

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 9

Chapter 82 – Zack & Lloyd – Obsession

Zack got right down to business. “OK, here’s the project: I want to build a guest house on this corner of the lot. That’s why I was trying to get rid of this damn tree stump. So what do you think? Can it be done?”

Dazed by this spectacular man Lloyd was trying hard to focus and blurted out, “What, the guest house or the tree stump?”

Zack laughed. “Well both, I guess starting with the tree stump.”

Lloyd’s mind was starting to clear. “You, er, don’t want to damage the stump. It’s a great shape and if it comes out whole it would make a fine outdoor table. Here, let me give you a hand.”

He reached forward and pulled some of the weeds and vines that grew round it. But his tie hung down and got in the way. Zack shook his head. “Hey, if you really want to help, lose the tie and jacket.” Lloyd obeyed automatically and quickly took them off. With the heat of the sun, and the lust he felt standing close to the near-naked man, Lloyd was sweating through his shirt, with big damp patches under his arms and down his back. “The shirt too,” Zack said, “if you’re ready for some real work.”

Lloyd peeled off his shirt and stood before Zack stripped to the waist. Now it was Zack’s turn to do a double-take as he saw the architect’s flawless physique, muscles well-honed by exercise, and handsome face with moustache and goatee beard. “Hell, that’s some build you got there, man. Work out a lot?”

“Six days a week at the gym.”

“OK, let’s put those muscles to work. Here, help me move this damn thing.” Facing each other they pushed the tree stump back and forth, trying to work it loose. Lloyd’s cock was stiff in his pants as he watched the spectacular black body strain, muscles flexing hard, chiseled features gleaming with sweat.

“Here, this should do it,” Zack said, throwing a rope round the stump. “You pull the stump from the middle and I’ll get behind you and pull the rope. The two of us should be able to free it.”

Lloyd took a sharp intake of breath as he felt the hard, sweaty body press against him. He felt Zack's breath on his neck as he said, "OK, both together, now heave." Their bodies tensed and Lloyd felt the man's huge biceps press against his sides and the chest against his back. But what made him almost lose his grip was the feel of the massive cock in the thin shorts pressing against his ass. As Zack adjusted his arms higher Lloyd was overpowered by the rancid smell of the black man's sweat coming up from his armpits.

Zack was aware of it too and as he strained at the rope he said through gritted teeth, "Sorry, man, I must stink. Been working in the sun all day haven't taken a shower since yesterday. Hope the smell of my stinking crotch and pits doesn't make you gag.

As a matter of fact it almost did, and Lloyd's head reeled with the sensual assault the feel of the strong black body wrapped around him from behind and the overpowering smell of his sweat. Strangely, though, it energized Lloyd, redoubled his strength as he heaved at the obstinate tree stump. His body had never felt so alive as it did now, straining, sweating together with this incredible man, both of them crushed together in an intense, combined test of strength.

Finally the stump gave up the struggle and moved. "Here it comes, the fucker," yelled Zack. "One last heave." Suddenly the stump broke free and jerked abruptly out of the ground, causing the men to lose their balance and fall backwards into the dirt. Zack was behind Lloyd so he hit the ground first, on his back some feet away from the stump. Lloyd was closer to the stump, twisted as he fell and slammed face-down on top of Zack's lower body. The fall stunned him and he lay in a daze.

As he regained his wits Lloyd breathed in hard, and choked. The pungent smell was overpowering. He realized his face was pressed against the filthy shorts, his cheek resting on the hard ridge of the cock underneath. The smell was oozing from the stinking crotch, a mix of sweat, stale piss and maybe even dried cum. Still dazed and exhausted, Lloyd instinctively moved away from the rank odor, dragging his body slowly higher up the sinewy body. His face, his mouth, slid over the smooth, damp ebony skin, past the slim waist, the steel-hard abs, then up to the cleft between the rounded pecs.

His strength gave out momentarily and his face fell sideways, coming to rest in the wiry damp hair of the black man's armpit. Again he gagged. Now it was not just the smell he could taste the rancid sweat that ran down from the black hair. It wasn't just exhaustion that immobilized him. He was transfixed, breathing in the stench of the soaking armpit.

Lloyd was drowning. His heart was pounding, his body tense, and his cock was rigid. He felt the heat rising from his legs, through his balls and along the length of his cock. His body shuddered and he groaned as he felt the damp warmth of sticky liquid filling his shorts. He realized to his horror that he had shot his load in his pants. Embarrassed and desperate he pulled himself up out of the armpit and found himself staring into Zack's smiling face.

Whether or not Zack was aware of what had happened he didn't let on. "We did it, man," he beamed. "No way could I have moved that damn thing without your help."

Lloyd rolled off him and Zack sprang to his feet. He reached down, grabbed Lloyd's hand, pulled him to his feet and looked him over. "Shit, man, you're a fucking mess. Sorry, your pants are filthy. Hell, we need a beer," and he strode into the house. In a couple of minutes the two men were sitting in the garden with their beers, Lloyd on an old garden seat and Zack facing him a few feet away, sitting astride the now freed tree stump.

Now that their physical efforts had resulted in a clear patch of ground Zack became even more enthusiastic about his project. "See here," he said, "this is kind of what I had in mind." He leaned forward and with a stick scratched a rough outline in the dirt. He talked fast, about the structure of the building, the materials he would need, and the various design options.

This was Lloyd's area of expertise and he would normally have eagerly joined in. But right now he couldn't get his mind beyond the stunning image of the near-naked bodybuilder leaning forward, his muscles rippling under the thin black skin. The legs were stretched wide over the tree stump, so the shorts rode up his thighs, exposing more of the huge black cock and one of his balls hanging out of them.

Lloyd felt he was hyperventilating and he took deep breaths. His eyes glazed over as they fixed on the bulging crotch and the filthy shorts tight round this muscle-god's waist. He heard only the sound of the deep, masculine voice but not the words. Zack was oblivious of all this, totally absorbed in his subject as he spoke animatedly of his plans. But eventually even he realized that Lloyd was not paying attention.

"Hey, man. You OK? Something wrong?"

"No, I" Lloyd stammered. "I think I just just need to use the bathroom."

"Sure, man. Just inside the door, round to the right." And Zack went back to his sketch in the dirt.

Lloyd staggered into the house, groped his way to the bathroom and closed the door. He looked at his dirt-streaked face in the mirror and took deep breaths to steady himself. "Oh, God," he moaned to his reflection. "I can't do this. It's driving me crazy." His mind spun in a kaleidoscope of images of the magnificent man outside.

He saw again his first vision of Zack as he had stood up, tall, muscular in his torn shorts, the ebony flesh gleaming with sweat. He saw him again heaving at the tree stump, veins bulging, face tense with concentration. Then he gasped as he again inhaled the overpowering smell of

the man. He remembered crawling up over his huge body, felt his face against his flesh, recalled the sour taste of the sweat pouring from his armpit.

Lloyd's body became rigid. He had no idea that he had pulled his cock out of his already cum-drenched shorts and was beating it furiously, until he felt his juice powering up through his cock, blasting against the mirror before him. He also had no idea that he had howled in the ecstasy of glorious release, cum for a second time under the spell of this pornographically beautiful man.

When his orgasm was finally spent he came suddenly back to earth. With surprise he saw the creamy white juice running down the mirror onto the floor, felt his cock still pulsing in his hand. "Jesus," he groaned, realizing what he had done. Springing into action he grabbed a towel, wiped off his cock and rubbed frantically at the mirror until the cum stains were gone.

He dropped to his knees and scrubbed at the semen pooled on the floor. When it was clean he slumped motionless on his hands and knees, his head bowed in exhaustion. And just then the door opened.

"Hey, man, you OK?" the deep voice asked. "I thought I heard a shout so I came to check on you." Zack looked down at the shirtless man kneeling on the floor. He bent down, wrapped his arms under his armpits and round his chest and pulled him to his feet. Lloyd leaned against the firm body.

"Sorry about that, Zack," Lloyd managed to say, frantically pulling himself together. "Just didn't feel that great all of a sudden. I'll be fine now."

"Must have been all that heavy muscle crunching out there. But don't give out on me so soon, man. We got a lot of work to get through. Come outside again and I'll tell you more about my plans."

He threw his arm over Lloyd's shoulder and steered him through the door. Lloyd felt the muscular body press against him, smelt again the sour smell of the damp armpit resting against his neck and felt again his own cock grow stiff in his cum-soaked shorts.

Despite his wild infatuation with his employer Lloyd was eventually able to concentrate on the architectural task at hand. This was his expertise, after all, his passion, and he warmed to the idea of designing a small guest house from scratch. Especially for a man like this.

Zack was not entirely unaware of Lloyd's feelings for him. Looking the way he did, Zack was used to people lusting for him, women and men alike, and he always took it in stride. It just went with the territory of great masculine beauty. And now he pushed it out of his mind as he had another overwhelming preoccupation his enthusiastic plans for the new building. So

focused was he on his project that most of Lloyd's obvious desire escaped his attention the hungry looks, the heavy breathing and the frequent trips to the bathroom.

Of course Zack was conscious of the fact that Lloyd himself was a hot-looking guy. When he came to the house now the architect wore jeans and a T-shirt, and when they were outdoors worked stripped to the waist. His body really was flawless, and when his face was relaxed it was the epitome of masculine beauty, with its strong features set off by the moustache and goatee beard.

But it never crossed Zack's mind to make a move on Lloyd. To Zack this was a professional partnership and he wanted nothing to get in the way. Besides, he had Darius, and the boy had turned out be perfect for him, exactly what he wanted and needed. Darius spent many nights with Zack, when Pablo was with Randy, and they made sensational love together. Darius even enticed Zack into some of his erotic fantasies something new and exciting for Zack.

And talking of fantasies, Darius was in his element watching his master working with the handsome architect. His sexual antennae were finely tuned and he was aware of Lloyd's intense lust for Zack. In his mind he wove a hundred fantasies involving the two of them, even the three of them. "If only" he thought, though he knew that Zack saw Lloyd strictly in a professional light.

They were a week or so into the work on the project and while Zack was pleased with the initial plans Lloyd had drawn up, the architect's behavior was becoming more and more irritating. He had become bolder in his attempts to attract Zack, the lingering looks, the brushing up against him, making vague sexual innuendos. It was starting to be an annoying distraction and Zack was getting angry. He had finally had enough and thought he should bring things to a head. As it turned out, one afternoon events came to a head all on their own.

Lloyd was alone in Zack's house working on the blueprints. Zack had gone back to his construction site to deal with an unexpected problem, and Darius was working late with Randy.

As usual, Lloyd found it hard to concentrate, and here he was, alone in the house for the first time. He left his drawing board and wandered around the small house, breathing in the essence of the glorious man who lived there. In the kitchen he looked at the unwashed dishes in the sink and imagined Zack eating breakfast in just his undershorts. In the living room he saw Zack's armchair in front of the TV and flopped down into it. He felt the impression of the big man in the chair and fantasized about Zack maybe beating his meat as he watched a movie, as Lloyd himself often did.

Then he got up and walked into the bedroom. The bed was unmade, the rumpled sheets lying just as Zack had got out of them. Lloyd fell on his knees and buried his head in the sheets,

trying to smell where his crotch had been. He moved higher and pressed his face into the pillow, where Zack had laid his shaved head.

His heart was beating fast as he stood up and looked around. He saw the exercise bench, barbell and weights that Zack used in his private workouts. Then his eyes fixed on the laundry basket. He opened it and gasped. There in a jumbled heap were Zack's dirty clothes, T-shirts, socks, underwear, gym gear. With mounting frenzy he pulled them out.

He found an old tank top that Zack had evidently worn many times at the gym as it reeked of his sweat. Lloyd pressed it to his nose, breathing in the rancid smell, and imagined the tank stretched across Zack's chest, soaking up his sweat as he worked out hard. Then Lloyd grabbed a pair of socks and inhaled the stink of the man's sweaty feet.

Next came Zack's Jockey shorts, rumpled, stained, streaked with yellow piss marks and the smell of old dried cum. He crushed them to his face and his head reeled with the pungent smells of Zack's juices. Then his eye caught sight of a jock-strap. He pulled it out and looked at it mesmerized. It was old and worn down to a thinly woven fabric. Torn, frayed, it would barely be enough to contain the black man's huge club.

But it was the smell that intoxicated him. This too had clearly been worn by Zack many times over, probably under his jeans, or under his shorts when he worked out. Maybe he had even stripped down to just the filthy jock when he exercised. Lloyd imagined the sight of the muscle god straining at the gym, gorgeous ebony body naked except for the jockstrap, with the outline of his bulging cock straining under the thin fabric.

The spectacular image sent shivers through Lloyd's body. He held the jock-strap to his face and was intoxicated by the stench of sweat, semen and urine. And they had all come from Zack, the man he worshipped. He looked down at the bed where he had tossed Zack's dirty clothes and breathed again the rancid essence of the man. His hand had gone down to his crotch and pulled out his cock.

It was pure sensory overload the sight, the taste the smell. He sucked at the filthy fabric, gagged on it, bit into it trying to extract the man's juices, and the stink intensified as it became wet. He looked down at the soiled clothes strewn on the bed the sweaty tank top, rancid socks and stained shorts. He couldn't hold back and with his free hand pumped his cock hard. He visualized the black muscle-stud, felt his skin, smelt him, tasted him and he screamed into the jock as his orgasm erupted and he blasted hot juice over the clothes on the bed. Stream after stream spurting down, soaking the underwear in warm, sticky cum.

Lloyd was in a world of pure fantasy, created by the overpowering sensory images of Zack. So lost was he in that world, that he was unaware of the man himself, standing in the doorway behind him, gazing in disbelief at the incredible sight before him.

“What the fuck?”

Lloyd whirled round at the sound of the deep growl and stood horrified at the sight of Zack. He was frozen to the spot, still holding the jock-strap, cum still dripping from his cock.

“You sick fuck,” snarled Zack. “What, you’re getting off on my stinking shorts? Sucking on my filthy jock-strap and jacking off all over my bed? You are one crazy mother-fucker. What else have you been doing in my house?”

Lloyd was shaking. “Nothing, sir. Nothing else. I was just

” But his words trailed off. There was absolutely nothing he could say, no explanation. It was obvious what he had been doing and he blushed a deep red. He let the jock strap fall to the floor and stood limply, arms hanging at his side, head bowed in abject humiliation.

Zack turned and began pacing the room. “Jesus Christ, man, how long has this been going on? What, you lusted for me so much you shot your fucking load over my stinking underwear. I knew something was going on with you, but this! You’re you’re pathetic. You’re sick, man.” He banged the wall and strode around the room. “Obsession, that’s what it is no, worse than that addiction. You’re a fucking sex addict, Lloyd. Is that what you are? Answer me, asshole.”

Lloyd found his voice. “I am addicted to you, sir. I worship you.”

“Jesus Christ,” Zack said again, and threw himself into an armchair. He put his hands behind his head and gazed up at the ceiling, trying to work out what to do next. He lowered his gaze to Lloyd and, despite his anger, felt a trace of pity for the humiliated man. “OK, I’ve known a few addicts in my time and there are only two answers. You either remove them from the object of their addiction

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“No, sir, please. Not that.”

“.....or the addict has to reach rock bottom. An overdose usually does it. So that’s what you need, Lloyd, an overdose of sex. Get it!?”

“Yes, sir. Anything you say, sir.”

Zack leapt to his feet again and paced thoughtfully. “OK, here it is then. You wanted to know me intimately ...?” Scornfully he picked up the cum-soaked underwear and tossed it back on the bed. “Then so be it. You’ll get to know me so well you’ll overdose on it. Maybe that’ll cure you. But first you clean your cum off my underwear. On your knees, asshole.”

Lloyd understood. He dropped to his knees by the bed, bent forward and licked frantically at the sheets, the shorts and undershirts, sucking up his sticky semen. Again he smelt the filthy

underwear, tasted it, and again felt a jolt in his cock. But this time he was intent on obeying the muscle-god's commands.

"That's enough! Now get up and strip."

Lloyd shot to his feet, stripped off his T-shirt, kicked off his sneakers and dropped his jeans and shorts. He trembled, naked, before the seething man. Zack ran his eyes over the muscular body, then cupped Lloyd's jaw in his hand and stared into the handsome, fearful face. "You're a hot-looking stud, Lloyd, but you have to learn a lesson. Your obsession with me has to be cured. I'm gonna take you to your rock bottom, torture your body and mind without laying a hand on you."

He shoved the naked man who fell backward into the chair behind him, an upright wooden chair with arms. Zack left the room briefly and returned with the ropes he had previously used in the garden. He moved quickly and expertly and in a few minutes Lloyd was tied securely to the chair, ropes wound round his chest, wrists tied to the chair's arms, feet to the chair legs. He pulled at his restraints but realized that he was completely immobile.

Zack looked down at him. "OK, asshole. You got off fantasizing about my private life. So I'll show you show you what it's like every day when I get home from work, and I'm all alone. I'm gonna make your fantasies come to life, Lloyd." He turned and left the room, leaving the naked architect bound to the chair, shuddering with fevered anticipation.

Zack spent a few minutes in the kitchen, and when he came back in he ignored Lloyd. It was as if he had just come in from work, dressed in dirty T-shirt, jeans and boots. He held a glass of the protein shake that he always drank before working out. He sat in the armchair and drank it slowly.

Lloyd was mesmerized. Just the mere fact of seeing this powerful man in a private moment, doing what he always did, was enough to make his cock get stiff. He was like a voyeur, spying on a bodybuilder alone in his house. He watched as the big black man drained his glass, then stood up and stretched. He looked at himself in the mirror and flexed, flaring his lats and tensing his biceps.

As he always did, he stripped off his work clothes quickly and Lloyd gasped as he saw the stunning man naked for the first time. Zack picked up two items from the bed and Lloyd immediately recognized the stained shorts and the filthy, frayed jock strap. Zack pulled on the jock strap, cramming his big soft dick inside it. Then he pulled the shorts over it and again admired his gleaming black muscles in the mirror.

Lloyd's cock became rigid as he realized what the man was doing what he always did when he got home from work. The bodybuilder was going to work out, exercise his ripped muscular

physique to relieve the tension of the day. Lloyd was hardly breathing as he watched the workout routine begin.

Zack lay on his back on the floor a few feet in front of the bound man. He put his hands behind his head and began to do crunches. As he raised his torso up and back his eight-pack abs flexed hard in solid ridges.

The architect was hypnotized by the sight of the big muscle-stud in front of him, body straining, with loud exhales each time he pulled himself upward. Instinctively Lloyd tried to reach for his own cock, but he couldn't move. He struggled hard, pulling at the ropes. He desperately needed to touch his cock, stroke it, shoot his load as he watched the sensational sight of the bodybuilder's workout.

Eventually the endless crunches were over and Zack sprang to his feet. He looked into the mirror and ran his hand over his rock-hard abs with satisfaction. Then he pulled the bench forward and lay on it on his back. The barbell was on a rack at the head and Zack grabbed it and began doing bench presses, lowering the bar to his bulging chest, then raising it, his biceps and shoulders straining with the intense effort.

Lloyd was in a frenzy of frustration, watching this fantasy of the black athlete exercising his perfect physique. He needed release, he needed to cum, but he was helpless. He pulled frantically at his restraints, the ropes cutting into him as he strained to free one hand at least. But it was hopeless. He had never been so turned on in his life, and never felt such mental agony. Zack had promised him torture and that is what he was getting.

Zack went through his entire grueling routine, and when he finally stood up sweat was pouring down his face onto his gleaming chest, then running down to a growing wet patch on his shorts. His sinewy body heaved, muscles tense from exertion. He took a swig of water from a bottle while he once again admired his body in the mirror and ran his hand over his bulging pecs.

Throughout his intense workout Zack ignored the bound architect but he knew exactly what he was doing, exactly the effect he was having on the helpless man. Zack knew how he looked, knew the effect he had on guys at the gym as they watched him work out. From the corner of his eye he had often caught their envious looks, saw their eyes snap away a split second after he looked back at them. Those macho guys would never admit that they found him beautiful, never for a second admit to themselves that his incredible body turned them on but it did all of them.

And now that beautiful body was on display to the handsome young architect who was bound naked to a chair, helpless to do anything but watch in awe and painful lust. The sweat was still streaming off the black bodybuilder. The dampness in his shorts had spread all over his crotch and the thin cotton became transparent, so the soiled jock-strap was now clearly visible.

Lloyd was beside himself as his eyes fixed on the soaking shorts clinging to Zack's thighs and the old jock underneath, wrapped around the bulging meat of his cock. The young architect's former arrogance had vanished. He was moaning now, starting to beg.

"Don't do this to me, man. Please sir, I'm begging you. Just let me touch myself once, just once so I can get off looking at you. Let me shoot my load and I'll leave, I'll never come back. Just once. I can't take this, man. You are so fucking hot. I need to cum, man....." And he started to sob.

Zack ignored him completely. He took another long drink of water then turned to the mirror. He ran his hand over his wet face, flicking the sweat to the floor. His hands went down over his chest and stomach, down under the waistband of his shorts. He pushed and the shorts began to slide down from his waist, over his bulging thighs, until they dropped to the floor.

"No!" Lloyd sobbed in despair as he saw the reflection of the body in the mirror, wearing only a filthy, ragged jock-strap that strained against the cock coiled under the worn fabric. He saw the man's V-shaped back too, tapering down to the wide band of the jock, tight round his slim waist, the straps framing the perfect mounds of the hard, brown ass.

The sweat was bringing out the pungent smell of the man's crotch under the filthy jock. Lloyd breathed deeply. If he could not touch the man at least he could inhale the smell of his body. His agony increased as he saw Zack admire his own refection, then cup the jock strap in both hands, squeezing it so the cock bulged underneath. He rubbed his fist against the soiled cloth and watched as the cock swelled, growing slowly until the huge club was rock hard.

"Please, man," Lloyd moaned again. "I can't take any more. Don't do this to me. Please end it, sir. Help me"

Lloyd decided to do just that. He picked up the water bottle, held it high and poured the remains over his head and down his body. Turning from the mirror he walked over to the chin bar he had installed, screwed into a beam high above his head. It was six feet from where Lloyd groaned in torment. Zack took a deep breath, leapt upward and grabbed the bar, facing Lloyd, his feet clear off the floor. And slowly he began a series of chin lifts.

He pulled himself up, held the pose for a few seconds at the top, then lowered himself slowly. The movement exercised his whole body and called for all his strength. His shoulders and biceps flexed hard as he pulled his body upward. His lats flared, his stomach became rigid and his legs were splayed outward, thighs and calves etched with veins. The sweat pouring off his tortured muscles pooled on the floor beneath him.

Lloyd was becoming delirious. He gazed in disbelief at this incredible display. The man was a god, naked except for the thin scrap of fabric covering his cock and balls. His eyes gazed in disbelief at the rugged features, the straining torso and down to the jock. "Oh, God, no," he

groaned. The cock was still hard, the head poking up over the waistband of the jock. And one of the balls had come loose, hanging out of the side. The picture was pornographic.

When Zack's body had reached exhaustion he simply hung from the bar in a taut X shape, arms straining upward, legs splayed to the side. He was spread-eagled. And now Lloyd started to fantasize. In his imagination the black muscle-god was being tortured, hanging on a cross. The arms were stretched agonizingly, pulling at their sockets and the magnificent torso bucked and flexed.

The athlete's head twisted from side to side, teeth bared as he grimaced with pain. As he shook his head, sweat sprayed from it all round him. The jock was now a sodden rag, the huge club straining to get free, balls both hanging out of one side. His handsome features were contorted in pain as he groaned to himself.

"Gotta do it one more. Shit, the pain in my muscles. It hurts so bad. Come on, you can take it, man. That's it, stud. Just one more"

He took a deep breath and slowly, agonizingly, started to pull himself upward again. The arms by now throbbed with pain as he summoned up every last ounce of strength for the final, intense effort. His biceps bulged, his lats flared as he began slowly to rise. He looked upward to the bar and yelled, "Come on, man. You can do this. Aaah God, the pain!"

Lloyd was in another world, watching extreme masculine beauty being tortured, subjected to an unbearable trial of strength. He saw the ebony muscles strain and throb, saw the magnificent body stretched tight, the face twisting in pain, saw the cock pulse under the torn jock.

Lloyd felt his own cock pulse as he struggled frantically. The picture was so erotic there was only one thing he could do. He shouted to the tortured bodybuilder, "Do it, man! Do it!" And as he watched the writhing body he screamed and his cock exploded in an eruption of hot cum that flew in a high arc, then splashed down into his hair, onto his face, his chest and thighs as his body heaved and spasmed in tight bondage.

Zack dropped to the floor and bent forward, his head between his knees, body heaving as he fought to control it. As his breathing subsided he slowly uncoiled and when he was upright stared at the exhausted architect, soaked in his own cum. And a huge smile of satisfaction spread across the black man's face.

A few minutes later the once-arrogant architect was still bound to the chair, head hanging forward in a gesture of exhaustion and submission. This spectacular male had crushed him, made him beg, made his cock erupt, and all without laying a finger on him. Sprawled in an armchair the bodybuilder stared at him with an unlikely mix of contempt and admiration. Zack's

vanity had also been amply rewarded by Lloyd's intense reaction to him. The defeated man was himself a handsome, well-built stud, so Zack's triumph was all the more satisfying.

In fact Zack felt so good that he wanted more. Besides, his cock had strained for so long under the sweaty jock that he needed release. He pulled himself up from the chair and pushed his cock and balls back inside the jock. He picked up a pair of dumbbells, walked toward Lloyd and stood astride him, his stinking crotch close to his face.

Exhausted as he was, drained of his cum, Lloyd looked up at the beautiful black face and his cock stirred again. His eyes dropped to the bulging jock in front of him and he started to salivate. By now the stink coming from the filthy, soaking jock was intense and he breathed deeply. He tried to lick it but it was just out of reach.

"You really want it, don't you, man?" Zack said softly.

"Oh, God. More than anything. Please let me put my mouth on it, sir. I can make you cum inside the jock, sir. Please let me."

"Just a bit longer," Zack taunted him. He raised the dumbbells and began an easy set of bicep curls. Lloyd was thrown into agony again as sweat dripped from Zack's armpits onto his face. It was as if his torment would never stop. But now he was inches from his goal. He could see, smell the huge black dick coiled inside the jock. A few minutes and it would be his.

"Please, sir. Please. I need it. I need to feel it in my mouth." He strained forward, the ropes tearing into his chest, and his tongue finally touched the wet fabric just as the door opened.

"Sorry I'm late, sir. I thought I'd come straight in to see if" Darius's voice trailed away. "Oh! Oh my God. I'm sorry sir, I didn't realize. I Oh Jesus!"

Darius backed out through the door, closed it and leaned against it in stupefaction. It took him a while to get his mind round what he had seen in that brief interruption. "Oh, my," he breathed. "Oh my-o-my!" He must have imagined it the handsome architect, tied to a chair, his body covered in cum. And Zack standing over him, working his biceps, his glorious, sweating body clad only in a filthy, ragged jock strap. Not even in his wildest fantasies could Darius ever have imagined a picture like that. He started to creep silently away, when he heard his master's voice.

"Hey, boy. Get your ass back in here!"

Inside the room Lloyd's frustration had reached a climax. He had been so close to the prize, his tongue was on the man's bulging jock when suddenly it had pulled away. Zack had dropped the dumbbells and shouted for his boy. The door opened and Darius walked in timidly, his eyes riveted on the naked man roped to the chair.

“Glad you came, bro,” Zack said. “Your timing’s perfect. I need your help here.”

“I guess you do, sir,” Darius said, his eyes still fixed on Lloyd.”

“No,” Zack laughed. “Not with that. With this,” and he pointed down to the bulge in his jock. “You know how horny I get after a tough workout. I need to get my rocks off in the worst way. On your knees, boy.

As Darius fell to his knees in front of his master, a desperate howl rang round the room. Lloyd was thrashing in the ropes, foaming at the mouth, frantically trying to get free. “No!” he screamed. “Please, no! I want it. I need it” and the handsome man started to sob.

In that agonizing moment he realized that his torment was not over far from it!

Across the street Mark was sitting in the kitchen. He liked to watch his boy Jamie as the young guy worked on preparing dinner. “Where’s Darius?” Mark asked.

“He went straight over to Zack’s house, sir. They’re with Lloyd right now.” Jamie grinned. “I’d sure like to see what they’re up to.”

“Oh,” Mark said, “I’m sure Zack has everything under control showing Lloyd a thing or two, I bet.” Then he laughed. “Don’t worry, kid, you know Darius and that camera of his. Maybe he’ll make a movie of it all so you guys can watch it later.”

Mark was kidding, but as it turned out it was no joke.

#

Chapter 83 – Different Worlds

From his earliest days working for Randy Lloyd had harbored a resentment of Darius for the boy’s intimacy with the boss, and now that resentment was transferred to Zack’s obvious affection for Darius as all three worked together at the house. He cringed when Zack touched his boy sexually, and when they occasionally disappeared into the house Lloyd visualized Darius getting fucked by his master, and he beat off in a welter of frustrated desire.

And now he was forced to watch the boy service his master the way Lloyd so desperately longed to. He had been so close he felt cheated. His misery was complete but he could not tear his eyes away from the boy kneeling before the sweating black athlete. The huge cock was straining against the thin, frayed fabric of the sweaty jock and Darius’s mouth moved closer.

Lloyd groaned as he watched Darius lick the jock, then open his mouth wide and close his lips over the cock and balls. Zack's muscle-pounding workout routine had made him horny as hell and he moaned in ecstasy as his boy worked his pulsing dick through the jock, licking, sucking, bringing his master to the brink of orgasm.

The mesmerized boy longed to taste his dick and he slowly pulled the jock down. The huge club sprang forward, hard as steel, and Darius choked as he took the whole length into his mouth. Zack was seconds away from shooting his load when he abruptly pulled the boy's head off his cock.

