin, hit is face again and again as Dawson screamed for mercy. Randy closed his hands round his throat and hauled him upward until Dawson was dangling helplessly, choking, blue in the face.

“Guys!” Darius yelled desperately. “Give me a hand.”

It took four of them to wrench Randy’s hands apart and pull him off the broken man, who fell limply to the ground. As he was held back Randy’s sweat-soaked body heaved with residual anger and adrenaline and he stared down wildly at the bruised and battered man.

“Consider yourself fired, Dawson,” he panted. “That was your exit interview.”

“Here’s the deal,” Bob said briskly. It was three days later, three days after Dawson had been rushed off the site by the paramedics and spent the night in hospital under observation. Now Randy, Bob and Mark sat grim-faced round the table.

“Seems we really lucked out,” Bob said. “By some miracle there’s no serious damage and Dawson has been released from hospital. Our lawyers have met with his lawyers and our insurance company. And here’s where we lucked out. For some reason Dawson doesn’t want to press assault charges.”

“Course he doesn’t,” Randy growled. “He’d have to admit he got totally wasted by just one guy who’s tougher than he is.”

“Randy, that’s really not helpful right now “

Randy’s voice rose to a shout, “He called my boy a nigger, a stinking nigger. What was I supposed to do?”

“Hey, man. Cool it, OK?” Mark said softly.

“Look,” Bob said calmly. “What he said was outrageous, buddy, but you nearly killed him. Still, as I said, he’s not pressing charges. And our insurance has agreed to treat it as an on-site accident and they’re covering Dawson’s medical expenses”

“Terrific,” said Mark.

“.....on two conditions.”

Randy looked up sharply. “Conditions?”

“Randy, let me get through this, please. First, they feel that it was the work load on your shoulders that caused this. You have to relieve the pressure, to delegate some of the stuff. So they are insisting that you work with a personal assistant.”

Randy perked up. “No problem there guys. I’m way ahead of you. I’ve been thinking the same thing.” He leapt to his feet and called through the window to Darius. “Hey, punk, get your ass in here now!”

Darius came running in and stood apprehensively before them. “You’re gonna demote me sir, aren’t you? I’m no longer the manager.”

“No, asshole. I’m gonna promote you. From now on you’re gonna be my personal assistant, my right-hand man. You’ll be working with me all day, long hours, a lot of responsibility. I’ll be delegating a shit load of stuff to you. Think you can handle it?”

Darius gaped. “You bet, sir. Work next to you all day? Of course sir. Sure I can.”

“I’m a son-of-a-bitch to work with.”

“I know that sir.” Darius smiled briefly. “Just as long as you don’t do to me what you did to Dawson.” Then he got serious. “By the way, sir. I haven’t thanked you for defending me the other day. What you did to that guy was awesome. And what you said like, I’m worth ten of him” His voice cracked. “I didn’t know you felt like that about me.” He sniffed and ran the back of his hand over his eyes. “Well, I just I just thank you, sir I love you , sir.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Randy said. “OK, now get out of here, punk, before I change my mind.” Darius flashed them all a wide, tearful smile and left the room.

There was a silence, then Bob smiled. “Hmm kind of makes all this worthwhile doesn’t it?”

Randy looked at Bob. “You said there were two conditions. What’s the other one?”

Bob cleared his throat nervously. “Well, the insurance company will only continue to cover us provided

“Provided what?!”

Mark took over. “Randy, they’re insisting that you undergo a course of anger management with a therapist.”

Randy looked stunned. Then he roared with laughter. “Me! See a shrink! Oh yeah, it’ll be a cold fucking day in hell when I sit down with a shrink. You can take that as a no.”

Bob sighed. "Buddy, maybe it's not such a bad idea. Your anger has been an issue for a long time. It's one thing when you beat me up well, you know." He grinned at the memory, then got serious again. "But when it's one of the crew. You could've killed him."

Mark seized the initiative. "You've gotta get on board with this, man. It's the only way. Your anger could land you in a mess of trouble. I told you once before, a lot of cops go through anger counseling. Had a few sessions myself way back. The therapist was great. Steve. He's a hell of a guy handsome too looks a lot like you."

"And that's supposed to be a recommendation?" Randy growled.

"Would be for me," Bob grinned.

"Asshole!"

"Seriously," Mark continued. "I think you'd like him. He really does look like you, a kind of preppy version of you. The ladies fall all over themselves for him. He just divorced his wife and now he's playing the field. Different girl every night, so they say. It's not for nothing they call him 'Steve the Stud.' But aside from all that he really is a great therapist. Helped me a hell of a lot. Won't you let me set up an appointment for you?"

Bob looked into Randy's eyes and said, "Please, man. If not for yourself, if not for the company, then do it for me, won't you?"

Randy gazed at Bob's face and smiled. "Fuck you and your soft brown eyes, you fucker. You always could get to me. OK, man, set it up. But I tell you right now, I plan on giving this shrink this Steve, whatever a real tough time.

When Randy rang the doorbell and heard the two soft, plush chimes he hated the place already. This smart office suite, soft upholstery, everything muted, smell of incense everything that made him want to bust the place up. Then the door opened. "You must be Randy."

Shit, Mark had been right. The resemblance was remarkable same steel blue eyes, black hair, high cheek bones, square jaw same height, same broad shoulders and sculpted physique. Only the tone was different. As Mark had said, Steve was a preppy version of the swarthy, demonic construction worker. His hair was neat, close cropped; Randy's was wild, unkempt. Steve was clean-shaven, unlike Randy's dark stubbled chin. Steve wore a pale blue polo shirt, beige slacks and loafers; Randy was in a black T-shirt, jeans and boots.

They gazed at each other, seeing themselves reflected in the other's eyes. They were taken aback by the resemblance. But the most notable difference was in their tone of voice. Steve's

was relaxed, calming, sympathetic; Randy's was harsh, aggressive, resentful. The therapist had seen a lot of charismatic guys but this one! The phrase that came immediately to mind was 'animal magnetism.' Steve smiled and held out his hand.

"Hi, Randy. Doctor Peterson Steve Peterson. Please come in."

Randy didn't give an inch. "Look, before we start I gotta tell you I didn't want to come here and I think it's a fucking waste of time."

Steve smiled. "That's usually the case with anger management patients. Take a seat."

"What, you want me on some couch or something?"

Steve laughed. "We gave up couches years ago. That armchair will be fine." Randy slumped sullenly into a deep armchair and Steve sat opposite, about six feet away. He looked at a clipboard.

"I see Mark Matsen made the appointment for you. How is Mark?"

"He's fine." Randy scowled. "Look, doc, can we just skip over the crap and cut to the chase?"

"OK," said Steve evenly. "Let's jump right in here. Now I understand that you got into some kind of altercation with a colleague."

"One of my crew. An asshole mother-fucker. Called my boy a stinking nigger."

"Really! And how did you feel about that?"

"Oh, shit, there you go already. All shrinks ask that same damn question" (mimicking Steve) "and how did you feel about that?' How the fuck do you think I felt?! I slugged the son-of-a-bitch."

"With your fists."

"Of course with my fists! Worked him over real good."

"And is that how you settle all your disagreements?"

Randy closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He opened them again and leaned forward in his chair so his face was only a few feet from Steve's. "Now look, doc, you're starting to annoy me already. This whole thing is bullshit, your questions are bullshit, and I don't like you."

As therapists do, Steve let Randy talk freely. The slight smile on his face annoyed Randy even more.

"I've heard all about you, doc what's your name? Steve. Think you're hot shit, don't you. Apparently the ladies fall at your feet and you fuck 'em all. You're some big stud. 'Steve the Stud.' Well that don't cut any ice with me, doc. I'm my own man. I'm always the boss, and I always get what I want. And what I want right now is to get the hell out of here."

