

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 11

Chapter 102 – Jamie & Hassan

Without averting his gaze from Hassan's hypnotic, slanted brown eyes Jamie walked toward him. Hassan took the boy's hands lightly in his and again they felt that same jolt of electricity as when they first met. Hassan smiled. "You are such a beautiful young man, Jamie. Mark has chosen well." He pulled Jamie's hands up and placed them on his rock-hard pecs. "Do you like me, Jamie?"

Jamie ran his hands over Hassan's chest. "You you're very beautiful, sir. I like you a lot."

"So I see," Hassan grinned, looking down at Jamie's rigid cock standing at attention. He stared penetratingly into the boy's eyes, and it was at that moment that they both knew what would happen. It had to it was unavoidable. But Hassan's next move surprised Jamie.

The soldier fell to his knees, held Jamie's cock between his fingers, then lowered his face onto it. Jamie felt his cock slide gently into Hassan's mouth until it came to rest deep down his throat. The dark eyes looked up at him and Jamie gasped as he saw his cock buried in the stunningly handsome face, saw and felt the full lips pressing against his blonde pubic hair. He could not believe that this muscle-stud was on his knees, couldn't believe that this glorious face was actually sucking his cock.

He saw the head move back, felt the mouth sliding over the tender membrane of his cock. For a second the mouth came free, then instantly plunged back down, making Jamie shudder and moan in ecstasy. His gaze was riveted on the face pistoning back and forth, tears welling in Hassan's eyes, sweat trickling down his cheeks, thick black hair flying. As Hassan grasped Jamie's waist tightly, pulling it toward him, Jamie saw the biceps and broad shoulders flexing, still striped with the lashes of Mark's whip.

The sight was mesmerizing and the sensation in his cock was electrifying. It was on fire, as the muscle-stud worked on him. Jamie's heart was pounding, his body pulsing, his breathing ragged as Hassan brought him toward an explosive climax. Jamie had no choice. He felt the blood gorge his cock, felt his juice surging through it until it exploded in Hassan's mouth and Jamie's screams echoed round the small room. He felt the throat muscles clench round his cock as Hassan swallowed mouthfuls of the warm, sweet liquid of youth.

A few seconds later Jamie had fallen on his back onto the bed and Hassan was towering over him. There was silence as they gazed at each other in awe.

In the aftermath of his orgasm, now was the time Jamie's thoughts would, rationally, fly to Mark and he would be overcome by guilt. But that didn't happen. In a way he did think of Mark..... but only deep down in his subconscious. And it was not so much rational as a vague kind of rationalization. He was floating in an unreal world, still mesmerized by the sight, the presence of the spectacular Hassan, and his exhilaration suppressed any real concern about Mark.

Somewhere deep down he was dimly aware that Mark and Hassan excited each other, they were friends now, and that made it OK for Jamie to get close to Hassan. After all, he was Mark's boy and Mark had said he wanted the two men to get to know each other, hadn't he?

Hassan too was running on pure lust and carnal desire. He too had submerged thoughts about Mark, but he felt an intimacy with Mark that, in a way, excused, even encouraged, his attraction to Jamie. There may even have been a residual rivalry between the two alpha males, where one wanted to sample the prized possession of the other.

But all of this was instinctive and irrational, not the product of conscious, logical reasoning. All reason had evaporated as the two men gazed at each other, their breathing and heart-beats subsiding. They both knew beyond any doubt what had to come next. Jamie was spellbound as he watched Hassan kick off his boots, drop his fatigue pants and stand naked over him, his huge dark cock standing out stiff from his black pubic hair.

Any thought of resistance was fleeting and dissolved instantly, such was the magnetic power radiating from Hassan. Jamie wanted this man, wanted to be possessed by him. As if in a trance he pulled his feet toward his ass on the bed, gripped behind his knees and pulled his legs upward, offering his ass. There was a half-smile on Hassan's face as he knelt on the end of the bed, grasped Jamie's ankles and pushed his legs high.

Jamie heard his low, musical voice. "You want this, Jamie?"

"Yes, sir. I want to feel your cock in my ass."

No more words. Hassan eased himself forward and pressed the tip of his cock against Jamie's burning hole. He increased the pressure until Jamie gasped as he felt the thick, smooth cock glide inside him, tenderly, steadily until it came to rest at the back of his ass. Their eyes were locked and the world disappeared. Hassan pulled slowly back, then pushed forward again, penetrating even deeper into the boy's ass.

And so began one of the most prolonged and timeless fuckings of the young man's life. It was as if the rest of the room faded to black and all he could see was the superb naked bodybuilder rocking back and forth over him. All he could feel was the huge shaft piercing his ass and setting his body on fire. He saw the slanted eyes smile and he heard the voice again.

“You have the sweetest ass I have ever felt, Jamie. And you are the most beautiful boy I have been with your exquisite young face, blonde hair, and the perfect proportions of your body. I am going to fuck you for a long, long time.”

And he did. The rhythm was gentle but inexorable. It wouldn't stop, couldn't stop, they both hungered for it so much. Jamie was in a trance. He pushed his ass up against Hassan and loved the feel of the wiry damp pubic hair pressing against his flesh. He squeezed the muscles of his ass round the piston inside him and watched as the exotic eyes opened wide in ecstasy. He didn't know how long this had lasted when the sensation became too intense and he felt his body shudder as he blasted a long stream of cum over his own naked body.

But nothing else changed. The rhythm was unbroken as Hassan continued to fuck Jamie despite the boy's orgasm. Hassan had recently shot his load twice with Mark, and now Jamie had cum, so the pent-up tension had been released and they could both indulge their physical desires without the imperative of instant orgasm. And so the fucking continued, in every way, every position Jamie on his back, on his side, on his knees, aware only of the exquisite sensation in his ass and the spectacular man using him.

It was on his knees that he came a second time, flooding the sheet with a pool of creamy liquid. And still the cock kept pounding. All sense of time was lost. They were both floating in a hypnotic world of pure carnal pleasure, their bodies united by their mutually intense hunger for each other. They did not know it at the time but an hour had passed, an hour of uninterrupted fucking, when they both felt the final climax approach.

Jamie was on his back in a delirium of joy, gazing up at Hassan's beautiful face, now gleaming with sweat. He ran his hands over Hassan's magnificent chest, and all the boy's senses were alive as he touched the flesh, smelt him, tasted the man's sweat as it dripped down onto his face. Their eyes were locked and both knew that the time had come.

They uttered no sound, though their bodies shuddered violently. Jamie stopped breathing as he felt the rod inside him pulse, impale him one last time and pour hot juice deep inside him. He was almost unaware of his own orgasm until he felt his own warm, sticky juice flow over him for the third time.

They stared at each other for long minutes. It had been a marathon fuck, as the magnificent stud soldier had overwhelmed the eager young surfer with the force of his powerful sexual magnetism.

They were drained, physically, sexually, emotionally beyond speech or rational thought. Hassan fell forward and locked his arms round the boy, his cock still buried in his ass. And instantly they fell into the deep sleep of total exhaustion.

Mark was in a great mood as he drove across the desert. His trip into Palm Springs had taken longer than he expected and he knew the guys would be starving by now. But he had two bulging bags of food and supplies beside him, including three thick steaks, and he pictured Jamie beside the cleaned-up barbecue, no doubt sipping beer with Hassan. He was glad that Jamie was a part of this. Mark had started out the day with anxiety and misgivings, but everything was coming right after all. Impatiently he sped up as the truck bounced over the scorching sand.

When he unloaded the bags from the truck he walked directly round to the back of the house. But there was no one there and he frowned as he looked at the still-rusty barbecue grill. His flesh started to tingle as he walked through the kitchen door, into the main room, then pushed open the bedroom door.

It was as if he were struck by lightning. On the bed the two men were lying naked, fast asleep. Jamie was on his side, a slight smile on his face, and Hassan was pressed against his back, arms wrapped tightly round him. It was clear that his cock was buried in the boy's ass. And the room was redolent of sex, reeking with the smell of sweat and fresh semen. The sheets were soaked with pools of cum, and clothes lay scattered over the floor.

Mark stood rigid with shock and, like a man experiencing trauma, his mind shut down. He dropped the bags of food on the floor, turned and walked out of the house. In a daze he got into the truck, groped for his keys and, with a roar of the engine, sped away across the desert.

Maybe it was the sound of the engine that made Jamie stir, but slowly his mind cleared and he struggled back to consciousness. The first sense to come alive was his sense of smell, the smell of semen on the sheets around him. Then the sense of touch as he felt the strong arms holding him. Finally all his senses came together and he remembered. He remembered everything all at once in a blinding light. The sex, his cock being sucked, offering his ass to Hassan and the endless, tumultuous, spectacular fuck.

And now, at last, his mind flew to Mark, with a clarity that was as vivid as the slash of a knife. Mark! Suddenly he was drowning in guilt. What had he done? Why, why had he betrayed his master like this, the man he worshipped, lived for?

He panicked, and his first instinct was to get cleaned up. He would clean away all traces of what had happened, he would shower and then confront Mark as soon as he came in. He would confess everything and explain explain what? Oh, God, he knew that Mark would never forgive him. But maybe if he cleaned up the room and fixed the barbecue

Then he froze. He saw the grocery bags on the floor, and the terrible truth slammed him. Mark had already come back, had come into the room and seen them seen Jamie in

Hassan's arms, with his cock in his ass. His heart missed a beat as he imagined the appalling scene.

Now his panic overwhelmed him. He eased himself out of Hassan's arms, desperately afraid of waking him. He got off the bed, staggered through the door and out to where he prayed he would see the truck. But it was gone. There was nothing but a plume of dust on the distant horizon where Mark was disappearing out of sight and out of his life.

"NO," Jamie yelled and lurched blindly forward. Rational thought deserted him. He just knew he had to find Mark, had to explain, had to beg for mercy. He knew he would no longer be his boy but, he moaned to himself, "I just want to see him just to say.... I'm sorry" and tears streamed down his face as he staggered through the hot sand.

He ran mindlessly. He had left the room without thinking about clothes, so he was naked under the scorching sun. The hot sand burned his feet but he felt nothing, just overwhelming shame and abject misery as he stumbled forward. He had no sense of direction. When he finally looked around all he saw was featureless, unforgiving desert under the merciless sun. He would have returned to the house but he had come so far it was no longer in sight. But he was frantic to find Mark so he staggered onward, in a daze, blinded by panic, propelled by desperation.

Jamie's naked body was pouring with sweat as he ran on and on mindlessly, his heart beating wildly. But everything looked the same there were no trails or landmarks, just scorching sand stretching to the horizon. He had tried to run in a straight line but after what seemed like an eternity he looked down and saw what had to be his own tracks. Fear seized him as he realized he had been running in a circle. He sank to his knees and fell onto the sand, knowing he was hopelessly lost in the vast expanse of this implacable landscape.

Hassan had slept long and deep, having endured first the exhaustion of his beating by Mark, then the euphoria of his sex with Jamie. So he had not stirred even when the truck came and left, even when Jamie had pulled himself out of his arms and off the bed. But now he was wide awake, and his overwhelming sensation was fury, fury at himself.

He had fucked everything up, he thought. He who had asked Mark to make him atone for his past misdeeds, had endured a brutal whipping, and thereby healed the wounds that had existed for years between him and the blonde god he worshipped. But after that he had been alone with Jamie and had lost all sense of restraint and correctness. And now they were both gone. Hassan had seen the bags on the floor and guessed that Mark had returned, scooped up his boy and carried him away with him.

Whatever punishment Mark gave his boy, Hassan knew that he would not easily condone what had happened. He resolved to let the dust settle and, in a few days, contact Mark and throw

himself once more on his mercy. He sighed deeply, picked up the grocery bags and put away the food. The meal was aborted, the celebration cancelled.

Mark was starting to think again. The darkness that had descended on him was lifting as he drove robotically back to Palm Springs. But he was still dazed by the intense emotions that sped through his mind rage at Hassan, supreme disappointment in his boy, the sadness of loss, of newfound joy obliterated, and above all total confusion at what to do next. This was a man, a tough cop, who could take charge of any situation, no matter how extreme. But now he was drowning.

Needing a lifeline he found himself thinking of Bob. "Oh God," he murmured. "You would know what to do, man. You always do. You could tell me where I go from here. I need you, buddy."

He longed for him, searched for Bob's voice. And then he heard it as clearly as if Bob were sitting next to him. He remembered their last conversation when they had discussed Mark's upcoming meeting with Hassan. "You'll work through this, Mark," Bob had said. "I know you will. You're tough and you're honest."

"Is that all you've got for me, buddy?" Mark had asked. "No words of advice?"

Bob shrugged. "Just one, maybe. Take care of Jamie."

Take care of Jamie! Jesus, the man's intuition was incredible. His one piece of advice through all this "Take care of Jamie!" Of course he must. Of course! His own words now came back to him when he had reassured Jamie. "Here's my promise, Jamie. 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?"

And Jamie had believed it. 'So what the fuck am I doing here?' Mark thought 'running away, deserting my boy.' He damned himself for being a fool and a coward, so involved in his own grief and despair that he had walked out on the boy he promised to love and protect always. Who the hell cares what he had done with Hassan with anyone? Jamie was his boy, he loved him, and the boy must be hurting bad right now, regretting what he had done.

With a screech of tires in scrub Mark yanked the truck around and floored it, speeding back over the desert toward the house.

Hassan looked up with alarm and surprise as Mark strode into the house. He ignored Hassan and went out back. He looked into the bedroom but there was no sign of Jamie. In the kitchen he yanked at the cellar door. Locked! He glared at Hassan.

"I've come for my boy. Where is he locked in your cellar chained up waiting for you to work him over?"

Hassan took a step back as if physically struck, shocked by the fury in Mark's face and voice. "He's not here, man." Mark came toward him and Hassan put up his hands to defend himself. "I swear it, Mark. He's not here. I thought he was with you. When I woke up he was gone. I saw the grocery bags and assumed you had come back and taken him away. I swear, man that's the truth."

"Then where the fuck is he?"

The horrific truth hit them both simultaneously. "Jesus," Hassan said, "he must have gone looking for you. He saw the bags, realized you had come back and he's gone looking for you out into the desert." He looked down at the bedroom floor. "And all his clothes are still here. He's naked out in this sun."

Mark howled like a wounded animal and turned to rush through the door. But Hassan restrained him. "Wait, Mark. We'll go together in the jeep. It's built for desert terrain and I know the area better than you. Here " He reached up to a cupboard and pulled out a first-aid kit he kept there. Then he grabbed several bottles of water and together they sprinted for the jeep.

In seconds the open jeep was travelling slowly through the desert. Sitting tensely side by side, any thoughts of animosity or revenge were buried deep as both men focused intently on their vital mission to find Jamie. The afternoon sun was high in the sky and brutal. They both knew that a naked man exposed to this heat for too long without water had little chance.

Hassan tried to be reassuring. "Don't worry, Mark. I've spent most of my life in desert terrain. I know it and its moods well, and in the military I was trained for search and rescue in the desert. Here" He opened the glove box and pulled out a pair of binoculars. "Keep these glued to your eyes while I concentrate on the ground. Fortunately there's no wind today so any tracks will not be blown away."

Despite all his anguish and whirling emotions Mark found reassurance in Hassan's deep, calm voice. In this desolate place Hassan was the best man to have, and he was grateful he was with him. With one hand on the wheel Hassan leaned over the door and focused intently on the sand.

"There," he said suddenly. "See those indentations? They have to be the tracks of a man couldn't be anything else. Too big for any animal that might be out here. Keep your eyes

peeled while I try to follow them. Slowly, agonizingly the jeep moved forward as Hassan followed the tracks and Mark desperately scanned the landscape for signs of Jamie. But they both knew the odds were against them.

They drove in silence, and mercifully the intensity of their search precluded all else, suppressing any feelings of guilt on the one hand and vengeance on the other. The only sound was the hum of the jeep and the crunch of tires in the sand. The sun beat down on them and their T-shirts were drenched with sweat, clinging to their bodies. Suddenly the jeep stopped and Hassan leapt out.

“Shit,” he said. “Look here. The tracks cross. He’s walked in a circle. He looked up and scanned the empty waste. “Hopefully he decided to rest when he realized he was lost. My hunch is he’s not far from here. Look, the tracks go in two directions but we don’t know which are incoming and which outgoing. Better if we split up and take one each. You keep the binoculars, and take some water. I’m gonna head for that outcropping of rocks in the distance.”

He looked up and for the first time gazed straight into Mark’s eyes. “Good luck, man.”

“Yeah, you too.” Mark paused for a second. “Thanks, Hassan.”

Jamie huddled against a rock, trying desperately to find a sliver of shade. He was motionless, totally exhausted. He knew that he couldn’t move his body another inch, his limbs were so weak. Maybe if he slept a while he would have enough strength to continue.

He drifted into a state of semi-consciousness for how long he didn’t know. Then he was woken by a sound that made his flesh crawl a dry rattle. He opened his eyes and saw a large rattle-snake about fifteen feet away moving slowly toward him in the sand. Terrorized as he was he realized that rocks in the middle of the desert were bound to harbor snakes.

But he couldn’t move. His limbs were limp from physical exhaustion and stark terror. It was like a nightmare he had sometimes where he was trying to escape from danger but his limbs were so heavy they wouldn’t move. He was living his nightmare, mesmerized by the snake winding its body ever closer. He was about to scream when suddenly a hand flashed down, strong fingers grabbed the snake right behind its head, and an arm flung it high in the air.

Jamie watched it curling against the blue sky like a thick length of rope, then falling to the sand at a safe distance and slithering away. In a trance he looked up and found himself staring into a face he had gazed at adoringly only hours before. Hassan.

Jamie whimpered like a lost dog that had just found its home. Hassan dropped to his knees beside him and unhooked a bottle of water from his belt. “Drink,” he said. “It’s OK, Jamie, you’re safe now.” He held the bottle to Jamie’s mouth and the boy took great gulps of water

into his parched throat. He finally pulled his mouth away and stared dazedly at his rescuer. His voice croaked weakly, "Mark"

"It's OK, kid. He's close by. He's been looking for you."

"He came"? But suddenly all the terror and fatigue overwhelmed him, his head dropped and he lapsed again into semi-consciousness. Hassan pushed his arms under him in the sand, flexed his muscles and with a huge effort pulled himself to his feet, with Jamie limp in his arms. And so began the trek back. Jamie was heavy, but Hassan didn't feel the weight as he strode through the sand, retracing his own tracks. He narrowed his eyes in the bright sun and eventually glimpsed Mark in the distance.

When he was close enough he shouted at the top of his voice, "Mark!" He saw the head raise, and the figure start running toward him. As he came close Mark stared in alarm at the limp body in Hassan's arms. He looked searchingly into Hassan's eyes. Hassan stretched his arms forward with Jamie draped over them.

"Here's your boy, Mark." It was like a ritual offering, giving back something he had no right to possess, restoring it to the rightful owner. "He's gonna be fine."

Mark eyes filled with tears of relief and gratitude. All he knew right now was that this man had saved his boy. He took the offering in his arms and looked down at the face, still beautiful despite the sand and sweat covering it. The eyes flickered open and Jamie looked up at the face of the man holding him, an indistinct silhouette with the glare of the sun behind it. Unable to focus at first, Jamie wept when he finally realized it was Mark. He opened his mouth and murmured softly, "I'm sorry, sir" Then his head fell limp.

A short time later Jamie was in bed. Hassan had known exactly what to do, familiar as he was with exposure and dehydration. He had made Jamie drink water, and even eat a little soft food. He had sponged off the worst of the damp sand and covered the young body with several layers of blanket. Mark sat by Jamie gazing at his sleeping face, the face of the boy he loved and had almost lost.

"Let him sleep," Hassan said gently. "Leave him, he'll be fine now. He's young he'll recover quickly."

They went outside and Hassan brought out a six-pack of beer. They sat at an old wooden table, sipping their beer in silence. Once again Mark's thoughts were conflicted. Hassan had no doubt saved Jamie's life. His persistence and knowledge of the desert had driven him to do what Mark could not have done. And yet wasn't this the same man who had caused all this, who had made love to Jamie and caused the guilt-ridden boy to panic and run into danger.

Hassan too was conflicted. He knew that what he had done was inexcusable, but above all he did not want to lose Mark or Jamie for that matter so soon after he had found them. He stared at the table, unable to make eye contact.

To relieve the stress that had built up in them they drank several beers, which not only relieved their anxiety, but also released their inhibitions. Mark's feelings were now skewing from relief to anger as he remembered the graphic scene in the bedroom.

"How could you do that?" he growled suddenly. He looked at Hassan's bowed head. "Look at me, goddammit, and tell me why your raped my boy?"

That word made Hassan's head jerk up and he looked angrily at Mark. "Now get this straight, buddy. This was no rape. He lusted for me as much as I for him. Jamie didn't resist in fact he gave himself to me. He lay on the bed, pulled up his legs and offered his ass to me."

"That's a lie," snarled Mark, his voice getting louder. "My boy would never give himself to a man like you."

"Ask him, then. What you think you're the only beautiful man in the world? Maybe we should have checked with you first, but you weren't there, and when he saw me standing naked over him he saw a magnificent hot stud and said, 'I want to feel your cock in my ass, sir.' Just like that."

"NO!" The image was too much for Mark and he lost control. He lunged for Hassan and in an instant they were in the sand, rolling over and over, limbs locked together, muscles straining for supremacy. Mark pinned Hassan on his back, kneeling on his arms, and pounded his fists into the slabs of his chest. But Hassan was strong and managed to pull his right arm free. He smashed his fist across Mark's face and sent him reeling, crashing on his back. Hassan threw himself on top of him and they began trading blow for blow, with increasing ferocity.

The cop and the soldier, both skilled in combat, fought ferociously. The tension had been building steadilybeginning years ago in a far-off land, continuing through their years apart, and now today, with Hassan enduring a whipping, then fucking Mark's boy. And now at last all the pent up pressure exploded and found expression in their fists. The implicit rivalry in two magnificent alpha males flared up and they fought like two wild stallions.

They were evenly matched and the fight intensified. So enraged were they, so intent on inflicting pain on each other, that they didn't even hear the shout. "Stop it!"

Jamie had been woken by the sounds of battle and got up from the bed. He had mostly recovered from his ordeal and felt stronger, but now he stared in horror at the brutal fight. But they ignored him, couldn't hear him, so he knelt in the sand beside their churning bodies and made a futile attempt to drag them apart. Suddenly a flailing fist flew outward and struck Jamie in the face. He howled, staggered to his feet, and then fell backward in the sand.

The men heard the noise and, in the midst of their fight, glimpsed Jamie double over on the ground. They acted simultaneously, broke apart and screamed "No!" as they rushed over to him, kneeling beside him.

"Jamie, Jamie," Mark said desperately. "Here," Hassan said and cradled Jamie's head in the crook of his arm. Mark dabbed at his face, feeling for blood or injury, relieved to find that there was no real damage the blow must have glanced off him harmlessly. Jamie had regained his breath and suddenly opened his eyes. Pushing them both off him he staggered to his feet and glared down at them, feeling stronger now and confident.

"All this is my fault," he said. "You guys were doing fine until I showed up and screwed everything up by giving my body to Hassan. I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't be with you guys. You're fine without me. Sir, I want you to take me back to the city and I'll get out of your lives for good."

Now it was Hassan who sprang to his feet and spoke more calmly. "No," he said. "The fault is mine. What you two have is something rare and special magical even. You love each other deeply, that's very clear, and I have come between you. It's I who will leave, so you can get your lives back together and be happy as you were before." He turned to leave but Mark lunged after him and spun him round to face him.

Mark paused to get control of his breathing, get control of himself. For the first time in hours he was thinking clearly, rationally. He was a cop, a commanding figure, and it was the voice of authority that spoke now to both of them."

"I want you to stop blaming yourselves. If anyone's to blame it's me. I brought you both together and should have foreseen what would inevitably happen when I did. So I can't blame either of you.

"Jamie, a long time ago I tried to convince you that you were my boy and always would be. I branded you, and told you that I would love and protect you always, no matter what happened to us. But for a while today I failed in my duty to you and deserted you when I should have stayed. But nothing has changed for us. You are my boy, Jamie. I love you, and you're not going anywhere."

He turned his gaze to Hassan. "Nor are you, Hassan. Over the years I tried to rid my thoughts of you but it was impossible. You are a magnificent man, a great match for me, and I don't want to lose you. I wanted you to meet Jamie and I was a fool not to realize that you are both such beautiful men that, of course, you would lust for each other and release that lust in a sexual act that I'm sure was spectacular. I said I wanted you to know each other, and now you do."

He grinned for the first time. "I just wish I had been here to see it. Next time, I'll make sure I am. Jamie, I said that if you did not like Hassan, if it was a problem for you, I would ask him to leave. Do you like him?"

Jamie too could not hold back a grin. "Yes, sir. Very much." He became serious again. "But sir, I don't want to stop being your boy. I am still your boy, aren't I your best boy?"

Mark touched his arm and ran his fingers over the tattoo, MM, on his shoulder. "That mark will never fade, Jamie, and nor will my affection for you. Only now, if you can handle it, we'll have Hassan as a new buddy in our lives a friend to both of us."

"I can handle it, sir," Jamie grinned. "Provided you're with us."

"And you, Hassan?"

Hassan took a deep breath. "You know that I came halfway round the world to be close to you, Mark. And I asked you to torture me as I had once tortured you, so that the score would be settled. I wanted to put the past behind us and be friends. Now I see you both together, perfect together and it would be an honor to be welcomed by you both."

Suddenly there was a silence. They shifted uncomfortably, not quite knowing where to take it from there. It was Jamie who spoke up. "Sir, may I ask a question?"

"Of course."

Jamie grinned, "If those three steaks are still around, do you want me to fix up the barbecue now? I'm starving."

The meal was tentative at first as they ate hungrily, but gradually they relaxed into easy conversation. Jamie became especially animated. With the resilience of youth he had pushed his recent traumatic experience to the back of his mind in the excitement of being in the company of these two superb men. Mark smiled as his boy eagerly fired questions at Hassan about what life was like for a Marine in Camp Pendleton.

When the meal was over Mark again took charge. "Hassan, Jamie and I have two more nights at the resort in Palm Springs. How would you like to spend them with us if that's OK with you, Jamie?"

Jamie's eyes shone and Hassan agreed willingly. Mark added, "Only, perhaps you could wait a couple of hours before you follow us into town. I need to spend some time alone with my boy."

Hassan said that he needed time anyway to square away the house and make it secure, and then he'd follow later in the jeep. So in a short while Mark and Jamie were alone in the truck as it bumped over the sand. Mark put his arm round his boy's shoulder.

"You sure you're OK with all this, Jamie?"

"Absolutely, sir. Being with you and Hassan will be awesome."

"Yeah," Mark grinned. "You know, kid, since we're speaking frankly, I gotta say that bedroom scene I stumbled into back there looked kinda hot, now I think of it. OK then, just so I know and just to show you I'm comfortable with the subject how would describe your sex with Hassan? Be honest with me."

Jamie blushed and hesitated. "Well since you ask, it it was pretty spectacular, sir."

Mark laughed. "Wouldn't expect anything less from two hot studs like you. But you know, before Hassan joins us in the Springs, you've gotta make it up to me. Tell me what I have to compete with."

"Well, sir. Hassan fucked me non-stop for an hour and I shot my load three times."

"Hmm Maybe we can go one better than that. What say we shoot for four?" Jamie laughed and pressed his head against Mark's shoulder.

Mark was silent for a while thinking of where they go from here. He sighed, "You know, next time Hassan comes into town I want him to get to know the other guys. How do you think he'll get on with Bob, Randy, Zack and the boys? Should be kind of interesting, don't you think?"

Jamie smiled up at Mark. "Wow, let me fantasize about that one for a while, sir."

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Chapter 103 – Mark Triumphs – Zack Sweats

That last remark "maybe we can go one better than that" may have sounded flippant, but Mark had meant it in earnest. With beautiful, dominant muscle-studs like Mark and Hassan their mutual admiration would always be shadowed by a macho rivalry, and it was inevitable that their competitiveness would first focus on Jamie. Mark knew that Jamie's lust for the magnificent soldier had caused him to offer his ass to him, resulting in a spectacular fuck session and the authoritarian cop could not let that go unchallenged.

Moreover, a lot of tension had developed over the last few hours with Jamie's life-threatening flight into the desert, the agonizing search for him, and then Mark and Hassan's

alcohol-fueled fight over what Hassan had done to the boy. So now, even though Mark was comfortably reunited with his boy, they both needed to release the head of steam that had built up inside them. And there was only one time-honored way to do that.

The cool luxury of their hotel bungalow was a welcome contrast to the brutal heat of the desert. As they faced each other Jamie knew just what to do. He smiled at Mark and slowly pulled his T-shirt off over his head. He kicked off his sneakers, ritualistically unbuttoned his shorts and pushed them down, over his waist, over the bulge of his ass, until they dropped to the floor. He stepped out of them and stood naked before his master the cop.

Mark's breathing became heavy as he looked at the naked youth. "Oh God, Jamie, you are such a beautiful young stud. And I almost lost you" Mark ran his hands over the lithe, muscular young body and then, overcome with emotion, he pulled Jamie into his arms, hugged him tightly and tenderly kissed his eyes, his face and his lips. But sentiment quickly gave way to sensuality as both men felt their cocks growing stiff. Mark pulled back a little and smiled at his boy.

"You know what comes next, don't you? You know that Hassan and I are naturally competitive always will be and right now you are the prize. You told me what Hassan did to you. You don't expect any less from me, do you?"

"No, sir. Hassan was awesome but you're different."

"How so?"

"The difference is that I love you, sir. And you're my master."

"Damn right I am," Mark growled. "On your back, boy."

Jamie fell on his back on the bed and gazed up at Mark as the cop quickly pulled off his T-shirt, dropped his jeans and towered naked over the awestruck boy, who never ceased to tremble with excitement every time he saw the spectacular physique of the Nordic blonde god. There was no pause, no foreplay. Mark knelt on the bed, pushed up Jamie's legs by the ankles and in one swift movement buried his long shaft deep inside the boy's warm ass.

"Now," he breathed. "You say Hassan made you shoot your load three times in an hour. You think you've got any juice left in you?"

Jamie stammered, "I think so, sir. For you, always."

And so Jamie experienced his second marathon fuck of the day. But this time it was different. With Hassan it had been raw animal lust, a sexual hunger they both felt for each other. With Mark there was lust of course always but it was tempered by a profound love, made even more acute by the knowledge that they had so recently almost lost each other.

And so Mark eased his cock gently in and out of Jamie's willing ass. As he fucked him he ran his hands over the boy's chest, caressed his nipples, then lowered his face and licked the nipples, the chest, chin, cheeks and finally the lips. Jamie was soon lost in a world of pure sensuality where all he could feel, smell and taste was the body of this incredible man. His focus on Mark was so intense that he was unaware of the spasm that shook his own body.

Mark smiled at him and said quietly, "That was number one. Three to go."

Confused, Jamie frowned, and then was surprised to realize he had already cum all over himself. He had been so overwhelmed by the sexual power of the man that his orgasm had been a natural and unnoticed result.

And this intensity never diminished as Mark continued to fuck him a bit faster now, harder. Jamie watched the magnificent chest flex as it pounded on top of him. Instinctively he stroked his own cock as he looked into the intense blue-gray eyes of the man he worshipped, the man he would do anything for including shooting his load, which he did again right now. And this time he felt it, felt the cum being pushed out of him by his master's cock piercing his ass.

It was not just the feel and sight of this beautiful man that made him cum so easily. It was the overwhelming sensation of being totally in love and even more important, knowing he was loved in return. He had already cum twice but Jamie knew that wasn't the end. Mark pushed him onto his side, pressed against his back and continued the insistent rhythmic fucking, while he whispered in his ear.

"Oh man, I love your ass. It feels so fucking hot. You feel it, boy getting fucked by a cop's thick dick? You feel your master fucking your tight young ass? Squeeze your ass, boy. Let me feel it."

As Jamie tightened his ass muscles Mark continued to speak softly. "I know that feels good for you, Jamie. But I want something in return. You always tell me you would do anything for me. Is that true?"

"Anything in the world, sir," Jamie whispered.

"Then cum for me again, Jamie. Think of the beautiful blonde cop pounding your ass. Think of that sensational body lunging into you. You know you can't hold back, boy. You know you have to shoot again. Do it now, Jamie. Do it for me."

Jamie frantically pumped his cock with his fist, and his body was on fire. It was as if he were standing outside his body watching the magnificent muscle-god working his ass, and he did as his master ordered. He shot another huge load over the sheet in front of him.

“Good boy,” Mark breathed, but still his cock stayed inside him. The fucking was relentless and now Mark really turned up the heat. He turned Jamie over onto his back and gazed at him with his steely, hypnotic eyes. “OK, Hassan gave you three orgasms, but you know you have to do better for me, don’t you?”

“Of course, sir. Only I’m not sure I have enough

“What?” Mark snapped. “Are you refusing me, boy? You saying I’m not better than Hassan? You want me to prove I am, is that it? OK, kid, here goes.”

Jamie gasped as he saw Mark’s body tense. He pulled his cock clear out of his ass, paused, then plunged it in hard, all the way into the depth of his gut. And so began the most savage fuck Mark had ever given him. There was pain, of course, intense pain as the huge cock pistoned inside him. But Jamie was beyond feeling pain. His eyes opened wide as he gazed at the incredible hard-muscled body rising above him, then ripping into his ass.

As the action intensified Mark’s face and body streamed with sweat and Jamie felt it pouring over him, into his eyes and into his open mouth. He tasted the salt as he swallowed the liquid running off his master’s body. Mark had become a wild animal, his head thrown back, blonde hair flying as he pumped every ounce of his strength into his boy’s ravaged ass. He reached down to Jamie’s chest and squeezed his nipples hard, sending jolts of pain through his chest.

Jamie was spiraling into a new dimension where nothing existed except his beautiful, savage master, and the sensation of his cock pounding his ass. He gazed at his ferocious, god-like face, at his spectacular body, and heard the voice.

“Come on, boy. The only way you’ll make the pain stop is by shooting your load. Show me, boy. Show me I’m better than Hassan. Shoot for me!”

Mark moved one hand off Jamie’s nipple and onto his cock. He wrapped his fist round it and began pounding it, harder and harder until he felt the blood surging through it. Knowing that he was about to triumph, making his boy do the impossible, he squeezed the cock and pointed it up at his own face.

Mark watched in awe as he saw white liquid blast from the cock, arc upward and splash into his face. He opened his mouth and drank in his boy’s warm semen as stream after stream rose into the air. The last few spurts fell on his chest and ran down the length of his body.

“Good boy, Jamie. Now here’s your reward.” Jamie watched Mark pull back, saw his muscles tense and his hips fall forward in one last penetrating lunge. He saw his head rear up, heard him howl and finally, at long last, felt his master’s warm cum pouring deep inside his ass. Suddenly Mark pulled out of his ass, pointed his dick at him and blasted a final load of juice over his boy’s face and body.

Mark's breath was heaving as he gazed down at his exhausted, exhilarated boy, wet with the sweat and semen that dripped onto him. He fell forward and their bodies slid together in a wild embrace. Mark pulled back, licked sweat and cum from Jamie's body and kissed him, their mouths sharing the mingled juices of their passion.

When their lips parted Jamie looked up at Mark in disbelief. "I did it, sir. I came four times for you."

"Of course you did, Jamie. You're my boy. I knew you would." He wrapped his arms around him, gently this time, and they rested, letting their heartbeats come back to normal. Jamie became pensive.

"Sir why did you say you wanted to be better than Hassan?"

"Vanity, Jamie. I know how good-looking I am but I realized that Hassan was so gorgeous that he made you cum three times. I needed to make sure that, for you, I'm more beautiful than he is."

Jamie frowned. "But sir I love you because you're kind, and gentle with me and and because you're strong and you love and protect me."