"Not yet, bro," he growled. "I have other plans. Stand up and get naked."

Lloyd's head was swimming. In a daze he looked up at the two naked black men towering over him. Zack leaned forward and said, "OK, Lloyd. I'm gonna release your arms but you are not to touch your cock, is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," Lloyd groaned. The desperate man would agree to anything at this point. When his arms came free he rubbed his wrists, chafed raw from pulling frantically at the ropes. Then he looked up and let out a long moan. "Oh my God....." It was two gods actually, looking down at him, one with his arm over the younger one's shoulder.

"Look good to you, kid?" Zack asked of Darius.

"Awesome, sir. He looks real hot in bondage. Makes my cock hard."

"Let's see what we can do about that, bro," and Zack reached across and stroked his boy's ten-inch rod.

Instinctively Darius did the same for his master and Lloyd moaned again as he saw the two black cocks swell before his eyes. He couldn't help himself. His arms were now free and he raised them and touched the sculpted chests, one with each hand.

Throughout his ordeal Lloyd had longed to touch Zack, and now it was like a jolt of electricity. In a trance he ran his hands over the shiny black flesh, cupped the bulging pecs, touched the hard nipples, making the two men moan. Lloyd lowered his hands over the ridged abs, down to the damp pubic hair and he hesitated, not daring to touch the two huge cocks standing rigid, pointing straight at his face.

"It's OK, Lloyd" Zack said. "You can touch them."

Lloyd wrapped one hand round Zack's thick club and the other over the younger man's long pole. As he stroked them slowly he heard the men's sighs of pleasure. Lloyd's body was on fire. It was a sensation he could never have dreamed of, massaging these two magnificent

black cocks. He pushed them together and wrapped his hands round both of them, squeezing them together. The moans above him became louder.

Zack and Darius looked down at the architect's awestruck face. The man was hypnotized by the sight and feel of the two cocks swelling harder between his hands.

"Feel good to you, boy?" Zack asked.

"Oh, man, the feel of your cock against mine, sir. I don't think I can take much more."

"Me neither, bro. I've been building a head of steam all through that workout. This is it, kid, but wait 'til you feel the guy's mouth on it. Go for it, Lloyd."

Lloyd strained against the ropes round his chest as he leaned his face forward, opened his mouth wide, took a deep breath and closed his lips round the swollen heads of the cocks. His body shuddered, his head swam, but he was conscious only of the taste of the two hard globes in his mouth. He felt them swell, pulse, then heard the triumphant shouts above him as two steams of hot, creamy juice blasted against the back of his throat. He swallowed frantically, gulping down the gushing liquid, but it was too much.

Choking helplessly he jerked his head backward and his mouth came free. But the twin eruptions did not stop. Semen still blasted from the cocks, slamming into the architect's face with such force that it hurt his eyes and forehead. Rives of cum were pouring down his face, over his lips and chin, down onto his naked chest. He was drowning in the juices of these muscular black men, choking on the taste, the smell, dimly aware of their shouts of ecstasy as they emptied their cocks over the struggling, naked stud.

Lloyd was also aware that his own cock was shuddering, dripping cum. He had been so overwhelmed by the incredible fantasy of servicing two black men that he had not even been conscious of his own explosive orgasm, adding even more cum to the juices flowing down his body.

When their breathing subsided Zack and Darius took a step back and looked at the man roped to the chair, his face and shattered body streaming with sweat and semen. Zack grinned at Darius. "Look at him, kiddo. That's one for the fantasy file, no? The arrogant fucking architect, the guy who lusted for me, jacked off over my stinking shorts. Well, he wanted to feel me, and now he has."

"You and me both, sir," said Darius, transfixed by the sight of the humiliated stud.

"Well, Lloyd," Zack taunted him. "I said I'd teach you a lesson. And there you are hanging in your ropes, beaten, degraded, your body soaked in our cum. What d'ya say to that?"

Lloyd raised his exhausted face and gazed at the triumphant black bodybuilder with a look of abject submission. "Thank you, sir," he groaned. "Thank you."

"Time for a beer break, kiddo," said Zack, and they relaxed on the couch, ignoring the exhausted architect hanging forward in his ropes, as Darius talked excitedly. After a while Zack got to his feet and said, "OK, time to bring this movie to a close. Just one more act to play out. Let's get those ropes off you, Lloyd."

The word "movie" jolted Darius's attention. "Won't be a minute, sir," he said and ran from the room out to his truck. When he came back he was holding the digital camera Randy had given him some time back. Zack looked at it in surprise, then grinned at his boy.

"Jesus, kid. You don't quit do you?"

"Not if I can help it, sir."

"Well, I guess you've earned it," Zack laughed. "OK, guys, let's make a movie."

Darius raised the camcorder to his eye and shouted, "Aaand Action!"

The action was fast and furious and Darius managed to film the whole thing, even though he often had trouble keeping his hand steady. When it was finally over Darius took his camera to Zack's computer in another room.

Lloyd showered, dressed, and faced Zack uncertainly. After everything that had happened he expected the worst. There was a pause, then Zack's face broke into a dazzling smile and he held out his hand. As they shook hands Zack said, "You're a great guy, Lloyd. Hot too. Now that we've got all that shit out of the way I hope we understand each other."

"You mean I'm not fired?"

"Hell no. You're too good of an architect and besides, I like you, man. But a few ground rules. No more "sir", OK? We're business partners, working together. And one other thing. I know you've had a problem with Darius, but he's my boy and a great guy. You'll respect him as you respect me." He grinned. "And one day maybe I'll let him fuck you. That's something you won't forget all ten inches of it."

Zack reached down to the bed and picked up the old jock strap he had worn and the sweat-soaked tank top he always wore at the gym. He grinned as he held them out to Lloyd. "Here, keep them, Lloyd. They might come in handy."

Lloyd smiled. "You are an incredible guy, Zack. It will be an honor working with you."

Just then Darius came running back in. He too held out something for Lloyd, the disk he had been making on the computer. "Here, Lloyd a copy of the movie. Enjoy."

Darius ran back to the house across the street and for the rest of the day he, Pablo and Jamie burned with frustration. There was a lot going on in the house, but their one focus was the movie that Darius had brought back with him from Zack's house. Even allowing for Darius's tendency to exaggerate, it was evidently going to be a scorcher, the porn movie of all time, but they agreed that they should all three be together in private when they watched it for the first time.

As it turned out, they didn't get their chance to do that for some time. There were so many other things happening in the meantime that they would just have to wait

One of the happenings was the arrival of Bob's new car, the company car that came with his promotion as Senior Vice President of his financial services firm. "Can you give me a ride to the Mercedes dealership in the truck, buddy?" he asked Randy that evening. "I'm supposed to pick up the new car."

It turned out to be a top-of-the-line Mercedes sedan, sleek, gleaming black. "Hell," said Randy. "We'll leave the truck here come back for it later. I want to know how it feels to sit in a car this expensive."

There is a saying in Southern California that you are what you drive. Whether or not that is generally true, it certainly seemed to be the case with Bob as Randy looked over at him behind the wheel. He and his car were both stunningly handsome, great body, powerfully built, classy. Once again Randy wondered how he could ever have treated this man so badly, beating him into subservience.

And once again he was aware of the difference between them, a difference reflected in the cars they drove. Here was Bob in his elegant Mercedes, while Randy drove a truck, a mud-spattered work-horse, rugged, tough, but down-and-dirty rather than top-of-the-line. He admitted his insecurities to Bob as they lay in bed that night and Bob heaved a big sigh.

"Jesus, man, I wish you'd get over that. I love the tough, mud-covered truck and the construction worker who drives it. Don't you get it? I don't want sophistication..... the rugged muscle-stud lying next to me suits me just fine." He laughed. "The Executive Vice President and the King of the Gypsies a match made in heaven."

Randy couldn't help smiling. "Yeah, but we both know I'll never fit into your world, Bob."

Bob raised himself on his elbow and looked into Randy's eyes. "OK, asshole. That does it. I'm gonna show you my world, and I guarantee, you're gonna fit in just fine. We're not working tomorrow, so I'm gonna take you for a ride in my brand new car. But first we go shopping."

Randy smiled to himself. He liked the new assertive Bob. He would never let anyone else dictate to him like that, but Bob could get away with anything.

Right after breakfast the next morning Bob took Randy clothes shopping. When they came back and walked through the gate all the other men were sitting in the garden, and all the men did a double-take. "Wow," Mark said. "Who's the guy with you, Bob? Real elegant!"

They were both dressed up Bob in new blue jeans, dark blue blazer and white polo shirt. The "other guy" Mark had mentioned was Randy, looking like a stranger in beige slacks, open-neck blue dress shirt and a well-tailored brown sport coat.. The boots were gone, replaced by smart loafers. The face was still rugged, of course, square jaw covered in dark stubble, black hair tousled, but the new outfit gave him a whole new, unfamiliar look.

"OK, guys," Randy growled, "the first one of you who makes a crack gets my fist in his gut."

"No really, boss," Darius said. "You look terrific." Then he giggled. "Just don't let the construction crew get a look at you in that get-up," and he dodged away as Randy made a threatening move.

"Settle down, guys," Bob said. "Randy and I are going for a spin in my new car and we won't be back until tomorrow." He grinned. "Mark, if any of these boys misbehaves they'll answer to me."

"Is that a promise, sir?" Darius laughed, and once again dodged away from the raised hand.

Whenever Bob and Randy were in a car or truck it was always Randy who drove. It just seemed like the natural thing it was never questioned. But not this time. Leaning back in the soft leather passenger seat of the Mercedes Randy looked at his lover's handsome face concentrating on the road as he drove. Randy smiled with a mix of amusement, respect, and deep love for the glorious man who had suddenly taken charge. For the hundredth time Randy asked himself how he had come to mistreat Bob so badly.

As they sped south on the Santa Ana Freeway Randy asked, "So, buddy what is this? You kidnapping me or something?"

“Something like that,” Bob said with a mysterious smile.

“Taking me to some seedy motel where you can work me over like I did to you when we first met?”

“Well not exactly. Let’s just say I’m gonna show you my world. I’ve lived in yours for so long construction workers, grime and sweat, where every problem is settled with fists

“Hey, don’t remind me of that, man.”

“.....so I thought a touch of refinement was in order. Trust me, dude, I’m in charge now.”

Randy gazed at the chiseled profile and settled deeper into his seat. He was loving this, even though he felt weird in these fancy clothes. Maybe he did feel like a fish out of water, but he knew Bob would keep him afloat.

Bob took the Laguna Canyon Road exit and drove through the hills toward the beach. Then he turned left on Pacific Coast highway, heading further south. Finally he slowed down at Laguna Niguel. “This is it,” Bob said. “Refinement at its best.”

They drove along a perfectly manicured driveway and swept up to the grand entrance of the Ritz Carlton Hotel. Randy laughed. “Hell, man, you sure know how to treat a guy. You bring everyone here when you’re trying to impress them?”

“Business clients, sure,” Bob said. “But I’ve never brought a date before. This is a first.”

“Me too,” Randy said as the valets approached the car. “But of course, you know that.”

As they got out of the Mercedes they were quite a sight two stunningly beautiful men, well-dressed, confident to the point of arrogance. The staff of the luxury hotel were used to seeing the rich and beautiful but these two were a knockout. The valets swarmed them and a purring voice said, “Welcome to the Ritz Carlton, gentlemen. Allow me to take your bag.”

They followed the immaculate porter through the doors and as they strode over the marble floor of the lobby they were aware of heads turning in their direction. Bob looked sideways and smiled at Randy. “Welcome to my world, buddy. A step up from the seedy motel where we started out, eh?”

They received an effusive welcome at reception and were taken up to their ocean-front room on the concierge floor. The bellman flashed a smile at them and was gone. As the door closed behind him the two men turned and gazed at each other.

“So what now, boss?” Randy asked.

“Well I was thinking

“Oh, shit,” Randy grinned.

“..... I was thinking. This may be the Ritz, not the Roach Motel, but when you get right down to it there’s not that much of a difference. It’s still you and me, just two guys. Only difference this time is that I’m in charge. In the motel, as I recall, I called you ‘sir’ and you fucked my ass raw. But now wellI’m in charge.”

He pushed Randy lightly on the chest and he fell backward onto the bed. Bob looked down at him. “I often imagined what I would do if ever I rented a trick and brought him to a fancy place like this. And I got it all figured out. First I’d take off his shoes.” Bob pulled off Randy’s loafers and flung them aside. “Then the slacks.” As Randy propped himself on his elbows and looked up with amusement Bob unbuckled Randy’s belt, then pulled at the slacks and slid them off.

“And last, the shorts.” He pulled them down easily and Randy was left wearing his dress shirt, sport jacket and his socks.

“Then what,” he grinned.

“Hey, I figure since I’m spending so much money on my trick I should get something in return starting with his ass.”

Bob left all his clothes on, but ripped his fly buttons open and pulled out his rigid cock. He reached down, grabbed Randy’s ankles and pushed them high in the air. He dropped to his knees on the bed and gazed into Randy’s pale blue eyes. “As I recall, in the motel you whipped me and made me beg you to fuck me. But this is the Ritz after all. Here we’re more subtle. So tell me, stud, do you want it?”

Randy was consumed with lust for this gorgeous man. “Yes, sir. Oh, yeah! Please, sir.”

“Please, sir, what, sir?”

“Please, Bob, fuck my ass. I don’t deserve you, man. But God I love you.”

“That’s all I wanted to hear, buddy.”

Bob moved forward, pressed his cock against Randy’s hole and slowly, gently, slid it into his ass, gliding past the warm velvet lining and coming to rest deep inside his body. Their eyes met and now, more intensely than ever in the past, that transcendent look passed between

them. Each one saw himself reflected in the other's eyes and they became one, joined physically, spiritually, everlastingly. They smiled as once again each man recognized his soul mate.

Bob began the slow, rhythmic movement of his hips, and while he fucked his lover's ass their eyes made love to each other. Here they were, wrapped in luxury, still wearing their elegant clothes, but they might just as well have been wearing sweaty T-shirts back in the shabby motel. Their love was the same wherever they were. It had survived time, place, pain and conflict, and it was as if they were making love for the first time.

Eventually they felt their climax approaching but they knew it would not be the end. There would be no end. There was no sound but for their heavy breathing as they felt their cum pulse upward and out through their cocks. Randy felt his lover's semen flowing deep in his ass and saw his own hot juice blast all over the front of his expensive shirt.

They both looked down at the cum-soaked shirt and began to laugh. Luxury and fine clothes were all very well, but a great fuck beat everything. Bob fell on top of his lover and held him as their laughter mounted. When he caught his breath he said, "I don't know what we're gonna do for dinner, man. The dining room downstairs is pretty damn fancy. I think there's a sign 'We regret we are unable to serve semen-covered guests'."

And they laughed like kids at a party.

In the late afternoon they went down to the pool for a swim. Stripped down to their swim-shorts they caused quite a stir, and one of the heads that turned and stared at them was the pool-boy's. As Randy and Bob lay on their chaises Bob said, "Hmm, do you see what I see?"

"Now that's what I call eye-candy," Randy said, gazing at the tall, dark stud, dressed in the hotel's regulation white pants and T-shirt. His look was Italian, dark features, blue eyes and what was evidently a tightly muscular body under his close-fitting T-shirt. Randy grunted, "You know they hired him for his looks."

The young man walked over to them and asked if he could bring them something to drink, but they declined. As he walked away Randy said, "Hmm, I suspect that a drink wasn't the only thing he was offering."

Dinner time came and fortunately the guys had brought a change of shirt with them so cum stains were not an issue in the dining room. Afterwards they sat on the terrace with drinks. The hotel was situated on a cliff top so they had a magnificent view as the sun set below the horizon.

The ocean was so enticing that Randy said, "You wanna go for a swim in the sea?" They went to their room, changed into swim shorts and T-shirts and went back down, past the pool to the gate that led out onto the cliffs. The pool boy was at the gate stowing the beach furniture in a shed for the night. "Enjoy your swim, gentlemen" he said, and followed them with his eyes as they walked down the winding path to the beach.

As they walked along the deserted beach in the twilight the guys didn't touch each other. There was something in the air, a muted sense that there was still something to come, something they needed to make their trip complete. Bob especially was acutely aware of the rugged man walking beside him, and his thoughts went back to when they first met, to their intense experience in the motel.

Randy sensed that something was up with his lover and he knew just what it was. Suddenly he pointed over to the rocks at the foot of the cliff. "Over there," he said abruptly.

Bob was startled by the harsh change of tone in his voice and, unaccountably, felt his dick getting hard. They walked to the rocks, to a post that held a sign warning against climbing on the cliffs. There was no one else in sight, the twilight had become night, and the moon was rising higher.

"On your back," Randy growled. Bob obeyed instantly and fell on his back on the sand, his head against the post. Things moved too quickly for Bob to really understand what was happening. Randy knelt over Bob's chest and stripped off his own T-shirt. He twisted it, pulled Bob's arms up and around the pole, and expertly tied his wrists tight. Instinctively Bob pulled on his restraints but realized that he was bound tight, at Randy's mercy.

Randy said nothing, turned round, jogged down to the water and dived in. Bob watched him swim out to sea and disappear. All alone now, he sighed deeply. His cock was now rock hard, and he realized that this was what he had longed for. His mind again flew back to the bondage and pain he had endured long ago in the old motel. It was why, even when he had been free to leave, he had gone back he couldn't stay away from the man.

And now here he was, tied up, waiting for his man to come back and do whatever he wanted to do to him. There was no man in the world like Randy. Bob loved his strength, his power, his ability to dominate. Sure, he, Bob, was a proud, successful man, subservient to no one except to Randy willingly subservient. He looked over the moonlit beach, straining for a sight of his lover.

And then he saw him, striding out of the waves and up the beach toward him. His glorious body streamed with water, muscles flexed hard after the exertion of his swim, and his eyes fixed Bob in a hypnotic stare. He stood towering over him, chest heaving with deep breaths.

"You need this, man, you know that?"

“Yes, sir,” Bob said. “You know I do.”

“I’ve always known it. You’re in my world now, man. Welcome to my world.” He gazed down at the helpless man. “OK, asshole. Tell me what you want.”

“I want you to fuck me, sir. I want to feel my master’s dick in my ass.”

“You got it, man.”

Randy reached forward and pulled Bob’s shorts down. He grabbed the T-shirt and ripped it clean off his body. Then he fell to his knees, pushed Bob’s legs over his shoulders and moved forward. This was not the gentle love-making of the bedroom. This was not the easing of a cock into a waiting ass. This was a savage fuck. This was one beautiful man overpowering another in the ultimate expression of dominance fucking his ass raw.

There was no foreplay. Randy simply rammed his dick into the bound man’s ass and watched with satisfaction as the handsome face flew from side to side, the body shuddering as it was brutally pounded. Randy was like a wild animal and Bob gazed with awe into his blazing eyes. Instinctively he pulled at his restraints to get free but knew that he was at the muscle-stud’s mercy. He knew from the past that once he had submitted to the man’s force there was no turning back, no plea for mercy. He took whatever Randy dished out.

Despite the pain in his ass Bob felt ecstatic, alive, complete. This is where he wanted to be, always always with this glorious, savage man. As the pounding continued he felt the cock become a piston inside him and heard the deep voice.

“You mother-fucker. This is what you needed, man, this is what you always need. You know I’m the best, man. Tell me, who’s your master?”

“You are, sir. Always always.”

“You wanna feel your master’s juice in you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“OK. When I order you to cum, you shoot your load.”

“Yes, sir.” Bob felt the surge in Randy’s cock, saw the eyes flash and watched the rugged face jerk backward.

“Now!” Randy yelled to the sky, and Bob’s cock exploded as he felt his master empty his load deep inside his ass. Their bodies shook, chests heaving with rasping breaths. As their cocks drained they gazed at each other in a trance. Then suddenly it was over. Randy pulled out of Bob’s ass, leaned forward and untied his wrists. He sprang to his feet, reached down to grab

his wrist and pulled him to his feet. They fell into each other's arms, wrapped in a tight bear hug.

"God, I can't get enough of you," Randy breathed in Bob's ear. "Anytime you want that, man, you don't have to say a word. I'll know."

"Anytime?"

"As often as you like, buddy."

They were shirtless now as they climbed up the cliff path, and when they reached the top the pool-boy was still standing at the gate to the hotel. He grinned at them and said in a thick Italian accent, "You gentlemen look as if you had a good time.

"The best," Bob smiled. "You're working late."

"Actually, sir, I got off duty half an hour ago. I just waited here to make sure you got back safely."

"Off you go, then. You've probably got a hot date waiting for you."

"Actually no, sir. I'm free tonight."

Randy seized the bait. "Care to stop by our room for a drink?"

The dark face broke into a dazzling smile. "I'd love to, sir. I know your room number. I checked."

And so it was that half an hour later there was a knock at their door and the young Italian came in pushing a drinks cart. The smile dazzled again as he said, "My name is Mario, sir. I brought this from room service. It's on the house."

"Yeah?" Randy smiled. "What else is on the house?"

Mario stood in front of them and, still smiling, pulled off his T-shirt.

"Jesus," Randy said. "This day just won't quit."

Bob laughed. "Not if I can help it."

It was the afternoon of the next day and Jamie and Pablo were on tenterhooks. Randy and Bob were still away, Mark was still at work so they had the house to themselves. Darius was working with Zack across the street and they were waiting impatiently for him to come back so they could finally watch the movie Darius had made of Zack and Lloyd.

At last Darius came running in. "OK, upstairs, guys. This is it the time has come." They all ran upstairs and Darius rummaged around in a drawer. He pulled out a disk and inserted it into the DVD player. The movie had just flickered into life when they heard the sound of a car starting up outside.

"Shit," said Darius, snapping off the TV. "Someone's coming."

"No, said Pablo. "Someone's going. Someone started one of the cars. Come on dudes!"

They jostled each other as they rushed down the stairs, across the lawn and out through the gate, just in time to see Bob's SUV pulling away. "They're stealing the car!" Jamie yelled and they all took off after it. The driver obviously panicked and only got a hundred yards up the hill when he swerved and the car spun across the road and stalled in a ditch.

The three boys caught up with the car quickly, opened the doors and pulled the stunned driver and passenger out. In the blur of angry reflexes they didn't get a good look at the guys, just enough to know they were young males. Pablo grabbed one, Darius the other and half dragged them down the hill and pushed them through the gate of the house.

"Let's teach them a lesson, dude," Pablo shouted to Darius. "Bring them to the tree hey Jamie, get that rope over there."

The two victims put up little resistance and after a short burst of frenzied action they were tied to the tree, one facing Darius, the other Pablo. Pablo's notorious anger impulses ruled the scene as he yelled, "OK, dude, let's show them who's boss around here." He punched his guy in the stomach and Darius slapped the other boy's face."

Jamie stood on the sidelines in confusion. "Hey, dudes, don't you think we should let Mark deal with this? He'll be home any minute. He'll know what to do."

"Bullshit," Pablo yelled. "We can take care of assholes like this." He pulled the belt from his jeans and swiped it across the young guy's chest. By now the victims were sobbing with fear and the pain of the onslaught. But Pablo and Darius didn't let up, fueled by their rush of anger.

"Hey, go easy, you guys," Jamie persisted. "Let's just wait and turn them over to Mark."

But Pablo and Darius were not listening. The howls from the victims increased as the guys laid into them. The action was so intense, so loud, that nobody heard the Mercedes pulling up

outside, nobody heard the gate opening but they all heard the deep voice bellow, "STOP." Randy and Bob were back, and they stood in amazement, trying to take in the scene.

"What the fuck's going on?" Randy yelled. "Who the hell are these guys?"

The three boys all talked at once. "These jerk-offs were stealing Bob's SUV we caught up with them we're teaching them a lesson" Jamie cut in, "I thought we should wait for Mark" "Nah, we can handle pricks like these two"

"OK, that's enough!" Randy's commanding voice brought silence, except for the muffled sobbing of the guys tied to the tree. In an attempt to calm things down Bob said in a softer tone, "Pablo, Darius, come away from there. Jamie, go untie those two.

In less than a minute the small group stood looking as the two young guys tried to recover, rubbing their chafed wrists, wiping their eyes. They turned to face their captors and stood together, heads bowed. Now that the action was over everyone got a good look at them for the first time. They were young, both around twenty, both scruffily dressed, same height, same slim build, same light brown hair.

Then slowly, they raised their heads and looked up with fear in their eyes. The group gazed at them in amazement.

They were identical twins.

#

Chapter 84 – Lessons in Manhood

There was a stunned silence, then Bob addressed the twins. "Is it true?" he asked. "Were you stealing the SUV?"

"Yeah," one of them said nervously.

"Why?" Bob asked calmly. "Were you joyriding?"

They hesitated and did not reply.

"You heard the man," Randy shouted, clenching his fists. "Why did you take the fucking car?"

Startled by the ferocity of this menacing man one blurted out, "To live in."

"What?" Randy snapped.

“To live in,” said the other boy. “We had nowhere to live and we saw the SUV and thought we could live in that. So we took it.”

His brother added quietly. “Lots of homeless people live in their cars we’ve seen them. But we didn’t have a car.”

Again there was a silence as their surprising answer sank in, but before anyone could speak the gate opened and Mark came in. He was home from work, still in his police uniform, and he stopped in his tracks gazing at the odd tableau. “What the hell’s going on here?” he asked.

The twins were startled by the sudden appearance of a cop and one said, “Oh shit, now we’re really fucked.”

Randy’s anger was building and he jabbed his finger at them. “No, asshole,” he shouted. “You fucked yourselves the minute you broke into the car.”

Bob quietly explained to Mark what had happened and he frowned, disturbed by the attempted theft and by their boys’ violent reaction to it. He walked over to face the twins. “You confessed to the gentleman here that you were stealing his car?”

“Yeah.”

“OK,” Mark said matter-of-factly. He quickly handcuffed their hands behind their backs and pulled their wallets from their back pockets. “On the ground.” Clumsily and with some difficulty they sat on the ground and hung their heads.

Mark opened the wallets and said to Bob and Randy, “I’m gonna run a make on them. They won’t make a move, but keep your eye on them anyway.” He walked some distance away and pulled out his cell phone.

“Jesus, what’s going on?” The voice was Zack’s. He had finally heard the commotion from across the street. Bob once again explained what was going on and the three men faced the boys.

“Why the fuck did you beat up on these guys like that?” Randy asked.

Pablo stepped forward. “I take responsibility, sir. It was my decision. I thought what you would have done taught them a lesson and I did the same. It’s what you trained me to do, sir.”

Bob looked over at Randy and rolled his eyes. There was some truth in what the boy said. Pablo continued his explanation.

“Darius was just following what I did, but Jamie said we should have waited for Mark to come and take charge. So I’m responsible, sir. I wanted you to be proud of me, so we tied them up and whipped them good.”

Pablo faced his master with pride, though the look on Randy’s face was starting to give him second thoughts. Randy took a deep breath and said quietly, “We have to talk, kid after all this has been settled. For now, don’t move any of you.”

Mark came back and the four men discussed the situation. “They’re clean,” Mark said. “No priors, never been in trouble with the law. There’s not much in their wallets, no money, no credit cards. But I’ll have to run them in. It was attempted grand theft auto.”

Bob sighed heavily and they all looked at him expectantly. “Mark

” He chose his words carefully. “What sentence do you reckon they’ll get from the court?”

“Hmm first offence, they admit guilt, and they didn’t get more than a few yards. They’re young. So no jail time. They’ll most likely get probation and community service.

Randy looked at Bob. He knew him well. “What’s on your mind, buddy?”

Bob sighed again. “Just look at them. Jesus, stealing a car to live in! Poor kids. I hate for them to get stuck in the criminal justice system.” There was another silence and again Bob spoke carefully. “Mark, what are the chances you could turn them over to me, let me put them on probation let me give them community service?” He grinned uncertainly. “We are a community here, after all, and we sure need service around the house.”

“Shit, man, you can’t be serious,” Randy growled. “That’s all we need, two asshole felons running around here. No can do, right Mark?”

Mark ignored Randy and smiled at Bob. “Jesus, man, what are you a one-man Salvation Army?” I remember you pulled the same stunt when Jamie first showed up and tried to beat up Pablo. You persuaded me to let him off, too.”

“Yeah and look how that turned out,” Bob grinned, looking over at Mark’s boy.

“Shit, you sure know what buttons to press, buddy.” Mark weighed up the situation. “OK, it’s very irregular, and I know you don’t like the idea Randy, but let’s give it a try. I’ll release them to your care Bob, with a warning. I just hope you know what you’re doing. And at the first sign of trouble, the deal’s off, OK?”

“OK, officer,” Bob smiled. “Thanks man.” A look passed between them of respect, affection and a lot more besides.

Mark walked over to the twins and pulled them to their feet. "OK, you guys, it's your lucky day. The gentleman here has offered to take charge of you. So I'm releasing you into his custody on a trial basis. You try anything, anything at all, and I'll throw your asses in jail so fast your heads will spin. Just so you know, there are six guys living here. I live upstairs, the boys live next door and these gentlemen live in the main house. So you'd be crazy to pull any stunts. Now, what do you have to say to the gentleman?"

The twins looked at Bob and muttered reluctantly, "Thanks."

"No, let's try that again," Mark said forcefully.

They looked up at the uniformed cop in fear, then turned back to Bob and said loudly and in unison, "Thank you, sir."

Mark uncuffed them and looked at the IDs in their wallets. "Which one of you is Kyle?"

"Me, sir." Mark looked at the other boy, "So you must be Kevin. OK here are your wallets."

"So that's it," said Bob. "Kyle and Kevin it is."

From then on Bob took in charge. "OK, Pablo, Darius, you ripped the clothes these guys were wearing so I want you to find two spare pairs of shorts and T-shirts for them. I'll take them down to the basement and they can shower there. When did you last eat, you two?"

They looked at each other and Kyle said, "We had a bag of chips this morning."

