

# **A TRIAL OF STRENGTH**

## **BOOK 10**

### **Chapter 91 – Military Interrogation – Hassan**

Bob looked over at the still nervous Jamie and said, “Jamie, do me a favor and go see the twins in my room. Let them know that I will come back to them but it might take a while.” He smiled. “Be sure to tell them I’ll make it up to them.”

Hearing this Jamie smiled too, for the first time. “Right away, sir.”

Mark raised his head. “But when you’ve done that, Jamie, come right back. You’re my boy ..... I want you to hear this too.”

As soon as he had left Mark reached under the bed and pulled out a glossy black and white picture that he thrust at Bob. “I want you to look at this, Bob. It’s something Jamie got from Darius, and I know he jerks off all the time looking at it. Darius must have ripped it from a book as it seems to be the third drawing in a series.

Bob’s eyes grew wide with astonishment as he looked at the picture. It was a finely crafted piece of erotic art, a drawing of a soldier in bondage. It depicted some kind of military cell, where an interrogation was in progress. The prisoner, a Nordic-looking blonde, incredibly handsome, muscular physique, was stripped to the waist, chained to a metal grill. His eyes were wide with fear as he stared at his captors.

“Hell, man, I see why Jamie beats off so much looking at this drawing. It’s amazing! The guy in it looks exactly like you.”

There was anguish in Mark’s voice as he said, “It doesn’t just look like me, Bob. It could be me! That’s exactly the way it was. The guy in the picture could have been me! Seeing that picture must have triggered the nightmare.” Mark closed his eyes and his body shuddered. Bob walked over to a chest of drawers and pulled out an old T-shirt and some sweat pants.

“Here ..... you’re cold. Put these on.”

As Mark pulled on the pants Bob looked up from the picture to him, then back again. The similarity was uncanny ..... the same beautiful face, the same glorious body. Bob was mesmerized by the drawing, but his concentration was broken when the door opened and Jamie came back into the room. “The guys are fine, sir,” he said to Bob. “They seemed exhausted. When I left they were almost asleep.”

"I bet they were," Bob grinned. He slid the picture back under the bed, stood up and steered Jamie into a corner. "Now listen, Jamie. Just sit here and don't make a noise. If it all gets too much for you, you can leave quietly."

"I won't leave, sir," said Jamie resolutely. "He wants me to stay, so I will."

Bob tousled his hair. "Good boy."

Bob crossed the room and sat next to Mark on the bed. "OK, Mark. You ready?"

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Mark had a faraway look in his eye as he started to relive his story.

"I was an army corporal near the end of my tour of duty in the Middle East. I was part of a small squad on a special mission to locate an enemy placement and get information on the ground that couldn't be seen from aerial surveillance.

We were on foot and we had trouble keeping together on the rough terrain. In the dark I got separated from the other guys and walked right into an enemy trap. I don't remember much except being grabbed from behind and something being clamped over my mouth. I must have lost consciousness right away.

I don't know how much later it was that my head slowly began to clear, and sensation returned in flashes. The first feeling was a tightness against my throat. It turned out to be a heavy chain securing my neck to something behind me. I raised my head and slowly things came swimming into focus. I wished they hadn't, because what I saw horrified me.

I was in a small room .... an interrogation cell ..... and the opposite wall was fully mirrored. What I saw in the mirror was ..... myself, chained to a metal grill behind me, with horizontal and vertical bars. There was a heavy chain round my neck, looped back round one of the vertical bars and padlocked. My arms had been pulled back behind me, over one of the horizontal bars, my wrists roped behind my waist. I was stripped to the waist, wearing military camouflage fatigue pants."

"Just like the drawing," Bob murmured.

"Yeah. Uncanny ..... it was exactly like that." Mark took a deep breath. "You know, it's amazing. When fear and adrenaline run through your body your mind becomes crystal clear and you notice everything, every last detail. The first thing was a buzzing sound coming from a heavy black box on a table. I knew right away what it was, an electric device they used in interrogation torture. Wires ran from it out to terminal clamps in the hands of a soldier crouching on the floor. And every detail of that guy will be ingrained on my mind forever.

You won't believe the first thing I noticed about him, despite my fear ..... how beautiful he was! He was young, about the same age as me, shirtless, muscular physique with dark, exotic features, high cheek bones, slanted dark eyes and jet black hair. He was concentrating on the serrated clamps at the end of the wires, but suddenly he looked up at me and our eyes met. There was cruelty in his eyes, but something else too. His gaze lingered on my face, then travelled down over my naked chest, stomach and waist, and finally settled on the bulge at my crotch.

In my heightened awareness I realized that he was feeling the same as me. Despite our hatred we both had an instinctive mutual respect for each other's beauty ..... even more than just respect. We were both beautiful men, me Scandinavian blonde, he with his Middle-Eastern dark looks and perfectly sculpted body. Believe me, up to that point in my life I had never looked at another guy in that way, never felt anything. But this guy was something else. Had circumstances been different we might even .....

Mark choked back his words and stared silently into some far distance. Bob let the silence drag on, then said, "You want to stop, Mark? You don't have to do this, you know."

"No buddy, I have to do it. But the hard part is what comes next. There was a second guy in the room, older than the other, an Arab military type in uniform, dark glasses, black moustache. He wore a kepi on his head, and his shirt was open to the waist displaying a hairy chest. His gaze went straight down to my crotch, he tore open the fly and put his hand around my cock. He snarled, 'Aaah ..... big ..... good.'

I guess those were the only English words he knew 'cause he spoke to the other guy in Arabic all the time, calling him Hassan. So that was his name ..... Hassan. I had learned some Arabic over there and, even in this moment of extreme peril, I remembered what the name means in Arabic .... "handsome, beautiful." At that moment Hassan finally stood up and as I saw his tall, superbly muscular body I realized how well the name fit the man.

He stood before me and looked into my eyes. He ran his hand over my face, over the chain at my neck, then down over my chest. He was stroking, caressing my body and even though I felt revulsion at his touch, the shudder that ran through me was caused by something else too, something I couldn't define.

Then I heard his voice ..... a low voice, menacing but, strangely lilting at the same time. His English was almost perfect, with a slight Arabic accent.

"What is your name, soldier?"

"Corporal Matsen."

“Matsen ..... Well, corporal, you are a very handsome man ..... extremely handsome. I will enjoy torturing a soldier as beautiful as you, watching that perfect body writhe in agony, hearing you scream. That will give me much pleasure. I too am a beautiful young man as you can see. We are both magnificent specimens, and alike, I think, though you are fair and I am dark. I think you will enjoy having a man as beautiful as me working on your body, no?”

“Go fuck yourself,” I snarled His eyes blazed with anger and he hit me hard across the face. Then he smiled.

“I think, corporal, you will learn to enjoy my company and do what I order you to. My colleague here speaks no English, but I learned your language at a school in America before I joined the army in my country. So I will be conducting the interrogation. But first I want you to look hard at your handsome reflection in the mirror. That is the man I will make suffer.”

The mirror was part of their technique to make their prisoner watch himself suffer. But I was determined to use it to my advantage. There was a survival technique I had heard of. I would imagine the prisoner was another guy .... forget it was me. That way I hoped I could transfer some of the pain to the soldier in the mirror. So I examined him carefully, trying to objectify him, distance him from me. And he sure was beautiful.

Back at the base in our down time there was not much to do but work out in the gym, which I did a lot so my body was looking great, really ripped. We got a lot of sun in the desert so my body was heavily tanned, with a sharp tan line below the waist. And my short military haircut had grown out so my hair was longer now, disheveled, bleached by the sun.

So that was the man in the mirror, with his tousled blonde hair, chiseled features, prominent cheek bones and square jaw. He had a bodybuilder’s physique ..... rounded pecs, hard six-pack abs, and his shoulders and arms bulged as they were pulled back tight over the bars. The heavy chain looped round his muscled neck and his military dog tags hung down in the cleft between his pecs. I tried to forget it was me ..... just some other terrified soldier waiting for his torture to begin.

And so it began. I looked up startled as the older guy began to squeeze my cock. Again he said, “Big ..... good.” The young guy ..... Hassan ..... grabbed my face and forced me to look at him. Despite his dark coloring he had astonishing pale blue eyes and they bored into mine. Again that low voice.

“You are so beautiful, Corporal Matsen, it is a great shame to spoil your looks, bring pain to that perfect body. But it does not have to be so. All you have to tell me is the destination and mission of your group. That is all. And then perhaps we can get to know each other in a more intimate way.”

I spoke slowly and deliberately. “Go .... and .... fuck .... yourself. You will never make me talk.”

Hassan sighed. "Well, we shall see." He crouched at my feet again and picked up the serrated clamps at the end of the wires. I felt the sharp bite of steel as he clamped them on either side of my scrotum, touching my balls. Then he stood and looked into my eyes with a slight smile. "Now we begin."

He reached down to the box, turned a dial slowly and the buzzing grew louder. At first all I felt was a tingling in my balls. But then suddenly he increased the current and it was as if my balls were on fire. I could never describe the pain as the current tore at my cock and balls, radiated up through my body and then made my head explode.

Instinctively I looked in the mirror and saw the chained soldier go rigid as he stared wildly back at me. His body shuddered and writhed, straining desperately against the bars, neck pulling against the chain. Veins stood out in his bulging muscles as he shook in tortured agony on the bars. Sweat began to pour from his face, streaming down over his gleaming chest and hissing on the hot clamps at his balls.

I saw tears stream from his eyes, saw the mouth open, and heard the piercing scream. The voice was mine, it was me screaming ..... I was the half-naked soldier hanging, thrashing on the wall in helpless torment. I don't know how long I watched the beautiful body suffer and strain, the head flying wildly from side to side. But I was on the point of passing out when suddenly the buzzing stopped. My balls and cock still throbbed agonizingly as I looked at the prisoner in the mirror and watched his muscular body go limp on the bars, jerking with residual pain.

I wanted to help him, give him courage, so I talked to him in gasping breaths. "Hold on, buddy ..... you can do this ..... you can beat the bastards ..... they won't win ..... they'll never make you talk."

Hassan grabbed my face and turned it to his. "No, corporal, you will talk to me not to him." He let go, took a step back and gazed at me, my tear-stained eyes staring back at him. I realized that he was stroking the bulge in his uniform pants. "Oh, man," he breathed. "You are so much more beautiful when you suffer. Your body is superb. I love watching that handsome face twisting in pain. You are perfect. I want you for my own."

He approached me again, rubbing his bulge faster and harder. I have never hated as much as I did then and I spat full in his face. He erupted in anger and turned the dial again, and once again my body jerked wildly, with the same eruption of pain tearing through me. But this time I kept looking at him and our eyes locked. It was the ultimate trial of strength between two beautiful men.

The pain made me scream at him, "You fucking bastard ..... you pig ..... coward. I'm better than you, stronger than you ..... You'll never break me, asshole. I am the best!"

“No!” Hassan screamed. “I am the master ..... I will break you. I will torture your beautiful body until you beg me for mercy. I will take you, I will own you.”

Again the buzzing stopped and I felt the clamps ripped from my ball sac. Immediately he brought them to my chest and I howled as he clamped them to my tits. Against all reason my only thought at that point was how handsome he was. The face was stunningly beautiful, and I saw a smile cross it. It was a smile of cruelty, but there was admiration too.

“You are right, soldier. You are strong, you are magnificent. But you will talk. You will tell me what I need to know.” He ran his hands over my chest and squeezed the clamps. “If you do not I will torture that perfect chest ..... I will watch it shudder in pain.”

I was near exhaustion but managed to gasp. “Fuck off, asshole.”

His eyes glinted, his hand touched the dial, and I thought my chest would burst as pain ripped through it, flaring outward from my ravaged, searing nipples. I knew I was finished. The last thing I was aware of was my captor, his dusky beauty, magnificent shirtless body, his hand stroking his cock through his pants. I gazed into his exquisite, slanting blue eyes and saw there not hate but admiration ..... and ravenous lust.

And before I passed out I managed to breathe one last word ..... “Hassan .....

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Bob looked over at Jamie and saw him hunched in the corner, tears running down his face. Bob raised his eyes questioningly but Jamie shook his head. He would not leave, he would stay to hear it all.

Bob turned his head to Mark and wanted to touch him, but held back. Mark was staring into the distance, miles away, a continent away, as he went through the cathartic, harrowing ritual of remembering, seeing again, relating every last agonizing detail. Bob waited, wondering where the story would go next. Mark took a deep breath and resumed.

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“Oddly, it was the feel of liquid running over my face and chest that began to bring me back to consciousness. It was thick, sweet smelling, something I had smelt before, though in my dazed condition I couldn’t place it. Slowly I became aware of other sensations, especially the pain in my neck and arms. I realized that my head was hanging down pulling the chain tight against my throat, and my arms were still stretched back over the bar. As my head cleared I looked up. My last sight had been Hassan, and now it was my first. And we were alone.

He was sprawled in a chair, eyes fixed on me. He was no longer rubbing his crotch through the pants. He had pulled his cock out and was stroking it gently. The cock was huge, dark, and

ramrod stiff. Our eyes met and again there was a flash of recognition ..... two stunning men who could not help admiring each other's physical beauty, despite the adversarial extremes of their situation.

As I eased myself up into a less painful position I again heard the low cadence of his voice. "I have been sitting here watching you, corporal, waiting for you to rejoin me. I have been admiring the beauty of your body as you hung before me. And I have to tell you, the sight of you brought me to a state of arousal I have rarely felt before."

Suddenly I knew what the liquid was running down my face. It was the semen of this man, Hassan. It was as if he read my thoughts. "Yes, soldier, that is my juice running over your handsome face and muscular body. As I stood before you I could not hold back. I have never seen a man like you. So I pulled out my cock, as you see me now, and I pulled your face up by your hair. I did not even need to stroke myself. I just pointed my shaft at your face and it exploded with rivers of semen, the juice you now feel running down your face."

I looked in the mirror and was horrified by what I saw ..... the half-naked soldier chained to the wall, muscles pumped hard from the strain and exertion of his torture. His body was gleaming with sweat ..... and something else. His face was running with a thick white liquid, streaming down onto his chest and dripping from his pecs onto the ridges of his stomach. It was the juice of the man Hassan.

My first feeling was revulsion. "You fucking pervert," I groaned. "You fucking sick bastard."

"I think not, corporal Matsen. You see ....."

He stood up and began to stretch. He raised his arms high in the air, flexed his shoulders, and tightened his stomach. Stripped to the waist, dark skinned, his huge cock hanging loose, a smile on his finely etched features, the man was magnificent. I ..... I couldn't believe ..... even as I hung there, still throbbing with pain ..... I couldn't ..... I can't ....."

Mark's voice faltered and Bob put his arm round him. "It's OK, buddy. I understand."

Breathing deeply Mark regained his composure and continued. "God dammit I felt my cock get hard as it hung out of my pants. I hated myself for it, but I got a fucking hard-on looking at the bastard, he was so fucking gorgeous. I watched my reflection in horror as my cock grew and stood out rigid before me. Hassan stood up with a broad smile on his handsome face, came forward and grabbed my cock.

"You see, soldier. I knew I could do that to you. I know how beautiful I am. No one can resist me .... man or woman. And neither can you. True, you are a superb, magnificent male, but even you cannot resist me. I knew I would win." He looked down and stroked my throbbing dick.

I lost it then and screamed, "Fuck you, man! I don't give a shit how gorgeous you are. I still hate your fucking guts. The only thing I feel for you is blinding hate."

"Hmm .... your cock says otherwise, Corporal Matsen. By the way, what is your first name?"

His eyes held mine and I heard myself say, "Mark .... Corporal Mark Matsen."

Hassan smiled. "Then I shall call you Mark, because we shall know each other very well. You see, Mark, your torture is over. I knew you would not talk. We are alike. Men like you and I are too strong to be broken. As you see, my older colleague is gone. He gets bored quickly and, besides, he wanted to go to his girl. I, however, have no need of a girl. You see, Mark Matsen, I have you."

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He must have seen the look of panic in my eyes as I began to guess what he had in mind. "Don't worry my friend, you will like the plans I have for you. First we must stay here all night as my superiors think I am torturing you. But it will not be torture .... it will be pleasure for both of us. I will conduct ..... how do you say in English? ..... a trial run. I will test you and if, as I strongly believe, you live up to my expectations, I will take you out of this place."

The first flicker of hope dawned in my eyes. Getting out of here was maybe a first step to freedom, the end of this nightmare. But his next words dashed my hopes and brought a new depth of despair.

"Yes, Mark, I will tie you up, throw you in my truck and smuggle you out. It will be a long drive as I live far out in the desert. I live alone in a house that is so remote nobody can get away. They would never survive on foot. And you and I, my beautiful Mark, will live alone, pleasuring each other day after day. You will be ..... again my English deserts me ..... ah yes, you will be my sex slave." I gasped at the sound of that hideous phrase.

"My basement is very comfortable and you will live there, always naked. Mostly you will be chained as you look so magnificent in chains. I will visit often and I will use your beautiful body for my sexual pleasure. Sometimes I will hurt you, torture you, even, as we have done here, because I love to see you in pain. But mostly I will give you the pleasure of feeling my muscular body against you, my huge cock inside you, and my handsome face pressed against yours. That is your fate, my beautiful Mark ..... to be with me always."

My head swam as an image of my future flashed before me. The nightmare he described, enslaved by this man, used by him, feeling his naked body against mine, his cock inside me, day and night, was too horrific to contemplate. I knew that all I could do was stay alert and take it one step at a time. Now was not the time for heroics, so I said nothing. First I had to get through that night, and then take my chances if we ever got out of this hell.



Hassan was still smiling and holding my cock. I was horrified to realize that it was still rock hard. It must have been his closeness, the sight of him, I thought. But there at the back of my mind I had to admit that the thought of this gorgeous, powerful man sexually abusing my naked body day after day sent a shiver through me that went straight to my rigid cock.

“But,” Hassan said, “I have not been fair to you, Mark. I have poured my juice all over you and here is your hard cock waiting for release. As I said, I know you cannot resist me and I will prove it to you. This is your first test, my friend ..... a trial of your strength. I challenge you to resist.”

He dropped to his knees before me, held my cock in front of his face and smiled up at me. God his face was beautiful. I saw it come closer, saw the sensuous lips open wide and I took a deep breath as his mouth touched the head of my cock, then slowly, slowly slid over it, further and further until my cock rested at the back of his throat.

My eyes opened wide and I looked at the mirror, saw the muscular soldier helplessly chained by the neck to the wall, his body still running with cum. I saw the broad back of the man kneeling at his feet and felt ..... felt one of the most incredible sensations of my life.

I stared into the eyes of at the beautiful blonde prisoner and pleaded with him. “Hold on, man, don’t give up. You’ve gotta resist. Don’t let his beauty seduce you. You cannot submit to him. He’s a magnificent stud, sure, but don’t let him humiliate you.” Hassan’s warm, velvet mouth was sliding back and forth on my cock ..... the sensation was incredible. I looked again at the tortured face. “Don’t let him win, man,” I breathed. “Oh God, please, man. You’re so fucking gorgeous, better than him ..... don’t let him break you.”

I glanced down at Hassan and gasped at the stunning, dark face rising and falling on my cock. And that did it. I looked back up at the chained soldier, saw the body shudder, saw the mouth open and scream one word..... “Hassan!” I felt my cock explode in his mouth, felt the muscles of his throat clamp my rod in a vise as he swallowed my cum pouring into him.

He had beaten me. He had won. Where brutal torture had failed, the magnetism of this stunning male had forced me surrender my manhood to him. I hung my head in total defeat and humiliation.

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“Now you are mine.” I raised my head and stared into the exotic eyes of the man who now owned me. “I knew I was stronger than you, Mark. You are superb, magnificent, but I have won, and tonight, all night, I will show you how I treat a man like you. Now we begin.

He pressed his naked torso against mine, and I saw his muscles flex as he reached up to the bars and pulled himself up until he was standing on a horizontal bar level with my thighs. His legs were astride and his cock hung out of his pants level with my face. I glimpsed in the mirror

the incredible sight of the broken soldier, in chains, helpless before the man spread-eagled before him. I gazed at Hassan's powerful back, his arms stretched up gripping the bars, his lats flaring, tapering down to the slim waist of his uniform pants. And, unbelievably, I saw that the prisoner's cock was still rigid.

Before my eyes was Hassan's thick, dark cock, hard as a rod. I knew what he intended, knew what I had to do. Like a beaten animal I obediently opened my mouth and stared in horror as the cock came closer and touched my lips. Then for the first time in my life I felt a man's cock enter my mouth and slide quickly to the back of my throat. I choked, gagged, as the monster tool filled my mouth. It pulled back, then slammed again, and again, deeper and deeper.

I looked up and saw Hassan, stripped to the waist, legs astride me, his gorgeous body pounding into me, his stunning face smiling down at me in triumph. I tried to move, but my head was pressed back against the bars, neck held tight by the chain, so I had to endure the onslaught. I felt his black pubic hair slam against my face. My face was buried in his stinking crotch. I smelt him, choked on the pungent taste of the sweat of his balls. The steel grill was shaking as Hassan used all his strength to hammer my helpless face against the bars.

This level of intensity couldn't last long ..... for either one of us. I needed it to end so I clamped my throat round his cock. I felt his cock grow bigger, thicker, felt it shudder, heard Hassan's guttural scream as he erupted in my mouth. I gagged, swallowing desperately to drink the torrents of cum that blasted into me. When it seemed I would choke the cock suddenly pulled out, Hassan aimed it at my face, and more juice poured from it, slamming into my face like a full-force hose, blinding me.

I heard his manic laughter as his cock came to rest. "Now, my beautiful stallion, the final humiliation. There was a pause, and then more liquid blasted into my face, but this time the smell, the taste was rancid. Hassan was pissing into my face, into my open mouth. I gulped hard, gagging on the acrid taste of his urine as I felt it pouring deep inside me. As I swallowed, the stench filled my nostrils. It didn't stop. I felt I was drowning in the man's hot piss as it gushed over my entire body.

I was sobbing now as I felt Hassan jump down from the bars and heard his triumphant laughter. "I am Hassan. I am the best. I have broken and humiliated the beautiful American soldier. Look at this, Mark, and remember it. This is what Hassan has done to you."

He grabbed my hair and yanked my head back, and as the semen drained from my eyes the image in the mirror came into focus. The soldier's heaving muscles gleamed with sweat in the harsh lights of the cell, the body still shuddered, shackled to the wall. Hassan was holding the head back like a trophy. It was the face of a broken man, once proud, handsome, now sobbing in defeat, streaming with cum and piss. The mouth hung open, with the victor's cum pouring from it, over the chin, down onto the chest, blending with the piss soaking his fatigue pants.

I gazed at the incredible sight of the beautiful, shattered wreck of a man. I saw Hassan, in all his muscular glory triumph over him. "And now ....." he shouted. "Your final surrender. Show me you belong to me, Mark. Submit to your master."

The image was too much ..... the two gorgeous men ..... one, dark skinned, glorious in victory .... the other, fair haired, his broken slave. I watched in horror as my cock grew harder, saw my ravaged body shudder, felt the heat rising from my groin. I watched helpless as my cock pulsed and blasted the cum of total humiliation in a high arc, across the room onto the mirror that bore witness to the soldier's agonizing degradation and defeat.

In my desolation I heard the low voice. "I am the best! I have destroyed you, soldier. You are mine. And this is only the beginning."

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Mark slumped against Bob exhausted, his energy completely drained by the effort of recounting his harrowing story. His eyes were empty, his mind still reeling from the vivid image of the chained, half-naked soldier broken by the beautiful Hassan.

Bob wrapped his arms round him and let Mark bury his head in his shoulder. He glanced over at Jamie who sat silently in the corner, tears running down his cheeks. That sight made Bob's decision for him, and he spoke in a calm, resolute voice.

"That's enough for tonight, Mark. You have to stop for a while, regain your strength."

Mark pulled back and gazed at his friend. "Believe it or not, there's not too much more ..... the rest of that terrible night ..... how he used my body. And then ..... it becomes a story of revenge. I need to finish telling you, Bob. I have to."

"And so you will," Bob said firmly, "but later, after a rest. For now, you sleep. Early in the morning I'll come back and we'll hear the end of your story. And then we will forget ..... forget it all ..... and you will lay your demons to rest."

Mark looked at him and managed a weak smile. "God, I love you, man." He kissed him hard on the lips and clung to him, feeling Bob's reassuring strength flow between them. "But, you're right. I need sleep."

"And so does someone else," Bob said looking over at the corner.

"Thank God for you, Jamie," Mark said, and smiled at his boy. Then exhaustion overwhelmed him. His clothes were soaked with sweat, so he stripped and fell back on the bed, his eyes closed.

Suddenly Bob felt an intense need to be with his boys. The experience had been shattering for him. He stood up, walked over to Jamie and squeezed his shoulder. "Take care of him, Jamie. Only you can give him what he needs now."

"Thank you, sir. I know that."

Quietly Bob left the room and went back to his own bed, where he gazed down at the sleeping twins. After the horrific tale he had heard he needed their innocence, their purity. He slipped carefully in between them and sighed deeply. They both stirred and draped their arms over him without waking up. It was only minutes before Bob fell into a dream-filled sleep.

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In Mark's bedroom Jamie gazed at Mark lying still with his eyes closed. He had listened in disbelief as the horrific story unfolded. He thought of how often he had looked at the drawing Darius had given him, how often he had jerked off over it because the man chained to the wall looked so much like the man he loved.

But what he had heard that night was the brutal reality behind the fantasy art. And he had wept as he heard how his master had been sexually abused, broken, by this man ..... Hassan. But if he had been honest with himself, (which he didn't dare to be) he would have to admit that his cock was hard as he heard the words that brought the drawing to life.

Jamie stood up, walked over to the bed and fell to his knees. He gazed down at the magnificent naked body that had been so abused all that time ago. He looked at the handsome face, calm now in repose. What could he do? What could he do to bring comfort to the man, make him forget the horrors of the past?

Mark was not asleep, but his eyes were shut tight to blot out the images that still tormented him. They would not subside ..... would he always be plagued by them? His mind ran on the agonies he still had to relate. And then he felt a touch on his chest. Not a hand, not fingers ..... a tongue. He felt the tongue caress his flesh, soothe him, bring him comfort.

Mark opened his eyes a little and saw his boy, his beautiful young face, licking his body. He took a sharp intake of breath, then closed his eyes again and relaxed, letting his boy do his work. He felt the warm tongue travel all over his naked body, over the flesh that had been tortured in that faraway place.

Now it was caressing his face, kissing his eyes. From there it travelled down, over the cleft between his pecs, over the ridges of his abs, and down to his pubic hair. He felt the warm moist touch on his cock, then move lower and ..... he jumped and almost cried out as the tongue touched his balls, the balls that still bore the memory of searing pain. He heard the soft voice ..... "Sshhh." Then he gave in to his boy's touch, let him softly lick the balls that had been so brutally tortured.

The pain, the fear, the demons, all dissipated as his boy brought a healing balm to his body. When it stopped Mark opened his eyes and saw his boy standing over him, slowly taking off his clothes. He watched the lithe young body emerge and he smiled. "Jamie ..... my Jamie. I love you, kid. I need you more than you know."

Jamie lay carefully on the bed beside his master and was instantly folded in his powerful arms. With his boy's soft, smooth flesh pressed against him Mark finally felt safe. And he fell asleep.

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But sleep would not come to Jamie. The story had been traumatic for him and his mind still whirled with the images of that room and the two magnificent men in their fight for sexual supremacy. Jamie had to have release, and he eased himself carefully away from Mark's arms. As he slipped off the bed he pulled from under it the picture he knew so well and he crept into the bathroom and shut the door.

He looked at the drawing that Mark's words had brought so painfully to life. In the past, whenever he had gazed at the beautiful, blonde, shirtless soldier chained to the wall his cock had reared up ..... and it was no different now. But now he knew the story behind it, had heard what really happened in the victim's own words. He stroked his cock as he looked at the muscular prisoner, helpless in chains.

He looked at his balls, and imagined them enduring the agonies of the electric current. He gazed at the huge cock and imagined it helpless as it erupted in the mouth of the beautiful Hassan. His eyes moved down to the corner of the picture and he saw the crouching muscle-stud that must be Hassan. He imagined him standing spread eagled on the grill forcing his cock into the soldier's mouth.

The picture came alive and Jamie spoke softly to the prisoner. "You can take it, man. Feel that chain round your neck, man. Feel that huge cock in your mouth. Oh, man, Hassan looks so fucking beautiful pounding your face. He's shooting his load in your mouth, man. He's won!"

Jamie's heart was beating hard as he imagined the final vision of the muscular soldier hanging sobbing in chains on the wall. He saw the sculpted muscles streaming with sweat, semen and piss, saw the mouth hanging open with cum pouring from it. The proud soldier had been defeated, broken, humiliated by the magnificent Hassan.

It was painful to see, but intensely erotic. "So fucking hot, man," Jamie whispered. "Yeah it's making me cum, making me shoot my load. Here it comes, sir, you're making me cum." And his cock erupted with a stream of hot juice that splashed onto the bathroom floor.

Jamie did not feel ashamed. He had needed to cum, to purge his own demons ..... to rid himself of this erotic drawing that looked so much like Mark and had made him cum so often. And now he knew the story behind the picture, knew how much his master had endured, and he knew that he would devote his life to bringing comfort to the man he worshipped. He would never look at the picture again.

He cleaned himself off, crept back to the bed and lay beside his master, his head on his chest, feeling it rise and fall in sleep. But as he lay there his cock remained hard. Erotic images still haunted his mind, and he knew there was more to come tomorrow when Mark would resume his tale.

Jamie could hardly wait. He was impatient to hear how the story would end.

# # #

## Chapter 92 – The Breaking Point

For most of the night Mark folded Jamie in his arms, but his sleep was troubled by disjointed, harrowing memories. When he woke at dawn he was alone in the bed. His story was unfinished so his mind was still in that terrible place and panic seized him. But the door opened and he heaved a sigh of relief as he saw his golden boy come smiling into the room.

“Sir, I’ve made coffee and scrambled eggs for breakfast,” Jamie said. “Bob is waiting for you in the garden. Here .....” He brought Mark his jeans, a T-shirt and a heavy denim shirt as protection from the early morning chill, and a few minutes later all three men were sitting at the table by the pool in the silver-gray light of dawn. They ate and drank in silence. They all knew it was time for Mark to resume his story.

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Mark spoke as if there had been no break in the story. Indeed, even in sleep, his mind had never left the image of the soldier hanging limp in chains, beaten and degraded. So he resumed from there, in a seamless narrative.

“I was alone, still chained helplessly to the wall. In the mirror I saw the agonized soldier, his gleaming muscles pouring with sweat in the fetid heat of that room. I didn’t know where Hassan was or how much time had passed. But as I gazed at my reflection my mind could not rid itself of the fate that was in store for me. Hassan had said he would tie me up and take me out of the prison to his remote house in the desert from which there was no escape. As I waited for his return, every word he had uttered ran relentlessly through my memory

“..... And you and I, my beautiful Mark, will live alone, pleasuring each other day after day. You will be ..... again my English deserts me ..... ah yes, you will be my sex slave. Mostly you

will be chained, as you look so magnificent in chains, and I will use your superb body for my sexual pleasure. Sometimes I will hurt you, torture you, as we have done here, because I love to see you in pain. But mostly I will give you the pleasure of feeling my muscular body against you, my huge cock inside you. That is your fate, my beautiful Mark ..... to be with me always.”

I vowed I would never let that happen, spending the rest of my life being tortured and sexually abused by this man. I had to get away. But first I knew there would be new agonies to endure. As I hung there in desperation the cell door opened and Hassan came in. God dammit, he was so fucking gorgeous that I felt a tremor go through my cock and balls. Still stripped to the waist, in army fatigues and heavy boots, the sculpted muscles of his torso gleamed in the overhead lights, and his dark, exotic face broke into a dazzling smile.

“Ah, my handsome prisoner. You look spectacular as you hang there half-naked in chains. I had almost forgotten how beautiful you are, Mark, and you no doubt are once again sexually aroused by my beauty.” He stood before me and posed, flexing his biceps, flaring his lats and tightening the hard ridges of his perfect abs. I willed my cock not to get hard again. I determined never again to submit to his sexual lust and depravity. But my resolve was to crumble when Hassan subjected me to new, unimaginable degradation.

“We shall resume our pleasures, my friend,” Hassan said, “but first you must have food to keep your body in its state of perfection.” I suddenly realized how hungry I was and looked down at the bowl of some kind of creamy mush that he held before me. “Eat, Mark. You need to keep up your strength for what is to come.”

I leaned my face toward the bowl that he deliberately held only just within reach if I pulled painfully against the chain round my neck. The veins in my neck bulged as I managed to bury my face in the warm gruel and slurp it ravenously into my mouth like an animal. I was halfway through when he pulled it away and I stared pleadingly up at him.

His smile was arrogant. “Ah, I can deny you nothing, my beautiful Mark. Here.” He brought the bowl closer and once again I buried my face in it. When I had finished he laughed mockingly. “No, no, no, that will not do. You have food all over your face, marring your beauty. I, your friend, will clean it for you.”

He took hold of my face and began to lick the sticky gruel from it. I smelt his warm breath as his tongue washed over my cheeks, then down to my lips. Soon he was pressing his lips against mine and, God help me, I let him push his tongue inside my mouth and I reciprocated. Of course I had never kissed another man before, but Hassan was not just any other man. I was in a daze as I ground my lips passionately against his, feeling my dick get rock hard.

He pulled back and laughed again. “You see, corporal? I am irresistible and your desire for me is becoming insatiable. Soon you will be hopelessly in love with me and you will tell me so. I knew that would happen.”

Was it true? Was I going mad? Thoughts of 'Stockholm Syndrome' raced through my mind, where hostages develop a sympathy and even love for their captors. Was I truly falling in love with Hassan?

"No!" I screamed out loud. "You fucking bastard! I will never feel anything for you but disgust, no matter what tricks you use."

Hassan smiled. "What is the phrase you American's use? 'Never say never?' You see, my friend, we are coming to the climax of our time together." He laughed jubilantly. "And I do mean climax. You will see, my handsome soldier. I must prepare you."

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A few minutes later he was gazing at me with a smile of satisfaction, and I looked at the soldier in the mirror. Hassan had once again attached the electrodes to my ball sac and had tied a rope around my waist, securing me tightly to the grill, so I could not move the mid-section of my body. He had pulled my pants down to my knees and my naked ass was squeezed through the bars.

Hassan turned the dial on the small generator, but only on low power. As the device buzzed, a tingling sensation ran from my balls through my cock and then spread over my whole body. The initial jolt of pain soon gave way to a warmth that suffused me, a mild, stinging pain that was as much pleasure as pain and, even though I fought against it, was alarmingly erotic. My cock grew rigid and throbbed as the low current ran through it.

It was only then that I realized Hassan was behind me, pressing against the grill, his face over my shoulder. He looked at me in the mirror and I heard his low, melodic voice whisper in my ear. "I told you I would own you, Mark. And now I will take possession of you in the most extreme way that one male can possess another. Your naked ass pressing through the bars is exquisite, one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. Can you feel my huge cock against it? Now, Mark, my beautiful soldier, I will enter you."

In the depths of my despair I had fought against the certain knowledge that this moment would come. I wanted to scream, to beg, to plead. But I could not give Hassan that satisfaction. So I clenched my jaw and watched my reflection, the naked body shuddering as the current passed through it, and the eyes opening wide as I felt the rod begin to enter my hole.

I was so aroused by this time that there was not much pain. I took deep breaths as I felt Hassan's manhood slid quickly inside my virgin ass. My cock was already hard but now it spasmed and jolted with the combined effect of the electrodes at my balls and the shaft filling my ass. I felt the cock withdraw, then plunge deep inside me once more.

Again Hassan's low voice in my ear. "I will give you a gift now, Mark, that only I know how to give. You are a man who has experienced orgasms many times, I'm sure, but never one like



this. It will propel you into a delirium of joy, it will be everlasting, and it will be the orgasm you will remember for the rest of your life ..... your life with me.”

It happened suddenly. Hassan reached through the bars, brought his hands round my chest and his fingers grasped my nipples, squeezing them viciously. At the same time his assault on my ass started in earnest as he began pounding it brutally with his iron-hard rod. I watched the chained man in the mirror gasp, his eyes fly open, his head thrash from side to side. The feelings shooting through my body were like nothing I had ever felt, ever imagined.

It is said that a man can feel only one source of pain at a time. Whether or not that is true, the multiple sources of pain in me merged together into a vortex of wild, passionate, searing ecstasy that was beyond conscious feeling. My cock and balls were throbbing with the electric current, my ass was being smashed by Hassan’s monster cock, and my chest was on fire as he clawed savagely at my nipples. My ass was trapped against the grill but in the mirror I saw the rest of my body writhe and thrash, muscles flexed and pouring with sweat. My face was twisted in the exquisite agony I felt, and tears streamed from my eyes. It was a stunning vision of tortured manhood.

My body was consumed by the frenzy of physical desire. I felt nothing else. I lost all control, all sense of where or who I was. I focused on the mirror reflection of the darkly handsome face over my shoulder, the face of Hassan, the man who was overpowering me with a ravenous sexual lust. As I watched the soldier suffer I fantasized and heard my own wild, ecstatic voice.

“Oh, man! Oh God, my body feels incredible. Don’t stop, man. Yeah, punish that fucking soldier, man. Look at him ..... you’ve broken him, man ..... you own him. Oh shit, my balls are exploding ..... work on my tits’ man. Harder .... punish them, man. My ass! God, the pain. Your fucking huge cock is in my ass. Yeah, hammer it, man ..... please sir, rip me open. Hassan! God, I love you, sir. I submit to you, my body and my soul. You own me. I’m your slave. You’re making me cum. Oh, God. I can’t hold back. Hassan .....

I watched the chained muscle-god in the mirror go rigid as a huge jet of cum blasted from his cock and across the room. Then another stream, then another. It wouldn’t stop. I closed my eyes and felt my whole body orgasm. It went on and on. I didn’t know if I was still shooting semen, but it felt like one massive, everlasting climax. I hallucinated .... my naked body was on fire. I was in a wild delirium of sensual excess ..... in my balls, my burning chest and my ravaged ass. I opened my eyes and saw in amazement that my cock was still blasting its juice in an orgasm that would not end, an orgasm more spectacular than any before or since.