Steve smiled. "But I sense something else, Randy. Are you sure that's how you feel?"

"Godammit! That question again. You know, you're pressing all my buttons, doc, and you're pissing the hell out of me."

Steve risked a bold approach. "You know, this session is supposed to be about you and all you've done so far is talk about me." He paused for effect. "Are you jealous of me, Randy?"

Randy shot to his feet. "You fucking arrogant prick! Me? Jealous of you? You don't get it, do you, doc? I'm not jealous of anyone, least of all an asshole like you."

"Randy, please sit down," and Steve put his hands on Randy's shoulders. That did it. Randy raised his voice.

"Take your fucking hands off me. OK, asshole. You asked if I settle all my arguments with my fists. The answer to that question is yes, doc. Like this."

Randy hauled back and slammed his fist into Steve's stomach. As the therapist doubled over in pain Randy brought his arm down in a forearm smash across the back of his shoulders. Steve fell to his knees, coughing and groaning. Randy towered over him, grabbed his hair and pulled his head up so he was looking down into his face.

"Now I've got a question for you, doc. 'How did you feel about that?'"

He let the head drop and stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

#

Chapter 60 – Steve the Stud

"You're home early. How did it go?" Bob was sitting with Mark in the kitchen as Randy came in.

"Oh, pretty good I guess. Not sure the shrink would say the same thing, though."

Bob persisted. "But did you get what you wanted out of it?"

"Oh, yeah. I got exactly what I wanted," and he rubbed his fist, grinning.

Mark narrowed his eyes. "Randy what happened exactly?"

Randy laughed. "I hit the mother fucker, that's what happened exactly. He pissed the hell out of me and I decked him."

Bob buried his face in his hands, "Oh, shit. How did he feel about that?"

"Now don't you start, asshole. That's what made me punch him." Randy was enjoying himself. "Let's just say it's a safe bet there won't be another session with Doctor Steve."

"That's for sure," Mark groaned. "He'll say you're untreatable and according to the rules he'll have to report you as being a danger to yourself and others."

But they were all wrong. Just then the phone rang and Mark picked up. When he heard the voice he hit the speaker button so they could all hear.

"Hi, this is Dr. Peterson. That you, Mark? How you doing, big guy? Say, could you give Randy a message for me? He left here without scheduling a follow-up session. Have him call me, will you? I should probably see him as soon as possible. Take care, man." There was a stunned silence as the phone clicked off.

"Holy shit," Bob said. "I've heard of cool, but this guy is something else. Like nothing happened!"

Randy grinned. "Knew he wouldn't report me. The guy doesn't have the balls."

"Whatever," Mark said. "You have to go back, buddy."

"Like hell I will. The guy's a quack."

Mark was fast losing patience. "Now look, pal. You have to have therapy or we lose our insurance. This is not all about you it's us, the company. OK, you've let Steve know who's boss. You've staked out your territory, pissed on your weed patch. Now you've got that out of your system for God's sake get back in there and talk to the guy."

Randy looked at Bob who merely gave him a "he's right" silent shrug. Randy growled. "Fancy fucking office in Beverly fucking Hills."

Bob grinned. "If you feel out of place there, let me lend you one of my fancy fucking shirts."

"Whatever asshole," and Randy couldn't suppress a grin.

So there he was a day later in Beverly Hills ringing that fancy 'bing-bong' doorbell. He was wearing the usual jeans and boots, but this time he had on one of Bob's smart dress shirts, sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

The door opened and the two men stood face to face. The resemblance was truly remarkable same steel blue eyes, black hair, high cheek bones, square jaw same height, same broad shoulders and sculpted physique. Only the tone was different. As Mark had said, Steve was a well-groomed, preppy version of the swarthy, demonic construction worker. His hair was neat, close cropped; Randy's was wild, unkempt. Steve was clean-shaven, unlike Randy's dark stubbled chin.

There was a hesitancy on both sides, but Steve smiled and said, "Come in, Randy." Like last time Randy threw himself in the big armchair and glowered resentfully. And just as before, Steve sat facing him. After the last disastrous meeting it was hard to know where to begin.

Randy cleared his throat and murmured, "You OK, doc?"

Steve smiled. "Sure, just a few bruised ribs. Nothing broken."

"Look, about that thing

"The fist thing?"

"Yeah well, about that"

"Randy that's in the past. You strike me as a guy who doesn't look back no regrets, no apologies. Am I right?"

"Shit, that's not half bad. You nailed me, doc." He paused. "I didn't expect you to call. Why did you?"

"Let's just say I like a challenge."

There was another uneasy silence, then Steve stood up. "Look, Randy. I can see that a session like last time isn't gonna work. Probably have the same result." He grinned, rubbing his bruised ribs. "So I'm gonna suggest something unorthodox." He took a deep breath. "This office is the problem. Why don't we go to the restaurant downstairs and talk over lunch? Might be easier."

"You mean that fancy fucking restaurant I saw as I came in?"

"Don't worry. You'll fit right in. I see you wore a dress shirt this time. My guess is that's a rare thing."

Randy looked him in the eye. "Right again, doc. I borrowed this one." And for the first time the two men smiled at each other.

The restaurant hostess, a raven-haired beauty, flashed a smile at Steve. "Hi, handsome." Then looking at Randy, "Jesus, Steve, you never told me you had a brother."

"Never seen the guy before," Steve grinned. "How about a quiet booth in the back, Connie? We have a lot of talking to do."

"For you, Steve, anything." As the two stunning men were led through the restaurant there was a notable hush in the room.

"You coming to see me later?" Connie smiled seductively as she showed them their booth.

"I'll call you, sweetheart," Steve said, kissing her cheek.

"Or you could always send your brother," said Connie, eyeing Randy as she left the menus and walked away.

"Hell, man," Randy said as they sat down. "Have you fucked all the girls in this place?"

"I get around," said Steve non-committally. "Since I got divorced I've pretty much been playing the field."

"Seem a bit restless."

Steve frowned. "I dunno. They're all great in their way but somehow there's always something missing. Something I can't put my finger on."

"You're the shrink, doc."

"Yeah, yeah. 'Physician heal thyself.' By the way, did you notice all the heads turn as you walked through the room?"

"Nah. Never think about that stuff. Don't give a shit what other people think."

"Jesus. You really don't have any vanity, do you? Still, it's time we talked talk about you."

Randy sighed. "I knew we'd get round to that. Look, I'll give you the CliffsNotes version of my life and that'll have to do."

“OK, let me guess. Born on the wrong side of the tracks?”

“Hell, where I came from there were no tracks. Deepest rural Texas. I was the oldest of six brothers. We moved around a lot, dirt poor, itinerants gypsies I guess you’d call us. I was sixteen when my old man went to jail and mom drank herself to death. I was left to bring up the kids.”

“I knew it,” Steve smiled. “The King of the Gypsies.”

“Yeah, whatever. I soon became a tough son-of-a-bitch. Had to take care of my little brothers. Protected them like a tiger. And yes, I did settle all my problems with my fists. Anyway, the kids grew up and finally I was on my own. Got married for a while, wife split and I moved out here to L.A. Worked in construction, fucked a lot of women, just like you.”

“Then what?”

Randy hesitated, then looked straight at Steve, two pairs of steel blue eyes boring into each other.

“Then in a crummy bar on Hollywood Boulevard I met a guy named Bob. And my life changed.” His eyes misted for a moment, then he snapped back. “Some time after that the cop Mark moved in you know him of course. I met a kid named Pablo, a terrific, tough little guy, who I ended up adopting. Then there was Darius, who’s now my right-hand man, and Jamie. There are six of us.”

“And you’re the big boss man.”

“Of course.”