"And that's what made you cum four times?" Mark laughed. "Because I'm gentle with you?"

"Well, no sir. What made me cum was that you are so incredibly hot the most gorgeous man I've ever known."

"Bingo!" said Mark with a satisfied smile.

Just then there was a light knock on the door. Mark leapt to his feet and opened it. Hassan walked in and stared in amazement at the scene, a duplicate of the sight that had greeted Mark earlier that day when he had walked in on Hassan and Jamie. Hassan smiled at Mark. "Wow. Now I know how it looks, man. Just awesome. You two are spectacular. Do you, er want me to come back later?"

"Hell no," Mark laughed. "Come and join us."

Hassan stripped off his clothes and fell onto the bed, with Jamie lying between him and Mark. There was no more question of more sex for Jamie not for now at least as he had shot his load so many times that day he had lost count. But he gloried in the feel of the flesh of these superb men pressing against him as they chatted with each other.

The long initiation was over and at long last Mark and Hassan felt free to talk like regular buddies, sharing stories of their separate lives over the years and their plans for the future. And Jamie was privileged to be a part of this, knowing he would be an essential part of their future knowing he was loved by both of them.

Sometime later, freshly showered and dressed, the three of them went outside for pre-dinner cocktails by the pool. The friends Mark and Jamie had made earlier were already there, the older couple Joe and Brady, nursing martinis. Their eyes widened as they saw the three stunning men walk out, with Mark and Hassan on either side of Jamie, each resting an arm over his shoulder.

“Wow,” Joe said. “You have a new friend and boy, he sure is worthy of you. Not hard to guess what’s been going on in that bungalow.”

“Yeah,” agreed Brady. “Hey, Jamie, if these two guys get too much for you, you can always come to us older guys for a little rest and relaxation.”

A grin spread over Jamie’s face. “I might take you up on that, sir.”

Joe laughed. “You’ll be a fool if you do, kid. With these two muscle-gods taking care of you? Stick with what you’ve got, my boy it doesn’t get any better than that. You look as if you’re in for the long haul there.”

“That he is,” grinned Mark.

Earlier, while Mark and Jamie had been driving from Hassan’s house to Palm Springs, Mark had phoned Bob.

“Hey, handsome,” Bob said. “It’s good to hear from you. I was wondering how things turned out. I was a bit worried.”

“Yeah, well, it was quite an adventure, but everything is fine with Hassan. I’ll explain when I see you. The reason I’m calling is to thank you, buddy. You gave me a piece of advice that probably saved Jamie’s life.”

“Wow. As I recall the only advice I gave you was to take care of Jamie.”

“That’s the one, Bob. And I heard your voice telling me that. It made me turn the truck round and come to Jamie’s rescue. I heard your voice so clearly, man, it was almost as if you were in the truck with me.”

There was a moment's silence, then Bob said quietly, "I was, Mark. You know I'm always with you. I can't wait to see you. Take care of each other out there."

As it happened Bob was with Randy when he had taken the call on his cell phone. They were in Randy's truck driving up into the hills. "What was all that about?" Randy asked.

"Oh, just Mark checking in. Seems everything's OK now with Hassan. Wouldn't mind betting Mark brings him to the house soon."

"Yeah," Randy said. "Well don't expect me to do cartwheels over that piece of news."

Bob laughed. "Look, buddy, I know you don't like Hassan, but you've already beaten the shit out of him, and he is Mark's friend now, so I think we have to make him feel welcome."

Randy flashed an angry look at him that Bob knew only too well. "I don't have to do anything," he growled. "You know me better than that. No one tells me what to do." Then he smiled. "Well, that's not quite true. There is one guy can make me do anything and he's sitting right next to me." He reached over and squeezed Bob's balls.

"Asshole," Bob grinned.

They were driving up to Mulholland, to Steve's house or more accurately now, the house of Steve and Lloyd, whose relationship was going stronger than ever. Lloyd had finally sold his house and moved in with Steve. They made a great couple, two professional men at the top of their game, Lloyd the architect and Steve the psychotherapist. It didn't hurt that they were both handsome with great physiques Lloyd the stylish, preppy one, and Steve who could have double for Randy only a better-dressed version.

Now that Lloyd had settled in they had invited the guys over for drinks and dinner – a kind of housewarming. And so two trucks were now winding up the hillside roads. The twins were sitting behind Randy and Bob, and Zack was following with Darius and Pablo. Most of the guys hadn't seen Lloyd or Steve in a while and the reunion was noisy and effusive. As Darius, Pablo and the twins splashed noisily in the pool the men sat around the outdoor table catching up.

The talk eventually turned to Steve's plans for the house. With Lloyd living there Steve could now afford to add the extra room on the side of the house that he had wanted to build for a long time. They took the guys into the house and showed them the plans Lloyd had drawn up.

"Hmm, very impressive," said Randy, casting his expert eye over them. "Now all you need is someone to build it. You got a contractor yet?"

“No, Lloyd said. Of course I thought of you guys but I know how inundated with work you are right now. But I was wondering if a couple of your most experienced guys might like to take the project on in their off hours.”

Randy and Bob both instinctively looked at Zack. “Hey, you’ve got your man,” said Zack. “I could use the extra money and I’d love to work up here. ‘Course, I’d need someone to help me, someone I could trust” he grinned “someone I could push around a bit, maybe.” He yelled out to the pool, “Hey, bro, get your ass in here. Wanna run something by you.”

Darius’s eyes gleamed when Zack explained the plan. The two men normally worked at different construction sites and Darius was in heaven on the few occasions he got to work with his gorgeous master. He had assisted Zack when he remodeled his house some time ago and the thought of doing the same up here, working side by side, made Darius’s cock stiff in his shorts.

“It’s a deal then,” Zack said, shaking hands with Lloyd and Steve. “We’ll work out the details and we can start next weekend. That suit you Darius?”

“You bet, sir,” said Darius, his fantasy wheels already spinning into high gear.

At first it was all business. Early next Saturday morning three heads leaned intently over the blueprints that Lloyd had drawn up. Darius listened as Zack pointed out some small potential construction snags and Lloyd made notes to tweak the plans a little. The idea was to redesign and rebuild a small storage room on the side of the house, expanding it into a large office that Steve and Lloyd would share.

“First thing is to take apart the outside wall,” Zack said. “We can start on that right away even before you’ve adjusted the plans, Lloyd. You ready, kid?”

“Lead the way, sir,” said Darius eagerly.

They went outside to get their gear from the truck and Lloyd began making notes on the blueprints. After a while he stood up to stretch and glanced through the small window that looked into the storage room.

“Shit damn,” he murmured to himself. “Will you look at that?” Zack and Darius had gone into the room and were getting ready for work. They were dressed almost identically in old T-shirts, black jeans and boots. Lloyd guessed, correctly, that Darius was so much in thrall to his master that he tried to copy him, including the clothes he wore.

But it’s what came next that riveted Lloyd’s attention. Both men picked up heavy tool belts and buckled them loosely round their waists. It was one of Zack’s habits always to work stripped to

the waist and he now pulled off his T-shirt, wiped his face with it and threw it over a bench. Darius did the same and they smiled at each other in a brief, silent acknowledgment of their shared physical beauty.

“Oh, my God,” Lloyd breathed, his hand going instinctively down to the bulge in his pants. “Sweet Jesus, that looks hot.”

Lloyd had long ago admitted to Steve, his therapist at the time, that he was addicted to sex, a compulsion that had got him into trouble at various times with Randy, Bob, Mark and Zack. But Steve had taken that all in stride and helped him not least by indulging Lloyd’s addiction, quite unprofessionally, in many hot sexual scenes together. And in no time they became lovers.

But none of that had cured Lloyd of his addiction to beautiful men a big reason he had come to live in Los Angeles in the first place. He salivated whenever he saw handsome guys, followed them round at the gym, gazed at them in the supermarket. And now here he was mesmerized by the sight of two of the hottest of them. It was a voyeur’s fantasy.

The one was a magnificent black muscle-stud, powerful, commanding, with his perfect bodybuilder physique, superbly chiseled features and shaved head. The other, very obviously the man’s boy, was a younger version, his lithe, gleaming body buff from many gym workouts, his handsome black face gazing eagerly at his master, waiting for orders. They were sexual icons, muscular black construction workers, stripped to the waist, jeans, heavy boots, with hammers, wrenches hanging from the tool belts slung round their waists.

Lloyd could not go back to his blueprints. Standing in the shadows gazing through the window he was hypnotized by the sight of these men as their labor became more strenuous, their muscles flexing with increasingly challenging effort. The wall gave way quickly under their heavy blows and soon sunlight streamed through the latticed framework, striping their glorious bodies with golden light. They wiped sweat from their faces with their old T-shirts, but soon their bodies were gleaming wet.

What made it doubly erotic for Lloyd was that the men were obviously getting off on each other. They grinned at each other as if communicating in a secret language not so secret or subtle, actually, more the crude language of lust. As they worked side by side, their bodies frequently rubbed against each other and Lloyd could swear he saw the bulge in their pants swell whenever they touched.

Their muscles rippled as they swung heavy mallets, hammered, sawed, working in flamboyant unison. They silently challenged each other in a physical test of strength, glorying in feeling their own body pump and watching the effect on the other. The intensity of their labor dispelled any inhibitions and their mutual desire became more blatant.

When Zack stretched upward to fix a beam in place Darius came beside him and buried his face in the black hair of his armpit. Lloyd could almost smell the pungent odor of sweat, taste it, as he watched the boy lick feverishly, heard him slurp. Then Darius moved his tongue lower, lapping up the sweat that trickled down his master's side. He licked the warm flesh around to the chest, then clamped his mouth over the muscle-stud's hard nipple.

Lloyd zipped open his slacks and pulled out his raging cock as he saw Zack hold onto the beam with one arm and move the other hand down behind Darius's head, pressing it hard against his chest. The window was open a crack and Lloyd heard the guttural voice, "Yeah, man, eat those fucking tits make your master feel good. Shit that feels great. Come on boy, grind your face in my chest."

Zack moved his hand away from Darius's head and stretched upward, once again holding onto the beam with both arms. Lloyd pumped his cock as he gazed spellbound at the magnificent black stud, arms stretched up in a V, shoulders and arms bulging with the effort of positioning the beam. The lats were flaring, framing the naked, ebony torso as they tapered down past the chest, the incredible eight-pack abs and down to the slim waist, slung loosely with the tool belt.

The boy, working to please his master, had buried his face in his chest. In a frenzy he licked at the deep cleft between the rounded pecs, drinking in the sweat that poured down from the neck. He worked his tongue over the chest, biting the nipples, then down over the washboard abs. He went lower, licking the tool belt, and finally clamping his mouth over the bulge in the crotch of the black jeans.

It was too much for Lloyd. In a trance he pumped his dick furiously until it exploded, blasting huge spurts of cum in the air and splashing on the window. He gazed in disbelief at the white liquid running down the glass, his heart beating wildly. After a few minutes he shook his head to clear his thoughts, then raised his eyes to look through the window again.

He wiped his cum from the window and before he could even see clearly he heard the voice. "Please, sir, please let me taste it." As the glass cleared he gasped as he saw what had come next. Zack had now positioned the beam firmly in place and Darius was on his knees, gazing at the huge bulge in the pants, wet from his own saliva.

"OK, man," Zack said. "We can take a quick break from work. Go for it."

"Fuck," murmured Lloyd. He had cum too soon it was not over, far from it. But then he realized that his cock was already getting hard again and he could stroke it as he watched without fear of a spontaneous orgasm now that he had already shot his load. He held his breath as he saw Darius slowly unbutton Zack's jeans, reach inside and pull out the thick black club. "Hung like a fucking horse," Lloyd murmured.

It was already stiff as a pole and Darius had only to lean forward to take the head in his mouth. He grabbed Zack's waist, hooking his fingers over the tool belt, and pulled the cock into his mouth, gagging as it slid deep inside his throat. He started to suck it hard but not hard enough for Zack, who grabbed the sides of his boy's face and pulled it roughly toward him. Zack was now in complete control and didn't hold back, slamming his thick rod against the back of the boy's throat, pushing his head back and forth, using his cock as a battering ram.

Tears ran from Darius's eyes as his face smashed against the damp, wiry pubic hair and he tasted the sweat of his master's crotch. Lloyd tasted it too, so aroused were all his senses, as he pounded his meat, mesmerized by the spectacular sight. What he did not know was that Zack had glimpsed the movement behind the window when the glass glazed over with a white liquid. Suddenly he pulled his cock out of Darius's mouth and he looked down at the tear-stained face.

Darius saw Zack glance imperceptibly at the window, then back at him. Zack smiled conspiratorially and said quietly, "Come on, bro. Let's put on a show for the man."

Darius got it immediately (he knew Lloyd from before) and his cock got even harder. Ever the exhibitionist, there was nothing Darius enjoyed more than putting on a sexual show. He stood up and assumed the position Zack had been in. He stretched his arms up and out in a V, grasping the beam Zack had positioned above them. He faced the window where he knew that Lloyd was watching in the shadows just behind it.

Zack quickly unbuttoned Darius's jeans and they fell round his ankles. All that was left was the tool belt round the boy's waist and his monstrous ten-inch cock standing out like a pole. Lloyd groaned as he saw the boy, naked except for the tool belt, waiting for his master. Zack came behind him, pressed the head of his dick in the crack of his perfect round ass and suddenly plunged it in, making the young black body jolt in pain, as his head flew back and he howled.

Darius was driven not only by the feel of his master's huge cock inside him, but by the knowledge that Lloyd was watching and he put on a hell of a show, pulling up on his arms, twisting his body and flexing his muscles, gleaming with sweat.

Lloyd stopped banging his own cock for fear that he would shoot another load at the spectacular sight of the boy getting fucked by the powerful black bodybuilder. He watched in awe as Zack piled on the pressure, the muscular black construction worker fucking his young assistant in their break from work. He watched in disbelief as the two bodies moved in unison, watched as the huge club pistoned back and forth in the bubble butt.

"Perfect isn't it?" a voice whispered in Lloyd's ear. He gasped in shock but as he went to turn round he heard Steve's voice behind him urge him, "No, buddy. Don't turn round. Keep watching it's spectacular we'll both watch. He felt Steve's body press against him,

felt his hands reach round and unbuckle his belt so his slacks fell to the ground. He felt Steve's rigid dick push into his ass and the fucking began.

The sensation was unbelievable. Lloyd was watching Darius get savagely fucked as his own ass was hammered by his lover. He was not only watching Darius get fucked he was feeling it. It was as if the big black construction worker was fucking him. He was delirious, overwhelmed by a total sensory overload. He lost all sense of who he was, or where he was. He had no idea if it was Steve's cock inside him or Zack's or both.

He could only feel feel the cock plough his ass as he watched the black boy's ass get ploughed feel the heat rising in his body as he watched Darius shudder and moan feel the juice racing from his balls through his cock watch as he saw his own cock explode in orgasm just as Darius's cock blasted a long, slow jet of cum across the room. He saw Zack's muscular body spasm and knew he was pouring cum into his boy's ass, just as he felt Steve's juice pouring into his.

And he heard the ecstatic shouts of all four men as their simultaneous orgasms erupted the ultimate communion of four beautiful men, united in the act of spectacular, mind-blowing sex.

Half an hour later everything was back to normal. Their rest-break over, Zack and Darius were hard at work, Lloyd was concentrating on his blueprints and Steve had gone back to his study. What had happened was not mentioned again. It didn't need to be. But Lloyd, at least, would never forget. The fantasy stayed with him for a long, long time.

"Good day's work, uh bro?" Zack said as he drove Darius back down the hill at the end of the day. But he didn't get the usual eager response, or the wisecrack that often accompanied it. Instead, the boy was unusually quiet. Darius frowned and finally spoke.

"Sir would you describe me as a clown?"

Zack winced. "A clown! Where the hell did that come from all of a sudden?"

"Well, sir, yesterday me and the guys were talking"

"Oh sit," Zack grinned.

"No listen, sir. I was with Pablo, Jamie and the twins and I was kidding around as usual and said something that made them all roar with laughter. Anyway, Jamie called me the class clown and Pablo said, 'Yeah, the clown with the camera' you know I'm always filming with that camera of mine, sir."

“They weren’t being mean with you, were they.”

“Oh no, sir. They like it when I make them laugh.”

“So do I, kid. So what’s the problem?”

Darius frowned as he collected his thoughts. “Well, sir, people always think I’m the funny one, the cut-up and I know you guys call me the King of Fantasy. And, you know what we did today when I put on a show for Lloyd.....”

“I kinda hoped you were putting on a show for me, Darius.”

Well I was, sir. I’d do anything for you. But that’s just it I don’t want to be a boy putting on a show like playing out a fantasy. Sir, I want to be thought of as a man a man like you. I try to copy you, sir, like the way you dress and all, but I wanna be more macho like you.”

Zack glanced at him, realized that he was in deadly earnest, and suddenly understood where he was coming from. He thought hard for a minute and then said, “Man, you really have a strange idea about what makes a man. It’s not all bodies and boots and macho posturing, you know. Maybe we haven’t spent enough time together, talking man to man. Shit, I’ve spent so much time fucking you I’ve neglected your education.

Darius giggled. “Well the first part of that is just fine with me, sir.” Then he caught himself. “See, there I go again, making fun of everything. I should stop joking and fantasizing and take things more seriously.”

“Don’t you dare, kid. I like your humorous take on everything. I like that you don’t take life too seriously, that you make me laugh. OK, here’s what we’ll do. Next weekend I’ll take you up to my shack in the dunes at Guadalupe. We’ll be two regular guys, good buddies hanging out together, and I’ll show you what it takes to be what you call a ‘real man’.”

“That would be awesome, sir. Totally awesome.”

“What’s so awesome?” a voice said. They had arrived home and were getting out of the truck, and it was Bob who spoke, having heard the tail end of their conversation. He had just come through the gate with the twins, taking them out for a bite to eat. Zack laughed and told him of his plan to spend the weekend at his shack with Darius.

“Funny you should mention that,” said Bob. “I have to go up to San Luis Obispo for a quick business meeting with a client you know, stroke his ego a bit and I was gonna take the twins with me make a weekend of it. On the way back we’ll pass right by Guadalupe on the 101 and I was thinking of taking them to your shack but of course if you two are there we wouldn’t want to intrude.”

“Intrude!? Hell an intrusion like that would be great, uh Darius? Can’t think of a better guy to be intruded by. It’s a long time since you were there.” He grinned. “I’ll never forget the last time we spent there, you and me. OK, here’s the deal. Darius and me, we’ll have our day together, just the two of us, and then you three come join us. It’ll be great.”

“Sounds perfect, eh boys?” Bob said, and the twins nodded enthusiastically.

“You OK with that, Darius?” Zack said. Darius’s eyes were shining, his mind racing with images of the five of them together. Zack knew exactly what he was thinking and laughed, throwing his arm over his boy’s shoulder. “There you go again, kiddo. Thought you were on a serious kick from now on?”

Darius grinned boyishly. “Oh what the hell, sir. What’s life if you can’t fantasize a little or even a lot, if it comes to that?”

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Chapter 104 – A Real Man

Darius was preening in front of Pablo, Jamie and the twins, boasting about his upcoming trip with Zack. “So this is it, dudes. We’re off to the dunes just the two of us, Zack and me. He calls me ‘bro’, you know. He says we’re gonna be two regular guys, good buddies hanging out together, and he’s gonna show me what it takes to be a real man.”

“As opposed to the class clown,” laughed Pablo, teasing him.

“I don’t care if you call me that,” said Darius haughtily. Zack says you can make people laugh and still be a man.”

Bob and the boys were seeing them off at the gate. “Don’t spend too long up there,” Bob said. “You sure don’t want to miss the weekend when Hassan hits town again. Mark says he’s gonna have him stay with him and Jamie, and he wants him to get to know all us guys.”

“Yeah,” Zack grinned. “Well I can think of one guy who won’t exactly roll out the welcome mat.”

Bob smiled back at him. “Leave Randy to me. Trust me, we won’t have a repeat of last time when he beat the shit out of Hassan.”

“Well good luck with that one, buddy. Anyway, we’re off. Can’t wait for you to join us tomorrow morning.” They hugged tight enough and long enough for both of them to get stiff erections

Zack and Darius drove north on the 101 Freeway in easy, relaxed silence at first. Both men were wearing jeans, boots and sleeveless black muscle T-shirts, Darius as always dressed like his master. Zack had his free arm slung over his boy's shoulder and Darius breathed in the musky smell of Zack's sweaty armpit, a smell that always made his dick hard. In fact that was a more-or-less permanent state for Darius when he was with the black muscle-god continuous erection.

Zack smiled to himself and decided to plunge right into the subject at hand. "Tell me, Darius. Do you like being my boy?"

Darius looked at him in surprise. "What? Of course I do, sir. It's the best thing that ever happened to me. Being a boy is awesome"

".....but" Zack said. "I heard a 'but' coming up."

"But" Darius said cautiously. "Sir, do you think it's possible to be someone's boy and still be a man?"

"It is if you're my boy! You don't think I would have chosen anyone who wasn't a hot young stud, do you? Listen, Darius. It takes a hell of a man to be the boy of a guy like me. You have to be real secure in yourself, be confident enough to take orders and to get off on doing what your master tells you. You know I can be a son-of-a-bitch sometimes but you never complain, never object, never refuse. It takes a real tough guy to do all that and still come back for more. It's what I love about you."

He chuckled. "And to top it off, you make me laugh too. It takes a really confident man to be able to laugh at himself laugh at the world."

"Yeah, but what about all the fantasies, sir? I know you guys call me the King of Fantasy and it's true I'm always thinking about hot scenes, hot guys and....." he hesitated, "...and sometimes, sir, I I jack off thinking about them."

Zack laughed and squeezed his shoulder. "Of course you do, bro. Wouldn't be a man if you didn't. Besides, I've seen you. One time when you didn't know I was there I watched you beat off looking at yourself in the mirror. It was so damned hot I shot my load watching you."

Darius looked at him in surprise. Then he settled back in his seat with a warm feeling of intimacy with his master. "I didn't know that sir. Hell, the thought of you cumming while you watch me cum makes my dick hard."

"I thought it was hard all the time when you're with me."

“Oh you know about that too, sir?”

“Kid, I know a lot more about you than you think. One thing I'd like to know, though, is what you see in me that you don't think you measure up to.”

“Oh, that's easy, sir. You're so incredibly beautiful and you have this awesome, muscular body. When I watch you work, you're so strong like you could do anything and never get tired. I wish I was that tough.”

“Hey, bro, don't sell yourself short. I've watched you work, too, and you have a shit-load of energy and strength. I love watching you work always turns me on. That's why I always fuck your sweet ass when work's over in case you hadn't noticed.”

“Oh, I noticed sir, every time,” grinned Darius.

“Besides,” Zack continued, “it's not only brute force that makes a man. There also comes a time when a man has to be gentle, nurturing, show his concern for others.”

Darius smiled at him. “Just like you're doing for me right now, sir.” He sighed deeply. “I just wish I could prove all those things to myself and especially to you, sir. I want to show you how strong and tough I can be, and then how good I can be to someone else maybe someone a bit younger than me.”

There was silence as Zack's mind churned, formulating a plan where Darius could do all those things. “OK, bro, you're on. This weekend I'll help you prove yourself, show me how tough you are. We'll start with the physical strength thing. That's easy I'll put you to work.”

Darius smiled for an instant, then became serious again. “Problem is, sir, when you say something like that I'm already fantasizing about you standing over me making me work hard. My fantasies always get in the way.”

“What do you mean, get in the way? Fantasies can be part of the whole deal, kiddo. Listen, remember about a week ago on the construction site I was showing the crew the fastest way to break up concrete with a pick-axe?”

“Oh yeah,” said Darius, his eyes shining. “I remember that real well.”

“Probably beat off later thinking about it too, am I right?” Darius nodded. “Well I knew all the other guys were watching too,” Zack said, “..... and I fantasized about it. I kind of stood outside the scene and watched this gorgeous, black muscle-stud construction boss swinging the axe. He was stripped to the waist, his perfect black body running with sweat, muscles flexing, veins standing out as he worked.”

"I knew you and the guys were getting off on it, so I put on a show, and you know what? That gave me even more strength, more determination to smash that concrete to rubble. So you see, fantasies can help they can help you get through hard work like that, help your get through the day get through your life, even. When we get to the shack I'm gonna show you, kid. And you're gonna love it."

"Wow," Darius breathed. "This is shaping up to be one hell of a weekend."

As the truck bounced over the sand toward the shack Darius's whole body was alive, tingling with anticipation. And when they unloaded the truck he gasped as he saw that Zack had brought his big leather bag with him. He always knew what that meant.

They settled in and had a quick bite to eat they had brought sandwiches and lots of protein shakes. "Eat up good, kid," Zack said. "You're gonna need it. There's a project I was gonna tackle when we got here. I need to put in a new septic tank and that requires a big, deep hole to be dug in the sand. I was gonna have us do it together, but after that conversation we had on the way up here"

Darius ate as much as he could, drank plenty of water and then waited. Zack stood up, pulled something out of a drawer and threw it to Darius. When he spoke his voice had become hard, harsh even. "Here, boy," he said. "Put these on." Darius grabbed the shorts Zack had thrown to him, an old pair of thin, ragged, gray shorts Zack usually wore when he was out here. They hadn't been washed in a while and they were stained with dry cum and drops of piss. Just holding them made Darius's cock rock hard.

He stripped naked and pulled on the shorts. Then he watched mesmerized as Zack pulled off his T-shirt and stretched his muscles, stripped down to black jeans and boots. Darius followed him outside behind the shack where Zack walked around looking down at the sand, stamping on various spots with his boot. He grabbed a stick and traced a large oblong in the sand.

"Here, that's the spot. This is where the septic tank will go." He looked penetratingly into Darius's eyes. "But first we need a hole. About five feet deep. The sand is fairly loose but it'll still take a shit-load of back-breaking work. Think you can handle it boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Darius eagerly. This is just what he had wanted a chance to show his master how strong he was, to show he had the toughness and determination to prove his manhood. Only thing was, he didn't see where the fantasy came in.

Zack picked up a shovel leaning against the shack and threw it to Darius. "OK, boy," he growled. "Start digging."

With a determined look on his face Darius struck the sand, relieved to find that it was dry and not too hard-packed. Maybe this wasn't going to be so tough after all, he thought. Looking downward, concentrating on making a good start, Darius didn't notice that Zack had gone quickly into the shack and returned a few minutes later with his leather bag. Darius heard his footsteps and was aware that he was watching him, but he didn't look up not until he heard his master's deep voice. And when he finally looked up he gasped.

Still wearing his jeans and boots Zack had put on a black leather vest, hanging open so it only half covered his hard, rounded pecs. He was wearing a black leather cap and dark, mirror glasses. Here was Darius's fantasy. The black muscle-god was an icon in black leather a taskmaster and Darius was his young black slave.

To complete the image Zack walked forward holding a leather collar that he buckled round Darius's neck, a mark of ownership. He gazed into his boy's eyes and saw infinite gratitude in them. The boy had never loved his master more than this moment. Zack had known just what to do, giving Darius his wildest fantasy being put to work by a big, muscular slave driver.

But it was much more than that. It was like parallel worlds fantasy and reality and here, in the real world, was the boy's way to prove his masculinity to show that, even as a slave, he was a tough, proud, virile young man a real man. And now he knew that Zack had been right. The overlay of fantasy heightened his strength and determination to put on a good show.

And so he began digging with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. He felt his body charged with a force he had not felt before, felt his mind grow stronger no longer the mind of a subservient boy but of a muscular man in his macho prime, focused on a tough job of work. He glimpsed the figure of Zack standing a few feet away, arms folded across his chest, watching his slave behind his mirrored glasses.

Darius felt supreme. He would show his master, show him how tough he could be. And so he dug as if his life depended on it.

He lost track of time. All he saw was the sand round his feet, all he felt was the blazing sun beating down on his naked flesh, all he heard was the thud of his spade, the distant sound of waves and the scream of seagulls wheeling overhead, spectators of his endless toil. His muscles were cracking, his shoulders and arms burned, his body poured with rivers of sweat. The thin shorts were sodden and clung to him, his huge, hard cock outlined underneath.

Zack had scarcely moved. He gazed down at the beautiful young slave, collar round his neck, laboring to please his master, his chiseled black features tense with grit and determination. He

saw the muscles flex, the broad back ripple and the shoulders bulge as the boy dug, again and again, throwing aside piles of sand as the trench grew deeper.

Darius was now standing waist deep in the hole he was digging, and the sand here had become damp, compacted, heavy. The work became harder and he finally felt his strength ebbing. He was determined as ever but he began to fear that his body would let him down. He clenched his jaw. No, he would not give up a real man would not give up. He had to do as his master had commanded. And then, just as he was slowing down, he heard his master's voice.

"What's the matter, boy? You're body giving out? Not so much of a man as you thought, uh? Maybe this'll help."

Darius howled as he felt the sting of a whip across his back. He glanced up and stopped dead still. He had never seen anything so erotic as this the black leatherman, looming over him at the edge of the trench, black leather vest over his gleaming torso, leather cap and dark glasses and he was holding a whip, a cat-o'-nine-tails with long strands of rawhide hanging down from the thick, braided handle.

"Did I say you could stop, boy?" Zack yelled. Suddenly he threw off his cap and glasses, shucked off his vest and stood stripped the waist, glaring down at him. He raised the whip and lashed it down across the slave's chest. But he knew exactly what he was doing and used careful restraint. He knew exactly how hard to make the blows enough to make the whip sting but not hard enough to really hurt his boy.

And so the whip fell on the black flesh, again and again. Darius was wild with excitement, fantasizing on the young black slave being whipped into submission by the magnificent slave master. He staggered backward against the wall of the trench, hypnotized by the sight of the whip, his body on fire. As he felt the lash across his shoulders, his arms, his chest, he was in an ecstasy of pain and pleasure. His legs trembled, he felt a warmth run up through his legs, into his groin. And then, as the whip fell once again across his chest he felt his cock explode in his shorts, felt the sticky wetness soaking them, felt the stream of cum flowing down his legs.

Zack saw him slumped against the wall of sand, his body limp now, gleaming with sweat, white juice running from under his shorts down his legs. Zack could hardly restrain himself from jumping down into the trench and taking his boy into his arms. But he knew that would defeat the purpose of this whole exercise. It would make Darius feel like a failed man, needing the comfort of another. So instead Zack said in a softer voice. "OK, boy. Now are you ready to get back to work?"

"Sir, yes sir!" shouted Darius. He picked up the spade and resumed digging. It was as if all his old energy returned, as if his body had been recharged, and he was more determined than ever to prove himself to this incredible man.

The sand became wetter and heavier but still Darius gritted his teeth and dug deeper. Zack watched motionless, entering into the fantasy of the young black slave putting all his muscular strength into the backbreaking labor. Working in a trench now almost five-feet deep Darius toiled endlessly, naked except for a leather slave collar and filthy, ragged shorts that clung to the mounds of his ass. Occasionally Zack flicked the whip and watched the beautiful body flinch, the muscles flex. It was a magnificent sight not the image of a submissive boy, but a strong macho stud determined not to give up. Zack's cock was roaring hard and, when he saw the heaving body start to weaken he knew exactly how to revive him.

"Look up at me, boy." Darius raised his eyes and squinted into the sun. When he was able to focus on the looming figure he gasped. Zack had unbuttoned the fly of his jeans and was stroking the huge club he had pulled out. "OK, boy, let me see your dick."

Darius dropped the soaking shorts and stood naked, grasping his ten-inch cock in his fist. He didn't need to stroke it. He looked up at the black muscle god with the sun blazing behind him and in an involuntary act of worship fell to his knees at the bottom of the trench. Zack gazed down at him. "You worked well, man here's your reward." Darius saw the body tense, heard his master yell, and felt the blast of hot semen slam down onto his face.

His eyes were blinded by cum, but he opened his mouth and eagerly gulped down the juice that poured into it. He had drunk Zack's cum before, but this time he did not feel like a boy submitting to a master. It was like a man drinking the juice of another man. And it felt spectacular.

He knew his labors were over and suddenly the strength drained from his exhausted body. He fell backward and lay in the wet sand at the bottom of the hole he had dug, looking up at the muscle-god silhouetted against the blue sky. Zack was still holding his cock, dripping with cum and suddenly Darius knew what was coming next. In his exhilaration he forgot the word 'sir'. He was no longer a boy, he was a proud man and his voice was deeper as he yelled triumphantly, "Yeah, man, let me feel it. Come on, stud. Piss on me, buddy man to man."

This time the stream of liquid that poured down onto him was warm, rancid, and he swallowed it ravenously. He had never before experienced the sensation of being an alpha man indulging in raw, rough sex with another dominant man. It was sensational.

Zack looked down at the body lying in the pit, muscles pumped, streaming with cum and piss. It was a spectacular sight, and this time he did leap down into the trench. He quickly kicked off his boots, dropped his jeans and fell naked onto Darius, rubbing his body over the gleaming black flesh that was slick with cum and piss. They wrapped their arms round each other and held each other tight for long minutes, each conscious of the fact that their relationship had soared to new heights they could never have imagined.

Finally Zack raised his head and looked at the beautiful face of this new man. “God, you were magnificent, Darius. I’ve never seen a guy work so hard, ‘til his muscles cracked, but without giving up. You are one hell of a macho stud and I’m proud to call you my buddy.”

Darius smiled up at him weakly. “I felt it too, man. Thank you for giving me that.” Then his voice changed, became somehow smaller and he said, “But, sir. I still want to be your boy. Can I still be your boy, sir?”

“You bet you’re still my boy, Darius. The best, toughest young boy a man ever had. But there’s one thing I want first, while I’m still looking at the hot man I watched working today.” He unbuckled the collar and pulled it off Darius’s neck. “You know, one of the most exciting things in the world is to fuck the ass of a really macho top man like the one I’m looking at now. So this time, for the first time, it’s really gonna be man to man. And it will be an honor to fuck your ass, buddy.”

And there, in the cool, wet sand at the bottom of the trench Zack fucked the beautiful body of the rugged young black stud buddy to buddy man to man.”

When it was over Zack leaped up out of the trench and reached down. Darius grasped his hand firmly and felt the power of the man as he was pulled bodily from the hole. Zack grinned as he surveyed the boy’s body and face, coated in sand, sweat, cum and piss. “You are one holy, fucking mess, man and you look spectacular. Get that hot body of yours in the ocean. Now!”

Together they sprinted down to the water and plunged into the surf, swimming together, roughhousing, wrestling, challenging, in a joyful celebration of shared manhood. They raced each other out of the waves and jogged a short way along the beach. But Zack sensed that, as Darius’s euphoria faded so did his strength not surprising after all his backbreaking labors.

They dried off quickly in the hot afternoon sun and Zack threw his arm over his boy’s shoulder and led him back up the beach and into the shack. In the cool dimness of the room Darius was finally overwhelmed with exhaustion and he fell naked onto the bed. Zack smiled down at him and lowered himself beside him. Darius rested his head on his master’s chest and closed his eyes.

“That’s it, bro,” Zack said softly. “You’ve earned a rest. That was a real trial of strength I put you through out there, and you came through magnificently. After that there’s absolutely no doubt you’re a virile young stud, Darius a real man.”

“Thank you, sir,” Darius said drowsily. “Thank you for saying that. Thanks for everything, sir” His voice trailed off. He was already asleep in his master’s arms.

That evening the two men were facing each other across a table in the small Mexican restaurant in Guadalupe. There was a new dynamic to their friendship as they chatted easily, two buddies, across steaming plates of fajitas and Dos Equis beers. Nevertheless, Zack knew that Darius's education was not over. So did Darius.

"Sir, when we were driving up here you said that a man had to be physically tough but also fair-minded and considerate to other people. I'm not sure what you mean."

"Well," said Zack. "Take Randy and Bob for example. They're both big, powerful guys, but let me ask you something. If I wasn't around and you had a problem, which of them would you go to for help?"