It seemed an eternity before my shattered body began to subside. Through the sweat and tears in my eyes I became aware that Hassan was now standing in front of me, legs astride, arms folded across his chest ..... powerful, magnificent. On his face was the arrogant smile of total triumph. And as I looked up at my conqueror my spirit broke.

I was delirious as I spoke in a hoarse, sobbing voice. "I submit to you, Hassan. You are my master. You've beaten me. You own me. Take me away and use me as your slave. Torture my body, my ass." I heard words I had never thought to hear. "Hassan ..... I love you."

Then my head fell forward and I passed out.

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I was floating in a sea of semi-consciousness and my mind slowly began to clear. First there was the ecstasy of the most incredible sexual experience I would ever have. Then the picture of the beautiful Hassan, standing before me in triumph, the victor. I had told him I loved him, I would be his slave forever. He would use my body as he had this night. He would own me.

Own me?! Had I really submitted? Did I really love him? My mind became clearer, sharp, focused ..... and I realized with horror the pitiful creature I had become. I had submitted to the overwhelming sexual power of the man. To become his slave? What the fuck had I said? What was I thinking?

I opened my eyes and saw the broken wreck of a man hanging naked in chains, saw the huge pool of his semen on the floor. No, that was not me, would not be me, could not. Adrenaline started to course through me and I knew I had to end this, one way or another. It was sex that had defeated me and it would be sex I would use against Hassan. I knew his weaknesses now ..... his vanity and his lust. That's what I would use.

I heard his voice. "So, my handsome friend. You have finally broken. I have broken your body and your spirit. And now you want me, you love your beautiful Hassan. Is that not so, Mark?"

"It is, sir," I moaned. "I do love you, Hassan. I want to make love to you, now, here before we leave to start our lives together. Please, sir. Allow me to make love to you."

Hassan frowned, then broke into a smile. "Yes, you are right. I am so beautiful that you cannot resist me, you need to love me. Yes, I will unchain you. There is no danger ..... you are weak, exhausted and could never overpower me."

And so he unchained me, untied the ropes and I slumped to the floor. In an instant he was on top of me, holding me, caressing me, kissing my face. "This is how it will be, Mark ..... you and me always."

He had been right, that after all I had suffered I was in a state far too weak to fight him. But there was another weapon I could use. Just as Hassan had used his beauty to break me, I would use mine. As strength began seeping back into my body I returned his embraces and we rolled over the floor until I managed to ease myself on top of him. I gazed into his eyes.

“You are so fucking gorgeous. I want to do everything with you Hassan. I want to worship you ..... show you how beautiful you are. I want to see your naked body, Hassan.”

“Yes,” he breathed and kicked off his boots and pulled off his loose pants. Still gazing into his eyes I grabbed his ankles and pushed his legs high in the air. I desperately needed my dick to get hard, even after the prolonged orgasm I had been through. So I focused on his naked chest, then his spectacular face and found that it was true ..... his beauty did excite me, enough to make my dick hard.

I pressed it against Hassan’s ass and heard him breathe, “Oh, yes, Mark. You are superb. Enter me. Enter my ass.” My cock slid in easily and I heard his sigh of exquisite pleasure. I started to fuck harder, faster and felt the furnace of Hassan’s ass embrace my cock. For a moment I was almost lost as the pleasure running through me, being inside this incredible man, almost made me lose my resolve.

But I snapped back to harsh reality and as I rammed his ass and his eyes closed I put my hands lightly on his neck. “Oh, yes,” Hassan breathed again, as if this was part of our sex game. I needed this to end, and I said, “Oh, man, your ass is perfect. It’s gonna make me shoot, Hassan. Please cum with me.” I saw his hand pumping his cock and knew that he was ready. As he felt my cock erupt in his ass he screamed “Yes!” and shot his massive load all over his naked chest.

I had increased the pressure of my hands round his neck imperceptibly and now, as his orgasm consumed him, I suddenly squeezed my hands tight round his throat. It was then, even in the ecstasy of orgasm, that Hassan realized. His eyes opened wide and he screamed. “No, Mark. You said you love me. I own you .....” His hands gripped my wrists and I knew I only had a few seconds.

My military training had taught me how to cut off a man’s oxygen and make him lose consciousness without injuring him. So I pressed hard on the pressure points and we locked eyes, as cum still streamed from us. This was the final trial of strength between us, and the look in his eyes was a mix of pain, confusion and sorrow. And still there was lust, as his eyes closed, his wrists lost their grip and his body went limp.

It was over. I looked down at the watch on his wrist and saw that there must still be a few hours of darkness outside. I had to be ready by dawn. There was one more thing I needed to do.”

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It took a long time and every ounce of my remaining strength but I finally had him how I wanted. I watched as he slowly regained consciousness and opened his eyes. He looked in the mirror and screamed, “No!” The swarthy muscle-god was buck naked, chained to the grill in exactly

the same position as I had been, arms over a bar and wrists tied behind him. His incredible body looked magnificent as he writhed and struggled against the chains.

I had attached the clamps to his scrotum, up against his balls, and a second set of electrodes to his nipples. He looked away from his mirror image and straight into my eyes. And the big man begged. "Mark, please Mark, no. What do you want from me, to tell you that you've won? OK. I submit to you. Please, we can still be together. Please don't do this."

I turned the dial on the black box up to medium strength and watched his naked body thrash as current streaked through him ..... strong enough to hurt but not enough to damage him. As his body writhed I picked up his pants and drew the thick belt from it. "You sadistic bastard," I growled. "After everything you did to me I have no hesitation doing this."

I raised my arm and brought the belt smashing against his chest, feeling a mix of lust and satisfaction as I watched him scream, watched the massive chest bounce under the blows. Again and again he felt the lash across his superb body and the current tearing through him. It was my turn now to see how perfect this glorious man looked tortured in chains. His body gleamed, his handsome face twisted wildly and his dark black hair flew. He looked so fucking hot that I knew I could cum one last time.

Just as he had done, I climbed up onto the bars facing him, pulled out my cock and with a few quick strokes blasted my final stream of juice in his face. There was a pause, and then all the piss that had built up inside me that night poured into his face, his mouth and down over his helpless body. I jumped down from the grill and, just as he had, stood legs astride, shirtless, arms folded across my chest.

I smiled at my prisoner in triumph. "You see, Hassan. I am the best. You're beaten. And it is my beauty you will not be able to resist. Nobody can, even you. That current is going to make you shoot one last time, Hassan. Look at me." I raised my arms, flexed my biceps as he had done, flared my lats and hardened my ridged abs.

Hassan was sobbing as he gazed at me. "Mark. I love you Mark. Oh God, I've never seen anyone so beautiful. You're making me ....." His cock reared up and a stream of semen shot from his cock and fell at my feet, blending with my own earlier pool of cum.. It was now for him as it had been with me. The current sent him into a sexual delirium as he stared at me and his cock kept erupting as his body thrashed, helpless in bondage.

I gazed at him one last time, then cupped his chin in my hands and pressed my lips hard against his, grinding our mouths together in a final passionate embrace. I pulled back and said, "Hassan, you are a spectacular male. In another time and place we could have been good buddies. But you blew it. You will never see me again."

As I walked to the door I glimpsed in the mirror his glorious body hanging from the bars, shuddering as electricity ran through it, his cock still dripping with cum. I heard him shout,

“Mark! I love you, Mark. I must see you again. I swear, I will come to your country and find you. I love you!”

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There was a sudden silence in the garden as the morning sun began to rise. Bob asked quietly, “How did you get away from there?”

“That turned out to be easy. The few prisoners in that place were always chained so the doors were usually left unlocked. I simply walked out, kept to the shadows and in only a few minutes I was out in the desert. I walked for an hour or two and was finally picked up by one of our patrols out searching for me. I was hospitalized, debriefed, and then finally flown home.

“And you’ve locked away the memory ever since.”

“Yup. I have great inner strength, Bob. I closed the book on that chapter and resumed a normal life ..... found myself a girl and became a cop. And I never thought of another guy in that way again ..... until .....

“Until?”

“Until one afternoon I was on a routine patrol in L.A. and pulled a guy over for an illegal U-turn. He looked up at me from his car window and blew my mind. He was spectacularly handsome ..... with a gentle soul. He’s the man who changed my life. He’s the man I’m looking at right now.”

Bob gazed into Mark’s blue-gray eyes and put his arm round his shoulder. “Buddy, I’m flattered you told me this story, and you can now lock it away for good. But I do have a question. Do I have your permission to tell all this to any of the guys?”

Mark frowned in thought. “Randy and Zack, yes. They should know. But not the boys. No need to fill their minds with such horrors. Of course, I wanted Jamie here to know. He’s my boy. We have to know each other completely.”

Jamie gazed at his master with a renewed surge of love and infinite respect. Then he took a chance. “Sir ..... sir, would you take me back to bed?”

“You read my mind, kiddo,” Mark smiled. They stood up, Mark threw his arm round his boy and they walked back to the house.

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Later that day Bob told the story to Randy and Zack when they were alone. Every detail was still etched on his mind so he left nothing out. The reaction of the two men was entirely

different. Zack never looked away from Bob. His eyes filled with tears and he was silent, except for occasional murmurs ..... “fucking hell ..... holy shit.”

Randy, however, paced. As he heard the gruesome details of Mark’s physical and sexual torture he clenched his fists and his body tensed with rage. In his youth Randy had been in charge of his five younger brothers, their protector, when they were dirt poor itinerants. His therapist still called him the King of the Gypsies. And that’s how he felt now. He was still, after all, the boss of this new tribe. His greatest strength was loyalty to, and protection of, family.

So now he paced and listened with mounting anger to the story of how one of his buddies, his brother, had been brutally abused by another man. Nothing roused his fury so much as when someone hurt one of his men or his boys. It was like a personal insult to him. And when Bob had finished Randy growled, “Shit damn ..... if I ever got my hands on that fucking sadist he’d find out what torture really is.”

The ferocity of his words brought silence to the three men. But suddenly Randy shrugged his shoulders, stood up and stretched. “OK. Enough of that. It’s behind us. What we need now is a change of mood. We need a party.”

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He was right. They needed to lighten the mood in the house. All of the men and Jamie had been shattered by Mark’s story, and even the other boys, who had been told nothing, sensed a dark cloud hanging over the group. It was Randy who gave the orders when they were all in the garden.

“OK, next Sunday we’ll have a gathering of the clan. We’ll invite Steve and Lloyd too. They’ve never met, so it should be interesting,” and he grinned conspiratorially at Bob, Mark and Zack. “So boys, lunch for eleven, then we play, and after that dinner for everyone ..... and if anyone gets so wasted he has to sleep over, that’s fine too. You boys up for that?”

“You bet, sir,” said Pablo enthusiastically.

“Steve and Lloyd too,” Darius mused, his fantasy wheels already spinning.

“We’ve got a ton of food,” Kyle said. “Two meals, eleven guys ..... not a problem.”

“Yeah,” Bob grinned, “but the other boys have to pitch in and help, OK guys?”

When Sunday morning came the kitchen was crowded, with five over-enthusiastic boys tripping all over each other to create something to impress their masters. Pablo, Darius and Jamie were nominally in charge of the twins, but it soon became clear that the twins were the ones who really knew their stuff when it came to food.

“Er ..... sirs,” Kevin shouted above the chaos. “Sirs, this isn’t working.”

As they looked at him in surprise Kyle took over. “What my brother means, sirs, is that it would be ..... well, it would be much easier if you three left the kitchen to us. No offense, sirs.”

“None taken,” grinned Pablo, glad to escape. “OK, guys, let’s go for a swim.”

After that things worked like a charm. Around noon Lloyd arrived, a bit overdressed in slacks and a stylish sport shirt. He sat with the men at the table by the pool and shortly afterwards the gate opened and Steve walked in. He looked stunning in jeans and a blue polo shirt and gave them a dazzling smile. All eyes turned to him admiringly, and amid the shouted greetings Lloyd said in amazement, “Jesus, he looks exactly like you, Randy.”

“Yeah, maybe not quite so rough round the edges as me, though,” Randy grinned. “Hey, Steve. There’s only one guy here you don’t know. Meet Lloyd, our architect.”

The boys were bringing out food but they stopped as they watched Steve and Lloyd shake hands. There was a sudden silence all round as their eyes met, with a gaze that lasted far too long.

Darius nudged Pablo. “I knew it. You see the sparks fly there, dude? Now that’s a match made in heaven. You mark my words, those guys will end up fucking each other. Only hope I’ll be around to see it.”

“And film it, no doubt,” Pablo laughed.

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The day was a raucous gathering of beautiful, energetic and oversexed men. At lunch the only two who didn’t join in the boisterous conversation much were Mark and Jamie, who had eyes only for each other. They had spent the week pretty much together, making love, helping each other forget and recover from the harrowing story Mark had told. Now they sat close together, Mark’s arm round his boy, nuzzling each other and kissing often.

Darius grinned and nudged Pablo as he yelled, “Hey fellas, get a room!” There was a stunned silence at his cheekiness, but then Mark chuckled and said, “Not a bad idea, eh Jamie?” And the group erupted into raucous laughter.

It was also not lost on the ever watchful Darius that there were two other guys at the table who seemed to be very much into each other ..... Steve and Lloyd. They had discovered pretty quickly that they had a whole lot in common ..... the same interests, same leisure activities, even knew some of the same people. In a real sense they spoke the same language.

Darius's antennae also picked up on the sexual overtones. Both men were extremely handsome, after all, with muscular physiques that their sport shirts couldn't hide ..... and there was more in their gaze than a mutual love of opera!

After lunch all the guys stripped to their shorts and the pool was filled with shouts and challenges, the water churning like a feeding frenzy of sharks. Pretty soon Steve and Lloyd pulled themselves out and lay on their backs on the lawn. Steve looked over at Lloyd and realized how restless he was. He also couldn't miss the stiff bulge in Lloyd's shorts.

"So, Lloyd," Steve smiled. "What's up? ..... if you don't mind the pun."

Lloyd smiled and blushed, instinctively putting his hand over his crotch. "You noticed, uh?"

"Hard not to ..... oops, another pun. Sorry."

Encouraged by Steve's easy, friendly tone, Lloyd plucked up his courage and said, "Steve, you're a therapist ..... could I talk to you?"

"Well," said Steve cautiously, "it might be better to have a consultation in my office. But, what the hell, as Randy and Pablo could tell you, my methods are definitely unorthodox. So as we're here, and we have all day, let's find a quiet place in the house where we can talk privately.

A few minutes later they were in a quiet corner of the living room. Steve sat in a big armchair facing Lloyd on the couch, just like doctor and patient. "OK, shoot," Steve said affably.

There was a long pause, then Lloyd took a deep breath and blurted it out. "Hell, Steve, I think I'm addicted to sex!"

Steve smile, unruffled. "Sexual compulsion ..... that's the term we usually use. So what makes you think you're sexually compulsive?"

"I'm addicted to beautiful men. When I see one at the gym I follow him around ..... it's a wonder sometimes I don't get slugged. I see a hot man at the grocery store and drool over him. Then, of course, there's this house. Whenever I come here I have a raging hard-on. Shit, it's like a convention of fitness models here. They're all so damned gorgeous I want to be in bed with all of them."

"All at once or one at a time?" Steve grinned, trying to keep it light."

"Either way," Lloyd said. "Whatever I can get. Hell, I got into a shit-load of trouble by fucking with Randy. Mark got so mad that I was splitting up Randy and Bob that he punished me big-time. Fucked me with his night-stick, then tried to cure me by sending me to work in the Police Academy locker room so I would overdose on the sight and stink of sweaty, macho athletes."



“Yeah,” Steve mused. “I can relate. I was on the receiving end of that gorgeous cop’s anger when I fooled around with his boy Jamie.” His eyes glazed over as he recalled the painful incident. Then he snapped back. “What Mark was trying with the locker-room thing was aversion therapy, hoping you would get so sick of raw masculinity you’d cool it from then on.”

“Well it didn’t work,” growled Lloyd. “Look, man, I’ve got a huge boner just sitting here with you. You’re so fucking hot I want you too, real bad.”

“Well, we won’t go there, Lloyd. Let’s keep it professional. No, with any addiction the first thing to do is remove the triggers, the things that spark your sexual desires. One would be the place you live ..... and you live in West Hollywood. Well, that whole damn place is a trigger.”

“Yeah, but not for long. I’m selling my house. As a matter of fact tomorrow it’s gonna be tented for termite fumigation so I have to move out for a week.”

“Where you going?”

“I’ve booked a room at the West Hollywood Ramada on Santa Monica Boulevard.”

“Oh, Jesus! Boystown central ..... ground zero for sex. It’ll be a week-long orgy. No Lloyd, if you’re serious about beating this thing that’s the worst place.”

“So what do you suggest?”

Steve became reflective and there was a silence as he thought long and hard. “Lloyd, I told you my methods were unorthodox.” He paused again. “Why don’t you move in with me in my house on Mulholland?”

Lloyd was totally taken aback, and his reply was sarcastic. “Oh, yeah, great. I just told you I’m hot for you ..... that’s all I need. Sure, seeing you walking around naked, having sex with you for a week. Like that’s gonna cure me.”

“But that’s just the point, Lloyd. There wouldn’t be any sex. If that happens the treatment’s off and you can check into the Ramada. See, what might help you is if temptation is right in front of your eyes but it’s forbidden. It’s like quitting cold turkey. And I’d be there to help you. Think of me like your sponsor at Sexually Compulsives Anonymous. Any time you’re tempted I’d forbid it.

“We already know we get along well, Lloyd. We can be social, take in a movie, go to a ball game, do regular guy things. We’d be regular buddies, and sex would not be part of the picture. No fooling around, no masturbation ..... nothing. You’re a monk for a week. There’s just a chance that going cold turkey could help you control your compulsion. You get it?”

Lloyd was quiet for a minute. Then he said slowly. "You know, it sounds crazy but maybe it would be just the thing."

Steve laughed. "Oh, I know why you're saying that right now. It's still your lust talking. You're thinking how hot it would be to share a house with me. But that's not how it would be. Believe me, Lloyd, it would be torture for you, but it's the kind of torture you need to live through. And I'll do everything I can to help you succeed" ..... he laughed ..... "even if I have to tie you up to keep you from touching yourself."

"That sounds like a challenge, Steve. You don't think I can do it. OK, you're on. Let's go for it, man."

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Over the course of the afternoon word of the arrangement leaked out and Darius was beside himself. "That's fucking awesome, dude," he said to Pablo. "Hell, I wish I could be a fly on the wall in that house."

The rest of the day was a huge success, a great antidote to the horrors that Mark had related and that only the men and Jamie were aware of. Pablo, Darius and the twins had no idea. Still, Darius had plenty to feed his fantasy mill as he thought about Steve and Lloyd.

And as it happened, about a week later a chance meeting provided more fodder for Darius's overactive imagination. He had spent his lunch break at the gym and ran breathlessly back onto the construction site.

"You're late, punk," growled Randy.

"Five minutes, sir," Darius protested

"Yeah, well five minutes is five minutes. You can do a lot in five minutes. I expect my assistant to be on time."

"Sorry, boss."

After that they worked companionably, concentrating on their job, and mid-afternoon they took a break. They were sitting in the trailer office drinking beer when Darius said. "Hell, I can't stop thinking about him, sir."

"Thinking about who?"

"Guy I ran into at the gym. He was totally fucking gorgeous ..... foreign looking, dark skinned, black hair, stunning face ..... awesome bod. They don't come along like that too often. He was real friendly too. Spoke with some kind of accent. Asked all kinds of questions."

Randy frowned. "What about?"

"Oh, I dunno ..... me ..... where I live, who I live with. Funny, though, now I think of it. He seemed to know I lived in the same house as a cop. Don't ask me how he knew that."

Randy felt his skin prickle and he clenched his fists.

"Did the guy tell you his name?"

"Yeah, but I forget. You know how I am with names. Hell I'd forget my own name if it wasn't tattooed on my ....."

"Darius!" Randy grabbed his face. "Think, punk, think. What the fuck was his name?"

Surprised by Randy's rough tone of voice Darius frowned and made an effort. "I dunno .... He did tell me. Weird name .... kinda foreign." He screwed up his face, and then light dawned.

"I got it," he said cheerfully. "Hassan. That was his name ..... Hassan!"

# # #

## Chapter 93 –Steve & Lloyd

Randy leapt to his feet and paced round the small office, a grim look on his face. "Has to be him," he muttered to himself. "Has to be." Still vivid in his mind was Mark's graphic story of his capture and interrogation in the military and Randy could not forget the last words that Mark said the sadist had uttered ..... "I must see you again, Mark. I swear, I will come to your country and find you."

Randy stopped pacing and sat facing Darius. "Now listen, kid. Tell me everything this guy told you."

Darius was stunned that his chance remark had such a riveting effect on Randy. "Well, I don't remember much. Hell," Darius grinned, "he was so damn gorgeous I was concentrating on his body and that face. Wasn't really listening to what he said."

"Darius!" This time Randy grabbed the boy's face in both hands. "This is serious. No time for your sexual fantasies. You say he asked about where you lived and mentioned a cop. Did he say his name?"

Darius screwed up his face again with the effort of remembering. "No .....I don't think so. But, that's right, he kinda smiled when I mentioned Mark's name. But hey boss, it's no sweat.

He's probably on his way out of town by now. Said he had to go back to ..... Washington, I think ..... some government job. But I think he liked me, 'cause he said he'd look me up at the gym when he got back in a few weeks."

"Nothing else?"

"Nope. Like I said, boss, I wasn't really listening to what he said."

"Now listen, punk. Not a word about this to anyone ..... Pablo, Zack, Jamie, anyone ..... especially not Jamie. And the minute you see the guy again you call me on my cell. If you tell a soul I'll fuck your ass so hard you'll ....." He caught Darius's smile and realized what he was saying. "OK, so that's not much of a threat for you. Never mind ..... get back to work."

Darius, Pablo and the twins had never been told Mark's story so Darius left the trailer shaking his head, mystified what all the fuss had been about.

Left alone, Randy remembered his own words when Bob had told him Mark's story. "Shit damn ..... if I ever got my hands on that fucking sadist he'd find out what torture really is." And he meant it. Right now Randy needed a level head ..... he had to speak to Bob.

He got home early and found Bob working in his upstairs office. One look at Randy was enough. "Something's up," Bob said.

"You bet it is, Randy said, and blurted out the whole story as Bob listened calmly. "Jesus," Bob said. "What do you intend to do?"

"I've been thinking about that. There's really nothing anyone can do unless the guy shows up again .... if he ever does."

"Oh, he'll show up alright. But I agree, and in the meantime there's no point right now in telling anyone else about this .... especially not Mark. I'll never forget how haunted he looked as he told his story. It was a kind of catharsis for him and now he's locked it away and is getting on with his life with Jamie. I wouldn't want to bring it all back up so soon."

"Right," Randy agreed. "In any case, when the son-of-a-bitch does show up I get to see him first. I have a score to settle with the sadistic prick and it won't be pretty. Nobody tortures one of my buddies like that without answering to me. They mess with any of my guys and they mess with me."

Bob grinned. "Seems Steve was right when he called you The King of the Gypsies. Always the lord and protector of the tribe. Who appointed you the big boss, anyway?"

"Nobody," Randy growled. "I just am. Always have been. Hell, none of you guys would do what I have in mind. Mark's a cop .... goes by the book and avoids violence. Zack would

probably say that the asshole was following military orders. And you know how you are ..... you'd probably invite the guy for afternoon tea to talk things over.

Bob laughed. "Well, one thing's for sure. I wouldn't want to be Hassan when he comes face to face with you. As you said, not pretty. A couple of weeks, he told Darius? Guess we'll just have to wait."

There was a silence and Bob got a couple of cold beers from the small fridge in his office. As they drank, lost in thought, Bob suddenly brightened and said, "On a lighter note, talking of Steve, what do you think of his plan for Lloyd?"

Randy grinned. "Might just be the making of the guy. And for once I agree with Darius. I wouldn't mind being a fly on the wall of that house for the week they're living together."

"I'll drink to that," Bob said. "In the meantime ..... all that talk of getting fucked over by the King of the Gypsies has made me kind of horny."

"You want a bit of rough, asshole?" Randy grinned. "You got it. Get naked ..... now."

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As it turned out Steve's plans for Lloyd had to wait a week or so. The termite fumigators delayed the tenting of Lloyd's house, but when they finally got their act together Lloyd packed a few bags and set out for Steve's house. As he drove up Laurel Canyon toward Mulholland his mind raced with conflicted feelings.

There was no doubt that he lusted for the handsome therapist, who looked exactly like Randy .... except that he was a sophisticated, preppy version of the rugged construction worker. In fact, Lloyd could not deny that he lusted for a lot of men, which is why he was now driving to Steve's house. In an impromptu therapy session he had confessed to Steve that he was addicted to sex and beautiful men, and Steve had come up with a very unorthodox therapy plan.

Lloyd's sexual compulsion was one reason he was selling his house and moving away from West Hollywood ..... away from the sexual temptations of Boystown. For the week that his house was being fumigated he had planned to move into the West Hollywood Ramada, but Steve felt that would be like the chicken moving in with the foxes, so he had invited Lloyd to move in with him for the week. The catch was that it would be an abstemious week ..... no sex for the whole time ..... a kind of practical extension of his addiction therapy.

As Lloyd sat waiting at the traffic light at Mulholland he recalled Steve's words exactly. "We already know we get along well, Lloyd. We can be social, take in a movie, go to a ball game, do the usual guy things. We'd be regular buddies, and sex would not be part of the picture. No fooling around, no masturbation ..... nothing. You're a monk for a week. There's just a chance that going cold turkey could help you control your obsessions. You get it?"

'Yeah, easy for you to say,' Lloyd thought. But he knew that part of the excitement he felt was the thought of spending a whole week with this gorgeous man, being close to him, watching him, touching him. No, dammit! No touching. As Steve had said, "Believe me, Lloyd, it will be torture for you, but it's the kind of torture you need to live through. And I'll do everything I can to help you succeed," he laughed, "even if I have to tie you up to keep you from touching yourself."

Lloyd was not sure about this at all and, as he pulled up to the gate at the end of Steve's driveway he hesitated to press the button on the intercom. The Ramada suddenly seemed a lot more attractive right now. He was on the point of driving away when the intercom crackled and Steve's cheerful voice said, "Hi, Lloyd. Been waiting for you. Here, I'll open the gate."

The gate swung open and there was nothing for it but to drive on through. But as he neared the house Lloyd said out loud to himself, "Oh, shit. Look at that. This is never gonna work. That is so fucking gorgeous."

Coming round the side of the house was Steve, shirtless in baggy cargo shorts and old sneakers with no laces. He must have been gardening as his muscular physique was gleaming with sweat and streaked with dirt. His handsome, grimy face broke into a dazzling smile as he came up to the car. Lloyd's cock was rock hard as he lowered the window and looked up at the stunning man.

"Er, Steve," he stammered. "I'm not sure about this. It's just not gonna work. Shit, the first sight of you and I almost cream my jeans. Right now I've got a boner that won't quit."

"Of course you do," Steve laughed. He spread his arms wide, showing off his magnificent torso. "What's not to like? I usually leave a trail of erections behind me wherever I go."

The playful exaggeration made Lloyd laugh in spite of himself. Boner aside, he really liked this guy. And he realized what Steve was doing ..... confronting Lloyd's lust head on and making fun of it.

"Come on," Steve said, "pop the trunk and I'll get your bags." Steve pulled out the bags and, playing the part of hotel porter, said formally, "I'll show you to your room, sir. Follow me."

'Follow me!' Lloyd thought. I'd follow that anywhere. He gazed at Steve's broad back, muscles rippling from the weight of the bags, powerful legs striding away from him toward the house. Inside Steve led him to a room with a view over the Hollywood Hills. "Here you are, sir. I think you'll be comfortable here."

"I doubt that somehow," Lloyd smiled. "It's gonna be torture living so close to you."

“That’s the plan, old buddy,” Steve laughed. “All part of your therapy. My room’s down the hall. Here I’ll show you.”

He led the way to the master bedroom, a generous room with one wall of French doors looking over an infinity pool with a stunning view of the city. The morning sun streamed in, lighting Steve’s body to perfection in a golden glow.

Lloyd sighed deeply. “Man, I’m sorry to go on like this, but you are so fucking absolutely gorgeous. Brings tears to my eyes.”

Steve threw his head back and laughed. “Yeah, but you should see me when I’ve cleaned up. Talking of which, I’m going for a swim. Join me when you’re ready.” He kicked off his sneakers and dropped his shorts, and again Lloyd gasped. Steve was wearing black Speedos underneath that clung to the perfect globes of his bubble butt.

As Steve walked out to the pool Lloyd felt weak at the knees and sat on Steve’s bed breathing deeply. He realized that the bed was unmade. It was just as Steve had left it when he got up that morning, rumpled sheets, clothes strewn on the floor, and thin cotton shorts and a tank top on the bed that he must have slept in. Instinctively he reached for the shorts and was pulling them to his face just as he heard Steve’s shout.

“Hey, Lloyd. Come on in. Water’s great. Come and get wet.”

“I almost did,” Lloyd murmured to himself as he felt pre-cum dribbling down his leg. He threw the shorts back on the bed and shook his head. “Jesus, this is gonna be harder than I thought.”

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Mulholland Drive runs along the spine of the Hollywood Hills, and Steve’s house had views of the city, the hills and part of the Valley. It was a perfect spot and as Lloyd settled onto a chaise by the pool he tore his gaze away from the man sunning next to him and cast his architect’s eye over the house. “Very nice,” he murmured. “Perfect location, great house.”

“Yeah,” Steve said. “Took a whole lot of therapy sessions to pay for it, too. I was thinking of adding another room on the side there ..... maybe even a small guesthouse.”

“That’s doable,” Lloyd said. “I’d be happy to draw up preliminary plans for you if you like.”

They fell into a long discussion of houses, architecture and real estate and realized once again how much they had in common and how closely their values matched. Lloyd became so engrossed that, even though he was lying three feet from this beautiful man, stripped down to Speedos, he suddenly realized that his cock was no longer hard ..... for the first time since he arrived.

There was a silence and Steve smiled at him, reading his thoughts. "See, Lloyd. There are other reasons to like me besides my body and my face. It's starting to work ..... though I think you have a long way to go."

He was dead right about that. The two men spent a companionable afternoon, went out for dinner, then came back and, as it was a hot night, sat by the pool sipping brandy before bed. Pretty soon though Steve stood up and stretched. "OK, lights out for me. I'm bushed ..... I'm gonna hit the sack. 'Night buddy. Nice day ..... I'm glad you're here." He touched him lightly on the shoulder as he went into his bedroom.

Lloyd went into the house too, but suddenly realized he had left his watch out by the pool. He went back out and was about to return when he glimpsed Steve in his bedroom getting ready for bed. He stood in the shadows watching as Steve moved around the room. The big glass doors hid nothing and the room was softly illuminated by subtle spot track lighting. As Steve walked back and forth the spots caught him at different angles, highlighting first his face, then various parts of his body. "Jesus," Lloyd thought, "even the lighting is sexy."

He watched mesmerized as Steve began to undress. He had dressed casually for dinner and now kicked off his loafers. Lloyd took a sharp intake of breath as Steve pulled off his Polo shirt, revealing his perfect chest and shoulders, stunningly lit by a couple of the spot lights. Lloyd's hand went down to his crotch and he stroked the bulge under his slacks. He felt a pang of disappointment as Steve disappeared into the bathroom to brush his teeth.

But he was back in a few minutes, still naked to the waist. He stretched his arms upward, which made his gray underwear just visible above the narrow waistline of his jeans. After a series of stretches he dropped to the floor. "Oh, shit, no," moaned Lloyd as he saw Steve doing push-ups, his back, arms and shoulders flexing with the pumping routine. Then he sprang to his feet and stretched again, looking in the mirror, flexing his muscles in self-admiration. He sat on the end of the bed and pulled off his socks, then stood and unbuttoned his jeans.

Lloyd was beside himself and his cock was raging as he saw Steve's jeans fall to the ground. Steve stepped out of them, now wearing just tight gray boxer briefs. Again he stopped to admire himself in the mirror and Lloyd thought, "Jesus, he sure knows how beautiful he is. He's getting off on himself." Still gazing at his reflection Steve pushed down his briefs and smiled as his cock sprang out, semi-hard. He grabbed it and stroked it a few times, running his other hand over his chest.

Evidently, though, he'd soon had enough of himself as he suddenly left the mirror and went over to the bed, which was still unmade. He picked up the crumpled white shorts lying there and pulled them on, then threw himself onto the bed, lying on his back with no sheet over him as the night was so warm. Lloyd stood there in a trance, then shook himself and, a bit embarrassed, walked quietly into his own room.

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Lloyd stripped naked and fell into bed. But it was no good ..... he was miles away from sleep. He tossed and turned, with the image of the naked muscle-god etched on his brain. Normally, he would have jerked off and then fallen asleep (something he did most nights), but that was one of Steve's rules for him this week.... no masturbation. He pounded the pillow and tried to sleep but it was no good. Steve was sleeping near-naked a few yards down the hall and he had to see his glorious body one last time.

Almost as if he were sleep-walking he walked silently along to Steve's room and stood in the open doorway, gazing down at the bed in awe. The lighting had been turned down low and Steve's perfect body was bathed in a soft golden light. Lloyd's heart pounded as he fantasized on a glorious warrior, laid out naked, ceremonially as if for sacrifice. The beautiful face, the tanned, muscular physique gleaming under the light ..... perfection.

Steve moaned as he moved slightly in his sleep, running his hands down over his body, coming to rest on the bulge in his shorts. Without thinking Lloyd took hold of his own rigid cock and began stroking it, moaning out loud. Hypnotized by the glorious image he said out loud, "Oh God, he is so fucking gorgeous."

"Yeah, you look pretty spectacular yourself, dude."

It was as if a jolt of electricity ran through Lloyd as the voice jerked him back to reality. Steve had apparently been woken by Lloyd's moans and was now smiling up at him. "You look damn hot standing there naked ..... that face, that body. You know, Lloyd, you spend so much time admiring other guys you forget what a knockout you are. If you weren't so goddam hungry all the time you could have whoever you want."

Lloyd's blushes were visible even in this dim lighting. "Man, I'm sorry but I couldn't do it ..... with you in here, looking like ..... oh shit, I'll never get over this fixation on beautiful men ..... and you, Steve, are absolutely one of the best. We'd better call this plan quits."

Steve sat up. "OK, I hoped it wouldn't come to this, but I do have a plan B. If you go back to your room you'll be jerking off all night. So you're gonna sleep in here."

"With you!? Steve, that's the craziest idea I've ever ....."

"Be quiet. I'm the boss here, Lloyd. Let me show you. First, put these on." He threw over to Lloyd the gray boxer briefs he himself had recently taken off."

Stunned, Lloyd pulled them on, feeling the warmth of Steve's crotch still lingering in the fabric. Steve picked up his own tank top lying on the floor from the night before and sprang to his feet. He pulled Lloyd's hands behind his back and quickly tied his wrists with the shirt, pulling the knots tight. He stood facing the startled architect.

“Now, you sleep here with me all night, but we don’t touch and, more to the point, you don’t touch yourself. Those shorts are tight so if you get a boner ..... and I’m sure you will ..... it’ll be held in check. In any case, you won’t be able to work your hands free so you won’t be able to touch your cock. You get the picture, Lloyd? You sleep all night beside me, with all that sexual temptation, and for once in your life you don’t cum. Call it shock therapy, call it what you like. But it’s the only way.

Already Lloyd felt his cock swelling in his shorts and instinctively he pulled at his bound wrists, longing to touch it. “Oh, man,” he groaned. “This really is torture ..... I have to touch my cock. You don’t know me, Steve.”

“I’m beginning to, though Oh, and by the way,” he grinned, “if you need to scratch your nose or anything, wake me up and I’ll do it for you. Shit, man, you’re hard work. Now I’m bushed so I’m gonna sleep, and so are you. So lie down, shut up, and try not to think about the man sleeping next to you.”

Steve threw himself onto the bed and pulled Lloyd down beside him. Then he turned on his side, away from Lloyd, and closed his eyes. “Night, Lloyd. Don’t forget about the nose thing.”

In a few minutes Steve was asleep. But Lloyd wasn’t. His agony had just begun.

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The bed was a big California king-size so staying apart was no problem physically. Emotionally was another matter. Lloyd stared at the ceiling and willed himself to stop thinking about the muscle-stud breathing softly next to him. As Steve had predicted, Lloyd’s cock was rigid in the tight briefs and he felt the fabric chafing at the sensitive head. Again his reflex was to pull at his bound wrists behind him, but the frustrated effort only made his cock throb even more.

He turned his head and looked at the glorious face on the pillow beside him. By now Steve had turned onto his back and his sculpted chest rose and fell as he slept peacefully. Lloyd’s eyes moved from his face to his broad shoulders, over his rounded pecs, over his six-pack abs and down to the waistband of his cotton shorts. They were pulled low so a few strands of pubic hair poked over the top.

Lloyd averted his face and closed his eyes. ‘The man is such a fucking stud,’ he thought. God, he wanted to touch his cock. Just one touch would get him off, he knew it, as his cock throbbed painfully. He pulled helplessly at his wrists. He had to look again, and this time he stifled a gasp.

Deep in sleep Steve was smiling and moaning softly, his hand resting on his chest. Must be having some kind of dream. Lloyd watched as Steve’s hand moved slowly downward, over his stomach until it came to the shorts and pushed under the waistband. “Jesus, Lloyd though, his hand is on his cock. Is he gonna cum?”

Lloyd wondered what the dream was. Was he dreaming about him, the man lying beside him. Lloyd started to fantasize. Maybe Steve would shoot his load in his sleep dreaming of him. Maybe he would wake, untie Lloyd and they would finally have sex and Steve would fuck him. "Yeah," Lloyd thought to himself. "Oh yeah, beat that meat, Steve, make it hard, then fuck me with it, man. Fuck my ass, Steve. Make me cum....."

And he did cum ..... the erotic fantasy was too much and Lloyd shoot his load. His cock pulsed hard, strained against the briefs and exploded in them, spreading a huge sticky stain over the gray fabric. He pulled desperately against his bound wrists, his head tossed from side to side, and he pursed his lips in a determined effort to stay silent. Breathing hard, he looked anxiously at Steve, but it was OK ..... he was still sleeping. Apparently his dream was over.

