

# **A TRIAL OF STRENGTH**

## **BOOK 7**

### **Chapter 62 – Bob Sees Double**

Steve rose slowly out of his chair, moving like a man hypnotized ..... mesmerized by the beauty of these two men. His hand moved involuntarily down to his crotch and he stroked the bulge in his pants. Randy looked at him again and this time the gaze was intense. Steve saw his own reflection in the eyes of the man who could have been his twin. The steel blue eyes penetrated his and Steve sensed an intimate, silent communication ..... as if Randy was giving him wordless instructions.

Steve knew what he had to do. He reached behind his neck and slowly pulled up his T-shirt until it came clear off and his whole muscular torso was exposed.

“Perfect,” Randy smiled. “You’re beautiful, man. And now I’m gonna give you an experience you’ll never forget. This is my gift to you, Steve.”

Gently he pulled the shirtless man beside him and Steve looked down at Bob, his upturned mouth still wrapped around Randy’s cock. Suddenly Randy pulled his cock free; he moved behind Bob and held his head rigid. The soft brown eyes looked up at Steve ..... and Bob opened his mouth.

Steve could hear his own heart beating and his breathing became ragged. Intuitively he knew that this was the moment his life would change forever. In a trance he unbuttoned his pants and pulled out his raging cock. It was not only hard as steel, it was pulsing. He pushed the head slowly forward until it touched the parted lips. Steve looked up into Randy’s eyes facing him.

Randy spoke softly, seductively. “That’s it, man. This is the moment. I knew you would come to this. Do it for me. Do it.”

“Yes, sir,” Steve breathed instinctively.

He looked down again at the handsome, upturned face. He had to be sure. “Do you want this, Bob?”

“I want it. Please.”

The beautiful, soft, pleading eyes are what did it. Suddenly Steve lost his inhibitions, became confident, sure. He eased his hips forward and gasped as he felt his rod sliding slowly into the velvet warmth of Bob's mouth. Steve's eyes opened wide, he held his breath. The fire in his cock shot through his whole body and he threw his head back as if he had been struck. His low guttural groan grew quickly into a shout as the head of his cock touched the back of Bob's throat. As Bob swallowed, Steve felt the throat muscle relax, and his cock slid deeper still until he felt Bob's face come to rest against his pubic hair.

Steve had never in his life felt anything like this. His cock was shuddering in the furnace of this glorious man's mouth. Steve's scream died in his throat and he looked straight into Randy's smiling blue eyes. He reached forward and laid his palms flat on Randy's massive chest. He worshipped the perfect body, running his hands up over the rugged face, around the neck, over the broad shoulders, down the V-shaped lats, around the waist, then up over the ridges of the hard abs and back up to the slabs of the chest.

In his delirium he whispered, "Man, I've never ..... I've never felt anything like this. You're both so fucking beautiful. I can't believe it .....my cock's in his mouth, man. You're body feels sensational." He gazed deeper into the blue eyes. "I love you, Randy. I love you both."

"I know," Randy smiled. "I knew that when we first met. So show me, Steve. Show me now."

Steve looked down at the square, sculpted features of the beautiful face pressed against his groin. He lowered his hands and placed them behind Bob's head. He pulled his cock back, out of the throat, and clear out of the mouth. As the head of his pulsing cock rested on the lips he paused.

"Are you ready, man? You ready to drink my juice?"

"Yes, sir," Bob breathed.

A smile crossed Steve's face. He paused. Then in one concerted movement he pushed his hips forward and pulled Bob's face toward him, impaling it on his rigid shaft. His cock shuddered as it plunged deep down into his throat. As Bob swallowed and clenched his throat muscles around the thick shaft, he heard Steve's scream and felt a stream of hot liquid begin to pour inside him.

Steve was in a lost world, where the only reality was the incredible sensation in his cock. As Bob swallowed the creamy cum, the throat muscles contracted again and again, drawing more and more juice from the cock. Steve went wild. It was as if the throat was fucking his cock. He couldn't stop cumming, couldn't control the wildest orgasm of his life. In his ecstasy he became dimly aware of the dark demon face blazing at him.

"That's it, man. Give it to him. Pour it into him. Fuck that gorgeous face. Now you know, man. Now you know."

Finally the stream of cum began to slow down, the cock stopped pulsing, and Steve started to breathe again. His cock was still buried in Bob's throat and his mind was spinning. Oddly, he didn't know what to do next. He was disoriented, so he focused on the face before him. The King of the Gypsies, he thought, and knew at that moment that he was hopelessly in love with the man. He reached up, put his hand behind Randy's neck and fell forward, sobbing, pressing his cheek against the dark, stubbled chin.

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"Sit down, man," Randy grinned. "For God's sake stop pacing. You're making me dizzy."

Randy and Bob were lying on the bed, looking up at Steve as he walked back and forth in a frenzy of uncertainty, joy, excitement and the dazed realization that he had just embarked on a new adventure.

"I dunno, man," he was muttering, mostly to himself. "I don't know if I can handle ..... I don't know about this ....." "

Bob interrupted his ramblings and grinned up at him. "Why don't you tell us how you really feel, Steve? Or as you would say, 'How did you feel about that?'"

When they heard the time-honored phrase, the question they had joked that all therapists use, there was a momentary pause, and then Randy and Bob exploded with laughter. Steve looked down at these two incredible men, wrapped in their joy and their love for each other, and he couldn't resist. He joined in their laughter.

It was not only the joke that made him laugh. It was the jubilant release of all the pent-up conflicting sensations still crowding his mind. He laughed joyfully as the clouds parted and certainty shone through. Everything became clear and his doubts dissolved. It came down to one thing. He was happy in this room, with these spectacular men. He was alive.

"Don't think," said Bob. "Just feel ..... And for God's sake sit down." Steve sat on the bed.

Randy sat up and put his arm round Steve's shoulder. "Now listen, buddy. This is our world. It's a private little world but it's a glorious one. And we just invited you in. Now relax, 'cause there's more to come."

Steve grinned. "I was kinda hoping you'd say that."

"Shit, man, you're the only one of us so far who's got his rocks off. Now that we've broken the ice, come downstairs with us and watch us shoot our loads. All you have to do is relax and enjoy. Think you can do that, buddy?"

Steve laughed, "Try to stop me."

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The great feature of the downstairs gym was that it was lined with floor to ceiling mirrors, so there were multiple images of what was happening. And what was now happening was riveting to Steve. He was finally starting to relax, to let himself enter this new world and open up to the stunning experiences unfolding before him. Mostly he felt privileged. This was the private world of two stunningly beautiful alpha males, and they had invited him to join them. All he had to do was relax and watch, Randy had said. Easier said than done.

"Let's get comfortable," Randy said as he and Bob unbuttoned their pants and stripped naked. Once again Steve gasped looking at the two magnificent physiques. He had no hesitation this time, and in a few seconds he too was naked. Bob looked at his perfectly sculpted body.

"Wow, now that is worthy of this room, eh Randy?"

"You fit right in, buddy," Randy grinned. Then turning to Bob, "OK, asshole, you know what I want."

In the middle of the room was a bench and Bob was soon on it, on his hands and knees, waiting. He looked into the mirrors and saw images of twin bodybuilders, both with square jawed faces, dark black hair and perfect, chiseled physiques. And their cocks were rigid as poles. Bob's pulse started to race as he imagined being used by both men at once.

Randy walked behind the kneeling man and grasped the twin globes of his ass. He looked up at the awestruck Steve.

"I said we'd show you what we do when we're alone, Steve. Well this is it!" Without hesitation he brought the tip of his rigid cock up against his lover's moist hole and, with one sudden thrust, buried it deep into his ass. Two shouts echoed round the basement room. One was from Bob who reveled in the familiar sensation of his master's long shaft penetrating him as it had done so often before.

The other echoing sound came from Steve. It was an involuntary shout caused by a contradictory mix of shock, awe, revulsion and exhilaration. He hadn't really known what to expect and this sudden move threw him completely off balance. He took a step back and momentarily felt the impulse to run from the room. But, as before, he was rooted to the spot.

He was unaware of his own hand moving down to grasp his rigid dick. He watched, stunned, as the dark demon moved his hips back and forth, his cock pulling all the way out, then plunging again deep into the perfect globes of the ass. Steve had always been aware, in the abstract, that this is what some men do to each other but, now he was faced with the vivid reality it was the most exciting thing he had ever seen.

He was transfixed by the powerful rhythm of the two bodies as they moved in unison. What he found completely riveting was the expression on the faces of the two men. Bob was looking at their reflection in the mirror, his eyes open wide with infinite pleasure as he uttered a low, guttural moan. He was clearly in paradise.

Randy's expression was something Steve had never seen on a man's face before. His head was thrown back, his tousled black hair flying, and his eyes blazed with the thrill of domination. Steve ached to know how this felt, how a man's dick felt when it was ploughing the ass of another man, a beautiful stud like Bob. Steve's cock shuddered as he tried to imagine the sensation Randy was feeling.

Just as he had done in the bedroom, Randy broke his intense concentration for an instant to glance fleetingly at Steve. Again the challenge, again the command. And this time Steve was ready. There was no hesitation as he saw the reflection of Randy and himself in the mirror. He was Randy's double in looks; he would match him in lust. Intuitively Steve positioned himself in front of Bob and looked at Randy. The blue eyes smiled back at him.

"Go for it man. That's what he needs. Come on, brother, let's both fuck the shit out of him."

The rugged voice gave Steve his cue and his last shred of inhibition vanished. He felt strong, empowered, supreme. He felt like a man. He looked down and grabbed Bob's hair, pulling the face upward. He sneered at the trapped face looking up at him.

"Get ready, asshole. You've got two masters now ..... one in your ass, the other in your face. Look at them, boy ..... they're identical." Just as Randy had buried his cock in Bob's ass in one long thrust, so Steve pushed his iron-hard dick into his mouth, not stopping until it was resting in the inner depths of his throat. Both Randy and Steve watched the muscular body beneath them buck and flex as it was assaulted at both ends. Sweat started to glisten on the golden skin, Bob's eyes filled with tears and his screams were muffled by the huge rod filling his mouth.

Bob knew he was entering a world he had never seen before. Trapped as he was, he managed to glance into the mirror and his cock reared and throbbed at what he saw. Two incredible muscle-studs, exactly alike, a perfect match, were fucking him, in his ass and his mouth. He started to hallucinate. It was the same man, one man, taking total control of him. The man's cock was ramming into his ass and his mouth at the same time. He ..... they ..... were magnificent, muscles flexing in unison, sweat dripping from their bodies onto him.

Randy and Steve looked up at each other, seeing their own reflection in the other's eyes. They were one being, the same flesh, united.

Randy was jubilant. "Yeah, man. Now we're really brothers. Now I can watch myself fuck the man I love, fuck his ass and his face at the same time. Take him, man ..... plough that face." His eyes flashed. "At last you know what I'm feeling, you feel what I'm feeling. We're the same

fucking man, Steve.” He looked in the mirror and yelled, “Look at that! You’ve never seen anything like that. There never was anything like that. It’s totally fucking incredible!”

Steve was in fantasy world. “You’re right ..... we are the same. God I love you man.” He leaned forward and pressed his lips against Randy’s. The two macho studs ground their mouths together as they continued fucking the beautiful body beneath them.

They knew the climax was close. They pulled back slightly so their faces were inches apart. Each gazed at his own face reflected in the eyes of an identical man. Randy breathed, “I wanna look in your eyes and watch myself cum, man.”

They smiled identical smiles, their breathing and heartbeats were matched. Their bodies moved in total harmony, their cocks felt the same burning sensation as they approached twin climaxes. They shouted in unison, “OK ..... Now!” Their eyes blazed into each other as their cocks exploded, pumping load after load of hot semen into the muscle stud beneath them.

As Bob felt hot liquid pouring into his mouth and his ass he looked into the mirror and saw a sight nobody had ever seen before. Two identical dark stallions were rearing up, their bodies flexing and arching as they both emptied their load of hot juice into him. Bob’s mind was spinning, his body on fire, as his own cock erupted and splashed jets of white cream onto the bench beneath him.

All three bodies flexed and thrashed as they were drained of the juice of their passion. It took long minutes for them to subside, for their breathing and heartbeats to slow. And then finally there was silence. As if reading each other’s mind, they all turned their heads to look at the mirror and were stunned by the tableau they saw of three beautiful men ..... fused together by an act that was truly out of this world.

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A strange silence hung over the kitchen table as the three men sipped beers. In fact they hadn’t exchanged a word since they put on their clothes and came upstairs from the basement. There was nothing to say, nothing that could be said. They needed to adjust. They were exhausted, elated ..... unsure of what would come next.

Fortunately that was decided for them as they heard the crunch of tires on gravel and the slamming of car doors. The guys were back from their trip to the restaurant in Malibu. The silence was shattered by shouts and laughter as the three boys crashed into the room, followed by a tired-looking Mark.

Randy looked up at him and grinned. “Hey, Mark. They wore you out, uh?”

The cop smiled back wearily. "You can say that again. They're great guys but they do kinda drain the energy out of the room." He sat down at the table and looked at the beers. "Man, I could sure use one of those."

"Hey, kids," said Randy. "Get the officer a beer, then throw together a snack for us to munch on."

As the boys busied themselves at the counter Mark finally relaxed enough to soak up the atmosphere. He looked at Randy, Bob and Steve and a broad grin spread over his face. "Jesus, guys, the afterglow around you is hot enough to set the hills on fire. No need to ask how things went."

"Actually, too soon to ask," Bob said. "We're still adjusting ourselves. It was ..... Jesus ..... I dunno ....."

"No need, buddy," Mark interrupted. "No need to elaborate. A picture speaks louder than words, and you guys are a picture of raging testosterone. A guy could get his rocks off just by looking at you."

The easy banter was just what the guys needed, but Steve was uneasy in this new environment of men. He had still not begun to process what had happened to him tonight.

"You know, guys, I hate to drink and run, but I gotta get home. Early day tomorrow."

"Tell you what," said Randy. "It's about time you got to have a meal with us all ..... got to know the house. How about tomorrow evening?"

Steve saw the general looks of enthusiasm round the table and nodded. "Sure, that would be great. As a matter of fact I have to make a house call right near here in the afternoon. Should be finished around three. Rather than trek back up to Mulholland, would it be cool if I came by a bit early?"

"Of course," said Bob. "We won't get off work until a bit later than that, but Jamie will be here. He works for me in the office upstairs. He can stop work a bit early."

"You hear that, Jamie?" Mark called over to his boy. "Steve's coming tomorrow afternoon and you'll be the only one here to take care of him for a while. Think you can handle it?"

"Of course, sir," said Jamie. "We can go for a swim while we wait for you."

"Good boy," said Mark. "Steve's a special guest, so make sure you take good care of him. Give him whatever he wants, OK?"

"Yes, sir!"

He couldn't know it at the time, but Mark would live to regret those words.

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After his life-changing adventure with Randy and Bob, sleep was hard to come by for Steve. As he lay alone in his own bed at home he restlessly replayed the extraordinary scenes and images that had made his body come alive. But he found that one image kept floating to the surface of his mind. It was the expression on Randy's face as he pushed his cock into Bob's ass. The man looked as if he had entered another whole realm of being, where the sensation in his cock obliterated all else.

That feeling was unimaginable to Steve. Sure, he had fucked hundreds of girls like a stallion and enjoyed every one. But the sight of Randy's cock disappearing into the ass of a man made Steve tremble. What did it feel like? That intimate union of two big, masculine studs was completely unknown to him and thrilling to watch, and Steve found himself longing to feel it for himself.

But he knew there was no chance of doing that with Randy or Bob. Randy was far too dominant a man, and he made it absolutely clear that Bob's ass was strictly off limits to anyone but himself. Steve sighed with the resignation of knowing he was unlikely to meet any other ass he would want to put his cock into.

Instead, his thoughts wandered to the intriguing prospect of tomorrow afternoon, when he would get to know all the guys in the house, on their own turf. And that would start with Mark's boy Jamie who was to take care of him until the other guys got off work. He had barely said two words to the young guy so far, so it would be interesting to get to know him and, by extension, learn more about Mark.

Mark had been Steve's therapy patient for a short while some time ago and their paths had crossed several times since, but he didn't know him well. He was, of course, a spectacular looking cop and Steve supposed that if, in his wildest dreams, he had every contemplated sexual contact with a man, Mark would be the choice. But that was purely hypothetical, and it was, of course, before Steve met Randy.

Eventually Steve's thoughts slowed down to a blur and as sleep drifted over him his last thoughts were of that house and the guys who lived there. There was a smile on his face as his eyes closed in sleep.

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The doorbell rang and Jamie jumped up from his computer in Bob's office. He was kind of excited to be seeing the new guy again, with his great looks and build, and felt honored to be given the task of entertaining him until the guys got home. Mark had said to take good care of



him, make sure he had whatever he wanted. As he ran to the gate, Jamie was determined to obey his master's command.

Steve was taken aback when the gate opened. When he had been there before Jamie was kind of in the background and he hadn't paid much attention to him. But now here he was, barefoot in faded surfer shorts and an old blue tank top that set off his blond good looks. He was young, sure, but there was an innate masculinity about him that Steve had to admit was very sexy. He could see why Mark had chosen him as his boy.

There was a moment's awkwardness in the boy that Steve found charming, so he took the initiative and shook Jamie's hand.

"Hi, there, Jamie. Sure I didn't interrupt your work?"

"Not at all, sir. Bob said I could quit early for the day."

Another awkward moment. "Jeez, it's hotter than Hades today," Steve said."

"Would you like go for a swim, sir?"

"Now that sounds just what the doctor ordered," Steve grinned. "Only I didn't bring a swimsuit."

Jamie laughed. "Oh, we don't bother with that around here. No need. Come on, sir. The water's great." He quickly he pulled off his tank top and dropped his shorts and stood there naked, grinning with boyish enthusiasm.

"Jesus, he's beautiful," Steve thought to himself. "Never realized." Then he too stripped off his clothes and dived into the cool water of the pool. Jamie laughed a lot with the exuberance of youth, horsing around in the water, challenging Steve, splashing him and wrestling, pushing his head under water. Soon Steve was sputtering and held up his hands in defeat.

"OK, kid, you win. Time out, uh? Man, I could use a beer."

"Coming right up," Jamie said, leaping out of the pool.

In a few minutes they were lying on their stomachs next to each other on the grass, still naked, sipping their beers. All of Jamie's earlier shyness had gone and he talked uninhibitedly with the new man. Mostly he chattered enthusiastically about Mark, how great he was, how kind he had been to Jamie ..... how much he loved him.

"He's just so great to be with, especially when he fu ....."

His words tailed off and he blushed with embarrassment. Steve finished the sentence for him.

“..... when he fucks you?”

“Well, yes, sir. He does that a lot and I love it.” He stared down at the grass and concentrated on his beer. Steve looked at his blushing face, then ran his eyes down over his muscular back that tapered down to a narrow waist, then rose up again to the twin mounds of the perfect ass. Steve was startled to feel a jolt run through his cock. He did not dare look into Jamie’s eyes but spoke quietly looking down at the ground.

“Tell me what it feels like, Jamie, to have Mark’s dick in your ass. Tell me how it feels.”

“Oh, sir,” said Jamie, regaining his confidence. “It’s totally awesome ..... like nothing else in the world. I love it when he takes control of me like that. He’s my master, and he’s so beautiful. And I love to see the look on his face when he’s inside me. You should see his expression, sir.”

Steve said quietly, almost to himself, “Yeah, I’ve seen that look one time before, on Randy.”

Another pause, then Jamie asked, “Have you ever felt that sir ..... like ..... fucked a guy’s ass.”

“No, I haven’t.”

“Oh you should try it, sir. You’d love it.”

Steve breathed more heavily. Last night’s intense sex with Randy and Bob had released something from deep in his subconscious. The therapist in Steve made him surmise that some element of those instincts must have always been inside him, somewhere deep down. They only needed a trigger, which Randy had provided. Steve had always been a very sexual guy, with a very active libido ..... Steve the Stud ..... but his testosterone had always found its outlet in women. Until now.

As he looked again at the beautiful, naked young man beside him, he found himself becoming aroused. His reason and his inhibitions were deserting him. The sight of his stunning ass made Steve’s dick hard. And it was his dick, not his logic, that made him speak now.

“Jamie.”

“Yes, sir?”

“I really want to know how it feels to put my cock in a guy’s ass. Can you help me out there? Can I ..... do it to you? Just for a minute to see how it feels?”

Jamie’s eyes opened wide. He was stunned. “Oh, sir. I dunno, sir. I wouldn’t mind it... wouldn’t mind at all. I mean, you’re very beautiful, sir. But I’d have to clear it with Mark.” He frowned as his mind recalled the words of his master the cop. “Then again, he did tell me to

take good care of you sir, to give you whatever you wanted. So maybe ..... I suppose ..... you said just for a minute, sir?"

"Sure, just to see how it feels."

"Well sir, Mark usually does it like this.' He rolled over on his back and pulled his legs up as he had done so often when offering his ass to Mark.

Steve caught his breath. "Jesus, that is so fucking beautiful," he whispered. Instinctively he knelt in front of Jamie, grasped his ankles and pushed them higher so his rigid dick was only inches from his ass.

"Like this, Jamie?"

"Yes, sir. Then he pushes his cock into my hole, all the way into my ass."

"Like this?" Steve's body was on fire as he pressed the head of his cock against the young man's ass and slowly eased his hips forward. He felt the soft, velvet membrane relax and open, inviting him in. Steve gasped in amazement as his cock slid smoothly inside and he felt for the first time in his life the inner furnace of a man's ass.

He looked down into Jamie's young face and could hardly believe that his dick was inside him. His iron-hard rod was pulsing, it was on fire. No woman had ever felt like this. As Jamie's inner muscles tensed round Steve's cock, gripping it hard, Steve uttered a guttural moan and knew that he had to fuck the young ass until he shot his load.

He pulled back then pushed in again, deeper this time, until he felt the head of his cock come to rest against the back of the silk-soft ass. "You like that, Jamie?" he asked softly.

"Oh yes, sir. You feel great, sir. You're very handsome."

Steve now began to fuck in earnest, plunging his cock again and again into the beautiful young stud.

"Tell me how it feels, Jamie. Tell me what my cock feels like inside you. I want to know just how it feels to have a man's dick inside you."

But Jamie didn't respond. Instead, he was looking over Steve's shoulder ..... with a look of horror. He began to whimper, with increasing desperation ..... "No, no, NO!"

Steve looked back over his shoulder in the direction of Jamie's gaze ..... and reality crashed in on him. Behind them stood a cop in full, black uniform, legs astride, arms at his sides, fists clenched. It was Mark, and the expression on his beautiful Nordic blond face was as hard as stone.

Steve instantly pulled his dick free of Jamie's ass and sprang to his feet. Tears streamed down Jamie's face as he lay on his back gazing up at his master in terror. Mark was still for a moment, then he spoke in an even tone as cold as ice.

He looked first at Jamie. "You ..... get out of here." Jamie grabbed his shorts and ran for the gate. Steve stood before the cop, frozen like a statue.

"As for you," Mark growled. His fist was still clenched as he raised it, then slammed it into Steve's jaw, sending him sprawling on his back. Mark's chest heaved as he stared down at the dazed, naked man.

His voice was eerily calm as he came to grips with what he had seen. "That was my boy. That was my boy you were fucking. You had your filthy dick in my boy's ass, man. You don't do that, mother-fucker. Not to my boy." His voice rose to an enraged shout. "You don't ever do that, asshole. Not to my boy."

Moving fast, he leaned downward, grabbed Steve's wrists and dragged him backward over the grass toward a tree at the lawn's edge. He pulled the arms up above Steve's head on either side of the tree. Swiftly he unhooked the handcuffs from his belt, pulled the wrists together behind the tree and cuffed them.

As he lay there on his back Steve's head began to clear and he looked up at the magnificent cop. The fear and the rush of adrenaline brought a crystal clarity to him. He saw every feature in sharp detail. He saw the god-like face looking down at him, unruly blond hair, steel blue eyes, square jaw. The torso heaved under the tight black shirt, open at the white triangle of T-shirt at the neck. The shirt tapered from the broad shoulders down to the heavy belt at the tight slim waist. The legs were astride and the black uniform pants were tucked into high, shiny leather boots. And the clenched fists made the cop's biceps bulge.

There was a long, leaden silence as the men gazed at each other. The only movement, the only sound, was the slight stirring of the breeze. The powerful cop looked down at the helpless, naked stud at his feet. Finally he spoke.

"What was it you asked my boy just now? Let's see now ..... 'Tell me what my cock feels like inside you. I want to know just how it feels to have a man's dick inside you'." Mark smiled grimly. "Well that's real simple, Steve. I don't have to tell you. See, I'm gonna show you how it feels. You're gonna find out just how it feels."

Steve pulled frantically at the handcuffs round his wrists. His eyes widened in horror as he looked up at the towering cop, and he screamed a long, echoing, "NO!"

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## Chapter 63 – Jamie is Branded

Their concentration was so intense that neither man heard the truck pull up outside. Darius had picked Pablo up from work and as they got out of the truck they were almost knocked over by Jamie who rushed past them, barefoot, wearing only surfer shorts.

They gazed after him as he ran down the hill, then they opened the gate quietly to see what had caused his sudden flight. It took a split second to realize that something major was going down. Without a word Darius grabbed Pablo's wrist and pulled him out of sight behind the house. They ran round the back, through the back door of their house and upstairs to their bedroom.

They stood at the window and looked down into the garden. They had a perfect view. Their jaws dropped as they took in the scene ..... the uniformed cop standing menacingly, fists clenched, in front of the naked, terrified Steve.

Pablo whispered anxiously, "Dude, we shouldn't be here. We shouldn't watch this. Come away from the window."

"Are you crazy?" Darius hissed. "It's not every day of the week you get to see stuff like this. This is gonna be awesome, dude. Here, I'll just open the window a crack so we can hear."

Pablo too was transfixed by the scene but still protested. "I still say we shouldn't watch."

"Look," Darius said in exasperation. "Randy's gonna want to know what went down here, so we're just witnesses and we'll report back to him. Got it?"

"Well," Pablo said dubiously. "If you put it like that ....."

They looked through the window and Darius whispered, "Totally awesome, dude. He's gonna fuck him. Steve must've fucked Jamie and that's why he ran away. Look, look ....."

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Mark was still gazing down at Steve in silence, prolonging the man's terror. Steve pulled against the handcuffs and began to reason, to plead. "Please, man. Don't do this. Just let me go and none of you will ever see me again. I was wrong ..... what I did was inexcusable, crazy." He swallowed hard, in mounting desperation. "But you've gotta know, it was not Jamie's fault. I persuaded him. He wanted to ask your permission but I talked him into doing it. Please let me go, man."

It was as if Mark hadn't heard a word. His hand went down to his bulging crotch and he began to unzip his pants. Steve gazed up at him in terror.

“No, man, please. Punish me, beat me ..... but not that. Not my ass. I can’t take that .... no way!”

But Mark was moving to a beat of his own. He was seeing Steve but not hearing him. And in his mind he saw the agonizing picture of Steve fucking his boy. Silently he dropped to his knees, grabbed Steve’s ankles and pushed his legs backward. He spoke with a mix of anger and sadness.

“Is this how you did it to Jamie, Steve? You looked down at his ass and grabbed your cock like this?” Mark pulled his own cock from inside his pants. What made it rock hard was the sight of this helpless bodybuilder, coupled with the blazing image of what the man had done to his boy.

“Then what did you do, Steve? Did you press the head of you cock against his beautiful young ass? Like this? Did he look up at you scared?”

Steve was shaking with fear. He pulled helplessly against the handcuffs and pleaded again in desperation. “Please, man. Not my ass. I’ve never done anything like that. I can’t take another guy’s dick in my ass. Do anything to me. Not that. I’m begging you, man.”

Mark’s voice grew harder. “Is that how he begged you? Is that how my boy begged you not to fuck him?”

“No, it wasn’t like that .....

Mark wasn’t listening. “But you didn’t care, did you Steve? You needed to be inside the hot young stud. So you did this .....

“Wow!” Darius and Pablo flinched at the upstairs window. They could hardly believe what they were seeing. The uniformed cop was magnificent, kneeling before the naked bodybuilder whose whole body was arching and flexing in pain that radiated from his tortured ass throughout his body. His arms were stretched tight above him, his biceps bulging as he pulled frantically at his wrists, handcuffed round the tree.

It was like his muscular body was being stretched on the rack as it was tortured by the god-like cop. His face was twisted in pain, eyes screwed shut, screams exploding from his mouth as he felt the iron rod plunge deep into his gut. Mark looked down with satisfaction at his tortured captive. He pulled his cock back then plunged it again deep into the burning hole, empowered by the renewed screams that erupted from his mouth.

The cop smiled as his shaft started to piston in and out of the ravaged ass. “That’s it, asshole. You wanted to know how it feels to have a man’s dick inside you. Well now you know. Now you know how my boy felt when you fucked his ass ..... the ass that belongs to me. Man, I’m gonna enjoy hurting you. You’re gonna really feel this man’s dick inside you, shithead.”

Steve was drifting into a state of near-oblivion as pain racked his body. The only sensation he had was the agony in his ass as the piston plunged in and out. He was aware of nothing else ..... until he opened his eyes. In his delirium he saw the incredibly beautiful cop, the blond muscle-god in a black uniform. Steve started to hallucinate, watching in awe as the body rose and fell against him, and he felt the rough serge of the pants thud against his ass. Mark's exertion had loosened the buttons of his shirt that was now open almost to the waist, revealing a sweat-soaked white T-shirt clinging to the hard muscles of his chest.

The day was still furnace hot and both bodies were running with sweat. Mark's shirt was wringing wet and he said breathlessly, "About time to get serious about this, man. Time to strip for action. Letting go of Steve's ankles Mark quickly pulled off his black shirt then yanked his white T-shirt over his head. He grabbed the legs again, behind the knees, and forced them hard down to the ground, so the ass arched upward. He growled down at the agonized face.

"Time for you to know how it feels to be ass-fucked by a real man, Steve. I'm gonna rip you open." The pounding rhythm increased ..... but the pain lessened. Instead, Steve was hypnotized by the sight of this incredible cop, stripped to the waist, his beautiful naked torso streaming with sweat that poured down onto him. He saw the body pounding against him again and again, and felt the exquisite, rasping heat in his ass.

The man was stunning, glorious ..... and he was inside him! This muscular shirtless cop had tied him up and was fucking his ass, was punishing him, dominating him. Steve was electrified by the desire to give himself to this man, to offer his body to him. He had never before felt the overwhelming need to be savagely used by another man.

His delirium deepened and he became enraptured by the glorious man pounding his ass. He saw the stunning face, the muscles flexing above him, pouring with sweat, saw the steel-blue eyes piercing his. The pain in his ass had vanished, replaced by an exquisite pain in his cock, a searing heat that radiated from his cock, down his legs, through his entire body. He was on fire.

He was unaware of his screams, unaware at first of the creamy wetness that began to soak his chest. Then he saw it. His own cock was erupting with streams of semen, pouring down onto him. At the same time he felt another heat deep inside him, heard the cop moan, and realized that Mark was emptying his juice deep inside his gut.

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But they were not the only two orgasms at that exact moment. Upstairs the two young men were gazing in disbelief at the scene below them. They were speechless as they watched the shirtless cop ravage the ass of the naked bodybuilder chained to the tree.

Without even knowing it each man had reached over to his companion, pulled his cock out and was stroking it furiously. When they heard the shouts of the two muscle studs they couldn't hold back. Each pounding the other's cock, they shot their loads over the window until the glass was covered in white cum, obscuring the incredible tableau below that had driven their orgasms. In their excitement Darius and Pablo smiled wide-eyed at each other. Then they heard voices.

Steve was sobbing. His mind was a blur, but through the confusion he knew he had to make one thing clear. He gazed up at the heaving body above him. "Mark, please, you have to know that it was not Jamie's fault. Please don't punish him. He loves you, man. He talked of nothing but you. It was because you told him to give me anything I wanted. He was trying to obey you, man. It wasn't his fault. You gotta believe me."

Mark's anger and lust were draining from him and his mind suddenly became clear. "Jamie," he said to himself. Then louder, "Jamie." Then yelling toward the house, "Jamie!" He ran inside and saw Darius and Pablo coming down the stairs.

"Jamie, where's Jamie? Have you seen Jamie?"

"Yes, sir," Pablo said. "As we came in he was running out of the house ..... nearly knocked us over. He ran down the hill."

"But, sir," Darius added breathlessly, "he was barefoot. He was only wearing his surfer shorts. You know, the faded one's he ....."

But Mark cut him off. "Jesus Christ. Oh shit. I gotta find him." He ran outside, grabbed his shirt, dashed through the gate and sped off in his truck. Halfway down the hill he passed Randy's truck coming up. Inside Randy turned to Bob wide-eyed. "That was Mark ..... driving like a bat out of hell. What the fuck.....?"

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"Now no fantasizing, punk. Just tell us exactly what happened." Randy and Bob stood before the two boys and listened as the whole story poured out, in colorful detail, despite Randy's insistence on just the facts. The boys fell over each other, taking turns to relate the entire drama, right up to their own orgasms all over the window.

When they had finished Darius said, "Now if you ask me, here's what I think ....."

"Well we're not asking you, punk, and we don't wanna know what you think. Thanks for the report. Now go inside and stay there. And clean that window! Capiche?"

"Yes, sir," they said in unison. As they ran inside Darius whispered to Pablo, "See, I told you we should watch. Somebody's gotta know what's going on here."



“What do we do now, though?” asked Pablo.

Darius gave an exasperated sigh and rolled his eyes. “Go back upstairs and watch some more, dickhead. Jeez, dude.”

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Randy and Bob were still in their work clothes (suit and tie for Bob, jeans, boots and tank top for Randy) as they walked over to the tree where Steve was still lying on his back naked, his eyes closed, arms stretched upward and handcuffed round the tree. As he heard footsteps he opened his eyes and looked up at the men who had introduced him to sex the night before.

He groaned. His thoughts were still racing ..... the mess he had made of everything by fucking Jamie, the horror of his punishment by Mark. But overriding all that was his confused mix of disgust and elation at the memory of getting his ass fucked by the magnificent cop, and his own spontaneous orgasm. And now, as he faced Randy and Bob, he burned with shame and embarrassment. Randy grinned down at him.

“So, I hear that you got your ass fucked real good, Steve. Pity. I was saving that pleasure for myself. I like breaking a man in. Still, if you’re gonna get your hole ploughed for the first time you can’t do better than Mark. Shit, just look at him. The man’s a fucking god. He could have anyone he wanted, man or woman, and you were the lucky guy.”

Randy’s eyes travelled over the cum-soaked chest. “And I see he made you shoot a fucking monster load over yourself, man. No surprise there ..... anyone would.” Then he laughed out loud at the thought of the habitual therapist question. “And how did you feel about that, Steve?”