Darius didn't hesitate. "Oh, Bob, sir. He's real confident, strong..... and gorgeous of course but he's always been kind to us boys and the twins worship him.'

"There you go, then. You've got two men there who are totally in love with each other. On the one hand Randy is rough, a street fighter with a fiery temper, always the boss. Bob is much more gentle, thoughtful, never gets angry. But does that make him any less of a man?"

"Absolutely not, sir."

"OK, lesson over. And tomorrow you'll be able to see all that in practice when Bob and the twins come to the shack in the morning. That's when we'll get to the 'gentle man' part of your education. In the meantime, we've got the night to get through."

Darius frowned. "Speaking of tonight, sir after what you said about me being a real man. Sir, you are still gonna want to fuck me, aren't you you know, fuck your boy?"

Zack smiled at him. "Hey, look at me, kid. Do you think I'm gonna be in bed with a stud like you without fucking you? Think I'm crazy? Like I said, the best feeling in the world is fucking a real tough man. So you're gonna get it, bro real good."

And so Darius was fucked by the man he idolized many times in fact throughout the night. Darius lost count of the number of times he shot his load as he felt the incessant rhythm of Zack's cock pounding in his ass. As he breathed in the musky smell of his powerful body, licked the sweat from his smooth black flesh, drank the juice of his cock, he reveled in the sensation of being overwhelmed by the glorious muscle-god.

In the darkness of the old shack they shut out the rest of the world. This small room was their world, where they joined together seamlessly no longer master to boy, owner to slave or even man to man. They were quite simply Zack and Darius, making love all night long.

About 30 miles north two young men had been getting an education of a completely different kind, though it also was designed to transform them from boy to man. Bob had looked forward to taking the twins with him to San Luis Obispo where he had a business meeting. Kyle and Kevin looked around town while Bob made short work of the meeting, just “stroking the client’s ego” as he put it.

Bob’s plans for the twins were similar to something Randy had asked him to do some time ago for his boy Pablo, who at that point was a tough young kid in ragged dungarees. Randy had asked Bob to show Pablo some of the finer things of life, and their trip to San Francisco had been a great success. Bob hoped to work a similar (but temporary) transformation on the twins, and on the drive up he had been careful to explain the deal gently to them.

“See, you guys are still a bit on the shy side out in public. Plus, you’re always dressed in shorts, sneakers and T-shirts or no shirt at all. Don’t get me wrong, that look is real sexy on you both turns me on a lot but just this once I want you to spruce up a bit and gain a bit more confidence.”

So when Bob’s meeting was over he took the twins on a shopping spree, buying them dress slacks, loafers, Polo shirts and blazers. Though the colors were different the styles were the same and, even all dressed up, they still looked identical. Bob checked them into the best hotel in town and the awestruck boys reveled in a luxury they had never experienced before.

Of course, they had Bob to show them the behavioral ropes, and later that evening they sat with him in the formal dining room, all three dressed up, the twins learning their table manners as they waded through a gourmet meal. Tentative at first the twins quickly gained their footing under Bob’s reassuring guidance and were soon ordering from the menu according to the demands of their stomach rather than the dictates of etiquette.

When they finally went up to their room, feeling relaxed from all the food and wine, Bob threw himself on the bed, propped himself on his elbows and looked up at them. He was wearing the well-tailored suit and tie he had worn earlier for his meeting, and even formally dressed he looked stunning. The twins stood at the foot of the bed facing him, shoulder to shoulder.

“OK,” Bob said. “Tomorrow morning we go to join Zack and Darius in their shack in the dunes. But tonight is just for us. He looked them up and down and grinned. “You know you two look real classy standing there, all dressed up in jacket and slacks almost as sexy as you do when you’re naked. How do you feel?”

The twins were having the best time and their eyes sparkled. Bob saw them exchange a glance that he was familiar with by now. It was the look they used to communicate with each other without using words, and Bob knew that something special usually followed. As usual the twins spoke in tandem, completing each other’s sentences.

(Kyle): "Sir, we've had a great time today" (Kevin): "..... and we'd like to thank you for everything you've done for us." (Kyle): "We love you sir, and" (Kevin): ".....and we want to do something special for you."

They smiled down at him and he waited. Moving in unison they slowly raised their arms, grasped the lapels of their blazers and pushed them back off their shoulders. They let the jackets slide down behind them and, like models on a runway, caught them in their hands, then hung them carefully on hangers. Wearing pastel-colored Polo shirts tucked into beige slacks they stood before their master.

"You are such beautiful guys, you know that?" Bob smiled. "Stylish too." As the boys began to tug the shirts from their waistband Bob laughed. "What is this, 'Synchronized Stripping?'"

"It's all for you, sir," said Kevin, and they continued pulling their shirts free, then pulled them slowly up over their heads, then clean off. They folded them neatly over the backs of chairs. They stood side by side at the foot of the bed and clasped their hands lightly behind their backs.

"Oh, Jesus," Bob moaned, "that looks incredible." The two young men stood stripped to the waist, their lithe, tanned young torsos, perfectly proportioned, gleaming under the soft overhead lights. The narrow brown belts of their beige slacks accentuated the slimness of their waists. Then they did something that they knew always excited their master. Keeping their hands behind their backs they turned their heads toward each other and kissed each other lightly on the lips.

"Oh, man," said Bob, rubbing his hand against the bulge in his pants. He watched spellbound as they now turned their bodies inward, put their arms round each other and began kissing with increasing fervor, grinding their mouths against each other, probing inside with their tongues.

"Shit, guys, you're gonna make me cream in my pants."

When they heard this they stopped, turned to face him and beckoned him to get off the bed. He stood up and faced them. Kevin came behind him and gently removed Bob's jacket, while Kyle loosened his tie and pulled it off. Working together they slowly unbuttoned his shirt, rubbing their fingers lightly against his chest and his nipples as they opened it. They pulled it out of his pants and pushed it off his shoulders until it dropped onto the floor.

Bob remained transfixed, motionless except for his cock that was growing hard as a rock in his pants. He was being ceremonially stripped by these two beautiful boys. He felt two hands press on his chest and he allowed himself to be pushed backward onto the bed. The twins quickly removed his loafers and his socks, unbuckled his belt and slid his pants down and off completely. They did the same for his boxer shorts, and the muscular body was now totally naked.

Bob lay mesmerized on his back, in breathless suspense at what they would do next. He was amazed at what happened nothing! The boys left the room, went into the bathroom and closed the door behind them. Bob waited.

At last he heard a knock on the bathroom door. Bewildered he instinctively said, "Come in." His eyes widened as the two boys entered, now wearing nothing but white boxer briefs, with towels draped over their arms.

"Sir, one of them said. You called down for a massage and as the management said you are a very special guest they sent two of us. We're twins, sir, and we work together."

Bob had never known the twins to concoct a fantasy before and this one was perfect. He had never felt more alive as the two handsome young brothers approached the bed to service his body. He had no trouble relaxing and surrendering himself completely to the fantasy. The boys knelt, one on each side of the bed, folded the towels and put them comfortably behind his head. He closed his eyes, expecting to feel their fingers massaging his body but he was wrong.

What he felt instead was their tongues. He looked down and saw two heads move over the sheen of sweat on his body, licking his sculpted chest, his ripped abs, his waist, then back upward until he felt their teeth biting his nipples. He gasped and desperately stopped himself from shooting his load then and there. He knew there was more to come.

His heart was beating fast. He had never experienced anything like this before two handsome young studs servicing him in the most sensuous way possible, their wet tongues running eagerly over his flesh, sending jolts of pleasure through every sinew of his body. The sensation in his nipples ceased as the two heads moved higher until until he felt two mouths cover his lips.

The boys were kissing him, each one pushing his tongue far into his mouth. They kissed his mouth, his throat, his cheeks, forehead, his eyes. His climax was close his cock was burning hot. But suddenly it all stopped.

His eyes were tight shut as he willed himself to calm down, to come back from the brink of orgasm. He desperately wanted to avoid shooting his load. Not yet. There was a long silence and he waited. It was as if the boys were giving him a time to calm down. But then he heard a sound and he felt it felt the tongues again.

This time they were on his cock, running up each side of it, licking his balls, and then the faces were buried in his pubic hair. Finally he knew that the climax was near, knew that he could not endure much more. The tongues moved up his cock again and he felt a mouth close over the swollen head. He looked down and saw Kevin lowering his face down onto his cock.

He felt it pull up, then his cock once again plunged deep into the throat. In an instant the mouth pulled off and the other boy took his turn.

He was in a wild delirium of lust as the boys took turns pleasuring him. As one boy sucked his cock the other licked his balls. His cock had never felt anything like this as it was buried first into one young mouth, then the other. There was no holding back now. They were drawing his juice out of him, his body was on fire and he howled as his cock exploded. He didn't know which boy was drinking his semen, but instantly another mouth slid over him and he shot a second load.

Suddenly it all stopped and the boys stood up. They faced each other, their faces came together and they kissed ravenously, passing between them the warm, musky juice of their master. Bob was hypnotized by the sight of the two beautiful brothers kissing each other, their mouths lubricated by the semen that had just blasted from his cock. The sensation was overwhelming he had rarely seen anything more erotic. He held his cock in his fist and blasted another stream of cum high in the air and felt it splash back down on his face.

He went limp, his mind reeling, unsure for the moment of where he was or what had really happened. His eyes were tight shut, and when at last he opened them he saw the twins standing one on each side of the bed looking down at him. And once again they moved in unison as they reached into the fly of their briefs and pulled out rock hard cocks.

Bob gasped, knowing what was about to happen. The boys looked down at the magnificent body beneath them, muscles gleaming with sweat and semen. They stroked their cocks slowly, calmly, and Bob saw their beautiful young faces smiling at him. He was unaware that he had once again gripped his own cock in his fist. He watched in a trance as they boys worked their cocks, he saw their bodies stiffen and heard their voices.

"This is for you, sir," Kevin said. "It's all for you," said Kyle." And their cocks blasted streams of creamy white cum straight down onto their master's naked body. Bob felt the force of their eruption splashing onto his chest, stream after stream, and then saw another ribbon of juice arc high in the air, coming from his own cock. The air was full of the sounds of rasping breaths, full of the pungent odor of fresh semen.

Finally the twins spoke. "That was for you, sir," Kyle said, "to show you how much we love you." By that time Bob's face was wet with tears.

Some time went by before the twins led Bob into the shower and soaped and sponged his body. They left him to dry off, and when he finally walked back into the bedroom he gasped. The twins were lying on the bed naked, side by side, on their stomachs. His eyes were riveted on the two identical asses, the perfect white globes pointing upward, waiting for him.

It was a very long night.

In the shack early next morning the sun was already shining through the slatted blinds, striping the muscular bodies of two beautiful black men, their limbs entwined as they lay together in the oblivion of total exhaustion. The room itself was a shrine to sex, still resonant with the vibrations, the essences, the juices of man-sex, the air heavy with the odors of sweat and semen.

And it was this assault on the senses that made Bob gasp as he walked in. When he and the twins arrived he had called out to Zack but they were in such a deep sleep they didn't hear or respond. So Bob simply pushed the door and walked in. "Jesus," he said, loud enough to wake them up.

He grinned broadly. "No need to guess what's been going on here. Want us to leave so you can finish up?"

Zack was the first to struggle back to consciousness. "Nah, we're done for now anyway. And the only place you're going, buddy, is into the water. We need a swim wash off last night's well, as you see," and he looked down sheepishly at his sweaty, cum-streaked body.

Darius was awake now and ran out to greet the twins, who were holding back uncertainly. Zack and Bob came out and Darius held out his hand to Bob with a broad smile. "Hello, sir. Welcome to paradise." He gripped Bob's hand in a firm, confident handshake. "After the swim the twins and I will rustle up some breakfast for us." Then to the twins, "Get your clothes off guys." He threw his arms round their shoulders and marched them down to the water's edge.

Bob looked at Zack and raised his eyebrows. "Hey, was that our young Darius? Almost didn't recognize him. He's gone real macho all of a sudden. What you been doing to him, stud?"

"Oh, teaching him a thing or two. I'll fill you in later, man. As a matter of fact, I was hoping he could spend some time alone with the twins while you're here. I want him to feel he is in charge, if you know what I mean. It might be the making of him."

"Great idea," Bob said a little too quickly, and Zack was surprised to see him blush. "Well" Bob said hesitantly "It's true, I do think it would do them all good, but there's something else too. I I remember the last time you and I were together here and" he blushed again "well I was kind of hoping to spend some time alone with you again, Zack."

"You read my mind, buddy," Zack grinned and threw his arm over Bob's shoulder. "It's been way too long since we got together. I'm tired of jerking off thinking about you. I want the real man."

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Chapter 105 – Bob & Zack – On the Beach

The swim was a long and boisterous reunion of all five men. When they finally walked out of the surf and up the beach Bob and Zack watched in amusement as Darius organized the twins.

“OK, guys,” Darius grinned at Kevin and Kyle, “either of you boys know anything about cooking?”

“That’s a joke, right?” Kevin smiled. The twins also wore their new mantle of confidence and warmed quickly to Darius’s playful tone. Kyle added, “Don’t recall any complaints from you in the past, sir. Just point us to the food and the stove and we’ll have breakfast ready in no time.” Darius grinned over to Zack who gave him a subtle thumbs up.

And so the easy banter continued as they spent most of the day lazing on the beach. Darius was in his element as teacher and guide to the twins, showing them how to fix up a rope between two poles so they could all play a rudimentary game of beach volleyball with an old ball Darius found in the shack.

Later in the afternoon Bob said to them all, “Hey guys, you feel like a long walk along the beach? I promised Mark I would check on his shack the old place he has a few miles further up the beach in a different section of the dunes. He hasn’t been there in a while and wanted me to make sure everything was still OK.”

Darius walked with the twins a little ahead of the men, and Bob and Zack caught snippets of their conversation. Darius seemed to be responding to the twins’ questions. “Don’t worry, kids you’ll do just fine Yeah I used to think that, but that’s not all it takes to be a man. See, just because you’re someone’s boy that doesn’t make you any less of a man

Bob grinned. “Sounds like something you’ve been telling him.”

“Pretty much word for word,” Zack said with a hint of self-satisfaction. He explained how Darius had been feeling insecure and the extreme measures he had used making him dig the trench to convince the boy he has what it takes to be a real man.

“Physically, anyway,” Zack said. “Now comes the part I’m not so sure about showing him that consideration for others is part of the equation too. I want him to learn that even a boy can take care of others you know, be in command but treat them with respect.” Zack smiled. “He admires the hell out of you, man, and wants to try to be like you.”

They walked in silence for a while, watching the twins up ahead paying rapt attention to Darius's words. Bob smiled "I have an idea."

Zack gave him a playful punch. "Don't you always? What's on your mind, buddy?"

"You know, last night I took the twins to a hotel in San Luis Obispo and we had a great night. In fact," he grinned, "our room this morning looked a bit like your shack did when I walked in on you. Those guys may look shy but they're demons in bed exhausting."

"And they worship you, of course."

"Yeah, well that's just the point. They treat me like some kind of god or something, and I don't want them to get too obsessed. They have to be around other people, not just me all the time. I want them to be able to look up to and respect other guys, realize that there are other role models out there. After all, you said you want Darius to spend time alone with the twins, so I, er, I have a feeling we can kill several birds with one stone here."

Bob had given Mark's house key to Darius and by this time the three boys had run on ahead. When Zack and Bob reached the shack it was as if Darius and the twins had already settled in. They had quickly found the set of weights and the bench press that Mark used to work out when he was here, and Darius was already demonstrating the equipment to the twins.

That clinched it for Bob and he took the twins aside for a quick talk. Then he made his suggestion. "Darius, how would you like to stay the night here with the twins, just the three of you? They like the idea, and it would be good for you all to get to know each other." He laughed "Call it a boys' night out. I know you would take good care of them, Darius. I trust you and so does Zack. And maybe you can put that gym equipment to good use. Kyle and Kevin have said they want to beef up a bit. How about it?"

Darius's eyes sparkled, proud that Bob was putting this trust in him. "That would be awesome, sir, provided the twins are OK with it. It'll be like camping out."

The twins were enthusiastic. They had always liked Darius he made them laugh but they had never realized before today what a commanding figure he was self-assured, real masculine and they found that a turn-on. So all five of them went into town for dinner, picked up a few supplies that the boys would need overnight, and then Bob and Zack made sure the boys were comfortable.

Bob gave a few parting words. "You'll all be sleeping in the same room, of course, and Zack and I agree that whatever you guys get up to together is fine with us in fact we encourage it. Just so long as you all want it and that you're good to each other. Agreed?"

They all nodded enthusiastically and Darius shook Bob's hand. "Thank you, sir. Thank you for your trust in me. I know Kevin and Kyle are real precious to you and you can be sure I'll take good care of them."

Zack hugged his boy and said. "Thanks for last night, bro. I love the hell out of you, you know that. Now be a man to the boys and, whatever you do, have fun. By the way, these are for you to keep. You've earned them, kid."

He threw Darius the thin, ragged shorts he himself always wore in the dunes, the same shorts he had made Darius wear digging the pit. Darius gasped. "For me, sir? But you always wear these. Wow, that's awesome, sir. I'll always wear them from now on. Thank you, sir."

As Zack and Bob walked away from the shack they heard three excited voices behind them already talking over each other.

The night was beautiful. The full moon was almost as bright as day, the ocean was a silver-brown color and the surf sparkled in the moonlight as the waves washed gently to shore. Bob and Zack walked silently, so close that their shoulders touched occasionally. Bob's mind was still on the twins he was leaving behind, and Zack picked up on his apprehension.

"They'll be alright, you know," Zack said suddenly. "Darius is a great guy and he'll make sure they're fine. Besides, he knows my cell number and he can always call me if necessary."

"Yeah, yeah, I know all that," Bob said, "but thanks for saying it anyway, buddy. It's just that they don't often spend time away from me." He sighed, "God, it's such a responsibility having boys depend on you like that. Takes a lot of work."

"Tell me about it," Zack said. "Trying to keep a live wire like Darius in check leaves me exhausted sometimes. It's great when I'm free for a while to spend time alone with a guy like me an equal" he grinned "such as yourself. Course, you always have Randy."

"Oh, yeah, I'll always have Randy I know that. But I'm real pleased to see you, Zack, each time you come across the street to have dinner with us. It's a shame you always have to leave so early."

There was another silence, before Zack said quietly. "I don't actually have to leave early, I mean."

"Then why do you?" Bob could see Zack hesitate. "Come on, big guy. We're out here all alone on a moonlit beach just you and me. You can tell me anything."

Zack took a deep breath. “OK. Usually the reason I leave early is because of you, Bob. You’re so fucking hot and you’ve always turned me on so much I can’t stand sitting next to you without touching you holding you. I feel so frustrated that I get the hell out, go home, lie on my bed and jack off thinking about you. How’s that for spilling my guts?”

Bob smiled and said softly, “I often wondered if you did that. You know, Zack, that first time when I was driving down the 101, saw the sign to Guadalupe and turned off to visit you in your shack it was..... as if I was drawn to you. Well, you know the rest. Randy had to do his thing, of course, prove that he was the boss and I was his guy, but when he got to know you he accepted the inevitable and encouraged us to spend time together.”

“Which just about brings us to now,” Zack said “to this moment.”

They stopped walking, turned to each other and came together in a tight embrace, two gloriously beautiful men exhilarated by the touch of masculine flesh, muscle to muscle, basking in the warmth and intimacy of close friendship and in the stirrings of raw lust in their groin. They pressed the bulge in their shorts against each other as their cocks grew rock hard.

“Phew,” Zack said, pulling back. “Let’s take this slowly, man. Swim?”

Facing each other they pulled off their shirts, kicked off their sneakers and dropped their shorts. Bob gazed at the perfect naked physique, black as ebony, ripped muscles gleaming in the silver light of the moon. The smile dazzled in the finely etched features of Zack’s face. Zack too was mesmerized by this impossibly handsome muscle-god with the Superman looks, the man who had so often been the inspiration for his solitary orgasms alone in his bed.

Then the spell was broken as their gaze lowered to the two huge cocks standing erect, and they burst out laughing. “Come on, man,” Zack said. “Time to cool off. See that big hunk of driftwood way out there. Race you to it.” And they sprinted into the waves.

It had been one of those scorching Southern California days and even now the night was still warm. So was the water, and its velvet softness somehow made the sensation even more erotic as they swam out side by side with powerful strokes, challenging each other in a muscular display of macho strength and pride. The big driftwood tree-limb floated forlornly, carried by the tide from some distant shore, and the men reached it at the same time, panting hard.

In the deep water they stopped to face each other, catching their breath, treading water, rising and falling with the swell of the waves. Suddenly a wave pushed them together. Their chests touched and they reflexively put their arms round each other to steady themselves. Their mouths met and locked in a hungry embrace. The physical bond was intense as their naked bodies entwined, their legs and groins pressed together and their mouths crushed each other.

No longer treading water, their bodies sank lower and their heads were submerged, though they barely noticed as their mouths were joined so perfectly they were watertight and they breathed back and forth, sharing their breath, sharing their life. Their union was complete as they rolled over and over under the water, bodies pressed together in a mass of tangled limbs, their mouths breathing in life-sustaining harmony.

Finally, though, they broke to the surface again and looked at each other in wide-eyed wonder. "God, man," Zack gasped. "You are fucking sensational." He reached down behind Bob and pressed his palms against the hard globes of his ass, that flexed as Bob treaded water again. "Oh, man, please," Zack said. "I dream of that ass. I need it so bad."

"Then what's stopping you?" Bob said.

Zack twisted Bob round in the water and pushed him toward the driftwood. Bob threw his arms over the log and Zack held him from behind. He breathed in his ear, "This is what I think of when I jack off in bed. This is what I dream of doing." As they floated together in the swell of the warm water Zack's iron rod pressed between the cheeks of Bob's ass and entered him. Their howls were lost in the vast emptiness of the ocean as they felt what each had imagined so many times. Only this time it was the real thing.

Zack gripped Bob's waist from behind and pulled him back onto his cock, penetrating deep inside his ass under the surface of the water. Clinging to the branch Bob pushed his ass backward forcing Zack's huge club to drive deeper into him. And so their bodies pressed hard against each other, linked together by the long black cock of one man spearing the white ass of the other.

And there they floated in the solitary space of ocean and sky. Their only contact was with each other and the warm water enveloping them. They were suspended in space and time, aware only of their intense spiritual union and the physical euphoria of penetration. As Zack continued to pound Bob's ass in the water he looked up at the sky and howled like a wolf baying at the moon.

Drifting in the silver-flecked ocean swell Bob felt an almost mystical harmony with the beauty of the night. Everything felt right. He moaned softly, "Oh, man I love that I love feeling you inside me. Keep fucking my ass, man. It feels so fucking good."

"I love you, man," Zack said simply.

So mesmerized were they by the intense feeling in their groin, as Zack's cocked pistoned unrelentingly in Bob's willing ass, the two men were unaware that they were drifting with the tide toward the shore. But suddenly they felt sand under their feet, and were soon standing chest deep in the water. But the rhythmic fucking never relented. Bob let go of the branch, they stumbled forward and fell onto the sand in shallow water.

The light waves washed them gently toward the beach, two bodies compliant with nature just so long as they could remain joined together. To separate right now was unthinkable. Slowly they drifted and rolled over the wet sand and, as they finally came to rest, Zack eased Bob onto his back, with his cock still inside him.

They were face to face for the first time. Zack looked down in awe at the stunning features of the glorious man he had fucked relentlessly under water, in the waves, and now in the gentle surf on the beach. Bob gasped as he looked up at the black face silhouetted against the bright full moon. He hallucinated that he was looking up at a dark demon who held him totally in his power. He was unable to escape the relentless piston of the huge rod in his ass as if he would have wanted to!

Zack had Bob pinned on his back, gripping his wrists above his head, pressing them into the soft sand. Bob saw the gleaming white teeth of Zack's smile and heard his deep voice. "Out there, rocking in the waves it had to be gentle, buddy. But now I've got you pinned to the ground now this is the real thing, the way one muscle-stud really fucks another especially one he's in love with."

The look in his eyes changed, became almost savage. Now it really was the look of a demon. He pulled his hips upward so the tip of his cock almost came free. He paused, gazing into Bob's eyes, then plunged his shaft forcefully deep into the captive ass, deep into the gut and over the muscle of the inner sphincter. Bob's scream was so loud that for once his voice drowned out the sound of the waves. His heart beat wildly and he took deep breaths as he saw the black body rise again, and fall back heavily onto his ass.

There must have been pain but Bob was immune to it. His scream was a shout not of agony but of exultation. When he had fantasized about Zack in the past this was it exactly what he had seen in his deepest imaginings. He was being fucked, savagely fucked, by this glorious man, this pornographically beautiful black muscle-god.

For the first time Zack lost control. All those nights he had lain awake jerking off with the image of Bob in his mind, all the frustrations of being close to him but unable to touch, all the times his cock had strained in his shorts, longing to fuck him all of it now erupted in an explosive display of total sexual domination.

"Oh, man," he shouted. "I have to do this, man. I have to own your ass. I've waited so long for this. I have to hammer you, man. You're mine now. I have to hurt you!"

It was like the first time they spent together. Zack's obsession with beauty, his deep-rooted need to hurt someone he found painfully beautiful, had made him, that first time, tie Bob up and whip him. Now, as he gazed down at the impossibly beautiful face and body beneath him, he had to overpower it again, in a different way..... to totally dominate it.

And so he did. His cock was like an unrelenting piston, pounding the target of his raw lust. Both men soared into an ecstasy of uncontrolled passion. Bob pushed his ass up to receive the weapon and clenched his ass muscles tight around it, as if to slow the onslaught. The tightness of the ass served only to intensify their physical craving for each other. It was a savage fuck, endless, merciless.

Waves, indifferent to this extraordinary sexual spectacle, broke over the naked men grappling in the surf. But Zack and Bob paid no attention to the warm water washing over them. In the bright moonlight the muscular, soaking bodies gleamed as they bucked and strained. Bob was hypnotized by the wild man above him, water pouring off his glistening ebony face and body.

They were both yelling now words of love and lust, obscenities, as they urged each other toward their climax. But through his all-consuming physical passion Zack instinctively felt that this time had to be different. When he had masturbated thinking about Bob he always built to a physical climax, pumped harder and harder, until he yelled and his cock exploded.

But this time it wasn't fantasy. The object of his desire, of his love, was beneath him he could feel him, he was inside him and they would both cum together. This time it would be special. All these instincts ran through Zack's subconscious mind and made him suddenly stop moving. Bob looked up at him in surprise but saw the look in his eyes, tender now, the savagery gone and Bob understood.

"Now?" he asked softly.

Zack smiled. "Yeah, now."

He pulled back one last time, almost out of Bob's ass, and then gently eased his cock back inside, slowly, tenderly, deeper and deeper. He looked down at Bob's cock that was trembling, on the verge of climax, and he knew that cock was feeling exactly the same sensation as his own. He raised his face and gazed into Bob's soft brown eyes. "I love you, man," he breathed. "This is for you." And he felt his cock explode deep inside Bob's body.

Zack looked back down at Bob's cock and saw it shudder, pulse, and then pour with streams of white juice that arched high and splashed onto Zack's face and body, mixing with the sea water pouring off him. He watched spellbound as Bob's head thrashed from side to side, heard his screams, as ribbons of cum kept pouring out, this time covering his own beautiful face and chest.

The image was so beautiful to Zack it was impossible to take in. He couldn't watch anymore. He raised his face and once again howled triumphantly at the moon. The sound reverberated and then faded away into a long, long silence as the men looked at each other in wonder and waited for their breaths and heartbeats to subside. The experience had been so intense they were strangely shy, not sure what to do next.

But nature took care of that. Suddenly a big wave rolled in from the ocean and crashed over them, sending them rolling over and over together in the surf, washing away all the juices of their passion. When they finally separated they lay side by side on their backs on the wet sand. They gazed up at the moon, stoic witness to the night's spectacle, which it had illuminated so brilliantly.

"Thanks, man," Zack shouted to the moon. And then they started to laugh jubilantly startling even the seagulls into silence.

They spent a long, blissful time in the shallow surf, holding each other, kissing lips, eyes, neck chest, reveling in the salty taste of their flesh. But finally they were spent and Zack sprang to his feet and pulled Bob up beside him. They picked their clothes up off the beach and, without a word, resumed their interrupted walk along the beach to the shack. They didn't speak. Words were irrelevant, not necessary for their minds and bodies to communicate. It was as if speech would bring them down from the ethereal world they had created in their extraordinary act of passion.

They reached the shack, pulled on their shorts and T-shirts and sat outside on the sand taking thirsty slugs of beer. But gradually, almost imperceptibly, Bob sensed that Zack's silence was caused by something other than euphoria, something more troubling. And finally he spoke.

"What's wrong, Zack?"

"Can't hide anything from you, man, can I?" Zack smiled. "Yeah, well shit, man I did it again. Like that first time, you looked so fucking hot, so incredibly beautiful, that I had to hurt you. That first time I whipped your glorious body, and this time I reamed your ass like a wild animal. What is it about me that wants to dominate you so brutally?"

"You didn't hear any complaints from me, Zack, as I recall."

No, but I can't live with this obsession inside me, buddy, this need to hurt you. I have to I dunno, make amends, put it right somehow."

"How can I help?"

Zack was silent as he collected his thoughts. "Did Mark tell you the story of what he did to Hassan in the desert? Hassan was so remorseful of how he had tortured Mark as a soldier all those years ago that the only way he could purge his guilt was to have Mark do the same to him chain him up and whip him. Only then were they equal, and only then could they really be true friends."

"But we're already as close as two guys can be, Zack."

"I know. But I gotta purge myself of the shame I feel, just as Hassan did. Bob, the only way is for you to do to me what I did to you that first time and now tonight." Zack became animated, sprang to his feet and went into the shack. Moments later he came out holding the whip he had used the day before on Darius. He threw it at Bob's feet.

He pointed down to the stakes jutting up from the ground, just as they had been when Zack had tied Bob spread-eagled on the sand weeks ago. In an instant he stripped off his shirt and shorts and threw himself on his back on the sand. He stretched his arms and legs outward and gripped the stakes in his fist. Bob stood and looked down in amazement at the magnificent black bodybuilder, spread-eagled buck naked on the sand, muscles gleaming in the moonlight.

"Come on, buddy," Zack groaned. "Help me, man. You know what you have to do."

At the other end of the dunes, in Mark's shack, the mood was decidedly lighter a lot of laughter, in fact, led of course by Darius. True to his promise Darius was guiding the twins through a workout routine on Mark's rudimentary equipment that he used whenever he came up here. As he demonstrated the uses of dumbbells the twins stared in awe at his gleaming black body, clad only in the thin shorts Zack had given him.

"Didn't Pablo show you a lot of this stuff already?" Darius asked.

"He did, sir," Kevin said, "but we never used that flat thing," and he pointed downward.

Darius winced. "Flat thing? How old are you guys?"

"Nineteen, sir," they said in unison.

"Nineteen..." He shook his head. "Dudes, you've got a lot to learn. That 'flat thing' is called a bench press. Here let me show you. Kyle on your back. I'll spot you."

Kyle lay flat on the bench and stretched his arms up to the bar. Darius loaded light weights on each end and stood behind Kyle's head, guiding the bar up as the boy lifted. "Come on, dude," Darius urged him on, "put some muscle into it."

But it wasn't lack of muscle that caused Kyle's strength to fade it was what he saw as he looked upward. Darius was standing, legs astride, right behind him and Kyle's gaze was riveted on Darius's crotch a few inches above him, or more precisely on his monster cock. The old ragged shorts stretched over the bulging outline of his ten inches, and the head hung down below the bottom, right above Kyle's face.

The boy managed only half a dozen presses and then begged Darius to take the strain of the bar and replace it. "I I'm sorry, sir," Kyle stammered. "I kind of got distracted."

"The golden rule," Darius said authoritatively, "is to focus never lose concentration. Here Kevin, see what you can do."

Kevin took his brother's place but the effect on him was the same. How could he focus on lifting weights when his eyes were riveted on the biggest piece of meat he had ever seen?

"Huh," Darius huffed in frustration. "Maybe we should take a break. Let's get some water." The twins sat on stools and Darius sat astride the bench, so his shorts ran further up his thighs and exposed even more of his long black club. The twins looked at each other for an instant, smiling secretively. If Darius had known them as well as Bob did he would have realized they were planning something. But he was blissfully unaware, and was surprised by a question that came out of the blue.

"Sir," said Kevin slowly. "Do you think it's true what Jamie says, that when Mark went to see Hassan in the desert he chained him up and whipped him?"

"Sure it's true," Darius said in his big-brother voice. "Hell I just wish I'd been there with my camera. Not that it's anything that unusual we've all been tied up at one time or another. It kind of goes with the territory."

"Wow," said Kyle, his eyes shining. "What does it feel like? We're you scared?"

"Scared? Nah," Darius boasted and took a casual swig of his water. "Course, it depends who's doing it. Now Randy can be real fierce, but for you it's gonna be Bob so you'll have no problem there. You're gonna love it. Shit, I'd love to be tied up by that stud."

The twins shared another fleeting look and Kyle said, "Sir, do you think we could try it?"

"Now you mean?" Darius looked at the two beautiful brothers and his mind went on overdrive, fantasizing on how they would look tied to each other. "Hell, that's no problem," he said eagerly, but then caught himself. His promise had been to take care of the boys and he was sure that didn't include tying them up. He was thinking now like a man, no longer like a sex-obsessed boy.

"No, dudes. The first time you get tied up it's gonna have to be Bob that does it. He's your master after all."

Seeing their disappointed look Darius suddenly brightened up. "But hey, if you want to see how it looks here I'll show you." He lay on his back on the bench and raised his arms up and pressed his wrists against the uprights. "See, then you tie the wrists right here."

“Like this, sir?” The twins quickly pulled off their sweaty T-shirts, twisted them into a rope and tied them round Darius’s wrists and to the posts.

“Hey, you’re not bad at this,” Darius said. “Then what you have to do to turn the guy on is struggle to get free, showing off, flexing your muscles like this.” The boys watched spellbound as Darius’s spectacular near-naked body tugged and strained against the restraints, twisting and flexing on the bench, gleaming with sweat. Darius saw the effect it was having on the twins and his own cock started to get stiff, straining against the shorts. The fact that the twins were excited turned him on. Hell, he was turning himself on.

By this time the twins were salivating. “Sir,” said Kyle. “You have such a beautiful big cock. Sir, do you mind if we put our mouths on it?”

“Mind!” said Darius. “Hey guys, go right ahead. Knock yourself out.”

Quickly Kevin pulled Darius’s shorts down over his legs and clear off. The twins gasped as they saw his huge black cock spring to attention. They dropped to their knees and both began to lick it the head, the shaft and then the balls. They exchanged another quick smile and Kevin lowered his mouth over as much of the huge rod as he could take in. A few thrusts and then Kyle took over, until they were fighting for possession of the huge black prize.

Darius was going crazy. He looked down at the two beautiful young faces feasting on his rigid pole and it drove him wild. He pulled at his restraints and said, “Oh, man that feels awesome, guys. Quick, untie me so I can touch you.”

But the twins ignored him and continued sucking his cock and balls voraciously. Then suddenly they stood up and Darius looked up confused, wanting them to continue. He pulled again at his wrists and was about to plead with them when he saw them, in unison, unbutton their shorts and drop them, then kick off their sneakers. For a moment the identical brothers stood over him, naked, and Darius was mesmerized.

Kevin put one leg over the bench and stood on the floor straddling him, facing him. He put his hand behind him and felt the long cock, hard as iron. Darius gasped as Kevin slowly bent his knees and lowered the cheeks of his ass until the head of the cock pressed against his soft hole.

But Kevin hesitated. “Sir, we’ve been fucked a whole lot by Bob and we love it. But we’ve never seen a cock this big. I’m not sure if I can take it, sir.”