Lloyd felt like weeping. As he felt the sticky dampness in his groin he knew he had failed the test. He had shot his load even without touching himself, he had been so turned on by the sight of Steve sleeping beside him. His breathing subsided and he suddenly felt exhausted. The intense emotional strain of the day had drained him, drained his cock, and at long last he fell into a fitful sleep.

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Lloyd had no idea how long he had slept, but when he woke the first thing he felt was his rock hard cock pressing against the soaking briefs. He must have dribbled even more cum in his sleep, as his groin was soaked in semen. Instinctively he turned his head, then moaned softly, "Oh, Jesus Christ, no more, please."

Steve was lying on his stomach, butt naked. Lloyd guessed, correctly, that he must have gone to the bathroom to piss and taken off his shorts before he got back into bed. Lloyd had not really seen his naked ass up to now, and his eyes opened wide as he gazed at it ..... the sharp tan line at the waist, then the pale white globes rising up from the waist to form a perfectly shaped bubble butt. Lloyd watched mesmerized as a bead of sweat ran slowly down Steve's spine, over his waist and came to rest at the crack of his ass.

Fast asleep, Steve's arms were stretched upward, his face turned sideways pressing against his hard bicep. He was turned toward Lloyd, his heavy breathing wafting into Lloyd's face. Steve's upstretched arm exposed his armpit level with Lloyd's eyes. Lloyd watched sweat trickle in his black armpit hair. The musky smell of it blended with Steve's warm breath.

The sensation was intoxicating. Lloyd's hands were still tied tightly behind him, but he had to get closer. As he gazed at the stunning sight of the glorious body stretched in sleep he slowly moved closer to Steve's arm until his face was almost touching the hair of his pit. The scent of his sweat was strong now as it trickled from the dark hair onto his arm.

As he breathed in the smell of this spectacular man's body Lloyd lost all control. He stretched out his tongue, it touched the coarse hair and he tasted a drop of sweat. Throwing all caution to the wind he inched forward until his face was buried further into the tangle of wet hair. He tasted the man, smelled him, was overwhelmed by him. His body went rigid and he felt hot liquid pour from his cock. For a second time he was pumping a huge load in his shorts.

Snapping back to reality Lloyd hastily withdrew to his own pillow and tried desperately to calm his shaking body. Steve stirred and, half-asleep, murmured softly, "You OK, buddy?"

"Sure," Lloyd managed to say. "Go back to sleep." Instantly Steve's steady breathing resumed and he was fast asleep.

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Sun was already streaming in through the French windows when Steve finally woke. Groggily he opened his eyes and tried to focus. He looked up and his face broke into a smile. Standing by the bed was a shamefaced Lloyd, hands still bound behind his back. He was naked except for gray boxer briefs that clung to him damply, a huge stain at the crotch.

"Man, are you a sight for sleepy eyes!" Steve said. "You look hot, Lloyd. Fucking gorgeous ..... especially with that huge cum stain on your shorts. What happened, man?"

Lloyd blushed, couldn't make eye contact. "I creamed my shorts twice during the night. I swear I didn't touch myself. Just looking at you made me shoot my load ..... twice."

Steve laughed. "Well thanks for the compliment, man. Hell, you must really like me."

Lloyd frowned. "You're not mad? I thought the deal would be off."

"Nah, you didn't jerk off, or anything. You didn't break the rules. Hey, sometimes our cock has a mind of its own." He leapt out of bed. "Come on Lloyd. It's the weekend. Time to relax, get to know each other. But first things first ....." he looked down at Lloyd's shorts. "...you need a shower, man."

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And they did relax ..... even Lloyd. And they did get to know each other. In the kitchen they worked together making breakfast ..... Lloyd did coffee and toast while Steve cooked an omelette. As they sat over breakfast chatting animatedly Lloyd quickly forgot his embarrassment from the night before. They both wore shorts and T-shirts and, for the first time in hours, Lloyd's cock was not fully erect.

"Let me show you the house properly," Steve said. "I need an expert's advice on the extension I'm planning." Soon they were deep in discussion, one professional to another. "Thing is,"

Steve explained, "I was thinking of a guest house so I could maybe rent it out. I'm carrying a high mortgage and could sure use the extra income." Lloyd explained in detail how a one-bedroom extension could work, and even gave a rough estimate of the cost.

As the day got warmer Steve said he had to finish off the gardening he had been tackling the day before and Lloyd offered to help. They stripped off their T-shirts and knelt side by side. As they tore at weeds their bodies ran with sweat and by this time Lloyd's cock was raging hard again. But somehow, the hard work and easy conversation blunted the effect of his erection and he accepted it as normal ..... it kind of went with the territory being around Steve.

As the day wore on they relaxed totally in each other's company. It was as if they'd known each other for years. Steve had a couple of bikes and they took a long ride along Mulholland, shirtless, luxuriating in the warm sun and the magnificent views on either side. Later they shared the cooking duties for dinner and as they ate they watched a show on TV that was a mutual favorite.

It was late when they sat in Steve's bedroom sipping wine, and when it came time for bed it seemed natural that they would share the bed again. Neither one questioned it, though Steve did say with a smile, "I don't think I have to tie you up tonight. Same rules though. Think you can handle it?"

"Sure. I'll still have a boner all night, but those two orgasms last night were a one-night deal."

And so they slept side by side without touching. Lloyd woke once or twice, with the expected hard-on, but when he looked over at Steve he smiled at his sleeping buddy and felt something for him that was no longer raw lust.

The next day was more of the same easy companionship and they came to realize ever more strongly how much they liked each other. They took in an afternoon Lakers game at the Staples Center and then tried to decide on a movie to go to. Steve mentioned a new release but Lloyd protested, "That one got stinking reviews ..... 'laughably bad,' the L.A. Times said.

"Sounds perfect," Steve grinned.

The reviews turned out to be right on. As they drove home they couldn't get over it. "Now that was what you call a real piece-of-shit movie," Steve laughed. "Some of the crappiest dialogue ever to come off a keyboard. Come to think of it, must have been written by a computer. What the fuck were they thinking?!"

They were still laughing later as they relaxed in bed, sipping wine. Lloyd said, "And what about the guy at the end? Was he supposed to have come back from the dead, or something? Didn't he die in the first ten minutes?"

"No," laughed Steve. "It was the movie that died ..... just after the opening credits."

Lloyd laughed so hard he started to spill his wine, so he reached across Steve to put the glass on the side table. As he did so his chest brushed Steve's and their faces were inches apart. Their laughter died and there was a sudden stillness as they gazed into each other's eyes. And Lloyd was swept by a sensation he had never felt before. His cock was probably hard, but he didn't notice. This wasn't really a physical sensation ..... not really. Mostly he just looked deep into Steve's eyes in a way he had never looked at a guy until now.

He saw himself reflected in the soft blue eyes smiling back at him. He felt he was losing control ..... but again, not really. This time he knew exactly what he was doing ..... he had to. He leaned forward and brushed Steve's lips with his own ..... not hungrily as he usually did with guys, but softly, tenderly. He kissed his forehead, then his eyes. Then he spoke. "I think I'm in love with you Steve."

"Good," Steve smiled. "It's about time. So show me."

Lloyd eased himself off Steve's chest, pushed his legs back and pressed the head of his cock against his ass. Usually, with other guys, it was Lloyd who got fucked ..... and he had fantasized about Steve fucking him. On the few occasions when Lloyd did the fucking it was always purely physical, pounding the ass until he shot his load. But this was different ..... completely.

He felt his cock slide easily into the ass of this beautiful man, a man he liked, admired ..... a man he loved. This was not carnal desire. He would have hesitated to use the word spiritual ..... but that's what it was. His eyes did not leave Steve's the whole time. He felt the warmth in his groin, the throbbing in his cock, but those physical sensations were at a distance ..... in the background.

What was immediate was the look in Steve's face, the soft, loving half-smile in that beautiful face. Lloyd whispered, "I love you, man. I've never loved anyone before. It's incredible."

"I've been waiting for you to say that, asshole. God, you feel good inside me."

It went on for a long time, Lloyd's cock easing gently in and out as they drowned in each other's eyes. Lloyd leaned forward and ran his tongue over Steve's lips. Steve opened his mouth and Lloyd clamped his open mouth tightly over it. They breathed in and out through their mouth, sharing the same air, one exhaling while the other inhaled. The sensation was intense, intimate, intoxicating. They were breathing life into each other. They were joined.

Finally Lloyd broke free and whispered, "I never knew it could be like this. It's gonna make me cum inside you, Steve." Steve's face seemed to change, had a glow around it somehow, as Lloyd felt his juice pouring deep inside his body. Steve was still smiling as his own cock began streaming thick white cum over his gleaming chest.

They couldn't stop gazing at each other. It was true. It was transcendent. They were in love.

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A few minutes later as they lay in each other's arms they just took it for granted. There it was ..... it was meant to happen. And there was absolutely no doubt. They were in love.

After a while Steve spoke. "When you sell your house, where will you go next?"

"I was thinking of looking for a place on Mulholland, if I could afford it."

"This is Mulholland."

"Are you offering to rent me your guest-house?"

"No."

"A room?"

"No ..... half a bed. With me in the other half." He grinned ..... "Forgive me for asking that hoary old therapist question but ..... How do you feel about that, Lloyd?"

Lloyd smiled at him. "Sounds like a plan."

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The news quickly filtered down to the house on Mt. Washington and was greeted with wild approval by all the guys. Darius especially, of course, was launched on a wild ride of fantasy and speculation.

"They'll probably be looking for a houseboy!"

Zack smacked him lightly behind the head. "Cool it, punk. You belong to me, remember?"

"Sorry, sir," Darius grinned and pressed himself against Zack's chest.

Zack needn't have worried. Darius's fantasies about Steve and Lloyd were not to last long. They were replaced, overwhelmed, by the next chapter in his life.

# # #

## **Chapter 94 – Randy & Hassan – Retribution**

In the early evening a week or so later all the crew had left the construction site except for Randy and Darius who were going over some plans in the trailer office. "OK, punk," Randy said, "no need for you to stick around. I'll finish up here. I'll only be here another hour or so. I know you're straining to get to the gym, so get your ass out of here."

"Thanks boss." Darius grabbed his gym gear and ran out to his truck.

Some time later Randy was rolling up the plans, ready to close up for the day, when his cell phone rang. As soon as he heard Darius's excited, conspiratorial voice his body tensed.

"Hey boss," Darius said in a half whisper. "You'll never guess. Remember a few weeks ago when I told you about that gorgeous guy I met at the gym. What was his name....."

"Hassan?" Randy growled.

"That's the guy. A real muscle-god. Anyway, you told me to call you if he showed up again. Well he he's here, and guess what? I think he really likes me. Wants to get together. He suggested we go to my house. Would that be OK with Zack do you think?"

"Hell no, dick-head." Randy felt the icy clarity of cold anger seize him. "Now listen. And get this right, kid. You agree to take him home. But instead you bring him here ..... to the site. Make some excuse ..... tell him you need to stop off to pick something up. I'm the only one here ..... which is just as well. When you get here I'll take over. You make yourself scarce. This has nothing to do with you."

"OK, boss. Got it." But as he walked back over to Hassan Darius said to himself. "Huh .... Make myself scarce. No way. This I gotta see. Should be one for the books."

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Randy left the trailer and paced around the site, his body tense, fists clenched. He muttered through gritted teeth. "So this is it, mother fucker ..... we meet at last." His anger was stoked by the memory of Mark's harrowing story of his experience as a young army corporal in the Middle East. Captured and interrogated by the enemy Mark had been brutally tortured, physically and sexually, by a guard, whose striking face and body almost matched Mark's stunning beauty.

Randy recalled how Mark's story had ended. Having been abused and degraded Mark had managed to overpower Hassan, whose last desperate words as Mark escaped had been, "I must see you again, Mark. I swear, I will come to your country and find you."

"And now you're here," Randy growled softly. "But I'm damned if you'll see Mark without going through me first, you sadistic son-of-a-bitch." The notorious anger that was at the core of Randy's being now surged through him. He paced the site and waited.



To ease the tension he sought refuge in the one thing that always calmed him ..... hard physical work. There was a derelict wall they had planned to demolish the next day with jack hammers, but Randy now made it the focus of all his anger and frustration. He picked up a sledge hammer and swung it violently at the wall, chipping out huge chunks with each blow.

He was driven by the image of the chained soldier, his buddy Mark, being tortured by the man he was about to meet. Soon his T-shirt was wringing wet and he stripped it off, his rippling muscles glistening in the light of the setting sun. Sweat poured down his chest, soaking the waistband of his filthy cargo pants.

He was so absorbed in his anger-fueled labor that he didn't hear Darius's truck pull up outside the gate. Darius walked in with Hassan and they stopped at the sight of the muscle-bound construction worker in the middle of the site, stripped to the waist, swinging his axe at the crumbling wall.

Hassan had never seen a man like this one. "Who in the hell is that?" he asked Darius.

"Oh, that's my boss. Everyone's boss if it comes to that. His name's Randy."

Hassan stared at the man as he worked. He was instantly on alert, partly because of the man's obvious strength and power, partly the instinctive fear that he inspired ..... but something else too. As he watched the gleaming muscles flex, saw sweat stream down his chiseled features, the square jaw and darkly stubbled chin, Hassan felt his cock stirring in his pants.

Finally Randy looked up and stopped work, leaning on the pick-axe. So this was Hassan. For once, Randy thought, Darius had not exaggerated. The guy was spectacular ..... tall, muscular, with dark, exotic features, high cheek bones, slanted dark eyes and jet black hair. He wore military fatigue pants tucked into combat boots, and his black gym tank-top was stretched over his magnificent chest.

Across the expanse of the construction site their eyes met ..... and held steady. They were two dominant alpha males, like rival stallions meeting for the first time. His fist gripping the pick-axe Randy strode across the site and stopped a few feet in front of Hassan. For a minute Darius thought he was going to swing the axe at Hassan and he blurted out, "Sir, this is the guy I told you about from the gym ..... we were just ....."

His words died as Randy glanced at him and imperceptibly indicated the gate. Darius knew his boss well and recognized that steely look. Unobtrusively he walked quietly through the gate and closed it behind him. The two men were alone.

Wordlessly they sized each other up. Randy walked round Hassan and stood between him and the gate, legs astride, still gripping the axe. His unyielding gaze unnerved Hassan, who finally spoke, in his accented, vaguely musical voice.

“Who are you, man?”

“Doesn't matter who I am. All you need to know is that Mark is my buddy ..... he's like a brother to me. And all I need to know is that you are Hassan, the sadistic son-of-a-bitch who tortured him.”

Hassan tensed instantly. “Mark! Where is Mark? I need to see him.”

“All in good time, asshole. See, to get to Mark you have to go through me. And that won't be easy ..... not as easy as you and your buddies overpowering one man, chaining him up and working him over.”

“What are you gonna do, man?”

“Well, let's see. I believe in an eye for an eye. I believe you should get to feel what my friend Mark felt. I got several good buddies but none of them would have the stomach to torture you. But, see Hassan, I got a stronger stomach. And I hate your fucking guts.”

Hassan made a move to go round Randy but Randy stepped sideways and blocked his path. He stood in front of him, a menacing figure, stripped to the waist. “What's your hurry, Hassan? Hey, you're a big guy ..... you scared of a challenge? Tell you what ..... I'm gonna give you an equal chance ..... the chance you and your thugs never gave Mark. It's just you and me here, Hassan.” He threw down the axe and held his arms out to the sides, beckoning with his fingers. “Come on, stud, let's see what you got.”

There was a tense silence. Then suddenly with lightning speed Hassan raised his leg high and landed a heavy karate kick to Randy's shoulder, hurling him to the ground. The move stunned the construction worker. As he lay dazed in the dirt he realized that Hassan was a fighter, army trained, and probably, with his Asian background, skilled in martial arts. He opened his eyes and saw Hassan start to walk away toward the gate.

Randy shot out his arm and just managed to grab Hassan's ankle, wrenching it and pulling him off balance. He crashed to the ground and Randy crawled toward him, but Hassan's reflexes were fast. With another kick he crashed his heavy boot into Randy's stomach, making him howl as he doubled up in pain. Hassan was on him in a second, astride him, pinning him on his back, his arms pinioned at his side. He crashed his fist against the rugged face, first one side, then the other, again and again.

Through a haze of pain Randy looked up at the dark, exotic face and knew that he was on the verge of losing the fight. With all the strength he could muster he yanked one arm free and smashed it into Hassan's jaw. The soldier reeled backward and fell face-down in the dirt.

There was a dip in the ground here where water had gathered in a muddy pool. Both stunned muscle studs now crawled painfully toward each other through the mud, reaching, clawing to gain the advantage. Hassan raised his hand and clamped it on Randy crotch, brutally squeezing his balls. Randy screamed and grabbed Hassan's wrists, frantically trying to pull his hands off him.

Suddenly Hassan leaped to his feet, leaving Randy doubled up, clutching his balls, groaning in the mud. Hassan was ready with another vicious kick into Randy's stomach, causing another howl of agony. In a dazed blur Randy looked up and saw the handsome, triumphant face of the man towering over him.

"You see, bug guy, you are nothing against Hassan," he sneered. "Sure, you're a big, tough bodybuilder, but I am better. You should have asked your friend Mark how I treat my enemies. He would tell you I would break you ..... just as I broke him, chained in that prison cell."

That was Hassan's mistake, conjuring up the graphic image of Mark's tortured body. Randy became an animal, no longer aware of his throbbing balls and aching stomach. With the bellow of an injured bull he leapt to his feet and clamped his hands round Hassan's throat. Hassan flailed wildly, punching Randy in the ribs, the stomach, trying to land a kick to his legs.

But Randy felt nothing, except hatred for man he was choking. He felt Hassan weaken, his blows become feeble. He released his grip and butted his head against Hassan's forehead, making him stagger backward and crash against a wall. Randy walked toward him and the pounding began. He had completely lost control and his rage took over. With one hand he pinned him by the throat to the wall and smashed his other fist into his stomach. The gut punching was brutal and Hassan howled in pain as he flexed his stomach muscles against the rain of blows.

Between heaving breaths Randy taunted him. "Not so big are you now, asshole, now it's one on one? Easy to torture a man in chains, but you're not so hot in a fair fight. You mother-fucking son-of-a-bitch. Let's see how much you can take."

Pinned against the wall Hassan knew he was beaten and, as his legs began to buckle he managed to beg in a rasping voice. "OK, man ..... you've won. I'm finished. Please ..... I've had enough. No more ..... please. You've beaten me."

"You bet your life I have, asshole," Randy growled. "This is me your dealing with now, and I am the best." He hauled back and swung one last brutal fist across Hassan's face. His head flew sideways, his massive body hovered in mid-air before he crashed to the ground senseless.

His body heaving Randy stood astride the crumpled body. "Now, Hassan, we really will see how much you can take."

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It was the shock of cold water streaming into his face that brought Hassan back to consciousness. He shook his head and tried to focus through the spray-cloud blinding him. The force of the jet lessened and he saw a big, rugged, shirtless muscleman aiming a hose at him. Again he shook his head and remembered the guy ..... Randy was his name ..... who had beaten him to a pulp. Hassan was a fighter, a martial arts expert and nobody ever defeated him. But this man had.

As Hassan was able to focus clearly on the handsome, swarthy muscle-stud he was horrified to feel his cock swelling in his pants. His reflex was to touch his cock but he found that he couldn't. In fact he couldn't move. His hands were bound behind him and he became aware that he was chained to iron bars ..... scaffolding. The water stopped as Randy held the hose above his own head and showered the grime and mud of battle off his face and body. He turned off the hose and his body streamed with water as he stood before his chained prisoner.

"Welcome back to the land of the living, Hassan. In case you're wondering, you're in my world now, on my construction site, and you are pretty much in the same position you put my buddy Mark into. Feel those chains? You're tied to the scaffolding we have here, your hands are pulled back over a bar and tied behind you. There's a chain around your neck. Sound familiar? It should ..... cast your mind back to a beautiful blonde soldier chained to a wall in a cell and being tortured ..... by you."

Hassan looked at his captor through haunted eyes. "What are you gonna do to me, man?"

"Well, pretty much what you did to Mark, I guess. Don't recall that, do you? Well I'll give you time to think. Try to remember how you tortured my buddy and that's pretty much what's gonna happen to you .... and then some. No hurry though. We got lots of time. Besides I have work to do. So I'll just leave you to think. We'll just get your dressed for the part.

He reached forward and yanked the filthy black tank-top from Hassan's chest, so it hung in shreds round his waist. Randy stepped back and gazed at the beautiful muscle-god, now stripped to the waist, perfectly chiseled muscles straining against his chains. The handsome face gazed at him in fear and apprehension, his dark, exotic features bearing the marks of the fight, his black hair hanging in his eyes.

"Yeah," Randy growled. "I'm really gonna enjoy working over a stud like you," and the thought made his cock stiff in his work pants. "One more thing ..... let's try a little experiment. He yanked at the crotch of Hassan's pants and as the fly came open he grabbed at the cock inside and pulled it out. The huge cock hung down and Randy grinned in approval.

"Now that's a piece of meat, Hassan. Proud of that, I bet. Pity it's not hard ..... usually when guys look at me it's an instant hard-on. Well, we'll see about that. Enjoy the view, Hassan."

He walked away, picked up the pick axe he had dropped on the ground and resumed hacking at the crumbling wall. Randy had several reasons for taking his time. First, he recognized the intensity of his anger for the soldier and knew that if he tortured him now he would probably do serious, permanent harm. So this hard labor was a way of venting some of his fury ..... take it out on the damn wall rather than the stud chained to the scaffolding.

His other reason intrigued him more. Randy knew the effect he had on others ..... men and women alike ..... and he wanted to find out if this Hassan was immune to that. He doubted it ..... especially now he was forced to watch the magnificent shirtless construction worker straining his muscles in heavy work.

Randy was right. As Hassan watched him his thoughts were harrowing. He recalled every detail of what he had done to Mark long ago, the torture of his balls, the pain and humiliation as he hung chained to the wall, and then the sexual degradation as Mark had been unable to stifle his lust for his captor. And now this powerful man had promised him the same treatment .... and more. Hassan watched in awe as the rugged, swarthy muscle-god worked and he imagined how it would feel being tortured by him.

Glorious as the sight was, Hassan was determined not to feel any sexual desire for the man. He would not suffer that humiliation. And yet ..... he already felt a stirring in his cock, felt the blood start to flow, felt the pulse. The sight of this magnificent man was too much for him. Randy's sinewy muscles flexed hard as he worked, gleaming with sweat, his handsome face tense with concentration, tousled black hair falling over his forehead. Like others before him Hassan was overwhelmed by the sight of the dark demon.

Hassan tore his eyes away and looked down in horror. His cock was now rock hard, standing out stiff from his pants. He pulled at the chains binding him in a futile attempt to touch his cock. "No," he groaned and knew he was lost. Physical pain he could endure ..... but not this.

Randy grinned when he saw Hassan's huge erection. Still swinging the axe he shouted, "You too, eh, Hassan? Like all the others ..... can't resist. Soon you'll be begging ..... just wait 'til I've finished with this wall ..... and start on you."

And so the muscular prisoner hanging in chains gazed helplessly at his tormentor ..... and waited.

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As it happened, Hassan was not the only one watching and waiting. Randy grinned to himself as he heard in the distance muffled moans and caught snatches of words. "Oh, man ..... so fucking hot ..... the fight ..... that stud in chains ..... shit, the boss is gonna work him good."

Randy had known that Darius would not be able to resist this. Sure, he had left the site, but Randy knew exactly where he'd be, standing on a trestle against the outside wall, looking through a crack in the fence. He was also certain that Darius had his camera with him, filming the whole thing. Shit, the kid took it everywhere with him. "What the hell," thought Randy. "Let him do it. Keep a record of the asshole's torture."

Darius had never been in such a frenzy of excitement. Although his body was trembling he forced himself to keep the camera to his eye. Right now he was focused on the sweating construction worker. Then he slowly panned across the site to the exotic, shirtless muscle-stud chained to the scaffold. The camera lingered on his face, then moved down over the broad shoulders, bulging pecs and slim waist, and came to rest on the huge cock standing rigid out of his pants.

"So fucking hot, dude," Darius breathed. "Come on boss, start working him over. This wait is killing me."

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The wait was even more agonizing for the prisoner. His body was alive with anticipation and fear ..... mixed with uncontrollable desire for the man who would torture him. The homoerotic image of the swarthy construction worker swinging the axe was hypnotic, and Hassan's heightened awareness made his body shake. His imagination of what was to come was worse than actual pain. This was torture in itself ..... the wait, the agonizing wait. Finally he snapped.

"OK, man," he shouted. "You win. Do what you have to do. I can take it."

The arrogance in the man's voice bounced off Randy and he continued working. Hassan started to groan in frustration, and his voice became submissive. "Please, man. Do what you're gonna do. I know I'm beaten, sir. Please, torture my body. I'm begging you, man."

That was the word Randy wanted to hear. He dropped the axe, stretched his muscles and wiped the sweat from his face and chest. Then he strode over to the degraded captive.

"OK, asshole, what do you want from me?"

"I want you to begin, sir. I want you to work me over, hurt me." His beautiful, slanted eyes gazed at Randy. "Please, man. You're driving me insane. Please just do it. Torture my body. I beg you, sir."

"OK, shithead ..... but we have an old saying in this country ..... 'be careful what you wish for.' Oh, and by the way, this site is pretty remote and any sound is drowned out by the roar of the freeway overhead, so feel free to scream as loud as you like. Now, first things first. When you were torturing my buddy Mark, what did you start with?"

Hassan knew he had no choice. He groaned in a low voice, "His balls."

"OK," Randy said, stroking his jaw. "Let's see, now." He walked away, into the trailer, and came out holding one of his old motorcycle boots and a length of cord. Facing Hassan he grabbed his balls, twisting them viciously. Hassan took a deep breath and stared into Randy's eyes. This was his trial of strength. It was beginning. He gritted his teeth but as the pain increased he finally gave way, opening his mouth in a pitiful animal howl.

Randy applied more pressure to the balls and watched the handsome, sculpted face thrash from side to side. 'God he's beautiful,' Randy thought as he saw the eyes fill with tears, the chiseled features twist in pain, the jet black hair flying as his head jerked. Randy felt his own dick getting hard.

Finally, after one last vicious squeeze, he let go of the balls and heard Hassan's rasping voice sob with relief. He took the cord he had brought and wrapped it tightly round the base of Hassan's scrotum, making the balls bulge, rock hard. The other end of the cord he tied to the loop at the top of the boot, which now swayed between Hassan's legs. His face was inches from Hassan's as he growled, "Now you know what I'm gonna do to you, asshole?"

Hassan swallowed hard. "You're gonna torture my balls."

"Bingo!" Randy picked up the hose he had used before and turned the water on low. He held the end of the hose over the boot and let the water flow into it at a steady trickle. Then he locked eyes with Hassan. It was a slow build. The weight of the boot itself was negligible but, almost imperceptibly at first, the pressure began to build as the water flowed in. Hassan began to feel his balls stretched as the boot slowly got heavier and heavier. He saw a glimmer of a smile in Randy's eyes.

"Let's see how tough you are, stud. You're a great fighter, I'll give you that. You almost beat me. Now it's just us ..... man to man. Show me how much pain you can take."

As Hassan gazed at Randy the pale blue eyes oddly gave him strength. He wanted to prove himself to this incredible man, prove that he could take whatever he threw at him. But the pain was becoming intense as the boot began to fill. The rope tightened around his balls, stretching them unbearably. His breathing became ragged and sweat poured off him. He felt like his balls were being ripped clean off and he screamed.

Again Randy realized how beautiful this man was, his incredible body helplessly bound, screaming in pain. "You can submit to me any time you like, man," Randy said. "Just say it."

Hassan felt himself drowning in the man's eyes, his body racked with pain. He had to do it. "I submit, sir," he shouted. "I submit." Instantly the water was turned off and Hassan hung helpless from his chains, the boot swinging between his balls.

“Now, Hassan, I want to hear an apology for what you did to my buddy. I want to know why.”

Hassan was in a fog of pain and humiliation. He moaned, “I’m sorry for what I did. It was war, we had our orders ..... No, it was more than that.” He started to sob. “Mark was so beautiful ..... he looked magnificent in chains. I had never met a man like that. He was a god. I desired him, wanted him forever. I made him shoot his load just looking at me ..... I thought he wanted me too. I fell in love with him, man. I still love him.” His chest heaved with sobs “I want to see him, sir. Torture me, thrash me, do whatever you want. Just allow me to meet him ..... just once more.”

Randy was taken aback by this speech. He had not expected this intensity of loss and longing. He saw Hassan in a new light. He still hated what the man had done, still needed to punish him more. But there was something different about him, softer somehow, as his stunningly beautiful face gazed at him in abject submission.

Randy even pitied him, swept by the admiration of one beautiful man for another. They were two of a kind in an elite, rarified world. Mark, with his stunning beauty, belonged in that world too, and Randy’s anger was partly caused by the thought of such beauty being tortured and humiliated. The same sentiment gripped him now. It was hard to watch a man as superb as Hassan suffer such pain and degradation.

Moving by impulse Randy put his hand behind Hassan’s head, pulled it forward and pressed his mouth against the soldier’s full lips. He felt Hassan’s tongue enter his mouth, he pressed his own tongue against it and they ground their mouths together. They savored the taste of each other as they gazed into each other’s eyes with a look of wonder. This really was man to man. Two alpha males acknowledging their shared beauty and power.

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“Oh, wow,” said Darius for about the eighteenth time. “Unbelievable!” Minutes had passed and Randy had been busy. He had mercifully untied the balls and stripped Hassan naked, removing his pants and boots but leaving the shreds of his black tank-top hanging round his slim waist. And he had re-tied the soldier into an even more painful position.

Hassan was still against the scaffolding but now his legs were spread wide and chained at the ankles, and his arms were stretched upward in a V. He was spread-eagled, naked, with a leather belt hanging loosely round his neck. The chains attached to his wrists were pulled up over a scaffolding bar and Randy was standing behind Hassan holding the ends. Slowly he was pulling the chains, stretching Hassan’s muscular body upward, tighter and tighter. He groaned loudly as the pain in his arms and shoulders became excruciating.

And this is the sight that had Darius drooling in amazement. It was as if this gorgeous muscle god was on the rack, his sensational body being stretched helplessly in agonizing torture.



Sweat poured off him, tears spurted from his eyes. His beautiful face swung from side to side, groaning in pain, his thick black hair falling across his high forehead. Darius thought he had never seen anything more beautiful.

Randy too was blown away by the sight of the magnificent naked soldier. He secured the chains and came round to admire the spread-eagled man from the front. "God, you're beautiful," he breathed, running his hands over the perfectly sculpted chest. "I see now why my buddy's beauty made you want to torture his body. And that's why I have to hurt you Hassan. You know that. You should understand better than anyone. And you know what comes next."

He pulled the belt from around Hassan's neck, raised it high and brought it crashing across Hassan's magnificent chest. The leather bounced off his pecs and Hassan screamed. But that's all he could do; he was spread-eagled so tightly that he couldn't move, couldn't shield his body from the whip. Time and again he felt the searing pain of the whip, across his chest, his shoulders, his flexed stomach and his thighs. Then Randy walked round to the back and began applying the belt to his ass.

Jesus, that ass..... two perfect white globes bouncing under the repeated lash of the belt. Hassan's desperate screams were drowned by the roar of the freeway overhead. Suddenly Randy stopped and gazed at the ass, now striped red. He was moving on instinct now. It was no longer anger, no longer revenge ..... it was pure, animal lust.

He went round to the front and pressed his body against Hassan's, his eyes staring at him like lasers. He reached behind him and cupped his hands round the mounds of his ravaged ass. "You have a magnificent ass, Hassan. You are a gorgeous man. And you know what you want now, don't you?"

Hassan gazed at him, hypnotized by his eyes, and stammered, "Yes, sir. You have fought me ..... beaten me. You have tortured my balls ..... stretched and thrashed my body. You have broken me. You are magnificent. And now....."

"Now .....?"

"Now I want to feel you inside me. I want you to fuck me, fuck my ass."

Randy smiled. "You knew it would come to that. Right from the start, Hassan, you knew it would come to that. You knew I would own your ass."

There was no more to be said. The sight of the bound and helpless bodybuilder had made Randy's cock rock hard. Standing behind him he pressed the head between the cheeks of his ass. He breathed in his ear, "This is the way one male claims ownership of another, Hassan. Now I am your master." The scream shattered the air as Hassan felt the huge rod enter his ass and plunge deep inside his gut. His face flew from side to side, but his spread-eagled body was bound tight and he had no way of avoiding the pain of the piston ramming inside him.

Hassan's breathing was ragged and sweat poured down his gleaming body. The pain in his ass spread through his entire body, setting it on fire until ..... until it was no longer pain, but the carnal heat of animal desire. This beautiful man was inside him, ravaging his ass, possessing him. He had never felt such overwhelming strength. He was alive, wanted more .... more pain. "Oh man," he groaned. "Yeah, fuck my ass, sir. It feels incredible. Harder, man. Fuck me harder. Own my ass!"

Randy was blown away by the furnace-heat of the man's ass and by the desperate yearning in his voice. A feeling of supreme power raged through Randy's body as he pounded the man harder than he had ever fucked anyone. This was his triumph, he was breaking this beautiful stallion, taming him, claiming ownership. He was supreme, the master, and he yelled like a warrior as his cock exploded deep inside the man's body.

Hassan screamed as he felt Randy's cum pour inside him, felt his own cock blast a stream of juice high in the air and watched it splash into the mud at his feet. For a few seconds everything went black. As he slowly regained consciousness he sensed Randy standing before him. He opened his eyes and found himself staring mesmerized into the swarthy demon face of the man who had possessed him. He was in a trance. "Who are you?" he groaned. "What are you?"

"You should know by now, Hassan. I am your master. Tell me, man. Say it."

Hassan stared into the steely blue eyes. "I submit, sir. You are my master. You are the best."

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"Dude!" Darius's voice on his cell phone was conspiratorial. "You are never gonna believe what's going down, here at the site." There was no way he could stop himself sharing this with Pablo. "It's awesome, dude. I met this guy at the gym, the muscle-god of all time ..... gorgeous. And for some reason Randy hates him ..... he's torturing him big time. I've never seen the boss like this. And you should see the guy ..... that body ..... spread-eagled. Name's Hassan."

"Never heard of him," said Pablo. Darius had no idea that he was starting a ball rolling ..... probably would have loved the idea. He and Pablo had never been told the war story of Mark and Hassan. But Jamie had .... and he was standing next to Pablo as he shut off his phone. "I love that guy to death," Pablo said, "but hell, his fantasies. The latest one has Randy torturing some gorgeous guy down at the site. Even claims to know his name..... ever heard of Hassan?"

He was surprised at the effect the name had on Jamie. His eyes opened wide with shock and he picked up his cell phone and hit the speed dial. Jamie knew that Mark was just finishing his shift. He had to warn him.....

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Darius had put his phone away and had picked up the camera when he heard Randy's voice. "Hey, punk. Get your ass in here." Busted! ..... the boss knew he was watching. He scrambled down from the trestle, rushed round to the gate and came in. He stared in awe at the naked figure of the broken soldier, still tightly spread-eagled.

"Hassan," Randy said with obvious enjoyment. "You know my friend Darius of course. Spent time with him at the gym, apparently. But, unless you've seen him in the shower, there's one thing you don't know about him. I call it my secret weapon. Show him, kid."

Darius knew exactly what he meant. He unzipped his pants, pulled out his black cock and let it hang free ..... all ten inches of it. As he gazed at the erotic sight of the bound muscle-stud, body striped with the marks of the belt, his huge cock grew rigid and stood straight out, pointing at Hassan.

Hassan stared at the massive pole in awe and fear. Surely not ..... there was no way ..... He turned his eyes to Randy. "No, man. Not that. I've never seen such a ..... I couldn't take it ..... please, sir. I can't."

Randy ignored him. "You know what to do, punk. He's all yours."

Darius was in dreamland. The boss was ordering him to ..... did he mean it? This man he had drooled over. He walked behind him and stared at the perfect ass, striped red from his beating. Oh, man, this was the chance of a lifetime. He put the head of his cock against the ass and looked over Hassan's shoulder at Randy, waiting for his nod of approval. Randy came close to Hassan and pressed their chests together. Their eyes were inches apart.

"There's something you have to know, Hassan. I am the boss. Every man I live with has submitted to me before he was accepted into the house. And when I say submit, I don't mean with words ..... too easy. I mean they've shown me. And so will you, stud. See, I can make any man cum without touching himself. You will keep looking into my eyes and you will perform the ultimate act of submission." He glanced at Darius. "OK, kid, do it."

Hassan again found strength in Randy's steady blue eyes. They hypnotized him, so that when he felt the long, stiff pole pushing into his ass, inch by painful inch, he didn't scream. The pain in his body was intense, but he knew he had to endure it. This was his ultimate trial of strength ..... and he wanted to prove to this extraordinary man that he could take the pain.

Randy talked him through it. "I know how it feels, man. I took it once ..... every last inch. It's gonna reach deeper inside you than anything you've ever felt. God you have a beautiful face. Those fucking eyes! Now look at me ..... Feel the pain in your ass and know that I'm doing it to you. I know you just shot your load for me, but now you have to do it again. Look at me."

Hassan felt the huge shaft pull all the way out then pierce his ass again. It was like a relentless piston ripping into him. The pain was intense, but he could ease it by looking at the stunning face before him. He saw his reflection in the blue eyes ..... he was swimming in them. He had to prove himself to him ..... prove that he was man enough to submit.

Randy pressed hard against him and felt Hassan's cock crushed between their stomachs. "You feel that, Hassan? You feel the pain in your ass? Now you know what you have to do. You know I've broken you. You know you have to submit. Show me. Let me feel your juice on my body. Look at me Hassan. Look at your master ....."

Hassan was hypnotized. He felt himself drowning in the intensity of the man's gaze, felt the searing pain in his ass. And finally he knew, as never before, the sensation of true, abject submission. "Yes, sir," he breathed. "You've beaten me. I submit to you, sir. I will show you. Here it comes." His body shuddered and his cock blasted a hot stream of cum between their bodies. Randy smiled as he felt the sticky liquid joining their bodies together. He had won ..... as he always did.