Steve laughed. “The King of the Gypsies again.”

Randy smiled. “I never thought of it like that. And we’re not exactly gypsies. We do pretty good. Bob and Mark are my partners in a construction company and the boys all work for us. Anyway, then a mother-fucker insulted Darius, called him a stinking nigger. I slugged him and ended up being assigned to you. That brings us to now, this moment.”

Randy stopped speaking suddenly and Steve looked at him, taken aback, feeling a mix of admiration, compassion, empathy, awe even and something else he couldn’t define. Jesus, he’d never met a guy like this. He blinked and shook his head.

“Sorry, I kind of lost my professional poise there for a moment. But hell, Randy, that’s some story. You’re something else, you know?”

Randy frowned. "You know, doc, I never told anybody this shit before. But just so we're clear. Whatever I say is just between us? You'd never tell anyone?"

Absolutely not doctor/patient confidentiality. The only time I break that is if I consider the patient a threat to himself or others. That's why I said, if you hit me again I'd have to report it.

Randy gave him a piercing gaze. "No you wouldn't, Steve. Not me. You wouldn't report me."

Steve was transfixed by the penetrating blue eyes and he heard himself say. "No, Randy. Not you. I wouldn't report you."

"Good," Randy laughed. "Now we've got that out of the way I promise not to hit you again."

"Wow," Steve laughed. "I'll take that as progress." He recited as he wrote on a napkin. "Breakthrough! Patient promises not to slug me."

Randy threw his head back and laughed. "You're not half bad, doc. You're easy to talk to."

"It's my job."

Randy looked deflated. "Yeah, I guess that's it."

Steve quickly touched his hand. "Randy I didn't mean that the way it sounded. It came out wrong. Forget the therapist thing. I really enjoy talking to you too. You're well, I've never met anyone like you."

"There isn't anyone like me. Except you, when you look in the mirror."

"Yeah, there is that. Guess they all still think we're brothers."

"Let them. Like I said, I never give a shit what people think."

Steve grinned, "I can believe it. Come on lets order. I'm starved."

"One thing," Randy said. "I'm paying."

"OK." The therapist smiled as he recognized another small gesture of Randy asserting his dominance. Steve was real comfortable with that accepting Randy as boss.

After that the therapy sessions became regular and frequent, though 'therapy sessions' would not really be the right phrase. They were more like intimate chats between two buddies, guy talk, where they unburdened themselves, told each other stuff they would never tell anyone

else. Sometimes they talked in Steve's office, other times they went for a meal, or just walked in the neighborhood.

Inevitably, since both men had great physiques, talk often came round to fitness and their gym routines. They complimented each other, of course, but on one occasion Steve said, "Problem is I'm getting too big. I don't want more bulk. I just want good definition."

"No problem there," said Randy. "Lighter weights, more reps."

"Yeah, but I feel kinda weird when other guys see me take off half the weight they've been pressing."

"First rule of the gym, doc: never let other guys intimidate you. How long do you work out?"

"Couple of hours each time, I guess."

"Too long. Shit, if you worked out with me I'd have you looking just the way you want in no time." He paused, then spoke tentatively. "Look, we have a gym in the basement at our place. If it wouldn't get in the way of the doctor/patient relationship, why don't you swing by and I'll show you what I mean. No guys to intimidate you there. Think of it as a trade-off. You improve my mind and I'll improve your body. What d'ya say, doc?"

Steve smiled. "I don't think that would impair the doctor/patient relationship at all. Quite the reverse in fact."

"You like him, don't you?" Bob and Randy were lounging in their bedroom in their underwear before hitting the sack. Bob smiled. "I can tell by the way you talk about him. Something special there?"

"Well, I haven't hit him again yet," Randy grinned.

Bob laughed. "Now that's progress. Therapy must be working."

"Actually Steve's a great guy. We talk about everything, even things I've never told you."

"That's the point of therapy unload all your crap." He paused. "Is, er is it just doctor/patient between you two?"

Randy suddenly became serious. "First of all, Steve is the ultimate ladies' man, a stud who fucks girls like a jack-rabbit, so he has absolutely no interest in me in that way. Never been a hint of it." He reached out and took Bob's face in his hands. "Hey, buddy. I swear this is not

another Lloyd situation. I was a damned fool over that and deserved my punishment. Never again, man.”

“Randy, you know me better than that. It wasn't the fact that you fucked Lloyd. You're welcome to that. It was the fact that you ignored me for two weeks. I don't care how close you are to Steve. Just don't forget me.”

“Bob,” Randy said gently. “You and I are a breed apart. You're my life, man. I swear I'll never hurt you again. Well,” he grinned, “unless you want it. Fact is, it's you I'm scared of of what you'll feel when you meet him. See, Steve does look exactly like me physically, but he's more like you mentally. Shit, he's well dressed, cultured, the executive type, probably got college degrees up the ass. Just like you. With his looks and that calm, sophisticated thing he's got going, you'll probably like him a lot.”

Bob grinned. “You know I don't give a shit about sophisticated. I'll take the rough over the smooth any day. And it doesn't come any rougher than you.”

Randy gazed at him. “Come to think of it, fucker, you haven't had it rough for a long time. I think you've become soft.”

Bob instantly knew where Randy was going with this and his heart beat faster. He looked defiantly at the big, swarthy bodybuilder. “Oh yeah? I'm a lot tougher than you think, asshole.”

Randy's face grew dark, his body flexed under his T-shirt and his eyes narrowed. “OK, prove it!” In a lightning move he reached forward and ripped Bob's T-shirt from his body. Grabbing Bob at the waist he lifted him bodily and threw him onto his back on the bed. Kneeling astride him he ripped the torn T-shirt in two, pushed Bob's arms up and wide, and quickly tied his wrists to the posts at the corner of the bed.

Kneeling over the excited man Randy glared down at him. “That sounded a lot like a challenge, you mother-fucker. You know you can't challenge me without paying the price.”

Bob gasped as Randy stripped off his own T-shirt and his muscular torso flexed over him. He had forgotten just how magnetic this wild, beautiful demon could be.

“If it's rough you want, you've got it, asshole.” Randy reached forward and clamped his fingers over Bob's nipples, causing a sharp intake of breath as Bob realized what he was in for. The pressure increased slowly as Randy twisted sensitive skin in his fingertips. What started out as a sensuous jolt quickly turned into pain and Bob groaned.

Randy glared down at the tense face. “All you have to do is submit, boy, and beg me to fuck that sweet ass of yours. That's how you make the pain stop.”

“Go fuck yourself,” Bob groaned.

“OK, asshole. If that’s the way you want it.” Randy now put all his energy into torturing the tits and Bob screamed. His beautiful face thrashed from side to side as flames shot through his chest. Randy knew exactly how to go right up to Bob’s limits and then just over.

“Now what do you say, boy?” Randy growled.

Bob’s breathing was ragged but he managed to moan, “Fuck off, asshole.”

“Fuck you, man,” Randy yelled and increased the pressure. The muscle stud’s beautiful body twisted and strained against his restraints, and the Superman features grimaced in pain. This is the sight that turned Randy on the most. God, he loved this man. He was magnificent, his body stretched to its limits, muscles writhing and flexing as he tried to escape. “You’re perfect like that so fucking gorgeous, man. I love hurting you.”

“Fucking coward,” Bob groaned. “Easy to hurt a man when he’s tied up.”

Randy smiled. “Right on, man. If it’s a trial of strength you want, you got it.” Quickly Randy untied his wrists and Bob instantly began twisting Randy’s nipples. Soon both men were gazing into each other’s eyes defiantly, each man torturing the other’s nipples as hard as they could. The pain for each of them was intense, but no man could break Randy like this.

Soon Bob gave in to the inevitable. The pain was intolerable and he groaned, “OK, man, you win. I give up. I can’t take any more. I submit.’