Steve blushed and moaned. “Shit, I’ve messed up so bad. You guys really gave me the best time of my life, then I go and do that to Jamie. I was just so turned on by you guys that I needed more, I guess. You can do whatever you like to me, Randy, I deserve it. Beat me, hurt me. I need to be punished.”

Randy grinned. “Oh, that’s right. You don’t know my rule in this house, do you? Here it is, Steve. You fuck up, you get punished and that’s it ..... it’s done ..... in the past. You messed up, you fucked the cop’s boy, and Mark punished you big time. That was his business, not ours. And it’s finished. So get over it, Steve.”

“It’s not as easy as that,” Steve groaned. “Look guys, just set me free and I’ll get the hell out of here, out of your lives. I can’t handle any more of this.”

Bob smiled down at him. “Afraid you’re gonna have to, Steve. Mark left here in an all-fire hurry and still has the key to the handcuffs. Only he can set you free.”

The horror and embarrassment of his situation caved in on Steve and he groaned. "Oh shit. This is fucking unbelievable."

Bob took pity on him. "Look, at least let's get you up off the ground. Here, let me help." He hauled the big, naked body toward the tree and Steve was able to twist his arms behind him until he was sitting up against the tree. Then, struggling some more, he pushed himself slowly upward until he was standing, his arms still cuffed behind the tree.

Now that he was upright the pool of cum covering his chest began to run down his body, over his groin and down his legs. His body and face were streaked with dirt and his muscles gleamed with sweat in the late afternoon heat.

Randy and Bob stood back and gazed in admiration. "Hell, man," Bob said, "you really are one hell of a hot stud. Look at that body, that face. You look so fucking great you make my dick hard."

Randy grinned. "You too, uh? Look at this," and he cupped his hands round the bulge in his pants. He stood back and looked at Steve quizzically. "You know man, seeing you there in bondage makes me want to whip that gorgeous body of yours. That would be a real turn-on."

"Do it then, man," said Steve. "I deserve it. Thrash me and I'll leave and you'll never see me again."

"Nah ..... too easy, man." He thought for a second. "So, you'll leave and we'll never see you again, uh? I don't think so Steve. I have a way of punishing you that'll make sure you always want to come back. And I'm not gonna lay a hand on you."

Steve waited in nervous anticipation. So did two faces at the upstairs window, though not so nervous ..... enthralled would be more like it. Darius breathed, "Hell, dude, today just won't quit. We'll be beating off to the memory of this day for ever."

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Randy turned his attention to Bob and ignored the naked man chained to the tree. "Hey buddy, time you got out of those work clothes. Come here." Randy reached forward, loosened Bob's tie and unbuttoned his shirt. He pushed it off, then pulled the T-shirt over his head and threw it down. He stood back and gazed at his shirtless lover, his muscles gleaming in the setting sun.

"Hell, man, why would I bother with anyone else when I've got you? You're so fucking gorgeous. Let's see now, what's the first thing that always happens when we get home from work? "

"You fuck my ass, sir."

Randy grinned. "So why should today be any different?"

Quickly he unbuckled Bob's belt, unzipped the pants and they fell to the ground. In a second he was naked. Bob was thrilled to hear Randy's voice become rough, guttural. "On you back, boy. Right here, in front of the asshole tied to the tree.

Steve gasped as Bob fell on his knees in front of him, then onto his back at his feet. The handcuffed man looked at the glowering construction worker and was shocked to feel his own cock start to get stiff. Randy wasted no time. He fell on his knees in front of Bob, ripped open his pants and pulled out his rigid cock. Roughly he pushed Bob's legs up, brought his dick up to his hole and with one brutal push, buried it in his lover's ass.

Two shouts pierced the silence ..... Bob's as he felt the familiar, glorious sensation of his master's cock penetrating him. And Steve's as he gazed in awe at the sight of the naked bodybuilder being ploughed by the construction worker. Nobody heard the excited young voices of the boys watching from upstairs.

Steve found himself falling under the same spell as when he first watched Randy fuck his lover. He was enthralled at the sight of the muscular physique under the tight, grimy tank top, the dark, intense, demon face, the hips moving powerfully back and forth as the thick rod pistoned in the bodybuilder's ass. Bob was pounding his own cock in his fist.

Steve was being driven to a frenzy as he pulled frantically at the handcuffs behind the tree and his dick became rock hard. He wanted desperately to touch the sweating bodies. "Come closer," he breathed. Let me feel your bodies, guys. I can't take this. I need to feel you. I need to touch my dick. I gotta get free." His muscles rippled as he bucked and strained against his restraints.

But the men ignored him. They were close. The pounding got faster, the breathing heavier, until, with ecstatic shouts, their two cocks erupted, Randy's inside the furnace of the ass, the other spraying cum upward in a high arc, all over the chest of the construction worker. "Yeah, man, you're the best," Randy breathed. "Fucking awesome. God, I love you." And he fell forward onto the naked body.

Suddenly they heard a shout and felt hot liquid raining down on them. Steve was going wild. His arms and shoulders stretched and bulged as he struggled to get free and he felt his cock explode in his second spontaneous orgasm of the day. In disbelief he watched his semen stream all over the sweat-soaked muscles flexing and writhing at his feet.

Upstairs too, there were shouts of joy as the two boys shot their second load of the afternoon. As cum streamed down the glass Darius looked at Pablo and burst out laughing. "Shit, dude, and we only just cleaned the window after the first time."

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An hour later the earlier frenzied atmosphere in the house had turned to gloom. Mark had finally returned home empty handed. No Jamie. Quietly Bob took the handcuff key from him, went outside and released Steve who quickly got dressed.

"I gotta get out of here, man," Steve said.

"Yeah, I understand. But I'll call you tomorrow, OK?" Steve drove away and Bob returned to the kitchen.

As Darius and Pablo busied themselves getting dinner ready, Randy and Bob sat at the table and watched Mark sit with his head in his hands. "He's gone," he groaned. "I looked everywhere. Couldn't find him."

"He'll come back," said Bob gently.

"I don't think so," Mark said. "And it's all my fault. I told him to get out ..... the words he was terrified of hearing. He thinks I threw him out."

"Of course you didn't, man," Bob said. "We all know that."

"But he doesn't. That was always his worst fear, that I would get rid of him. And now it's happened. God, I love the kid. I don't know what to do, guys. He's gone. He's got no clothes, no money. What the hell will he do?"

"Bob's right, Mark," Randy said. "He'll be back. And if he doesn't show up by tomorrow, we'll all work together looking for him."

As Bob and Randy tried to reassure Mark, Pablo was listening intently. He turned to Darius and whispered, "Hey, dude, think you can handle dinner on your own? Something I gotta do."

"Sure, kiddo."

"I need the keys to the truck. Thanks, dude. See you soon, I hope."

Clutching the keys Pablo left the room quietly, unnoticed by the guys at the table. He ran up to Jamie's room and stuffed one of the boy's T-shirts and sneakers into a back-pack. He ran back downstairs to his dog Billy, his faithful Doberman who went everywhere with him. "Come on, boy. We got a job to do."

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Down the hill, across Figueroa and just over the Pasadena Freeway is the Arroyo Seco, an expansive, green wilderness area where a person can lose himself. During the day it was

frequented by hikers, but at night it was home to coyotes, deer and the occasional bobcat. It was also home to the homeless, where people down on their luck would spend the night in the thick brush. And it's here that Pablo headed.

He had been to the Arroyo Seco a couple of times with Jamie, who had lived there for a while back when he had been homeless. They had hiked and explored there and Jamie related stories of his days and nights living rough in this wild place. Pablo had a hunch that Jamie believed he was homeless again as he had been evicted from the house by Mark. Made sense that he would head here.

But where to start? Parking the truck Pablo set out on foot, with Billy at his heels, and they began trudging through the grass and bushes. Fortunately there was a bright full moon, but it didn't help much as the area was huge. They slogged on for a while, but it was like looking for a pin in a haystack. Suddenly Pablo stopped and pulled out Jamie's T-shirt and sneakers that he had stuffed in his backpack. He looked down at Billy, whose brown eyes gazed up at him.

"Now I know you're not a bloodhound, kid," Pablo said, "but let's give this a try." He held the shirt and sneakers against Billy's nose. He knew the dog loved Jamie, ever since the boy had saved his life when he had been attacked by a pit bull. Still, this was a longshot, and Pablo said, more in hope than conviction, "OK, Billy. Jamie! You know Jamie. He's your friend. We need to find him."

Billy cocked his head to one side with a puzzled look, confirming that he was no bloodhound. But then he seemed to take an interest in the shoes, burying his muzzle into them, and suddenly turned and took off, his nose in the air. Pablo stumbled after him but soon lost sight of him. Then he heard barking and followed the sound. "Bingo!" he said to himself.

He came across the pair almost hidden under a tree on a grassy slope. Jamie was sitting hugging his knees, trying to pull his face away from the long wet tongue licking him. He looked up as Pablo approached.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" he said gruffly. "Come to gloat that I've been thrown out of the house and you're still there? It's OK for you. Randy adopted you so your safe, but I always knew Mark would get rid of me one day. I deserve it too, after what I did."

"Hey, hey, slow down, dude." Pablo sat on the grass beside him. "First of all, he hasn't got rid of you."

"He told me to get out of there."

"Asshole. That was only because he didn't want you to see how he punished Steve."

Jamie looked up at him. "He punished him?"

“Yeah. Fucked his ass real good. It looked incredible. Steve pleaded with him not to but, well, you know the cop.”

“How do you know all this?”

Pablo paused. “We .... er .... we saw it. Darius and me. We were watching from an upstairs window.”

Jamie saw the mischief in Pablo’s eyes and grinned for the first time. Pablo was on a roll, now. “But listen, kiddo, Steve made it clear to Mark that nothing was your fault, that he persuaded you.”

“But I let him fuck me, and Mark saw it. He threw me out. He’ll never want me back.”

“That’s not true, dude. He came looking for you and couldn’t find you. He’s real beat up about it. Looked kinda desperate. He told Randy and Bob he loves you and doesn’t want to lose you.”

Jamie whimpered and began shivering hard. He was shirtless, barefoot, and in the semi-desert climate of Los Angeles hot days can quickly cool into cold nights. Pablo grabbed the backpack. “Here, put this shirt on, and your sneakers.” Jamie did that but still shivered. Pablo threw his arm round him, pulled his head to his chest and held him tight. Jamie started to sob uncontrollably.

“Man, I really fucked up this time. I really love him, but I can’t go back. I feel so ashamed. Why would he want me, anyway? Just look at him. He can have anyone he wants, man or woman. Why would he choose me?”

“But he did choose you, Jamie. Hell, have you seen the way he looks at you? He’s crazy about you, kiddo. Like the sun shines out of your sweet ass. Come with me and see for yourself.”

Jamie pulled away. “I’m not going back there, dude. No way. I just can’t.”

Pablo jumped up in exasperation. “OK, asshole, have it your way. I just don’t understand one thing. You say you love him, but you’re gonna let him suffer. You’re gonna be the cause of his pain and loneliness. Way the go, Jamie. Come on, Billy. We’re done here.” And he started to walk away.

“Wait! Are you really sure he wants me back?”

Pablo cocked his head, with his trademark crooked grin on his face. He spread his arms wide. “Hey, dude. This is me, Pablo. Would I lie to you?”

As Jamie struggled to his feet he was smiling for the second time that night.

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It was late but Randy, Bob and Mark were still hunched over the kitchen table nursing the latest of many beers. Their mood was morose. Darius hovered nearby, not sure whether to stay or leave. Randy looked up.

“Hey, punk. Where the fuck’s Pablo, anyway? You said he had to go out? He should have cleared it with me.”

“I know sir, but .....” He was saved from making up some lame excuse by the sound of a truck pulling up outside. “Talk of the devil.” Soon the door opened and Pablo walked in.

“Where the fuck have you been?” Randy growled. “I thought I told you that if ever you go out at night .....”

Pablo interrupted. “I’m sorry sir. But I had to do something. I have someone with me.”

Through the door walked a sheepish, bedraggled-looking Jamie, body streaked with dirt, eyes stained with tears. He looked nervously at Mark who stood up with a deep sigh of relief. As he walked toward Jamie the boy flinched, but Mark held out his arms and Jamie fell into them. His words poured out in a heap.

“I’m sorry, sir. I was gonna stay away but then Pablo came and he talked to me ..... a lot ..... and he convinced me that you ....., If it wasn’t for Pablo, I .....” and he started to sob.

Mark was steady as a rock. “Not now, kid. We’ll talk later. Right now you’re gonna go upstairs, take a shower and wait for me. When I come up I’m gonna make love to you. All night. Is that clear?”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” Jamie turned and on his way out gave Pablo a long, tight hug. “Thanks, dude,” he stammered. “You saved my life. I owe you .... big time.” And he left the room.

Mark looked at Pablo, smiled and shook his hand. “I guess that goes for me too, kid. I can’t thank you enough for what you’ve done.” He turned to Randy. “Hey big guy, you’ve got one terrific kid here. He’s a hell of a guy. You should be proud of him.”

Pablo glanced up at Randy and grinned a shy grin. Randy smiled back, his eyes glowing with affection and pride. “You did great kiddo ..... awesome. I’m real proud you’re my boy.”

“Thank you, sir. He just needed a friend.”

"I've neglected you lately, kid. I've missed you, and I'm gonna make it up to you. I've got something real special in mind for you. We'll talk tomorrow. Now take Darius away and tell him your story. He needs that fantasy file of his updated."

"You betcha," said Pablo, taking Darius's arm and dragging him away.

"Shit, what a night," said Mark, slumping in relief at the table. "You know, guys. Jamie's still so damned insecure. I've gotta find some way of convincing him that he's really my boy and always will be. Do something to show him he really belongs to me. And I have an idea." He grabbed pen and paper from the dresser and started to draw. "Here, guys. What do you think of this?"

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Early next morning, having made love to Jamie most of the night, Mark leaped out of bed. "OK, kid. We're going out. Put on that muscle T-shirt of yours, the one with no sleeves. It's about time I proved to you who you are."

Jamie felt dazed but did exactly as he was told. As he followed Mark through the kitchen he saw him grab a scrap of paper from the table. They drove in silence down to Figueroa and eventually pulled into a small parking lot.

Mark turned to his boy and said, "Jamie. I'm going to ask you this just once. Think hard before your answer. Do you really want to belong to me?"

"I don't have to think, sir. Yes, sir. More than anything in the world."

"OK. That's all I needed to hear."

Jamie looked up at the sign over the small building they were entering. "Tattoo Parlor." In a few minutes he was sitting in a big chair, in a daze, while Mark spoke to the tattoo artist and explained the sketch on the paper he had brought. The artist made a stencil, and was soon rubbing liquid over the shoulder of Jamie's bare right arm. In a few minutes he was ready.

"Jamie," Mark said. "This may hurt at first but I want you to look at me all the time, and remember what you told me outside. His blue eyes held Jamie's with a piercing look. I'm going to own you, Jamie."

Jamie flinched as he felt the needle prick his arm. There was ensuing pain somewhere in there but Jamie didn't feel it. With the buzz of the needle in the background he gazed into his master's eyes and realized what was happening to him. He was being branded. The emotion of the moment was so intense his eyes filled with tears that soon overflowed down his cheeks. Mark's gaze was solemn and steady.



It took a long time, and when it was over Mark said, "Come here, boy. Look in the mirror." Jamie looked at his shoulder and saw on his deltoid muscle two letters, MM, intertwined. Mark gripped Jamie's chin and turned his face toward him, looking deep into his eyes. "That's the mark of ownership, Jamie. 'MM ..... Mark Matsen.' He owns you. You're his property. You will live with him, obey him, do whatever he orders you to. He will use your body, love you, protect you. He is your master. You are his boy. Do you finally accept that, Jamie?"

"Absolutely, sir."

Mark's face relaxed into a smile and he brushed the tears from Jamie's cheek. "And tomorrow this cop is going to take the man he owns on a trip up the coast. You remember that shack in the dunes where we first made love? We're going there again. I'm gonna fuck your ass raw. And once and for all, I will take full possession of my property ..... of my boy."

# # #

## Chapter 64 – A Fantasy for Darius

It was Saturday morning and the mood in the house was festive. Darius and Pablo were blown away as they examined the mark on Jamie's arm. "Fucking awesome, man," said Darius. "So the big cop owns you now. That ink is permanent, kiddo. You're his for life."

"Congratulations, dude," grinned Pablo. "Jeez, to be owned by a beautiful guy like Mark. He's a fucking god. Have you seen how people fall over themselves just to be near him? Anyone would kill to be owned by him. And you're the man! He chose you."

"Thanks, guys," Jamie smiled. "And if it weren't for you, Pablo, I wouldn't even be here. Thanks for coming to get me when I ran away. Now Mark says he's taking me up the coast for the weekend."

"Me too," Pablo said excitedly. "Randy's taking me up to the lake for some fishing as a reward. Says he has something real special in mind for me."

"Oh, yeah?" a deep voice interrupted. "Well nobody's going the fuck anywhere until you assholes get breakfast on the table."

They looked up nervously at Randy as he strode into the kitchen wearing just boxers. But their nervousness vanished when they saw the grin on his face and, as always, they were mesmerized by the sight of his rugged, chiseled features and stunning physique. Still, they had their orders and busied themselves setting up the table in the garden.

Soon Mark came down, then Bob, and the three masters stripped naked and dived into the pool. The boys paused and gazed down in awe at the three glorious men, their long, lean muscles

gleaming gold as water streamed over them. There never was a sight like these three muscle-gods.....the dark demon construction worker; the beautiful bodybuilder with the Superman features; and the Greek-god blond cop.

“Hey, I don’t recall telling you to stop work,” Randy bellowed at the awestruck young men. “If breakfast is not on the table in ten minutes you all get your asses fucked raw.”

“Is that a promise, sir?” Darius grinned cheekily, and got massively sprayed with water by all three men.

The raucous mood continued throughout breakfast as they talked excitedly about the weekend. When the meal was over Randy took Bob and Darius aside. “Now listen, guys. With me taking Pablo away and Mark taking Jamie, that leaves you two alone in the house for the weekend. Is that OK with you?”

“It’s a relief for me,” Bob said. “After everything that’s happened here I could use a quiet weekend to catch up on my work and just relax.” He was referring to Mark punishing the newcomer Steve for fucking his boy, Jamie. Bob grinned. “And the punk here is pretty good company if he’ll only stop talking for five minutes at a time. Who knows, maybe I can come up with something new to satisfy that overactive fantasy mind of his. How’s that work for you Darius? You OK spending a weekend with me ..... maybe even sharing a bed?”

Darius flashed his white teeth in a broad smile. “Sir, you are the most awesome guy in the world to spend time with. And some of those fantasy trips we’ve had in the past ..... wow! No one does that like you, sir. You’re the best!”

“We’ll take that as a yes, then,” grinned Randy. “OK, punk, go and say goodbye to your pals. There’s something I have to clear with Bob.”

Alone with Bob, Randy said, “Look, buddy. I’ve told you what I intend to do with Pablo. It’s pretty radical so I want to make sure you’re OK with it. Just say the word and I won’t do it.”

Bob smiled. “Your plan sounds terrific. Pablo’s earned a reward and he’s gonna love this. So go for it. But, I want to ask you for a favor in return.” He explained what he wanted, and added, “I know this is pretty radical too, but Darius is a great guy and he’s been working real hard. I wanted to give him something extra special, something he won’t forget.”

Randy frowned at first but, as always, he was won over by his lover’s warmth and generosity, and he could never refuse the soft brown eyes gazing at him.

“OK, asshole,” he grinned. “But just this once ..... and when I come back, you owe me big time. I get anything I want.”

“Yes, sir. Anything you want.”

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Mark and Jamie were the first to leave. Both were dressed in shorts, with Mark in a white V-neck T-shirt and Jamie in a sleeveless T-shirt to show off his tattoo. The truck took off, with Mark's hand resting lightly on Jamie's thigh.

"Happy, kid?"

Jamie smiled at Mark. "Best I've ever felt in my life, sir. Gee, if only this feeling could last forever."

"No reason it won't," grinned Mark. And in half an hour they were speeding north up Pacific Coast Highway, the ocean sparkling on their left.

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At the house preparations were almost complete for the departure of Randy and Pablo, hampered only by the excited Billy, Pablo's Doberman, getting under their feet.

"Billy comes too, sir?" Pablo asked.

"Do I have a choice?" Randy smiled. "You two are joined at the hip. Just keep his tongue out of my face."

They loaded the rowboat into the back of the truck, threw in their camping and fishing gear and they were ready. It was another hot day and they were both shirtless, Randy in jeans and Pablo in faded, tan, cotton shorts. As they stood beside the truck Randy put his hands on Pablo's shoulders and looked intently at him.

"Pablo, I don't often tell you how much you mean to me. You're a great kid ..... I'm proud to call you my son. You deserve this trip. What you did, bringing Jamie back to Mark, was terrific. You know, sometimes I think you've got some of me and some of Bob in you ..... my toughness and Bob's kindness."

Pablo's eyes misted up. "Thank you, sir. You're the best master, the best dad, any guy could have. I learn so much from you."

"And this weekend you're gonna learn a lot more. And you're gonna love the lesson." Randy grunted. "Now let's cut the crap, all this Kumbaya shit, and hit the fucking road."

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Now they were all gone silence descended on the house. As Darius cleared away the breakfast things his mind went back to some of the mind-blowing fantasies Bob had taken him on in the past, and this time he had promised something special. But right now the silence was starting to get to him. "Shit," he thought. "Is this what it's gonna be? Me just working like a glorified houseboy?" Ah well, he might as well suck it up and get busy. He had to clean the pool next and then do some yard work.

Just then he heard the office door close upstairs and Bob came into the kitchen. Darius was intrigued to see what he had in his hand. Bob had evidently been into Darius's bedroom because he was holding a pair of Darius's old blue denim cut-offs that he never wore now as they were too worn and frayed. Same went for the shirt Bob was holding, an oversized, baggy old tank top that was also too old to wear.

Darius was also surprised to hear that Bob's usually genial tone had changed, become more authoritative. "So, isn't today your day for cleaning the pool?"

"Yes, sir. I was just thinking about that. That's my next job."

"Good. Where's the gear?"

"Outside in my truck, sir. I left it there after doing the pool of the lady down the street."

"OK, get it. Oh, and put these on," throwing the shirt and cut-offs to him. Finish cleaning the kitchen first." And Bob left the room.

Darius shivered with anticipation. Obviously something was up. But he did as he was told and took some time finishing up in the kitchen. Then he changed into the cut-offs and old tank top. He looked in the mirror and raised his eyebrows. "Shit," he said to himself. "I should wear these more often. Looks hot."

The cut-offs were tight and the fringed bottoms hugged his muscled thighs. The oversize tank was faded and stained with old sweat marks. It hung loosely on him, revealing most of his gleaming coffee-colored chest, shoulders and lats. It occurred to him that he was the image of the young, black stud slave he had seen in so many pictures ..... and beating off to a few of them. He grinned. Bob really knew what he was doing.

He pulled on a pair of old sneakers, not bothering to lace them. Then he walked out through the gate to his truck. He gathered up all the pool equipment, dragged it to the gate and pushed ..... but it was locked. Shit, how did that happen? He rang the bell. Nothing. He rang again, longer this time. Finally he heard footsteps, the door opened and he blinked in surprise.

Bob was standing there in his business clothes ..... suit, tie, the works. And he had an annoyed expression on his face. "Oh, shit," he said. "Is it pool day again? Damn, I was hoping for a

quiet weekend to myself. Forgot the pool boy was coming. And you're the one who talks a lot too, if I'm not mistaken."

Confused, Darius stammered, "Do you want me to come back, sir?"

"Nah, better come in now you're here. But no talking. Just do your job. I want to be left alone, like you're not here. Understand?"

"Got it, sir.

As Bob went back inside Darius took a deep breath ..... and entered another world. He was the pool boy, and the owner of the house didn't even want him to be here. Shit, though, the guy was gorgeous. Even if he was rude to him. "Arrogant too," he thought. "Just because he has all the money and looks, and I'm only the hired help." He dragged in all the equipment, took it over to the pool and began with the skimmer. There was a lot to do as the pool surface was smothered with leaves.

Working steadily he glanced up as the owner came out of the house, still in his business suit. He walked over to the table under the tree, took off his jacket and hung it round a chair. He kicked off his loafers and removed his socks. Darius stopped skimming and gazed at the man. He was taking off his tie, then unbuttoning his shirt, revealing the mounds of his perfectly sculpted chest.

Darius gasped as the man pulled off his shirt and stood stripped to the waist, his magnificent, muscular torso gleaming in the dappled sunlight. He yawned and stretched lazily, twisting his head from side to side, reaching upward, first one arm, then the other. Jesus, the man was gorgeous. Looked just like Superman.

The pool boy remembered his job and continued skimming the leaves, but again he glanced up as the man dropped his pants, then his shorts. He was naked! He was fucking naked ..... standing just a few yards away! As he gaped at the bodybuilder's stunning physique Darius felt his huge dick grow rigid under his tight cut-offs.

The owner picked up something he had brought out with him ..... black Speedos. He pulled them on and adjusted them round his waist and the cheeks of his butt. Darius's eyes widened as the man put his hand inside the Speedos and adjusted his cock. He almost stopped breathing as the bodybuilder strode toward him.

"Hey you," he said. "I'm gonna get wet before I get some sun. So stop your work for a minute."

"Yes, sir," Darius croaked.

He stood leaning on the skimmer pole as he watched the glorious man dive into the pool and swim a few fast, powerful lengths, water streaming over his muscular back and shoulders. Then he swam to the side and with one heave pulled himself up and clear out of the water. His sculpted physique gleamed as he strode over to the chaise in the sun, flipped open a towel that lay there and threw himself face down on his stomach with a deep, satisfied sigh.

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Darius was beside himself. Now that the guy was face down he dared to gaze at him ..... longingly. The muscular body was still wet, gleaming in the sun. With his arms stretched forward, his shoulders bulged, and the wide lats tapered down to the tight, slim waist. The pool-boy's eyes travelled down the back, sloping down to the waist and then rising again up to the mounds of the ass.

And it was this that made Darius's cock rigid. Cupped in the tight wet black Speedos the ass was stunning, two perfect round globes glistening in the sun. The man stirred slightly, shifting position, and his head turned sideways toward Darius, who quickly resumed his work. He couldn't remember being so helplessly turned on. He couldn't look. The only hope was to concentrate on his work, so he assembled the pool vacuum and attached it to a hose.

Bob knew exactly what he was doing. His eyes half open, he looked with satisfaction at the long, stiff rod that ran down inside the boy's cut-offs. In the midday heat there was a heavy silence, broken only by the buzzing of the cicadas and lapping of the water as Darius worked.

Bob looked lazily at the beautifully proportioned man with the sculpted features, green eyes and smooth skin the color of strong coffee. The muscled thighs were hugged tight by the denim cut-offs, and the faded tank top hung so loosely on him that his sculpted upper body was almost totally visible, black muscles rippling with the movement of his arms as he worked. And always there was that pole running down his leg, so long and hard that the tip poked out below the cut-offs. Bob felt his own cock stiff inside his Speedos, pressed against the chaise cushion.

Bob's breathing became heavier as he watched what came next. In the midday heat the pool-boy's body was streaming with sweat and the tank top clung damply to him. He put down the rod of the pool vacuum, reached behind his head and pulled the tank clear. He wiped his face and chest with it, stuffed it in his back pocket and took a deep breath, standing still in just his cut-offs and old sneakers.

"Jesus, that's fucking incredible," Bob thought to himself. The naked, ebony torso gleamed with sweat as the tall, shirtless man stretched, his lean, gymnast physique flexing in the sunlight. The wet shirt hanging out of the back pocket accentuated the bulge of his perfect ass. The straining of Bob's cock was becoming painful and he knew it was time to kick the action up a notch.

He stirred, turned over and pulled himself to his feet. From the table he took a bottle of sun-tan oil and began rubbing it over his body. Darius stopped still, any pretense of work abandoned. He gazed at this muscle-god, oiling first his handsome face, then running his hands over the bulge of his pecs, over his broad shoulders, his deltoids, lats and washboard abs. Then he bent down and oiled his muscular thighs and calves, showing off his perfect ass.

Next he did something that made Darius's knees go weak. He walked the few steps over to the picture window of the house, gazing at his own reflection in it. He squeezed more oil and continued anointing his amazingly chiseled body. As he watched his own body gleam, coated with oil, he smiled at his reflection.

His voice was audible. "Yeah, stud. That's fucking beautiful. Feel those muscles, man." He did a few body builder poses in the mirror of the window. "Oh yeah, man. That looks so fucking hot."

"Jesus Christ," Darius breathed softly to himself. "It's body worship. He's worshipping his own fucking body. God, that is so fucking beautiful. The stud's getting off on himself, oiling himself. Look at that body ..... that face ..... that ass!" Darius's hand went down to the pole in his shorts but he immediately pulled back. He knew that if he touched his cock he would shoot his load. "Not yet," he said to himself. "Not yet."

Abruptly Bob turned round and strode back to the chaise. He fell on his stomach again and turned his head toward Darius. "Hey, you, boy!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Come over here. I want some oil on my back." Darius's knees almost buckled again, but he managed to stagger over to the chaise. He picked up the oil, poured some in his palm and placed it on the hard, hot surface of the back. He stopped breathing as he ran his hands over the shoulders, down the ridges of the back to the waist, stopping at the Speedos. Then he covered the thighs and calves with oil.

He tried to shut his eyes. He was desperately afraid he would shoot his load without even touching his cock. His cock was bulging so hard that the head was now clearly visible below the bottom of his cut-offs.

"I wanna get rid of my tan-line," Bob said. "Pull down my Speedos for me."

Darius almost choked. "Excuse me, sir?"

"You deaf? I said take off my Speedos. I want the sun on my ass."

His heart racing Darius gripped the top of the Speedos and pulled them downward. The legs were so well oiled that they slid off easily ..... and the bodybuilder was naked. In contrast to

the deep golden tan of the body, the pure white ass rose up in two perfect mounds. Darius poured oil over it and ran his hands over the smooth, pale flesh, cupping the two hard globes.

“Aaaah,” Darius moaned breathlessly.

“What?” Bob asked sharply.

“N .... nothing, sir. Will there be anything else, sir?”

“What’s happening to your shorts?”

“It ..... it’s my penis, sir. Sometimes it does that.”

“Looks ridiculous. Take the fuckers off.”

Darius gulped. “OK, anything you say, sir.” He unbuttoned his shorts and, as they fell to the ground, ten long inches of rigid black cock sprang out.”

“Jesus Christ,” Bob said. “That’s fucking enormous. It’s hard as a pole. Why’s that? Tell me the truth, boy.”

Darius could hardly breathe. He swallowed and stammered, “It’s you, sir. Your body ..... and your face, sir. Excuse me, sir, but you are extremely beautiful. And most of all, sir, it’s that ass. It almost makes me shoot my load, sir.”

“You wanna fuck it, is that it?”

“Excuse me?”

“I said do you want to fuck it? Can’t say it plainer than that.”

Darius was drowning. “Well, sir ..... I, er ..... of course, sir, anyone would. You ..... it ..... are so fucking gorgeous.”

“So fuck it.”

“Sir.....” Darius was almost in tears. “I can’t. What about that big guy I’ve seen here? He’s something fierce. If I put my dick in your ass he’d beat the shit out of me. He’d kill me.”

In an even tone Bob said. “I already cleared that with him. I can get fucked, no sweat. Now are you gonna fuck my ass or not?”

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So this was it. This is what was so special about today. This is what Bob had promised. Randy had always made it crystal clear to everyone that Bob's beautiful ass belonged to him alone. It was strictly off limits to anyone else. But apparently this time, just this once, he had given Bob permission to get fucked.

Darius was still lost in the pool-boy fantasy as he gazed at this man's naked butt. He moved now like a man in a trance. He knelt by the chaise, lowered his head and buried his face between the rounded globes of the spectacular ass. He heard the man groan as he pushed his tongue into the crack and tasted the musky dampness of the soft membrane. He couldn't get enough of it and sucked in hard, swallowing the juices from deep inside.

As Bob felt the hard tongue probing his ass he spasmed and a jolt of electricity surged through his body. His face was pressed into the cushion, muffling his moans of ecstasy. He pushed his ass up hard against the pool boy's face as he heard his slurping noises. It was all Darius could do to stop himself shooting his load. He felt the body arching under him, sensed the muscles flexing as the man writhed. Then he heard the muffled voice.

"Fuck me, boy. Put that huge black dick in my ass."

Darius pulled back, picked up the bottle of oil and poured it over the ass again, stroking it, massaging it until it was gleaming wet. Trembling, he climbed onto the chaise, but he did not touch the body. Instead, face down, with feet and hands at the four corners of the chaise he pushed himself upward as if he were doing pushups, so there was a space between his body and the one beneath him. He lowered his head and looked under him, back down toward his own cock pointing down at the ass. His focus was riveted on this incredible sight.

The bodybuilder's muscular tanned back tapered down to the tan-line, from which the naked milk-white mounds rose up, waiting. And poised above them was the long, black rod, waiting to strike. Darius could have shot his load right there, the sight was so magnificent. The man below him twisted his face sideways and gazed backward in awe at the black rod aimed straight down at his pale, vulnerable ass. "Do it, boy. Fuck your master, now." And the ass arched higher, so it touched the tip of his cock.

With all the oil it was very easy. Still looking down at his own cock Darius lowered his hips, very slowly. Both men saw the same awesome sight. The rigid black pole pressed between the creamy white globes and entered slowly. As it sank lower and lower, inch by inch, Darius felt the damp velvet caressing his cock as it penetrated the secret depths of this incredible man. Finally, his pubic hair came to rest against the hard globes of the ass. He was all the way inside, deep inside.

He looked up and saw the bodybuilder's hands gripping the corners of the chaise. The head was turned sideways, so he could see the dark, Superman features twisted in a mix of pain and infinite pleasure. He saw the mouth open and heard the long, almost inhuman wail that shattered the morning stillness.

“Aaaaaagh! Oh, God. Oh, man. That feels fucking unbelievable. That huge black dick is deep in my ass. Oh shit. I wanna get fucked so bad. Pump that ass, boy. Let me feel that black rod inside my ass.”

Darius raised his hips, so his cock slid all the way out, then plunged it hard into the furnace. Finally, as the head passed over the inner sphincter and came to rest in the dark, secret depths of the man’s gut, two screams pierced the air. The man yelled, “Fuck me, boy. Fuck my ass. Shoot your load inside me!”

Darius became a wild man. His cock became an oiled black piston, ramming the perfect ass. He looked down and watched the shaft pounding the man’s hole, the white globes bouncing under the savage assault. His breath became ragged, his mind was spinning as he felt the ass tighten round his cock, holding it like a vise. Then suddenly his body shook, he howled ..... and his cock exploded. Bob felt the iron rod pierce his gut and pour jets of hot juice deep inside him. His own cock erupted under him and he felt his stomach coated with his own creamy semen.