Darius was aware that something remarkable had happened and shot his own load deep inside the glorious man. The feeling was intense, but soon he became nervous at what would come next and he pulled out. Randy pulled back too and gazed at the broken man. "The final act," he said. "I'm going to urinate on that glorious body. Do you want that, Hassan?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir. Piss on me." There was a pause, then Hassan watched the stream of piss blast from Randy's cock, felt the hot, rancid liquid pouring over his face, his chest, his entire naked body.

"Thank you, sir," he whispered and hung his head in defeat and humiliation.

There was a long, silence. Nothing moved. Then suddenly the stillness was shattered by the crash of the gate bursting open. Randy turned and saw ..... Mark!

After Jamie's phone call the cop had come straight from his shift, and now he stood there in full police uniform, black shirt unbuttoned half way, still wearing his motorcycle helmet. He stood stock still in disbelief at the sight before him ..... a spectacular naked man, bound, spread-eagled, his gleaming muscles striped with the obvious marks a whip.

"Welcome," Randy said. "Good to see you, buddy. Here, I believe you know this guy from the past."

He grabbed Hassan's hair and pulled his face up ..... the face of a broken man, streaming with sweat and piss. He held the head up as Hassan opened his eyes and tried to focus. Gradually the image became clear ..... a stunning uniformed cop, standing legs astride. He saw the cop reach up and remove his helmet, then run his hand through his tangled blonde hair. He was beautiful, magnificent.

Hanging in chained humiliation, Hassan opened his eyes wide and he took a sharp intake of breath. Tears streamed down his face. From the depths of his despair and degradation came a pitiful sob of recognition.

"Mark!"

# # #

## **Chapter 95 – The Fury of Men – The Wisdom of Boys**

It was a frozen tableau as Randy smiled in triumph, Darius held his breath, and Mark stood in shock and awe. Then there was movement behind Mark as Bob, Zack, Jamie and Pablo crowded through the gate and stopped in amazement. (As Bob said later, "When Darius gets on his damned megaphone it's enough to alert the neighborhood.")

Randy was the first to move. Expertly he unshackled Hassan's legs and wrists and the shattered, muscular body fell forward into the mud. Randy gave one last triumphant look at the beaten man and walked toward Mark. "He's all yours, buddy," he grinned. "I've finished with him. Don't think he'll be giving you any more trouble." He glanced at Bob with a satisfied smile as he strode out through the gate, and a few seconds later his truck roared away.

Lying on his stomach Hassan was beginning to stir. Painfully he raised his face and saw the spectacular image of Mark. He moaned softly and began to move. All the men watched spellbound as the broken man dragged himself agonizingly through the mud, his muscles rippling with the supreme effort. His naked body was streaked with mud, sweat and urine and his pain-racked efforts to reach Mark were agonizing to watch.

At one point he collapsed and his face fell back into the mud. From somewhere deep down he summoned his last ounces of strength, stretched his arms forward, clawed at the mud and finally hauled himself to Mark's feet. He grabbed his shining black boot, pressed his sobbing face to it ..... and passed out.

In the background Darius silently raised his camera to his face and got the last shot for his movie, the naked, degraded muscle-god collapsed unconscious at the feet of the man he had come so far and endured so much pain to see once more.

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The effect of all this on Mark was profound. He had long since managed to bury the episode of his wartime captivity in the deepest recesses of his memory and never dreamed he would ever see Hassan again. He was not even aware that the man was in the U.S. let alone trying to reach him. Now the sight of him lying naked at his feet set his mind reeling with conflicting emotions. First, the harrowing image of Hassan torturing him flashed vividly into his consciousness and his body shuddered.

But there were also the more conflicting emotions of past admiration and lust for Hassan. And the sight of this proud, beautiful man lying broken and degraded at his feet filled him with revulsion and remorse. Remorse! ..... even though he had taken no part in it. Retribution was not in Mark's nature but somehow he still felt responsible. Someone else had brutalized Hassan ..... Randy!

In a daze Mark looked blindly around him, desperate for something, someone to hold onto. And he saw Jamie ..... his, beautiful, devoted boy looking up at him with his adoring blue eyes. He reached out to him, grabbed his arm and pulled him away from the scene and through the gate. Mark straddled his motorcycle, pulled Jamie on behind him and they roared away.

Back on the construction site Bob and Zack sprang into action. Zack fell on his knees and cradled Hassan's head as he slowly regained consciousness. "Zack," Bob said, "we have to get him out of here. Can we take him to your house?"

"Sure," Zack agreed. "Darius, Pablo ..... go on ahead and get the bathroom and spare room ready. Move it!"

The two boys raced out of the gate while Zack gently lifted Hassan's naked body into his powerful arms. Bob picked up the muddy remains of his clothes and helped Zack ease the exhausted man into his truck.

Behind them they left the now deserted construction site, the muddy ground littered with chains, ropes and the shredded remains of Hassan's black tank-trop.

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Randy was home, sprawled in a chair by the pool, sipping a beer, feeling pleased with himself. There was nothing more satisfying than taking revenge, showing a big stud who's boss. He heard Mark's bike pull up and smiled as he and his boy came through the gate. Jamie hung back, but the uniformed cop strode right up to Randy. Randy was expecting gratitude, so he was not ready for the anger that flashed from Mark's eyes.

"What the fuck did you do to him, man?" he shouted.

“Oh, pretty much the same as he did to you back in that cell, buddy.”

“To me! He did it to me! Why the fuck did you have to get involved? What happened between that guy and me was my business, my job to handle ..... in my way. What? .... You were just showing him what a tough mother-fucker you are, is that it?”

“Hey, get a grip, buddy. You should know by now that nobody gets to torture one of my guys without answering to me. They insult you, they insult me.”

Mark jabbed him in the chest. “Now get this straight, pal. I am not ‘one of your guys’ and neither is my boy here. We fight our own battles, and we don’t need you and your fucking anger screwing things up. So stay out of our lives, OK?”

He walked back to Jamie and grabbed his shoulder. “Come and get changed, kid. We’re going for a ride up the coast, spend the night by the ocean. I need to breathe some fresh air, ‘cause the air round here is getting real stale.”

Randy gazed in shock as the two disappeared into the House. What? What the fuck was that? What just happened here? God, he needed Bob. He always needed Bob.

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At that moment Bob was helping Zack get a dazed Hassan into the shower and Darius volunteered to soap him up and massage his aching muscles (of course he did.) After that Pablo dried him off and Zack helped him into the bed that the boys had made up in the spare room. Zack gave Hassan a Xanax and in a few minutes he had fallen into the deep sleep of total exhaustion.

“He’ll sleep ‘til morning, Zack,” said Bob. “Thanks for your help. OK if Darius and Pablo spend some time with you? The twins can make you all dinner here. I gotta go see Randy. I’ve a feeling I’ll have a lot of bridges to mend.”

As usual Bob was right. He found Randy in the kitchen on his second or third beer. He sat down at the table with him.

“You’re getting drunk.”

“Damn right.”

“OK, what happened?”

Fucking bullshit, that’s what happened.” Slurring a bit Randy told Bob of how Mark had laid into him, yelling at him to stay out of his life. “After everything I did for him, destroying that prick!” He drained his beer and opened another.

“Yeah, I thought that might happen,” murmured Bob.

“OK, wise-ass. So how the hell do you explain the attitude of that fucking cop?”

“Randy, listen. When Mark told me the story of his interrogation he was clearly confused. Sure, the way Hassan treated him was horrific ..... the guy was sadistic ..... but there were a lot of weird sexual feelings mixed up in it too. I remember how he described it. ‘We were both beautiful men,’ he said ‘..... me a muscular Scandinavian blonde, he with his Middle-Eastern dark looks and perfectly sculpted body.’ In the middle of all that pain and suffering their trial of strength became almost homoerotic, and Mark no doubt still has the same confused feelings for the man to this day.

“So when he saw what you had done, totally destroyed and humiliated Hassan, all he could see was that beautiful man lying naked in the mud. Mark probably hated you at that point, with no idea that you might have done it out of love and loyalty to a friend you think of as a brother. But you know what? My guess is when he cools down he’ll start to see things as they really are. Don’t forget he has Jamie with him. Never underestimate that young kid.”

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And once again Bob got it right. With Jamie beside him Mark was driving his truck up Pacific Coast Highway headed for a small inn he knew on the beach where he and Jamie would spend the night. They had driven for the first half-hour in silence. Jamie had his hand pressed against the inside of Mark’s thigh and he was reading his master’s expression like a book. When he finally saw the big cop’s body relax, Jamie spoke.

“May I say something, sir?”

“Of course, kid. You know you always can.”

“Well, sir .....” He cleared his throat. “I think Randy did what he did to Hassan because he loves you, sir.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean ....?”

Mark saw Jamie flinch and immediately regretted his tone.

“Sorry, Jamie. Go ahead. Explain yourself.”

“Well, sir. I was in the office when Bob told Randy the story of your torture as a soldier, and I saw Randy’s reaction. He was real angry, he paced around the room and I even saw tears come to his eyes. He hated the idea of anyone hurting you and ..... well you know Randy, sir



... the only way he could put things right was with his fists. He knew he had to beat the guy up. But it was because he loves you. He really does.”

There was a long silence, then Mark said. “You think I over-reacted with Randy ..... balling him out like that. Come on, kid. Tell me the truth.”

Jamie gulped and said in a small voice, “I think you did, sir.” He held his breath, fearful of the cop’s reaction to his boy’s boldness.

Mark looked over at Jamie and his eyes misted over. “Jesus Christ, what did I do to deserve finding a boy like you, Jamie? You have become one hell of a guy ..... and so fucking smart. What you said there ..... you’re probably right ..... and it helps me a lot, kiddo.”

A mischievous smile crossed Jamie’s face. “There’s another way I can help, sir ..... if you let me. You’re still real tense.”

Mark grinned at him. “Yeah. So what you gonna do about that, kid?”

No more was said. Jamie reached over and quickly unbuttoned the fly buttons of Mark’s jeans. He pulled out the cop’s huge dick that was rapidly getting hard. He bent forward and shuddered as he breathed in the intimate man-smell of his master’s crotch. He closed his mouth over the round head of the cock, then lowered his face, feeling the rod slide in all the way down his throat. Mark’s low groan of pleasure made Jamie’s own dick get hard.

It had become Jamie’s greatest joy in life to give pleasure to his god-like master. It was what he lived for. Now his master was tense with anger and he wanted to make everything right for him. So he put all his effort, all his love, into sucking his master’s beautiful cock. Again and again he felt it slide down his throat. At its deepest he clenched his throat muscles tight round the shaft and heard Mark moan.

“God, that’s incredible, kid. Yeah, keep doing that. Take it all the way down. I love you, boy. The cop’s your master. Make him feel good. Don’t stop.”

Keeping one hand on the wheel Mark pressed his other hand on Jamie’s head. Grabbing his thick, blonde hair he pulled the head back, then pushed it down hard on his raging cock. He pulled it back up, then plunged it down harder and harder. Tears were streaming from the young boys eyes as he felt his mouth being impaled on the huge pole. He was choking, gagging, trapped by the iron strength of his master forcing his face down on his cock.

As they roared up the highway Jamie was dimly aware of the sounds of the road, the wind and the waves, but his focus was on his master’s manhood as it pistoned into him. He could feel the veins in the rigid pole, feel the blood racing through them. He knew Mark was close and again clenched his muscles round his cock. He felt the cop’s body shudder, heard his ecstatic howl ..... and felt the sudden eruption deep down in his throat.

Frantically the boy swallowed ..... huge gulps .....as he tried to take the flood of semen that poured into him. He smelled, tasted the sweet juice of his master. He knew he was good at this, knew he had given his master exactly what he needed. He had done what he lived for ..... given his master infinite pleasure.

The truck didn't reduce speed, didn't swerve, but roared straight on up the highway, seagulls wheeling overhead, screaming wildly as if they had seen everything. As calm began to return Jamie pulled his head back, still swallowing the last drops of cum. He slumped back against the truck door and gazed in awe at his gorgeous master.

Mark was still staring straight ahead at the road. A smile spread over his face and he said, "Thanks, kid. That was the best." That was all ..... but it was enough to make Jamie's cock rock hard. He couldn't take his eyes off the magnificent man. Mark was wearing a black tank top, a present from Jamie, stretched over his perfect torso. His muscular shoulders and arms gleamed with a thin film of sweat, his blonde hair fell over his forehead, and his square jaw clenched slightly. He was an awesome man, a Greek God, and Jamie felt pre-cum dribbling from his cock in his shorts.

Without looking at him Mark said, "Go ahead, kid. Do it. You deserve it."

Jamie pulled out his cock and didn't even need to stroke it. He held it straight up and it exploded with the creamy cum of excited youth. The juice arced high in the air and splashed back on his own face, in his hair, and streamed down his chest. For the first time Mark turned his head and looked at his boy who was blinking hard, cum running down his face and into his eyes.

Mark erupted into laughter, then pulled Jamie toward him and kissed him hard, their mouths slick with semen. When Mark pulled back and concentrated once more on the road Jamie knew he had never loved anyone as much as he did right now ..... at this very moment ..... on Pacific Coast Highway.

Mark pulled out his cell phone and hit the speed dial. "Hey, buddy. Just thought I'd check in, see if everything's OK."

"We're getting there," said Bob.

"Listen, man, what I said to Randy ..... I was way out of line ..... I was kind of in shock when I saw Hassan. I wasn't thinking straight. I ....."

"No need to explain, Mark. I know."

"Of course," ..... Mark smiled to himself ..... "you always know. I love you man. Will you do me a favor and ..... well ..... just tell Randy I called?"

“Leave it to me,” Bob said. “Enjoy your trip. And take good care of that boy of yours.”

“I already am,” grinned Zack glancing over at the blonde young man with cum all over his face.

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Bob closed his phone and said non-committally to Randy, “That was Mark. Said to tell you he called.”

Drunk as he was by now Randy smiled to himself. Mark wanted him to know he had called ..... that was all he needed to feel vindicated. But his satisfaction lasted only a few minutes before the kitchen door opened and Zack came in, clearly in no mood to be messed with.

“Oh, Bob,” Zack said. “Sorry. Didn’t know you were here. I’ve come to see this guy, so I’ll keep it brief.”

He turned on Randy, eyes blazing. “Listen, asshole, the next time you go on one of your anger/revenge trips leave my boy out of it. I don’t appreciate having Darius used as a weapon in whatever new macho crusade you’re on. You got a problem with a guy ..... you deal with it. You do not .... repeat not ..... order my boy to fuck a guy he barely knows. He’s your assistant at work, but that’s as far as it goes. The rest of the time he’s my boy and I’m the one who’ll tell him what to do, and that includes fucking ass. You get that, pal?”

“Shit,” Randy said, slurring his words. “I didn’t hear him complain. He had a blast ..... one of his biggest fantasies.”

Zack clenched his fists in mounting anger and would have hit Randy had he not felt the light touch of Bob’s restraining hand. He turned to Bob. “OK, buddy, out of respect for you I won’t slug him. But maybe you can talk some sense into that thick skull of his.” He stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

Randy was really starting to steam. “Shit damn, you try to do a buddy a favor and the whole world dumps on you.”

Bob put his hand on his arm. “I know how you feel, Randy, but this whole thing has stirred up a mess of raw feelings. You’ll see, the dust will settle and the guys will calm down. Besides, it may feel like the rest of the world is against you, but not me, buddy. You’ve still got me.”

Randy gazed into the soft brown eyes and once again realized how much he loved this man. But the mood was broken as the door suddenly opened again, and this time it was the twins. “Sir,” Kyle said to Bob, “we just made dinner for the guys across the street and were wondering when you’ll be ready to eat.”

The interruption pushed Randy over the edge and his drunken anger returned. "Get the fuck out of here, assholes," he yelled. "Can't you see this is private? ..... nothing to do with you." They beat a hasty, terrified retreat from the room as Bob shot to his feet and glared at Randy. "You son-of-a-bitch ..... they're my boys. They're already scared shitless of you and I can see why. Way to go, champ!" He spun round and went after the twins, and once again the door slammed.

Randy buried his face in his hands. "Oh shit," he groaned, "not Bob too. I can be such a prize fuck-up." He heard the door open one more time and he looked up in anger as Pablo walked in. "Jesus Christ," Randy snarled. "It's like the Hollywood fucking Freeway in here tonight. What do you want, kid? You come to dump on your old man like everyone else? They all look at me like I'm Attila the fucking Hun."

Pablo sat at the table facing him, his eyes shining. "Sir, Darius just showed me the video he made of you and that guy Hassan at the construction site."

"Oh yeah?"

"Sir, you were totally awesome, sir! What you did to the guy ..... making him submit to you, beg you, before you even touched him, just because you looked so damned hot. And the part where you fucked his ass" ..... he blushed ..... "that made me cream my jeans. And how about the fight that started it? Man, you hammered him good. I've never seen a guy so totally destroyed."

Randy perked up, hearing the first note of enthusiastic approval all evening. "Yeah, I nailed him alright, kid, but only just. He had some pretty fancy moves of his own."

"You mean the karate kicks, sir. Yeah they were way cool. Wish I could learn something like that."

Randy was sobering up fast. "No reason you couldn't, kid. Sounds like a job for your old man." He gathered up the beer bottles and dumped them in the trash. "Come on, kiddo, let's take this outside."

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Bob spent some time reassuring the twins that they had done nothing wrong, explaining that everyone was just a bit on edge right now. He promised to make it up to them, and went back to the kitchen. But Randy had gone. In alarm Bob glanced through the window ..... and he relaxed as a slow smile spread over his face. He shook his head in disbelief and murmured, "Son-of-a-bitch."

Outside a karate lesson was in progress. Both guys were barefoot, stripped down to their shorts, and Randy was evidently showing his boy some moves. He raised his leg high and

kicked Pablo lightly on the shoulder, making him stagger sideways. He gave instructions to Pablo who copied the move, hitting Randy squarely in the small of the back. As the session continued it was in the nature of man and boy to become more combative and they both got in some pretty mean kicks.

But then the mood changed, from aggressive to playful. Randy got the advantage and began smacking his foot against Pablo's ass. The boy tried to dodge but Randy's aim was good. "You said you liked watching me hammer the guy's ass, kiddo. How does it feel when you're on the receiving end?" He reached forward, grabbed Pablo's thin shorts and ripped them clear off. He continued to kick the perfect mounds of his bare ass, and Pablo was squealing with laughter as he tried to run away.

Bob was laughing too as he watched the game from the kitchen window. He saw Pablo trip and fall flat on his stomach on the grass. Randy gazed down on the white globes of his ass and fell forward onto them. With the palms of his hands he gently pulled the cheeks apart and buried his face between them, breathing in the warm, moist smell of young flesh. He licked the opening, then pushed his tongue inside, reveling in the pungent taste of his boy's sweet ass.

Pablo was going wild, especially knowing what would surely come next. And it did. Randy sprang to his feet, dropped his shorts, then fell back on top of Pablo, the head of his rigid cock pressing between the globes of his ass. "OK, kid. You say that watching me fuck Hassan's ass made you shoot your load. Wanna know how it felt for him?"

"Yes please, sir," Pablo murmured into the grass.

"It was pretty rough. Just like this....." Randy raised his haunches, then with one quick, strong lunge, buried his thick cock deep inside his boy's ass. Pablo howled and clawed at the grass, instinctively trying to crawl away. But he knew his master well, and knew what he was in for. And as always he loved every second of it. God, his ass hurt, but he was thrilled by the sensation of his master's rod pistoning inside him as he lay helplessly pinned to the ground.

The pounding continued for minutes until Randy suddenly spun Pablo over on his back, without pulling out his cock. Pablo looked up with shining eyes to see his master's muscular body heaving and falling above him. "Yes, sir. Fuck my ass, sir. It belongs to you. I love you, sir!"

"Oh, yeah? Well that guy got off on me so much he shot his load without touching his cock."

"I can do that, sir," Pablo said eagerly. "Just say the word."

Randy ploughed the ass even harder and said, "OK, kiddo, I want to see juice all over that pretty body of yours. Do it, kid. Now!"

Pablo howled and his cock blasted a ribbon of cum high up to his face and chest. At the same time he felt his master's cum pouring deep inside his ass. But suddenly Randy sprang to his feet, his cock still erupting. He pointed it at his boy's face and Pablo opened his mouth, gulping in the hot, pungent taste of his master's juice. He gazed up at the dark muscle-god, his master, standing astride him and he was in total heaven.

Their bodies subsided and Randy smiled down at his boy, smothered in the cum of both their orgasms. "Remember how I finished the guy off?"

Pablo grinned. "You pissed all over him, sir. Please, sir. Do it to me too."

He saw the yellow liquid spurt from Randy's cock just a split second before it slammed into his face. He opened his mouth and once again swallowed the warm liquid streaming from his master. Randy had drunk many beers so the deluge lasted a long time. Urine splashed over the boy's whole naked body and as soon as he was able to breathe again Pablo shouted, "It tastes like beer, sir."

Finally the anointing was over and Randy laughed. "Damn, you're a mess, kid. We gotta clean you up." He bent down and picked his boy up bodily, carrying him in his arms to the edge of the pool. He paused as he looked down into his face. "I love you, kiddo. You're perfect for me ..... best boy a man ever had." And he hurled him into the pool. Pablo's joyous laughter was drowned out by the noisy splash as his flailing body hit the water.

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Later, after they dried off and were walking toward the house Randy flung his arm over Pablo's shoulder. "You deserve a reward for that, kid. How about I take you to the Galaxy game tomorrow? They're playing Toronto."

"Wow, that would be cool. Beckham's in the line-up too. Oh wow."

But when they walked into the kitchen there was a sudden silence. Bob was sitting at the table with the twins, who shot to their feet and stood almost at attention. Bob looked up anxiously at Randy, but was relieved to see that all his previous tension had gone. The uneasy silence was broken by Randy himself as he looked at the twins.

"Hey, you guys ..... you into soccer at all?"

Surprised, Kyle cleared his throat. "Yes, sir," he said shyly. "We're big fans."

Now that the ice was broken Kevin felt bolder and took over. "We love it, sir. We used to watch it on TV all the time at the restaurant."

"You ever go to a game?"

“No, sir, never. We had no way of .....

He trailed off but Randy jumped in. “OK, I’m taking Pablo to the Galaxy game tomorrow. How’d you like to come with us?”

“Galaxy? Wow, Beckham’s playing isn’t he? That would be awesome, but .....” Again Kevin trailed off, looking nervously from Randy to Pablo to Bob.

Randy roared with laughter. “Hey, no need to be scared, kid. I don’t bite. And you’d have Pablo here to look out for you. I wouldn’t dare try anything with him around. He can be a mean son-of-a-bitch ..... especially now he’s got those killer karate kicks down.”

Amid the laughter Bob stood up and gazed with surprise and affection at Randy. “I think it’s a terrific idea. The four of you will have a blast. And now I have a suggestion. The twins have done enough cooking for today so how about the five of us go down the hill to that Mexican restaurant for fajitas? My treat.

The burst of approval was unanimous and half an hour later they were all walking down the hill. The boys were in front, Pablo between the twins with his arms over their shoulders.

“So, guys, who’s your favorite European team?”

They answered together. Kyle: “Manchester United.” Kevin: “Real Madrid.”

Pablo laughed. “Hey, I heard you guys always thought alike.”

“Not about soccer, sir,” Kyle said. “So, what do you think about the Galaxy?”

“Well,” said Pablo authoritatively, warming to his subject. “They’ve improved a lot, but their defense still sucks. Now here’s what they should be doing .....”

As the boys walked on ahead Bob looked at Randy and said, “You son-of-a-bitch. You beat up and torture a guy, and now this. Who knew the King of the Gypsies had a tender side?”

“You did.”

“Yeah. But who knew, after all that’s gone on here, it would be up to the boys to bring some sense to this place. I’m sure Jamie had a hand in calming Mark down ..... and Pablo sure did a number on you. Hope Darius is having the same effect on Zack.”

Trying to sound casual, Randy said, “Did you, er, take that guy ..... Hassan ..... to Zack’s place?”

“Yeah. He was exhausted and Zack gave him a Xanax so he’ll sleep through the night. And ..... as it seems I’m the only guy around here who’s not all steamed up about the whole deal, I’ll be the one to sort it out. First thing in the morning I’ll go and talk to Hassan. He doesn’t know me yet ..... but he will.”

Randy saw the set of Bob’s jaw and grinned. “I bet he will. Should be interesting.”

Bob relaxed and smiled. “But right now, buddy, I’ve really gotta thank you for what you’re doing for the twins. That soccer thing was a great idea.”

“Yeah, I had another thought too. Next weekend I was planning to take Pablo up to the lake .... do some fishing. What say you and the twins come with us? Hell, the five of us all together ..... we’ll see what develops ..... no inhibitions ..... no holds barred.”

“You’re something else, you know that? Sounds like a plan. And when the twins really get to know you, maybe they won’t be so shit scared of you.”

“Yeah.” Randy sighed. “Sorry about that, buddy. I know I can be a thoughtless prick sometimes, a real mother-fucker.”

“Yeah, you could say that.” Bob smiled. “You could, but I couldn’t. If I said it I’d find myself getting tied up and fucked.”

“Oh, that’s gonna happen anyway,” Randy grinned. “You can bet your sweet ass on that. Oh, yeah. I have plans for you, asshole.”

He flung his arm over his lover’s shoulder and they followed the boys on down the hill.

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Across the street in Zack’s house things were more muted. Dinner had been cleared away and Zack sat at the table morosely nursing a beer. His mood was still dark after his blow-up with Randy. Darius sat with him, shifting uncomfortably, but he couldn’t stand the silence for long and he cleared his throat.

“Sir, I guess I messed up again, didn’t I? I mean, what I did to Hassan, and all.”

Zack put his hand on the boy’s. “No, kid, I don’t blame you. I’ve told Randy what I think of him, using you to fuck Hassan as part of his revenge.”

Another silence, then Darius said tentatively. “Though I gotta say, sir, I didn’t take much persuading. It was kind of a hot fantasy for me.”

Zack looked at him and smiled. “Yeah, I guess all that action turned you on big time, right?”



“Yes, sir, and I got the whole thing on video ..... except for the part where I did the fucking. Couldn’t manage to film that. I tried ..... but it’s not easy filming while you’re fucking. Not many people know that, sir.”

Zack saw the earnest look on Darius’s face and roared with laughter. He gazed with deep affection at his crazy, funny, beautiful boy. His mood lightened and he began to find Darius’s enthusiasm infectious. “OK, so tell me, kid ..... what part turned you on the most?”

“Hmm .....” Darius reflected. “I think when Randy had Hassan tied up, stretched and spread-eagled. He pressed his body against Hassan’s and made him shoot his load between them without even touching himself. That was awesome.”

“I guess so,” Zack said with a gleam in his eye. “You think anyone you know is hot enough to ever make you do that?”

Darius caught the look in his master’s eye and played along. “Oh, I doubt it, sir. Takes a major muscle-stud to do that. Nah, nobody could ever make me cum like that.”

“You little fucker,” Zack grinned. “OK, you asked for it .....”

He left the room and came right back with a coil of rope that he tossed on the floor like a challenge. He stripped off his shirt and towered over the awestruck boy. Darius gazed up at the magnificent black muscle-god, stripped to the waist, and felt his cock getting stiff in his shorts.

“On your feet. punk.”

Darius stood up but felt his knees go weak. He had a pretty fair idea of what he was in for .....

# # #

## **Chapter 96 - Black on Black**

It was only a few minutes later that Darius realized just how far his master would take the challenge. The boy was naked, his arms stretched upward and tied with ropes to the ceiling beam above him. He was not stretched tight, as Hassan had been; his elbows were slightly bent so there was no pain, but he knew he was completely at Zack’s mercy.

The big black muscle-stud stood back and surveyed his handiwork. “Yeah, very nice,” he said. “You are one beautiful boy and I love to see you helpless like that. Pity you mouth off so much, daring to challenge your master like that.” He walked closer and ran his hands lightly over the

boy's muscular chest. "So, boy. What am I gonna do to that pretty body of yours? This maybe?" and he squeezed Darius's nipples hard between his fingers. Darius gasped at the first hint of pain and gazed into Zack's gray eyes.

"What do you say, boy?"

Still feeling the sharp pain radiating through his chest, Darius groaned, "Thank you, sir."

Zack yanked his fingers sharply off the tits, making Darius yell with pain. Zack shook his head. "Nah, that's not enough for an insolent boy like you. See, there's one big difference between you and Hassan. You know what that is? He's in the real world and you're in fantasyland. You love your fantasies, but I think I can drag you into the real world ..... kicking and screaming maybe. Am I scaring you now?"

"A bit, sir."

"How about now?" and again Zack squeezed his tits, but viciously this time using his nails.

Darius screamed desperately, "Yes, sir. Please, sir. You're hurting me, sir. Now I'm scared."

"You sorry you challenged me?"

The pain was excruciating and Darius sobbed, "Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir. Please ..... the pain ..... please, sir, I beg you."

Again Zack yanked his fingers away, gazing steadily into his boy's tear-filled eyes. "But you see, boy, that's too easy, making you beg by hurting you. Now that your tits have been worked on they're real tender and the pain will be much worse any time I touch them again. Here, let me show you....." He twisted the damaged nipples hard again and Darius felt burning pain as fire shot through his chest. Trying not to scream he pleaded instead.

"No, sir. Please ..... oh god, the pain ..... I can't take any more..... please stop sir. Please.... I'm begging you." Tears were streaming from his eyes as he saw Zack's gaze soften and the torture stopped. Zack put his hands on the sides of Darius's face and spoke to him earnestly.

"That's what it feels like, kid, when fantasy turns to reality. My advice to you is to stay in the realm of fantasy. It's safer ..... and much more fun. And here's some more advice ..... no, this is an order. Never, ever let anyone except me tie you up like this. Guys can get carried away, especially hurting a beautiful boy like you. I am your master. You can trust me, but nobody else. Is that clear, Darius?"

Relief swept over the boy. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

“Kiddo, you’re my boy. I love you, and I don’t hurt someone I love” ..... he grinned ..... “not physically anyway. You still feel scared?”

“Not any more, sir. I worship you, sir, and I want to please you. You can do anything to me.”

“Oh, I know that. But it’s what I don’t do that’s gonna hurt. Oh yeah ..... I am gonna hurt you again, punk ..... but it’ll be your mind not your body this time. So, let’s see ..... you got off on watching Randy make Hassan cum just by pressing against him. Well I think we can go one better than that ..... or two even. Think about that, kid.”

Abruptly Zack left the room, leaving Darius tied up, his mind reeling. He thought he had never been so turned on by a man, especially one as beautiful as his master. The pain in his tits had been unbearable and, to tell the truth, had lessened his sexual desire. The pain had overwhelmed everything, even his lust. But after it stopped, after Zack had spoken to him in that deep, soft voice of his, he felt no fear ..... only excited anticipation. What did this gorgeous black muscle-god have in store for him? All he could do was wonder ..... and wait.

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His wait was rewarded. After some time he heard the door open and Zack walked in. He turned and faced his boy, arms folded across his chest, legs astride.

Darius felt weak and he moaned, “Oh God. That looks ..... oh, sir .....” He was looking at something out of his wildest fantasy, like an erotic drawing he had once seen. A phrase he had once heard came to his mind ..... ‘pornographically handsome.’

Zack was wearing black leather pants and boots. A sleeveless brown shirt was tucked into the slim waist, and it was unbuttoned far enough to give a glimpse underneath of a black, studded leather harness crossed against his massive chest. On his head was a black leather cap, and he wore dark mirror glasses. Over the last few weeks Zack had grown a moustache, which now completed the iconic image of the ultimate leather muscle-god. And now he stood before Darius, his shoulders and biceps bulging as his arms folded across his chest.

Instinctively Darius pulled at his restraints, desperate to touch this spectacular man. His cock was raging hard and his eyes blazed with frantic desire. The man smiled slightly. “That’s it, boy. Let me see you struggle. Let me see those young muscles strain against the ropes. Yeah, flex your abs, boy. Show me that washboard stomach of yours.”

Darius didn’t need to be told. He was hypnotized by the sight of the macho leather man before him and would have done anything just to touch him right now. His young black body thrashed and twisted wildly as he tried hopelessly to get free. “Oh, that is really fine,” Zack said softly. “Oh, yeah, I’m really gonna enjoy working you, boy.”

Darius was going crazy. “Please let me touch you, sir. Just one hand ..... just once. Please, sir .....

Zack did not reply. Instead he tore open his shirt, stripped it off and threw it to the ground. Darius moaned as he looked at the black leather man, harness stretched over his magnificent sculpted torso. Zack walked around the room, paused in front of the mirror and flexed his muscles. Exhausted now, Darius hung from the ropes, groaning with agonizing desire for his glorious master. His cock was like steel and he could feel pre-cum dripping from it.

Zack walked up to him. “You want me to touch you, boy?”

“Yes, sir. Please, sir. I’ll do anything ..... anything you want.”

“Nah, the hard part for you is gonna be doing nothing. Let’s see, now. Slowly he raised his hands and very gently stroked Darius’s ultra-sensitive nipples with the backs of his fingers. Jolts of electricity streaked though the boy’s body and his chest jumped as he tried desperately to push forward against Zack’s hands, yearning to feel more pressure against his tits. But instead Zack pulled away and Darius slumped in hopeless frustration.

Zack turned his back, took a few steps and slumped down in an armchair a few feet away. “OK, boy. You look fucking gorgeous strung up there. You’re my boy, so put on a show for me. Show me how much you want me.” He threw off the leather cap and Darius gazed in awe at the stunning ebony face and shaved head, the eyes still hidden behind mirror glasses..

Darius knew what his master wanted. He looked up at his bound wrists and pulled at the ropes, yanking harder and harder, his arm’s bulging and aching with effort. His body writhed and struggled and sweat started to run down his young, black muscles. He looked up again, grasped the ropes above him and pulled himself upward, so his feet were clear of the floor. He hung there, legs flailing, hoping the weight of his body might break the ropes. Every sinew in his body strained mightily, as he flexed his arms, shoulders and his ripped abs.

“Oh, man,” Zack groaned. “That is absolutely fucking sensational. God you’re beautiful. I love watching a gorgeous black stud struggling in bondage. You really turn me on, boy, you are so fucking hot.” His hand went down to his crotch, he unzipped his leather pants and pulled out his iron-hard cock. “Shit, I’m gonna get off on watching you, boy. You are just what I needed.”

He started to stroke his cock ..... slowly at first and then with increasing urgency, moaning obscenities as he watched the display. But Darius started to panic and relaxed his arms so his feet touched the floor again. “Please, sir. Please don’t cum yet. Please, I want you to touch me again. I want to feel you. You’re like a god to me, sir. Please don’t cum yet.”

“Oh, I’m real close, boy. I think I’ll just shoot my load and then go across the street to make my peace with Randy.”

“NO!” Darius wept. “I’m begging you, sir. Please just touch me once more. Please don’t cum.”

“Well one of us has to cum. Looks like it’s gonna be me. Unless you can shoot your load first.” Zack stood up, still stroking his cock.

Darius was whirling into a vortex of desire and frustration. It was agony for him, watching the glorious leather god standing before him, stroking his huge dick, his ebony muscles gleaming with a sheen of sweat. Zack took off his glasses and his steel gray eyes bored hypnotically into his boy’s.

“Come on, boy. Use that imagination of yours. Remember how Randy tortured that magnificent stud Hassan as he hung in chains. Think of it, boy. Fantasize!”

“Oh, yes, sir,” Darius moaned as the image swam across his mind.

“Now imagine it’s me, Zack, whipping Hassan’s body. Picture it!”

“Yes, sir. God it’s beautiful.” The fantasy of this superb black leatherman lashing the helpless soldier flashed into Darius’s imagination. His mind was racing out of control as one erotic image after another swam before his eyes.

“Now it’s changed again,” Zack said. “Now it’s you, boy. It’s you chained up at the construction site and the black muscle-god is holding a whip and he’s thrashing your beautiful young body. Oh, yeah, I love punishing you, boy. Look at me ..... imagine your leather master torturing you. He’s whipping your tits, hard. You’re writhing in pain. Feel the pain in your chest .... it’s on fire. You can’t take any more. Give up. Submit to your master, boy. That’s it. Worship me ..... do it now!”

All the fire in the boy’s straining body now blazed in his groin, in his cock. His body jolted, he threw his head back and screamed as his cock blasted a huge plume of white liquid into the air. It streamed in a high arc, then splashed down over the muscle-god’s body, running over his chest, over the leather harness, down over the abs and onto the hard black cock. Darius shuddered and in his delirium the last thing he remembered was the homoerotic image of the spectacular black stud in full leather, his body streaming with his boy’s juice.

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His head hung down in total exhaustion, his breath still heaving. Darius hadn’t exactly passed out ..... it’s just that the extreme overload of intense images racing through his mind, culminating in his extraordinary orgasm, had made his mind shut down, go blank. Even Darius, with his huge capacity for fantasy, had been overwhelmed by hallucinations of Zack. He didn’t know where he was, why he was there.

But slowly feeling returned to him, starting with the pain in his arms as he hung from the ropes. He struggled to stand up straight, relieving the pressure. As the pain ebbed away his brain started to function again and slowly he opened his eyes. "Oh, God," he moaned as his first sight was of the muscular black stud, standing motionless before him. He saw the leather harness, the superb body, glistening with his boy's semen. He saw the pale gray eyes boring into him. Then he heard the low, calm voice.

"That's something Randy could never make Hassan do. I said we'd go one better. You were sensational, boy. Most beautiful thing I ever saw as you writhed in bondage and shot that massive load just looking at me. Look at me now, kid. I'm covered in your creamy spunk. You gotta do something about that."

He came up close to Darius, who understood what he had to do for his master. He pushed his head forward, stretched out his tongue and licked the cum from Zack's shoulder. Then he moved downward, lapping feverishly, over the chest, down in the cleft between his massive pecs, then over the studded harness, savoring the smell and taste of cum-stained leather. As his tongue passed over the hard nipples he heard Zack moan and saw his body stiffen.

Zack pulled away and looked with satisfaction at his boy's tear-stained eyes gazing at him in total, helpless adoration. His mouth hung open, cum still dripping from it. Darius was in thrall to his master. He would do anything in the world for him. And then Zack put him to the test.

"So, you said what turned you on most about Hassan was when he shot his load while Randy pressed his body against him. I take that as a challenge, and I always rise to a challenge, boy. But what the hell's this?" He put his hand under Darius's limp ten-inch cock swaying between his legs. "Like a sleeping horse ..... no life at all. And that's the cock that's gonna shoot against my body?"