"Jesus," Bob groaned. "OK, when you're clean and dressed I'll take you to the kitchen."

As they all dispersed Mark said to Jamie, "Come upstairs with me, boy."

In their bedroom Jamie faced the uniformed cop uncertainly. He knew he had been part of the group that roughed up the twins and was scared he'd be guilty by association. But he relaxed when he saw Mark smile at him.

"It's OK, kiddo. I know what went on and I know you urged the boys to lay off and wait for me. Your instincts were right, you did the right thing. But why didn't you call 911 right away?"

"Well, sir. We didn't know why the two guys did what they did and I know what it's like once you get arrested. I had a feeling they'd get treated better if you dealt with them."

"Right again, Jamie." Mark smiled. "You're one smart kid, and I love the hell out of you."

He ruffled Jamie's hair, but then pulled back and frowned. "Trouble is, you were one of the group so I have to punish you." He rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "You know, I once saw a cop arrest a boy like you, and how do you think he dealt with him?"

"Don't know, sir."

"He cuffed the boy, made him get on his knees, pull out the cop's dick and give him a blow job. Then he had to drink the cop's cum all the way down. You think that punishment would fit the crime here?"

"Absolutely, sir," Jamie grinned, gazing at the Nordic, chiseled features of the spectacular cop, his master.

"Hands behind your back, boy." Mark quickly handcuffed Jamie, and the boy fell on his knees. With his hands cuffed behind him there was only one thing he could do. He leaned forward and pressed his face against the rough serge of the cop's pants. He managed to get his teeth on the zip and, with some difficulty, jerked it down. With his mouth he pulled the fly open, then buried his face in the crotch, feeling the shape of the rock-hard dick through the cotton of the white shorts.

He pushed his tongue in the opening of the shorts and curled it around the thick cock, pulling it until it sprang out rigid. Jamie looked up at his master's gorgeous face and said, "Now, sir?"

Mark clamped his hand behind Jamie's head and said, "Yeah, boy. Take your punishment like a man." He pulled the face forward onto his cock and the steel rod penetrated the young mouth, all the way to the back of his throat. Jamie choked and instinctively tried to free his hands, but he was tightly cuffed, his face pinioned on the long shaft. He was at the cop's mercy.

Mark sighed with relief as he felt the pressures of his day dissolve in the glorious sensation of his cock in his boy's mouth. He looked down at the blonde young stud and gloried in the knowledge that this handsome face was his to fuck as he wanted. He felt intense love, but he was also aware of his power to dominate and protect the boy at the same time.

And so the god-like cop began to fuck his boy in the face. He really needed this and, grabbing Jamie's tousled hair, pulled the face back then down once more onto his rigid cock. The sight of the boy and the incredible sensation in his groin made his strength surge; his whole body flexed and he lost all restraint as he pounded the beautiful mouth. He heard the boy gag, saw tears streaming down his face as he struggled to service his master.

Jamie's head was held between the cop's hands in a vise-like grip and his throat was becoming raw as he felt the head of the cock slam deep inside him, again and again. But he clenched his throat muscles tight round the cock, knowing the pleasure that gave to his master. The pounding seemed endless and he was not sure if he would last much longer when suddenly the

cock pulled all the way out. He looked up in surprise at his master, at the wild blue eyes shining down on him.

“You ready to drink your master’s juice? You wanna taste the cum of a stud cop, boy?”

“Yes please, sir

Jamie began, but his voice was stifled by the huge piston penetrating his mouth one last time, filling it, slamming against his throat and erupting in a flood of thick, sweet juice. Jamie felt like an electric charge had shot through him, his body jolted and he felt the explosion in his shorts as they filled with the juice of his own orgasm. He swallowed frantically, gulping down every last drop of the police officer’s cum.

His eyes were closed, his body heaving as he breathed deeply through his nose. He was trembling in a world of fantasy so exciting that it scared him. Suddenly he felt the cock pull out of his mouth, felt strong hands under his arms pulling him to his feet. Still dizzy, he opened his eyes and saw the smiling blue eyes of his master.

“It’s not over yet, boy. You know how I am when I’ve been riding that motorcycle all day. You know what always happens to you?”

“I get my ass fucked, sir,” said Jamie.

“Damn right, kid. OK, you know what to do.” As soon as Mark took off the handcuffs Jamie stripped naked.

What came next was the daily ritual that Jamie always looked forward to undressing the uniformed cop. He raised his hands and slowly unbuttoned the black shirt, exposing the white T-shirt stretched over the cop’s chest. He pulled the shirt off and hung it neatly round a clothes hanger. He ran his hands over the expanse of the T-shirt, feeling the muscles of the hard pecs underneath. He knew just how to run his fingers lightly over the nipples in a way that caused Mark to take a sharp intake of breath.

Next Jamie pulled the bottom of the T-shirt clear of the pants waistband. He pushed it up the sides, feeling the slim waist, then the flare of the lats until he was able to pull the shirt over the shoulders, over the head, and clear. Carefully he folded the T-shirt and placed it on the dresser. The cop was now stripped to the waist and Jamie stared at him, as awestruck as he had been the very first day he saw his glorious body.

Mark flung himself into an armchair and Jamie turned his back to him, astride one of his legs. He picked up the shiny boot, pressed it under his crotch, and felt his master’s other boot press against his ass as he pulled the boot free. The move was repeated on the other leg, and then Mark stood up.

Jamie carefully removed the heavy belt, with all its cop paraphernalia, and laid it on a chair. He put his hands round the slim waist, unbuttoned the waistband and pushed the pants to the

floor, followed by the cotton shorts. Mark stepped out of them and stood naked, his cock hard again, even though he had so recently cum in Jamie's mouth. He watched as Jamie picked the pants up, folded them neatly and hung them on the same hanger as the shirt. He picked up the shorts and, with a grin at Mark, held them to his own face and breathed in deeply.

Mark walked up to him and hugged him in a tight bearhug. "You're the best, kid. You deserve a reward. What's it to be?"

"Sir, I want my master to fuck my ass. It belongs to you, sir."

"Damn right it does," Mark smiled and pushed Jamie backwards onto the bed. "I only just shot my load in your mouth, kid, so this is gonna take a long, long time."

And that was just fine with Jamie.

Downstairs in the kitchen there was a confrontation of a different kind. Before he talked to the twins about the future Bob let them put together a meal for themselves, using anything they wanted from the fridge. It was their first test, and Bob was in for a surprise. Instead of making a rough sandwich and stuffing it into their hungry mouths they actually cooked a simple, very nutritious meal a cheese and mushroom omelet, warm spinach and smoked salmon.

"Very impressive," Bob said. "Where did you learn to do that?"

"We worked in a restaurant for a while," said one of them. "Learned a lot about food cooking and serving what's good for you and what's not." They sat at the table across from Bob and ate hungrily. It was obviously their first proper meal in a while.

They had showered and dressed in the shorts and T-shirts Pablo and Darius had provided. Now that they had cleaned up and looked a bit less tense Bob got a good look at them as they ate. He had to admit that they were very handsome young men, with their angular faces, light brown hair and eyes and sexy mouths. They were thin, no doubt undernourished, but well-proportioned, with what's usually described as swimmers' bodies. Decent food and a few sessions with Randy in the gym and they'd look really good, Bob thought.

When they had finished eating they looked nervously at Bob, waiting to hear their fate. Bob took a deep breath. "OK, first things first. You say your names are Kyle and Kevin, but how do I tell you apart?"

They glanced at each other, shared a private smile, and spoke in tandem. "I'm the one with the looks....." "... and I'm the one with the brains." As they smiled shyly at each other Bob's heart melted a little. Then they were serious again as Kevin said, "Kyle has a birthmark on his neck see, there."

“Age?”

“Nineteen,” they said together.

“Right, now before we begin, a few ground rules. You will call me “sir” at all times. If it comes to that you will address everyone in the house as “sir”, including the boys you met first. And you will never, ever, lie to me. Is that clear?”

They gazed at Bob’s stern but beautiful face and said softly, in unison, “Yes, sir.”

“OK, two good-looking, apparently intelligent guys like you, nineteen, everything to live for how the hell did you get into this state hungry and homeless? Where are your parents?”

“Dunno,” Kyle said and again they spoke in tandem, completing each other’s sentences. “They threw us out” “When we were fifteen.....” “They said we were getting too close to each other.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

They paused uneasily. Then Kyle seemed to pluck up courage. “The thing is, sir, Kevin and me we’ve always been close, ever since we were kids. All we’ve ever had is each other. The welfare wanted to put us in foster care but they would have split us up so we ran away. At school we kept to ourselves, so the other kids beat us up and we dropped out of school. When we were older we thought of going into the marines, but they would have split us up too. See, we don’t care what happens to us just as long as we can be together.”

“What about the restaurant?”

This time Kevin explained. “That was a good job until”

Bob’s voice was soft and persuasive as he said, “Guys, you have to tell me everything.”

Kevin cleared his throat. “The owner wanted well he wanted Kyle and me to have sex with each other in front of him while he watched “ Kyle picked up the story. “That’s happened to us before, sir even our dad. Anyway, we got out of the restaurant fast.”

“And since then?”

“Well, basically we’ve hustled. Seems that the only thing people want from us is sex, so that’s how we made money men, women, three-ways didn’t seem to matter. Just as long as we could be together. But for a long time now we’ve never had anywhere to live.” He hung his head. “That’s why we tried to steal your car, sir. We’re very sorry about that, sir, by the way.”

Bob stood up and paced the room with his back to the twins. His mind was racing, he was angry and there were tears in his eyes. Then he turned to face them. "OK. I have to speak to the other men in this house to see what we can do for you. But one thing I can promise you is that whatever happens you will be able to stay together."

"Thank you, sir," Kyle said. "Now I suppose that in return you'll want us to suck your cock or have sex with each other so you can watch."

Bob slammed his hand on the table and they jerked back, startled. "No, god dammit! Look, the other thing I promise you is that in this house nobody will ever make you have sex, with each other or anyone else. You will never do that again for money as long as you're here. Is that good and clear?"

"Yes, sir," the twins said in unison.

"OK, we'll talk more later. In the meantime I've got a job for you. There are six men living here, plus the big black guy who lives across the street, so there will be seven of us for dinner. And I want you to cook it. There's a ton of food here and everything you need to prepare a meal. You say you enjoyed working in the restaurant, and I saw what you cooked for yourself, so let's see what you can do. Healthy food and plenty of it. You up for that?"

They looked enthusiastic for the first time that day. "Sure, sir. Provided we can both do it together."

Bob smiled at them for the first time. "Is there any other way with you guys?"

Bob left the twins in the kitchen and had a talk with Randy and Mark to clear a few things. Then he called a meeting of the whole group out in the garden, Zack included. There was a mix of emotions and opinions among them, and some resistance, but Bob knew how to win them over.

"OK quiet down. The first thing I have to tell you is that you three boys don't have to cook or serve dinner this evening. It's being done for us." He knew that his words would bring lusty cheers and they did. "And if you all agree to my plan, that's the way it will always be. You boys all have full-time jobs now with the company so, with any luck your servant days are behind you."

Bob related his conversation with the twins, their history and concerns, and he suggested that they be given a tryout in the house. "We said recently that we would look for live-in help to do all the cooking and household chores. Well maybe that help just fell into our lap."

"Or just tried to steal our car," Randy growled.

“Why should we give them a chance after what they did?” Pablo said.

Bob’s eyes flashed. “As I recall, Pablo, before you came here you had been shunted from one foster home to another, then abused by the Baxter family, and Randy made this house a sanctuary for you. And you, Darius, were homeless, living rough, when you showed up on our doorstep and were taken in. You, Jamie, were one of the homeless skinheads who attacked Pablo, but Mark agreed not to arrest you and the rest is history,” he said, grinning at Mark.

Bob paused and let the impact of his words sink in. Then he moved in for the kill. “I’ve been talking to Randy, Mark and Zack and we all agree that you boys need to take a step up in the world. So you will be in immediate charge of the twins their masters if you like. It’s time you learned how to treat boys of your own and I don’t mean with your fists.” He looked meaningfully at Pablo who blushed.

“By the way, we have also mentioned that you will need an assistant in the office, Jamie, and you, Pablo, with the vehicle maintenance, but we’ll leave that alone for a while and just see where all this leads. But first things first and the first thing is dinner. Let’s go in and see if my little gamble has paid off.

As the guys crowded into the house they looked in astonishment at the meal table. The twins’ restaurant training had obviously been thorough a beautifully set table, cloth napkins instead of the usual paper, silverware properly arranged, glasses for water, wine or beer. There was a huge bowl of salad in the middle of the table that looked like a meal in itself. And best of all a smell coming from the oven that made their mouths water.

Randy put his arm over Bob’s shoulder and smiled at him. “You son-of-a-bitch. Looks like your ‘little gamble’, as you call it, is paying off big time. You are one hell of a guy. Not often you meet a gorgeous muscle-god who doubles as a saint. All you need now is someone to keep you in line.”

Bob grinned. “I’ve already got someone talking of muscle-gods

After dinner Bob stayed with the twins to supervise the cleanup while the others paired off. Mark and Jamie went up to their room. Zack said to Darius, “We have to talk,” and took him across the street to his house. Randy looked at Pablo and said, “We need to talk too my room upstairs now.”

In the bedroom Randy threw himself into an armchair and gazed up at his boy standing uncertainly before him, almost at attention. It was Pablo who spoke first. “Sir, did I mess up or something? Like what I did to those guys.”

“Tell me something, did they resist threaten you or something?”

"No, sir. But they tried to steal Bob's car so I had to punish them. You would have punished them, sir. And I got real angry."

"Ah anger," Randy smiled ruefully. "Yeah, anger's been a buddy of mine ever since I can remember."

"Sir," Pablo persisted, starting to get emotional. "Everything I do is to make you proud of me. I try to copy you, do what you would do." Tears filled his eyes. "You're my hero, sir."

"Yeah," Randy sighed. "A hero with clay feet. Kid, I'm sure you've heard how I beat up Bob recently when he had sex with Steve. Bob was not resisting or attacking, and yet I used my fists and a whip. Well, that was my anger talking and I was wrong, dead wrong. It's something I'll regret 'til the day I die. So if I gave you reason to think you should beat up on those twins, I was wrong there too."

"But sir," Pablo said, "I wanted to show you I can be tough a real man."

"Jesus," Randy sighed and tried a different approach. "Tell me kiddo, do you think Bob is a real man?"

Pablo was surprised by the question. "Of course, sir."

"Have you ever seen him be violent?"

"No, sir."

"Then how is he a real man?"

"Oh, Bob is real strong inside, kind of. He knows what he's doing, real confident, super smart. And he's good to people like he was with the twins with all of us boys actually. Everyone here respects and loves him. Oh, yeah, Bob's a real macho guy." He grinned. "Quite apart from being totally gorgeous."

Randy gazed at his boy. "Kiddo, if you had any confusion or doubts when you came in here you've just answered them yourself. See there are lots of ways to be strong, to dominate another guy, without using your fists."

"There are?"

Randy stood up and said, "Take your clothes off, boy." The two men quickly stripped naked. "OK, here we are, naked, no weapons, no whips. How would you try to dominate a guy like me?"

“With my fists, sir. You know my double forearm smash is pretty damn

“Forget the forearm smash,” Randy interrupted. He dropped down onto the bed and lay on his back. “Now if this were you lying here, how do you think I could dominate you?”

“That’s easy, sir. You’d fuck my ass good.” There was a silence as Randy smiled up at his boy and raised an eyebrow. Pablo frowned then light dawned. “Sir, you don’t meanno like me sir? Like, I should

His words trailed off and Randy said, “You wanted to prove to me that you’re a real man. Think you’re man enough for this? Man enough to dominate me?”

Pablo felt his cock surge and it stood out stiff as a poker. He felt a burst of adrenaline flood his body. It was a surge of testosterone, as his masculinity was challenged and he felt his young body pump and flex as he rose to the challenge. Randy watched him grow before his eyes.

“Sure, I’m man enough,” Pablo growled. “I don’t need my fists to dominate you. Watch this.”

He fell on his knees and hooked Randy’s legs over his shoulders. But it was not Randy he saw any more, not his master, his adoptive father. Lying before him was a big, rugged, masculine bodybuilder, a muscle god, and he, Pablo was going to overpower him. Sure, he was man enough.

“You’re beautiful,” he breathed. “Real macho, a real stud. And I’m gonna take you, man. I’m gonna fuck your ass.”

Just as Randy would have done, Pablo pressed his cock against the man’s ass and without hesitation plunged it deep inside, watching with satisfaction as the handsome, stubbled face flew backward with the sudden shock of the penetrating pain. His eyes opened wide and he stared up at the beautiful young boy tensed over him. Instinctively he raised his hands to push the boy away to relieve the pain, but Pablo was fast and pinned Randy’s wrists to the bed above his head.

“No, you don’t,” he said. “You’re mine, now. This is what it feels like to be fucked by a real man.”

Pinned to the bed Randy was surprised by the strength and power of the boy. He watched the muscular young body rise up, then slam down on him, his stiff rod thrusting deep inside him. Randy had intended this be all about the boy, but now he found himself struggling against an onslaught that shocked him in its ferocity. The boy really was strong and intent on demonstrating that strength.

Again and again Randy felt his boy’s cock piston in and out of his ass, bruising his gut as it slammed against his inner sphincter, then over it. He gasped with pain and the

unaccustomed sense of subservience as his body, his ass, were overpowered by the force of muscular youth. As Pablo watched the naked construction worker writhe and flex his strength redoubled and his cock became a jackhammer.

“Yeah, man. Feel your boy’s cock in your ass. Now you know I’m a man. You know I can take you. But here’s something you weren’t ready for.”

And suddenly he stopped, with his cock deep inside his master. He pulled back slowly and very gently eased his cock back inside, sliding past the smooth velvet of the ass and coming to rest deep inside. And so he began gently massaging Randy’s ass, gazing into his eyes. The contrast from the savage fuck took Randy’s breath away and he looked up at a face that was no longer wild. It was gentle now, loving, as the deep brown eyes smiled down at him.

The boy was making love to his master. “You were right, sir. This is the best way to dominate a man. I know how you feel. And I can make you beg like this. Just like this.”

Randy was in an ecstasy that he had not felt before the absolute joy of being fucked tenderly by his boy. He breathed deeply and fell in love all over again with the beautiful young man stroking his ass and blowing his mind.

“God, I love you, Pablo. Your cock feels incredible in me. Please, kiddo, let me feel your juice in my ass. Please, I want you to cum.” Pablo smiled but there was no other reaction. He just kept caressing his master’s ass with his dick. “OK, you want me to beg? I’m begging you Pablo. You’re the man. You win. Please cum inside my ass.”

“Will you cum too without touching yourself?”

“Oh, yeah. You’re doing it right now. You’re making me shoot, kid. Please cum, man. I beg you! Aaaah!”

Their shouts and their orgasms were simultaneous as Randy’s cock erupted and rivers of cum streamed over his powerful chest. Pablo’s body shook as he poured his own hot juice inside the waiting ass of his master. Their eyes met and they smiled at each other, with a newfound love and respect. It was a while before their orgasms abated and their bodies became still.

Pablo breathed, “I see what you mean sir. That was better than fighting. Did I do good, sir?”

“You did great. Seriously, kiddo, I never realized you were such a man. You totally dominated me there. I look at you in a whole new way. I’m just wondering if I can still call you boy.”

“Of course, sir. I am your boy, sir. And you just taught me something new. Thank you, sir.”

Suddenly the door opened. “Oh, Jesus, sorry guys I didn’t realize. I’ll come back,” Bob said.

“No, it's OK buddy. Don't go. Stay. I've just been giving Pablo a lesson and getting one from him. And you, my man, were the model of perfection I used as an example. You're the real teacher here. Listen, buddy. I know you're tired, but would it be OK if Pablo stayed the night here with us?”

“The pleasure would be all mine,” Bob beamed. He quickly took off his clothes and got into bed, with Pablo between them. He reached over him to touch Randy's chest and laughed. “Jesus, you're soaked and it's sticky. No need to ask what's been going on here. Pablo, you better put your head on me until this guy dries off.”

Pablo was in heaven as he laid his head on Bob's muscular chest and felt behind him the hard body of the master he had just fucked.

“Everything OK with the twins?” Randy asked Bob.

“Sure,” Bob said. “They were exhausted. They're asleep in the basement room curled up together. I tell you, buddy, those two are full of surprises. They had a rocky start with us but I gotta say, I'm starting to like them a lot. There's a ways to go, of course, probably more surprises to come..... but I like them. And I think they like me, too.”

“Of course they do,” murmured Pablo as he drifted into sleep.

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Chapter 85 – The Twins

It was late afternoon and the shadows were beginning to lengthen across the lawn. Bob and Randy were sitting at the outdoor table with Mark and Zack, relaxing after a hard week. The twins, Kyle and Kevin, came out of the house holding trays loaded with beer and elaborate snacks, some of them straight from the oven.

“Excuse me, sir,” said Kevin to Bob, “we thought you might like some appetizers before dinner. There's quite a selection.” The four men stared at the trays in amazement.

“Shit,” said Randy, “this looks great. You guys don't quit, do you?”

The twins had been in the house a little over a week now and they were constantly surprising the men with their culinary expertise, which they had gained during the time they had worked at an upscale restaurant. They were eager to please and were going a long way to redeeming themselves from their first day there, when they had tried to steal one of the cars from out front and were tied up and beaten by Pablo and Darius.

Since then a lot had happened. Randy had given Pablo a lesson in what it takes to be a man by letting the boy fuck him. Zack had a long session with Darius, explaining to him that it's not fists that make the man. And even though Jamie had not really participated in the beating of the twins Mark had "punished" him in a way Jamie had loved.

All this was a prelude to the next chapter in the education of the three boys. Bob had turned the twins over to them, so Pablo, Darius and Jamie were fledgling 'masters' and the twins were their boys. "Quite an experiment," Bob had said, after the twins returned to the kitchen. "So how do you think your boys are doing, guys?"

Mark was enthusiastic. "Jamie is a changed man. He's really blossomed, taking charge of the twins, showing them round the house, how everything works. They really seem to look up to him, respect him."

"Yeah," Bob agreed. "I even caught Jamie showing Kevin the work he does in the office and the young kid seemed to latch on to Jamie's enthusiasm. How about Darius, Zack?"

"Oh, you know Darius," Zack grinned affectionately. "He's great with them jokes around, makes them laugh, and I guess they haven't had a lot of that lately. I think he fantasizes about them hell, he fantasizes about everything. But I made it clear he's their boss no fooling around."

Through all this Randy was silent, until Bob looked at him questioningly. "Yeah, well," Randy said, "Pablo still has issues with them. Can't seem to shake his anger about them stealing the car. I think he still resents them, somehow. And the twins are scared shitless of him. Can't make him out."

"You should," Bob said. "He takes after you, a chip off the old block. Remember how reluctant you were to take the twins in, Randy? You still haven't warmed to them. And if I recall it took Pablo a long time to accept Jamie when he first came here. Wasn't until Jamie saved Billy, Pablo's dog, that he finally embraced him." Randy nodded in agreement.

"It'll take Pablo a while," Bob continued. "Trouble is, just as Pablo looks on you as boss of the house, he sees himself as the leader of the boys the dominant one. We'll just have to see how this plays out. Just so long as he doesn't let his anger get the better of him. We've had enough of that around here" and he grinned at Randy.

"Anyway," Mark said. "The twins seem to have settled right in. And one thing even you have to agree on, Randy, the food is sensational. Are the boys in there helping them in the kitchen?"

"No, the twins are fine on their own. The boys are up in their room watching a video, I think they said."

“Oh, hell,” Zack said. “That video the one Darius made when I was teaching Lloyd a thing or two a week ago. That’ll keep them happy.”

But as it happened their attempt to watch the video was thwarted yet again. They had just started when there was a knock on the door and the voice of one of the twins, said, “Sirs, dinner is on the table.”

Dinner was the usual raucous affair. The guys were in a boisterous mood and the twins silently and unobtrusively served the seven men a great meal. When it was over they all went to kick back in the big living room. As they grabbed their beers and left the room only Jamie hung back for a word with the twins. “You OK with all this guys? There’s a lot to clear up. The meal was sensational, by the way, as always.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Kyle. “We’ll be fine,” added Kevin. “When we’ve finished we’ll bring something into you.”

The twins liked Jamie. He was kind to them and he was the one they looked up to as their boss. Before they came here their lives had been spinning out of control and now, for the first time in years, they glimpsed a measure of stability and refuge, a place where they could be together and do what they enjoyed doing cooking good food.

Of course this rowdy group of spectacular-looking men overwhelmed them. Bob was the man who had first befriended them and welcomed them here, the one they looked up to with awe, but he was so far above them that they could only gaze at him in gratitude and admiration. They had never met a man as beautiful as Bob and their feelings for the gorgeous muscle-stud were fast becoming an infatuation.

The two black guys they didn’t know well yet, but they seemed friendly enough, especially the younger one. Even the gorgeous-looking cop they liked, mostly because he seemed to be the master of Jamie.

They were scared of the big boss guy, though, and his boy, the one they called Pablo. They didn’t seem to like the twins, seemed as if they resented their presence in the house. They were tough, too, and looked as if they would punish them hard if they put a foot wrong. But at least the twins were together and Bob had promised them they would never be split up.

They worked quickly at clearing up the kitchen and loading the dishwasher. They could hear shouts and raucous laughter coming from the living room as the guys relaxed after dinner. They pulled out more drinks, put cheese, crackers and several dips on a big tray and took them to the room.

They knocked and went in, and it was Jamie they addressed, rather tentatively. "Er, sir, we thought you would like some drinks and something to go with them. We even found a bottle of brandy in the cupboard."

Jamie smiled at them and was about to thank them when Pablo shouted, "Just leave it there. We'll call you if we need anything else." Bob frowned at his tone of voice and glanced meaningfully at Randy. The twins put the tray on a low table and left the room.

Jamie looked at Mark. "Er, sir. Don't you think we could ask the twins to join us? Must get lonely down there on their own."

"Up to you boys," Mark said. "You're in charge of them."

"Why should they come in here?" Pablo objected. "They're not part of our group."

"But that's the point," Jamie persisted. "Perhaps it would be good for them to get to know us a bit better make them feel more at home. They can't always live separate lives. What do you say, Darius?"

"Hey," Darius grinned, "I'm all for getting to know them a bit better. Why the hell not?"

Bob nodded encouragingly at Jamie so he ran into the kitchen and said, "Hey you guys. Why don't you come and join us? Grab a beer for yourselves. Don't be shy. You can sit together on the couch over by the wall if you like."

The twins were shy so they sat apart from the others, close to each other, and listened with rapt attention to the ribald chatter and laughter of this extraordinary group of men. When the party finally broke up, they walked over to Jamie and shook his hand. "Thank you, sir. Thank you for including us."

As Pablo looked on his expression was dark as thunder clouds.

The storm clouds broke the next day. Randy, Bob and Mark had gone over to Zack's house to check out his progress on building the guest house. The twins were in the kitchen preparing lunch and the three boys were in the pool. When they got out they pulled on shorts and T-shirts and realized they were thirsty. Pablo yelled loudly, "Hey, you guys bring us something to drink out here now!"

"Hey, dude," Darius said, "ease up on those guys a bit, why don't you?" But Pablo ignored him.

It was only a minute before Kevin emerged with an array of sodas and juices and set them on the table. Jamie looked up and smiled, "Thanks, Kevin." But Pablo frowned as he looked at the drinks and said impatiently, "You forgot the bottled water. Go get some."

Jamie jumped up. "It's OK, Kevin. You don't have to do that. You're busy with lunch. I'll get the water." He walked back to the kitchen with him.

When Jamie came back with the water Pablo was standing, legs astride and confronted him angrily. His resentment of Jamie and the way the twins treated him as boss, was clearly boiling over. "Listen, man, when I give an order to those guys I don't expect you to contradict me. We lose their respect that way."

"Jeez," Jamie said mildly, "I was just giving them a hand."

"No!" Pablo shot back. "You were trying to cozy up to them as usual. You like the way they treat you as their boss, don't you? So you cut Darius and me out of the picture so's you're the one they call sir."

Jamie retorted, "Well if you treated them with a bit more respect maybe they'd respect you too. You treat them like dirt under your finger nails."

Pablo's anger was spilling over. "Now get this straight, asshole. I'm the one who calls the shots around here. Randy's the boss and I'm his boy, so I'm in charge of those guys." He jabbed Jamie repeatedly in the stomach. "So don't get any big ideas, asshole. You were nothing when you came here and you're still junior to me."

To his credit Jamie held his temper and replied evenly, "Look, dude, we're all equal. We were all put in charge of the twins. Who made you boss of the boys all of a sudden?"

"This did," Pablo snarled, clenching his fist in front of Jamie's face. "You want me to prove it?"

"Look, man," said Jamie holding up open palms. "I don't want to fight you over this. We can work it out."

"What's the matter?" Pablo taunted. "You chicken, or something scared of me? Come on man, let's see who's the best." Pablo's jabs became punches and Jamie doubled over as he felt the fist in his stomach. In a defensive move he grabbed Pablo round the waist in a bearhug. But Pablo was a fighter, stronger and more skilled than Jamie, and soon the two were grappling fiercely with each other as Darius stood back yelling for them to stop.

Pablo's irrational anger now consumed him. His physical supremacy soon showed and Jamie was getting the worst of the fight. Pablo smashed his forearms into his ribs and stomach and Jamie crashed to the ground on his back. Pablo knelt astride him, grabbed the neck of the T-shirt and hauled his face up, slapping it from side to side until angry welts flared on his cheeks.

Darius yelled, "Hey dude, stop! You gone crazy or something? This is not good, man you're totally out of control." He hauled at Pablo's shoulders but Pablo had the strength of pure adrenaline and didn't even feel him. In his blind rage he continued pummeling Jamie.