“But try, kid, try!” Darius said loudly, desperately. The thought of this lithe young body sinking down onto his cock almost made him shoot his load right there. When he had thought of being alone with the twins he had never in his wildest dreams imagined a scenario like this. To have his dick slide into this beautiful kid’s perfect ass! Now that was a fantasy! He wanted to

push him down on it, but he couldn't get free, though he struggled mightily. "Come on, dude," he pleaded. "Do it..... please."

Kevin took a deep breath and slowly, very slowly, he sank lower and he felt the cock enter his ass and slide into it, inch by inch. There was a kind of pain, but the feeling was so incredible that he didn't care. He couldn't believe how long it was, couldn't believe that his ass was taking all of it, all ten glorious inches, until he felt the head come to rest deep inside his body, touching a place that had never been touched before.

Kevin and Darius both yelled simultaneously, throwing their heads backward in a spasm of delight. "Oh man," Darius howled. "That is so fucking beautiful. Go on, fuck my cock, kid. Fuck me!"

Kevin rose up and up until he felt the head against his sphincter, then lowered himself again, faster this time, waiting for the exquisite feeling when the shaft touched that secret place deep inside him. Darius was in heaven He was getting his cock fucked by this stunning young boy and it felt spectacular.

He was unaware that Kyle had removed the barbell above him and was standing behind his head leaning forward toward his brother. Darius suddenly saw the two faces of the twins coming together over him and he watched mesmerized as they kissed, gently at first, then hungrily. He watched the brothers kiss, felt his cock penetrating the ass of one of them and knew he had to shoot soon.

But, unbelievably, there was more to come. As Kyle leaned further forward his dick hung right over Darius's face. Darius wanted it, wanted to lick it. He pushed out his tongue trying to reach the head and strained desperately to free his wrists. "Please man," he breathed. "Lower please. Let me lick your cock. Please man, I'm begging you. I can't take this. Fuck my face please!"

And so it happened. Kyle pushed his stiff dick into Darius's pleading mouth, while Kevin continued rising and falling on his long black cock. And all the while Darius saw the brothers' faces above him, grinding together. This was a fantasy he could never have conjured up in his wildest imagination. Two beautiful young twins kissing each other while one sat on his dick and the other fucked his face. Unbelievable!

His body was on fire, his mind racing out of control. The twins were moving in a perfect, steady rhythm that sent him into a hypnotic state. There had never been a sensation like this and he knew that his orgasm was close. But they were in control and he was a captive to the rhythm they had set. It was only when he felt the cock in his mouth shudder, when their breathing become ragged and he saw their faces separate, their eyes grow wild, that he knew his time had come.

The cock plunged into his mouth one last time just as the ass sank down heavily onto his cock. He felt the cock in his mouth erupt just as he saw Kevin's dick spray a huge ribbon of cum that he felt splashing down onto his face and body and only then did his own release come. As he swallowed Kyle's juice Darius's cock exploded in the secret recesses of Kevin's ass, blasting stream after stream of hot semen deep inside him.

The noise of the three men screaming echoed off the walls of the small room. But they were unaware of it. They were unaware of the room itself, of where they were. At that climactic moment they were aware of only one thing that they had experienced the wildest sex together they could ever have imagined.

When they all caught their breath, when their hearts stopped thumping, the twins pulled themselves off Darius and stood beside the bench. Darius looked up at them, his eyes still wild. "OK, guys. Untie me now quick."

The twins smiled down at him. "I'm very sorry, sir," Kevin said. "But we can't do that not yet. You see, sir, we're twins, and we share everything. If one of us does something the other has to do it too. Bob calls it our 'symmetry'. So now we have to do the second part."

Their positions were reversed. This time it was Kyle who straddled Darius's body and Kevin who stood behind his head. Darius realized what was about to happen and knew he had no choice. Hell, he didn't want a choice! This time he did not struggle. He lay there in willing bondage, and relaxed in the exhilarating expectation of what surely would come next.

His eyes sparkled. "Dudes you guys are too damn much. This is gonna be one hell of a fucking night."

They couldn't know it, of course, but right about that time Darius was not the only man in bondage in the dunes. A few miles away his master, Zack, was equally helpless, his magnificent naked body spread-eagled on the sand, wrists and legs tied to stakes. His ebony muscles strained and gleamed in the bright moonlight as he looked up at Bob, standing over him, legs astride with a heavy black whip in his hand.

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Chapter 106 – In Love with Hassan

Bob had tied Zack's wrists and ankles to the posts and he now fingered the whip as he walked round the muscle-stud staked to the ground. The moment had come for his revenge. But he hesitated.

Was he really ready for this? Bob was a man of peace, conciliation. He did not believe in retribution an eye for an eye so could he really take revenge on this beautiful man he had come to love especially after making such intense love in the waves? True, Zack had ended it by fucking him brutally but Zack always did that.

And that was just the point that haunted Zack. That is why he had begged for this. "Come on, buddy help me, man. You know what you have to do."

Bob too had stripped naked, but he would have called a halt right there except for the pleading look in Zack's eyes as he said plaintively, "Please, man. Do this for me. It's the only way we can be equal really seal our friendship."

But in the end it was not only Zack's need that moved Bob to action it was the spectacular sight of this glorious man in helpless bondage. Zack was always a stunning sight, but this! this was a pornographic drawing come to life. Looking down now at his superb physique, muscles straining against his restraints, Bob felt his cock getting stiff.

So he ignored his natural scruples and allowed impulse lust to guide him. With his gaze focused on Zack's sculpted pecs, he raised his arm and cracked the whip across his chest. He watched the black bodybuilder spasm with pain, saw the eyes open wide and the jaw clench.

God he looked beautiful! As the body heaved and flexed Bob became lost in the visual fantasy and lost all sense of restraint. It was no longer Zack, no longer his buddy, but a stunningly erotic black muscle-god, bound naked, being savagely whipped. Lash after lash curled over the writhing body, the chest, shoulders and arms that pulled helplessly against the ropes.

Bob saw the pain in Zack's face as it twisted from side to side, saw the body stretched to its limit, veins etched in the tortured muscles. But Zack made no sound, determined to take the punishment he felt he deserved. Stoically silent he looked up in awe at the perfect man this Superman striding around him naked in the moonlight, wielding the whip. This was the man he loved, the man he had hurt, and he needed to feel the pain of retribution.

"Harder, man," Zack moaned. "Let me feel you hurt me I need it, man God I love you."

The words drove Bob to even greater effort, and as the whip cracked again and again he gasped at what now riveted his gaze. Zack's huge cock was standing up rigid, hard as steel, as the body writhed in pain. Instinctively Bob curled the whip around the shaft, watching it spasm and spring free as the leather uncoiled painfully from it.

He did it again and again until suddenly everything stopped. Their bodies heaving, drenched in sweat, the two men gazed at each other with a look of hypnotic intensity. One last time Bob curled the whip round Zack's rigid cock. Zack screamed, his body shuddered and a huge plume of whit juice blasted from his cock, high in the air, and then splashed down onto his chest and face. It was followed by another ribbon of cum as the cock kept erupting.

The effect on Bob was electrifying. Suddenly the spell was broken, the fantasy dissolved. He looked down in horror at his friend, his buddy, staked to the ground, his shuddering body striped with welts from the whip, face twisted in pain and exhaustion. And it was he, Bob, who had done this, had tortured this beautiful man, the man who a short time before had made spectacular love to him in the ocean.

"NO!" Bob howled. He hurled the whip away from him in disgust and fell to his knees. "Oh, man, this is not the way. I love you man we love each other. There's no room for revenge between us, no hurt, no pain. I completely lost it, buddy. I'm sorry. Forgive me."

Zack opened his eyes and managed a smile. "Go easy on yourself, buddy. You gave me just what I needed what I asked for. I needed to submit to you, to see you dominate me, to feel your strength. And you were spectacular."

Bob looked into Zack's eyes with a look of bewilderment. But then his thoughts cleared and he returned Zack's smile. "There is another way, Zack a better way." Quickly he untied the ropes from Zack's ankles, eased forward between his legs and pushed them up high.

"You want me to dominate you, to make you submit? I don't need a whip for that, Zack. This is how you really feel my strength."

He pushed his rigid dick against the hole, then with one savage stroke plunged it deep inside Zack's gut. Both men howled with the euphoric sensation of their usual roles being reversed. The powerful black stud, the man who was always the aggressor, the top man, was now being savagely fucked by the man whose ass he had so often penetrated. It was always Zack who gazed down at Bob beneath him as he fucked him, but now he was on the bottom looking up, feeling the full force of Bob's cock ramming inside him.

Zack pulled frantically at the ropes binding his wrists, longing to touch the beautiful body. Bob's cock pistoned inside him mercilessly but Zack felt no pain. "Oh, man," he groaned. "You're fucking incredible, man. Now I know that's what I wanted, that's what I needed. Fuck me, man. Fuck your buddy's ass. Come on, man. Make me shoot another load."

Bob rested his hands on Zack's chest, and Zack felt the full weight of the muscle-jock heaving above him, pinning him to the ground. He saw the soft brown eyes gazing into his, heard his voice.

"I love your ass, buddy. I love fucking you. You feel my strength now, crushing you? You gonna submit to me?"

"YES! Fuck me, man. Cum inside my ass. Please, sir. I submit!"

And once again Zack's cock exploded as he felt Bob's cock erupt inside him, felt the unaccustomed sensation of Bob's juice pouring into his ass.

Their hearts were still pounding in unison as Bob reached forward, untied Zack's wrists and fell on top of him. Zack threw his arms round him and they rolled over and over in the soft, warm sand. They were still in the same tight embrace as they fell asleep, under the waning light of the full moon that was finally setting over the far horizon, its last gleams bathing the ocean in gold.

"Well, we haven't heard from them, so I guess no news is good news," Bob said as he and Zack jogged along the beach in the direction of Mark's shack where Darius and the twins had spent the night together. The two men had woken late, had a swim, and decided to go pick up their boys for breakfast.

And there is no doubt that the boys would have called their night 'good news.' Contrary to Darius's expectations the twins had shed their shy image and taken charge, giving him a spectacular sexual experience. Tied to the workout bench he had been treated to one wild act after another and everything had been double sex in duplicate!

"No sign of life," said Zack as they neared the shack. "Darius said he would take care of the twins so I hope he lived up to his promise."

They came up to the door, knocked quietly and pushed it open. Their jaws dropped as they took in the scene. Darius was propped up in bed with a huge smile of satisfaction on his face. A breakfast tray was on his lap and the twins stood on either side tending to him, one with a coffee pot, the other with a skillet.

"Hi, guys," Darius beamed. "Join us for breakfast?"

"Shit damn," said Zack. "I guess you took care of the twins just fine, bro."

"Well, not exactly, sir. Actually, it's the twins who took care of me all night."

"I bet they did," Bob smiled, seeing the gleam in the twins' eyes. "And I suppose that ten-inch piece of meat of yours had nothing to do with it."

“Oh yes it did, sir.....” Kyle blurted out but was silenced by a sharp nudge from his brother.

Breakfast on the small patio was a noisy affair as high spirits overflowed, resonant of the extraordinary night they had all spent. Afterwards they all went for a swim, then cleaned Mark’s shack and locked it up.

They walked back along the beach in the same formation as when they came the day before Darius and the twins walking slightly ahead of the men. Zack and Bob grinned as they listened to the animated conversation going on in front of them. Darius was again in charge and had assumed the tone of authority he always used with the boys.

“You guys did really great. We should do it again sometime.”

“That would be awesome, sir,” said Kevin. “See, we really look up to you. You’re so like so macho. We wanna work hard so we can become exactly like you, sir.”

Darius was flattered. “Well sure. I guess if you work hard at it you can end up like me exceptwell, not exactly.”

“Why, sir?” Kyle asked, disappointed.

“Well, face it dudes no matter how hard you work, you’re never gonna be black.”

Behind them Zack and Bob collapsed with laughter. Darius turned round and faced them, walking backwards, his arms outstretched, his eyes sparkling with mock seriousness.

“What? did I say something funny?”

He turned back to the twins and continued their conversation. “Course, there’s another thing too.”

“Yes, sir?”

“Yeah, well no matter how hard your work you’re probably never gonna end up with a ten-inch dick like mine, either.”

Late that afternoon Randy and Mark were sitting at the poolside table when they heard two trucks pull up outside. They immediately saw the change in all five men the instant they walked through the gate. Darius seemed taller somehow, moving with the confident stride of an assertive man rather than the youthful saunter of a boy. And the twins appeared to have shed their shyness as they talked animatedly with Darius.

The glow around Bob and Zack was unmistakable. Their friendship had evidently undergone a reinforcement that was no doubt the result of renewed sexual intensity. At the table Mark saw Randy stiffen and he put a restraining hand on his arm. Randy had long since given his blessing to Bob's intimacy with Zack, but his proprietary instinct still took over when he imagined his lover being fucked by the magnificent black stud.

Randy relaxed and smiled at Mark. "Thanks, buddy. What would I do without you to rein me in? Sure don't want another tongue-lashing from you like the last one." He leapt to his feet and took Bob in his arms. "Had a good time I see," he whispered in his ear. "Zack treat you as you deserve?"

Bob grinned. "Let's just say we both got what we needed."

"And I never crossed you mind, eh?"

"Bullshit. You know I always miss the hell out of you, man."

"Oh yeah? So let's go and see how much." He grabbed Bob's wrist and pulled him toward the house. "Excuse us," he shouted to the others. "See you in a few. We have some business to take care of."

Mark looked at Zack and laughed. "Business! So that's what they're calling it these days."

In fact Randy was all business when he and Bob were alone in their bedroom. "Strip," he said abruptly. Bob threw off his T-shirt shorts and sneakers and threw himself down on his back on the bed. Randy towered over him and smiled at him.

"And I missed the hell out of you too, buddy. You know, I'm OK with you going off with Zack on one condition. That you make it up to me the minute you get back." He stripped naked, knelt on the bed, pressed his hard dick against Bob's ass and pushed it forcefully deep inside. His pale blue eyes penetrated Bob's as he said. "I'm glad you're home, buddy."

"Oh yeah," Bob moaned with pleasure, clenching his ass muscles round the cock he knew so well. "That feels like home. And you know there's just no place like it."

Dinner that evening at the long table by the pool was a celebration, a feeling everyone shared that their group had matured, had come a long way from the days of "ownership", where sexual experiment could be met with punishment and pain. Even Randy, the boss, the most territorial and possessive of them all, had come to realize that whenever Bob coupled with one of the other men, his love and lust for Randy was intensified as they had just proved splendidly once more upstairs.

The boys were especially animated as Darius was falling over himself to relay to Pablo and Jamie every detail of the trial of strength Zack had subjected him to, followed by his extraordinary night with the twins.

“No way,” Jamie gasped over one especially lurid detail. “They never did!”

“I kid you not,” Darius said. “And I’m not exaggerating.”

“Hmm, that would be a first,” Pablo grinned.

The twins were eager to show their love and respect for all the guys in the way they knew best, and produced a spectacular meal, to great applause that made them blush. It seemed that harmony was completely restored until Mark stood up and made an announcement that promised once again to rock the community boat.

“Guys, I want you to know that this weekend I have invited my friend Hassan to stay a couple of days with us.” All movement and noisy chatter stopped instantly as eight pairs of eyes were riveted on Mark’s face. “He’ll be sharing the room with Jamie and me.” As he looked around at them his gaze lingered a few seconds on Randy.

“Now I say ‘my friend Hassan’ because that’s what he is a friend to me and my boy Jamie. Most of you are aware of our history but that was in a distant time and place, in wartime. We have made our peace and I hope that those of you who resented him in the past” (again he glanced at Randy) “....can make your peace too. Now Jamie, stand up. I want you to tell the guys how you feel about this. You know you can speak freely.”

Jamie stood up and blushed, uneasy at being the focus of attention. He cleared his throat. “I erwell, as you guys know we recently had a little adventure in the desert with Hassan. But it all turned out fine and I agree with Mark that he’s a great guy and I I like him a lot.”

“Way to go, dude,” shouted Darius. “And later you’ve gotta spill all the details of that little ‘adventure’ of yours.”

The gust of laughter broke the uneasy silence that had settled over the group, and Darius and Pablo pulled Jamie down beside them and quietly started to grill him. The boisterous atmosphere resumed and it was a contented and fairly drunk group that broke up for the night.

The only place that discomfort lingered was in the bedroom of Randy and Bob. Instead of moving around authoritatively as Randy always did, tonight he was clearly irritable as he pulled off his clothes, banged around in the shower and then threw himself down on the bed. Bob knew the mood well and waited a while before he confronted it. They were both lying on their backs staring at the ceiling when Bob finally spoke.

“You know, buddy, he’s Mark’s friend, and Mark is our friend, and that should just about say it all.”

“He’s an asshole,” Randy growled.

Bob tried levity. “Who, Mark or Hassan?”

“You know who I mean. I’ll never forget what that sadist did to Mark in the military torturing him the way he did.”

“Look, if Mark has got beyond that so should we. At least be civil to him when he’s here.”

There was silence for a minute. Then Randy blurted out, “You’re gonna be here all the time aren’t you?”

“Sure I am.” Bob sighed deeply. “And it looks as if I’m gonna have my work cut out.”

Randy looked at him and his face broke into a grin. “You think you’re pretty hot stuff, don’t you, asshole? Looks like I’m gonna have to fuck that arrogance out of you.”

As Randy wrapped his arms round him Bob relaxed. “That’s more like it sir. You’re the boss.”

“Oh yeah?” Randy said. “Sometimes I wonder about that.”

It was the boys who were most on edge that Friday evening as they waited for Hassan to arrive. Darius and Pablo had dragged Jamie’s story out of him, every last detail, and it had whetted their appetite for another look at the soldier. The twins had never seen him and chatted excitedly to each other as they prepared dinner.

Jamie, of course, had been the closest of the boys to Hassan, but Darius too had had his fantasy fulfilled earlier on when Randy had made him push his huge dick inside Hassan as a final act of retribution. Pablo had only seen Hassan briefly when he and Darius helped clean him up after his beating by Randy.

Hassan had called Mark to say he was on his way, coming straight from the Marine Base in his work clothes as he was running late. The men were drinking their first beer of the evening and were fairly relaxed, even Randy whose glowering look had given way to a more benign mood after Bob’s persistent peacemaking efforts.

The twins were setting the table for dinner when suddenly all heads looked up sharply as they heard the sound of tires on gravel outside. Mark stood up and hurried out to meet Hassan. After a few minutes the gate opened and Pablo grabbed Darius's arm and gasped, "Jesus Christ."

"Not quite, but close," Darius said.

The two men looked spectacular as they stood side by side contrasting images of the perfect male. The group was used to Mark, of course, the blonde Greek god, but Hassan's exotic, olive-skinned beauty stunned them into slack-jawed silence. They gazed at his finely sculpted Asian features, square jaw, high cheek bones, his jet-black hair hanging over his broad forehead, almost into his slanted dark eyes.

As he had told Mark, he was still wearing his Marine Corps work-clothes, dark green fatigues tucked into heavy work boots and a green work-shirt that hung open, revealing a tight green tank top underneath and his military dog tags hanging round his neck. His body was the kind of perfect physique that no amount of clothing could disguise broad shoulders, bulging pecs and a slim, tight waist.

Mark broke the stunned silence by stepping forward and saying, "Gentlemen allow me to introduce my buddy Hassan."

Hassan flashed a brilliant smile and they heard for the first time the musical lilt of his low, accented voice. "It is an honor for me to meet you all. Mark has told me much about you, and I see he has not exaggerated in the slightest."

Jamie was the first to move. He jumped to his feet and Hassan opened his arms to greet the boy he already knew intimately. After a quick glance at Mark for approval Jamie walked forward and accepted Hassan's prolonged hug. "Great to see you again, sir," Jamie said.

"Me too, Jamie."

The ice was broken and Mark smiled. "Actually, Hassan, I think you've met everyone before, at least briefly, except for the twins Kyle and Kevin." Shyly the twins shook hands and, blushing, quickly returned to their table-setting tasks.

It wasn't long before the boisterous enthusiasm of the boys and their men enfolded Hassan into the group. The meal was almost ready and Mark took him into the house so he could rinse off the dust of the highway. When he came back out there was one more stunning visual treat for the boys. Hassan looked at the casually dressed group round the table mostly shorts and tank tops and he smiled.

"Guess I'm a little over-dressed." He pulled off his loose shirt and tossed it over a chair. There was an audible gasp as the boys saw his muscular body under the tank top broad, sinewy

shoulders, wide V-shaped lats sloping down to the slim waist cinched by his military belt. The tank was tight enough to show off the washboard abs rippling underneath.

Darius nudged Pablo. “Dude, will you look at that! It’s just like that porn drawing I’ve got ‘Military Fantasy!’ Oh, man, I gotta get a video of this. This is gonna be one hot fucking weekend.” And he ran indoors to get his camera.

Everyone behaved well even Randy. With Bob firmly at his side he felt secure in the knowledge that at least this man wouldn’t lose his head. In a quiet moment he reassured himself as he said into Bob’s ear. “I see you looking at him, buddy. He’s quite the stud. But you would never

Bob frowned in mock frustration. “You know me better than that, Randy. I’m all yours, big guy.”

It was the boys who made the most noise. They grilled Hassan about his life abroad and his work in the U.S. attached to the Marine Corps. Hassan took it all good-naturedly and gave them enough information to fill Darius’s fantasy file for months to come. Jamie was glowing with complacent pride, knowing that he was the one who would sleep that night between Hassan and Mark, getting fucked by both of them, and a lot else besides.

One thing was remarkable, though Bob was the only one sensitive enough to pick up on it the silence of Pablo. He did not join in the rapid-fire questions of the others, though he listened intensely to Hassan and kept his eyes fixed on him throughout the meal.

The same was true when they went for a swim after dinner. Pablo’s eyes were saucer wide when he saw Hassan strip naked with everyone else before they all jumped into the pool. Nobody bothered to hide their stiff erections as they gazed at Hassan’s glorious naked body for the first time.

When the evening finally came to an end Bob sighed with relief that it had all been an untarnished success. As conversation wound down Mark took the lead. He pulled Hassan and Jamie to their feet and threw his arms round their shoulders. “Bed, guys,” he smiled. “You must be exhausted, Hassan.”

“Yeah, but not too exhausted,” murmured Darius as he got one last departing shot with his camera. “That Jamie is one lucky fucking dude,” he said to Pablo. “And tomorrow he’s gonna give us every last, steamy detail, even if we have to torture it out of him.”

Bob and Randy were next to leave, as Bob grinned. “Well done, buddy. You didn’t lay a finger on him.”

“Ah, he’s OK I guess. At least he’s all man. Anyway, it’s your ass I want, not his.”

Zack and the twins went back across the street and Zack suggested they spend the night with him rather than in their own guest house. “Maybe you can do for me what you did for Darius in the dunes, uh?” They couldn’t wait.

That left Darius and Pablo chatting by the pool. Darius looked at his friend quizzically. “Dude, you sure were quiet tonight. Couldn’t take your eyes off that hunk either. You fallen in lust with Hassan or something? Couldn’t blame you if you did. He can put his boots under my bed any night of the week.”

“Asshole!” said Pablo. “Hassan’s OK, I guess but I could take it or leave it. No big deal.”

But that was not true not true at all. The next day he maintained his stand-offish attitude to Hassan, who in any case spent much of his time with Mark and Jamie. Hassan kept his distance from Randy, even though the boss man seemed no longer to have any animosity toward him. At the same time Hassan couldn’t help noticing that Pablo was also keeping his distance from him.

Hassan wanted to clear the air, though, and his opportunity came on Sunday morning when they were all hanging out lazily in the garden. Pablo was sitting alone under the shade of a tree, rather sullenly, and out of earshot of the other guys round the pool. A shadow fell on him and he looked up to see Hassan towering over him, looking stunning in swim-trunks.

“Hi, Pablo,” he said with a dazzling smile. “Mind if I join you?” He sat on the grass next to him. “You know you haven’t said much to me since I got here. I get the feeling you’ve been avoiding me. Did I do something to offend you?”

“Oh no, sir,” said Pablo hurriedly, blushing. “No way. In fact wellI guess I was too shy to ask you questions like the other guys. I wanted to, though.”

Hassan laughed. “Well, here we are, so fire away.”

Now that they were alone Pablo gazed into the handsome face and the floodgates opened. He became alive, firing questions at Hassan, mostly about life in the Marines. It wasn’t long before a warmth developed between them. Hassan really liked the handsome kid, his exotic dark-haired features a junior version of his own.

As for Pablo, what always turned him on most was a man who was rugged and tough like his master Randy and Hassan certainly filled the bill there apart from being spectacular looking. And the sight of him in his Marine uniform had been an erotic thrill all on its own. The military had always held a special fascination for the boy.

As their conversation progressed and became more relaxed Hassan asked what kind of work Pablo did, and the boy poured out all his youthful enthusiasm for the big machines and vehicles he worked on at the construction sights. "Would you like to see, sir?" he suddenly asked on impulse.

His enthusiasm was so infectious that Hassan was caught up in the moment. "Well sure, kid. Sure I would. If it's OK with"

Pablo ran over to where Randy and Bob were sitting. "Sir," he said, his eyes sparkling, "is it OK if I take Hassan to the construction site and show him the work I do on the equipment there?"

The question came like a bolt out of nowhere and Randy instantly stiffened. His immediate reflex was to refuse permission, but he felt Bob's hand squeezing his wrist. Bob leaned over and spoke in his ear. "Look at the kid, Randy. I've never seen him so excited. You gonna pour cold water over that?"

Randy glared at Bob, then softened. "OK, kid," he said grudgingly. "But the meal will be ready soon, so don't be long."

As he ran off excitedly they gazed after him and an uneasy feeling started to crawl up Bob's spine. Maybe he had given Randy the wrong advice.

Pablo put on his sneakers and Hassan pulled his fatigues over his swim trunks and put on his heavy boots. Pablo drove them in his truck and as he sat shoulder to shoulder with Hassan he felt alive, empowered somehow. He had a sense of opening a new chapter in his life, of leaving the past behind.

He was very aware of how Darius had changed since his experience with Zack in the dunes becoming more assertive, dominant. That was hot, but it made Pablo feel more subordinate than ever. But next to Hassan he felt a renewed confidence, felt an affinity with the soldier. With his Mestizo background Pablo had the same exotic looks as Hassan and he looked on him almost as an older brother.

At the construction site Pablo was really in his element. The big heavy machinery was his kingdom and he explained with pride their intricate servicing needs. Whenever he turned to face Hassan and their eyes met the boy faltered for a split second before his mechanic's enthusiasm took over again.

Hassan was at first amused by the young boy's energy and passion for his work, but gradually felt a stronger affection, something close to the affinity Pablo felt. Pablo was like the younger brother he had always wanted. That, plus he was, of course, extremely beautiful.

They had been there a while and Pablo was on his knees beside a big earth mover, showing off the enormous wheels and drive shaft. He was focused on the vehicle at first but then turned to speak to Hassan and fell suddenly silent.

Hassan was standing over him, his arms stretched up as he leaned on a bar above his head. The sun was behind him giving his body an almost ethereal glow. Stripped to the waist, his muscular torso gleamed, tapering in a V from broad shoulders down to the slim waist at his fatigue pants.

Pablo fell into a kind of trance, riveted by the spectacular face smiling down at him. Slowly he lowered his eyes over the neck, down over the bulge of his magnificent chest, over the ripped abs and down to the wide leather belt tight round his waist. His gaze went lower, over the pants and it was then that he let out an audible gasp. The pants were stretched tight round his hips throwing into sharp relief the bulge at his crotch.

The boy was mesmerized. The world he knew dissolved, receded into the shadows. This was his new world, his new reality. Only then did he realize that his cock had been rigid ever since Hassan had sat down beside him in the garden. But he had been so enthralled by the man himself that he was not even aware of his own sexual arousal. It went beyond lust. He was captivated by Hassan.

And there was only one thing he could do now. He had one burning need that went beyond thought, beyond reason, with no reference to past or future. This was nowthis time and this place. This was Hassan.

He raised his hands to Hassan's waist and quickly unbuttoned his pants. He reached inside, pulled down the waistband of the swim trunks and curled his fingers round the iron-hard shaft inside. His eyes misted over as he pulled it out Hassan's cock Hassan's beautiful cock. He leaned forward, breathed in the scent of the man, then opened his mouth and pushed forward, taking in the whole length of the cock deep, deep inside his throat.

He squeezed his throat muscles tight around the huge rod and heard Hassan's deep voice moan above him. There were no conscious thoughts of love of lust except for one. Pablo loved Hassan's cock. He loved it! It was his, in his mouth and he wanted it to be there forever. He pulled his head back, then lowered it again and again and again. He reached round and planted his hands over the mounds of Hassan's ass, just as Hassan clamped his hands behind Pablo's head and pulled it toward him.

Pablo didn't care about the pain as the head of the cock pounded the back of his throat, didn't care that he choked, gagged, that his eyes were streaming with tears. His one desire was to give pleasure to Hassan, to prove himself to him, show him the depths of his desire for him. The piston action went on and on and he heard Hassan's rasping breaths, the moans of euphoria, and then heard his voice.

“Oh Pablo, that feels sensational. Suck my cock, man. Show me how much you love my huge prick. Eat it take it all the way down. Oh, man, you’re gonna make me shoot my load inside you. Take it, Pablo drink my semen.”

Pablo was in a world where the only thing that mattered was the taste of Hassan’s flesh as it swelled in his mouth, as it spasmed one last time and poured hot liquid deep inside his throat. Pablo gulped, almost choking, then swallowed again and again as the juice streamed inside him. So intense was his focus on Hassan that he was unaware that his own cock had exploded in his shorts.

It seemed a long time before their cocks were finally exhausted and the semen stopped flowing. Pablo pulled his head back and gazed upward, white juice spilling out of his open mouth. Hassan pulled him up by his shoulders and clamped his mouth over Pablo’s, probing with his tongue, sharing with the trembling boy the taste of his own sweet cum.

They were in the truck and Pablo was taking the long way home. He needed time to talk to Hassan, ask him questions hell, just to be with him. Hassan’s own thoughts were reeling, at once ecstatic but horrified at what had happened. This was Randy’s boy. It couldn’t happen but it hadspectacularly and irrevocably.

And so they talked, not really about what had just happened but about each other, their shared interests and pleasures, their lives, their hopes for the future. They got to know each other beyond the heat of passion. Hassan’s affection for the boy deepened and his overwhelming imperative was to guide him, to shield him from pain and sadness. It was the protective instinct of an older brother.

But Hassan knew that it could not end right here. What they felt would not go away no matter how much they suppressed it. They needed time for their feelings to evolve, to mature, and then perhaps diminish until they disappeared. Maybe, Hassan thought, it was simply lust, infatuation, and maybe reality would take over and propel them back to where they had been before he ever arrived on the scene. Only time would tell.

Pablo seemed to dwell on the Marine Corps, asking a million questions about Camp Pendleton, about the life of a Marine, the comradeship “Semper Fi”. It was clear that Pablo had a fixation, a fascination, with the military. As the boy talked Hassan formed a sense of what they should do, what might help to clarify the situation. At that moment Pablo made a suggestion. And Hassan agreed.

By the time they arrived back at the house they were calm and relaxed, almost as if nothing had happened except of course that it had, and they knew it. They walked through the gate and saw the men already seated round the table at lunch. Hassan felt Pablo's body stiffen beside him as he pulled himself up to his full height and took a deep breath. Then Pablo strode ahead and stood before Randy.

He looked deep into Randy's steel blue eyes. "Sir. I want to ask you something. When Hassan leaves later today I would like him to take me down to Camp Pendleton, to show me the Marine Base there. He has said he would and I want him to. See I think I might want to join the Marines."

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Chapter 107 – Pablo Loses his Mind

There was a leaden silence in the garden. The breeze had died, the air was oppressive, and it was almost as if lightning sparks crackled in the gloom before a storm. All eyes were on Randy. He blinked, confused, not really grasping what he had heard. He refused to believe it. But gradually, like the first stages of grief, denial was replaced by anger.

Slowly he rose to his feet and his eyes blazed not at Pablo but at Hassan. He took a deep breath and spat out the name like an obscenity "Hassan!" Suddenly Bob leapt to his feet beside Randy and prevented the onslaught that was about to erupt. He spoke quickly and with authority.

"Pablo, Hassan, I think we should go inside and talk." He turned to the twins. "Guys, could you do me a favor and hold back the meal for a while?" Then to the other men, "Sorry, guys, but we have to take care of this, and then we'll eat."

There were vague murmurs of understanding round the table as Bob led Randy firmly toward the house, followed by Pablo and Hassan. Darius looked at Jamie, rolled his eyes and whispered, "Wow didn't see that one coming."

The four men sat at the kitchen table and Bob was quick to take the lead to forestall the obvious clash that was about to erupt between Randy and Hassan. "Pablo," he said soothingly. "This is something out of the blue. Where did this idea come from all of a sudden?"

Pablo was nervous but determined. Randy had taught him to know what he wanted and to stand his ground, and he now looked straight at Bob, avoiding Randy's eyes. "Sir, I was always kinda intrigued by the military and when Hassan answered all my questions about the Marines I thought I might like to join up."

“Are you sure about this?”

“No, sir. And that’s why I asked Hassan to show me round the Marine Base at Pendleton give me a better idea of what I would be getting into. I would only stay overnight and then Hassan said he would bring me back. Only 24 hours, sir.”

Bob was acutely aware of the tension about to explode in Randy sitting beside him and said, “OK, Pablo. Would you go back to the others for a minute and leave us three alone?”

“Thank you, sir,” said Pablo with obvious relief. He glanced only fleetingly at Randy as he hurried from the room just in time to avoid the eruption.

“You bastard,” Randy snarled at Hassan, barely controlling his anger. “You put the kid up to this. He’s never mentioned the fucking Marines before. I saw the way he was looking at you. You fucking seduced him, you mother-fucker. Now you’re gonna take him away and do god-knows-what to him.”

“It’s not like that,” Hassan defended himself. “Pablo seems to have has a real interest in the Marines asked a lot of searching questions. It was his suggestion I take him down there and I said I would.”

Bob intervened quickly. “Pablo seems to be infatuated with you, Hassan, but tell me one thing. What exactly are your feelings for the boy?”

“I like him a lot his enthusiasm, his energy. Shit, you can see we share the same kind of looks I’ve pretty quickly grown to think of him as a younger brother.”

“Bullshit!” barked Randy. “And I suppose you never laid a finger on him.”

There was a long silence before Hassan replied with a shrug, “OK, I let him suck my dick at the construction site. I guess he was real hot for me so I let him get it out of his system.”

Randy sprang to his feet and towered over Hassan. “You fucking shit-head. Now listen to me asshole. I adopted that boy I’m his dad. And the only brothers he has are the guys in this house. So you can take your big-brother act and get you sorry ass out of this house right now before I throw you out.”

Hassan stood up and faced him, eye-to-eye. “No, you listen to me and get this straight. No-one gives me orders, least of all an arrogant prick like you. I’ll do what I want and leave when I’m good and ready.”

Randy clenched his fists. “Son-of-a-bitch! I knew I should have finished you off the day I tortured your ass and beat the shit out of you. You want more of the same, big guy?”

"You don't scare me," Hassan growled. "OK, man, you wanna take this outside?"

"You're on, asshole."

"STOP!" Bob sprang to his feet and his eyes blazed. "You're behaving like a couple of animals. Right now there's a young guy out there who's confused and nervous, and all you two can think about is beating each other to a pulp. You both claim to love him, so try to show it, for God's sake, and think about his needs for once instead of your own."

There was silence except for the heavy breathing all round. But Bob's voice was commanding, and had the obvious ring of truth so gradually everyone sat down at the table again. Randy was swimming in a sea of anger and knew he was on the edge of losing control. As always at times like that he turned to Bob.

"OK, asshole. What's your take on this?"