“Not good enough, fucker,” and Randy wrenched harder on the tits, making Bob scream.

“Please, sir. Please, fuck my ass. It’s yours, sir. Please, please stop hurting me and fuck my ass. I’m begging you.”

“That’s better, boy. OK, you asked for it.” He threw Bob’s legs in the air and heard his scream echo round the room as he plunged his rigid shaft deep into his ass. There was no teasing, no build-up. The ferocious hammering began right away and Bob felt like he was being ripped open.

His eyes were screwed up with pain, but when he opened them he saw the glorious sight that he loved more than anything in the world. This magnificent dark demon was looming over him, sinewy body bucking and flexing with the effort of ploughing his ass. The dark, stubbled face dripped sweat, the black, tousled hair flew wildly as the savage eyes burned into him.

This was his master, this is what he lived for. No other man could do this to him. Randy owned him completely. Their eyes met, penetrated each other and they passed into that magical world where only they existed together.

“This is it, man,” Randy whispered. “This is what binds us. Fuck everyone else the Lloyds, the Steves. Fuck the world. This is us, man. This is forever. God you feel good. I love your ass. I love you, man.”

Bob moaned. “I worship you, sir. You’re my master. There’s nothing like this. Nothing in the world. Aaargh please, sir. I’m so close. Please let me shoot. Let me shoot my load for you.”

Randy didn’t speak. He pulled his cock out of Bob’s ass, looked at him, then in one long driving movement, plunged it back in, deep, deep into the inner secret place of his ass, exploding in his gut as he screamed with the ecstasy of triumphant release. Bob shot simultaneously, a huge jet of hot, white cream that sprayed over his stomach, his chest, his face and hair. The men were joined in an exquisite, magical union that nothing could ever break.

Randy fell forward onto the gleaming body and sobbed as his emotions overflowed. Both men held each other, laughing and weeping, their minds and bodies exhausted. Nobody else mattered nobody even came close.

Half an hour later they still held each other. Randy whispered in Bob’s ear, “That make you feel safe now, buddy? Safe from all the others?”

“I always feel safe with you,” Bob replied, then he laughed. “Makes me want to meet Steve even more.”

“Good, because the day after next he’s coming here to use the gym. You’ll meet him then.”

Bob winced. “Fuck. No I won’t. You forgot, that’s when Mark and I are going to San Diego for the night to finalize the purchase of the security equipment. Mark wants to take Jamie too, give him a treat.”

“OK, well I’ll just put Steve off.”

“No, don’t do that. Let him come by, use the gym, stay for dinner. You’ll be all alone except for Pablo and Darius. Be company for you.”

“You don’t mind?”

“You can ask that? After what just happened here?”

Randy grinned. “You tired?”

“Not yet.”

“Wanna go again, asshole?”

“Whatever you say, sir. I’m all yours.”

“You bet your life you are.”

“Hey, Darius,” Randy said. It was two days later and Bob, Mark and Jamie had already left for San Diego for the night. “There’ll be one extra for dinner. Think you and Pablo can handle it?”

“Sure, sir. Who’s coming?”

“You’ll see.” They heard the sound of wheels on the gravel. “Right now, in fact.”

Randy went out to the gate and when he came back Darius and Pablo were standing in the kitchen. In unison, their jaws dropped and their eyes opened big as saucers. Randy had walked in with another Randy! The guy was a dead ringer.

“Guys, this is Steve. He’ll be joining us for dinner. Steve, this here is Darius and Pablo. Say hi to Steve, guys.”

But they didn’t move. They were rooted to the spot in total disbelief. Steve came forward with a big smile and held out his hand.”

“Hi, guys. I’ve heard a whole lot about you.” Still they didn’t move. “Guys?”

Randy howled with laughter. “You’ll have to excuse them, doc. I guess one Randy is already more than they can handle. Two has sent them into shock. Listen, guys. The doc and I are going downstairs for a quick workout. Make sure dinner’s ready when we come back. We’re starved.”

It was only after they left that Darius turned to Pablo. “Dude, did you see what I saw.”

“I I think so.”

“God, he’s just like him.”

“Now that’ll get your fantasy wheels spinning off their axles.”

“You betcha.”

In the gym the two guys stripped off and Randy threw a pair of shorts to Steve. This was, in fact, the first time they had seen each other's bodies without clothes and they were both impressed. But these were just two buddies, two guys, so their remarks were simply those of gym partners.

"Wow, we really do have the same build," Randy said, admiring Steve's muscular physique."

"Sure, but mine can use work."

"That's what we're here for, doc."

They did a few preliminary warm up exercises, then went into a simple, light-weight routine. Steve could tell that Randy's expertise was going to be really helpful, but right now he was running out of steam.

"Sorry, man," Steve said. "I had a real rough day. The mind's preoccupied hard to concentrate. What say we just have dinner, then I'll come back real early tomorrow morning and we can have a proper workout?"

"Sure, no problem. Morning workout's always better when you're fresh." Then Randy frowned. "Come to think of it though, that's a bit dumb, you going back and forth to your house on Mulholland. I'll want a few drinks after dinner anyway, so why don't you crash here for the night? That way we can start with a real early morning workout, the boys'll give us breakfast and we're set for the day."

Steve paused, then said, "Sure. Makes sense, I guess."

Randy hit the side of his head. "God, that's stupid of me. Knowing you, you probably have a date for the night." He grinned, "Connie, maybe?"

"Not tonight, no. I'm kinda bushed so I was planning an early night. No, that would work fine."

"Great," Randy smiled. "OK dinner!"

As dinner began the boys got over their stunned silence and, as soon as their tongues became untied they talked nineteen to the dozen. They were thrilled to be having dinner with these two glorious men who looked so alike. Afterwards they would talk about it together late into the night.

Steve was amused by their enthusiasm and it was immediately clear to him that they worshipped Randy. He looked at the big man and was again impressed by his absolute, natural authority, tempered with an equally natural affection for the boys. The therapist in Steve was

fascinated by the fact that Pablo was now Randy's adopted son, and asked how that came about. Randy explained the details and Steve turned to Pablo.

"And how did you feel about that, Pablo?"

Randy threw his head back and roared with laughter. "Sorry, kid. A joke between the doc and me. Therapists always ask that question 'how did you feel about that?'. Made me mad the first time this guy asked it."

"Yeah, I recall," Steve grinned, rubbing his still-sore ribs.

And so the dinner progressed, with the boys doing most of the talking, falling over themselves to explain enthusiastically the work they did for Randy. Again Steve was amazed at their adoration of Randy and his obvious pride in them. And again he thought to himself, "This man is something else. These guys treat him like a god. They're probably not the only ones."

When dinner was over Randy said, "OK, guys, early start tomorrow. Say goodnight to the doc here."

Still awestruck Darius and Pablo said in unison, "Goodnight, sir."

"Night guys. It was great meeting you. Randy's lucky to have you."

"Luck had nothing to do with it," Randy grinned. "I chose them hand-picked."

Randy had grabbed a six-pack of beer on his way upstairs and he and Steve now sprawled in armchairs in the bedroom. They chatted easily, like guys who had known each other for years. All their initial inhibitions had long since evaporated and they drank until they had quite a buzz going.

"OK, big guy, better hit the sack," Randy said. "I promised you a muscle crunching workout tomorrow so you'll need a good night's sleep. You can share a bed with me here or sleep down in the basement."

"Nah, here's fine unless you snore like a trooper."

Randy grinned. "Never had any complaints up to now."

They were tired and a bit drunk so they put off the shower until the morning. Randy stood and stretched and Steve watched as he quickly stripped down to his shorts and threw himself down on the cool sheets with a huge sigh.

