

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 8

Chapter 72 – The Cop and the Businessman

Bob looked around him. “I’m getting hungry. Where are the boys? Haven’t seen them in a while.”

“I’ll give you one guess,” grinned Mark. “Most likely salivating over that brand new camcorder Randy gave Darius. It’s a top-of-the line model. He was real generous.”

“Yeah. Well, Darius is his personal assistant and has worked real hard long hours so this was a reward. Plus, there may have been a bit more to it than that another example of the rivalry between Randy and Zack. Randy knows that Darius has become real fond of Zack lusts for him too, of course so this was Randy reasserting himself with the boy.”

“Jeez, those guys don’t quit,” Mark smiled. Then he glanced upwards. “Told you so. Don’t look now but we’re on Candid Camera. The boys are up at the bedroom window pointing that damn camera down at us.”

Bob grinned. “Maybe we should really give them something to film. How about a swim?”

“Way ahead of you buddy,” Mark said. Dressed in jeans and T-shirts the two guys stood up slowly and, even more slowly, began to take off their T-shirts. The shirts slid up over their muscled torsos, revealing their ripped abs, bulging pecs and broad shoulders until they were naked to the waist. The handsome business executive and Greek-god cop gazed at each other, reached forward and began to run their hands over the others man’s gleaming chest, stroking the nipples.”

Upstairs the cameraman was having a fit. “Shit, dude, this is tough,” Darius breathed. “My cock got so hard I nearly dropped the camera.”

“No!” Jamie said. “Keep shooting. This is awesome the cum shot.”

“This ain’t the cum shot yet,” said Pablo, the movie director. “There’s more to come. Just watch.”

And it did. The men came closer, their naked chests pressed together, arms round each other, and mouth met mouth in a passionate kiss. Their hands dropped to their waists and they

unbuttoned the other man's fly until their pants dropped round their ankles. Their stiff cocks touched each other like dueling spears."

"Go close on the cocks," hissed the director to his cameraman.

"Easy for you to say, dude," Darius moaned. "I'm about to cream my shorts."

But relief was in site because at that moment the two naked bodybuilders dived into the water. Bob and Mark swam close together and were so engrossed in each other that at first they didn't notice the three young men walking silently across the lawn toward the pool. But when they looked up they saw a camera lens pointing down at their gleaming bodies.

"For God sake shut that damned thing off," Mark yelled. "You're so busy being Cecil B de-fucking-Mille that we're starving to death. Dinner now! or I'll take my belt to you."

As the boys ran off Darius muttered to Pablo, "Dude, a video of you getting your ass whipped by a cop. Now there's your cum shot."

Dinner at the outdoor table was the usual raucous affair, with a whole lot of speculation by the boys on what was going on with Randy and Zack, until Bob abruptly ordered them to stop. He snapped, "Randy and Zack do what they do and it's no concern of yours, so put a lid on it fellas."

Mark glanced over at him, hearing the stress in his voice, then took Jamie aside. "Listen, kid. I'm gonna sleep in Bob's room tonight."

"I kinda thought you would, sir," Jamie grinned.

"So why don't you ask the boys to spend the night in our room with you?"

Jamie looked up and shouted to Darius and Pablo, "Hey, dudes, how about we all three sleep in my room? Maybe I can get some close-up shots of a big black dick sliding into a hot Latino bubble butt? You up for it?"

They spoke in unison "Awesome, dude."

A while later, Mark was brushing his teeth in Bob's bathroom. Bob was already lying on his back on the bed, naked except for his white boxers. His arms behind his head Bob watched as Mark emerged from the bathroom, stunning in boxers and a white V-neck T-shirt. Mark stretched his limbs and gazed down at Bob.

“God, I’m glad you’re here,” breathed Bob.

“Me too, buddy. Just one thing, though. While you’re with me I don’t want you thinking of Zack. When I fuck you I don’t want it to be Zack’s face you see above you. Got it?” Mark pulled off his T-shirt ready for bed.

“Aaaah,” gasped Bob as he saw the cop’s sculpted naked torso, like a Greek statue. In answer to the question he leaped to his feet, took hold of Mark and turned him to face the mirror. “Look at that, you asshole. Do you think that when I’m in bed with a god, with that face looking at me as the god fucks me, I’d be thinking of anyone else? I haven’t entirely lost my mind.”

Mark gazed at his own reflection in the mirror, grinned and said, “Does look kinda hot, doesn’t it? OK, buddy. I think it’s time for that ego boost I promised you. Just follow my lead.” Mark dropped his shorts and walked forward naked, pushed his face close to the mirror and smiled. Bob gasped as Mark actually began kissing his own reflection. “Oh, man,” Mark breathed to himself, “that is so fucking hot. Jesus, you turn me on. I love you, man.”

Bob was so overwhelmed at the incredible sight of the naked muscular cop kissing himself in the mirror that there was only one thing he could do. He came close to the mirror and as he looked at his own reflection he recalled Mark’s earlier words “You know, buddy, there’s no reason you should always submit to those guys. You are a fucking gorgeous hunk of man, a real alpha male.”

“You sure are,” Bob smiled at himself. “You are one beautiful muscle stud.” He took off his shorts and, like Mark, pressed his lips to the glass and began kissing his own image. Now the two naked bodybuilders were grinding their whole magnificent bodies against the glass, their faces and chests rubbing over their own reflections, moaning in ecstasy. They felt their hard cocks rub against the cocks in the mirror, and they pressed harder, grinding close to orgasm.

They glanced at the other man’s reflection and instinctively moved closer to it. Soon their lips joined on the surface of the glass. It was like four beautiful, naked musclemen kissing each other. The four mouths worked ravenously, licking the lips and faces first the glass, then the real thing.

The two men eventually separated and faced the mirror shoulder to shoulder. They raised their arms, stretched high against the mirror, and pressed their bodies against the glass. Again they ground their cocks against the mirror cocks.

Mark looked into his own blue eyes and moaned to himself. “God, you’re sensational. You really are a fucking Greek god. I love you, man. Make love to me. Make me cum.”

Bob too gazed into his own soft brown eyes and spoke to himself. “I forgot just how fucking gorgeous you are, man. Hell, I could make love you all day. All I need is you and a mirror.

Come on, man. That's it. Work that big cock. Let me feel that body against mine. Oh, man. Make me shoot my load.!"

And suddenly the two magnificent bodies shuddered, their upstretched arms flexed against the mirror and there were simultaneous howls of ecstasy as two streams of hot creamy liquid blasted from their cocks up between their bodies and the mirror. Their bare asses clenched hard as they ground their pulsing cocks against the glass, every muscle straining as their bodies unloaded their pent-up juices.

Exhausted the two men fell to their knees, sliding their chests and arms down against the mirror. Instinctively they began to lick their semen from the glass, sucking hard, rubbing their faces against the pools of creamy juice.

Then they turned to each other, and each one gasped at the beautiful face before him, gleaming with smeared semen and tears. They came together, of course, kissing each other frantically, glorying in the shared dreamlike sensation of having made love to themselves. The image in the mirror had made each man shoot his load, in harmony with the beautiful man next him, equally in love with his own reflection.

After their orgasms they felt slightly embarrassed at the strange thing they had just done. It was hard to believe that they had both made love to their own mirror image. Finally Mark stood up and faced Bob, gazing down at the handsome kneeling man. And amazingly his cock started to stiffen again. Bob looked up at the blonde chiseled features and flashed on the recent image of this golden god making love to himself. Drained as he was, the stunning memory gave him an instant erection.

His next thought was amazement and some regret that, alone with the beautiful cop in his bedroom, Bob had instead made love to himself. 'What a waste!' he thought. He saw the huge cock semi-erect before him, took hold of it and slid it into his mouth. He felt it quiver and become rock hard. He heard the voice above him. "Yeah, man. Let me see you make it cum again, let me watch as I fuck that gorgeous face."

Their self-love was not entirely exhausted. They were overwhelmed by the very excess of beauty in the room, their own and the other man's. Out of the corner of his eye Bob watched the dark-haired, square-jawed face being fucked by the huge dick of the blonde cop. Mark was getting off on the same sight, spurring him on to pump the mouth harder still. He saw that Bob was beating his own cock in his fist.

"Yeah, man. Beat that meat. God, I love fucking that gorgeous face. I'm gonna fuck you all night, you son-of-a-bitch. I've been waiting for this. You know I've always loved you, man. You wanna drink this cop's cum?"

In reply Bob plunged his mouth down into the damp, golden pubic hair, smelling, tasting the man's pungent sweat. He felt the balls smashing against his chin as the cop became a machine. Bob was close and knew he had to bring Mark to a climax. He breathed in through his nose and clamped his throat muscles hard around the piston in his mouth. He felt the huge body shudder.

"That's it, man," Mark yelled. "Here it comes." Both men looked sideways into the mirror and saw a muscular cop push his damp groin hard into the face of the man kneeling before him. Bob felt the stream of warm juice spurting deep into his throat as his own second orgasm of the evening exploded over the legs and feet of the man he idolized. He dropped his face to the floor and, in an act of idol worship, licked his own semen from the police officer's feet.

Not long afterwards, freshly showered, they lay naked in bed. "You know were not finished, Bob, don't you?"

Bob grinned. "You said something about fucking my ass?"

"Damn right," Mark laughed. Then his voice became serious. "You know, I always think back to that day I pulled you over in the park and saw your face staring up at me from your car. Did you know at the time that I had an instant hard-on under my uniform?"

"Guess I was too busy trying to hide my own," Bob smiled. "And whatever I did sure as hell wasn't just because I wanted you to tear up the traffic ticket."

"I often wonder If I had met you just a few months earlier, before you had met Randy." There was a long silence. "You know I'm in love with you, man?"

Bob took a deep breath. "It's the same for me. I'm glad I have you, Mark. For your friendship, your strength..... and above all for nights like this."

Mark smiled. "I guess I should be jealous of Randy and now Zack. But I'm not. I just love being near you, watching you get pleasure from the other guys." He laughed. "Do you know how attractive you are when you're drooling with lust?"

"That obvious, uh? You know, there's a part of me that's always a bit scared of Randy and now of Zack. Guess it's that that turns me on. You're the only one who really makes me feel safe." He gazed into Mark's eyes. "Promise me this, Mark. Whatever happens, you'll never leave me. We'll always be there for each other.

Mark frowned, hesitated. "Well on one condition."

Anxiously Bob asked. "A condition?"

“Yeah that tonight I own your ass.”

Bob grinned. “Wouldn’t have it any other way, officer. And no, it’s not just because I want you to tear up the ticket.”

Next morning they slept in late. Not only did they get very little sleep. Not only was Bob’s ass sore from being fucked so often. It’s simply that they couldn’t break away from each other’s arms. But finally hunger did its work. Mark sighed, “Gotta eat, man. Love and lust are all very well but still gotta eat.”

They pulled on their discarded boxers and walked down to the garden. The table was covered in a white cloth, beautifully set with the best silver, piles of food and pots of coffee. Not only that, the wait staff was standing at attention also wearing just their boxers.

“Well,” Mark said to Bob. “What do you think of that?”

“Hmm.” Bob rubbed his chin. “Waiters could be a bit better dressed, don’t you think?”

“You mean naked, sir?” Darius offered.

Bob laughed. “Nah, you’re beautiful just the way you are. All three of you. Thanks, guys, for doing all this. Join us for brunch?”

“Thought you’d never ask, sir,” grinned Pablo. “We’ve been waiting a long time.”

“Yeah, well, you know,” said Mark.

“Oh we know, sir.” That was Darius, of course.

The meal was boisterous as ever, with the boys falling over each other to describe last night’s reality show in their room that they had captured on camera. Jamie looked at Mark. “Sir, I got some awesome shots of these guys going at it. They look incredible when they fuck.” He held up the camera. “Would you guys like to see?”

Mark ruffled Jamie’s hair. “Thanks for the thought, kid, but why would we want a video when we could order up the real thing? Right now, in fact.”

The boys all sprang to their feet and Darius asked eagerly, “Right now, sir? You want us to put on a show?”

Mark laughed. “No, kid. Actually I had quite the opposite in mind,” and he grinned sideways at Bob. “Did we ever tell you how Bob and I met?”

Jamie's eyes sparkled. “You mean when you were on patrol and pulled Bob over for an illegal U-turn, and you made Bob strip and he looked so hot you creamed your pants and tore up the ticket?”

“Something like that, yeah. Well how would you like to see a revised version of that episode how it could have turned out? You want something really hot in that camera of yours? Something you can watch on one of those rainy Tuesday nights?”

“You bet, sir!”

An hour later the meal had been cleared away and the three boys were ready more than ready. They were bursting with impatience. Darius was holding the camera, Pablo was the director again, and Jamie a very vocal assistant. Suddenly Pablo hissed, “Quiet, guys!”

Out of the house came Bob and, despite Pablo's order, the boy's gasps were loud. The handsome executive was dressed in his smart business clothes – beige dress pants and loafers, white short-sleeved shirt, red tie. He looked sensational, his muscular physique clearly evident under the shirt, the sleeves tight round his biceps. “Jesus Christ,” Darius moaned, trying to keep the camera steady. He kept it trained on the stunning man as he walked across the lawn and sat at the table.

So engrossed were they in the sight that the boys jumped when they heard the commanding voice. “Excuse me, sir. Stand up please, and keep your hands in plain sight.”

The gate had opened and the spectacular blonde cop strode across the lawn, magnificent in his black uniform shirt open at the neck to reveal a small triangle of white T-shirt underneath, heavy belt around his slim waist, pants tucked into high, shiny black motorcycle boots. Bob jumped to his feet and faced him.

“Were you aware that your SUV outside is illegally parked and has expired plates?”

“No, officer. Shit. Listen, officer, I can't afford another ticket. Is there some other way we can resolve this?”

The authoritative cop gazed at the businessman and there was a long silence. There was no sound except for the heavy breathing of the three boys and the slight buzz from the camcorder. Mark walked closer to Bob and stared into his eyes. “There just might be a way, sir. If you do just as I say.”

“Anything, officer. Whatever you say.”

The cop reached forward, loosened the man’s tie and let it hang round his neck. He unbuttoned the white shirt almost to the waist and pulled it open, exposing the perfect, bulging pecs underneath. He ran his hands over the massive chest, and Bob gasped as the back of the fingers stroked his hard nipples.

Pablo hissed, “He’s gonna fuck him this time. Just watch. The cop’s gonna fuck the businessman.”

But what followed was a total surprise. Bob said, “What’s the police motto, officer ‘To Protect and Serve’?. Well, the time’s come for the ‘serve’ part. On your knees, cop.” Against all the boys’ expectations, the stud cop fell slowly to his knees and gazed at the bulge in the businessman’s pants. Bob unzipped his pants and pulled out his long stiff pole. He grabbed the cop’s tousled blonde hair and yanked the handsome face backward. “You want this, cop?” he growled.

“Yes, sir,” Mark groaned and opened his mouth wide.

“Go close on the face,” Pablo hissed. Darius struggled to control the camera and they gazed in awe as they saw Bob’s long cock slowly disappearing into the cop’s mouth. He pulled his hips back and plunge his tool into Mark’s throat again and again and again. The sight was incredible, the muscular businessman, shirt open to the waist revealing the mounds of his pecs and his washboard abs, hammering the face of the beautiful blonde cop on his knees.

All three boys had raging hard-ons as they watched the incredible scene unfold before them. They couldn’t believe that a cop would, could, take such brutal punishment to his handsome face as tears streamed down his cheeks.

Jamie was close to orgasm as he saw his master being savagely face-fucked by this stunning man. “This is it, guys,” he whispered. “This is the cum shot.”

But he was wrong. Suddenly Bob pulled his cock out of Mark’s mouth, back away and barked, “Hands and knees, asshole.” Mark fell forward on his hands and waited, on all fours, head hanging down in humiliation. “You know what comes next, don’t you officer?”

“Yes, sir.”

Bob walked round behind him, bent down and loosened the cop’s belt and uniform pants. He yanked them back, down over his ass, so the perfect twin globes were naked, vulnerable. Bob dropped to his knees, placed his hands on Mark’s waist and pressed his still-rigid cock against his hole. “You ready cop?”

“Yes, sir.”

This time the boys yelled uncontrollably as the cock pierced the cop's ass and plunged deep into his gut. His sculpted face flew backward and he screamed as the pounding began. This had to be the cum shot. The boys entered a world of total fantasy as they watched the businessman impale the sobbing uniformed cop on his iron shaft, hammering it without mercy. "Yeah, let me hear you scream, cop. You ass is mine. You're nothing!"

"Yes, sir," the cop howled. "Fuck me harder. Please fuck my ass, sir!"

"OK, you son-of-a bitch," Bob growled. In a series of quick moves he pulled out his cock and threw Mark over onto his back. He grabbed hold of the boots and pushed the legs up and back, exposing the ass once more. His cock once again speared the cop's hole. It plunged in deep, over the inner sphincter and came to rest in his deepest gut. Bob watched in satisfaction as the handsome square-jawed face flew from side to side, blonde hair flying, tears streaming down his cheeks.

After a while, as the pounding continued, Mark's spasms diminished and he became still. He looked up at Bob, smiled and said quietly. "That's it, man. God, you're such a fucking stud. You're the master. You always have been." Bob's answer was to hammer the ass even more ferociously, so Mark's smile vanished and his voice rose to a howl. "Oh, God man, you're bringing me close. Please, sir. Let me cum, sir. Let me shoot my load for you."

Bob looked down at the beautiful, pleading face. "OK, you asshole cop. You're beaten and you know it. Here it comes, you bastard. I'm cumming in your ass!" With one last mighty plunge Bob felt his cock erupt deep inside the cop's gut, and Mark simultaneously shot a huge river of semen high in the air, splashing back down onto his black uniform shirt. Their bodies shuddered uncontrollably until slowly they subsided. Bob fell forward, twisting on his back, and lay beside the exhausted cop on the grass.

They were aware of Pablo's voice shouting, "Cut! That's a wrap. That was the cum shot, dudes." Filming was apparently over. The men looked up and saw the three young faces gazing down at them. The boys had never seen anything to match this, the glorious Greek-god cop getting his ass reamed by the muscular businessman. It was a fantasy to beat anything Darius could have imagined in his wildest dreams. And he had it all on video.

There was only one way the boys could express their admiration. In unison they pulled their cocks out of their shorts and stroked them hard. It took only a few seconds. The sight of these two glorious exhausted bodybuilders lying on the ground was too much for them. There were three simultaneous screams. Three arcs of white juice streamed from three cocks and splashed down on the men beneath them. And the juice kept cumming, spurt after spurt, covering the handsome faces as an offering of worship to their spectacular masters.

Bob and Mark looked up at the exhilarated young men and began to laugh. When he finally caught his breath Bob grinned up at them. "Now that, boys, is what you call a cum shot!"

The two men pulled themselves to their feet, Jamie brought beers from the kitchen and they all sat exhausted round the table. There was a kind of awed silence as their minds re-explored the spectacular scene they had all participated in. Mark lightened the mood as he pulled a piece of paper from his pocket, tore it in pieces and threw them in the air. He looked at Bob. "No ticket, sir. You're in the clear." Laughter erupted and soon the boys were all talking over each other, speculating about what they had captured on video.

Pablo was still playing director. "OK, dudes, we've got work to do. We've gotta go to our room and do some post-production on our movie."

"Hmm," Bob said. "I never really knew what movie post-production involved. I guess this time it just consists of jerking off all over the screen."

More howls of laughter which drowned out the sound of tires on gravel outside the gate. But their raucous amusement quickly faded when they heard the deep voice. "OK, guys, you gonna let us in on the joke?"

The five men looked up, and then got to their feet in awed silence. The two men standing inside the gate were breathtaking. Both stripped to the waist, both filthy, disheveled, their pants covered in mud, they had obviously been involved in a major fight. The bruises on their handsome faces and torsos, their wild eyes and tousled hair, made them look even more rugged, more macho than ever. And Zack's chest bore the stripes of the lash clear signs of a whipping by Randy.

As Randy strode forward he had eyes only for Bob. He threw his arms around him and held him tight, breathing into his ear, "God, I missed you, man. All this was for you. Here he is."

Randy broke away and Zack strode forward. Bob felt himself go weak. With his bruises and whip marks the black stud had never looked more beautiful, more imposing. Zack grasped Bob's hand in a crushing handshake. Their eyes locked and both knew at that moment that their destiny was certain, the climax was close.

It was Mark's voice that eased the tension. "Well look at you two warriors. You both look real banged up. Must have been a helluva fight. Good weekend I take it."

Randy grinned at Zack, "The best." Then he stepped back and surveyed Bob and Mark. "You should talk, man. You two look pretty roughed up yourselves. And that has to be cum splashed all over you." He shook his head. "Well, officer, I asked you to take care of Bob, and it seems you did in every way."

Pablo was jumping up and down. "And we got it all on video, sir. All of it. You wanna see?"

“Later, kid. And I’m guessing it won’t be your average home movie, right?” His tone became more serious. “Right now there’s something I have to do. Bob, stay here with Mark. I’ll be right back.” He threw his arm over Zack’s shoulder and they went inside the house.

“OK, boys,” Mark said. “I know you won’t rest till you’ve watched that movie of yours, so get your asses out of here.” After they ran off Mark looked at Bob. “So this is it, buddy. They’re back. They both came back for you.”

Bob smiled. “Mark, I’ve gotta thank you for what you did today. It’s just what I needed. It was great feeling I was on top again, the master, the aggressor. And fucking the ass of the most gorgeous cop in creation was the big bonus.”

“Yeah,” said Mark. “Especially in view of what comes next for you. Good luck with that.”

As if on cue Randy reappeared and said gruffly to Bob. “OK, come with me.” Bob followed him inside and they stopped at the top of the basement stairs. “This is it, buddy,” Randy said. Quickly and expertly he wrapped a blindfold, an old T-shirt, round Bob’s eyes, and used another shirt to tie his wrists behind him. With Randy guiding him, Bob stumbled blindly down the stairs. His mind reeled with fear, apprehension and exhilaration.

He stopped at the bottom of the stairs and waited and waited. Suddenly the blindfold was ripped off and Bob tried to focus his blurred vision. As the image before him took shape he gasped, his heart raced and he fell to his knees. His mind reeled, crowded with images and illusions. One stood out clearly. Darius had once shown him one of his fantasy pictures, an erotic drawing (‘Tom of Finland’ the boy had said) of an iconic heavily-muscled leather stud, black as ebony.

And this was it! The picture had come to life. As the image before him came into sharper focus Bob moaned whimpered almost. It was the most spectacular picture he had ever seen pornographic a tall, beautiful black bodybuilder in full leather. His gaze focused on the incredible sight, from head to foot, starting with the black leather cap whose peak shielded piercing gray eyes that burned down at him but with the faintest hint of a smile.

Bob’s unbelieving eyes travelled downward, past the bull neck, the broad, gleaming shoulders, and then to the chiseled naked torso, crossed in an X by a studded leather harness black leather on glistening black flesh. The torso tapered down past the ripped, eight-pack abs to the slim waist cinched by a wide belt. The shiny leather pants clung to the muscled thighs, down to heavy black boots. The picture was flawless, breathtaking, the erotic drawing come to life.

Bob’s gaze was still fixed on the boots as he lost control. Though his hands were still tied, he fell forward with a moan and ground his face on the boots. He had to worship this dark god, had to debase himself before him, had to offer himself to him. He lapped at the leather of the boots, licked ravenously, became delirious as he humiliated himself before this spectacular

man. Then he remembered. The man was Zack. This beautiful leather stud was the man who was going to take him away, make love to him and push his black dick inside his ass.

Zack looked down at the man, still dressed in business clothes, the beautiful executive, powerful, authoritative, the boss. But now, hands tied behind him, he was prostrating himself on his knees in abject worship. Zack's cock was hard as iron, straining against his leather pants.

Suddenly Bob's head was yanked back up by the hair and he heard Randy's voice. "That's enough, man." He looked up and saw Randy standing shoulder to shoulder with Zack. Then he knew that Randy had engineered all this. It was Randy's leather outfit Zack was wearing. Bob was mesmerized as he watched their faces turn to each other and their mouths came together in a churning embrace. It was spectacular two supreme masters grinding their lips together in a display of rugged, male passion.

They finally separated and Randy looked down at Bob. "This is it, man. You ready?" He had something in his hand that he handed to Zack in a ritualistic act. Suddenly Bob recognized it from the past. It was the leather collar Randy had used in their first days to claim ownership of him. But it was now Zack who reached forward and buckled the collar round Bob's neck.

"Buddy," Randy said. "I want you to meet your new master."

In total shock Bob looked up in a blind panic and shouted, "No!" It was the dread of abandonment.

But Randy smiled. "Don't panic, man. I'm not giving you away. You know I'll own you for the rest of your life. I love you, man. You're mine. But I want my man to have the best. And Zack here is the best. Shit, just look at him. He's fucking spectacular. I once told you I could offer you to other men but there was never anyone good enough until now. So I'm gonna let Zack have you whenever he wants. Hell, you know you want it. You nearly shot your load when you saw him just now and fell to your knees."

He reached down, cupped Bob's chin in his hand and gazed into his eyes. "I love you, man. And from now on, you have two masters."

Bob's head swam. He looked up at these two glorious men, the rugged faces, the flawless muscular physiques, and suddenly felt unworthy. He would be owned, used lovedby these two muscle gods. Silent tears began flowing down his cheeks.

Then Zack spoke for the first time. He was smiling. "Man, I wanted you the minute I laid eyes on you in the dunes. And Randy knows that I always get what I want. So now we're gonna give you a first taste of what it's like to have two masters like us. Open your mouth."

Bob did as he was told and watched spellbound as the two men in unison pulled their rigid cocks from their pants. Without another word they stroked their big rods close to Bob's face.

He knew then what was coming, and he almost passed out with the anticipation of it. He looked at the beautiful faces, jaws clenched with effort. His eyes travelled down their glorious bodies to the huge cocks they were pounding.

Then he went blind as two hot streams of liquid smashed into his eyes. The torrents of juice moved lower and filled his mouth. He gulped frantically, overwhelmed by the smell, the taste, of the sticky, sweet semen that poured into his mouth. He swallowed hard, again and again, as he felt the cum of two men slid down his throat. The stream seemed endless as it poured over his face and down deep into his gut. But finally it stopped and his vision cleared to a blurred view of the bodybuilders who had just anointed him, had laid claim to him in a shared act of joint ownership.

He felt arms under his shoulders raise him up to his feet. He felt two warm mouths press against his and suck the remains of the semen from his mouth. He was in a delirium of the senses no thought, just the euphoria of being loved by two of the most beautiful men in the world. Finally he heard Randy's gentle voice.

"Now here's what's gonna happen. You're gonna go up to our room and shower. You look incredible, dressed as you are, a handsome executive with his body covered in semen. Shit, it looks like every man in this house has shot his load over you today. Fucking hot, buddy. But now I want you clean, naked and smelling sweet when I make love to you tonight."

"And I'm gonna make love to you, fuck you, hold you for the rest of the week. On the weekend, with my blessing, Zack is gonna take you away and he will take possession of you in his house in the dunes. He will use you as he wants love you, fuck you, tie you up, hurt you whatever he wants. And you're gonna love every minute of it. You know that."

Bob looked at his lover and said, "Thank you, sir." Then he turned to Zack. "Thank you sir."

Zack flashed his broad, gleaming smile at him. "You know, man, that collar looks perfect on you."

Not long after Bob lay in Randy's arms in bed. They were both freshly showered, both immaculate in their nakedness. Bob looked at Randy and smiled. "You know, since the day I met you, Randy, you have never ceased to amaze and excite me. Sometimes you hurt me, sometimes I'm scared of you, but always the sight of you makes me rock hard. I am totally, eternally in love with you. And thank you for Zack. I can't believe you did that. Why did you?"

"Because you're my man, buddy. And because I love you. Simple as that." He smiled. "I just have one regret that I won't get to see all the things Zack has in store for you out in the dunes. Now that would be something to see."

Then they made love, the first of many times in the week to come. Their sex had a sharper edge to it, a heightened exhilaration as both men wanted to demonstrate the depth of their love and loyalty for each other. Both of them knew that Bob lusted for Zack, and that the dominant black stud felt the same way. Both knew that when Zack took possession of him, Bob would be swept into a vortex of passion that he had not known with any man except for Randy.

But Randy had made his peace with that. He had confronted Zack, fought with him, fucked him savagely and fallen in love with him, with his stunning beauty, his toughness, his raw masculinity. The two alpha males were now blood brothers and Randy was willing to share with Zack the man he loved above all else, body and soul.

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Chapter 73 – The Pain of Beauty

Life at the house progressed at something close to normal that week, though at the front of everyone's mind was the upcoming departure of Bob and Zack to the Guadalupe Dunes. Each, in his own way, speculated to himself about what would happen there, what Zack had in store for Bob. But they all kept their thoughts to themselves even the boys, who knew that the event was so exceptional it should not be talked about.

Darius had the most contact with Zack as he was still working with him for another week at the construction site Zack would be managing. After that Darius would go back to being Randy's assistant. Darius loved working for Randy, the boss he idolized, but still he felt regret at no longer working close to this extraordinary man he had come to respect so highly. Not to mention that Darius had a permanent erection when Zack was near.

Toward the end of the week it was as if Zack read the boy's thoughts. They had been working hard. Zack was, as usual, stripped to the waist in his muddy black jeans and heavy boots, and sweat streamed down the contours of his gleaming chest and sculpted face. "Time for a break, kid," he said to Darius.

They went into the trailer office and Zack pulled two beers from the small fridge. He gave one to Darius, sank back in a chair and looked up at the somewhat nervous boy. "I know what you're feeling kid. I feel the same. It's been great working with you these past two weeks. I really respect you like you a lot. But even though we won't be working together, no reason we can't get together often that's if it's OK with Pablo. Don't want to upset that particular boat."

"Oh, it would be fine with him," Darius said eagerly. "Pablo has his master, Randy, and he would like me to have someone who well"

“OK,” Zack grinned, “we won’t go there just yet. Just take it as it comes, eh?” Darius was still standing uneasily before him and Zack asked, “Is there anything I can do for you right now, bro?”

Darius took a deep breath and decided to come straight out with it. “Yes there is, sir. You don’t have to do anything, but there’s something I’ve been longing to do all the time we’ve worked together.”

“OK, shoot.”

“Well,” Darius grinned. “You just nailed it right there. See I’ve lost count of the times I’ve come in here and watched you work and well, shot my load all over the window just looking at you.”

“I know.”

“You knew?!” Now Darius was embarrassed.

“Sure, kid. I caught sight of you at the window. I was flattered, but didn’t want to bring up the subject.” He grinned. “And now I suppose you want to do it right here.”

“Oh, man,” Darius winced, “you understand me so well, sir. See, you’re my fantasy you’re so incredibly hot. I’ve beat off so many times just thinking about you.”

“So do it. No more talk, no more fantasy. Just look at me and do it.”

Zack put down his beer, sprawled back farther in the chair and began to rub his big hands over his chest, smoothing the sweat over his bulging pecs and chiseled abs. Darius almost came right there in his pants. But he managed to pull out his huge ten inches and began to stroke it, mesmerized by the sight of this spectacular man. As the glorious black stud moaned, rubbing his fingers against his nipples, easing his bulging crotch upward, his chest gleaming, he was straight out of a pornographic picture a black Colt Model a Tom of Finland drawing.

“Oh, man,” Darius groaned. He was breathing heavily and knew he couldn’t hold out much longer. He gasped as Zack stretched his arms backward in a classic bodybuilder pose, flexing his biceps and shoulders. Darius felt the hot semen rising from his balls and up his long shaft.

“OK, bro,” the deep voice said. “Go for it.” Zack rested his hands behind his neck, his elbows stretched out sideways, showing off his biceps and the full expanse of his glorious chest. Then he did something that brought Darius to the brink. He smiled his dazzling smile, showing his gleaming white teeth set in his stunning ebony-black face. That did it.

Darius was hypnotized lost. He howled as his cock exploded in a huge river of hot semen, streaming high in the air, then splashing down onto the exposed torso of the magnificent black

bodybuilder flexing his body before him. The boy yelled again as more juice erupted, stream after stream, covering the gleaming black skin in white cream. He stood before his idol, shuddering, whimpering.

“That do it for you, bro?” asked Zack with a huge grin.

“Oh, sir. That was the best. God, you are you are”

“OK, kid, save it. Break’s over. Back to work.” And Zack stood up.

“Sir,” Darius said as they walked to the door. “I would just like to say that I hope you have a great time this weekend with Bob in the dunes.”

“Oh, that’s guaranteed,” laughed Zack. “And maybe I’ll even tell you about it when we get back one of those evenings you and I will have together. Give you something else to jerk off to, eh kid?”

Darius was dazed for the rest of the day. He totally worshiped this man and had a permanent hard-on watching him work. What amazed him most of all was that Zack made no effort to wipe away the mass of white semen that still streaked down his chest. It mingled with his sweat, running down past his waist, spreading a dark stain over the big bulge in his pants.

During the remainder of the work-day Zack once or twice ran his hand over his sweating chest and smiled at Darius, unseen by the rest of the crew. It was a private smile, just between them, suggestive of secrets only they knew.

And it was right around that time that Darius fell helplessly in love.

Darius’s final duty for Zack was to take over for him at noon on Friday so he could leave work early. Zack was deep in thought as he drove to the house and went down to the basement. He didn’t shower, didn’t clean up. All he did was put on a T-shirt. An instinct told him not to be shirtless on the drive up the coast with Bob. So, still smelling of the sweat of the morning’s work he pulled on a thin, ragged old brown T-shirt, threw a few things in a backpack and was ready.

He heard voices upstairs. Randy and Bob had also come home early and Zack didn’t interrupt them for a while. He knew they would be saying their goodbyes. In fact, at that moment they were in each other’s arms.

Bob spoke softly to Randy. “You real sure you’re OK with this, buddy? One word from you and I won’t go.”