Bob sighed deeply. "Leaving aside the obvious attraction between Hassan and Pablo probably affection on Hassan's part and infatuation on the boy's leaving all that aside it seems that Pablo is really intrigued by the notion of joining the Marines and he has to get that out of his system one way or the other. And he won't settle until he's found out what that all involves." He paused and looked straight at Randy.

"So my suggestion is that Hassan should go ahead and give him the tour." As Randy stiffened Bob turned to Hassan. "On one major condition. You are not to put your own slant on this, Hassan. You must give him a balanced, unbiased picture of what life is like for a Marine. No sugar-coating."

Hassan managed a half smile. "I'm way ahead of you there, Bob, and that's one reason I agreed to the trip. I know how glamorous the Marines can look from the outside to a kid like Pablo. But I also know the realities of Marine life the drudgery and the unattractive side of some of those guys. It's not all 'Semper Paratus'. So if anything I'll lean to the negative side of the picture and that way Pablo may view things differently. Look, I have a feeling that Pablo's enthusiasm for the military is just a fleeting infatuation just as you describe his feelings for me, Bob. But he has to find that out for himself."

There was a long silence as they waited for Randy's reaction. He looked at Bob's expectant face, then glared at Hassan. "OK, but if you let anything bad happen to that boy, asshole if anyone or anything hurts him I swear, I'll kill you with my own two hands."

Bob opened his eyes wide and smiled at Hassan. "Well, that seems to settle it then. One other suggestion I would make, Hassan, is that you and Pablo leave right away. I think that lunch might be a bit strained after all this."

“Well I’m fucking starving,” Randy growled as he stood up and strode from the room without another glance at Hassan.

Goodbyes were brief and awkward. Pablo hugged Darius and Jamie, and Darius was his usual cheerful self. “Now remember, dude all the details. I want to hear every last detail when you get back.”

Then Bob pulled Pablo aside and stuffed two \$20 bills in the lower pocket of his cargo shorts. “Here, Pablo. Emergency money. Always good to have a couple of twenties stashed away you never know. Take care of yourself, kid.”

Finally Pablo allowed Randy to take him stiffly into his arms and whispered in his ear, “You’re my boy, so remember everything I’ve taught you. Now go.”

Mark was the most uncomfortable of the men, not sure exactly what was happening, and he shook hands briefly with Hassan. And then Pablo and Hassan were gone. The twins saw their cue and brought food out to the table right away. Before they sat down Mark took Bob aside.

“Shit man, I feel responsible for all this,” Mark said. “It was me who brought Hassan here, after all. What the fuck have I done?”

“Don’t beat up on yourself, buddy,” Bob smiled. “Something like this had been brewing a long time. Randy taught the kid to think for himself, be his own man, and now he’s just spreading his wings. I have no idea how it’ll turn out, but it’s something that needs to happen. Just have to keep our fingers crossed.”

In Hassan’s military jeep Pablo, with the resilience of youth, had quickly shed the doubts and discomfort in the house. That was all behind him this was the future. As they swung onto the Golden State Freeway headed south he felt once again the intoxicating presence of the spectacular man beside him.

Pablo was charged up supercharged feeling almost like a junior Marine already. Whether it was that thought, or the proximity of Hassan’s body, Pablo’s cock was already hard in his shorts. His mind could not separate the two for him, Hassan was the Marine Corps, and his fantasy was for them both to be there together. He felt Hassan’s shoulder next to his and breathed a sigh of utter contentment.

Camp Pendleton, the largest Marine Base in the U.S., is a sprawling installation and the tour took several hours. Hassan was clearly already popular among the guys, many of whom yelled greetings as they drove by. Hassan tried to show Pablo as much as possible, not only the

interesting places but the mundane, forbidding-looking installations too the gray barracks, cavernous mess-hall, dusty drill grounds.

Pablo looked at everything in wide-eyed wonder, but his initial excitement as they drove through the gate gradually waned a bit as he gazed at the featureless expanse of the camp. He wasn't sure what he had expected, but posters and ads he had seen for the Marine Corps looked more exciting than this, usually featuring a hot-looking guy in uniform.

And that was another thing. The guys he saw wandering round the base were not as hot as he had imagined them. Not many of them were handsome or buff as far as he could see. With their buzz-cut hair, many of them with unremarkable features and pale skin, they were mostly disappointing. Of course, he reasoned to himself, he did live with a group of stunningly beautiful men, all of them, so he was spoiled in that regard. And that recollection gave him his first fleeting stab of doubt and nostalgia.

But Hassan was with him, that was the main thing, and Pablo still showered him with questions. "Sir, how come you've got thick black hair and the other guys have Marine buzz-cuts."

"See kid, I'm only attached to the Marines and I work in intelligence, so when I go undercover I don't want to stand out like a Marine. Look, Pablo, it's against regulations for me to have you on the base overnight, so I've booked us a room at a motel in Oceanside. Most of the guys here hang out in Oceanside a lot you know, dinner, bars, the beach, so you'll get to see them off duty. Think you can handle a night in a motel with me?"

Pablo smiled at the gorgeous face and felt his cock get hard in his shorts.

Oceanside is a bustling beach city and its close proximity to Pendleton is obvious by the presence of so many Marines walking around town. Hassan drove to a small motel near the ocean and they went into their room.

"I've gotta jump in the shower real fast," said Hassan. "Then I'll take you to dinner and out for a drink so you can see how some of the guys relax off-duty." He was already stripping off his shirt and tank top, and once again Pablo's eyes opened wide as he saw the magnificent, shirtless physique. Hassan casually dropped his pants and walked into the shower.

Pablo heard the water running and looked at the blurred image of the naked body through the frosted glass of the shower door. "I want that," he murmured to himself. He recalled what Randy always told him "Once you know what you want, kiddo, go for it. Do whatever it takes to get it."

And Pablo knew just how to get what he wanted. The thought of sharing the shower with this naked muscle-god made him determined and his cock was rock hard. He stripped off his

clothes, slid open the shower door and walked into the steam beside the startled Hassan. Pablo gave him his winning, crooked grin and said, "Quicker if we shower together. Let me help you, sir."

Hassan couldn't help noticing Pablo's huge erection and decided to make a joke of it. "Some boner you got there," he laughed. "Pleased to see me, I guess. OK, soap me up."

Pablo was in a dream-world as the steam swirled around them and he ran his hands over Hassan's magnificent body, from his neck down over the bulging pecs, over the ripped abs and down to the tight waist. He fell to his knees and soaped up the muscular thighs, his eyes riveted on the huge cock hanging inches before his eyes. But Hassan knew what was happening and, to prevent it, quickly put his hands under Pablo's arms and pulled him to his feet.

Disappointed, Pablo knew one thing that Hassan would not be able to resist. "Could you do my back, please sir?" He turned his back to him and Hassan began to rub his soapy hands gently over the smooth young body the shoulders, the muscular back, down to the waist and onto the ass.

And what an ass! Hassan felt it first, the firm round globes, and then looked at it through the steam gazed at it. It was the most perfect ass he had ever seen, white mounds rising up from the slim waist and curving round to the tan line of his legs. "Oh, God," Hassan moaned quietly. "Jesus Christ." His own cock was raging hard and he instantly lost all sense of propriety and inhibition.

"Man, you have a beautiful ass. Oh, man, I've gotta be inside that." He pushed Pablo face first against the tiled wall, pressed the head of his cock between the two white globes and pushed. His wet, soapy cock slid in easily and he heard the moan of absolute joy as Pablo felt the huge rod plunging deep inside him, the cock of this spectacular man, the soldier who made him weak with desire.

In fact his legs buckled now, but he braced himself against the wall as he felt Hassan's muscular body press against his back, felt the long shaft bury itself inside him. The feeling was sensational, all the more so as he visualized the exotic face and incredible physique of the man fucking his ass. He heard Hassan's rasping breath as he pistoned harder and harder inside him.

"Oh, Jesus. You feel so fucking great kid. That ass, that perfect ass. Oh man, I'm gonna shoot a huge load in your ass. I can't hold back, kid. Here it comes."

Pablo felt the huge cock shudder and explode deep inside him felt the hot juice pouring inside his gut as the shower water poured over their bodies. And mixed in with the water streaming down the wall was his own cum as he rubbed his cock against the tiles and shot load after load up over his chest.

Hot water continued to pour over their joined bodies as their breath heaved and hearts thumped. But after a few minutes, as the last of Hassan's semen drained out of him, reality hit him as if the water had been an ice-cold shower. His mind reeled. Shit, this was not supposed to happen. What the fuck was this kid doing to him?

He pulled out of Pablo's ass, rinsed off quickly and sprang out of the shower. He dried off quickly, then pulled on his fatigue pants, boots and the military-green tank top. He pulled a beer out of the small fridge in the room and slumped in an armchair. He tried to put what had happened out of his mind both the blow-job at the construction site and now this fuck in the shower. But he had to admit it had been one glorious fuck. That ass

But this had to stop.

The bathroom door opened and Pablo stepped out with a towel round his waist. God, he was beautiful those dark mestizo looks, cheeky grin, and perfect, ripped young body. Pablo walked around the room and decided he wanted more. With his back to Hassan he dropped the towel and ran his hand over his ass. Then he continued sauntering around drying himself, knowing full well the effect his body was having on Hassan.

Hassan flashed on the thought that Pablo was behaving like a cheap hustler, but immediately dismissed the thought. This was not cheap it was glorious the beautiful, lithe young body preening before him, taunting him. Hassan felt himself drowning, and then heard the soft young voice. "Sir, look at my ass. I want you again, sir. Please fuck me again. Please, sir."

Hassan's breathing became ragged and his eyes focused hypnotically on the boy's ass. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, ripped off his shirt, grabbed Pablo and pushed him onto his back on the bed. He ripped open his pants and pulled out his cock that was already hard again, so soon after the fuck in the shower. "You want this again, kid? OK, here it comes."

He grabbed Pablo's legs, pushed them in the air and in one forceful, efficient move plunged his cock between the mounds of the young ass. Pablo was not expecting such strength, such ferocity, and he gasped as he felt the soldier's cock spear him for the second time. He gazed up at the spectacular man as he endured the savage invasion of his ass.

Hassan pounded into him, then stopped for a second, ripped off his tank top and began again. Pablo was so mesmerized by the incredible sight of shirtless muscle-god ripping into his ass that he felt no pain, just the euphoric sensation of his ass filled with the jack-hammer of Hassan's rod.

He watched the intense look on Hassan's stunning face, saw the black hair flying, saw the naked torso start to gleam with sweat as the muscles flexed. He felt the rough fabric of the fatigue pants crashing against his tortured ass. The magnificent body rose and fell over the

boy, and as Hassan gazed down at him he leaned forward and pinned his arms above him on the bed. Pablo felt the immense power of the man holding him captive as the cock became a piston, driving into the furnace of his ass.

It couldn't last long. It was too intense. Hassan growled, "OK, kid. This is what you've wanted ever since we met. Here it comes then....."

Pablo felt his own body shudder and his cock explode all over himself as Hassan delivered one last piercing blow to his ass and shot another hot load inside him. But that was not the end. Even after he had cum, Hassan did not let up, hammering the ass like a man possessed, a machine that was racing out of control. Now that he had cum Pablo felt the pain and flinched as the massive body pistoned into him.

"Please, sir, I've had enough. Please, sir please stop. You're hurting me, sir."

The plaintive voice brought Hassan back to his senses. He stopped suddenly and stared wildly down at the tear-stained face beneath him. Pablo yelled as he felt the cock pull roughly out of his shattered ass. Hassan stood up, put his cock back in his pants and pulled on his tank and shirt.

Pablo looked up at the man who had just possessed him so powerfully. He was in a trance as he said, "Sir I love you sir. I want to live with you I want to be your boy."

Hassan glared at him and growled, "Get up. Get dressed. We're going out."

Pablo was still in a daze as he sat beside Hassan in the jeep racing through the streets of Oceanside. He was not sure what had happened, though he felt that something had changed. Hassan was not smiling at him, not even looking at him.

Hassan's own erotic trance had burst like a bubble, replaced with an ice-cold clarity. He knew he had been seduced by Pablo, knew that the boy was besotted with him. Hell, the kid wanted to live with him, become his boy! What the fuck was happening here? Hassan knew he was not blameless in this. He had wanted to plough that perfect ass and he'd just had two of the best fucks in his life, but he had to call a halt. Right now!

And if ever there was a time for tough love, this was it. Hassan knew that what he intended to do would be tougher on him than it would on Pablo, but he had to put an end to this once and for all. After all, he had promised Bob that he would show Pablo the negative side of the Marines. Maybe, at the same time, he could project a negative side of himself turn the boy off him.

They pulled up at a noisy bar/restaurant with people spilling out onto the sidewalk, many of them Marines. Hassan pulled Pablo inside and became all business. He ordered drinks and some food, which they downed quickly as they had not eaten since they left L.A. Hassan ordered more drinks and finally spoke. "OK, kid. You wanted to get to know the Marines how they work and play? Well this is how they play. Take a look around. I gotta go say hi to some buddies of mine."

To Pablo's dismay Hassan got up, left the table and went over to a group of guys across the room. Pablo looked around at the raucous bunch of Marines crowding the bar and one by one his illusions met the harsh light of reality. Many of the men were clearly drunk, and that was not the only reason they were so unattractive. He couldn't see one of them who he would have described as hot, despite their military clothes that he had found such a turn-on a short time ago.

Some of them looked over at him with lecherous smiles and he turned his head away. And then the truth dawned on him. It was not the Marines that fascinated him it was Hassan. This was all about Hassan. The man was such a magnetic force that Pablo lusted for him, loved him, wanted to be with him. Except somehow Hassan seemed changed ever since Pablo's performance in the motel, which already filled the boy with shame.

Pablo was confused and afraid. And suddenly an image flashed through his mind of the guys back home Randy, Darius and the rest who right around now would be finishing dinner and sitting round the table by the pool. But his chair would be empty, and a stab of pain ran through him. But his thoughts were broken by Hassan's voice. He was standing over him with another guy.

"Hey, kid," Hassan said. "I want you to meet Vince. He's coming back to the motel with us have a few drinks, hang out who knows?"

In a daze Pablo found himself in the jeep again beside Hassan, with Vince following them in another jeep. Hassan said, in a more gentle voice than Pablo expected, "Listen, kid. You say you're in love with me and that you want to join the Marines to be close to me. Maybe I can help you see if that's true or not. Trust me, you'll thank me for what I'm doing, though it may not seem like it right now."

They pulled up at the motel, Vince behind them, and in a few minutes they were all three in the room. Hassan opened the small fridge, then slammed it shut. "Shit. Hey, guys, I must've drunk the last of the beer earlier. I'll run down to the liquor store for more only be gone ten minutes. Give you two time to get acquainted. You can ask Vince about life in the Marines, Pablo. Hassan turned as he was leaving and said firmly, "And remember, Vince wait 'til I get back."

Suddenly Pablo was in the room alone with Vince and he found himself trembling. "Gotta take a leak," Vince said in a guttural voice, "piss out all that booze. "Don't go anywhere, kid."

He disappeared into the bathroom and Pablo stood up. He hated the guy. Not only was he crude, he was scary tall, sinewy body, shaved head, mean-looking face. He didn't trust the guy and instinctively he took the safety measure of pulling his wallet and cell phone out of his pocket and putting them securely in a bedside drawer.

He heard the toilet flush and Vince came back from the bathroom. Pablo tensed as he saw that the guy's cock was still hanging out of his pants. Vince sneered, "No sense putting it back in my pants when I can put it to such good use out here, eh man?"

Pablo stood up and backed away. He was scared but Randy had taught him to be tough. "Hey, cool it, man. Hassan said we should wait for him."

A lecherous smile crossed Vince's face. "Hell, I was just gonna soften you up a bit for him. You wanna be a Marine, don't you boy? Well, consider this your initiation."

He lunged at Pablo, threw him on the bed and fell heavily on top of him. "That's a real cute body you got on you, pretty boy. I'm gonna enjoy working it over." Pablo was stunned by the fall and struggled, but the man was strong and much heavier than him. He smelt the stink of alcohol on his breath as the face brushed against his. Vince ripped at Pablo's shirt and pulled his shorts down over his ass. He grabbed his legs and pushed them up high. "Shit damn, that is one sweet ass," he snarled. "Oh, man, I'm gonna enjoy ripping that open," and he pushed the head of his dick against it.

Pablo was close to panic, but all the fighting instincts Randy had instilled in him now rose up. He stopped struggling and raised his legs higher as if he was giving into Vince's crude advances. As the guy leaned back, ready to plunge into his ass, Pablo bent his knees and, with a sudden mighty heave, kicked his feet against the guy's chest. Vince reeled backward against the wall, bounced off it and sprang forward again, towering over Pablo who was still on his back.

"You fucking little prick," Vince sneered down at him. "So you wanna fight just like a Marine. I like that in a guy.... makes it all the hotter when I fuck your ass."

Pablo remembered Randy's first rule when a bigger guy attacks you. Go for the balls first! He took a deep breath, braced himself back on the bed, and his right foot shot up and landed square in the Marine's crotch. Vince howled in pain, grabbed his balls and fell to his knees. Pablo leapt to his feet, pulled up his shorts, and used his favorite move his double-forearm smash. Clasp his hands together he brought his forearms down hard on the guy's neck, then again on his back.

Another scream and Vince fell onto the floor, stunned. Pablo stomped on his back, then flipped him over with his foot, kicked him in the stomach and gave one last mighty kick to his balls. His heart was bursting in his chest as he looked down at the man struggling to get to his

feet. Pablo knew he only had seconds. He clutched his shorts at the waist, pulled his torn T-shirt round him and ran for the door. He fled across the parking lot and ran as if his life depended on it.

It was five minutes later that Hassan drove up with a couple of six-packs of beer. He frowned as he saw the door to their room wide open and gasped when he walked in and saw Vince groaning as he pulled himself painfully off the floor.

“What the fuck.....?”

Vince stammered, “The little prick wouldn’t play ball. Fuck him. He comes back I’m gonna beat the shit out the mother fucker.”

Hassan’s eyes blazed. “You fucking moron. I told you to wait for me. What did you do to him, asshole?”

“It’s what the fucker did to me before I could get my dick inside him. He’s not hurt. High-tailed it out of here like a bat out of hell.”

Hassan grabbed him by the neck of his shirt, pulled him to his feet and smashed the back of his fist across his face, one side then the other. He breathed deeply, trying to control his anger as he stared into the terrified man’s eyes. “Get out of here. Go back to base. And if I ever see your disgusting face again, I swear I’ll beat the crap out of you.” Vince pulled himself together and, still bent over in pain, staggered out of the door, crawled into his jeep and drove away.

Hassan reeled round the room holding his head moaning, “Jesus Christ. Fucking shit. God, what the fuck have I done? Oh man, I’m so bad at this way out of my depth.” He had simply intended to show Pablo the ugly side of the Marines and the ugly side of sex, turn the boy off, but everything had got out of hand. He had misjudged everything. He would never have let the boy get hurt never. He loved the kid for Chrissake. And now he was gone.

Hassan was on the edge of panic. He had to find Pablo. Searching for a flashlight he pulled open a drawer. His eyes opened in horror as he saw inside Pablo’s wallet and cell phone. “Jesus Christ he left them here.” He suppressed his panic and thought fast. Without his wallet, money or a cell phone Pablo wouldn’t get far. He had to come back here, and when he did Hassan had to be here to console him. Chances of finding him in the dark were remote, anyway, so the best thing was to stay put and wait.

In the meantime he should alert someone Mark, maybe no, Bob no, Randy no definitely not Randy. He willed himself to calm down and thought more rationally. No, the boy would come back and in the meantime there was no use alarming anyone at this time of night.

From L.A. there was nothing they could do anyway. So Hassan slumped in a chair and waited.

Pablo had run for blocks before he slowed down in exhaustion and misery. He had no idea what he was doing or where he was going in the dark, but he knew he was finally safe from Vince. In the distance he heard the sound of waves breaking on the shore and headed for the ocean. He crossed the railroad tracks, hauled himself over the sea wall and slumped down on the sand.

He wrapped his arms round his knees and stared out to the blackness of the ocean, trembling uncontrollably. It took a long time for his body to calm down and for his mind to clear. And when it cleared he saw everything as brightly as if a blindfold had been removed from his eyes. "Fuck the Marines," he thought. He had never wanted to be a Marine. He had wanted Hassan, and he thought he was tough enough to get what he wanted, no matter what it took ... just like Randy taught him.

He winced as he thought about his performance in the motel room. Oh God, he had behaved like a low-rent hustler, flaunting his ass, trying to seduce Hassan. Hell, that wasn't him, wasn't the decent young guy he thought himself to be, and he buried his head in his arms in shame. "What the fuck was I thinking," he moaned, and he was actually blushing in the dark night.

He thought about the bar, that hideous bar, and about Vince, that prick. He smiled grimly to himself as he thought that at least Randy would be proud of the way he dealt with the mother-fucker. Randy! "Oh God no," he wailed. He longed for the big, rugged man but he had totally fucked everything up and guessed that Randy wouldn't want to even see him. He sure wouldn't want a cheap hustler like him. Pablo had betrayed him. Shit, he had even told Hassan he wanted to be his boy!

Then he thought of the other guys. Darius would turn his back on him too, as Pablo had walked out on him without a thought. Mark and Jamie were buddies of Hassan's and would hate Pablo for screwing everything up with him. No, he had completely lost his mind, and his life at the house was over. He moaned softly to himself and tears began flowing down his face.

Finally he gave way to total exhaustion. He curled up on the sand and fell asleep, a small, miserable heap huddled against the sea wall.

It was the first rays of sunlight that made him stir. Still half asleep he heard the splash of the waves and the distant noise of a train whistle. His brain started to clear and out of his jumbled

thoughts one rose to the surface. A train whistle and the railroad tracks he had crossed. The first vague gleam of hope pierced the gloom.

But then another thought washed over him and drowned out the hope. He had no wallet, money, credit card or even a cell phone. He wasn't going anywhere and certainly not back to the motel. He could never face Hassan again. He would be too ashamed ever to meet the gaze of the man who yesterday was his obsession.

The desolate boy stared out to sea and watched it turn from green to silver as the sky grew lighter. He was cold and rubbed his body and his legs. As his hands ran down his shorts he felt something rustle inside. Confused he reached into the lower pocket and pulled out two \$20 bills. He frowned and then remembered. The money Bob had given him emergency money, he had said. He remembered his soothing voice, saw his smile.

Bob! God he needed him now, that gorgeous, kind, gentle man who never criticized him and maybe wouldn't criticize him even now. In his mind he saw Bob's face clearly and suddenly wanted to feel his arms round him more than anything in the world. The thought fired him with renewed energy and he jumped to his feet. He leapt over the wall and up to the train tracks. A short distance away he saw a station.

The clock on the wall at Oceanside station showed 6:30am. He ran to the low buildings, went up to the Amtrak ticket office door and his heart leapt as it opened. Suddenly the world seemed normal again. He went up to the window and asked the clerk, "Sir, is there a train to Los Angeles from here?"

"Sure is. The Pacific Surfliner comes through at seven from San Diego. And it's on-time today. Coach fare is \$27 one-way. Will that be cash or charge, young man?"

Pablo knew he didn't deserve this good fortune. He sat on a bench clutching his ticket and his \$13 change, willing himself not to think anymore in case his luck changed. Half an hour later he heard the approaching whistle and the big train heaved into the station. In a few minutes he was slumped in a seat gazing out of the window at the beach and the ocean slipping past as the train gathered speed.

As the first flush of freedom faded, his deliverance from this nightmare, it was replaced by the return of despair at what he would face when he reached the city. He willed himself to pull it together, to be tough again. He realized he was ravenous and went to the snack bar to buy a sandwich and coffee with some of the change he had left over. Then he sat down again to stare out of the window and think.

It took almost two hours. At last the train squealed on the rails as it rounded a curve and pulled slowly into Union Station in Los Angeles. He jumped down and remembered he had no cell phone so he found a pay phone. Hadn't used one of those in a long time. With the rest of his change he made a call to the house and held his breath as the phone rang.

“Hello,” said a cheerful voice. It was Bob! Bob had answered the phone.

In a small voice Pablo stammered, “Sir...” he cleared his throat. “Sir, it’s me, Pablo.”

“Hi Pablo. Lucky you got me, I’m working at home this morning. So what’s up? You OK?” He frowned as he heard sobbing on the other end of the line. Pablo was finally giving way to the immense relief that he was safe.

“Sir could you come and pick me up?”

Bob heard the obvious pain in his voice. “Pablo what’s happened? Where are you?”

“Union Station, sir. Right outside the main entrance. Sir, I’m in trouble I need your help. Please come for me.”

Bob sprang to his feet. “Stay right where you are, Pablo. I’ll be right there twenty minutes tops. Don’t worry, kiddo. You’re gonna be fine. I’ll take care of you.”

Pablo hung up the phone and sat down on a bench, trying not to think. He knew he had totally screwed everything up and he was scared about what the next few hours would bring.

All the toughness drained out of him and he became a little boy huddled on a bench in a torn shirt, his cheeks wet with tears.

#

Chapter 108 – Painful Repercussions

The desolate young kid hunched on the bench bore no resemblance to the cocky, tough young guy who had sat next to Hassan in his jeep less than twenty-four hours earlier. On the drive down to Camp Pendleton Pablo had been exhilarated sitting shoulder to shoulder with the handsome, muscular soldier. But the journey back was as different as night from day as, all alone, he had stared miserably out of the train window.

There is nothing like watching the outside world slide past the window of a moving train to make a person reflect on his life, melancholy as his thoughts might be. Pablo’s mind wandered over the events of the previous evening, when everything had gone dramatically wrong and his illusions of the Marines and Hassan had crumbled.

He had escaped just in time but escaped to what? Where was he headed? to a world that had once been warm and welcoming but that would now shun him for sure. He had betrayed Randy and no doubt offended Darius, Mark and Jamie. Thank God that when he

called the house it was Bob who had answered “Stay right where you are, Pablo. I’ll be right there “

And just then he saw, sweeping through the gates of the station forecourt, Bob’s big black Mercedes. His immense relief was tinged by fear of the unknown reception he was about to get.

As the Mercedes slid up to the curb Pablo pulled himself to his feet and took a deep breath. Bob’s first sight of him was heartbreaking, this proud young kid in a torn T-shirt standing to attention trying to retain some shreds of dignity in what had to be a humiliating situation.

Bob jumped out of the car and walked round it toward the boy. When Pablo saw the beautiful man, stunning in jeans and a plain white T-shirt, all attempts at dignity crumbled and he fell into Bob’s outstretched arms. He felt the muscular arms enfold him and knew, finally, that he was safe.

Bob felt the hard young body trembling against him, whether because he was cold, afraid, or stifling sobs he couldn’t tell. He only knew that he had to get him home fast. Wordlessly they clung together, when suddenly Bob heard a voice.

“You’ll have to move your car can’t park here, it’s a red zone.”

Over Pablo’s shoulder Bob saw the security guard and his eyes blazed in that devastating executive stare that had withered many men in its time. The guard was taken aback by the strikingly handsome man and stammered, “Oh, sorry, sir. Take your time sorry, sir.”

“Come on kiddo,” Bob said in Pablo’s ear, “let’s get out of here. I have a shirt in the car for you.”

A few seconds later the Mercedes was gliding out through the gates headed for the freeway and Pablo was wrapped in a warm flannel shirt. There was silence at first, except for the soft purring of the engine. Bob thought it best to let Pablo take the lead in his own time, but when his words tumbled out they were hesitant, fragmented.

“Thank you, sir I’m sorry I it was all my fault, sir I think I lost my mind. I thought I was in love with Hassan but then there was this other Marine he..... he tried to rape me in the motel but I fought him off, sir, and ran away.”

“Where did you spend the night, Pablo?”

"I slept on the beach, sir. I'd left my wallet and cell phone in the motel but then I found the \$40 you gave me thank you, sir, it saved me. I caught the train and then called you when I got here, sir. If it hadn't been for you I"

His voice trailed off into a sob and Bob put his arm round him. "Sssh, Pablo. Plenty of time for explanations later. Right now you need a hot shower and sleep."

"But, sir what about about Randy I know he won't want me anymore and that I'll have to leave the house, but could you tell him I'm not hurt or anything?"

"Don't worry, kid, I'll take care of all that. We'll be home in a minute.

It was not long before Pablo was stepping out of the shower into his bedroom, wrapped in a big, warm towel. Bob had pulled from a drawer a clean T-shirt and boxers and Pablo dried himself and put them on. Before he got into bed he put his arms round Bob once again.

"Sir," he said softly, "when I leave the house I hope well, I'd like to see you again sometime sir. I know Randy won't want me but I'd like to stay friends with you, sir, if you think"

Bob smiled at him. "Pablo, I'll always be in your life no matter what. I'm hard to shake off, kiddo. But don't think about all that now. Get into bed and try to sleep. Things'll look better when you're not so tired. And don't worry I'll get word to Randy."

Pablo fell into bed and pulled the covers up round his neck. Immediately he felt exhaustion envelope him like a heavy blanket, and as he closed his eyes he murmured, "Sir, I forget, did I say thank you yet for everything you for being there for me? I I love you, sir."

And then he fell asleep.

Bob walked across the lawn to his office upstairs where Jamie was working. The boy knew something was up but was confused and looked at Bob in concern. "Pablo's home," Bob said. "He came back on the train."

"What happened, sir? What about Hassan? Where's Hassan?" Jamie felt a special intimacy with Hassan as he was Mark's friend, and he had resented Pablo taking off with him.

"There's a lot to work out, Jamie, and you can help. I know Mark is at work but try to contact him if you can. Tell him that Pablo's home and see if he can get word to Hassan. Hassan must be really worried right around now. Tell him Pablo's OK. I'm gonna call Randy."

Jamie looked at him with the trace of a smile. "Good luck, sir."

"Yeah," Bob sighed. "We're gonna need a lot of that round here in the next few days."

"Is he hurt?" were Randy's first words when Bob called him at the construction site.

"No, he's fine physically at least."

"What happened?"

"Hard to say, exactly. He was a bit incoherent. Seems Hassan took him to a motel and there was another Marine who"

"..... who what, dammit?"

"Well, he may have tried to rape him"

"Son-of-a-bitch."

"..... but it seems Pablo fought him off"

"Of course he did."

"..... and he ran away and spent the night on the beach. He caught the train home and he's in bed now, asleep. No need for you to come home he'll sleep for a long while, I think."

When Randy snapped his phone shut he paced around the construction site deep in thought, his fists clenched. He was a mass of conflicting emotions relief that Pablo was safe most of all, but still with residual anger and profound disappointment that the boy had left him and chosen Hassan instead. Hassan! That was what dominated his mind more than anything his blind rage at what the man had done.

But right now his concern was for Pablo. Pride made it impossible for Randy to go to him. He was not sure what he felt about their future together even if they still had one. He could not forgive him right now, that was for sure. Still, he knew his boy, knew how desolate he must be feeling, and what he needed at this moment was some kind of forgiveness from someone. Suddenly he walked over to Darius who was working on the site that day.

"Hey, punk. I'm giving you the rest of the day off. Get your ass back home and go look after your friend. He came home alone and it seems he's had a pretty rough time. So right around now he could use a friendly face and a warm pair of arms. Go take care of him."

“Yes, sir! Thank you, sir. I’m right on it.” Darius raced off the site, jumped into his truck and sped away.”

As Pablo had guessed, Darius had been a bit wounded when Pablo had fallen in lust with Hassan and abandoned Darius and all his friends to go away with him. So Darius was not sure how he would feel about his lover when he saw him. The house was quiet when he reached home. He assumed that Bob and Jamie were working in the office so he went quietly up to the bedroom he shared with Pablo.

He stared down at the bed and any feelings of animosity instantly evaporated. Pablo was tossing restlessly in his sleep. In the warmth of the room he had thrown off his T-shirt and shorts and his naked body shone with a gleam of sweat. He moaned softly and his face looked pinched and troubled. But in spite of that he looked beautiful as ever.

Moving instinctively Darius kicked off his work boots, dropped his jeans and pulled off his shirt. He lowered himself gently onto the bed, pressed his naked body against his friend and put his arms round him. He felt his buddy stir, then turn towards him, and slowly Pablo’s eyes opened. He blinked uncertainly, then said, “Darius it’s you.”

“Course it is, dude. The boss said you’re in trouble, so here I am.” He kissed him lightly on the lips and reached round to feel his cock. “Come on, dude say you’re pleased to see me.”

Pablo was still groggy. “But I thought you wouldn’t want I mean, after what I did and all. I thought you’d walk out on me never forgive me.”

Darius grinned. “Walk out on you and that gorgeous ass of yours? Never! As for forgiveness well, we’ll have to work on that. Probably depends on how good your story is about your trip down south.” He squeezed him. “And I do want all the details, kid, every last one. But right now I’m supposed to be making you feel good and there’s only one sure way I know how to do that speaking of your ass.”

Gently he turned Pablo round onto his stomach and knelt astride him. He looked down at the rounded globes of his ass, ran his hands over them, then pressed his hands down on the small of Pablo’s back. “Well, evidently no damage to your ass, thank God. Gotta keep your assets intact and that, dude, is one awesome fucking asset. You know I have to fuck it, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir. Please, sir,” Pablo mumbled, his face buried in his pillow. Darius was right. At this moment Pablo wanted to put everything else out of his mind and give himself to his lover and his ten-inch dick. He felt the head press between the cheeks of his ass, then glide in slowly, deeper and deeper until the head passed over the inner sphincter and touched the secret place that always sent tongues of fire through his body.

They had fucked so often that Darius usually found some inventive way to make it feel new and different every time. Usually his talent for fantasy took off, his words were raunchy, and he pounded hard. But this time it was quite different, as there was none of that. This was the gentlest, most loving fuck Pablo could ever remember from Darius. It was as if Darius was massaging the hurt away as his cock tenderly stroked inside the velvet ass.

Pablo felt the cock pull out, then slowly reenter him, inch by inch by inch, endlessly, until it came to rest deep inside him. He had not realized how tender Darius could be, how he could use that huge cock as a caress rather than a battering ram. Pablo felt all his tension, all his fears, melt away as a glow suffused his body. He pushed his ass upward, eager to feel every inch of his lover's cock inside him.

"That's it, kiddo," Darius whispered. "Now show me how much you still love me."

Pablo smiled into his pillow and, taking a deep breath, squeezed his ass tight around the long, hard rod. It was almost as if he was denying Darius entry and the feeling was sensational for both of them as the rod slid implacably between the clenched membrane of the tight ass.

"Oh, God, that feels awesome dude. Man, your ass is so fucking tight. But you can't keep me out. That big hard dick can penetrate your beautiful ass however tight you squeeze it. Come on, harder, kiddo. Squeeze my dick harder it feels amazing."

Pablo had never felt the union between cock and ass as intensely as this. All sensation, every fiber of his body, was centered in his ass as it was penetrated by the huge shaft. Suddenly Pablo relaxed his muscles and Darius knew what his lover wanted.

"You want it hard now, dude?"

"Yes, sir. Please real hard. Punish me I need it."

"OK, kiddo. Stand by for the big finish."

This was punishment and forgiveness all in one. Darius pulled all the way out, his trembling cock paused, then plunged back into the ass like a piston rod. Pablo screamed into the pillow as the rod smashed against the back of his ass, then pulled out and pierced him again, then again, endlessly. His body was being pinioned to the bed by the black stake driving mercilessly into him.

The pain was intense, but he gloried in it. This is what he wanted, the punishment he needed for having deserted his lover. He was back home..... and Darius was inside him. He knew now that Darius would not leave him. His healing process had begun. Darius's face and body were streaming with sweat now as he hammered his lover's ass savagely. He loved that gorgeous ass, and he loved the boy. They were perfect together.

As his body heaved Darius said breathlessly, "You know what we said about working on forgiveness? Well this is me working on it, dude. You wanna see how much I forgive you?"