“Aaah, no better feeling than this.”

“Hmm, I can think of a few,” Steve grinned.

“Asshole,” and Randy threw a pillow at him.

Steve also stripped to his shorts and climbed in beside Randy. It was a big California King bed so there was a ton of room. Steve lay on his back, staring at the ceiling and a sudden feeling of intense well-being spread over him like a warm blanket on a cold night. Didn't know where the sensation came from but he couldn't remember feeling this good before.

But sleep didn't come easily for him unlike Randy, who in a few short minutes was in a deep sleep, with long, even breaths. Steve thought back over the events of the last week or so and felt real good about meeting Randy a new buddy.

But still sleep didn't come and he knew why. He nearly always slept with one girl or another and always had sex just before falling asleep. Breathing deeply he tried to calm himself, but he found himself thinking of Connie and his dick started to get hard. He quietly began to gently massage the bulge in his shorts. Soon he had his dick in his fist and he was stroking it.

He thought of going to the bathroom but figured that Randy was in such a deep sleep he could masturbate here, quickly and quietly, without waking him. He listened to his deep, steady breathing and knew he was safe. So he concentrated on the voluptuous Connie and a smile came to his face. She was a beautiful woman, but the thing he loved about her was her toughness. She let him do anything to her and the thought of that just made him hard.

Steve really admired people who were strong. No doubt about it, Connie was pretty much the ideal woman, just as Randy was the ideal man. Steve was still stroking his cock as his mind wandered from Connie to Randy. He had never, ever met a guy like him. He felt privileged to have met him, to be lying beside him, watching his chest rise and fall with his heavy breathing.

“I gotta sleep, he thought,” so he brought his thoughts back to Connie. He stroked his dick harder as he remembered some of the things he had done to her. She really was a great fuck. He imagined her naked beside him, hearing the sensual sound of her breathing as he caressed her body. Yeah, he could almost feel the warmth of her body, hear her breathing a bit heavier than usual, though.

Something else was different too. He lay in a trance, his dreamlike thoughts wandering like a man halfway between sleeping and waking. Yeah, something else was different the smell. He loved Connie's scent, could even shoot his load breathing in her essence. But this smell was harsher. There was the trace of beer, mixed with sweat, male sweat.

He couldn't focus on Connie. His mind kept coming back to the other senses the smell of the man beside him, the sound of his breathing, and above all the incredible warmth of his body.

He felt the man stir slightly, then settle back into sleep with a deep, satisfied sigh. Steve's cock reared. There was something, a magnetism, radiating from this awesome man.

Steve tried to pull his thoughts away, back to Connie, but he failed. Instead his mind drifted back to when he had first met Randy. He saw the dark, gypsy face telling his life story over lunch. He thought of his body flexing in the gym. He saw him stripping for bed. Now he was beside him, here, naked in the same bed. He heard him, smelled him, felt his warmth.

As if in a dream he became submerged in the sound, the heat, the scent of this man his very maleness. He pumped his cock harder, started to sweat and then, suddenly, his dream was broken by the sound of a muffled shout. It was his own. He felt a sticky wetness in his shorts and realized he had just had an orgasm was still having it as jets of cum continued to pour into his shorts. It was the most incredible orgasm he had ever had.

The shout made Randy stir vaguely in his sleep and he murmured, "You OK, man?"

"Sure just a dream. Go back to sleep."

Randy was asleep in seconds, but Steve still gazed at the ceiling. A dream? Is that what it was? Jesus Christ. It was so real. Nah, couldn't have been real. Couldn't have been.

The next day, if he thought of it at all, Steve thought of his experience the night before as some weird dream. It must have been the thought of Connie that had soaked his shorts. He put it out of his mind as he worked out with Randy in the downstairs gym. And soon, over breakfast, the conversation was as lively as ever as the boys fell over themselves to serve and to please this new man. The meal was almost over when they heard car doors slam outside.

"Great," Randy beamed. "The guys are back."

Darius ran to the gate and there was the sound of animated voices approaching the house. The door opened and Jamie ran in with Darius, followed by Mark and Bob. The guys at the table stood up.

Randy clapped Mark on the shoulder and hugged Bob. "Hey guys, you're early. You must have burned rubber on the freeway. He turned to toward the table. Steve, you know Mark already of course."

"Hey, big guy," Steve said. "You're looking great as usual."

"Hi, Steve. Been a long time. Let me introduce Jamie."

"And this," said Randy proudly, "is my buddy Bob I've talked so much about."

Bob and Steve faced each other for the first time. As their eyes met they both had a sharp, involuntary intake of breath. A deep silence fell over the room, a frozen moment. You could have heard a pin drop.

#

Chapter 61 – The King of the Gypsies

All eyes were on Bob and Steve. Then, suddenly, it was Jamie who jerked them back to reality. “Hey, guys, you’re never gonna believe the security gear we brought back from San Diego. Cameras, monitors, the works. Come and look.”

The freeze-frame jolted back into a frenzy of activity as the three boys ran out of the house and Steve looked at his watch. “Hell, I gotta get to work. I’ll have patients lined out the door. Hey, Randy, thanks for the workout. Mark, good to see you again, man. Bob, great to meet you at last.” They shook hands and held each other’s eyes for another long moment. Then he was gone.

Mark went off to get ready for work and Bob and Randy were left alone at the table. Randy grinned over his coffee cup. “So what was all that about?”

“You noticed.”

“Hard to ignore a bolt of lightning.”

“It’s just that he looked so much like you.”

“And that’s all it was?”

“Sure well, he’s very impressive everything you said he was. I can see why you guys get on so well.”

Randy grinned. “Anyway, we’re safe there. Steve’s really into the ladies, a real stud.” He laughed. “I even have a feeling he jerked off last night thinking about his girlfriend Connie. I missed you sleeping next to me, buddy. Wanna make it up to me? We’ve got half an hour.”

He put his arm round Bob and they walked quickly upstairs to the bedroom.

Randy’s next therapy appointment wasn’t for another four days, so Steve got on with his life as usual well, almost. He had a full slate of patients and, professional as ever, concentrated

on them and their needs. Some of them droned on a bit, though, and at moments like that the therapist's attention wandered momentarily. The image that came most often to his mind was Randy's smiling face, his pale blue eyes, tousled black hair and square, stubbled jaw. Jesus, he's a handsome dude, Steve thought.

When he did not have the distraction of patients, when he was reading or making notes, Steve's thoughts again wandered to the extraordinary man he had met so recently, the man he had described as 'The King of the Gypsies.' Late one afternoon he sat back in his chair, put his hands behind his head and smiled as he remembered Randy working out in the gym, sweat-soaked muscles straining and flexing hard. He recalled the night he had dinner at his house, then he saw the image of Randy stripping for bed.

Yeah, that bed. He had a clear recollection of sleeping with him, watching his chest rise and fall in sleep, smelt the beer on his breath and felt the warmth of his body. He was transported back to the moment the moment when he suddenly felt the sticky wetness in his shorts

"Jesus Christ," he murmured to himself, shook his head and got back to his notes. Just then his phone rang.

"Hey, big guy." It was Randy. "What's up?"

"Hey, I was just thinking about you."

"Oh yeah? Me and the gym I hope."

"Well, as a matter of fact" Steve stammered.

"Reason I ask, I was gonna swing by the gym for an hour when I get off here. You wanna come for a quick workout?"

Steve felt a warm surge of pleasure. "Sure, man. I could use the exercise. Tough day."

"Good deal, buddy. I'll leave your name at the door. See you in half an hour."