Randy smiled. "Are you kidding, asshole? After all I went through making sure Zack was worthy of you? We beat the holy crap out of each other and I've still got the bruises to prove it. I broke the big stud in for you man. Don't let me down now. I want him to know the real value of the prize he's won. I love him like a brother, and your ass is the most precious thing in the world I can give him."

As they hugged again they heard a clearing of the throat and a deep voice said, "Er, leave something for me there, buddy."

Randy turned to Zack and laughed. "Hell, look at the guy, Zack. There's plenty there for both of us." He walked up to Zack and hugged him. "OK, stud, he's all yours for the weekend. Treat him well. He's precious to me." He broke away and picked up a bulging black leather bag from the ground. "Oh, and you'll be needing this. Bob knows what it is."

Bob had become familiar with its contents when Randy first subjected him to his painful initiation. With one last hug he whispered, "I'm a bit scared, Randy."

"Don't be, man. Zack's a good guy. Wouldn't entrust you to him if I didn't think so. Now listen. You have your cell phone. If you need anything, all you have to do is call and I'll drive straight up to you. But I don't think you'll need that. You're gonna have a blast, big guy."

It had been a long time coming. The sexual tension had built steadily over the weeks ever since the moment Bob and Zack had first laid eyes on each other. And now, as they drove north in Zack's truck they could have cut the tension with a knife. The apprehension, the excitement and the fear were all palpable, and they drove the whole way in complete silence.

They didn't dare speak. Words could not have come close to the pitch of emotion they felt. It was as if, in the heavy silence, the two men were roped tightly together, feeling, smelling, tasting each other, but unable to move. They didn't even dare look at each other, though Bob did allow himself one glance at the incredible man sitting next to him staring at the road ahead. Zack was wearing the torn brown T-shirt Bob had visualized when he had fantasized about finally being alone with Zack, offering his ass.

It was a drive of over three hours north on the 101 Freeway to Guadalupe and the tension became heavier with each passing mile. They had passed through Santa Barbara and the road was now running right alongside the Pacific on the left. The beauty of the coastline, and the stunning beauty of the man beside him, were bringing Bob to a climactic pitch of emotion. He wanted to scream out loud. And then suddenly Zack pulled the truck over to the side of the road and stopped.

For the first time Zack turned to face Bob, his piercing gray eyes burning into Bob's, that were opened wide with apprehension. Without a word, Zack grabbed behind Bob's neck, pulled his face forward and savagely ground their mouths together. He hungrily licked his face, kissed his eyes, then invaded the mouth again. Bob thought his heart would burst from his chest as he was overwhelmed by his senses. The taste, the smell of this incredible man whose lips pressed against his, tongue searching deep inside his mouth.

He was dimly aware of the sounds of passing traffic, of the waves crashing on the shore and the piercing cry of the seagulls overhead. But all of these sensations were overwhelmed by the magnetic presence of this man, his muscular strength, his ravenous mouth crushing against Bob's. Bob had stopped breathing, became light-headed and knew that he was close to orgasm.

And then it stopped. As suddenly as he had begun, Zack pulled away, turned his face to the road and pulled the truck back onto the highway. It was over. Bob began to breathe again, tears ran down his face. He was hardly able to believe that it had happened. Not a word had been spoken. There was silence again..... and the tension was lightened for now.

Bob sighed with relief when they finally pulled off the highway, drove through the modest streets of little Guadalupe, and then bounced over the sand behind the dunes. Finally, at long last, the small shack came into view. The drive was almost over but what now?

Bob felt a stab of panic. What was he doing here in these remote, deserted dunes? What was going to happen to him? He hardly knew this powerful man. He knew only that he lusted for him, longed for him, but he was scared of him too. Would he hurt him? How badly? Bob fingered his cell phone in his pocket and comforted himself with the thought that one press of the speed-dial would bring Randy running.

Then the truck stopped, Zack turned to face him and all Bob's doubts and fears evaporated. The face was ruggedly handsome, the expression was intense, and Bob knew he wanted the man more than anything in the world right now. He would give him anything, endure anything inflicted on him. Zack got out of the truck, came round and opened Bob's door. Grabbing his wrist he pulled the big muscle-stud from the truck and strode toward the shack, pulling Bob after him.

Everything happened with lightning speed, and in silence. Zack yanked open the door of the shack and pushed Bob inside the sparsely-furnished room. He spun Bob around and shoved him backward, down onto the bed. He towered over him, body heaving, glaring down at him. He reached down, quickly pulled off Bob's boots, then his jeans and shorts. He knelt between Bob's legs, reached forward and with one powerful heave ripped the T-shirt from his body.

Bob was naked. He could hardly breathe, his cock was rigid, as he gazed up at the magnificent black muscleman kneeling over him, his wild, rugged face, the massive, heaving body. He gasped as Zack reached down and ripped open his jeans, pulling out his cock, the black club that was hard as steel. Roughly Zack pushed Bob's legs backward and pinned them to the bed. He looked down at the vulnerable ass and pressed the head of his cock against the hole.

There was a momentary stillness. The expression in the black man's gray eyes was one of wonder, exhilaration and carnal desire. As he gazed in awe at the beautiful, naked bodybuilder beneath him, at his mercy, the man he had lusted for for so long, Zack spoke for the first time. "You are so fucking beautiful!" he moaned. "I love you, man"

And with one powerful thrust Zack plunged his black rod deep inside Bob's ass.

There were two piercing screams, two bodies shuddered, and for the first time in his life Zack shot a massive load of hot cum in another man's ass. Bob was flying into another world. As he screamed he was dimly aware of hot liquid splashing onto his face, over his chest. It was the juice of his own incredible orgasm. And their orgasms continued, stream after stream of semen pouring out of their shuddering cocks.

Then something happened to Bob that had never happened to him before. As his own body came to rest he was aware of pressure, pain, in his ass. He looked up at the body above him and realized that it was rising and falling over him. Zack was still fucking him, fucking him again! Bob was mesmerized by the sight of the gleaming ebony muscles flexing as the man hammered his ass. It should have been pain but it was sheer bliss.

He thought of the huge black club, pictured it sliding into his ass, and he lost all control. Reaching up he pulled at the thin fabric of the brown T-shirt and ripped it down from the muscular chest. He gasped as he gazed in awe at the hard, ebony muscles of the torso, biceps and bulging pecs streaming with sweat as the body strained to pound at his ass. The last shredded remains of the T-shirt hung down from the gleaming shoulders.

Bob could not hold back. For the first time since the journey began his spoke shouted. "Oh, man, that is so fine. God I love the feel of that huge black dick in my ass. You are so fucking beautiful. You're a fucking god. I love you, man. Please fuck my ass. It belongs to you. Fuck it hard, pound me, hurt me, man."

Zack was driven to a frenzy of desire. Every ounce of his great strength was concentrated on Bob's ass. His hips rose, then crashed down against the hard globes. Zack screamed as he felt his long shaft slide past the warm, velvet membrane, deep inside, lubricated by his own semen. "Aaaaah" He howled as he felt the head of his cock push past the hard inner sphincter and come to rest in the secret depths of the man's gut."

"I've gotta shoot again, man," Zack breathed. "You ready?" He read his answer in Bob's wild eyes and once again two orgasms exploded simultaneously. Their screams blended with the angry cries of the seagulls as if their world was in total harmony with nature. But as the human voices fell silent, the sounds of the seagulls were insistent, blending with the crashing of the waves on the shore.

For a while, it was like a frozen tableau as the two men gazed at each other in wonder. Their breathing and heartbeats were subsiding, but Zack was still inside Bob's ass as he spoke.

He said, almost in disbelief, "I've never fucked a guy before."

Bob smiled. "I'm privileged to be the first."

"And the second," Zack grinned. "And now the third."

Bob was amazed to realize that Zack was still hard inside his ass. He could hardly believe it as the fucking began again for a third time. Again the steel rod buried itself deep inside him, again he was helplessly impaled on the black muscle-god's cock. He moved his hips up and down, matching Zack's rhythm and, when the cock was deepest inside him he clenched the muscles of his sphincter around it, then released them, then clenched again as if his ass was fucking Zack's cock.

The two men entered a magical world of the senses no thoughts, no fears, doubts or inhibitions. Just the exquisite harmony of two glorious men, enthralled by each other's masculine beauty and the savage, physical joy of spectacular sex.

And the sex continued throughout the night, again and again, until the sun came up.

When the morning sun rose it streamed through the only window of the shack, illuminating a scene that brought wonder, excitement and exquisite pain to Zack as he stared down at it. Bob lay on his back on the bed in the deep sleep of exhaustion. The sun's rays streamed over his magnificent naked body, muscles pumped from a night of extreme exertion. His arms were thrown back on the bed above his head. His face had fallen sideways and lay limply in profile, damp, tousled black hair falling over this high forehead.

Zack breathed deeply, his heart racing as he gazed in awe at the sculpted Superman profile. He shook his head and moaned. "God, that is so fucking beautiful so fucking beautiful. Shit, it's too beautiful!" and he slammed his fist against the wall in anger and frustration. His cock was rigid, but he had already fucked the man all night, taken ownership of his ass. And

that was not enough he wanted to own the man, own his beauty. He wanted it to stay exactly as it was right now, lying there, helpless before him his! Zack was obsessed.

Incongruously Zack's mind flew back to a scene of his youth, when he had watched a glorious sunset from his bedroom window. The scarlet sky, the flame-tinted clouds had been breathtaking and the young Zack had stared at it all for a long time, willing it to stay exactly like that. But he knew it wouldn't, he knew it would fade, knew he couldn't own it. So he had to blot it out destroy it. He had slammed the window blinds shut and thrown himself on the bed, sobbing. Later, when he had looked through the window again the sky was black. The beauty had vanished and so had his pain.

And that's how he felt now about this exquisitely beautiful man who had come to obsess him. His beauty was overwhelming and Zack had to, if not destroy it, at least damage it, hurt it. Without another thought he went outside, grabbed the big leather bag from the truck and walked over to the weathered remains of an old out-building beside his shack.

Bob's deep sleep, his vivid dreams, were interrupted. As he drifted slowly upward into consciousness he heard the sound of hammering. He moved his aching limbs and immediately felt the raw soreness in his ravaged ass. He had lost count of the number of times it had been fucked throughout the night.

The door flew open and Zack stood there, wearing just his old torn shorts. Bob gasped at the spectacular sight. The face, the body, of course were magnificent, but it was the look in the blazing eyes that filled Bob with awe, desire and fear. He had never seen this wildness in the man, seen every muscle in his fine body tense, as if he were ready to pounce.

The deep voice was more like a growl. "Here, drink this." He handed Bob a bottle of water and he drank deeply. "You hungry?"

"Not yet. Not for food, anyway."

Zack sat on the bed with him and looked almost as if he were going to cry. "Man, I'm not sure if I can do this. You're too much for me. You are simply too fucking beautiful. You really should leave. Hell, the way I'm feeling you should be shit scared of me."

Bob looked at him evenly, spoke softly. "I'm not scared of you, Zack. I don't want to leave. I'm in love with you. You can do anything to me anything."

There was a long silence as the two men stared into each other's eyes. Suddenly Zack stood up. "Follow me."

Unsteadily Bob stood up, rubbed the sleep from his eyes, and followed Zack out to the sand. He followed Zack's gaze to an old structure next to the house not so much a building as a few remains, posts sticking up from the sand, notably an old door-frame that still stood upright. Then he saw the source of the hammering noise. On each corner of the frame, high at the top and down near the sand, Zack had hammered huge nails and hung from them leather restraints that he had pulled from the bag. Bob recognized them as the same restraints Randy had used in the past.

The memory of those times cleared his mind of all else. Instinctively he walked toward the door frame, raised his arms and slid his hands through the restraints. He felt Zack behind him, cinching the cuffs tight, then pushing his legs apart and fastening his ankles. Finally he felt the leather collar being buckled round his neck.

He was in a trance as he saw Zack walk round to face him, about six feet away. The black muscle-stud gazed at him then fell to his knees in the sand. Bob watched as a look of awe, anger and desolation crossed the sculpted black features. And he heard the scream of a wounded animal.

“NO! No it can't be real. It's too fucking beautiful.” Zack was gazing at the bodybuilder who was spread-eagled before him, stretched naked, helpless, his gleaming muscles bulging, held taut by his restraints. The Superman features were tense with fear, the jaw rigid, the muscular neck encased in a black leather collar.

Bob knew what he had to do, what Randy would have wanted. He looked up at his wrist restraints and pulled against them. He tried to get free, pulled mightily at his leather bonds, his body stretching and heaving, muscles flexed, veins bulging as his desperation increased. Zack was hypnotized by the sight of the body before him, bucking and writhing, suffering in bondage, sinewy muscles streaming with sweat, gleaming in the morning sunlight.

He had never, ever, seen anything like this, never imagined it in his wildest fantasies. The stunning, desperate, straining bodybuilder was an icon. This was beauty as he had never experienced it, so stunningly real, so sexual, an exaggerated, erotic picture come to life. Zack was in agony. He couldn't take it. He had to blot it out, had to hurt it.

He sprang to his feet, leapt toward Bob and smashed the back of his hand against his cheek, first one then the other, again and again. As he watched the glorious face fly from side to side Zack was yelling, “You fucking bastard. You're hurting me. I can't take it, man. You're too beautiful too fucking beautiful! Fucking your ass is not enough. I have to destroy you, man.”

But something made him stop. It must have been the look in Bob's terrified eyes, the memory of last night, the deep-down knowledge that he loved this beautiful man. He glanced down and saw that the bound man's cock was standing straight out, rock solid. And in his shorts Zack's own club was like steel. His body relaxed, his gaze softened.

“Oh, man. What am I doing? I’ve gotta get over this. I’ve gotta get away, man go for a run, exhaust myself.” Abruptly he turned, took off along the beach with long, powerful strides. He was soon far in the distance, his image became smaller and smaller until it disappeared in the hazy blue of sky and surf.

With the rhythm of his pounding feet in the wet sand, the same theme still pounded in his brain. “Gotta get over this gotta get over it.” He remembered other images of beauty, like that sunset of his youth. He remembered long ago in a northern winter coming unexpectedly upon a small meadow covered with a smooth, pristine layer of freshly fallen snow. It was perfect silent, untouched, glistening white, flawlessly beautiful too beautiful to remain.

He had stayed at the field as long as he could, gazing at its virgin beauty. He was obsessed by it, as he always was obsessed by perfect beauty. And like all obsessions it caused pain as well as euphoria. The snow-covered meadow was painful for Zack. He couldn’t keep it, couldn’t own it, so he had to destroy it. So he ran all over it, criss-crossing the small field until the snow was a churned-up mess. The beauty was ruined, and only then could he relax and go away.

Zack didn’t realize that, in his flights of fancy, he had turned round and was running back toward the shack, back to the bodybuilder hanging in bondage. And he knew what he had to do.

The dunes and the beach were always deserted. But if anyone had chanced to visit they would have come across a sight that would have blown their mind. In this vast wilderness was a small shack, and next to the shack was an old ruined doorframe, and hanging helplessly in the doorframe was a stunningly handsome muscle-god.

He was stark naked, the sculpted muscles of his glorious physique straining in agonized bondage, his beautiful face hanging down in beaten humiliation. There was a wide leather slave collar around his neck. The man was alone in this silent wilderness, waiting waiting to learn his fate.

The face rose as he heard the faint sounds of feet pounding in the surf. Slowly he looked up and saw the incredible face of a powerful black man, gray eyes piercing his. He saw the granite body streaming with sweat. Then he heard the deep voice “I love you, man” and felt the lips crush his in a passionate embrace. Then the man was gone.

Inside the shack Zack was preparing himself. He reached down for the bulging leather bag. He knew that what he had to do he could not do as Zack. He had to do it in another guise, assume

another identity, an alter ego. In a few minutes he was ready. He reached into the bag again for one last item.

Bob heard a sound and raised his head. “Aaaah” He uttered an involuntary moan as he looked upon the unbelievable image of a tall, muscular, black bodybuilder dressed in full leather. He thought he must be hallucinating as he gazed at the iconic image. The sculpted muscle-god wore a cap pulled down over eyes shielded behind mirror glasses. The massive torso was covered only by a shiny black leather vest that left bare his broad shoulders, bulging pecs and washboard abs.

The torso narrowed to a heavy belt round his tight waist, and the legs were encased in leather pants tucked into heavy, black boots. But there was something else that riveted Bob’s gaze, made his eyes focus with horror. The leather stud was holding a long, single-strand braided leather whip. The man gazed at his prisoner who flinched as Zack cracked the whip in the sand. He walked up to the bound man.

Bob was shocked to hear the tone of Zack’s voice, harsh, guttural. It was the voice of a stranger. “It has to be like this, man. You’re too beautiful. It hurts me. Beauty like that I have to damage, make it suffer. Your body is too perfect. I have to damage it. That’s the way it has to be.”

He stepped back and now Bob was terrorized. He thought of Randy, longed for him. But he was out here alone, alone with this wild muscular leather man, and his bound body was going to be whipped. Instinctively he struggled. He had to get free. As before, Zack looked on as the magnificent bodybuilder pulled at his restraints, stretching, flexing in desperation.

The big body writhing in bondage was the most beautiful thing Zack had ever seen. It was too beautiful, much too beautiful. He resented the man’s beauty. It had to be damaged. There was only one thing he could do. He raised his arm and brought the whip crashing down across the bulging chest. He watched in awe as the body spasmed, bucked, and writhed in agony, the man’s scream shattering the morning air.

Bob closed his eyes and flexed his body hard as he felt another stinging blow across his chest, then another across his hard abs. Then he opened his eyes and focused on the leather stud’s bicep as the arm raised and the whip came down, this time curling around his neck. His screams helped to ease the pain, but he did not close his eyes again. He yelled out loud, not because of another lash, but because his captor suddenly threw off his cap, took off his glasses and then shrugged off the leather vest.

Stripped to the waist he looked magnificent and Bob entered another world... a world of exquisite pain and total lust for his torturer. “YES!” he screamed. “Please sir. Whip my body, sir. I need it. I need to feel you lashing my body. Please, sir. Harder!”

Zack lost control and the whip smashed down on the body harder than ever. It curled round the back, across the shoulders, over the massive chest, round the muscled thighs, round the neck bearing the slave collar. Red welts criss-crossed the bulging muscles as they suffered under the lash.

The leatherman walked round the back and lashed the wide expanse of the stud's muscled back. His eyes gleamed as he focused on the perfect mounds of the ass he had penetrated so recently and so often. They bounced under the whip as it smashed across them, turning the white ass scarlet. Then Zack saw the cock standing out erect, rock hard, and began to whip the long, thick shaft.

Bob was in an erotic delirium of pain and ecstasy, his whole body on fire, his vision filled with the image of his magnificent torturer. But when he felt the whip curl round his cock he knew he was lost. His cock had never felt the sting of the whip before. His body shuddered uncontrollably, the fire in his body concentrated in his balls, as he felt the red-hot lava rise up through his cock.

Zack watched mesmerized. As he jerked the whip back, viciously uncoiling it from round the man's rigid his cock, he saw the shaft shudder, and then erupt with a long stream of white liquid. Bob stared wildly at Zack and screamed, "I love you sir!" And his cock continued to explode in stream after stream of hot semen that arced high, then splashed on the sand at his feet.

The whipping stopped. Zack yanked his cock from his leather pants, grabbed it, pointed it at the writhing, agonized bodybuilder and howled like an animal. He poured rivers of white cream, warm balm, over the shattered, striped body he had wanted to destroy. He was hypnotized as his juice poured down over the tortured muscles, as the beautiful man that he loved fell limp and hung helpless in his restraints, streaming with tears, sweat and semen.

It was over and stark reality crashed back over Zack. He looked in horror at what he had done. This time it wasn't the satisfaction of the obscured sunset, or the ruined snow. There was no satisfaction this time, only profound remorse at what he had done to this gorgeous man, this beautiful, kind, loving man, the man he loved more than anyone in the world. He cried out like a wounded animal, rushed forward and loosened the bonds. The shattered bodybuilder fell into his arms and the two men fell together onto the sand.

Zack was moaning as he looked down at the ravaged body. He bent to kiss it, lick it, bringing salve to the wounds. He ran his tongue all over the chest, shoulders, stomach, legs, trying desperately to bring comfort. He came to the face, licked the tears from the cheeks, then closed his mouth over the mouth. At last Bob stirred and pressed his lips hard against Zack's. They kissed passionately for a long time, until Zack pulled back and gazed at Bob with pleading eyes.

“Oh, man. What have I done? Please, please forgive me man. It was something inside me I lost control. I never dreamed of hurting you like that. I’m in love with you man, with your body, your soul and your incredible beauty. Oh, God. What have I done?”

Bob smiled despite his pain. “You’ve done exactly what I wanted you to do, Zack. From the minute I saw you, and especially when I saw you that day in the basement in full leather, I knew that I wanted you to whip my body. I loved you fucking my ass, and I want much more of that. But I needed the feel of your strength on me, needed to feel your power. I saw your muscular body and needed to feel it. God I love you, man. More than I could ever have believed.”

Zack was still in disbelief. “You wanted that? You wanted it that hard, that brutally?”

“Nothing less would do, man. And only you could do it.”

Zack gazed down at him. Then he rewarded Bob with his wide gleaming smile. “Bob, you’re a sick fuck, you know that?”

“I know. I do know that.”

They started to laugh, and it became uncontrollable. It was the laughter of pure joy, of physical and emotional release, of the sharing of secret delights between two strong and beautiful males. They held each other tight and felt their bodies straining in their arms. They rolled over the sand, over and over until they rolled into the waves. Zack was kissing Bob passionately, voraciously, his desire, lust and love overflowing.

As the waves washed over them Zack looked up at the sky and screamed “YES!” His eyes met Bob’s and he smiled. “We needed that, man. We had to do that, be that intense, before we could move on. Now I can relax. I’m not scared of your beauty any more. I tried to destroy it and learned to love it instead. I’m not afraid of loving you.”

“That’s what I needed to hear, Zack. Beauty can be a curse, an inhibition, we both know that well. But we are both two glorious, magnificent men and we can finally share it without fear.”

“Oh, man,” breathed Zack. “There’s so much I want to do with you. We have two glorious days ahead of us.”

Bob grinned, “Then what are we waiting for? Let the games begin!”

Zack looked down at him. “You still have the collar round your neck. Do you know that?”

Bob smiled. “I know, sir. I do know that.”

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Chapter 74 – Love and Pain

Zack stood up, but when Bob moved he grimaced with pain from his brutal whipping. He was still weak, his body covered with red welts from the lash. Immediately Zack bent down and amazingly scooped up the big bodybuilder in his arms. He looked into his soft brown eyes and said gently, “You’re mine now, man, and I’m gonna take care of you. I hurt you and now I’m gonna take care of you.”

All the tension, all the pain drained away from Bob as he relaxed in the black man’s strong arms. He allowed himself to be carried up the beach, through the door of the shack and laid gently on the bed. He looked up and watched as Zack kicked off his boots, pulled off his leather pants and stood gloriously naked before him. Zack pulled the blinds down, and the sun shone through the slats, falling with soft stripes across the wounded body.

Zack’s deep voice was gentle. “Jesus, you’re beautiful, man. You look incredible lying there. But your beauty doesn’t give me pain any more, only delight and desire. If you’ll allow me to, I’d like to make love to you real love this time, no brutal fucking, no more whipping.” Tears came to the black man’s eyes. “I want to show you how much I love you, man. Will you let me do that?”

In reply Bob stretched his arms upward and Zack lowered himself into them. Their mouths came together, not voraciously as before, but softly, gently, exploring each other with the wonder of new discovery. And then Zack’s mouth moved and began to caress the face up over the forehead, kissing the eyes, down over the chin, the neck and further down to the mounds of the chest.

Bob closed his eyes and sighed, giving himself up to the exquisite sensation of the muscle-stud’s breath on his body. Zack was licking him, licking the wounds he himself had inflicted with the whip. His tongue traced the angry welts across the muscular chest, the shoulders and arms, the washboard abs, then down over the thighs, striped with the marks of the lash. He lapped hungrily, bringing balm to the wounded flesh.

He had saved the best till last. Moving upward he buried his face in the damp pubic hair. Then he lightly kissed Bob’s cock, which rose up in a stiff response. The whip had earlier coiled round the massive shaft and, when it was ripped away, had made the cock erupt with a blast of semen. Now Zack caressed it, pressing his cheek against it, kissing, licking, exulting in his intimacy with the essence of Bob’s manhood.

He brought his lips to the sensitive tip of the cock, and he couldn’t hold back. Gently he took the head between his lips and lowered his mouth down over the whole length of the trembling shaft. Bob looked down at the spectacular, sculpted black face moving up and down, the mouth clenching round the still-raw membrane of his cock. He moaned with pleasure. “Oh, man, that feels so good. God, I love you Zack. Oh, no, you’re gonna make me cum, man.”

“Not yet!” the voice commanded as the mouth hastily withdrew and the cock sprang free. Gently Zack eased Bob over onto his stomach and gasped as he saw the damage the merciless whip had done to the muscles of the V-shaped back. “Oh, man,” he moaned, and again his tongue sought to bring comfort to every angry stripe across the tortured back. He progressed slowly down from the neck, over the lats and down to the waist. Then he pulled back and gazed in horror at the twin globes of the magnificent ass. They were an angry scarlet from their thrashing and Zack winced. He could almost feel the savage sting of the whip biting into the white flesh.

He cupped the cheeks of the ass in his hands and licked them tenderly, groaning with shame at the pain he had caused. His tongue came near to the crack and entered it. He smelt, tasted the musky dampness inside the beautiful ass and licked ravenously at the warm, velvet membrane. He was nearly in tears, brought on by the memory of his own brutality, and by the stunning beauty of the man’s ass. He whispered, “I have to have this again, man. I need to be inside you. I have to, buddy.”

Bob answered by raising his ass higher, an invitation, a plea, for the long black club to enter him again. And so Zack did. He eased his naked body on top of Bob, lowered it gently and once more penetrated the ass of the man he loved. Bob had been fucked many times the night before but this was entirely different. Gone was the hunger, the desperate need for release. This was slow, tender a whisper rather than a shout. It was a soft, loving affirmation of the ultimate union of two beautiful men.

There were no screams at the climax. Zack breathed into Bob’s ear, “I’m gonna cum, buddy. I’m gonna pour my juice in your ass. Cum with me, man.” And they did. The climaxes were almost not like orgasms. There was no sound except for their soft breathing, no spasms, no shuddering bodies. Quietly, slowly, juice streamed from their cocks, a gentle baptism, a union of souls. Bob felt Zack’s semen pouring inside his ass and felt the sticky warmth of the cum flowing from his own cock up over the sheet beneath him. This time the two glorious men had truly made love perfect love for the first time.

Minutes later they were lying in each other’s arms, the intertwined bodies, white and black, illuminated by the striped sunlight shining through the window blind. Zack was still licking the beautiful face, kissing the eyes, nibbling gently on the ears. He pulled back and gazed into Bob’s tear-stained eyes. “Never in my life have I been happier than this, buddy. You are sensational. I love you, man love your face, your body and especially that incredible ass. I could live inside you, stay here all day.”

Then he pushed himself back and leaned over Bob. “But we gotta eat. We haven’t eaten since yesterday” he grinned “been too busy. You hungry?”

Bob smiled up at him. “Now that you mention it starved.”

“Good. I’m taking my man out to eat show him off ‘Look but don’t touch, he’s mine!’ But first we shower together.” He leaned forward, unbuckled the leather belt from Bob’s neck and hung it on a nail on the wall. “We’ll leave that there,” he said. “For future use.”

In the shack’s small, rustic shower Zack’s gentle nurturing continued. Soaping up to a rich lather he ran his hands over Bob’s wounded body. He fell to his knees and soaped the thighs and calves, then moved his hands back up to the ass. His breathing became heavy as he stood up behind Bob and pressed his rigid cock against his butt. “O, man, this is crazy. But I’ve got to do it again.”

He pressed his body against Bob’s back, reached round and put his palms on Bob’s chest, gently teasing the hard nipples. With the thick lubrication of lather Zack’s cock slid easily inside the waiting ass. The two glorious bodies moved in rhythmic motion, with Bob pushing back against the huge rod, clenching his ass muscles round it each time he felt the pubic hair touch his ass. It was as if they were fucking each other. And this time when the two men shot their loads, the gushing white cream was lost in the heavy foam.

An hour later the two men were seated at a quiet table in what passed as the best restaurant in the modest little town of a Guadalupe. Although the table was somewhat secluded many heads turned to them, the last of the lunch crowd, residents and tourists, dropping their jaws at the sight of these two spectacular men, one white, one black. The men were cleaned up, both wearing jeans and T-shirts.

Zack grinned at Bob. “See the effect you’re having, old buddy? They can’t get enough of you.” He chuckled. “Shit, if they could have seen you a couple of hours ago, spread-eagled naked in that door frame.”

Bob grinned. “If they could have seen you! Big black leather stud whipping his naked white buddy almost senseless.”

Zack frowned. “Ah shit, man, you have to remind me of that? I still feel bad about it. Not that the thought doesn’t make my dick hard, right here under the table.”

“Any time you want a repeat performance, just give the order, sir.”

Zack leaned forward and spoke softly. “You know, Bob. There’s something you gotta do.”

“Yes, sir?”

“Stop calling me ‘sir’. You’re an alpha male, big guy. There’s only one guy in the world you should ever call sir, and that’s Randy. He’s your master. I’m totally in love with you and I’m in hog heaven being here with you. But you and me, we’re buddies, equals. Oh, don’t get me wrong. I’m the top man always will be. And I’m gonna fuck that sweet ass of yours, fuck your face and even whip your shackled body. Especially now I know it turns you on so much. But you’re not my slave. So, no more ‘sir’. We got a deal?”

“Deal,” Bob grinned. “And since I’m your buddy, the one with the financial know-how, there’s something I want to talk over with you.”

“Shoot.”

“I’ve been going over the financial statements you gave me when you asked me for advice. And you know, Zack, you’ve got a shit load of money lying there what with your savings and the pile you got from your wife’s life-insurance after her car accident. You gotta do something with it.”

“Any suggestions?”

“Of course.”

“Thought so,” Zack grinned.

“First real estate. Buy a house. We’re near the bottom of the market right now, so it’s a great time to buy.” He paused and smiled at Zack. “And here’s the selfish bit on my part. There’s a house for sale right across the street from ours. The woman is underwater on her loan, close to foreclosure and wants to go live up north with her daughter. So the house is going for a song.”

Bob was enthusiastic, warming to his subject. “It’s perfect for you two bedrooms and a basement,” he grinned. “It’s on a hillside so no pool but you can always run across the street and use our pool.” Bob smiled broadly. “I don’t imagine any of the guys objecting. Come to that, you can always run across the street when you need anything anything at all. Anyway, I know the realtor so I could set things in motion when we get back. What do you think?”

“Sounds perfect especially that ‘running-across-the-street’ deal. There could be a lot of that,” and Zack rubbed Bob’s thigh under the table.

“OK. Now, second investments. You’ll still have a fair amount left over.”

“Stop right there, buddy,” Zack said. “That’s taken care of if you approve. I spoke to Randy last week, told him I was looking to invest in a growing company, in a business I knew something about, could even help to grow. Something like you guys’ construction outfit. He

was all for it. Even mentioned taking me on as a partner. But he said we'd have to consult you and Mark first."

A huge grin spread over Bob's face. "Consider me consulted, and I vote yes! And I know Mark he'll be in favor too. After all, who can refuse an infusion of capital and such a macho stud partner?"

"Talking of stud partners, you can help me out with another problem I have."

"What's that?"

Zack smiled. "My cock is hard as steel under the table. You're the cause and you could be the solution. So eat fast. I'm taking you back to the shack. Remember that collar hanging on the wall?"

Bob smiled. "Yes, sir oops sorry, man."

If the tension in the dunes was dissolving into easy, if sometimes frenzied, action, back at the house the situation was the reverse the tension was building. And, of course, Randy set the tone. He was a bear morose, silent, his anger flaring up out of nowhere. Mark and the boys were staying out of his way.

Randy was sitting at the table by the pool, slightly drunk, nursing a beer. "Shit!" he breathed to himself. He hadn't realized this would be so hard, hadn't foreseen how depressed he would feel as his mind fixated on Bob and Zack. Not that he regretted his decision. He had encouraged Zack to take Bob up there and finally do what they had both been straining to do since they met.

Randy had spent his own time alone with Zack at the lake in the forest. There they had tested each other's toughness, had fought savagely, competed for supremacy until they realized they were equals, in strength, dominance and masculine beauty. So Zack was worthy of Bob and Randy had offered him what he prized most Bob's ass. And now Randy knew that ass was getting fucked, again and again, savagely, tenderly all the ways Randy fucked Bob.

Randy and Zack were so alike that Randy knew what was happening in the deserted dunes. Shit, he had even given Zack the big leather bag, containing the leather outfit, the collar and the whip. Randy banged his fist on the table. He knew that his lover would be tied up, probably spread-eagled and whipped. Zack had mentioned to Randy his obsession about beauty, how he found extreme beauty painful and had to spoil it. They didn't come more beautiful than Bob, so Randy had a fair idea what was happening to him.

Still, Randy knew that Bob wanted this, needed it, so he didn't resent it. It was just the thought of it, the man he loved more than his life being used, fucked, whipped loved by the magnificent black stud. If only he could be there, at least, see what was going on. Just then his troubled thoughts were interrupted by a young voice.

"Excuse me, sir." Pablo had walked silently up and stood behind his master. He cleared his throat nervously. "I didn't want to interrupt but is there anything I can do, sir? Anything to help?"

Without turning round Randy growled. "Not a thing, kid. Get lost."

With a sigh Pablo touched Randy lightly on the shoulder and turned to leave. But the touch made Randy turn round and he watched the kid walking away. He was barefoot in an old tank top and cargo shorts that showed off his glorious ass to perfection.

"Wait! Get your ass back here." Pablo walked quickly back and stood almost at attention.

"Takes some nerve you coming up to me when I'm in this mood. You not scared of me like the others?"

"Yes I am, sir. But I love you and I thought I might be able to help."