"Yes, sir," Pablo breathed heavily. "Yes, sir show me."

"This much....." Darius yelled, and he buried his cock in deep one last time and blasted a huge load of hot juice in the bowels of his lover's ass. He pulled out and plunged it in again, with another explosion of cum. Pablo screamed and his own cock erupted under him, soaking the sheets in cum, a spectacular release of all the tension that had built up in him since yesterday. He pushed his ass upward, wanted more of his lover's juice and he got it, streaming out in one of the longest orgasms Darius had ever known.

At last they came to rest and in a few minutes Pablo was lying exhausted in his lover's arms. He gazed into Darius's green eyes and asked softly. "Was that forgiveness?"

"It sure as hell was," Darius said, "and a whole lot else besides. Now go back to sleep, dude and I'll stay here with you." He grinned. "And when we wake up I'm gonna forgive you all over again."

A few minutes later Bob quietly opened the door to check on Pablo and stopped in surprise as he saw him in Darius's arms, both of them fast asleep. He was confused for a moment, then realized what had happened. When he had got Bob's phone call Randy's pride wouldn't let him come and comfort Pablo a hint of forgiveness so he had done the next best thing sent Darius. And as it turned out that was the perfect solution.

Bob smiled as he thought of Randy, shook his head and murmured, "You son of a bitch."

But by then Randy had put Bob, Pablo and Darius out of his mind, everything.....except Hassan. The construction crew had never seen him like this. Usually so hands-on he now seemed totally disconnected from the work going on around him. He paced, clenched his fists, and saw only one thing Hassan's face.

His anger was notorious but the fury he felt now was different deeper. Sure, he was angry that Hassan had (as Randy believed) enticed Pablo away with him then abandoned him and let him get hurt. That was bad enough, but Randy had many times exacted revenge on guys who hurt any one of his buddies. No, this time was different, more personal. Hassan was a beautiful man, muscular, exotically handsome, powerful, and right from the first Randy had regarded him as a threat, a challenge to his supremacy.

In his mind Hassan had challenged him by taking away one of his most prized possessions, Pablo, his boy, his adopted son. Hassan had triumphed over him, and in front of the whole

group of guys at the house. Randy couldn't let that challenge go unpunished. He was the boss always was, always had to be and this man had dared to humiliate him in front of his buddies. This was not simply revenge for hurting his boy. This was a burning need to establish his own supremacy and make the man crawl in submission.

And so all afternoon he was obsessed by thoughts of brutal retribution. His instinct was to drive straight down to Camp Pendleton and confront Hassan, obliterate him. But even through his blinding rage he knew that if he busted his way into the Marine Base he would be arrested as a terrorist. But there had to be a way.

"Hey boss, we've finished over there. What's next?" The voice of the foreman broke into his raging thoughts and he looked up bewildered.

"What? Oh, yeah, right. Er listen, it's four o'clock. No sense starting a new project now. Why don't you guys cut out. I'll lock up."

"You OK, boss?"

"Yeah, sure. I, er, just got a few things to sort out."

Soon Randy was pacing round an empty site, planning, fuming. He couldn't get Hassan's damn face out of his mind And then suddenly there it was! the face, the body, the man! He was staring at Hassan. He heard his voice.

"Listen, Randy. I had to come up here see you as soon as I heard. I've come to explain, to apologize. And I've brought back Pablo's wallet and phone that he left behind."

There was complete silence. Randy frowned as if he almost didn't believe what he was seeing the big, muscular soldier in khaki T-shirt and fatigue pants, and heavy combat boots. But it was! It was him, standing there as bold as a beacon. And suddenly all the pent-up rage spilled over, all he could see was his enemy and the still air was shattered by a roar as Randy lunged forward and clamped his hands round Hassan's throat.

He was totally out of control as he screamed. "I'll kill you I'm gonna fucking kill you. I hate your fucking guts, you bastard, and I'm gonna fucking kill you!"

Taken completely by surprise Hassan gripped Randy's wrists trying to pull them apart, but they were like steel vises. He had never felt such animal strength and his eyes opened wide, veins standing out in his neck and face. He couldn't speak he was choking. Unable to break the stranglehold he stepped backward, pulling Randy with him. But Randy lifted him so his feet were off the ground and shook him like a dog shakes a rat.

Hassan's face was wild with fear, his muscular body hung helplessly as Randy held him suspended by the neck in a death grip. Hassan felt himself being propelled backward until his

back crashed against an old, disused concrete wall. Randy slammed his body against it again and again and he was close to the end when suddenly the weak concrete crumbled and the men crashed to the ground with concrete falling around them.

Randy lost the stranglehold and although Hassan was weakened, he instinctively smashed his fist against Randy's jaw and sent him sprawling. Both men crawled, stunned, in the dirt and eventually staggered to their feet. Randy was about to charge him again when something made him stop. Hassan was standing with his arms outstretched, leaving his body vulnerable.

"OK, man, here I am," he said. "I had this coming, and I knew it. I did wrong I hurt your boy. I deserve everything you can throw at me. But punish me, man, not the boy. Punish me."

Randy shook his head in disbelief. But he barely heard the words, drowned out by the pitch of his rage. He walked forward and smashed his fist across Hassan's cheek, then the other, then again and again. Hassan staggered backward with each blow but without resistance, determined to take the beating he felt he deserved.

But his gritty endurance, his ability to stand his ground and take the beating infuriated Randy even more. "Come on asshole, fight me!" He slammed a vicious fist in Hassan's stomach and then, as he doubled over, smashed an uppercut into his face. Hassan's head flew backward, his body arched upward, his feet left the ground and he crashed down into the dirt.

Randy was on him in an instant, kneeling over him. He grabbed the neck of his T-shirt and hauled his face up, smashing the back of his hand against it from side to side. He watched with satisfaction as the handsome, dark exotic face flew helplessly from side to side. Finally Randy stood up without releasing the shirt and with one heave ripped it clean off his body.

He gazed down at the body, stripped to the waist now, and saw the tortured muscles gleaming beneath him. Incapable of conscious thought Randy reached blindly for a length of rope hanging from a beam, coiled it round his fist and raised his arm. "You fucker," he screamed. "You mother-fucking son-of-a-bitch. I'm the boss here, asshole and Pablo is my boy. You're nothing! You're finished, man."

His arm flashed downward and Hassan screamed as he felt the rope bite into his chest. Immediately another blow fell across his shoulders, then another across his flexed abs. Frantically he twisted away in a futile effort to escape, but he felt the rope burn against his back. The shirtless soldier writhed desperately in the dirt, half rising to his feet, stumbling a few yards, then crashing back to the ground, his body writhing in pain from the brutal, burning lash of the rope.

His body was on fire, covered in welts and bruises, sweating, filthy as he flexed his gleaming muscles against the onslaught. On his stomach now the once proud, powerful muscle-god

crawled sobbing through the dirt, in abject humiliation and defeat, like a beaten animal, trying frantically to escape his torturer towering over him.

“STOP!” Hassan dimly heard the shout but Randy was oblivious. He raised his arm to strike again but felt his wrist grabbed and immobilized. He whirled round to see Mark holding him, and Bob behind him. “Stop,” Bob pleaded again. “Not like this, man you’ve got it wrong. It’s not what you think.”

After Pablo had woken up and was having dinner in the kitchen he had opened up to Bob, telling him the whole story (with Darius listening wide-eyed.) He confessed that most of the blame belonged with himself. He had seduced Hassan, who had done all he could to make him abandon his idea of the Marines. Hassan had been cold to him, trying to turn him off him.

“And it worked,” Bob now said to Randy. “Pablo’s home and regrets everything he did.”

“And what the fuck are you two doing here?” Randy growled through rasping breaths.

“Mark called Hassan and told him Pablo was home. Hassan insisted on coming to see you to try and make things right again to explain, apologize. When Mark came home and told me that, I knew you would go apeshit and I was right. Thank God we came here in time. You could have killed him.”

“I should have,” Randy grunted, starting to calm down and beginning to see things in a more rational light. “I’ve gotta see the kid, see what he has to say for himself. Better take care of him,” throwing the rope down across the naked, bruised chest of the man lying in the dust. “I’m not finished with him yet.” And he strode off the site.

Bob and Mark half carried Hassan to the truck and drove him to Zack’s house. Zack helped them get Hassan into the shower and then into the guest room bed. Mark checked him over and was relieved that there were no broken bones just welts and bruises. The twins were assigned to keep watch over him and bring him whatever he wanted in the way of food, drink.

When Bob finally reached his own house he found Randy nursing a beer at the kitchen table, staring morosely into the distance. Bob sat down facing him. “Look, Randy,” he said, “it’s I who should apologize. It’s my fault ‘cause I’m the one who agreed that Hassan should take Pablo down to Pendleton. That was bad advice.”

“Will you shut the fuck up?” Randy glared at him. “I’m sick to death of everyone trying to take responsibility, including you, asshole.” When he saw Bob flinch Randy sighed and grabbed his hand. “Oh, Jesus, I’m sorry, man. Not you I shouldn’t be attacking you of all people.

It's thanks to you that the boy got home at all, and you've been a real friend to him. But I'm not sure how I feel about the boy, whether I can ever forgive him. I gotta go see him, sort things out." He touched Bob's face. "Buddy, I hope we're still OK though all this, you and me.

Bob smiled. "We're OK through anything, Randy. Always will be. Listen, why don't I spend the night with the twins in their house? They need some reassurance after all this. Pablo's already had dinner and is keeping to his room but I can tell him to report to you if you like and you'll have privacy to say whatever you want to do whatever you want."

Randy stared deep into Bob's eyes. "God, man, what would I do without you?"

Bob smiled. "Well, you'll never have to find that out, will you, buddy? I guarantee."

After having a bite to eat Randy wearily climbed the stairs to his room. Pablo was already there, standing ramrod straight with his hands clasped behind his back, staring straight ahead. Even motionless and silent his fear and trepidation were palpable. In fact he was terrified, knowing this would be a pivotal moment in his life, most likely a devastating one.

But Randy ignored him. He pulled off his work clothes, ripped and filthy from the fight, and headed straight for the shower. It seemed like an eternity to Pablo, but eventually Randy returned, drying himself off. He threw the towel over a chair, pulled a clean white tank top from a drawer and pulled it on. He threw himself onto the bed, on his back, his hands clasped behind his head. And now, at last, he looked at his boy standing against the wall facing him.

Pablo wilted under the piercing gaze and his instinct was to run from the room and out of his master's life. But the sight of this glorious muscle god, his master, wearing nothing but a white tank stretched over his chest, stiffened his resolve and, incredibly, his cock too, despite all his fear and apprehension. So he stifled his fears and stood his ground.

There was a long silence before Randy spoke in a steely voice resonant with barely controlled anger. "OK. Everyone's trying to claim responsibility for all this bullshit. Let's hear your side of the story, boy all of it."

Pablo stood at attention and took a deep breath. "Sir, they are wrong to take the blame. Everything was my fault all of it. See, I lost my mind over Hassan. He was so beautiful I was infatuated fell in lust with him. I didn't care about the Marines I wasn't thinking straight. I just wanted to be with him. That's why I asked him to take me to Pendleton. See, I was determined to go for what I wanted and get it, just as you taught me, sir."

Randy stiffened. "So this is all my fault!"

“No, sir. I didn’t mean that. Anyway, Hassan showed me all over the camp as he promised, the good and the bad of it, but it was against the rules for me to stay the night there so he rented a motel room in Oceanside. And” his voice faltered, but he cleared his throat and continued, “..... and that’s where I seduced him, sir.”

“Did he fuck you?”

Startled, Pablo blinked hard, then answered evenly. “Yes, sir. Twice, sir.”

“Son-of-a-bitch,” Randy growled.

“But it wasn’t his fault, sir. Like I said I seduced him. When he was in the shower I went in after him and asked him to soap my back and and my ass”

“Which he ended up fucking.”

“Yes, sir. But after he shot his load in me I think he was angry and he went and dried off. But I wanted more and when I left the shower I paraded around and flaunted my body like like a low-rent hustler. I know how to turn men on, sir, as you as you know, sir and Hassan couldn’t resist and fucked me again. After that I told him” his voice faltered again and became weak “..... I told him I wanted to stay with him wanted to be his boy.”

He saw Randy clench his fists and close his eyes in pain. “But that made Hassan really angry, sir, and he took me straight out to a bar where there were lots of Marines real grungy ones and we went back to the motel with one of them.”

“The bastard,” Randy snarled.

“No, sir. I realize now what he was doing. He was trying to turn me off the Marines and off him and it worked sir a bit too well. Hassan went out for ten minutes to get beer and the other guy, he he tried to rape me. But I thought of you, sir, of everything you taught me, and I fought back and ran out of the motel. But I had left my wallet and cell-phone there so I slept on the beach. In the morning I found \$40 that Bob had stuffed into my pocket the day before, so I was able to buy a train ticket. And Bob picked me up at Union Station and”

Suddenly the flood of words dried up, his head fell forward and his body drooped from the exhaustion of his confession. When he looked up he couldn’t understand the mix of conflicting emotions that he saw in his master’s eyes. “Sir,” Pablo said softly. “I know I have to be punished for everything I did. I want you to tie me up and whip me, sir.”

Randy’s eyes blazed. “So now you get to dictate what you want! You betray me, humiliate me, tell another man you want to be his boy and now you get to choose your punishment! You’re still out of your fucking mind, boy. Still, you’re right about one thing you will be

punished, but not the way you think. I won't tie you up, won't whip you. You'd enjoy that. No, I'm not gonna lay a finger on you. I'm gonna stay right here on the bed."

There was a long silence as Randy considered his next move. "You know me I always try to make the punishment fit the crime. It's what I did with that shithead Hassan when I beat him to a fucking pulp this afternoon, but for you it'll be different. You know how a good fight always makes me hot and horny and normally I'd come home and fuck your ass. But that ain't gonna happen this time."

"No, sir," Pablo whispered.

"But I still have to get my rocks off somehow. Now, you said you behaved like a cheap hustler in that motel. Well show me, boy. Show me what you did. You gave Hassan a performance, and now it's my turn. Turn me on the same as you did him."

Pablo blinked in confusion. But then he understood. He understood that his punishment would be almost unbearable. He was still filled with shame about what he had done and it had been hard to confess to Randy. But now he had to show him? He had to become a cheap rent-boy again in front of the man who was his hero. But he knew he had to do it.

Slowly he pulled his T-shirt over his head, held it for a moment, then tossed it across the room in the exaggerated moves of a stripper. He kicked off his sneakers, unbuttoned his shorts and let them drop. He bent down, picked them up and tossed them across the room as he had his shirt. Then he started to walk around the room naked.

He picked up the towel Randy had thrown on the chair and wrapped it round his waist. He walked over to the bathroom door, then turned as if he was coming from the shower, as he had with Hassan. He turned his back, then slowly, very slowly, lowered the towel down from his waist, pulled it from side to side over the mounds of his ass, then suddenly let it drop to the floor. He heard Randy gasp as he gazed on the perfect white globes.

Pablo ran his hands seductively over his own ass, then turned to face Randy. He was blushing scarlet with shame and humiliation. He saw Randy stroking his rigid cock and his mind flashed on all the times he had felt it inside him. But not now. His master was going to beat off just looking at him.

"Come on, you little hustler. That all you got? What, you want music or something?"

Pablo's humiliation was complete as he ran his hands over his chest, down over the ridges of his stomach, down over his hard cock, and then he squeezed his thighs and flared his lats. After that he brought his fingers to his mouth, licked them and lowered them to his nipples, stroking them lightly, moaning as he threw his head back in ecstasy.

By this time Randy was close. The boy was stunningly beautiful, and he was right he did know exactly how to turn a man on. "Touch your cock, boy," he said quietly. "Let me see you jack off just don't shoot before I do. Come on, boy, imagine this huge prick of mine sliding inside you. Imagine it pounding that sweet ass."

Pablo pinched his nipple with one hand and beat his meat with the other. He was building to a frenzy as he gazed at his master and imagined getting his ass fucked by him. He was longing to cum but he held back as ordered.

He watched spellbound as Randy's gorgeous body flexed as he pounded his meat harder and harder. He saw the body shudder and heard the gasp as the muscle-god blasted a long ribbon of white juice over his own chest and face. An instant later Pablo's body went stiff and his cock exploded with a river of cum that splashed on the floor in front of him.

Even after the exhilaration of orgasm Pablo still felt cheap and degraded at the humiliating show he had put on. But there was worse to come his punishment was not over.

Randy growled, "OK, boy, like any cheap hustler you can leave now that I've got my rocks off. Isn't that what you guys do?" He saw the stab of pain in his boy's eyes. "But if you decide to stay you have to stay right there. You stand by the wall facing me, hands behind your back. You don't move until you're too tired to stand, and then you can sleep on the floor."

Without another word Randy snapped off the light, turned on his side and slept.

Pablo stood motionless, his eyes fixed on his master as he slept. This was his penance, and he welcomed it. This was his chance to purge the shame and guilt he felt, to show the man he worshipped that he was still loyal, still his boy. And so he stood as the minutes stretched into hours.

Randy slept soundly for a long time, but finally began to toss and turn in bed. Sweating, he pulled off the cum-soaked tank and looked at the clock 2am. Then his eyes opened in astonishment. The boy had not left the room, had not curled up on the floor. He was still standing in exactly the same position facing him, staring at him.

Randy was swept by a wave of admiration and love for the boy. God, he was a tough young kid still on his feet. Disgraced, humiliated, he refused to give up, determined to salvage some shreds of dignity, to prove himself. This was truly his boy his beautiful, brave, resilient boy. Randy melted and opened his arms. "Come here, kiddo."

With the whimper of a lost animal that has just found its parent Pablo stumbled forward and lowered himself beside the body of his master, letting himself be folded in his arms. Randy cradled him in silence for a long time, then pushed back and smiled at him.

“You sure know how to turn a guy on, kid. But there’s one thing you never told me how you fought off that goon who tried to rape you.”

Pablo came alive and his eyes shone. “Well, sir, it was like this. He was real big and heavy so I pretended to go along with it for a minute. Just as he was about to push inside me I slammed the soles of my feet against his chest and pushed him away. But he bounced back and stood over me again, and I remembered what you had taught me, sir.”

“The balls!”

“That’s right, sir. I brought my leg up and crashed my foot into his balls. As he fell to his knees I used my signature move, sir, my double-forearm smash, on his neck and back.”

“Good work, kid. Did that finish him?”

“Not quite, sir, he was tough. So I kicked him over and stomped on his stomach, then just to make sure I kicked his balls again. I grabbed my shorts and high-tailed it out of there.”

By this time Randy was laughing and squeezed the young body tightly against him. “That’s my boy,” he said. “A chip off the old block. I’m proud of you, kiddo for that part anyway. As for the rest well, it’s over. You know how I am it’s in the past, and that’s that.”

“And I’m still your boy, sir?”

“Damn right you are, and I’ll give you a chance to prove it. See, I’m not finished with Hassan yet, and you’re gonna help me show him who’s top man around here once and for all.”

Pablo tried to think about that, but within minutes he was sound asleep in Randy’s arms.

#

Chapter 109 – The Final Submission

“Yup, it’s the swing of the pendulum, buddy,” Bob said.

It was later afternoon and Bob and Mark were sitting in Bob’s upstairs office. Mark had just got off work and was still in his uniform, sprawled in a chair sipping on a beer. Bob had told Jamie he could quit work for the day and go down to the pool for a swim.

Everyone else was still out at work at the construction site and there was a blessed calm in the house after all the dramatic events of the day before. Bob and Mark were alone together and, as always, enjoying each other's company, with that electric undercurrent of sexual attraction that always ran between them.

"You know how that works," Bob continued. "Someone gives the pendulum a big shove and as it swings it knocks a few things out of whack before it eventually becomes still again. This time it was Pablo and Hassan who did the shoving."

"And d'you think the pendulum has stopped swinging?" Mark grinned.

"Almost but not quite," Bob said. "Randy says he still hasn't finished with Hassan, so it looks like there's still at least one act to play out."

"Any idea how that final act will play out?"

"Well, not really. But I can make a guess. See, although Randy punished Hassan yesterday for endangering Pablo using his fists as usual I knew it wouldn't end there. The thing is, the way Randy sees it, Hassan took Pablo away from him his boy, his son for Chrissake while we were all there watching the whole group of us. That was a huge loss of face for Randy."

Mark shook his head. "Yeah, you don't challenge the boss in front of everyone and get away with it. That, plus Hassan is a spectacular-looking hunk of man and that in itself is a challenge for Randy. He knows how everyone lusts for Hassan whether they admit it or not."

"You're right there," grinned Bob, blushing a little. "So now Randy has to reassert his authority, and I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that he'll do it with all of us as an audience. But Mark, I'm concerned about Hassan. What happened with Pablo wasn't all his fault, after all. How's he taking it?"

"You know, the guy is really terrific, and I don't say that just because he's become a good friend. He feels real bad about that trip and wants to take all the blame on himself, and he accepts whatever that entails. Did you know that when Randy beat him up he didn't defend himself? He just stood there and took the punishment he thought he deserved."

Mark shook his head and sighed. "The thing is, he's become very attached to Jamie and me and I happen to know he respects the hell out of you, Bob. Asks about you a lot." Bob blushed again. "He really wants to be part of our group and he'll submit to Randy if that's what it takes. At the same time, I have a lot of sympathy for Randy. Whatever we feel about Hassan's guilt or otherwise, if he had put Jamie in danger the way he did Pablo I'd have beat the shit out of him too. I'd have got just as angry as Randy did."

Bob grinned. "Mark, old buddy, nobody gets as angry as Randy does, you know that."

“Yeah,” said Mark ruefully rubbing his jaw. “And most of us have the bruises to prove it.”

Bob frowned. “Talking of Jamie, how’s he taken all this?”

“Not well it’s been tough on him. After Hassan and I got right with each other out in Palm Springs Jamie grew to like Hassan a lot and looks up to him.” He grinned. “Great sex didn’t hurt either. So he’s become a bit possessive of Hassan and didn’t like the idea of him getting blamed and beaten up. I suspect he thinks it’s all Pablo’s fault.”

“Sure, I can see that,” Bob nodded. “Pablo has a lot of fences to mend. He’s already made up with Darius and Randy, so we’ll see” But at that moment he was interrupted by loud voices coming from the garden below.

“No! Stop right there asshole. I wanna talk to you.”

They both went to the window and looked down. “Jesus,” Bob said. “Looks like you were right.” Jamie had apparently leapt out of the pool and, naked and dripping wet, was confronting Pablo, who was obviously just home from work, still wearing his mechanic’s dungarees.

Jamie was yelling now. “You fucked everything up, dude. Just because you’re the boss’s boy you think you can help yourself to whatever you want, including Hassan. He was mine mine and Mark’s and you seduced him like a whore and now he’s been beaten up and everything’s totally fucked.”

Pablo was backing off. “Hey, cool it, dude. Just calm down for a minute and we can talk. Now listen, I know I screwed up big time and I’ve already apologized to Randy and Darius.”

“Oh, yeah, and I supposed they fucked that perfect ass you flaunt everywhere and that made everything right.” Jamie started jabbing Pablo in the chest. “Well you’ve still gotta answer to me, dude. Mark won’t say anything to you but I will. And I’m gonna hurt you the same as your dad hurt Hassan.”

Mark watched in horror from the window. “Jesus,” he said to Bob. “I gotta get down there. Jamie’s no match for him Pablo will kill him.”

He turned to leave but Bob grabbed him by the arm. “I’m not so sure, Mark. Wait up a bit. Maybe the boys should sort this out for themselves.”

What Bob had seen was Pablo backing away from Jamie. The tough young kid must have known he could beat Jamie in a fight, but he was holding out his arms in a gesture of

conciliation. “Jamie, no. I don’t wanna fight you, dude. You’re right, I did fuck everything up and I’m real sorry. Let me try to make it up to you.”

Jamie hesitated, confused, his determination faltering. Pablo pleaded, “I want to make amends show you how bad I feel and and how much I love you, dude.”

Jamie watched as Pablo unbuckled his dungarees from one shoulder and let them drop. As always he was wearing nothing underneath. He stepped out of them and fell to his knees. He fell forward onto his hands and began to crawl toward the stunned boy. Naked now, except for his work boots, the beautiful young boy moved slowly forward on hands and knees. No longer the young tough he always pretended to be, he was degrading himself in humiliating submission.

He reached Jamie, naked and still dripping wet, and gazed up at him. “Dude, what I did was stupid, selfish. I knew Hassan was your special friend but I was too wrapped up in what I wanted too fucking arrogant. Please, man I’m on my knees. Let me show you we’re still buddies.”

Stunned, Jamie didn’t move. He looked down at the muscular guy kneeling before him, saw the pleading look in his dark brown eyes. Although Jamie hesitated in confusion, one thing was sure his cock was getting hard at the sight of the tough young stud on his knees.

Pablo saw it too. He reached forward, grasped Jamie’s cock and stroked it gently until it was fully erect. Then he leaned forward and slid his mouth over it. Slowly, evenly, he pushed his head forward until the head of the cock rested against the back of his throat. Jamie gasped as he felt his cock bathed in the heat of Pablo’s mouth. His anger and hostility dissolved, replaced by sensual pleasure that began to suffuse his body.

He sighed as Pablo pulled back, then eased forward again, letting the cock fill his mouth until his face was buried in Jamie’s damp, blonde pubic hair. He pulled back again, let the cock fall from his mouth, then lowered his face down to the balls, licked them, then used his hand to stuff them in his mouth, pulling back on them so he stretched the scrotum. Jamie moaned loudly and his naked body shuddered as the erotic sensation in his balls raced down his legs and up through his entire body.

“Jesus,” Mark said softly at the upstairs window. “That is so fucking hot.” He turned toward Bob and saw that he was already facing him. The lust that always lay just beneath the surface overflowed and their faces came together in a hungry, probing embrace. Both of them almost came to orgasm in their pants, stirred by the sight of the impassioned boys and the sweet taste of each other’s mouth as their lips ground together.

To hold back their orgasm they pulled apart and turned to look through the window again. By now Pablo was working on Jamie with a frenzy they had never seen in him before. He rolled the balls round in his mouth, then stretched one last time until they slid free. He licked them

frantically, then buried his face into the curly pubic hair again. He went lower, running his tongue over Jamie's groin, over the sharp tan line, then down over his thighs.

His eager tongue rose higher, back over the groin and up to the waist, tasting, smelling, the smooth flesh. "God, man, you are so fucking beautiful," Pablo moaned. He gently twisted Jamie's body round and gasped "and that ass, that beautiful ass!" Again his tongue worked feverishly over the pure white globes of the surfer's butt. He pulled them apart and stared at the hole, surrounded by soft wisps of blonde hair.

He couldn't hold back, and buried his face in the light fur, nuzzling it, rubbing his cheeks in it. He tasted and smelt the sweetness of the hole, fresh from the pool, and licked the velvet membrane of the rim. Then he buried his tongue deep inside the hole and tasted the muskiness inside. Pablo's own cock was roaring hard and he was close to shooting his load, so he pulled his tongue out and twisted Jamie's body round again to face him.

He licked Jamie's waist, his groin, his legs everywhere except his cock. Deliberately he avoided it, grazing the head lightly with his tongue, sending Jamie into a welter of desire. Pablo knew that he was driving Jamie wild and he raised his head. "Come on, dude, you know you want it. You know you want it in my mouth again. Let me make you cum, Jamie. Show me how much you love me how much you forgive me."

That was his mistake. They were the wrong words to use. Suddenly something snapped inside Jamie, breaking the erotic trance he was in. 'Love him? Forgive him?!' After everything Pablo had done, ruined everything for him with Hassan? He realized that Pablo had been using his sexual skills on him the same as he had with Hassan. And he was supposed to be seduced as Hassan had been!

"NO!" he yelled. "You fucker. I know what you're doing. You can't fucking seduce me into forgiving you, asshole. I hate you for what you did and I'm gonna hurt you!"

Jamie clamped his hands round Pablo's head and yanked it forward. Startled, Pablo opened his mouth and it was impaled on Jamie's rigid cock as it plunged ferociously to the back of his throat. Jamie pushed the boy's head back, then pulled it forward again, hard against him. He was pushing the face back and forth onto his stiff rod, harder and harder, hammering the throat as he smiled with satisfaction at the choking, gagging sound of the tortured boy.

And so began the most savage face-fuck Jamie had ever given or Pablo had ever received. Again and again the cock pistoned inside the ravaged mouth as Pablo screamed into the gag and his eyes streamed with tears.

At the upstairs window Bob and Mark were mesmerized. Mark murmured, "God, that's incredible. He turned to Bob. "Oh man I want that. I want it from you, man." Then, as if it hadn't been said, they looked through the window again to see the climax of the spectacle below.

Pablo's face was still being battered by Jamie's merciless cock as the boy's hips smashed forward again and again against the face that was held helpless in the vise of his grip. Pablo was in a vortex of pain it felt as if his throat was being ripped apart. And yet he was determined to take the punishment like a man, the only way he could absolve himself in the eyes of his young friend.

Jamie was now in an ecstasy of erotic revenge a volcano that had to erupt. His body was on fire as it flexed hard, moving with the speed of a piston. His cock was burning and the flames spread down his legs and up over his pulsing body. "This is it, asshole," he screamed. "This if for Hassan..... and for me..... aagh!"

It was as if his whole body exploded inside Pablo's mouth. Semen poured from his cock and Pablo tried desperately to swallow the hot liquid that was choking him. Suddenly, mercifully, the cock pulled out and Pablo looked up, coughing and gagging, with cum pouring from his mouth. But Jamie wasn't finished there was still more pent-up vengeance. His body went rigid again and a second, bigger stream of cum blasted from his cock, slamming into the face of the agonized boy.

Reflexively Pablo opened his mouth and semen poured into it, then into his eyes, into his hair and over his face. White creamed flowed down his face onto his chest and stomach. He was bathed in the semen of his young friend, the juice of revenge.

Upstairs there was silence as Bob and Mark faced each other. The heat and passion they had witnessed in the boys now held them in its grip and they had to have release. Mark repeated his earlier words. "I need that, man from you." Still in his full police uniform he dropped to his knees before the man he had loved since he first saw him. As if in a trance Bob yanked open the buttons of his jeans and pulled out his raging cock.

Mark looked up at him and opened his mouth, welcoming in the long shaft that pushed quickly into his throat. It was not as savage as the face-fuck they had just witnessed, but just as impassioned. It was the visual image that turned them on most. Bob looked down at the glorious, Nordic-blond cop, with his stunning face and perfect physique straining under his uniform shirt. Bob's T-shirt was sticking to him so he pulled it off.

Mark was hypnotized by the sight of the sculpted Superman features of the muscular-god standing over him, stripped to the waist, a gentle smile in his soft brown eyes. He heard the deep, soothing voice. "Unlike the boys, Mark, this is not revenge this is love, pure and simple. You are so fucking gorgeous, and I love you, man." He began to move his cock in and out of the cop's mouth with increasing speed. He moaned as he felt Mark clench his throat muscles round his cock and the two men were joined, physically and spiritually.

“Let me see you cum, Mark. Let me see you spill your juice, so I can cum.”

Mark unzipped his uniform pants, pulled out his cock and stroked it as he squeezed Bob's cock with his mouth and swallowed the pre-cum oozing out of it. He felt the sweat from his body soaking his uniform and felt the sweat of Bob's face dripping down onto him.

It was sensual overload. He felt his cock spasm, his body tense, and he blasted a long ribbon of semen across the floor in front of him. Involuntarily he clenched his throat muscles harder as he felt Bob's hot juice pouring into his mouth. He swallowed the sweet juice in huge gulps as if it were nectar from a god.

When they were both drained dry Mark got to his feet and threw his arms round Bob's naked torso as their mouths clamped together and they passed back and forth Bob's juice still filling Mark's mouth. Finally they separated, paused, and looked down at the garden one last time. “Jesus, will you look at that,” Bob said.

Jamie and Pablo were rolling over the lawn, their arms wrapped round each other in a joyful embrace as they kissed each other's lips, eyes and face. Revenge, animosity, confrontation had all evaporated. The boys had undergone a cleansing, a passionate reaffirmation of their relationship, a friendship that they now knew could survive anything.

But suddenly this scene of reconciliation was shattered by a shout. “OK, guys, that's a wrap!” It was Darius, charging from the house brandishing his video camera.

The boys stood up in amazement. “What the fuck.....?” Pablo demanded.

“Dude, I got home just after you did and saw what was going down out here. You didn't notice me 'cause I guess you were well kind of busy.” So I went the back way upstairs into our room, grabbed my camera and filmed the whole thing from up there. Dudes! You guys were spectacular. You should do this for a living. You'd make awesome porn stars.”

Pablo took a step forward with an angry frown. But when he saw the wide-eyed enthusiasm on his lover's face, his irrepressible sense of fun, Pablo's frown disappeared, replaced by a smile, then uncontrollable laughter. Jamie joined in, in a joyful celebration of friendship renewed. Soon the boys had their arms round each other and they were walking toward the house.

“Let's go see the movie!” Darius yelled.

At another upstairs window Bob and Mark were also laughing. “Pity, Mark said. “We don't have a movie of our own. “

“No,” Bob grinned. “But we do have a shower. Care to join me?”

The boys were still watching a replay of the action and Bob and Mark were sitting at the poolside table in their shorts when Randy finally strode in through the gate. He flopped down on a chair at the table and, ever vigilant, one of the twins ran out with a beer for him.

“Hell of a shitty fucking day,” Randy growled, then took a restorative swig of beer. “Three big pieces of equipment out of service shitload of work for Pablo. Anyway, what have you guys been up to?” As he gave them his full attention he noticed the afterglow hovering round them. “Uh-oh, don’t tell me,” he grinned. “Who fucked who?”

Bob loved that by now Randy was easy with the fact that Bob and Mark had sex something he would have been punished for in the past. “Well nobody fucked anyone,” Bob said, “though the officer here gives a sensational blow job.”

“Yeah, and you returned the favor in the shower as I recall,” said Mark.

“But listen Randy,” Bob said more seriously. “Just now young Jamie confronted Pablo about the Hassan thing and you’d be amazed at what your boy did.” He explained the way Pablo had reacted to Jamie’s anger on his knees, instead of responding with his fists as he usually did. “He was amazing the way he just took Jamie’s cock, pounding into his face, when we all know he could have dropped Jamie with one blow.”

Randy had a big satisfied smile on his face. “That’s my boy, he said. Finally learning that there are other ways of solving a problem than taking a swing at it.”

“Yeah,” said Bob raising his eyebrows. “Maybe he could teach his old man a thing or two.”

“OK, OK, asshole point taken. Hell, I wish I’d seen it.”

“You still can,” Mark laughed. “Darius filmed the whole thing.”

“Damn, the punk never quits, does he?”

As if on cue they were interrupted by a sudden clatter of noise as the three boys burst out of the house all talking over each other. Randy stood up and opened his arms to Pablo. “Come here kiddo,” he said, taking him into a bearhug. “I heard what you and Jamie did and I gotta tell you I’m damn proud of you.”

“The cameraman, too, sir,” Darius protested, “don’t forget about him. “Sure the actors were hot, but it’s me recorded it for prosperity.”

“Posterity!” Bob sighed. Darius grinned and shrugged, “Whatever sir.”

Randy took Pablo's face in his hands. "By all accounts, kiddo, you got your face fucked but not your ass. Now I've had a hot, hard day that's left me sweaty and all wound up. And there's only one remedy for that. Gotta find me a perfect piece of ass."

"No problem there, sir," said Pablo with his rascal grin. Randy threw his arm over his shoulder and they went into the house.

A bit later they were all sitting at the outdoor table and the twins were starting to bring out dinner. Zack came through the gate and joined them, and Mark gave him a searching look.

"How is he?" he asked softly.

"Doing great," Zack said. "Hassan's real tough, resilient. Seems he can bounce back from a beating with only a few bruises to show for it like another tough guy I know." He looked at Randy who shifted uneasily in his seat.