Darius fell heavily on top of the hard body and the two men took jagged breaths, their hearts pounding together. Neither moved. They stayed locked together for what seemed like an eternity. Darius was still on fire, his cock still completely rigid in the tight ass. Then he heard the man moan. “Again. Do it again, boy.”

Like a machine, Darius raised himself as before, pulled his hips back, and the pounding began again. Again it culminated in two piercing screams as both men experienced their second incredible orgasm of the day. And again they lay together, their oiled bodies joined as one. Darius took the liberty of whispering in Bob’s ear. “Sir, you are the most incredible man. You take me places I’ve never been. I love you, sir.”

Bob turned his face to the side and grinned, “Not bad, eh, punk? That should keep your fantasy wheels spinning for a while. Now, relax. We’re not done.”

There was a silence for a good five minutes. Then Darius was astonished to hear Bob’s voice, arrogant again, commanding. “Get up, boy.” The pool boy sprang to his feet and watched as the bodybuilder pulled himself slowly off the chaise. “I’m going to rinse off in the pool. Clean up this mess.”

“Yes, sir.” The man strode over to the pool and dived in. Darius looked down at the pools of cum on the towel, the residue of two huge orgasms. Mesmerized, he knelt by the chaise. He couldn’t help himself ..... He lowered his head and buried his face in the bodybuilder’s warm juice, licking it, sucking it into his mouth, as the man watched from the pool. Darius rolled up the towel and put it next to his discarded cut-offs. He would bury his face in it often in days to come.

When the man pulled himself out of the water he said, "You didn't finish the pool. Back to work, boy." The man adjusted the chaise to a sitting position facing the pool, then sat there, still naked, his hands resting behind his head .... and he watched. He watched the naked pool boy cleaning the cement round the pool, saw the gleaming black muscles ripple with the effort, saw the long ten inches of the black cock swaying as he walked. A gleaming black stallion, Bob thought.

"You look good doing that," he called out.

"Thank you, sir. Er ..... if you don't mind my saying so, you are one of the most spectacular men I've ever seen, sir."

There was silence as the boy worked and the man watched. "What time do you get off today, boy?"

"This is my last job, sir. Then I'm free for the weekend."

"No you're not, boy. Wanna earn some more money?"

"Always, sir."

"Good. My buddies are away for the weekend. I'm all alone ..... no staff, no houseboy, so I could use someone to work for me, take care of me ..... yard work, cooking. Could you handle that?"

"Absolutely, sir. I'm all yours, sir."

"You bet you are. There'd be other things too. You'd have to keep me company, eat with me, talk to me. And, er ....."

"Yes, sir?"

"Hell, I really want that dick of yours. You'd have to fuck my ass whenever I need it. And I'd need it a lot. I'll have to put my dick in your black ass too. That means you'd have to sleep with me all night. How does that work for you? You have a problem with that?"

Darius grinned and looked Bob straight in the eyes. "No problem at all, sir. I'm sure I could handle that. I don't think you'd be disappointed, sir."

Bob smiled. "You're right about that, boy."

Darius's white teeth flashed as his handsome face broke into a wide smile. "And the extra money will come in real handy, sir."

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If Darius's morning was full of surprises, so was Pablo's. As the truck drove away from the house that morning, Pablo frowned, puzzled at the route Randy was taking. "Sir, why are you taking the Hollywood Freeway? Don't we usually take the Golden State to go north?"

"You'll see," was all Randy said.

Pablo was even more surprised when they took the Mulholland Drive exit and headed into the Hollywood Hills. "Sir," Pablo said again. "We are going fishing at the lake, aren't we?"

"Yup."

Pablo knew better than to ask any more. They drove several miles along Mulholland, along the spine of the Hollywood Hills, and suddenly Randy swerved off the road and stopped at the gate of a driveway leading to a small house in the trees. He honked the horn several times. Pablo's heart was pounding as he heard the front door of the house bang shut. He strained his eyes.

He saw a figure coming through the trees up the driveway, a shirtless man in khaki shorts and sneakers, with a knapsack slung over his shoulder. Even from this distance Pablo could see the perfect physique and the darkly handsome face. As the figure came closer Pablo gasped to see that the guy looked exactly like Randy. It was Steve. Randy was bringing Steve with them!

Steve was Randy's former therapist who had only recently been introduced to sex with men by Randy and Bob, then been punished by Mark for putting his cock into Jamie's ass.

"Hi, guys," Steve grinned, opening the passenger door. Billy jumped over into the back seat and Steve climbed in beside Pablo. The kid was stunned to be sitting between two almost identical, stunning muscle gods.

"Sure you don't mind me tagging along, Pablo?" Steve asked. "Randy told me the lake is kinda like your private place, after all."

Pablo stuttered a reply. "I .... I don't mind at all, sir. Not at all. I'm ..... kind of flattered."

"Besides," Randy growled. "The kid does whatever the hell I tell him too."

Pablo was surprised to hear this. Randy never said anything like that ..... it was taken for granted. The boy realized that Randy was boasting, something he never did. He was doing it to impress Steve. Evidently Steve was special to Randy, enough for him to assert his superiority. This was gonna be some weekend, Pablo thought.

“One thing,” Randy said as he drove back onto the freeway. “Whatever happened at the house in the last few days with you and Mark, Steve, is over with, finished. It’s my show now and I’m gonna teach you two guys a few things. And you won’t object, believe me.”

As they drove north, onto the Angeles Crest Highway, Steve was nervous as first, uncertain of Randy’s attitude after the incident with Jamie. Also, he was unsure how he should react to Pablo, who was very obviously Randy’s boy, his pride and joy. But Pablo was thrilled and happy to be between these two glorious men and talked continuously, taking the edge off any discomfort Steve felt.

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“Wow, that is awesome,” said Steve as he surveyed the silent, placid lake. They had bounced along the gravel road high in the Angeles National Forest and arrived at the small clearing and beach that was Randy’s secret hideaway. The stillness was broken by Billy who leapt from the truck as soon as the door opened. With a yelp of joy he galloped into the water for a drink and a swim.

As the three men stood at the water’s edge, Steve laughed. “A dog after my own heart!”

“So join him,” Randy said. “Pablo will help me unload the truck.”

Needing no further encouragement Steve dropped his shorts and kicked off his sneakers. Pablo’s eyes widened as he looked in admiration at the muscular physique. Like his face, the physique too resembled Randy’s, though not quite as big and perfectly chiseled.

“Before you go for your swim, Steve,” Randy said, “I want you to take a look at something. Come here kid.” He quickly unbuttoned Pablo’s shorts and they fell to the ground. He turned the boy round so Steve could get a good look at his naked ass.

“Jesus Christ,” Steve breathed. “That is .....

“..... awesome, no?” Randy grinned, watching with satisfaction as Steve’s cock quickly grew erect. “While you’re swimming, buddy, I want you to think about that sweet ass. Think long and hard ..... if you’ll pardon the expression.” And he laughed out loud.

Both Steve and Pablo were embarrassed by the blatant coarseness of this comment, and by Steve’s rigid hard-on. Steve turned and ran into the water, swimming away from shore with powerful strokes. Anxiously Pablo looked at Randy and blurted out a question.

“Sir, you’re not going to give me away to Steve, are you?”

Randy was taken aback. He reached forward, clamped Pablo’s face in his hands and gazed at him with a strange mix of anger and affection. This same mixed emotion drove him to pull

Pablo's face toward him and he kissed his mouth ferociously, savagely. He forced Pablo's mouth open with his tongue and ground their lips together. Overwhelmed, Pablo threw his arms around the sinewy torso and reveled in the musky odor of his master's body.

When Randy pulled his face back Pablo was gasping for air. "Now," Randy growled. "Ask that question again."

"I .... I'm sorry, sir. I panicked for a second. It's just that Steve is so much like you and I know you like him a lot."

"Sure I do, kid. A man who's the image of me ..... what's not to like?" His laughter lightened the moment. "Sit down, kid. We gotta talk." They sat together on the beach watching Steve swim. "You thought what I said and did today was crude and boastful."

"Well, sir ....."

"Yes you did and you'd be right. That was deliberate. See, I am gonna let Steve fuck your ass, but first I wanted him to know beyond any doubt that you're my boy. You belong to me."

"Yes, sir."

"Now here's the deal. Steve has to learn how to be with a man. He's not gonna fuck you like he fucked Jamie .... pure lust. He's gotta know that there's a lot more to it than that ..... affection, warmth, respect. It's called making love. I can't teach him that ..... but you can."

"Me, sir?"

"Yeah, and you'll learn something too. See, kid, with an ass like yours you're nearly always gonna be the one who gets fucked. But the guy on the bottom, if he's a young stud like you, can control the top guy, show him the way, make it real special ..... special like you always make it for me."

"Thank you, sir. But I'm not sure I know how to do that."

"Just be yourself, kiddo. You're my boy, my son. I know what you're made of. You can be good for Steve. And you're sure gonna have a hell of a time getting fucked by that gorgeous son-of-a-bitch. Just remember this: I love the hell out of you, kid .... and you belong to me. Here, help me unload the boat."

A few minutes later the boat was in the water and Steve was walking out of the lake, his gleaming muscles streaming with water. Randy jumped into the boat and called Billy in after him. "Now, Billy and I are going fishing. In the middle of the lake I'll throw a line in the water and then doze for an hour or so. I'm leaving you two alone. You have my full permission to do whatever you like with each other."

Without another word he pushed off into the lake and the two men were left alone on the beach, in silence. They gazed at each other uncertainly. “Well,” said Steve at last. “That was a surprise. So here we are, just the two of us.”

His ruggedly handsome face broke into a smile. “Hi, Pablo. So what now?”

# # #

## Chapter 65 – Pablo in Peril

The two men had not yet found the balance between them. Looking so much like Randy, Steve was definitely in the ‘master’ category. But he was brand new to all this .... groping his way in a new world. Pablo, however, was Randy’s adopted son and knew he was loved and protected by the big construction boss. So, although he naturally addressed Steve as sir, Pablo was the one with the confidence, the one who had been given a mission by Randy.

So it was Pablo who took the lead. The characteristic crooked grin charmed Steve as the boy said, “How about a beer, sir?”

“I see you know how to take care of a man,” Steve smiled.

“You don’t know the half of it, sir ..... but I hope you’ll find out.”

Steve pulled on an old pair of boxers while Pablo, still in his shorts, got two beers from the cooler. They lay on their stomachs on the grass and drank in silence. Then Steve turned to face Pablo and said, “Tell me about the house, Pablo. I made a false move there, fucked up big time, and got the punishment I deserved. So help me understand the cultural dynamic there.”

“Excuse me, sir?”

Steve laughed. “Sorry, kid, that was therapist lingo. What I mean is, how does everyone fit in there? How do things work?”

“Oh, that. Well, sir, maybe I should go back a ways, tell you some of the history.”

As Steve listened he became engrossed in the story, engrossed in the boy and his charming enthusiasm. Pablo talked fast, and each time he turned to look into Steve’s eyes Steve found himself falling under the spell of this young boy, with the exotic brown face and perfect, naturally beautiful physique. The attraction wasn’t exactly sexual, not yet, even though Steve felt a stirring in his groin. It was the kid’s warmth and youthful eagerness that attracted him. Underneath that was a confident virility that marked him as no ordinary boy.

Pablo had in the back of his mind the task Randy had set him, but he was really taking his advice of just being himself. He liked this new man, Steve, and was turned on by him. He was really handsome, like a more gentle version of Randy. Naturally Pablo talked a lot about Randy and it was clear to Steve that the boy worshipped him. As Steve admired Pablo's youthful, masculine self-confidence he could easily see why he and Randy were such a perfect match.

Eventually the flow of talk ended and so did the beer. Pablo stood up. "Could we go for a swim, sir?"

"That'd be great," Steve said. He stood up and was about to shed his boxers, but left them on when he saw Pablo run into the water wearing his thin surfer shorts. The two men swam out a way, then back, and when their feet touched sand Pablo playfully doused Steve with water. The fight was on as they tussled in the water, holding each other as they rolled over the wet sand. Pablo was surprisingly strong and the muscles of both men flexed in friendly combat as they streamed with water.

Steve was gasping. "No more, kid ..... you win. Truce?"

"OK, sir." They both stood up and instinctively looked down at the bulge in each other's wet shorts. It could have been an embarrassing moment but Pablo started to giggle, then threw himself face down on the grass. Steve stood over him, mesmerized by the sight of the boy's ass. The thin beige shorts were still soaked and clung to the perfect mounds of his butt. The thin fabric was almost transparent and Steve had an overwhelming desire to cup the globes in his hands.

But he resisted the temptation and flung himself down beside the boy. After all their exertion there was a breathless silence as Steve ran his eyes down the smooth brown skin of Pablo's back, ending at the perfect ass. He couldn't hold back any longer. He ran his hand down the boy's wet back and rested it on his ass.

"You have the most beautiful ass I've ever seen, Pablo. Is it OK for me to do this?"

"Of course, sir. Randy said whatever we wanted."

"How about this?" He moved his hand up to Pablo's face, cupped it behind his head and pulled the face toward him. "I've never done it like this," he said. "God, I want to kiss you, boy."

"I want you to, sir. Please."

Their lips met gently, tentatively at first, then with increasing pressure as they tasted each other's mouth. Steve ran his tongue over Pablo's lips, then eased it inside his mouth. His cock was now rock hard. He eased his body against Pablo's and held him close, their chests touching and their hard cocks pressing against each other through the thin, wet fabric. They



rolled over the grass, Pablo loving the feel of the strong arms around him and the sight of the dark, chiseled features that were so much like Randy's.

They kissed gently for a long time, then Steve ran his tongue down Pablo's neck, down his smooth back to his waist. Pablo flipped over onto his stomach and Steve rested his cheek against the wet shorts covering the beautiful ass. He took a deep breath and exhaled in a long, satisfied sigh. After a while, he suddenly flipped Pablo over onto his back, and leaned directly over him, their bulging cocks resting against each other. Steve gazed into the boy's eyes.

"God, I want so much to ..... I dunno ..... to hold you, Pablo, be with you ..... I don't know ..... I can't explain it."

"You want to make love to me, sir."

Steve smiled into his eyes. "That's it ..... that's what I want. I've never done that with a guy before. But you're such a beautiful kid." He frowned slightly. "I want to fuck you too, but not like I did with Jamie. I don't want to hurt you, Pablo. You have to want it ..... really want it."

"He does, believe me," a deep voice said, just as Pablo's face was slobbered over by a long wet tongue. Randy and Billy had come back. The hour had flown by and the two men were so engrossed in each other that they had not heard the boat pull up.

"Thought you two would be finished by now," Randy said. "Still, don't let us interrupt you. Pay no attention to us. We're just gonna sit way over here and watch. If that's OK with you?"

It sure was. Steve felt more comfortable knowing that he was not doing anything with Pablo behind Randy's back, and Pablo was eager to demonstrate his sexual prowess to his master. So they did as they were told and again became so absorbed in each other that they lost the awareness of anyone watching.

They went back to their passionate embrace and finally Steve breathed, "Pablo. I'm so turned on. I've got to have your ass, kid. My cock is so hard I've got to be inside you."

Pablo smiled, broke free and stood up. Lying on his back Steve pulled off his own boxers and his cock sprang up, rigid. Pablo turned around with his back to Steve, his ass on clear display through his shorts. He glanced up at Randy with his crooked grin and Randy smiled back. They both knew that this is where Pablo would take charge as Randy had said he would.

On the ground Steve gazed up at Pablo's back, and the bulge of his ass under his shorts. He gasped as he saw Pablo untie his shorts and begin to lower them very slowly. They slid down from his waist, gradually revealing the mounds of his ass, until finally they dropped round his ankles.

“Aaaah,” Steve gasped as he looked up at the stunning, naked ass. “That is incredible. God, it’s beautiful.”

Moving slowly, Pablo bent his knees and lowered his ass toward Steve’s cock until he was able to support himself by resting his hands on the ground, on either side of Steve. He felt the head of Steve’s cock resting against his crack. He paused, and again looked up and caught Randy’s smile as his master gave a nod of encouragement.

Steve was going wild, arching his hips upward in a frenzy trying to enter this boy’s amazing ass. “God, I want your ass, boy. I want to be inside you. I want to fuck you, boy. Please ………” Randy smiled with satisfaction. The master was begging his boy!

Pablo had mercy on the pleading man and lowered his ass gently down onto the rigid shaft. As the cock slid inside him, inch by inch, he heard a deep moan behind him as Steve felt the inner heat of the moist ass. Pablo sighed with pleasure as he came to rest, sitting on Steve’s prick; he felt the rod all the way inside him. He rose up and fell back, each time causing gasps from the man beneath him.

Then he did something he had never done before. Balancing on his hands he spun round on the spindle of Steve’s cock until he was facing him, with the rod still deep inside him. Steve’s head thrashed from side to side as he felt the boy’s ass revolve round his cock. Then he looked up and saw Pablo facing him, smiling. The boy fell forward, placing his palms on the muscular chest, and he began twisting Steve’s nipples in his fingers.

Steve went into a state of ecstasy he could never have imagined. He felt that perfect ass rising and falling on his cock, felt the exquisite pain in his nipples as the young man worked them hard. He had no control over his words. “Oh, my God. That’s fucking incredible. So fucking beautiful. That’s it boy, you’re fucking my cock. It’s on fire. Work my chest, man. You fucking son-of-a-bitch. Rip my tits, sir.”

His body began to spasm and he sobbed, tears pouring down his cheeks. Pablo was awestruck by the sight of the dark, rugged face reduced to a passionate frenzy of begging, pleading. Steve was hypnotized as he gazed up at the beautiful boy rising and falling on his cock, torturing his nipples. His body was ablaze as he felt the pain in his chest and the extraordinary sensation in his cock.

Calmly, the boy asked him, “Do you want me to make you shoot?”

“Oh yeah. Please fuck my cock, sir. You look so beautiful. Work my nipples, my chest is on fire. I’m so deep in that gorgeous ass. Oh, God. Make me cum, please, sir.”

Pablo glanced up at Randy and said, almost imperceptibly, “Okey dokey.” He raised his hips up high so the cock came clear of his ass. Then suddenly, dramatically, his ass fell back down

on the rigid shaft, which penetrated his ass, all the way over the inner sphincter, coming to rest deep inside. He clenched his ass muscles hard.

“Aaaaah!” Steve screamed as he felt his cock erupt deep inside this magnificent boy. “Oh, God. I’m cumming. I love you, boy. I love you!”

Pablo watched the face thrash, wild-eyed, saw the body arch and flex and felt stream after stream of hot juice stream inside him. He grabbed his own cock and it took only a few strokes for him to shoot a massive load of creamy juice over the man’s heaving chest, up to his neck and over his face. In a trance Steve looked up at the boy and moaned, “Thank you, sir.”

Regaining his breath Pablo gazed down at the sinewy, cum-soaked body, at the wild, tear-stained face, and was awestruck at how he had reduced this man to a sobbing wreck. The man had the same rugged looks as Randy so it felt like he had conquered his master, made him beg, call him sir. Pablo looked up at Randy who was smiling at him, shaking his head in disbelief and admiration.

“That’s my boy,” he said.

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“Now I understand,” Steve said. Half an hour had passed and he and Randy were standing, looking down at the ground. After all his exertion Pablo was tired. He had curled up with Billy and fallen into a deep sleep. Lying on his side, with Billy’s back pressing into his chest, he had his arm over the dog and his face buried in his fur. “Now I understand how you came to love this kid, enough to adopt him. He’s something special.”

“Yeah,” Randy breathed. As he watched a smile play over Pablo’s sleeping face, watched the beautiful, smooth body rise and fall gently with his steady breathing, tears came to the big man’s eyes. “Yeah, he’s special alright. I never thought I could love a kid like I love him. I’d do anything for him ..... defend him with every ounce of my strength.”

They sat for a while talking softly, and eventually Billy stirred. Without waking Pablo, the Doberman stood up, stretched and whined a little.

“What’s up, pooch?” Randy said. “Need some exercise? Wanna go for a walk? Hey, Steve, let’s take him for a walk through the woods. We won’t wake the kid. He’s bushed. He’ll sleep for a long while yet. Come on, Billy.” He threw a small blanket over the sleeping boy.

Eager to run, Billy followed the two men eagerly into the thick forest. Randy and Steve were now wearing jeans, boots and T-shirts as they were going through some dense undergrowth. It was a warm, lazy afternoon and the two men chatted easily while Billy ran around them, sniffing the ground, poking into bushes.

In a way it was a bit like the therapy sessions Randy had with Steve when they first met. He talked intimately about his life, how it had changed when he met Bob. Steve listened with rapt attention, feeling closer and closer to this amazing man as the time flew by. Suddenly the trees cleared and they found themselves on the gravel track leading to the road.

“Jesus,” Randy said, “We’ve walked a long way. Lost all track of time.” Then he stopped and frowned. “What’s that? Under that bush there.”

“Well what do you know? It’s a motor bike,” Steve said. “Looks like we’ve got company somewhere.”

Randy felt a shiver of apprehension run through his body, a stab of fear. “I’ve seen that bike before,” he murmured. His mind flew to the sleeping boy by the lake.

Steve sensed his unease. “What’s up buddy?”

“Not sure,” said Randy frowning. “I just have an uneasy feeling. Probably just my imagination. No need for you to worry. Look, you take your time and bring Billy back along the track. I’m gonna go the short way through the forest. It’ll be faster if I’m alone.”

Steve was about to question him, but Randy had already spun round and disappeared into the trees. He felt his heart beating fast as he crashed through the undergrowth, brambles tearing at his shirt. His uneasiness intensified to an irrational fear as his mind went to Pablo, fast asleep, alone, vulnerable. Branches brushed and scratched his face as he tore through the trees, until at last he saw the clearing up ahead. He crashed through the last of the trees ..... and froze in his tracks.

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The voice was guttural, heavily accented. “So it is you. Remember me, asshole? The name’s Hans.”

Hans! ..... the tall, handsome, muscular blond German with the sneering face and harsh accent. He was the construction worker Randy had once worked with ..... the guy who had brutalized him and Bob in those first days in the motel room, the guy Randy had fought with, thrashed and humiliated. They hated each other’s guts.

The thug had evidently surprised Pablo while he slept, overpowered him and tied him to a tree using the ropes lying on the ground that had secured the boat in the truck. The boy’s arms were pulled taut behind the tree and his ankles tightly cinched. Worse, he had another rope round his neck that Hans was twisting tight.

Randy growled, “Leave the kid alone. He has nothing to do with us.”

“Wrong, asshole,” Hans snarled. “He has everything to do with us. It’s my lucky day. Here I am riding my bike on the highway and you overtake me in your truck. Recognized you right away. Took me a while to find your boy here, but here I am. I’ve waited a long time to get even with you, mother-fucker. You banged me up real good last time. Now it’s your pretty boyfriend here who’s gonna pay. And there’s nothing you can do.” He gave the rope another twist.

Pablo was wide-eyed with terror, but he managed to gasp. “I’m sorry sir ..... I was asleep ..... I fought, sir .....but he.....”

“Shut up, kid,” Hans snarled. “I want your master here to watch you suffer.”

Randy’s mind was racing. His only hope was Hans’s physical vanity. He remembered that he hated to be put down, ridiculed. “Go ahead, stud,” he sneered. “Shit, anyone can work over a kid like that. Any coward can do that. That’s not a real man’s work.”

“Shut up, asshole.” Hans was rising to the bait.

“Course, I know you wouldn’t dare to take on a man your own size again, especially the stud who whipped your ass last time. You’re scared shitless of me, Hans, and that’s why you’ve taken on a boy.”

“Fuck you, man,” the guttural voice growled. “You got lucky last time. I can drop you any time.”

Randy held out his arms. “So prove it, big guy. Prove you can beat me and the boy’s all yours.”

There was a heavy silence as Hans glared at Randy. The challenge was one his pride would not let him refuse. He moved away from the tree and the two men stared at each other. Randy pulled his T-shirt over his head and dropped it to the ground. The tall, muscular blonde did the same.

Stripped to the waist, the two bodybuilders circled each other warily. The same height, weight and sinewy build, they matched each other in looks and strength. They had always been competitive in the past, each one out to prove he was the better man. Pablo watched in horror, knowing his fate would be decided by this fight between the rugged, dark demon and the handsome, ruthless blonde.

They continued to circle, each getting the measure of the other. Then suddenly Hans made his move. With a bull-like roar he threw himself forward and clamped his arms viciously round Randy’s waist, lifting him off the ground in a brutal bear hug. Randy howled as he hung helplessly, feeling the powerful arms tighten round him. His naked torso flexed and his arms flailed as he tried to twist free, but Hans’s hands were locked solidly behind him.

The pain in Randy's back was excruciating as he felt the arms crushing him mercilessly. Desperately he tried to swing his fist at the sneering face but Hans was able to duck back each time. Randy felt the life being squeezed out of him and then, instinctively, he opened his arms wide and smashed the inside of his forearms against the thug's face. Hans howled in pain and his arms loosened a bit. Randy smashed his face again and Hans gave up. He released the body and threw it down.

The big construction worker crashed to the ground on his back, dazed and winded. Before he could re-gather his strength he saw the massive body lunge forward and felt the boot as it smashed down on his stomach. Randy had flexed his abs hard but the pain was still agonizing and he doubled over with a scream. He looked up and saw the boot again, this time coming down to his face. With a lightning reflex Randy reached up, grabbed the boot and twisted with all his strength. Hans lost his balance and crashed to the ground beside him.

Both men were winded and rolled dazed on the ground. Randy regained his wits first and threw himself on top of the muscular blonde. Their bodies clamped together in a vise and they churned over the ground, down over the sand, into the water, two shirtless musclemen locked in combat. Their gleaming torsos strained and flexed and fists flailed as they traded blow for blow, frantically trying to weaken the other and gain the advantage. They were in deeper water now and Hans managed to raise his knee and crash it hard into Randy's balls.

The strength went out of him and Hans clamped his hands round Randy's neck, pushing his head under water. Pablo shuddered and held his breath as the seconds went by and the massive stud held the struggling body under the water. Pablo knew Randy couldn't survive much longer. But suddenly a fist flew out of the water and crashed into Hans's face, sending him reeling backward onto the beach.

Randy sprang forward and in an instant had clamped his legs round Hans's waist in an inescapable scissor-lock. He pushed down hard on the abs and the German screamed as he tried to push himself free. Randy reached forward and grabbed Hans's neck pulling it toward him, stretching the body so Hans screamed in agony. He was growing weaker, nearing unconsciousness when, in a last, desperate move, Hans raised his arm and smashed his fist down on Randy's throat.

Randy gasped and clutched his throat, choking, the pain in his wind-pipe agonizing. Hans sprang free and leapt to his feet. In a quick series of moves he hauled the choking man to his feet, stood behind him, brought his arms round his chest, and locked his hands behind his neck in a perfect full nelson. He leaned backward so Randy's feet left the ground and, with Hans clamping him from behind, felt himself being whirled round helplessly like a rag doll.

He was in a daze, losing all sense of balance, spinning out of control. He knew he had to get out, now. Flexing his arm he slammed his elbow backward into the side of Hans's stomach. Again and again he smashed with his elbow until he felt the arms grow limp around him. Hans staggered backward and let go, sending the muscular body spinning over the ground.

Randy pulled himself to his knees, raised his head and looked up at Pablo. The young man was straining at his ropes, desperate to help his master, wild-eyed with fear. Randy knew he had to protect him, save him. He was his boy, his son. Filled with the rage of a protective animal he leapt to his feet and rushed at Hans. His fist smashed into the blonde's handsome face and Hans staggered backward. The onslaught was merciless as blow after blow rained onto the man's jaw.

The shirtless blonde was reeling, spinning round under the rain of blows. He staggered back toward the water and finally crashed to the ground. Randy was on him in a second, kneeling over him with his hands clamped round his throat. He squeezed hard and watched as the man's eyes opened wide in helpless terror. Hans felt he was being choked to death.

Pablo finally relaxed. His master was winning. He watched as the thug's body became limp. He was beaten. Then, suddenly, all Pablo's hope was crushed. In his final moments of consciousness, his hands lying limp in the water, Hans grabbed a handful of wet sand and with the last ounce of his strength smashed it into Randy's face, grinding the sand into his eyes. Keeping his grip on Hans's neck Randy could not shield his eyes and he felt the fingers gouging them, filling them with wet sand, crunching it into his face. He was temporarily blinded.

With a howl he sprang to his feet and brought his hands to his eyes, trying to rub away the sand. He could see nothing, he was disoriented ..... and then he felt the fist smash into his jaw. He reeled backward, blindly swinging his fists but it was hopeless. He heard the guttural voice taunting him.

"You're finished, man. I'm gonna beat the shit out of you. You're all mine," and a fist crashed again into his face. "I can take my time with you, asshole .... torture you slowly. You're blinded, fucking helpless."

Desperately Randy threw a punch in the direction of the voice but it went nowhere. "Admit it, stud, you're beaten, finished. Hans has won. Maybe if you beg for mercy I'll go easy on your boy. This is it, man. I've been waiting for this a long time. This is the beating you deserve."

There was nothing Randy could do except stand there and try to withstand the onslaught. Hans toyed with him, crashing his fist into his face, pausing, then hammering him again. Pablo was sobbing as he watched his master take the beating of his life. The beautiful man stood there, stripped down to jeans and boots, his naked muscular torso gleaming wet, bruised and battered, his handsome, rugged face flying from side to side as the merciless fists landed again and again.

Still blinded, Randy was helpless. He tried to say on his feet but felt the fight go out of him. His knees buckled and he knew he was finished. He was dimly aware of the sneering voice. "OK, stud, let's put you out of your misery. This is it, man. I am the best." Hans hauled back and smashed one last mighty fist into the helpless face. The muscle god arched upward, spun

round, staggered backward, and the earth shook as he crashed to the ground face down in the water.

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Minutes went by, minutes that were pure terror for Pablo as his handsome tormentor worked on him, wrenching his nipples, grinding their mouths together in a repulsive embrace.

His master lay motionless. The beautiful, half naked muscleman sprawled beaten in the water, his bruised, rugged face turned to one side, so mercifully he could still breathe. He had been thrashed senseless by the victorious, powerful blonde. Semi-conscious, his muscles throbbing with pain, he fought to regain his senses. Gradually he became aware of small waves lapping at his face. The cold water helped clear his head and, more important, washed his eyes. He raised his hand painfully to his eyes and rubbed them. The sand had been rinsed away.

He opened his eyes and, though they still stung, he could see blurred images. Slowly, agonizingly, the bruised and broken bodybuilder, shirtless in soaking jeans and boots, dragged himself from the water, crawling painfully up the beach. His aching muscles flexed and strained in a desperate attempt to keep moving.

Then he heard the sound ..... the sound of pain, of desperation, the agonized cries for help. It was his boy. His memory returned. Hazily he saw the boy tied to the tree, saw Hans put his hands behind Pablo's ass and probe it with his fingers.

The shock jolted him back to life. He had to save his boy. He focused on the thug's broad muscular back and a shot of adrenaline and pure hatred shot through his body. Energy flowed through him and he pulled himself to his feet. He paused, swayed, trying to regain his wits and his balance. Again he saw the muscles of the back rippling as Hans mauled his boy's ass.

It was the cry of a wounded lion springing into action. "NO!" He leapt forward, gripped Hans's shoulder and spun him around. Hans was thrown off balance as he heard Randy yell, "You fucking animal. I'm gonna kill you. You hurt my boy, asshole. My boy!"

Hans felt the first blow to his face, then the next, and the next. Helplessly he raised his hands to defend himself, but this was an inhuman machine, a mass of bruised muscle bearing down on him. He was dimly aware of the blazing eyes of the demon as the fists hammered him, one after another, relentlessly. All Randy's strength and fury returned to him as he thrashed his rival. No man could take punishment like this. Hans's handsome face spun from side to side, his muscular, naked torso shuddered. In his last moments he managed to beg.

"No, no ..... please ..... no more ..... I give up, man ..... let me go ..... I'm beaten, man."



"You bet your life you are," Randy growled and landed one last massive blow. The back of his fist crashed against the side of his face and the huge muscleman spun round, then fell backward as if in slow motion. His body slammed to the ground unconscious.

Randy ran to Pablo, quickly untied him and held the limp body in his arms. Pablo sobbed into his master's shoulder as he heard the voice he loved. "It's OK, kiddo. It's over. You're safe."

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"What the fuck.....?" Man and dog burst into the clearing and Steve looked down aghast. Randy and Pablo were on their knees touching each other tenderly. Enough time had gone by for them to begin a slow recovery. Pablo was holding a wet T-shirt, dabbing at the cuts and bruises on Randy's face. Randy was running his fingers over the face of the boy he loved, the boy he had almost lost. There was a whine and Billy launched himself at the pair, wildly slapping his tongue over Pablo's face.

Steve stood there trying to make sense of the scene. "Jesus Christ, what the fuck happened? Are you OK, man? You look as if you took a hell of a beating."

Randy looked up and managed a grin. "Yeah, but you should see the other guy ..... over there," and he jerked his head toward the big body stretched motionless on the ground. Steve knelt and ran his hands over Randy's body. Randy winced but said, "It's OK, buddy, I already checked. Just a lot of aches and bruises ..... nothing broken. Don't worry, I'm a tough son-of-a-bitch. I've taken beatings before and come back for more." He was regaining his energy and stood up, pulling Pablo up with him.

As they explained what had happened Steve shook his head in amazement. "So, what now?" At that moment they heard two sounds simultaneously ..... a man's low groan and a dog's growl. Hans was moving, and Billy was watching. Regaining consciousness Hans turned over onto his back and looked up at the three men. But what riveted his attention more was the Doberman, standing just feet away, baring his teeth in an ominous snarl. Fear brought clarity to his mind and he looked up at Randy.

"Keep your dog away from me, man."

"It's not my dog, it's my boy's. And somehow I doubt he's in a mood to help out, eh boy?"

"No, sir." He looked down at the groveling man. "One word from me and Billy attacks."

"You know," Randy said. "In my world when someone fucks up we make the punishment fit the crime. Now let's see, Hans. You tied up my boy, abused him and were then gonna fuck him. You know how that feels to get fucked, Hans? No, I thought not."

Hans stared wildly. “No man. You can’t do that. Not me. I don’t do that. Please, sir. Not my ass.” Hans knew from before that Randy’s retribution could be terrible, remembered how he had been beaten and left naked, hogtied, hanging from a hook high on the wall.

But Randy ignored his pleading. He pulled off Hans’s boots and with one heave ripped the wet jeans off him. He looked down with satisfaction at the now naked muscleman groveling before him then dropped to his knees in front of him and growled, “You move a muscle, lift one finger, and the dog will rip your throat out.” Hans looked in terror at Billy’s snarling face, saliva dripping from his jaws.