But suddenly Darius was shoved aside and a stronger pair of hands yanked Pablo upright and spun him round. Pablo found himself gazing into the blazing eyes of Randy, just as he was lifted off his feet and sent spinning across the ground. Darius ran toward him but crashed against the body of Zack barring his way. The men were back.

"Everybody cool it!" Bob's voice rang out and everything stopped as the boys took heaving breaths, the residual effect of anger and exhaustion. Mark rushed forward, scooped Jamie up off the ground and helped him hobble into the house. Pablo was picking himself up and Randy growled at him, "Go up to your room, boy, and wait for me."

Darius stood dazed and bewildered before Bob, Randy and Zack like a tribunal. "OK," Zack said. "Did you see all of this, Darius you know how it all went down?"

"Yes, sir," Darius said nervously.

"Look at me boy! Now we want the truth. Don't hold back, don't protect anyone, and don't exaggerate. We want the whole truth."

Darius didn't dare to do otherwise, so that's what he gave them the whole scenario from start to finish. It was obvious from his account that Pablo had been spoiling for a fight and that Jamie had tried to reason him out of it. When Darius stopped talking Zack put his hands on his boy's shoulders. "Thank you, Darius. You're a good guy you haven't betrayed anyone. Now come with me over to my house. These guys have a few things to sort out here."

"How is he?" Bob stood with Mark in the corner of Mark's bedroom. Mark had helped Jamie shower and he was resting on the bed. There was a bloody towel on the floor.

"He'll mend," said Mark softly, his anger muted. "No bones broken, but he took a hell of a beating. His ribs will be sore for a week or so, and he'll have bruises and a black eye, if not two. Jesus Christ, that kid must have totally lost his mind."

"Let Jamie sleep now," Bob said gently, and they went outside and sat by the pool. "We should have seen this coming," said Bob. "It's partly my fault, turning the twins over to the boys. They weren't ready for that kind of responsibility."

"You're wrong, man," said Mark. "Jamie was doing just fine, and Darius was OK too. But Randy's boy! Hell that anger inside him is something else. He sure takes after Randy, and I

gotta say I blame him. Like master like boy. Hell, I thought they'd sorted all that out, thought Randy had told him that fists don't make you a man."

As a matter of fact, at that moment Randy was doing all he could to restrain his own anger in Pablo's bedroom as he stood over his boy sobbing on the bed. He shook his head, "I don't fucking get you, boy. I thought we had a deal thought you understood what it took to be in charge of boys like the twins. What the hell am I gonna do with you?"

Pablo looked up through tear-stained eyes. "Send me away, sir. I'm no good for you."

"Just shut the fuck up!" Randy yelled, then turned his back, controlling his anger. "I'll never send you away. I won't give up on you, kid. But you can't get away with this and I am gonna punish you, worse than ever before."

"Whip me, sir. I deserve it."

"Oh, no. That would be too easy. No, I have something else in mind something much worse. This is a punishment you won't forget." He strode out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

He walked out to garden where Mark was now sitting alone, nursing a beer. "How's he doing, man?" Randy asked.

"He'll live," said Mark curtly. "No thanks to you, though. Hell, have you no control over that kid?"

"Look, buddy. There's not much I can say words won't cut it but there is something I can do. There is a way I can punish my boy and apologize to you at the same time. And it involves you. You won't go for it at first, I know, but you have to, man. It's the only way I can get through to the kid."

Randy explained his plan and Mark recoiled. But Randy was insistent and finally won grudging consent from Mark. "And no holding back, Mark," Randy said. "It has to be for real."

A few hours later the stage was set. Zack and Darius had come over from Zack's house and were sitting at the table by the pool. Bob came out of the house, bringing the twins with him. He was taking a chance letting the twins watch, but this was to be a rite of passage in the house, a seminal event, and Bob had decided that the twins should not be shielded from it, no matter how rough. They should be given a good look at the way the house operated.

Bob joined Zack and Darius but the twins sat at a distance in the background. And they gazed in amazement at the focus of attention Pablo. He was standing naked under a tree. His

arms were stretched straight up, tied to a branch by the wrists. He knew this was to be his punishment and he stood with his head bowed.

Mark emerged from the house supporting Jamie, who was limping, his face swollen. Jamie sat with Darius who threw his arm over his shoulder and spoke softly to him. Mark remained standing, wearing his usual jeans, boots and a white T-shirt. There was a pause and then Randy came out. A gasp went round as everyone, including Pablo, saw the belt Randy was holding. Pablo knew he was to be its target and welcomed the punishment to come. He knew he deserved it and wanted the others to see him take his punishment like a man.

There was tense anticipation in the air as Randy addressed them all. "You all know that this boy has disgraced the house with his unprovoked and savage attack on another member of the group. That will not be tolerated and has to be punished. The victim is Mark's boy and it is proper that Mark deliver the punishment." There was another collective gasp as Randy handed the belt to Mark. Pablo was surprised but not shocked. He understood that Mark had to avenge his boy, and he could take the beating from Mark just as well.

"So Mark will deliver the punishment," Randy continued. "However, I am Pablo's master and as such I have to share the blame. I have nurtured and taught the boy. It was I who trained him and taught him how to use his fists. Pablo's anger was my anger. When boy attacks boy, by association it is the master who insults the master. And the master has to assume responsibility. So before you all, I apologize to Mark. I have insulted him so it is I who will take the punishment.

At first nobody quite understood, until Randy walked over to a tree a few yards in front of Pablo. On a branch over his head were ropes and Mark quickly secured Randy's wrists to them. Randy now faced his boy in exactly the same position, both of them bound a few yards apart, their arms stretched high above their heads. Now Pablo understood and he howled, "NO!"

Randy spoke quietly to him. "Now you understand your punishment, boy. I told you I would punish you worse than ever before. Watching your master take your pain for you will hurt you more than a whipping ever could. You are to count off for the police officer up to twenty."

The men seated at the table could hardly believe their eyes and ears. "Son-of-a-bitch," Bob murmured. "The man is incredible. He'll do anything for that boy. Poor kid."

And so it began. Mark reached behind his neck and pulled off his T-shirt. Standing behind Randy, he reached forward, grabbed his T-shirt and ripped it from the bound body. Both men were now stripped to the waist, in jeans and boots. And one muscle-stud was about to thrash the other. As instructed by Randy, Mark did not hold back. He raised his arm and lashed the belt against the broad, muscular back. The huge body shook, but Randy made no sound.

As ordered, Pablo managed to say, "One, sir." He had never been in such a state of shock and despair. He knew he had behaved unforgivably, driven by his anger, and knew that he

should be punished welcomed it, even. But this was unimaginable, watching his master, the man he worshipped, his hero, being beaten before his eyes, taking a brutal punishment that he, Pablo, had caused. He pulled at his ropes, desperate to get away and hide from this torment, but he was forced to watch.

Again the belt curled round his master's naked torso, again the body jerked. "Two, sir." It was the sound that was the worst, as the belt whistled through the air and cracked against the muscles that flexed to withstand the pain. Lash after lash fell on the bound bodybuilder until the skin was marked with angry red welts and the rugged, stubbled face streamed with sweat.

Pablo's agony was compounded by the fact that Randy never took his gaze off him. His steel blue eyes bored into Pablo's so the boy was mesmerized and could not tear his eyes away from his suffering master. As he heard the lash, and watched his master jolt in pain, he willed the pain to be transferred to him. He saw the pain in his master's eyes and felt every lash himself, as acutely as if the belt was curling round his own body.

The punishment was relentless as the cop's magnificent body applied all its strength. And still Pablo counted. "Fifteen, sir sixteen, sir" The construction worker was now sagging in the ropes, nearing the end of his torment. Tears ran from his eyes mingling with the sweat streaming over his bruised muscles. Pablo willed his master to endure the torture and finally, at long last screamed, "Twenty, sir."

There was total silence except for the sound of Pablo's agonized sobs. The other men hardly breathed. They had never seen punishment like this, where the physical pain of the master caused searing mental anguish in the boy. Surely it was over surely Mark would cut the men down. But that was not to be.

Pablo's eyes watched in dread as Mark made his next move. He unbuckled Randy's jeans and pulled them down below his ass. Then he unzipped his own pants, pulled out his cock, and stroked it until it was rock hard.

Pablo sobbed, "No, please, sir. No more, please." He wasn't sure which of the men he was begging maybe both of them as they were both causing his agony. In any case it made no difference as the punishment was inexorable. He watched the shirtless cop come close behind his master, put his arms round his chest and clamp him tight. He saw their bodies jerk, saw the swarthy face wince, and he knew that Mark had penetrated his master's ass.

Still Randy's tortured eyes were fixed on his boy. Pablo watched as his master was pounded, again and again. He knew the piston feel of the cock as it pierced the depths of the ravaged ass. He saw Mark's face pressed against Randy's over his shoulder. He saw both their glorious faces side by side, the one blonde and god-like, the other dark, satanic. In his delirium Pablo watched the god dominate the devil. It was unbearable, agonizing it was spectacular!

Pablo lost all sense of where he was, what was happening. All he saw was these two magnificent men, naked to the waist, muscles tense and gleaming as one inflicted punishment and the other endured it. They were pressed together, one glorious body pinioned on the shaft of the other. The boy had never seen anything like this, never felt such pain, such ecstasy. He was hallucinating, lost in a delirium of fantasy and lust.

He started to yell. "Yeah, fuck him. Fuck that beautiful body. Take it, man. Look at those two muscle gods, one fucking the other. Oh, man, that's beautiful. It's gonna make me cum. Oh yeah. Here it comes, man Aaaagh!"

It was all three men who screamed, all three men who exploded in a tumultuous orgasm. The two bodybuilders shuddered against each other as their juices poured from them. And the boy hung limp, not knowing what had happened, aware only of his cock emptying its load onto the ground beneath. As he came to his senses realization slowly dawned of what he had done, what he had felt and shouted as the blond muscle-stud had fucked and humiliated his master. Pablo hung his head in shame and wept quietly.

He watched in a daze as Mark pulled back, reached up and untied the ropes. Randy's ravaged, near-naked body slumped to the ground, sprawled on his back. Mark looked down at him. His cock was still hanging out of his pants and he took hold of it and pointed it at the fallen man. A stream of hot piss splashed into the rugged, swarthy face, then over his bruised chest. The big, powerful construction worker lay beaten and humiliated in the dirt.

Mark looked down at Randy, with a mix of conflicting emotions. He had done exactly what Randy had begged him to do, and he had exacted painful retribution on both master and boy. He had avenged his own boy, but he took no pleasure in it. As a cop, Mark hated violence and felt diminished by what he had done.

Before he walked over to join the other men Mark untied Pablo who fell to his knees sobbing. He bent over his master, licking his wounded flesh despite the stink of urine, trying feebly to heal the wounds, wounds from the beating and degradation the master had endured because of him, because of his boy. The pain in Randy's body was nothing compared with the agony Pablo was feeling. His mind was reeling from a punishment worse than anything he had ever endured, a searing image that would always be etched on his brain.

"They've gone!" It was Darius's voice. Throughout this ordeal nobody had noticed the twins. They had sat way in the back, shocked but fascinated by sights that were beyond their comprehension. They knew only that two men were being punished in an extraordinary way, and they had a sense that it was their fault. And it scared them. They didn't understand all of it, but they knew it had happened because they were in the house. They should never have come here. They should leave.

And when the men finally turned round they had gone. Darius quickly searched the house but they were nowhere. "Did you see them go, or hear anything?" Bob asked anxiously.

"Can't be sure," Darius said. "I think I heard them murmur something about it being all their fault least I think that's what they said."

Under the tree Pablo was fixated on his master, but through his haze of pain Randy heard what was happening. He fixed Pablo with an urgent look and managed to groan, "Go after them, kid. Bring them back. Show me the boy you really are. Redeem yourself."

Suddenly Pablo snapped back to clarity. He knew what he had to do. He leapt to his feet, grabbed his shorts and sneakers from the ground, and ran across the garden and out through the gate. The men moved as if to follow him but they were halted by Randy's shout. "No! Let him go. He has to do this alone."

"Redeem yourself," Randy had said. After all Pablo had suffered, all his mental anguish and confusion, he now saw everything clearly, and he had a new, singular focus. The twins. He didn't even think about taking one of the trucks. He pulled on his shorts and sneakers as he ran down the hill, desperate for a sight of them. They couldn't have got far.

In fact they had barely reached Figueroa Street at the bottom of the hill. Scared, confused, uncertain what to do next, they walked hesitantly. When they heard running footsteps and panting behind them they panicked, picking up speed. They heard a voice behind them yell, "No, stop. Please, guys wait up."

They turned round and saw Pablo running frantically up to them. They flinched, fearing the worst and stared at the muscular young boy as he regained his breath. "Wait," Pablo panted. "Please, I have to talk to you." They stared at him in fear and confusion.

"Look, guys, please don't leave. Not on my account. Hell, I've been a son-of-a-bitch to you guys. I of all people should have known better. A long time ago those guys took me in when I had nothing and now they're doing the same for you. And I treated you like dirt. I've been a real prick. But I'll make it up to you if you'll come back with me. What d'ya think, eh?"

The twins blinked and Kyle spoke. "Sir, we were scared of you. We know you are the boss's boy and you're the leader of the other boys and" Kevin took over. ".....and you're so big and tough we thought you looked down on us. And we got you into all that trouble back there."

"No I got myself into all that trouble because I was such an asshole." He looked at them forlornly. "I know you like Jamie. That's why I beat him up. Do you really hate me that much?"

“Not really, sir. We like Jamie ‘cause he was kind to us. We were scared of you, but actually we kind of look up to you. We wish we could be tough and strong like you. We’ve always been beaten up by other guys wish we could defend ourselves like you.”

“Hell, that’s not a problem,” Pablo grinned. All three turned to go back up the hill, Pablo between them, and he threw his arms over their shoulders. “I could show you a few basic moves that would get you out of any trouble. My double-forearm smash has always worked for me, and of course a quick knee to the balls will bring any man down. I’ll give you lessons later if you like.”

“That would be great, sir,” said Kyle, though Kevin looked doubtful. “Trouble is, though, we’re not as strong as you. I mean, you’re so buff and muscular and we’re kind of well, thin.”

“Shit, that’s no problem either,” said Pablo, warming to his subject. “Hell, you’re sleeping in the gym downstairs, you should be using the equipment. If you let me take you through a few routines I could build you up in no time. What d’ya say?”

The twins’ anxiety was turning into enthusiasm excitement even. “Would you do that, sir?” Kevin said. “We don’t know how to use that gym stuff but if you could show us

“No problem,” Pablo beamed. “You’ll have to work at it, though. I’ll push you real hard. As a trainer I can be a son-of-a-bitch.”

“We know that already, sir,” Kyle grinned. “But we’ll do whatever you tell us to. After all, you’re the boss.”

Randy had taken a swim in the pool and Darius had brought out a clean T-shirt for him. He was tough, and took pride in being able to recover quickly, put the suffering behind him. Still, the gathering of men was uncomfortable at first as they recovered from the searing experience of the afternoon. Bob realized that they had been through a catharsis, but he watched with satisfaction as things slowly got back to normal.

Randy and Mark were easier with each other now. In fact they seemed closer than ever, two dominant, alpha males who, through a mutually intense experience of pain and retribution, had gained even more respect for each other as men.

However, the doubts about Pablo and the twins still hung in the air. Then, suddenly, those doubts were dispelled. The gate opened and Pablo came in with his arms over the shoulders of the twins on either side of them. He stepped forward and said, “Hey you guys, everything’s gonna be good. I behaved like a real jerk and I apologize to everyone, especially to Jamie and to my dad, for putting you all through this. I guess I’ve got a lot to learn. But I’m glad to say

the twins are staying for ever I hope.” And suddenly his trademark crooked grin spread over this face.

Jamie stood up, walked over to Pablo and threw his arms around him. “I’m sorry, dude,” Pablo whispered to him. “I totally lost it. I love you man, and I’ll make it up to you.” Darius got up and ran over to join their hug. “Hey you guys, let me get a piece of the action here.” Looking over their shoulders Pablo smiled at Randy, who said softly, “That’s my boy.”

So the dust had settled but Bob was still uneasy. A short while later he walked into the kitchen where the twins were working as usual. “So,” he said, “is it true that everything’s OK with Pablo now?”

“Sure, sir,” said Kyle. “He’s gonna set us up with a workout routine in the gym.” Kevin added, “And he’s gonna show us a few of his fighting moves so we can defend ourselves if we ever need to.”

“Good good,” Bob murmured, though his sensitive instincts detected a certain reticence in the boys, despite their enthusiasm for Pablo. They had not made eye contact since he came in and were now looking down at the counter-top concentrating on their work.

“Hey, come over here and sit at the table with me,” Bob said. Hesitantly they obeyed, though they still didn’t look at him. Bob chose his words carefully. “You say that you ran away because you thought you had caused all that trouble today. Is that right?”

“Yes, sir. But Pablo said that wasn’t true, that is wasn’t our fault.”

“Well he was right nobody blames you.” Bob looked at them carefully. “Are you sure that was the only reason you ran away?”

They didn’t respond, but shuffled uneasily and still avoided his eyes.

“Now Kevin, Kyle look at me and tell me the truth. Has anyone else in this house upset you?”

There was a long silence. Then Kyle said almost in a whisper, “Yes, sir.”

“Who was it?” No response. “I said, who was it here that upset you? Answer me.”

Another long silence as the twins looked at each other and blushed. Finally they spoke in unison.

“You, sir. It was you.”

Bob jerked backward as if he had been physically struck. “Me? What do you mean? Have I treated you badly, done something wrong? Tell me. I want the whole truth.”

It was Kyle who plucked up the courage. He took a deep breath and the words tumbled out in a rush. “Sir, you told us when we came here that nobody would want to have sex with us and we shouldn’t think about it. But we can’t help it, sir I mean, sir, we’ve never met anyone like you. You are so incredibly beautiful, sir, your face, your body and you’re just so..... perfect and gentle and kind and

He ran out of words so Kevin took over. “Sir, sex for us has always been something we did to survive. We’ve never like well, wanted anyone loved anyone. Except each other. But now well at night we talk about you all the time and and we jerk off thinking about you. We can’t help it. We’re not really sure what love feels like but we think we might be in love with you, sir. And we know that’s wrong, that you would forbid it, but we can’t help it and

Kyle took over. “.... and that’s why we left, sir ‘cause we knew you would send us away if you found out.”

There was total silence. Bob looked at them stunned. He saw their blushes, saw tears in their eyes, saw their shoulders slumped in embarrassment. And there were tears in Bob’s own eyes as he slowly he got up from the table and walked round to the twins. “Stand up,” he said.

They stood and faced him. He took Kyle’s face in his hands, leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips a long, gentle kiss. Then he repeated the move with Kevin, pressing his mouth tenderly against the boy’s lips. He pulled back and put a hand on a shoulder of each one.

“Look, guys. What I said was that nobody would ever ask you to have sex against your will, or make you do it for money. But there’s a phrase you probably don’t know consensual sex. That means when both guys want it. And that is not only allowed in this house..... it’s fine, it’s great it’s encouraged.”

“But you would never want” Kyle stammered. “I mean, you’re so gorgeous, so far above us, you would never want not with us.”

“Who says I wouldn’t? Guys, I like you a lot. Now, you’re new to all this and you saw today how rough this house can be. So I have no idea where this all goes from here on. But why don’t we find out? Later tonight, after dinner, I’ll come down to visit you in your room and we’ll see. OK?”

“Yes sir!” they said together. And Bob saw a sparkle in their eyes that he had never seen before.

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Chapter 86 – The Twins’ Initiation

Dinner was the usual mix of rowdy banter and laughter except that this time there was one new and subtle feature. Anyone with antennae fine-tuned enough to catch such nuances would have noticed a special connection that evening between Bob and the young twins. The twins’ meal service was immaculate as always but when they came to serve Bob there was an extra deference as they made level eye contact and held his gaze. Always kind and considerate, Bob now seemed especially attentive to the two young boys.

But Bob knew he was treading on delicate ground. The twins had so far had a difficult path to travel in their young lives. Inseparable, devoted to each other, they had kept their distance from others. Homeless and broke, they traded in the only currency they had their sexuality. So sex had always been simply a means to an end a form of self-protection.

But now, it seemed, they were infatuated with Bob, thought they “might be in love with him.” That was a stunner. Bob felt a real affection with these fragile young guys, but he had to step carefully through what could be an emotional minefield.

As always Bob confided in Randy as they sat in their bedroom after dinner. And Randy was surprisingly encouraging even had a sparkle in his eye. “Buddy, could be just what you need,” he said. “And if anyone can tiptoe round a situation like this it’s you. Just don’t forget” he grinned seductively “..... when you’re finished in the basement with the twins I’ll be waiting for you right here. And you know how horny I get just thinking about you.”

“Yeah,” Bob smiled, “but first things first.” He went to his closet and thought carefully. He pulled on jeans, then a white tank top and a sleeveless plaid shirt over it, but remained barefoot.

As Bob looked at himself in the mirror Randy grinned at him. “Dressing for success, I see. You know how hot you look in that. You’ve got this all worked out haven’t you?”

“Absolutely not. I have to be real careful not to damage these kids. They’ve been damaged enough already. All I can do is feel my way take it one step at a time. But I do know the first step put them at their ease, make them relax. And there’s one sure-fire way to do that.”

“Go for it, tiger.”

Bob tapped at the basement door and went in. He had been right about the twins’ need to relax. They were standing stiffly, nervously together, almost at attention. Bob was moved to

see they had chosen to be shirtless, wearing just their shorts. It must have been a conscious decision. "Hmm," Bob thought, "maybe this will be easier than I thought."

He flashed them a smile and said, "Hi, guys. Don't you look great tonight!" And he wasn't just flattering them. Their bodies were slim but perfectly proportioned, with the smooth-toned velvet skin of youth. And the nervousness in their faces could not detract from their handsome features, perfect bone structure, high cheek bones and soft brown eyes wide with anticipation right now.

"Now I want you to relax," Bob said. "Sit together on the bed. Lie back if you like just so you're comfortable."

Hesitantly they lay back on the bed, propped up by pillows. They gazed at him as if he had just stepped off another planet, which in their limited world was not far from the truth. Bob realized that staring back at them would only make them more nervous, so he turned and walked around the room. Used partly as a gym, it was lined with mirrors so he had a good view of himself from all sides. He ran his hands over the plaid shirt, feeling his solid chest underneath, then undid a couple of buttons so the white tank became visible.

He heard a soft gasp from the bed and knew he was on the right track. He raised his arms and stretched, flexing his biceps, and one side of the shirt pulled free of the waist. He turned to face the bed, but still looked at his own reflection in the mirror behind it. He undid more buttons until his shirt was open all the way, one side hanging loose. He ran his hands over the tank stretched over his chest and as his fingers grazed his nipples he sighed deeply.

Finally he looked down briefly at the twins who were gazing up at him in wide-eyed awe. Their fists were clenched by their sides on the bed.

"It's OK, guys," he smiled. "I know what you want to do. That's just fine. Go ahead." He expected them to pull their dicks out of their shorts, but it was his turn to be surprised. Instead, each one reached over to his brother. Each pushed his hand inside the other boy's shorts, pulled out his rock-hard cock and started to stroke it slowly. They were masturbating each other!"

Bob was surprised to find how much that turned him on, and his own cock grew rigid in his jeans. But his eyes travelled back up to the mirror, then he pulled his shirt free and shrugged it off. Now the gasps from the bed were loud as the twins gazed up at this god-like man, dressed only in jeans and tank. His muscular shoulders and arms gleamed and the thin cotton of the shirt stretched tight over his sculpted torso.

Bob knew how good he looked and used it. He put his hands on his hips and flexed his shoulders in a bodybuilder pose. Then, with his hands behind his head he pushed his elbows forward, making his pecs flex hard. Although he kept his eyes on his own mirror reflection he

was aware that the twins' breathing was heavier and that they were jerking each other's cock much faster.

Bob sensed that they were close and knew what would put them over the edge. One of his hands rested lightly on the crotch of his jeans while the other arm reached behind his neck and he pulled at the back of his tank. Slowly it rose up over his body his waist, chest, lats. He paused at the top, then pulled the shirt clean off and flung it to the floor. Stripped to the waist he looked magnificent and he heard gasps as the twins inhaled sharply and held their breath.

He lowered his gaze to look at the boys and was again in for a surprise. As they pumped each other's cock frantically their eyes were riveted on him, but their bodies turned slightly inward toward each other and each boy pointed his brother's cock at himself. They did not utter a sound as their bodies jolted and two long streams of white liquid blasted over them from each other's cock. Mesmerized by the spectacle of this muscle-god towering over them, they were shooting their loads over each other.

Bob had rarely seen anything as erotic as these two identical twins being bathed in each other's cum. Throughout their breathless orgasms they gazed at him as if in a trance, until their cocks finally came to rest.

Bob's own cock was rigid in his jeans but that was not his focus right now as he carefully watched the reactions of the twins. They finally lowered their eyes away from Bob and were blushing a deep red. Now that their orgasms were spent they were embarrassed, confused but elated as never before. They had no idea what to do next until they heard Bob's encouraging voice.

"That was terrific, you guys. You were sensational. I wanted you to cum right away so you would relax and we can talk a bit." He sat by the bed and tried to adopt a matter-of-fact tone. "If it's OK to ask, is that how you usually have sex?"

Reassured by his steady voice they found the nerve to look at him and their blushes faded. "Most of the time," Kyle said. "Jerking each other off. Never looking at you like that, sir, of course" ".....but thinking about you, sir," Kevin added.

Bob was on the point of asking how they had sex the rest of the time, but he felt that was too intrusive. Time for that later maybe. Instead, he walked over to the small fridge in the corner and pulled out three beers. And in a few minutes they were drinking and talking as the twins slowly overcame their shyness.

"OK," Bob smiled. "I asked you a personal question, now it's your turn. There must be something you want to know."

They looked briefly at each other, and it was Kevin who spoke. "Yes there is, sir. Kyle and me were wondering. Sir, what does it mean to be someone's boy? We've known a few guys who called themselves rent boys. Is that the same thing?"

"Absolutely not," Bob said firmly. "A rent boy is someone who hires himself out for money. But when a man chooses a young guy to be his boy, that's something entirely different." He saw the puzzled look on their faces and launched into an explanation. "First, the master and the boy have to love each other. The master takes care of his boy, protects him, teaches him, trains him, and has sex with him whenever the master wants."

The twins were listening with rapt attention. "And what about the boy, sir?" asked Kyle.

"The boy promises to obey his master at all times, do just as he is told and never, ever lie to him. If he steps out of line he gets punished, and you saw earlier today how Randy punished Pablo big-time for attacking Jamie. But Pablo is real tough, like Randy. In fact a boy often becomes a lot like his master."

"You mean," said Kevin, "Pablo is a real good fighter like Randy?"

"Well, yeah. See, Randy is the boss in this house and Pablo sees himself as a boss too. That's why he was rough on you at first, until he realized that was wrong. As for Mark, he is a cop, sure, but he is fair and kind, just like Jamie has become, as you saw for yourselves."

"And they're both incredibly handsome, sir."

"That they are," grinned Bob. "As for Darius, he has calmed down a lot since he became Zack's boy. He used never to take anything seriously, used to fantasize a lot more than he does now. He still has fantasies, of course. In fact, I'm sure he fantasizes about you two."

There was a silence as the twins took all this in. Then something dawned on Kyle and he looked quizzically at Bob.

"Sir, why don't you have a boy, sir?"

Bob laughed. "Just haven't found the right guy, I guess. Not yet, anyway."

"Sir," Kyle persisted. "Are you Randy's boy?"

Bob's laughter was louder this time. "Hell, no! Do I look like a boy? No, what Randy and I have is something much different. He's the boss, sure, but our relationship is well it's complicated someday I'll try to explain it to you."

Bob fell silent as his mind drifted off to Randy waiting for him upstairs in their room. All this talk of masters and relationships made him realize, for the millionth time, how much he needed Randy. He needed him right now. After this placid conversation with these mild-mannered boys Bob suddenly needed something rougher, needed to feel Randy possess him as only he could. But first there was one more thing he needed to do with the twins to do for them.

Bob stood up and Kevin blurted out, "Are you leaving, sir?"

"Well, I do have to go soon, but there is one more thing I want to show you. I'm gonna help you do something that I bet you've never done before." He grinned. "It's kind of a specialty of the house. But you have to trust me."

"Oh we do, sir," Kevin said earnestly.

"One word of advice. Be very careful before you trust anyone as quickly as that. But here's the thing. If at any time you want to stop you have to tell me and we'll stop right away. OK?" He walked over to the closet and pulled two pieces of rope from the black bag there. "Now, I think you may have become a bit too dependent on each other when it comes to sex, always jerking each other off when you want to cum. I'll show you there are other ways. So sit up, take your shorts off and put your hands behind your back."

They obeyed instantly and Bob quickly tied their wrists tightly behind them. Then gently he pushed them back to where they were before, lying propped on the pillows, naked now, looking up at him. He was amazed at how readily they acquiesced without question, even though they were now helpless before him, hands tied behind them. They obviously trusted him implicitly, a faith in him that Bob found daunting.

Bob turned round and walked over to the chin bar hanging from the ceiling. He jumped up, grabbed it, and did a succession of quick, easy chin lifts. Once again, he knew how great he looked stripped down to his jeans. As he pulled himself upward the jeans eased down a bit, revealing the top of his white shorts above the waistband. His torso bulged and flexed as his muscular body rose up and down.

The sight was magnificent and the twins reflexively tried to touch each other's cocks, but they were surprised that they couldn't. So focused were they on the stunning bodybuilder that they had almost forgotten their hands were tied behind them. They pulled hard, trying to get free. The sight of them roused Bob as he watched the naked twins' beautiful, smooth bodies twist and struggle in unison, their faces wincing with the effort. Their cocks were standing straight up, rigid.