Darius gazed at him in alarm. "I can't sir. I just shot a huge load. I can't cum again."

Zack's eyes blazed. "Are you refusing me, boy? Saying no to your master?"

"No, sir. I mean, yes sir. I mean ....." He sobbed with frustration.

"So there's the challenge, kid. I just raised the stakes, that's all. You just emptied your ball sac ..... no juice left. And I'm gonna make you cum again. That's what a real master can do."

He step backed and unclipped his harness, letting it fall to the ground. He bent down and pulled off his boots, then unzipped his pants, let them drop and stepped out of them. Underneath he was wearing a black jockstrap, his massive dick coiled inside it. Darius's breathing became ragged as he looked at the incredible black muscle-god, naked now except for the jockstrap. Zack raised his arms to the side and displayed his superb physique.

“So, you think you can shoot another big load for this guy? Come on, boy, let’s see what you got.”

Once again Darius’s mind was etched with the image of this spectacular man, and incredibly he felt his cock stir, fill with blood and grow harder and harder until it was standing straight out like a steel rod. His gaze was now more confident, proud of his display of desire for his master.

Zack smiled arrogantly. He was the ultimate alpha male and knew not only the effect he had on everyone who saw him, but especially his power over Darius. “What do you want now, boy?”

“Please sir, I want you to touch me. I need to feel you, feel your body against mine. It’s what I’ve longed for ever since you came in. Please, sir. I’ll do anything, I’ll cum for you again but please let me feel you.”

Zack smiled, walked forward, pressed his body lightly against his boy’s and raised his arms, grabbing the ropes just above where Darius’s wrists were tied. And once again his intense gray eyes penetrated Darius. The boy could hardly breathe.

“OK, kid, this is it,” Zack said “Here’s the deal. You’re drained dry of semen, but you’re gonna be so turned on by your master you’re gonna shoot anyway. This should help .....” He opened his mouth and pressed it hard against Darius’s lips. The boy immediately opened his lips and their tongues hungrily explored each other’s mouth. Zack tasted the remains of his own cum in the boy’s mouth, and Darius spun into a world of pure carnal desire as he tasted and smelled the warm breath of this glorious man.

Zack pressed his body harder and Darius gasped as he felt the man’s chest rub against his sensitive nipples. He could feel his master’s massive cock grinding against his through the rough cotton of the jockstrap. There was now no doubt in either man that Darius could shoot again. It was just a question of how soon. And that question was quickly answered. He heard Zack’s voice again.

“You feel that hard body against yours, boy? See that black muscle-stud pressing his flesh against yours? You feel his big, hard dick crushing yours? Look down, boy.”

Darius looked down between them and saw Zack’s rigid cock sticking way up above the waistband of his jock, dribbling with pre-cum. He raised his eyes, gazed at his master’s face and tears began running down his face. “I love you, sir. I worship you. You are the most exciting man I have ever known, and I’m honored to be your boy. I will do anything for you, sir. Anything at all.”

“Then cum for me,” Zack said simply.

Darius stopped moving and felt heat rising from his legs, through his balls and into his cock, and then he felt the sticky dampness of his own cum as it blasted up between their bodies.

“Good, boy,” Zack said softly. “Now you deserve this.” Zack’s own cum had been building all this time like molten lava, and now the volcano erupted, soaking their stomachs and chests, binding them together. “I love you, Darius,” he breathed. “God, I love you.”

And once again their mouths pressed hard against each other in passionate homage to the most intense sexual experience master and boy had ever shared.

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Minutes later they were in each other’s arms in bed, their naked bodies slick with their semen. “You’re not going anywhere tonight, kid,” Zack said. “You’re staying right here in my bed and I’m gonna fuck your ass as many times as I want. Understood?”

“Yes, sir,” Darius whispered, still reeling from the overwhelming sensations and images of the evening. Zack got up and walked quietly to the guest room on the other side of the house. He looked in to reassure himself that Hassan was still sleeping soundly. Good, he thought, the sounds from their room had been too distant to wake him.

He used his cell phone to call Bob, who explained that Randy was spending the night with Pablo, and Bob was about to come across the street to sleep with the twins. “I need to be in your house early next morning for when Hassan wakes,” Bob said. “I want you to leave that situation to me. I’ll deal with Hassan.”

“You got it, buddy,” Zack said. He went back to his boy, already half asleep, and crawled in beside him. He pulled Darius’s head onto his chest, folding him in his arms. And that’s how they slept.

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It was just after dawn that Bob woke. The twins were curled round him, having both been fucked by him during the night. He disentangled himself and they woke instantly. “Listen, guys,” Bob said. “I know it’s real early to ask you this, but do you think you could go into Zack’s kitchen and rustle up a cooked breakfast for two and bring it in on trays to the guest room? Then make something for yourselves.”

“Of course, sir,” said Kevin. “Right away,” Kyle added. They sensed that something important was up and were happy to be a small part of it ..... anything to please the man they loved. Bob pulled on his jeans and a T-shirt, picked up a bundle of clothes he had brought from the house, and made his way to the guest room.



As he walked in, the man was already stirring under the covers. He pushed them back and blinked as he came to his senses. Bob threw open the curtains and looked down at him. Hassan was disoriented, with confused memories of his brutal treatment by Randy the evening before. He looked up at Bob, a man he had never seen before.

“Who the fuck are you?” he asked groggily.

“My name is Bob,” he said without expression. “That’s all you need to know right now. You’re probably hungry so breakfast is on its way. You’re in a friend’s house. And I might as well tell you right off that I live with several guys across the street who are very protective of me, so don’t try anything. You let me do the talking and we’ll get along just fine.”

Memory flooded back to Hassan and he looked around nervously. “That guy from yesterday, the guy who....”

“His name’s Randy and he won’t be visiting you again. Nor will Mark or anyone else .... this trip at least.” Bob sat on the edge of the bed and looked at the man in bed as the early morning sunlight fell across his naked body. Nobody had exaggerated his beauty. He was stunning ..... perfectly muscled physique, exotic looks, with slanted dark eyes and black hair tousled from sleep. Hassan was starting to focus on his visitor, a beautiful bodybuilder with the looks of Superman.

“OK,” said Bob. “So now we’ve both got the measure of each other let’s get down to business. I know exactly what you did to Mark years ago but I’m not gonna get into that. It was another time and place. And I know what Randy did to you yesterday, something he felt he had to do out of loyalty to Mark. But all that’s past, and nothing like that is going to happen to you here. But I do need an explanation. Tell me what you’re doing here, how you came to be in this country and what you want.”

There was an uncomfortable silence, broken by a knock on the door. The twins had worked fast and brought in two trays laden with food. They placed them on a small table and left the room. Hassan roused himself and got unsteadily to his feet, stark naked. Bob reached down to the pile of clothes and tossed him boxers and a T-shirt. “Here, put these on.”

Hassan did so and they both sat at the table and began to eat, Hassan ravenously as he hadn’t eaten for almost 24 hours. “OK,” Bob said between mouthfuls. “Talk.”

Hassan looked into Bob’s soft brown eyes and saw, along with his stern clenched jaw, something else .... softer, kinder ..... someone he could trust, maybe. He gulped down his food, and began. “Bob, you said? Well, you know I was in the military in my country and as the war wound down the American military took an interest in me as I spoke Arabic, knew my way around and wasn’t as crazy as some of the other guys.

“Long story short, they offered me an intelligence job and I came to Washington. Later I asked for a posting to the marine base at Camp Pendleton down the coast. It finally came through and I’ve been out here a couple of times for orientation. I’m due to go back to D.C. and then I’ll come back permanently in a month or so.”

He paused to take more gulps of his breakfast and Bob looked at him curiously. “Why Pendleton? Why California?”

Hassan put his fork down and looked at Bob, wondering if he could trust him. His bravado gave way and he seemed to crumple before Bob’s eyes. “I came here for Mark,” he said simply. “I’m in love with him.”

“Wow!” Bob was taken aback, and impressed, by his directness. “But how did you find him, find Darius and get friendly with him at the gym?”

Hassan smiled for the first time. “When you’re in military intelligence there’s not much you can’t find out. So I worked through the black kid. Oh, I wouldn’t have harmed him. Seems like a great kid. I thought he would get me to see Mark.” He paused. “Where is Mark?”

Bob took a deep breath. “Not far away, but you’re not gonna see him .... not this trip. Look, Hassan, Mark is a very respected cop. He lives with us men across the street and he has a boy. They’re totally in love with each other.” His voice became steely. “So let me make myself perfectly clear ..... me and my buddies will not allow you to fuck things up. As I said, we’re very protective of each other.”

“I see,” said Hassan crestfallen.

Bob took pity on him. “But I’ll make a deal with you. I’ll give you my number and when you come back in a month you call me. I’ll decide what happens then. I’ll speak to Mark and see how he feels. That’s the best I can do. In the meantime you make no attempt to see Mark, is that clear?”

Hassan shrugged and smiled. “Do I have any choice?”

“No you don’t. Now, when you’ve finished eating I’ll give you a ride back to the gym where you left your car yesterday. The boys washed your pants last night, so here they are, with your boots, and you can keep my shorts and T-shirt that I gave you.”

They finished their meal in silence and then stood up. Hassan put on his clothes and they were ready to leave. Their eyes met and a look passed between them that startled them both. Hassan smiled. “You’re a beautiful man, Bob. And not only that, you’re a good guy too. I can see that.”

“You’re one hell of a looker yourself, but of course you know that.” Bob smiled. “As a matter of fact Mark told me that the name Hassan in Arabic means ‘Beautiful, handsome’. Well you qualify on both counts. Maybe when the dust has settled we might even be friends.”

Again a spark flashed briefly between them. Hassan held out his hand and said, “Thanks for being so .....well ..... kind to me, Bob.” Then impulsively, Hassan put his arms round Bob in a tight hug that lasted far too long for comfort. When they separated Hassan gazed into Bob’s eyes, then turned to leave the room. As Bob followed him he said “shit” under his breath. His cock was rigid in his jeans.

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When he had dropped off Hassan and got back to the house Bob engaged in another round of diplomacy, speaking in turn to Mark and Zack. He related his conversation with Hassan, and Mark breathed a sigh of relief. It was a month before Hassan would be back to stay, and then he would be at Camp Pendleton, 90 miles down the coast from them. That would give Mark time to sort out the whirl of conflicting emotions he felt.

Next, Bob used his charm to heal any animosity that Zack still felt for Randy. Zack had huge respect and affection for Bob and was easily persuaded by him.

But finally it was the boys who restored harmony to the house. Bob had built the bridges of reconciliation and the boys crossed them. In the afternoon, as promised, Randy took Pablo and the twins to the Galaxy Soccer Stadium down the Harbor Freeway in Carson. When they came back Bob was in the garden as the boys burst through the gate, followed by an exhausted-looking Randy. Pablo and the twins were evidently in a heated discussion about whether Beckham was past his prime.

Pablo was in full flood. “Dudes, come on, how about his goal in the second half? It was brilliant.”

“You’re full of shit, man” Kyle said. “A total fluke,” added Kevin. “The Toronto goalie was an asshole.”

Bob and Randy were amazed at their assertiveness and Pablo grinned at the men, jerking his thumb at the twins, proud of their transformation from fearful to forceful. Just then Darius and Jamie ran into the garden followed by Mark and Zack. The five boys went straight into a noisy huddle, everyone talking at once.

Bob smiled at the other three men. “No problem with their friendships ..... as thick as ever. Maybe they’re trying to tell us something ..... maybe the adults could follow their example, uh?” The other men picked up their cue and Randy shook hands with Mark and Zack. No words were needed ..... the breaches had been healed. Before they all left Randy and Bob pulled Pablo aside.

"I gotta thank you, Pablo," Bob said. "Hell, you sure did a number bringing the twins out of their shells."

"Yeah ..... me, Beckham and the soccer match. They're great guys really when you get to know them."

Randy grinned. "Yeah, and chances are you'll get to know them a whole lot better when the five of us go up to the lake this weekend."

"Yeah .... about that," Pablo said. "I had another idea for the twins that would really boost their confidence, but it's pretty radical and would involve you, sirs."

"Well, we'll see," said Randy dubiously.

But Bob was enthusiastic. "Oh, come on ..... let the kid do what he wants. Don't stifle him."

Randy shot him a warning look that Bob knew only too well, and he realized he had gone too far. When they went up to their room to shower before dinner Bob could feel his anger.

"Sorry, buddy," Bob said. "I guess I crossed a line there, telling you how to deal with your boy."

"Damn right you did. You never, ever interfere between me and the kid, is that clear?"

Bob looked crushed and Randy immediately softened. "Oh, hell, come here," and he wrapped his arms round his lover in an affectionate bear hug. When he held him at arm's length he was grinning.

"Come to think of it, you've been way too bossy lately, taking charge, dictating to everyone in the house, putting everything right. Here I fight with Hassan, beat the shit out of him, and get dumped on by everyone as a result. Then you come along the next morning and sweet-talk the guy so he leaves like a pussy cat promising to call you before he makes his next move."

Bob smiled and shrugged. "Someone has to be the diplomat ..... clean up after you."

Randy flashed him a look that Bob had seen before, a strange expression of anger mixed with lust. He knew where this was headed. His mind went back to the old motel room, then to the forest by the lake, places where in the past Randy had established a brutal dominance over him. And he knew they had reached a point again where Randy had to reassert his authority.

And Bob longed for that. Bob was a stunningly beautiful, strong alpha male whom everybody respected and obeyed. As a senior vice-president of a big company he was the undisputed boss when he chaired meetings. And now he had just asserted his command of the situation in the house. No doubt about it, Bob was a master, but with one difference ..... he needed a master himself.

Deep in his soul he needed to be brought down, dominated. It was a craving that was bred in the bone. It was as if being a dominant male exhausted him and sometimes he needed to crawl to a man stronger than him. And he knew that Randy loved being the master of such a dominant, handsome alpha male. As a couple they were supreme, unmatched. Randy was not only a man's man ..... he was a master's master.

It was only when he first met Randy that Bob had recognized this need to be subjugated, and Randy was the only man in the world who could do it. That was one reason Bob worshipped him, one reason they were united in a mutual passion that made them inseparable. And there were times when Bob longed for Randy to demonstrate that he was indisputably the master. This was one of those times.

Randy read his mind. "That's right, man. You need to be reminded who's boss around here."

"You said you had plans for me when we go to the lake," Bob said humbly.

"Oh, yeah. But let me give you a small preview right now. Strip and get in the shower. Leave your tank top on. Looks hot on you."

Seconds later they were in the shower, hot water streaming over their muscular bodies. They gazed at each other through the steam and Randy growled, "On your knees, asshole." Bob fell to his knees and Randy grabbed his wet tank in his fist, pulling Bob's beautiful face close to his crotch. "See your master's cock? You know what to do."

"Yes, sir." The long, thick cock was stiff as a steel rod. Bob opened his mouth, closed it round the cock and pushed his head forward to his master's wet pubic hair. Randy pulled hard on the tank and Bob gagged as he felt his face trapped. Randy pushed Bob's head against the tiled wall, gripped his face between his hands and the pounding began. Bob was helpless as he felt himself crushed against the wall, impaled on the big construction worker's massive pole.

His eyes were opened wide and he saw the heavily muscled thighs moving back and forth, felt the wiry pubic hair smashing into his face. The cock was hammering the back of his throat, he was gagging, choking, aware only of the piston torturing his mouth as the hot shower water poured down over him. Randy was merciless, not only establishing his dominance, but bringing Bob down after his display of authority over the other men. After all, there could be only one ultimate master in that house.

Kneeling in a tumult of water, steam and pain Bob couldn't breathe, his throat ached, he was choking and felt his consciousness slipping away. The cock was becoming harder, bigger and starting to pulse. It shuddered in his mouth and at last he heard Randy's guttural scream as hot liquid blasted deep down into his throat. He swallowed hard and felt his own body go rigid as his cock erupted. Tears were streaming from his eyes as he buried his face in Randy's tangle of wet pubic hair.

Finally Randy pulled back and Bob fell forward throwing his arms round Randy's muscular thigh, pressing his face against it, worshipping him in abject submission. He heard Randy's voice. "God, I love you, man. Working on a macho stud like you makes me feel supreme. And you know this is just a foretaste of what's gonna happen this weekend at the lake. But I have to know you want it, man ..... really want it."

Bob looked up at his master, spectacular in his nakedness towering over him in a cloud of steam and spray. "I do want it sir, more than anything in the world."

"OK stand up. Tell me what you want me to do to you."

Randy pulled him to his feet and Bob stared into his lover's steel blue eyes. He spoke softly. "When we all reach the lake I want you to take me off alone into the woods. I want you to be my master, make me crawl to you, make me beg. And later, when we rejoin the boys, I want us both to show them how amazing love between men and boys really can be. That's what I want, sir."

Randy's swarthy, rugged face smiled at him. "Perfect. I'll do all that for you ..... and you know I can." Then, above the noise of water and steam his voice rose to a shout. "God, I love the hell out of you, man!"

# # #

## **Chapter 97 – Master versus Master**

Friday came and in the early evening frenzied preparations were already in high gear. The twins especially were excited about their first big trip out of town. They had come to respect and trust Pablo, who had become a young master to them, relishing his role as guide and mentor. And of course being close to Bob, a man they idolized, was what they lived for. Their only slight hesitation was still about Randy, even though they felt somewhat more comfortable with him after the trip to the soccer match.

As they were the cooks in the house they took a leading role in packing the food and the portable barbecue grill Randy had bought for the trip. Pablo generally supervised the preparations, with Randy and Bob casting an occasional paternal eye on the controlled chaos. Pablo's dog Billy picked up on the excitement and got under everyone's feet, aided and abetted by Darius and Jamie who added to the ruckus.

Before they hit the road the men had a quiet word with Mark and Zack. "Think you can hold the fort around here while we're gone?" Randy kidded.

Zack grinned. "Shit, man, it'll be a whole lot easier without you around causing mayhem like you always do."

"Besides," added Mark. "We'll have Darius and Jamie to take care of us. We plan on a long, restful weekend. And of course, tomorrow is Darius's birthday."

"Yeah, sorry we'll miss that," Bob said, "but Sunday evening when we get back it'll be party time, OK?"

"You got it, buddy. Have fun up there by the lake. Stay out of trouble." Mark grinned, "Fat chance on that one, I guess."

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As Randy's big truck roared up the highway the back seat was crowded and restless. Pablo sat between the twins, with Billy bouncing from the cargo space behind them over onto their laps. The talk was incessant, with Pablo taking the lead, explaining to the twins the finer techniques of fishing that Randy had taught him. Randy smiled to himself hearing his boy's authoritative tone.

But the mood in the front seat was quieter, subdued even, as Randy drove with one hand on the wheel and his other arm slung over Bob's shoulder. Their minds were not on fishing. No, they were both aware that this trip to the lake had another purpose, defined by what Randy had said to Bob earlier with a mix of affection and determination. "You've been way too bossy lately, buddy, taking charge, dictating to everyone in the house, putting everything right. It's time you were reminded who's really the boss around here."

As he sat close to the man he worshipped Bob still felt the rush of adrenaline these words had caused. It was true that the recent turmoil in the house, beginning with the sudden appearance of Hassan, had been largely handled by Bob. Using his authoritative diplomatic skills he had reasoned with all the men and poured oil on the turbulent waters. Once again he had proven his senior position in the house.

But when Randy had said those words Bob's thoughts went back to the old motel room, then to the forest by the lake, places where in the past Randy had established a brutal dominance over him. And he knew they had reached a point again where Randy had to reassert his authority. It had been a long time since he did that, and Bob longed for it. So here they were, headed to the lake once more.

Unlike the restless noise from the back seat, in front the men drove mostly in silence, wrapped in thought. Feeling Bob's apprehension Randy squeezed his shoulder reassuringly. "You sure you're ready for this, man?" he asked gently.

"I need it, sir," Bob said simply.

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It was dark by the time the truck bumped over the rough dirt road through the forest and finally came to a halt at the lake. All five men climbed out, walked across the small beach and stood in awe at the water's edge. The moon had just risen over the trees at the far side of the lake. It was a huge full moon and its light streamed across the dark, still water transforming it into a shimmering pool of silver. For long minutes there was silence, then Pablo murmured, "Wow!"

Randy turned to Bob and marveled at the perfectly sculpted profile illuminated with silver light. "You look spectacular, buddy. Remember this place? Remember what happened?"

"I could never forget," Bob said softly.

"You know I'm gonna hurt you again, don't you. You scared?"

Bob turned to him. "A bit. But it's what I want. I need you, Randy. I need to feel you ..... feel your strength." As he spoke both men felt their cocks stirring in their jeans.

"OK, guys," said Randy, breaking the spell. "Let's unload just what we need for tonight and we'll do the rest in the morning. But first ..... we get wet."

He stripped off his T-shirt and jeans and the others followed his example, though the twins needed a nod of reassurance from Bob. It was a warm Southern California night and the cool water came as a pleasant antidote to the dust and heat of the road. Pablo and Randy inevitably horsed around challenging each other in the water, while the twins stayed close to Bob.

Kevin gazed at him and said, "Sir, thank you for bringing us here." "The place is magic, sir," said Kyle.

It was a magic they all felt, swimming in the calm water, everything bathed in the brilliant moonlight. When they clambered out and dried off the twins got sandwiches and beer from the truck and Pablo fed Billy. Then they all sat together on the beach gazing out over the lake. Not many words were spoken ..... they were all lost in their own private thoughts. They had fallen under the spell of the silent, solitary place, as if they were the only five men in the world.

Finally, though, Randy broke the silence. "OK, guys, time to hit the sack. You bring plenty of blankets, Pablo?"

They spread the blankets on the ground and sprawled on them, all five close together with Billy off to one side. Pablo fell asleep in Randy's arms, and the twins were pressed against Bob. But during the course of the night they shifted in their sleep and when they stirred in the morning



they were a tangle of limbs all draped over each other. As Randy had predicted ..... “no holds barred.”

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The next morning the twins didn't let their wild surroundings cramp their culinary skills and they produced a great cooked breakfast on the barbecue, basking in the praise and gratitude of the other three men. After the meal Randy once again took charge and they unloaded the rowboat from the back of the truck. Pablo took care of the fishing tackle, they loaded sandwiches and beer ..... and Billy ..... into the boat and the boy's climbed in. All of them, Randy included, wore just their shorts.

Bob stood silently on the beach, feeling slightly nervous, disoriented. Randy came over to him and said, “You .... stay here. I'll be back for you.” Bob took a sharp intake of breath as he heard the change of tone in Randy's voice. It was low, guttural, menacing. Bob knew that his time was close and once again he felt his cock stir.

The boat pushed off in a welter of excited chatter and confusion as the boys clambered over each other to settle in their places. Randy pulled strongly on the oars and in minutes they were anchored in the middle of the lake.

On the beach Bob began absent-mindedly unloading the rest of the gear and arranging it at the back of the beach. From across the lake he could hear the excited shouts of the boys and Billy's barking, but his mind was elsewhere. He was thinking of Randy, how his life had changed since he met him.

Bob knew himself well, knew that he was a natural leader. The successful business executive was, after all, a stunningly beautiful, strong alpha male whom everybody respected and obeyed. As a senior vice-president of a big company he was the undisputed boss, and he had recently exerted the same tough authority in the house. No doubt about it, he was a master, but with one difference ..... he needed a master himself.

Deep in his soul he needed to be brought down, dominated. It was a craving that was bred in the bone. It was as if being a dominant male exhausted him and sometimes he needed to crawl to a man stronger than him. Randy was the only man who could do that, and Bob knew that Randy loved being the master of such a dominant, handsome, macho male. Randy was not only a man's man ..... he was a master's master. And there were times, like now, when Bob longed for him to demonstrate his power.

He suddenly felt a craving for the man whose image crowded his thoughts. He wanted to see the steely toughness in his eyes, hear his dominating voice, feel his strength. He stood up from his work, walked to the water's edge and stripped off his shirt. He knew that's how Randy would want him, stripped to the waist in jeans and boots. He gazed out to the boat in the

distance and knew exactly what he would see. Even from this distance the men could read each other's thoughts.

All the boys were concentrating on the lines in the water, but Randy looked up as if he had heard a voice. And in a way he had. He looked toward the beach and saw Bob standing there alone ..... waiting. "OK, boys," he said. "Have fun out here. There's something I have to take care of." And he dived into the water.

Bob had known he would. He heard the splash, saw the water curl over the spot where he had plunged in, and then become still. He waited, straining his eyes over the calm lake..... and waited. He was becoming anxious when suddenly he gasped as he saw a figure burst from under the surface about 50 yards out. The man gained his footing and strode through the water toward the beach.

Bob could hardly breathe. It was a god-like figure approaching, with the golden light of the sun streaming behind him. Water poured over his magnificent physique, his muscles flexed from the underwater swim, gleaming in the morning sunlight. Broad shouldered, lats tapering down past ripped abs to a slim waist, powerful thighs, his wet shorts clinging to his groin, outlining the huge cock underneath ..... he was a sexual icon.

As Randy splashed through the water and got closer Bob saw more clearly the handsome, dark demonic face, stubbled chin, square jaw clenched, high cheek bones, a tangle of wet black hair falling over his brow. And then they were face to face. Bob was mesmerized by the steel blue eyes boring into his as he heard the deep growling voice. "OK, man. It's time."

Instinctively Bob fell to his knees threw his arms around Randy's waist and pressed his head against the hard ridges of his stomach. "Please, sir," he said hoarsely. "I need you."

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A few minutes later Randy stood back in admiration and murmured, almost to himself, "God, you look incredible like that." Bob was standing, shirtless in jeans, with his hands tied behind his back with rope Randy had got from the truck. Round his neck was another loose rope, and his head hung down submissively. Despite his foreboding his cock was hard in his jeans.

Randy moved quickly. He took off his wet shorts, pulled on jeans and boots, so both men were dressed exactly alike. He grabbed the end of the rope hanging from Bob's neck and pulled it, forcing Bob to follow him through the woods. The prisoner stumbled after his captor, eyes fixed on his muscular back and the nape of his neck, his excitement mounting.

It was a rough walk through thick undergrowth but eventually they broke through into the clearing that they both remembered from the past. The ground was muddy, and the trees clustered close round the perimeter. It was a private place, silent, menacing. Randy tied the

end of the rope he was holding round the trunk of a tree. It was a long rope, long enough for Bob to move around as far as the middle of the clearing, where it pulled taught round his neck.

The men faced each other in silence, each with an expression of determination and defiance. This was master against master and both men felt their masculinity challenged. Bob's feelings were complex. He wanted to be subjugated by Randy, but he still had the pride of an alpha male. This was a trial of strength where he would not concede easily. What's more, he knew that Randy didn't want him to. What Randy loved most about Bob was that he was a strong, powerful top man, one whose macho attitude made him resist whatever Randy could do to him.

That was the essence of their love for each other, and the source of the challenge that hung unspoken but heavy in the air. Deep down, despite their deep affection for each other, this sense of contest, male versus male, was at the core of what bound them together. But above all, despite being staged, it was a contest that had to be rooted in reality. They both knew that.

Randy walked up to Bob, reached round behind him, grabbed his bound wrists and wrenched them upward behind him in a painful hammer lock, putting immense strain on his arms and shoulders. Bob gasped but kept his steely gaze on Randy's eyes. Bob's eyes narrowed and he snarled at him defiantly.

"Do your worst, asshole ..... you fucking coward. Sure, it's easy to work on a guy when his hands are tied behind him. You too scared to face me man-to-man?"

Randy smiled at the overt challenge to his masculinity. "OK, buddy. Man-to-man."

He expertly loosened the ropes round Bob's wrists until his arms feel free at his sides in blessed relief. The rope was still round his neck but with plenty of room to reach Randy, who stood before him smiling, holding his hands out to his sides, taunting him.

"OK, man. Here I am ..... defenseless. Think you can take me on? Let's see what you got."

That's where reality kicked in. It was not a game. It was the arrogance in Randy's face and voice that infuriated Bob, his smug certainty that he was the top man and could always beat Bob. He stared at the conceited face and howled. "You fucker!"

He raised his arms and grabbed Randy round the throat with both hands, choking him. He watched with satisfaction as the arrogant smile left the swarthy face; his eyes bulged and veins stood out on his neck. Randy grabbed Bob's wrists in a vain attempt to pry them off him. It was Randy himself who had taught Bob how to squeeze pressure points and make a man lose consciousness. Randy felt his head swim and his knees go weak.

But nobody could beat Randy ..... he had been a fighter all his life. Adrenaline surged through him, he lowered his arms, then brought them up between Bob's arms, and crashed them

outward with massive strength, forcing Bob's arms to lose their grip and fly apart. Instantly Randy slapped his hands on Bob's pecs and squeezed his nipples in the vice-like grip of his fingers.

"Aaah!" Bob screamed, taken totally by surprise, and reflexively applied the same treatment to Randy's nipples. The trial of strength began, as each man crushed the hard nipples between his fingers, rolling them, grinding them, cutting them with his finger nails. The pain in their chests was intense as they applied every ounce of strength. They gazed into each other's eyes with rugged defiance, determined not to be the first to buckle under the intense pain.

But Bob saw something in Randy's eyes that unnerved him ..... a slight smile, a calm certainty that he could outlast him. And Bob knew that he could. Randy had taken many a beating in his life and had a huge capacity to absorb pain. Bob knew the man could never be made to submit. They could always read each other's thoughts and they did that now. Randy was sure he would win, and he knew that Bob knew that.

His smile broadened. "See, fucker. I am the real master. I am the best. And I can always make you submit. You're a strong mother-fucker, a proud, handsome top man, and that's why I love watching your break. It really turns me on. Give up, man. You know you have to."

Bob's eyes were streaming with tears and his chest was on fire. He felt his will-power draining, felt his knees buckle and Randy saw defeat in his eyes. He applied one last brutal squeeze with his fingers, then yanked them away savagely, sending shafts of pain through Bob's chest, making him scream and fall to his knees. He sobbed as he instinctively covered his ravaged nipples with his hands.

He raised his head and looked up at Randy towering triumphantly over him. "You see, man, you can't win. I can drop you anytime I want. Get up." He grabbed Bob's hair, pulled him to his feet and glared into his eyes. "But any man who resists me always gets punished. Like this ....." He wrapped one fist round Bob's balls and started to squeeze.

The pain was excruciating, crushing Bob's balls then radiating throughout his body. Randy was relentless, pulling at Bob's ball sac, leading him round the clearing, a rope round his neck, like a bull being led to slaughter. Even worse than the pain was the indignity of being pulled around by his balls and Bob howled in agony and humiliation. Randy smiled, knowing that this is what Bob needed, a handsome, powerful master being degraded by another, even stronger.

They came face to face and once again Bob saw the arrogant look of triumph in Randy's eyes, the snarling curl of his lips, the utter self-confidence of the man. And again his need to fight back was absolutely real. Suddenly he brought his knee upward, smashing hard into Randy's groin. There was an agonized scream as Randy released his hold, clutched his own balls and fell to the ground, rolling over and over in pain.

As Bob watched the magnificent bodybuilder groveling before him his cock became rock hard in his jeans. The big construction worker was doubled up, hands cupping his groin, moaning, sobbing, from the searing pain in his balls. The image of the big man groveling in the mud was supremely erotic. But slowly Randy's ragged breathing became calmer and the pain diminished. Lying in the dirt he gazed up at his bound captive and his eyes blazed. "You fucking bastard," he said quietly. "You fucking dared to do that to me." His voice grew louder as he screamed obscenities at him.

He pulled himself to his knees. "You mother-fucking son-of-a-bitch," he growled. "You really want to get hurt, don't you? OK, buddy ..... you asked for this."

He reached forward and yanked off Bob's boots, then unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them off too. He stood up and ripped the shorts clean off him. Bob stood naked and watched wide-eyed as Randy paced round him like a wild stallion. He knew now that Randy was angry, and that scared him. His anger was legendary and often made him lose control completely.

Like an animal Randy sensed Bob's fear. "Yeah you should be afraid, man. Nobody does that to me without getting hurt. And I am gonna hurt you, man. You should start begging now."

Bob's eyes flashed. "Go fuck yourself."

Randy unbuckled his belt and pulled it from his jeans. Bob saw the flash of the muscular arm and felt the belt crash round him, burning into his shoulder and back, making him leap backward in a defensive reflex. But although the rope round his neck was long and gave him plenty of room to move he could not avoid the rain of blows. As the belt would round his body, lashing his chest, his arms and back the naked bodybuilder ducked and weaved, ran, stumbled, his neck pulling against the rope, his wrists straining behind his back to break free. And always the searing pain of the lash on his magnificent body.

Randy still felt the pain in his balls and his fury was real. But he did not completely lose control. He was the perfect master and knew when a man was reaching his limits. He knew his own strength and knew that he could totally destroy the man in minutes, but instinctively he held back and applied only part of his strength. He knew exactly how much Bob could take and he was expert at taking him up to his limit and then, for a split second only, taking him beyond. And that would be the moment his victim submitted.

For now, though, he could play for time relishing the sight of this beautiful top man flexing his muscles hard against the crashing belt. He was not only his victim ..... he was his lover! And Randy was giving him what they both wanted in the depth of their soul. Bob was screaming now as he staggered blindly, trying hopelessly to avoid the lash. He felt it curl round him and bounce off the burning globes of his ass. The pain in Bob's ravaged body was becoming unbearable ..... and Randy knew it. Time to end it.

“Submit, asshole,” Randy yelled. “You know you can’t take much more. I can cut you to ribbons, man. Give up now. Beg me to stop.” He hit harder, now, taking Bob to a new threshold of pain, taking him to his limit ..... and then over it, with a single vicious blow across his chest. And that did it.”

“OK, OK,” Bob screamed. “I submit. I submit, sir. You win, you’ve beaten me. I give up. Please, sir. Please stop. I’m begging you.”

Randy lessened the force of the blows, making them more symbolic than painful. He smiled. “You can do better than that, man. When my lover submits he must show me that I am truly his master. Come on, man. Show me.”

Bob was in a delirium of wild desire. This is exactly what he had wanted as he watched his master, the dark, muscular demon, lashing the belt again across his body. He saw his muscles flex, saw his strength .... and felt it in his ravaged body. It was an image out of his wildest fantasy; he was on fire with a mix of pain and infinite pleasure. Bob stopped moving, let his arms fall to his sides and he simply gazed at the glorious man who was whipping him.

His cock was raging, pulsing, rock hard. He moaned in mounting ecstasy. “I love watching you whip me. Thank you, sir. I love you, man. You are my life.” Then he saw and felt the belt curl round him hard in one last vicious blow, and he screamed, “I submit!” and his cock erupted with a huge stream of white cum that curled high in the air and splashed down into the mud. Again and again his body convulsed as he shot jets of hot semen into the air.

The whipping stopped abruptly and Randy was motionless as he watched the spectacle in awe. He could not remember anything more beautiful than this magnificent man, proud, powerful, standing in total submission, his cock pouring out its juice in homage to his master.

And only then did Randy lose control. With an animal whimper he ran across the clearing, took Bob in his arms and began to kiss him ..... passionately, voraciously. They ground their lips together, pressing their tongues against each other breathing each other’s breath. They wanted to devour each other.

Randy finally pulled back and they gazed at each other, each man seeing himself in his lover’s eyes in a reflection that stretched to infinity. This was the union of souls that went far beyond their understanding. Randy finally spoke. “There isn’t a man on earth like you, Bob. You are magnificent. I couldn’t live without you. I love you, man. Never, ever, leave me.”

“How could I?” Bob smiled. “Who else in the world would ever give me what you can?”

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Bob wanted to demonstrate his submission totally. When Randy untied him he slumped to the ground in exhaustion, while Randy went to the far side of the clearing and sat on the ground,

propped on his elbows, watching the naked stud he had just thrashed. On his stomach now Bob raised his head and looked across the expanse of damp earth to the man who was now undoubtedly his master. He heard the deep voice.

“What do you want, man? Tell me what you want from me.”

“You’ve beaten me, sir. I want you to fuck my ass. Please, sir, I want to feel your dick in my ass.”

“Then show me. Show me how much you want it. Let me watch a proud muscle-god crawl naked through the mud.”

Slowly, painfully Bob dragged himself forward, feeling the wet gravel scrape against the already-tender flesh of his chest and stomach and legs. He heard Randy moan as he watched him crawl like a beaten animal, his straining muscles striped with red welts, his handsome face streaked with mud and tears. Randy’s cock was hard as steel as he watched this magnificent male submit to him in total defeat and degradation. It was simply spectacular.

Finally Bob was close enough to grab Randy’s boot and he pulled himself forward the last few feet. He kissed the boot, licked it, glorying in the taste and smell of mud-covered leather. He felt the boot pull away and watched as Randy stood up and stripped naked. He looked down at the superb man groveling at his feet and saw his ass, covered with angry red welts, rise up to him in trembling expectation.

And Randy didn’t disappoint. In seconds they were rolling together in the mud and Randy was fucking him, not savagely as so often before, but gently, lovingly, to compensate for all the pain he had caused him. Soon he shot his hot pent-up load of cum inside him, then whispered, “Now you, man. I’ve hurt you and I have to show you I love you. Fuck me.”

For the next hour they made passionate love in the dirt and mud, embracing, kissing, fucking each other. Randy licked his lover’s wounded flesh, striped with the red marks of the belt he had lashed against it. Finally, exhausted, they lay together naked, gazing at each other, tears streaming from their eyes. They were beyond words. The extraordinary experience they had shared was more than an act of sexual fantasy. It was a profound renewal of their mutual devotion, a pledge of the indestructible bond that united two spectacular men.”

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At the beach the boat had been pulled up out of the lake and there was a flurry of activity, with a sizzling sound coming from the barbecue. Under Pablo’s expert guidance the twins had pulled many fish from the lake and decided that that would be their next meal. They, the cooks, were now in charge; they were the ones giving the orders as Pablo meekly obeyed, a knowing grin on his face. They were so engrossed in their culinary efforts that they were startled to hear a crashing sound from the woods and loud voice saying, “Hell, something smells good.”

Crouched round the barbecue the three boys stopped everything and gasped up at the sight before them. Randy and Bob had emerged from the bushes, naked except for their boots, their jeans slung over their shoulders. Most amazing was the state they were in, covered head to foot in mud and grit, skin scratched by the undergrowth they had charged through.

The twins stood and moaned in alarm as they saw Bob, their master, his muscles striped with the obvious lashes of a whip. They were about to run to him but Pablo pulled them back down, with a murmured, "Cool it, guys."