Once again, like many times in the past, Randy looked at the brave young kid and his heart went out to him. He was his boy, his adopted son and Randy's attitude softened as he looked at him, standing nervously at attention.

"You've got guts, kiddo, I'll say that for you. But there's nothing you can do. My mind's on Bob, thinking what's happening to him. Jesus, I wish to God he were here right now and it was me fucking him. I'd give anything to be inside that ass.

There was a strange moment of silence. Then Pablo did something surprising. He quickly pulled off his tank top, unbuttoned his shorts and let them drop. He stepped out of them and stood naked before his master, legs apart, hands behind his back.

Randy gasped. "Jesus, kid, you really are my boy, aren't you? Incredible. OK, show me."

Pablo turned round, his back toward Randy, and clenched the muscles of the perfect round globes of his ass. He heard Randy's sharp intake of breath.

The voice was deep. "In the hammock. Now!"

Pablo walked over to the hammock, fell backwards into it, his butt hanging over the end, and he reached up and grabbed the two top corners of the webbing. He lay there, spread-eagled, gazing up at his master.

“You know how I feel, kid. I’m angry, tense, resentful. When I get like that I get vicious. You’ve seen that in the past. Now are you scared?”

“I am, sir. But I belong to you, sir. My ass belongs to you. I know you want Bob’s ass, but maybe you can pretend mine is his.”

It was not only the pent up anger that drove Randy now. It was love of this beautiful, plucky young kid. Love and pure animal lust. Randy was shirtless in jeans and boots. He ripped open his pants and as they dropped round his knees his huge beer-can cock sprang out, rock hard. He grabbed his boy’s ankles and pushed his legs backward, exposing the stunning, vulnerable ass.

“You know I’m gonna hurt you, don’t you.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Like this!” And with one powerful thrust Randy plunged his huge rod deep inside the young man’s ass. He saw with satisfaction the dark, exotic face spring backwards, saw the eyes open wide and the mouth open in a scream that rang round the surrounding hills.

But Randy had no mercy. He was a machine, powered by pent-up tension, anger, and a need to show off his power, his total dominance. He imagined Bob submitting to Zack at that moment and Randy needed to exert control, to hurt, to take possession to prove that he was the master. The big construction-worker’s tension often found expression in sexual release. And this time Pablo was the helpless target of his intense need.

Pablo could usually grit his teeth and endure whatever Randy did to him, but this time was truly intense. He couldn’t hold back his screams as he felt himself impaled on the huge cock, felt the steel shaft pierce deep inside his tortured gut. He looked up and saw the blazing eyes of the wild animal, the dark demon, venting his fury on his boy’s ass.

Randy was in another world, a delirium of vivid imaginings. He became Zack, fucking Bob. He had to be as tough as Zack, had to fuck the ass just as brutally as the black man.

“That’s it fucker,” he growled. “Feel that fucking dick in your ass, boy. That’s your master’s cock, and your ass belongs to me. I am the boss. You think he fucks hard? Well feel this, man.”

And the assault became even more brutal, worse than Pablo had ever felt. His terrified eyes streamed with tears, sweat poured off his tortured muscles as he watched the huge body plunge down on him, again and again. He felt the iron rod piston inside him, ripping his ass, sending him into a vortex of pain and ecstasy. His vision became blurred and he knew he would soon pass out, when he heard his master’s voice again.

“That’s it, fucker. Feel that? Feel your master’s cock, boy. It’s gonna shoot in your ass. Here it comes. Now you know, asshole. I am king!” The last words were a scream as his whole body shook and his cock erupted inside his boy’s agonized ass, stream after stream of hot cum, the explosion of all the juice of his pent-up fury and pain. Only semi-conscious, Pablo had shot his own huge orgasm, drenching his beautiful young body in his own semen. He dimly felt the cock being yanked out of his ass and then stillness and silence.

Randy pulled up his pants, strode over to the table, sat down and stared into space, lost in thought, his body heaving and streaming with sweat.

Slowly Pablo came to his senses and painfully began to ease himself off the hammock. His ass was burning, the pain throbbing deep inside him. He crawled across the lawn, grabbed his discarded tank top and shorts and pulled himself unsteadily to his feet. But he had taken only a few steps when he stumbled and fell back to the ground, moaning feebly.

It was at that moment that Randy became aware of the boy, aware of his weakness and pain. Randy sprang to his feet with a wounded cry and ran over to the fallen figure. “Oh, God,” he moaned. “Here, kiddo. I’m here. Just relax.”

The big construction-worker leaned down and scooped up the limp body in his powerful arms. He carried his boy over to the deep shade of the trees and gently laid him in the long grass. He fell down beside him and put his arm round him. He gazed at the beautiful face and began to lick the tears from his eyes and cheeks. He kissed his mouth gently, kissed his neck, then laid his cheek against him.

“Oh, man. Pablo, I really hurt you that time didn’t I? I was really brutal. Jesus, what an incredible fuck! But I lost control used your ass to get rid of my anger.”

Pablo grinned up at him weakly. “Did it work, sir?”

Randy smiled. “You little punk. Of course it worked. You were incredible, kid, the way you took that punishment, took away all my tension and anger. God, I’m sorry I had to hurt you, kiddo.”

“I’m not, sir. I needed to feel the pain, sir. I loved it. I wanted to prove that I was your boy that I could help

Randy squeezed the muscular young body. “Of course you’re my boy kiddo. I made you my son. I love you, Pablo. I’ll never let anyone hurt you like that.”

“Except maybe you, sir. Any time you want, sir.” And he smiled his crooked grin that always melted the big man’s heart.

“Seriously, kid. Are you OK? No real damage?”

“I’m great, sir. Better than ever. A bit tired maybe.”

“Then come here. I’ve got you now, kiddo.” Randy wrapped his arms around him and they fell asleep in the long grass.

Meanwhile Darius was feeling his own agitation for a different reason. He was obsessed. He could not take his mind off the black muscle-stud he had worked next to for two weeks. He remembered every word Zack had said to him..... “It’s been great working with you these past two weeks, kid. I really respect you like you a lot. But even though we won’t be working together now, no reason we can’t get together often” Zack had laughed as he talked about his upcoming trip to the dunes. “Maybe I’ll even tell you about it when we get back one of those evenings you and I will have together. Give you something else to jerk off to, eh kid?”

God, if only Darius had a master like that. He would give anything to be accepted as his boy. Still vivid in his mind was the image of Zack, stripped to the waist, lounging back in a chair and displaying his stunning physique to the awestruck boy. Darius had shot a huge load all over his magnificent chest and then watched all day as Zack worked with the construction crew, the cum drying on his chest. He remembered the private smiles Zack had shot in his direction, secrets between the two of them.

As Darius lay daydreaming on his bed the images were too much. He was already pumping his huge dick and it was as if the picture of the shirtless black muscle-god came to life before him. He imagined Zack standing over him, saw him kneel down and prepare to fuck his ass. “Oh, sir. Please fuck me, sir. Please let me shoot my load again. I need to be near you. Please, sir, let me be your boy. I love you, master” And his orgasm exploded, spraying upward onto his face, over his chest and stomach.

His cock was still erupting as he heard Randy’s angry voice shouting from below, where he was sitting at the table with Mark. “Where the fuck are you, punk? Stop playing with yourself and get your ass down here, now! We’re waiting for dinner.” Darius grabbed a T-shirt, wiped as much as he could of the cum from his face and chest, and ran down to join the other two boys in the kitchen. Pablo looked up, stared, and grinned. “Dude! No need to ask what you’ve been doing, judging by the jism all over you. Fantasizing about Zack, uh?”

“Shit, you know me so well, man. You think Zack will ever let me be his boy?”

“I’d bet my shorts on it, dude. I’ve seen the way he looks at you. Don’t worry, that big black dick will be inside your ass within a week. Now for God’s sake help us with dinner. Randy is in a foul mood again.”

That last part was true, at least. After his scene with Pablo Randy's tense frustration had diminished – for a while. But his thoughts were still on Bob and Zack in the dunes. He had fucked Pablo hard, imagined it was Bob he was showing who was boss. But it wasn't enough. He needed something else. And so his restlessness and his anger lingered.

It flared up now as Jamie brought out beers for Randy and Mark. Randy grabbed one, and his eyes blazed at the nervous Jamie. "What the fuck's this? Warm beer?! What'd you do, put it in the oven, asshole? Beer is served cold, you shithead. This is crap!" And with a mighty heave Randy hurled the full bottle over the hillside into the distant scrub. Jamie flinched and looked desperately at Mark.

Mark had had enough. He sprang to his feet and barked to Randy, "You, in the basement. Now!" It was the commanding voice the cop used when he told a suspect to "Freeze!" Randy responded by getting up and walking sullenly toward the house. Mark grabbed Jamie's shoulder and smiled at him. "Sorry about that kid. You're my boy and nobody talks to you like that. I'll make it up to you later tonight, OK?"

"OK, sir," Jamie grinned, his dick getting stiff in his shorts.

Mark strode to the house and went down the basement stairs. Randy was sitting on the side of the bed, his head in his hands. The cop's body was heaving as he confronted him. "You were way out of line there, man. Nobody talks to my boy like that and gets away with it." He raised his voice to a shout. "Look at me, asshole!" Randy looked up in time to see Mark raise his arm. He felt the back of the cop's hand smash across his face and he went sprawling across the bed. He shook his head to clear it and sprang to his feet, eyes blazing.

"You want more, asshole?" Mark yelled. "Come on then." He pulled off his T-shirt and stood shirtless, his arms wide apart. "OK, mother-fucker. Here I am. Bring it on. Give it your best shot."

Randy's reflex was to rise to the challenge, but as he looked at his buddy his face crumpled and his knees buckled. He slumped back onto the bed and buried his face in his hands. Mark sat beside him and put his arm round him.

"Oh, man," Randy groaned. "You know I would never hurt Jamie. I'm sorry man. You think you can make it up to him?" He looked at Mark's gorgeous face and grinned weakly. "Of course you can, big guy. Just look at you."

Mark just let him talk. "It's just so fucking tough, buddy. I wanted Zack and Bob to go off together, told Zack he could do what he liked. But now I think about what they're doing, I'm not sure I can take it. I fucked Pablo gave the kid a real hard time and imagined I was fucking Bob, so I could know what Zack's feeling. But I dunno I guess I need to feel

what Bob's feeling. Zack's hurting his body, I know it. I told him he could. But I need to feel the pain too. Does that make any sense to you, man?"

Mark looked into the big man's troubled eyes. "Knowing you as I do, buddy, it makes perfect sense. And you've come to the right guy. On your feet, asshole!"

A few minutes later the scene was set for what Mark called Randy's therapy. The big construction-worker was standing naked, his arms stretched upward, wrists tied to the gym's chin bar. Before him was Mark, shirtless in just his jeans.

"OK, asshole. I've had enough of you and your moods. I saw from my window what you did to Pablo that was way out of line."

Randy bristled. "The kid's my boy and I'll do what I like with him."

"Shut up!" Mark yelled. "I'm in charge now. Then you barreled in on Jamie on my boy! OK, asshole, you say you want to know what Bob is feeling. Do you think Zack has whipped him?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Did it feel like this?" Mark quickly slid his belt from his jeans, raised his arm and brought the belt smashing across Randy's muscular chest. "You think that's how Zack began with your lover? The guy's real strong. He must have really thrashed your man like this!" As Randy's body bucked and flexed his howls of pain urged Mark on to a brutal lashing. The belt cracked across the construction-worker's chest, his flexed abs, his thighs, and curled round the back to slash at the cheeks of his ass. All the time the cop kept taunting the suffering bodybuilder.

"You feel that, stud? That's just what your lover felt that's just how Zack whipped your lover. Feel good, man? Bet it felt good to Bob. Bet he begged for more, pleaded with Zack to hurt him. Let me hear you beg, man, just like he did."

"OK, man. Whip my body harder, man. OK, I'm begging thrash me, hurt me, make me feel what he feels. Please, sir. I need to feel the pain. I need you to thrash me, Zack."

In a delirium of physical and mental agony Randy began to imagine it was Zack wielding the whip, imagined what he had done to the man Randy loved. He needed to purge his mind of the image, needed to absorb Bob's pain by submitting his own body to the lash. His mind was a blur, losing touch with reality. And then the whipping stopped

As his shuddering body finally became still Randy saw through his curtain of pain the image of the shirtless cop, and heard his voice. "What else is he doing to your man, buddy? You think he's fucking his ass? You think that huge black dick is impaling that beautiful ass, the ass you own? Jesus, that long, thick rod must be agony for your lover, deep inside him. You want to know how that feels, man?"

"Yes!" yelled Randy. "I need it. I need to feel it. I need to get fucked. I need to feel Zack's dick in my ass. Please, sir. I beg you. Please, fuck my ass sir." Randy was sobbing in a frenzy of mental anguish. But Mark stepped back.

"No, man. I'm not gonna fuck you. You deserve to inflict the pain on yourself. You hurt Pablo, you insulted Jamie, and now you're gonna pay. You're gonna fuck yourself, man."

It didn't take long. Mark had lengthened the ropes binding Randy's wrists to the chin bar, creating more slack. Then he pulled the bed underneath him and Randy stood on it facing the full-length mirror. With the ropes now slack his arms were stretched loosely out to the side. Standing in front of him Mark quickly stripped off his jeans and slid naked on his back underneath him, between his legs. He lay on the bed gazing up at the beautiful, tortured construction-worker, his sweat pouring down onto Mark's naked body.

The stunning man never failed to give Mark an erection, and now was no exception. His huge cock stood rigid, pointing straight up at the construction-worker's ass. "OK, man," Mark ordered, pull yourself up to the bar. Randy grabbed the top of the ropes and flexed, pulling his body up so it hung directly over Mark, his legs bent in front of him.

"Now, you know, asshole. You're gonna fuck yourself. Look at yourself in the mirror, man. And do it!"

Watching his sweating, straining body in the mirror Randy let his hands slide down the ropes, lowering his body slowly toward the man lying on the bed. The position was perfect, his ass poised over Mark's cock, pointing upward like a steel rod. He looked down at the cop's blonde, god-like face and groaned. "Thank you, sir."

"Do it now!" Mark commanded.

As he sank lower Randy felt the round head of the cock touch his ass. He sank lower, more quickly now, and watched in the mirror as the head slid past his sphincter and the huge shaft disappeared into his body. He felt it travel inside his burning ass, pass over the inner sphincter and come to rest deep in his gut. He watched the impaled body in the mirror shudder, saw the mouth open, and heard his own scream echo round the room.

“That’s it, man. Let me hear you scream. That’s how Bob screamed when that huge black dick speared his ass. Now, do it hard. Feel your lover’s pain, big guy.”

Randy pulled his body up off the cock, then let himself fall back so the rod plunged back inside him. He sat on the cop’s pubic hair and moved his ass so he could feel the full impact of his cock deep in his gut. He heaved himself up again, and fell back heavily on the cock. He saw the shattered body in the mirror, saw the arms bulge and flex as the dark, swarthy muscle-god rose up and down, fucking his own ass on the cock of the muscular blonde. He pulled himself up and back, faster and faster.

“Yeah,” he breathed. “Oh, man. I need that pain need to feel Bob’s pain with that huge black dick in his ass. The ass I own is being pounded by Zack, by that fucking gorgeous stud. I want to watch him cum, man. I can’t hold back.” He screamed, “I’m gonna shoot, man!”

As he slammed back down one last time onto the iron rod beneath him Randy looked in the mirror and saw the naked construction-worker blast a huge stream of white juice high in the air, splashing down onto the glass. The second gush of his multiple orgasm spurted down onto the handsome face and sweating muscles of the cop beneath him.

At the same time, he felt the rod inside him shudder, and felt the hot liquid pouring deep inside his ass. The sight was incredible. The construction-worker was convulsing, his muscle-bound body impaled on the rod of the beautiful cop beneath him. His cock was erupting in stream after stream of cum, the juice of all his pent-up frustration, pain and anger. At last he was free of the tortured image of his lover in bondage. He had felt what Bob felt, matched him in his pain they had been whipped together, fucked together. It was the catharsis Randy had needed and finally he could rest.

Mark quickly released Randy and they fell into each other’s arms on the bed. Randy looked deep into Mark’s eyes. “I gotta thank you buddy. Only you could have done that. You’re one hell of a man, the best friend Bob and I ever had. I love you, man..... Can we stay here tonight?”

“On one condition,” Mark said, pulling his cell-phone from his jeans. He was calling Jamie to come downstairs and in a few minutes the handsome young boy walked tentatively through the door and gazed in awe at the sight before him. “Everything’s OK, kid,” Mark smiled. “Get naked. Randy and I are gonna make up for the way he treated you earlier. Come here, between us.”

Jamie trembled, his eyes shining, as he stripped off his clothes. Then he lay down between the two muscle gods the dark demon and the Greek God and had the night of his life.”

Early next morning they were woken by the sound of Randy's cell phone. He answered drowsily, then sat bolt upright. "Zack! What's up, man?" Then, surprisingly, he laughed. "I thought you'd need help, buddy. Knew he was too much for one man. Right away, Zack. I'm on my way. Be up there in three hours."

Turning to Mark he said, "Gotta go, buddy. Back tomorrow night. Thanks for a great night, guys." He grabbed his clothes and shot out of the room.

Out in the dunes Zack came back into the shack, closing his cell phone. He smiled down at Bob, his gorgeous physique stirring as he began to wake. "OK, buddy, here's the deal. After yesterday and last night I realized you're too much of a stud for one guy to handle. So I just called one of my old construction-worker buddies. He'll be over in a few hours and we're gonna work on you together."

Bob's eyes opened wide with fear. "No, man. You and another guy? I can't. Zack, you're scaring the hell out of me, man."

"Don't worry, buddy. This man you're gonna like guaranteed. Trust me on this."

#

Chapter 75 – The Union of Three Men

Speeding north on the 101 Freeway, the powerful Harley vibrating beneath him, the big construction worker had a permanent grin on his face. When he rushed out of the house Randy had pulled on only his jeans and boots and now he loved the rush of the wind on his naked chest.

"I knew it," Randy thought with immense satisfaction. "I knew Zack would call me. Has to be the three of us. Has to be the big black stud and me working on Bob, that gorgeous son-of-a-bitch. I knew Zack would need me up there."

He had missed the hell out of Bob and was excited about seeing him, of course, especially after Zack had worked him over. He could imagine how hot that would look. But he was also impatient to see Zack again. When he had fought the muscular leather stud he had felt not only respect for him, but lust, too, and something close to love. Shit, he even had a hard-on right now, on his bike, as he imagined the black muscle-god straddling his naked lover.

Randy's whole body was tingling with the anticipation of seeing these two glorious men together. He throttled the Harley up to 90mph. "I can't fucking wait!" he shouted into the wind.

If Randy was high on eager anticipation, Bob was feeling something quite different ... something like nervous apprehension dread even. The thought of a stranger teaming up with Zack was way beyond what Bob had imagined when he came up here. He trusted Zack, of course, but the thought of being tied up and worked over by a guy he didn't know scared him.

OK," Zack was saying, "we've got a few hours time for me to get you ready for my buddy. There's a lot I wanna do, so when he gets here he's gonna like what he sees." He reached up to the wall, took the leather collar off the hook and buckled it around Bob's neck.

"How's that feel, buddy?"

"Feels great when you do it."

"Good. Now how many times have I fucked your ass already? Lost count, uh? I whipped that gorgeous body of yours too, and then made perfect love to you all night. But you know what I haven't worked on yet?"

"What?"

"I'm looking at it. That perfect face of yours. Just look at it strong, square jaw, high cheekbones, that black hair falling over your forehead. Hmm I wonder what Superman looks like when he's getting his face fucked by a big black dick. Guess we're gonna find out."

Both men were still buck naked, and in a few minutes they were outside the shack. Bob knew what was in store for him. The deck in front of the shack had a three-bar horizontal wood railing, and Bob was on his knees with his back to it. His arms were stretched backward over the top rail, then looped forward, with his wrists tied in front of him at his stomach. Zack watched as his captive struggled. His shoulders muscles, chest and arms flexed and bulged with the effort but there was no way out Bob was bound tight.

Zack stood in awe before the bound bodybuilder, his cock swelling at the magnificent sight of the helpless stud. He pulled his face up by the hair. In his other hand he held his rigid dick, so close Bob could smell its musky scent. Bob's own cock was rigid with excitement and he breathed deeply, anticipating the thrust of the black shaft into his mouth. But it didn't come.

"I'm gonna leave you to think about this, man," Zack said. "Think about my huge black rod deep in your throat. Then think about me handing you over to the other guy's dick. As I recall it's as big as mine. You're gonna love it when he crams it into your mouth. Just think about it."

Bob again strained at his bonds as Zack turned suddenly, ran down to the surf and jogged swiftly along the beach until he was out of sight. Despite his predicament Bob's first emotion was regret that Zack had gone away. He needed him, needed to see him, to watch him. After everything he had been subjected to he was in thrall to this awesome man. Zack had fucked

him repeatedly all night long, had tied him up and whipped him, then made exquisite love to him as only Randy had ever done before. He would do anything for this new master for Zack, though, not for some stranger, not some unknown construction worker who might brutalize him.

“It’s a mind-fuck!” The thought struck Bob suddenly. Randy had done that to him in the past. After using his body and fucking his ass he had fucked with his mind and made him shoot his load. And now Zack had left him here to think, to imagine, to let his paranoia do its work. Perhaps there was no construction worker at all. That’s it it was just a mind-fuck.

Then he knew that wasn’t true. Zack would not lie about something like that. He was preparing him for the man’s arrival. He knew Zack was going to fuck his face and thenGod knows what. He moaned to himself, “I need you here, Zack. Please, I need to look into your eyes.”

And right at that moment he got what he wanted the sight of the naked, muscular black man in the distance, running powerfully toward him. The figure grew rapidly larger until finally the man loomed over him, breath heaving, his powerful muscles pouring with sweat after his run. Bob sighed with relief. Now that Zack was here his fears diminished. He would trust him, and whoever else he chose, to do what he wanted.

Zack’s huge dick was pointing directly at Bob’s face and he instinctively opened his mouth to swallow it all in. But that didn’t happen. Zack smiled down at him, toying with him.

“You want it man, don’t you? You want that big black dick in your mouth, pouring juice all down your throat.”

“More than anything, man,” Bob groaned. “Please let me taste it. I wanna drink your cum.”

But Zack had other ideas. His huge cock had often been described as a club and now he used it as one. He grabbed it and swung it against Bob’s face, first one cheek then the other. Bob gasped as he felt the huge muscle slap against his face. He put out his tongue trying to touch the big round head, but each time the cock swung just out of reach. His shoulder muscles flexed and strained as he leaned forward desperately, pulling frantically at the ropes binding him. Bob was going crazy. His own rigid cock pulsed as he felt the big black dick smashing against his face, and breathed in the musky smell of the sweaty meat.

Zack’s excitement grew as he watched the beautiful face swing from side to side under the blows.

“Hell, I wondered what Superman would look like having that handsome face beaten by a big black dick and now I know. God, I love torturing that face with this club of mine. You feel that man? Tell me, stud, what do you want now?”

Tears were running down Bob's face as he gasped, "I want to taste you, man. I want to feel your cock in my mouth. Please, man, I beg you. Fuck my face."

Zack grinned. "You know I can't refuse you anything, buddy. Here it comes"

It wasn't subtle. Zack grabbed Bob's hair, pulled his face up and pushed his huge cock into his open, hungry mouth. It slid quickly past the lips, through the membrane of the warm mouth, and down deep into the throat. Bob choked, frantically breathing through his nose, and tears spurted from his eyes as he felt the huge shaft throbbing in his throat. His face was pressed hard into the black man's warm, wet, wiry pubic hair. As he took deep breaths through his nose the smell overwhelmed him and he felt his own cock throb.

"Don't cum yet," the deep voice ordered him. "I'm gonna fuck your face." Bob felt relief as the cock was withdrawn, but then it quickly slid back inside his throat. Zack grabbed the sides of Bob's face and held it rigid, and the piston began its rhythmic plunge. Bob saw the slim hips move back and forth as the muscular black body took possession of his ravaged mouth. The sweaty pubic hair smashed into his face and the pounding seemed endless. Zack looked down at the sculpted features of the handsome face being hammered backwards, the black hair flying. He saw the mouth stretched wide open and the eyes streaming with tears.

He growled, "You are such a fucking stud, man. Eat that black cock taste it smell it. You want me to shoot my load inside you? You wanna cum while you drink my juice, man?"

In answer Bob could do no more than open his eyes wider as he looked up at the wild, ebony face. Bob thought he would choke, would pass out, so in a desperate act he suddenly held his breath and clenched his throat muscles hard around the plunging cock, trapping it deep in his throat.

The effect on Zack was instantaneous..... his scream rang through the dunes and his body convulsed. His cock was trapped, squeezed tight, and he felt his semen being drawn from his cock as it started to pour down his prisoner's throat. At the same instant he was aware of hot liquid splashing on his legs from the spontaneous orgasm of the bodybuilder whose face was impaled on his cock.

The two men were in a world of pure physical sensation, no thought, no emotion, just raw virile energy as their cocks exploded. Bob gulped frantically, overpowered by the bitter-sweet taste of the man's cum pouring deep inside him. Finally the flow stopped and the cock pulled out, but his mouth was still full of semen, spilling out down his chin.

Zack was hypnotized by the sight of the exhausted Superman face looking up at him wide-eyed, the face he had just hammered with his huge rod, streaked with tears, mouth hanging open with semen dripping from it onto the black collar round his neck. He fell to his knees and clamped his mouth onto Bob's. They passed the sticky, warm liquid back and forth in their mouths, both drinking the juice of their mutual lust. Zack pulled away and gazed into Bob's tearful eyes.

“You are fucking incredible, man. I’ve never felt anything like that. God, that face. It looked so fucking hot getting hammered.” He stroked Bob’s cheek. “You OK, man?”

Bob smiled at him. Incapable of speech he pressed his lips against Zack’s and ground their mouths together with the last remains of his spent passion.

An hour later they were lying on the sand with their arms tight round each other. They had slept for a while, had a bite to eat and drunk plenty of water. They were sated and replenished and euphorically happy as they lay still, hearing only the sound of the waves and the conspiratorial cry of the seagulls looking down at them. But then the spell was broken. Zack broke away, got to his knees and looked down at the face of the man he had come to love.

“It’s time, man. My buddy’s gonna be here in half an hour. I gotta get you ready. I want him to see what I’ve done to you. Hey, I’ve fucked your ass, whipped you and hammered your face with my dick. I want him to see that. He’s gonna love it. It’ll make him want you so bad.

A shudder of fear ran through Bob’s body. He had forced to the back of his mind the prospect of a stranger, Zack’s construction-worker buddy, joining them. The sight of Bob’s ravaged, cum-soaked body would stir his lust and Bob would be at his mercy. But he was helpless in the face of the black bodybuilder’s determination to put him on display to show off what he had done to him. Zack had got up and Bob heard the sound of hammering.

A short while later Zack stared at the ground with satisfaction. “Now that is something spectacular,” he said. “God, my buddy’s gonna go ape-shit when he sees that.” Below him Bob was spread-eagled on his back on the sand, arms and legs stretched tight, his wrists and ankles roped to wooden stakes that Zack had hammered into the ground. The leather collar was still round his neck.

“Let me see you try to get free,” Zack ordered, and he gasped as the muscular body began to writhe and flex, pulling at the stakes, head tossing back and forth with the futile effort of freeing himself.

“Incredible, Zack breathed. “Just fucking gorgeous. Now, just a few finishing touches. He took hold of his cock, pointed it at the captive’s face and let loose a stream of hot, rancid piss. It poured into Bob’s mouth, over his face and body until his muscles gleamed wet in the hot sun. Bob was mesmerized by the sight of the magnificent, naked black stud, legs astride, urinating on him.

But Zack wasn't finished as he gazed down at the spectacular display. "Now I've gotta do this," he said. "You are just too fucking beautiful. And you know how I feel about that, buddy. I can't hold back, man. This is it. Look what you do to me." He stroked his rigid tool just a few times, then threw his head back as cum spurted from his cock, splashing down on the face and chest of the helpless muscle-stud staked out on the hot sand. Again he stood back to look at the finished picture of the spread-eagled bodybuilder covered with semen mixing with pools of urine."

"Oh, yeah," he said. "God that's beautiful. My buddy is gonna love that. Look at you man, a big, beautiful muscle-god, Superman, staked to the ground, collar round your neck. That spectacular physique is still striped by the red welts of the whip from the lashing I gave you. Your face is tear-stained, caked with dry cum from your face-fucking. And your whole magnificent body is gleaming wet with piss and cum. Shit, man, that broken, humiliated super-stud is gonna drive my buddy ape-shit."

Bob closed his eyes and his mind raced with images of what might happen to him. He was terrified, and he sought refuge in the image of his lover, Randy, his master and protector. God, he needed him, longed for him. Randy would have taken care of him.

Just then he heard the sound of an engine behind the shack. The guy was here.

His eyes still closed, Bob heard muffled voices, footsteps going into the shack. He dimly heard the sound of bottles clinking together. The two guys were drinking. Drunk, the stranger would be even worse, he thought no restraint or inhibitions. Time went by, then he heard Zack's voice.

"You wanna take a piss, man? There's an outhouse in back but I don't bother with that. Just do it right out here. Come and see what I've got for you man. You're gonna love it."

Bob closed his eyes tight as he heard their footsteps approach. He knew they were looking down at him but he didn't dare open his eyes to look at the stranger. He would probably be some big hulking brute from Zack's former construction site. But finally he took a deep breath and, despite his terror, he finally forced himself to open his eyes.

At first he was blinded by the sun, but then the outlines of a face came into hazy view. As his vision cleared he saw that the face was smiling. It was a handsome face, the muscular physique was stunning. The man was beautiful. Then Bob started to sob with relief and tears poured down his face.

The man was Randy!

“Shit, man,” Randy’s deep voice growled. “Will you look at that! Fucking incredible, man. You’ve sure done a number in this guy. Looks like you whipped him good, face-fucked him, then pissed on him and shot your load over him. You work on his ass too?”

“All night long,” Zack grinned.

“Didn’t leave much for me, buddy. Still, he looks like he can take a lot more. Shit, he’s gorgeous. What a beautiful fucking stud. You sure he’s staked out real good?”

“Check it out.”

“OK, asshole,” Randy snarled. “Let me see you get free.”

Bob was overcome with waves of relief to see his lover. Now he knew he was safe. And he wanted to put on a show for him. He stretched, writhed and strained in his bondage, flexing every muscle in his glorious body as he heaved at the ropes trying to free himself. He knew how that looked and what a huge turn-on it would be for his master. And he was right.

Randy gazed down at the spread-eagled bodybuilder staked down in the sand. “Oh man,” he moaned. “Look at that fucking body, the stripes of the whip, the tortured face. Zack, my man, you have done us proud. That is one broken fucking stud.”

“Thanks, buddy. Er, you said you wanted to take a leak?”

“Damn right,” Randy said, throwing his arm over Zack’s shoulder. “Let’s do it.”

Bob looked up at the two powerful muscle-gods. He focused on their cocks and watched as they began to stream with urine. Once again his body was drenched in the rancid, golden liquid as the two streams poured over his face and his body. He heard Randy’s laugh.

“Hey, Zack. Think you can cum again?”

“Buddy, this man can make me cum whenever I want.”

As they gazed down at the helpless, spread-eagled bodybuilder, muscles gleaming with piss, the two men pumped their dicks hard. Soon there were two triumphant yells and two rivers of semen were gushing over him, mingling with the pools of urine.

Bob was in a delirium of lust and desire. He was helpless, staked to the ground, at the mercy of these two stunningly beautiful masters. They had pissed on him, cum all over him and now they towered over him, gazing in awe at his ravaged body. Suddenly Randy fell to his knees astride him and looked into his eyes. He smiled and spoke softly, gently.

“How you doing champ? Zack take good care of you?” Bob’s eyes were shining. “That good, uh?”

“What does it look like?” Bob smiled feebly.

“Looks fucking spectacular, man. Looks like he did everything I would have done.”

Bob’s eyes suddenly filled with tears. “Thank you for coming here, sir. I really needed you.”

Randy’s voice softened. “I know, Bob. Me too. But you know I always look out for you. You’re my life, buddy.”

He stood up, threw his arm over Zack’s broad shoulder again and grinned down at the cum- and pissed-stained man. “OK, you’ve got two masters now. Take a good look at us, asshole. Think you can take on the two of us?”

“Absolutely, sir. Anything you say. Anything at all.”

Zack knew instinctively that the two lovers needed a few moments alone. “I’m going for a swim,” he said. “Come join me when you’re ready.” He ran down to the ocean and launched his long black body into the waves.

Randy was already kneeling over the captive, untying the ropes. Looking into his eyes he slowly unbuckled the collar from round his neck. “Won’t be needing this for a while.” When Bob was free Randy scooped him up in his arms and held him tight, kissing his eyes and licking his face. “You sure you’re OK, man? Looks as if he worked you over real good.”

“He’s spectacular, Randy. He fucked me, whipped me, tied me up and fucked my face and I loved all of it, even when it hurt. It was just the way you’ve always worked me over. But you now what? through it all I missed you like hell.”

Randy smiled. “Zack knew that too. That’s why he called me, told me to come up here. He’s a hell of a guy, buddy. That’s why I entrusted you to him. But he knows, as I do, that we three belong together. We’re three of a kind. We’re perfect except for one thing.”

“What’s that?” Bob asked anxiously.

“You smell like a fucking pig farm. You stink of piss and cum. Let’s go wash it off.”

Laughing loudly Randy pulled off his boots and jeans, hauled Bob to his feet and they ran down the beach and joined Zack in the waves. It was a scene of lusty, virile exuberation as the three muscle-gods rough-housed in the heaving surf. They had all gone through intense trials of

strength and survived magnificently. And here they were, finally, all together, joining in a jubilant celebration of the masculine power and beauty that all three incredible men shared.

Sometime later they were all soaking up the sun, lying naked on a huge blanket that Zack had stretched out on the sand against the railing of the shack's deck. They weren't saying much. They were just luxuriating in their closeness, in the intimacy of men who had shared strange, exotic experiences, private, intense secrets known only to them.