Since his brutal confrontation with Randy Hassan had taken a few days sick leave and was recovering in Zack's house, under the tender care of Zack and the twins. Mark visited often, and had long, intense conversations with Hassan, some of them including Jamie. Bob also dropped in to chat, and Hassan was impressed by his gentle, non-judgmental manner, not to mention his stunningly beautiful face and physique. And not to be outdone, Darius of course ran in and out, a welcome dash of humor and energy for the recovering soldier.

All in all Hassan found himself increasingly attracted to this great-looking, extraordinary bunch of guys. The only ones who did not come by were Randy and Pablo. The psychological wounds there were still too raw. Despite the brutal punishment he had dished out Randy still simmered, torn between residual resentment and a grudging respect for the man's masculine beauty, rugged strength and independence, the qualities he most admired in a man.

Pablo too was still conflicted. His painful experience with Hassan in Oceanside had soured him, and yet, if he were totally honest, he still could not get over the physical and sexual attraction that the handsome soldier radiated.

Anyway, the subject of Hassan was dropped, the twins sat down to eat with the rest of them and the meal was its usual noisy, boisterous affair. The boys especially were even more lively than usual as they rehashed the events of the past few days, and especially of that afternoon. Darius of course took the lead, his mounting exaggerations met with mocking laughter.

But then something happened that slowly caused the noise to die down as each man in turn looked up toward the gate. Darius, chattering obliviously, was the last to notice anything ".....'course they say the camera never lies, but if you're good you can....." and then even his voice trailed off as he looked up in astonishment.

It was Hassan. He had quietly come through the gate and was now standing a short way from the table facing them all. Nine pairs of eyes focused on him in stunned silence and none of the men could deny the tremor that ran through them as they gazed on the gorgeous muscle-stud, barefoot in military fatigue pants and a white tank-top stretched over his perfect torso. Many cocks grew stiff under the table.

The silence was broken by Hassan himself, speaking rather formally in his accented, lilting voice. "Gentlemen, I must apologize for intruding on you all, but before I leave tomorrow I wanted to say a few words of parting. My stay with you was forced upon me" (he glanced at Randy) "but now that I have got to know most of you better I'm glad it was. I have come to like and admire your extraordinary group and, had circumstances been otherwise, I would have enjoyed spending time with you. My introduction to you was, of course, rocky right from the start...."

"No kidding," murmured Darius, who received a clip round his head from Zack and glaring looks from the others.

Hassan could not help smiling slightly at the interruption. "Before I leave I have to thank Zack and the twins especially for taking such good care of me." The twins blushed. "Thanks also to Bob who I know did a lot behind the scenes to smooth the waters I churned up. And to Darius for his humor, that made me laugh even when I was still in pain. And my heart, of course, goes out as always to Mark and to his boy Jamie, both of whom I have come to love deeply."

There was an uneasy shuffling round the table and a few moist eyes as Hassan concluded. "I will return to my base tomorrow afternoon, and I have to tell you that I will leave with a heavy heart. But I realize that my presence among you is disruptive and undesirable to at least one of you, so I will not return. I hope it is not presumptuous of me to wish you all the best for the future of your beautiful group dare I say family? I will remember you long after I have gone."

He gazed at them for a long moment, during which the only sound was the rustle of the trees. Then he turned and walked slowly toward the gate.

"WAIT!" The bellowing voice was Randy's who had shot to his feet. Hassan turned round and Randy strode up to him. "Now wait just a goddamn minute. You came in here days ago without my approval, caused a shitload of trouble, and now you turn your back and walk out on us just like that? Well fuck you, man. You'll leave when I say you can."

Hassan smiled broadly. "Randy, I respect your position here as boss, and I should perhaps have sought your approval before coming here. But I do not I certainly do not need your permission to leave."

Randy was taken aback by the resolute authority, and obvious truth, of Hassan's words. Even Randy realized how arrogantly stupid his own words had been and he backed off a bit. He was not sure why, but he didn't want Hassan to leave. There was something something missing, incomplete.

He made an effort to regain his composure. "You say you say you want to spend time with us"

"I would have liked to yes, but"

Randy's eyes bored into his. "Look, man, I didn't like you when you came and maybe I still don't, but I have to" He faltered.

"..... you have to assert your authority," Hassan completed his sentence for him. "I respect that, Randy. I would do the same if I were in your place. And I know just how I would do it."

A flash of recognition passed between them, master to master, and a slight smile crossed both their faces. "We are very much alike, you and I," Hassan said. Very much. Maybe too much. We shall see."

The men round the table watched mesmerized as the two magnificent males faced each other, a mutual understanding taking silent root. Suddenly Randy called out, "Darius. I want a record kept of this for everyone to see. You know what to do."

Thrilled, Darius reached under the table and pulled out his camera. "Right here, boss. Always carry it with me." He leapt up and circled the two men at a distance with the camera to his eye.

Randy turned his attention back to Hassan and growled, "Get ready, stud." There was a collective gasp in the group as Hassan slowly pulled off his tank, his eyes still riveted on Randy's. As the soldier stood there stripped to the waist Randy was again taken aback by the beauty of the man's perfect physique broad shoulders, muscular arms and flared lats sloping down, past washboard abs to a trim waist. He was a perfect specimen of a man.

Hassan smiled at Randy, unbuttoned his pants and let them fall. He stepped neatly out of them and raised his arms sideways, palms facing forward in a gesture of conciliation. There was another gasp from the guys at the table as they watched the spectacular tableau taking shape before them. The naked soldier at last lowered his eyes from Randy's and sank slowly to his knees.

"Pablo," Randy shouted. "Tell me again, boy. How many times did this man fuck your ass?"

Pablo opened his eyes wide with surprise, but stood up and managed to say firmly, "Twice sir but it was all my" Randy silenced him with a raise of his hand. Pablo sat down

again next to Bob who put his hand round his shoulder and whispered in his ear, "Don't worry, Pablo. It's not about you anymore this is all about the two of them."

They watched as Randy leaned down, put his hand under Hassan's chin and raised his head, so their eyes met once again. "Hassan, one thing you should know about me is that I believe in the punishment fitting the crime an eye-for-an-eye and a fuck-for-a-fuck.' You took my boy away from me and fucked him twice. So that does it." He put his foot against Hassan's chest and pushed firmly enough to send him falling onto his back.

He looked down with admiration "I gotta say, man, you look pretty fucking spectacular lying there naked on the ground. But I gotta do this gotta see what you're made of, stud."

Suddenly things moved into high gear as Randy ripped his T-shirt from his body, kicked off his boots and dropped his jeans. He stood for a moment towering naked over Hassan commanding, magnificent. Then he dropped to his knees and pulled Hassan's legs over his shoulders. He leaned forward and pushed Hassan's arms upward on the ground, pinning his wrists into the dirt so the man was helpless.

As Randy's body stretched above Hassan's their eyes met like dueling lasers. "So this is it, stud, just you and me at last, man to man. You knew it would come to this it had to always does when a man challenges me. The soldier fucked my boy. Now the soldier's gonna get his ass fucked by a man. And this, soldier, is what it feels like.

Suddenly Hassan threw his head back and screamed as, in one savage move, Randy pierced his ass with his thick, hard rod. The pain shot through Hassan's body as it writhed in agony, twisting desperately in a futile attempt at escape. Randy's hips rose up high, then fell forward with brute force, burying the steel pole even deeper into the soldier's gut.

Hassan had been fucked occasionally in the past, especially by Mark, but he had never felt anything like this. He was not just being fuckedhis body was being brutally impaled on a burning steel rod, pistoning in his ass. He was screaming, struggling to get free, but his wrists were held in a vise and he was being hammered into the ground. And all the time that face those wild, burning eyes staring down at him. As the battering intensified he thought for a moment he would pass out, but he was determined not to give in to the merciless power of this man.

He stared up into the steel-blue eyes, set in the rugged, swarthy face, black hair flying over it. It was wild as a stallion, savage, relentless. It was magnificent. The gaze was hypnotic, piercing deep into him, down to his naked soul. And suddenly Hassan was transformed. The blue eyes flashed and he saw something in them beyond savagery, beyond retribution. It was as if he became one with the spectacular maleness of this extraordinary man.

He had never seen such rugged manhood and he was exhilarated by it, spellbound proud to be its captive, to have his body invaded by it. The agony in his ass diminished, fading into

an erotic mix of ecstasy and pain. It was all the same, everything blended into the blinding sense of being overpowered by this glorious man. Then he heard the hypnotic voice.

“That’s it, man. Now you know now you know who I am, why I’m the boss. You feel that? Look into my eyes and tell me what you want, man. You’re a fucking beautiful stud, a glorious man, but you’re gonna submit to your master. Tell me!”

Hassan heard his own voice, as if coming from a distance. “Yes, sir. I want it. I want you, sir. I’ve never seen a man like you. You’re magnificent. Please fuck my ass, sir. Hurt me, thrash me, let me feel your body on me, inside me. I submit to you man. You’re the master.”

As Randy heard these words, looked into the exotic face of his beautiful captive, he too was transformed. Suddenly he no longer wanted to hurt the man, to take revenge. He wanted he wanted to make love to him! He stopped moving, paused, then began easing in and out of the man’s ass gently, aware for the first time of the warm, velvet membrane sliding past his cock.

He said softly, “Your first fuck is ended, man this is the second. And oh, man, it’s the best. No more pain, no more punishment. Just this, Hassan. Jesus, you feel sensational you have the most incredible ass. You are so fucking beautiful, man.”

Hassan’s body was shuddering with the elation of being overpowered by this spectacular muscle-god. Arrogant, irrational, impulsive he may be, but the man was an icon of raw masculinity. And as Hassan watched the muscular body rise and fall over him he had never wanted so much to submit to another man.

Randy was smiling at him. “You’re one of us now man. And you’re gonna prove it. I’m gonna make you do what I’ve made every man do who came here wanting to join us.”

“Anything, man,” Hassan groaned. “I’ll do anything for you. Tell me, order me.”

“Simple. You’re gonna cum for me. While I pin you to the ground, while I fuck your ass, you’re gonna shoot a massive load all over that gorgeous face and body of yours. You’re gonna do it the moment I tell you.”

“Yes, sir,” breathed Hassan. It wasn’t so much the exquisite feeling in his ass as the spellbinding look in the steely eyes, the eyes that drew him in, hypnotized him, so his one desire was to please him. He was swimming in those eyes as he heard the voice again.

“OK, man. Now I’m gonna pour my juice inside that magnificent body. And when I do that you’re gonna join with me, man to man, and shoot your load.”

Hassan felt the rod pulse in his ass, felt hot liquid pouring deep inside him. He stared up wildly, saw the blue eyes flash, and he screamed “I love you, man.” His body jolted and his cock

exploded with a gushing stream of white semen that shot up into his face and over his gleaming chest, again and again, in an orgasm that seemed to last for eternity.

Randy pulled his cock out and leapt to his feet. His chest heaving, sweat pouring off him, he gazed down in triumph at the naked warrior whose body he had impaled in a dazzling display of domination and desire. He reached down to him, Hassan reached up and their hands joined. In one strong movement Randy pulled him up and into his arms, grinding their mouths together.

They turned round and round in a bear hug, kissing hungrily, two magnificent men joined in the revelation of newfound admiration and passion. They were lost in the unique world they shared, oblivious of all else until they became slowly, dimly aware of a sound. It was applause. All the men were on their feet, shouting, whistling, applauding in recognition of the breathtaking demonstration of sexual prowess they had just witnessed.

Suddenly a voice shouted louder than all the others. "CUT!" Darius, of course, lowering his camera. "OK, people, that's a wrap. And that one's gonna win an Oscar."

After the two men had cleaned off in the pool, toweled dry and pulled on their clothes, they walked to the table and, ceremonially, Randy pulled out a chair and waved his hand toward it. Hassan took the place he had earned at the table between Mark and Jamie, and felt Mark's arm curl round his neck. "Incredible, man," Mark whispered. "I love you."

"Me too, sir," added Jamie with a proud grin.

Randy resumed his seat next to Bob, unsure of his reaction. But he need not have worried. Bob turned to him with shining eyes. "You son-of-a-bitch," Bob smiled. "You are one hell of a man. You never cease to amaze me and excite the hell out of me. So you broke in another member of the group. It was so fucking hot. Man, you turn me on!"

"Good," grinned Randy. "Because you're next. I'm all fired up now, like a bull in heat."

"Just the way I like you," laughed Bob.

Randy put his arm round his neck. "And I'm gonna give you a night you'll never forget. Because, buddy, whoever else comes into our lives, no matter how fucking gorgeous they are, it's you I love, man. Only you."

Before the group broke up for the night Mark stood up. “Guys, tonight Hassan will sleep with Jamie and me before he goes back to Pendleton. And I have something to tell you. I want to demonstrate once and for all my respect for Hassan and the trust I have in him, so the three of us have been talking.”

Jamie was looking up at him with a gleam in his eye as Mark continued. “In a week’s time Hassan has to make a trip up to Vandenberg Air Force Base for a quick visit. He’s gonna drop in here on the way up, pick up Jamie and take him with him. Jamie’s all for it. Hassan will drop him off in Santa Barbara for a few hours surfing, which is great up there, and then he’ll come back for him and they’ll spend the night in a hotel.”

There were murmurs of surprise all round. “OK, OK,” Mark said. “I know it sounds a bit like a replay of Pablo’s trip to Pendleton, but that’s the point. I want to purge the demons from that episode in entrusting my boy to Hassan.” He paused. “OK, that’s all. Sleep well, you guys.”

As they all walked toward the house Bob said quietly to Mark, “You quite sure about all this, buddy?”

“Sure I’m sure. Jamie loves the idea and he’ll be perfectly safe with Hassan. And besides, I have a surprise in store for Jamie. Something that’s gonna blow his mind.”

Bob smiled at him. “You’re crazy about that kid, aren’t you Mark?”

“Mad about him,” Mark said. “He’s my boy.”

#

Chapter 110 – Hassan and Jamie – Frustration

Mark was still shaking his head in disbelief. As he walked into the bedroom with Jamie and Hassan they were all feeling tense, still feeling the reverberations of the dramatic events that had taken place earlier. Mark produced three final beers of the evening to help them all unwind. But despite the warm affection that they all felt for each other, there was still hanging in the air the searing image of the macho soldier being savagely fucked by Randy.

“I can’t get my mind around it,” Mark said. “It just doesn’t fit.”

“Fit what?” Hassan asked in his deep, accented voice.

“You, man. Jesus Christ, here you are, a beautiful dominant stud, the ultimate top-man, getting your ass reamed pinned to the ground and impaled on Randy’s cock. It’s I dunno kind of insulting.”

Jamie coughed uneasily and they both looked at him. "You have something to say, Jamie?" Mark asked.

"Yes, sir." The boy was a bit intimidated in the company of these powerful men the stunning Nordic blonde cop and the darkly handsome Arabic/Asian soldier but he spoke up boldly. "Sir, I thought Hassan looked totally awesome, sir." He looked at the soldier. "You were still my perfect image of a top man, sir, even though your ass was getting reamed. It was one of my biggest fantasies seeing a big muscular top-man get his ass fucked. In fact"

"In fact what, Jamie?" Mark asked gently.

Jamie blushed and his words tumbled out. "..... in fact, sir, it was so incredibly hot that I creamed my shorts under the table as I watched."

Both men threw their heads back and laughed. "That does it then," said Mark. He jumped up, stood behind Jamie with his hands on his shoulders. "Hassan, old buddy, take a good look. This is my boy, the boy I love. And since he finds you such a hot top man, I invite you to fuck his beautiful ass before we go to bed. Maybe that will restore your macho image in my mind Hassan, the master"

Jamie turned and looked up at Mark, his eyes shining. Hassan gazed intently at Jamie, walked toward him and fell to his knees in front of his chair. He took his face in his hands and said gently, "Jamie. What about you? Is it OK if I make love to you?"

Jamie was trembling with excitement. "Yes, sir please sir.

And so he did. Moments later Jamie was lying naked on the bed looking up at Hassan towering over him. The soldier dropped his pants and knelt between Jamie's legs, wearing only his white tank-top. Jamie could hardly breathe as he gazed at the stunning muscle-god, knowing that the cock swinging between his legs was about to thrust inside him. Hassan pushed Jamie's legs back and gazed down at his perfect ass. He lowered his head and licked the soft blonde fur surrounding the hole.

"Oh, man," he said raising his head. "Mark you lucky bastard, you have the most beautiful boy in the world. He has made my cock like iron. It will be a privilege to fuck him." He eased forward and, with exquisite tenderness pushed his cock between the cheeks, then slowly into the warm membrane of the young ass.

Jamie's body shuddered as he looked up into the slanted brown eyes set in the dark, handsome face. "Oh sir, that feels incredible." He looked over at Mark. "Thank you, sir. I love you, sir."

The love-making was gentle but overpowering. Jamie could not believe that this handsome soldier was actually inside him, pushing his hard dick deeper and deeper. Rugged top-man Hassan might be, but this was the tenderness, the caress, of a lover. Jamie had expected

something rough, but this, coming from such a dominant man, was exhilarating. He was mesmerized by the rock-hard, perfect body rippling under the tight tank and he ran his hands over his chest.

“You are so beautiful, sir,” he breathed. The tank was already wet with sweat, almost transparent, so the bulging pecs were visible flexing underneath. Suddenly Hassan reared back on his knees, his cock still deep in Jamie’s ass, and pulled the soaking tank up over his head and threw it aside.

“Oh, man,” Mark moaned, his heart pounding as he looked at the now naked Marine fucking his boy. Awestruck, he watched the dark-skinned muscular physique rising and falling over the ass of the young blonde surfer. It was beautiful to watch and Mark instinctively pulled his cock out of his shorts and began stroking it.

Slowly, gently, the rigid shaft moved in and out of the white globes of the boy’s ass. Hassan fell forward and his strong grip pressed Jamie’s wrists to the bed above his head. Jamie was pinned down, helpless, and he moaned in ecstasy. His ass, his whole body was on fire. The sight of Hassan, the feel of his rod moving inside him, made pre-cum dribble from his cock and he closed his eyes for a second to prevent an instant orgasm. . But when the opened them he saw again the massive chest heaving over him, the smiling face looked down at him and those incredible eyes! That did it. Jamie’s body shuddered.

“Sir..... I can’t take it, sir. You’re going to make me cum. I can’t hold back!”

“That’s fine, Jamie. I’ll shoot with you deep inside your beautiful body.” He increased the rhythm, then pulled all the way out, paused, and plunged deep into the tender young ass, exploding inside him. “Aaah!” He threw his head back and felt a stream of hot liquid splash into his face. Mark was standing by the bed, his cock in his fist, and had blasted his load full into Hassan’s face and open mouth.

Then he pointed his cock down at Jamie’s face. “Do you want it too, boy? You want your master’s juice in your face. “Yes, sir,” Jamie screamed. Please, sir.” He was transported into a world of pure sex. He felt the soldier’s cum pouring inside him, he gulped down the cop’s hot semen that slammed into his face, and felt his own cock erupt in a shower of white juice that sprayed over his shuddering body.

Through a film of cum, his own and his master’s, Jamie saw the two exquisite faces above him, blonde and dark, come together in a passionate kiss. Long seconds passed until they finally broke free. Mark was smiling at Hassan. “You are one hot fucking stud, man. Welcome to our world.”

It was very early the next morning that the three men sat in the kitchen over coffee and scrambled eggs that Jamie had cooked. Hassan had to hit the road early for his return to Pendleton and Mark was on duty in an hour. Conversation was perfunctory, mostly a discussion of Hassan's next visit, when Mark would be entrusting Jamie to him for a short trip up north. The police officer would be busy working back-to-back shifts so Jamie and Hassan would go alone.

Now, as they drank their coffee, Mark was saying, "So, you guys still game?"

"Absolutely, sir," said Jamie, his eyes sparkling.

"I'm looking forward to it," said Hassan in his rather formal, accented English. "And I promise you Mark I'll protect Jamie as you would yourself." He paused. "There's just one thing. I I think we should cool it as far as sex goes. I mean, that's what got me into a whole mess of trouble with Pablo down south and what is your saying here 'once bitten twice shy?' I would prefer it to be more like two good buddies on a trip to get to know each other better, and I don't mean physically. I think Jamie and I have a lot to talk about. So no sex. Do you both understand my feelings?"

Mark smiled at him. "I do, Hassan. But it's entirely up to you guys. As far as I'm concerned you can do whatever you like together. But if that's the way you feel, fine. You, Jamie?"

Jamie looked slightly crestfallen and replied. "Sir, I have to say that I loved what Hassan did to me last evening I mean sex with him is great, but well I like just being with him too, so no sex is OK with me. Provided that when we come back here, sir, you"

Mark grinned. "Kiddo, when you get back here I'll be horny as a stallion and I guarantee you're gonna get your ass ploughed. You OK with that?"

"Absolutely, sir."

The following week was taken up with work all round. Pablo was pushed hard at the construction site by Randy where maintenance work had piled up. Darius worked with Zack at the other site and the boy was in heaven working close to his beautiful, shirtless black master. (There was even time for a few trips to the trailer office where Zack locked the door and gave Darius's ass a work-over.)

And Jamie caught up with a backlog of work in the office, under Bob's supervision. Bob watched him carefully. "Are you sure you're OK with this trip with Hassan, Jamie? I know Mark wouldn't force it on you if you weren't."

"I know he wouldn't, sir. Mark talked to me about it before he even suggested it to Hassan. I really like Hassan." He hesitated and blushed. "I mean, like, he's real hot, sir, and the no-sex thing will be a bit tough, but I understand why Hassan prefers it that way."

Bob smiled. "You know, before Pablo went off with Hassan I stuffed 40 bucks in his pocket for emergencies. I don't think that's necessary in your case."

No, sir, but thank you. Mark's given me plenty of money and I'm gonna call him every day. I'll be just fine, sir."

And so the day came when, early in the morning, there was a crunch of tires outside and Hassan strode in through the gate. Most of the guys were getting ready for work but their heads rose and they gazed in awe at the soldier in his military work clothes camouflage fatigue pants, heavy, laced combat boots and a khaki shirt showing just a glimpse of the white tank top underneath. In dark mirror glasses he looked spectacular, a military icon straight out of the pages of a fantasy magazine.

Mark too was in his police uniform about to leave for work and he had a quiet word alone with Hassan. "Now don't forget, buddy, the little scheme we cooked up for Jamie. I think it'll blow the kid's mind. So when you're in the hotel, just give me a call and we'll fix the details. By the way that no-sex thing you mentioned would fit in just fine if you can hold off fucking him. I'll make it worth the wait guarantee it."

Hassan grinned and hugged Mark. Jamie appeared, wearing his surfer shorts, a loose tank top and old sneakers. He was carrying a back-pack with a change of clothes stuffed into it, and the surfboard Mark had bought him was already propped up outside. Mark took him into his arms for a long, passionate hug. "You have fun, kiddo, and take care of that big stud. Don't let him get into trouble again. Sorry I pulled this double shift or I'd be going with you. But I'll see you soon." He grinned as he thought to himself, 'sooner than you think, kiddo.'

It must have looked pretty incongruous a military jeep speeding up the coast with the tail of a long surfboard hanging out the back. And the occupants were no less incongruous, a dark, Arab-looking Marine, and a young blonde Southern California surfer. They sat shoulder to shoulder in silence at first but Hassan was determined to draw the boy out and get to know him better. Jamie was soon talking about Mark. It was inevitable that the center of his world would be the center of his conversation. Hassan smiled at the boy's youthful enthusiasm for the beautiful cop and it was equally inevitable that the subject soon turned to sex.

"You seem to have a great life, Jamie, being Mark's boy and working for Bob, but tell me what would you say is generally the highlight of your day?"

“Oh that’s easy, sir it’s when Mark gets home.” Jaime blushed and hesitated. “See, when he comes in he’s been riding his motorcycle for hours and

Hassan grinned. “....and he’s horny as hell.”

“Yes, sir. When we hear him pull up Bob lets me leave the office and I run up to the bedroom, get naked and lie on the bed. And I love it when the gorgeous police officer first opens the door and stands looking at me.” Hassan glanced over and saw the mesmerized look in Jamie’s eyes as he visualized the scene.

“I always have a huge hard-on when I watch him take off his uniform first the shirt, then the T-shirt, and he stretches that spectacular body of his. Then I usually I stand up with my back to him and take his boot between my legs. He presses the other boot against my naked butt and pushes it until the boot comes off. When he’s naked he pushes me back onto the bed quite roughly actually I guess he’s impatient

“Of course he is,” said Hassan. “He’s so turned on by the gorgeous young stud with the perfect ass.”

Jamie smiled at him and blushed. “Anyway, sir, that’s when he fucks me and it usually lasts a long, long time. Some days, I guess when he’s real horny, he doesn’t even stop to take off his uniform. He comes in, throws me on the bed, rips open his pants and fucks me. Man, he looks so hot in his uniform, leaning over me and hammering my ass.” Jamie laughed. “Once he didn’t even stop to take off his helmet, so it was like this anonymous cop fucking me.”

“Anyway, sir. That’s what you would call the highlight of my day, and every afternoon my cock is hard just thinking about it waiting for it.” Again he blushed. “Actually, sir, it’s hard now just talking about it.”

Hassan didn’t confess that his own cock was rigid in his pants as he visualized the cop fucking the handsome young surfer. It was all he could do to stop himself from reaching over and grabbing Jamie’s cock in his shorts. But, knowing his own weakness for being seduced, he took a deep breath and changed the subject.

“So tell me about this surfer beach we’re going to.”

Jamie snapped out of his sexual daydream and said, “Yeah, I was talking to some of the other surfers in L.A. and they told me about this place up on the Gaviota Coast north of Santa Barbara, a few miles past Refugio Beach. Not too many guys know about it and they say the waves are perfect there.”

The miles and the minutes flew by and in no time, it seemed, they were cruising along Highway 101 amid the spectacular scenery of the Gaviota Coast, the glittering blue Pacific on the left and

the Santa Ynez mountains on the right. Jamie had pinpointed the beach on an online map and soon they were bumping along the access trail.

“Wow, this is spectacular,” Jamie said as they stopped a bit short of the beach. “Man look at those waves they go on forever!” He turned to Hassan, his eyes shining. “Thank you for bringing me here, sir.”

“Glad you’re impressed,” Hassan smiled. “Now listen to me. There seems to be only a couple of other guys out there so I want you to be careful. You know the rule, Jamie don’t surf out there on your own. And if the currents get strong, you come right back in.”

Jamie grinned at him. “You sound just like Mark giving me orders, sir. Like having two dads.”

Hassan was startled that these words gave him an instant hard-on. Again he took a deep breath. “So listen, kid. It’ll take me half an hour to get to Vandenberg. My meeting shouldn’t last too long, so I’ll be back in about two hours three tops. You think you’ll be OK here?”

“What do you think, sir?” beamed Jamie, waving his arm at the spectacular beach and the gently rolling waves. “I’ll be keeping a look out for you when you get back.” He leaned over and kissed Hassan on the lips. “And just so you know, sir. Sitting next to you I’ve had a boner in my shorts ever since L.A.” He grinned. “Sorry, sir. I know I’m not supposed to say that.” He jumped out and pulled his surfboard from the back of the jeep and took off.

Hassan rested his hands on the steering wheel as he watched Jamie gallop out to the surf, his board under his arm. The boy’s body gleamed golden, clad in just faded blue surf trunks that hugged his rounded butt. His tousled blonde hair blew in the breeze and his muscles rippled as he ran over the sand.

“God, he’s beautiful,” Hassan said aloud. As Jamie reached the water and splashed through the surf Hassan instinctively unbuttoned his pants and took out his cock. He stroked it as he watched the image of Jamie grow smaller and smaller.

“Shit damn,” he said, coming to his senses. He stuffed his cock back in his pants, buttoned up and started the engine. As the jeep bounce back up to the highway he clenched his jaw. “Shit damn,” he said again.

As he had predicted, about two and a half hours later Hassan was driving back south on the coastal highway keeping a sharp lookout for the secluded turn-off. His meeting had been very productive with his opposite number in intelligence at Vandenberg as it turned out another mixed-race Arab who had served in the Middle-East.

But that was behind him and, even as the meeting had been winding down, Hassan's thoughts turned back to the golden boy whom he imagined paddling his surfboard strongly through the waves. The image was so strong in his mind that he actually missed the unobtrusive turn-off, then drove back in a mild panic until he found it and drove quickly down to the beach.

Another stab of panic as he looked out to sea and saw, way over to the side, a couple of lone surfers but no Jamie. Squinting hard he saw someone lying flat on a surfboard, paddling back out to the waves. He saw only the back and shoulders but he knew it was Jamie didn't know how he just knew. He felt a stab of excitement and pulled off his shirt and tank-top that was wet with sweat. He raced down to the beach and over to a rocky promontory jutting out into the sea from the beach.

He clambered quickly over the rocks to get a better view of Jamie so he could hail him. By that time Jamie was sitting astride the board in calm water, waiting for the next set of waves to come up behind him. Hassan shielded his eyes to get a better view.

Jamie had been having a blast. The surfing conditions were perfect, every bit as good as his buddies in L.A. had promised, and his body was tingling with the effects of physical exercise, the sun, the spray and the exhilaration of riding these perfect waves. But now he waited for the next set, and as he waited his mind wandered.

He remembered the spectacular tableau of a week ago when he had seen the stunningly beautiful soldier submit to another man, offer up his muscular body and get his ass savagely fucked, impaled on Randy's huge cock one top-man surrendering to the sexual supremacy of another. The image held him spellbound, and as he sat with his legs wide astride the surfboard the slight swell underneath him rocked the board gently and his balls rolled against the hard surface. With the picture of Hassan etched vividly in his mind he felt his cock get stiff.

Without thinking he pushed down the waistband of his shorts, pulled out his cock and started to stroke it. His thoughts moved on to the bedroom where that same muscle-stud he had watched get fucked into submission was now looming over him, a white tank top stretched over his chest. He saw clearly the exotic face, the olive-skinned muscles and that huge cock. Then the cock was inside him and he felt again the erotic sensation of being fucked by the magnificent soldier.

Standing on the rocks, Hassan was about to wave and shout to Jamie but he stopped, stupefied by what he saw. "Jesus Christ." The bronzed young surfer was jerking off as he sat astride his board! And somehow Hassan knew, through intuition or sheer arrogance, that Jamie was thinking about him. He yanked his cock out of his pants and stroked it just as Jamie was stroking his. He moved a little to the side so his lower body was hidden behind a rock, in case Jamie should look up.

But Jamie was in a fantasy world of his own as his cock got harder. His breath was heaving, his heart beating wildly and he knew he was close to shooting his load onto his board. But just then the swell increased and his board rose up suddenly. He glanced back and saw another

set of perfect waves approaching behind him. He stuffed his hard cock back into his shorts, fell forward onto his board and began paddling furiously, arm over arm, gathering speed to take the wave.

“What the fuck?” Hassan stopped beating his meat as he saw Jamie on his stomach give his attention back to the waves. He watched the shoulders ripple as he stroked powerfully through the water, saw the back flex, saw the incredible bubble butt outlined in the soaking shorts. And he knew what Jamie was feeling. His dick had to be hard still, and grinding against the board beneath him. As he moved, one side then the other, the cock must be close to exploding in the wet shorts pressed down on the board.

Hassan’s instinct was right. Jamie was, as usual, feeling the exhilaration of the wave growing behind him, felt the board lifting higher and higher, but this time the power was not in his arms and legs it was in his cock! He felt it iron hard underneath him, competing with the waves for his attention. But the waves won out.

At the crucial moment of lift, Jamie sprang to his feet, balanced himself on the board, and there he was on the crest of the wave. The exhilaration, the incredible high of speeding forward on the water was heightened by the throbbing of his cock. Riding a wave was always like a sexual high for Jamie, but this time it was real. His arms outstretched he looked up at the sky in jubilation.

And then, as he raised his head he saw him standing like a bronze statue in the rocks the spectacular soldier, stripped to the waist the erotic image that had almost brought him to orgasm moments ago. There he was in the flesh. The sight of him sent a surge of power racing through Jamie’s body. He pumped both fists in the air and screamed to the sky “Yes! Yes! Yes!”

And as he sped forward on top of the wave, felt the spray in his face, heard the seething water below and the screaming gulls overhead, his cock exploded in his shorts. “Aaah!” he screamed to the heavens, as he flew through the air in a state of total euphoria, feeling jets of hot semen blast endlessly from his cock and run down his legs.

Hassan knew exactly what was happening. It had to be. He saw the elation in the boy, saw him pump his fists in the air, heard his scream. He must be having the most spectacular orgasm. The soldier felt the infectious exhilaration sweep over him. The sight of the young surfer’s gleaming body speeding over the water, screaming as his cock pumped semen into his shorts, was complete sensory overload for Hassan. His own howls of euphoria were drowned out by the crashing surf as his cock erupted in ribbons of cum that splashed on the rocks beneath him, to be washed away by the surf and carried out to sea.

His body heaving, Hassan ran back over the rocks and along the beach. He stood motionless watching Jamie completing his triumphant ride on the perfect wave and coasting expertly to the beach, skimming over the shallow surf. Jamie picked up his board tucked it under his arm and looked up to see the vision of Hassan standing shirtless at the top of the beach. The boy was a dazzling sight as he raced forward, then dropped the board and fell into Hassan's arms.

The hug was long and intense, but eventually they both remembered the 'buddies only' rule and separated. Nothing was said of the spectacular orgasms, though Hassan noticed by the remaining dark stain on the wet shorts that his guess had been correct. Jamie had not seen Hassan's climax and was unaware that Hassan knew of his.

Jamie dug his surfboard into the sand, pulled off his shorts and hung them on the board to dry. He threw himself naked face down on the sand and pulled on a sun visor he had taken from his shorts, along with a small tube of sun lotion. Hassan lay beside him and propped himself on his elbow. Jamie smiled at him, his blonde hair falling over his forehead the iconic picture of a dazzlingly beautiful young surfer.

They soaked up the sun for a while, then Jamie said, "Sir, my back's starting to burn. Would you mind putting some of this lotion on it?"

Hassan got up on his knees and straddled the boy's thighs. Leaning forward he squeezed a blob of lotion on his back and spread it slowly with both hands over the smooth, golden skin. His hands caressed the flesh, over the shoulders and neck, down the back to the waist and over the spectacular ass. His heart beat faster as he felt the firm white globes flex under his hand, and he remembered what it had been like to thrust his cock between them.

He had just watched this boy cream his shorts and now here he was lying naked under him. Hassan's cock was pounding in his pants as he kept stroking the smooth, creamy flesh. Hypnotized by the feel of the ass under his palms Hassan felt a warmth spreading over his body. The boy felt so good, glowing with the beauty of youth. As Hassan leaned forward to reach the shoulders, the bulge in his pants pressed hard against the cheeks of the ass. He stifled a gasp as his body shuddered and he felt his semen pouring from his cock in his pants.

Hassan jumped self-consciously to his feet and caught his breath. "Time to go eat kid. You must be starving and I promised Mark I'd feed you well." Jamie hesitated, then stood up slowly and Hassan glimpsed him kicking sand over a pool of cum he had shot when he felt Hassan's cock press against his butt. Jamie blushed with embarrassment as he pulled on his shorts and stuffed his cock back inside them. Without comment Hassan threw his arm over Jamie's shoulder and, like two good buddies, they trudged up the beach to the jeep.

The hotel was small and secluded but right on the ocean and had full service. Part of it was a collection of bungalows and theirs was one overlooking the beach.

“Jeez, looks like they gave us the best room,” said Jamie, impressed. “How’d you manage that, sir?”

“The uniform always helps,” Hassan smiled. “Everyone likes a soldier.”

“You can say that again, sir.”

“OK,” said Hassan. “Let’s get you cleaned up get rid of all that salt and sand make you presentable for dinner.”