In the gym locker-room Steve changed into gym shorts and T-shirt. He watched as Randy kicked off his boots, took off his jeans but kept on the old sweaty tank top he had worked in. He pulled on an old jock strap, then walked over to the urinal to take a piss. Steve couldn't take his eyes off the tall, sculpted physique in just a tank and jock strap as Randy pulled out his cock and let fly a stream of piss. The man was an icon of raunchy masculinity. Then he pulled on old shorts and they walked into the weight room.

The gym was a major one in the middle of Hollywood, so there were plenty of good-looking men there, great physiques. Nevertheless, all heads turned as these two guys walked across the floor, two gorgeous men looking so alike they could be brothers. Steve was aware of the hush that fell over the gym; Randy was oblivious as always.

They wasted no time and were soon sweating through a bone-crunching workout. As usual Randy took charge, guiding Steve through the routine that would be most effective in achieving his goal of chiseled definition, not too much bulk.

Steve enjoyed the physical exertion as always, but with Randy it was something special, a heightened intensity, exhilaration even. Steve watched his magnificent body gleam and flex as he pumped iron, then let Randy coach him on refining his technique. Steve was standing between the cables, his arms stretched up and out, grasping the handles.

Randy offered advice. "Here, change the grip hold them at an angle like this."

Facing him, Randy came close, their chests touching, and reached up across Steve's body to adjust the handle. Randy's armpit brushed against Steve's face and he gasped as he breathed in the musky smell of the armpit hair, even tasting a drop of sweat on his tongue. Something else that made him gasp was the jolt that shot through his cock. He shook his head to rid himself of this sensual overload.

"OK, that's got it. Now I'll show you exactly the right angle to push the cables down."

Randy pressed close behind him as he reached upward, put his hands over Steve's on the handles and flexed his biceps as the men moved in tandem. As their arms moved forward Steve felt the sweat-damp chest press against his back, felt the hot breath on the back of his neck, and the bulge in Randy's shorts pressing against his ass. Again the jolt in his cock, which this time made him pull away.

"OK, man. I think I've got it. Can we go on to the bench press?"

"Sure, I'll spot you. We'll start with the 45's."

As Steve lay on his back on the bench Randy stood behind him astride his head, smiling down at his face. "OK, stud, you ready to press? I'll be right here to guide you."

Steve grabbed the bar and lowered it to his chest. He looked up and saw the awesome sight of the handsome, dark, demon face looming over him, the arms bulging as Randy grabbed the bar to guide it. He saw the wet tank top stretched over the massive chest, and glimpsed the muscled thighs astride him, almost touching the side of his face. He gasped and momentarily his strength failed him.

"It's OK, hold on, buddy. Here, let me help." Randy leaned further forward and Steve saw straight up through the leg of his shorts the piss-stained jock strap round his bulging balls and cock. Suddenly his eyes stung as he felt hot drops of sweat falling on his eyes from Randy's face. He heard the big man strain, smelled his body, tasted the sweat that poured off him. Steve's cock was now rock hard.

With a panicked surge of strength Steve pushed the bar up and rested it on the rack. He stood up quickly and said. "Sorry, man. I gotta take a piss." He strode quickly to the restroom, went into a stall and closed the door. His heart was pounding. The image of Randy was sharp in his mind the sinewy muscle god in tank top and jock strap pissing in the urinal. Steve pulled down his shorts, took his rigid cock in his hand and after only a couple of strokes shot a huge load of cum over the door. Stifling a shout, he watched in amazement as stream after stream hit the door and poured down it. He stood panting, his mind in a complete daze, unable to comprehend right away what had happened.

"Jesus Christ," he moaned and slammed his fist against the wall. "Shit!" As he gathered his thoughts he pulled yards of toilet paper and hastily scrubbed the door clean of his sticky cum. He flushed the paper, pulled up his shorts and wrenched open the door. He knew what he had to do. He grabbed his clothes and gym bag from his locker and marched out to Randy.

"I, er I gotta go, man. Just remembered something something I gotta do. Sorry, man. Thanks for your help. Just just gotta go."

He turned round, and Randy watched dumbstruck as Steve strode quickly toward the exit with his clothes and his gym bag over his shoulder.

"Must've been something you said," Bob smiled later that evening as he lay in bed with Randy.

"No, seriously, dude. One minute everything was going just fine, then he goes to take a leak and whammo, he can't wait to get out of the place. Some bullshit about remembering something he had to do."

"Well, you know how psychiatrists are. Sometimes they're a worse mess than their patients. Tomorrow he'll be back to normal."

But that was far from the truth. Randy couldn't rid his mind of Steve's odd behavior so the next morning, while he was working with Darius on the construction site, he took a break and called Steve. He dialed a number where Steve always picked up, but this time he got the receptionist.

"No, Dr. Peterson is not available right now," she said. "Actually, he has reassigned your case to another therapist, Dr. Farnham."

Randy couldn't get his mind round this. "Let me speak to Steve," he barked.

"As I said, sir, Dr. Peterson is unavailable. I can put you through to Dr. Farnham."

"Fuck Dr. Farnham, and fuck you, lady." All Randy's anger therapy went right out the window. His blood was boiling. He slammed his phone shut and shouted to Darius, "Hey punk, take over here. I have something to do won't take long." He stormed off the site and Darius heard the squeal of tires as the truck roared away.

The same receptionist was startled by the door crashing open as she was confronted by a wild man, eyes blazing, dressed in an old tank top, filthy cargo pants and boots.

"Excuse me, sir," she said quickly. "Do you have an appoin.....?"

Randy totally ignored her, strode through and yanked open the inner door to Steve's office. Steve was alone going over some notes at his desk. He looked up in alarm as Randy walked in and slammed the door behind him.

"OK, what's all this bullshit," Randy barked, "this Dr. Farnham bullshit?"

Steve took a deep breath and stammered, "That's right, Randy. I can't treat you anymore. I can't see you anymore. No more hanging out together, no more gym. It just won't work."

"That's it? That's all I get? You've 'reassigned my case'? Is that all I am now, a 'case'?"

"Randy, you shouldn't have come. It's for the best if we don't"

But he got no further. Randy walked round the desk and grabbed the therapist by the throat, hauling him up to a standing position. Steve clamped his hands on Randy's wrist but it was squeezing his neck in a vise-like grip. Randy's eyes blazed as he held him with one hand.

"Now listen to me, asshole. Nobody blows me off like that. You think you can dump all over me? Who the fuck do you think you are? This is me you're dealing with now, mother-fucker. Apparently you didn't get it the first time. Seems you need a repeat performance."

He released Steve's neck and then, in a replay of the day they first met, he slammed his fist into Steve's gut. As the therapist doubled over Randy delivered a forearm smash across the back of his shoulders. Steve fell to his knees gasping. He managed to look up at the man towering over him. He was wild, savage, magnificent 'the King of the Gypsies.' But what struck Steve the most was the infinite pain in his eyes, the bewildered, questioning pain. He heard the ache in his voice.

"I thought we were buddies, man. You were my friend like a brother. Why, man"

His voice trailed off, he gazed down at the fallen man, then turned and quickly left the office. Steve choked back a sob. His pain was not only the soreness of his ribs. Worse was the anguish, the guilt that he felt at hurting this incredible man. Worse still was the realization that despite the beating he had taken or maybe even because of it his cock was raging hard in his pants.

Bob and Randy were so close it was as if they shared one soul. They shared the same feelings, the same intuition, and when one hurt the other hurt. That's how it was now as Bob looked at Randy, slumped dejectedly at the table across from him.

Bob shook his head. "This is all totally weird, man. There has to be more to it than meets the eye."

"We were buddies. And he blew me off just like that."

Bob realized that Randy felt not only the loss of a new friend but also the intense blow to his pride. People gravitated to Randy, accepted him as boss, obeyed him. Rejection was new to him, a bitter pill that was hard to swallow. Bob couldn't see his soul mate in pain like this. Something had to be done.