The silence was broken by Randy's soft voice. "You know, guys, we're not quite there. There's still something else the final act of union."

Zack knew what he meant but let the master lead the way. Randy was still lying on his back and he said to Bob, "Kneel over me, buddy." He obeyed and the lovers gazed into each other's eyes, connecting in that mysterious, intense symbiosis that neither understood but had come to recognize at times like this. They ran their hands over each other's chests and began squeezing the nipples, moaning and flexing their pecs.

"God, I love you, man," Randy said. "We're perfect together. But buddy, I want Zack to be a part of us. Are you OK with that?"

Bob smiled. "I'm in love with both of you. Does that answer your question?"

"Right," Randy said. "Here we go, then." Randy grasped Bob's hips and pulled him forward so his ass was poised just over Randy's rigid dick. "You know what to do, man."

Eagerly, Bob eased himself down, felt the head of his lover's cock press against his hole, then enter it and slide easily deep inside his ass. Both men sighed with intense pleasure as once again they were joined in the way they loved best. The rhythm was gentle as Bob rose and fell on the huge, stiff pole.

Bob was only dimly aware of Zack walking into the shack and then returning. He brought with him an old mirror he'd had stashed in a closet, and set it against the railing, right behind Randy's head. Bob smiled as he now saw the reflection of his own muscular body rising and falling on Randy's cock. Randy pulled Bob's head forward until their faces were locked in a tight embrace.

As Bob leaned far forward he forgot all else, even when Zack stirred behind him. Then his face pulled back from Randy and he stared in horror into the mirror. He felt the head of Zack's cock, that huge black club, pressing against his ass that was already filled by Randy's thick tool. He looked down at Randy.

“No, I can’t, man. No way I can’t do that. Not both of you.” He looked up at the mirror, at the reflection of the stunning black face behind him. “I’m sorry, man. You’re both so big. There’s no way.”

“Bob!” Randy’s commanding voice silenced him. Then the tone softened. “Look at me, buddy, into my eyes.” Bob felt he was drowning in the pale blue eyes. “OK, now look up at Zack.” He saw the exquisitely sculpted ebony face in the mirror staring back at him. He looked down at Randy again, then up at Zack.

There was such intensity, an electric charge in the air, that Bob became hypnotized by the sight of these two magnificent men. One was his master, who he loved more than his own life. The other was the spectacular black man who had recently taken him into a world so physically exhilarating that he had fallen in love.

And suddenly Bob knew. He had to have both of them. He had to do this. Nothing else would do. It had to be this. He leaned forward, his face very close to Randy’s and gazed into his eyes.

“Trust me,” Randy breathed. “I’ll help you, buddy.” Randy saw Bob’s face wince with pain as Zack increased the pressure on his ass. The pain intensified and Bob whispered to Randy, “I can’t, man. I can’t take it.”

“Yes you can. Look at me.”

Bob gazed deep into the blue eyes and he felt Randy take control. It was a kind of hypnosis. His body relaxed, he was in a trance and was only dimly aware when the huge black cock pushed inside his ass and slid down alongside the shaft of his master. Bob opened his eyes wide, looked up at the handsome black face in the mirror thrown back in ecstasy, then looked back at Randy. Bob’s body was on fire. The electricity in the air struck him like lightning and he convulsed with a sensation he had never felt before.

Randy smiled at him and spoke softly. “This is it, Bob. Feel it the most sensational feeling of your life. You, old buddy, are being fucked by the two finest masters in the world. You deserve this, man you need it. Only you. You are so fucking beautiful, and your ass is being double-fucked by the men who own you.”

And so it began, as two monster cocks started to slide against each other in the burning depths of the muscle-stud’s ass. Maybe there was pain there had to be but Bob didn’t feel it. As he looked at both his masters, Randy beneath him and Zack behind him, reflected in the mirror, he was aware of nothing but the exquisite fullness in his ass as the two men fucked him together.

Randy and Zack too were shuddering with excitement. Never had either of them felt anything like this. The man they both loved was between them taking both their cocks in his ass. Zack

looked over Bob's shoulder and down at Randy, the man he had fought, the man who had fucked him, the man he had come to love like a brother. Each felt the other man's cock, squeezed tight, sliding against his own in the burning ass. They felt an extraordinary closeness, an intimacy, joined as one man in the act of fucking his lover.

Zack moaned softly to Randy, "Doesn't get any better than this, you son-of-a-bitch. God, my cock feels incredible sliding against yours. You're a fucking god, man." He pushed against Bob's back, leaning far forward over his shoulder, far enough to press his mouth against Randy's. They crushed their lips together as they gently slid their cocks against each other.

Randy pulled his face free and gazed at Zack. "He's ours now, man. That ass belongs to both of us and we're both inside it. Only you, Zack, only you could do this. I love you man. You're so fucking gorgeoussofucking pornographic!" Randy's voice rose to a shout. "Come on, man. Let's do it! Let's fuck!"

They completely lost control. In a frenzy of macho power they moved their hips faster and plunged their cocks deep into the bodybuilder's tortured ass. It was like twin pistons, grinding against each other as they pounded inside the furnace. Bob was unaware that he was screaming. It wasn't pain, it wasn't lust. He was simply flying. His ass was impaled on the cocks of two magnificent muscle-gods and it was the most spectacular feeling of his life.

They were all howling like wild animals now, in a primitive ritual of lust. The hammering was reaching a crescendo and they all knew they couldn't hold back for long. Randy's wild eyes flashed at Zack. "Fuck him, man hard. Fuck my lover. Let me feel your big black cock inside his ass. Oh, man. That's it. This is it. You ready, man?"

Their screams shattered the stillness of the dunes. Bob's eyes suddenly flew open as he felt the heads of both cocks pass together over his inner sphincter and come to rest deep in his gut both of them pulsing together. They were streaming hot juice inside him. His two masters were pouring their semen deep inside his body. He watched in a trance as the flexed muscles of his lover beneath him were splashed by a river of white cream. It was Bob's own hot juice, blasting out of him over his master's body. His last sight was of the wild, dark demon face and then he fell forward unconscious.

It must have been only a short while, but when Bob came to he was lying on his back. He opened his eyes and saw seagulls whirling overhead, screaming their angry reproach at what had taken place beneath them on the sand.

Then he felt arms round him, strong arms holding him, protecting him. His head fell to the left and he was gazing into Randy's smiling blue eyes. He turned it right and there was Zack's spectacular ebony face, gentle now, loving.

He looked upward again in defiance of the screaming gulls. He laughed at them as they whirled over him. They couldn't hurt him. Nothing, nobody could. He was invincible. He was loved, protected by two of the most glorious men on earth.

Time seemed to slip sideways. And Bob knew that this very instant..... lying here on the hot sand in the dunes was a moment he would feel, in all its intensity, for the rest of his life.

If the events in the dunes were euphoric, the scene back at the house in the city could only be described as quietly domestic. It was just the three boys, on their own for a change no masters.

Mark had woken at dawn and, as always, turned to Jamie beside him and made love fucking his beautiful ass for the second time that night. Jamie had made him an early breakfast and Mark had left on an eight-hour tour of duty, his police motorcycle throbbing beneath him all day. And Jamie knew what that meant when he returned home. His ass again.

For everyone else today was a holiday, so for now it was just the boys, lounging outside at the breakfast table. And as always they were talking a mile a minute, led of course by Darius whose fantasies were naturally getting the better of him. And just as naturally the subject was Randy, Bob and Zack.

"Shit, dudes," he said, "I'd give anything to be there with my camera. I'd get enough footage to keep me awake nights for weeks."

"What do you think they're doing?" asked Jamie, wide-eyed.

"What are they not doing?" grinned Pablo. "OK, first it was just Bob and Zack?"

"..... and you know what that means," interrupted Darius, impetuously taking over the wild speculation. "You just know Bob got his ass fucked over and over by Zack. Then they probably made love for hours and hours."

"Then what?" Jamie asked.

"Well," said Darius, puffing himself up as the know-all teacher. "You know, dudes, while I was working closely with Zack I got to know him pretty darn well. He's a fucking muscle-god, a real alpha male, a top man, and he would sure as hell let Bob know it."

"How do you mean?" queried Jamie.

"Well, first he'd tie him up good."

“You mean bondage?” said Jamie, his eyes shining.

“OK, dude, we know you love it when Mark does that to you.” Jamie blushed. “But this is different, real heavy duty. And I happen to know” he paused for dramatic effect. “I happen to know that Zack took Randy’s leather bag with him, and you know what that means.”

“What?” Jamie’s eyes were wide open.

“The whip, of course,” Pablo laughed. “You know that Zack tied Bob up and whipped that gorgeous body real good to show him who’s master.”

Jamie recoiled. “Whipped him?”

“Sure,” they both said in unison.

There was a long silence as each young man tried to imagine what that looked like. Jamie looked troubled.

“I, I wonder what that feels like,” he muttered.

“Depends on who’s doing it,” grinned Darius.

Again Jamie’s eyes opened wide. “It never happened to you guys, did it?”

“You kidding?” Pablo said. “Once when Darius and me were fighting each other Randy hit the roof. Got real mad you know how angry he can get, Anyway, he roped us together facing each other and whipped us, real hard. That was our punishment.”

“Didn’t it hurt?”

Darius grinned. “Sure it did, hurt like hell. But you know what?” Darius rubbed the bulge in his shorts at the thought. “We ended up shooting a huge load of jism against each other. Randy can make you do that. Jeez, that was a trip and a half, dude.”

Again Jamie seemed lost in thought. “I don’t think Mark would ever do that to me.”

“Oh, Mark’s different,” said Pablo. “See, him being a cop and all, he don’t like using force when he’s off duty. Besides, he loves the hell out of you dude. And I bet he’s gentle, even when he ties you up.”

“Still,” mused Darius. “I guess if you made him mad enough he’d have to punish you. Maybe then he’d whip you.” He paused. “Hell, I’d like to see that muscle-god, in his full uniform, cracking a whip. What a fantasy. That’s enough to make me shoot my load right here.”

“Hey, save it for later, dude,” Pablo said. “Let’s go for a swim.” Together the two boys dropped their shorts and dived naked into the pool, leaving Jamie to clear away the breakfast things.

In the kitchen the blonde young stud gazed out of the window. In his mind’s eye he had a clear image of his master, the magnificent cop standing legs astride in his black uniform. The black shirt, open at the neck showing a triangle of white T-shirt, tapered from the broad shoulders down in a V to his narrow waist and the heavy leather belt. The black pants were tucked into his high, shiny motorcycle boots. His eyes were hidden behind mirrored glasses.

Darius was right. Mark really was a god. Jamie remembered the times that the cop had handcuffed him to the bed and run his hands over his young body, ending up fucking his ass while he was still in bondage. That always made him shoot his load without even touching his cock. He loved it when the powerful cop controlled him like that, even if it hurt. He longed for Mark to dominate him completely.

Now it was Jamie’s turn to fantasize. Suddenly the image that came to mind was of the uniformed cop holding a whip, cracking it on the ground. Jamie gasped, the picture was so clear to him. He was not even aware that he had pulled his dick from his shorts and was stroking it. He imagined himself naked, tied helpless in front of his master. The cop took off his glasses and his chiseled blonde features were tense as his eyes blazed at him.

Jamie started to moan. “I misbehaved sir. I know you’re gonna punish me, sir. I deserve it. Are you gonna whip me, sir? Please, sir I need it. Please whip my body, sir.” He saw his master’s face, saw the arm raise, saw the whip flashing toward him. His body jerked and he screamed and shot a huge stream of cum over the kitchen window.

Reality came crashing back to him. He actually blushed with shame and anger as he realized what he had done, what he had fantasized about. Frantically he grabbed a cloth and rubbed hard at the window until the white cream was gone. He looked out the window, afraid that his scream had been heard, but the guys were splashing loudly in the pool.

He took a deep breath and collected himself. Mark would never do anything like that to him. Mark was gentle with him, loved him. He would never hurt him in that way. But as he stood there in a trance the image of the cop with the whip wouldn’t leave his mind. His cock began to get stiff again. “I’m his boy,” thought Jamie. “He’s my master and that means he can do anything to me. But he would never do something like that ever.”

Then Darius’s words came back to him. “Still, dude, I guess if you made him mad enough he’d have to punish you. Maybe then he’d whip you.”

And it was then that Jamie made up his mind.

#

Chapter 76 – Masters & Boys

It was a day mostly of leisure for the three boys, though they did their fair share of chores, making the house look just right for when their masters returned. Mark would finish his shift in late afternoon and be home for dinner and the other guys were due back from Guadalupe early next morning.

As always when the boys were together they talked up a storm, mostly about their masters. But Jamie seemed strangely withdrawn, not as eager to join in as usual. Normally he was the one who asked all the questions of his more experienced buddies, but Pablo and Darius noticed that he seemed deep in thought much of the time.

Pablo whispered to Darius, “Maybe it’s what we were talking about earlier that stuff about whipping and all.”

“Could be,” Darius agreed. “He’s sure been quiet ever since.”

But as the day wore on Jamie became more animated until Mark came home. He was earlier than expected and as he strode through the gate the three boys looked up and were, as always, stunned by the look of the spectacular uniformed cop, still wearing his helmet and mirrored glasses. Instinctively they all stood up as a mark of respect.

Mark joined them at the table by the pool and sat down heavily with a sigh of relief. “Fuck, what a day,” he murmured. He took off his helmet and glasses and smiled at Jamie as he always did. Usually he was met by the eager, loving gaze in Jamie’s eyes but not this time. His boy’s expression was hard to read fearful maybe, confused, even sullen.

“Hey, kid,” Mark smiled at him. “I could really use a cold beer. How about you get one for me, and for you and the boys?”

But Jamie didn’t react. Instead he stared mutely down at the table.

“Jamie? I told you to get

“I’ll go, sir,” Pablo interrupted, sensing that something was up with Jamie, and he ran off to the kitchen. There were definitely storm clouds gathering as Mark looked at Jamie’s surly face, and the boy refused to make eye contact. After a few slugs of his beer Mark spoke.

“Hell, that bike throbbing between my legs all day always makes me horny as hell. Go upstairs, kid and get yourself ready.”

But there was no movement. After a long pause Jamie muttered, "I'm too tired."

"You what!?" Mark could hardly believe his ears. His reaction was instant. He grabbed his boy by the scruff of his T-shirt, hauled him upright and propelled him across the lawn to their house. He shoved him through the door and dragged him up the stairs. His eyes blazed and his chest heaved as he glared at the boy standing morosely before him, hanging his head.

"Now I'll say this one last time, Jamie. Get naked. Now! I'm gonna fuck your ass."

Jamie finally looked at his master. "No. I don't want to." There was a stunned silence. "You can punish me, sir, but I don't want to. Are you going to punish me, sir?"

"You bet the fuck I am," Mark blazed. "Nobody ever refuses me, least of all my own boy. Look at me, boy. Do I look like the kind of guy who ever gets rejected? OK, if it's punishment you want, you got it."

Jamie's cock was swelling in his shorts as he once again fantasized about the cop holding a whip. But things didn't go as planned for the boy and he was startled at Mark's next move. He moved to the open window and shouted, "Hey, Darius, Pablo, get your asses up here now!"

In a few seconds the two boys were in the room, shocked at the look of fury in Mark's eyes. Jamie stood to one side, his thoughts whirling in confusion. This was not going as he had planned not at all.

"OK. This boy has refused to give me his ass. I could take it by force, but that would be too easy for him. There are other great asses around, and I intend to shoot my load into one of them. I need to get my rocks off. So, do I have any volunteers?"

"Me, sir!" Darius and Pablo spoke in unison, raising their hands.

Mark looked at them. "Pablo, you're Randy's boy so I don't want to stir those waters again. Darius, you'll do just fine. Strip."

It took mere seconds for Darius to pull off his shirt, kick off his sneakers. His beautiful black body was trembling with anticipation. He had no idea what kind of stunt Jamie was pulling, but who cared!? He, Darius, was going to get his ass ploughed by the muscle-god cop. For once one of his biggest fantasies was coming true. Over-enthusiastic as always he threw himself down on the bed on his back, put his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs back, displaying his ass to the uniformed stud towering over him.

"Good boy," Mark said. "Been a long time since we did this. You're gonna love it. So tell me, kid, you want a cop's dick in your ass?"

"You bet, sir. You bet!"

Jamie wanted to scream. Everything had gone wrong. He was being punished in the worst way possible. But the pain was not physical, as he had wanted, but mental, the worst agony he had ever felt as he watched Mark prepare to fuck Darius. It was the moment in the day Jamie always looked forward to, when Mark came home, horny as hell, and took possession of his boy's ass. He loved getting fucked by his master.

But now he was forced to watch. Mark's next moves were familiar to him. The cop undid the top few buttons of his black shirt exposing more of the white T-shirt. He knelt on the bed, grabbed Darius's ankles and pushed the legs high. He unzipped his uniform pants, pulled out his rigid cock and pressed the head against the crack of his ass. He gazed into the boy's shining eyes and quickly eased his cock into the black ass, sliding it deep inside.

Darius moaned in ecstasy as he felt the long shaft enter him and looked up at the beautiful blonde cop taking possession of him. He felt the cock pull out, then plunge back inside his burning ass. Now the pounding began, with Mark using the boy's ass to vent all the pent-up energy in his balls after a day astride his motorcycle.

The fucking continued, until suddenly Mark paused and Jamie and Pablo gasped at what came next. The cop quickly ripped off his black shirt so he was stripped to the white T-shirt stretched over his muscular torso. Darius raised his arms and placed his palms against the cop's chest, feeling his bulging pecs through the thin cotton. Mesmerized by the sight and feel of the incredible body hammering down on him Darius dared to speak.

"Please, sir. Let me see more, sir. Please, sir."

Mark grinned at him and reared up straight, his cock still embedded deep in the boy's ass. "Is this what you want, kid? Is this what you want to see?" And in one quick move he reached behind his neck and pulled the T-shirt clean off. He paused as he flexed his muscles and let Darius take in the incredible sight of his magnificent physique.

"NO!" The scream came from Jamie who was beside himself with rage, frustration, envy and shame that he had brought this on himself. The pain was unbearable as he saw his glorious master, stripped to the waist, preparing his final assault on Darius's ass. Every fiber in his body wanted to run out of the room but he didn't dare to move. He knew that his punishment was to watch. And it was a spectacular sight.

Mark's flawless muscles were gleaming with sweat now as he pulled his cock clear out of the ass, then plunged it back in through the tight sphincter, down past the hot membrane of the ass and finally over the inner sphincter. Darius threw his head back and screamed at the exquisite pain the cop was inflicting on him. He watched awestruck as the shirtless body rose and fell against him, and he felt the rough serge of the uniform pants slam against his ass with each thrust of the piston.

His own cock was raging and he knew he couldn't hold on much longer. Mark knew that too and said, "You ready, boy? You ready to shoot your wad? You want my juice? You want to see it?"

"Yes, sir, please sir!"

He could not believe what he saw next. Suddenly Mark pulled his cock out of his ass. He held it in his fist, there was a moment of silence, then the cop threw his head back and howled as a mighty stream of hot semen poured from his cock, arced high in the hair and splashed down on the black face and body thrashing wildly on the bed. Darius was dimly aware that Pablo had ripped off his T-shirt and thrown himself down on the bed beside him.

"OK, both of you," Mark yelled, as a second stream of cum blasted from his cock and fell on the two naked young bodies. "You want more?"

"Yes, sir," they both screamed, and were amazed to see yet another gush of white juice erupt from the cop's huge rod, soaking their faces and chests. When his massive orgasm finally subsided, Mark looked down with satisfaction at the two boys, both furiously pumping their cocks. They gazed up at the shirtless cop spellbound and simultaneously shot their loads over their own beautiful young bodies.

The two boys were drenched in cum. They turned to each other and kissed each other's cum-filled mouth, passing the cop's semen back and forth between them. Then they fell back and gazed up once more at the Greek God towering over them, his naked torso heaving and sweating with the exertion of his incredible fuck.

Slumped against the wall was Jamie. He was sobbing now, near to collapse. He had watched the scene in increasing agony, had howled as he saw his master shoot load after load over the two enraptured boys. His pain was so intense that he wanted to hurl himself downstairs. But he had been forced to watch as his master had spectacular sex with his two friends.

Mark finally spoke. "OK, guys. That was terrific. We'll do it again sometime, if you're up for it. But now I want you to leave me alone with this boy here. I haven't finished with him."

They got off the bed, grabbed their discarded clothes and ran out of the room. They had a lot to talk about a whole lot to fantasize about.

After all the noise and frenzied activity there was a sudden silence in the room, except for the muffled sobs of the shattered boy. He fell to his knees in front of his master and pressed his face to the floor. Mark gazed down at him, then threw himself on his back on the bed, his muscular arms flexed upward as he rested his hands behind his head.

“Get up.”

Agonizingly Jamie pulled himself to his feet and stood at the foot of the bed, his head hanging down with shame. He didn't dare speak. He had suffered the worst mental anguish of his life and now expected his master to throw him out of the house. He was sure he had been replaced. But once again Jamie had misjudged. He heard his master's deep voice.

“Did that hurt?”

“Yes, sir.”

“It was meant to.”

“It was the worst thing I ever felt, sir.”

“OK. Now listen to me. I don't know what stunt you've been pulling since I got home but it has to end. I love you, Jamie, because you're such a strong young stud. I like my men tough, Jamie, but down there at the table you were sulking like a girl. Now be a man and tell me what the fuck's going on.”

Jamie took a deep breath, stood up straight, and looked his master straight in the eyes.

“Well sir. Me and the guys were talking

“Oh, shit,” Mark said. “Whenever I hear that phrase I know I'm in trouble.” Jamie saw the hint of a smile in Mark's eyes, and that gave him courage to continue.

“We were talking about Randy, Bob and Zack, and we were thinking that Zack was probably whipping Bob.”

“So what?” Mark said sharply. “What those guys do is no concern of yours.”

“No, sir. But I got to thinking that I I mean that you Well, maybe it was a fantasy but the thing is

“Oh, for God's sake, man, stop drooling like a girl and talk. Stand up straight, look me in the eyes and tell me what the fuck you want.”

So Jamie stood up like a man and told the truth. “Sir, I was being deliberately disobedient, sir, because I wanted you to punish me. See I want you to whip my body, sir. It's my fantasy.”

“Aah. At last. The truth. OK, kid. Describe your fantasy to me.”

Sir, I imagine that I'm tied up naked in front of you. You're in your uniform and dark glasses you look incredibly hot sir and you're holding a whip. I'm your prisoner and you take control of me, sir, total control. I watch you raise your muscular arm, I see the whip fall and feel the lash on my chest, my back and my ass, sir. And you are so powerful, so beautiful, sir, I love watching the big cop whip my naked body. See, I'm your boy, sir, so I want you to dominate me. I need to feel your strength on me I want to submit my body to you, sir

He had run out of breath. "That's about it, sir." Again there was a silence. Jamie was a bit embarrassed and thought he might have gone too far, been too explicit. So he was relieved to see a smile spread over Mark's face.

"Sounds hot! Let's do it, boy. Get your ass down to the basement, now! And wait for me."

Just like that! Dazed, still not sure what was happening, Jamie ran quickly from the room.

In the basement Jamie was barefoot, in just shorts and T-shirt, standing with his hands clasped behind his back. He was waiting, his heart pounding. Even as he heard his master's footsteps on the stairs his cock started to get hard. And then his fantasy came through the door.

Mark was dressed in his full black police uniform, shirt stretched over his muscular chest, open at the neck showing his white T-shirt, and short sleeves pushed back over his bulging biceps. His torso tapered from broad shoulders down to the heavy belt at his narrow waist, and his high black motorcycle boots gleamed in the overhead light. Legs apart, eyes hidden behind mirrored glasses, he was an icon, an erotic drawing come to life, and Jamie whimpered at the sight.

It didn't take him long to secure his boy. Jamie was standing underneath the gym's chin bar and Mark quickly roped his wrists to each end. With his arms stretched in a tight V, his body was straining upward, spread-eagled. Mark threw himself into an armchair and gazed up at his boy. Jamie knew what to do. He struggled to get free and Mark took a quick intake of breath as he watched the blonde young stud writhe before him. The cop rubbed the bulge in his pants.

"OK, be still," Mark commanded. He took off his glasses and gazed at the boy. "God, you're beautiful, Jamie. You're worthy of me. You know I could have anyone I want, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"But I chose you, Jamie, not just because of your beauty, not only because you make my dick hard all the time, but because you're such a fucking stud, a real man. But this time you let me down. You didn't trust me, didn't love me enough. When you wanted something you didn't confront me and tell me like a man. You put on some stupid act of defiance, pouted like a girl. And that makes me angry. And that's why I have to punish you, hurt you."

Mark stood up, went to the closet and pulled out a whip, a cat with many strands of leather. He knew that this was less damaging than a single-strand bullwhip. He stood before the bound boy and gazed into his eyes. "You know the phrase 'Be careful what you wish for,' Jamie. Well you asked me for this. You know I'm gonna hurt you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you're gonna take it like a man. Is that clear?"

Yes, sir!" Jamie was in a euphoric haze, aware only of the incredible embodiment of his fantasy standing before him. God, he desperately wanted to feel him, feel the lash on his naked body.

Mark stepped back and gazed again at his boy. He loved him with all his strength, and now the boy would feel that strength. The cop reached forward, grabbed the neck of Jamie's T-shirt and with one move ripped it from his chest, so it dropped and hung loosely round his waist. The trembling boy saw his fantasy come to life. The cop's arm raised high, paused, and then fell, thrashing the whip across his naked chest.

Jamie screamed. He had not known what to expect, but the intensity of the pain was a surprise, hard to take. But immediately the sharp edge of pain diminished and became a warm flash across his chest. His cock stood straight out, rock hard. He had felt his master's power, felt his incredible command over him, felt the strength behind that glorious body. He wanted more. God, he wanted more.

And he got it. Gazing at the stripe across his boy's naked chest Mark wanted more too, and he began whipping him in earnest. He didn't hold back. It was not because Jamie wanted it, not even because Mark wanted it. No, it was pure animal lust. Mark saw the flawless young body and wanted to hurt it. He lashed it across the chest, the shoulders, and round his back.

He stepped forward and quickly released Jamie's shorts so they fell round his ankles. He stood still, gazing in awe at the beautiful young man, naked now except for the shreds of his T-shirt hanging round his waist, his gleaming body stretched taught in bondage. Mark was becoming incensed. He quickly unbuttoned his uniform shirt and let it drop, then pulled off his T-shirt. He put his mirror glasses back on and stood there, stripped to the waist, magnificent.

Jamie gasped at the cop's perfect physique. He was stunningly beautiful an icon pornographic. Then suddenly he felt scared as he watched the body tense, and sensed that his master was running on pure adrenaline. He saw the whip raised again and felt it smash against his naked flesh. Now it was a rain of blows, curling round his body, across his chest, round his thighs, even round his neck.

Mark was fast losing control as he watched the muscular young body buck and writhe in a futile attempt to escape the blows. The cop walked round to his back and saw the pure white cheeks of his ass. This was the ass his boy had denied him earlier, the ass he had refused to submit to him. Mark's vanity, his wounded pride and his fury consumed him the boy had rejected him him! and he brought the whip smashing down on the ass, mesmerized by the sight of the perfect round globes bouncing under the brutal lashes.

Jamie was screaming, though with pain or ecstasy he didn't know. He didn't know anything. All he felt was the strength of his master torturing his body. His master was taking possession of him, punishing him. Finally he was being whipped by the cop of his dreams. And his ass was on fire.

Mark was shouting now. "You feel this, boy? You feel the whip on that perfect body. You will never, ever, reject me again." He came round to face him and paused, lowering his voice. "There's one way you can stop this, boy. By showing me that you're sorry sorry you rejected me. You have to show me you're a man, prove to me how much you love me. Come on boy. You know what you have to do."

With all his strength he resumed the lashing of the boy's naked chest. Jamie passed into another world no pain, no fear, a world of pure worship for another man. It was his fantasy come to stunning life. The cop was whipping him he saw the lash, felt it! He screamed and suddenly all the pain went into his balls, rose through his rigid cock, and blasted out in a stream of cum that shot high in the air then fell onto the naked chest of the cop with the whip.

Suddenly everything in the room was still, except for the boy's cock that kept spurting stream after stream of white juice. Jamie hung exhausted from his ropes, tears streaming down his face, and gazed at the cop's muscular body as it heaved and flexed, pouring with sweat. He had finally been whipped, had felt the full force of his master's strength. He sobbed uncontrollably until he slowly managed to calm himself and find his voice. He gazed at the cop and moaned, "Thank you, sir. Thank you, master. I'm your boy! I love you sir."

The sequel was almost an anti-climax. Mark threw the whip aside, almost with disgust. He was not proud of having caused his boy such pain except that he knew Jamie felt only exquisite pleasure in what he had been subjected to. And Mark was also aware that their relationship had been raised to a whole new level.

He threw off his glasses and, looking deeply into Jamie's eyes, he draped the whip round his boy's neck and let it hang down over his chest. Jamie was still spread-eagled, tightly bound. Mark walked round to his back and gasped at the sight of the beautiful ass, the cheeks glowing an angry red after their punishment. The cop fell to his knees, cupped the perfect globes in his hands and kissed them, running his tongue over the shattered flesh, soothing it with a healing

balm. Then he buried his face between the cheeks, pushing his tongue deep inside the moist, musky depths of the ass.

Now he had to make it right with the boy. His own cock had been rigid ever since the whipping began, and he stood up behind Jamie, pulled his cock from his pants and pushed the head against the crack. Pressing against Jamie's back he reached round and ran his hands over the boy's striped torso. He looked at the image in the mirror before them and spoke to his boy.

"I hurt you, Jamie. I had to. And now I'm going to make love to you. Feel this? Feel your master's dick sliding in your ass?"

"Yes, sir." Jamie's body was alive, still stinging from the lashing his master had given him. Jamie was more alive than he had ever been as he saw his reflection in the mirror, flesh striped red, whip draped round his neck, his master's hands gripping his chest. But most of all he felt the cop's shaft penetrating his ass, pushing deeper and deeper inside him. He worshipped this man, this powerful god, the master who had just whipped him.

Mark's voice was soft. "I'm going to cum inside you Jamie, and I want to see you cum again, all over the mirror this time. Here it is, Jamie. Let me see you shoot your juice, boy."

Their orgasms were simultaneous, Mark's deep inside the boy he loved, and Jamie's all over the mirror, obscuring the image of two men in love.

It was over. After a long while Mark finally pulled out of his boy's ass and watched as Jamie pulled on his shorts, leaving the tattered remains of his T-shirt hanging round his waist.

"Now," Mark said, "go help the boys get dinner ready." As Jamie walked toward the door, Mark said. "Jamie, I want you to know this. I love the hell out of you, boy. You're the most exciting young man I've ever known. I'm proud to call you my boy." Jamie's face lit up with a smile as Mark added, "Oh, and by the way, don't put on a shirt. Walk into the kitchen just like that."

And so he did. Jamie opened the kitchen door and stood proudly before his friends, the ripped T-shirt hanging round his waist, his naked chest striped with the bright red marks of the whip. The two boys looked at him, their eyes opened wide and their jaws dropped. Finally Pablo found his voice.

"Awesome, dude. Totally fucking awesome."

It was dawn the next day when Randy, Bob and Zack, with great regret, left the shack in the Guadalupe dunes. Randy had stowed his Harley in the back of Zack's truck and they were all

sitting together, Bob between the two men who had taken turns in using his body and ass for most of the night. He had never felt so ravaged, nor so happy, in his life.

On the long drive they talked, mostly about their future which now included Zack. Bob had already discussed with Zack how he would spend the large stash of money he had from his savings and the payout of his deceased wife's life insurance. It only needed Mark's approval now for Zack to invest in the construction company and become a full partner. Also, Zack was enthusiastic about putting a bid on the house for sale across the street from the guys.

So engrossed in planning were they, that it seemed like no time before they were driving through the Cahuenga Pass on the Hollywood Freeway and saw the buildings of Hollywood spread out before them. In a few more minutes they were headed north on the Pasadena Freeway, then up the winding hill to their home on Mount Washington.

"They're home!" The three boys shouted in unison as they heard the crunch of tires on gravel. They leapt up from the outdoor table, already set with a big breakfast. The gate opened and the three men, all still shirtless, came striding through. There was a stunned silence at the magnificent sight. Mark walked forward, his hand outstretched, and greeted them warmly.

"Jesus, you guys, you look fantastic. No need to ask how it went up there. If you were glowing any brighter you'd start a brush fire.."

Randy laughed. "You look pretty amazing yourself, officer your kid, too. Something happen between you and Jamie?"

"We'll talk," Mark grinned. "The guys have fixed a special breakfast for you so you three better be hungry."

Breakfast was a boisterous affair.

Events moved swiftly in the next few days. The four men met in Bob's office and he put forward the financial proposals. Mark instantly agreed to taking on Zack as a partner. They could sure use the infusion of cash and, with his knowledge of the construction business, Zack would be a real asset to the company.

"Plus maybe now I'll really get to know you," Mark grinned. "These guys have had you all to themselves so far. It's time you and I got better acquainted."

Zack smiled. "Any time, officer. Just say the word.

As for the house, Bob got that ball rolling right away. He explained, "The bank wants out from under the loan and, to avoid foreclosure, they're giving the owner an incentive to make a short

sale. So the price is rock bottom and, what's more, they want a very fast escrow. I know the realtor so you'll be able to close real soon, Zack. Just one thing, though. The place does need some work the garage needs to be rebuilt and I've persuaded them to let you get started right away. How about it, Zack?"

"Sounds terrific, buddy. You've really done your homework on this." He grinned, "I'll be showing you my gratitude real soon and probably a lot else besides."

Zack turned to Randy. "I have one favor, Randy. I intend to do most of the reconstruction myself but I'll need a helper, and I'd like to use Darius. I would not keep him away from his work as your assistant, it would all be outside of work hours, so are you OK with that?"