Randy unzipped his own pants and pulled out his rock hard cock. His erection was caused by the blood of hatred that coursed through his veins, by his overwhelming need to punish this man. He growled, “This is what you were gonna do to my boy, asshole. But you lost, Hans. I thrashed you again. Seems the last time I broke your body wasn’t enough. So now you’re gonna get fucked. Pity your first time has to be a dry fuck. So much more painful.

He leaned forward, pushed Hans’s legs backward and with one massive thrust drove his thick, dry cock into the bodybuilder’s ass. The scream echoed round the lake as Hans’s face jerked wildly, his blonde hair flying, his eyes wide with terror. His agonized body shook uncontrollably as the pain in his ass shot through his whole, massive body.

Pablo knew how rough Randy could be when he fucked but he had never seen anything like this fury. He watched the bruised body rise and fall over the tortured blonde, hammering, pounding the ass like a piston. Randy’s eyes blazed at his enemy and obscenities poured from his mouth. “You fucking worthless piece of trash. I’m gonna rip that ass to shreds, man. You hurt my boy, asshole. This is what happens to any prick who hurts my boy. Let me hear you scream, big guy.”

And they did. They heard the wild screams of agony, howls of pain, the pleas for mercy as the beautiful, sculpted body writhed and shuddered from the merciless onslaught. His agony was endless. His muscles flexed and bulged, streaming with sweat as he looked up at the dark, raging demon torturing him. He had never felt such pain in his life and he felt himself drifting from reality. Randy knew the time had come ..... he didn’t want the man to lose consciousness. His body arched, and one last time he plunged his cock into the ravaged ass, feeling his explosion of cum deep inside him.

As the tortured bodybuilder shook and spasmed, screaming with pain, Randy pulled out of him and shot to his feet. Coming round to his head he reached forward, grabbed his ankles and pulled his legs back, wide and high in the air, exposing his shattered ass. Eyes blazing he turned to Pablo. “You’re turn, kid.”

Pablo had never seen his master like this, a heaving tower of violent rage. He did not dare disobey him. He fell to his knees and, as he gazed upward at the magnificent muscle god, standing astride the man he had tortured, the boy’s cock grew hard. He put the head of his

cock against the bruised asshole and forcefully pushed it inside, eliciting another howl from the broken man.

Pablo held Randy's gaze as he followed his lead and fucked the muscleman's ass harder, more savagely, than he had ever fucked before. Hans stared up at the boy in despair and the handsome faced begged. "Please, no more. I can't take any more. Please end it. Please cum in my ass. Please, sir, I beg you. Fuck my ass, sir. Shoot your load in my ass.

Pablo looked at Randy. "Has he had enough, sir?"

"OK, kid. Finish him off."

So Pablo did. He smiled at Randy and with a shout of triumph pierced the tortured ass one last time, watching the beautiful stud scream, writhe, spasm ..... and fall back motionless.

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Steve had been watching this brutal punishment in a state of shock and awe, and now the three men were gazing down at the broken muscleman who lay a sobbing wreck.

"OK, Steve," Randy said. "You can join us in a ritual of our group. Whenever an asshole hurts one of us the others show him what degradation is. Like this." He pointed his cock at the handsome, blonde face and a stream of piss began to pour down on him. The others joined in and soon the pitiful, shattered ruin of a man was drowning in three jets of hot, rancid urine.

It poured over his face, into his mouth and over the shuddering muscles of his spectacular body. He moaned in the humiliation of abject squalor. Reflexively he swallowed and tasted the sour, acrid taste of the urine of three men. When it was over he lay still, utterly defeated, broken, his bruised, sculpted muscles pouring with steaming piss.

"Get up," Randy snarled. Slowly, painfully, the bodybuilder dragged himself to his feet and stood swaying, dazed. Randy reached down to Hans's shredded Levis, pulled out his wallet and keys and picked up his boots. "Take these, and get out of my sight. And if I ever lay eyes on you again, I'll kill you. I swear it." The broken, naked muscleman stumbled away and disappeared through the trees.

Randy went to the truck, found his cell phone and pressed a speed-dial number. He was calling Mark, their buddy the cop. "Hi, Mark. Sorry to interrupt your weekend with Jamie ..... yeah, fine ..... everything's great. We did hit one spot of bother though and there's something you can do for me. Can you make a phone call to your cop buddies?"

"Do you know any guys in the Highway Patrol out this way, in the Angeles Forest? You do? Great, perfect. Ask them to look out for a big, blonde, muscular guy on a motor bike .... German accent. He should be riding the Angeles Crest Highway in a few minutes. He'll be

covered in bruises, have a sore ass, and stink of piss. They can probably arrest him for 'indecent exposure.' ..... Oh, didn't I mention that? He'll be butt naked."

# # #

## Chapter 66 – Mark's Heroic Rescue

Steve still could not believe what he had witnessed that morning, the events that took place in this beautiful, lonely place. As he gazed down at the two naked men lying on the ground in a deep sleep, he shook his head and murmured, "What a family!"

The ruggedly handsome muscle god, Randy, his face and body cut and bruised from the beating he had taken, was cradling his sleeping boy, Pablo. His hands cupped Pablo's head protectively as it lay peacefully on his master's chest. Their breaths rose and fell in unison as their bodies pressed tightly together. Pablo's dog Billy lay at a distance on guard, his head resting on his paws, eyes half open.

The lake lay like mirror glass in the afternoon sun and the clearing was silent, except for the steady breathing of master and boy. Steve was sensitive enough to know that when they eventually woke from their healing sleep, the two men would need to be alone. He stripped down to his shorts, climbed into the rowboat and pushed out into the lake.

His mind was still reeling. These incredible men were capable of intense love and affection and playful good humor. But there was always an undercurrent of physical confrontation and pain that could erupt any time. Despite his confusion Steve knew one thing for sure. He never wanted to lose the friendship of Randy and his extraordinary group of men.

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The ring of his cell phone intruded into Randy's deep sleep. Drowsily he reached into the pocket of his discarded jeans for the phone and looked at the screen. It was Mark. His memory flooded back. He remembered the call he had made to his buddy the cop just after Hans had stumbled away.

He flipped open the phone and heard Mark's deep reassuring voice. "You sound like you're asleep. Sorry to wake you, man, but I thought you'd like to know that my Highway Patrol buddies had no problem finding that guy. Said they'd never seen anything like it, big, blonde stud riding naked on the highway. Turns out this Hans has a rap sheet as long as your arm ..... assault and battery, domestic violence, mayhem, you name it. Seems like our boy is one mean mother-fucker."

Randy rubbed his bruised knuckles and growled, "Yeah, I found that out the hard way. Still, I can be an even meaner son-of-a-bitch."

“You and Pablo OK, buddy?”

“Sure, we’re on the mend. No bones broken,”

“Say, maybe you could all use a breath of fresh sea air. What say that tomorrow morning you three come out to the Guadalupe dunes and spend the rest of the long weekend with Jamie and me? I could call Bob and have him bring Darius too. Be a reunion ..... barbecue on the beach, the works. What d’ya say, big guy?”

“We could sure use something festive right around now. Sounds terrific, man. God I love you, Mark. You always know just what to say. We’ll leave first thing in the morning. Gotta go now. There’s a young guy here needs my attention.”

Pablo had stirred when he heard Randy’s voice. Randy snapped the phone shut and gazed into his boy’s face. “How you doing, kid?”

“Much better, sir. Was that Mark?”

“Yeah. Hans is in jail. And we are going to the ocean tomorrow, see Mark and Jamie.”

“Wow, that’s awesome, sir.”

Randy gazed at his soft brown eyes. “In the meantime, kid, I need to make sure all my systems are still in working order. I’m gonna make love to you, Pablo.”

He was surprised when Pablo turned his face away. Randy cupped his chin and turned him back to face him. “Hey, what’s this? You don’t want your master’s dick in your sweet ass?”

Pablo frowned, hesitated. Randy smiled, “Come on, kiddo. What’s up? Level with me.”

Pablo took a deep breath and tried to explain. “Sir, what happened earlier ..... that guy tying me up and working me over. Sir, it scared the hell out of me. I feel like a wimp being that frightened. Thing is, I love it when you do it ..... used to be my favorite thing. But I’m afraid I’ll never be able to let anyone do that again ..... no matter how much I want it. I’ll be too scared.”

Randy became serious. “Now listen, kid. You know what they say you should do when you fall off a horse. Get right back up and start riding, otherwise you’ll be scared for the rest of your life.”

Pablo’s eyes shone, with the relief that his master understood him. “That’s it, sir. I need to conquer my fear. So I was wondering if you could .....

“ ..... tie you up, rough you up, fuck the shit out of you?”

“Yes please, sir. Use me, hurt me. I need that sir. But the real thing, no holding back.”

“Hey, kid, have you ever known me pull my punches?” Jesus, he thought, the kid’s so much like me when I was his age. When something scared him as a boy his instinct was to tough it out, to confront his fears, not shrink from them. Later in life the remedy for a morning-after hangover was the hair of the dog that bit you ..... another drink, more of the same. Randy knew that only the real thing would work for Pablo. It had to be rough.

Randy leapt to his feet, reached down and dragged the boy upright. He grabbed the back of his neck and pushed him over to the same tree Hans had tied him to. His voice changed, became harsh, guttural. “You think Hans was bad? This is me, now, your master. Look at me, boy. I play real rough. I can do anything I like to you. Anything! Is that clear?”

Stunned by the abrupt change in his master Pablo looked into the steel blue eyes set in the swarthy, bruised, ruggedly handsome face. “Yes, sir,” he stammered. “Please, sir.”

Randy scooped up the ropes that Hans had left lying on the ground and expertly bound the naked boy to the tree. His arms were stretched tightly behind him round the trunk, wrists securely bound. More rope wound round his body so he was immobile, and his ankles were also bound.

It was the memory of Hans that scared Pablo so much, so Randy wanted to duplicate the sensation. He grabbed his jeans from the ground, pulled them on, then put on his heavy boots. He was dressed just as Hans had been. Randy stood back to admire his work, to gaze at this beautiful, brave, defiant kid confronting his demons.

He knew just how to treat the boy. “Just so you know how completely you’re in my power, boy, try to get free.

Pablo tried to struggle but he was bound so tight he could barely move. His sturdy young muscles flexed and strained, his exotic face contorted and his head thrashed from side to side. But as Pablo struggled he realized how totally helpless he was. His mind flashed back to the image of Hans and a wave of panic swept over him. The look on Randy’s face scared him. His master was serious. He really was going to hurt him. “Sir, I’m not sure I want this,” he moaned in despair. “I’m scared of you, sir. Really scared.”

Randy’s eyes blazed. “You fucking little wimp. I thought you were a tough guy. I thought you were my boy. You want me to let you go, let you go out of my life?”

A worse kind of panic seized Pablo. “No, sir,” he shouted. “I am your boy, sir. Please, don’t let me go. I can take it, sir. I want you to work me over, sir. Hard!”

Randy hated himself for making the boy he loved suffer like this. But he knew it's what Pablo wanted, what he needed. It is what he himself would have wanted when he was a boy. Pablo desperately needed to prove his toughness, to prove he had conquered his fear.

"OK, kid, you asked for it." Randy seized Pablo's nipples in his fingers and, with no pause, no build-up, he twisted them brutally. The handsome young face flew back, mouth wide open in a soundless scream. His chest was on fire, the pain was excruciating, but he was determined not to make a sound. Randy didn't let up. He applied even more pressure, twisting the nipples until it felt like they were being ripped off. Tears poured from the boy's eyes, but he gazed into his master's demon face with a look of defiance. And at that moment he knew he could take all the pain his master inflicted on him.

Suddenly it stopped. Randy's hands left his chest and rose higher, his palms pressing the sides of Pablo's face. He leaned forward and clamped his mouth over the boy's, just as Hans had done, in a brutal, savage kiss. The pressure on his mouth, the teeth biting his lips, hurt him but this was not Hans. He had been nauseated by the savage blonde, but now he savored the taste, the smell, the essence of this other man, this glorious, powerful man he was proud to call master.

Randy pressed his body hard against the boy's, wrapping his big, brawny arms around the tree and squeezing the young body against it. Pablo was trapped, having the life squeezed out of him by the hard, sinewy body. He felt the muscular chest press against him, felt the rough denim rub his legs, felt the huge bulge in the crotch crushing his own cock.

The mouth continued to grind against his, the body press against him. He was suffocating, having the breath squeezed from him by this wild man. Fear shot through him again as he thought Randy had lost control, would really crush the life out of him. He couldn't breathe, he tried to pull away but he was trapped. He became dizzy, he thought he would pass out.

And then nothing. As quickly as the pain had begun, it stopped. He opened his eyes and saw his master, body heaving, a few feet away from him. The voice growled, "What do you say, boy?"

Pablo nearly wept. "Thank you, sir," he whispered. Instantly he felt a stab of pain as the back of Randy's hand swiped against his chest.

"Louder, boy. I can't hear you."

This time Pablo shouted. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, master." He sobbed in relief. "God, I love you, sir. You are everything I need. You can hit me, sir, crush me, do anything. Don't stop, sir, please."

"There is no stopping, boy. But I'm not gonna hit you, not gonna crush you. You know what comes next, boy."

"I ..... I think so, sir."

"I'm gonna fuck that sweet ass of yours, the ass I own. And you know how I fuck. I'm gonna fuck your ass raw, boy, rip you open. You're gonna feel your master's cock deep inside that pretty body."

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It didn't take long. Soon Pablo was lying on the ground on his back. His arms were stretched sideways, each wrist roped to a tree on either side. He was trying to ease the pain in his arms but they were pulled rigid. He gazed up at the man towering over him and he knew what was coming.

Randy dropped to his knees, ripped open his pants and pulled out his huge, stiff cock. He spit in his palm and wiped it round his cock. In one swift move he grabbed his boy's ankles, pushed his legs back hard and gazed into his frightened eyes.

"Now, kid, if you can take this you really are a man. Forget Hans, forget your fear, this is me now. This is your master."

He eased his hips forward, pressed the head of his dick on the hole. Pablo looked up at the handsome, stubbled face, the steel blue eyes, the incredible body of the muscle god he worshipped ..... and he waited.

Then it came ..... the agonizing shaft of pain as the thick rod pierced his ass, plunging agonizingly into the depths of his gut. His mouth opened to scream ..... but no sound came. Instead he gazed defiantly at his master and Randy was astonished to see a slight smile come to his lips.

"I can take it, sir. I'm not afraid any more. I'm your boy, sir. I can take anything. I want you to plough my ass, sir."

Randy gazed in awe and admiration at this tough young kid, and the sight drove him wild. He pulled his cock back, then plunged it in again, loving the sight of the beautiful young face as it flew back in a frenzied mix of pain and pleasure. His fear had been exorcised, replaced by pure joy, by the exquisite satisfaction of pleasing his master.

The pounding was merciless. Never had Randy been so savage in fucking this perfect ass. All the strength in his magnificent body was concentrated on the boy's ass as his cock pistoned into it. Pablo pulled at his ropes, twisted his body as he instinctively tried to ease the worst of the pain, but in the end he had to submit to his master's power.



The brutal hammering continued for what seemed an eternity, as the two men entered a private world of their own, a world where master and boy were joined in a mutual need. Pablo needed this stunning man, needed to be used by him, to be hurt. He needed to become fearless. And Randy needed this boy, needed to love him, train him, help him overcome his fears. Most of all, he needed to fuck his beautiful ass.

Their orgasms were almost an afterthought. They were so enraptured with each other that they were only dimly aware of their approaching climax. Pablo suddenly felt the warmth in his ass as his master poured his juice into him, and Randy looked with mild surprise at the creamy white liquid pouring out of his boy's cock and over the beautiful, smooth brown body.

Their bodies heaving, pouring with sweat, they gazed at each other with a look of surprise, almost as if they were strangers. And in a way they were. They had reached unexplored depths of their feeling for each other and found someone new, someone even more worthy of their love than ever before. Master and boy, father and son. Their union was now truly indissoluble.

Randy smiled down at Pablo. "It's not over, kid. Now you get your reward ..... something I've been meaning to give you for a long time."

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In the warmth of the afternoon sun Steve lay back in the rowboat, drifting lazily in the lake, eyes closed. His mind was running on Randy and Pablo, imagining the tender love-making that was happening, calming them, healing their wounds. He was soon to discover how far off the mark he was.

"Hey, Steve. Get over here. I need your help."

Shocked by the bellowing voice Steve sat bolt upright and instantly began rowing for shore. It must be Hans, he thought. Must have come back. Rowing with his back to the beach he grounded the boat, and turned round. The sight that met his eyes made him gasp.

Pablo lay on his back, tied between two trees. His chest was covered in sweat and pools of semen. Randy towered over him, his cock still dripping cum. When Randy turned round Steve saw an exhilaration on his face he had not seen before.

"Hey, buddy," Randy laughed. "Like what you see? We've just been getting re-acquainted. I've been helping this kid overcome his fears, to face his demons as you might say."

Once again Steve was knocked sideways by this amazing man. "Jesus," he said. "In all my years as a therapist I've never come across guys like you."

“And never will,” Randy laughed. He turned to Pablo. “OK, kiddo. Now for your reward. Can you guess?”

Pablo looked from Steve's face to Randy's ..... two beautiful, rugged men so alike they could be brothers. It was like seeing double. And then he knew. Double is what he was going to get.

“Sir, I know exactly what I want.”

“Yeah, me too, kid. You're not my son for nothing. OK, Steve. You first.”

And so continued one of the most incredible days in the young man's life. The sight of the young, bound boy gave Steve an instant erection. He dropped his shorts and knelt in front of him. He pushed his legs backward to the ground and soon he was fucking the boy's ass gently, gazing in wonder at his exotic young face. He caressed the ass, made love to it and just as he felt close to his orgasm he heard Randy's voice.

“OK, buddy, my turn.” The big man took Steve's place and without a second's hesitation thrust his big, thick cock into his boy's ass. He smiled down at him. “Not so gentle, uh?”

“No, sir,” Pablo said with a grin. It was quite different from Steve. The men may look alike, but the feeling was not. Steve had been careful, tentative almost, but Randy was the boss and showed it. Even now, after all they had been through, he had a way of taking Pablo all the way to the edge of pain and then just over it. And, with all his fear gone, Pablo was in heaven.

And so the two glorious men took it in turns to use Pablo's sweet ass. The boy looked up and saw the two faces, like twins, above him, one inside his ass, the other watching lustfully. He was aware of the changing rhythm, first tender, then rough. And he loved them both.

Finally, though, when Steve's turn came next he could not hold back. As he smiled down at the beautiful boy his body flexed and jolted and he poured his load of cum into the boy's ass. Simultaneously Pablo felt heat rising from his groin, and his cock erupted in yet another orgasm.

Pablo looked up at Randy with regret. “Sorry, sir. I wanted to save myself for you.”

“Yeah, sorry, man,” Steve said.

“Sorry for what?” Randy growled, kneeling on front of the boy. “Watch this.” He threw Pablo's legs back, plunged his cock into his exposed ass and pounded it one last ferocious time. And one more time Pablo looked up at the sweating, muscular torso rising and falling above him. He marveled at the gypsy face, blazing eyes, the square, stubbled jaw, the tousled black hair falling over his brow. He was magnificent, omnipotent.

“OK, kid. Now I'm ordering you. Do it again. Cum again. Now!”

“Yes, sir.” Pablo couldn’t believe that his cock erupted again, only minutes since his last orgasm. Juice streamed out of him as he felt his master’s semen pouring into his ass. When they were both drained Randy pulled out and leapt to his feet in triumph. He and Steve looked down at the boy they had both fucked.

As Pablo gazed up at them his face shone, his eyes sparkling. He had been serially fucked by these two glorious men. He had conquered his fear, exorcised his demons. He was strong, he was a survivor. He was his master’s boy. Still bound, he pulled proudly at his rope restraints and his sculpted young body gleamed, flowing with the juices of three orgasms.

Randy threw his arm around Steve. “Look at him, Steve. It doesn’t get more beautiful than that. Now you understand us. Now you know why that’s the boy I adopted, the boy I love body and soul.”

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The sun was finally beginning to set after what seemed like an endless day. Hans was a distant, dark memory, the only residual effect being their total exhaustion. They had a swim, to stretch their aching limbs and wash off the cum that had poured from their bodies. Then they had a quick, cold meal.

Randy stood up. “OK, guys. We hit the road at dawn tomorrow. Now we sleep.” He pulled blankets from the truck and threw them on the ground. In a very few minutes they were all sound asleep. Pablo’s head rested on Randy’s chest, nestling in the safety of the muscular arms enfolding him. In his sleep he was dimly aware of the warm, hard body of his new friend Steve resting lightly against his back.

Billy lay only feet away. Several times in the night he growled softly as he caught the scent of coyotes on the breeze. Once he heard a noise in the bushes and got up to investigate, only to see a deer bounding away into the forest. After that the only sound was the breathing of three men and the lapping of the water against the shore.

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The drive was a long one ..... three hours. The boat had been stowed in the back of the truck and Randy drove fast through the Los Padres Forest headed for the coast road. Billy was in the back seat, and in the front Pablo sat happily between the two almost identical men. The mood was jubilant. They had all triumphed in their way. Randy had demolished Hans, Pablo had conquered his fears, and Steve had discovered the thrill of cumming inside the ass of a beautiful boy. He felt he was finally being accepted as part of this incredible group of men.

Steve and Randy threw their arms over Pablo's shoulders and Randy's hand rested lightly against the back of Steve's neck. Steve heaved a contented sigh. "You know," he said. "Every time I go somewhere with you guys I feel like I'm starting a new adventure."

"You are, buddy," Randy grinned. "You should know that by now."

Mark's shack in the Guadalupe dunes was not easy to find. "Jeez," said Randy. "He said it was a hideaway but this is way back of beyond." Then they heard, rather than saw, their destination.

"They're here!" It was Jamie's voice and they saw the young bronzed body dancing on the top of one of the dunes. Bob and Darius had already arrived and the big reunion was a joyous one. And noisy! The three young guys had a lot to relate and, as usual, all spoke at once. Jamie talked of his night alone in the shack with the beautiful cop, his master, Mark. Darius spilled out to story of his incredible pool-boy fantasy Bob had taken him on. And Pablo thrilled them with the description of the big fight and his night with the two spectacular men.

Nobody noticed, away over to the side, the two figures holding each other in a tight embrace. Randy and Bob hadn't said a word. At first they had stood looking at each other, each surprised as always at the beauty of the man he loved. Then they had fallen into each other's arms and were breathing each other in. Randy murmured into his lover's ear, "God, I always miss you like hell when I'm not with you."

Bob pulled his face back and gazed into the pale blue eyes he knew so well. "Me too, buddy. You know, whatever we do, and whoever it's with, it's always only you. It's you I long for, more than anything in my life."

"You'll always have me, Bob. That's a solemn promise. You know that."

Bob frowned. "I can't believe Hans showed up again. You look pretty banged up. You sure you're OK?"

"Nothing that a little tender loving care from my favorite guy won't cure."

Just then Mark came over and everyone crowded round. "Hell, man," Mark said. "Looks like you took quite a beating." Randy's reply was drowned out by the chorus of boys' voices.

"Yeah," they shouted in unison, "but you should see the other guy." And they collapsed with laughter.

When finally they calmed down Randy addressed them all. "OK, guys. We're all gonna have a blast here. But right now I'm taking Bob away from you. See you in a couple of hours. Enjoy!"

He went to the truck, pulled out a blanket and threw it over his shoulder. He threw his arm round Bob's neck and led him off down the beach. They walked for about two miles, in silence at first, re-bonding, getting the feel of each other again. Finally Randy spoke.

"God this feels great. Do you ever wish it was just the two of us, like before? Me just a laborer on a construction site and you an accountant. We should get away more often, just you and me."

Bob grinned. "I wouldn't want to go any further than Room 14"

"Ah!" Randy's mind flew back to the shabby motel where they had first been together, in an extraordinary few days of sex and physical conflict. "I'll take you back there anytime you like, buddy. In the meantime this will do."

He pulled Bob away from the ocean, up into the dunes. They walked down into a hollow in the sand and Randy threw the blanket down.

"This is perfect," he said. "Come here." He pulled Bob down onto the blanket and folded him in his arms. They gazed into each other's eyes. The only sound was the distance breaking of the waves and the breeze sighing through the dune grass. Bob stroked Randy's face, tracing the cuts and bruises left from the fight.

"Still handsome as a prince, though," he smiled. "Matter of fact, you look even more gorgeous when you're banged up a bit. It was rough, uh?"

"Yeah. That mother-fucker's a tough son of a bitch."

"You wanna talk about it?"

"Nah, not Hans. The asshole's not worth it. Anyway, it was what came next that's important."

"Let me guess ..... Pablo."

Randy's eyes misted over. "He lost his nerve, Bob. That swine mauled him so bad, scared the shit out of him so Pablo's demons all came back. That tough, brave young kid lost his nerve."

"And you helped him find it again."

"Yeah, I did."

Bob smiled. "Yeah, you'd be good at that."

"I tied him up, worked him over, hurt him, fucked the shit out of him. He defied his demons and conquered his fear."

"Of course he did, buddy. He was with you. He worships you."

"God, I love the kid, Bob. I just didn't realize how much." He looked deeper into Bob's eyes. "And I realized something else. I want you to love him just as much. I want you two to be just as close. Hell you two are the most important things in my life ..... you first, of course, and then him. So I want him to think of himself as belonging to both of us. To love us as a couple. Hell, sounds dumb to say it, but I want us to be a family. Do you think that's possible?"

Bob smiled. "Randy, this is you and me. Together we can do anything. It's all possible. And that boy will embrace us both, I promise. You've done your part. Now leave it to me."

Randy relaxed. "God, I love you man. But I already said that, didn't I?" Randy fell silent, thinking about the fight. "You know, that mother-fucker almost beat me."

"But he didn't, buddy. You won. You always win."

"Yeah, but ..... maybe I'm losing my touch?"

"Let me be the judge of that," Bob smiled and pulled him close. And for the next two hours they made love in the dunes.

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Back at the shack Mark had his hands full. The three boys were in a highly excitable mood, thrilled to be back together, and in such a beautiful place. They were unloading the rowboat from the truck and Jamie shouted to Mark.

"Sir, OK if we take the boat in the ocean?"

Mark was dubious. They were in such a hyped-up state that he questioned their judgment. Still there were three of them and the exercise would help to soak up their energy.

"OK, but not too far out. There can be rip tides out there, so stay close to shore."

They pushed the boat into the small waves, Pablo threw Billy in and they all jumped in after him. Billy shook himself and drenched the boys who screamed with laughter. Mark watched them row a short way out, then turned to Steve.

The two men were alone now, for the first time since Steve had made the mistake of fucking Mark's boy Jamie and got brutally fucked himself as a punishment. There was an uneasy

tension between them, neither being sure how to break the ice. Finally Mark smiled and held out his hand. Steve relaxed and shook it warmly.

“Truce?” said Mark. “All that’s in the past. Hell, man, you and I go back a long way. We shouldn’t be enemies.”

“You know I’ve always admired you, Mark.”

“Mark grinned. “Hope I didn’t hurt your ass too much.”

“No ..... as a matter of fact .....” He trailed off.

“Steve?”

“Well, I probably shouldn’t be saying this but, when you were fucking me ..... Jesus, it felt sensational. It was.....” Again he was lost for words.

Mark gazed at him and put his hand on his arm. “No need to explain, buddy. I felt it too. Hell, man, you were one great fuck! Pity about the circumstances. Still maybe we can get together again like that some time. If you would like to.”

Steve beamed. “I’d love to, man. Just name the day.”

There was another awkward silence. Perhaps they had pushed intimacy a bit too far. Steve took a deep breath.

“Look, I’m gonna go for a run along the beach. You up for that?”

“Nah, you go. I’ll stay here and keep an eye on the boys. I’m a bit concerned about them. They were acting kinda crazy. Enjoy.”

Steve took off and was soon a speck in the distance. Mark sat in a chair, in just his gym shorts, put his hands behind his head and raised his face to the sun. God he felt good. Everyone back together, peace restored, and his boy Jamie secure and happy.

He heard distant voices and put on his sunglasses. He gazed out to sea and saw the kids standing up in the boat, horsing around, dancing, screaming with laughter. He was concerned that they had gone out too far and he stood up to wave at them to come back closer. He saw them jousting with the oars and was about to shout when he saw the oars clash ..... and fall over the side. They leaned over the side ..... but it looked to Mark as if the oars were lost.

They would be helpless without oars. Then Mark saw to his horror that the boat was drifting quite fast parallel with the shore. They had picked up a rip tide. “Jesus Christ,” he murmured and sped down to the water. He launched his long, muscular body into the waves and began to

swim out with swift, powerful strokes. He could feel the tide already and it was hard for him to keep the boat in sight. He poured all his strength into his battle with the waves and, as he crested on a swell, saw with relief that he was close to the boat.

The guys were standing up yelling at him and, when he was within hailing distance he shouted, "Sit down! All of you! Don't move. You'll capsize the boat." They did as he instructed and soon he swam alongside and grabbed the side of the boat. He looked around but there was no sign of the oars. He fought to regain his breath until he was able to speak.

"We're in the riptide," he shouted. "There's nothing you can do. Leave it to me. It's vital that you stay calm and still. If the boat upsets we're all lost. Pablo, hold tight to Billy. Darius, fling me the mooring rope attached to the prow."

Darius threw the long rope out to Mark who treaded water and tied the end securely round his chest. "Now I'm gonna try and tow you in. But for now we'll have to go with the tide, parallel to the shore. Don't panic. Just stay still."

And so began Mark's long, desperate, agonizing swim, towing the boat behind him. At first it wasn't so bad as he let the rip tide carry him and the boat, and he concentrated on not being carried further out to sea. The boys were all scared but were reassured by the sight of the muscles rippling in the broad back and arms cutting through the waves.

After a few miles Mark felt the tide weaken and he knew the time had come to head to shore. And this is where the real struggle began as he fought the current, dragging the heavy boat behind him. He was a strong swimmer but this was muscle-breaking work. He tried to keep his breathing even and not swallow water. He kicked his legs and pulled on his powerful arms, moving yard by painful yard.

It seemed like an eternity. He knew he was making headway but felt his body weaken. His muscles screamed with pain and he willed himself to keep going until he could feel his feet touch bottom. The boys watched in awe as the muscle god powered through the waves, but they could see he was flagging. Mark knew he was near the end of his strength, near the end of consciousness. And then his feet touched sand. "The bottom," he groaned weakly before passing out.

The boys jumped out of the boat and realized they were chest high in the water. Their main task was to keep Mark's sagging head out of the water, to stop him drowning. To lose him now, after all his stupendous effort would be a tragedy. But the waves kept curling over them and they were losing the fight. Then they heard a deep voice.

"Hold on!"

They looked up and could not believe their eyes. Striding from the shore through the surf was the most incredible sight. A tall black man, in tattered old shorts, with a magnificent muscular



physique and strong, chiseled features. It was as if he were carved in ebony. His smooth, dark black skin gleamed in the spray as he strode powerfully through the waves. When he reached them he bent down and bodily lifted the unconscious man, throwing him effortlessly over his broad shoulder and carrying him to shore.

The boys struggled to follow, towing the boat carrying a wild-barking Billy, behind them. When they reached the shore the man had already laid Mark gently on the sand. He checked that his breathing was steady, lightly slapped his face and watched as Mark began to cough and spit up mouthfuls of water. As he regained consciousness Mark looked up into a pair of stunning, pale gray eyes set in a square-jawed ebony face.

The man spoke again. "He'll be fine now. Take good care of him. He saved your lives."

And before they could respond the man turned and ran back along the beach in easy, powerful strides. He was already disappearing into the distance as Darius gasped,

"Who in the hell was that?"

# # #

## **Chapter 67 – Enter Zack**

"What the fuck .....?" Randy squinted into the distance as he and Bob came over the dunes toward the beach. They had spent the last two hours together "getting reacquainted" as Randy called it, and now they looked in alarm at the small group of figures in the distance at the water's edge.

"It's our guys," Randy said, recognizing Pablo's dog Billy running round barking frantically. The men sprinted down to the ocean, where they were horrified at the sight of their buddy Mark, the cop, lying on the ground, still coughing up water.

"What the fuck happened here? You OK, buddy? You look half drowned."

Mark managed a weak smile. "Only half. Here, guys, help me up." Randy and Bob pulled him up to his feet and he swayed slightly as he regained his balance. "Give me a few minutes," he said, "and then help me walk back to the shack."

Bob looked at the shamefaced, guilt-ridden boys. "OK, while we're waiting, will someone tell us what happened here?"

Predictably it was Darius who launched into an explanation, his words pouring out in his typical rapid-fire delivery. "Sir, it was all our fault. We took the boat out and went too far from shore.

Mark told us not to and warned us of the rip tide. But we were showing off, fooling around, fighting with the oars and we lost them.”

“Hey, slow down, punk,” Randy said. “Lost what?”

Darius didn’t pause for breath. “The oars, sir. They went overboard. We were stranded, so the officer here swam out to the rescue. He tied a line round him and swam like crazy, towing the boat along in the rip current. After a couple of miles he swam toward the shore but it was tough going, sir, and we almost didn’t make it. The officer was magnificent, sir. He saved our lives. But he was exhausted and just as his feet touched bottom he passed out.”

“So you carried him to the beach.”

“No, sir. We couldn’t. He almost drowned but then the most awesome thing happened. This black guy came out of nowhere. God, he was beautiful ..... tall, handsome, incredible body, built like a brick shit-house .....

“Darius!” Bob growled in a warning tone.

“OK, sorry sir. But it’s true. This big gorgeous stud just showed up, waded out to us, picked Mark up and slung him over his shoulder. Just like that. He laid him down on the beach, slapped his face a bit, and Mark came to.”

“So where is this guy now?” Randy asked dubiously.

“Dunno, sir. Soon as he knew Mark was OK he sprinted off into the distance, disappeared as suddenly as he had shown up.”

Bob frowned, “Darius, if this is one of your fantasies .....

“No, it’s true Bob,” Mark interrupted. “Just as I regained consciousness I saw his face. And it was stunning, black as ebony, pale gray eyes. Then he just took off.” Mark took a few deep breaths. “OK, guys. I think I can make it now.”

“Here, lean on me, buddy and we’ll get you back.” Randy pulled Mark’s arm round his shoulder and supported him as they began the long walk back along the beach.

Steve had already returned to the shack after his run and was wondering where everyone was. Soon he saw the group coming slowly along the beach. Mark was walking heavily, leaning on Randy. Bob and the three boys had the rowboat hoisted up above their heads. Steve gazed at the strange procession and shook his head in disbelief. “Jesus Christ,” he murmured. “These guys just don’t quit.”

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After plenty of fluids and a short rest Mark recovered quickly. An uneasy calm settled on the group ..... two groups, actually, as the four men talked in low voices and the three boys huddled together some distance away, nervously awaiting their fate that they knew would come.

Mark had filled the other men in on the details of the mishap and Randy tensed with a mix of anger and relief. “The crazy young fools. What the fuck were they thinking? You could all have been drowned. Jesus, man, if it hadn’t been for you .....