Bob dropped down from the bar, walked forward and stood at the foot of the bed looking down at them. Slowly he unbuttoned his jeans and eased them down over his shorts until they fell to

the floor. The twins looked up at the muscle-stud, naked now except for his shorts, his body flexed from the brief exercise, and their struggles became more desperate.

“Please, sir,” Kyle breathed. “Please, you look so beautiful, we have to touch our cocks. Please, sir, let us touch each other. We want to cum again, sir.”

“You want me to stop?”

“No,” they both shouted, desperate for it not to stop. Kevin said, “But we really, really want to cum again, sir.”

“You will,” Bob smiled. “Trust me.”

He knelt on the edge of the bed, leaned forward and ran his fingers over their chests, one hand on each of them. Their eyes opened wide and their bodies jolted as the muscle-god loomed over them and they felt his hands caress their chests and then oh god brush their nipples. The electricity running through their bodies gave them added strength and they tugged harder at their restraints, chafing their wrists. Now Bob squeezed their nipples lightly and they gasped.

“No!” Kyle yelled. “Please no, sir. We can’t take it, sir. We have to touch ourselves. We have to cum, sir. Please stop.”

Bob took his fingers off their nipples and said, “You want to stop?”

“No!” they both screamed again. “Please don’t stop.”

Bob squeezed their nipples again, harder this time, increasing the pressure until he yanked his hands back and the two faces screamed, unsure if they felt pain or pleasure. Their cocks were shuddering, desperate to release their loads, and Bob knew the time was approaching. He got to his feet and once again stood looking down at them. He smiled. “You OK, guys?”

“Oh, sir,” said Kevin in a wild delirium he had never felt before. “You are so beautiful, sir. We’ve never seen anything like that. But we want so badly to shoot our load sir. Please release us. Please help us.”

“OK,” Bob said. “You asked for it guys. You look so hot lying there together. I think we’re gonna have good times together. And this is just the beginning.” He put his hands under the waistband of his shorts, pushed them down to the floor and his thick cock sprang free. For the first time he stood before them naked. Their frenzy reached a pitched as once again they pulled helplessly at their bound wrists, their bodies bucking and twisting with rage and frustration.

Bob knew it was time to end their agony. As he gazed at their beautiful young bodies straining before him his cock was rock hard. He began to stroke it and knew it would not be long. The boys could not believe their eyes. It was a living fantasy as they saw the naked bodybuilder gorgeous, spectacular standing over them beating his meat. They were in a dream world, hallucinating as they gazed up at the incredible sight. Then they heard the voice.

“You ready guys? Are you gonna shoot your load for me? You’re gonna do it? Just for me?”

“Yes, sir yes, sir,” they shouted. They held their breath as they saw the muscle-stud hold his cock still, saw the muscles of his body flex, saw his face jerk backward.

“Here it comes, guys. Feel it feel my hot juice on you.”

They saw the huge cock explode, saw a huge stream of semen blast from the cock and slam into their faces then onto their chests, first one boy, then the other. Their bodies shuddered, they felt as if they were on fire, and in perfect synchrony their own cocks erupted over themselves. They were drowning drowning in cum and it was the most spectacular moment of their lives. Dimly they saw the beautiful man above them, his body rigid as his cock blasted stream after stream of juice over them.

Their bodies went limp with exhaustion. Their struggles were over. At first, as they regained their senses, they couldn’t understand why they felt so drained, so relaxed, so blissfully happy. And then they realized they had shot their loads in the most spectacular orgasms of their young lives. The man they now looked on as God had emptied his semen over them anointed them like a baptism. And they, for the first time ever, had shot their loads without touching themselves in a breathtaking, spontaneous orgasm.

Dimly they were aware of a body kneeling over them, of hands behind them untying the ropes that bound them. They opened their eyes and saw the most beautiful face in the world gazing down at them. It smiled a dazzling smile. And they heard the voice.

“See, I told you there was another way. You like that?”

They gazed up at him, incapable of speech. They pulled their arms free, regained their breath and finally found their voice. “Sir,” said Kevin. “Could we would it be alright if we touched you?”

Bob smiled at them and held out his arms. “Here I am.” Tentatively at first, fearful their touch would break the spell, they reached up and touched Bob’s chest with the tips of their fingers. They grew bolder and ran their hands over his chest, up over the shoulders, down over the muscular arms and then stroked the hard, washboard abs. They threw caution to the winds

and ran their fingers lightly over his beautiful face, feeling his features, like a blind man seeing a face for the first time. Now there was no doubt at all no “might be” about it. The twins were helplessly in love.

Suddenly Bob broke free and stood up. Dismay filled their eyes, panic almost, as Kyle said. “Are you leaving us, sir?”

Bob laughed lightly. “I have to, guys. But I’ve gotta tell you, that was spectacular sex. And it won’t be the last. Like I said, this is only the beginning. We’ve got a long way to go and it’s gonna be a great ride. You up for that?”

“Yes, sir!” they said in unison.

“Look at you,” Bob laughed. “Your bodies are soaked with cum a lot of it mine. Now here’s what you do. You don’t wipe any of it off. When I go you’re gonna hug each other, feel the cum between your bodies, joining you together. And when you jerk off and you’ll jerk off a lot tonight think of me. And imagine what you want me to do with you next time.”

Bob picked up his clothes from the floor and headed for the door. When he looked back the twins were already tight in each other’s arms. A wave of emotion swept over him of a kind he had never felt before a blend of sympathy, affection, fascination, and a whole new kind of loving. He felt an overwhelming need to protect these young boys, help them, nurture them, teach them. Suddenly, with a jolt of recognition, he realized that he had heard these very words earlier, coming out of his own mouth.

They were the words he had used to describe what a master feels for his boy.

“Well look at you!” Randy was lying on the bed and smiled broadly as Bob walked in, wearing just his shorts and carrying the rest of his clothes. “You’ve got a glow about you that could set the room on fire. You look fucking gorgeous, man. A great first date, by the look of you.”

Bob was still a bit dazed. “They’re really something special, Randy, you know that? There’s something about them I dunno something

“..... something that brings out your protective instincts, maybe?” Randy asked.

“Well yeah, now that you mention it. Shit, you know me so well. I suppose you know what comes next.”

“Hell, yes. Let’s see, you’ve been with two nervous, fresh-faced young boys, playing the mentor, the teacher. But now you want something different, an antidote a bit of rough. You want a man to dominate you. In short, old buddy, you need to get your ass fucked raw.”

“Asshole!” But suddenly Bob realized that was exactly what he wanted. He dropped his shorts and fell onto the bed, into the powerful arms of the man he lived for.

In the days to come there was a lightness in the house that everyone felt. They were all a little in love with Bob and were happy to see him so happy. The glow Randy had mentioned was still glowing and everyone waited to see what would come next.

As it turned out, nothing much happened for several days between Bob and the twins, though their special connection was now obvious to all, and the twins had an added poise and ease about them as they continued to work around the house and serve great meals.

Pablo made good on his promise take to the twins under his wing, working with them in the gym and showing them a few martial arts moves to boost their masculine egos. The effort was very good for Pablo’s own ego and Randy was proud of his boy as he watched him grow into the role of mentor for two young guys who were still feeling their way in their new world.

“You’re doing great, kiddo,” Randy said to him. “I can see they really look up to you. A bit better than beating them up, don’t you think?” Pablo blushed, still ashamed of his previous behavior, and Randy took pity on him. “Why don’t you show them around the construction sites? It’s about time they got to know what the hell we do in this company.”

The tour was a great success and Pablo was in his element as he moved easily among the various crews, greeting the workers and introducing the twins to them. He enjoyed impressing the twins when he showed them the heavy equipment he did maintenance work on. Kyle especially was intrigued by the various machines and vehicles and asked a lot of smart questions.

“If you like,” offered Pablo, “I’ll bring you here one day soon and you can give me a hand while I work. Maybe we’ll make a mechanic out you,” Pablo grinned, and he was surprised at the enthusiasm Kyle showed to this suggestion.

The work week was coming to an end and Randy came up with an idea. He suggested to Zack that they should take the boys up the coast to Zack’s shack in the Guadalupe dunes for a weekend break. “After everything that went down between Pablo and Jamie it would be good for them to spend some down time together, relax on the beach. Be a bit crowded but I don’t think they’ll mind that.” He grinned. “Probably turn them on, more like it.”

Zack was all for it as he had been thinking of taking Darius up there, so it would be great to take the whole group. Randy had another ulterior motive too. He knew that Bob had an important business lunch at a client’s house on Sunday so he would have to stay home, but Randy

reckoned that a weekend with the twins was all it would take for Bob to seal the deal with them once and for all.

As it turned out, Mark had a couple of shifts to work that weekend so he couldn't go with the group either. He spoke to Jamie to make sure he had no problem with that. "It'll be great for you to get away with the other boys, kiddo, and you have my permission to do anything you like with any one of the guys. Now I'll be here with Bob and the twins and I don't want you getting all insecure and thinking I'm dumping you for someone else."

"No fear of that, sir. I'm over that." Jamie grinned cheekily. "And you have my permission to do anything you like with any one of the guys."

"Now don't get smart with me, boy," laughed Mark. "And get this straight. The minute you get home I'm gonna want to fuck your ass. You got that?"

Jamie saluted. "Loud and clear, sir."

The guys' departure early on Saturday morning was quite a circus. It had been decided that Randy, Zack and three boys would all go together in Randy's big truck and the boys were so high-spirited and rowdy that Bob said the truck looked more like a clown car.

Randy hugged him goodbye. "I'll miss you, buddy. And remember, you're free to do whatever you want with Mark or the twins. My jealous days are over just so long as I have you to myself when I get back." He squeezed Bob's ass, then jumped into the truck and they were off.

When they had finally left, a sudden silence descended on the house and Bob breathed a sigh of relief. The twins decided, now that the guys had all gone, that this would be a good time to give their rooms a thorough clean so they got to work. Bob had work to do in his office to prepare for the next day's meeting and Mark was not due home from the night shift until mid-morning.

After a couple of hours Bob heard the gate open and saw Mark come in, still in his uniform. Bob went to Mark's room and they looked at each other a bit shyly. "So, here we are," Bob said. "Just the two of us except for the two cute boys taking care of us."

"You really like those guys, don't you? Mark said.

"I do a lot. And I've a feeling that this weekend you'll be able to help me with a little plan I have."

He watched as Mark stripped off his uniform. He unbuckled the belt and it dropped heavily to the floor, with all its cop paraphernalia. He quickly unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off, and

Bob took a deep breath as he saw the gleaming white T-shirt stretched over the bulge of his chest. Then the T-shirt came off and, stripped to the waist, Mark stretched and twisted his head from side to side to get out all the kinks from the stress he had built up on the night shift.

Bob shook his head. "Officer, you are one gorgeous hunk. Like we always say the most beautiful cop ever to straddle a Harley?"

"Yeah, a lot of good that does me now with my boy gone. That Harley under me all night makes me horny as hell and I always fuck his sweet ass when I get home."

Bob grinned. "Have to find a substitute, I guess."

"Is that an offer?" Mark asked. "Come on man, let's go for a swim."

Half an hour later they pulled themselves out of the pool and fell on their stomachs on two chaises. They both sighed contentedly as they felt the hot midday sun warm their naked bodies. They turned their heads to face each other. They didn't speak didn't need to. They both knew what the other was feeling, both felt the heat of the sun, both felt their dicks getting hard under them.

Mark's eyes travelled down from Bob's stunning face, over his muscular back, down to the dip at his slim waist where a small pool of sweat had gathered. His eyes rose up to the perfect mounds of his ass and, as always, he gazed at it in awe. "You know I want it, man. I have to have it. You know that."

"Go for it, stud," Bob said lazily.

Mark heaved himself to his feet and stood at the foot of Bob's chaise gazing down at the beautiful white ass. He fell forward with his arms out straight, and his hands hit the chaise on either side of Bob's head. His body was poised over Bob with his rigid cock pointing straight down at his ass. He paused for mere seconds then lowered himself so his cock entered the moist hole, then slid in easily all the way down into the warm depths of his body. His body rested on top of Bob, two muscle-gods pressed together.

"God, that feels incredible, Mark. I love you, man, you know that. Please, sir, fuck my ass."

And Mark did just that, pulling up then easing his cock deep inside again. The head of his dick passed over the hard muscle of the inner sphincter and the two beautiful men sighed with shared pleasure. Gently, repeatedly, Mark caressed the willing ass until he suddenly said, "I've gotta see that face, man. I wanna look into the eyes of the gorgeous man I'm fucking."

Without pulling his cock all the way out Mark flipped Bob's legs over until he was square on his back. He grabbed his ankles, pushed them backward and again his long cock sank into the

velvet ass. It was not rough, just a slow gentle movement back and forth as they both felt a warmth begin at their groin and suffuse their entire bodies.

They were making glorious love, with a passion that was all-consuming. They gazed into each other's eyes, the dark, handsome features of one and the blonde, god-like beauty of the other. They smiled at each other no words. After many minutes Mark leaned forward and lowered his face to Bob's. "Now, buddy? You want it now? You want to feel my juice inside you?"

"Oh yeah. Please, cum inside my ass. Now!"

And together they felt their semen rising from their balls, through their pulsing cocks, and pouring out of them Mark inside his buddy's ass, and Bob gushing between their heaving bodies. They were joined in a physical passion and an emotional intensity that bordered on spiritual. Finally, spent, their bodies and their mouths pressed together and they were still.

But passion was not theirs alone. At an upstairs window two young faces look down in amazement. The twins had been cleaning the bedrooms and happened to glance down to the garden. They stopped working and watched the two naked men, hardly breathing, hardly able to believe their eyes. They had never seen two men fuck before. It was electrifying. Instinctively each one reached across to the other boy's pants, pulled out his cock, and began stroking it. Masturbating each other, mesmerized by the scene below, it took only seconds for them to shoot their loads, two streams of white juice running down the window until it obscured the view.

Later in the afternoon Bob asked the twins, "What's this?" as he as he looked down at the kitchen table.

"Well, sir," said Kyle, clearing his throat nervously. "You said you and the police officer wanted an early dinner in here, so we set the table."

"But you've set only two places." He smiled at them. "Guys, you don't get it do you? You're joining us at meals from now on. You're part of the family. You're not servants, though you do have a job just like the other boys do. Yours is to take care of the house and cook for us, and I'll pay you wages. Not much at first, but enough to give you some independence."

And so there were four for dinner. But once again Bob sensed a reticence in the twins as they sat with them. They looked furtively at Mark, then at Bob, and he detected a slight blush on their cheeks. Bob raised his eyebrows at Mark, then said to the twins, "OK, guys, what's up? I

can always tell when something's bothering you. And no pussyfooting around. Just come right out with it and tell me the truth."

The twins looked at each other and it was Kevin who spoke. "Sir, we we were upstairs cleaning the bedrooms andwe couldn't help it but we we saw you down by the pool."

They dropped their eyes in embarrassment and there was silence for a few seconds. Then Bob threw his head back and laughed, and Mark joined in. "Hell, is that all?" Bob said as he regained his breath. "So you saw Mark and me making love he was fucking me. Better get used to seeing that kind of thing around this house, guys. You've seen men fuck before, haven't you?"

"No, sir never," said Kyle. Kevin jumped in, "Oh, we knew guys did that, sir. Some men wanted to do it to us or asked us to do it to each other, but we said no we could never" "

"Never?" asked Mark. "You've never had another guy's dick inside you?" Then his voice grew softer. "OK, but tell me something. What did you think when you saw us?"

"Well, sir," Kevin managed a shy smile. "As we watched we jerked each other off." He paused uncertainly, as if he wanted to say more.

Bob smiled at him. "What?"

Kevin took a deep breath and the question came: "Sir, what does it feel like to have a guy's cock in your ass?"

There was another silence as Bob and Mark both searched for words and failed. Finally Bob said, "Look guys. Tonight I have to have an early night and Mark and I will sleep together. We'll be gone all morning, but tomorrow afternoon I'll come down to your room and bring the officer here with me. Then maybe you'll understand, OK."

"Yes, sir," they replied together, and once again their eyes shone with nervous excitement.

As it happened, the next afternoon Bob and Mark both arrived back at the house at the same time. Bob, in his business suit, was home from his lunch meeting and Mark, in his police uniform, had just got off another shift. As they walked through the gate they were both struck by the unusual silence that had settled over the house.

"Jesus," Mark said. "Calm as a millpond. Where are the twins?"

“Waiting for us,” Bob smiled. “I told them we’d go check on them in their room when we got home, remember? You sure you’re ready for this, Mark?”

“Sure,” Mark grinned. Just like we discussed. I’m all for it, so lead on. It’s your show. You’re the boss.”

Wearing undershorts and white T-shirts the twins shot to their feet as the door to their basement room opened. As they saw Bob and Mark enter they gasped and instinctively gripped each other’s hands in a reflex of excitement and nervous anticipation. They had never seen anything like this.

Before them stood two male icons, figures straight out of a fantasy, like the erotic drawings they had stashed under their bed. The handsome business executive, with the sculpted features of a Superman, whose dark suit, shirt and tie did nothing to hide his muscular physique underneath. And the stunning blonde cop in full uniform, square-jawed, broad shouldered, with the commanding presence of a god.

As the twins stood stock still, hypnotized by the incredible sight before them, they both felt their cocks growing stiff in their shorts. They saw the executive loosen his tie, saw the cop unbutton his black shirt and, as if in a dream, they heard Bob’s deep voice.

“OK, guys. On the bed. You’re about to become my boys”

#

Chapter 87 – Young Love – Old Anger

The boys instantly sat on the end of bed without taking their eyes off the two men towering over them. Bob had planned exactly what he and Mark would do next but now he paused. He looked down at the young wide-eyed faces and hesitated. He realized that they were trembling. They were totally intimidated in fact they were scared to death.

Of course, he thought, he should have realized that he and Mark must present an overwhelming picture to these two fragile young boys. This is not what he wanted at all and his heart went out to the twins. He touched Mark’s arm lightly to restrain him, then he dropped to his knees, his face level with the boys’.

“You’re frightened, aren’t you?” he asked softly.

“Yes, sir,” they said in unison.

“And why’s that?”

Kevin cleared his throat. "Sir, we want to please you, sir more than anything but we're afraid we won't be able to."

Kyle explained. "When we've been with men before, sir like, for money lots of times they hurt us, and we don't know what you and the officer are going to do with us. We're afraid it might hurt."

Bob shook his head. "Guys, guys, I was hoping you knew me better than that by now. You should know that I'll never hurt you."

"Sorry, sir." They both blushed.

"Look. I told you before, you will never do anything with me you don't want to. If the officer or I do something you don't like you can always stop."

"But we don't want to stop, sir," Kyle said in a rush. "Sir, we've tried to imagine this moment we've jerked off thinking about it. But now that it's come"

"OK, OK, relax," Bob smiled at them. "Now, the officer and I are going to do nothing. We'll just wait for you. Take your time, let your imagination do its thing and, when you're ready, you do just what comes to your mind."

As Mark stood back he watched and heard all this with increasing awe and respect. God he loved this man! Bob was so stunningly beautiful, and the twins obviously so crazy about him, that he could just as easily have thrown them on the bed and fucked their asses, one after the other. But instead here he was, on his knees, gently reassuring them, giving them time and space to feel comfortable. And the twins' devotion shone from their eyes as he spoke to them.

Mark had never loved Bob as much as he did at this moment. He had rarely seen such inner beauty in a man, and never in a man as spectacular as this one. Suddenly Mark realized that his cock was growing hard in his pants.

With all of his experience Mark had always thought there was nothing new for him to feel in life. But this was new and astonishing. Sure he always lusted for Bob's body, his beauty, but now here he was sexually aroused by kindness! by Bob's soft compassionate voice. Mark would do anything for this man anything.

Bob stood up and smiled at Mark. "Just wait," he whispered. And so they waited.

They didn't have to wait long. The twins looked at each other, smiled slightly, leaned forward and kissed each other lightly on the lips. When they separated they gazed into each other's soft brown eyes. It seemed to Bob and Mark that an understanding passed between the twins,

an acceptance of what they were going to do. It was as if they were speaking through their eyes.

Then they looked up into the faces of the magnificent men standing motionless before them. Their gaze was steady, the fear was gone. The worried frowns were replaced by a soft smile. Aware that they were witnessing a transformation the two men held their breaths as the twins slid off the edge of the bed and onto their knees. Kevin knelt in front of Bob, and Kyle before Mark.

The identical young men moved in unison in total harmony with each other. Calmly they reached forward. Kevin unbuttoned the fly of Bob's pants and Kyle unzipped Mark's uniform pants. The move was so unexpected, and the rapt gaze of the twins so intense, that both men felt their cocks grow stiff, just as the young fingers curled round them and pulled them free.

They heard the twins sigh loudly as they gazed at the rigid cocks before them, then stroked them gently. They held in their hands the very manhood of these powerful men and touched them like objects of worship. Each boy pressed the cock against his cheek, rubbed it over his face, licked it, inhaled its musky scent. They lowered their heads and licked the balls, then opened their mouths wide and sucked them in, closing their lips firmly around the scrotum. Their mouths were full of their masters' balls.

"Oh, man," Mark sighed looking at Bob. "This is fucking incredible. These guys are sensational."

The twins swallowed and ran their tongues around the balls in their mouth. Then they pulled their heads back, stretching the balls until their lips slid over them and the balls sprang free. The rock-hard dicks slapped against their faces, and the twins looked up at the executive and the cop. There was a question in their eyes, and Bob answered it.

"OK, guys now. Go ahead. You know what you want."

The twins gazed once more at the heads of the cocks inches from their face. They licked the opening, tasting the pre-cum already dribbling out. Intoxicated by the taste and the smell they brushed the heads with their lips, pushed their faces forward and let the long shafts slide into their mouths, all the way, pressing over the back of their throats and deep inside.

What amazed the men was that the twins did not hesitate, did not pull back, did not even gag. They wanted these cocks so badly they would have held them in their mouths forever. They glanced upward and what they saw made them clench their throat muscles hard around the stiff rods. Mark and Bob, elated by the incredible sensation in their cocks, knowing they were both feeling exactly the same erotic intensity, instinctively turned to each other and pressed their lips together in a passionate embrace.

As the twins made love to the cocks, they saw the men above them making love to each other. Then they felt strong hands grasp the sides of their face, felt the cocks pull back, then penetrate them once more.

The focus of all four men was intense. The twins were aware only of the thick shafts filling their mouths, of the taste of pre-cum, and the smell of the damp pubic hair pressing into their faces. Bob and Mark were electrified by the sensation in their cocks as they plunged into the soft young mouths, and by the taste of the man grinding his lips against him. They basked in the eroticism of this new experience, as the rhythm built and reached a crescendo. Finally they pulled apart and gazed down at the eager faces.

Bob moaned to Mark, "I can't take any more. I gotta shoot. I'm so close. You ready, man?"

Mark was breathing heavily. "I'm right there with you, buddy. Let's do it."

One last time they plunged their cocks deep inside the twins' mouths and they gasped as they felt the throat muscles clamp hard around them. They saw the twins reach over and grip each other's cock tight. There was a sudden stillness as everything tensed. Then Mark yelled, "Here it comes, man Aaagh!" And all four men came at exactly the same time.

The twins felt their master's sweet, warm juice streaming down their throats. They swallowed hard, again and again, determined not to spill a drop, and simultaneously squeezed their brother's cock as it erupted. Suddenly Bob and Mark pulled their dicks out, changed places and pushed them into the other boy's mouth, shooting another load of juice. Again the boys swallowed hard as they felt their own second stream of cum surge from them, releasing all the pent-up sexual longing of their young lives.

It was a while before the cocks pulled out, the twins gasped for air, and the only sound in the room was the heavy breathing of four men. Bob and Mark looked at each other, not sure quite what they had just experienced. They had made love to each other while these fervent young boys had made love to their cocks. They had never felt anything quite like it.

They looked down and realized they were still grasping the young faces in their hands. The mouths still hung open and the eyes were wide with the wonder at what they had just done. The men released them, but when the twins lowered their faces they gasped and drew back in alarm. They were staring aghast at the police officer's black motorcycle boots, now running with streams of white liquid. The twins had shot their loads all over them. They looked up in fear and searched Bob's face, afraid of his reaction.

But Bob smiled and took a step back. "Well look what you did, guys. Made a real mess of the officer's boots. How about that?" He waited to see what their instincts would tell them to do. He saw them relax and a trace of a smile cross their faces. Already kneeling, they fell forward onto their hands and lowered their faces to the boots.

And then they started to lick tentatively at first, then hungrily. They lapped at the shiny boots, sucking in their own cum, eagerly trying to restore the shine to the leather. They were enthralled by the strong smell of leather, a sensation they had never experienced and that now propelled them into a new world of sensual excitement. Each one grasped a boot in his hands, rubbing his face against it, kissing it, running his tongue the length of it, from the foot all the way up the long boot to the top until he buried his face in the rough serge of the uniform pants.

Bob stood back and found himself hypnotized by the sight. Mark, as always, looked spectacular, his chest still heaving under the open uniform shirt. The sculpted blonde features of his face gleamed with sweat and his cock was still hanging out of his pants. And worshipping at his feet were the two beautiful young twins, intoxicated by the smell and taste of leather, licking the last remains of their own cum from the police officer's boots.

The picture was sensational. In a trance, Bob was unaware that he was stroking his cock, which incredibly was hard again despite his recent orgasm. He looked up and found himself staring into the cop's pale blue eyes. Mark smiled at him. "Go for it, man. You can do it. Do it for me and for them."

Bob's gaze flicked from his buddy's beautiful face down to the sight of the identical twins worshipping the cop's boots, discovering the lure of leather for the first time. It was the perfect blend of authoritarian power and the wakening sexual appetites of two young novices. Bob smiled at Mark and felt the warmth of deep affection infuse his body. He had to contribute to this erotic tableau, he had to show Mark how much he loved him.

And he had to claim the twins as his boys!

He pumped his cock, his body shuddered, and he howled as a stream of semen exploded from his cock, down onto the boots and the faces of the twins. The boys paused for a second, then understood what had happened. Now it was not their own cum they tasted on the boots, but Bob's. The realization of this, the combined taste and smell of leather and semen, sent them soaring into a world of pure joy. They were drowning in the taste of the man they worshipped.

And now they understood at last he was their master.

A few minutes later Bob made the boys lie back on the bed and relax. They watched in awe as he and Mark finally took off their clothes. Bob stripped out of his business suit, shirt and tie, and Mark took off his uniform shirt and T-shirt. He needed Bob's help to pull off his boots, which Bob then examined.

"Hmm," he said. "Still a few streaks, I see. Here, boys." He tossed the boots onto the bed and each boy grabbed one, happily holding it to him and licking it with the pleasure of once more breathing in the smell of leather.

“So what do you think, officer?” Bob asked as they looked down at the twins. “Think they’ll do?”

The twins looked up anxiously as Mark stroked his jaw. “Well, I’ve gotta say, they’re pretty damn special. Trouble is they’re gonna need a really exceptional master. He has to be stunningly beautiful, of course, an alpha male, someone who’s in complete control, someone who can protect and teach them. And most of all someone they totally worship.” He grinned. “A guy that spectacular doesn’t come along every day of the week. Any ideas, buddy?”

Bob grinned at him, then became serious and looked penetratingly at the twins. “Kyle, Kevin do you want to be my boys?”

Their gaze was clear and steady and they spoke in unison. “Yes, sir. Please, sir.”

“Then it’s a deal,” said Bob.

Mark interrupted with a frown. “Wait a minute, wait a minute. I’ve just thought of something else.”

“What’s that, buddy?”

“Well the boys also have to be really great cooks. Because I’m fucking starving.”

The boys leapt to their feet. “No problem there, sir,” said Kevin. “We’ll whip up something in no time.”

And in half an hour they were all sitting at the table. They had all showered, the boys were in shorts and matching Polo shirts, the men in jeans and T-shirts. The meal was perfect and the conversation, rather stilted at first, soon picked up steam as the boys gained more confidence with these authoritative men.

“Wonder how the guys are getting on in the dunes?” said Bob.

“I bet you a dime to a dozen they’re wondering the same thing about us right around now,” Mark smiled.

“Hmm, it’s a safe bet that Darius’s fantasy machine is working overtime. What do think, boys?”

The twins smiled shyly but didn’t reply, and once again Bob picked up on a hesitancy in them as if they were avoiding something.

“OK, guys. You’ve got something on your mind. Out with it.”

The boys looked at each other nervously and finally Kevin spoke. "Sir, you said we're your boys but"

Kyle completed his sentence "but we don't think we can be properly until we that is, until you until"

"..... until I've fucked your asses?" Bob said. "You're right there, kid. And that is gonna happen. It has to." Seeing them flinch slightly he softened his tone. "Look, I know you've never done that before, but there's just one thing I want to know. And you have to be sure about this. Kyle, Kevin do you want me to fuck you?"

Their eyes opened wide. "Oh, yes sir," said Kyle. "More than anything in the world," said Kevin.

"That's all I needed to hear. Then it'll happen tonight with the assistance of the officer here. Everyone OK with that?"

"Yes, sir," said the twins. Bob smiled at Mark and raised his eyebrow questioningly. "And you, officer?"

Mark grinned. "Wouldn't miss it for the world."

Actually, Bob had been right about Darius's fantasies, and they did center on the twins, but he would have been surprised at the form they took. Randy, Zack and the three boys were all kicking back at the beach in their own ways. Jamie was off body surfing, Randy and Pablo were sunning themselves outside the shack, and Zack and Darius were lying together in the dunes.

Zack had just made love to his boy and Darius was lying with his head on the black stud's chest. They were relaxing in contented silence, which was suddenly broken by Darius, with a question that seemed to come out of nowhere.

"Sir, I was wondering"

"Uh-oh," Zack grinned.

"No, wait, sir. Your guest-house we've been building is coming along pretty well isn't it?"