Steve's receptionist buzzed the intercom. "There's a gentleman here, doctor. Not the same one as before." (The relief in her voice was palpable). "He apologizes for not having an appointment but says it's important he speak with you."

"The name?"

He heard another voice interjecting on the intercom, "It's Bob, Steve. I just need a minute."

Steve jolted upright and found himself straightening his tie and smoothing his hair. He cleared his throat. "Have him come in right away."

The door opened and there was Bob. Just like before their eyes held in a penetrating gaze that made both their hearts beat a little faster. They shook hands.

"Hey, man," said Steve. "Come in, sit down. It's it's good to see you again."

"Good to see you too," Bob said softly. He sat at the desk and looked uncertainly at Steve. "Look, Steve, I know you're busy so I won't beat around the bush. And I wanna make clear that Randy doesn't know I'm here. If he did he'd beat the shit out of me. But, you know, he's hurting like mad and I can't just sit and watch that. That's why I came, to ask what's going on."

Steve gazed at the man sitting opposite him. He was not only stunningly beautiful physically, there was a graciousness, a gentleness about him that made him intensely attractive. He had taken a risk coming here, not for himself but for his friend.

“You really love him, don’t you, Bob?” Steve asked gently.

“He’s my life Steve. That’s why I have to help him now.”

Steve took a deep breath. “Trouble is, man, I don’t think I can help you much. My gut is in knots by what I did, but just take it from me that I had to.”

“But you liked Randy.”

“I liked him a lot.”

Bob gazed at Steve, the pain in his eyes, and he suddenly knew the truth. He spoke softly. “Did you like him too much, Steve? Is that it?”

Steve looked startled, then tears came to his eyes. “God, man, nothing like this has ever happened to me before. You know my reputation with the ladies. I fuck women. I’m not into guys, no way! Some of my patients are, of course. And among them a few may even lust for me.”

“All of them, would be my bet,” Bob grinned. “Just look at you.”

“Yeah, whatever. The point is I’m no stranger to the subject. I have no problem with it. I’m a therapist, for God’s sake. But it’s just not for me. I have never, ever felt anything like that for another guy. Not remotely.”

Bob smiled. “But Randy’s not just ‘another guy’.”

Steve relaxed a bit and managed to smile back. “You can say that again.”

Bob reached over the desk and touched Steve’s hand. “Tell me about it, Steve.”

Steve couldn’t resist Bob’s deep, comforting voice, and the whole story poured out his first tempestuous meeting with Randy, the meals, the walks, the male bonding, gym partners. Then that night at the house.”

“He made me cum, man! He was fast asleep and just his presence, his naked body beside me made me shoot my load. I went into denial about that but then, as we worked out together at the gym, I couldn’t take it anymore. I went into the restroom, into a stall, and just thinking about him I shot a huge load of cum all over the door. Jesus, when he came here yesterday and

thrashed me my dick got hard. I mean, what's happening, man? What the fuck's happening to me?"

Bob smiled. "Randy's what happened to you, Steve. It's what happened to all of us. Everyone in that house is in love with him. In lust with him too."

"Yeah, I guess I saw that when I met them. But not me, Bob. It's just not me. I can't see him again. Ever."

"Oh, don't worry, Steve, it doesn't change you. Your old feelings and desires are the same as before. Except that now, your affection for Randy is an add-on, something new. Go with it, Steve. We've all learned to. You don't have to distance yourself from him." He gave him a piercing look. "You'll find you won't be able to, anyway. You'll have to come back."

Steve was swept by a wave of admiration and warmth for the man opposite him who seemed to read him like a book. "But what about you, man? you and him, I mean. How can I see you both when you are, well, just about the closest, most loving couple I've ever met."

Bob laughed. "Oh, don't worry about that. We've been down that road many times and back again, and I've got the bruises to prove it. Seriously, though, what Randy and I have surpasses anything else, any other feelings we might have for others, any dangers or distractions. Don't worry about us. Just love us both, Steve."

Again Steve locked eyes with this awesome man. He imagined him with Randy, imagined him in bed, imagined him naked Then he shot up from his desk.

"I can't do this, man. It's happening again. Look!" He looked down at the bulge in his pants. "I've got a boner just talking to you. It's happening with you too. Man, you're so fucking gorgeous, I No, I can't. You've gotta leave man. You've gotta get out of here now! Go!"

Bob stood up and smiled. "OK, Steve. But when you're ready give me a call. And you will call. I know that. When you're ready." Then something extraordinary happened. Bob walked up to Steve, held his head in his hands, and pressed his lips against his. For an instant Steve recoiled, but as he tasted Bob's lips, looked into his deep brown eyes, he lost himself and probed his mouth with his tongue, grinding their mouths together.

Then the cold water of reason splashed over him and he pushed Bob away. "Go!" Bob quickly left the office and Steve rushed into his private bathroom, frantically tearing open the fly of his pants. He pulled out his raging cock and stroked it. He could still see Bob's eyes, feel the taste of his lips. Standing in front of the bathroom mirror he saw his own reflection. Then he saw Randy, saw him naked with Bob. What did they do together? How did they make love? He saw the two magnificent bodies come together, saw them fall on the bed, saw them writhe in each other's arms.

His mind was spinning out of control. He ripped off his shirt and tie and stood shirtless before the mirror. He saw his muscular, naked physique reflected back at him, gazed into his own eyes in the mirror. Then Randy and Bob were beside him. He felt the warmth of their bodies, felt again the taste of Bob's lips, felt the thud of Randy's fist in his stomach and that did it. "NO!" He screamed out loud as he watched a jet of creamy, white liquid hit the mirror. The semen poured from his cock onto the glass, streaming down it, obscuring the graphic images that had made his body convulse in this explosive climax.

He was totally exhausted. He fell to his knees sobbing. His mind was a tornado of thoughts and sensations. But through it all he heard again Bob's calm, confident words. "You'll find you won't be able to stay away, Steve. You'll have to come back. When you're ready give me a call. And you will call. I know that. When you're ready."

And suddenly Steve knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Bob was right.

In fact Steve did make a call right away. But it was not to Bob or Randy. It was to Connie at the restaurant.

"It's Steve. Look, doll, when do you get off? Half an hour? Perfect. OK if I pick you up, take you to my place?"

Connie didn't need to be asked twice and within an hour they were both in Steve's house on Mulholland, in bed. All the old affection and physical lust were there. Steve fucked her like a stallion, then they lay and talked for a while, and then made love again. It was great for them both, better than ever. As he lay there with his girl Steve smiled. He had needed to reassure himself that what Bob had said was true: "Don't worry, Steve, it doesn't change you. Your old feelings and desires are the same as before." Guess he was right.

Much later, after Connie had left, Steve heaved a deep, satisfied sigh. He was still the same macho guy as before. He smiled, still 'Steve the Stud.' His old confidence flooded back. He was his own man self-assured, in charge, strong enough for anything. Strong enough to do what he knew he had to. Strong enough to make another phone call. He smiled as he thought of Bob, poised, sure of himself, handsome as a prince. He couldn't wait to hear his deep brown voice. He picked up the phone.

Bob's voice on the phone was calm, reassuring. Steve less so nervous, hesitant. "Did you, er talk to Randy?"

"Told him everything," Bob said. "I always tell him everything."

“And what did he ?”

“First he was mad at me, of course, but he wasn’t really surprised at what you told me. Happens to him all the time, guys lusting for him. Normally he doesn’t give a shit, doesn’t think about it, but this time I think he was flattered. Relieved in a way. He really values your friendship, really wants you to like him. That was what had upset him the most, thinking you didn’t. So the fact that you liked him enough to well, it was icing on the cake. He can’t wait to see you again.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“Don’t get me wrong, now. He’s not sorry he slugged you.”