” His voice trailed off.

Bob gripped Mark’s arm. “Buddy, we owe you a huge debt of gratitude. What you did .....

”

“..... what I did was what any of you would have done. I shouldn’t have let them go in the first place.”

“Bullshit,” Randy snapped. “It’s their fault and they’ll pay. They have to be punished.”

Typically, Bob’s tone was softer. “Don’t you think they’ve suffered enough? They’ve been scared shitless, and now they feel guilty as hell.”

Randy looked at him, then at Mark and Steve. “Listen guys, they have to be punished, but I have an idea. That’s if you agree, Mark, that Jamie should be included. He’s your boy.”

“Hey,” Mark said, “he’s a much to blame as the other two. He has to share their punishment. It’s your show, big guy.”

Randy raised his head, and his voice. “Hey! “Get your sorry asses over here.”

The three boys ran over and stood before their masters, hanging their heads. They knew they were in for a tongue lashing. But Pablo surprised them all by speaking first.

“Sir, before you give us our punishment we all want to say how much we owe to Mark. He was incredible, sir, and he risked his life to save ours. He told us not to go too far and we disobeyed him. So we want to say sorry, and thank you, sir.” Suddenly the three boys burst into an enthusiastic and prolonged round of applause. When they stopped there was an uneasy silence, but Randy’s anger still simmered.

“You know damn well you have all behaved recklessly and put yourselves and Mark in danger. We could have lost you all. Hell, Pablo, you nearly drowned your dog. I thought you loved him.”

Randy knew exactly what nerve to touch and tears came to Pablo’s eyes. “It was all my fault, sir. We were showing off for Mark, putting on a show. I was the one who caused .....

”

Randy cut him off abruptly. “No, kid, you can’t pull that stunt again, taking all the blame. It was all three of you. This craziness was a team effort, a group fuck-up.” He glanced at Mark and

Bob and they nodded. Then he faced the boys. "OK, you say you were putting on a show. You know in our group we always make the punishment fit the crime. You wanted to put on a show, then so you will. You'll put on a show for us ..... and it better be a good one.

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"You son of a bitch," Bob smiled at Randy. He wasn't the boss for nothing. The boys had to be punished, even though they had already endured the terror of their experience, and their brush with disaster had scared them to death and shamed them. So Randy had come up with a punishment that would not be severe and might even dispel the gloom and despondency .... maybe even restore the festive air of their reunion.

Randy, Bob, Mark and Steve settled back into the old chairs strewn around the shack and opened a six-pack of beer. They were ready for the show. The boys were getting ready too, huddling some distance away discussing their strategy. Finally they walked over to their masters and Randy glimpsed that mischievous look in Pablo's eyes that he knew so well.

By this time they were all wearing shorts, sneakers and T-shirts. They stood together, locking eyes with their masters. Then, slowly, in unison, they began to strip. If there had been music it couldn't have been better coordinated. Off came the shirts, then they kicked off their shoes, and paused seductively. The four men waved their beer bottles and shouted ribald encouragement, with cheers and wolf whistles. "Take it off!" ..... "Take it all off!"

Still in unison the boys reached down to their crotches, slowly undid their fly buttons and then eased their shorts down, first one side then the other. Finally the shorts dropped to the sand and the boys raised their arms showing off their naked bodies, to the enthusiastic applause of their masters.

Pablo waved for silence and made an announcement like a carnival barker. "We know we deserve to get our asses whipped for what we did. But as you have let us off we thought we would do the honors ourselves. And the first victim," he said, with a flourish of his hand, "is our friend Darius."

Darius stepped jauntily forward and, keeping his gaze on the men, bent over and grabbed his ankles, exposing his ass high in the air. Jamie came up behind him and looked at his master, Mark. "My turn first," Jamie said. He pushed his hard dick against the gorgeous black ass and thrust it all the way in, provoking an exaggerated scream from Darius.

"No, no, please," he yelled in mock agony. "I don't take dicks up my ass. I've never done that before." Howls of derision from the four spectators.

"Bullshit!" yelled Pablo. "Punish him, dude." And Jamie did, pumping hard on the black bubble butt. But it wasn't long before Pablo yelled. "OK, me next," and he took Jamie's place, penetrating his lover's ass with one hard thrust.

And so they alternated, first Jamie, then Pablo, yelling jubilantly as they “punished” Darius’s willing ass, accompanied by Darius’s mock protests and pleadings, and their masters’ whoops and whistles urging them on.

Then, as Pablo was taking his turn, he looked up at Jamie and said, “Come on, dude. Help me out here.” This prearranged signal prompted Jamie to get behind Pablo, push his cock against his gorgeous ass and plunge it deep inside. “Yeah!” Pablo yelled as he was pushed hard against Darius. As the black man felt the extra pressure his “protests” became more desperate.

“No ..... not both of you. My ass is on fire, dudes. Please, I can’t take it.”

The sight of the three boys, Jamie behind Pablo, fucking his ass, as Pablo ploughed Darius, roused their masters to new, raucous shouts and applause. All three boys gazed at them, thrilled that the show they were putting on was going over so well.

Then suddenly it stopped. The boys separated, gave a slight bow to the audience and withdrew inside the shack. “Wow,” said Steve. “You ordered a show, Randy and that’s what we got. That was a hell of a performance.”

Randy grinned, “Yeah, but I have a hunch we ain’t seen nothing yet. Watch this.”

There was a pause of a few minutes and then the men gaped at what emerged from the shack. Pablo and Jamie were on their hands and knees moving forward. Rope had been tied round their open mouths like bits on a horse. The ropes stretched back behind them and the other ends were held tight by Darius, walking behind them like a charioteer behind his steeds. The grinning black man was wearing his familiar cowboy hat, tilted on the back of his head.

“And now,” he yelled, “the revenge of Darius.” The group stopped before the masters and Darius shouted to his two stallions. “OK, let’s see those asses, men.” Still on their knees the boys pushed their asses higher in the air as Darius looked at the spectators. “Who’s first?” he yelled.

“Pablo,” Randy shouted, gazing into his boy’s sparkling eyes.

“Yes, sir, you’re the boss.” Darius stroked his massive ten-inch dick and pressed the head between the cheeks of Pablo’s perfect ass. Pablo’s eyes widened in horror and he gave a muffled shout through the bit in his mouth.

“No, please. It’s too big. No way, dude. I can’t take that huge rod in my ass.”

“Yeah,” Bob said, “like you don’t every night of your life,” and the guys erupted in laughter.

“Here goes, kiddo,” and Darius pushed his huge cock slowly inside the kneeling boy. Soon his body was like a piston, hammering the ass. Holding the ropes in one hand he took off his hat with his free hand and whirled it triumphantly in the air, whooping and hollering.

Suddenly he stopped and looked straight at Mark. “Jamie, sir?” Mark laughed, “Of course. He’s gotta be punished too. So go for it, cowboy.” Jamie looked at Mark and saw a smile of encouragement and affection cross his face. Then he felt Darius’s huge shaft plunge into his ass and he proudly held his master’s gaze as the invasion of his ass began.

And so Darius gave the boys as good as he had got from them, moving from one ass to the other, plunging his monster dick deep inside them. The howls of approval from the audience reached a crescendo and just then ..... it all stopped. Darius removed the ropes and the three boys walked close up to their seated masters.

Randy frowned. “What, no cum shot? That’s a fucking cop-out. Where’s the big finish? You couldn’t make each other shoot your load? What’s with that?”

Pablo’s eyes widened in mock seriousness. “No, sir. Only our masters can make us do that. We were saving our orgasms for you, sir.”

The three young men grabbed their cocks and began to stroke them, in perfect coordination. They pumped faster and faster, their eyes fixed on the seated men right in front of them. Pablo gazed at Randy, Jamie at Mark, and Darius at Bob and Steve. The men were not sure what was happening but sensed that the big climax was approaching. And they were right. Pablo spoke again.

“This is our way of apologizing, sir. Our way of showing how much we love you. OK, dudes. Now!”

And simultaneously three huge streams of creamy white juice poured from the three cocks, curved high, then splashed into the faces and over the torsos of the astonished men. Darius aimed his cum at Bob and Steve; Pablo’s cum poured onto Randy’s sculpted face and body, and Jamie sprayed his juice all over the handsome features of the cop, Mark. The boldness of the move was breathtaking, the boys daring to shoot their loads over their masters.

Taken by complete surprise the men felt the warm juice shoot into their mouths, over their face and then stream down their bodies. They were gasping with shock, awe and ..... anger maybe? When the orgasms ended there was total silence. For what seemed like minutes they all held their breath.

Finally Randy stood up, Pablo’s cum still flowing down his face and body. He looked at his boy. Then suddenly he smiled, opened his arms and said, “Come here kiddo.” Pablo fell into his arms and said quietly. “I’m very sorry for what we did today, sir. We were real stupid and

nothing like that will happen again. I hope you can forgive us.” He paused, pulled his face back and his trademark crooked grin crossed his face. “And I hope you liked our show, sir.”

There was an explosion of laughter ..... exhilaration mixed with relief that it was all over. Mark was holding Jamie tight, protectively, aware that he had come close to losing him. And Darius was basking in the warmth and congratulations coming from Bob and Steve.

Randy was still looking intently at Pablo. “Was that cum shot your idea?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You’re skating very close to the edge, young man, you know that?”

Pablo grinned again. “I do sir.” Randy turned his head, trying to hide his own smile.

Then he turned to the others and shouted. “Well, what d’ya think, guys? Was that punishment enough for the trouble they caused? And, more important, can we forgive them for shooting their fucking hot loads all over their masters?” His answer was a ringing round of applause.

“OK, now for God’s sake, let’s clean ourselves up ..... and then eat.” They all sprinted down to the water and dived into the waves, washing off the torrents of cum that had been spilled that day.

A short time later the boys dragged out the old barbecue behind the shack, loaded it with charcoal that Mark and Jamie had brought with them, and soon a riotous meal ensued. In a way, the trauma of the morning, with all its potential for disaster, added to the general euphoria. It was like the celebration after a victory ..... triumph, relief, and the joyful companionship of beautiful, virile men who gloried in their masculinity and their undying love for each other.

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“Doesn’t get much better than this, buddy,” Randy sighed. The meal was over and he and Bob were alone outside the shack, lying on the sand propped up on their elbows. They were watching Pablo and Darius horsing around in the surf with Steve. Mark and Jamie had gone for a walk in the dunes.

Bob smiled. “That was all Pablo’s idea, wasn’t it?”

“Yup,” said Randy, with more than a hint of pride. “That kid always walks right to the edge of the cliff without falling over.”

“A lot like you,” Bob grinned. “Hey, I’ve been sitting too long. I need a run. Coming?”

“Nah, a nap is what I need.” He picked up Darius’s cowboy hat from the ground, put it over his face and lay back in the sand. His muffled voice growled, “Work up a sweat, buddy. Turns me on.”

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Bob was feeling good splashing through the surf as he jogged along the beach, naked except for his shorts. He loved the sensation of being alone on this beautiful, deserted beach, feeling the wind and the spray on his near-naked body. He increased his pace and was soon running in long, easy strides. He needed the exercise and, besides, he thought to himself, there was something else he wanted to do ..... if the opportunity presented itself.

And it did. Lost in the rhythm of his splashing strides he had run a long way, much farther than any of them had gone before. And then in the distance he saw a thin spiral of smoke curling in the air. As he got closer he saw that it was coming from the chimney of a small shack, set back in the dunes. He stopped and, curiosity getting the better of him, he walked toward the dunes.

The shack was much smaller than theirs, probably just one room, Bob thought. There was an old porch in front and he thought he could make out a figure moving on it. He approached cautiously and then stopped in amazement.

“Jesus,” he murmured. “The guys were right.” On the porch was a tall, black man with one of the most beautiful bodies Bob had ever seen. Even from here he could see the gleaming muscular physique, the absurdly handsome, sculpted face and shaved head. “Now that’s pornographic,” Bob thought.

Wearing just ragged shorts the man was exercising, doing pull-ups on a cross-beam, his long, lean muscles flexing and glinting in the sun. Bob felt his heart beat faster and he held his breath. Then the man dropped to the ground and began doing pushups. Bob found himself drawn to the man, found himself walking closer and closer until he was only a few feet away. Suddenly aware that the man hadn’t heard him, he coughed to get his attention.

The man sprang to his feet like a panther and took a few paces toward him. His voice was deep. “Who the fuck are you? What do you want? What the hell are you doing here?”

For a second Bob thought the guy would hit him, so he backed off, embarrassed. “Hey, man, I’m real sorry. I didn’t mean to intrude. You’re right, I shouldn’t have come. It’s just that I wanted to thank you for what you did earlier today ..... for my friends. You probably saved my buddy’s life.”

The man’s aggressive stance relaxed. “Oh, you’re with those guys. The big blonde one looked as if he didn’t need much help. Hell of a thing he did, towing that boat through the rip tide. Guess they lost their oars. Takes a hell of a man to do that.”



“Yeah, he is that .... a hell of a man. Anyway, I just wanted to thank you and shake your hand.”

He held out his hand and the guy took it in a firm, almost painful grip. Bob smiled. “Like I said, I’m sorry to have intruded. I’ll leave you in peace now.” Bob’s handsome face flashed a smile and he turned to walk away. As he walked through the sand he heard the voice again.

“You want some tea?”

Bob turned. That was the last thing he expected to hear. But he gathered his wits and stammered, “Why, yeah, sure, if it’s no trouble.”

A few minutes later Bob was sitting on the porch watching as the man prepared the tea. He was truly stunning, tall, broad-shouldered, perfect chest. Wearing only thin, torn shorts, he moved with an easy, animal grace, a concentrated look on his square-jawed, chiseled face, muscles rippling under his smooth ebony skin. Bob was not sure what to say as tea was placed before him.

“Green tea! I’d have pegged you for a Jack Daniels kind of guy.”

“Nah. Gave that up after ..... well, some time ago.”

He sat down facing Bob, who said, “The name’s Bob.”

“Zachary. Zack to my friends, except there aren’t many of those anymore.” For the first time his face broke into a smile, flashing dazzling white teeth set in his handsome, black face. God, he was gorgeous.

“So you live out here alone. No friends, you say?”

“Not since my .....” he trailed off looking into the kind, deep brown eyes of this handsome new man. “Not since my wife died. Car wreck. Two months ago.”

“Jeez, I’m sorry. You’ve been here alone ever since?”

“Yup. Keep telling myself I gotta rejoin the land of the living but it’s .....complicated.” His pale gray eyes moistened as he blinked back tears. He looked hard at Bob who saw intense loneliness in his eyes. The man evidently needed to talk, but hesitated. Bob’s easy smile and soft, gentle gaze encouraged him and he blurted out, “Thing is, man, I feel guilty. See, a few weeks before the accident I had cheated on her ..... just the once ..... and it was .....” He stopped, then said quietly, “It was with a guy. Just that once, but I feel guilty as hell, and confused.”

Bob smiled at him gently. “Don’t beat yourself up man. Hey, maybe you could use some kind of therapy. That sometimes helps.”

“A shrink, you mean. Grief counseling. Yeah I thought of that.”

Another silence, and Bob changed the subject. “You work?”

“Not any more. I had a great job, as a site manager of a construction outfit not far from here. But I quit. I had some savings put by, and got a big settlement from the Life Insurance. Now I need someone to tell me what to do with it.”

Bob smiled to himself. “Anything else you need?”

Zack frowned. “Yeah, I need the cops round here to stop hassling me. They see a big black guy living all alone and they think I’m a terrorist or something. I could use a friendly cop to call them off, tell them to cool it.”

Bob suddenly threw his head back and started to laugh. Zack looked offended and growled. “Did I say something funny?”

“I’m sorry, Zack, but it’s amazing. In telling me your troubles you just described the buddies I’m here with. There’s me, of course, I’m a financial advisor. Then there’s Steve, best shrink in town. There’s Mark, the big blonde you rescued, he’d be your friendly cop. And then there’s Randy.”

“Who’s he?”

He’s the boss of the construction company we own. The boss of us all, really. You ever think of relocating to the city, get away from all this? L.A. for example?”

“Yeah, that did cross my mind. Maybe when I’m ready I’ll .....” Suddenly he caught himself. “Hell, man, I don’t know why I unloaded on you like that. I never told anyone all this. Guess I needed to get it off my chest. Must’ve been something in those brown eyes of yours,” and for the second time he smiled. “Anyway, now .....

“..... now you’d like to be left alone. Of course.” Bob stood up.” Thanks for the tea. Look I’ll write down our number for you, and if you ever do hit L.A. you might give a call.” Bob smiled. “Make use of our multi-talented team.”

They shook hands and Bob felt his knees weaken as the gray eyes held his for a long moment. “Thanks, man,” Zack said softly. “You’re a good guy. Thanks for listening.”

Bob walked away, but at the water’s edge he turned round. He saw the solitary black figure once again exercising his body on the porch, all alone with his grief and his guilt, in his shack in the dunes.

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His thoughts racing, Bob couldn't bring himself to start the long run back. Instead he walked out into the surf until he was knee-deep in water. With just the sound of the wind and the surf in his ears he gazed out to the horizon. But he didn't see the sea or the sky. Instead, engraved on his mind's eye was the riveting image of the superb black man he had just left.

He saw his virile, handsome face, his magnificent physique glistening in the sun. Saw his loose-limbed, easy strides as he moved around the shack, the ragged shorts hanging round his slim, tight waist below his chiseled abs. He saw his face come close as he leaned forward to place the tea lightly on the table. There was a sad, faraway look in the gray eyes, but then he recalled how the handsome features suddenly broke into a dazzling smile. Finally the image was of the stunning muscle stud exercising, his muscles rippling as he pulled his body upward.

Bob realized that, ever since he first saw the man, and especially now as he stood in the water, he had a solid erection. Without thinking, he dropped his shorts and stroked his cock. It was rock hard and soon began to throb. He murmured to himself, "Zack, his name is Zack." Then he screamed into the wind, "Thank you, sir!" and a huge plume of white juice cum shot from his cock and splashed into the waves below."

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"Well for once Darius wasn't exaggerating," Bob said as all six guys gathered round him. He had returned from his run and was describing his meeting with the extraordinary black man. The boys especially were riveted by the account, hanging on Bob's every word. Mark and Steve smiled when Bob mentioned that Zack's needs exactly matched their various skills.

But the story came to an end and it was Darius who put a lid on the subject. With a deep sigh of regret he said, "Ah, well, guess we won't be seeing him again."

But that didn't quite close the topic. Randy had been listening to Bob's tale with a slight scowl on his face as he watched the enthusiasm, elation even, on Bob's face as he described the new man. He had seen a light in his lover's eyes that was usually reserved for him alone. So when they were alone together he suddenly turned to Bob and snapped, "Did he fuck you?"

Bob was totally taken aback. "What!? What kind of a question is that? Of course he didn't. We talked, we drank tea. Green tea!"

"I don't care what color the fucking tea was. Did you want him to fuck you?"

"Randy, I don't know where this is coming from. Of course I didn't." But he didn't tell Randy about his orgasm in the waves .... or what caused it..

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The next day, their last before going home, was pure relaxation. The dramas of the previous day were pushed into the background and they enjoyed the beach, the ocean, the warm sun and the joy of just being all together. It was around noon and they were all lazing around the shack, except for Randy who had gone for a long swim in the ocean.

Suddenly Jamie raised his head. "Look!" he said, pointing into the distance. They all strained their eyes and saw a speck on the horizon, growing larger as it approached. It soon became clear that it was a man, a tall black man. It had to be him. It was Zack. He was running, with long, muscular strides, an iconic vision of raw masculinity as the contours of his magnificent body came clear. He seemed to be carrying poles of some sort, one in each hand.

In a few minutes he stopped and walked tentatively up the beach toward them. They all took a sharp intake of breath as they gazed at the beautiful specimen of manhood, his perfect physique gleaming with sweat and sea-spray. He spoke as he approached.

"Hey, I found these." He held out the oars to their boat. "They must have been carried in the same rip current that carried your boat, and then they washed up on the high tide. Figured I should get them back to you before you leave."

There was a stunned silence, then Bob walked forward. "Thanks a million, Zack. But you didn't need to come all this way."

"No sweat. I needed the run anyway."

Again, another uneasy pause, then Bob remembered his manners. "Let me introduce the guys to you. Mark you've already met, the guy you rescued. He's the friendly cop I mentioned."

Mark shook Zack's hand. "Hey, buddy. Thanks for everything you did back there. And don't worry about the cops in town. When we drive through I'll have a word. They won't bother you again."

"And this," Bob said, "is Steve, best shrink in L.A." Zack and Steve shook hands.

"Now the boys ..... Pablo." "Pleased to meet you sir," said Pablo. "And Jamie." "Hello, sir," said Jamie shyly. "And this is Darius."

"Hey, bro," Zack said, "how's it going?" And they bumped fists, holding each other's gaze. All the boys were awestruck, and aware of their swelling cocks.

Zack looked around. "I thought you mentioned another guy. The boss. Randy was his name?"

"Yeah, he's swimming," Bob said. "Oh, here he comes now."

Striding through the surf was the larger-than-life figure of Randy, his muscles pumped from the exertion of his swim, flexing and gleaming as he walked toward them. With the sun behind him, his naked body streaming with water, chest heaving, his tousled black hair falling over his chiseled features, the man looked magnificent.

“Hey Randy,” Bob shouted. “Come and meet Zack.”

Without breaking stride Randy strode up close to face the tall black man. “Randy this is Zack who helped save the boys. Zack, this is Randy who I mentioned earlier.”

Everyone would swear later that they saw sparks flash between the eyes of the two men. As they shook hands Randy squeezed harder than necessary. Zack squeezed even harder, and they grasped each other’s fist in a crushing grip. It was the implied challenge of two alpha males confronting each other, supremely confident, at the summit of their masculinity. They gazed at each other, with a trace of a smile on their lips, acknowledging their brief, subtle trial of strength.

There was a heavy feeling in the air like the approach of a thunderstorm. The uneasy silence was finally broken when Zack pulled his hand away, and said, “OK, guys. Good to meet you. Safe trip back.”

He turned and ran back down to the water. They all gazed after him in silence and soon he was once more a speck on the horizon. Behind them Randy grabbed the back of Bob’s neck and said, “Come with me.” He pushed him to the shack, almost threw him through the door, and slammed it behind them.

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“On the bed,” Randy snarled, shoving Bob onto his back on the small bed. “OK, so he’s fucking gorgeous ..... a fucking stud. But this is me, now, asshole. I saw that gleam in your eye when you talked about him, and when you were with him out there. I know that look.” Randy’s eyes blazed down at him. “Now, tell me the truth, asshole. Something happened when you met him. Tell me! Don’t lie to me.”

Bob was shaking with fear. He had never seen Randy like this. He took a deep breath. “I jerked off, sir. After I left him I beat my cock thinking about him. He was so beautiful I couldn’t get him out of my mind. I stood in the waves and pictured his face and his body. And the thought of him made me shoot a huge load in the water. I’m sorry, sir. Forgive me.”

Randy’s expression was a mix of anger, resentment ..... and fear. The black stud was incredible, powerful, a supreme specimen of masculinity ..... a rival. Randy gazed down at his lover. “OK, you mother-fucker. Time to remind you who you are.”

He picked up an old sheet from the floor, ripped it in two and quickly, expertly tied Bob's wrists to the corner bed posts. His eyes blazed as he looked down at the startled, frightened man, and his deep voice growled. "Just so you remember who you belong to. I own you, man. That man is nothing to you. Sure he's beautiful ..... he made you cum, for Christ sake." His voice raised to a shout. "But he means nothing to you. Is that clear? Is it clear!?"

"Yes, sir," Bob stammered.

"This is who owns your ass, you fucker." And the brutal assault began. In one swift move Randy pressed his rigid dick against the bound man's ass and with all the force of his massive body plunged it savagely deep inside him. Bob's screams carried out of the shack and competed with the sound of the waves.

Bob had never known Randy like this, had never felt him fuck like this. As the huge shaft pistoned deep inside him his head flew in agony, his face contorted and tears streamed down his face. He pulled frantically at his restraints, his muscles flexing and straining, trying to get free. In his agony he heard the deep voice snarl. "Remember now, man? I'm your master, always have been. That guy is nothing!"

Randy became a wild animal, an animal who felt threatened. For the first time he had met someone, a supremely handsome alpha male, who he knew instinctively could be a rival. And he needed to reassert his dominance in the way he knew best. Bob was terrified as he looked up at the wild, dark demon over him, his magnificent body crashing down on him, the huge rod shattering his ass. The pain was intense. He screamed, wanting it to end.

And then it did. He passed out momentarily, and when he came to he felt the hot, sticky liquid on his chest and in his ass. He realized that they had both shot their loads. He felt the sweating body fall onto his chest. As their heavy breathing subsided he heard the deep voice in his ear.

"Goddamit, Bob, I don't want to lose you. This ... Zack. He's dangerous. Do you want him?"

"I can't live without you, Randy, you know that. It's you I want. Let me show you. Please, sir, fuck me again. Please fuck my ass."

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It was an hour or more before the two men emerged from the shack. The boys were setting up for the last meal of their stay, and they kept busy, avoiding eye contact with Randy and Bob. Of course, everyone had heard the noise from inside the shack and had a fair idea what was happening, but they knew better than to intrude. Only Mark looked up and caught Randy's eye.

"Everything OK?" he asked.

“Never better,” Randy said calmly.

With this group, any residual clouds did not last long and soon the meal had become as boisterous as ever, with the boys especially talking loudly over each other. But Bob glanced frequently at Randy and knew that there was more to come.

The memory of Zack’s brief, but stunning appearance among them still hung in the air. Fleeting as his presence had been, the effect was so powerful that Randy’s dominance had been implicitly challenged before them all. Bob knew that Randy had to reassert his supremacy with the group, just as he had done with him in the shack.

It was when they were relaxing after the meal, and the mood was jovial, that Randy made his move. He stood up and shouted for quiet. “OK, guys, there’s one more piece of business before we leave. As you know, I invited a new friend along this time, our new buddy Steve.” There were whoops, whistles and applause all round.

“I agree with you. Steve is a worthy addition to our group. However,” he grinned, “his initiation is not yet complete. And I think we all know what that means.” Steve stood up and the two nearly identical men faced each other. As Randy held his gaze his voice became softer. “You knew this moment would come, Steve. You’ve wanted it since the day we met.”

Steve smiled nervously, and Randy shouted, “So get ready guys. Watch and learn how the master initiates a new man into our fraternity.”

Darius nudged Pablo and pulled out his camera phone. “Hell, dude,” he whispered. “I’m gonna get a video of this!”

# # #

## **Chapter 68 – The Education of Steve and Pablo**

“Get naked.” Randy and Steve were facing each other and Steve obeyed, pulling off his T-shirt and dropping his shorts, as Randy did the same. The two naked men walked down to the water’s edge, with the other guys watching in awe a few yards away. Randy addressed them all.

“Each of you guys, when you joined our group, submitted to me in the same way sooner or later. Now it’s Steve’s turn to offer me his ass. Unfortunately I will not be the first to fuck him. Mark pre-empted me when he punished Steve for messing with Jamie.” He grinned. “You still owe me one for that, officer.”

Then he turned to Steve. "You're a great looking stud, Steve. Of course you are ..... you could be my twin." There was nervous laughter all round. "But this has to be voluntary ..... you have to want it ..... bad." He locked eyes with Steve. The two glorious, nearly identical men stood motionless as Steve was drawn inexorably into the steely gaze of the dark demon ..... the 'King of the Gypsies' Steve had called him.

It was that moment that Darius chose to start shooting his video. The sight was too good to miss, the two muscle studs so similar they could have been looking in a mirror. Steve was mesmerized by Randy's piercing pale blue eyes, and he heard his voice again.

"So, Steve. Do you want it?"

Steve's hypnotized voice said, "Yes, sir."

"How bad?"

"More than anything, sir."

"Show me."

Steve fell to his knees, placed his hand on Randy's half-hard cock and closed his mouth around it. He moaned and his eyes opened wide as he began to massage the cock with his lips, feeling it grow hard in his eager mouth. He placed his hands on Randy's hips, then round the back until they cupped the hard globes of the stud's ass. He pulled the ass forward so the rigid cock filled his mouth and plunged to the back of his throat. He felt the damp, black pubic hair press against his face, felt it, smelled it, tasted it.

There was a slight smile of triumph on Randy's face now he knew the man was his. He could do anything to him. He stretched upward and placed his hands behind his own head, stretching his torso, flaring his lats, as he eased his hips back and forth against the man's face. He gazed arrogantly down at the man he was dominating. Then he glanced over at the spectators, acknowledging their gasps as they gazed awestruck at a true master.

After a prolonged face-fucking Randy pulled his cock back out of the mouth and Steve gazed up at him, completely at his mercy. Nonchalantly Randy placed a foot against his chest, like the victor over a conquered rival, then pushed him backward, so he fell on his back into the shallow water, the small waves rippling over his body. Randy fell to his knees, pushed Steve's legs backward onto the ground so his ass was high, vulnerable, expectant.

Randy smiled. "This is it Steve. This is what you've wanted." He put the tip of his raging cock against the moist hole of Steve's ass. "Tell them what you want, Steve. Tell them all."



Steve turned his head to look at the other men. "I want this man's cock inside me. I've wanted it since the day we met. I've lusted for it, dreamed of it, masturbated thinking of it. God, I need it so bad. Please, sir .....aaargh!"

Randy had suddenly plunged his thick rod into the ass, sliding down past the moist membrane, penetrating deep into the furnace, until the head passed over the inner sphincter and came to rest deep in his gut. There was a sudden stillness, then Steve's whole body pulsed as if electrified, his muscles flexed and his head shot backward with a scream that drowned the sound of the waves washing over him.

"NO! I can't. I can't. God, the pain. Please sir!"

Randy's foam-flecked body loomed over him and he said softly, "You want me to stop? You want me to pull out?"

"No, sir! Please, no sir. I can take it. I want it. Please. Fuck my ass, sir."

And that's what Randy did. The men could hardly believe the spectacle they were witnessing. These two identical muscle-gods writhing in the wet sand, waves splashing over them as one pounded the other's ass in an unrelenting assault. Randy's face was calm, determined, as he inflicted punishment on his screaming captive. He looked down at him with an arrogant smile, triumphant in his own supreme masculinity, proving the total dominance of the master.

All the men knew what Steve was feeling. They had all submitted to the same brutal pounding in the past. Steve had never felt anything like this piston in his ass and was nearing exhaustion when suddenly the master yelled, "This is it, man. You want me to shoot my load inside you?"

"Yes, sir." Steve screamed. "Please, sir. Cum inside me."

With twin shouts, the two identical men came at the same time, the one pouring his juice into the other's gut, the other streaming creamy cum all over his own gleaming, wet muscles. The waves splashed over them, challenging their screams, bathing them in the ritual of initiation. Breathlessly Randy growled. "You're one of us now, Steve." Then to the spectators, he shouted. "Now you know. I am the master. Nobody can challenge me. Nobody!"

The sound of wild applause, and cheers of admiration drowned all other sounds on the beach. Darius finally lowered his camera phone, but his fantasy wheels were already spinning. He whispered to Pablo, "Hell, dude, could you imagine all that .... but with Zack instead?"

Pablo shook his head. "Ain't never gonna happen, man. No way."

"Would make a hell of a video, though. That one would go viral."

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Randy had dominated Steve, but everyone knew that in doing so he had also dismissed the overpowering image that Zack had left behind him. He had successfully challenged the beautiful black man in his absence, and proven his undoubted, total supremacy. There was a triumphant air about him, an arrogance, as he helped Bob load their gear up for the trip back to the city.

They were distracted by the shouts of the boys as they gathered around Steve, still awestruck at the memory of the beautiful muscle-stud lying on the sand, exhausted after his ritual fucking. Pablo, as usual, was taking the lead in packing up the trucks. He was barefoot, naked except for grubby shorts, his body streaked with sand and dirt.

Bob grinned. "I think the word for your kid is 'urchin.' I don't think I've ever seen him without his face covered in dirt or motor oil. He sure takes after you."

Randy frowned. "You're right, buddy. But you know, I need your help with him. You know what I said earlier about the three of us being a family. Well I can teach the kid a lot, like how to be tough, how to conquer his fear, as I did out at the lake. But it's time he learned some of the finer things of life. As you say, he's a bit wild and I'd like him to realize there's more to life than muscle and motor oil.

"You mean take him out of his dungarees for a while."

"That's it, buddy. Teach him a little refinement. I think you could help there."

Bob paused, lost in thought for a moment. Then he said, "I wonder. Do you think Darius could drive Steve back in my SUV? I'll come with you and Pablo in your truck? I have an idea."

"I thought you might," Randy grinned. "Hey, Darius. You're gonna drive Steve back in Bob's car. Just one thing ..... no watching that video while you're driving!"

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And so the convoy left the dunes. Darius was thrilled to be alone with Steve, though he was longing to watch the video he had made and jerk off to it. That would have to wait.

They were followed by Mark and Jamie after they had locked up the shack. Mark made one stop as they went through town .... at the modest office of the Guadalupe Police Department. The small-town cops were happy to chat to him, a bit awestruck by the handsome, commanding presence of the big-city cop. They willingly agreed to stop hassling Zack .... be more friendly to him when he came into town.

And last of all Randy's truck bounced over the sand, with Pablo happily seated between the two men he loved best in the world. He did most of the talking, about everything that had happened

over the course of this long weekend. And it had been quite a weekend. But finally Randy got a word in edgeways and spoke to Bob.

“So buddy, what’s on your agenda this week? Busy?”

“Kinda, yeah. Couple of out-of-town trips to see clients of my firm ..... just to hold their hand, keep them happy.“

“Not too happy, though,” Randy grinned. “Where you going?”

“Oh, driving up to San Luis Obispo on Wednesday for a few hours. Then on Friday I catch a plane to San Francisco for the weekend.” Randy detected a subtle change in Bob’s tone and he glanced over at him and smiled. “Here it comes,” he thought.

There was a silence, then Bob asked casually, “Do you like San Francisco, Pablo?”

Pablo was taken aback by the unexpected question. “Never been, sir,” he replied.

“No? Well, we’ll have to remedy that. I don’t have too much business to do up there. Probably be bored shitless. I could sure use some company. How about it?”

Pablo’s eyes shone. “You mean it, sir? You mean me?”

“Sure, just you and me. Together.” Randy smiled to himself.

“Wow, that would be .....” He broke off, looking at Randy for approval, and got a shrug.

“Hey,” Randy said, “I’m busy this weekend. This is between you guys.”

“But listen,” Bob cautioned Pablo. “This wouldn’t be a shorts and tank-top trip. We’d fly up, stay at the Fairmont, eat in a few fancy restaurants, as well as doing some of the tourist things ..... cable cars, you know. We’d probably have to get you some new clothes. When did you last wear a coat and tie?”

“A tie? Never did, sir.”