"Sure. We've put in a lot of work on it and the structure is pretty much finished. Just the interior to do now."

"And then, sir? I mean, what are you going to do with it?"

“Well, I was thinking of renting it out. It’s small, but it would be perfect for a single guy, or a couple that’s real close. Why, you have something in mind, kid?”

“I do, sir. It may not be my place to speak about it but well, sir what about the twins?”

“The twins? What about them? Come on punk, out with it.”

“Well, sir, they can’t live in Randy’s basement forever,” Darius took the plunge “so what if you let them live in the guesthouse?”

“Hmm “ Zack stopped to consider. “You may be onto something there. Been on my mind for some time that I’ve been using you too much as a servant around the house cleaning up, cooking when we don’t eat with the guys across the street. That’s not what I want for my boy. But maybe the twins would have time to take care of me and the house and in return they could live in the guest-house. I’d have to run it by Bob, of course.”

“Another thing, sir well, I was thinking. I haven’t done much for the twins so far except make them laugh sometimes. Jamie’s been real good to them, and now Pablo’s teaching them a whole bunch of things, so I was thinking. Maybe I could help them decorate the inside paint the walls, you know. They could choose the color they want, the window blinds, that kind of stuff. It would make them feel more like well, like they belong.”

Zack stared at Darius as if he were seeing something for the first time. And in a way he was. Darius was growing up, using his imagination not just for lustful fantasies but as a way to help someone less fortunate. Zack found his eyes misting over.

“You know, kid, you’re a hell of a guy. I was right to make you my boy. What you just said the twins and all. That was a great idea and for all the right reasons. Come here, kid.” He pulled Darius’s head up off his chest and kissed his eyes, then his mouth in a building embrace. Both men were getting hard again even though they had recently fucked.

Zack looked down at Darius’s rigid ten inches. “Uh-uh not yet kiddo. We’ll save that for later. Come on, let’s go see what Jamie’s up to all on his own.”

They stood up, went down to the water, then turned and walked up the beach. Zack threw his arm over Darius’s shoulder and the two men heaved contented sighs. Zack was feeling a warm glow of pride in his boy and Darius was simply in heaven.

Eventually the two men caught sight of Jamie way off in the distance, still body surfing. “Hey that looks way cool,” said Darius and ran ahead of Zack, breaking into a jog to join his friend. Randy and Pablo had got up and they now caught up with Zack as he sauntered along the

beach. Pablo saw Darius in the distance running toward Jamie and he too started to jog, leaving the two men behind him.

Darius was the first to reach the spot where Jamie was out in the ocean trying to catch the crest of the waves. He saw Darius, waded and launched himself on a wave that carried him toward shore. He staggered to his feet, waist high in water and strode toward the beach as Darius watched.

“God, the dude is gorgeous,” Darius muttered under his breath. Jamie had been in the water a long time and his whole body was pumped. Deeply tanned by now he was Darius’s fantasy of a surfer dude, his muscular young body gleaming as water streamed off him, his blonde hair blowing in the breeze and his teeth shining in a dazzling smile. Jamie was wearing thin, faded surfer shorts that clung to him, and when he reached shallow water Darius gasped as he saw the outline of his gorgeous butt under the wet fabric.

Darius ran into the surf and threw his arms round his friend in a tight hug. His fantasy meter was cranked up high and he said, “Did I ever tell you, you are one hell of a hot dude, kiddo. God you looked gorgeous coming out of the waves. And that butt wow!” Darius ran his hands down Jamie’s back and clamped them over the hard mounds of his ass.

Jamie laughed good-naturedly, but his laughter was silenced by Darius’s lips pressing impulsively against his. Instinctively Jamie put his arms loosely round Darius and the two boys held each other in the affectionate embrace of two good buddies.

But that’s not the way Pablo saw it! As he ran closer he saw the bodies pressed together, saw the lips kissing and most of all, saw his lover’s hands locked over Jamie’s ass as Darius ground his cock against his crotch. And Pablo saw nothing clearly after that. His anger took over blinded him, consumed him. Irrational his fury may have been, but it drove Pablo forward with the howl of an enraged animal.

There is no strength like that of a wounded animal. Pablo screamed at Darius, “Take your hands off him,” and he launched himself at Darius, heaving him off of Jamie. He shoved Jamie away hard and the boy fell on his back stunned, floundering in the surf. Pablo’s eyes blazed at Darius, he pulled back and drove his fist onto his jaw. Darius staggered backward but somehow managed to stay on his feet. Dazed and not quite sure what was happening he just knew he had to defend himself.

Ironically it was Pablo himself who had taught his lover the moves he needed as self-protection. Darius launched himself forward and instantly the two were struggling in the surf, rolling over, flailing, punching, Pablo screaming curses and Darius yelling desperately for him to calm down. Darius was taller and heavier than Pablo and eventually had him pinned on his back. As he held him down he pleaded with him to cool it.

“What the fuck are you doing, man?” he yelled. “You’ve completely flipped out. You’ve gone fucking crazy.” But that made Pablo struggle even harder and Darius had to resort to force again.

Randy and Zack saw and heard what was happening up ahead. Randy sprinted forward and saw Darius kneeling over Pablo, punishing him with heavy blows to the stomach and chest. His boy was being beaten! The same irrational rage that had seized Pablo now coursed through every fiber of Randy’s body. He reached down to Darius’s shoulder, pulled him up bodily and slammed his fist into his stomach. As he doubled over he pulled his head up by the hair and began slamming the back of his hand against his face from side to side.

“You hurt my boy, mother-fucker,” he screamed. “I’ll kill you for that!”

Zack was the last to reach the scene and all he saw was his boy being thrashed by Randy. “Let him go!” he howled, leapt forward and tackled Randy down to the wet sand. They locked in combat, rolling over in the sand, struggling to gain the upper hand.

Jamie shook his head, regained his senses, staggered to his feet, and was horrified by what he saw. It was a scene of chaos and carnage as Randy and Zack fought with each other, and Pablo and Darius traded blows in the surf. At first Jamie froze, panicked, helpless. His mind flew to Mark. God, he wished he was here. He would have handled it. What would he have done? He envisaged the powerful cop in command, taking charge. Then he knew.

Jamie took a deep breath, yelled as loud as he could, and heard the bellowing single command come from his own mouth “Freeze!” The roar drowned out the wind and the waves, and the shouts of the battling men. The word was the command of a cop, a trigger word, so authoritative that the men did indeed freeze. The fighting stopped suddenly and they all lay on the sand staring up at the young source of the command.

“Stop!” yelled Jamie. “You’ve all gone mad. You’re mad at each other for no reason. Nothing happened it’s just your anger. That’s all it is. It’s making you crazy.” His boldness began to crumble and his voice faltered. “Please stop it, guys. This was such a great trip and now now

Zack was the first to leap to his feet and put his arms round Jamie. “It’s OK, kid, it’s all over thanks to you. You did great, Jamie. Mark would be real proud of you.”

The other three men struggled to their feet, breath heaving, and tried to regroup, coming to grips with what had just happened. It was Zack who took charge. “OK, Darius, Pablo, shake hands.” Shamefaced they looked at each other, held out their hands and came together in a bearhug.

“Man, I’m sorry,” said Pablo. “I totally blew it. I saw you two and my anger just kind of flared up. I wasn’t thinking straight. You know I love you, dude. God, I’m sorry.”

“You OK, Jamie?” Zack asked.

“Sure, sir,” Jamie managed to smile. “No bones broken, as Mark would say.”

Zack grasped his shoulder. “I’m gonna make sure Mark hears about this, kid how you took charge. He’s gonna love you for this.” Then Zack turned to Randy. “You come with me. We gotta talk.”

Randy walked back along the beach with Zack without a word. He knew what had happened. He had lost his cool again, his anger had taken over. He had acted on impulse and fucked everything up as he had done so often in the past.

“Shit, man,” Zack said, “I thought all this was over. After everything you’ve done, after all the guys you’ve beaten up..... and especially after the way you whipped and thrashed Bob, the man you love I thought you were over this. But your anger is still out of control, man. You’re a fucking time bomb a danger to others and to yourself.”

“I know, Zack,” Randy murmured lamely.

“And what about your boy? God he’s so like you, the same uncontrollable streak of anger. You’re both cut from the same cloth. You both need real heavy therapy, you know that?”

“I know, man,” Randy said again.

Zack was steamed. “I don’t get it. After the episode with Bob I thought Mark set you up with your therapist Steve again for an anger management session. Didn’t he make an appointment for you?”

“I never went,” said Randy, with a guilty look.

“Shit damn. Now listen, asshole. If you don’t get back into therapy you and your boy I’m gonna take Darius away, and I’ll suggest to Mark that he does the same with Jamie. We can’t trust you, man. Who are you gonna beat up next?”

Randy stopped and looked at Zack. “Look, buddy. I never apologize but I am now. I apologize to you and your boy. And I promise you, this time I’ll go see Steve. And I’ll take Pablo with me.”

“And this time you won’t slug your therapist?”

Randy grinned. “Try not to.”

That evening Zack and Randy took the boys to dinner at a small restaurant in Guadalupe, and it didn't take long for the group to recover from the afternoon's dramatic turn of events. They were a resilient bunch and the boys especially were irrepressible. Good-naturedly they rehashed the details of the fight, each one telling the other the moves he should have used.

"I had you down good," boasted Darius. "You were finished, admit it."

"Like hell I was," Pablo protested. "You didn't have your grip locked tight enough. If Randy hadn't shown up I'd have powered out of that easily and then I'd have whipped your ass."

"Guys," Zack said. "I know you're juiced about the fight, but could we change the subject? Remember the old saying make love, not war?"

But later that night Randy and Pablo revisited the same topic. They had thrown down a big blanket in the dunes and had decided to sleep in the open as the night was warm, while the others stayed in the shack. Randy had his arm round Pablo as they looked up at the stars.

Pablo sighed. "I guess I messed up real bad today, sir, didn't I?"

"You and me both, kid. We both lost our cool and now we're both in the doghouse."

"No one I'd rather share the doghouse with than you, sir."

"Asshole," Randy smiled. "Seriously though, kiddo, things have come to a head. No fooling around this time. We both have to go through anger therapy with Steve. You gonna be OK with that?"

"Sure, sir. Steve is a hunk. Of course he is he looks so much like you. It'll be hot seeing him again."

"I mean it, kid no fooling around. We both have to take it serious when we meet him."

There was a silence and Pablo smiled as he looked up at the sky. "You gonna do a number on the therapist again, sir?"

"What the fuck's that supposed to mean?"

Pablo turned his head and looked at the rugged face beside him. The boy had a mischievous look in his eye and his trademark crooked grin on his face. "I mean, rough him up a bit, like you did last time, sir and the time before that."

“Hmm

“Fuck you, kid, I’m serious.” But then his grin returned. “You know, you’re bad for me

Back at the house Bob and Mark had got the whole story from Zack on the phone

“I knew the kid had it in him,” Mark said to Bob, his eyes shining with pride. “Gotta think of a reward for that boy when he gets home.”

“And in the meantime

“Yeah, in the meantime, the twins. Buddy, you sure about this? I mean, we’re all content with one boy, and you’re the only guy in the world I can think of who deserves two. But that’s quite a handful.”

“I know, Mark, but

“Lead on, stud.”

#

Chapter 88 – Acts of Worship

When they entered Bob’s bedroom they looked down at the bed and tears came to Bob’s eyes. The twins were lying there naked, gripping each other’s hands, with a wide-eyed look of nervous excitement in their eyes. They knew what was going to happen to them..... for the first time in their young lives.

But, as before, Bob didn’t want them to be afraid, didn’t want them to do anything under duress. He crouched down so he was level with them and spoke softly. “I’m gonna ask you one last time, guys. Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Yes, sir,” said Kyle. “Absolutely,” Kevin added.

“But you’re still scared. Why?”

They glanced at each other as if summoning the courage to reply. “Well, sir,” said Kevin hesitantly. “It used to hurt like crazy before when when he tried to do it. That’s why we ran away from home so we wouldn’t have to.”

“When who tried to do it?”

Again there was hesitation and this time Kyle spoke. “Our dad, sir when we were young. He often tried to put his dick inside us but it hurt so much we wouldn’t let him. We kind of protected each other.”

“Son-of-a-bitch!” The muttered curse came from Mark as he looked down at them, clenching his fists. As a cop Mark saw plenty of violence, but nothing enraged him like sexual abuse of children, especially by a parent. In fact that was the only time he had lost his professional cool when he once beat the crap out of a guy he caught in the act. He was reprimanded and made to undergo anger therapy. (That’s how he met the therapist Steve, whom he subsequently persuaded Randy to see.)

But now Mark was not only mad, he was reluctant to touch these damaged young men. He took Bob to one side and said, “I’m not sure I can do this, man.”

Bob tried to reassure him. “It’s OK, buddy. It’s different now. They were kids then. Now they’re adults, and they really want this. It’ll take away their fear, maybe even obliterate the memories.”

“Yeah, you may be right. But you have to be first, Bob. They’re totally in love with you” he grinned “not to mention lust. You have to be the first man to put his dick in their ass.”

Bob and Mark went back to the foot of the bed and began to strip. The twins looked up wide-eyed as they saw the T-shirts come off, then the jeans and finally the shorts. They gazed at the magnificent naked bodies and their cocks instantly stood up rigid as poles. Kyle breathed, “You are so beautiful sirs, both of you.” There were tears in Kevin’s eyes as he pleaded, “Sir, you have to fuck us, sir. Please. We really need to feel your cock in our ass. Please don’t be afraid of hurting us. We really, really want it.”

Bob smiled down at them. “You really do, don’t you? OK Kevin you first.” Again he crouched at the foot of the bed and this time he grabbed Kevin’s legs behind the knees and pushed them back. He looked down at the creamy white ass, lowered his head and licked the soft round globes. His tongue came closer and closer to the almost-hairless hole until he finally tasted it, then pushed his tongue inside. He heard Kevin’s reaction, something between a sigh and a moan, and felt the hole instinctively tighten round his tongue.

Bob's dick had become rock hard as he tasted and smelled the damp sweetness of the young ass. He finally pulled his face back and said, "God you have the most beautiful ass, Kevin. Now you're gonna give it to me, OK?"

"Yes please, sir." Bob knelt on the bed, pushed the legs further back and smiled down at the wide eyes staring back at him. "You OK, kid?"

"Sir," said Kevin. "Sir, do you think you will ever come to love Kyle and me? I mean really love us."

"Let me show you," Bob said.

He pressed the tip of his cock ever so lightly to the hole of Kevin's ass. He could feel it trembling against his cock and saw Kevin's eyes flinch. He increased the pressure but instantly felt the hole squeeze tight shut as instinctive protection against the intrusion.

"You have to relax, Kevin. Relax your ass and then it won't hurt." He tried again but the same defensive reflex occurred and the hole squeezed shut again. "Push down a bit that'll help." For a second the hole opened slightly, but instantly closed again and Kevin pushed his palms against Bob's chest.

"I'm sorry, sir," Kevin almost wept. "I don't think I can. I'm scared it'll hurt like it always did."

"Don't worry," Bob said softly. "Take your time." He saw the boy concentrate hard and close his eyes, and he knew that wouldn't help. He gently removed the hands from his chest, leaned further forward and pressed Kevin's wrists down on the bed beside his head

"Kevin. Open your eyes and look at me. That's better. Now this is me, your master. Forget everyone else forget the past."

"I'll try, sir."

Bob once again pressed his cock against the ass, but this time he paused and spoke softly. "Kevin, you know what you asked just now? Well here's the answer. I already do love you, both of you. And I mean, really love you."

Bob heard the gasp, saw the brown eyes fill with tears and felt the hole relax, open and welcome him in. His cock slid smoothly past the sphincter and into the warm velvet of the virgin ass. The boy didn't resist and as Bob's cock slid deeper inside he felt the muscles close softly round it.

He watched the tears start to flow down Kevin's cheeks, saw the boy take several deep breaths as his body shuddered, then went rigid. He heard his shout and saw a huge stream of white

liquid blast from his cock, over his chest, then up over his face and into his hair. “Oh, oh,” Kevin gasped and Bob was afraid for a second he would pass out.

“It’s OK, Kevin, everything’s fine. I’m inside you my cock’s in your ass. And you just shot a spectacular load of cum. You’ve just been fucked for the first time fucked by your master. And that’s just the way it should be.”

Mark had gazed down in awe at this incredible initiation, had seen the man he loved ease his way gently into the inner depths of his boy for the very first time. And Mark’s first thought shocked him. He, Mark, wanted this! He wanted Bob to do that to him just like that. The two men had fucked before, but not like this, and Mark wanted it just like that because it looked so amazing. When this was over, he thought, he would beg Bob to fuck him just the way he had fucked Kevin. And Bob would look into his eyes, tell him he loved him, and ease his cock deep inside him. Mark almost shot his load thinking about it.

But first there was someone else begging for Bob’s cock. Lying shoulder to shoulder with his brother, Kyle had watched the whole thing as if it were happening to him. The twins always felt each other’s pain and shared each other’s joy and Kyle had only barely stopped himself from cumming when his brother shot his load. His heart was pounding as he knew what was to happen next.

As Kevin’s body subsided he felt the big cock withdraw and he too knew that he was about to see and feel something almost as exciting watching his master fuck his brother. Bob had not yet cum and his cock was still roaring hard as he slid over to Kyle and pushed his legs in the air. As before, he pushed his dick against the smooth ass, but this time it was different.

Kyle had watched Bob, felt his brother’s fear and reticence. He had heard Bob say he loved them both and trembled at his brother’s orgasm. So it was as if he himself had already gone through the initiation, had already been fucked. Now he was more than ready to actually feel his master’s cock in his ass. And he did easily, smoothly as he watched the magnificent, muscular body lower itself into him. And just like his brother, he shuddered, screamed, and instantly came all over himself.

Bob had held back his own orgasm but now he could wait no longer. He smiled and said to both of the twins. “And now, boys, you are really gonna get your asses fucked by two of the most beautiful men you’ll ever meet. And you’re gonna love it. Come on Mark give me a hand here.”

Mark was so turned on his cock was like a rock. He knelt beside Bob, shoulder to shoulder, turned his face to him and the two men kissed. Then they turned their attention to the boys. Bob was already inside Kyle and now Mark slid his rod easily into Kevin’s wet ass. They began slowly at first, but it was the twins themselves who wanted more, wanted it harder.

“Please, sir,” Kevin said to the gorgeous blonde cop. “Please fuck me hard, sir. I want to feel you pound my ass.”

Bob smiled at Kyle. “Guess that goes for you too, uh, kid?”

And so the pounding began and the four men soared into a world of lust and exhilaration. The sight was spectacular. Two stunningly beautiful muscle-gods one dark like Superman, the other a blonde god poised over the lithe young twins, their chiseled bodies falling on them in unison, again and again, hammering their asses. They were yelling, whooping with joy as the young men burned with an ecstasy they could never have dreamed of even in their wildest fantasies.

By sheer force of will Bob and Mark delayed their climax as long as they could, but finally Bob gave in and shouted, “OK, guys you all ready? Here it comes !” The sounds of their voices was deafening as four orgasms exploded simultaneously. For the first time in their lives the boys felt hot streams of cum blasting deep inside their virgin asses, and once again their own juice poured over their heaving chests. It was a spectacular climax the ultimate baptism, their young bodies anointed with sweat and semen.

The twins had finally been fucked. They had been possessed. And Bob was their master. There was no doubt about that none at all.

There was a post-script and Mark got his wish. After a short rest Bob made the twins get up, stand by the bed and watch. “You’ll see now,” he said. “There’s no sight in the world like two beautiful muscle-studs making love to each other.”

Mark lay on his back, and his fantasy was fulfilled. Bob did to him just what he had done to the twins. He pinned Mark’s wrists to the bed, and just as his cock was poised at the entrance to his ass he smiled down at the gorgeous blonde face and said, “And the answer is, that I already love you, man. I mean really love you.” And he penetrated the ass of the muscular cop.

The twins watched in awe, reached over and stroked each other’s cock. And pretty soon there were four more simultaneous orgasms. For the third time that day the twins shot their load, this time watching it splash on the stunning men in each other’s arms. In a few minutes all four men were lying on the bed exhausted.

As he was falling asleep Bob felt Mark’s lips brush his cheek and heard him whisper, “Early shift tomorrow, buddy. Up at crack of dawn. So I’ll sleep in my room. Besides, you look so comfortable with your new boys. Love you, buddy.”

He stood up, picked up his clothes and went silently to the door. He looked back and smiled as he saw the twins asleep on either side of Bob, their arms over him, their hands linked on his chest. He shook his head and murmured, "One hell of a guy." He left and closed the door quietly behind him.

When Bob and the twins finally stirred the next day Mark had already left for work. It was Bob's cell phone that woke him up and he answered it groggily.

It was Randy's voice. "Jeez, still in bed? Must have been some night."

"Yeah, it was we'll talk."

"The twins there with you and Mark?"

"The twins, yeah. Mark went to work."

"But he helped you break in the twins, right?"

"Sure." Bob was non-committal. He knew he had Randy's OK to do whatever he wanted with Mark, but the experience had been so intense that he didn't want to get into it with Randy right now. Besides, hearing his lover's gruff voice had already stirred his cock and suddenly he missed him like crazy.

"What time will you guys be home?"

"We're taking our time. I've spoken to Lloyd and he's doing design stuff on the site today so there's no real work for us 'til he's finished. So we'll be home late afternoon-ish. We had a great time well, except for the fight and all you heard about that from Zack." There was a silence, then Randy's voice came back softer than before. "Buddy, I miss the hell out of you. I mean, we've all been having a blast up here and you've been with Mark and"

"I know, Randy. I feel the same I need you, buddy. I'll make it up to you."

"You bet your sweet ass you will." Bob could almost hear his devilish grin. "Hey I thought I'd ask Lloyd over for dinner," Randy said. "So see if your boys can cook up something real special, OK?"

Bob smiled. "I'll get right on it, boss. Drive safe."

The day was mellow, despite all the activity. The relationship between Bob and the twins was now fixed. All uncertainty and apprehension had gone as the boys now knew exactly what their position in the house was. They were Bob's boys, they were sure of that, and now they could relax and enjoy themselves. They still had that afterglow from being fucked for the first time and the thought of spending the day alone with their master thrilled them.

"OK, guys," Bob said, "down to business. Big dinner this evening. Our architect Lloyd is coming you haven't met him yet so we'll be ten altogether, including you. Think you can handle it?"

"Of course, sir," said Kyle. "We'll need to get more food though."

So Bob took them grocery shopping and then did some work in his office upstairs as they worked in the kitchen. By late afternoon everything was ready. The twins had put two tables outside, end-to-end, and thrown a huge white cloth over them. They rustled up ten chairs and set the long table perfectly for dinner.

Mark came home around five and looked bushed. "Rough shift," he said as he hugged Bob. "I'm gonna kick back upstairs for a while."

Bob gazed down at the impressive display on the table and threw his arms round the boys' shoulders. "Great work, guys," he said. "Looks terrific." At that moment they heard the sound of tires on gravel from outside and doors slamming. "And just in time by the sound of things," Bob said. "Seems like the circus has come back to town."

And a circus it was. The gate crashed open and Darius burst in, followed by Pablo and Jamie, all talking at once. Randy and Zack came in more slowly and Bob raised his eyes at them. "Looks like the clown car just rolled in. Been this noisy the whole trip?"

"Don't ask," groaned Randy and took Bob into his arms. "You sure are a sight for weary eyes, stud. I've thought of you and your ass all the way back. After dinner you wanna be my fuck-buddy?"

Bob grinned, "Is that a request or an order?"

"Hmm playing hard-to-get. Guess I'll have to take you in hand."

"Can't wait, sir," said Bob.

The three men chatted while Darius and Pablo regaled the twins with details of their trip, and in the general hubbub nobody noticed Jamie slip away.

When Jamie first arrived with the others he had touched the hood of Mark's truck and felt that it was still hot, so he knew Mark had recently got home. He must be upstairs relaxing. So now he unobtrusively left the noisy reunion and ran up to their bedroom.

Impulsively he pushed the door open, then stood still and gasped. Sprawled in the deep armchair was the magnificent cop, his eyes closed, tousled blonde hair falling over his chiseled Nordic face. He was still in his uniform though his black shirt was open to the waist, revealing the gleaming white T-shirt underneath, stretched over his muscular torso. His legs, in his high black motorcycle boots, were stretched out on the floor in front of him.

Jamie stood like a statue. The only part of him that moved was his dick, growing quickly stiff in his shorts. The two had been apart for only a couple of days but it was almost as if Jamie was seeing his master for the first time. God, he was beautiful, Jamie thought, and he was the cop's boy! He didn't know what to do. He didn't want to leave, but he didn't want to wake him either. He would just stand there and stare at him, he thought, his cock now rock hard.

But the decision was taken out of his hands when Mark stirred. As he dozed he had heard the door open and now he slowly he opened his eyes. He was still groggy but gradually the hazy vision before him came into focus.

"Wow," he breathed. "God, it's like I'm still dreaming." The boy standing before him was the iconic image of a young surfer. His blonde hair was disheveled, as if he had just come out of the waves. His handsome young face was deeply tanned like the rest of his body. He was wearing a loose, faded blue tank top, surfer shorts and sneakers with no laces. There were still streaks of dry sand on his legs.

A grin spread over the beautiful young face. "I'm home, sir," he said. "I missed you."

"Me too, kiddo. I dreamed of you last night. And I hear you're quite the hero. Zack called me and told me you broke up a big fight single-handed."

Jamie blushed. "Not really, sir. I just thought what you would do and I yelled 'Freeze'."

"And they froze. Works every time. I'm real proud of you, kid. So, what you gonna do for me now you're home? I had a real rough day, been on that bike for eight hours, and now I'm horny as hell. You're a tough guy now, breaking up fights and all, so you're the man but you still wanna be my boy?"

"More than ever, sir. You look so beautiful there."

"So show me." Mark sighed deeply, put his hands behind his head and slouched deeper in the chair staring at the young surfer dude across the room.

Jamie felt his cock pulse and he just managed to stop himself cumming in his shorts just looking at the gorgeous cop. He had to show his master just how much he wanted to be his boy, how much he loved him, worshipped him. He was in a kind of trance as he kicked off his sneakers, unbuttoned his shorts and let them drop.

All he was wearing now was his loose tank top, and he sank to his knees as an act of devotion. He fell on his stomach and looked up at the police officer on the other side of the room. Without taking his eyes off him he began to pull himself slowly forward on his belly. Mark watched mesmerized.

The boy was dragging himself along the floor. The tank top rode higher and exposed his perfect white ass, framed by a perfect tan line at his waist and the top of his bronzed legs. The round globes flexed as he crawled, the shoulders rippling as he pulled himself forward. The handsome young surfer was performing a ritual homage to his master and it was one of the most erotic sights Mark had ever seen.

“God that’s beautiful,” he breathed. “Come on, boy. That’s it. Show me show me how much you want me, kid. You look so fucking hot like that your ass it’s perfect. That’s it, boy. Crawl for your master crawl, boy.”

Inch by inch Jamie pulled himself forward, his eyes fixed on the god-like cop. He flexed his ass, and his shoulders ached as he came closer and closer. And finally he was there. He reached forward, grasped one of the boots and pulled himself forward on his stomach until his face was on the foot. And he started to lick, to demonstrate total obedience by making love to his master’s shiny boot.

He worked his way upward, savoring the taste and smell of the leather. He was hypnotized by feel of the boot, pressing his face against it, licking, sucking, as he moved higher. When he reached the top he fell back down and rested his cheek against the foot of the boot in a final act of worship.

Mark had always been aware of how much people admired him, lusted for him. But this was intense this beautiful young boy, the boy he owned, was debasing himself in an extraordinary act of homage to his master. Several times Mark almost shot his load as he watched in awe, and finally he knew he had to bring it to an end.

“Stand up, boy,” he said gently. Jamie pulled himself to his feet and, still wearing just his loose tank, stood before the cop sprawled in the chair. Mark looked at Jamie’s cock, standing out rigid below his tank. He said, “Jamie, you know how I get off looking at beautiful men, and you are one of the most beautiful boys I have ever seen. Will you do anything I tell you?”

“You know I will, sir.”

“Then make me cum just by looking at you.”

Sprawled in the chair, keeping one hand behind his head, Mark moved his other hand casually down to his crotch and began to stroke the bulge in his pants lightly. He watched as Jamie began to stroke his own cock, his muscles rippling under the loose tank. Mark's voice spurred him on. "God, I love you, kid. I love that body, that ass. I own you, boy, and you know what I'm gonna do to you later?"

"No, sir." Jamie murmured.

"When we go to bed I'm gonna watch you strip and when you're naked I'm gonna tie you down to the bed." Jamie's heart was pounding as he stroked his cock harder. "Then I'm gonna take off my belt and lay it across your beautiful ass. I'm gonna whip you, boy. You feel it? Can you feel your master whipping your ass? You're helpless now, struggling..... can you feel it?"

"Yes, sir," Jamie groaned in ecstasy. "Oh, sir, whip me hard, please, sir. My ass is yours. I belong to you, sir." He was in a fantasy world where he saw himself loved, dominated, whipped by his master. He narrowed his eyes and became hypnotized by the image before him the glorious uniformed cop sprawled in the chair, taunting him, teasing him. He couldn't hold back any longer.

In his euphoria he shouted, "Please, sir, whip me harder, sir. Please, let me cum for you, sir. I'll be good I'll make you cum too now"

A long stream of white juice spurted from his cock, arced high and splashed down onto the cop's handsome face, then onto his uniform, the T-shirt, the pants and the boots. Mark stopped stroking his crotch and put both hands behind his head. As he felt himself splashed with his boy's warm juice his body shuddered, tensed and he felt his own cock explode under his pants.