"Lunch, I take it," Bob said cheerfully. "Good morning's fishing it seems. Great, we're starving. We'll be back as soon as we've cleaned up." The men kicked off their boots, ran to the water and threw themselves in with a mighty splash.

The twins were still upset and tumbled over each other's words in protest to Pablo, but he cut them off. "Hey, hey, I said cool it you guys. There's nothing unusual in that. It's just what masters do sometimes ..... at least these masters do. Believe me, I know these guys and things have never been better. Never mind the mud ..... didn't you notice the glow around them?"

Still confused the twins concentrated again on the fish, and soon the men came out of the lake panting. They dried off, pulled on their jeans and T-shirts. The energy in the air was palpable and the meal turned out to be a raucous one. Afterwards, as the twins were at the lake rinsing dishes Bob spoke to Pablo.

"OK, we've done what we needed to and now it's your turn. Didn't you mention something earlier about a plan you had to help the twins get more confidence?"

Pablo blushed slightly. "Well, sir, like I said it's pretty radical and would need the cooperation of you guys."

"So go ahead, kid," Randy said. "What's on your mind?"

Hesitantly Pablo outlined his plan, and Randy instantly recoiled. "No fucking way, kid. That's never gonna happen. Hell will freeze over before I fucking-well let them do that."

"Should I take that as a no, sir?" asked Pablo slyly with his crooked grin.

"Now wait a minute, wait a minute," Bob said calmly. "When you think about it, it's not a bad idea. Might do everyone a lot of good. I'm in, for one. And Randy, I believe you owe me one ..... that's if you're man enough."

Randy grinned at him. "Fuck you, man. There you go again, taking charge. Didn't you learn anything in the woods?" Bob gazed at him with his smiling, soft brown eyes, and Randy



melted. "OK, fuck you both. You're pushing your luck ..... but do what you have to. God, the things I do for you guys."

"Great," said Pablo leaping to his feet. "Later, when the sun starts to set. I can't wait!"

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Saturday morning at the house was a lot less eventful than the scene at the lake. Nobody was working on the weekend so they all slept in late. As Pablo was gone, Zack had come across from his house and spent the night with Darius. After their spectacular session of fantasy sex a few days earlier Zack was being gentle with him and that was perfect for Darius. His imagination had been given a strenuous workout to the point of overload and he was happy now to lie in Zack's arms as they dozed and the morning sun striped their bodies through the window blinds.

But of course, Darius's fantasy file was never closed for long and as he listened to Zack's deep breathing his imagination took flight once again. His capacity for sexual images and icons was infinite and he ran over the sights and people that had turned him on ..... at the gym, at work ..... and the pictures and drawings he had seen and even jerked off over. He was always on the lookout for ways to turn these erotic images into real-life events.

And today was his birthday!

There was a knock on the bedroom door. Zack stirred, still half asleep, and called out hoarsely, "Come in."

"Happy birthday!" The door opened and in came Mark and Jamie carrying huge, steaming breakfast trays.

"Jesus," said Zack propping himself up on his elbows. "You guys are something else. How did you manage that?"

Mark grinned. "Wasn't easy with the twins not here, but Jamie whipped me into shape at the stove and showed me what to do. He can be a tough boss, let me tell you. Anyway, this is all in honor of the birthday boy."

Mark and Jamie were wearing shorts and T-shirts but Zack and Darius had slept in the nude. "You want us to dress for breakfast?" grinned Zack.

"Hell, no," said Mark. "You guys look your best when you're naked. Wouldn't have it any other way."

The meal on the bed was a noisy affair, with Darius wallowing in the attention he was getting as the man of the hour. And that's how the day progressed, relaxed and easy-going. Usually

Mark and Zack never really got much chance to spend time together and this was an opportunity to get to know each other better. And of course Darius and Jamie were in heaven, kidding around, swimming, showing off for their masters.

By mid-afternoon things had calmed down and all four men were lazing on the grass in swim shorts making short work of a case of beer. And as always with this group of lustful guys sex was never far from their thoughts. Suddenly Darius sat up in mock protest and said, "Hey, you guys. No presents for me? Some birthday this turned out to be."

"You know the deal," said Mark. "Tomorrow is party time when the guys get back from the lake and then you get to open your loot. You'll have to cool it 'til then."

"In the meantime, of course," Zack said, "we could all just fuck that sweet ass of yours as your birthday present. Come on, kid, don't tell me that hasn't always been one of your fantasies."

"Well ....." Darius said. "One of them maybe."

"OK, here's the deal," Zack said. "As it's your birthday you get to open that grab-bag of fantasies you always carry round with you. Dig deep and tell us your darkest, most secret desire. Tell us something you've always fantasized about and never told to a soul, and you can have it. OK?"

"Awesome, dude," said Jamie. "Go for it, Darius. You may never get the chance again."

Darius's eyes gleamed and he smiled slyly. "You promise ....." anything I want?"

"Anything."

"Well ....." he hesitated.

"Come on, kid," said Zack. "Don't be shy."

Well," said Darius slowly. "You know sometimes when it's a guy's birthday his buddies send him a stripper-gram and some dude shows up in a cop uniform and handcuffs the birthday boy and strips for him?"

Mark roared with laughter. "Is that all you want, a fake cop to come and handcuff you and strip off his uniform?"

"Well ....." not exactly, sir."

"So what then?" asked Zack. "Come on kid, out with it."

Darius's eyes opened wide. "Well ..... if you really want to know my secret fantasy ....." He looked from one to the other and his gaze lingered on Mark. "If you really want to know ..... here it is. My fantasy is not about a fake cop, but a real-life one ..... and he's the one who gets handcuffed. ...."

"And then .... in my fantasy ..... I get to fuck him."

# # #

## Chapter 98 – The Boys Rule

There was a stunned silence as the other three guys came to grips with the wild notion Darius had just proposed. It was hard to get their minds round the idea, but when it finally sank in Jamie was the first to react. He jumped up and glared at his friend.

"No way, dude. That's the stupidest idea I ever heard. The thought of you using that almighty club of yours to ..... no ..... no, never gonna happen."

Darius shrugged. "Hey, Zack did say I could have anything ..... and that's my secret fantasy. Well it was secret ..... until you all just dragged it out of me."

Jamie was speechless for a few seconds while he imagined the unimaginable ..... Darius fucking his beautiful master, Mark! He recoiled at the thought and groped for some way to prevent it. He was brimming over with anger and frustration.

"OK, OK," Jamie said hopping up and down. "I've got a fantasy of my own. You wanna know what it is? ..... My fantasy is of me fucking a big black leatherman. There, how d'you like that?"

"Get outa here," Darius grinned. "That's bullshit. You just made that up."

"Did not!" Jamie protested. "That's the deal then. If you get to fuck my master I get to fuck yours."

Their argument ran out of steam and they looked over at Zack and Mark for some kind of adjudication. The men shook their heads in disbelief, then grinned at each other. "So, buddy," Mark said, "How d'you like our boys here? Have they totally lost their minds or what?"

"Completely nuts, I'd say," Zack agreed.

But Darius jumped up and stood beside Jamie. "But you promised, sir. Whatever I wanted. It's my birthday," he wailed.

“Don’t whine, kid. You sound like a girl. You’ll be stamping your little foot next.”

Darius pouted and Mark sensed that things were escalating. He needed to calm everyone down. “Hey, cool it, guys. After all, Darius has a point ..... a deal's a deal. It is his birthday and a promise was made. Hell, a fuck is just a fuck no matter who does it. His fantasy is a cop ..... I’m a cop ..... so let’s do it.”

“What!?” Jamie gaped ..... his plan has misfired. What had he let himself in for?

Mark grinned. “What d’you say, Zack. You in? Or are you scared of what my boy will do to you?”

“Hell, I’m not gonna let you upstage me, man. OK, I’m game.”

They stood up and Mark pulled Jamie aside. “Listen, Jamie. It’s not a big deal. Let Darius have his fun. And if you don’t want to take your turn with Zack, that’s OK too.”

Jamie bristled, always protective of his master. “Hell, no. If Darius gets to do that to you, then he has to watch me do it to his man.” But his confident tone trailed off at the end and Mark sensed his confusion.

He ruffled Jamie’s hair. “Don’t worry, kid ..... I’ll take care of you. Don’t I always?” He turned and walked into the house with Zack, the two of them plotting ways they could jazz this thing up to make the birthday one to remember.

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The boys were left alone, staring at each other uneasily. Jamie glared at his friend and it could have tipped over into full-out warfare, but suddenly Darius gave his irrepressible grin. “Hey, dude, don’t sweat it. It’ll be a blast. Here have another beer.”

Jamie was won over grudgingly and they had settled down more-or-less amicably until, sometime later, they looked up and gasped. The two men walked out of the house ..... cop and leatherman. Mark was in his black police uniform, high black motorcycle boots, heavy black belt at his slim waist, with handcuffs hanging from it. Zack was in black leather pants tucked into heavy black boots, and a black tank top stretched over his muscular torso.

For a moment the boys forgot about the birthday deal and simply stared in awe at the stunning sight, the blonde Greek God and the ebony-black bodybuilder. They had seen their masters dressed like this before, of course. In fact Jamie waited every day for Mark to come in from work in his uniform, and Darius had only recently been treated to a wild sexual fantasy by Zack in full leather. But the sight of these gorgeous muscle-studs together, a pair of sexual icons, caused two instant erections.

But then the fantasy morphed into reality. Mark lay on his back on the grass looking up at the boys. Zack swiftly unhooked the handcuffs from Mark's belt, pulled his arms up above him on the ground and cuffed his wrists with a loud click. It was Darius's next move and he was frozen with uncertainty. It was one thing to fantasize about fucking a cop but, now that the reality presented itself gloriously before him, he was unable to move. In truth, he had at first expressed his birthday wish kind of flippantly, never imagining what he would do if the moment actually came.

"Come on, punk," said Zack cheerfully. "Here it is, your birthday fantasy. Hell, you need me to show you how to do it?"

"N ..... no, sir," Darius croaked hoarsely. "No, I can handle it."

He gazed down at the unbelievable sight of this gorgeous cop, lying helpless on the ground, hands cuffed above his head. Darius fell to his knees on front of him, but then froze again in horror. He had lost his hard-on. The sense of awe and the pressures of the moment had, perversely, driven sex from his mind. Performance anxiety! Here was this beautiful cop, the ultimate authority figure, offering himself to him ..... and he was so nervous he couldn't get it up!

Mark sensed his discomfort and said in his deep voice. "Look at me, Darius. You like that?"

Like it?! It was totally fucking spectacular ..... the chiseled features with their high cheek bones and square jaw, tousled blonde hair falling over his forehead. The tanned face was set off by the triangle of white T-shirt at the open neck of his shirt. Darius felt his heart beat faster as he gazed at the sight, and at first he wasn't even aware that his cock was stirring.

Mark grinned encouragingly. "Yeah, and it's all yours, Darius. So you dreamed about fucking a cop. OK, I'm helpless, handcuffed. So let me feel that huge black cock of yours in my ass."

It was the fantasy of all time for Darius, sexual nirvana, and by now his cock was straining to get out of his shorts. Still gazing at the stunning face Darius unbuttoned his shorts and pulled out his ten-inch pole. As if in a trance, hypnotized by the steady gray-blue eyes, he reached forward, unbuckled Mark's belt, loosened the pants and pulled them down below his ass.

Now he was moving to a rhythm he had used countless times with Pablo. He grabbed Mark's boots, pushed his legs up and moved forward so the legs hooked over his shoulders. He could feel the rough serge of the black pants chafing against his legs ..... and then he felt the head of his cock press against the hole of the cop's ass.

"Hold it right there, Darius," Mark said. "Now, tell me what you're gonna do to me."

Darius gulped. "I'm gonna," he stammered ..... "I'm gonna fuck the ass of the most gorgeous cop who ever lived. It looks totally awesome, so much finer than anything I ever could have

fantasized. Yeah,” ..... he was gaining in confidence ..... “yeah I’m gonna shove my long black cock inside the cop’s beautiful ass. And there’s nothing he can do about it. The cop is cuffed with his own handcuffs. God, that is so fucking beautiful, man. I’ve gotta have that ass.”

And slowly he began to penetrate the cop’s ass, inch by painful inch, endlessly. Mark’s eyes opened wide and he moaned as he felt the huge shaft filling his ass, moving deeper and deeper, passing over the inner sphincter and coming to rest in the innermost depth of his gut. Man, it was huge ..... like a fist had been shoved inside him. There was stillness as both men adjusted to the incredible sensation.

Standing watching, Jamie was about to burst in a frenzy of anger and frustration, but Zack saw it and took charge. He knelt beside Mark’s body and pointed to the ground on the opposite side. “Kneel,” he said commandingly to Jamie, who obeyed instantly, so the two were facing each other, Mark between them. “Now look at me, Jamie.”

In one ear Jamie could hear Darius moaning in ecstasy, and in the other he heard Mark’s heavy breathing. But he was not distracted from Zack’s riveting face and piercing gray eyes. It was as if Zack was hypnotizing him, numbing him against the sounds and images of his master getting fucked by the black boy’s huge cock. As Darius began to move, began fucking in earnest, Zack cupped his hand behind Jamie’s head and pulled him toward him, pressing their lips together, probing the inside of the boy’s mouth with his tongue.

Suddenly Jamie lost his fear and frustration. He was transported into a world of sensory excess, glorying in the taste and smell of this powerful black man kissing him, while he heard the euphoric sounds of his master getting his ass fucked by a huge ten-inch cock. Jamie had been feeling jealousy, but no more. It was all mixed up now, as if he were having sex with his master ..... no, with Darius’s master ..... no, with all of them. All four men were swimming in a tide of pure sensuality ..... no thoughts, no boundaries, just all of them lost in the glory of the moment.

“Yeah, man,” Mark was yelling. “Oh yeah, fuck my ass with that huge black rod. Oh man, your cock feels good. Yeah, harder, faster. Fuck that cop, boy.”

Darius saw the cop’s wrists pulling against the handcuffs, saw the biceps bulge with the effort, saw the glorious face twisting and sweating, blonde hair flying. And above the cop was the face of his own master, Zack, grinding his lips against his young fair-haired friend. It was beyond fantasy, beyond thought or word ..... it was pure, spectacular animal sex.

And then it got better. Zack pulled away from Jamie’s face and stared into his eyes. He said two words ..... “Fuck me.”

In an instant Zack was on his back beside Mark. Jamie was way beyond inhibition and instinctively went round and knelt before Zack. Just as Darius had done with Mark, Jamie unzipped Zack’s pants and pulled them down over his ass. He threw the leather-clad legs over

his shoulders, brought his own raging cock up to the stud's ass and, with no hesitation, plunged it in hard, pushing it deep inside. Then, alongside his friend, Jamie began pounding the ass of the muscular black master.

The images would be engraved on the minds of all four men for a long time to come. Mark and Zack gazed up at their boys, the black boy sweating as he hammered the cop, and the young blonde smiling wildly as he pierced the ass of the macho leatherman. And as the men looked at the boys they felt the full exuberance of youthful testosterone pulsing deep inside them.

The image was no less electrifying for the boys as they saw their masters' faces and realized they were actually inside their bodies, pounding them. Then they looked over at the other man and gasped. Darius saw his powerful leather-god master being fucked by a young blonde surfer. And Jamie loved the sight of his glorious cop taking the monster cock of the black muscle-boy.

The boys saw the men reach over and take hold of each other's cock, stroking them to the rhythm of their fucking. The two masters were jerking each other off. Zack and Mark turned to face each other, and in seconds they were grinding their lips together in a wild embrace. The sight was too much for the boys who copied their masters and kissed each other passionately.

Everyone knew this was the climax. The men pounded each other's cocks while their asses were being ploughed. And the boys felt simultaneously the warmth of each other's mouths and the heat of their masters' asses as they pistoned inside them. The tempo increased, their frenzy grew wilder, they felt the heat rising through their bodies to their groin. Suddenly their faces pulled away from each other and they let out a scream that rang round the hills. And they all shot their load in four spectacular orgasms.

The men felt hot young juice pouring inside them and the boys watched as their masters blasted plumes of white, creamy cum over themselves, over the cop's uniform shirt and over the leather stud's black tank. The boys fell forward into their master's arms and they rolled over the ground in a wild, joyful embrace. Finally, exhausted, they lay back on the ground and released all their emotion in laughter ..... loud, joyous laughter that shook the afternoon air and startled the birds, who rose like a cloud out of the trees.

It was a long time before they all recovered. Zack finally regained his breath and said, "Happy birthday, kiddo."

Darius lay on his back gazing up at the sky. "That was the greatest birthday party ever!"

"Happy birthday, Darius," Mark said, then gazed at Jamie. "As for you, kid, you made me proud. I love you, Jamie."

Then he too rolled over onto his back and grinned. "Well ..... so much for a restful weekend!"

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It must have been something in the air, or in the water, or maybe it was just a happy coincidence, but up at the lake things were moving in roughly the same direction as events at the house. And it was all due to Pablo's "spectacular" idea (his word) to help the twins along the path to greater self-confidence.

At first it seemed the scheme would never see the light of day. As Pablo hesitantly outlined his plan Randy instantly recoiled. "No fucking way, kid. That's never gonna happen. Hell will fucking-well freeze over before I let them do that."

"Should I take that as a no, sir?" asked Pablo slyly with his crooked grin.

"Now wait a minute, wait a minute," Bob said calmly. "When you think about it, it's not a bad idea. Might do everyone a lot of good. I'm in, for one. And Randy, I believe you owe me one ..... that's if you're man enough."

Randy grinned at him. "Fuck you, man. There you go again, taking charge. Didn't you learn anything in the woods?" A short while ago Bob had certainly learned the painful but erotic lesson that Randy was still the undisputed master. But now as he gazed at his lover with his smiling, soft brown eyes, Randy melted.

"Fuck you man," he grinned. "Fuck you both. OK ..... you're pushing your luck here ..... but do what you have to. God, the things I do for you guys."

"Great," said Pablo leaping to his feet. "Later, then ..... when the sun starts to set. I can't wait!"

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And now the sun was low in the sky. All four men were lazing on the small beach after a swim and the twins were talking about what they would cook for dinner. But suddenly Pablo stood up and said to them, "Hey, guys, come over here. Something I want to run by you."

They went into a huddle near the bushes. "How old are you guys now?"

"Nearly twenty, sir."

"OK, then it's about time to butch up your act a bit, I'd say. Now here's my plan ....."

Bob grinned at Randy as they strained to hear the twins' reaction. It seemed to consist mostly of variations on, "Oh no, sir ..... that wouldn't be right ..... we could never do that!"



But Pablo knew the twins well by now; they trusted him, and he could be very convincing. He prided himself on being something of a con artist, and Bob always said he could charm the birds out of the trees. Pablo put his arms round the twins' shoulders. "You mean those guys are not hot enough for you? Wow, most of the dudes I know would go ape-shit for a chance like this."

"But they would never allow us to....." faltered Kyle.

"Listen," Pablo said conspiratorially. "What if I told you they wanted it? What if I told you we had discussed it and they said OK?"

"Bob too, sir?" asked Kevin.

"Bob especially."

There was a long silence as the twins thought it over and looked at each other, reading each other's thoughts and trepidation. Finally they appeared to come to a silent agreement and Kevin said, "Well, sir. If you're sure they want it. Actually the idea is kinda ....."

"..... kinda hot, eh?" grinned Pablo. "Ok, guys, we're on."

Coming out of their huddle they turned to look at the two men at the other side of the beach. They held their breath as Bob and Randy stood up, barefoot, wearing just their shorts, streaked with sand. Moving in unison they slowly unbuttoned the shorts and let them drop. The boys watched silently as the two muscle-gods, now butt naked, threw a blanket down on the sand. They threw themselves down and lay on their backs, side by side, propped up on their elbows smiling up at the boys.

Pablo nudged the twins who took a couple of hesitant steps forward. They were clearly nervous and Bob knew it was up to him to reassure them. "Man, you two look so beautiful standing there. Why don't you drop the shorts? We wanna see you naked."

The twins obeyed and stepped out of the shorts, shyly holding their hands in front of their cocks to hide their stiff erections.

Bob sighed. "You know, you have beautiful young cocks. I always wondered what you would feel like in my ass. I've fucked you both a whole lot but sometimes .... not often ..... some masters let their boys fuck them. That's what Randy and I want now. Will you help us out here?"

Hearing Bob's gentle voice, requesting their help in a new sexual experience, the twins' apprehension disappeared. They loved him devotedly and would do anything he asked. And

besides, his words had made their cocks strain even harder. Gradually the concept of fucking these gorgeous, powerful bodybuilders did not seem quite so strange to them.

They looked at each other, silently coming to a decision. Kyle, the more adventurous of the two walked forward and dropped to his knees in front of Randy. Kevin did the same before Bob. Randy and Bob bent their legs, pulling their heels along the ground toward themselves and raising their knees. Instinctively the twins knew what to do, but hesitated at the last moment.

“Go on,” Bob said softly, smiling up at them. “You’re my boys ..... make me proud.”

The twins put their hands behind the men’s knees and pushed their legs up just far enough to expose their asses. They gasped as they felt the tip of their cocks touch the warm holes. But at the last moment they hesitated again.

Bob locked their eyes with his smile and spoke encouragingly. “Oh, God that feels good. That’s it, boys. Push harder now ..... let us feel your dicks sliding inside us.”

Bolder now, the twins did as instructed and took sharp intakes of breath as they felt their cocks enter the warm holes, gliding past the soft membrane, going deeper and deeper until they came to rest against the inner sphincter. They could hardly believe that they were actually inside their masters’ bodies.

The effect on all four men was stunning. The twins stopped breathing, mesmerized by the incredible sensation in their cocks, more intense than they had ever felt before. And the men, who had up to now treated this whole thing as something of an experiment, were blown away by the feelings radiating from their asses through their bodies.

Fucking for Bob and Randy was always a vigorous affair, especially for Randy who enjoyed exercising his power and dominance. Bob had many times felt, and loved, the strength, savagery even, of the big construction worker’s cock pounding inside him. But this was different ..... the tenderness of two young, hesitant boys nervously entering their asses. Far from pounding, their cocks were trembling inside them. It made both men feel incredibly protective of the boys, teaching them, leading them into a whole new range of feelings.

All of Randy’s hard-edged macho dominance melted into a warm, gentle sympathy for these beautiful boys ..... his lover’s boys. “Wow,” he said to Kyle. “That feels awesome, kid. Your cock feels great inside me. You’re gonna be a great fuck. You like ploughing a big stud like me? Go for it, kid. Come on, boy. Fuck me.”

There was something in this man’s deep, gravelly voice that excited Kyle, and he did start fucking in earnest. He pulled out and plunged in again, watching the face toss with pleasure, the macho, swarthy face, with its stubbled jaw, dark black hair and piercing blue eyes. Beside

him Kevin picked up on his excitement and gazed into Bob's smiling brown eyes as he plunged his cock inside him, feeling an intimacy different from anything they had shared before.

Soon they were all lost in the wild exhilaration of the moment. The boys were feeling supremely confident now, powerful even, as they dominated the asses of these macho muscle-gods. And the men enjoyed the unexpected pleasure of submitting their bodies to the youthful exuberance of these young boys. Man and boy were united as never before in an erotic reversal of roles.

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As the fucking continued it was, of course, watched avidly by Pablo, drooling at the sight of the incredible event. Pablo had always felt he was kind of halfway between the masters and the twins ..... a boy to the men and a master to the boys. But he was not Randy's tough young boy for nothing and now he decided to take charge. "Shit," he thought. "It was my idea in the first place."

He quickly got naked and knelt behind the boys. "Kyle first," he thought. His cock had been raging ever since this all began and now he pressed it against Kyle's ass. The boy was not really aware of Pablo's cock gliding gently inside him. All of Kyle's heightened sensation was in his own cock and he simply felt an added jolt of electricity in his body as he concentrated on the glorious man he was fucking.

Pablo felt the hot young ass contracting around his cock to the rhythm of Kyle's bucking body. He pushed him forward a bit so Pablo could look down, over his shoulder, at his master's face. Randy grinned up at him, feeling as if he were being fucked by Kyle and Pablo at the same time. Although Randy said nothing, Pablo knew exactly what he was thinking ..... "That's my boy!"

And so Pablo continued to orchestrate the show with its endless permutations. He pulled out of Kyle and entered Kevin's ass, feeling it clench round his cock as Kevin pounded the ass of his beloved master, Bob. Pablo looked down at the ecstatic faces of the two men and knew that this idea of his was worthy of the word he had originally used ..... "spectacular".

"OK," Pablo ordered. "Change over you guys." Obeying instinctively the twins pulled their dicks out, changed sides and entered the other man's ass ..... Kyle pushing his cock gently inside his beautiful master, and Kevin feeling the thrill of fucking the rugged boss of the house he had found so intimidating. And once again Pablo took turns fucking first one twin then the other.

Pablo pushed the twins further forward so their faces came close to the men they were fucking. Randy and Bob leaned their faces upward and locked their mouths onto the twins' lips in a warm, passionate embrace. They all reveled in the taste and smell ..... the soft sweetness of the boys' lips and the macho pungency of the men's breaths.

Then, acting in unison, the twins straightened up. Without losing the rhythm of their fucking they turned their heads, looked at each other, and began to kiss each other ..... tenderly at first, then hungrily. "Holy shit," Randy said to Bob. "Will you look at that! Oh, man, I gotta shoot my load. Help me out here, man."

Each man reached over and began to stroke his lover's cock. It was sensory overload. They felt the frenzied cocks plunging into them, watched the beautiful young brothers kissing each other, and pounded each other's cock faster. It didn't take long. Suddenly they screamed, their bodies convulsed, and they shot jets of creamy white semen high into the air, splashing back onto their gleaming chests.

Startled by the deafening noise the twins pulled their mouths from each other and gazed down at the extraordinary sight of the two muscle-gods erupting with hot juice all over their bodies. And it was they who were causing it ..... they who were fucking these macho men, pushing the cum out of them. The twins threw all their inhibitions to the wind, raised their heads in a full-throated scream .... "Yeah....." as they felt their cocks explode deep inside the furnace of the men's asses.

It was all too much for Pablo. He blasted a load of juice inside Kevin, then quickly pulled out, plunged his cock into Kyle and spurted another jet of cum into him. The bodies of all five men shuddered as their howls echoed across the lake. Then they collapsed into each other, groping, kissing, hugging in a tangle of young flesh and hard muscle.

As Randy had predicted, it was truly 'no holds barred' ..... an orgy of spent passion and the sheer joy of their shared masculinity ..... men and boys together.

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Half an hour later, after a cleansing swim in the lake, Bob and Randy sat on the ground, propped against trees, watching Pablo and the twins cook dinner on the barbecue. "Jesus, will you look at that," said Randy. "That's a hell of a change in your boys, buddy."

He was right. During the extraordinary experience of fucking the two superb masters the twins had gone from nervous reticence to masculine confidence as their sexuality surged and overcame their boyish inexperience. They still, of course, respected the men as masters, but they were fired up with a newfound self-assurance. Right now they were in charge of the food preparation and were giving Pablo orders.

"No, hold off on the sauce, sir. Let the meat cook until it's golden, then baste."

"Okey-dokey," grinned Pablo. "Oh and by the way, guys, after that performance you turned in I think you can drop the 'sir'."

They paused in some confusion. "Oh but sir," Kevin said. "We'd rather carry on doing that. After all, we think of you as our mentor, like one of the masters." Kyle smiled and added, "Not that we won't be telling you what to do when it comes to food ..... sir."

Pablo felt hugely flattered, grinned over at Randy and raised his eyebrows. Randy smiled back and shouted, "Don't think that applies to me too, kid. You're still my boy and you do whatever the fuck I tell you to. Clear?"

Pablo saluted. "Aye, aye, sir."

And so the weekend at the lake turned out to be a huge success, with roles reversed, reaffirmed and redefined. As they drove back the next day Randy had his arm over Bob's shoulder, both of them closer than they had ever been, exhilarated by Randy's forceful reassertion of his role as the ultimate master. And the twins, who had been deferential to Pablo on the drive up, now spoke with a building self-confidence, a definite masculine ring to their voice.

When they arrived at the house Pablo and the twins ran to Darius and Jamie and the noise was deafening as they all talked over each other, eager to share their extraordinary sexual adventures.

Randy grinned at Bob, Mark and Zack. "Holy shit," he groaned, "what the hell have we done? There'll be no living with them now."

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The party that evening was a multiple celebration ..... Darius's birthday, of course; the guys' homecoming; and a sense that every one of the men had moved toward a more confident awareness of himself. It was, in every sense, a celebration of manhood.

The festive mood was nowhere more apparent than in Randy and Bob. After their stunning sexual experience together in the forest their relationship was redefined in a more profound way than ever before. They couldn't keep their eyes (or their hands) off each other and in fact disappeared upstairs for a while in the middle of the party, reappearing half an hour later with a glow around them that Zack said could have set the hillside on fire.

"You know what," Randy said quietly to Bob. "Next Saturday let's go off together, just you and me ..... up to Big Pines, maybe. We'll take the Harleys for a spin. It's about time you got to ride the bikes more often. It's what every self-respecting macho stud should do ..... feel the power between his legs."

Bob grinned. "I'm no stranger to power between my legs, buddy" looking down at Randy's crotch. "But it sounds great. I remember Big Pines ..... gorgeous, real high up, not much more than an hour away."

Yeah, and what a drive ..... empty, narrow mountain road, hair-pin bends, sheer drops on either side that'll make your hair curl."

The following week Bob and Randy spent all their free time together, a lot of it in bed, until finally Saturday came. "The Harleys in good shape, kid?" Randy asked Pablo, the mechanic in the house.

"Running like a dream," his boy said. "I tuned them up a couple of days ago. You'll have a terrific ride."

Pablo and the twins saw them off. Randy hugged his boy and Bob put his arms round the twins. If you need anything while I'm gone, check with Pablo. You'll take care of them, eh, Pablo?"

"Sure thing, sir. Have fun ..... be good." He frowned, then grinned. "Oh, that's not right... you can't do both at the same time, can you?"

And they left, roaring with laughter.

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Half an hour later they were cruising steadily along Highway 2, a narrow two-lane mountain road with stunning views and the hairpin bends Randy had promised. On the right was a steep drop way down a ravine to a stream far below. They were driving carefully, one behind the other, keeping well away from the verge.

Bob had got about a hundred yards ahead of Randy and Randy was about to catch up to him when he heard the sound of a vehicle coming up behind him. He pulled closer to the edge to let it pass and looked back to see an old beat-up red truck with what looked like three guys in it.

"Shit damn!" he yelled. "Assholes!" As it passed the truck had deliberately sideswiped him, almost knocking him off balance at the edge of the road. "Fucking morons," he muttered to himself as the truck swerved drunkenly ahead. "They'll fucking kill someone that way."

His next thought was for Bob up ahead and his eyes opened wide in horror. The truck was approaching him from behind, still swerving crazily. It happened in a split second. The truck came level with Bob, swerved to the right and brushed hard against him, then sped away. Less accustomed to a motorcycle than Randy, Bob did lose his balance. He swerved to the right, over the grass verge ..... and plunged over the edge.

"NO!" screamed Randy and gunned his bike forward, screeching to a halt where the skid-marks led off the side of the road. He jumped off his bike, gazed over the edge of the ravine and saw Bob and the bike tumbling down the side, through the brush, bouncing on the hard gravel and coming to rest against a tree several hundred feet down.

Randy leapt over the side and, propelled by pure adrenaline, charged down the almost sheer slope, falling, crawling, grabbing at shrubs and rocks as the gravel tore at his clothes. Breathlessly he finally reached the spot and gazed down in horror at the motionless body lying in a lifeless, crumpled heap against a tree. Randy raised his head to the sky and screamed with the howl of a wounded animal. NO! .....

# # #

## Chapter 99 – Life and Death

He fell to his knees and cradled Bob's face in his hands. "Come on, buddy, open your eyes. Please, man, open your eyes for me."

But the eyes remained closed, the face motionless, ashen, with blood flowing from a gash on his forehead. Apparently his helmet had flown off during the precipitous fall. Randy took a deep breath, knowing he had to control his panic. He had to think clearly. Randy was tough, and the crisis focused his mind with a knife-like clarity. He touched Bob's wrist and felt a pulse, but a very weak one.

Moving with a robotic precision he pulled out his cell phone, praying for signal. Even in this remote place there was one, and he dialed Mark. The cop was cruising near the end of his shift and answered immediately. Briefly, efficiently, Randy described the situation and location ..... "Highway 2 ..... about half-way to Big Pines You'll see my bike by the road."

"Gotcha," said Mark. "I'm on my way and I'll call the paramedics. Hang in there, buddy. Help's on its way."

After Mark clicked off Randy looked around frantically. There was nothing but the breeze, the sky and the almost sheer hillside above him. Nobody had seen the accident. He had never felt more isolated in his life. He looked down at his lover lying motionless on the ground and the sight gave him renewed strength.

"OK, buddy," Randy said softly to himself. "Gotta get you up to the road."

*He knew that Bob shouldn't really be moved, but he also knew the pulse was so weak he couldn't risk a delay. He leaned forward and pushed his arms under the lifeless body, one arm under the shoulders and the other under the knees. He took a deep breath, flexed his whole body and, with a huge effort, rose slowly to his feet. God, Bob felt heavy lying limply in his arms. Randy looked up at the dauntingly steep hill, almost sheer, and his courage almost collapsed. The road was so far up he couldn't even see it. But then he looked down at Bob's beautiful face, stained with blood, and he knew what he had to do. He began to climb.*

Step by agonizing step he started to walk, digging his boots into the gravel to gain a precarious foothold. Many times his foot slipped back on the loose shingle but he knew that above all else he must keep his balance and not let Bob fall. He didn't look up, but focused on the ground immediately below him, foot after foot, yard after yard.

It was a superhuman feat of strength and endurance. Randy's jaw clenched in gritty determination and he willed himself to take one more step, then another. He couldn't think about failure. Instead his mind focused on Bob, the extraordinary life they had together, the events of that life, the rough sex, the love, the spiritual bond that joined them inseparably. It was as if the man in his arms, lifeless as he was, was endowing him with the strength to struggle on.

Randy had no idea how much time was passing. His mind became numb, his body running on the force of the adrenaline pumping through his veins. His muscles bulged, racked with pain, pouring with sweat. At one point his feet slid back down several feet and he almost gave up, but then he looked down at Bob's face and knew that was not an option. He was a machine now, not thinking, barely feeling the pain, as he climbed slowly, agonizingly slowly.

The body in his arms was no longer heavy ..... it was the body of the man he loved, and it gave him the strength and courage to continue. But as he willed himself forward, step after step, the effort was so grueling that finally his strength was failing ..... his breathing was ragged, he was starting to hallucinate ..... when suddenly the gravel beneath him became grass, then hard tarmac. The road.

With his last ounces of strength he gently lowered his buddy onto the grass verge, then fell to his knees over him, totally spent, sobbing, his tears falling onto the face of his lover, mingling with the blood. He willed himself not to pass out. He was not even aware of the distant sounds of sirens, growing louder, not aware of flashing lights and tires on gravel. And when hands reached down to touch Bob he yelled, "Take your hands off him .... He's mine!"

Then he felt a hand on his shoulder and he wailed like a lost animal as he heard a deep, familiar voice. "It's OK, buddy. We're here. It's me, Mark. The paramedics will take care of him now."

Randy pulled himself to his feet, looked in bewilderment at the uniformed cop, then fell sobbing, exhausted, into his arms, all the stress, the pent-up emotional and physical agony bursting like a damn. His voice was jagged. "Oh, man ..... he's hurt bad ..... I had to ..... I couldn't ..... I can't lose him, man. He's my life. Did you know that?" he asked plaintively.

Mark's voice was steady as a rock. "Take a deep breath, buddy. You're in shock." He looked over the edge of the cliff and saw the remains of the bike several hundred feet below. "Try to tell me how you got him all the way up here."

Randy looked at him, still dazed. "I carried him. I had to. I carried him."



Mark stared at him in disbelief. "Jesus Christ!"

By now the paramedics had loaded Bob onto a stretcher and were pushing it into the ambulance. Randy looked up and reality crashed back over him. He ran forward and climbed into the ambulance, watching over the stretcher as it slid in.

The paramedic looked over at Mark. "Is he coming with us, officer?"

"Try keeping him out," Mark grinned wryly. "Don't worry, I'll clear the way in front of you. Where to?"

"Closest trauma center, Glendale Memorial," the paramedic said. "Have to take the 2 all the way. Traffic's a bitch on the 210. We'll stabilize him on the way. Glad of your help, buddy."

The doors closed, Mark straddled his bike and pulled round in front of them. Then they took off, speeding along the same winding mountain road, Mark in front with his sirens blaring and lights flashing, just like the ambulance right behind him.

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As the paramedics worked feverishly on Bob, taking his vitals, checking the wounds, installing a drip, they sternly warned Randy to stay back out of their way. He was still in a daze, gazing helplessly at his buddy, still not able to fully grasp what was happening.

At the hospital emergency entrance all was rapid efficiency. The stretcher was placed on a gurney and wheeled quickly through the swing doors. They rushed it along the corridor, Randy beside them, until they went through another set of doors and the staff barred Randy from entering. He was about to protest and bust his way in when strong arms grabbed him from behind and a deep, calm voice said, "No, Randy. He's in good hands. I'm right here with you, buddy."

Suddenly all the fight went out of Randy and he allowed Mark to steer him into a waiting room and pull him down on a bench. The cop was all business, and his calm efficiency helped Randy to regain his balance and think clearly. Mark asked for all the details and Randy told him the whole story. The paramedics took their leave of Mark, thanking him.

"If it hadn't been for this guy bringing him up to the road he'd be dead by now," the paramedic said. "We'd have probably needed a helicopter and that would have taken too long." He turned to Randy. "Way to go, man. That was sensational, what you did up there. Still don't know how you did it."

\*\*\*\*\*

Time stood still as the two men sat silently together in the empty waiting room. Mark kept careful watch on the ashen faced construction worker trying to come to terms with the calamity. Mark knew the five-stages theory of grief, knew that after his initial state of denial would come anger. And Randy's anger was legendary. So Mark talked to him quietly, calmly, hoping that his voice would soothe him, even though Randy was not hearing the words.