"Go for it, big guy." Randy grinned. "Somehow I don't think you'll hear any complaints from Darius."

"So that's about it," Bob said, wrapping up the meeting. He smiled at Zack. "All you need now, stud, is to find yourself a boy."

"Oh, I've already done that," Zack said. "It's just that he doesn't know it yet."

Darius was over the moon when Zack asked if he would help him on the new house. He secretly worshipped the gorgeous black muscle-god not so secretly, actually, since Zack had once allowed him to shoot a load of cum all over him in an act of intense body worship. The boy considered it a privilege to work for Zack and privately wondered if it could possibly lead to a deeper relationship. Darius would have given anything to be Zack's boy.

Work started in a week or so and Darius found himself spending a lot of his after-work hours working beside him. Zack always worked stripped to the waist, in just his black jeans and heavy boots, with a tool belt slung low round his waist, and Darius took to doing the same, in an attempt to copy his hero. The two black bodies flexed and strained as they did the heavy work side by side, their sweating muscles dripping on each other.

Darius, of course, had a permanent erection in his pants and when Zack's heavily-muscled body brushed against his and the boy felt, smelt, almost tasted the gleaming black flesh, he pretty near lost his load inside his jeans. In fact one day he did.

They were both reaching up securing a beam, their chests pressed together. As Zack stretched his arm high the damp, wiry hair of his armpit pressed against the boy's face. Darius almost suffocated, took a deep breath, licked the sweaty armpit, and the musky stink overwhelmed him. His body shuddered and his cock shot a load of cum in his shorts.

Zack stared at him. "Did you just do what I think you did, kid?" Darius looked sheepish and Zack simply smiled. Darius felt the sticky dampness in his shorts for the rest of the day. He was quite simply in heaven.

Zack too enjoyed the company of the beautiful young man and when he looked at him performing some heavy task, saw the concentration on his handsome face and watched his lithe young muscles flex, he too found his cock swelling.

They made a great pair, a bit like an older and younger brother. When they took a break for a beer they talked as if they had known each other for years. Zack asked Darius about his dreams for the future.

"Well, sir, I'm interested in the security system at the construction sites and my dream is to have my own security company one day. I've never really told anyone that before, sir."

"Well I'm flattered you told me, Darius. And hang on to your dream."

Then one day things came to a dramatic head. They had all but demolished the old garage, except for a very heavy steel I-beam that stood perpendicular and virtually unsupported. Zack warned Darius, "Be careful of that beam, kid. It could crush a man if it fell. I'm gonna secure the top and while I do I want you to hold onto it. It's real important. Hold on tight and don't let it lean whatever you do. It would fall in an instant."

In fact, an instant is all it took. Darius held tight to the beam while Zack reached up preparing to insert a bolt. But the angle was difficult and things were becoming a bit tense, when Zack fumbled and dropped the bolt. In an unthinking reflex Darius reached down to pick the bolt up, and let go of the beam.

"Zack yelled at him. "NO! I told you to hold it. Watch out, kid. Look out!"

The heavy beam was starting to fall, and everything happened in a split-second. The beam was falling toward Darius as he stooped to pick up the bolt. Zack lunged at him and pushed him clear, just as the beam knocked Zack to the ground. Darius leapt to his feet and stared down in horror. Zack was on his back, pinned under the beam scraping against his chest. Mercifully the end of the beam was supported by a low tree branch but only just. The branch was starting to crack under the weight and the beam was about to fall on his chest crushing him.

"The end, man," Zack yelled. "Grab the end!"

Darius leaned down and grabbed the end of the steel beam just as the branch gave way. Darius was now its only support, the only thing stopping it from crushing Zack and it was the heaviest weight he had ever felt. His muscles were cracking as he desperately tried to stop it going lower.

Zack was unharmed so far but helplessly pinned under the beam. Despite his peril he kept calm as he looked Darius in the eyes. "Darius, you're gonna have to lift it just a few inches so I can slide out from under. Take a deep breath and try to lift."

But there was no way. Already Darius felt his strength ebbing. He couldn't hold it, let alone raise it higher. Zack was seconds away from getting crushed and Darius knew it was all his fault for disobeying instructions. He had let go he was responsible. He looked down at the magnificent man, his hero, the muscular black chest already pressed hard by the monster beam. He saw the agonized eyes of the man he worshipped and knew that only he could save him. He couldn't lose him now. He couldn't!"

"NO!" Darius screamed and he became a machine. Adrenaline pumped through him, giving him strength as he took a deep breath and flexed his muscles hard. He wasn't thinking. He was mesmerized by Zack's eyes. And with a superhuman effort he heaved and the beam moved a half inch an inch two. It was enough for Zack to squeeze out from under the beam and roll clear, just as Darius lost all his strength and the beam crashed to the ground.

Zack lay panting on the ground while Darius turned his back, sobbing with relief and shame. He knew his friendship with Zack was over. His negligence had almost killed him. He had almost killed the man he loved. He was devastated. It was all over for him.

Suddenly he felt Zack's hands on his shoulders and he turned round and buried his tearstained face in his chest. "Sir, I nearly killed you. I failed you. I'm a total fuck-up. I don't deserve to be here, sir. I know you're gonna send me away that's what I deserve."

"Darius!" The commanding voice silenced him. "Darius you were magnificent. I've never seen a man raise a beam like that single-handed. Darius, you saved my life."

"But it was me caused it in the first place. I disobeyed. I let go of the beam, I screwed up. I let you down, sir, and I'm not worthy of you. You're so you're such a spectacular man, sir. You deserve someone better than me, a real man not a total fuck-up like me."

"Darius!" Again the powerful voice. Zack clamped his hands on the side of Darius's face, held it tight and gazed into the tearful green eyes. "Darius do you want to be my boy?"

Darius went blank. "What?"

"I said, do you want to be my boy?"

Darius didn't believe what he heard. "What?after I fucked up so bad? I was an asshole. I almost killed you, sir. You nearly died. I could neveryou know I don't deserve to....."

"Darius!" The grey eyes bored into him. "I'll ask you one last time..... do you want to be my boy?"

#

Chapter 77 – Two Jocks Hit Vegas

There was a long silence and now the brimming tears began to flow down the boy's cheeks. Zack pulled his face toward him, lowered his mouth and kissed Darius hard, crushing his lips, their tongues rubbing together as they probed each other's mouth.

At last Zack pulled back, smiled into the dazed green eyes and began to laugh. His laughter built and became infectious, so Darius, in a mix of wonder and euphoria, found himself laughing too. They were venting their sudden release of tension, a calamity averted, and their joyous realization that they were, at last, master and boy.

Best of all, as they hugged each other in their newfound intimacy, their peals of laughter brought sudden life to the forlorn and empty house. Zack was home and Darius was his boy.

Darius had no idea how to express his wild excitement. As he clung on to his new master he saw a bead of sweat running down the deep cleft between the stud's hard pecs and he licked it from his gleaming black skin. The salty taste roused him to a new pitch of excitement and he ran his tongue all over the muscular chest and down over the chiseled abs. Zack pulled the boy's face up and gazed at the shining eyes.

"Time for that later, bro. We gotta talk."

They sat down facing each other astride the beam that had nearly ended it all. Zack pulled two beers from the ice chest and they drank deep. Zack smiled into Darius's dazed eyes.

"So? Talk to me, kid."

Darius was feeling overwhelmed, near to tears again. "Sir, I've never had a master before. Never belonged to anyone. Oh the guys have been great, of course, and taken care of me."

"Bob especially, I bet."

"Yes, sir. How did you know? I love Bob. He always seems to know how I feel what I want. And he's sensational at helping me live out my fantasies."

Zack laughed. "Yeah, I heard about that. I hope I can do as well."

“Sir, you don’t have to do a thing. You are a fantasy, a fantasy come to life. Every minute I’m with you is a fantasy.” He became serious. “Sir, I promise to be the best boy you could ever have. I’ll do anything you tell me to anything in the world.”

“OK,” Zack said. “Time to talk turkey. Now listen, Darius. From this moment on I am your master I own you, and I’ll be tough on you. I can be a real son-of-a-bitch. You will do whatever I order you to, you will come when I call, give me whatever I want. You misbehave, you get whipped. Understood?”

“Yes, sir.” Darius’s eyes were wide with wonder.

“And in return I will protect you, care for you, love you. If anyone tries to hurt you they’ll answer to me and that won’t be pretty.”

“Now sex. With that huge dick of yours you’ve always been the guy who fucks. But not with me you don’t. I’ll be the one doing the fucking. I’ve only ever fucked one guy Bob but that’s given me a taste for it. I love to fuck a lot and I’m gonna fuck your ass whenever and wherever I choose and fuck it hard. I’ll own it and you will always make it available for me. Is that clear?”

“Absolutely sir.” Darius’s cock was already rigid in his shorts.

“Now, you guys across the street have a complicated set-up. As I understand it, Pablo is your lover and Randy’s boy his adopted son. Jamie is Mark’s boy and works for Bob. And you are Randy’s assistant at work, his right-hand-man. Have I got that right?”

“Pretty much, sir.”

“OK, now none of that changes. You will still be Pablo’s lover you guys are great together and you will still be Randy’s assistant at work. But now you also have a master, the toughest black mother-fucker you’ve ever met. So when you’re not working with Randy, not sleeping with Pablo, you’re mine. And I mean mine you belong to me. Your ass belongs to me. Those are my rules. Is that clear, boy?”

“Absolutely, sir.”

Zack stood up, walked over to a pile of his belongings and pulled something out of his back pack the black leather collar.

“Stand up, boy.” Darius stood to attention. “I brought this back from the dunes where I used it on Bob. But I kept it I kept it for you, Darius.” Darius bowed his head and Zack buckled the collar round his neck. Darius looked up, pride shining in his eyes, and said. “Thank you, sir. This is the best day of my life.”

“OK. You heard my rules. You know what I need. So let’s seal the deal.”

Without breaking eye contact Darius unbuckled his tool belt and let it drop. Already shirtless, he kicked off his boots, unbuttoned his jeans and let them fall round his ankles. He stepped out of them and faced his master, naked except for his shorts and the collar round his neck. Zack gazed at him.

“God, you’re a beautiful man, Darius my prized possession.” He took a step forward grabbed the waistband of the boy’s shorts and ripped them clean off his body. The boy’s huge ten-inch cock sprang out, hard as iron.

“Jesus, that’s phenomenal. But it’s not your dick that I want, you know that. Turn round.”

Naked now Darius turned his back to his master, hands stiff by his side. Zack gazed at the firm round globes of the perfect black ass. “That’s what I want, boy. I’m gonna enjoy getting acquainted with it. Every time I see you I’m gonna want it. Now, on your knees, boy.”

Darius fell to his knees, and watched mesmerized as Zack undid his tool belt and let it drop, kicked off his boots and dropped his jeans. The boy gasped as he looked up at the spectacular physique, black muscles gleaming with a sheen of sweat. His eyes ran down the naked torso, the slim waist, and finally settled on the thing that made him gasp with awe and fear. The huge black club swung between Zack’s legs, inches from his face, the monster shaft that was going to take possession of his ass, now and always.

Then Darius panicked. This was his life from now on. He was giving his ass to this man and he knew it would be fucked hard and often by this monster cock. He wasn’t sure if he could take it. But then he looked up at his master’s face, the gray eyes smiling down at him and he knew that he would give this man anything. He was his master.

“Make it hard, kid.”

Hypnotized by the huge piece of meat swinging before his eyes Darius took hold of it, opened his mouth wide and swallowed it, sucking it down until he felt the head halfway down his throat. His face was crushed against Zack’s wiry, sweaty pubic hair and he breathed deeply, inhaling the pungent, male scent of this incredible man. He felt the blood rush into the cock as it swelled and filled his mouth, making him choke. His head started to spin and he thought he would pass out, when the stiff rod pulled back, allowing him to breath for an instant before it plunged back deep into his throat.

Zack gazed down at the beautiful, naked young boy, the collar round his neck, and reveled in the feel of the hot mouth tight round his rod as it pistoned in and out of the furnace. Darius’s eyes were streaming with tears and he breathed desperately through his nose. He saw the narrow hips and muscular thighs pump back and forth, slamming against his face, and he almost shot his load as his tongue tasted the pre-cum dripping from his master’s cock.

He knew Zack was close and closed his eyes waiting for him to flood his mouth with cum. But Zack had other plans. He pulled out suddenly and looked down at the beautiful face coughing, sobbing in relief.

“Get down in the dirt, boy,” Zack growled. Darius instantly fell on his back and gazed up at the man’s club standing out from his pubic hair, rigid as a pole. The black muscle-god fell to his knees in front of his new boy and spoke softly. “I guess most guys want your beautiful dick in their ass, so you haven’t been fucked too often, uh?”

“No, sir. Several times by Bob, by Pablo and once by Mark. And by Randy of course when he got mad. But not that often, sir.”

“Well I own your ass now, kid, so you’re gonna get fucked a lot. “Better get used to it starting right now.”

Suddenly Zack pulled up the boy’s legs, moved against him and pressed the head of his shaft against Darius’s ass. “This is it, boy.” Darius’s eyes opened wide as he watched his master’s face. Then he felt it, the huge club entering him, filling his ass, moving slowly down into his burning hole and coming to rest deep in his gut. The boy was being fucked for the first time by his master, and he spun into a new world, a world where his ass was on fire, a world echoing to his own screams of pain and ecstasy.

Zack stopped moving. With his cock buried deep in his boy’s ass he gazed steadily into his eyes and waited. It took only a second before he saw Darius’s cock shudder, he heard his screams reach a new pitch, and he saw a huge jet of white liquid blast from his boy’s cock. He felt the hot juice splash on his own chest, then saw it pour onto the face and body of the boy writhing beneath him.

Hypnotized by the sight of his new master Darius was not aware what was happening at first. But when he felt stream after stream of cum splashing onto his face he looked up at Zack in horror. “Oh no..... I’m sorry, sir. I couldn’t hold back. I shot my load too soon as soon as I felt your cock inside me. I spoiled everything, sir.”

Zack’s voice was soft. “Darius, I knew you would do that. I wanted to see how much my boy wanted me. And now I know, I’m really gonna pound your ass, boy.”

Darius felt the huge cock pull out of him, then plunge back in like a piston. The real fuck had begun. Darius lost all sense of time and place. All he was aware of was the beautiful black muscle-god looking down at him, his body rising and falling on him, crashing against his ass. All of his feeling was centered in his tortured ass as it was ravaged by his master’s enormous tool.

The boy was hurtling into a world where nothing existed but his master. This is what it meant to belong to a man, to submit entirely and willingly, to offer his body as a ritual sacrifice to a man so beautiful he could deny him nothing. There was no pain now. His ass relaxed and he gloried in the feeling of his master's huge rod piercing his body. He heard the deep voice.

"Now you know, boy. Now you know how it feels to have a master." He rammed his cock in deeper. "Feel that, boy? Get used to it, 'cause your ass is mine now. You're gonna fall in love with my dick, man. You're gonna beg for it."

In his delirium Darius managed to groan, "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Zack reached down and wrapped both fists around Darius's rigid ten-inch cock, one hand at the head, the other near the base. As he rammed the ass with his own dick he pumped his fists up and down boy's the iron-hard rod like a plunger. He grinned down at him.

"You know you can't take much more, boy. You know you have to shoot. Look at my body, kid. Watch those muscles flex as I pound your ass and your cock. Come on, man. Let me see you shoot your load in your face. Show me you love me, Darius."

This time he didn't scream. Mesmerized by the glorious face and physique above him Darius watched his own second eruption spurt another load of semen over his face. He heard Zack's voice "you want to feel your master's cum in your ass, all over your body?"

"Yes, sir," Darius howled as he felt the huge shaft pulse in his ass and felt the hot liquid pour deep inside him. Then Zack pulled out his cock, held it pointing at his boy's face, and blasted a second stream of cum straight into his gaping mouth. Darius gulped hard and swallowed the hot juice, relishing the bitter-sweet taste of his master for the first time.

But Zack wasn't finished. He sprang to his feet and towered over his exhausted boy. Once again he pointed his cock down at his face. But this time it wasn't semen it was hot, yellow piss, blasting from his cock, onto Darius's face, into his mouth and soaking his gleaming coffee-colored skin. Once again Darius swallowed hard and this time the taste was rancid, warm the taste of his master's piss.

Zack looked down wild-eyed at the ravaged boy. "So now you know, Darius. You know what it means to serve me as your master what it takes to be my boy. You sure you still want it?"

Darius swallowed one last time and said in a clear voice, "More than anything in the world, sir."

Zack let Darius catch his breath, then reached down and pulled him to his feet. He smiled at the naked boy whose body ran with sweat and rivers of cum and piss.

“Now here’s what you do, boy. Just as you are now, naked except for your collar, soaked in my piss and semen, you walk across the street to your own house. You go upstairs to Pablo and tell him what happened. You ask him to remove your collar and then you take him in your arms so he can feel and taste the cum of both of us. Then you make love to him. That’s an order.”

“Yes, sir,” Darius said. He stumbled barefoot and naked across the street, staggered across the lawn and up the stairs. Pablo was in their bedroom and he looked up in amazement as his friend stood in the doorway, his eyes glowing, his face and body still running with creamy white cum mixed with urine.

“Dude!” Pablo grinned. “No need to ask what happened to you at last.”

Darius’s voice was hoarse. “I’m his boy, Pablo. I’m Zack’s boy!”

They continued to work hard on the house until it was ready for Zack to move in properly. It was an exhausting few weeks and, when things were pretty much in place Zack decreed that they should take a break.

Zack’s introduction to the group had been really intense first the fight with Randy by the lake, then his incredible experience with Bob in the dunes, and finally breaking Darius in as his boy. He loved the idea of living so close to the guys, of having a boy, but right now he needed to take a short break, take stock of himself.

What he needed was an infusion of macho testosterone

As it happened, Mark was feeling pretty much the same kind of restlessness. Since the episode with Jamie, when the whipping had brought them an even greater intimacy, he knew that they both needed a breather. He loved Jamie and enjoyed being with the guys, his buddies, but sometimes the cop’s mind went back to the girlfriend he had left and, like Zack, he somehow needed to reassure himself that his macho prowess was still intact.

He had dropped in to see Zack in his new house. They hadn’t spent much time together since Zack arrived and they had promised to get better acquainted. Now their conversation somehow veered onto the subject of this restlessness they both shared.

It was guy talk. Zack reminisced about the wife he had lost in a car wreck, and Mark talked about the girlfriend he had walked out on when he learned of her affair with a fellow cop. Zack needed to flex his muscles, literally and figuratively. “Shit, sometimes I want to get back in the ring. I was a great boxer it used to give me that adrenaline rush guys need.”

"I know just what you mean, buddy," said Mark. "I guess you didn't know that I'm on the boxing team at the police academy. Hell, we should go a few rounds sometime. Tell you what though, they give out free tickets to the cops all the time, and I've got a pair of tickets to the fights in Vegas next weekend. I was gonna turn them back in but hey man, you feel like a night in Vegas? Go to the fights hang out, have a few drinks."

Zack brightened up. "Now that sounds like a winner, man. I need to get out of town, see how the other half lives."

"Hell," Mark laughed, "I'm not sure that the Vegas crowd is really 'how the other half lives', but it sounds like a plan. You're on, man a real guys' night out!"

They squared it away with their boys. Darius was only too pleased for him and Pablo to take care of Jamie while Mark was away. The boys always had a great time when the three of them spent the night together, and Darius's fantasy wheels were already spinning.

Mark and Zack didn't change out of their usual jeans and T-shirts, they just threw a change of clothes in a bag and by noon on Saturday they were ready for the four-hour drive to Vegas. As they drove east on the 10-Freeway in Mark's truck they were in high spirits. The testosterone was flowing.

They talked about their past, about the women they had had in their lives, the wild things they used to do with their buddies in those days. But they barely mentioned their boys or the other guys in the house. This weekend was not about that. It was a chance for them to get away from that for a few hours, be regular buddies. They were just two macho guys out on the town.

They checked into the MGM Grand, the hotel where the boxing was taking place in a few hours, and went to their room to freshen up before dinner and then the fights. They were surprised that it turned out to be a king-size room, with just one large California-king bed.

"Hey, we can call down for a twin-bedded room if you like," said Mark."

"Nah," Zack grinned. "Probably won't be spending much time in the room anyway. Hell, I stink. Gotta hit the shower."

Mark stretched out on his back on the bed, hands under his head. He watched as Zack stripped off his shirt, kicked off his boots and dropped his jeans and shorts. He stretched his naked body after the long drive.

"Jesus," Mark said. "You have one hell of a physique, buddy. The face ain't chopped liver either. The ladies are gonna go ape-shit for you tonight."

Zack laughed, grabbed a towel and flicked it hard at his buddy before he went to the bathroom for a long, hot shower. He came out with the towel wrapped round him, his perfect muscles still gleaming with water, his ebony skin glowing. Mark stood up and it was his turn to strip naked.

“Wow, officer,” Zack grinned. “You should talk about me. Look at you, man. Just about the best-looking cop ever to ride the beat. What do they always call you, a Greek God? Shit, that doesn’t even come close. OK, go hit the shower, stud.”

A few minutes later Mark came back from the bathroom rubbing the thick towel in his blonde hair. As he lowered the towel he saw that Zack was still standing just where he had left him, towel round his waist. There was a long silence as they gazed at each other. Suddenly Zack pulled at his towel and it dropped to the floor. His huge black cock sprang free, hard as a rock.

Mark dropped his towel and gazed at the naked, black muscle-stud, standing motionless in all his physical perfection. The cop smiled slightly.

“Zack, there’s something you should know about me. I really get off just looking at a beautiful guy. And they don’t come any more beautiful than you.”

“Except for the cop I’m looking at right now,” Zack said. “You are simply fucking gorgeous so beautiful it hurts. OK, man just this once let’s do it.”

They both began stroking their rigid cocks, gazing at the other guy, muscles flexing as they ran their eyes over the perfectly chiseled physique. Zack was awestruck by the square-jawed blonde face, and Mark likewise by the rugged features of this incredible black man.

“God, you’re spectacular,” Mark breathed. “I can’t hold out too long, man.”

“Me neither,” said Zack. “Man, it’s a privilege to be with you. You are one hot son-of-a-bitch. OK, man, let’s do it. I want to see you cum, buddy. I want to see that hot body shoot its fucking load.”

“Oh, man,” Mark moaned. “This is it. You’re making me cum!”

The orgasms were huge and simultaneous. As they gazed in awe at each other the two stunning muscle-gods, one blonde, the other black as ebony, blasted their loads, stream after stream, making two big pools of cum on the thick carpet.

They grinned as they continued to stare at each other. Then they started to laugh. Zack said, “Hey buddy, that is not what tonight was supposed to be about. It was fucking great, but we gotta go find us a couple of girls. It’s been a long time. Hell, I need a piece of ass.”

“You read my mind, buddy,” said Mark. “OK, we get dressed, get dinner, then the fights and then some serious action.”

“Sounds like a plan. Lead on, stud.”

This time they dressed up just a bit. Still Levis and boots, but Zack pulled on a white tank and over that a blue dress shirt. Mark wore a black shirt over a white T-shirt. They looked at themselves in the mirror.

“Think we can cut it?” Mark grinned.

“Hell, man, they’ll be drooling all over us.”

Zack was kidding, but actually he was right. As the two guys walked the full length of the huge casino floor downstairs, all eyes turned in their direction, even the ones that had been glued to the slots. They looked stunning, the tall blonde god and the muscular black stud. They grinned at each other, pleased with the stir they created.

After dinner and a few drinks they joined the fans gathering in the boxing arena. It was a raucous, bawdy crowd, with laughter and obscenities filling the air just what the guys wanted to get their juices flowing. Their seats were great ring-side and as a bonus they were next to two hot-looking girls who seemed ready for anything. The ladies did a double take as the guys grinned at them.

The opening fights were tremendous, a great warm-up for the main championship event between a black heavyweight and a blonde mountain of a man. “OK,” said Zack as the fighters entered the ring. “A twenty says the black guy wins in a knockout.”

“You’re on, asshole. The blonde on points.”

The fight was brutal and they had shouted themselves hoarse by the time Zack’s man delivered the knockout blow in the sixth round. As the huge blonde’s head jerked sideways from the crunching right hook, blood spurted from his face, spraying Zack and one of the girls. The girl was unfazed, howled with laughter and threw her arm round Zack as he wiped the blood from her cheek.

The show was over and as all four of them pushed through the crowd leaving the arena, Zack shouted in Mark’s ear, “The blonde’s mine, buddy. You get the brunette.”

In the elevator the blonde said, “We have a two-room suite on the eighth floor. “Care for a nightcap, guys?”

As it turned out, there was no nightcap. As soon as they entered the suite, Zack took the blonde’s arm and pushed her into the second bedroom. Mark turned and smiled at the

gorgeous brunette. “Seems like we have this room to ourselves, babe” he said, unbuttoning his shirt.”

It was a couple of hours later when Zack came out of his room pulling on his tank. Mark too was putting on his T-shirt. They grinned as they saw the disheveled state they were both in.

“How was it, man?” Mark asked.

“Sensational. That girl knew a few moves that were new even to me. You?”

“Terrific. She was game for anything. She’s in the bathroom pulling herself together. She wants me to stay the night.”

“You going to?”

“Nah, think I’ll go down to the bar. I need a drink after that marathon.”

“Me too. You want company?”

They said goodnight to the girls and staggered out of the room. They pulled on their shirts on the way down in the elevator. It was obvious to anyone who saw them grinning, scruffy, tousled that they were in the after-glow of great sex.

They made their way to the dark bar, slumped on bar stools and ordered doubles. “Shit, man, I feel great,” Mark said. “That was just what I needed.” Their double scotches were followed by another, and another and soon they were shit-faced.

Zack threw his arm over Mark’s shoulder and slurred his words. “Mark, old buddy, you are great company. We should do this again sometime. But right now, man, I gotta say I’m bushed. Need my bed.”

“Damn right,” Mark agreed. They walked unsteadily to the elevator, went up to their room and looked longingly at the bed. With some difficulty they began to undress, falling against each other as they lost their balance.

“Here, asshole this way,” Zack said; he helped Mark unbutton his shirt and pulled it down his back. They kicked off their boots, let their jeans drop and stood facing each other in their underwear. Unaccountably they started to laugh drunkenly and fell against each other again. Mark managed to stand up straight, pulled back the covers of the bed and pointed down at the cool sheets.

“Sir, your carriage awaits.” Still laughing they fell into bed. And in seconds they were silent fast asleep.

But, drunk as they were, their sleep was restless. They tossed and turned and slid closer together. On his stomach Zack pressed against Mark and threw his arm over his chest. In his sleep Mark turned onto his side, so close their faces were almost touching.

It was the smell of the man, whiskey breath and sweat, that triggered Mark’s dreams. He didn’t dream of the brunette he had so recently fucked. Instead his dream was a vivid image of Zack, fresh out of the shower, black muscles gleaming wet, a towel round his waist. He saw the towel drop and the huge black club spring free. Then his dream focused on the extraordinary face, high cheek bones, square jaw, piercing gray eyes.

The image was so striking that Mark opened his eyes and there, inches away, was the face of his dream. Still half asleep, still half drunk, Mark groaned, moved closer and pressed his lips against the mouth.

Zack was having dreams too, but they were confused, scrambled. He saw faces, blondes. First the face of the big blonde boxer who had taken such a beating. That faded and was replaced by the softer female image of the blonde he had made love to. But then even that face became blurred and morphed into the strikingly handsome features of a man with tousled blonde hair. Instinctively, in his sleep, Zack tried to take an intake of breath, but panicked when he felt his mouth blocked. His eyes shot open and there was the face, there was the man kissing him.

They barely woke, dazed from drink, their minds a blur, as their embrace became more passionate. Their tongues probed the mouths, they tasted, smelled the damp essence of the other man. Their arms wrapped round each other and they rolled over the bed, pressing their bodies together, feeling the muscles through the thin cotton of their underwear. Then simultaneously, they both felt something else. At their groin their own bulge pressed against the other man’s erection and their cocks started to pulse. And that woke them up completely.

Reflexively they sprang back from each other. “Shit, man,” Zack said. “What the fuck’s going on? Man, I must be drunker than I thought. Felt like we were

“Forget it,” Mark said. “Go back to sleep.”

“Easy for you to say,” Zack muttered. “I’ve got a huge boner that won’t quit.”

“You too, uh?” You know, it wasn’t supposed to be that kind of trip.”

“Yeah,” Zack said. “But here we are, a bit drunk, king-size bed, hard-ons

They looked at each other and their shy grins became bolder, and broke into laughter.

“Oh, what the hell,” Mark said. “You wanna try that again?”

“Hell, yes.”

And this time they came together without any inhibitions. Crashed together would be more like it bulls in heat. Despite their earlier exhausting fucking of the girls, despite the fact that they had drunk up a storm, their testosterone flowed more strongly than ever. Their mouths ground together once more, they flexed their bodies against each other, digging their fingers into the solid muscles, ripping at the thin cotton of their shirts. The two muscle-studs rolled over and over, crashing off the bed onto the floor without letting go of each other.

This is what the whole day had been building to. The two macho jocks in the truck, the fights, the raucous crowd screaming obscenities, the boxers spurting blood in the knock-out, the hours spent fucking their girls, the drinking, the stink of Scotch and sweat and finally bed, in their underwear, brushing against each other in their restless, dream-filled sleep.

They should have realized when they first got out of the shower, saw each other naked, so gorgeous they couldn't stop shooting their load. They had put that out of their mind at the time, but now here they were rolling over the floor in a frenzy of lust and desire.

Their testosterone still flowed and their raging male passion became a trial of strength as they tested each other's muscular physiques. Finally Zack was on his knees astride Mark, pinning his hands to the floor above his head. He grinned down at the handsome face gleaming with sweat.

“Man oh man,” Zack growled. “Am I ever gonna enjoy fucking your macho ass, stud.”

“Like hell you are!” With a burst of strength Mark pushed upward and heaved Zack over onto his back, so their positions were reversed. “Look at me, asshole. Do I look like the kind of guy that gets fucked? Maybe a couple of times by Randy and the guys as a challenge, but definitely not by you, buddy. No, your ass is mine.”

They were both on their knees now facing each other. Zack's body was heaving. “Listen to me, Mark. The only time I ever got fucked was by Randy, but that was part of the fight a fight that I won! Never again, buddy. Nobody gets to fuck my ass again. Least of all you.”

It was a standoff, two stallions flaring their nostrils. Sure, their macho night out together had ended in their grappling together passionately, but it was still their male testosterone that ruled them. Sure, they had kissed, embraced each other, made love even, but getting their ass fucked by another guy was out of the question and yet

It was their masculine pride, the very testosterone flowing through their veins, that finally resulted in the challenge. "I'll fight you for it," Zack said. "That is, if you're man enough."

"Shit, man, I could take you in a heartbeat, so fast your fucking head would spin."

"You're on," said Zack springing to his feet. He strode over to the small table set with two chairs facing each other. Still in his shorts and torn tank he sat down, placed his elbow on the table, forearm up, and stared at Mark. The cop stood up, pulled off his sweaty T-shirt and, in just his shorts, sat facing him. Elbow on the table he raised his forearm and the two jocks locked hands in classic arm-wrestling pose.

It had to come to this. The challenge had to be a contest of strength or of sex. And this was both. Two macho buddies, alpha males, proud of their masculine prowess. They could show male love to each other, be best buddies, but never surrender their ass. No, they were top men, vain, arrogant. And yet one had to surrender to the other. One was to be dominated in the most extreme way that one man could dominate another.

"I've never lost at arm-wrestling," Zack growled. "You should submit right now, buddy. Surrender your ass."

"Fuck you, asshole," said Mark. "It's your ass gonna get ploughed."

They took a deep breath, flexed their biceps and the fight was on. Nothing moved. Their eyes bored into each other, their arms strained, veins standing out but nothing moved. Their great strength was equal, their determination implacable. The laughter was gone, the mood had become tense. This was serious.

Seconds became minutes and sweat started to pour down their faces and bodies. Their breathing became labored and their eyes penetrated each other with looks of defiance and intimidation. Their shoulders, biceps bulged with exertion. Suddenly, slightly, one man gained the upper hand and pushed the other arm back slightly. But immediately the other retaliated and the stalemate continued.

It seemed like an eternity, but finally each man felt his strength ebbing. It was only a matter of time. Then it happened. One of them found a reserve of strength from deep within and with a howl of triumph forced the others man's hand flat on the table.

It was over. They stared at each other, one in triumph, the other in defeat.

The winner smiled. "You lost, man. I'm gonna fuck your ass....."

#

Chapter 78 – Willing Submission

Zack stared out of the window in dazed disbelief. He had never been beaten before, and certainly never when the stakes were this high. But now his ass was the prize. He turned away from the window and stared into the cop's beautiful face.

"Nobody's ever beaten me at arm-wrestling, man. But I guess if there had to be a first time I'd rather it be you than any other guy in the world. You were great, buddy. You're an incredible guy."

He held out his hand in congratulations and Mark shook it warmly. "Zack, you know as well as I do that we're equal. That last burst of strength was just good timing on my part. But, man, you don't have to do anything you don't feel like

"No!" Zack cut him off. "Don't say it Mark. A fight's a fight and you won. I knew the price to pay when I challenged you. And now my ass is yours." Again he stared out of the window. "It's just that the only other guy ever to fuck me was Randy, and I still remember the pain as he hammered me."

Mark laughed. "Oh, I know how Randy fucks I remember the feeling. Randy takes what he wants and fucks like a jackhammer. Every guy in the house has been on the receiving end of that big weapon of his at one time or another. But you see, buddy, Randy and I are cut from different cloth. I don't fuck in anger, I don't fuck to cause pain. I want the guys I fuck to get off on it, to remember it, and to come back for more."

"Yeah," Zack smiled. "Just ask Jamie, uh? I've seen how that kid looks at you. Every time you come home he can't wait to feel the cop's dick in his ass."