The cop had creamed his shorts. The two men hadn't touched. They had just watched imagined fantasized. And they had made each other shoot a hot load of cum, testimony to their beauty, and the passion they felt for each other.

"Come here, Jamie." Mark held out his arms and Jamie fell into them. They held each other tight, without saying a word, until they heard the voice of one of the twins shouting up to them. "Sir dinner's ready!"

Dinner was a noisy, festive affair and the celebration had already begun when Mark and Jamie appeared from the house. The glow surrounding them was unmistakable. It was obvious they had made spectacular love and the whole group burst into applause and wolf whistles. Mark

grinned and blushed, while Jamie acknowledged the applause by bowing from the waist with an elaborate flourish of his arm.

“Hey, dude,” shouted Darius. “You get yourself arrested again? I hear some cops can be real rough on a hot-looking young dude like you.”

“Aw, nothing he can’t handle,” grinned Mark. “After all, he’s tough enough to break up an angry brawl from what I hear. Must have been some fight.”

“Hell,” Randy laughed, “you know me and my boy when we lose our cool.”

“And now we both have to go and see Steve for a therapy session,” said Pablo proudly.

“It’s nothing to be proud of, kid,” said Zack. “It’s the price you pay for losing your temper.”

“Yeah right,” said Pablo. “Like having a session with that hot stud Steve is punishment! I can’t wait.”

Darius shouted, “Now that’s something I should get on video,” and any further protests were drowned out by raucous laughter. Mark and Jamie took their places at the table and the twins brought out the rest of the food and sat down too. Bob took that as his cue, banged a knife against his glass for silence and got to his feet.

“A few announcements before we eat. First I want to welcome Lloyd who’s with us all here for the first time. You all know him as our architect, but he’s our buddy too so he’s earned a place at the table enjoying the twins’ great cooking.” Another burst of applause, that died down as Bob raised his hand.

“And talking of the twins” he smiled down at them “I’m proud to introduce Kyle and Kevin to you all as my boys!” The cheers this time were loud and heartfelt and Randy shouted above them, “What the hell took you so long?”

Again Bob called for silence. “As you know, the twins have a paid job taking care of the house and preparing our meals.” He glared down at Pablo and Darius. “And that does not mean they’re your servants. They’re not here to follow you around and pick up after you.”

“So who’s got that job?” asked Darius with mock seriousness.”

“That’s enough out of you, punk,” said Zack. “Besides, don’t you have an announcement of your own?”

“I do?” he asked in a panic.”

Zack spoke softly to him. "Sure you do. It was your suggestion and I went along. I spoke to Bob and Randy and they're on board. So break the news to the twins."

Darius hesitated, but then his sense of the dramatic got the better of him and he sprang to his feet as Bob yielded the floor to him. He puffed himself up and began, "OK, guys, well I've been thinking"

Big groans all round and Randy moaned, "Oh God save us, not again."

"No, listen up, you guys. See, Zack's guesthouse is almost finished and I thought, well see I had this brilliant ideaand I suggested just a suggestion, mind you"

"Shit, dude," groaned Pablo, "just cut to the chase why don't you?"

Ignoring him Darius continued, "So I suggested to Zack that it would be perfect for the twins. They can help around his place too, and in return the guesthouse is their home. And Zack agreed." Darius looked at the twins. "So, guys, what do you think?"

The twins looked up at him in stunned silence. "If you like," Darius added, "I can help you paint the walls inside you choose the color and when it's finished you'll be all set ready to entertain in your own home whoever happens to come by," and Darius looked pointedly at Bob.

"OK," Bob laughed. "I get the point. And as they are my boys I get to spend the first night with them when they move in. We'll make it one hell of a housewarming!"

A silence followed as everyone looked at the twins. Slowly they stood up, walked round the table, put their arms round Darius and both kissed him hard on the lips. Pablo laughed, "Go easy there, guys. Not the lips they're mine."

Darius pulled away and looked dazzled. "Hey, not a bad idea, though," he said. "Shit, wouldn't that be one for the fantasy book!"

"Down, boy," said Pablo, pulling his lover down beside him.

"OK," Bob shouted. "That just about does it. And tomorrow after work Randy and Pablo have their therapy date with Steve. And no, Darius, before you ask you and your camera are definitely not invited."

"I've got a question," yelled Randy. "Any chance you could do us all a favor, Bob, and sit down so we can eat? I'm fucking starving."

Bob sat down beside him and grinned, "Fuck you."

Randy put his arm round him. "I don't think so, asshole. You got that the wrong way round."

The next day as Randy drove to Steve's Beverly Hills office after work he was in a surly mood. He still resented having to subject himself to therapy and he hated Beverly Hills. Not his scene at all plus there was never anywhere to park. "Fuck that," he growled as he parked his truck in a red zone.

Still, he had to agree to a joint therapy session for himself and Pablo after they had both let their legendary anger get out of hand at the beach, resulting in the big brawl. Randy had already had a few sessions with Steve some time ago, though never with Pablo. This time Steve had suggested on the phone that Randy come to him alone for the first half hour and then have Pablo join them.

"I think we should have some time to sort things out, you and me," Steve had said. "Try to take up from where we left off."

As he rode up in the elevator Randy was reminded of his first visit to Steve a disaster that had ended up with Randy slugging the therapist and leaving him gasping on the floor. He chuckled to himself as he recalled the last time they had met, a few weeks ago, after Steve and Bob had spent the night together in San Francisco. In a rage Randy had stormed into Steve's house, met him in his driveway, beaten him and brutally fucked his ass, leaving him lying in the dirt. They hadn't seen each other since.

It was late and the receptionist had gone home, so Randy walked straight into Steve's office. And there he was, looking up with a welcoming smile on his face. 'Jesus he's gorgeous,' was Randy's first thought. Just like the first time they met Randy was struck by the uncanny resemblance between Steve and himself. 'Such a fucking stud,' he thought and felt his cock swelling in his jeans.

"OK, doc, here I am," he said. "So let's see now where did we leave off?"

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Chapter 89 – Sex Therapy – Making Amends

"Hi, Randy," Steve said cheerfully. "Looking great as always. Straight from work I see." He surveyed the rugged construction worker who had obviously just walked off the construction site to come here. He was still wearing his dirt-caked cargo pants, boots and his scruffy, sweat-stained tank top, though as a concession to Beverly Hills he had thrown a sleeveless denim shirt over it. 'He looks fucking magnificent,' Steve thought, his cock growing hard in his pants.

Steve was in casual business attire beige slacks, loafers and a well-tailored blazer. The two men looked uncannily alike, but they were different sides of the same coin. The one, well-groomed, clean shaven, classy, smelled faintly of an expensive cologne. The other, rugged, unkempt, stubbled chin, smelled definitely of man sweat. Steve tried to ignore the swelling in his shorts and assumed a professional demeanor.

"Please, Randy, take a seat, any chair you like just so long as you're comfortable."

"Look, doc," Randy growled, "you don't have to give me that sweet-talk psychiatrist bullshit. Some of your patients may be fragile, but not me."

Steve grinned. "No definitely not that."

Randy sat down. "OK, so let's talk man to man."

It was Randy's aggressive, macho attitude as much as his look that Steve found such a turn-on, and his cock was now rock hard. He took a deep breath and plunged in.

"Right, so perhaps you could start by telling me what brought on the most recent display of anger."

Randy bristled. "What was I supposed to do? Darius was beating up my kid, had him pinned on the ground, so I hauled him up and slugged him. 'Course, Zack saw his boy being attacked so he piled on and pretty soon there was one hell of a fight."

"So it was a boys' quarrel that sparked your anger."

"Well, yeah," Randy said grudgingly, feeling diminished. "If you wanna put it like that."

There was a pause as the therapist looked hard at Randy. "You know, Randy, there is an established procedure for dealing with anger issues and other compulsions, like alcoholism, where you have harmed others. Have you ever heard of the concept of Making Amends?"

Randy was looking surly again. "I don't deal in concepts, doc. Just realities. Something makes me mad and I react."

"And afterwards when you've calmed down? Darius and Zack, for example. How did you make amends to them?"

"Oh, they're fine. After the fight we shook hands and made up real fast. They're my buddies for chrissake; they know how I can be."

"And Bob? You've beaten him up several times. How did you?"

“Oh, Bob’s just great,” Randy interrupted. “Hell, once I’d made love to him a couple of times we were as tight as we ever had been. Don’t worry, doc, I’ve made amends to Bob, if that’s what you wanna call it.”

Steve fixed him with a steely look. “Anyone else, Randy? Anyone else you feel you’ve taken your anger out on? Anyone else you should make amends to?”

And there it was. The subject they had been avoiding now loomed over them like a storm cloud about to break. It had to be addressed. They were both aware that the last time they had met Randy had been consumed by fury. He had forced his way into Steve’s driveway, beaten him, fucked him savagely, then stormed away leaving him sprawled in the gravel. Now they confronted each other in the controlled, clinical atmosphere of the therapist’s office.

There was a heavy silence, then Randy said, “Shit, Steve, if you mean that stuff at your house well I’ve come to terms with what you and Bob did..... wasn’t your fault, I see that now, so I’m sorry I took it out on you.”

For a moment Steve’s professional poise cracked and a surge of anger ran through him. The man was forgiving him! He was the injured party, beaten and raped, and Randy was blandly saying it wasn’t Steve’s fault and he’s ‘sorry!’”

Steve took a deep breath and sat back in his chair. “I took you for a bigger man than that Randy. ‘Sorry’ doesn’t cut it. Anyone can say sorry. It takes a real man to prove it to really make amends.”

“What the fuck do you want from me, doc? OK, I beat you up I fucked your ass. So what the fuck can I do to even the score?”

“I think you know the only thing you can do, Randy,” said Steve quietly. “There’s only one way we can even the score. ‘An eye for an eye’

Randy frowned as he examined the handsome face. Suddenly he understood. “You mean no, you can’t mean Shit, man, if you think for one minute I’m gonna let you do that to me. Not a chance, asshole. You know, I don’t have to sit here and listen to this bullshit. I should just slug you again like I did the first time and get the hell out of here.”

“OK, OK,” Steve said calmly holding up his hands. “Like I said, it takes a real man to make amends, so we’ll just let it drop and move on.”

“No, wait. We won’t ‘move on’ as you call it. You think I’m not man enough? OK, I fucked your ass and you took it like a man. You don’t think I could do the same?”

“Well, Randy could you?”

Randy looked into the eyes of the beautiful man who looked just like him, and in that moment he knew he had met his match. And he knew what he had to do. He got to his feet.

“OK, doc. Some therapy this turned out to be. Still, if that’s what you want, asshole you’ve got it.”

Steve stood up and faced him. It had become a trial of strengthstrength of will. It was no longer doctor and patient. It was two alpha males, one out to prove his toughness, the other out for revenge.

“Stand here and face the desk,” Steve said.

Randy faced the side of the desk and looked at himself in the mirror on the wall opposite. He saw a man who took no shit from anyone, a man who slugged first and asked questions after. He also saw a man who was big enough to take punishment when he had to. And he knew he had to now. He stood erect and threw off the denim shirt. Still in his cargo pants and tank top he leaned forward from the waist until, feet still on the floor, his stomach was flat across the desk. He saw in the mirror Steve coming up behind him.

Steve took off his blazer but kept on his shirt, tie and slacks. He came close so his crotch was resting against Randy’s ass. Steve’s voice was firm. “You hurt me, man. You beat me and raped me. And now you’re going to apologize beg my forgiveness.”

“Fuck you, asshole,” Randy growled defiantly. “Make me.”

Nothing more was said. Steve reached round Randy’s waist, unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down over his ass. Then he unzipped the fly of his own slacks and pulled out his cock, raging hard, as it had been ever since Randy walked in. It was a big cock, long and thick, just like Randy’s. He looked into the mirror and saw Randy looking up at his reflection. They gazed into each other’s blue eyes and a faint trace of a smile crossed both their faces.

Steve’s smile faded, replaced by a glint of steel. He took a deep breath, paused and then plunged his cock deep into his victim’s ass. Randy’s head flew back and he howled as a shaft of pain pierced his ass and shot through every muscle of his body. The rod was like a red hot poker in his ass. His eyes opened wide and he gazed at the reflection of the man impaling him on his cock. Steve saw in his eyes a mix of pain, anger and even a trace of fear.

The pain in his ass was far more than Randy could have imagined as he felt the head of Steve’s huge cock smash against the back of his ass. It rested there a moment, then pulled slowly back, almost all the way. Steve’s eyes bored into Randy’s as once again he slammed his cock all the way in, with the same wide-eyed look of amazement on Randy’s face, the same piercing scream.

And so the fucking progressed with a slow intensity the cock pulling all the way back, then piercing the ass like a spear, shooting pain through the construction worker's body, ending in an agonized scream. Gradually the tempo increased. The sharp stabs of pain now melded together in a continuous haze of torment for the man bent over the desk. Steve was in no mood to quit, and as Randy was pounded again and again against the desk his torture seemed to stretch into an agonizing eternity.

A few minutes earlier a truck had pulled up behind Randy's. Pablo was not familiar with Beverly Hills so he had difficulty finding Steve's building, and now he questioned whether he should park in the same red zone as Randy. Still, there was nowhere else to park and what the hell, he thoughtwhat's good for the boss is good for his boy.

Like Randy Pablo had come directly from work and still wore his grubby dungarees and boots. The young mechanic cut an odd figure as he marched across the sleek lobby and entered the elevator. He was not used to fancy office buildings and opened the door to the office suite with some trepidation. Therapy was an unknown concept to him, but at least Randy would be there.

The waiting room was empty and he didn't know whether to go on though. As he hesitated he heard noises from inside. He quietly turned the door handle and cracked open the door. The boy froze as he saw the unbelievable sight inside. The construction worker was bent over the desk, pants pulled down over his ass and his sweaty tank clinging to his muscular body. His arms were stretched forward, his hands gripping the far edge of the desk. He face was streaming with sweat and twisted in pain.

Behind him Pablo recognized Steve, a man who looked just like Randy, except that he was wearing business clothes, shirt, tie and slacks. He was immaculate, except that the tie had been pulled loose at the neck and damp patches of sweat were visible on the shirt. The pants were open and his cock protruded from it, though it was not visible as it was buried in Randy's ass.

Pablo knew immediately that Steve was exacting retribution for the way Randy had beaten and fucked him some weeks ago. Evidently the fucking had been going on for some time and Pablo's instinct was to pull away and close the door. But he was mesmerized as he watched and listened unseen by the two men.

"You had enough yet, fucker?" yelled Steve. "You ready to beg forgiveness for what you did?"

"Go fuck yourself," growled Randy through his haze of pain.

"Wrong, asshole. "It's you that's fucking yourself. Look at me, stud. Looks just like you. Like you're fucking yourself. Your ass is getting reamed. Give up, man."

“I’ll never submit to you, asshole.”

“OK, have it your way.” Through the crack of the door Pablo watched as Steve pulled back and using every ounce of strength slammed his body against the helpless ass. He saw his master’s eyes grow wild as his mouth opened in an agonized howl. The muscles flexed and gleamed and the knuckles were white as his hands gripped the edge of the desk hard to relieve the pain.

Pablo had never seen his master get fucked like this. Many times he had felt Randy’s huge dick in his ass, so he had a good idea of how Steve’s cock must feel. But the ferocity of the onslaught was horrifying.

It was agony to watch his big, rugged master get tortured so bad and part of Pablo wanted to run in and pull Steve off him. But he knew better than to intervene between these two alpha males. And besides, though he hated to admit it to himself, the scene was incredibly erotic as one muscle-stud fucked and tortured the other. Pablo’s cock was rigid in his loose dungarees.

But even Pablo knew that, as tough as his master was, he could not endure this level of pain for much longer. He heard Steve shout, “OK, man, this is it. I’m gonna put you out of your misery.”

The pounding became brutal, merciless. The desk shook as the exhausted construction worker was hammered against it, his ass ravaged, his body heaving in agonized sobs. Through his blur of pain he knew that in a few seconds he would pass out, and he didn’t want to give Steve that satisfaction. As the pain reached a crescendo he howled, “OK, OK, man. You win. I give up.”

“You apologize for what you did?”

“Yes yes. I apologize. I was wrong.” He was sobbing now. “I beg you, man. Forgive me.” And finally Steve heard what he was waiting for. “I’m begging you to forgive me, sir.”

With one final deep penetration Steve shot his load deep inside the burning ass. At the same time the body of the broken construction worker bucked and writhed against the desk as his cock exploded under him, shooting streams of hot semen over the highly polished surface.

The exhausted men heaved with rasping breaths, their hearts pounding, as sweat poured from Steve’s face onto the thin tank stuck to Randy’s muscular back. Finally Steve found his voice as he looked down at the shattered man.

With a grim smile he said, “And that, buddy, is what’s known as ‘Making Amends!’”

The door closed quietly and Pablo found himself alone again in the outer office. He knew he had not been seen, as the men had been so engrossed with each other. Now he leaned against the door, trying desperately to gather his shattered thoughts. He had watched his master get brutally fucked by a man who could almost be his twin. He had seen the muscular construction worker crushed, broken, sobbing in defeat.

Pablo's mind reeled. Randy was the big boss, the man he worshipped, the man who had adopted him as his son, but there he was, lying beaten and humiliated. Pablo hated Steve for doing it. And yet at the same time his cock remained hard at the image of the handsome, muscular doctor sweating through his shirt as he pounded the man into submission.

He always thought of Steve as a gorgeous stud, but watching him now had brought him to a pitch of desire. Pablo was consumed with two obsessions his lust for Steve and his need to avenge his dad. His mind raced with possibilities and gradually a plan began to take shape. He would play it by ear and maybe, just maybe, he could satisfy both of his desires.

He waited five minutes until he had calmed down. Then he took a deep breath, steadied himself and marched into the office.

"Hello, sir. Hope I'm not late."

The two men had barely pulled themselves together. They had straightened their clothes, wiped away the sweat and Steve had wiped the desk clean of Randy's cum. Now they stood in the middle of the office, breath still heaving, their eyes locked in an intense expression of renewed respect for each other. The two near-identical men knew that they had met their match.

Hearing Pablo's voice Steve instinctively resumed his professional poise, put his jacket on and smiled at the boy.

"Not late at all, Pablo. Perfect timing I'd say. Randy and I had just finished our business, so take a seat both of you." He paused. "Er, this may sound unusual but would you both like a beer? I know that as a therapist my methods may sometimes seem unorthodox"

"You can say that again," growled Randy.

"..... but I think a drink would help to put us all at ease." He produced three beers from a drinks cabinet in the corner and they all sat down to talk.

“So, Pablo,” Steve began. “Welcome to your first anger therapy session. Now remember, anything we say here is strictly confidential so I want you to relax and feel completely at ease.”

“Doc,” Randy said. “He’s my boy. He doesn’t need the feel-good psychobabble any more than I do.”

“Got it,” Steve smiled. “So let’s get right down to it. You may be unaware of this, Pablo, but there are always triggers that make anger flare in someone. So, think hard, take your time, and let’s see if you can tell me some of yours.”

“Well,” said Pablo carefully, “people talking down to me like I’m a kid, for one.”

“Touché,” Steve grinned.

“What?”

“Never mind. What about the fight at the beach? What triggered that?”

“I saw Darius he’s my lover you know hugging and kissing Jamie, grabbing his ass, so I laid into him, naturally. But I made amends later, doc”

“Hmm..... would you say that sex is often a trigger for your anger?”

“Oh yeah most of the time. Except” he shot a fleeting glance at Randy, who could swear he saw a trace of a smile on his face”except, I’m OK when I’m getting fucked. And I get fucked a lot well, guys seem to like my ass see?” He stood up, turned round and pulled his dungarees forward so they stretched tight over his perfect ass leaving little to the imagination.

“Yes yes I see,” said Steve, momentarily thrown by Pablo’s move. He cleared his throat. “Er, you can sit down again. So tell me, when exactly is it that sex makes you angry?”

“When I’m fucking someone. Seems that always brings out the worst in me.”

Randy frowned to himself. What the fuck was his boy talking about?

“Aah, I see,” said Steve. “Now we’re getting somewhere. For you, being the active partner is an act of domination, a brutal act even.”

“You got it, doc. I wish I could fuck someone’s ass or a face without getting mad but I can’t.”

“Have you ever tried doing it gently?”

“No. Never seemed like the time or place. There again” and again the fleeting glance at Randy” “in a nice quite place, where everything was calm, under control” like, no triggers, as you call it” well maybe I could be gentle then.”

Steve smiled. “You mean a place like this office.”

Pablo shrugged. “Well yeah, I guess” if you say so. Never thought of it like that. But now you mention it, I guess I could let someone suck my dick in a place like this and not get mad. Jeez, I’d sure like to try. But, nah” like that’s ever gonna happen.”

“Pablo” I said my methods are unorthodox. I’m prepared to use practical measures to address a patient’s problems. What if for the sake of argument I were to watch Randy here get on his knees and”

“Oh, not my master, sir. No, I could never do that, sir. No way.”

Randy was silent but thought to himself, ‘Of course you could, you little fucker. We’ve done everything, including that.’

“Hmm.” Steve seemed deep in thought. “Well, the only other person here is me, so what about that? I’m not averse to a small scientific test. Just as a clinical experiment, you understand, a therapeutic tool.”

“Oh, I dunno, doc. I don’t think I could even get hard for you.”

Steve grinned. “Let’s give it a try. Here, stand over by the desk.” They both stood up, Steve with his back to the desk, facing Pablo. He took off his jacket and sank to his knees, but he maintained his professional demeanor as he looked up at the boy. “Remember, Pablo, the important thing is for you to control your anger throughout the experiment. Now, unbutton your dungarees and take out your cock and we’ll see if we can get it hard.”

Pablo pulled out his cock, stiff as a poker. “Oh,” Steve said. “Already hard, I see. Well, good” that’s good. Now I’m gonna put my mouth round it and I want you to be gentle, don’t hurry, and above all control your anger.”

“OK, doc, I’ll do my best.”

As he looked down and saw the handsome stud open his mouth and slide it over his cock Pablo stifled a gasp. For a second he thought he was going to cum, it felt so great, but he looked away and breathed deeply. Steve moved his mouth back and forth on the rigid young cock a few times, then pulled away and looked up.

“You feeling OK, Pablo?”

"I I think so, sir," Pablo said innocently. "No anger yet. How is it for you, sir?"

Steve smiled. "Well, not bad actually. You taste good. Now let's keep going."

Steve resumed sucking Pablo's cock, taking it deeper and deeper down his throat. Pablo looked up and grinned at Randy, who was gaping at him open-mouthed. The young fucker, he thought. He had listened to the line of bullshit he was feeding to Steve and now he understood. He knew that Pablo wanted like mad to fuck the stud's face, but he also realized that the boy must have known what Steve had done to his master and he was out for revenge.

After a few minutes, where Pablo was getting more and more excited by the feeling of fucking the therapist's face, Steve pulled back again to check on him. "Still feeling OK, young man?"

"Oh, sir," Pablo gasped. "Please don't stop. It's when guys stop in the middle that I really get mad. That's one of the triggers, sir."

Steve quickly closed his mouth round the boy's cock and clenched his throat muscles hard. Pablo shuddered and moaned, "Oh, God that feels good. Man, I love fucking your face sir. You're so damned gorgeous."

Steve picked up on Pablo's euphoria and the concept of the 'clinical experiment' began to dissolve into an erotic desire to service the young guy's dick. He increased the rhythm of his movements, slamming his face against the soft pubic hair and hungrily drinking in the pre-cum he felt trickling from the cock. He put his hands round the firm mounds of the boy's ass and pulled it toward him.

Pablo knew he had him. Now for the revenge part. He pushed forward until Steve's head was pressed against the edge of the desk. He clamped his hands on the sides of the handsome face and began to fuck in earnest. Fuck the experiment, fuck the damn 'triggers', he saw again the harrowing image of Steve brutalizing his master's ass and his anger spiked.

"That's it, man," he growled. "Suck the kid's dick. You like me pounding your face, doc? You like feeling a boy's hard young meat slamming into you? Hurts doesn't it? See, you shouldn't have hurt my dad like you did. Seeing you fuck his ass, now that made me angry that was a real trigger. Now I'm gonna hurt you, man. See if you can take it like my master did."

With all his strength Pablo pounded the handsome, sculpted face, watching tears stream from the eyes, and the mouth stretched to its limit. Steve was a strong man and could have powered out of this, but by now he was in a trance, loving the feeling of this beautiful young boy fucking his face, overpowering him, punishing him. The boy was so like Randy. In fact it was like a young version of Randy taking merciless revenge for what Steve had done to him.

Steve was really hurting now as he felt the head of the cock slamming against the back of his throat. He tried to clamp the cock with his throat muscles but it was implacable, hammering him again and again. He was choking, trying to scream. Then suddenly he felt the cock shudder in his mouth.

Pablo shouted, "OK, doc. This is it. Now you're gonna drink the juice of the master's boy. Here it comes, man. Swallow it good!" Pablo looked up wild-eyed at Randy. "This is for you, sir. Revenge!"

Steve felt the head of the cock explode deep inside him and he had no choice but to gulp down the flood of fresh young semen pouring inside him. He swallowed hard, again and again, until finally, mercifully the streaming stopped. He was dimly aware of the dampness in his shorts as his own cock erupted in his pants and he sobbed noiselessly into the gag of the young cock.

Finally the cock pulled out of his ravaged mouth and the handsome face fell forward, cum pouring from his open mouth, tears streaming from his eyes. He had been brutally face-fucked by Randy's boy. He felt his hair being grabbed, his face pulled upward and he found himself staring into the triumphant young face dripping with sweat.

"Sorry, doc. Guess my anger got the better of me I pulled the trigger. Still, it just goes to show 'making amends' works both ways."

Fifteen minutes later the three men were sitting down nursing their beers. Randy had been unable to take his eyes off his boy, sitting there with a smug, satisfied smile on his young face. Randy was so proud of the kid hardly able believe what he had done. God, he was impressive, going through all that to avenge his master.

Not only that, the scene had been so fucking hot the muscular young mechanic in greasy dungarees fucking the handsome face of the stylish therapist kneeling before him. When Pablo had shot his load in his mouth, and Randy had seen the cum stain spread over the crotch of the therapist's pants, he had almost creamed his own shorts.

But, as before, Steve was quick to recover his professional composure as they sat together and he was mister cool as he said, "OK, now, let's try to recap what we have learned here today. First, Randy you discovered that 'making amends' means more than just saying sorry. You have to actually do something for somebody."

"Or let the other guy do it to you," Randy grinned.

"That too," Steve smiled. "And you, Pablo, what do you think you learned?"

"Well, that our 'clinical experiment' didn't exactly work out, doc."

“On the contrary, young man, it worked exactly as I intended. See, you finally realized that you can get your own way even revenge if that’s what you want by using your head instead of your fists by sweet-talking your way into a situation, manipulating someone to do just what you want” he smiled “with a little cooperation from me, of course.”

“Cooperation?” Pablo frowned, then his eyes opened wide. “You don’t mean you knew!? You knew what I was doing all along? Nah what tipped you off?”

“Remember when you talked about hitting Darius and you said, ‘I made amends later’? You would never have used that phrase unless you had just heard it, most likely when I said it to Randy after I fucked him. I knew then you must have seen what I did to Randy. Am I right?”

“Son-of-a-bitch,” Pablo muttered.

“And don’t forget,” Steve smiled, “I’m a therapist. I’m trained to recognize when I’m being fed a line of bullshit. I know crap when I hear it. And your little act ... oh it was a good one, I’ll give you that but, come on it was still bullshit!”

Pablo frowned again. “But near the end, when I was really hammering you, I could tell I was hurting you, but you didn’t push me away and you could have.”

“Oh, by that time I was having a blast. You’re a hot young stud, Pablo, and I loved having your cock pounding my face quite a fantasy. I can still taste your sweet juice in my mouth.” Steve smiled and shook his head. “I gotta say, you two make one hell of a team. Maybe, the boss permitting, we can do it again some time.”

A slow, crooked grin began spreading across Pablo’s face. He looked up at Randy and said, “Hey boss, I think I’m really gonna enjoy therapy. Can we come again?”

When they got out to their trucks, parked one behind the other in the red zone, sure enough they both had parking tickets in the windshield. “Shit damn,” said Pablo and threw them on the ground.”

Randy laughed. “There’s that anger again, kiddo. Didn’t you learn anything in there?” He picked up the tickets and handed them back to Pablo. “Here, give these to Jamie and he’ll write a company check. Hell, it’s a small price to pay for the sight of that hot young mechanic face-fucking the therapist. It almost made me shoot my load.” He took Pablo in his arms. “But I’m saving that for when we get home, kid. I’ve gotta thank you properly for what you did.”

“It was my pleasure, sir. In more ways than one.”

The sidewalk was crowded with elegant, well-heeled shoppers, and a lot of heads turned and stared in surprise at the unlikely sight a burly construction worker in a sweaty tank top, and a young mechanic in greasy dungarees, hugging each other in the middle of Beverly Hills.

About that time Zack was just getting home from work, and he made straight for the guest house to see how Darius and the twins were getting on with the interior painting. Thrilled that Zack had said they could live in the guesthouse, finally a home of their own, the twins were working enthusiastically, doing their amateur best. But as they happily slapped on the paint they were pretty much making a mess of it. And they were alone.

“Hi guys. Where’s Darius?” Zack asked.

“Oh, he said he’d had a rough day at work, sir, and needed a nap, so he went into your house.”

Zack frowned. “Oh, he did! OK, I’ll be back in a minute to give you a hand.”

A bit miffed Zack went into his house and opened the bedroom door. He had been prepared to reproach Darius but stopped dead in his tracks. The handsome black boy lay on his back on the bed, wearing a white tank top and boxer briefs, evidently in a deep sleep, with a slight smile on his face. Zack stood and watched as his chest rose and fell.

“God, that’s beautiful,” Zack said under his breath. “Shit damn.”