“Well tying a tie is something else you’ll learn. And don’t worry about feeling out of place. You’d always have me at your side. You game?”

“Wow. Sounds a bit scary, sir. I mean I’ve never done anything like that. But I’d love to give it a try, sir.” He thought a bit, getting used to the idea. “Yeah, sounds awesome. And, in the hotel, we ..... we’d be in the same room?”

“Same room, same bed, if that’s OK with the boss.” He smiled at Randy.

Randy shrugged again. "Hey, I understand some pretty weird things go on during these business trips. Just so long as I don't know about it." He paused, and grinned. "On second thoughts, maybe I should be told about it ..... in fact every last detail when you get back."

"So you don't mind, sir?" Pablo asked.

"Mind! It's about time you learned some manners, kiddo, and I'm no good at that. I can teach you what fist to use but you need Bob to tell you what fork to use. I don't want you to end up a brawler like me. Not that there's anything wrong with growing up a gypsy like I did. I just want you to grow up to be a combination of me and Bob."

"Part gypsy, part gentleman, sir," Pablo said with a grin.

Bob smiled at Randy, who shook his head and said. "You know, kid, that mouth is gonna get you in trouble one of these days."

"I hope so, sir," smiled Pablo.

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Wednesday came and Bob took off early for the three-hour drive to San Luis Obispo up the coast. The business meeting went well and finished earlier than he had anticipated. He was pleased to be back on the road headed south so soon. As he sped along the freeway, his mind wandered to the stunning events of the previous weekend, and he found himself thinking of the incredible man who had made such a striking appearance among them.

He wondered how Zack was doing, all alone in his remote shack, nursing his grief at the loss of his wife, and his guilt at having cheated on her. Making it worse was the confusing knowledge that he had cheated on her with another guy, for the first and only time in his life. Bob's heart went out to him. He just seemed so lost and alone, never mind that he was one of the most magnificent men Bob had ever seen.

Then he saw something that took his breath away. It was like déjà vu ..... an omen maybe. As he drove south on the 101 Freeway he was approaching Santa Maria when he saw the exit sign ..... 'Guadalupe Dunes County Park.' He had forgotten that the 101 ran so close to Guadalupe. He was only a few miles from the beach ..... from Zack. It was as if he switched to auto-pilot as his car took the exit and a few miles later was bouncing over the sand.

He was surprised to feel his heart beating faster, and he suddenly panicked, wondering what the hell he was doing here. He knew approximately how far along the beach the shack was and he finally parked. Still wearing his business clothes, suit and tie, he stumbled over the soft dunes toward the sea. Then there it was, like a mirage emerging from the sand. The shack sat like a lost soul, forlorn, deserted.

“Shit,” Bob muttered. It sure looked deserted, and the door was closed, no smoke coming from the chimney. “He probably left,” Bob thought. “I was crazy thinking he would still be here.” He turned round dejectedly and began to walk back when he heard a shout. He turned again and saw a tall figure running out of the waves and up the beach. It was the same, beautiful black man, of course, his muscles soaked in spray, gleaming in the sun.

Bob felt a surge of pleasure and ran across the beach toward him. They stopped in front of each other, smiling, but found themselves embarrassed, tongue-tied. Bob blushed as he stammered, “Hi, Zack. I was just passing ..... on the 101 ..... went to San Luis ..... business trip.... I didn’t think I’d ..... I didn’t mean to ..... then I saw the sign .....

“Good to see you again, Bob.” Zack’s deep, friendly voice stopped Bob’s rambling in its tracks. His dazzling smile flashed as he held out his hand. Bob felt calmer, safe, as his hand was gripped in a firm grasp.

“Hell, man,” Zack laughed, “why the fuck are you dressed like that on a day like this? Look at me,” and he held his arms out wide, displaying his perfect carved-ebony physique, naked except for his usual thin, ragged shorts. “Come on, buddy. Get comfortable. Come for a swim.

Bob found himself taking off his clothes in front of this glorious man. Zack watched with a smile as Bob threw off his jacket and tie, then pulled off his shirt to expose his chiseled, muscular torso. Then he quickly kicked off his loafers and dropped his pants. He stood there in just his boxers, and mimicked Zack’s earlier gesture, stretching out his arms. “Well, here I am.”

“Yes, sir ..... there you are .... you sure are,” said Zack softly, shaking his head in admiration of the perfect, muscular body and Superman face. “Not bad. Not bad at all. OK, now we swim.”

And like kids who’ve just got their first glimpse of the sea they bounded joyfully into the waves.

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They gloried in the physical exercise, swimming together stroke for stroke, laughing as they rose on the waves and dropped suddenly into the troughs. It wasn’t long before Bob began to feel his muscles lose some of their strength, and just at that moment he felt the pull of the rip-tide.

“Jesus,” he shouted to Zack and swam back toward the shore. But the pull of the tide was exhausting and soon he was treading water, regaining his breath. “Hell,” Bob spluttered, “That tide is brutal. No wonder the boys got in trouble.”

“Here, relax, let me help.” Zack said. He swam up behind Bob and turned him on his back. Swimming on his back beneath him, Zack laced his powerful arms under his shoulders and over his chest. “Basic life-saving grip. Let me do the work.”

Bob felt the hard muscular body beneath him, pressing against his back, felt the strong kick of the legs propelling them both backward through the water. But most of all he felt the bulge in Zack's shorts against his ass, bouncing hard against him with each kick of the legs. Instantly Bob's cock became rock hard in his shorts.

"Relax," Zack said in his ear. "You're too tense. Go limp."

"Easier said than done," thought Bob looking down at the tent pole in his shorts.

Zack didn't seem to notice. "This life-saving technique is a piece of cake. Here, you try." Expertly he maneuvered so their positions were reversed and Bob was underneath him. Bob put his arms under Zack's shoulders and around the bulging pecs. Now it was his legs doing the kicking and now he felt his own cock rub against the perfect mounds of the black man's ass. It was true, it was a simple hold, but he nearly lost it when he glanced downward and saw a massive erection under Zack's shorts.

"That's it, perfect. You got it, man," Zack said. "OK, that's enough life-saving drill for one day. Let's hit the beach. Time for a drink."

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A few minutes later they were sitting on the porch nursing cold beers. "I thought you gave this up," Bob said.

"Nah, just liquor. Beer's OK. In fact beer's great." They clinked bottles. "So, you were just passing through. The guys not with you this time. They seemed like a lively bunch when I met them. By the way, tell Mark thanks for squaring things with the cops here. They're real friendly with me now. All your guys seemed real friendly too ..... except for that Randy. Don't think he liked me much."

Bob grinned. "He felt threatened by you. After you left he made that clear to me. Let me have it real good."

A look of anger crossed Zack's face, he clenched his fists and half rose from his chair. "He didn't hurt you did he? 'Cause if he did I ....."

Bob pulled him back down in his chair. "No, no. It's a bit more complicated than that. Sure, Randy was real rough on me but ....." He trailed off with a smile.

Zack looked at him with a sudden realization, and completed his sentence. "..... but you liked it. You got off on it."

Bob did not reply, but they held each other's gaze and it was as if an electric charge shot between them as their cocks stiffened. Bob tried to recover. "See, Randy and I ..... hell, you spilled your guts to me last time so I might as well level with you, man. Thing is, I get off on beautiful men, and Randy and I..... well, we're very much together."

"Yeah, I guessed that," said Zack a bit mournfully.

"But you know, if things were different ..... Hell, Zack, don't you know you're one of the most beautiful hunks of masculinity ever to walk the planet. I might as well tell you I got a roaring hard on when you were holding me out there."

Zack grinned. "Yeah, me too."

"I thought so."

"I was hoping you wouldn't notice."

Bob laughed. "Hard not to with that club of yours under your shorts." He paused. "Since I seem to be spilling my guts .....when I left you last time I was so turned on I beat off thinking about you. Shot a huge load into the waves."

Zack smiled again. "I'm impressed .... and flattered. Wish I'd seen it. Anyway, you should talk, Bob. What about you, with your perfect body and a face like Superman? You're about the most beautiful guy I've ever seen. Shit, I've only ever done it once with a guy but if you were....." He stopped in embarrassment.

Bob said softly, "Jesus, Zack, I wish you'd come down to L.A."

"Yeah, I think you're right." He laughed, "Maybe your buddy could get me a construction job."

"As a matter of fact he just moved Darius over to be his assistant so there's a vacancy for site manager. That's what you did here, no? But Randy does all the crew hiring."

Zack laughed. "And from what you say he'd give me a job the day hell freezes over."

"Well, you've got our phone number."

There was an uneasy silence and Bob was painfully aware of the permanent erection in his shorts. "Listen, Zack, I gotta go. If I stayed, I ....."

"I know, man. I know. Here, don't put that suit back on. Take these," and he threw him an old T-shirt, a pair of shorts and sneakers." He smiled. "Give them back to me when I see you in L.A."

They stood and gazed at each other. They were breathing hard, their hearts beating almost audibly. Bob said, "Hell, Zack, might as well go for broke," and he grasped Zack in a warm bear hug. Then he whispered in his ear, "Here's something I bet you've never done before." He pulled Zack's head toward him and their mouths came together in a hard, passionate embrace, their near-naked, muscular bodies pressing tight against each other.

It was a long time before they separated. Embarrassed, Bob quickly pulled on the clothes Zack had given him, picked up his business suit and, with one last, lingering look, he turned and stumbled away.

Over his shoulder he heard Zack's deep voice. "I'm glad you came by, Bob. Real glad."

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Bob never lied to Randy. He told him that he had stopped by to see Zack and had a beer with him. "And before you ask, no, he didn't fuck me." Randy actually smiled and said. "I know he didn't. I could tell." And, to Bob's surprise, Randy dropped the subject. He seemed lost in thought.

It was probably as well that Friday came and the trip to San Francisco. Pablo was hopping around like a cat on hot bricks, dressed smartly (for him) in clean jeans, loafers and a neat Polo shirt. Randy drove them to Burbank airport and hugged them goodbye. There were actually tears in his eyes as he said to Pablo, "OK kid, this is it. You go as a gypsy and come back a gentleman."

"You won't recognize me, sir," he said, with his trademark grin.

And so his education began. Pablo was in heaven. He had always looked up to Bob, with a mix of respect and sexual desire. After all, Bob was the man he had chosen to be the first to make love to him, to fuck him, and the boy still got a hard-on every time he saw him. Randy was the boy's master, of course, his adoptive father, but Pablo always had a warm, lustful place in his heart for this muscle-god. And they were going to spend the weekend in San Francisco, just the two of them.

Pablo, as usual, talked a lot in the plane, but he was on his best behavior when they checked into the Fairmont. Bob was impressed that the boy didn't seem at all intimidated by the opulent surroundings. Bob got his business meeting out of the way and then they went to buy clothes for Pablo. He chose his own outfit .... tan sports coat and slacks, pale blue shirt, yellow tie.

That evening in the hotel room Bob said. "OK, Pygmalion, let's see if we can pull this off ..... from gypsy to gentleman. He watched Pablo dress, then helped him tie his tie. He had to admit that Pablo was unrecognizable in his new, fancy clothes. As the boy preened, smiling, Bob was impressed that, with his exotic, dark mestizo looks, Pablo was not just smart and handsome, but sexy as hell.



“OK, kid. Let’s hit the fancy restaurant. Just stick with me and you’ll do fine.”

“Right behind you, sir.”

Bob had deliberately chosen a very upscale, expensive restaurant, not the kind of place he usually enjoyed, but this was something of an educational trip for the boy. And Pablo sailed through the experience like a pro. Bob helped him sort through the menu and they both decided on fish, Dover sole for Pablo, salmon for Bob. Pablo watched carefully as Bob ordered the wine, then tasted a sample before it was poured.

It was when the main course was served that Bob knew Pablo was going to be just fine. The boy looked down at the small pieces of fish artistically arranged, Nouvelle Cuisine-style in the middle of his plate. Wasn’t much for a growing boy, he thought, so he looked up and called, “Oh, waiter. Could you bring me an order of fries with this?”

The elderly waiter looked as if he had been struck. He looked down his nose. “Fries, sir?”

“Yeah, fries. As in French fries. And some ketchup. Fries and ketchup, please.”

The waiter took a deep breath and was about to speak, when Bob fixed him with his best executive stare and said evenly, “The gentleman would like an order of French fries and some tomato ketchup.”

The waiter had been put firmly in his place. “Yes, sir, of course. Right away sir.”

Bob grinned at Pablo who shrugged and said, “Hell, we’re paying for it, probably through the nose. Might as well get our money’s worth.”

“Right on, kid,” Bob laughed. “You’re Randy’s boy alright. Hell, if they can’t come up with fries and ketchup what kind of a joint is this, anyway?”

Their laughter rang round the restaurant and the meal was a breeze after that.

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They were slightly drunk on wine when they got back to the room and Bob said, “Jeez, I’m beat. I’m asleep on my feet.”

In a matter-of-fact way he started to undress as Pablo watched. The jacket came off, then the tie and the shirt, and Bob walked shirtless into the bathroom to brush his teeth. Pablo sighed and felt the huge erection filling his shorts. But there seemed to be no sexual impulse on Bob’s part ..... just a business executive preparing for bed after a hard day.

Disappointed, Pablo took off his coat, tie and shirt as Bob came back into the room. They both kicked off their loafers and stripped down to their shorts ..... boxers for Bob and white boxer briefs for Pablo. The boy knew that the tight briefs showed off his beautiful ass to perfection. Bob pulled back the covers and fell into bed.

“Shit,” Pablo thought to himself gloomily. “Just like a businessman and his assistant hitting the sack. No sex tonight, I guess.”

He climbed in beside Bob and they both lay on their backs, two feet from each other. There was a long silence and Pablo guessed that Bob was falling asleep. “Sir?” he said.

“Yeah,” Bob replied drowsily.

“Sir, do you think that when a businessman and his assistant go on a business trip they sometimes have sex?”

“Beats me, kid. I guess anything can happen when they’re out of town.”

Another long pause, then Pablo cleared his throat. “Sir ..... do you think you could fuck me, sir?”

Bob smiled to himself. He had been waiting for this directness. It was typical of Pablo and always turned Bob on. But he wasn’t giving in that easily.”

“No, kid.”

Pablo gave a deep, disappointed sigh. “OK, sir. Just thought I’d ask.”

Bob turned to face him. “No, Pablo, I’m not just gonna fuck you. Here’s what’s gonna happen instead. First I’m gonna make love to you for a long, long time. Then I’m gonna pull off those briefs, which I know you chose just to show off that sweet ass of yours. Well it worked .... made me hard as a rock. So then, and only then, I’m gonna fuck you.”

“When all that’s over you’re gonna fall asleep in my arms. During the night I’ll probably fuck you some more, and certainly in the morning we’ll make love again and you’ll have to give me your ass all over again. How’s all that work for you?”

Pablo’s body was quivering with anticipation. He said simply, “I love you, sir.”

And so they made love, with Bob kissing the boy’s face, licking his smooth brown skin, biting his nipples. He finally pulled down the briefs and buried his face between the perfect round globes of Pablo’s ass. Then he spoke softly. “What do you want now, boy?”

“Sir,” Pablo said breathlessly. “I want your dick in my ass, sir. I want it real bad.”

Bob rolled on top of him and smiled as he pushed his legs back. Pablo looked up into the Superman face, the gentle deep brown eyes as he felt the rigid shaft ease into his warm, moist hole and slide deep, deep inside him. He moaned in total ecstasy as he gazed at the muscular body pushing forward, and he gasped as he felt the head of the dick pass over his inner sphincter and come to rest deep inside him.

The fucking was warm, tender, and went on and on, both men moaning in ecstasy as the bodybuilder rose and fell, riding the twin mounds of the incredible young ass. Bob leaned forward and licked the smooth brown body between the pecs, then up over the throat until his mouth closed over the soft mouth. And always the huge, hard dick sliding between the globes of the perfect ass.

Finally Pablo heard the gentle voice. "OK, Pablo. You ready? I'm gonna shoot in your ass now. Cum with me." And with deep breaths and soft moans they both felt the juices spurt from their cocks in simultaneous orgasms .... loving rather than tumultuous ..... the ultimate sensual expression of their deep affection for each other.

And so Pablo did get his ass fucked by the beautiful man he worshipped. He got it fucked many times that night. They both shot multiple loads of cum, which covered their bodies and joined them as one when they finally pressed together in sleep.

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Next morning, after an opulent room-service breakfast the two men hit the town like tourists ..... cable cars, Coit Tower, Golden Gate ..... the works. They ate, laughed, climbed the hills, rested, and when they got back to the hotel, they made love and fucked again and again. Their relationship entered a whole new phase, more intimate and affectionate than Randy could ever have hoped for. Bob knew that their master would be thrilled with the change in his boy.

And Sunday evening when they arrived at Burbank airport he was proved right. After they got off the plane and walked along the long corridor, they saw the magnificent, dark rugged face head and shoulders above the waiting crowd. Pablo was excited, having insisted on wearing his dress clothes, coat and tie, and being perfectly groomed to impress his master.

When they came past security, Bob and Randy hugged, a stunning sight for the many heads that turned in their direction in admiration of these spectacularly handsome men. "Good trip, I take it," smiled Randy.

"The best," said Bob. But as they chatted Randy completely ignored Pablo.

Finally Randy said, "Oh, by the way, Bob, did you happen to see a scruffy kid on the plane? I was supposed to meet him. Probably wearing dungarees, oil smudges on his face. No

manners, mouths off all the time ..... lots of lip. Cute though ..... answers to the name of 'kiddo'."

"That would be me, sir," said Pablo, hopping up and down and tugging at the back of Randy's shirt.

Randy turned and looked at him for the first time. "What? Nah ..... couldn't be you. You're too much of a young gentleman. Kid I'm talking about is a scruffy, tough young guy. Knows how to use his fists."

Pablo raised both hands to his head and mussed up his hair. He loosened his tie, put his fists up and moved like a boxer. "You wanna try me, big guy?"

Randy laughed and took Pablo in a tight bear hug. "Hell, kid, you sure clean up well. Quite a transformation. Bob really did a number on you, uh?"

"You can say that again," Pablo said with a wide grin. "It was totally awesome, sir. All of it." The floodgates were open and Pablo talked endlessly without pausing for breath as the three men strolled toward the airport exit. Bob finally got a word in.

"Everything OK at the house, buddy?"

"Sure, calm as a mill-pond. Oh, by the way, we have a visitor."

"Oh, yeah? Who?"

Without missing a beat Randy said, "Zack. I just hired him. He's the new site manager. He's up in your office right now filling out the paperwork with Jamie."

Bob stopped dead in his tracks. He was in shock, unable to believe what he had heard.

"What!? Zack! ..... you mean ..... Zack?"

"Yeah, that Zack. He phoned, came into town and I gave him the job." He looked at Bob's stunned face. "Why? It's what you wanted, isn't it."

"Well, sure. It's terrific, but I never imagined that you ..... I mean you don't even ....." He stopped to collect his thoughts. Then he asked the obvious question. "Why, Randy? Why?"

Randy threw his arm around his lover's shoulder as they walked out of the airport.

"Because I love you, man. Simple as that."

# # #

## Chapter 69 – Zack is Hired

With Pablo in the truck with them they didn't discuss Zack on the drive home, though his image, and his presence, hung heavy in the air. When the truck drew up at the gate Darius was there waiting for them. He looked in amazement at Pablo, who had insisted on wearing the smart dress clothes Bob had bought for him in San Francisco ..... coat, tie, the works. It was an attempt to clean up the grease-monkey from his usual dungarees and oil-streaked face.

Darius grinned. "Hell dude, I almost didn't recognize you. Very classy. Guess I'll have to make an appointment with your secretary next time I want to fuck your ass." He stood back and frowned. "Nah, I still prefer the naked look. Come with me and see how long it takes me to get those clothes off you."

As they walked to the gate Darius put his arm round Pablo's shoulder and the gossip began. "Dude, you'll never guess who's here." ..... "I know! Jeez, who'd have thought ....." and they disappeared into the house.

Randy smiled at Bob. "Buddy, I gotta thank you for everything you did for Pablo this trip. He's still the same tough young kid, but at least you showed him the other side of life. And he looks great. Now come downstairs to the gym with me. Something I gotta tell you."

In the basement gym the two men faced each other and Bob waited for the explanation. "OK, here's why," said Randy. "I knew right from the start how you felt about Zack. The man is fucking gorgeous and I could feel the vibe between you, the one you usually have for me. My first reaction was fear ..... of losing you. Then I realized, for the millionth time, how much I love you. And I made up my mind then and there, to give my man everything he wants."

"So Zack called you?"

"Oh, he really wanted you, but I asked him to drive down anyway. And when he got here I could have just beaten the shit out of him and warned him to stay away. But there's an old saying, 'Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.' Not that he's an enemy. I think he's a terrific guy and he'll be a hell of a site manager. But first of all I have to square things away with him, make a few things clear ..... get to know him my way. We'll probably go out of town for a couple of days. After that I'm gonna let you spend the night with him."

Bob looked startled. "And something else too ..... I'm gonna let him fuck your ass. I know he's never done that but I also know he's the kind of guy will settle for nothing less. More important, I know you want it."

There was a heavy silence as Bob gazed into Randy's eyes. He was blown away by what Randy had said. He always saw love, and lust, in those eyes but now he saw something far deeper, a love so profound that Randy was prepared to give him what he wanted, to offer him to

another man. He also saw a kindness and wisdom there, born of his street smarts, probably, in his early life as head of a gypsy family. They were the same qualities Bob had seen in Randy's display of paternal warmth and love for his boy Pablo.

The man was incredible. Sure he could be arrogant, quick to anger, brutal when he dished out punishment. But now Bob was seeing another side of the big, rugged construction worker ..... affection, generosity and passion. Bob felt weak as he gazed at Randy in awe. He was totally, overwhelmingly in love with him .... and he needed to show it.

Bob sank to his knees. He was still dressed in his business clothes, still the suit-and-tie executive. But that didn't matter. He knew what he needed. He reached up to Randy's waist, and unbuttoned his jeans. He watched mesmerized as the long, thick, veined cock sprang out and grew quickly into a stiff rod. He looked up at Randy and said, "Thank you, sir. I love you, sir."

Then he pressed his lips on the head of the cock, pushed his face forward and let the thick shaft enter his mouth, slide downward, deeper and deeper until it came to rest far down in his throat. Bob had swallowed his master's cock and he let it rest inside him for a long time. Then he proceeded to give Randy the best blow job of his life. He pulled his face back until the head of the cock was between his lips, then fell forward, letting his master's shaft plunge deep inside him.

Randy moaned as he looked down at this spectacular man, this Superman face, pounding into his crotch, setting his cock on fire. This was his lover, his life, the man he worshipped. And he was on his knees before him. He was a proud, successful business executive, and here he knelt performing an act of total obedience, of total obsession.

Bob's throat was aching, raw, but he loved the pain. He loved swallowing his master's meat, loved the feel and smell of the sweaty pubic hair smashing into his face, loved the taste, the essence of the man he belonged to. He increased the rhythm, felt the cock bulging in his mouth, his throat, felt the throbbing pain in his jaws. His eyes streamed with tears ..... of pain and of joy. There was one thing he wanted now, more than anything in the world. He wanted to drink his master.

He worked hard, a labor of love, and soon he got desire. He heard Randy's deep moans of sheer ecstasy, looked up and saw the handsome, dark, demon face in a frenzy of animal pleasure, the blue eyes wide, thick black hair flying, face gleaming with sweat. He felt the huge cock pulse in his mouth, felt the surge of the liquid inside the shaft as it moved up from his groin. He heard his master scream, "Now, man. NOW!" And deep inside his throat he felt the flood of semen erupt, pouring into him.

And so Bob drank his master. Hungrily he swallowed the creamy, sweet juice as it streamed into his throat. He gulped desperately, determined not to spill a drop. It was like drinking nectar, the juice he needed, the essence of his master, pouring inside him. It seemed never to

stop. His throat was bruised, his jaws ached, his whole body was on fire as he swallowed stream after stream of the warm liquid spilling from his master.

Randy was flying, his body convulsing. He felt the throat muscles clench again and again round his cock as his lover swallowed the erupting liquid. It was as if the pulsing throat was squeezing the juice out of him in a never ending flood. Both men were in a trance as the spasms finally slowed, and then stopped.

Bob wanted to stay there forever, on his knees, worshipping his master, but finally he let the cock fall from his mouth. He swallowed the last drops in his mouth and slowly, painfully stood up to face the man he loved. Randy put his hands on either side of Bob's face and held it tight. He was smiling.

"That was the best fucking blow job I have ever had in my life, buddy. And now ..... now that you've shown me just how much you love me, you can go upstairs and say hello to Zack. Go see how Jamie's getting on with him."

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Bob found that his heart was pounding as he climbed the stairs. When he entered his office Jamie and Zack were sitting together, bent over papers and forms. They both stood up and, as Bob and Zack's eyes met, there was a moment of awkwardness that was mercifully broken by Jamie's eager voice.

"Hello, sir. I think I've done everything right. I had the gentleman fill out the employment application and the W-4 Form. We've just finished the contract ..... I used the standard contract that we've used before. We had just started on the insurance forms."

"That all sounds perfect, Jamie. You've done great. Now, could you leave us for a few minutes? I need to speak to Zack. Come back in about ten minutes for the rest of the paperwork. I'm sure you're eager to talk to the guys."

Jamie ran quickly out of the room, leaving silence behind him. Bob gazed at Zack. He looked amazing, dressed in black jeans, boots, and a white tank top that gleamed against the smooth, dark ebony skin of his muscular physique.

Smiling nervously Bob tried to break the ice. "First time I've ever seen you with clothes on." Then, impulsively he walked toward the tall black man to embrace him. But Zack forestalled him, holding out his arm stiffly for a handshake. Bob stopped, disappointed, and they shook hands.

"Has to be this way, buddy," Zack said. "See, Randy told me about the job's pay and benefits, but ..... well, he also made very clear that you are not one of the benefits. 'At least not yet,' he said, which I didn't understand."

Bob smiled. "I think I do. Randy always sets the agenda. He knows what he's doing."

Zack changed the subject. "So does that kid Jamie. He really seems to know his stuff"

"Yeah he's turned out to be a great assistant for me. And Mark's nuts about him. Did you notice the tattoo Mark gave him?"

"Yeah, but I doubt that Greek God needs to brand a man to keep him."

"No, but Jamie needed it. Did wonders for him. You should see him offer himself to Mark after the cop's been riding his Harley all day. Now that's quite a sight."

The image made Zack's cock stir again and he said quietly, "Yeah. I'd like to see that."

The subject was getting too intimate and there was another awkward pause. Then Bob smiled. "So, I guess I should say 'Welcome aboard,' or something like that."

Zack rushed to explain. "Hey man, just so you know, when I phoned I was expecting to speak to you. Needed to talk. Didn't know you were out of town. Jamie put me through to Randy who suggested I drive down here. Didn't know what to expect .... a warning maybe, a fight. But we talked a lot, mostly about construction, latest techniques, my past work as a site manager, importance of team building, stuff like that. And then, whammo, all of a sudden he offered me the job.

"And you took it."

Zack gazed into Bob's eyes. "Couldn't resist an opportunity like that, man." Bob felt his dick get hard and noticed the bulge in Zack's pants. "There's another thing. Until I get settled Randy offered to let me stay in your basement room ..... a kind of bedroom-cum-gym, he said. I didn't know how you'd feel about that."

Again Bob felt a surge in his cock. "Great," he stammered. "Great idea. Give you a chance to get to know us all."

There was a knock on the door. It was Jamie. Bob was thankful for the interruption. "Come in Jamie. Why don't you go through the rest of the paperwork? I need another word with Randy."

"He's down in the gym, sir, waiting for you."

Bob and Zack locked eyes, for a little too long, and then Bob left.

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As always, Randy had a way of surprising Bob ... and turning him on. He had stripped down to shorts and an old tank top and was working out hard. As he did pull-ups the muscles in his shoulders and arms bulged, veins standing out, his lats flared in a wide V and his dark, handsome face gleamed with sweat. He dropped from the bar when Bob came in.

“So how did it go?” Randy grinned. “Did he fuck you?”

Bob shook his head at Randy’s joke. “Jesus, man. We just talked, shook hands. He wouldn’t even let me hug him.”

“Damn right,” Randy laughed. “Not till I say he can.”

Bob gazed at the beautiful man standing smiling before him, body running with sweat. He was overwhelmed and pitched forward, falling into his master’s arms. The surge of emotion in Bob overflowed in tears as their faces pressed together. “God, I love you, man,” he sobbed.

“Then show me,” Randy said, holding him at arm’s length. “First of all, let me see you get out of those damn clothes.”

Bob took a few steps back and started to strip as Randy watched, his arms folded across his chest. Bob knew that this ritual always turned Randy on. He shrugged off the coat and loosened his tie. He stretched, upward, displaying the outlines of his bodybuilder physique under his shirt. Then he shed the tie and unbuttoned his shirt. He pulled it out of his waistband and threw it to the floor. Underneath was a white tank top, stretched over his sculpted chest. He knew he looked good and basked in Randy’s hungry gaze.

Randy slowly shook his head. “That’s one reason I love the hell out of you man. You are so absolutely fucking gorgeous. God, look at you. I wanna see that chest.” He stepped forward, put both hands on the tank and, in one quick move, ripped it from Bob’s body. “Yeah, that’s it fucker. That’s how I like you.”

He stepped back and admired his lover, now stripped to the waist. “OK, get naked.” Bob quickly kicked off his loafers, pulled off his socks and pants and stood naked before his master, his cock standing out hard as a rock.

Randy smiled at him. “I love this, man. Just you and me, turning each other on. I could play like this all day.”

“Me too, sir. What do you want next, sir?”

“Well, after that sensational blow-job you gave me earlier it’s time for me to make you shoot your load. Go sit in the chair over there.”

Bob settled back in the big chair in the corner and watched. As he had hoped, Randy continued his gym workout ..... bench presses, cable pulls, pushups, dumbbell flies. And every straining move outlined his breathtaking body even more perfectly, as the muscles pumped and flexed, pouring with sweat. Bob loved watching the handsome, rugged face crunch and twist in the pain of exertion. He could smell the stink of man-sweat.

“Oh, man,” Bob breathed. “You are such a fucking turn-on ... such a gorgeous fucking stud.” Instinctively he reached for his own cock and started to stroke it. “You’re gonna make me shoot my load, sir.”

“Oh, no! Not that easy, asshole.” Randy moved fast, picking up the shreds of Bob’s tank and twisting it tight.

“Yes, sir,” Bob moaned. He knew exactly what to do and stretched his arms behind the chair, pressing his wrists together. In a few seconds Randy had bound them tight behind him with the tank, and stood back to admire his lover in bondage. The body was sensational as the shoulders and arms bulged with the strain of being stretched so tight behind the chair. The dark, square-jawed face looked up at his captor in helpless anticipation.

“That’s it, man. Now you look perfect. Superman in bondage. And now it gets interesting.” Randy stood still, teasing Bob who held his breath, wondering what came next. He watched as Randy raised his arms and quickly pulled off his soaking wet tank. He stood for a moment, stripped down to his shorts. He smiled at Bob, walked forward closer to him, and then quickly dropped his shorts.

Bob gasped. Under the shorts Randy was wearing an old jock strap, stained with sweat, piss and old dry cum. Breathing deeply Bob could smell, almost taste, the rancid stink of the man’s old juices. He saw the huge bulge of the rigid cock straining under the filthy cotton. “No,” he gasped, straining to get free, his body writhing helplessly. “Please, sir. Please let me touch you. Please untie me ..... just one arm so I can touch my cock. I’m begging you sir. I need to touch you.”

Randy threw his head back with a harsh laugh. “You surely didn’t think it’d be that easy, did you, asshole? We’ve a way to go yet, man, before I let you shoot your wad.”

Then Randy seemed to lose interest in him. He simply continued his workout. Bob watched in helpless agony as the incredible body put itself through a muscle-crunching routine. He watched the near-naked man hang from the chin bar, arms wide, veins etched in the straining muscles. Then came leg raises that flexed the chiseled eight-pack abs into bulging relief.

Most of all Bob could not take his eyes off the stained jock-strap, its wide band tight round the slim waist. The sweat streaming down the body soaked the thin cotton making it transparent so that even the veins in the rigid cock underneath were visible. Bob was beside himself, pleading,

shouting obscenities as he strained to get free, to touch the man, to touch himself and relieve the agony of his straining, pent-up orgasm.

Then he went limp. "Please, sir. I'm begging you now, sir. You own me, you can do anything to me, but I'm begging you, please let me cum."

Randy stopped exercising and said. "And why should I do that, asshole?"

Bob looked up into his cold, blue eyes. "Because I love you, sir."

Randy smiled. "Good answer, man. OK, I'll have mercy on you." He walked toward the bound man in the chair and loomed over him. He pushed his hips forward until the stinking jock-strap was pressing into Bob's mouth. Bob hungrily feasted on the rank-smelling bulge, licking the fabric, putting his mouth over the head of the cock underneath. He was like a ravenous, starving man, licking, biting, sucking at the cock and balls. He became delirious from the overwhelming stench filling his nostrils, the rancid taste assaulting his mouth as he sucked in the juices from his master's sweating, stinking crotch.

"OK, man," he heard Randy's deep voice. "I'm gonna give you five seconds to shoot your load." As he began to count he reached down and suddenly, viciously, twisted Bob's nipples hard in his fingers.

The searing pain shot through Bob's heaving chest, his head flew back, he gazed up wide-eyed at the savage demon above him, felt his sweat pouring down on him. Then he screamed, his body convulsed, he felt flames rising from his crotch, and his cock exploded in a stream of hot semen that flew high and landed in his hair, on his face, his neck, his chest. A second eruption poured upward and splashed onto the sinewy chest of his master above him. Bob's body was pulsing uncontrollably, as his incredible orgasm continued, unleashing stream after stream of hot, creamy juice.

Randy stood back and gazed in awe at the bound muscle-stud, his head hanging in submission, his exhausted body, covered in semen, convulsing in the chair. He smiled as he towered over the man he had just demolished so completely, enslaving him once more, reducing him to a pleading, helpless ruin, a man he owned, body and soul.

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"Hey, Randy! Where are you?"

Bob's head jerked up at the sound of Zack's voice. Still bound to the chair, weak and helpless, body still streaming with his own cum, his eyes flew open wide in alarm. He couldn't believe what he heard next.

"Down here, Zack," Randy shouted. "In the basement. Come on down and join us."

“No, Randy,” Bob begged frantically. “Not like this. Please don’t let him see me like this. Please let me go, sir.”

But Randy ignored him. They heard Zach’s voice again as he came down the stairs. “We’re all finished upstairs. I just wanted to know if .....

” but his words died in his throat. He stood in the doorway unable to get his mind round what he saw. Randy was wearing just an old, soaking jock strap, breathing heavily, looking downward. Zack followed his gaze and gasped at the sight of the big muscle-stud tied to a chair, body covered in what had to be semen, head bowed in abject humiliation.