His smile faded as he stood up and pulled the tank over his head, then dropped his shorts. Naked, he faced Mark. "OK, man, let's get it over with. I can grit my teeth and take my punishment like a man." He fell on his back on the bed.

Mark stared down at him. "Man, you are so fucking gorgeous. I guess I wanted to take your ass the first time I saw you naked but I'm not gonna do it."

"What? But you won, man. My ass is yours."

"Like I said, Zack, when I fuck I want the guy to love it, not close his eyes and 'grit his teeth' as you put it. Besides I have other ways of getting off. Now I've sobered up I'm horny as hell but there's something great that Bob taught me to do the first time I came to the house."

As Zack stared in amazement Mark, wearing just his boxer shorts, walked over to the closet and gazed into the full-length mirror on the door. His jaw clenched, his muscles flexed and he began to run his hands lightly over his spectacular naked chest. He moaned softly as he felt

his pecs, then the ridges of his washboard stomach, then ran his hands up over his shoulders and down to stroke his perfect biceps.

He spoke softly to Zack, but kept his eyes fixed in his own mirror image. “Man, you should try this some time. It’s incredible getting off on yourself gives you total freedom. You can do just what you want, cum when you want, stop when you want. Look at that guy in the mirror. He’s fucking gorgeous and he’s gonna make me shoot my load.”

Zack could hardly believe his eyes. He had never seen, never imagined, anything like this a stud getting off on himself. It was a brand new experience and one that made his dick hard as a rock. He stroked his cock lightly as he gazed in awe at the sight.

Mark dropped his shorts and began to pose naked before the mirror. First he raised his arms, flexing his biceps, then pressed his fists on the sides of his waist, pushing his shoulders forward and flaring his lats in a classic bodybuilder pose.

“Oh, man,” Zack moaned, “that is fucking incredible. You look magnificent, buddy. My dick’s stiff as a pole.” Then he shouted “Oh, shit, man!” when he saw what came next.

Mark has moved his hands back to his chest and was squeezing his nipples hard in his fingers. He twisted them viciously and threw his head back as the pain increased. His tousled blonde hair flew wildly and his eyes began to stream tears. His tits were on fire and the pain radiated over his chest. His cock stood out rigid from his golden pubic hair and he began to talk to the man in the mirror.

“Oh, yeah, stud. Let me see you torture those tits, man. Yeah, feel the pain in your chest take it, stud. Look at that hard dick. Shit, man, the pain’s gonna make you cum. Let me see you shoot your load, fucker.”

“NO!” Zack shouted at the pornographic image in the mirror. “Don’t cum, man. Please, don’t shoot yet.”

Mark dropped his hands but still stared at himself. “But he looks so fucking hot, man. Look at that fucking jock getting off on himself. Nothing else could make me cum like him. What else could I do with my cock?”

Zack was whimpering now. “Fuck me, Mark. You are so fucking gorgeous I need you, man. I need to feel that cock in my ass.”

Mark smiled. “You know how looking at a beautiful men gets me off, Zack. It’s a question of which one of us looks best.” He finally turned to look at the man on the bed. “What can you do for me, stud?”

Zack was shuddering with desire for this spectacular man. "Look!" he said and stretched his naked body, spread-eagling it on the bed, wrists up to the bedpost, feet spread at the bottom. He flexed his gleaming ebony muscles hard, desperate to turn his buddy on, to pull him away from the mirror.

Mark shook his head. "Gotta admit it, man. You do look fucking magnificent. What do you want from me?"

Zack was pleading now. "I want you to fuck my ass, sir. Please, I want to watch that gorgeous body hammer my ass."

"Nah, when it starts to hurt you'll change your mind."

"No No!" Zack stretched even higher to the bed posts. "Look, man, tie me up. Tie me to the bed and fuck my ass." He was almost sobbing with desire. "Please, sir. Let me feel your dick inside me, I beg you."

Mark smiled a confident, arrogant smile. "That's it buddy. I knew I could make you want it crave it. Take a good look at me, man. Beautiful, no? I know what I can do to guys, how much I can turn them on. I didn't need to fight you, Zack. I knew that just by looking at me you would submit to me want me inside you."

He moved quickly. He used his own discarded T-shirt to tie one of Zack's wrists to one bedpost, and Zack's tank to secure the other wrist at the other corner. Instinctively Zack pulled at his wrists and Mark looked with satisfaction at the spectacular ebony body straining and writhing, muscles gleaming as they flexed.

"Perfect," Mark smiled. "That's just so you can't touch your cock. Did I tell you that every time I fuck Jamie he shoots his wad without even touching himself? You're gonna do the same, buddy. I guarantee it."

Zack's heart was pounding, breath heaving as he watched the big cop come closer. But then he shook with frustration and yelled "NO!"

Mark had turned around and was looking in the mirror again. "Hell man, I don't know which one of us is the bigger turn-on. The guy in the mirror looks pretty damn good." He began to stroke his already rigid cock and used his other hand to squeeze his nipple. "Oh, yeah. That's it, man. That's what's gonna make me cum!"

Zack was straining to get free in a frenzy of desire. "No, man, please, not like that. Don't do this to me I want your cock, man. Please. You want me to beg? Well, I'm begging you, sir. You've won, beaten me. I submit to you. You are the best." Now he was sobbing. "Please, sir. Please fuck my ass."

Finally Mark was satisfied. The fight had been nothing. Instead, by the sheer force of his incredible beauty, he had reduced the big, arrogant, macho black stud to a beaten, pleading man. The alpha top-man was offering his ass in submission, begging to get fucked. Mark smiled down at the bound bodybuilder, then dropped to his knees.

He grabbed Zack's ankles and pushed his legs backward, gazing down at the black ass raised vulnerable before him. He moved his hips forward and pressed the head of his dick against the hole.

"You sure you want this, buddy?"

"I've got to have it man. Please."

"OK. This is not Randy now. There's gonna be no pain only total pleasure as you feel my cock slide inside you like this."

They locked eyes as Mark slowly pushed his stiff rod over the sphincter and into the hot recesses of the ass that by now was a furnace. His cock shuddered as he felt the soft, velvet membrane of the black man's ass. He pushed further, slowly, until the head of his dick came to rest against the hard muscle at the back.

Zack had never felt anything like this before. He could hardly believe that this Greek God was causing the exquisite sensation that shot through his whole body. He smiled up at Mark, his buddy. The two macho jocks, after their night out on the town, were now making spectacular love to each other. He felt the rigid pole resting against the muscle deep in his ass.

Mark spoke softly. "This is the moment, buddy something you've never felt before. This is how it really feels to be fucked by me." In one quick, final push, the head of his cock pressed against the firm muscle and then passed over the inner sphincter, burying itself in the deepest, secret recess of Zack's gut. Mark watched Zack's eyes open wide, his head shook from side to side, and he howled.

"Oh God, man. Oh, God, that's incredible. Oh, man. I love it. I love you, Mark. Please, man, pound my ass."

The cop's superb body became a machine as he pulled his hips back, then plunged his shaft deep inside the black ass, again and again. Zack watched the veins bulge in the straining muscles as the naked cop hammered him, watched the beautiful face gleaming with sweat, jaw clenched, eyes wild. Mark was electrified by the incredible sensation in his cock. He was used to fucking his boy but this was different. This was no boy it was a rugged, powerful bodybuilder, struggling in bondage, offering his ass to him.

The pounding was long and ecstatic, but finally the intense sensations they both felt had to come to a climax. Mark spoke softly. "Now, Zack, I want to see that huge black club of yours

shoot its load all over you. You look so fucking incredible, I want to see your final act of submission. You ready, man?"

Zack groaned, "Whenever you say, sir."

"OK, stud. Admit it, I am the best. Submit to menow!"

Zack pulled frantically at his bound wrists, he screamed, "You've beaten me. I submit, sir!" His black cock shuddered and a huge spurt of white liquid blasted high in the air, and splashed down on the straining, gleaming chest. As Zack felt the cop's huge eruption inside his ass he shot again, and again, until he was soaked in pools of his own semen. The two men took great gulps of air and it was a long time before their heaving bodies came to rest. They had not broken eye contact, and still gazed into each other's smiling face.

Zack spoke first. "You are the best, Mark. There's nobody in the world like you."

Mark grinned. "No, buddy. We are the best. There's nobody like us." Then he laughed. "Amazing what two jocks get up to when they decide to hit Vegas."

After sleeping in each other's arms for what was left of the night, they woke late and ordered breakfast from room service. Freshly showered, wearing the thick white robes provided by the hotel, they sat facing each other over the huge breakfast. Oddly, they were a bit shy with each other after the extraordinary night they had spent together. When they spoke it was small talk.

"Jesus, I'm starved," Mark said. "Can't remember when we last ate."

"You know time stands still in Vegas, pal. We crammed a lot into one night."

"Yeah, 'crammed' just about covers it," Mark, grinned, remembering the feeling of his cock in the tight ass. That remark was followed by another long silence as Mark gazed out of the window.

"Where are you, buddy?" Zack asked.

"Oh, thinking about Jamie as a matter of fact."

"You miss him, don't you?"

"Yeah, a whole lot."

"Me too. I miss Darius. I've really come to love that kid."

After another long silence Zack said, "When are you working next?"

“Oh, not for a few days. I worked three twelve-hours shifts so now I’ve got four days off.”

“OK, buddy, you were in charge last night. Now let me take over.” Zack picked up the phone and made two calls. The first was to reception asking to extend the room for another two nights. The second was to Darius’s cell phone. There was a pause, then:

“Hey, you doing OK, kid? Listen, you know how I said whenever I call you have to come to me? Well I’m calling now. Here’s what you do. You get Jamie, throw a few things in a bag and get Randy to drive you to Burbank airport. You and Jamie get on the first flight to Vegas. Use the credit card I gave you. Hop in a cab and come to the MGM Grand, room 814. Mark and I will be waiting for you both. You got all that? Good. See you, kid.”

Zack put down the phone and grinned at Mark. “See, buddy, that’s the great thing about having boys. You call they come. Just like that.”

There were five of them in the big cab of Randy’s truck Bob in front with him and the three boys squeezed into the rear seat, all on their way to Burbank. Bob’s flight was to San Francisco where senior management of his financial services firm were having a two-day retreat. Darius and Jamie, of course, had been summoned to Vegas. Pablo was here to see them off.

In the United section of the airport Randy hugged Bob tight. “God, I hate it when you go away, buddy, even for a couple of days. I’ll miss the hell out of you.”

Bob smiled. “Well, looks like I’m leaving you in good company. Seems you’ll be all alone in the house with Pablo. Treat him well, big guy.”

Over at the Southwest Airlines gate the three young boys were talking excitedly. Darius and Jamie had been in a panic getting ready ever since the call from Zack. Sure they were eager to see Las Vegas for the first time, but especially thrilled that they had been summoned there by their masters.

“Now dudes,” Pablo said, “I want a full report from you when you get back. Dying to know what those guys want you there for. Wonder if you’ll all be in the same room. Now that’s a hell of a fantasy, even for you Darius.”

The two flights took off more or less at the same time. Randy threw his arm over Pablo’s shoulder as they walked back out to the parking lot. “Guess it’s just you and me alone for the whole weekend, kiddo. Sure you don’t mind?”

Pablo looked up at Randy, his face glowing. "Mind, sir? It's a dream of mine to be alone with you for so long."

"You're right, kid. I've been so busy I've neglected you. Time to get reacquainted do something new together."

They didn't speak again until they were in the truck on the way home. Pablo stared out of the window lost in thought and Randy said, "Unlike you to be so quiet. What's on your mind, kid?"

Pablo turned to look at him in that direct way he had. "Well, sir, me and the guys were talking."

"Shit," Randy laughed. "Mark always says when he hears those words he knows he's in trouble. OK, kiddo, shoot."

"Well, sir, it's like this. Jamie wanted to really show Mark how much he loved him. He wanted the cop to totally dominate him and the only way he knew was to ask Mark to whip him. So that's what happened and Jamie loved it, pain and all. Now they're closer than ever."

"Hell, kid, I've already whipped you several times. You have something else in mind?"

"No, sir. It's just that, now we're alone I really want to give myself to you, really want you to use me, dominate me. I want to show you I'm your boy, that I'll take anything from you. Anything, sir even if it hurts."

There was a silence as Randy looked at the road ahead. "Hmm. There is one thing I've never done to you. Not to anyone except Bob. Never thought you could take it. Still don't think you can."

"Try me, sir," Pablo pleaded. "Please. I want to show you how tough I am. Like I said, I'll take anything from you. You can do anything at all."

They were silent for the rest of the drive home. Randy was emotional as he thought of Pablo's request. God, he loved the kid for his toughness, for wanting to prove himself yet again to his master. Randy had caused pain to a lot of guys... he never held back but with Pablo it was different. He loved the boy like a son hell, he was his son, by adoption and he was afraid of hurting him. Still, if that's what he wanted

Pablo was in a state of nervous apprehension. He remembered how proud Jamie had been when he showed up with whip marks over his naked body. His master the cop had really worked him over. That's what Pablo wanted, to be dominated by his master. But now he wasn't so sure. He knew how Randy could be, how tough and ruthless he was, and Pablo's bravado was now tempered by fear at what the big construction boss was going to do to him.

When they entered the house Randy said simply. "My room in ten minutes, boy." Alarmed by the gruff tone of his master's voice Pablo ran first to his own room, then to the room shared by Randy and Bob. In the kitchen Randy pulled a beer from the fridge and sat down to think. He had to admit, he was looking forward to what he was about to do to his boy.

When he went upstairs Pablo was standing by the bed, buck naked.

"What's that in your hand, boy," Randy asked. Pablo held out the leather collar to him like a ritual offering.

"This is what Zack used on Darius, sir. I was told to take it off him and we've had it in our room ever since."

Randy's eyes narrowed. "God, you really want this, don't you, kid?"

"I really want it, sir."

Randy took the collar and Pablo bowed his head. Randy buckled the collar round his neck and stood back to admire his boy.

"God, you're beautiful, kid. Now I'm sure what I'm gonna do to you. You asked for it, and there's no turning back. Get on the bed."

Pablo lay on his back and watched as Randy pulled off his T-shirt. As always, the boy gasped when he saw the incredible bodybuilder, stripped to the waist in jeans and boots. He took a deep breath as his master knelt on the bed astride him. Randy reached forward, put his fingers on his boy's nipples and twisted them hard. Pain shot through Pablo's chest but he didn't make a sound. Tears spurted from his eyes but he gazed steadily at the pale blue eyes of his master.

"Yeah, boy. You're a tough son-of-a-bitch, alright. I always knew that, but I doubt you can take what comes next."

He reached over to the bedside table and pulled a jar from the drawer. He eased back on the bed so he was kneeling between Pablo's legs. Then Pablo gasped and almost shouted out in alarm. Randy had pushed his left hand into the jar and pulled it out, covered in thick lubricant. He made a fist and, with his other hand, smoothed the cream over it.

Pablo watched in horror. Now he knew what was going to happen to him. Darius had once told him a rumor that Randy had done this to Bob to punish him. At least, it began as a punishment but ended up bringing them closer together than ever. But, Jesus, look at that fist. It was huge. Pablo was on the verge of protesting, but his pride stopped him. Besides, Randy had said 'there's no turning back,' and he meant it.

“You ready, boy?”

Pablo answered in a firm voice. “Yes, sir!” He bent his legs, pulling his feet toward him so his ass was exposed and vulnerable.

So it began. Pablo felt the fingers stroking the sphincter of his ass, gently at first, then with increasing pressure. He felt one finger enter his hole, then two, then three as Randy loosened him up. There was no pain yet, but Pablo clenched his ass muscles in anticipation of what was to come. He heard the deep voice again.

“Look at me, boy. Don’t take your eyes off mine. And remember, you’re the boss’s boy.”

Pablo felt all four fingers enter his ass, then the thumb, and the widest part of the fist rested against his sphincter. This was it. Pablo breathed hard and gazed at his master’s rugged face. The pressure increased, Pablo gasped and just managed to stifle a scream as the fist pushed, harder and harder. The pain was building, became excruciating, but just as Pablo knew he could take no more, it stopped. He gazed wide-eyed up at his master.

Randy smiled at him. “I’m inside you, Pablo. Your master’s fist is inside your ass.”

It was true. Pablo felt a fullness in his ass that he had never felt before, a sensation that sent spasms of ecstasy radiating from his ass through his whole body. Now his eyes left Randy’s face, moved over the broad shoulder, down the flexed bicep, the veins bulging, down over the forearm and the wrist that disappeared into his ass! His eyes filled with tears as he realized that his master had exerted total control over him. He was being fist-fucked by the man he loved most in the world.

“How do you feel, kid.”

“Sir it’s the best feeling of my life. Thank you, sir.”

Carefully Randy curled his fingers slowly into a fist inside the boy’s ass and began to turn it, round and back, feeling the hot, velvet membrane of the young ass. Pablo floated into a world of exquisite pleasure. It was not only the incredible feeling in his butt, but the knowledge that his master was subjecting him to the most private sexual act possible. They were joined in a way no other act could join them.

But as his entire body shuddered Pablo knew that his climax was close. “Please, sir,” he moaned softly, “you’re gonna make me cum.”

“Not yet, boy. I want to enjoy your ass a bit longer. I’ll tell you when.”

He pulled his fist back a little, then pushed it deeper into the ass. He turned it round, pulled back, then pushed again. The fisting was gentle and sent Pablo into a place where he had no control. His cock was pulsing and he knew he could not hold back. And it was then that Randy pushed his fist hard into the inner cauldron of his ass, and he heard the voice "Now, Pablo Now!"

And Pablo had the most explosive orgasm he had ever experienced. He opened his mouth and drank in the stream of white cream that poured from his cock, again and again. He swallowed mouthfuls of his own cum, as it splashed over his face, into his eyes and hair. He could hardly breathe, his heart was pounding, and in his hypnotic state he was aware of a final sharp pain in his ass as the fist pulled out of him.

As his eyes began to clear he looked up through the film of semen and saw the glorious face of his master smiling down at him and heard his voice. "That do it for you, kiddo? Is that kinda what you had in mind?"

Pablo was beyond thought. He had felt his master's fist in his ass. It was sensational. He had proved he was truly Randy's boy. But all he could manage to say was, "I love you, sir."

Randy was wiping his hand with a towel. "Only thing is, kid, you've shot your load, big time, but I haven't. Can't let that happen."

He grabbed Pablo's ankles, pushed his legs high in the air, and with one swift move, plunged his rigid cock into the now tender, warm greasy hole. Pablo gasped as he felt the cock rub against the sensitive walls of his ass, sore from the invasion of the huge fist. But as he regained control of his muscles he clenched his ass round the huge cock as it pounded inside him. He squeezed, then released, and squeezed again, as if he were fucking his master's cock. Randy went through the roof, his face poured with sweat as he pistoned savagely as only he could.

It didn't take long. Soon he threw his head back and screamed, "I love you, Pablo. You're my boy!" and he let loose a stream of cum inside his boy's ass. When his orgasm subsided he was laughing and fell forward, crushing the young body beneath him. Pablo was ecstatic as he looked at the wild, swarthy face. He began to lick the sweat from it, running his tongue hungrily over the brow, the cheek, the neck, then up to the eyes that he kissed passionately.

After they regained their breath they hit the shower together, Pablo on his knees as he soaped his master's legs and pressed his face against the thick piece of meat swinging between them. Randy looked down through the water and steam at the upturned, adoring face of the boy he had fucked in every way. Finally he turned off the water and smiled down at him.

“OK, kiddo. Food! We gotta eat, especially after all that. Dry off and get in the kitchen Now!

After the frenzy of the afternoon the scene was now one of domestic calm. Dressed in only old boxer shorts Randy sat sprawled in a chair watching his boy prepare dinner. He admired the lithe young body, barefoot and shirtless in just surfer shorts and still wearing the leather collar. As Pablo moved efficiently round the kitchen preparing food, Randy reached down to his boxers and stroked his crotch.

“Jesus, you’re beautiful, kid. And that ass! Guess I didn’t stretch it too much. Still the same bubble butt I fell in lust with when I first saw it.”

Pablo stopped and looked at Randy about to reply, but Randy cut him short. “No, kid, keep working. I just want to watch you. Pay no attention to me.”

And so throughout the meal preparation Randy watched. His feeling was one of lust, sure, but mostly of pride in this beautiful young kid who had given himself to him. It was the pride of ownership, of knowing that this tough, resilient boy was his. He smiled as he saw the concentrated look on his boy’s face, focused on his task. He saw muscles ripple in the young body as it moved round the room. And when his back was turned he saw the incredible ass, the perfect round globes bulging under the thin cotton of the tight shorts.

And that’s what did it. Randy rubbed the bulge in his shorts harder and suddenly groaned loudly as he felt his cock rear up and shoot a sticky wad of cum in his boxers. Only then did Pablo look round at him and smile.

“See what you do to me, kiddo,” Randy grinned, looking down at the huge wet stain spreading over the front of his shorts. He jumped up. “OK, kiddo, now let me help you with dinner.”

Surprised, Pablo said, “You’ve gotta wash your hands first.”

“Yes, sir,” Randy grinned. “You’re the boss, chef.”

Randy was given the job of peeling the corn while Pablo chopped onions. That always brought tears to his eyes, and soon they were running down his cheeks. When Randy saw this he moved close and licked the tears from his face, kissed his cheeks and pressed his lips against the boy’s eyes. He had never felt so tender toward anyone in his life. But then he felt his sticky, wet crotch pressing against Pablo’s leg and he pulled back.

“You want me to change my shorts before we eat?”

“Not at all, sir.” Pablo gave his mischievous, sideways grin. “Looks perfect to me.”

And so they ate outside in the late afternoon sun. All tension was gone they were at peace. Pablo had proved once more how tough he was, had submitted his ass to the ultimate act, and Randy had unloaded his juice twice, once inside his boy's ass and once simply looking at his beautiful young body. As the meal began Randy reached forward and unbuckled the collar from Pablo's neck.

"We'll save that for later, eh? I have a feeling we're gonna have a great weekend just the two of us."

They laughed and chatted easily together, about the other guys, but mostly about Pablo and his future. Randy was overwhelmed with affection for the boy, and Pablo's eyes shone with total adoration. But by the time the meal was over Randy noticed the boy could hardly keep his eyes open.

"Tired, kid?"

"Kinda bushed, sir, yes."

"Come with me." Randy took his arm and pushed him gently across the lawn into the long grass under the trees. He pulled him down to the ground and they lay in the cool, soft grass. Pablo turned and pushed his back against his master's chest, his ass resting perfectly against the bulge in Randy's shorts. The big construction worker wrapped his arms around the drowsy young boy's near naked body.

Randy whispered in his ear, "You know something, kiddo. I'm real proud to call you my boy real proud."

Pablo smiled, almost asleep now, and murmured, "Thank you, sir. I love you, sir."

And then they were asleep.

While these two men were winding down, two other young guys were winding up to a fever pitch of anticipation. Darius and Jamie had gazed down excitedly from the plane window as they flew over the Sierras. And now, wide-eyed, they were staring out of the taxi at the extraordinary, over-the-top sights of glittering Las Vegas. This was their first time, and they were blown away.

At the hotel their excitement reached a climax as they rode the elevator to the eighth floor and rang the bell at Room 814.

“Come in,” a deep voice shouted. “Door’s open.”

Timidly they entered the room and closed the door behind them. They gazed in awe at the sight of two muscle-gods, one black as ebony, the other a golden blonde, lying on their back on the bed, wearing only undershorts. The boys expected an effusive greeting but that’s not at all what they got.

“Stand there,” commanded Zack, pointing to the foot of the bed. The two boys nervously took their place, their hands lightly clasped behind their backs.

“So what do you say, buddy,” Mark asked Zack. “Think they’ll do?”

“Hmm, dunno,” Zack said. “The black one looks like he has attitude. Have to knock that out of him.”

“The blonde looks nervous, though,” Mark added. “Still, I like that in a boy. He can be worked on. OK, boys, turn around.”

They turned their backs to the bed and heard Zack say. “Oh, yeah, great asses. Provided we can do what we like with them.”

Mark laughed. “Guess we’ll just have to find that out.”

Jamie was confused and nervous. He had no idea what was going on. It was as if Mark and Zack had never met them before. But when he stole a glance at Darius, his friend smiled and winked at him he had lived this fantasy before. And that made Jamie relax. If Darius was OK with this so was he. In fact, he was starting to get excited, his cock growing stiff in his pants. Then he heard Mark’s voice.

“OK, boys. You’ll do. You look like a pair of hot young studs, so we’re gonna put you to work. Turn around and get naked.”

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Chapter 79 – A Friendship in Ruins

The boys obeyed instantly and stripped off their jeans and T-shirts. Their hearts were pounding as they awaited orders from these stunning men. But they had to wait a bit longer as the two bodybuilders bargained with each other.

“So,” Zack said. “Which one do you want, big guy?”

Mark rubbed his chin in thought. "Hard to say Hey, remember when we met those girls you took the blonde? How about this time I get the blonde?" He flashed a fleeting smile at Jamie, and now the boy relaxed. In that brief smile he had glimpsed the love and affection Mark had for him and he knew that everything would be OK more than OK. His cock was now standing out rigid from his blonde pubic hair.

"You want the blonde?" Zack said. "Fine by me, buddy. I was hoping to get the black boy. Like I said, he needs that attitude knocked out of him, and I'm just the guy to do it. OK, boys, come round the side of the bed facing each other." They obeyed and stood at attention. Zack grinned, "Say, will you look at those two young cocks they're hard as iron."

"The black kid's must be all of ten inches," Mark grinned.

"Yeah," Zack growled. "And that's where his arrogance comes from conceited young buck. But that's not what I'm interested in right now. Turn round again, you two. Oh, man, that black ass is so fucking sweet. Guess I'm gonna have to fuck that attitude right out of him."

"But look at the buns on the blonde," Mark said. "Wonder if he's ever felt a cop's big dick inside him?"

"More to the point, wonder if they give good head. Turn round, guys. You ever sucked dick before?" Zack asked.

"Yes, sir," Darius said. "But yours is the biggest I've ever seen."

"So, you gag a bit occupational hazard. OK, let's find out. On your knees hands behind your backs."

The boys were now tense with excitement and instantly fell to their knees. They looked quickly at each other, then lowered their eyes and focused on the huge cocks lying on the men's stomachs.

"That's it, boys, take a good look," Mark said. "Now make them hard"

Keeping their hands behind their backs Darius and Jamie fell forward, licked the swelling cocks and then sucked them into their mouths. In a few seconds they were rock hard and the young heads were moving up and down, their lips tight around the thick rods. They felt the cocks slide deep inside them, the heads slamming against the back of their throats. Their eyes were watering and they breathed desperately through their noses.

"That all you got, boy?" Zack growled. "Shit, if I wanted a girl to suck my cock I've have gone and got one. This time I need a man." Zack put his hand behind Darius's head and pulled his face forward hard. He heard the boy choke as his cock filled his mouth and smashed against his throat. "That's more like it, boy. That's how you suck a real man's dick."

Mark was more gentle. He placed his hands on the sides of Jamie's face and pulled it back off his cock, just long enough to smile at him. "You're doing great, kid. I just might keep you around for a while." Jamie smiled and pushed his face downward, savoring the taste of his master's cock.

Zack turned his head to Mark. "You wanna cum like this, buddy?"

"Nah," Mark said, "I gotta get me a piece of that sweet ass."

"Gotcha," Zack grinned. "OK, guys, stand up."

Reluctantly the boys slid their mouths off the cocks and stood upright by the sides of the bed facing each other. Zack and Mark jumped up and pushed the boys into a kneeling position on the bed. They made them stretch their arms forward and grasp each other's shoulders to brace themselves. Their faces were only a foot apart. Mark stood behind Jamie and looked down at his ass.

"Jesus, that's perfect. You want a cop's dick in that beautiful ass, boy?"

"Yes please, sir," Jamie said hoarsely.

The men synchronized their movements. They moved forward, pressed the head of their dick against the waiting hole, and gently slid their rod between the perfect globes. There were four sighs of pleasure as eyes met eyes. Darius and Jamie looked at each other in wonder. They not only felt the exquisite sensation of their master's rod penetrating them, but knew that the other boy was feeling exactly the same. As each boy felt the cock pounding in his ass he watched the look of ecstasy on his friend's face. It was like watching himself get fucked in the mirror.

Mark was grinning at Zack over their shoulders. "Oh, man, I hope you're feeling what I'm feeling. OK, stud, let's give it to them."

The rhythm increased as the two cocks pushed harder and deeper into the burning holes. Darius and Jamie were in a trance as they watched the look of pure pleasure in the other boy's eyes. Instinctively, their faces came together and they pressed their mouths against each other. As their masters hammered their asses they hungrily probed each other's mouths with their tongues. Mark and Zack were turned on even more watching their boys kiss each other while they got fucked.

But finally the men pulled the boys back up straight, still kneeling facing each other. "Beat your meat," growled Zack. "We wanna see you shout your load."

The movement of the four men became a blur as they approached their climax. Pounding their cocks the boys did their best to hold back until their masters gave them permission to cum. Finally Mark and Zack shouted in unison, "Now!" Howls of joy accompanied four simultaneous orgasms, two of them deep inside the boys' asses.

Even more spectacular were the boys' eruptions as a long stream of white juice blasted from their cocks high in the air, and splashed into the other boy's face. They opened their mouths and drank their buddy's warm cum, then let it pour onto their faces and down their heaving bodies.

When Mark and Zack had emptied their loads inside their boys they pulled back and gazed awestruck at them. Each boy was mesmerized by the sight of his friend, his body heaving, streams of semen running down his sweating face and chest. At the same time they both felt the warm dampness of their master's juice in their ass.

"Wow," breathed Zack. "That sure was worth the price of admission."

With wild laughter the men fell on the bed and wrapped their arms round their boys. Mark smiled into Jamie's eyes. "God, I missed you, kid. Zack and me, we had a great time doing the town, but it was nothing like this." He turned to Zack. "What d'you say, big guy?"

"Right on, buddy. Hell, this was the best. Outstanding. Don't know now why we even bothered to leave town. Could have just stayed home and fucked these guys savage. Eh, boys?"

Darius grinned at Zack. "Well, sir, like the movie says 'There's no place like home!'"

They hit the shower and Mark said it was time to show the boys around. "You guys bring anything decent to wear?"

"Polo shirts and jeans, sir. That do?"

"Perfect. Hell, kid, you'd turn heads whatever you were wearing."

And so they hit town, though this time it wasn't with a bunch of Vegas-savvy regulars. It was with two awestruck newcomers, whose eyes got wider the more sights they saw. They went to several of the more spectacular hotels, played the slots for a while, then back to the MGM Grand for dinner and the Cirque Du Soleil show there. Zack and Mark exchanged satisfied looks as their boys gazed awestruck at the dazzling spectacle.

When they got back up to the room it was late and they were all a bit drunk. They sank into chairs for a final drink but somehow they weren't quite ready for bed. Mark smiled at Zack. "That was some show down there. You ever see anything like that before?"

"Hell no," Zack said. "That was pretty spectacular. The bodies on those circus guys doing everything but fuck each other." He stroked his jaw. "Now there's a thought. Come to think of it, all you need for a show like that is a couple of hot looking young studs and a flat surface."

They all picked up on Zack's meaning and the two boys stood up. Darius grinned, "By any chance, would the two hot studs be Jamie and me, sir, and the flat surface be that bed there? Would you like us to put on a show of our own for you, sir?"

No more needed to be said. Zack and Mark sprawled in deep armchairs as the two boys stood before them and did a slow striptease. Then they stood on the bed and flexed their naked bodies in a display for their masters, to boisterous applause and whistles of appreciation.

"OK," Mark said. "Let the games begin!"

And so the two boys made love to each other, in an exhibitionist display of youthful sex and beauty. First Jamie fucked Darius's willing ass, then they switched back and forth. The wild performance was greeted with drunken shouts of approval from Zack and Mark, fascinated by the gyrations of the lithe young bodies as they grappled with each other.

The masters called the shots and told them when to shoot. The boys ended up lying on their backs stroking their dicks as they gazed up at the two muscle-gods towering over them. They could no longer hold back. In a final act of homage to their masters they held their breath, paused, and shot a huge stream of white juice over their own gleaming young bodies.

The men gazed down at them and Zack shook his head in admiration. "Outstanding, guys. Hell, you should join the circus with an act like that," he laughed. "The show downstairs could use two talented guys like you."

"You look so fucking beautiful with that cum all over you," Mark said, then grinned at Zack. "What say we add to it, big guy?"

They had been stroking the bulge in their jeans throughout the show and now pulled their cocks out. They were hot as a pistol and it took only a few strokes before they both blasted more cum over the youthful bodies. Exhausted at last, they quickly stripped and fell on the bed with their boys. And there they slept, four beautiful men in a tangle of limbs, damp with sweat and the juice from their final climax of the night.

If Vegas was, for the four men, a playground of sexual extremes and dazzling sights, the house in Los Angeles was, by contrast, a scene of domestic calm. Alone together for the weekend Randy and Pablo had become closer than ever before. After the intense intimacy of Pablo taking his master's fist in his ass, they had spent much of the time making gentle love ('vanilla' Darius would have called it) exploring each other's bodies, talking, dozing together. Randy's display of tender affection for the boy was the reverse of his usual image of a brawling, rugged alpha male, quick to anger, always the boss.

But as their final day wore on they eventually had to rouse themselves from their domestic bliss. Bob was due back at Burbank airport soon, and some time after that the four guys from Vegas would be arriving home in Mark's truck. Randy drove out to Burbank alone, leaving Pablo to start pulling dinner together.

There was always a shiver of anticipation whenever Randy waited for his lover to appear in the airport concourse. Finally he saw him and even now, after so many greetings, his cock started to swell when he saw Bob striding toward him, dressed in his smart business suit. They hugged and Randy murmured in his ear, "Missed you, buddy. Great to have you back."

"Yeah," Bob said. "Me too."

There was an odd inflection in Bob's voice, a coolness, that sounded a momentary alarm in Randy, but he dismissed it in the joy of being reunited with the man he loved, his soul-mate. In the truck Randy talked animatedly about his weekend with Pablo, but Bob was unusually silent. Then suddenly, as Randy talked, Bob turned to him and interrupted.