The last of the late afternoon sun shed a pale golden light through the window, making the ebony skin shine against the gleaming white of the tank stretched over the boy’s chest. The fine black features were covered in a slight sheen of sweat and as the body stirred in sleep the sleek young muscles rippled.

But then Zack noticed that the sleep was not as untroubled as he first thought. He saw the body twitch and heard a low moan as the smile broadened. When Zack looked down and saw a massive bulge in the shorts he knew Darius was dreaming, and not just any dream. Judging by his face and gestures, it would in all likelihood end as a wet dream.

Zack tried to make out the snatches of words the boy was murmuring in his sleep “..... please, sir oh yeah love you my ass please” The body became restless, started to toss and turn, as the face furrowed and thrashed from side to side. The voice got louder “... do it, sir yeah” Zack watched the bulge in the shorts pulse, shudder. The body went rigid and as the boy uttered a long, low moan a wet patch suddenly appeared on his cotton briefs, growing bigger and bigger.

Zack was transfixed, watching his boy have a wet dream, evidently fantasizing about him in his sleep. “That is so fucking gorgeous,” he whispered to himself as he looked down at the

beautiful boy, lying asleep in his underwear, a smile on his face and his shorts soaked in his own cum.

It was a thing about Zack. Whenever he saw true beauty it hurt, and he had to leave his mark like he did running over fresh snow and like he did when he whipped Bob's beautiful body. Now he wanted to leave his mark on this stunning young body too. His hand moved to his own crotch, he unzipped and pulled out his cock.

"OK, boy. You've turned your master on real good. You deserve this." A few strokes of his huge dick, a few deep breaths and soon Zack felt the heat rise from his balls and streak through his body as his cock exploded. He couldn't hold back a howl of pleasure loud enough to break into the boy's sleep.

Still half dreaming Darius felt a warm, thick liquid spraying onto his face and body. In his sleeping fantasy he saw his beautiful, muscle-god master standing by the bed and blasting his juice over him. It felt so real, such a vivid fantasy. He could feel it, smell it, taste it. Then he opened his eyes and it was true. The magnificent black bodybuilder was towering over him, cock in his fist pointing down at him and streaming with torrents of hot semen, splashing over his face his neck and shoulders and soaking his tight white tank.

Darius felt his own cock rear up in his wet shorts and he shot another load of cum. He had never woken up like this, never seen anything like it, a fantasy he could never have dreamed up. But it wasn't a dream it was real. He watched as his master's body shuddered, the heavy breathing subsided and the face broke into a wide smile with a flash of gleaming white teeth. Then he heard the voice.

"What the fuck are you doing in bed, boy sleeping on the job? Here you are having a wet dream while the twins are making a hash of the paint job. Come on, get up. We gotta show them how it's done. Besides, it's time we got better acquainted with those guys if they're going to be living right next door.

"Right, sir." Darius sprang to his feet and headed for the door. Still in a daze he didn't stop to dress, or even to wipe off the streams of cum running down his soaking white tank.

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Chapter 90 – Black Beauty

When the door to the guesthouse opened the twins spun round, away from their work, and gazed at the two men especially at Darius wearing only his underwear, his tank top covered in splashes of creamy liquid. Darius followed their eyes and said, "Oh, shit. Forgot to put pants on." He grinned, "What the hell, a hot guy in his underwear nothing you guys haven't seen before."

“I wouldn’t exactly say that, sir,” Kevin stammered, as the twins’ eyes fixed on the outline of Darius’s ten-inch cock running halfway down his thigh.

Zack threw his head back and roared with laughter. “Yeah, you won’t see one like that every day of the week. And it’s not often you’ll see a cum-soaked tank like that either. What’s up with that anyway, Darius? These guys’ll start to think some big stud has blasted his hot load all over you.”

The light banter between these two beautiful black men put the twins at their ease, but the sight of them also had another effect. They both felt their cocks getting stiff in their shorts. They had spent most of their lives so far keeping themselves to themselves, so being in the company of two good-humored, stunning-looking men like Zack and Darius was a new and exciting experience for them.

But they pulled themselves together and took a few steps apart from each other so Zack could see the wall and survey their painting efforts. “What do you think, sir?” Kyle asked nervously.

Zack took a deep breath and sighed. “Well, boys, I’ll say this for you as painters you sure make damn good cooks.”

They blushed and smiled in embarrassment. “Well, sir. See we were trained as cooks, but never did much painting.”

“You don’t say!” Darius laughed. “It’s a fucking mess. First of all, don’t put so much paint on the roller, then move it lightly over the wall in long, easy sweeps. Here let me show you.” He dipped the roller in the paint and came up behind Kyle. “Now. Grab the handle and let me guide you see, like this.”

The twins were shirtless, in shorts and sneakers, and Darius’s chest was pressing against Kyle’s back. The boy could feel the cum-soaked tank sliding over his back as Darius moved. He breathed in the pungent smell of cum and realized it must have come from the muscle-god standing a few feet away. That, and the smell of sweat from Darius’s armpit, made Kyle’s heart thump and his dick get rock hard.

Worse, as Darius pressed forward, Kyle felt his crotch, still damp from his own orgasm, press against his ass, and there was no mistaking the hard bulge of the black boy’s huge cock. As he tried to concentrate on his painting Kyle took deep breaths to stop feeling dizzy.

Kevin was having just as hard a time, as Zack tried to show him the technique of painting the ceiling. Zack was still wearing his construction gear, muddy jeans, boots and an old gray, sleeveless muscle T-shirt streaked with grease and stale sweat. “Here,” Zack said patiently. “You use the same technique Darius just showed Kyle. Grab the roller, roll it lightly in the paint,

then get up on the step ladder so you can reach the ceiling comfortably. That's it. Now, a nice, easy sweeping motion. Reach a bit farther out if you can."

Anxious to please this commanding man Kevin reached forward and almost lost his balance. To compensate he instinctively took a step back off the ladder, into thin air. He shouted as he felt himself falling backward, and braced for a hard landing. Instead he felt strong arms catch him and fold around him. Stunned, he looked up and realized he was in the muscular arms of the black construction worker.

Kevin felt the muscles rippling against him through the thin T-shirt, saw the bare arms flex as they wrapped round him, and he was overpowered by the smell of grease and sweat from the man's body. Zack was holding him tight so Kevin, pressed against his chest, couldn't move even if he had wanted to.

He gazed up at the handsome, ebony face a foot away from him and saw it break into a gleaming smile as Zack said, "You OK, kid? You should be more careful you won't always have me to catch you. Though I gotta say, you feel mighty good. That's a tight young body you got on you."

There was a frozen moment as man and boy looked into each other's eyes, and when Kevin felt Zack's dick get hard pressing against him he almost creamed his shorts. Zack loosened his grip and gently helped the boy stand on his feet. Kevin blushed scarlet, acutely embarrassed by what he had felt for this dominant muscle god. He lowered his face and picked up the paint roller again.

Whether he noticed Kevin's discomfort or not Zack was all business as he said, "Why don't you help your brother with the wall, kid? After that you can both work together on the ceiling."

As Kevin took Darius's place next to Kyle, Darius stepped aside. But he backed into the step ladder and knocked it over, sending it crashing against Zack. Zack staggered but managed to stay upright. Regaining his footing he punched Darius good-naturedly on the shoulder. "Hey, punk, you should look where you're going. Had one too many beers, have you?"

Darius grinned. "If you were paying more attention to the furniture than you were to the twins maybe you wouldn't stumble around so much sir."

Zack stared in mock surprise. "Now don't you sass me, boy. Show some respect to your betters," and he shoved Darius playfully.

Darius shoved back. "Who says you're better than me?"

“Oh man,” grinned Zack. “Now that sounds a hell of a lot like a challenge. You wanna take this outside, asshole?”

“Hell, yeah!” said Darius and made for the door. They jostled each other as they went through the door and ran to face each other on the lawn.

The twins had listened to this exchange with surprise and concern, afraid that they had caused a quarrel between the two men. Now they dropped their tools and gazed apprehensively through the window. They gasped as they saw Darius and Zack stripping off their shirts.

“OK, punk, here it is,” said Zack. “We strip to our shorts and the first guy to lose his shorts gets his ass ploughed, OK?”

“Right on,” laughed Darius. “It’ll be a real pleasure for me to fuck that black ass of yours.”

Zack kicked off his boots, dropped his jeans and stood there in just his thin cotton shorts, looking at Darius in his cum-stained boxer briefs. “See, asshole. I’m giving you an advantage. My shorts are old and thin, yours are almost new. Even so, you don’t stand a chance. Come on, boy, let’s see what you got.”

The twins stood shoulder to shoulder and wide-eyed at the window, watching the men circle each other. Stripped down to their shorts, their bodies gleamed in the last rays of the setting sun, their muscles flexed in anticipation of the fight. They came together and clamped their hands on each other’s neck in a classic wrestling opening maneuver. Zack was by far the stronger of the two, but Darius had learned a few moves from Pablo, and he suddenly hooked his leg behind Zack’s, yanked it forward and sent the bodybuilder sprawling on the ground.

Zack looked up with a broad grin. “You little fucker. That’s the last time you’ll see me on the ground, punk.” He rocked on his back, pushed himself upward and sprang to his feet. But Darius wasn’t about to give in and, as Zack rushed forward, the boy grabbed him round the waist, locking his hands in the small of his back in a perfect bearhug. He even managed to lean backward so Zack’s feet came clear of the ground.

Zack was impressed, and for a while let himself be squeezed and shaken, his arms flailing in the air as Darius spun him around,. The twins were mesmerized by the sight of these two muscular black bodies, locked together in what seemed to be a no-holds-barred wrestling match. It looked like Zack was helpless, being shaken like a rag doll. It seemed impossible to the twins that Darius could beat the magnificent Zack and of course they were right.

Finally Zack had enough of indulging his boy. He held his arms out to the side, then in one swift move clapped them hard against the sides of Darius’s head. Darius howled, loosened his hold and rubbed his head where the blow had struck. Zack charged him like a bull and in an instant the two were rolling on the ground, grappling for the advantage.

The twins were still not sure if the guys were serious or just rough-housing, until they heard Darius laugh. He had grabbed the back of Zack's shorts and ripped them, so all that was left was the waistband and one ragged side. Zack sprang back onto his feet and gazed down at his opponent, breath heaving.

"Oh, shit," Darius moaned as he looked up at the spectacular muscle-god circling him, like a bull pawing the ground. Naked, now, except for the shredded remains of his shorts hanging round his waist, Zack looked phenomenal. He was the perfect specimen of a black bodybuilder, his bulging muscles shining with sweat, his huge cock hanging down out of the torn shorts.

Darius knew he was lost. It wasn't that Zack was stronger than him, which he was, of course. It was that Zack was the ultimate sexual fantasy for Darius and the boy trembled with desire for him. His cock was raging hard, his heart pounded, and the strength drained from his body as he heard his master taunting him.

"That all you got, asshole?" Zack grabbed at the remnants of his shorts at his waist and laughed. "Hell, should be real easy to rip the rest of these off, and then my ass is yours. Then the boy gets to fuck his master's ass. You ready, boy?"

A wild fantasy flashed across Darius's mind of tearing off the shorts, throwing Zack to the ground, pinning him and pushing his long ten-inch cock deep into his master's beautiful ass. He almost shot his load thinking about it. With a last burst of strength he jumped to his feet and ran toward Zack. But at this point he wasn't sure if he was running to attack him or make love to him. He just knew he had to touch his gleaming body.

It was payback time. As Darius stumbled into him Zack locked his left arm around his waist and hauled him off his feet. Darius was startled as he realized he was being held in a one-armed bear hug. That's all it took! One massive arm wrapped round his waist, rock solid, biceps bulging.

Darius hung helpless in the air feeling all the strength of his master's body coursing through them both. He saw Zack's triumphant grin. "Now you know, boy. You should know better than to challenge your master but I'm sure as hell glad that you tried." He raised his free arm, clamped the hand behind Darius's head and pulled it toward him. "I love you boy," he said, and clamped their mouths together in a grinding, passionate kiss.

Darius thought his heart would burst from his chest. He was trapped in mid-air by this muscle god, his body clamped in the vise of Zack's arm, sinewy muscle pressing into his back. His head was being crushed too by the other arm, as the sweating face pressed hard against his, tongue forcing itself between his lips, probing deep in his mouth.

He couldn't breathe. He was overwhelmed with lust for this incredible man. His cock was crushed inside his shorts against Zack's steel-hard abs. His nostrils were filled with the

pungent smell of the sweat flowing from his master's armpit and face. All he could feel, all he could smell or taste, was the body of the man crushing him.

As he hung helplessly Darius felt a shudder run through him as a fierce heat rose up from his groin and set fire to his whole body. Zack suddenly freed his boy's face, Darius's head jerked back and he screamed, "I'm gonna shoot!" And his cock blasted a massive load in his shorts, pressed so hard against his master's body that Zack felt the boy's juice oozing through the cotton and soaking his stomach.

Zack did not let go. He held on tight to his boy and the two men gazed into each other's eyes. Zack smiled and Darius started to cry. Master and boy were locked together body and soul.

Inside the guesthouse two hypnotized faces pressed against the window. The twins had never seen anything like this, two stunning black men wrestling, muscles straining, until the stronger one captured the other in a vise and made him cream his shorts. They were so engrossed in their fantasy that they didn't realize they were holding each other's dicks and stroking them, their usual method of mutual masturbation. They strained their ears to hear Zack's voice.

Still holding Darius tight he said, "It's not over, kid. You know the deal and we're both still wearing our shorts."

"Yes, sir," Darius replied weakly. Staring into his master's steady gray eyes he knew he was lost. Hell, he didn't want to win. He felt the man's sinewy body pressed hard against his and longed to submit to him completely, wanted to be possessed, owned by his master.

It was as if Zack read his mind. "You know you've lost don't you, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You didn't stand a chance."

"No, sir."

"And now you have to pay. I'm gonna fuck your ass. But you're a tough son-of-a-bitch you fought hard, threw me to the ground, so I'm gonna have to prove to you who the master is. This time I'm gonna have to ride my young black stallion real hard. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir." Darius's heart was pounding again, his blood coursing through him so fast he thought he would cum again. But just then Zack adjusted his hold, grabbed Darius's waist in both hands and hurled him to the ground. Sprawled on his stomach the young black man was stunned by the force of the blow and, in a protective reflex, began to crawl painfully away.

Behind him he heard Zack's mocking laughter. "You're not going anywhere, asshole. You lost!" Zack reached down, grabbed the waistband of Darius's briefs and in one move yanked them down over his ass and legs, and waved them triumphantly in the air.

"See, boy. You're naked. And you know what that means."

Darius looked helplessly up at his master. He watched as Zack tore at his own shorts and threw them on the ground. His thick cock flopped free and he stood there naked, magnificent, towering over his victim, savoring his triumph. Darius had never seen Zack look so incredibly hot and his face fell forward onto the ground.

"I submit. My ass is yours, sir."

"You bet it is," growled Zack, looking down at the boy groveling on his stomach, his ass pointing straight up, waiting. Zack fell forward and his hands grabbed the back of the boy's waist, pressing it hard into the ground. Darius was pinioned helplessly by the massive black body arched over him. His ass was at his mercy.

He knew what was coming, but even so the force of it sent a shaft of pain ripping threw him and he screamed. The huge rod pierced his ass, sinking deep into his gut and he felt the full weight of his master fall onto him. The cock pulled all the way out of his ass, then plunged back in again, bringing fresh spasms of pain and more screams. He was powerless to move as Zack's hands pushed down into the small of his back.

He felt Zack's breath in his ear. "What do you say, boy?"

"Thank you, sir," Darius groaned.

"That'll teach you never to challenge me again, boy." Zack grinned to himself. "Still, maybe that's enough punishment. I'll give you a break, kid we'll call it quits."

"No, sir," Darius gasped in a panic. "No, sir. Please don't stop, sir. Please. I want you to fuck my ass hard, sir. I'm your boy please ride my ass, sir. I beg you."

"OK, kid you asked for it."

Now the fucking began in earnest as the muscle-god's body slammed down on his boy, again and again, his cock hammering his ass without mercy. Darius spun in an erotic vortex of pain and ecstasy as his master took complete possession of him.

Inside the house the twins stood at the window transfixed. They forgot where they were, forgot all allegiances to their own master, riveted by the spectacle taking place outside. Their

hands gripped the other's cock harder, they pumped faster and felt a fire rising up through their legs and into their groin. And then they heard Zack's shout of triumph.

"Here it comes, boy! Your master's gonna empty his load into your ass. I own you, boy. You ready?"

"Yes, sir," Darius screamed. And there were four simultaneous orgasms, four ecstatic howls, as Zack pumped his juice inside his boy, Darius came for a third time that afternoon, and the twins shot streams of semen over the window, obscuring their view.

Zack and Darius were filthy with dirt, sweat and cum and needed to clean up. Zack hauled his dazed boy to his feet, threw his arm round his shoulder to steady him, and they walked into the house to shower. In the guesthouse there was silence as the twins watched their cum running down the window. Their thoughts were always in sync with each other, and right now their mutual feelings were of confusion and fear.

They still were not quite sure what had happened, but they had a strong sensation that they had betrayed the man they loved, their master. They had forgotten him as they were swept up in the sexual excitement generated by the two overpowering black men. Kyle still remembered the sensation of Darius pressing against his back as they worked, his cum-soaked tank sliding against him. Kevin could not forget the feel and smell of the strong black arms wrapped tight around him when Zack caught him as he fell.

And neither one of the boys would ever forget the sight of the two muscular men wrestling in the dirt until one submitted to the other and offered his ass up to get savagely fucked. They gazed out at the now empty lawn well, not quite empty. They ran outside to where two pairs of shorts, a T-shirt and tank top lay crumpled on the ground. Kyle picked up Darius's shorts and tank, both of them drenched in sweat and semen. Kevin found the shredded remains of Zack's shorts and dirty, sweat-stained muscle T-shirt.

As if in tandem the two boys lay on the ground, the very space where only a few minutes ago the two naked men had churned and struggled in combat. They pressed the underclothes to their faces and breathed deeply. Their heads swam with the overwhelming smell of male sweat and semen. The stench unlocked their visual memory and they saw again the men taking off their shirts; they saw again Zack pacing, his torn shorts hanging round his waist; and as they breathed deeply they saw the two incredible black bodies writhing on the very ground where they now lay.

They stuffed the filthy fabric into their mouths, hypnotized by the taste, smell and visual fantasy of the men. Their bodies shook as they sucked hard and choked on the rancid stink of sweat and cum. This time they were beating their own cocks, furiously, frantically until they

screamed into the gag of used underwear and shot another load of cum over their naked chests.

As their orgasms subsided they lay still on the grass trying to regain their breath. And then suddenly, simultaneously, they were both hit by the stark realization of what they had done, the lust they had felt and the man they had betrayed. They pulled the clothes from their mouths and stuffed them into the pocket of their shorts. They stood up dazed, and in a trance sought the sanctuary of their new house. Automatically they picked up the paint rollers and robotically resumed the work that had been so dramatically interrupted.

They didn't speak, didn't need to. They were both consumed by the enormity of what they had done. They felt the pain of betrayal, their own betrayal of the man they loved, worshipped, the man they had promised to obey and respect. And they felt they had committed the ultimate act of disloyalty by lusting for, desiring, touching, Zack and Darius, to the point of sucking on their cum-soaked shorts.

They had shot their loads twice, swept away by their blind sexual obsession for these spectacular men. Were the black men their new masters? Had they abandoned Bob? He would certainly abandon them when he knew.

And then they heard his voice. "Hi, guys? How you doing in here? Zack and Darius treating you well?"

Bob laughed. "Hell, look at you. You've got more paint on each other than on the walls. Look at this." He ran the backs of his hands over their chests and felt the sticky liquid covering them. He raised his hands to his face, breathed in the unmistakable smell of semen and smiled at them. "Hey, guys, what's this? You been beating off over each other. Hope you were fantasizing about me."

Then he realized that the twins were blushing deep red. They dropped their tools and faced him with tears in their eyes. Their words came tumbling out as they talked over each other. "Sir, you told us always to tell you the truth we have to confess something to you we've done something terrible you won't want us when you know we won't be your boys anymore you'll send us away"

"Hey, hey, hey," Bob said, cutting them off. "What is all this? You know, guys, one rule of making a confession if that's what it is is to speak slowly, clearly and calmly. Kyle, why don't you begin?"

And so he did, systematically recounting the events of the afternoon, from the arrival of Zack and Darius, the way Darius had pressed behind Kyle helping him paint, and how Zack had

caught Kevin in his arms when he fell. They described the wrestling match, how Zack had crushed Darius and made him cum, and then how he had fucked him on the ground.

Kyle ran out of words and Kevin took over, relating the hard part their orgasms over the window, then smelling and tasting the men's underwear, cramming it into their mouths and their second huge orgasm. It ended in a tearful admission that they had betrayed Bob by lusting so intensely for other men, and how they knew he wouldn't want them anymore."

And then there was silence as they looked at him and waited for the verdict. Bob was overwhelmed with admiration and respect for the way they had come clean, holding nothing back, standing there bravely and overcoming their fear of the repercussions. At this point he loved them more than he ever had. Now he had to show it.

"Well," he said slowly. "My first reaction is that I wish to hell I had been here to see it. What those guys did sounds damn hot. And my second thought is" he smiled "what happened to the shirts and shorts?"

Sheepishly the twins pulled the underwear from their pockets and handed them in a crumpled heap to Bob. He looked at them, then held them against his face and deeply inhaled the smell of sweat and cum. He lowered his hands and smiled. "Yup, that's Zack and Darius alright. I know the taste well."

They gazed at him in surprise. He didn't seem to be angry with them. His voice was gentle he even laughed. Bob looked steadily into their eyes. "Sit down, guys. We have to talk." They sat next to each other cross legged on the floor and Bob perched on the footstool looking down at them. They gazed up at him like eager students paying rapt attention to their teacher.

"First of all," Bob said, "Zack and Darius are two extremely hot men and would excite anyone who has a pulse. So I understand perfectly why you reacted the way you did. Now, I did tell you that you were not have sex with anyone else without first getting my permission, and this was kind of like having sex. But if I had been here I would have been at that window watching and beating my meat just as hard as you did."

"But I'll tell you something else. I'm a bit jealous of the way Zack and Darius turned you on so much. You found them so hot you came twice watching them. Tell you the truth, when I saw my boys covered in cum I hoped they had been thinking about me."

"Oh but sir," Kyle interrupted, "you are still by far the most beautiful"

"Uh,uh,uh," Bob put up his hand to cut him off. "I don't want you to say anything. But you know what Randy just told me? When he and Pablo had their therapy session with Steve he taught them that making amends is not so much 'saying' as 'doing' doing something real to show your true feelings. I have to know that I excite you as much as those guys do. Are you ready for that?"

“Yes, sir!” the twins said in unison. “Please sir, we’ll do anything.”

“OK, then come across the street with me.

When they had got home from therapy Randy had gone straight into Pablo’s room. He told Bob he would probably spend the night there as he had a lot to thank Pablo for in his own special way. So Bob now took the twins into his own room, though right away they looked around nervously for Randy. They had always been a bit scared of the rough, macho boss man.

Bob smiled. “It’s OK Randy’s spending the night in Pablo’s room. We’re all alone here. Now, let’s see. Zack and Darius how many times did you say you came looking at them?”

“Two times, sir,” they both said guiltily.

“Two, uh? As I said, makes me kinda jealous. Think you can do better for me? I know you shot your loads only a short while ago, but you’re young, fit you up for a cum marathon to show your master how much he turns you on?”

“Yes, sir!” Kevin beamed. “Absolutely,” Kyle said.

“OK. Lie on the bed and watch.”

Bob had not yet taken off his business clothes since getting home from work but he did now, slowly. At one time or another he had made most of the men in the house shoot their load with this display. And he remembered vividly the incident when he had first been pulled over by Mark all that time ago. The gorgeous cop had ordered him to strip and had cum in his uniform pants watching him.

So it didn’t take the twins long. They watched, thrilled, as Bob shook off his jacket, loosened his tie and pulled it off, then undid his shirt slowly, one button at a time. The twins were already pumping their dicks by the time Bob pulled the shirt free and threw it over a chair. He was wearing a white T-shirt underneath, tight over his muscular torso. He looked in a mirror and stretched his arms above his head, giving himself and the twins a preview of the physique outlined under the thin cotton.

Bob knew there were few things more erotic than watching a beautiful man getting off on his own reflection, a mix of pride, arrogance, and lust for his own body. He reached behind his neck and pulled the T-shirt slowly upward, revealing his tight waist, ripped eight-pack abs, his bugling pecs, wide lats and finally his broad shoulders.

The twins pumped their cocks feverishly as they gazed in awe at the spectacular face, the sculpted cheek-bones and square lantern jaw. Bob turned to them, stripped to the waist, held out his arms and smiled.

“So, boys. What do you think of your master now? No, don’t tell me show me!”

And they did. With a sharp intake a breath, then a howl, they both blasted a huge load of sperm all over the bed.

Bob laughed. “And I didn’t even get to take my pants off. God, you guys, you’re a real fucking mess, you know that paint, sweat, semen all over you. You’re way overdue for a shower.

In a few minutes all three of them were naked in the shower and the boys got to work servicing their master, running their soapy hands over his magnificent physique, caressing, massaging, thrilled by his moans of sensual pleasure. The shower was large, with powerful heads on opposite walls, so they were all enveloped in water and clouds of steam.

“OK, said Bob. “Time for you guys to shoot another load. Kyle back against the wall. Kevin, grab his waist and bend forward.”

They obeyed and immediately Kevin found himself staring at Kyle’s iron hard cock. He needed no prompting and slid his mouth over his brother’s cock, letting it sink into the back of his throat. The sight of one twin sucking his brother’s dick too much for Bob and his own cock was raging hard. As Kevin bent forward Bob grabbed his waist from behind, rested the tip of his cock against his hole, then pushed it hard inside the velvet-soft young ass.

He felt the body buck underneath him and heard the muffled scream, gagged by the cock filling his mouth. Bob looked deep into Kyle’s eyes and leaned forward. “Now you have to cum again, Kyle. Do it for me.” He pressed his mouth against the young lips and probed with his tongue.

Kyle was helpless. He felt his brother’s hot mouth working on his cock, and his master’s mouth exploring his, and he had no choice. He exploded in Kevin’s mouth and he felt the throat clench round his cock as his brother swallowed frantically. At the same time Bob made one last massive heave into Kevin’s ass and watched as the shower floor was flooded with yet another load of the boy’s hot juice.

Bob laughed. “OK, two down, one to go. Change places.” The scene was repeated, only this time Kevin was back against the wall, Kyle was sucking his dick and getting his ass fucked by Bob. The heat of the shower, the hiss of steam and water, and above all the passion of their brother and their master, brought the boys to a pitch of desire one last time and their cocks erupted.

“On your knees,” Bob ordered after their breathing subsided. They obeyed and, as the water poured down over his naked body Bob gazed in awe at the young boys who had proved once again how much they adored him. Through a cloud of steam he looked down at their eager, youthful faces and he could no longer hold back. At long last the master blasted his own load into their open mouths and watched with satisfaction as they drank deeply.

Ten minutes later the boys were lying under the sheets on the bed, totally exhausted. They were utterly drained. In the last few hours they had cum five times, twice for Zack and Darius, and three times for their master. They watched in glazed anticipation as Bob dropped down between them. “And now, I’m gonna spend the night sleeping with my boys all night.”

Well, not quite yet there was another drama to unfold. Suddenly the door burst open and Jamie rushed in. He was panic stricken. “Please, sir oh I didn’t mean to interrupt but you’ve got to come. It’s Mark. Something’s wrong with Mark and I think it’s my fault.”

Bob said to the twins, “Wait for me I’ll be back,” and he sprang into action. As he and Jamie rushed across the lawn to Mark’s house Jamie gasped out a fragmented explanation. “He was asleep, sir, but he was tossing and turning moaning like a nightmare, sir. So I decided to wake him up in a kind of sexy way. I grabbed his balls just lightly and started to stroke him. His eyes opened kinda wild, he screamed and flailed his arms, hitting me across the room. He started pacing the room, like he was mad, so I ran to get you, sir.”

By this time they were at Mark’s bedroom door, and when they entered they saw him on his knees, head in his hands, sobbing. Bob stood over him and gently laid his hand on his shoulder. Mark spun round with terrified eyes, then seeing Bob, collapsed at his feet.

Bob knelt facing him and in a few minutes had managed to calm him down a bit. “What was it, buddy?” he asked quietly. “A nightmare or something?”

Mark’s eyes were still wild, and so were his words, rambling, incoherent. “I was back there in that room, chained to the wall. I saw it so clear stripped to the waist fatigue pants chain round my neck two guys the enemy working me over interrogation. They had my balls, man torturing my balls” and he collapsed into Bob’s arms.

Bob held him tight until his spasms grew still. “Mark, are you talking about your army days in the Middle East? I heard rumors you were taken prisoner there, but you’ve never talked about that ever.”

Mark was pulling himself together and his handsome blonde face was beginning to relax. “God, man, I’m sorry. I was having that nightmare saw everything so clear, like I was back

there. Then I felt someone touching my balls and I guess I freaked out. Oh, Jamie, my sweet boy. Did I hit you, kiddo?"

"It's OK, sir. I'm fine," said a frightened Jamie.

"Mark, let me get you a drink," Bob said, "brandy or something." He brought him a large brandy and Mark swallowed it in one gulp. Bob watched the heaving body grow calm and then said quietly, "Ok, now listen, buddy. Do you think you want to talk about it? You know you can trust me tell me anything. Maybe it would help purge those demons."

Mark looked into the calm, steady brown eyes and felt relief sweeping over him. "Yeah, man. You may be right. I've never told a soul. Couldn't face it kept it bottled up. But you, Bob I love you, man. Yeah, it's time. I want to tell you."

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