Fortunately the handsome, uniformed cop was a familiar sight around the hospital, which was on his regular beat, and the medical staff liked and respected him. After what seemed like an eternity a doctor appeared in the room. "Hi, Mark ..... you the officer that brought him in?" Mark nodded. The doctor turned to Randy. "And you, sir. Is the patient your relative?"

Randy looked up suddenly and said, "He's my life." Mark nodded to the doctor to reassure him.

"OK. We've run extensive tests and I've seen the CAT Scan and MRI. The good news is that physically he's not in bad shape ..... a few broken ribs, dislocated shoulder, torn ligaments, bruises, scratches ..... nothing we can't fix. But here the news gets worse, I'm afraid. The patient has received a traumatic blow to the head ..... apparently his helmet came off during the fall and his head took the full force of the blow against the tree.

"The concussion was severe and he is currently in a deep coma. To put it in layman's terms, the profound shock caused his mind to shut down. In cases like this it's hard to know when, or even if, he will come out of the coma. In the meantime there is nothing we can do except administer intravenous medication, monitor him closely and hope for the best. So we've moved him from Intensive Care into a room, and you can visit him there in a few minutes."

Randy looked at him without expression. "Tell me the truth, doc. What are his chances?"

"There appears to be no lasting brain damage, but the coma is very deep. At this stage it's hard to predict, but if you want me to guess I'd say that his chances of regaining consciousness are ..... less than 50-50. Of course there are many variables, so ....."

Randy cut him off. "A number, doc. Give me a number."

The doctor sighed. "Well, since you insist ..... I'd say his chances are 30, 40 percent, no better than that. As time goes on the chances decrease, I'm afraid."

Randy felt his legs buckle and was grateful for Mark's strong arm around him.

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In the room Randy and Mark watched as two nurses and the doctor hooked Bob up to the various monitoring devices and his intravenous drip. Randy stared down at his lover and

suddenly felt a charge run through his body ..... a surge of determination and a resolve that he would not let Bob die.

The nurse was saying, "You shouldn't stay too long, gentlemen."

Without shifting his gaze from Bob's face Randy growled, "I'm not leaving."

"Excuse me?"

"I'm not leaving him. I'm staying right here."

Mark had heard that tone of voice before. He took the doctor to one side and spoke softly but authoritatively. "Look, doctor, dynamite wouldn't get him out of this room ....." He argued persuasively and after a while the doctor turned to Randy. "It's highly irregular, sir, but I've agreed to let you stay, on the understanding that you in no way impede the medical staff who will be coming and going frequently."

A nurse added. "I'll have a cot bought in for you."

Randy's voice was flat. "I don't want a cot. I'll sit by him until he wakes. I won't interfere with you, but I won't leave him." Then he looked plaintively at the doctor. "Is there anything I can do, doc?"

"Well," said the doctor shaking his head, "there is a school of thought that, even in a coma, patients can still hear, even though they don't react. It can't hurt if you talk to him."

"Then that's what I'll do. I'll talk. You can leave me with him, Mark. We started out alone together, and that's how we do best ..... just the two of us. Together we're strong. We can do anything."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mark squeezed his shoulder and left the room with tears in his eyes. He took a deep breath and sprang into action. First he called Zack, explained the situation and asked him to come over. "Better not tell the boys just yet. Let's you and me discuss it first, OK?"

They met in the waiting room and Mark brought him up to date. "Thing is, Randy wants to be left alone with him, so we can drop in for a minute, but he probably won't react much. He has eyes only for Bob. Says he's gonna talk to him."

They did go into the room but, as Mark predicted, Randy glanced at them, said, "Thanks guys" and looked back at Bob. The men walked silently out of the room and left Randy alone gazing down at the man he worshipped.

\*\*\*\*\*

Randy took a deep breath. “OK, buddy, this is me, Randy. So, you’ve had a bit of a fall, but you’re gonna pull through and come back to me, is that clear? That’s an order. You know you always have to obey me, always have, and now’s no different. Hell, man, come on, open your fucking eyes, otherwise I’ll fucking well…….”

His voice trailed off and he stood up and paced the room. ‘Or I’ll fucking well what?’ he thought. Hell this was hard. He had always had Bob with him, to advise him, restrain him, and now it was all up to him, Randy. He had never felt so alone. And yet he wasn’t alone. He sat down again and took Bob’s hand.

“How do you like that, buddy? Me charging at you like a mad bull. In the past if you were this obstinate I’d have tied you to a tree and whipped the shit out of you. Yeah, you’d have liked that too, wouldn’t you?” He faltered. “Oh, man ..... I don’t know what to do ..... you gotta help me. Being rough is the only way I know, and now that won’t cut it. But it’s all I know, kid .....” he broke down and started to sob.

But immediately he collected himself, cleared his throat and began again. “I guess toughness is not just being quick with your fists, eh? Gotta be tough now, though..... for both of us, so we can be together like we were before. Hey, remember when we first met ..... that scruffy old motel room where I beat the shit out of you? I was real rough on you, but you know what? When you first walked into that crummy bar and our eyes met, I think that’s the moment I fell in love with you .... right from the start. And I am in love with you man, you know that. And that’s why you can’t leave me ..... I can’t live without you, man .....I won’t make it on my own .....

Again his voice died, but he felt energy surge through him again and he gripped Bob’s hand tighter. “Feel me, buddy? Feel my hand in yours? God, the number of times I’ve felt your body, your flesh next to mine. You know touching you always gives me a hard-on. Sure you know that and you know where that hard-on always ends up ..... in your ass. Jesus I love your ass.”

He gazed at the sleeping face. “And that face! That gorgeous fucking face. Even covered in scratches and bruises” ..... he chuckled ..... “especially covered in scratches and bruises. Looks like I worked you over real good.” Suddenly he took a deep breath. “Did I hurt you, buddy? God, I did didn’t I ..... so many times That anger of mine. Oh, man, I’m sorry. I promise I’ll never hurt you again, I’ll do whatever in the world you want me to. That’s the bargain ..... you come back to me and you can do whatever you want, beat me, whip me, punish me for the past..... anything.”

His eyes streamed with tears again. “All I want to do is hear your voice, Bob, see those soft brown eyes. All I want to do is love you, buddy, to hold you again. I promise I’ll make love to

you like I never have before. Just don't leave me, buddy. Please, man, come back to me. Please .....

\*\*\*\*\*

A dark, gloomy cloud settled over the house, over the family meeting, as Mark and Zack sat on a bench and addressed the boys. Pablo, Darius, Jamie and the twins sat crossed legged on the grass looking up at the men, listening. Mark pulled no punches as he explained the situation. "You guys are our boys. We've taught you to be tough and you have to be especially brave now. Randy's gonna need us more than he ever has."

The stunned silence was broken surprisingly by the twins. "Excuse me, sir," Kyle said, "but that's not quite accurate." "No," said Kevin. "Not just Randy. Bob's gonna need us too .... when he wakes up."

Mark was stunned by their reaction and Zack took over. "You're absolutely right, guys. And in the meantime the best thing we can do is what Bob would want us to do ..... work harder than ever to keep the house and the construction company in good shape. Darius, you and I are gonna have to cover all three sites so we'll go take a look this afternoon. It's Saturday so the crew won't be there but we'll work out a plan for next week, OK?"

"Right, sir," said Darius.

"And Jamie," Mark said. "The business office will be just you for a while, so you're gonna have to make more major decisions while Bob's away. Think you can handle it?"

"Absolutely, sir. He won't know he's been away."

Pablo spoke up. "Sir, the last thing Bob said before they left was that I should take care of the twins. And I will ..... right guys?"

"OK, Mark said. "Which brings us to right now. Randy's gonna need a change of clothes, which you can get from his room, Pablo. And the twins can cook something good for him to eat at the hospital. I'm sure he hasn't touched a thing so far."

The boys sprang into action and drowned their fear and sorrow in action. It was only an hour later that Mark brought Pablo and the twins up to the door of Bob's room. "Now careful," he said. "Only a few minutes."

The boys went in tentatively and Randy, who had apparently been talking, broke off and stood up. Pablo cleared his throat and said, "Excuse me, sir. I brought these clothes for you." He looked at Randy's jeans and T-shirt, torn and covered with dirt. Pablo grinned, "You look hot, sir, but maybe you should change." Randy smiled for the first time in a long while.

The twins stepped forward and offered the casserole they had prepared. "You should eat this, sir," said Kyle, "one of our best."

Kevin held out a small bunch of flowers. "We brought these, sir. Freesias. They smell real sweet and we thought when Bob smells them that will make him wake up sooner."

Randy was moved and stammered, "Yeah well ..... you know the doc said....."

"Oh we know all about that, sir, but he is gonna wake up."

"You sound real sure, kid."

"We are sir," said Kevin. "See, Bob promised he would never leave us, and he never tells a lie."

Randy took a sharp intake of breath, turned to hug Pablo and buried his head in his shoulder to hide his tears. He pulled himself together and put his hands on the twins' shoulders. "Thanks, guys. This all means a lot to us both. I'll have the nurse put the flowers by his bed. And I promise, I'll take good care of him for you. But now we've got to be alone again, just the two of us."

The boys cast a quick glance at Bob, then turned to leave. Pablo had the last word, along with his crooked grin. "By the way, sir, don't throw that old ripped T-shirt away. Looks so hot maybe you can wear it when we ....."

Randy grinned, "Get out of here, kid."

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They were alone again. "So what do you make of that?" Randy asked Bob. "Those twins of yours are something else. Seems like they're the only ones not upset, they're so sure that you ..... Oh, shit man, look at this bunch of flowers. Here ...." He held them under Bob's nose. "I wish you could breathe deeper, man. Twins think they'll wake you up."

"Listen, man, those kids need you, you're their world. You can't leave them, you heard what they said. I need you too ..... we all do. The house would fall apart without you. Come on, asshole. Wake up and smell the damn flowers."

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And so Mark, Zack and the boys threw themselves into work to take their minds off the hospital room. And it worked, until the evening came and, during a gloomy dinner, the truth really started to sink in. Mark and Zack were stoic, more macho than ever, determined to maintain a bold face for the boys. "OK," Zack said, standing up from the dinner table. "I'm going across

to my house to go over some blueprints. Help the twins clear up, Darius, then come and join me.”

Half an hour later Darius ran across the street and was about to open the door to Zack's room when he stopped in his tracks, stunned by what he heard. Sobbing. Zack had evidently let the tension of the day overwhelm him and he had given way to grief. Darius paused, waited a while then coughed loudly. He paused again, then went into the room.

Zack was wiping his face and Darius went straight up to him and hugged him tight. “I love the guy,” Zack said. “I fucking love the guy to pieces.”

“Me too, sir,” said Darius. “Hell, he understood ..... understands ..... me so well. He’s given me some great fantasies in the past. I just hope .....” But he couldn’t complete his sentence.

“OK,” said Zack, taking command again. “What are the sleeping arrangements for tonight?”

“Oh, we boys have worked all that out. Jamie’s with Mark, of course. The twins want Pablo to sleep with them in Bob and Randy’s bed. So I’ll be alone in my bed, unless you want to share it, sir.”

“Try keeping me away,” Zack grinned.

That night all the men found solace in each other, in making love. Mark held Jamie tenderly like a precious piece of fragile china, cradling him with a renewed sense of how precious he was to him, how hard it would be to lose him. Zack and Darius were more vigorous, with Zack fucking his boy hard as if that were a way to bind them more safely together.

And Pablo took comfort in the twins as they wound their arms around him in sleep. It was not only their soft loving that reassured him. It was their absolute certainty that everything would come right and that Bob would come back to them.

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But that was looking less and less likely. It was now Sunday night and Bob had been in a coma for two days and a night. Randy hadn’t slept ..... he was afraid that if he stopped looking at Bob, stopped talking to him, he would slip away. So he talked endlessly about the past and about all of the plans they would make for the future. His focus was so intense he was barely aware of the medical staff coming and going, or of the persistent bleep of the monitors.

On his final rounds of the day the doctor looked in, examined the chart and the monitors. Randy searched his face for the verdict.

The doctor shook his head. "Not looking good, I'm afraid, Randy. I know it's true that people can come out of comas after a long time, but in Bob's case his brain patterns show him sinking even deeper. And there's nothing more we can do. I wish we could do CPR for the brain as we do for the heart ..... give it a shock, some sharp stimulus that would reverse the decline. But we can't. But keep talking to him. That's all you can do. I'm sorry."

As the doctor left Randy felt a sickening jolt of panic grip him. He was losing the fight ..... losing Bob. NO! He'd be damned if that was gonna happen. His brain cleared. CPR for the brain ..... a shock, a jolt, some stimulus that would bring him back. He looked at Bob.

"OK, asshole. Now what part of you always reacts first when you see me, when you just hear my voice? You know damn well what it is. It's right here." He put his hands under the sheets and moved down to Bob's groin. Gently he folded it round Bob's limp cock, squeezing slightly, then releasing.

"Feel that, buddy? Feel my hand round your cock? Now how about this?" Even more gently he slid his other hand underneath the body and cupped the cheek of his ass. "God, that ass. I have loved that ever since I first ripped your shorts off and laid eyes on it. Now how about this?" Tenderly he touched the warm hole with the tips of his fingers."

His voice grew rougher. "Now, you fucker, you're starting to make me mad. You remember that day when I first took you to the lake? You pissed me off and I tied you to the tree. I was so fucking mad I reamed your ass. Then I went for a swim, came up behind you and fucked you again, remember that? I kept you tied up and kept coming back and fucking you, again, and again, all day. You screamed as you felt my cock ram into you, ripping you open. You were helpless, at my mercy, as my huge dick hammered your ass."

He rubbed his fingers against the crack in Bob's ass. "Remember how it felt, you son-of-a-bitch? You were hanging from the ropes and I reached round and your cock was rock hard, just waiting for me to give you permission to shoot your load."

"But I didn't let you cum. Instead I squeezed your dick as I pounded your ass. It was like a fucking piston inside you. Then I started to stroke your dick, like this" ..... slowly, gently, he began stroking Bob's limp cock ..... "and I felt the blood pulsing through it, felt it getting harder in my fist. Remember that, you fucker, remember how my hand felt round your dick, remember how hard you got? Feel it, man!"

Randy was running out of images when suddenly ..... maybe he imagined it ..... no, there it was ..... a slight stirring under the membrane in his hand. "That's it, you fucker. Feel your master's fist round your cock, feel his cock in your ass. Come on, man. Let's see what you got. Get it hard for your master while he pounds that sweet ass of yours." He stroked Bob's ass gently with one hand and his cock with the other.



“Feel the pain in your ass, man. The only way I’ll cum inside you is if you get your dick hard. Come on, man. Imagine that hot construction worker fucking you, sweat pouring down his dark face onto his stubbled chin. Think of that gorgeous body pounding into you. Now see those eyes, those piercing blue eyes staring at you. You know that always makes you hard.”

And it did.

Randy now felt beyond doubt the blood running through the veins under the skin of Bob’s cock. And it was no longer limp. It was now semi-erect, growing slowly. Randy stopped talking but continued working with his hands until the cock was hard. Bob was breathing more heavily now so Randy stopped. “What ..... you think I was gonna let you cum, asshole? You don’t shoot your load unless I say you can. You know me better than that.”

A trace of a smile crossed Bob’s lips and Randy’s eyes filled with tears.

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Randy pulled his hands away, took hold of Bob’s hand ..... and felt a slight squeeze. He ran to the door and yelled for the doctor. A few minutes later the medical staff were in the room checking the monitors, and the doctor turned to Randy. “Hard to believe, but I think we’re out of the woods. I never would have predicted that .... and so suddenly. His consciousness is racing back to the surface. What in hell have you been saying to him?”

Randy grinned, “That’s between him and me, doc.”

It was pretty much plain sailing from there. It was a matter of an hour or so, then Bob at long last opened his eyes slowly. His vision was blurred at first but then he saw coming into focus the swarthy face of the man who had called him back. “Hi, buddy,” Randy said softly. “Thanks for coming.” He grinned. “And I don’t mean that in the way you think. That’s for later.”

Bob closed his eyes again, sighed deeply and spoke for the first time. “Had to come back. You’re a hard man to refuse.” He took another deep breath. “What’s that great smell?”

“The twins brought flowers for you.”

Bob frowned ..... then, his eyes still closed, a smile crossed his face. “Ah yes ..... the twins. Thanks for calling me back, buddy. I heard your voice.”

“Yeah, and it made your dick hard.”

Bob’s smile increased. “You know me too well.” And he drifted into a restful sleep, real this time, sure to wake up.

In an hour Zack and Mark were at the hospital, beaming at Randy. The doctor was in the room checking the monitors for the umpteenth time. He shook his head. "Nothing short of a miracle," he said, "and we don't use that word much around here. I'd love to know what you got up to in here, Randy."

Randy grinned. "Let's just say it's probably not in your medical textbooks, doc."

"By the way," the doctor said, "the paramedics told me you saved your buddy's life by carrying him up an impossibly steep hill. Well, I've gotta tell you something else..... you climbed another impossible hill in here, and brought Bob along with you ..... back to life. It's an honor to shake your hand, Randy. You're a hell of a guy."

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It was only a week later that the hospital released Bob. His physical wounds had been patched up ..... his ribs were sore but healing, his arm was in a sling and his leg in a light cast. Randy had not left him the whole time, agreeing to a cot being brought in so he could sleep beside him. They had talked a lot, about the future mostly, but also spent much of the time just .... gazing at each other.

The staff had checked with Mark that the early release was OK. "Are you sure he has someone who will take care of him at home?"

"Try eight someones," Mark smiled.

It was a Sunday when the boys were all gathered in the garden, their eyes fixed expectantly on the gate. They heard a truck pull up. There was a long wait, the gate opened, and a rousing cheer greeted the sight of Randy pushing a wheelchair with a broadly smiling Bob. There were smiles all round, and many tears. Darius, of course, filmed the whole scene and, as he said later to Pablo, "Awesome, dude ..... not a dry eye in the house."

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Randy took another week off work so he could be with Bob continuously. It was as if he was afraid to lose him if he was out of his sight. They both knew what had happened. Bob knew by now of his heroic climb up the hill, and he had rather scrambled memories of Randy's voice, his threats and promises that had brought him back to life out of his coma.

The twins were more attentive than ever, although they had never had the slightest doubt that Bob would return. After all, he had promised them, and he always kept his word. Jamie proudly showed Bob how he had held the fort in the office, and Mark and Zack made sure that there was not a cloud on the horizon to disturb the couple's perfect tranquility.

And so, eventually, the rhythm of the house resumed. Bob got stronger and talked about going back to work. Randy too knew he had to resume control of the construction work and felt confident in being separated from Bob for a few hours.

The following Sunday morning Bob was in the bedroom with Randy and Mark while the twins prepared breakfast. "You guys," Randy said. "I'm gonna skip breakfast. There's a piece of business I've gotta take care of .... just a short trip." He pulled on a tank top, jeans and boots and said, "I'll be back this afternoon. Take care of my man, Mark." He hugged Bob and left the room.

Outside he jumped onto the remaining Harley and roared away, his jaw set in a look of grim determination. "OK," he thought to himself. "Big Pines it is. And this time it's me you're dealing with, you mother-fucking pieces of shit. And it ain't gonna be pretty."

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Back in the bedroom, Bob and Mark's conversation was interrupted by the twins bringing in breakfast trays. "The other guys are not up yet, sirs, so we thought you might like breakfast in here."

"Sure thing, kids," said Bob. "Bring up some for yourself and join us."

As soon as the twins left, Bob's cell phone rang. He smiled and flipped it open. "OK, handsome, what did you forget this time?"

There was a silence at the other end, then a throat cleared and a hesitant voice said, "Oh ..... hi, Bob ..... this is Hassan."

Bob took a sharp intake of breath, paused, then held out the phone to Mark. "Here, buddy ..... it's for you."

# # #

## Chapter 100 - Randy's Revenge

Mark frowned at Bob. "Me? Who the hell's calling me on your phone?"

Bob looked at him uneasily. "Hassan."

Mark leapt to his feet, ran his hands nervously through his hair, and paced round the room. So this was it. He had long since managed to bury in the deepest recesses of his memory the images of his wartime captivity and torture at the hands of the spectacular-looking Hassan. But Hassan's lust for Mark had brought him to this country where he was employed by the U.S.

military. When he showed up in Los Angeles he had been brutally punished by Randy, but then Bob, ever the diplomat, had persuaded Hassan to contact him first, not Mark, when he eventually came back to live in California permanently. Hence this phone call.

All of this too Mark had pushed to the back of his mind. It was an avoidance mechanism to insulate him from the pain of that long-ago encounter and, worse, his own conflicted sexual feelings for the man. But his state of denial could not last forever ..... the day of reckoning had to come. Underneath the confusion of his emotions and recollections he heard Bob's voice.

"Just a minute, Hassan. I'm still trying to locate Mark. I'm gonna put you on hold."

Bob looked up sympathetically at the haunted face of his friend. "You knew this was coming, buddy. Looks like today's the day. You want me to tell him I can't find you?"

Mark sighed. "Nah, this is something I've gotta face. Here ....." and he took the phone from Bob. Bob stood up to leave but Mark pulled him down to sit on the bed beside him. "Stay, buddy".

He released the mute button and said evenly into the phone, "This is Mark."

"There was a silence, then a deep but hesitant voice said, "Mark. It's really you. It's a long time since I heard that voice."

"Yeah ..... long time." Mark breathed deeply as he heard the low, melodic, accented voice from another time and place. He collected himself. "Where are you?"

"Camp Pendleton. I've been transferred permanently to the Marine Base here. It's about 90 miles down the coast from you ....."

"I know where Pendleton is," Mark said abruptly. He was starting to feel angry ..... not at Hassan but at his own confusion and inability to think straight and control the situation. "I'm a cop now, you know," he said rather incongruously, not sure why he mentioned it.

"I know, Hassan, said. "Bob told me ..... and anyway I checked."

"You've been checking up on me?" Now there was distinct anger in his voice and Bob put a gentle restraining hand on his shoulder. "Look, man," Mark said to Hassan, "we can't have this conversation now, not over the phone like this. There's too much ..... too much to say, to sort through."

Hassan spoke quickly. "I know, Mark. Look, I've rented a small place out on the desert, beyond Indio, somewhere I can get away from Pendleton on my days off."

"The desert? Indio? That sounds remote."

“Yeah, it is. I chose it deliberately.”

Something jarred in Mark’s memory but he shook it off. “Is that where you wanna meet?”

“We could talk there. Get things ..... sorted out, as you put it.”

Mark took a deep breath as his mind raced. “Look. I have a few days off at the end of the week. I’ll give you my email address.” He paused while Hassan wrote it down. “Send me directions how to get there and suggest a day. I make no promises .... We’ll play it by ear.”

“OK, Mark. Just as you say. I’ll email you.” Another silence, then the deep voice said softly, “It’s good to hear your voice, Mark. Real good.”

“Yeah ..... right.” And Mark snapped the phone shut.

Bob looked at his friend questioningly and Mark said quietly, “I can’t do this, man.”

“What’s the problem?”

Mark leapt to his feet. “The problem is I’ve got a fucking hard-on. “Look man ..... just the sound of his voice made my dick hard.” He looked down at the bulge in his shorts.

Bob pulled him down beside him and put his arm round his shoulder. “You’ll work through this, Mark, I know you will. You’re tough ..... and you’re honest.”

“Is that all you’ve got for me, buddy?” the cop asked. “No words of advice?”

Bob shrugged. “Just one, maybe. Take care of Jamie.”

Mark looked at him, puzzled. But Bob knew the time had come to lighten the mood and he chuckled. “Hell, I’d like to see Randy’s reaction to all this.”

Mark grinned for the first time. “Yeah, well I have a feeling that guy has something else on his mind right now. Something quite different.”

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Mark was right, of course. Randy was at that moment gunning his motorcycle round the hairpin bends of Highway 2, headed for Big Pines, retracing the route he and Bob had taken a couple of weeks ago. The big construction worker was grateful for the rush of wind against his near-naked chest, covered only by a worn tank top. His swarthy face was set in an almost demonic look of determination as his mind re-ran the events of that shattering day. He saw

Bob's bike being forced by a truck over the edge of the ravine, saw him lying crumpled against a tree, then in hospital, in a coma, at the very edge of life. He had almost died, for Christ sake!

Anger was supposed to be the second stage of grief, usually replaced by other emotions. Randy had gone through all the stages, but the difference for him was that nothing had replaced the anger. He had held it in check while he concentrated on helping Bob survive, but now it resurfaced. In fact as he raced along the mountain road his fury was accelerating. Those mother-fuckers had hurt the man he loved ..... they had almost killed him.

Randy's rage was legendary to those who knew him, and there was only one way he knew to placate it. Revenge! So at this moment, oblivious of the spectacular scenery all round him, he had only one focus.

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Big Pines is a ski resort in winter but now, in summer, it was a sleepy collection of a few houses, shops, a restaurant and bar. In fact, when Randy rode in at around noon it seemed like the whole place was asleep. As he coasted slowly through the town on his bike he knew what he was looking for. He was gambling on his hunch that the three shitheads he had glimpsed that day before they forced Bob off the road must live up here. They sure as hell weren't summer tourists and there was no other reason to be travelling that road.

And then he saw what he had been looking for ..... a beat-up old red truck, parked behind the bar. He pulled up next to it, swung his leg over the bike and strode up to the door. Inside it was pitch black after the blinding sunlight and he stood in the doorway until his eyes adjusted. Gradually he saw that the small bar was almost empty ..... a few hardened customers getting an early start on their day's drinking, and a woman behind the bar ..... attractive, though she'd seen better days.

He walked to the bar and straddled a stool. The woman smiled. "Hi, handsome. Not often we get a stud like you in here. You're starting early. Looking for some action?"

"Yes ma'am," he grinned, "but not the kind you have in mind."

She chuckled. "Beer?"

"Sure ..... and, er ..... put in in a glass will you?"

"In a glass! Not every day I get that request, but sure, if that's what you want."

Randy turned and leaned his back against the bar, surveying the room. They weren't hard to spot ..... three scruffy guys sitting at a table, nursing drinks. Two were fairly young, the third was older, maybe their old man. Randy stared at them hard, sizing them up. They were big,

muscular brutes, rough-looking, no strangers to violence, he guessed. They had noticed him come in and were looking at him now, unsettled by his piercing gaze in their direction.

He propped his elbows on the bar behind him and sprawled on the stool, a dark, brooding gypsy of a man, his muscles straining under his tank top, his legs stretched out before him. As he sipped his beer he heard the bartender's voice over his shoulder. "Hey, big guy, a word in your ear. Those guys over there are bad news .... in and out of jail like a revolving door. Steer clear of them, stud, you don't wanna tangle with them ..... they can get real mean."

Randy grinned and said over his shoulder. "Thanks for the advice, ma'am, but it's just a tad too late. See they already tangled with me and my buddy, and you're right .... they got real mean. So now it's my turn." He turned and smiled at her. "But thanks for the warning ..... and the beer. You have a nice day now."

He picked up his glass of beer, still almost full, and sauntered over to the guys at the table. The older one stood up and faced him.

"What do you want, asshole?" he growled. "You got something to say to me and my boys?"

"Yeah, now you mention it," Randy said with a smile. "Just that you and your boys are three of the ugliest, motherfucking, pieces-of-shit assholes I ever laid eyes on. And I'm guessing you got shit for brains and dicks the size of a golf-tee. Here, have a drink on me." He raised the glass and upturned it over the guy's head. As beer poured over his head and face he was too startled to react. His boys too seemed frozen in place.

With a salute to the barmaid Randy strode out of the bar, straddled the Harley and rode slowly out of the parking lot.

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He heard shouts over his shoulder, heard the slamming of car doors and knew that the truck was taking off after him. Randy grinned to himself and muttered, "That's it fellas. Let's go for a ride."

He opened the throttle of the Harley and the bike sped forward, with the truck not far behind. Randy could have outrun the truck easily, but that would have been no fun. Instead he kept a few hundred yards ahead and stayed that way for several miles until he saw what he was looking for. On the other side of the road there were skid marks leading over the edge of the steep drop at the spot where Bob's bike had been forced off the road.

Randy skidded to a halt, got off the bike on the grass verge and turned to face the oncoming truck. With a screech of brakes it sped past him, coming to a stop a few yards away. The doors flew open and the three guys jumped out. As they walked toward him Randy grinned, his legs astride, holding his arms out to his sides in a come-and-get-me gesture. In his jeans,

boots and greasy old tank stretched over his muscular torso he looked formidable in the glare of the midday sun.

He sized the trio up again. They were a daunting sight, all right ..... all of them tall, muscular, thuggish, with dark, stubbled faces that blazed with anger. The older guy was in front, brandishing a heavy tire iron, and he screamed, "Asshole. You just made a big mistake, man, and now me and the boys are gonna enjoy ourselves taking you apart."

As he came close he raised the tire iron and brought it crashing down toward Randy's head. Randy was lightning fast. He stood his ground, shot out his arm and grabbed the metal bar. With all his strength he twisted it out of the guy's fist, pulled it free, then swung it viciously into his stomach. With a deafening scream of pain the man doubled up and crashed to his knees, gripping his stomach. Randy whirled the bar over his head and flung it far out over the ravine. He preferred fists.

He walked over to the agonized man, pulled his face up by the hair and smashed his fist into it, sending him flying backward, falling heavily onto his back on the road. But instantly Randy felt strong arms come from behind, round his chest then up behind his neck, locking him in a vise-like full nelson. While one guy held him defenseless the other began savagely gut punching him.

The first guy was struggling to his feet and yelled, "That's it boys. Hold him there for me." He stumbled forward and took his turn slamming his fist into Randy's stomach and across his face. Through a blur Randy saw their brutish faces, the faces of the men who had almost killed Bob. And his fury made him invincible. He was held tight from behind, hanging by his arms, but he took a deep breath, raised his feet from the ground and shot his legs forward, slamming his boots into the chests of his two attackers.

Howling, they staggered backward and fell in a heap on the ground. Then, in a sudden move, Randy leaned forward and hurled the third guy over his back and head. He lost his grip, flew forward through the air and landed on top of other two in a tangle of limbs. Randy knew he had them. His eyes blazed as he looked down at the men who had hurt his lover. His rage consumed him. Yelling obscenities at them he pounded their faces with his fists, slammed his boots into them, stomped on their writhing bodies, as they screamed for mercy.

He could have killed them but some restraining force deep within him finally made him hold back, and he looked down with grim satisfaction as they lay unconscious at his feet. He strode to his bike and pulled from the saddle bags lengths of rope, some cord and a long hunting knife.

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The thugs were brought back to consciousness by the sensation of hot, bitter liquid blasting into their faces. Painfully they opened their eyes to see the figure of the construction worker in his filthy jeans and torn tank top holding his cock, pointing it down at them streaming with piss.



Their next realization was that they were naked ..... and right after that they realized they couldn't move.

Randy had cut their clothes off them with the knife. Then he had tied their wrists and pulled them up high behind their backs, looping the other end round the necks. He had dragged them out of sight of the road onto a flat area a few feet over the edge. Now, his piss all spent, he looked down at their sniveling, urine-covered faces.

His chest still heaved as he growled at them. "What a bunch of piss-soaked, dead-beat losers! You wanna know why I did this? Because a couple weeks ago you ran my buddy off the road, right here, and you almost killed him. If he had died I swear I would have murdered you. Lucky for you he lived, so I won't kill you ..... though you're gonna wish I had."

Randy pulled from his pocket several lengths of cord. He knelt in front of the bound men, who were still too dazed and weak to react. Quickly, methodically, he tied the cord tightly round their balls, at the base of their cock. Ignoring their screams, he took the three loose ends of cord and tied them all together, so the thugs were roped together by the balls.

He stood back and surveyed his work as the three men sobbed pitifully. "OK," he said, "so let's see what we have here ..... three pathetic cowards, butt naked and roped together by their balls. But I don't want anyone to find you for a while, and that truck of yours is a dead giveaway. So how do we handle that ..... what would you guys do? Ah .... that's right, I remember what you did to my buddy's bike. I'll be right back ..... don't go anywhere, boys."

He gathered up the ripped remains of their clothes, climbed the few feet up to the road and walked back to the truck. He threw the clothes in the back, got in and started the engine. He drove it right to the edge of the road 'til it was balancing over the side. He got out, put his shoulder against the edge of the door and, gathering all his strength, pushed the truck forward.

It only needed to go a few more feet before it tipped forward. He sprang clear and watched it plunge over the edge with a roar of crushed metal and broken glass. He grinned with satisfaction as the truck rolled crazily over and over down the slope until he heard the distant boom as it crashed to its final resting place at the foot of the ravine.

The bound captives had watched in horror as their truck ..... and their clothes ..... were totally demolished. Panic seized them as they saw Randy coming back down to them. "So much for the truck," he said. "Now for you ass-wipes." Grabbing the ropes again he dragged the guys down the hill, getting grim satisfaction from the sight of their naked bodies scraping over the gravel, and from the sound of their screams as their balls were brutally stretched. About a hundred feet down he stopped and glared down at them as their grazed and wounded bodies jerked in pain.

"Now," he said. "That day, thanks to you guys, I had to carry my buddy all the way up to the road. Take it from me, it's real steep, and I almost didn't make it. There again, I didn't have

my hands tied behind me. Oh, and of course my balls weren't tied to my buddies' balls like you assholes. So you're gonna have to drag yourselves, crawl on your stomachs, and you're gonna torture each other's balls all the way up. Not gonna be pretty ..... but you see it never is when shit-for-brains mother-fuckers like you tangle with me and .... worse ..... hurt my buddy."

"But my guess is you'll make it to the top, and when you do you better hope some friendly driver will stop when he sees three naked assholes roped together on the road. Good luck with that. Oh, and when your pathetic, naked asses are dragged back into town and the story gets around ..... which should take about ten minutes in a town that size ..... your reputations won't be worth shit and you'll have to high-tail it out of town fast. Good luck with that too, boys. Just remember to put some clothes on before you leave town. You, naked ..... not a pretty sight."

He walked a few feet up, then turned back to look at them. "By the way, the name's Randy. Been a pleasure meeting you boys. You take care, now ..... and have a good trip."

With their howls for mercy ringing in his ears he climbed back up to the road, straddled the Harley and sped away. In the sudden stillness there was nothing left to see except skid marks leading off the road and over the cliff.

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It was late afternoon and Bob, Mark, Zack and the boys were lounging by the pool. There was a lot of speculation about what Randy was doing and how long he would be. Bob was a bit nervous but Zack reassured him. "You should know better than anyone, buddy, that when Randy's real angry nothing, and nobody, can stop him. My guess is there are a few guys right now who are regretting the day they ever messed with him."

Suddenly there was the roar of an engine outside and screeching tires. "See," Zack said. "What did I say?"

The gate flew open and the guys stared with a collective gasp. Randy stood there, chest heaving, his eyes still alive with the thrill of physical triumph. His face was covered in dirt and sweat and the torn tank top hung from his grazed and bruised torso. He was a blaze of jubilation, arrogance and dark, macho power ..... and there was not a cock among them that didn't get hard.

Mark broke the stunned silence, asking simply, "Good trip?"

"Yup."

Zack grinned. "You, er, take care of business."

"Yup."

Randy strode over to Bob and gazed down at him. "Come with me," he said.

They went up to the bedroom and instinctively Bob lay on his back on the bed. He was wearing just swim shorts. They gazed at each other for long seconds, and then Bob said, "So, you got your revenge. Maybe now we can close the book on that chapter?"

"Almost. There's just one more thing. When you were lying in hospital, I don't know if you could hear me, but I made a bargain. I said that if you came back to me I'd make love to you like I never have before. Up to now I've been letting you get better ..... treating you gently ..... kinda scared to touch you. That's meant no sex for a couple of weeks ....."

Bob interrupted. "..... and now here you are just back from a long, hard fight, and that always makes you hot and horny as a stallion." He smiled. "Well I'm better now .... and you don't have to be scared about touching me." He slid his shorts off and tossed them aside."

Randy breathed deeply. "God, man, you look so fucking beautiful when you're naked. Do you want me to clean up first?"

"Hell no!" Bob gazed up at the construction worker, face and body covered in dirt, stinking of sweat, his muscles gleaming under the shreds of his torn shirt. "Wouldn't have you any other way."

Randy lowered himself on top of his lover and they began to kiss ..... gently at first, then more passionately until it was almost savage as they ground their mouths together in the ecstasy of relief and rediscovery. Their ordeal was over and they were united as never before. All the pent-up emotion of the last two weeks ..... the pain, the fear, the sexual hunger ..... all of it overflowed like an active volcano. Randy wrapped his arms round Bob in a bear hug and they rolled over and over .... off the bed, over the floor, unable to satisfy the mounting lust that surged through them.

They gazed into each other's eyes and, as they saw their own infinite reflection, they once again experienced that mystifying flash of spiritual union that was sensed but never understood. Then physical need consumed them and they became animals. Randy ripped open his pants, pulled out his iron-hard cock and plunged it hard into Bob's ass, not stopping until it was embedded deep inside the man he worshipped. And then began the best fuck of their lives.

Again and again Randy's huge cock pistoned deep inside the ass he loved, making Bob moan with pure joy as he felt the pain and the ecstasy of being pounded by this glorious man. They couldn't do enough to express the passion and hunger that they felt. Bob clamped his hands over Randy's bulging pecs, curled his fingers round the ragged shirt and ripped it from his body.

Randy too touched his lover's chest, squeezing his nipples with all his strength. Bob matched him and soon the men were torturing each other's tits, trying through pain to express their

longing as the relentless cock continued to pierce the willing ass again and again, harder and harder. It was as if it would never end ..... they never wanted it to end.

They were spiraling into a world that only they knew, where only they lived. This is why they met, this is why they had been inseparable ever since. As they made love, scenes of their story together flew through their minds ..... the motel, the lake, the fantasies, the ropes, the whips, the pain, the partings and the reunions. Always coming back together ..... for the love they shared, and for spectacular sex like this. This is why Randy had used all his strength of body and mind to bring Bob back to life ..... and this is why Bob had survived.

Time did not exist as they kissed, fucked, clawed at each other, gazed at each other. They rolled over and over, desperate not to let go. The heat in their groin flamed through their bodies, their eyes opened wide as they stared at each other in amazement. They heard themselves screaming ..... and everything went dark.

Seconds later they found themselves in each other's arms, finally at peace. They became aware of the warm creamy liquid between their bodies and realized they had both had orgasms, spectacular orgasms, as Randy had exploded in Bob's ass and Bob had blasted streams of white juice over both their bodies.