"Randy, there's something I gotta tell you. You know I tell you everything no secrets and I have to tell you this."

A shiver ran through Randy's body. "OK, man. Just say it."

Bob took a deep breath. "You'll never guess who I met in San Francisco. He was attending a conference and staying at the same hotel as me. Remember Steve?"

Now alarms bells were ringing loud in Randy's head. Steve, his former therapist, the guy who looked so much like Randy, stunningly handsome, but more refined than the rugged construction worker. He knew that Bob admired him, liked him a lot. Randy was wary of their friendship and for that reason had at first been reluctant to admit Steve to their group.

He remained silent as Bob continued hesitantly. "Well, we, er we had a few drinks in the bar he came up to my room and we talked for a long time. Hell, man, he looks so much like you and I was missing you a whole lot....." His voice faded.

"And?" Randy said coldly. And then the truth poured out in a rush.

“He stayed the night in my room in my bed. We were both drunk and I let him fuck me. I was wanting you so much and he was the image of you, so I.....”

“How many times? How many times did he fuck you?”

“Er twice. Once when we got into bed and again in the morning.” There was a heavy silence in the truck and Bob saw Randy’s hands grip the steering wheel tight. He knew that to say more would only make it worse.

In a daze Randy was trying to imagine that night, how Bob and Steve must have talked, how they shared so much, how they made love. After all, Steve was a beautiful man, like Randy, but unlike him Steve was refined, sophisticated, well-educated everything Randy was not and, more important, everything Bob was. A shadow of fear passed over Randy followed by an ice-cold, all-consuming anger.

Nothing more was said. When they got to the house Pablo was in the garden putting food on the table. He smiled, “Hey, welcome back to.....” But Randy cut him off. “Get upstairs, boy and don’t come down until I call you. This does not concern you.” Pablo was startled. He had never heard that steely tone before and he raced inside the house.

Randy pushed Bob by the neck into the house and down the basement stairs. When they faced each other Bob was shocked at the rage he saw in Randy’s wild, blazing eyes. It was the pure essence of fury. Instinctively, in an act of submission, Bob shook off his jacket, kicked off his shoes and dropped his pants. Randy pulled off his own T-shirt and stood stripped to the waist, his muscular body heaving with rage. Then, like a panther, he sprang at Bob, grabbing his shirt, ripping it to shreds. He tore his shorts clear off him and threw him violently on the bed.

In minutes Bob was spread-eagled face down on the bed, naked except for the shredded remains of his shirt, his wrists and ankles tied at the four corners. Paralyzed with fear he submitted to his punishment helplessly. He had anticipated Randy’s anger, but nothing like this. He buried his face in the pillow, gritted his teeth and flexed his ass hard, but he could not drown out Randy’s harsh, guttural voice.

“You fucking bastard! You let that son-of-a-bitch fuck you! Your ass my ass!” He looked down at the perfect white globes that he thought belonged to him. “Look at that ass. It was mine and you gave it to him! OK, mother fucker, I’ll make sure he never wants it again.”

Randy tore his belt from the his jeans and swung it with all his strength, smashing it across the helpless ass. As it bounced under the brutal lash Bob howled in pain and pulled frantically at his restraints in a futile attempt at freedom. Randy grabbed the torn remains of Bob’s shorts and tied them round his mouth to stifle the screams. Then he put all his strength into the brutal lashing of his lover’s ass, blow after savage blow, until the white flesh was a flaming crimson.

Randy's body heaved as he looked down at the suffering man. All reason, all restraint had deserted him. His notorious anger now consumed him and his only instinct was to make the man suffer, to torture the ass that had betrayed him.

It was not only rage that drove him. His anger sprang from a deep-rooted fear of losing the man he had come to love with a passion, a fear that blinded him to all else. It was the ultimate paradox. The very man he wanted to possess, to prevent from deserting him, was the man he was thrashing, the man he wanted to destroy. If he couldn't have him, he would make damn sure no-one else could.

In his raging mind there was something approaching paranoia that Steve, handsome, sophisticated Steve, would replace him. Steve! He was to blame. He had to suffer too. Randy pictured the rugged face, so like himself it was like looking in a mirror, and he was consumed with hatred for him. He stopped whipping and looked down wildly at the convulsing muscles of the bound and tortured man.

"I haven't finished with you, asshole. But there's something else I gotta do, and while you wait I want you to try to imagine what I'm doing to your fucking boyfriend."

In a haze of pain Bob was sobbing into the pillow. His ass was on fire, and every muscle of his body ached from his violent efforts to free himself from his restraints. He dimly heard a car door slam and the squeal of tires on gravel, and his mind went to his unsuspecting friend, Steve.

At that moment Steve was alone in his house on Mulholland. He was in the long driveway, dressed only in shorts and sneakers, on his knees pulling weeds from the overgrown flower beds. He heard a car pull up at his gate and he looked up, shading his eyes to see who it was. What he saw startled him.

Randy was like a wild animal. He leapt out of the truck and, not stopping for details like ringing the bell, he vaulted over the driveway gate and strode toward the kneeling man. Steve shot to his feet and faced the menacing, shirtless figure. "Randy. This is a surprise. What brings you here?"

"This!" Randy growled and slammed the back of his fist against Steve's face, sending him spinning into the dirt at the edge of the drive. "You fucked my man, you shithead," he screamed. "You knew he was mine and you fucked him."

Steve was choking, his mind spinning, his muscular body sprawled in the dirt. Randy kicked him over onto his back and in one violent move yanked his shorts down to his feet. He dropped to his knees, shoved Steve's legs up high and pressed his rigid cock against his ass.

“Look at my face, asshole. Remember me. And if you come near me again I’ll fucking kill you.”

Steve stared in wide-eyed terror at the blazing eyes staring down at him. He pleaded, “No, man. Don’t do this. We can talk. This is not the way aaah!” He felt a piercing shaft of pain in his ass as the huge cock plunged deep inside him. His head flew backward as he screamed in agony.

His suffering was brief and brutal. When Randy wanted to really hurt a man his most vicious weapon was his cock. His fucking could be violent, merciless when he was propelled by rage. And now he tortured the handsome bodybuilder, hammering his ass until it was blazing raw, plunging his cock like a piston deep into his gut. Pinning Steve’s arms to the ground he watched with grim satisfaction as the handsome face twisted in pain, the head flying helplessly from side to side, tears streaming from his eyes.

“Be thankful I’m gonna let you go, asshole. I’ll leave you with something you won’t forget.” He pulled back, then slammed his hips forward one last time, his huge shaft shattering the inner depths of the man’s got. Steve’s screams echoed round the hills as he felt hot liquid pour into his ravaged ass. But even now his destruction was not complete.

Randy stood up and stared down in triumph at the shattered man groaning on the ground. He held his cock, pointed it at Steve’s face, and unleashed a stream of rancid urine into his gasping mouth. The stinking liquid poured over the muscle-stud’s face and naked body as he sobbed in the agony of defeat and degradation.

Randy zipped up his fly and growled at the broken man. “Remember me, asshole!” He turned and strode away, vaulted back over the gate and he was gone.

“Almost home,” said Mark as he swung the truck off the Hollywood Freeway.

“Home, yeah,” Zack grinned. “And that means work, Darius. Now we tackle the major remodeling. It’s a bigger job than I thought, though, and I’m gonna have to find me a good architect.”

“Hell, that’s no problem,” said Mark. Use Lloyd. Oh, that’s true, you haven’t met Lloyd yet, our staff architect. He’ll suit you fine, terrific at his job. Not so sure what you’ll make of him, though. Bit preppy for your taste, maybe What d’ya think Darius?”

Darius grinned and nudged Jamie. “I can’t wait to find out, sir,” and his fantasy wheels were already spinning.

But the subject was dropped abruptly as they pulled up at Zack's house just as Randy screeched to a halt at the gate across the street. Randy was so obsessed, so focused, that he didn't even see them staring at him in amazement. He slammed the truck door, crashed through the gate and disappeared into the house.

Mark's cop instincts kicked in fast and he said, "You guys stay back. Take the boys into your house, Zack. I'll handle this."

Downstairs Bob had heard Randy's truck and was bracing himself for what he knew was to come. He was still helplessly bound and gagged and he tensed as he heard Randy's voice. "I don't think you'll be seeing your boyfriend anymore, shithead. He's probably still eating dirt. Now I'll finish you off."

He picked up the belt and began again. This time he slammed the hard leather across the muscular back, watching the body buck and heave as Bob screamed into his gag. Randy raised his arm again but felt his wrist gripped in a vise. He wrenched it free and spun round to face Mark.

Mark gazed in horror at the sobbing, bound figure on the bed, shirt in shreds, ass and back a mass of angry scarlet welts. "Jesus Christ. What the fuck.....?"

"Get the fuck out of here, man." Randy yelled. "This has nothing to do with you."

"The hell it doesn't! Shit, Randy, have you totally lost your mind?"

Randy raised the belt again to strike Mark, but his consuming anger threw his timing off. Mark shot out his left arm, grabbed the wrist, and with his other fist slammed a brutal right hook to Randy's jaw. The balance of power changed instantly. Randy crashed to the ground semi-conscious and Mark immediately turned his attention to Bob. Quickly he pulled off the gag and untied him, speaking soothingly.

"It's OK, buddy. I'm taking you out of here. Here, can you stand?"

Bob tried, but slumped against Mark, who pulled his arm over his shoulder and held his waist as he helped him stagger up the stairs and out to the gate. "We're going over to Zack's house," Mark said. "You'll be safe with him."

As they left, they were not unobserved. A pair of eyes watched anxiously from an upstairs window. All this time Pablo had been in an agony of suspense and indecision. When he had seen Randy and Bob arrive he knew something really bad was going down. But Randy had ordered him to go to his room and not come down. And there was an ironclad rule that the boys never interfered in disputes between the masters.

Pablo had not heard Bob's screams, muffled by the gag, so he had no idea what was going on. Even when Randy left for half an hour, he still didn't dare to go down. But now it was different. He had seen Randy return, watched as Mark follow him downstairs, and was then shocked at the sight of Mark helping Bob who was obviously badly hurt. Pablo decided to act.

He went down, crossed the lawn and had almost reached the gate when he heard a sound behind him. Randy was staggering out of the house, rubbing his jaw and muttering, "Mother-fucking son-of-a-bitch cop. I'll fucking kill him."

Pablo spun round and stood legs astride, his back to the gate, blocking Randy's exit. His master's eyes flared. "Get out of my way, boy. I've got a job to do."

Pablo was trembling, but he took a deep breath. "No, sir. I can't let you leave. You're too angry, sir. You'll hurt someone screw everything up get hurt yourself. You have to stay here with me."

Randy could not believe his ears. "I said, get out of my way, asshole! Now!"

Pablo was now really scared, but held his ground. "Sorry, sir. No, sir."

"You fucking insolent little piece of shit. OK, you asked for it." Powered by the adrenaline of rage Randy reached forward, clamped his hands on Pablo's waist and picked him up bodily. He spun round and threw him like a rag doll across the lawn. Pablo's arms and legs flailed and he crashed heavily against the table, knocking it over, sending dishes and food flying. He screamed in pain as his arm slammed against the table's edge and he fell limply to the ground.

Randy's head jerked back in shock. It was as if a bucket of ice water had been thrown over him. His delusional rage was now overwhelmed by a new, sharp sensation, a sudden realization. His boy was hurt, injured and he, Randy, had done it. He had attacked the boy he loved. With the pitiful howl of a wounded animal he rushed to his boy, fell to the ground and cradled him in his arms.

"Oh, God," he moaned. "What have I done to you, kid? Look at me, Pablo. Talk to me."

Pablo stirred painfully, and at that moment he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Mark had delivered Bob into the care of a horrified Zack and had come back to confront Randy. The devastated construction worker looked up at Mark with a pitiful expression.

"Help me, Mark. I don't know what to do."

Mark's voice was calm, comforting. "OK, guys. I'm here now. I'll take charge. Pablo, can you hear me?"

“Yes, sir,” Pablo groaned. “But my arm hurts, sir. Real bad.” Tears began streaming down his face as Mark knelt to check him out. He gently pressed his arm, made him move his fingers, and came to the conclusion that it wasn’t broken. Most likely a very bad wrist sprain.

“I’m taking you to the Emergency Room, kid, let them patch you up. Here, careful, let me help you up.” As he walked Pablo toward the gate he turned to Randy, still kneeling dazed on the ground. “You,” Mark said. “I’ll deal with you later.”

It was a couple of hours later when Mark brought Pablo back home. His wrist was tightly bandaged, his arm in a sling. Darius had been clearing up the wreckage of the meal table and looked up in relief. “Good,” Mark said. “You’re here, Darius. Take care of Pablo. I’m going across the street to check on Bob.”

Darius hugged his friend carefully. “Dude, you OK? Seems like you’re some kind of hero. We worked out what must’ve happened. That took guts, dude, I gotta tell you. Randy must’ve been nuts out of his tree.”

“Where is he, Darius?”

“Dunno. Said something about going to work. Guess he’s gone to the construction site to work off his rage. I’ve seen it before manual grunt work seems to do that for the boss. Look, kiddo, I gotta run across the street for a minute to take Zack a shirt for Bob. I’ll be right back.”

But when he came back Pablo was gone.

Darius had been right about the boss and hard work. Randy’s mind was still reeling, unable to process all that had happened. And when his mind was a mess he took refuge in manual labor, let his body take over. Adrenaline still coursed through his veins and he channeled it into heavy lifting. At least here on the construction site he was still boss. Physical strength was what counted here and he was the strongest mother-fucker around.

Alone on the site he was dismantling a small, old building, tossing beams and concrete onto a truck to be hauled away. He exulted in physical exertion, straining his muscles, working up a sweat. But suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he glimpsed someone moving. Pablo had walked onto the site. Shit, that was the last thing he wanted. He hadn’t begun to get his mind round any of that no way was he ready to confront it. He turned his back on the boy, heaved up a huge concrete slab and tossed it onto the truck.

He heard a cough behind him and without turning round growled, "What the fuck are you doing here? Aren't you scared of me afraid I'll break your other arm?"

The reply was firm. "No sir."

"I'm no good for you kid. What the fuck do you want from me, anyway?"

"I want you to look at me, sir."

Randy sighed and turned to face Pablo. Despite his confusion he was moved by the sight of the resilient young kid, standing proud and erect, even though his arm was in a sling."

"Listen to me, kid. I said I'm no good for you. I'm not the kind of guy can be trusted with a boy. So get the hell away from me. Shit, I should never have adopted you."

That was like a dagger to the heart for Pablo. With a sharp intake of breath he stared at Randy, tears welling in his eyes. He turned and started to leave. Randy watched him stumble away, shoulders slumped, head bowed. And Randy's heart broke. "Wait a minute, kid. How did you get here, anyway?"

Pablo stopped and turned around. "On my bike, sir."

"With one arm in a sling? Jesus, you can't go back like that. OK, stick around and I'll take you home."

Randy carried on hauling the trash. Pablo came up beside him and with his one good arm picked up bricks and threw them on the truck. Randy glanced sideways and saw the tough, determined face, jaw clenched as the boy worked resolutely alongside his master. God, he loved this kid. Right now he was the only solid thing in his world. Randy's voice softened.

"What are you doing here, kid? After what I did to you why in God's name did you come here?"

Again the answer was clear and strong. "I had to, sir. I'm your boy." Then his voice cracked. "And because I love you, sir."

Randy dropped what he was holding and took a sharp intake of breath. His eyes filled with tears. There was a simplicity about this kid, a strength, that moved him beyond words. He turned to face him, came close and very gingerly put his arms round him, afraid to touch his injured arm.

Pablo smiled for the first time. "It's OK, sir. I won't break. I don't break easily."

Randy found himself smiling too. “I know that about you, kid. You sure don’t.” He held the boy tighter, pulling the young face toward him and burying it on his shoulder. He whispered in his ear, “What I said just now about you being my boy the adoption and everything. I didn’t mean any of it. I love you, kid.”

“I know, sir.”

Randy gazed directly into Pablo’s deep brown eyes. “What I did back there to you, kid. Is there anything I can do to start getting right with you again?”

“Yes there is, sir.”

“Name it, kiddo.”

“You can take me home and make love to me, sir.” His face broke into his mischievous crooked grin. “By the way, the doc said I don’t have to wear this sling in bed, sir.”

Randy laughed. “You are something else, kiddo, you know that? God, I wish I had your strength and plain common sense. OK, let’s go home.” He slung his arm over the boy’s shoulder and they walked slowly toward the gate.

Pablo looked up at him. “You know, sir. Everything will come right with Bob.”

Randy’s face clouded. “No, kid. Not after what I did. I could’ve killed him. I was a total fucking asshole. I was just so scared of losing him. And now I have. He’s left me. And the way I treated him he’s right to.”

Pablo touched the hand resting on his shoulder. “I think you’re wrong sir. After all, you guys have been through stuff like this before.”

“No, not like this. This time it’s different.”

“Different how?”

“Well, you see, Pablo. This time Bob has Zack.”

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Chapter 80 – Retribution – An Eye for An Eye

At the house Randy could not face the bedroom he shared with Bob too many reminders, signs, vibrations even, of the man he had lost. So he steered Pablo downstairs to the basement. But there were memories here too, recent harrowing memories of what he had

inflicted on Bob. He looked down at the disheveled bed and suddenly had an overwhelming need to what? cleanse it, purify it somehow. His mind started to spin again but he was brought back to clarity by the sound of Pablo's soft, confident voice.

"On the bed, sir?"

Randy gazed at him. That was it his boy could do it. There was a purity about Pablo, a simplicity that calmed Randy, dissolved his anger. This beautiful boy was exactly what he needed as an antidote to the pain and violence of the last few hours. He reached forward and very gently untied the sling from round his neck. Then, just as carefully, he pulled Pablo's T-shirt over his head and unbuttoned his jeans so they fell to the ground. Pablo dropped his shorts, kicked off his sneakers and in an instant was standing naked before his master.

Randy gazed at him in awe. "You're my rock, kiddo, you know that? God, I love you."

The big construction worker fell to his knees, gripped Pablo round the waist and pressed his face against his stomach. He felt the boy's rising cock press against his neck, he breathed in the sweet smell of his dark pubic hair and Randy began to sob.

It all overflowed. All his pent-up fury and fear, all the guilt, found release as his body heaved and his tears fell against the boy's soft skin. In that moment Randy realized that, for all his outward strength and power over others, he was a flawed man, a man who allowed his anger and his arrogance to consume him to the point where he destroyed the very things he valued most.

He was sobbing with remorse, the sense of failure but mostly for the desolation of loss. He had lost part of himself, the most vital part, the love of his soul-mate, Bob. In his devastation he clung on to his one salvation, his boy. And once again it was Pablo who saved him.

"Sir?" Randy looked up at the boy's calm, exotic face. Pulling himself together he got to his feet.

"Sir. Please, sir. Will you fuck me?" Without waiting for an answer Pablo lowered himself onto the bed and lay on his back watching his master.

A feeling of infinite tenderness washed over Randy. He who had so recently been a wild animal, an instrument of destruction, was now transformed into a caring, loving man. Pablo smiled as he watched his master pull off his sweat-stained tank top, unbuckle his belt and drop his jeans. As always, he gazed in awe at the sight of the incredible physique of the powerful bodybuilder. But this time there was a difference. Usually at this moment he would see a gleam in his master's eye, a look of gritty determination to possess his boy's ass as an act of domination.

Not this time. As Randy knelt on the bed before him his pale blue eyes were softer than Pablo had ever seen, with a gentleness that seemed to permeate his whole magnificent body. There were no words, no harsh, sudden movements, no savage penetration. With infinite tenderness Randy raised his boy's legs, pressed the head of his cock against his warm hole, and eased it slowly into his ass.

In all the times he had made love to Bob and Pablo Randy had never felt a sensation like this. He felt the warm velvet lining of Pablo's ass slide against the membrane of his cock, but it was not that sublime sensation that thrilled him as much as the look in Pablo's eyes. Pablo loved him, worshipped him and it was the boy's face, not his ass, that made Randy's cock iron hard. Finally, Randy was making love, and for the first time there was not a hint of pain or domination. This brave, loyal young boy deserved to be loved, not owned.

The ecstasy of both men was so intense that physical sensation was overwhelmed by the pure, spiritual essence of intimacy and love. They were drowning in each other's eyes, aware only of the warmth enveloping them as Randy's body rose and fell on the boy beneath him. Man and boy were travelling together into a world where wounds were healed, anger dispelled and forgiveness embraced. Their journey was long neither wanted it to end.

It did end, of course, in orgasm, but an orgasm like no others. Explosively carnal as their climax always was, this time as they gazed into each other's eyes it was not so much a physical release as quite simply a profound expression of love.

This was the bed where Randy had tortured his lover. And now this was the bed where the wild animal had been tamed. As he gazed down at the beautiful boy in the tangled sheets he sensed that making love to Pablo had gone some way to purging the air of the ugly resonances that Randy himself had created such a short time ago.

"Randy! Where are you?" The unmistakable voice of the cop intruded on the deep sleep both men had fallen into. He had come to check up on Pablo. Darius had told Mark that Pablo had gone to see Randy and at first Mark had been reluctant to intervene. But as time passed he became concerned for the boy's safety, especially as Randy was so unpredictable, maybe even unstable.

"Down here," Randy shouted. They heard the sounds of footsteps on the stairs and Mark's voice. "I came to check on Pablo make sure he was safe. After what you" But his voice trailed off as he gazed in disbelief at the bed. Pablo was nestled in Randy's arms, his head resting on his chest, eyes only half open.

Mark shook his head. "Well, I guess I got my answer. Jesus, you guys are something else. I can't keep up."

Randy was jolted back to the events of the day and he recalled how Mark had slugged him in this very room. "What do you want, Mark?" he asked with an edge of coldness.

"I need to talk to you."

Randy roused himself, looked down at the drowsy boy and kissed him on the eyes. "Go back to sleep, kiddo. I'll come back to you when this is all over." Pablo sighed and turned over as Randy stood up, pulled on his jeans and boots and followed Mark upstairs.

A few minutes later they were sitting at the kitchen table with a couple of beers and Mark was surprised at the calm, contented look in Randy's eyes, after his wild, blazing expression of a few hours ago. Evidently Pablo had worked some kind of magic on the guy.

It was Randy who spoke first. "OK, officer, I guess you've come to lecture me take me to the woodshed."

Mark glared at him. "Man, you're damn lucky I didn't take your sorry ass to jail. If I had been on duty and come across a guy doing that I'd have locked the asshole up faster than he could blink thrown the book at him assault and battery, mayhem, grievous bodily harm you name it."

"Man, I don't need this."

"The hell you do! Do you have any idea what you've done? And I don't just mean the beating you gave Bob, though that was fucking brutal. I mean the way you treat him, have always treated him, like one of your possessions, one of your boys. You don't get the guy at all, do you? That is one gorgeous alpha male, inside and out incredible face, stunning physique, and a heart of gold. And you think a man like him should submit to you?! be subservient to you just because you're some kind of top man, quick with your fists?"

Mark's eyes were blazing. "And what is all this shit about owning him, owning his ass? Bob is not your boy. He's a bigger, better man than you'll ever be. If anyone should be crawling on his belly, be tied to the bed and whipped, it's you, you arrogant fucking prick. You claim that you love him, and yet you treat him like shit. All because he had sex with an old buddy. Oh sure, it's fine for you to fuck whoever you want 'cause you're the boss, but not him because he's just one of your possessions. Jesus, man, it brought tears to my eyes to see that beautiful man curled up in bed, his perfect body ravaged with stripes of the lashing you gave him."

Randy looked up sharply. "He's in Zack's bed?"

Mark banged his fists on the table. "Fuck you, man, you don't quit, do you? What if he is in Zack's bed? He'd be a damn site safer and happier there than he would be tied up to yours.

As it happens Zack has made him comfortable in the second bedroom and he's asleep. Darius is there in case he wakes and needs anything." Mark's voice and expression softened. "Hell, Randy, we used to be buddies. I respected the hell out of you, looked up to you. Not any more not after this."

Randy had wilted under the tongue lashing from Mark and now there was silence. He raised his head and looked humbly at the angry cop. "Everything you say is true, Mark. And I needed to hear it from someone I trust like you. Your respect means a lot to me and I'm sorry I lost it. And just for the record, I do love Bob, body and soul. Thing is, never before in my life have I felt anything this intense for another human being and it scares the shit out of me."

He sighed. "I know what I am, Mark a big lug, a grimy construction worker with a loud mouth and temper to go with it. But don't you see? That's just the point. How could a rough street brawler like me ever hope to satisfy a smart, beautiful, sophisticated guy like Bob? I'm scared shitless of losing him, and when I'm scared of something I come out swinging. And because of that I have lost him....."

His voice trailed off and Mark looked at the broken man with sympathy. "OK, buddy. I've said my piece. Now I'll just let things take their course. There is one thing, though. That anger of yours is gonna be lethal one day. You should get back into therapy with Steve."

Randy grinned ruefully and rubbed his fist. "Yeah, well that's not gonna happen. I doubt that Steve will be seeing me again, except maybe in court."

Mark looked puzzled. "Come again? You mean no, you can't mean shit, was Steve the guy that Bob?"

"Bingo."

"And you went and..... hell, I can only imagine what you did to him. Think he'll press charges?"

"Nah. Steve's the kind of guy fights his own battles. But I think our doctor/patient days are over. That's history."

"Hmm," Mark mused. "Wouldn't be so sure about that."

Randy's voice became firmer as he changed the subject. "There is one thing, buddy. That kid downstairs."

"Yeah. That boy is something special seems to be the only one able to tame you."

“He’s incredible, Mark, and there’s something I want to do for him. It involves the company so I wanted to run it by you first.” He explained his plan and Mark felt that there would be no objection from anyone as it was such a sound idea. Then Mark stood up to leave and Randy got up and shook his hand.

“Thanks for everything, buddy. You’ve been a rock through all this. I really needed that tongue lashing especially coming from a great guy like you.” He grinned. “Of course, you could have just slugged me again.”

“Yeah,” Mark said. “Well don’t hold your breath on that one, pal. I’ve a feeling you can expect a visit from Zack any time now. And I don’t think it’s a lecture he has in mind.”

Randy took a deep breath. “I’ve been expecting him, buddy. I can only imagine what he’s feeling about me right around now.”

The only surprise was how soon the visit came. Shortly after Mark left, even as Randy was draining the last of his beer, he looked out of the kitchen window and saw Zack standing in the middle of the lawn.

It was dark by now, but a full moon lit up the garden and the muscular, ebony body was gleaming in the bright, silver light. As usual Zack was stripped to the waist, wearing his customary black jeans and boots. He looked magnificent in the moonlight and Randy could have wished his visit had been for a more friendly reason. But he knew it wasn’t, and he got to his feet, ready for the inevitable confrontation.

As he walked outside he knew what was coming. Had to be. He and Zack had bonded like brothers and promised to love Bob together. And Randy had shattered that trust. If the situation had been reversed, if Zack had harmed Bob, Randy would be standing right there, in the moonlight, waiting to confront him. As it was, Randy would be the one to feel the extent of Zack’s fury. What’s more, Randy needed to feel it. In his world physical violence had to be responded to in kind, settled with fists. He needed that catharsis, and there was no one in the world more fit to dole it out than this magnificent black stud.

The two shirtless men confronted each other. Zack had a look of cold anger, sure, but there was something else, a sad, plaintive expression, confusion. He spoke quietly at first.

“Why man? I don’t understand. I thought we had something real special going, the three of us. But you busted it up you and your crazy anger. I love Bob, and I thought you did too. I looked on you like a brother and that’s why I’m here. I’m the one has to do this. It’s my job to make you pay. That guy lying asleep back there, he’s a fucking saint and you did that to him!” His voice was rising to a shout. “You tortured him, man. You fucking bastard, you whipped that gorgeous man. You’re a fucking animal!”

Zack had reached a climax of rage. He hauled back and slammed his fist into the construction worker's stomach, making him double over in pain. Another fist, and another, crashed into him until Randy was gripping his stomach in agony. Zack grabbed his hair and pulled him upright. He gazed with hatred at the handsome, rugged face, hauled back and smashed the back of his fist against it, sending Randy spinning across the lawn.

But the big man stayed on his feet, regained his balance and turned. With his arms limp at his sides he faced Zack with a strange, contradictory mix of defiance and submission. He made no attempt to defend himself.

Zack hissed, "Yeah, you're tough alright tough enough to whip the man you were supposed to love. Well this is me now, asshole." He was roaring now. "And I am gonna beat you to a fucking pulp!"

The beating was savage. As Randy stood still Zack's fist smashed his face repeatedly, first one side then the other. The agonized face flew from side to side as Randy's mind became a blur of pain. But still he stood his ground under the rain of blows until his legs started to buckle. The shirtless bodybuilder remained on his feet but staggered backward, finally crashing against a tree. Through a haze of pain he was aware of the heaving black body confronting him. He felt Zack reach down to his waist and unbuckle his belt. He pulled it from Randy's jeans and held it up high.

"Is this it, you cocksucker? Is this the belt you used to thrash Bob? You tied him up, gagged him and whipped him with this? Wanna know how it felt, asshole? Like this!"

Randy saw the biceps flex, saw the eyes blaze, and then felt the sharp searing pain as the belt smashed against his chest. He flexed his pecs but it was no protection against the force of this man. The belt lashed him again and again and he instinctively tried to escape the blows. The scene was incredible. In the moonlight one shirtless muscle-stud staggered across the lawn, in a futile attempt to escape the other, to escape the agony of the belt that wound around his body, lashing his back, his arms his chest. He spun round, ran blindly, stumbled and finally crashed to the ground.

Zack's body heaved, his eyes gleamed as he looked down at the shattered mass of bruised muscle. He bent down and yanked the boots off the body, then pulled down the jeans and shorts and flung them aside. The construction worker was now lying naked, helpless, at the mercy of the black stud.

"It was the ass you went for, wasn't it, mother-fucker?" Zack kicked the body over onto his stomach. "Oh, yeah. Let's see if I can do the same to that perfect white ass as you did to my buddy's."

Randy screamed now as the belt smashed against the vulnerable flesh. He flexed the cheeks of his ass but they bounced under the heavy lash, striped scarlet with the welts of the whip. His ass was on fire. In his delirium of pain he saw Bob's ass on the bed, saw it bounce under the whipping he, Randy, was giving it. He screamed now, not with his own pain but with the realization that this was the pain Bob had felt, inflicted on him by the man he loved.

He was sobbing now, with pain, remorse, shame. He became aware that the whipping had stopped and he felt something hard against his ass. At the very instant he realized what was coming he felt the rigid pole pierce him, down to the depths of his gut. He gritted his teeth as the pounding began, as he felt the agony of the huge club inside him and the pain of the wiry pubic hair slamming against the raw, burning flesh of his ravaged ass.

Again the scene was spectacular, the muscular body of a black man, his gleaming skin pouring with sweat, rising and falling on the screaming, helpless muscle-stud beneath him. The pain was so intense that Randy knew he would pass out. But then mercifully it stopped and he felt the final spurt of pain as the huge cock pulled out. He felt the boot under his stomach, flicking him over onto his back.

He saw the black giant towering over him, saw him beating his meat, heard the shout of triumph as hot juice slammed down onto his face. It was the final humiliation, one man pouring his semen into the other's face. Instinctively the victim opened his mouth and swallowed hard, drinking in the cum of the man who had so totally demolished him.

Then he choked. The taste had become bitter, the smell rancid as semen became urine. Zack's final triumph was to drown the man's bruised and ravaged muscles with his own stinking piss. His body heaved, pouring with sweat as he looked down with satisfaction at the broken man, muscles striped with angry lashes, body pouring with cum and piss, the handsome face sobbing in total degradation.

Suddenly they both heard a quiet voice. "That's enough, Zack. He's had enough." Bob had come noiselessly up behind him and now stood at his side. In an agony of humiliation Randy looked up at the two men. He saw Zack turn to Bob, saw their mouths come together as they kissed gently. "Let's go home," Bob said. They turned and Randy's last agonizing sight was of Zack throwing his arm over Bob's shoulder as they both walked out of the gate.

Randy was a man who had only rarely felt the bitterness of defeat, and it had never been like this. As he lay limp and broken in the dirt his mind raced with the events of this extraordinary day. In a jealous rage he had tortured his lover, injured his boy and been rejected by his friends. He had wilted under the tongue lashing of Mark, a man he loved and respected. And finally he had been brutally beaten into a humiliated wreck by the man he had looked on as a brother. Worst of all, he had lost his soul-mate, the man he had intended to spend his life with.

His desolation was complete. There was nowhere for him to go. Except.....

He dragged himself over to the pool and let himself fall in. The cool water partly revived him and washed his body clean of cum, piss and sweat. He pulled himself to the side and with one final, painful effort, dragged himself out of the pool and unsteadily to his feet. He grabbed a towel to dry himself and blindly staggered to the house, almost fell down the basement stairs and there he was. His rock.

There on the bed, in a deep sleep, lay his boy Pablo. With a small whimper Randy fell down beside him. He saw a smile cross the boy's face as he turned over in his sleep and pressed his back against Randy's ravage body. Randy folded him in his arms and, after the raw violence of the night, his battered flesh found solace in the healing softness of the boy's smooth skin.

The next day the house struggled to assume some kind of normal routine. Everyone went back to work, everyone except Bob who decided to take a couple of days off to recover fully. Randy was tough and mended quickly, and he soon resumed his role as boss of the construction site despite his cuts and bruises, which Darius, of course, felt improved his image as the rugged top man.

But it was a delicate dance that everyone performed around the house, anxious not to rock the fragile boat. They avoided the obvious subject and tried to keep out of each other's way. If the boys talked about it among themselves, which of course they did, it was in hushed voices and well out of the way of the men. Bob stayed at Zack's house, working on his laptop, going over office business with Jamie by e-mail. Randy worked late most days and spent his evenings at home, alone or with Pablo.