The whole room was redolent of male sex, the smell of it, the heat, the vibrations that still hung in the air. What had happened here? Zack felt shock bordering on revulsion and fought to regain his senses.

“Oh, no, he gasped. I’m sorry, guys. I didn’t mean to ..... I had no idea ..... I’ll come back later when .....

”

“Hey, Zack,” Randy smiled, throwing his arm over the black man’s shoulder. “No sweat, man. Just as well you caught us in a ..... private moment.”

Zack recoiled. “No, man. No! I’m not ready for this kind of.....”

“Hey, Bob,” Randy cut him off again. “Look up. Zack’s here.”

Slowly Bob raised his head and locked eyes with Zack. There was a moment of confusion, of fear, anger, humiliation .....

 But then something passed between their eyes that Bob had experienced before only with Randy. It was a recognition, an understanding, and an overwhelming surge of lust. Zack’s shock was replaced by desire, as he felt his cock grow rigid in his jeans.

The sight of this magnificent bodybuilder, cum-soaked, helpless in bondage, with his breathtaking physique and dark, Superman features, was simply stunning. And then Zack knew. Bob had once mentioned that it turned him on when Randy treated him rough. And Zack realized that from that moment, somewhere in his deepest subconscious, he had imagined a moment such as this. Zack had only once before been attracted to a guy, but this man was different. Zack desired Bob in a way he still could not define. He just knew that he couldn’t leave this room.

Randy broke into his thoughts. “So this is the gym, Zack, and your temporary home till you get settled.” Still in a daze Zack allowed himself to be shown round the room. Randy talked easily about the gym equipment, described some of his workout techniques and gradually put Zack at his ease. But still, bound in the corner, his gaze fixed on the tall, magnificent black stud, was Bob, helpless.

Randy was saying. "Well, I hope you'll be comfortable here, man. There's a king-size bed and an adjoining bathroom. The boys will bring you whatever you want, and you'll eat your meals with us. Oh, just one thing." He turned toward Bob. "He doesn't come with the room." And both men turned to focus on the man in bondage.

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There was a long, strange silence as Randy and Zack stood shoulder to shoulder and gazed at Bob. Zack now could not take his eyes off him. The captive's muscles were still pumped from the effort to free himself. He was breathing deeply and his body was wet with sweat. Most of all was the cum. His body was covered in the stuff; his hair was matted, his face streaked, his beautiful torso streamed with it. Zack felt his heart beating wildly. He had never seen anything in his life that he found as exciting as this. He felt his cock pulsing in his pants.

Bob too was overwhelmed as he looked at not one, but two sensationally beautiful men. The one he knew as well as he knew himself, dominant, demonic, masterful. The other was a relative stranger, but felt he had known him a long time. He gazed at the tall, broad-shouldered, black muscle-god. The gleaming white tank was stretched tight over the ebony skin, over the V-shaped torso tapering down to a slim waist. The face that gazed at him was extraordinarily handsome, pale gray eyes, high cheek bones, square jaw, shaved head.

Bob was completely overpowered by the sight of these two glorious males standing before him. He groaned as he felt his cock get hard again, rising to a rigid pole. Randy grinned.

"See, Zack, what you do to him? He's crazy about you. And why not? You're one of the most magnificent studs I've ever seen. I'm looking forward to knowing you a whole lot better. And when I've done what I need to do with you I'm gonna let you spend time with him. Do whatever you like." He heard Zack take a sharp intake of breath.

"In the meantime," Randy continued, "we gotta help him out with that hard-on that's torturing him. I just made him shoot his load, but the sight of you can make him do it again. He tells me he beat off in the waves after he first met you. Well, that'll happen again, only this time without touching himself. Watch."

"OK, man," Randy said to Bob. "If you can get free you can cum again." Bob began to pull at his restraints, his body leaning forward, muscles bulging and flexing as he twisted and strained, desperate to free himself.

"Jesus Christ," breathed Zack as he gazed at the struggling bodybuilder, and his hand went down to the bulge in his own jeans. "That is phenomenal. God, I've never seen anything like that. It's fucking beautiful."

"Please, sir," Bob moaned. "Please let me cum again sir."

Randy smiled. "He's talking to you, Zack, not me. This time he's begging you."

Zack looked down at the pleading face, the straining body, and was hypnotized. He reached behind him, pulled off his tank top, and stood stripped to the waist, legs apart. He felt dominant, triumphant, and he gloried in the effect he was having on Bob.

Bob couldn't stand the sight of this breathtaking, shirtless man. "Oh God, no. Please," he moaned. "You are so fucking beautiful, man ..... its unbearable. I need to cum looking at you. I have to. Please let me cum, sir. Please help me."

As if in a trance Zack walked forward until he was standing right in front of the pleading man. His hand went down to his crotch and he ripped open his jeans. And for the first time Bob saw Zack's cock. It was a club ..... long, thick and heavily veined. Tears came to Bob's eyes and he started to drool.

Randy stood at a slight distance watching with satisfaction at what came next. Zack reached down, grabbed Bob's hair in his fist and pulled his face back. With his other hand he was stroking his massive rod.

"Is this what you wanted, asshole? You wanted my cock, didn't you? You wanted me from the minute you first saw me?"

"Yes, sir. You know I did." He gazed upward, helpless, his handsome face held rigid by Zack's fist.

"Are you gonna shoot your load for me, boy? Do you want me to make you shoot your load?"

"Yes, sir. I'm begging you, sir. Please let me cum."

Zack's tone softened. "God, you're beautiful. I love to see you tied up. It's so fucking hot. This is what I've wanted to see. And this, man, is what I've wanted to do."

He beat his meat harder and harder and his breathing became ragged. Bob watched enthralled as the cock swelled even bigger. His eyes focused on the head, on the hole at the tip, at the pre-cum dribbling from it. He saw the handsome, ebony face freeze, then open in a guttural scream that echoed round the room. "YES! Yes, man. Oh, God, this is what I've wanted. This is it, man."

A long jet of white semen blasted from the rigid cock and slammed Bob in the face. He opened his mouth and let the streams of cum fill it. He swallowed hard, again and again as he tasted the bitter-sweet essence of the man, gulped down his juice deep into his throat, into his belly.

Bob was hardly aware that his own cock was erupting again, until he saw white liquid splash onto the gleaming chest of the man dominating him.

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It was a long time before the orgasms ended and calm returned. Zack stood like a statue in front of the shuddering body tied to the chair. Gradually he became aware of the hand on his shoulder and Randy's voice in his ear. "Now you know, Zack. Now you know what it's like. Beautiful, isn't he? Just follow me and I'll take you places you never dreamed of."

Zack looked him in the eyes. "You're an awesome fucking man, Randy. Letting me do that to him ..... thanks, man.

"Now," Randy smiled. "Untie him."

Zack walked forward and, never taking his eyes off Bob's face, knelt and reached round to untie his wrists. Bob's arms dropped to his sides and they heard Randy's voice again.

"Now you can hold him. Now."

Zack leaned forward pressed against Bob's cum-soaked chest and curled his arms around him. Their lips met in a fierce embrace. Then, as they held each other tight, they felt hot liquid pouring down on them. As Randy watched these two stunningly beautiful men embrace he couldn't hold back. With just a few strokes he shot a massive load over them. It was a kind of baptism, the initiation of a whole new adventure.

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The table was being set for dinner in the garden and speculation filled the air as the three excited boys talked over each other. "So spill the beans, dude," Darius said to Jamie, "tell us about Zack, all the stuff he wrote down on the application."

Jamie became formal. "Can't do that, Darius. Bob says that personnel files are strictly confidential. Zack's an employee now, the new project manager on Site 3.

"Ah, never mind," Darius scoffed. "I used to do that job, after all. Randy's bound to want me to work with Zack."

"You wish," Pablo grinned. "The man's a walking fantasy." He froze as the man himself appeared with Randy and Bob. The boys gazed open-mouthed and Darius murmured, "Awesome. Totally awesome." As the three men walked out of the house it was obvious from their sweating, heaving bodies that they had been having some serious sex. Randy had on just gym shorts, Bob was in boxers, and Zack was barefoot and shirtless in black jeans.

“OK, guys, listen up,” Randy said. “You’ve already met Zack, and I’m sure Jamie’s told you that he’s joining our company as one of the site managers.” There was a spontaneous burst of applause from the three boys.

“Yeah, yeah,” Randy said. “Now, for the next few weeks Zack will be sleeping in the basement room here until he gets himself settled. He’ll be eating with us so you’ll set another place at the table here. Now for you, Darius. I am relieving you of your duties as my assistant for a week or two. During that time you will work closely with Zack.”

Darius dug Pablo in the ribs. “Told you so,” he whispered triumphantly.

“You’re familiar with that work site and the crew so you’ll give him all the assistance he needs. You will also help him transfer his gear into the basement. Do whatever he asks you to.”

“You bet I will,” Darius again whispered to Pablo.

Zack came forward and stood before Darius. “Hey, bro. It’ll be a pleasure working with you. I look forward to it.” They bumped fists and Zack grabbed his hand, pulling Darius to him in a quick hug. “You OK with all this, bro?”

Darius felt his legs start to buckle and his cock grow rigid. “You bet, sir. It’ll be an honor.”

Just then there was the roar of a motor cycle outside and in a few seconds Mark came through the gate. He had just finished his shift and was in his full black uniform. The effect on everyone was striking as always, but especially on Zack who had never seen Mark in uniform before. Everyone heard Zack gasp as he looked at the gorgeous Greek god striding toward them, stunning in his police gear.

“Good timing Mark,” Randy said. “I know you’ve had that Harley vibrating under you for the last eight hours and you want to spend time with Jamie, but can you spare us a few minutes?”

Mark joined Randy, Bob and Zack at the table and the boys brought them beers. Randy explained what had happened that afternoon and Mark beamed at Zack. “Congratulations, man. It’ll be great to have you as one of us. We need a good-looking guy around here for a change.” There was a roar of laughter and the two men shook hands. Then Randy looked hard at Mark.

“There’s something special I want to ask you, buddy ..... a favor ..... couple of favors actually.” He caught Bob’s eye who picked up on his cue and said to Zack, “Here, let me show you the rest of the house while these guys talk.”

Randy edged closer to Mark and spoke softly. “Look, buddy, I want to ease Zack into the group gradually. He’s new to all this. I think he fooled around a bit with a guy once, but .....



well, we can be kinda heavy duty ..... so I want to take it one step at a time. He doesn't know it yet but next weekend I'm gonna take him out to the creek in the desert."

"Uh-uh," Mark grinned. "Guess I know what that means." He recalled vividly when Randy had taken him there and introduced him to what could only be described as man-sex of the most intense kind. "Go easy on him."

"You know me better than that, buddy," Randy grinned. "Anyway, I don't like leaving Bob out of this but I have to for now. So while I'm gone I'd really appreciate it if you'd keep him company ..... take care of him ..... in whatever way you can." He looked him in the eyes. "And I mean that in every sense. Anything goes."

Mark smiled, knowing exactly what he meant. Randy cleared his throat. "There's another thing you can do right now, but only if you're comfortable with it. I know you can still feel that Harley throbbing under you and you're dying to fuck that boy of yours. So how do you feel about this?"

Randy explained what he wanted. Then they stood up, just as Bob and Zack came out into the garden. Mark winked at Randy. "Hey, Jamie," he called out. "Get your sweet ass over here. We're going upstairs."

Jamie beamed, broke away from the other guys and came running to Mark. The cop threw his arm over his shoulder and they walked toward the house. Zack was watching them, his eyes wide, his thoughts racing. Mark stopped and looked at him.

"You know, man, I never did thank you properly for saving my life that day at the beach. Let me do something for you." He paused deliberately. "See, I get real horny after riding my bike all day and my boy Jamie here always takes care of me. Would you like to come and watch?"

Zack froze. This had come out of nowhere and hit him between the eyes. So he hardly believed that it was his own voice saying, "Er, yeah, man. Sure. If that's OK with Jamie."

Jamie's eyes sparkled. "Of course, sir. It would be an honor."

And so the three men walked inside the house together.

# # #

## **Chapter 70 – Zack's Sexual Initiation**

Every nerve in Zack's body told him to turn round and leave. But he didn't. First there was the image of the beautiful cop in full uniform, like a Greek God, blonde, square jawed, magnificent

physique. Then his boy Jamie, also blonde, a handsome, virile young stud with a natural, beautifully proportioned body.

'Would you like to come and watch!?' Watch these two guys having sex? Watch the dominant cop make his boy perform whatever sexual service he orders him to? This was all new to Zack, not what he did or ever thought of doing. True he had fooled around with a guy once but that consisted of nothing more than the guy going down on him and then jerking each other off. But this was something totally different.

Zack's thoughts continued to whirl in confusion. What he had just done in the basement gym with Randy and Bob had been shattering ..... exciting, sure, but something that could never happen again. And now this ..... Mark and Jamie .... no doubt orchestrated by Randy, as everything in this house seemed to be.

No, Zack should leave, get out of the house, leave these men ..... Mark, Randy, Bob ..... No, not Bob. His mind flew to the staggering image of Bob, tied naked to a chair, begging Zack to help him shoot his load. Watching the gorgeous Superman face as Zack blasted a stream of cum into it. Even now thinking about it made his cock rock hard. He wanted Bob more than he had ever wanted anyone in his life before.

No, Zack couldn't leave. He had to follow.

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"Hey, man. You look as if you're miles away." Mark smiled at Zack who was standing inside the door as if he had just discovered a lost world.

He shook his head to clear his mind. "Sorry, man. I guess I was somewhere else for a minute."

"Well, now you're here," Mark grinned. "Welcome to our world, buddy." He took Jamie to a corner of the room and whispered in his ear. "Hey, kid. Let's put on a show for Zack ..... like that little scene we played out last week. You up for that?"

Jamie's eyes opened wide. "You bet, sir. That was awesome."

Zack was still looking round the room in a daze. One unusual feature was that the bed was in the middle of the room, no headboard, almost like a low platform. At each corner was a short, wooden bed post. Like the basement gym, the room somehow oozed sex. Hell, Zack thought, the whole house had sexual vibrations. These guys were really something else.

Again Zack felt a moment of panic. He was in too deep, out of his depth. Again he felt the urge to flee, but some instinct stopped him and instead he sank into an armchair in the corner of the room. Mark and Jamie walked to the middle of the room and ignored Zack, almost as if he

wasn't there. 'Just as well,' Zack thought. 'I'll stay for a few minutes and then leave quietly. They'll never notice.'

He had to admit it, though ..... the muscular cop looked magnificent in his uniform as he stood facing his boy, legs apart, his hands at his waist, thumbs looped in his belt. And Jamie sure was a sexy young stud, dressed in jeans, T-shirt and sneakers, looking nervous. Nervous? What the hell was going on here? Zack soon got his answer.

Mark's voice was harsh, intimidating. "So, you young punk. After what you've done I'll give you a choice. I'll either throw your sorry ass in jail or you can take your chances with me. What's it to be?"

Jamie sounded scared. "I can't go to jail, sir. I'll do whatever you say, officer."

"I can be pretty rough when I work over punks like you. So get ready kid." Jamie stood with his legs apart and clasped his hands behind his back.

"OK. You ever suck a cop's dick before, punk?"

Jamie looked terrified. "No, officer. Never. I could never do anything like that."

The cop clenched his jaw and swiped the back of his hand lightly across the boy's cheek, making his head fly sideways. Zack was shocked and rose from the chair clenching his fists, ready to spring to Jamie's defense, but Mark shot a quick, authoritative glance in his direction that made Zack sit down again.

"OK," Mark said again. "We'll try that again. Did you ever suck a cop's dick?"

"No, officer," Jamie said, his voice stronger now.

Mark gazed at him and barked, "Then it's time you did. On your knees, asshole." Instantly Jamie fell to his knees, his face level with the cop's crotch.

"Now, unzip my pants."

Jamie hesitated, his hands still clasped behind his back. Then he leaned forward and with his tongue found the metal tag in the cop's pants. With his teeth he eased it downward until the fly was completely open. He pulled his head back and looked up at the cop. Mark put one hand into his open crotch, into his shorts and pulled out his semi-hard cock. He began to stroke it as he looked at the kneeling boy.

"You're a good-looking son-of-a-bitch, I'll give you that. I'm gonna enjoy working you over. Well, will you look at that? You're making my dick hard. You gonna take care of that, boy?"

Jamie's eyes were fixed on the now-rigid piece of meat that the cop was stroking. He was salivating. Zack too was mesmerized by the sight. He watched as the cop put his free hand behind the boy's head and pulled it forward. Suddenly he forced his huge rod into the young mouth, pushing it deep into his throat until the rough serge of the pants pressed against his face, making him gag.

"Jesus!" Zack's involuntary shout echoed round the room. He half rose from the chair ..... to defend Jamie? ..... to leave the room? He didn't know ..... He was dazed and sank back into the chair.

With the force of the cock penetrating Jamie's mouth his arms flew forward and he grabbed the cop's waist for support. And then the pounding began. Mark grabbed the boy's blonde hair, pulled his head back off the cock, then slammed his face forward again, plunging the huge shaft deep inside him. From then on the cock was like a piston, ramming the mouth unmercifully.

As Zack watched the big, uniformed cop hammer the boy's face he felt a heat spreading over his body. "God, that's beautiful," he murmured and his hand went instinctively down to this crotch and began rubbing the bulge in his jeans. He saw the determination on Mark's square-jawed face, heard the boy's muffled choking as tears streamed down his face. As Jamie looked up at his master, with pain and ecstasy in his eyes, Zack suddenly saw something else.

The face morphed into the image of Bob's face, the face that Bob had raised to him earlier in the basement, tied to a chair. Zack had shot his load into that beautiful face, but now, as he watched Mark fucking Jamie's mouth, Zack knew what he wanted. He wanted to fuck Bob's face, the face of a Superman. He wanted to tie him up, grab his hair and slam his dick into his mouth.

He was hypnotized by the sight of the cop face-fucking the boy and imagined himself punishing Bob in the same way. He watched the piston driving into the mouth ..... and he saw himself, stripped down to his black jeans as he was now, hammering Bob's mouth. He saw his own magnificent body dominating the kneeling man gazing up at him in submission.

In his fantasy Bob's eyes were pleading for release. Bob wanted to drink his cum, he was clenching his throat around the big, black cock. Zack felt it, heard the choking, felt the heat rising from his balls, surging through his cock. As he rubbed the huge bulge in his jeans his body convulsed, he heard himself scream and felt the sticky wetness in his shorts.

He had just had an intense orgasm ..... blasted his load into Bob's mouth.

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Then the fantasy dissolved. Zack's head hung down, his body streamed with sweat. Reality crashed in and he remembered where he was ..... in Mark's bedroom ..... and Bob wasn't there. Zack had creamed his jeans. It wasn't Bob's mouth. He had imagined the whole thing, except

for the semen filling his shorts and the stain spreading over the crotch of his jeans. And, worse, these two guys had witnessed his spontaneous orgasm. The big, rugged black stud was overwhelmed with a surge of shame and humiliation

As he rose from the chair he was dimly aware that the two men were standing staring at each other. They seemed not to react to Zack's scream, his shuddering body ..... and that was just as well. He just needed to get out of this room, go far away, forget this ever happened.

"Strip!" Zack heard the cop's harsh order to Jamie as he stumbled toward the door. Like a command it made him stop ..... and turn round. He was rooted to the spot as he saw the boy struggle to respond.

"You mean .....?"

"I mean, take your clothes off, boy ..... strip naked."

Slowly, fearfully, Jamie pulled his T-shirt over his head, kicked off his sneakers, unbuttoned his fly and dropped his jeans. He stood naked before the uniformed cop, who towered over him, arms crossed over his back uniform shirt. Mark surveyed the trembling boy. "Not bad. Not bad at all. You're the best-looking young stud I've ever worked over. You'll do fine."

Jamie had his back to the bed and suddenly Mark pressed his hand on his throat and shoved him backward. Jamie gasped as he fell hard on his back, spread-eagled on the bed. Zack was shocked by the move, pitied the helpless boy. His whole body tensed, his muscles flexed, as he prepared to strike, do battle with the cop.

But at the last minute the look on Jamie's face stopped him. It was ecstatic, gazing up in awe and desire at the glorious blonde cop towering over him. The boy wanted this! Again, Zack was hypnotized by the spectacle. He saw Mark move to the head of the bed, unclip two sets of handcuffs from his belt and snap one each round Jamie's wrists. The other end of the cuff he hooked over the low bedposts, one on each corner of the bed.

"God, that's beautiful!" Zack gazed down at the muscular young stud spread-eagled on the bed, arms stretched up to the corner posts. For the first time Jamie looked at Zack as he began to struggle to get free. His golden-tanned body twisted, pulling at the cuffs, his muscles flexed and bulged with the effort, his eyes widened in fear. When he pleaded with Mark, Zack had the impression he was speaking to him instead.

"Please, officer. Let me go. You're so beautiful, sir, but I'm scared. I can't take any more."

It was Mark who replied. "Oh, you're gonna want this, boy. Just wait."

Zack walked round to the head of the bed, looked down at the handsome young face, then looked up at Mark standing facing him at the other end. Mark took a deep breath, stretched,

flexed his muscles, then relaxed. He raised his hands and slowly undid three buttons of his black shirt, revealing more of the white T-shirt underneath, stretched over his rounded pecs. He ran his hands over the shirt on his chest and moaned as his fingers rubbed against his nipples.

“Oh, man,” he said softly. “You are gonna love this.

Zack didn’t know whether Mark was talking to him or to Jamie, but they were both gazing at the magnificent cop in awe. They gasped as Mark unbuttoned the rest of his shirt, pulled it out at the waist and shrugged it off. And there he stood, his gleaming T-shirt stretched over his superb torso, broad shoulders, wide lats tapering down to the slim waist at the wide leather belt. The T-shirt was tight, so the short sleeves were pushed back from the bulging biceps. At the waist the shirt was cinched by the wide belt of the pants, which were tucked into high, shiny motor-cycle boots.

“Jesus Christ,” Zack moaned. He could hardly breathe. This was one of the most beautiful things he had ever seen, an icon of glorious masculinity, the apex of beauty and power. Mark flexed his muscles and gazed down at his enraptured boy. Then he raised his head and, for the first time, looked directly at Zack with a penetrating gaze. There was a slight smile on his face, and Zack shuddered, realizing how easy it would be to fall in love with a man like this.

Then, as he saw Mark move, Zack moaned, “Oh, no. No more.” Mark had raised his hands behind his neck and was starting to pull up on his T-shirt. “That’s gonna make me cum again.”

Mark smiled. “Don’t cum, man. Not yet.” He pulled at the shirt and slowly it rose, up from the tight waist, over the hard-etched eight-pack abs. As Zack’s breathing became ragged the shirt rose over the slabs of the cop’s pecs, over the shoulders and head and finally fell to the floor.

“Oh, man,” Zack groaned. “You are so fucking beautiful. You’re a fucking god.” He stood in awe of the cop, stripped to the waist, legs astride, wide leather belt of the uniform pants tight round the slim waist. Mark held Zack’s eyes for a long time, then dropped his gaze to Jamie.

“OK, boy. You said you can’t take any more. Was that true?”

“No, officer.”

“So what do you want?”

“Sir ..... please sir. I want to feel your cock inside me. I want you to fuck my ass. I want my ass to get pounded by a cop.”

“Of course you do, boy. And our new friend here is gonna help with that. That right, Zack?”

As he gazed at the powerful shirtless cop Zack heard himself say, “Yes, sir.” And that was the first time in his life the dominant black stud had ever called a man ‘sir’.

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So this was it. Zack knew that some men fucked other guys in the ass, but had never seen it and never thought much about it. Until now. Now here was a beautiful, virile young man, handcuffed to the bed, waiting for the dominant, bare-chested cop to take possession of his ass. And Zack was going to witness it. No more thoughts of running away. How could he leave this incredible scene? And Mark had said Zack would be a part of it!

The cop reached down, grabbed Jamie's ankles and pushed them up and back. He looked up at Zack who realized what he was meant to do. He was standing behind the boy's head, facing Mark who pushed the ankles toward him. Zack grabbed them and pulled them further back toward him, lifting the boy's ass higher, facing Mark, vulnerable, waiting. Mark stepped back and grinned at Zack as the black bodybuilder held Jamie's legs high and wide.

"Thanks, man. That looks incredible, you offering the boy's ass to me. God, you're a gorgeous hunk of manhood, you know that? Not many kids get to be used by two studs like us."

Jamie could hardly breathe. The two men were stunning, and polar opposites: the one blonde, golden, a Nordic god; the other a pornographically beautiful, jet-black muscleman with gleaming ebony skin. It got no better, no more exciting, than this. He waited and watched as the cop reached down and pulled out his cock once again. This time it was rigid as Mark looked first at the boy waiting to be plundered, then up at the black stud who was, for the first time in his life, seeing a man get fucked in the ass.

"You ready, Zack?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is what my boy wants. He loves me to handcuff him to the bed and ..... do this!" And with one powerful thrust Mark pushed his cock into his boy's ass, sliding it past the outer sphincter, past the warm, moist membrane, then all the way over the deep inner sphincter, coming to rest deep in his gut. Jamie's bound body shook violently in its restraints and he screamed.

"Oh, God! Thank you, sir. Thank you, officer. I love that. I love getting fucked by a cop. My ass belongs to you, sir."

"You bet your life it does," Mark growled. "And now I'm gonna take it, boy."

He pulled his cock back and thrust it deep inside again, then back out and in, a rhythmic pounding that sent the boy into spasms of ecstasy. As Zack gripped the boy's legs and looked down at him, he was caught up in the boy's euphoria and pure animal joy. Then Zack looked

up and he almost shot his load. The cop, stripped to the waist, was focused totally on his boy's ass. His square jaw was clenched tight, eyes wild, blonde hair falling over his forehead. His muscular torso, streaming with sweat, flexed and bulged as it hammered the helpless boy.

Suddenly Mark looked up and locked eyes with Zack. The black stud was lost, couldn't help himself as he gazed into the steely blue eyes. Still holding Jamie's legs Zack leaned forward, his face coming closer and closer to Mark's until their lips met. The pounding of the boy beneath them continued as they crushed each other's mouths in a passionate, grinding embrace.

It was pure sensory overload for Zack. He heard the boy's ecstatic howls, saw the intense blue eyes so close to his and tasted the warm mouth of this stunning cop. He lost all sense of time and space. His mind was spinning out of control. Then, through all the frenzied confusion, his thoughts suddenly clarified, became focused.

He was transported back to the shack on the dunes when Bob had said goodbye and, on an impulse, had kissed him. He felt the man's lips on his, tasted the inside of his mouth as he probed it with his tongue. The fantasy was vivid ..... this was Bob he was kissing. He heard the voice beneath him screaming, "Yes, sir. Please fuck my ass, sir. Take my ass. I love you, sir!" But it was Bob's voice he heard. It was Bob who was tied up, Bob who was begging Zack to fuck him.

Zack pulled his face away from Mark and instinctively reached down and pulled his rigid cock out of his pants. He had felt Bob's lips, heard him beg to get fucked, now he felt his own cock pulsing as he imagined it inside the beautiful bodybuilder.

"Here it comes, boy," he heard Mark shout at Jamie. "Take it, boy ..... take your master's cum in your ass." The cop shuddered and Jamie howled as he felt hot liquid pouring into his ass. The boy's own orgasm exploded, shooting cum over his chest.

Zack was driven to a frenzy. He felt Bob trembling under him. "Yes, man," Zack shouted. "Take it all the way, buddy. I'm fucking your ass ..... feel my cum in your ass, man! I love you, Bob. Aaaah!" His scream rang round the room as hot semen blasted from him onto the young body beneath. This is what he had longed for ..... to fuck Bob's ass ..... had craved it since the moment he first saw him. Cum poured from him into the ass of the man he loved.

But it wasn't Bob. He looked up wildly at the cop, who was smiling at him. It was Mark, not Bob. And the body beneath him, covered in the black man's semen, was Jamie's. Once more reality shattered his fantasy and he realized what his passion had driven him to do. His mind was spinning and his only desire now was to leave .... to escape. He couldn't face Mark. He had to get away.

He stood up straight, buttoned his pants and breathed deeply trying to regain his senses. He was aware of Mark falling forward onto the cum-soaked boy and of Jamie's voice saying.



“Thank you, sir. God, I love you, sir. That was awesome ..... that was the best ..... the best it’s ever been, sir.”

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Zack stumbled from the room, ran, almost fell, down the stairs and out of the house. He staggered across the lawn toward the gate, when he heard Randy’s voice. “Hey, slow down, man. Come and join us.”

Zack turned and looked at Randy and Bob sitting at the table near the pool. He desperately wanted to leave, but he could not ignore these guys. He walked slowly to the table where Randy said, “Here, sit. We’ve been saving this for you,” and he pushed a bottle of beer toward him. Zack slumped into a chair and clutched at the bottle.

Randy grinned. “Bit too intense for you, eh? Those guys can play real hard. Did you get off on it?”

Zack looked at both of them and spoke quietly. “I can’t do this, guys. I’m sorry. I should never have come here. I knew it was a mistake. Sorry about the job and everything. I would have enjoyed working with you but ..... I gotta leave.”

Randy put a restraining hand on his arm and said, “Hey, man, don’t sweat it. Don’t be a fool. Just because Mark and Jamie were a bit too much for you doesn’t mean you have to chuck it all. You don’t have to join in that stuff if it’s not for you, man.”

Zack leveled a steady gaze at him. “It’s not that, man. Look, I’m not gonna lie to you ..... you’re too decent for that. I shot my load twice in that room while Mark was working on Jamie. But it was not them that made me cum ..... it was Bob. When Mark face-fucked Jamie I fantasized about doing the same to Bob. When Mark fucked Jamie’s ass I shot my wad thinking of my cock in Bob’s ass.”

Zack turned to Bob. “I think I’m in love with you man. So you see why I’ve gotta leave. I can’t do this to you guys.”

There was a silence, which was broken by Randy’s loud peal of laughter. “Well of course you love him, buddy. I’ve known that since I first saw you together at the beach.”

“You mean .....?”

“Listen, man. You don’t understand Bob and me. Nothing, nobody can come between us. What we have together is like the Rock of Gibraltar. You say you’re in love with Bob and I know for damn sure that he’s crazy about you. Of course he wants you to fuck him. He probably got an erection just hearing you admit you wanted it.” Bob looked up and grinned.

“So here’s the deal, Zack. Bob is my life and I will do anything for him ..... I’ll love him, protect him, hold him, and fuck his ass because it belongs to me. And I’ll also give him whatever he wants. And what he wants right now is you. There’s precious few men I would ever allow even near his ass, but you’re one of them. I’ve never met anyone like you, Zack. You and I are cut from the same cloth. And I’ll tell you now ..... you are one major fucking turn-on ..... you excite the hell out of me.”

Zack sat back in shock as Randy continued. “So I am gonna let you fuck Bob. But the price of admission is high. You have to go through me to get to him. I’m gonna damn well make you earn that ass. So, if you’re up for this, I’ll take you away to a place I know for the weekend and we’ll work things out between us ..... a kind of trial of strength. What do you say, Zack?”

Zack looked at Bob, then back to Randy. “Bring it on, man.”

“Good. I knew you’d say that. See, it all depends on how badly you want my lover here.”

Zack looked at Bob. “I want him real bad, man. Bad enough to take whatever you can throw at me. Shit, you’re one hell of a guy. I’ll enjoy the challenge. Just the two of us, right?”

Randy grinned. “Right. So this week you’ll begin your work as project manager. And on the weekend ..... let the games begin! As you say, stud, just the two of us.”

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Darius was in hog heaven on the construction site. He was not only working close to this magnificent black stud, he was helping him. Zack needed him. Needed him to explain the workings of the site, to introduce the crew to him, to get him familiar with every detail of the project he was to manage.

What was even better, Zack treated Darius as an equal, respected him, even called him ‘bro’. Trouble was, Darius had a permanent erection the entire week. Zack always worked stripped to the waist, his black jeans tucked into heavy black work boots. His chiseled, ebony torso gleamed with sweat, his black muscles rippling as he worked. He’s a fucking icon, thought Darius. No need to fantasize here. The man was a living, breathing fantasy of raw masculinity.

A natural leader of men, it didn’t take Zack long. By the middle of the week he had hit his stride and was the acknowledged boss. He had watched the crew work, knew their strengths and skills, and treated them well. And he had earned their respect, even their awe. His management style became clear on the third day when an incident occurred with Darius.

They were both working on a tough project with a guy named Doyle, a big, rugged construction worker with an aggressive edge to him. They were trying to position a heavy beam and Doyle

was losing his temper. Darius inadvertently backed into him, sending him staggering back against a wall.

“What the fuck?” yelled Doyle. “Stay out of my way, faggot. Touch me again, boy, and I’ll drop your black ass.”

Instantly he felt a hand on his shoulder as Zack spun him around and slammed the back of his fist across his face. The big man flew backward with the force of the blow and crashed to the ground. Stunned, on his back, he looked up at the blazing eyes of the towering black man looming over him.

“On your knees, man!” Zack’s deep commanding voice brought the man instantly to his knees, a look of terror in his eyes. “Now, you’re gonna apologize to this man. Right now!”

Doyle looked up at Zack’s chiseled face, his square jaw clenched in anger. He had no choice, and cleared his throat as he looked at Darius. “I .... I’m sorry, man,” he stammered.

“You call this man ‘sir’,” Zack yelled.

Doyle locked eyes with Darius. “I’m sorry, sir. I was mad and it just slipped out. I apologize, sir. Please forgive me.”

Zack’s body relaxed. “OK, stand up and shake hands.” Doyle pulled himself unsteadily to his feet and held his hand out to Darius. Darius clasped it with both hands and shook it enthusiastically. “No sweat, man. No harm done,” Darius said, and he managed a smile.

The chastened construction worker turned to Zack who also held out his hand. As the two men shook hands Zack said, “OK, man. That was well said. The incident’s closed. I’ve been watching you, Doyle and you’re a good worker. I’d be real sorry to lose you. Don’t give me reason to.” Then raising his voice, “OK, guys, back to work, show’s over. It’s been a tough day and you’re all doing a great job. I appreciate it.”

He turned to Darius and said softly, “Come with me, kid.”

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They walked over to the trailer office and when the door closed behind them Zack said, “You OK, bro?”

Darius smiled at him. “Yes, sir. Thank you for what you did out there.”

“Remember, kid, you never let a guy speak to you like that, no matter how mad he is.”

“No, sir. But the way you handled it, sir. Randy would have beat the crap out of him and fired his ass, but you .....

Zack laughed. “There’s many ways to deal with a guy like that, Darius. Randy has his way, I have mine.” He paused and looked at Darius. “You got family, kid?”

The question surprised him. “No, sir. Never knew my dad and my mom didn’t have much time for me. The guys in the house are my family.”