As their breathing subsided they gazed at each other. Randy smiled. "That's how it's gonna be from now on, man. We've been through too much to have it any other way. That's why I called you back to me, and that's why you came."

Bob sighed. "I'm sure glad we can close that particular chapter on our lives."

"Yeah," Randy grinned. "But you know what they say. As one chapter closes, another one opens. You ready?"

"I'm right there with you, buddy ..... you know that."

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But as it happened, the next chapter in the lives of this community of extraordinary men belonged not to Randy or Bob, but to Mark and Hassan ..... and Jamie. Hassan did, of course, email Mark, giving directions to the remote desert house he had rented. And Mark had decided to meet him there during his upcoming three-day weekend.

Jamie knew the entire story of Mark's wartime capture and interrogation by Hassan, and of their confused, mutual attraction to each other. Mark had insisted that he be there when he had first related the story to Bob. "Of course, I wanted Jamie here to know," he had said. "He's my boy. We have to know each other completely." But so engrossed and troubled was Mark by the coming trip that he had not yet discussed it with Jamie.

Bob had warned him, "Take care of Jamie." And now Bob saw the truth of his advice as he went into the office early next morning where Jamie was working ..... and clearly not happy. Bob watched as the boy sat grim-faced pounding hard at the computer keyboard.

"Whoa," Bob laughed. "Don't take it out on the keyboard, Jamie. If you have something on your mind, try me."

There was silence and Bob said quietly, "It's Mark, isn't it? Mark and Hassan."

When Jamie turned round there were tears in his eyes. "He's going, isn't he, sir? He's going to meet Hassan in the desert."

"Yes, Jamie," Bob said gently. "Look this is something you have to talk over with Mark. Leave it to me."

Mark had just finished dressing for work when Bob went into his room. "Hey, buddy. Do me a favor. Drop in on Jamie in the office before you leave. He's having a tough time."

Jamie didn't hear Mark come quietly into the room, but as he continued to hammer the keyboard he felt firm hands grasp his shoulders from behind. He whirled round and looked up at the cop, looking magnificent as always in his police uniform.

"Jamie," Mark said. "I know I should have discussed this with you before now but ....."

"..... but you're going to the desert," Jamie interrupted. He was so scared and upset that he blurted out his fears without thinking. "You're going to meet with Hassan. I know how you feel about him, sir, and I know you want him. I only saw him once just for a moment, but Darius says he's really spectacular looking. So that's it for me, I guess. You won't have two guys at once so you'll get rid of me. I always knew you would ....." and his voice trailed off.

Anger boiled up in Mark and he took a deep breath to control himself before he answered. "I thought you were over your paranoia a long time ago, boy. Look at this..." he pointed to the tattoo on Jamie's arm ..... an intertwined MM. "I even branded you to convince you that you're my boy and always will be. I thought you had accepted that ..... but now this!"

Jamie frowned. "Sorry, sir."

Mark softened. "Jamie, I can understand your concern. The situation between Hassan and me is very complicated and I mean to sort it out once and for all. But the last thing I want is for you to get anxious ..... and that's why I'm taking you with me." Jamie looked at him in amazement.

"That's why I haven't said anything 'til now, until I'd arranged things. On my three days off I'm taking you to Palm Springs. I've booked us into a nice resort and we'll have a great time

together, you and me. But for a few hours during that time I'm gonna have to go out to see Hassan on my own. It's not far out in the desert from the Springs. And when we've cleared things up I'm gonna have you come and meet Hassan. You're my boy and I want you to be a part of whatever decisions I make. Does that make you feel better?"

Jamie was silent as he tried to get his mind around all this. He didn't totally succeed and still looked glumly at the floor.

"OK," Mark said sternly. "One thing I won't stand for is your doubting me. I guess I'm gonna have to show you again how much you mean to me. And if that means punishing you for your lack of faith in me, so be it. Now strip and get on the floor."

Jamie was dazed but did as his master ordered. He dropped his shorts, pulled off his T-shirt and lay on his back on the carpet. He gasped as Mark dropped to his knees, ripped open his uniform pants and pulled out his rigid cock. He grabbed Jamie's ankles, pushed them back and pressed his cock against the boy's ass. "Now, look at me, Jamie. Touch me"

Jamie stared up at the beautiful blond face, and put his hands on the black shirt, feeling the hard pecs underneath. He ran his hands over the badges, over the shoulders, down over the biceps bulging under the short sleeves. He traced the line of the cop's wide lats and finally he grasped the leather belt at the slim waist.

"OK, kid, that's what it looks like. Now here's what it feels like. He plunged his cock into the tender, warm ass, pulled it partway out, then pushed it in deeper. He was motivated partly by the love of his boy, the beautiful young blonde surfer who he knew worshipped him, but also by anger that the boy still doubted him. So the fuck was more forceful than usual as he pistoned inside the young, moist ass that he knew so well and had penetrated so many times.

Jamie stared up at the piercing blue-gray eyes, at the chiseled blonde features, at the black uniform stretched over the muscular body. He was being fucked hard by his master the cop. Painful as it was, this was his fantasy, what he lived for, dreamed about, waited for each day. But this was rougher than usual and there was an edge of fear to his joy as he saw the anger in his master's eyes.

"OK, Jamie, now you're gonna do what I tell you. I want you to cum without touching yourself. You ready?"

"Yes, sir," Jamie breathed.

OK, boy, I'm gonna cum inside your ass. Let me see you shoot your load, Jamie. Now!"

As Jamie felt his master's juice flowing inside him his own cock shuddered and blasted creamy white cum over his chest and face. Mark gazed down at the glorious sight of his beautiful boy smothered in his own cum. Then suddenly he pulled his cock out, stood up and grabbed a

nearby towel. As he wiped his cock, then stuffed it inside his shorts and buttoned up his pants he spoke sternly to Jamie.

“OK, kid. You did great. But your punishment is not over. I’m going to work now and I’ll be back at six this evening. When I come in I want to see you naked on the bed, ready for me. As soon as I walk in I’m gonna handcuff you to the bed and fuck your ass as hard as I just did. And after dinner, before bed, I’m gonna fuck you again, and as many times as I want during the night.”

“In the morning you get handcuffed and fucked again, and then again in the evening. And that will happen every day until we leave town. By that time you will have been fucked hard so many times that your ass will be good and sore. Maybe then you’ll understand. I want you to know that I own you, you will always be my boy, and you will do whatever I say. Is that clear?”

Jamie gazed up at him wide-eyed. “Yes, sir. It’s clear, sir.”

Mark put on his helmet and dark glasses, spun on his heel and strode from the room, leaving Jamie gasping on his back on the floor. He was in a daze; he couldn’t get up. His ass was sore and he could still feel his master’s cock pounding it. Then he thought about the week to come, about being chained to the bed, getting his ass fucked morning and night, again and again by this god-like man. He imagined the uniformed cop towering over him, yanking open his pants and pulling out his cock.

“Oh, yes, sir,” he breathed. “Please fuck me again, sir. I need it, sir. I’ll be good. I’ll never doubt you again, sir. I just want to feel your dick in my ass.” Jamie was unaware that his cock was hard again, unaware that in his trance he began stroking it, unaware of the heat rising from his groin. But he jolted back to reality as he felt hot cum splashing onto his chest for a second time, mixing with the pool already there, smothering his young body.”

He lay there breathing deeply, still mesmerized, gazing up at the ceiling. He was startled when the door suddenly opened and there stood Bob, gaping in disbelief at what he saw. Bob started to laugh and said, “So, can I take it you made your peace with Mark?”

“Yes, sir,” Jamie gasped. He grabbed the towel Mark had discarded and furiously wiped his face and stomach.

“That’s it,” Bob grinned. “Wipe yourself good before you sit at the desk. You get any of that in the keyboard you’ll make the keys stick together.” Jamie couldn’t help laughing as he stood up, pulled on his shorts and T-shirt and sat down.

“So, you feel alright now about your trip to the desert? Still a bit apprehensive probably, that’s only natural.”

“A bit, sir. But Mark made me feel better about all that. And Darius says that Hassan is a really spectacular guy ..... ‘with a face and body that won’t quit,’ he said.”

“That he is,” Bob agreed. “But there’s no need for you to be afraid of him.”

“Oh, I’m not, sir,” said Jamie. “Not any more. In fact I can’t wait to meet him. I just hope he likes me.”

Bob frowned to himself as a fleeting, vaguely disturbing, sensation ran through him that he couldn’t identify. But it vanished just as quickly and Bob was all business again. “OK, Jamie, back to work.”

He left the room and Jamie focused on the computer, but with thoughts of the desert still floating through his head.

# # #

## **Chapter 101 – Mark & Hassan – Reunion**

Inside the truck travelling East on Interstate-10, headed for Palm Springs, man and boy sat shoulder to shoulder in silence, each of them wrapped in thoughts that were a mix of nervous anticipation and exhilaration. They each sensed the other’s unease and Mark closed his hand tight over Jamie’s on the armrest between them.

“You doing OK, kid.”

“Of course, sir. I’m always fine when I’m with you.”

Mark smiled to himself in spite of the tension he felt. The cop was usually in total control of himself and whatever situation he confronted. But this time was different. His eyes focused on the road but his thoughts travelled back to the years of his military service in the Middle East. Vividly he saw again the cell where he was being interrogated and tortured by his enemy, the stunningly beautiful Hassan.

Harrowing as that experience had been, he could still feel the sexual lust he had experienced at the time. He saw again the young soldier, shirtless in military fatigue pants, muscular physique with exotic olive-skinned features, high cheekbones, slanted dark eyes and jet black hair. Despite their adversarial situation he recalled how they both had an instinctive mutual respect for each other’s beauty ..... and much more than just respect.

They were, after all, both beautiful men, Mark a Scandinavian blonde, Hassan with his Asian looks and perfectly sculpted body. As Hassan tortured his captive their hunger for each other



had intensified, ending in spectacular orgasms, blasting cum over each other's naked chests as Mark hung helplessly chained to the wall.

As if reading his master's thoughts Jamie suddenly broke the silence, saying quietly. "He must really like you, sir. He came halfway round the world to find you. And now you're finally gonna meet again."

Mark sighed. "Yeah, and I have to level with you Jamie. Even as he worked me over I couldn't help feeling a strong desire for him. You'll see why when you meet him."

Again there was silence as Jamie nursed his own anxiety. He had been terrified of Mark's reunion with Hassan, fearing that the new man would replace him, so in the last week Mark had gone to great lengths to prove to Jamie that, whatever happened, nothing could diminish the love he felt for his boy. The tool he used was sexual domination. Every evening and morning Mark had fucked Jamie roughly as he was handcuffed to the bed.

Jamie had been in heaven and had promised never again to doubt Mark. He loved the soreness in his ass that he was still feeling after his week-long serial fucking by the handsome cop. And now that his confidence was restored, even though he was still nervous about the future, his fears were mixed with excitement about meeting Hassan. He had said to Bob, "I'm not afraid of him anymore, sir. Darius says that Hassan is a really spectacular guy ..... 'with a face and body that won't quit.' So now I can't wait to meet him. I just hope he likes me."

And so now here they were, Mark and Jamie, driving east toward the desert, each man enveloped in memories of a troubled past and thoughts of an even more uncertain future.

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The resort Mark had booked them into was a handsome, sprawling complex with lush landscaping, comfortable bungalows and several pools. As soon as they checked in and got into their bungalow Mark took Jamie by the shoulders and smiled at him. "Well, here we are, kid. You ready for a little adventure?"

"As long as it's with you, sir," Jamie said, his cock already hard as he gazed into the blue-gray eyes.

"Your ass still sore from all that drilling I gave it?"

"Yes, sir," Jamie grinned.

"Well, sorry about that but it's about to get a bit sorer. You know what to do, boy.

Jamie eagerly kicked off his sneakers, pulled off his T-shirt, dropped his shorts and lay on his back on the bed, naked. Mark took a sharp intake of breath as he looked down at the beautiful

young blonde surfer gazing up at him. Jesus, he was beautiful. Mark ripped open the fly of his jeans and knelt on the edge of the bed. He grabbed Jamie's ankles pushed his legs high and rested his rigid cock against his hole.

"Guess I was pretty rough on your ass all week, uh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let's try it a bit differently this time. Like this ....." Gently, almost imperceptibly, he increased the pressure until Jamie felt his master's rod slide tenderly into his ass, moving slowly deeper and deeper until it came to rest softly against the muscle at the back of his ass. His eyes opened wide, he waited, and then the head of the cock slid over the inner sphincter and sent jolts of exquisite pleasure through his body.

"Oh, sir," he gasped. "That feels incredible. I love you, sir. I love how you make me feel."

Mark gave his dazzling white-teethed smile. "The feeling's mutual, kiddo. Now here's what I mean when I say I love you." He pulled his cock slowly all the way out, then eased it back into the warm depths of the boy's ass. He did this again ..... and again .... increasing the rhythm each time.

Jamie's body was glowing and he moaned with the bliss of feeling his body totally overwhelmed by the most beautiful man he had ever known. He reached up and pressed his palms against Mark's chest, feeling his hard, flexing pecks under his shirt. Mark's tight, thin white T-shirt showed every contour of his perfect physique, his broad shoulders, hard biceps and V-shaped torso.

Without slowing the rhythm of his fucking Mark gently grasped Jamie's wrists and pushed his hands away from his chest. Then leaning back a little he reached behind his own neck, grabbed the neck of his T-shirt and slowly, very slowly, pulled it upward. Jamie gasped as the shirt rose and he saw first the slim waist, then the ridges of Mark's eight-pack abs, then the perfect, square-cut pecs and finally the hard, round deltoids as the shirt came off and was tossed aside.

"Oh, man," he moaned, as he saw the magnificent naked torso moving slowly back and forth, and felt the cock of this spectacular man massage his ass. Jamie narrowed his eyes and saw a god-like vision. He pushed his hips forward, inviting the thick shaft even deeper inside him. He clenched his ass muscles around it and watched in awe as the handsome blonde face was thrown back in an ecstatic jolt of pleasure.

This was making love! Man and boy joined in a perfect union ..... the lithe young surfer being fucked by the muscular, shirtless cop. It went on and on and Jamie was flying. But finally he knew that his body could not hold out much longer ..... he could not hold back his release.

"Sir ..... you feel so perfect sir ..... I can't stop, sir ..... you're pushing it out of me ..... I have to, sir ..... " his words ended in a scream as he felt his body spasm. He saw Mark smile down at him and felt the cop's hot juice pour deep inside him. Jamie felt fire race up his legs into his groin and rise through his cock, ending in a spectacular eruption of white cream that shot high in the air and splashed onto the gleaming chest and face of the muscle-god fucking him. A second blast soaked his own face and body.

For long minutes the men gazed at each other as their bodies slowly came to rest, their heartbeats slowed and their breathing subsided. Then, his cock still inside the ass he owned, Mark fell forward onto Jamie, their naked chests sliding over each other on a creamy sea of cum. They kissed, softly, gently, building into a passionate embrace.

Finally Mark pulled his head back and he gazed into his boy's eyes. "Now you see, Jamie. You see how much I love you. We're perfect together. And here's my promise. No matter what happens tomorrow with Hassan or anyone else, you will always be my boy and I'll never leave you. Do you believe that now?"

"I do, sir. Thank you."

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The rest of the day drifted by in a timeless haze of pure pleasure. They sunned themselves by the pool, made love in their bungalow, then went back out to the pool. Somewhere in there they had lunch, and after they watched the sun go down they showered together and had dinner served in their room. They went to bed early, made love again, then slept, with Mark's strong arms wrapped around his boy.

They were holding each other almost as if it was their last night together, as if they were afraid of separation. And that was not surprising as they both knew that tomorrow would surely be a test of their love and maybe begin a new chapter in their lives.

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The next morning they had an early breakfast and Mark was much more businesslike. He knew what he had to do and wanted to get it over as soon as possible.

There was a knock on their door and Mark opened it and welcomed in two smiling men. They were older guys, still handsome, and clearly a couple of long standing, whom they had met by the pool the day before. They had enjoyed their company and Mark had cultivated them deliberately as potential friends for Jamie during his unavoidable absence."

"Hi, guys," said Joe, the older of the two. "Up early, I see, like us. Brady and I were wondering if you'd like to come jogging with us before the sun gets too hot."

“Thanks for the offer, guys,” Mark said, “but I have to go out and take care of some business for a few hours. But maybe Jamie .....

“Sure,” grinned Jamie. He liked the guys a lot, felt safe with them, somehow. And he would welcome their company during the tense hours he would spend while Mark was away. He needed to take his mind off Hassan.

“Think you can put up with a cheeky young punk like this for a while?” Mark smiled.

“Sure,” said Brady. “Be our pleasure ..... just as long as he runs slow enough for us to keep up with him. We’ve got a few more years on us than he does, after all.”

So it was arranged. As the two men left Mark said to them softly, “Take care of my boy, guys. He’s real precious to me. He’ll be with you in a minute.”

He turned back to hug Jamie. “OK, kid. I’ll be gone a couple of hours ..... make my peace with Hassan. You stay with Joe and Brady. Then I’ll come back to get you and take you out to meet Hassan in his house. And remember what I said last night. I meant every word.”

“OK, sir. I’ll be waiting for you.”

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“What the fuck am I doing?” Mark thought to himself as he drove, leaving the town behind and heading into the featureless sand and scrub of the open desert. He looked down at the clothes he was wearing, clothes he had put on instinctively, but now realized their significance ..... boots, beige cargo pants, brown T-shirt ..... similar to the uniform he had been wearing that day in a different desert when he had been captured and put in chains.

That day! Again vivid images crowded into his mind of the cell and the man who had inflicted so much pain. He recalled how Hassan had been sexually aroused by such a magnificent soldier chained to the wall. And as he tortured him Hassan had wanted to keep him forever, to own him. Mark heard again Hassan’s horrifying proposition ..... he remembered every word.

“Yes, Mark, I will tie you up, throw you in my truck and smuggle you out of this prison. It will be a long drive as I live far out in the desert. I live alone in a house that is so remote nobody can get away. They would never survive on foot. And you and I, my beautiful Mark, will live alone, pleasuring each other day after day. You will always be naked, and mostly you will be chained as you look so magnificent in chains. You will be ..... my English deserts me ..... ah yes, you will be my sex slave.”

Mark shuddered at the recollection. Thank God he had escaped in time. But then his memory flashed forward to Hassan’s voice on the phone a week earlier. “Mark, I rented a small place

out on the desert, beyond Indio, somewhere I can get away from Camp Pendleton on my days off.”

“The desert? Indio?” Mark had said. “That sounds remote.”

“It is. I chose it deliberately. We could talk there. Get things ..... sorted out.”

So once again Mark thought, “What the fuck am I doing? He wanted to take me to an isolated house in the desert, chain me, fuck me, torture me. And now here I am driving to another remote house in a different desert where the guy is waiting for me. The Arabian desert, the Mojave ..... what’s the difference? He still lusts for me.” He slammed his hands on the steering wheel. “And God dammit I still want him. That’s why I’m here now, driving God knows where. Like putting my head in a noose. I must be insane.”

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He drove for mile after mile, leaving all traces of civilization far behind. It was over half an hour before he saw the house. Hassan’s directions had been very precise, but what the hell was a house doing in this god-forsaken place? Must have been a ranger station in the distant past, and at least there was still a phone hookup as Mark had called to tell Hassan he was on his way.

He almost missed the sandy track off the road, it was so indistinct. Lucky his truck was a four-wheel drive as he was bumping over rough sand and scrub. As he approached the small, desolate house he saw a military jeep parked in back. So Hassan was here. “Of course he is,” Mark muttered ..... “waiting for me.”

He parked a short distance from the house and closed the truck door quietly. Why the hell was he being so stealthy? What did he expect? What was he afraid of? All he knew was that all his senses were on high alert. He half expected to be jumped from behind and dragged into the house.

But instead there was silence. What passed for the front door was as faded as the house, peeling paint blistered by the scorching sun. He paused, reluctant to knock. He pushed the door and it creaked open. Tentatively, cautiously, Mark walked into a small, sparsely furnished room. He saw through open doors a small kitchen and what must be the bedroom.

But there was no sound. Where the hell was he? Then he heard it, a low moan coming from ..... somewhere below? He went into the kitchen and saw another door, smaller than the others. It opened onto stairs ..... leading downward, obviously to a cellar. Every nerve in Mark’s body told him to leave this god-forsaken place, get the hell out fast, forget this whole insane idea ..... forget Hassan.

Forget him? He knew he could never do that. He had to go on, face whatever Hassan had in store for him. Slowly he descended the stairs ..... and stopped suddenly at the bottom. So that's where the moaning sound came from. Mark opened his eyes wide in disbelief. "Jesus Christ!"

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The cellar was large. Its high ceiling consisted of the structural beams of the house floor and three of the walls were bare brick. The whole space glowed red from the overhead lights, and, incongruously, the fourth wall was covered with floor-to-ceiling mirrors. And it was the reflection in that mirror that had Mark rooted to the spot.

It was the image of a man, a soldier, stripped to the waist, wearing military fatigue pants and heavy boots. In the stifling heat his muscular torso glistened with sweat as it flexed and strained ..... in bondage. The arms were stretched upward, chains running from wrist shackles up to a heavy beam high in the ceiling. The head hung forward and the man moaned almost as if he were in a trance.

Mark shuddered. The stunning tableau was almost a replica of his own captivity years ago, when he too had hung shirtless in chains. The image flashed vividly before his eyes and he again felt the pain and fear of that terrible time. But now there was a difference ..... the roles were reversed. This time his captor was the prisoner.

Mark walked across the soft-sand floor and faced the chained captive. He took a sharp intake of breath as he saw for the first time the heavy, black, braided bullwhip hanging loosely round the man's neck. Slowly the head began to rise and Mark found himself staring into the beautiful slanted eyes of the face he could never forget. Hassan!

His heart beating wildly Mark took a step back and gazed in awe. In all his many recollections of the man, he had forgotten just how spectacularly beautiful he was. His straight black hair hung over his high forehead. The olive skin set off the finely etched features, prominent cheekbones, full lips, a strong square jaw. And that body ..... the stunning physique a tribute to many hours honing it to perfection.

The shoulders and biceps bulged as they were stretched by the chains. The lats flared down to a slim waist, cinched by the belt of the fatigues, and the ridges of the eight-pack abs gleamed under the red lights. The chest, the magnificent chest, with its hard nipples, begged to be caressed.

Mark felt his cock grow rigid under his cargo pants. The man was stupendous, a true muscle-god. And he was in chains ..... with a whip round his neck. The dark brown eyes gleamed with a look that was, at the same time, plaintive, euphoric, and filled with carnal desire ..... an improbable mix of submission and triumph. A trace of a smile brushed his face, his lips parted, and he moaned one word ..... "Mark!" Then his face fell forward.

Mark move forward robotically, put his hand under Hassan's chin, lifted the face and pressed his lips against his mouth. They kissed hungrily for long, long seconds, until Mark snapped back to reality and pulled away. He stared into the dark eyes and asked softly, "Why, Hassan? Why?"

"Mark," Hassan breathed, and once again Mark heard that soft, accented, musical voice. "My Mark. My memory served me well ..... you truly have the beauty of a god." He paused, struggling to control himself, and resumed hesitantly. "It has to be this way, Mark. I ..... in all these years I never forgot you ..... or what I did to you. I have been racked with guilt. I chained you, whipped you, tortured you ..... a man I desired above all others ..... and I planned to have you as my prisoner forever. My shame haunts me, and now I must make amends."

"How?"

"By giving myself to you, Mark, for you to punish me as I did to you. It is why I have chained myself like this and waited for you. You must whip me, hurt me, as I once hurt you. I want you to look at my naked body ..... I know you admire it ..... and I want you to curl the whip around it with all your strength. It is the only way you will ever forgive me ..... the only way I can atone ..... the only way we can ever be friends. You have to do this for me. And you will do it ..... because your cock is hard for me right now. I know it is. As is mine for you."

Mark was breathing heavily, and Hassan was right. His cock was raging in his pants, already damp with pre-cum. His mind spun with the same conflicting blend of emotions he had felt long ago ..... a need to take revenge on a man he lusted for with every fiber of his being. But he didn't stop to think. This was not a time for logic or reason. It wasn't just that Hassan was begging to be tortured. Mark's body was on fire with the desire to do it.

Mark pulled his T-shirt over his head and Hassan gasped as he saw him for the first time stripped to the waist. He pulled the whip from around Hassan's neck and stepped back. The two men gazed at each, their eyes speaking far more eloquently than words ever could. It was a confrontation of two stunningly beautiful muscle-gods, alpha males, one a Nordic blonde the other dark-skinned Asian. And they were about to join in an erotic trial of strength, to resume the physical contest they had abandoned all those years ago. One was about to torture the other in an act of retribution.

And so it began. Riveted by the gleaming muscles of Hassan's naked torso Mark raised the whip, it whistled through the air, and he watched in awe as it curled round the chained man's back until the tip stung his gleaming chest. Hassan flinched in pain, but did not scream. Not yet. Instead the smile returned to his lips and he whispered, "Thank you, sir."

Again Mark's biceps flexed, again the whip coiled round the magnificent body ..... again and again. Mark moved from side to side, aiming each blow at a different angle of the naked torso as he watched Hassan's expression change from euphoria to agony. The tortured muscles

were soon striped with each lash of the whip. The superb body jerked and twisted against the chains, in a reflexive attempt to avoid the blows.

Mark was spellbound by the sight of this beautiful bodybuilder, stripped to the waist, being brutally lashed, his body writhing desperately, muscles gleaming with sweat under the red lights. And the erotic image served only to intensify Mark's desire to cause more pain. Hassan had wanted Mark to take revenge .... but this was not simply revenge. Mark was driven by raw lust ..... lust for this superb specimen of male perfection in helpless bondage. Mark had always admired beautiful men, and that's what drove him now, gave him added strength.

Mark too was pouring with sweat, streaming down his face and over his body, muscles bulging now from the extreme physical effort. By this time Hassan had endured long minutes under the lash and tears were running down his face. No more the stoical macho gaze. Now his face was twisting from side to side, black hair flying ..... and he was screaming. His piercing cries echoed round the basement walls ..... and both men knew that in this desolate, lonely place there was no one to hear but themselves.

But despite his agony Hassan did not beg ..... did not plead for release. As he saw the shirtless blonde muscle-god raining blow after blow down on him, he begged for more. "Thank you, sir," he screamed. "Punish me, sir. Rip my body. Whip me harder. Make me suffer, as you suffered."

There was a sudden momentary respite as Mark moved forward, unbuckled Hassan's belt, ripped open his pants so they felt round his feet. He was naked underneath and his huge, dark cock sprang out rigid as a pole.

The punishment resumed as the whip lashed Hassan's magnificent chest, slashing across the pecs as they flexed desperately to absorb the blows. Then came the ass. Mark was behind him now and he gasped as he saw the white mounds of Hassan's perfect ass. He had an almost demonic look in his eyes as he raised the whip and slammed it across the ass, riveted by the sight of the globes bouncing under the fury of the lash.

The ass twisted and flexed, trying desperately to lessen the agony of the cutting whip, but soon it was ablaze, criss-crossed by savage red stripes. Mark moved round to face Hassan again and gazed at his cock, standing straight out like a long, thick rod. That was his next target. With careful aim he curled the whip round the cock. It wound mercilessly around the shaft, then Mark yanked it back and it spun off causing agonizing pain.

That was it. That was the breaking point. Again Mark coiled the whip round the shuddering cock and again it pulled off, unwinding in a shattering burst of pain. Their eyes met in an intense union of torturer and victim. "This is it, Hassan," Mark breathed. "Show me, man. Show me why you came back."



One last time the whip curled round the cock and spun off. The huge shaft shuddered and Hassan threw his head back and screamed in pain and ecstasy, "I love you, Mark. I love you!" A huge plume of white semen blasted from his cock, rising high in the air and splashing on Mark's face and chest. Mark didn't flinch. He waited, and a second stream of warm juice poured over him ..... the ultimate offering of abject submission by the man chained before his master.

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Mark stopped. He stood motionless feeling Hassan's juice flowing down his face. He felt his pants soaked with his own spontaneous orgasm that had exploded as he watched Hassan suffer.

And then suddenly everything changed. It was as if a bright light flashed on, as if reality, reason, flooded back into Mark's mind ..... the calm, logical mind of a cop. He stared at the naked man hanging in chains and was horrified by the vicious red stripes covering every inch of the muscular body. The man was a shattered wreck ..... and Mark had caused it. He had lost all self-control and had brutally whipped the man whose glorious body and face had haunted him all these years.

He was appalled by what he had done. He, who avoided violence at all costs, had perpetrated an extreme act of violence against this helpless, chained man. His eyes opened wide and he screamed, "NO!" He staggered forward and folded the man in his arms, caressing the bruised flesh, kissing the face in a frenzy of atonement. He was whimpering. "Oh god, what have I done to you, man. This is not how it should be."

"It is," Hassan moaned. "I am the guilty one. It is I who tortured your perfect body all those years ago."

"But that was war," Mark pleaded. "You were carrying out orders. But the war is over. We are civilized now. Man, you are spectacular, I desire you, lust for you. I should have made love to you, not tortured you."

His voice trailed off and Hassan managed a weak smile. "Then show me Mark. Now you have ravaged my body, heal it. Do to me what I have dreamed of all this time, what has been the cause of many solitary orgasms over the years as I masturbated thinking of you. Please Mark. Do it now."

Mark looked into his eyes and smiled. He moved behind him, ripped open his pants and pressed his groin against the tender, burning ass. Instantly his cock grew hard again. He pushed the tip against the hole, wrapped his arms round Hassan's naked chest and looked over his shoulder into the mirror at the incredible image of the chained muscle god.

“Here it is then, man. This is what you dreamed of.” He pushed his hips forward and felt the head of his cock enter the burning ass. He heard Hassan moan in ecstasy, felt the ass push back against him, inviting his cock to pierce deep inside him. It was an iconic image that fantasies are made of ..... two spectacular muscle-gods joined in an act of love and lust that had been years in the making. Their bodies rocked together in perfect harmony as the shaft of one man pistoned deep inside the body of the other.

They were on fire. Hassan clenched the muscles of his ass round the hard rod piercing him and gloried in the effect on Mark’s shuddering body. Mark lowered his hands and wrapped them round Hassan’s cock that was dripping with pre-cum. It didn’t have to take long ..... it couldn’t take long, the sensation was so intensely erotic. They were united, joined in a crucible of pain and torture, in the ultimate trial of strength. Mark gazed at Hassan’s exotic face in the mirror and said softly, “Now it’s time, man. This is why you returned, and this is why I came here to you. It’s this .....

He felt his cock pulse deep inside the ass of this stunning man and he moaned as his cock erupted for the second time. In his clenched hands he felt Hassan’s cock shudder and once again explode with a stream of cum that splashed down onto the floor and was absorbed by the warm sand at his feet.

Mark reached up and unbuckled the shackles. Hassan’s body slumped limply into his arms and together they sank to their knees in the sand. In a few seconds they were lying together, holding each other, rolling in the hot sand as body pressed against body in a physical manifestation of the intense intimacy they felt ..... a passion forged in acts of retribution, submission, and raw masculine lust.

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Half an hour later they stepped out of the rudimentary shower in the spartan bathroom. They towed off, pulled on their pants and sat at the kitchen table, staring at each other wordlessly. They were at a loss how to proceed now after the intensity of their reunion. Their unease was resolved by Hassan making the simplest of offerings. “Beer?”

The mere companionable act of drinking helped them to relax, and Mark raised the subject that had been on his mind since the moment his thoughts had cleared as they lay together in the sand. “I have a boy, Hassan.”

“Yes I know. Bob told me. He must be a very special boy to have been chosen by a man such as you.”

“He is, very special ..... and I love him. If you and I are to be friends you have to meet him. I brought him with me. He is in Palm Springs now waiting for me to go to him and bring him here.”

“Does he know about me?”

“He knows everything. At first he saw you as a threat, but then I calmed him down by demonstrating to him just how much I loved him.”

Hassan smiled. “I bet you did. I would like to have seen that.”

“Yeah,” Mark grinned. “It was..... it was wonderful. So now I have to leave you. I’ll be gone a little more than an hour and I’ll bring him to meet you. He’s looking forward to it.”

“So am I,” Hassan said. “Very much.”

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Jamie was edgy, full of nervous excitement as he sat next to Mark in the truck and watched the city slip away, to be replaced first by scrub and then by endless, empty expanses of sand. He spoke as much to calm his nerves as to seek information.

“Did you ..... er ..... did you settle things with Hassan, sir, if you don’t mind me asking.”

“I don’t mind, Jamie. I want you to know everything. And yes, we did. Hassan had been carrying guilt all these years, a burden of shame for what he had done to me, and the only way he could atone, to make things right between us, was for me to punish him ..... physically. He had chained himself up and I whipped him, savagely ..... his back, his chest, his ass and finally his cock, until he shot a huge load of cum.

“Then it was my turn to feel ashamed. I wasn’t proud of what I had done so I did what he pleaded for next. I fucked him ..... and it felt wonderful. But my next thought was for you. Hassan and I have a strong attraction for each other, you have to know that, but I want you to be part of our friendship. You are my number one boy and always will be. And if you find it too difficult, if you dislike Hassan, I will leave him and never see him again.”

“Oh no, sir. That mustn’t happen. If you like Hassan, admire him, then so shall I. Just so long as you love me I don’t care how ..... well ..... how hot you find him.”

Mark laughed. “Well, he is hot, as you say. Extremely. You’ll see for yourself. Look, over there in the distance ..... in the sand dunes. That’s the house.”

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When they went into the house Hassan was not there. They walked through the main room into the kitchen, where the door leading out to the back yard was open. They went outside and saw the back of a man bending over what looked like an ancient barbecue. Jamie gasped as he saw the broad, naked back, striped with the angry red welts of the whip.

As he heard them Hassan stood up straight, turned to face them and flashed a gleaming smile. Jamie's knees went weak and he grabbed Mark's arm. He had not expected this. He had expected a handsome man, but assumed that Darius had exaggerated as usual. But he had expected nothing like this. The exotic face, the spectacular body, stripped down to loose fatigues, barefoot, shirtless. He was pornographically beautiful.

"Hey, you must be Jamie," Hassan said and held out his hand. Jamie grasped it and could have sworn that a jolt of electricity shot through him. He was stunned into silence and looked away, as if he had been blinded by looking straight into the sun. His eyes adjusted and he stared back at Hassan and felt his cock grow stiff in his shorts. He could think of nothing to say except, "Hello, sir."

Hassan smiled at him. Well, he thought, Mark deserves nothing but the best and he's found it. This boy is gorgeous, in his surfer shorts and loose blue tank top. A blonde surfer type, an icon of Southern California youth, tanned, beautiful body and a wide-eyed innocent look that would melt ice. Hassan's cock too was hard as iron.

Mark smiled. He sensed their admiration for each other, though he was unaware of their raging hard-ons. "Well, you two seemed to have hit it off. Guess I don't have to worry about you liking each other. That's a relief. How about a beer?"

At the table Mark and Hassan now felt liberated and chatted amiably, all the heavy action behind them and Jamie sitting between them. Jamie was mostly silent, though he and Hassan exchanged glances and smiles while the men talked. Finally Mark stood up and said, "Was that a barbecue I saw you tinkering with outside?"

"Yeah," said Hassan, "but it's an antique. Hasn't been used for years. Not sure it still works. And I don't have much in the way of supplies out here either."

They went outside and Jamie, becoming more confident, said, "I could make this work, sir. Piece of cake. I used to have one like this when I was a kid. Just needs fixing up, a good clean, then some charcoal .... and meat, of course," he grinned.

"That's it, then," said Mark. "Barbecued steak it is. Why don't you get the barbecue into shape, kid, and I'll take a run into Palm Springs and get supplies ..... charcoal, three steaks and all the trimmings. Give you two a chance to get to know each other a bit. Shouldn't take me much more than an hour there and back ..... and then we eat like kings. OK?"

"Fine with me," said Hassan.

Jamie too was enthusiastic, eager to play a part in pulling the meal together. "Won't take me long to spruce up that old contraption out there, sir. It'll be all ready by the time you get back."

“That’s my boy,” smiled Mark and ruffled his hair. “You take care of the barbecue, and you Hassan, take care of my boy, OK? He’s real precious.”

He hugged Jamie and looked earnestly into his eyes. “You OK with this, kid? I’ll be right back. Hassan’s a good guy. You’ll be safe with him.”

“I’ll be fine, sir. Don’t worry about me. I’m having a great time.”

Mark leapt into his truck and took off. Jamie watched the truck disappearing across the desert and turned back into the house. Suddenly alone with Hassan he felt a bit intimidated, but elated just the same. He really was one of the hottest men he had ever seen. He and Mark were such different types ..... the one a blonde god and the other an exotic, dark Asian ..... that there was no comparison, no competition. But Hassan really was a knock-out.

Jamie took a deep breath and got to work. He leaned over the barbecue and began scraping away at the grime. Hassan came up behind him and said, “Hey, Jamie, you’re gonna get filthy like that. You’ll really mess up those neat surfer shorts you’re wearing. Come inside and I’ll find you something old of mine that you can wear and not worry about getting dirty.”

In the bedroom Hassan rummaged in a drawer and pulled out an old pair of shorts that were already grimy and threadbare from wear. “Here, kid, put these on.”

“OK, sir,” Jamie grinned. If he felt just a little nervous about being alone, changing clothes in the bedroom of this hot, muscular man, he didn’t really notice. There was something about Hassan’s easy-going nature that made him feel comfortable. He knew they were going to be friends .... and anyway, Mark liked and trusted him. So everything was fine.

Jamie pulled off his T-shirt, dropped his shorts and bent down to pick up the shorts Hassan had thrown onto the bed. Hassan watched as Jamie undressed and he gasped as he saw the beautiful, young, tanned body, naked now ..... the perfection of youth. His gazed fixed on the tan line at his waist, setting off the rounded white globes of his stunning young ass.

Holding the shorts Jamie turned round and smiled at Hassan. Their eyes locked, they took a deep breath, and the smiles faded. All other thoughts went from their head as they gazed at pure male beauty ..... the spectacular dark muscle-stud and the youthful blonde surfer. Their cocks were rock hard.

Hassan said softly, “Don’t put the shorts on yet, Jamie. Come here.....”

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