With his natural air of authority Mark was pretty much a go-between among them all. He had several conversations with Randy on the subject of Pablo that Randy had raised earlier. Finally, one evening, when he was alone with Pablo, Randy brought the topic up.

"Tell me about work, kiddo. You still like your job at the police motor pool?"

"Sure, sir. Still doing the same as always."

"Yeah, that's what I thought. I've been talking to Mark and he said you're doing great, but you're still low man on the totem pole with not much hope of promotion. A lot of guys senior to you. So I want to make you an offer. How would you like to work for me?"

"For you, sir?"

"Yeah, well, for the company. We now have a lot of vehicles on our construction sites, trucks, earth movers, back-hoes, you name it, and we contract the maintenance out. Costs us a ton of

money though, so we were thinking of bringing the work in-house. How would you like to take it on? It's a shitload of work and you'd report directly to me. We could afford to get you an assistant, too."

Pablo's eyes sparkled. "Wow, I'd love to work on those machines, sir. I've worked on big trucks at the motor pool, and I've already lent a hand to the guys working on the heavy construction equipment. I'm sure I could handle it." Then he frowned. "Sir, you not doing this because of everything that happened, are you? As a kind of reward, I meanjust because I'm your boy?"

"That's bullshit, kid. I'm no fool. I've checked you out and Mark has talked to all your supervisors. They say you're the best young mechanic they have. You know that I only hire the best workers, and it seems you are the best. So is it a deal?"

"Absolutely, sir. I won't let you down."

"Don't think just because you're the boss's boy you'll get any special treatment. I can be a tough son-of-a-bitch to work for."

Pablo's crooked grin spread over his face. "You mean no special treatment, sir? Ever again?"

"You little fucker," Randy said, making a grab for his shorts. "Take these off, kiddo, and I'll give that sweet ass of yours something special right now."

Although the guys did some fancy footwork to avoid any awkward confrontations, the inevitable happened. Late one afternoon Bob came across the street to the house to pick up some clothes he needed. He looked in on Jamie in the office, and their discussion took longer than he intended. He finally grabbed the clothes and left, but as he crossed the lawn the gate opened and there was Randy, home earlier than usual.

There was a frozen moment as the two men stared at each other in silence. Apart from the brief moment with Zack they had not seen each other since the day Mark had rescued Bob and taken him to Zack's house for safety. They had thought of each other of course, but always with confusion and a contradictory mix of emotions. So they had tried to suppress the memory and move on. But now here they were, facing each other, their eyes meeting like lasers. And there it was, in that look..... that intense, spiritual sensation of two souls uniting, familiar to them by now but always unexplainable.

There was so much to say, so much each wanted to say but they could think of nothing to say. Too much had happened, their minds reeled. But one sensation they shared the feeling of their cocks growing stiff in their pants. Seconds went by, they searched for words, but none came. Finally the tension overwhelmed them and they broke their gaze, like

embarrassed lovers, and simply walked past each other, Bob to the gate and Randy to the house. All that was left in the empty sunlit garden was the resonance of two confused and troubled men.

In a daze Randy stumbled upstairs to the bedroom. He stopped dead and looked down at the crumpled sheets on the bed. This was the first time he had entered the room since he had punished his lover so brutally. When he slept, alone or with Pablo, it was in the basement. He had not been able to face this room which was so redolent of the hours he had spent there with the man he loved.

As he looked at the bed he imagined Bob lying there, offering his beautiful naked body to him. "Oh, man," Randy whispered. "I love you. I wanted to tell you, should have but I couldn't." Acting on instinct alone Randy stripped off his clothes and threw himself face-down on the bed. He buried his face in the pillow and smelt the familiar scent of his lover.

He breathed in deeply, again and again, until his breaths became sobs. He bit the pillow in a futile attempt to taste the man. He slammed his fist on the bed in frustration. "Hell, why didn't I talk to you tell you?" He became delirious as he moaned incoherently. "Buddy..... help me I need you can't make it without youlet me feel you"

He pressed his face into the pillow and his body onto the sheets, trying to get as close as he could to Bob. He was sliding his body up and down against the sheets, pushing his groin down hard. He sensed his lover, smelt him, pressed against his muscular body and he began to shudder. "Let me fuck you, buddy. I know you want that. Let me cum inside your ass, man." Then he howled as his cock erupted beneath him. But his warm juice was not flowing in his lover's ass. He was alone, lying sobbing in a pool of his own semen.

The man who obsessed him now had been equally jolted by their chance meeting. But although Bob's confusion and anguish were intense, they were nothing compared with his physical lust. As he stumbled across the street to Zack's house all he could see was Randy's face, his glorious body, and all he could feel was his own cock rigid in his pants. Forgotten were the pain, the anger and humiliation. There was no desire for retribution just overwhelming desire for the man.

Zack's house was empty and Bob went straight into his room. His body was heaving, his mind a blur as he looked wildly round the room. He caught sight of himself in the full-length mirror. Randy had taught him to get off on his mirror image and now he did. He remembered another mirror in the closet and he placed it behind him at an angle so he could see his back.

Frantically he stripped off his clothes and gasped as he looked at the reflection of his naked back and ass in the mirror. The stripes of the whip were still there, not so vivid as before but still clearly visible, his ass still inflamed. As he looked at his bruised flesh he remembered, and in his mind he saw Randy behind him. He knew his lover had inflicted this on him and he felt again the strength of the powerful man.

He talked to the image of Randy in the mirror. "I need to feel you again, man. I need to touch you, hear your voice. Please I'm in love with you, man. I'm no good alone. Take anything you want." He was pumping his cock with his fist. "You are so beautiful, man. Just let me look at your body, your face, let me worship you again. Please, let me see you shoot. Cum all over me, man. Now!"

His orgasm exploded and a stream of white cum blasted over the mirror, splashing against the reflection of his face, then running down the length of his body. His convulsions eased and he realized that tears were pouring down his face. "Thank you, sir. I need you, Randy. God I miss you."

He threw himself down on the bed and tried to calm down. He tried to sleep but it was no use. He moaned, "I can't do this, Randy. Not on my own. I can't." His need was stifling him. There was nothing he could do except for one thing. Suddenly he knew what he had to do. It was so clear, so obvious that he sighed with relief. He pulled himself off the bed and stumbled out of the room.

Still lying on his bed Randy's mind was clearing. He knew that he had been in a kind of delirium, but now his usual strength and determination came flooding back to him and he leapt to his feet. "This is fucking bullshit," he said, angry with himself. Now he was sure. He was a man, after all. He knew what he wanted. And he always got what he wanted. It was as simple as that. The weight lifted from his shoulders and he ran to the door. "Hang on, buddy," he murmured. "I'm coming."

He ran downstairs, rushed outside and stopped dead in his tracks. There in the middle of the lawn stood Bob, naked, stunningly beautiful. Nothing moved. Even the breeze held its breath. The late afternoon shadows had grown longer across the lawn. But as the two men gazed at each other there was not a shadow of a doubt between them.

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Chapter 81 – Breaking in the New Mechanic

Their eyes locked onto each other and never wavered as they walked closer. The first touch was like an electric charge. Each ran his hands over the other man's muscular body in

wonder, as if they were exploring a lost land. Their faces came closer and their lips touched. But they were still unsure of each other and they separated nervously. As if reading each other's thoughts they turned toward the house. Randy gently wrapped his arm over his lover's shoulder and they went inside and upstairs to bed.

On the bed Bob lay on his back. Randy was next to him on his side, propped on his elbow gazing into his lover's beautiful face. Not a word had been spoken since they met. It wasn't so much that words were inadequate they weren't even relevant. Communication between the two men was on a whole new level. That gleam in the eye that always flashed between them, uniting them, now flowered into an all-embracing harmony that needed no voice.

They had endured pain and loss that had become unbearable but now they were home. They had found each other again and their reunion was like the sun emerging after a storm. Randy lowered his face and their lips met. But it was not the rough, grinding embrace of the past. It was as if Randy was still afraid of losing his lover again, scared that touching him would make him disappear. So the touch of his lips was light as gossamer.

This was new. The brawny construction worker used his physical strength in everything he did. He knew no other way. So a kiss was always a physical act of domination. But now his cock grew stiff as he felt the light-as-air touch of his lover's mouth. Bob's body trembled as he felt the fragile kiss and gazed into the eyes of a man he hardly recognized tender, sensitive, subtle..... words he never thought to apply to his rugged mate.

Gently Randy eased himself on top of Bob, then lowered himself until their bodies were pressing together. And again their mouths met, tentatively, their lips sliding slowly against each other. Hesitantly their tongues touched just the tips. Close together they saw themselves reflected in each other's eyes; the man and the reflection became one. Their whole world was here. Nothing else existed. It was as if they were floating.

They were dimly aware that their bodies were trembling. Each felt the pressure in his groin, felt the other man's rigid cock pressed against him. And with no other movement, no sound, each man felt his lover's semen pouring out of him, anointing their bodies in an embrace that they knew would never end. It was as if they had created the act of loving.

What had really happened is that they had "made love" to each other for the very first time like making music.

Bob was lying on his back again. Propped on his elbow beside him Randy ran his finger round the contours of Bob's sculpted pecs. "This is what I remembered about you," he said softly. "And this" his finger traced the ridges of his washboard stomach. "This too." he

stroked the ridge of his nose “and this” he touched the square, lantern jaw. “These too, of course” and he kissed the soft, brown eyes. “And this” He lowered his mouth onto Bob’s lips and they kissed again, only this time more confidently, passionately.

Randy pulled back, gently turned Bob onto his stomach and stared at his back. “Oh God, man, I am so sorry.” His eyes ran over the back, still bearing the stripes of the whip, and down to the ass, still marked, still red. He bent down and pressed his lips on the tender flesh of the ass, licking it as if to wash the stripes away.

Bob murmured into the pillow, “You can take the pain away, Randy. You can heal everything. You know how to do it.”

Randy got to his knees and gazed down at the globes of his lover’s ass, perfect in spite of the marks. His cock was hard even though he had cum so recently. Bob was used to the usual assault on his ass when Randy impaled him savagely on his huge tool. But this time he felt almost nothing, just the smooth sensation of his lover gliding gently inside him. He sighed deeply as a glow suffused his body. This was his man, loving him. Not the wild demon who usually savaged him, but his lover loving him.

This time it wasn’t carnal lust. Huge and powerful as Randy’s body was, as brutal as his cock could be, now it rose and fell on his lover’s wounded flesh with the gentleness of snow. And this time when their juice poured from them it was not so much an explosion of physical release as a simple outpouring of love.

Randy’s voice was firm now, confident. “It’s gonna be different from now on, buddy, I swear it to you.” Having come back down to earth from the ecstasy of their reunion the men were lying contentedly in each other’s arms. “I’ve been such a damn fool and I paid a price when Zack beat the shit out of me. I knew he would and I’m glad he did. But it was Mark who really opened my eyes. When he laid into me and read me the riot act he didn’t pull any punches. He showed me what a fucking asshole I’ve been.”

“‘You’ve always treated Bob like shit,’ Mark said, ‘like one of your possessions, one of your boys.’ He said I was crazy to think that a gorgeous alpha male like you should submit to me, be subservient. I was arrogant to think it was fine for me to fuck whoever I want ‘cause I’m the boss, but it wasn’t OK for you ‘cause you’re just one of my possessions.”

“Randy, you don’t have to go over all that”

“No, buddy he was dead right all that was true. Then he said something that really hit home. ‘And what is all this shit about owning him, owning his ass? Bob is not your boy. Nobody owns that man, least of all you!’”

“Randy, stop. It’s all in the past.”

Randy’s voice softened. “You’re right there, buddy. It’s all in the past. From now on I’m treating you with the love and respect you deserve, like the gorgeous, generous, spectacular man that you are. No more ‘owning’, no more ‘sir’. We’re equals, buddy. No, not really you’re a better man than I could ever hope to be.” His voice trailed off to a whisper. “It’s just that I’ve always been so scared of losing you, man.”

Bob smiled at him. “After what we just did here, Randy the way we made love? When I look into your eyes I know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that I will never, ever leave you.” He propped himself on his elbows. “But that doesn’t mean I can’t change. You’re right, I guess I have kind of lived in your shadow, so from now on I’m gonna be more assertive.” Then he paused and frowned. “Just one thing about what you said, though. I mean, it was great making love like that. But when we have sex, when we play well, remember what we did in that scruffy motel where we first met?”

Randy understood instantly, remembering the raw physical sex they had all that time ago when he had overpowered Bob, dominated him in body and spirit. He grinned. “Oh now, don’t get me wrong. Any time you want it, when we’re alone together, you’re gonna get it, good and rough. That doesn’t change. You want a master? You got one. Whenever you want it. Is that clear, asshole?”

“Yes, sir,” Bob grinned. “Thank you, sir.”

The next day was Saturday and nobody worked. Bob and Randy spent much of the morning talking together, and then Bob had quick discussions with Mark and Zack. Finally he went to the kitchen and spoke to the three boys. “Hey guys, can you do something special for lunch? kind of a celebration, a reunion. We’ll all be there.” And that is exactly what the boys had been longing to hear.

So they all assembled at the outdoor table, rather tentatively, and Zack didn’t make eye contact with Randy at first. There was a kind of muted embarrassment in the air, so before lunch began Bob stood up and cleared his throat. “Guys, there are a few things I want to say before we eat.” His voice was clear and firm, with a ring to it that they had not heard before. They all fell into a respectful silence silent as they sat round the table and looked up at him.

“First, on a personal note, I want to make it clear that Randy and I are together never more so, in fact and we always will be.” There were cheers from the three boys until they were silenced by a look from Bob. “So the past is the past. I want there to be no hard feelings. I really appreciate everything you did for us, and I want us to be the same close group of guys as we were before. Is that clear?” and he looked pointedly at Randy, Mark and Zack. They all grinned at each other, realizing that this was the new Bob taking charge.

“Now, you’ve all heard the gossip of what happened in San Francisco.” He paused to let the uneasy laughter subside. “But the other thing that happened is that I got a promotion at my firm. I’ll still be based in L.A. but it’ll mean more work plus a company car. I’ll have less time to give to the construction company so, with Mark’s approval, I’m making Jamie the office manager. He’ll be in charge of all our business affairs. In time he’ll have an assistant. He’s worked real hard and deserves the promotion.” Jamie blushed deep red as Mark put his arm round his shoulder and Darius and Pablo cheered again.

Bob hadn’t finished. “As you know by now, Randy has hired Pablo to do all the company’s vehicle maintenance and we’ll be looking for an assistant for him too. You also know that Darius has become Zack’s boy and is helping him with the remodeling on his house. By the way, Zack, any luck yet finding an architect?”

“Sure,” Zack said. “I’ll be using the company architect Lloyd out of work hours, of course, and I’ll pay him myself. You all say he’s good, and I spoke to him on the phone but haven’t met him yet.”

Randy grinned. “Yeah, well good luck with that, buddy. Should be quite a show. Just make sure Darius doesn’t make a movie of it.”

“Aw, boss,” Darius groaned.

“Anyway,” Bob said, “the three boys are gonna be real busy from now on and we’ve used them as servants around here for too long. So I’m gonna be looking for a live-in guy to take charge of the household, especially the cooking.” This time the boys really cheered, glad finally to be relieved of their household chores.

Throughout this speech Randy had been looking up at his lover with pleasure and pride. A few days ago Bob had been tied to the bed, whipped and humiliated, but he had come back to Randy and they had made unbelievable love. Now he was a changed man, a commanding alpha male. And this magnificent man was his equal, his lover! No doubt about it partnership was better than ownership.

Zack looked from one man to the other and marveled at them. What they had was unique, a rare bond that he had never before seen in two people, a bond that apparently nothing, nobody could ever break. He loved them both, treasured his friendship with them and salivated over the future he would share with them.

Mark too was gratified to see Bob take charge. Apparently his tongue-lashing at Randy was having some effect. He smiled thoughtfully, folded his arms and rocked back on his chair. “Hey Bob,” he said. “Isn’t it about time you found a boy of your own.” He grinned at Jamie. “I can highly recommend it. You’re the only one of the four of us doesn’t have one.”

The three boys raised their hands and shouted in unison, "Me, sir Me, sir."

"You three are already taken," Bob laughed. And now it was his turn to blush at the wild shouts of encouragement. "OK, OK," he said. "All in good time. You never know what's round the next corner..... Anyway that does it for me. I've had my say."

Randy stood up, put his arm around Bob's shoulder, and whispered to him, "Way to go, buddy." Then he said loudly to the group, "I have one more suggestion, guys." He paused for effect, looked around at them, and grinned. "Let's eat!" he shouted. "I'm fucking starving."

The meal was more boisterous than their gatherings had ever been as the tension of the previous days evaporated. Bob had effectively brought this difficult chapter in their lives to a close and there was a general air of relief, coupled with huge admiration for the new, assertive Bob. All the guys had always loved and respected him but today he had finally taken his place as a leading figure in the house. Randy was still the boss, of course. That would never change. But Bob now stood beside him as an equal. And that, they all felt, was exactly as it should be at long last.

There was one more loose end to tie up and during the weekend Mark took Randy aside.

"Guess who I had a call from, Randy. Remember the guy you beat up and fucked in his driveway?"

"Shit damn. So Steve is bringing charges."

"Actually no," Mark said. "He asked me if I could talk to you and maybe set up another therapy session. He seems to feel you need to continue your anger therapy." Mark grinned. "Can't imagine why."

"Shit, the guy's a glutton for punishment."

"Randy, Steve's offering therapy, not his ass."

"Yeah, well we'll see about that. OK, buddy. Set something up with him. Could be very interesting."

Starting on Monday the various elements of Bob's little speech all started to take effect. Eager to start work as the new mechanic Pablo reported to Jamie in the upstairs office and completed

all the new-employee paperwork. Jamie too had become more assertive with his new job title and stood up formally to shake Pablo's hand.

"Congratulations, Pablo, and welcome aboard."

The two boys gazed at each other, then Pablo said, "Shit dude," and threw his arms round him. They found themselves kissing each other hungrily. When they finally separated Pablo said, "Dude, that tasted real good. We should try that again sometime. Look what you did," and he grabbed the bulge in his shorts.

"Work first, though," Pablo said. "Randy's given me a list of the equipment that needs fixing. I'll still be working out my notice at the motor pool, but after work today I'm gonna drop by the Number 2 site to take a look."

"Right now Darius is in charge there," Jamie said. "You should report to him first."

"Yeah, right, like that's gonna happen," Pablo huffed dismissively and walked away.

A few minutes after he left the door opened again and Jamie looked up and gasped. He never got used to the sight of his master, Mark, magnificent in his black police uniform. The cop ruffled Jamie's hair. "Just leaving for work," he said. "Thought I'd stop by to see how the new office manager's doing." He looked down at the handsome young boy who was barefoot, in surfer shorts and a loose tank top. "So that's what the well-dressed manager is wearing these days."

"This one is sir," Jamie smiled.

Mark cleared his throat. "Er, there was one other thing. I asked Bob to add one other duty to your new job description."

"Yes, sir?"

"Yeah. From now on the office manager has to suck the cop's dick before the cop goes to work." Jamie grinned, his eyes shining. "Listen, kid, I'm gonna have that bike under my legs for the next eight hours and I've gotta be out of here in five minutes so make it quick."

Jamie fell to his knees and looked up at the beautiful blonde cop, standing legs astride, helmet under his arm. The boy reached forward, unzipped the uniform pants and pulled out the rigid cock. Hungrily he clamped his mouth round it and rode it hard, sucking it down his throat, squeezing it with his throat muscles. The rough serge of the uniform pants slammed into his face as the cop's hard rod pounded his face, making him choke.

It took much less than five minutes. He heard the cop's breathing become ragged, felt the cock shudder, and tasted the hot, sweet taste of his master's cum blasting down his throat. He

swallowed hard, gulping the juice down, his eyes watering as the thick shaft pushed down deep. There was still cum in Jamie's mouth when the cop pulled him to his feet and clamped his mouth over his, sharing the taste of the warm, creamy juice. Finally Mark pulled back, kissed Jamie on the eyes and said. "You're the best, Jamie. I love you, kiddo."

After that Mark was all business. He buttoned up his pants, put on his helmet and as he was buckling it said, "Oh, there was one other clause I added to the work contract. When the cop comes home the office manager has to make his ass available to him. He'll be wanting to fuck it, hard. Clear?"

"No problem there, sir," Jamie grinned. "I'll be thinking about that all day."

"So will I, kid. So you be good and ready." He strode through the door and was gone.

It was not until early that evening that Pablo got to the construction site. He had changed out of his police overalls and put on the old dungarees he always preferred. The crew had all left, but the gate was still open. Pablo walked onto the deserted site and was aiming for the broken equipment when the door of the trailer office opened. It was Darius.

"Hey," he shouted. "What are you doing here?"

Pablo stopped in his tracks and faced him, with an air of defiance. "I'm the new mechanic, remember? The boss said I should come by and check out the backhoe loader that's giving trouble. That's what I'm doing." He turned and continued walking. Darius's eyes gleamed as his fantasy mill kicked into high gear. He ran from the trailer and confronted him.

"Not so fast, boy. I'm the site manager here. All new hires report to me. I have to check them out, make sure they've got what it takes."

Pablo stood his ground. "Oh, is that right? Well I've been cleared by the boss. He likes me a lot so consider me checked out." He turned his back on the young black stud and strode over to the big yellow backhoe. He yanked open the engine cover and bent forward to get a close look.

Darius folded his arms and stood looking at the new mechanic. His old dungarees were held up by only one strap over the shoulder, the other hung down, broken long since. And as always the muscular young kid wore nothing underneath the dungarees. Always preferred to work that way.

"Oh, man," Darius breathed. "Oh man-o-man!" If ever there was a fantasy this was it. The exotic young stud bent low over the engine, his sinewy body straining with physical effort as he worked, hair hanging down into his eyes. There were already grease marks on his shoulder

and arms, and the boy was starting to sweat in the residual heat of the day. But it was something else that was the object of Darius's laser-like focus.

"Jesus, that ass," he breathed. As the mechanic leaned forward the lower half of his body flexed hard as it pressed against the machine. The thin cotton of his dungarees stretched tight across his ass and the perfect globes were clearly outlined underneath as they strained against the fabric.

Darius could feel his cock throbbing, but he didn't move, just stood there watching, his arms still folded across his chest. He allowed his imagination to race as he spun into the fantasy world he was so good at creating. He was the boss, after all, and this cocky kid was a new hire. And he had given him lip! Arrogant young fucker thought he was all that friend of the boss and all. Who knew if he was any good? Well he, Darius, the site manager, would damn sure find out. He put his hands behind his neck and yanked off his T-shirt.

Stripped to the waist he walked closer, but the mechanic ignored him, working intently, a look of concentration on his oil-streaked face. Darius stood behind him and watched. Beads of sweat were now gathering on the mechanic's handsome young face and, as he wiped them off, he left smears of grease on his forehead. He was trying to wrench a nut free and the effort made his biceps and shoulder ripple and flex.

He had been sweating in the sun all day and the black hair under his armpits was glistening wet, streams of perspiration running down his sides to the damp patches on his dungarees. There were sweat stains all over and Darius took a sharp intake of breath as he saw the thin fabric across his ass start to get wet, almost transparent. As he breathed deeply he smelt the mix of oil and sweat coming off the warm flesh.

Darius's cock was now straining against his jeans, but he tried to keep a professional calm. "You sure you're used to working on machines this big, kid?"

"Yup," Pablo said, still concentrating on his task.

"Don't look to me like you're strong enough to handle those big tools." Pablo ignored him as Darius reached down and unzipped his jeans, pulling out his raging ten-inch cock.

"Think you could handle a tool this big?"

Finally, in exasperation the mechanic turned round and looked contemptuously at the huge black rod, shaking his head. "Jesus, man, you black guys are all alike. Just because you've got the almighty club you think you're hot shit. Well here's a news-flash big guy. Takes more than a big piece of meat to make you the boss. Now for crap's sake let me get on with my work." The mechanic turned round, bent over the machine and resumed his work.

Fantasy or not, Darius actually got angry. “You arrogant piece-of-shit cocksucker. You don’t mouth off like that to me! Like I told you, asshole, I’m the boss here and I gotta check out all the new hires. And I’m not sure you can take the heat. Not sure at all.”

Darius leaned forward and pulled the strap down from the mechanic’s shoulder. With one more tug the overalls fell to the ground and the boy was naked, his incredible white ass pointing upward as he stretched forward. But amazingly the boy didn’t miss a beat. He stayed bent over the machine and continued working.

Darius was enraged. He clamped the palms of his hands over the mounds of the ass, stretching it open. He pushed the mechanic hard against the metal, and brought the head of his raging dick up against the vulnerable hole. He snarled, “Maybe this’ll convince you who’s boss around here, boy.” He rammed his hips forward and his huge shaft pierced the mechanic’s ass, all ten inches of it, until it came to rest deep inside the warm gut.

There was a soft moan as the naked body tensed. Other than that there was no reaction, except that his hands stopped working and gripped the engine block hard. This lack of response angered Darius even more and he knew he had to really work this guy’s ass. He pulled out all the way and plunged his dick in again, even deeper this time so he felt the head push against the muscle of the inner sphincter and pass over it into the deepest part of the young mechanic’s gut.

This time he heard a muffled, “Oh, man,” and he saw the boy’s fists clench hard on the greasy metal. Now Darius’s cock became a piston and the heaving black man began doing what he did better than most fucking ass. He slapped his hands on the boy’s shoulders and pulled his body toward him, ramming his cock harder and harder. He felt his rough pubic hair scrape against the tender young flesh of the ass, felt the soft, warm membrane of the mechanic’s ass tense under the onslaught of his pounding of his cock.

As he hammered the ass again and again Darius watched the mechanic buckle under him, black hair flying, his face now pouring sweat, hissing as it fell on the hot metal of the engine. Darius knew that the man couldn’t take much more and he closed in for the kill. “Now boy, tell me who the boss is. Submit to your master.”

The faint groan came “Fuck you man.”

“I don’t think so, asshole. It’s your ass getting fucked, by the biggest damn cock you ever felt.” Darius now piled on the pressure and the pounding became brutal. “You can make it stop, boy. Give up. You know you have to.”

The young mechanic screamed. “OK, OK, you win. You’re the boss. Please, sir, please. I can’t take your cock anymore. I submit. Please, sir. Cum inside my ass.”

Their explosions were simultaneous. With one last gigantic thrust Darius buried his monster tool deep inside the ass and it erupted with streams of hot juice. The mechanic flexed hard, his body shuddered and he yelled as his cock blasted its load over the side of the backhoe, shooting up over the edge and splashing down with a hiss on the hot engine block.

Both men heaved, gasping for breath as Darius leaned forward and pressed his body against the exhausted boy. They stayed like that for minutes, until finally the mechanic felt the rod pull back, inch by inch, and fall at last out of his tortured ass.

Darius stood up and pushed his dick back inside his jeans. "OK, kid. You'll do. You passed the inspection. When you're finished here report to me in the trailer. And for god's sake wipe your cum off the side of that machine. You'll get the company a bad name."

Darius bent down, picked up his discarded T-shirt, slung it over his shoulder and strode back to the trailer with a huge smile of satisfaction on his face.

In the trailer Darius washed off his cock, zipped up his jeans and looked out the window. "Oh man," he breathed as he watched his fantasy continue. The naked mechanic was still slumped over the big machine, his arms stretched forward over the engine, his head hanging down. He was still breathing hard and cum was oozing from his ass and running down his leg. It was the erotic picture of a young stud fucked to exhaustion.

It was the unique talent of Darius's elaborate fantasies that he made others believe in them and learn to live their part. And that's what happened now. Darius saw the mechanic pull himself upright, reach down and pull up his dungarees, re-attaching the single strap over his shoulder. But he did not continue working. Instead he turned round, looked at the trailer and stumbled toward it.

The door opened and Darius's cock started to grow again in his pants as he looked at the young mechanic standing before him, sweat still running down his greasy face and arms, dungarees stained with oily, wet patches. The arrogant expression of before was replaced with an exhausted, beaten look of submission.

"You finished your work already, boy?" Darius barked.

"No, sir," the mechanic groaned and he fell to his knees. "I'm sorry I mouthed off to you sir." But he wasn't looking up at Darius's face. His eyes were focused forward onto the bulge in the boss's jeans.

"So that's it. You want more of this big cock, uh, boy?"

“Please, sir,” the young stud said softly. He came forward on his knees and pressed his open mouth against the rough denim. He closed his mouth over the bulging crotch and breathed in deeply, groaning as he smelt the cock through the jeans. Darius grabbed his hair and pulled the face back. With his other hand he unzipped his pants and his half-hard cock flopped out.

“Make it hard, boy.” He shoved the long black tool into the mouth and felt the mechanic work on it until it became stiff. He watched the oil-stained face rise and fall, saw the tangled black hair and tear-stained eyes. He heard the young mechanic slurp and choke on the monster black shaft that was now hard as a pole.

Suddenly Darius pulled out of the mouth and said. “So, boy, you wanna tell me again who’s boss?”

“You are sir.”

“OK, here it comes

Darius’s cock exploded with a jet of cum that slammed into the mechanic’s face, into his hair, his eyes and ran down over his cheeks and neck. The sight of the beautiful face streaked with oil, sweat and semen was such a turn-on for Darius that his cock kept erupting in a spectacular orgasm. When he finally stopped he pulled the boy to his feet and looked into his eyes.

“Now, boy, you have to do something for the boss.” Darius dropped to his knees and opened the buttons of the fly in the dungarees. The mechanic looked down at him and stroked his own cock. It took only a few seconds for it to become raging hard. His body shuddered, he felt heat rising from his balls and along his cock and he saw his own juice streaming out onto the handsome black face.

When it was over Darius stood up, looked into Pablo’s eyes, then pressed their faces together. They rubbed against each other, feeling their own creamy cum spread over their faces as they licked it, sucked it, breathed it in and ravenously kissed the lips and eyes.

Pablo whispered, “Dude, you are the best. That was spectacular. You’re incredible, Darius. Thank you, man.”

Darius smiled back. “Any time, dude. OK, let’s go home.”

As they walked toward the gate Darius said. “Now don’t forget, boy. Every time you come to work on this site you check in with me first, got it?”

“So you can check me out again, sir?”

“Damn right I will, boy. You can bet your sweet ass on that.”

Randy and Bob were sitting at the table by the pool with Mark, Jamie and Zack when the gate opened and the two disheveled boys walked in. Their faces and clothes were still streaked with oil and dried cum, and it was obvious at a glance that they had just had sex a lot of it.

Randy gazed at them. "You boys are late home. You get that backhoe fixed, Pablo?"

"Not yet, sir," Pablo stammered. "I, er"

Darius bailed him out. "As he's the new mechanic, sir, I had to check him out first. Make sure he was up to the job."

"And was he?" Bob grinned.

"Absolutely, sir. I think he'll do just fine."

"You broke him in, uh?" Randy chuckled. "Just let me know if you need any help with him."

"I don't think that'll be necessary, sir. I'm sure I can handle it."

Mark grinned at the other guys. "Not much doubt about that, I'd say."

Pablo was not the only new hire that week. Well, Lloyd was not exactly a new hire as he had been the firm's architect for some time. But working for Zack would be new. When he got the phone call from Zack he had readily agreed to take on the job of designing the new extension to the house he was remodeling. Sure, the extra money would come in handy, but it was more the prospect of working on a small domestic project that appealed to him, a welcome change from all the big commercial stuff he did.

Lloyd had heard Zack's name mentioned but they had never met. Zack was the manager of the Number 1 construction site and Lloyd was assigned to the Number 3 site which was still partially in the planning stage. They had arranged to meet at Zack's house after their regular workday.

As he rang the doorbell Lloyd was intrigued to know what the guy was like. "Probably your average scruffy construction worker," he thought to himself. "Oh, well." Lloyd himself had dressed smartly in well-tailored suit and tie as he always did when meeting a new client. Handsome, well-built, he knew he looked good. He became impatient when no one answered the door, but he heard thudding sounds coming from behind the house, so he walked through a gate at the side and round to the garden in back.

The sounds were coming from a guy kneeling over a tree stump, pounding at the earth to loosen it, evidently trying to work the stump out of the ground. All Lloyd could see was the guy's naked back. Must be one of Zack's laborers. After all, no one had mentioned that Zack himself was black.

Lloyd cleared his throat noisily to be heard over the banging. "Excuse me," he said sharply.

The man raised his head, pulled himself to his feet and turned round to face the architect. Lloyd's mouth gaped open and he felt his legs go weak. The man was spectacular. Tall, black as ebony, with a perfect bodybuilder's physique broad shoulders, wide lats tapering down to a slim, tight waist. All he was wearing was a pair of old, gray torn shorts that gripped his thick, sinewy thighs. Under the shorts Lloyd saw the bulge of the huge club running down so low the tip was visible poking out at the bottom.

Under a sheen of sweat the chiseled muscles gleamed in the late afternoon sun, still pumped from the physical effort, veins still bulging under the thin skin. The chest heaved as the man caught his breath. Lloyd was mesmerized by the face, with its strong, square jaw, high cheek bones and deep-set gray eyes, the head shaved clean.

The picture was pornographically beautiful and suddenly it came alive. The glorious face broke into a beaming smile with flashing white teeth. "Hi, I'm Zack you must be Lloyd." Lloyd didn't move. He was in a trance, rooted to the spot. "Hello!" Zack grinned. "Earth to Lloyd anyone there?"

Lloyd snapped back to life and stammered. "Er, sorry. Hi, I'm Lloyd."

"I know," Zack laughed. "I just said that. Good to meet you at last." He put out his hand and gripped Lloyd's in a crushing handshake. "Sorry about the shorts. Didn't expect to have such a well-dressed visitor. Still, we'll soon change that. You're working for me now, Lloyd. It's real casual around here. You'll get used to it."

Zack looked the handsome architect up and down and smiled. "I think we're gonna get along real well, Lloyd," he said, looking down at the bulge growing bigger by the minute in the crotch of the well-tailored pants.

GO TO BOOK 9