Zack flashed his dazzling smile. “Well, I hope you’ll let me take the place of your dad.” He put his arms round Darius in an affectionate bear hug. “Stick with me, kid. I’ll take care of you.”

Darius felt weak at the knee and his green eyes filled with tears. When they pulled apart Zack became all business. “OK, you take a break, kid. I gotta get back out there. Join me when you’re ready.”

He strode out of the room leaving Darius still feeling weak, his mind spinning. He stood at the window and watched Zack join the crew. God the man was stunning ..... the way he handled the guys, the affection he had shown Darius, the things he had said. ‘I could easily fall in love with that,’ Darius thought.

Hell, he was already in lust. Just look at the man, ruggedly handsome, stripped to the waist. The muscles in his V-shaped back rippled as he pulled hard on a cable hoisting a door frame. Then the cable pulled him around and Darius gasped as he saw the black muscle god from the front, the wide shoulders, the big square slabs of his pecs, sculpted abs, narrow waist. With his arms stretched upward, his jet black skin gleamed and his muscles flexed hard as he helped the crew pull on the cable.

“Now that is pornographic,” Darius murmured. His hand moved down to his fly and he pulled out his raging cock and stroked it. “Yeah, man, let me see that body. Jesus you’re beautiful. That is fucking gorgeous. That’s it, man, work that body. You’re gonna make me cum, man.”

“Not yet, punk.”

Darius whirled round at the sound of Randy’s voice. He had been so focused on the window he had not heard him come in. He stammered, “Oh, boss ..... I’m sorry, sir. I was on a break and I was just .....

“No need to explain, kid. You can do whatever you like on a break. What was it turning you on so much?” He walked to the window. “Oh, yeah, of course. Now I see. Spectacular, isn’t he! The most beautiful black guy I’ve ever seen in my life. He’s enough to make anyone shoot their load. Well, don’t let me stop you.”

Darius was embarrassed. “But sir, I didn’t know ..... I’m not sure .....

“Come on, punk. I can see you need a little encouragement. Here, let me help.” He stood beside Darius, threw his left arm over his shoulder and with his right hand pulled his own cock out of his jeans. As they both looked through the window they began stroking their meat.

Darius was trembling with excitement. Here was the gorgeous construction boss, the man he idolized, standing next to him and they were both masturbating, gazing at the magnificent black body straining with effort. He heard Randy’s voice.

“He’s fucking incredible, man. Look at that back, those shoulders. Jeez, the pecs are slabs of black granite. Watch those fucking muscles ripple as he works. See the sweat pour down his chest? And look, kiddo. See that bulge in his pants? Working with these guys, punishing his own body like that, has given him a hard-on. He probably always has a stiff cock when he’s working.”

“Hey, boss. I’m not sure I can hold out much longer.”

“You don’t have to, man. Come on, focus on that face, that body, and just do it. Just don’t scream too loud. You ready?”

Yes, sir!” Darius shouted. He felt the muscular body next to his shudder and saw a stream of cum blast from his boss’s cock and smash against the window. That was all it took for Darius. “Oh, God. This is it. I’m cumming .....” and he shot one of his biggest loads ever. Now two streams of hot liquid were pouring against the window, running down it and finally obscuring the spectacular view outside.

Their heaving breaths subsided and Darius said. “Thanks, boss. That was fucking incredible. God, I love you, sir.”

“Probably love the man through the window too, eh?”

Darius grinned. “I’m getting there, sir.” Then after a long pause he said, “You’re gonna take him on a trip this weekend?”

“Yup.”

“You’re gonna fuck him, aren’t you, sir?”

“You bet your life I am, kid. Gonna whip his beautiful black ass and then fuck it.”

“God, I wish I could see that. But ..... I mean, you won’t ..... will you hurt him, sir?”

“Most likely.”

“But, sir ..... not too much, though eh? I mean, I don’t want you to scare him off.”

Randy laughed. “Hell, that’s not a guy who scares easily, and he’s not gonna leave us. What I do to him is gonna make him stay forever. He’s a tough son-of-a-bitch, and he wants Bob. He doesn’t know it yet, but he wants me too. I’m a tough mother-fucker too and I can give him things no other man can. He’ll be begging for more ..... trust me.”

“Oh, I do, sir. You’re awesome. I love you sir.” He grinned. “But I already said that, didn’t I?”

Randy laughed as he left the room. “And clean that window, punk. We might want to use it again.”

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Later that day Randy and Mark were sitting by the pool before dinner. “I’ve got another favor to ask you, Mark. You know I’m taking Zack out the canyon in the desert this weekend.”

“And you’d like to take the Harleys. Of course, man, I thought you would. Hell, I think of my bikes as community property around here.” He grinned. “So you’re really gonna do it. Guess it had to happen. You two studs testing each other’s strength should be quite a sight. Sorry to miss it.”

“Hey, buddy, next time it’ll be the three of us. But this trip it has to be just him and me. And remember what I asked you to do for me. You’ll keep Bob company while I’m gone ..... take care of him? He’ll be all yours, ass and all.”

“Leave him to me, buddy. He won’t be lonely.”

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And so the next morning the two bikes were in the driveway, throbbing like stallions waiting to be set free. Astride one was the iconic black muscle-god, stripped to the waist, in his usual black jeans tucked into heavy work boots. The construction worker was on the other, in jeans and boots and his old, faded tank top. The three boys were staring wide-eyed at this fantasy, a piece of erotic art come to life.

“OK,” Randy said to Zack. “You ready, man?”

“Lead the way, stud.”

Randy looked at the shirtless man and grinned. Suddenly he pulled his tank top over his head and threw it to the ground. He smiled at Zack, just as Bob grinned at Mark. All four men were acknowledging the first subtle gesture in the contest that was to follow, the first skirmish. Both

men were now shirtless, equal .... they had to be. They revved the engines, their tires spun on the gravel and they sped away.

“Well, that’s it,” said Mark. “A real trial of strength.” He threw his arm round Bob’s shoulder. “And you, old buddy, are to be the prize, it seems. How’s that work for you?”

Bob laughed. “For now I’ll settle for a quiet weekend. You working the next two days, Mark?”

“Nope. You’ve got me the whole weekend. Randy made me promise to take care of you ..... ‘No holds barred’ he said.”

“Now you’re talking,” Bob grinned, and they walked into the house together.

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## **Chapter 71 – Randy & Zack - Showdown**

Out on the highway it was pure testosterone ..... two shirtless, rugged men, almost shoulder to shoulder, feeling the wind whipping at their chests as their speeding bikes roared between their legs. Occasionally they looked over at each other and smiled, their expressions a mix of macho confidence, arrogance, anticipation ..... and challenge. It was a challenge they both welcomed, a contest they had been building to ever since their eyes first met.

From the first they both knew instinctively that they had met their equal. Two supremely powerful men, rugged alpha males, they had a huge admiration and respect for each other, which could eventually evolve into a lifelong bond of blood brothers. But this could never happen, they could never move on, until they had tested each other’s strength in combat. They were like two bulls pawing the ground, bracing for the inevitable fight.

For Randy it was mostly a need to prove his masculinity to this stunning man, to assert his supremacy, defend his turf. For Zack the goal was much more specific. He was only beginning to explore his sexual feelings for men, but already he felt a powerful, almost magnetic attraction to Randy’s lover Bob that was irresistible. He had to have him, or leave the men forever. He knew that Bob belonged to Randy and so Zack had been prepared to go away, but he was persuaded to stay by Randy’s astonishing offer. As he rode he vividly recalled Randy’s words:

“I’ve never met anyone like you, Zack,” Randy had said. “You and I are cut from the same cloth. And I’ll tell you now ..... you are one major fucking turn-on ..... you excite the hell out of me. There’s precious few men I would ever allow even near Bob’s ass, but you’re one of them. So I am gonna let you fuck Bob. But the price of admission is high. You have to go through me to get to him. I’m gonna damn well make you earn that ass. So, if you’re up for this, I’ll take you away for the weekend to a place I know and we’ll work things out between us.”

So the gauntlet had been thrown down, the challenge accepted, and they were on their way. Even now, as they exceeded every speed limit on the freeway, first one would move ahead and the other would immediately draw level. The challenge was in their blood, in every fiber of their hard, muscular bodies. Even so, they felt a natural comradeship, the exultation of the raw maleness that they shared.

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Randy felt a need to display this kinship, to show off his stunningly beautiful partner. They had turned off the 10 freeway and taken the 111 through Palm Springs and the more shabby Cathedral City. On the city's industrial edge Randy signaled to Zack, pointing to a flashing sign: 'Beer'. They pulled over to a small, nondescript building and parked beside other bikes in the lot. Zack grinned at Randy.

"You've been here before."

"Once," said Randy. "I didn't tell you but I brought Mark out here to the canyon just after we first met." He smiled. "Same kind of circumstances, actually."

"But Mark survived."

"Just barely," Randy laughed. "Anyway, we stopped in here first for a beer, not realizing what it was. Aside from being thirsty, I need to show you off, man. One thing I can tell you ..... we won't have to pay for the drinks."

They walked through heavy leather strips hanging over the door and stood still in the near blackness after the blinding desert sun outside. As their eyes became accustomed to the low lighting they walked over to the bar. The bar tender did a double take.

'Well fuck me, handsome," he said to Randy. "Never expected to see you here again, big guy. Where's that sensational blonde muscle god you had with you last time?"

"Traded him in for a new model," Randy grinned. "Not so blonde this time."

The bar tender ran his eyes over the shirtless, muscular black man, taking in his handsome, square-jawed face and spectacular ebony physique. "Jesus, man, that's pornographic." He shook his head and came to his senses. "OK, guys, on the house, of course," and he pushed two beers across the counter.

The two men turned to face the room, leaning their backs against the bar. There was a small crowd of men in the room ..... but total silence.

Zack said out of the side of his mouth, "What's going on, buddy?"



“Gay bar,” murmured Randy. “It was like this before. See the effect you’re having?”

The effect was indeed stunning. The crowd fell silent, gazing at the two men leaning against the bar, both stripped to the waist, one in black Levi’s the other in blue jeans, both spectacularly handsome. Their muscular torsos gleamed under the red lighting, chiseled physiques, broad shoulders, bulging pecs, ripped abs, tight waists. They were icons of perfect males.

As the guys in the bar regained their senses snatches of conversation became audible. “Jesus, will you look at that?” “Fucking pornographic ..... a total fantasy.” “Straight out of Tom of Finland.” The bravest of them came over to say hi, and soon the guys were chatting amiably with the good-natured crowd. Zack was uncomfortable at first with the adulation and awe he created, but soon he too felt at ease. There was no question of paying for the drinks. Without doubt, the two men were stars in this small world, men straight out of the pages of erotic art.

“Well you two certainly brought a shot of adrenaline for these guys,” the bar tender said. “They’ll be jacking off fantasizing about you for weeks. Any time you’re passing through town you be sure to drop in. Don’t get many guys like you in here. Shit, there aren’t any other guys like you.”

“Glad to be of service,” laughed Randy, and the crowd said their goodbyes.

Out in the parking lot they blinked in the sunlight. “Jesus,” said Zack. “That was a trip. Great bunch of guys, though.”

“Just wanted to show you the effect you have on guys, man .... put you on display.” Randy laughed, “Just don’t expect the same awe and reverence from me, asshole.”

“Oh, I don’t, man. Quite the opposite, in fact.”

“Damn right.”

They straddled the Harleys and hit the road.

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They were sweating in the burning heat as they turned off the highway and roared up the dirt road climbing into the high desert. The road became a track, then petered out, but Randy led the way over the parched scrub until they heard the incongruous sound of falling water. They got off their bikes and walked to the same spot Randy had taken Mark so many months ago.

“God, this is beautiful, man,” said Zack, surveying the unlikely sight of a deep pool of water running out to a swift-moving stream. The pool was fed by a high waterfall, runoff from the snowmelt in the San Jacinto Mountains high above the desert. “This spot is perfect.”

Randy gave him a piercing look. "Perfect for our needs."

He had broached the topic, hit on the reason they had come to this remote, deserted place. As they stood on the bank high above the dark pool the tension seemed to crackle in the air like electric sparks. The time had finally come. They kicked off their boots and, now wearing only their jeans, the two magnificent men gazed at each other, jaws clenched, every muscle tense. It was Zack who spoke, holding out his arms, flaunting his shining black torso.

"Well, man, here I am. Come on, stud. Let's see what you've got."

"You've met your match, asshole. Try this for a start." Randy hauled back and slammed his fist into the exposed stomach and then, as Zack doubled over, smashed his forearm onto the back of his shoulders. This familiar opening move always brought his opponent crashing to the ground. But not Zack. Instead of crumpling to his knees he stood erect and smiled at Randy.

"Is that all you've got, stud? It'll take a lot more than that to drop me. Why don't you try again?"

Shocked by the resilience of the man Randy raised his arm and slammed the back of his fist against Zack's cheek. The black man's head flew and he took a few steps back, but remained standing. He reciprocated with blows to either side of Randy's face. Stunned, but still upright, Randy gazed at the arrogant, handsome face, and the slugfest began as they traded punches. The only effect was to throw each man momentarily off balance, but each stood his ground, his head flying sideways under the force of each blow.

Finally Randy recognized the brutal stalemate and in a lightning move spun Zack around and brought his arm round his neck from the back, locking it in a choke hold. Zack raised his arms and tried to wrench the huge arm from his neck, but it didn't budge.

Randy growled, "Not so easy, eh, stud?" Not so tough after all. You're finished, man."

Locked together the two men staggered around the clearing, Randy increasing the pressure on the choke hold, Zack flailing desperately trying to release it. He was gasping now, the weight on his windpipe slowly cutting off his air. He knew only one way out. His whole body tensed, he flexed every agonized muscle and suddenly he leaned forward, heaving Randy's body upward, over his back.

Randy felt his feet leave the ground, felt himself flying forward over the back and head of this powerful man. His arms came loose, he lost all sense of space, he was in the air, then crashing onto the ground. For a second he blacked out. Then, dazed, disoriented, his eyes swam into focus and he looked up at the muscular black stud towering over him, saw the face grinning down at him.

“Seems you don’t learn, asshole. You can’t beat me. I am the best.”

Nothing more flammable coursed through Randy’s veins than anger. Many men had felt the force of his uncontrolled fury. And now Randy was angry. With a roar he vaulted to his feet and slammed against the muscular black body. The force of the blow made them both stagger blindly backward and together they hurtled down into the pool below.

The cold water jolted them and they were now under the waterfall, trading blows again, water pouring over their heads, down their faces and bulging torsos, soaking their jeans clinging to their legs. It was serious now. Each man now knew the strength of the other, knew he had met his match, so every ounce of strength, adrenaline and rage went into the fight. Soon their bodies locked together and they fell back from the waterfall into the pool, rolling over in the water, carried downstream and onto a rocky beach.

Their bodies gleamed, their soaking jeans clung to their legs as they crawled up the beach. Zack was first to his feet and hauled the big construction worker upright. As Randy reeled, disoriented, he felt the back of Zack’s fist strike first one cheek then the other. His handsome, rugged face flew from side to side with each blow as he staggered backward. Now he was leaning against a tree, taking the full force of the black man’s savage onslaught. Through his pain he heard the deep, triumphant voice.

“Yeah, take it, stud. I’m gonna break you, give you the beating of your life. You thought you could whip me? Think again, asshole. You’re finished, man. I am the best!”

The brutal pounding continued and Randy knew he was close to defeat. He had never met strength like this, never been thrashed so bad. Then even as he grew weaker, he glimpsed a fallen tree branch on the ground behind Zack. With the last ounce of strength he could muster he shoved Zack backward. The big man stumbled back against the branch, lost his balance and fell. As Zack crashed to the ground his head struck a rocky boulder and he momentarily blacked out.

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Randy looked down at his fallen opponent and, still reeling from the beating he had taken, instinctively backed away from him and leaned against a tree on the other side of the beach to regain his breath. He watched as Zack slowly came to, shook his head and looked up toward Randy. His head throbbed from the blow and he was still only semi-conscious, but he instinctively knew he had to reach the big man gazing down at him.

Using all his remaining strength Zack turned on his stomach and began to drag himself along the stony beach. Randy stood watching him in awe. It was one of the most erotic sights he had ever seen ..... the beautiful black muscle god, stripped to the waist, beaten half senseless, dragging himself in agony toward him. His naked chest scraped on the gravel, his soaking jeans clung to his legs and he gasped in pain. His exhausted muscles, stretched to their

agonized limit, rippled and flexed, his beautiful ebony face twisted in pain, as he slowly clawed his way over the ground.

The incredible image made Randy's cock grow hard as iron in his pants. He smiled grimly as he taunted the fallen black man.

"Crawl, you son-of-a-bitch. I said I'd make you crawl. Yeah, come on, man. Bring it on. You thought you were a big, tough black stud. Now look at you, crawling at my feet like an animal. Your finished man. I've broken you."

Randy walked over to the beaten stud and flipped him over onto his back. Still only half conscious Zack looked up in agony at what came next. As he towered over Zack, Randy pulled out his rigid dick and pointed it at his face.

"This is it, man. The final humiliation. See how my black slave likes to drink his master's piss."

Zack gasped as a hot jet of rancid piss slammed into his beautiful face. His gasp made him open his mouth and he tasted the bitter juice of total defeat. Then he felt the hot liquid pouring over his shoulders, his chest and then soaking his bulging crotch. It was then that he became dimly aware that his cock was raging hard. Through the mist of urine he looked up at the magnificent bodybuilder towering over him, smelt and tasted his piss ..... and the sensation of being totally degraded by this man almost made him shoot his load in his pants.

But his survival instinct took over. The taste of Randy's piss disgusted him, and adrenaline and rage gave him the strength to summon his last shred of energy from some deep reservoir of strength. He lunged forward, grabbed Randy's ankle and heaved him off balance, sending him crashing to the ground.

Both men were now crawling, but Randy saw that Zack was at the limit of exhaustion. He took advantage and was able to pull Zack into a sitting position and clamped a wrestler's sleeper hold round his neck and head. This always had the effect of cutting off the opponent's air and making him lapse into unconsciousness. But Zack was tougher than any man Randy had met. He flexed his muscles again and, despite his exhaustion, both men knew he was strong enough to power out of the hold. But he didn't.

Dazed as he was, Zack knew that the stalemate between them would continue, and his thoughts drifted to Bob. That was what this was all about. Zack wanted the man, craved him. He had to have him, and knew there was only one way. Randy had to defeat Zack, break him, before he would let him near his lover. So instead of fighting back, the black muscleman went limp. His arms dropped to his side, his head fell forward, and as darkness overcame him his last thought was of Bob before he slumped unconscious.

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First he heard water. His head was pounding as consciousness flooded back. He tried to move, but couldn't. His arms were stretched tight upward. He felt a hard surface on the back of his head and he pulled at the ropes. Ropes? What the fuck? He opened his eyes and saw the triumphant construction worker looming over him.

"Fuck you, man," Zack growled.

"I don't think so, asshole. It's you who's fucked."

Randy looked down at his helpless captive with a satisfied grin. The black bodybuilder was naked, sprawled on the beach on his back, his head resting against the boulder he had crashed against earlier. His arms were stretched upward behind him in a V, wrists tied with a rope that was secured round the back of the rock. He was completely immobilized against the rock.

Randy grinned as he watched the bound muscle-god try to free himself, watched the sculpted, ebony physique gleam and flex as his shoulders and arms bulged with the effort to break the ropes. The shaved heat flew from side to side against the rock, eyes blazing, jaw clenched in anger. Randy was in no hurry. He paced round the small beach, taunting his fallen opponent.

"So here you are finally, stud, at my mercy. You knew it had to come to this. You have dared to fall in love with my lover, the man who means everything to me. And I know he wants you. So, the deal was, you can be with him, fuck him, provided you submit to me first. And I mean submit ..... beg, plead, crawl, degrade yourself. Only when you submit, call me sir, will you be worthy of him. You ready to call me sir?"

Zack narrowed his eyes and snarled, "Asshole."

Randy continued. "Have it your way. But I like you, Zack, so I'll give you a break. I'll let you go. No more pain, no more humiliation. You just leave ..... leave us both for good. You never see Bob again. What do you say?"

"Go fuck yourself," Zack shouted. "You know I'm your equal, man, and I always get what I want. Bob craves my dick in his ass and I'm gonna fuck him. I'm gonna pound the ass that belongs to you and he's gonna go ape-shit when I do. Does that answer your question, asshole?"

Randy glared at him. Again his anger was rising. He ripped the belt from his pants and swung it crashing down across Zack's chest. He saw the face wince with pain, but there was no sound. Zack tensed the muscles of his magnificent torso and the whip bounced off his bugling pecs. As the lashing continued Zack looked up at his captor and smiled.

"That all you got, man? You know I'll never submit to that. Come on, man. That the best you can do?"

Randy threw the belt down in disgust. He raised his hands to his waist and ripped his pants open so they dropped round his ankles. His huge dick, stiff as a pole, sprang out and he held it in his fist.

“See this, Zack? This is what Bob goes ape-shit for. This rod has tortured the ass of every man in the house. Shit, all you’ve ever done is beat off over a couple of men, drooled over them. But you’ve never fucked a man’s ass and you’ve sure as hell never even thought of a man fucking you. Well that’s gonna change, stud.” He fell to his knees. “Right now.”

He grabbed Zack’s ankles and pushed his legs high in the air, exposing his vulnerable, virgin ass. Zack gasped and, for the first time ever, Randy saw fear in his eyes. There was a cruel grin on the construction worker’s face as he pushed the head of his cock against the black man’s shuddering ass. “Here it comes, man. This is what it’s all been about.”

Zack’s scream echoed round the sun-baked desert as he felt a man’s cock spear his ass for the first time in his life. As he was impaled on the monster shaft, as he felt it plunge deep into his gut, his magnificent black body shook with the most agonizing pain that had ever shot through him. His muscles strained, veins standing out, as he tried desperately to free himself from his bondage, tried to escape the shaft of pain shooting from his ass all over his agonized body.

Randy was triumphant. “That’s it, stud, let me hear you scream. This is how I break a man, make him beg. And you are gonna beg, asshole. You’re gonna call me sir, admit that you’re beaten, that I am the best. You want my lover? Well, feel this you mother-fucker!”

The tortured man looked up and through his tears saw the cause of his agony, his humiliation. The man was tougher, more rugged, than any man he had ever met. Zack had submitted to him because of his lust for his lover. He had never been defeated in his life, but this man had thrashed him, whipped his naked chest, made him crawl like an animal, and then humiliated him by streaming hot, rancid piss over him. And now here he was naked, in bondage, suffering the degradation of having a man plough his ass.

The pounding was brutal as the iron rod rammed again and again deep into the black man’s shuddering ass. The piston in his gut was the worst pain he had ever felt and Zack had to steel himself from passing out. But his screams finally abated and he looked up at his tormentor with a steely gaze.

Despite the agonizing pain in his ass he became defiant. He had had enough. Zack was a man, an alpha male, always the boss, and he was damned if he would let this man break him by ripping open his ass. He took a deep breath, clenched his jaw and suddenly his body became like steel. He flexed hard with every ounce of his strength, became rigid, every sinew, every muscle of his body rock solid.

Including the muscles in his ass! He breathed deeply again and clenched his ass tight, hard as iron. He looked up and saw the smile of triumph on Randy’s face fade into a scream of pain.

The muscle stud's dick was clamped in an agonizing vise. He couldn't move, his huge cock was trapped, crushed, and the pain shot through his groin and over his body.

"No!" he screamed. "God, the pain. Let go, man. You're crushing my cock. You're killing me!"

But Zack's response was to increase the pressure. He breathed in deeply and once again flexed his body, clenching his ass muscles tighter than ever. The iron hard sphincter was like a tourniquet, like a strangling noose. Every sinew of Zack's ass clamped round the cock, squeezing the life out of it. Randy's screams redoubled as he felt his dick being crushed in a brutal vise. Trying to pull out only intensified the pain. He had never felt pain like this, never in his cock. His dick was an instrument of punishment, but now it was being tortured. He looked down at the blazing eyes beneath him.

"You've gotta stop, man. I can't take pain like this. Stop, please."

"Beg, asshole."

"OK, man. I'm begging you. I beg you to stop."

Zack relaxed ..... for a second. "You can do better than that, asshole." Then he clenched his ass again, more brutally than before. Randy's face jerked back, his black hair flying and he lost all control.

"Please, sir. I'm begging you. I can't take any more. Please stop, sir. You win. You've beaten me."

"Who won the fight?"

"You, sir. You've broken me. You are the best. I submit, sir. Please, I beg you. I submit!"

"Whose ass is Bob's?"

"Yours, sir. Please fuck him, sir." The pain was making him delirious. "You own his ass, sir. He belongs to you. Use him, hurt him, do anything, but please stop the pain. I'll do anything."

"Untie me."

Blindly Randy reached forward and with some effort, despite the excruciating pain in his dick, managed to loosen the knots in the ropes. Zack's hands came free ..... and he relaxed.

Suddenly the pain in Randy's cock eased and his body heaved with relief, tears running down his sobbing face. He recovered enough to look Zack in the eyes .... and he was lost. A revelation flashed between the two men, and the world was still. In that transformative instant

Randy suddenly knew. He knew from that moment that his former admiration for Zack had become love ..... for the ultimate man. They had fought savagely, beaten each other, proved themselves equal, and finally this incredible man had broken him, made him beg, call him sir. He watched as Zack spoke.

“So, buddy. You wanted to fuck my ass?”

Randy was gasping. “You know I did.”

Zack smiled. “Well all you had to do was ask. What are you waiting for?”

Randy could not believe what he had heard. Despite the residual pain in his cock it got hard again as he looked into the eyes of this incredible man. This top man, alpha male, dominant stud, was asking him to fuck his ass. And so he did. And it was different from any other time, a pure fantasy. His cock was tender, raw from punishment, so it was on fire as it slid into the furnace of Zack’s virgin ass.

Zack felt no pain now, only the steady rhythm of the rod in his ass. He reached up and touched Randy’s swollen nipples. Randy did the same to Zack, glorying in the feel of the hard chest, the smooth black skin. They were both smiling now.

“I love you, man,” Randy breathed.

“I know. Me too. We’re two of a kind, buddy ..... the same ..... equals ..... brothers. Fuck me harder, sir. Make me cum.”

“Yes, sir,” said Randy and resumed his assault on the ass. He realized that Zack could take the hardest pounding he could give, more than any other man, without feeling pain. Zack’s head rolled in ecstasy as he felt this beautiful man’s cock plough his ass. “Thank you, sir,” he moaned. “Thank you for being the first man ever to fuck me. You’re magnificent, sir, the best.”

Randy was getting close as he said, “You’re making me so hot, sir. God, you look incredible. Please, sir, please let me come. Allow me to shoot my load in your ass, sir.”

“You don’t need my permission, buddy. Do it.”

And there on the desert sand these two glorious men had simultaneous explosive orgasms as they screamed in unison, “Thank you, sir!” For the first time in his life Zack felt hot semen stream into his ass and at the same time saw his own juice blast upward and fall onto the stubbled face and heaving body of the man he now called brother. They were joined. They had gone through a baptism of fire and had survived, neither one vanquished, both of them victors.



Randy fell forward and his lips met Zack's in the powerful embrace of two rugged, triumphant males. They folded their arms round each other and on the small sun-drenched beach, to the sound of falling water, they fell into the deep sleep of total exhaustion.

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That weekend was a time of discovery for them, opening new vistas of the kind of blood-brother comradeship neither had ever experienced before. Sure, Randy fucked Zack again ..... many times in fact. But it was much more than that. It was the ritual bonding of two men rejoicing in their rugged masculinity, and seeing that masculinity reflected in the other. Testosterone poured from them as they gloried in the raw triumph of manhood.

And they talked ..... endlessly. Randy spoke about Bob, their history together, their most intimate experiences, their fights, their passionate reconciliations. "God I can be a bastard to him," Randy said. "I've thrashed him, degraded him, broken him, and he still loves me."

"And you love him, Randy." Zack paused. "Listen, man. Are you sure about everything you said? About me and Bob ..... me fucking his ass?"

Randy grinned. "Remember that sleeper hold? I know you could have powered out of that. But you let me win because you wanted Bob so much. So, man, you better damn well fuck him. I want him to be the first man you ever fuck, and for him to feel your juice in that sweet ass of his. Oh, make no mistake, his ass still belongs to me." He stopped himself, then locked eyes with Zack. "Well, not completely. I never thought I'd hear myself say this, man. But we both own his ass. You're my brother, man. Bob belongs to both of us."

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At that moment Bob was gazing into the far distance, lost in thought. Mark laughed, "Earth to Bob! Anyone there? Hey, man, speak to me."

They were sitting at the outdoor table at home in the late afternoon, sipping beers, but Bob had lost the thread of the conversation and was staring into space. He drifted back and murmured, "So what do you think they've been doing?"

"I thought that was it," Mark grinned. "Well, let's see now. First they rode east to the desert, two shirtless studs looking like the most macho guys in creation. If they stopped in at that bar, as we did all those months ago, every guy in the bar creamed in his jeans."

Bob smiled for the first time. "You make me hard thinking about it,"

"Then ..... what next? Oh yeah, then they fought and beat the living crap out of each other. Now Randy really has to prove he's the dominant male, your master, so he can offer you to Zack. So my guess is he really hurt Zack, humiliated him."

“Yeah, but Zack’s a hard man to break. Randy’s never met anyone like him. Do you ..... do you think Randy fucked him? Zack’s never done anything like that.”

“Oh, Zack’s been fucked, for sure. Randy has to fuck him before he’ll let the guy fuck you. Oh, yeah, Zack’s ass has been reamed. Just wish I could have been there to see it. Anyway, the black stud’s all set, and he’s coming to claim you. You can bet your sweet ass on that.”

Bob sighed deeply. “Hell, Mark. I can’t stop thinking about Zack. But now he’s free to fuck me I’m kinda scared. I just want him so much. Shit, it all gets so complicated. Sometimes I wish we were back at the beginning, when it was just Randy and me.”

Mark laughed, “Hey, what about me, fella?”

“Yeah, sorry, man.” Bob smiled. “Jeez, I love you, man. You keep me sane, not to mention keep my dick hard all the time.”

“Oh, yeah? We’ll have to do something about that. Randy made me promise to take care of you. You wanna spend the night with me?”

“Thought you’d never ask,” Bob laughed. Just then his cell-phone rang and Bob looked at the screen. “Well, talk of the devil.” He flipped it open. “Hey, Randy. You OK?”

“Never better,” came Randy’s cheerful reply. “Everything kosher at the house? Mark taking care of you?”

“Oh, we have plans for later. But ..... are you sure you’re OK..... both of you?”

“Well, apart from a lot of bruises, aching muscles and sore egos we’re just dandy. I’ll tell you the whole story when I see you tomorrow. For now I just wanted you to know that I love the hell out of you, man. You’re my man, right?”

“You know I am, sir. Body and soul.”

“OK, just wanted to make sure. Now, there’s a gorgeous black man here wants a word with you. Bye, kid. Can’t wait to see you.”

Bob took a sharp intake of breath and heard Zack’s deep voice. There was a subtle change in his tone from before. It was firmer, somehow, dominant, more authoritative. “Hey buddy. Now listen to me. Next weekend I’m taking you up to my shack in the Guadalupe dunes. Just you and me. You got that?”

“Yes, sir.”

"It's about time you got to know me. Really know me. So you get your ass good and ready for me. And you're gonna do whatever I tell you to do, is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"So now you're gonna prove that. Here's what you do for me right now. Where are you?"

"In the garden with Mark."

"OK. You go up to your room and strip naked. You lie on the bed and pull your cock out. You close your eyes and you imagine a big, muscular black stud standing over you. You're tied up, you're his prisoner. He kneels down, pushes his dick against your ass and then fucks the shit out of you. You look up into his face and shoot you load. Now, is it clear what you have to do for me?"

"Yes, sir."

Then do it." And the phone clicked off.

Bob felt he was hyperventilating. In a daze he said to Mark. "Gotta do something, Mark. Back in a while." Mark watched as Bob stumbled into the house.

Bob rushed into his bedroom and slammed the door behind him. "Yes, sir," he murmured and stripped off his T-shirt and jeans. Naked he threw himself down on his bed, stretched his arms up and gripped the bed posts on each corner. His cock was rock solid. He lay there spread-eagled and close his eyes tight.

Instantly he saw Zack, clearly etched in his mind. The muscle stud towered over him wearing black jeans and an old, ragged brown T-shirt. He watched as Zack clutched the neck of his T-shirt and ripped it clean off his body. Bob gasped as he saw the magnificent, ebony physique. Stripped to the waist the man was an icon, broad shoulders, massive chest, washboard abs and slim waist. Bob gazed up into the pale grey eyes of the handsome, sculpted face.

He gasped again as he imagined Zack ripping open his jeans, and he saw the huge black club spring up. The man knelt on the bed. His eyes burned into Bob's and he felt the head of the cock touch his ass. He gripped the bedposts hard, waited, then screamed as he felt the rod plunge into him. "Yes, sir. Please fuck my ass, sir." His cock pulsed, his body shuddered and he felt hot liquid pouring over his face and body.

He had shot a massive load of cum. He had done what he had been ordered to do. He had obeyed his master. He lay gasping for breath, his whole body shaking with fear and excitement. As his heartbeat slowed he opened his eyes ..... and groaned. He was alone. There was no black muscle god. He had not been fucked. "God, I need you, Zack. I need to feel you, hear your voice."

And then his phone rang. Frantically he reached over the side of the bed and ripped the phone from his jeans pocket. He fumbled as he opened it. "Yes?" he shouted into it.

"Calm down, man," the deep voice said evenly. "Did you do it?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Was it good?"

"Oh, man, it was spectacular. God I need you, Zack. I need to see you, feel you. I need your dick in my ass, sir."

"And that's what you'll get. Next weekend. Now, calm down and go back to Mark. Tell him all about it. As Randy said, let him take care of you ..... let him love you, fuck you. The man's gorgeous, a fucking god, so don't think of me. Enjoy him. And in a week, your ass will be mine. I'm gonna make love to you and fuck you senseless."

And the phone clicked off.

Bob pulled himself to his feet, pulled on his jeans and stumbled shirtless downstairs and out to the garden. Mark stood up from the table and gazed spellbound at the obviously exhausted man, stripped to the waist, with semen pouring down his face and naked chest. Bob stood in front of him, then fell into his arms, sobbing.

"It's OK, buddy," Mark said softly. "Take it easy. It was Zack wasn't it?"

"He made me cum! I shot my load thinking about him. Hold me, Mark. Help me, OK?"

"You know I will, old buddy. This is me, now, your pal the police officer. You know our motto: "To Protect & Serve". I'm gonna take care of you." He held Bob at arm's length. "You know, kid, there's no reason you should always submit to those guys. You are a fucking gorgeous hunk of man, a real alpha male. It's about time you asserted your own authority .... became the master. So, we have the weekend ahead of us ..... and I have plans for us."

**GO TO BOOK 8**