“Nor me. I really deserved it.”

“Most people say that when Randy hits them. Anyway, now that’s out of the way, dinner at our place? Just the three of us?”

Mark knew there was something going down and that Randy and Bob wanted to be alone with Steve. And he knew exactly how to make that happen. “Hey guys, he said to Darius, Pablo and Jamie. Why don’t you make dinner just for Randy, Bob and their guest. When you’ve done you can leave it for them ‘cause I’m gonna take you boys down to Malibu for dinner at one of those fancy restaurants overlooking the ocean. What d’you say?”

The young men jumped at the chance. They loved going out with the spectacular cop.

“You’ll have to dress up a bit. No tank tops, Darius; no dungarees, Pablo; and Jamie, you can have one of my shirts. We’ll have a blast paint the town a bit.

As the boys worked in the kitchen, talking excitedly over each other, Randy turned to Mark.

“Thanks, Mark. You’re a prince.”

“Glad to help, buddy. You seem to have quite a story going on there with Steve.”

“I think we do. We’ll tell you all about it when you get back.”

Mark grinned. “I’m counting on it.”

“It’s still a work in progress, of course, but I promise you’ll be a part of it. That is, if you want to be.”

“Try stopping me. Haven’t I always been part of your stories?”

“That’s just what I wanted to hear. God, I love you, man.” And they held each other close in a warm, masculine embrace. “Enjoy Malibu. Don’t let the kids eat too much. We gotta keep them looking like hot young studs. Who knows, they might become part of the story too.”

So Randy and Bob were left alone, and the boys had set up a great meal on the table in the garden. When Steve arrived any awkwardness or doubts disappeared amazingly quickly, despite what they had all been through. It was almost as if the three men had been buddies for years. True, they stayed off the topic of any lustful desires they might have for each other, but there was plenty of other stuff to talk about guy stuff mostly, work, exercise, trips they had taken.

Steve kept them laughing as he described, without naming names, some of the weird problems he had heard of in his therapy sessions.

“Anything you couldn’t handle?” asked Randy.”

“I could usually calm them down come up with some kind of answer.”

“Did you ever feel threatened?” Bob asked.

“Only twice, when a guy slugged me. Same patient each time, actually. But he was the exception.” He reflected for a moment. “Yeah, that’s how I’d describe him an exceptional guy.”

There was a brief moment of uncertainty, then they all suddenly roared with laughter. The ice over that particular topic was finally broken. From then on they relaxed as they lounged by the pool drinking beer. But there was still Topic A that hung in the air, and they all knew it. Finally Bob caught Randy’s eye and he nodded. Here goes, thought Bob.

“Have you, er, ever dabbled in aversion therapy, Steve?”

Steve was taken aback. “Aversion therapy! Wow, that came out of nowhere. Aversion therapy? Nah, psychology has mostly turned its back on that. Deliberately exposing patients to uncomfortable stimuli to cure them of unwanted behavior can be dangerous.”

“Nevertheless” Bob mused. “Look, Steve, there’s something we have to confront, and we all know it. We’ve talked about your feelings for Randy, and even for me, and we can’t let it hang like a sword over our heads, get in the way of our friendship. We can’t tiptoe around this anymore.”

“So?”

“So we thought we should throw you in at the deep end of that murky pool call it aversion therapy if you like. But maybe if you were to actually see a display of the things you’ve been thinking, if you saw how Randy and I are together, it would turn you off so much you’d be over it, cured. On the other hand?”

Steve interjected emphatically. “There wouldn’t be any ‘on the other hand,’ man. No way.”

“Great. So is that a yes?”

Steve frowned. “I dunno, guys. Like, what did you have in mind?”

“We’ll show you. You gotta trust me,” Bob said. “Put yourself in our hands.”

They all went up to the bedroom. Steve was nervous, apprehensive, but felt a strange shiver of exhilaration. Randy and Bob faced him. Bob spoke first.

“Tell the truth, Steve. We know you fantasized about each of us. But did you wonder what we were like together? Did you wonder what we did? Did you wonder how we made love?”

“Now look, guys. I don’t wanna even

“Steve,” Randy said sternly.

Steve took a deep breath. “Of course I did. When you left my office, Bob, I tried to imagine it as I jerked off in the bathroom and shot my load. But you gotta understand, I’m not

“Steve!” It was Bob who stopped him this time. He spoke gently. “Forget the conventions, forget the labels. You’re here with us now just the three of us. This is our world. And here’s the deal. We’re gonna show you what we do when we’re alone together. And if that turns out to be aversion therapy for you, if it upsets you, repels you, feel free to leave at any time. We’ll understand. And we can still be buddies. But we want you to see. We want you to know us as we are. We owe that to you.”

Steve replied in a small voice. “OK”

“Now sit down. Make yourself comfortable. Chances are you’ll decide to leave and we won’t even notice when you do. From here on it’s Randy and me.”

Steve sat in the armchair. He felt nervous, confused, apprehensive. He felt alive!

Randy faced Bob and smiled. "Come here motherfucker." He took Bob's face in his hands and kissed his lips hungrily. Then he held him at arm's length. "Come on man, let me see that glorious body."

One of Steve's reflexes was to run right out the door. But he found he was rooted to the spot, mesmerized, riveted by what was happening in front of him. He watched as the two men moved in unison. They reached forward behind each other's neck, took hold of the T-shirt and pulled it slowly upward. Steve gasped as he realized the men were undressing each other. Inch by inch he saw two magnificent torsos being slowly revealed.

The shirts came free of the slim waists and he saw the tight ridges of their abs. The thin cotton rose higher and the hard slabs of their chests and the wide lats were exposed. As the men pulled the shirts over each other's head the broad shoulders and muscular arms were finally bare. They threw the shirts to the floor and stood facing each other, two magnificent studs, stripped to the waist, each glorying in the sight of the man before him.

Steve couldn't breathe. He had never seen anything more beautiful than these gleaming muscle gods poised to join together poised to make love. He knew they would strip naked and enjoy each other in ways he had never even dreamed of. He watched as they held each other's eyes. But then he was shocked to see Randy's expression cloud over, become dark, forbidding.

"On your knees, boy," he growled.

"Yes, sir," breathed Bob.

Steve felt dazed, unable to grasp what was happening. He watched as the handsome muscular stud fell to his knees in submission. Bob unbuttoned Randy's pants, reached inside his shorts and pulled out his huge, thick, hard rod. Steve had never seen Randy's cock before and now he was thrilled, horrified at the thought of what would happen next. Bob opened his mouth wide.

No, this was too much, Steve couldn't watch any more. He pushed himself out of his chair and walked quickly toward the door. As he was leaving he glanced back and saw that Bob's lips were touching the head of the huge cock. Steve stopped dead.

As if in a trance, he turned round and fell back in the chair. He suddenly realized that his own cock was rock hard in his shorts. He was hypnotized by what came next. He saw Bob's face move forward, and the head of the cock slipped between his lips. Slowly, slowly, the whole monstrous shaft slid into the mouth. He saw Bob swallow as the rod pushed deeper and deeper down his throat until the handsome face was buried in Randy's dark black pubic hair.

Steve entered another world, a world he had never dreamed of. He was lost. He gazed awestruck at Randy. He was such a fucking man! The ultimate, dominant male, the dark, demonic King of the Gypsies was going to fuck the square-jawed Superman face of the shirtless man kneeling before him. It was the most thrilling sight Steve had ever seen.

As he moved his hips back and forward, Randy gazed intently into his lover's eyes. But then, just for an instant, he turned his head and shot a quick, penetrating glance at Steve. That fleeting look was all it took. It was a challenge a command. And Steve knew now, beyond doubt, that he could not leave this room.

GO TO BOOK 7