As they stripped they looked furtively out of the corner of their eye, like two straight buddies trying not to be turned on by each other. Jamie couldn’t help feeling disappointed that they took separate showers, but he knew that was part of the deal. He had brought a clean Polo shirt and jeans and Hassan changed into civilian clothes jeans and a loose white shirt that hung seductively on his muscular body. They made more than a few heads turn when they walked into the hotel dining room. Some tried to guess what their relationship was to each other, but even if they had asked it’s doubtful if the two men would have known how to answer.

After dinner they had a drink in the bar and talked like regular buddies, which was the plan, after all. Finally, tired and feeling a glow brought on partly by alcohol, but also by a warm feeling of affection that was growing more and more intimate between them, they went back to their room. They quickly stripped down to their briefs and climbed into bed.

“Sleep well, Jamie,” Hassan said. “Oh and, by the way, you looked terrific on that surfboard.”

Jamie smiled to himself. “Thank you, sir. Goodnight.”

But ‘sleeping well’ was easier said than done. It was a king-size bed so they didn’t need to touch, but several times as they tossed in sleep each one was dimly aware of the other man’s flesh pressing against him and he pulled away instinctively. Jamie was having vivid dreams of half-naked soldiers. He was running his hand over the magnificent chest of one, luxuriating in the feel and the smell of the muscular body.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and realized that his dream was real. He was actually touching Hassan’s chest, smelling the muskiness of his sweat and Jamie had a roaring hard-on. He eased himself quickly off the bed, relieved to see that he had not woken Hassan, and walked silently into the bathroom. He needed to pee but his cock was so hard it was difficult to point it downward to the toilet bowl and some of his piss went on the floor. He turned and was about to stuff his cock back into his briefs when he glimpsed the bed through the half-open door.

“Oh, man!” he sighed as his heart leapt. Hassan was lying on his back. In sliding out of bed Jamie had pulled the sheet down so it now covered only Hassan’s lower legs. The whole magnificent body was on view, the chest, the washboard stomach, and the dark-skinned muscles gleamed softly in the moonlight. The soldier was wearing only black bikini briefs, and it was clear from the bulge that he too had a hard-on in his sleep.

God he was beautiful! His sleep was restless and he tossed lightly from side to side, his muscles rippling as he moved, his head turning on the pillow, showing first one profile then the other. In the warm night a slight sheen of sweat covered his body and his black hair clung to his forehead.

The stunningly beautiful sight was too much for Jamie. His cock had already been hard but now it was throbbing. He dropped his briefs, held his cock and didn’t even have to stroke it. He felt the heat racing up his legs, into his balls, up the length of his cock until it erupted in a stream of cum that arced high in the air before splashing on the bathroom floor. Jamie stood in a daze, gazing at the stunning image of the man who had caused his explosive orgasm.

He shook his head and snapped back to reality. Grabbing a towel he quickly mopped up the pool of semen on the floor, then stood still waiting for his breathing to subside. Finally he felt it was safe to go back to bed and he slid in beside Hassan, but keeping a safe distance, clinging to the edge of the bed. And at last, sexually drained, he fell into a deep sleep.

In his restless, dream-filled sleep Hassan had been dimly aware of movement on the bed but it served only to fuel his dreams. Eventually, with the natural rhythm of sleep, his became lighter and he floated back to consciousness. He opened his eyes and then snapped them shut. He had been dazzled by the first thing he saw, the naked, suntanned body lying face-down a foot away from him.

Maybe he was still dreaming. But he opened his eyes again and there it was again, that perfect body. The face was turned away on the pillow and the arms were stretched upward. Hassan’s eyes followed the arms down, past the golden nape of the neck and over the hard bulge of the shoulders. The broad back sloped gently down to the hollow of the waist and the sharp tan line. Then it rose up again in a sharp curve, up over the perfect white globes of the ass.

Oh, man,” he thought, “an ass that could make grown men weep.” Outlined by tan lines at the waist and below the butt, it was perfection, moving slightly as the boy breathed. Hassan could not take his eyes off it. God he wanted to be inside it. Only a week ago, with Mark watching, he had felt the exquisite sensation of sliding his hard rod between those white mounds and deep inside the boy. He remembered the boy’s moans as he felt the soldier’s dick penetrating him. He remembered the handsome young face looking up at him.

That face. He needed to see the face. Gently he got off the bed, walked round the other side and gazed down at the incredible sight. The tousled blonde head lay on the pillow and there was a slight smile on his face. The tanned body gleamed, rising and falling with each breath. He opened the window curtains a crack so a shaft of moonlight fell across the stunning ass.

Suddenly he gasped. The boy had moved his arms in his sleep and stretched them up to the corners of the bed. Hassan suddenly fantasized that the boy's wrists were tied and that he was helpless, waiting for his ass to be fucked. He heard Jamie sigh deeply and, to ease the pressure on his cock under him, raised his butt slightly before settling back again.

"Oh, God," Hassan whispered. "That ass is exquisite so fucking beautiful. He pulled his briefs down and kicked them away, then took his rigid dick in his hands. Like Jamie before him he didn't need to move. His eyes riveted on the glorious ass, he pointed his cock downward. "Aaaah!" With a near-silent gasp he watched a jet of cum blast from his cock down onto the white globes of the ass, then another, and another.

When he was spent he fell to his knees, lowered his head and very gently licked the creamy juice from the white flesh. He sucked it in, gulped it down, and the sweet taste was so intoxicating that it made his cock hard again. For long minutes he licked the boy's beautiful bubble-butt, with exquisite tenderness so as not to wake him.

Finally he came out of his trance and went to the bathroom for a towel. He picked one up off the floor, but it was damp. Intuitively he raised it to his face and breathed in the unmistakable smell of fresh semen. Looking down he saw Jamie's briefs on the floor, and a slow smile crossed his face. He remembered the body next to him stirring and he knew beyond a doubt that Jamie had come into the bathroom and what he had done.

"Son-of-a-bitch," he murmured. "The kid shot his load looking at me while I slept. Damn, I've gotta have that ass again. Hurry up, Mark."

The next morning they ordered breakfast from room-service and sat quietly, comfortably on the terrace overlooking the ocean. Both were replaying their memories of the night before, though neither could share them with the other. They were secrets. After all, if regular buddies ever do that kind of thing in the night they tell themselves they must have been hallucinating or drunk. Except that these two men knew differently.

As they drained the last of the coffee Hassan got up and went back into the room. Jamie heard him talking quietly on the phone and thought nothing of it. Probably calling Mark to tell him that everything was OK. (Actually he wasn't far off the truth.) Jamie decided to go for a quick swim and, already wearing swim trunks, ran down to the water. The sea was still cold and Jamie loved the bracing feel as he swam strongly far out into the waves. He remembered his extraordinary ride on the perfect wave the day before and his cock got hard again.

His mind naturally wandered to Hassan and, once again, he longed to feel the gorgeous man's dick inside him. This buddies-only no-sex thing was for shit and he felt like telling Hassan so. He turned and swam quickly back to shore. He ran up the beach and into the room and stopped dead in his tracks. Hassan was there alright, but he was wearing his Marine uniform again fatigues, laced-up combat boots and khaki shirt buttoned half-way up, showing his white tank top underneath and the military dog tags round his neck.

He looked magnificent and Jamie felt a jolt in his cock. Hassan was smiling. "This no-sex thing is not working for me, Jamie. Last night while you slept I shot my load over that gorgeous ass of yours, and now I want to be inside it. I have to be inside you. I thought the uniform would turn you on. Now get on the bed."

"Yes sir!" Finally what he had longed for ever since they left L.A. This gorgeous muscle-stud soldier was going to fuck him. Jamie tore off his shorts and threw himself on the bed. As Hassan approached Jamie was afraid he would cum just looking up at him. His ass was on fire waiting for Hassan to pierce it with his huge dick.

Hassan fell on top of him and Jamie felt the rough serge of the uniform grinding against his body. Hassan's face came closer and closer and then they were kissing, passionately, ravenously, unleashing all the pent-up desire they both felt. They were both lost in the feel and smell of each other but not so lost that they didn't hear the command.

"Freeze!"

Hassan leapt to his feet and Jamie jerked his head up in shock to see a uniformed cop burst through the door, his face invisible behind his motorcycle helmet. "Nobody move!" Jamie was frozen in fear. "You, soldier, turn round." The cop pulled handcuffs from his belt and secured Hassan's wrists behind him. "On your knees." Hassan sank obediently to the floor.

"You, boy, lie back." Another set of handcuffs secured one of his wrists to the bedpost. Jamie's mind was reeling. He was terrified and yet and yet it couldn't be he knew the voice, that body. The cop unbuckled his helmet and yanked it off. "It was! It was Mark. But why was he so angry? What the hell was going on?"

Mark remained grim-faced all business. "You, soldier, you know you can get a dishonorable discharge for picking up a rent-boy."

"But officer," Hassan pleaded, "we were only"

"Shut up!" He turned to the handcuffed Jamie "And you, boy. What the fuck were you thinking? You young hustlers should know better than to pick up a soldier from Vandenberg. Well, you'll both answer to me now and it won't be pretty."

And suddenly Jamie knew! This was all for him. Mark and Hassan had set this up, a wild fantasy that was all for him. His body trembled part excitement and part fear as it still seemed so real. The cop's eyes blazed at him. "I'll deal with you later, kid."

Jamie watched as the cop walked back over to the handsome Marine kneeling handcuffed before him. "But I'll start with you, soldier." He pulled his face up by the chin. "Yeah quite the stud. I'm gonna enjoy working on you."

And Jamie almost shot his load right there.

#

Chapter 111 – The Cop, the Marine and the Surfer

Mark stared down at the handcuffed Marine. "So, you fucked this kid in the ass?"

"No, officer. I haven't fucked him. Not all the time I've been with him."

"No? Hot young stud like that? You Marines must be losing your touch. Well, too late now. You'll have to go through me to get to him. And I've been on that bike for hours so I'm real horny. I was looking to hook up with a girl for a blow-job, but hell, you'll do instead. Here." He grabbed Hassan's hair and pulled his face hard into his crotch, grinding it into the rough serge of his uniform pants.

The soldier's mouth was smothered by the growing bulge and he sucked frantically, licking the fabric in a futile attempt to get a taste of the dick underneath. Jamie's eyes opened wide in disbelief. The gorgeous uniformed Marine was helpless on his knees, his head being held in a vise by the blonde cop. Jamie heard the desperate sucking noises as the mouth was yanked hard against the cop's bulging crotch. Finally the cop pulled the soldier's head back and the blue-gray eyes stared down at him.

"You like that, soldier? You like sucking on a cop's sweaty crotch?"

Saliva dripped from the Marine's mouth as it sagged open, over his chin and down onto the white cotton of his tank top. He gasped, "I er I....."

The cop barked like a drill sergeant. "I said, did you like that, soldier?"

"Sir, yes sir!" The Marine responded. "Yes, officer. I liked it, sir."

Mark grinned. "Yeah, they say all you Marines are cock-suckers give great blow-jobs. OK, let's see"

He ripped open his pants and pulled out his cock, already hard from the heat of the Marine's mouth clamped over it through his pants. Again he held up Hassan's head by the hair and the helpless soldier opened his mouth wide. Mark stood for a moment with his stiff rod pointing at Hassan's face, then pushed it quickly inside and all the way down his throat.

Jamie heard the Marine choke, saw his eyes open wide and brim with tears. The boy could hardly believe what he was seeing two handsome uniformed men, the dark-haired soldier on his knees while the blonde cop pulled his face forward and jammed his cock deep into his mouth. Mark had handcuffed only one of Jamie's wrists to the bed and his free hand went to work, stroking his cock as he gazed mesmerized at the Marine's punishment.

The cop pulled his cock all the way back, then plunged it again into the soldier's mouth, and he was soon fucking the handsome face with a hard, steady rhythm. Jamie saw the face jerk back and forth as the Marine strained against the handcuffs behind his back. His shirt had fallen wide open and his tank was now damp with sweat and the saliva that dripped from his tortured mouth.

The cop gazed down at his victim. "Oh, man," he breathed. "So it's true, you Marines really do know how to suck cock. Come on soldier take it all the way down. Yeah, that feels great." Suddenly he pulled the cock out. "You like sucking a cop's dick, soldier? You want more?"

"Sir, yes sir!" Hassan shouted, his eyes now streaming with tears. "Please, officer. Shove your dick in my mouth, sir."

Mark did just that, and Jamie beat his meat hard as he watched as the cop's blonde pubic hair smash against the full lips of the dark, handsome face. "Come on, man," Mark shouted. "Make my dick feel good you know what to do."

Hassan clenched his throat muscles, squeezing the piston rod hammering his mouth. Mark groaned, "Oh yeah, that's it man. You give great head, soldier. Shit, you're gonna make me shoot my load." Again he pulled his cock out and fixed the kneeling man with his penetrating gaze. "You wanna feel a cop cream in your mouth, soldier? You wanna drink his hot juice?"

"Yes, sir. Please, officer. I wanna drink your cum."

"So the Marine submits to the cop wants to drink his semen. OK man, you asked for it. Here it comes."

Jamie was beside himself, masturbating furiously as he watched the face-fucking resume, even harder than before. The cop's head was thrown back in ecstasy as he pounded the Marine. "Oh, man, I love fucking your face, soldier. Here it comes. Drink it, man." His hips rammed forward one last time and Hassan felt the cock explode in his mouth. He choked, gagged, and gulped frantically, tasting the bitter-sweet liquid as it poured down his throat.

“Aaaah!” The shout was Jamie’s as he was overwhelmed by the incredible sight of the Marine gagging on the cop’s dick blasting its load inside him. Jamie shot his own cum high in the air and it splashed down onto his body, his face and into his tousled blonde hair.

Mark jerked his cock out of the mouth and it was still spurting cum. Now it splashed into the soldier’s gasping face, over the high forehead, the slanted dark eyes and right down to the aching jaw. The cop grabbed the black hair, holding the head like a trophy.

Jamie gasped. It was pornographically beautiful, the Marine’s mouth sagging open as white semen poured out of it, down his chin and onto his tank. The handsome, exotic face was soaked with sweat, tears and semen as he gazed up at the triumphant cop who had degraded him by blasting cum in his face. Finally Mark let go of his hair and his face fell forward in a helpless gesture of obedience and defeat.

The cop turned round to the bed and gazed at Jamie who was breathing heavily, his body covered in pools of cum. “What the fuck did I say you could do that, boy?”

Jamie actually felt a stab of fear, and he stammered, “No, officer. It’s just that sorry, sir.”

“Well it damn well won’t happen again.” Mark turned back to the kneeling soldier and took off the handcuffs. “Won’t be needing those now, soldier, now I’ve broken you in.” He grabbed the front of his tank top and yanked hard, ripping off strips of the thin cotton fabric. He went back to Jamie and uncuffed his wrist. He wound strips of the fabric round each wrist, then, using both sets of cuffs, attached his wrists to the corner bed-posts.

Jamie instinctively pulled at them, and the torn shirt fragments prevented the handcuffs from chaffing his wrists. At that moment he knew that Mark was protecting him and had no intention of hurting him. He also saw in the blazing eyes a glint of something else deep down, a look he recognized affection. From then on he relaxed, knowing that his master was doing all this for his pleasure.

Mark looked down at him. “Hmm, gotta say, best looking hustler I ever saw. Let me see that ass.” He pushed the legs up and back and gazed at the perfect ass, with a fuzz of blonde hair round the enticing hole. “Wow, some ass, kid! I guess guys pay good money for that.” He turned round suddenly and looked at Hassan. “What’s the matter with you, soldier you say you haven’t fucked that gorgeous ass?”

“Not yet, officer. Kid was playing hard to get.”

“The hell he was! OK, I’ll do you a favor, soldier. That ass is mine to fuck. But I just shot my load in your face so while I get some juice back in my balls I want you to turn me on. Stand up.” Hassan jumped to his feet. “At ease, soldier. The Marine stood legs astride hands clasped behind his back.

Mark sprawled in a chair and watched. "Take your shirt off, and your tags." Quickly Hassan obeyed, then clasped his hands behind his back again. Both Mark and Jamie gasped as they looked at the magnificent Marine in fatigue pants and boots, the torn shreds of his cotton tank hanging over the muscles of his near-naked chest.

"You know, soldier," Mark said. "You are one hot-looking mother-fucker. Surprised you have to pay a hustler like this. There again," looking at Jamie, "the surfer-boy here is pretty spectacular too. Man, I'm gonna enjoy watching this. Shit, my dick's getting hard already."

He stood up, looked down at the naked, handcuffed surfer, then at Hassan. "OK, man. Let's see what you're made off. Fuck him!"

Hassan gazed into Mark's eyes and a secret smile glinted between them. He turned to Jamie who was trembling with anticipation. "Seems like I'm gonna get that sweet ass after all that you've been flaunting in my face the whole trip, boy. The cop had to handcuff you to the bed to make it happen. You can't get away from my cock now, kid. It's gonna ram your ass good."

He knelt on the bed and pushed Jamie's legs high in the air. "OK, boy, this is it at last. Admit it, you want my cockyou've been longing for this ever since we started out."

"Yes, sir," Jamie whimpered. "I've jerked off thinking about it."

"OK, boy. Here it is." Hassan touched Jamie's hole with the tip of his cock and paused. Jamie waited for what seemed like endless seconds, and then, at long last, it happened. The Marine's huge cock plunged inside him. Hassan moaned as his rod slid past the hot membrane of the young ass and came to rest deep inside him. His hips pulled back and again he buried his tool in the boy's gut. Jamie yelled ecstatically as he felt the head pass over his inner sphincter and touch the secret sweet spot deep inside.

Mark stood and watched as the invasion of his boy's ass gathered speed. He ran his eyes over the near-shirtless Marine, bucking and plunging over the surfer's perfect white globes. It was a supremely erotic sight, and when he saw the look of ecstasy in his boy's eyes a jolt of envy flashed through him as he realized the effect the stunningly beautiful soldier was having on the boy.

Like all great fantasies this one now crossed the boundary into reality. As he watched the muscular Marine pound his boy's ass, watched the desire in the boy's eyes, the envy Mark felt was real, bordering on resentment. This is what he had wanted to see he had arranged it but now the reality of it brought him to the edge of anger and he wanted it to end quickly.

Acting on impulse Mark unbuckled his belt and slid it from his pants. He leaned forward and in one instant ripped the remaining shreds of Hassan's tank-top from his back. In a mounting frenzy he shouted, "Come on, man, you can do better than that. Is that all you got? Fuck that

ass, soldier make the boy shoot his load.” He swiped the belt across Hassan’s naked back and heard him yell as his body jolted forward under the blow. Jamie screamed as the Marine’s body spasmed, forcing the cock to pierce him deeper than ever.

The scene was incredible. The uniformed cop was whipping the broad back of the Marine, goading him into fucking the young surfer’s ass harder and harder. Sweat poured off the soldier, down onto the boy’s naked body. Pulling at his bound wrists Jamie was spinning in a world of total ecstasy as he saw the Marine bucking over him while the blonde cop, his jaw clenched, lashed the naked back with his belt.

Hassan gazed wildly down at him. “God, I love your ass, kid. Man, I waited for it but never dreamed it could be like this. Aaah!” he yelled as another heavy blow slammed down on him. Hassan became like a machine, not feeling the lash on his back, losing any sense of the cop’s presence. He was aware of only one thing, the burning sensation in his cock as it pistoned into the furnace of the boy’s ass. He looked into the boy’s pleading eyes and smiled as the moment came he had long been waiting for.

“OK, boy,” he shouted. “This is what you wanted. Here it is!” His cock erupted deep inside the beautiful ass and he watched mesmerized as Jamie’s cock shuddered and poured semen over his own naked body.

Mark stood motionless over them, the belt hanging from his fist. The experience had been spectacular for him, but unnerving as he realized the intensity of desire Hassan and Jamie shared. He knew that his own emotions had crossed over the line into reality. He shook his head, cleared his mind and snapped back into the fantasy he himself had created. He pulled Hassan up roughly by the shoulders and they stood facing each other.

“OK, soldier. You proved it you are one hell of a hot fuck. But now it’s my turn.” He turned and looked down at a dazed Jamie. “Now for you, boy. You enjoy that Marine in your ass?”

“Yes, sir,” Jamie said weakly. “Very much, sir.”

Mark stared at him. “Now we’ll see how you handle a cop. I should run your hustler ass straight to jail for picking up this soldier, but watching you get fucked turned me on. So now it’s my turn.”

Jamie was exhausted, sexually drained, but incredibly his cock got hard, as it always did when he saw Mark get ready. Slowly the cop unbuttoned his uniform shirt, pulled it partway out of his pants and stood before Jamie, his chest heaving under the white T-shirt. The cop looked glorious as he pulled his shirt clear off, revealing the contours of his perfect physique under the T-shirt. Then he reached behind his neck and slowly pulled the shirt up over his chest and shoulders and flung it to the floor.

Jamie opened his eyes wide and heard Hassan gasp as they both saw the magnificent cop, stripped to the waist, his beltless pants hugging his slim waist and tucked into high shiny motorcycle boots. He held Jamie's gaze as he ripped open his pants and his thick, stiff rod sprang out. He leaned forward, pulled the bed away from the wall and motioned Hassan to stand at the other end. Then he knelt on the bed, pushed Jamie's legs up and looked down at his ass.

"That hole is still dripping juice that the Marine pumped into it, boy. This is gonna be a breeze." Gently he pushed his hips forward and his cock slid inside his boy's ass. It was the second cock to enter him but this time it was different slow, gentle, tender. Jamie looked up at the spectacular blonde face and it was like looking up at the face of a Greek God. He had never loved Mark more than he did at this instant. He would do anything for him and he waited for the order from his master.

"That is one spectacular ass on you, boy. OK, I know you've already just cum twice, but here's what you're gonna do. When I tell you too, you're gonna shoot another load." Instinctively Jamie pulled at the handcuffs, desperate to touch his cock. Mark smiled. "Oh, no. No hands. Your cock will shoot when I tell you to. Is that clear, boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Jamie, in a trance.

He became aware of Hassan standing behind his head, leaning forward over his chest and squeezing his nipples. He saw the two glorious faces above him come together and kiss, while the cop fucked his ass and the Marine worked on his tits. Jamie again drifted into a world of sexual excess. He watched as the faces separated and his master smiled down at him.

It was Mark's voice that put Jamie over the edge as he used his name for the first time. "All this is because I love you, Jamie you're my boy. And now I'm gonna cum inside your ass. And when I do I want to see you cum too." He pulled his hips back, then pushed inside him once more. "OK, Jamie now. Do it now."

There was silence as Jamie gazed up at the hypnotic blue-gray eyes. He felt his master's semen pouring inside his ass and he was almost unaware that his own cock was streaming cum, for the third time. It seemed Mark would never stop cumming inside him, his head thrown back in exhilaration. Finally he looked down again and his face broke into a smile.

He pulled his cock out gently. "So how was that for a fantasy, kiddo? Getting fucked by a Marine and a cop while you're handcuffed to the bed. Not bad, eh?"

"It was unbelievable, sir. Thank you, sir. I love you so much, sir, I" and tears began flowing from his eyes.

"Hey, hey. Enough of that. Besides, you gotta start getting your story straight for Darius. He's gonna want to add your fantasy to his collection, don't you think?"

And as the three men re-entered the real world their laughter rang round the room.

It was a lighthearted trip as they drove back together down the coast highway later that day. Mark had stowed his bike in the back of the Jeep alongside Jamie's surfboard, and the three of them sat in front, Hassan driving and Jamie between the two men. His body was glowing from the sun, the joy of surfing, and mostly from the memory of having his body worked on by two glorious men in uniform.

The banter was good-humored. "So," Mark said, "did this guy here look after you well, kiddo?"

Jamie grinned. "A bit too well, sir. When he gave me safety instructions about surfing he sounded just like you giving me orders. I told him it was like having two dads."

Hassan shot a quick, anxious glance at Mark and was relieved to see him smiling. "Not a bad thought," Mark said. "Better keep that ass of yours in shape, kid. Likely to see a lot of action."

"I gotta be back at Pendleton day after tomorrow," Hassan said, "but we'll have the next two days together if that's OK."

"Great," said Mark. "Maybe tomorrow the guys will agree to putting on a big dinner you know, the works everyone Steve and Lloyd too. You haven't met them yet, Hassan." He flipped open his cell-phone and speed-dialed Bob. "Hey, buddy yeah, great the best. Listen, I have a suggestion"

When they finally reached the house there was a flurry of excitement as they were greeted by Pablo, Darius and the twins, all dying to hear what had gone on with Jamie. Everyone talked at once until Bob came out and yelled, "Quiet!" He hugged Mark, then hesitantly held out his hand to Hassan. The soldier grasped it, but a handshake seemed a bit formal and Bob said, "Oh what the hell" and took Hassan into a bearhug. Mark smiled quietly as he noticed both men blushing.

The greetings over, Bob told them Randy and Zack had agreed that a big dinner the next night was a great idea. "Provided," Bob said to the boys, "that you guys pitch in and help the twins. I don't want them doing dinner on their own for twelve hungry guys. And tonight things will be low-key, no pressure quiet dinner, early night."

Mark, Hassan and Jamie went upstairs to clean up and it dawned on them, really for the first time, that this was to be the new normal whenever Hassan managed to come up to town.

After the wild events at the beach the prospect of a quiet routine took some getting used to. First came the shower. As usual Mark and Jamie showered together, with Jamie carefully lathering and massaging the cop's muscles, his customary act of devotion to his master.

When they came out Hassan took his turn in the shower and Jamie looked questioningly at Mark. "OK, kid," Mark smiled, "but only if he wants it."

Jamie knocked on the shower door and slid in beside Hassan, giving him the same soapy massage he had given to Mark. When he came out he grinned at Mark "He wanted it, sir." And so the rudiments of a routine were established step by step, with more elaboration certain to come.

Dinner was outdoors as usual and after the meal had been cleared away the five men sat round the table sipping on beers. "Damn quiet all of a sudden," said Randy. "Where are the boys?"

"One guess," grinned Zack. "Upstairs grilling Jamie. Darius has been dying to hear the details of the trip he's been driving me nuts with his over-the-top speculation."

"Hmm," Hassan said, "I bet even Darius's imagination couldn't match the reality."

He was right about that. Darius and Pablo were in their room with the twins, listening open mouthed as Jamie explained the no-sex rule and described how he had shot his load riding the crest of a wave and Hassan had cum in his pants as he smoothed lotion over Jamie's back. Then he came to the fantasy part, which was at first greeted with disbelief.

"No way, dude!" said Darius. "They were both in uniform?"

"Yup, the cop handcuffed the Marine and made him kneel on the floor. Then he handcuffed me to the bed."

"Oh wow." Darius leapt up and grabbed his ever-present video camera. "Wait a minute, dude. I gotta get this on film." He pointed the camera at Jamie who blushed slightly. "OK, dude, go again, from the top. So here's the setup you, the cop and the Marine. You're handcuffed to the bed. So what happened next? And make it good, dude exaggerate if you have to."

"I don't have to," said Jamie. "It was all real."

The next day was a hive of activity and the big dinner next evening was the first time all twelve men had been together. Steve and Lloyd arrived early, and Mark introduced them to Hassan. There was a stunned silence as Hassan and the couple gazed in admiration at the others'

striking good looks. “Jesus,” Hassan blurted out as he shook Steve’s hand. “You’re the image of....”

“.... of Randy, I know. Amazing isn’t it only I’m the preppy professional and he’s the

“.... the big boss of a successful construction company,” Bob interrupted as he arrived with Randy. He was well aware of Randy’s insecurity, envy even, around Steve when, despite their almost identical looks, the contrast was made between the elegant Doctor of Psychology and the rough and rugged construction worker. Just as well Bob had persuaded Randy to wear a clean white T-shirt, as Steve and Lloyd were in crisp dress shirts and slacks, and Zack and Mark in flattering Polo shirts.

Lloyd was largely silent as he found it hard to take his eyes off Hassan. Finally he managed to say, “Jeez, you guys really know how to find gorgeous guys. Man, you are just....” words failed him “..... something else.”

In the kitchen the five boys were all hard at work, until Darius glanced through the window at the group of men. “Hey, dudes, will you get a look at that? Now that’s a sight would give a hard-on to anything with a pulse. Look at those guys they’re all totally fucking awesome.”

The others joined him at the window. “And we’re their boys,” breathed the twins. Then coming to their senses “and they all want drinks.”

“I’ll go, I’ll go,” they all said at once.

The event couldn’t help being a success more of a celebration, really, now that the story of Hassan’s trip with Jamie had served to blot out the earlier disaster of his experience with Pablo. For the first time he was truly accepted as a full member of the tribe and he reveled in recounting to the group his experiences as a Marine.

Everyone was ultra-relaxed well, almost everyone. Randy was still not a hundred percent comfortable with Steve. True, they had long since worked out their differencesa sometimes painful experience for Steve who had become familiar with Randy’s fists and then with his ferocious cock pounding his ass. Randy’s early antagonism had been visceral. His profound confidence in being the boss had been undermined by the contrast between his own self-image as a fist-swinging, tough construction worker and this classy, sophisticated doctor who happened to look just like him.

The result was an ambivalent friendship, at least on Randy’s part, that oscillated between admiration and envy. Still, they were more than just therapist and patient, though Randy still kept him at arm’s length. Which wasn’t difficult as they really didn’t see that much of each other.

But to the close observer, like Bob, the differences between them were sometimes prickly. That was evident now when Zack at one point said genially, "Hey, where the hell's Lloyd? He went up to the bathroom to take a leak twenty minutes ago."

Steve grinned. "Oh he's probably up there beating his meat looking down at Hassan. A new gorgeous man always has that effect on him."

"And you're OK with that?" Randy said gruffly.

"Sure," Steve laughed. "What the hell Lloyd's his own man, and if he gets his rocks off looking at a gorgeous guy now and then, so what? Just as long as he shares my bed with me."

Randy huffed and growled until Bob placed a cautionary hand on his arm.

As it happened Steve had hit the nail squarely on the head. At that moment Lloyd was at the window of the upstairs bathroom, half hidden behind the curtain, gazing down at Hassan as he chatted and laughed. God the soldier was beautiful the sculpted features, slanted eyes and dark black hair. He was wearing his loose white shirt, unbuttoned halfway down showing the mounds of his chest. The thin cotton fabric, almost transparent, fell seductively over his muscular frame and his dark skin gleamed underneath it.

Lloyd was beating his meat, whispering to himself as he entered a fantasy world. "Oh man, that's gorgeous. He's such a fucking stud. God, he must look great when he takes off that shirt. Imagine him stripped to the waist in his fatigues bulging at the crotch. Shit, I wanna lie on the ground while he stands over me, those combat boots close to my body."

His breathing became heavy as he fantasized. "Yeah, he pulls out that big cock and starts stroking it. He's a fucking muscle-god. I can see him towering over me, his muscles flexing, pounding his cock. He's looking down at me his eyes are burning into mine he can't hold back any more he's cumming shooting his huge load all over meaaah!"

Lloyd's cock erupted and jets of cum splashed onto the floor. He stood in a daze gazing down at the men in the garden..... and the illusion evaporated. Hassan was still talking casually, smiling unaware that he had just been the erotic object of Lloyd's fantasy, the cause of his explosive orgasm. And he was still wearing his shirt.

After Lloyd mopped his cum off the floor and went back downstairs he was still breathing heavily and his face was flushed. There were furtive smiles around the table as everyone knew for a certainty that Steve's lighthearted guess had been right on the money.

Steve was eager to deflect attention from his lover and was soon in conversation with Pablo sitting next to him. Pablo was talking about Randy, often the subject of his conversation, and saying what a great day it had been for him when Randy decided to adopt him.

“Yeah,” Steve said, “if it turns out well adoption can be great for a kid. It sure was for me.”

“You’re adopted?” said Pablo in loud surprise, making everyone suddenly pay attention to them.

“Sure am,” said Steve. “My mother, adoptive mother I mean, told me the truth when I turned twenty-one.”

“Do you know who your real mom was?”

“No. All the adoption agency said was that my real mother was out-of state, real poor, struggling to make ends meet, and I was born barely a year after her first child. Apparently that totally stressed her out could hardly handle one kid let alone another so soon after. So she decided to give me up for adoption as soon as I was born.”

Bob was listening attentively. “Did they say what state your mother lived in, and whether the first child was a boy or a girl?”

“No no more details. But I always assumed the first kid must have been a boy. If it had been a girl, the mother, however poor, was unlikely to give away her first-born son. So, could be that somewhere out there in the big wide world I have a big brother, a year older than me.”

He smiled, “Anyway it worked out great for me. I was yanked out of poverty and whisked away to California Marine County lap of luxury. Great childhood, best education, went to Stanford got my degree, Doctor of Psychology and well you know the rest successful practice, fancy office in Beverly Hills.” He paused and looked wistful. “Still, I often wonder about my real mom, my older sibling. Wonder if they ever made it out of their hard-scrabble existence.

There was a long silence, then Lloyd said quietly, “Tell them the rest, Steve.”

Steve shrugged. “Well, like I said, I’ve been wondering about my real mom and any siblings. See, I lucked out a child of privilege and I feel kind of guilty in a way. But for the hand of fate I could still be scratching around in poverty with them. I’d like to help out any of them that are still alive. The adoption agency is still in business, so I went there and asked a few questions. There’s all kinds of legal hoops to jump through but as a professional myself I was able to pull a few strings and well, I have an appointment next week when they’ll give me all the details they can dig up. It was all a long time ago, of course, but who knows?”

There was another long silence round the table. Bob felt a shiver run through him, one of those involuntary jolts of intuition that he sometimes felt. But he shrugged it off as the volume

of conversation around the table picked up again. Randy's voice was loudest. He felt vaguely irritated that Steve had become the center of attention and changed the subject abruptly.

The previously boisterous mood resumed, noisier than ever, and the meal was a huge success. But still, through it all, there was that little nagging voice in the back of Bob's mind.....

The next morning Hassan said his goodbyes to Mark and Jamie, with many hugs and a determined promise to be back for a visit as soon as he could grab a few days' leave or a long weekend. The rhythm of the house resumed, work mostly, and the events of the past few weeks began to recede into the historical fabric of their lives.

Then one evening the doorbell rang. Randy and Bob were in their room, on the bed after having just made love a usual occurrence between the end of work and the start of dinner. There was a knock at their door and Darius burst in, his eyes alive with mischievous curiosity. "Sirs, it's Steve. He's downstairs. Says he would like a word with you."

"Of course," said Bob pulling on boxer shorts. "Tell him to come right up."

Bob and Randy were in a great post-sex mood but that diminished when they saw the serious look on Steve's face. They all sat on the bed and he looked hard at them. "Look, guys, I won't stay long but there's something I have to say and something to do. I mentioned when I was here before that I contacted the adoption agency. Well I went back yesterday and they gave me all the rest of the information they had." He paused uncomfortably.

"And....?" Bob said, alarm bells going off in his head.

"Well, it was a long time ago, of course, and they don't have names. Wouldn't be allowed to release them even if they had." He took a deep breath. "But it seems that I was born to a poor couple in rural Texas. The agency couldn't identify a town as the family apparently moved around a lot itinerant, sort of. Like I said before, the woman had a baby a year before I was born and couldn't handle another so soon. Hence the adoption."

"And the older child?" Bob asked.

Another pause. "A boy. Definitely a boy."

"So what's all this got to do with us?" Randy said brusquely. "So, you were a poor Texan and now you're a rich Californian. Well bully for you."

"Randy," Steve said in a tone of annoyance. "You have to see that the facts are very similar to your rural Texas origins that you described to me once in my office. Remember? King of the gypsies? Plus you're a year older than me, and of course, we look remarkably alike."

“So?”

“So I want you and me to get a DNA test.” He saw Randy bristle and he added quickly, “Just to eliminate any possibility that we’re well, just so we can eliminate that and I can get on with my search.”

“No fucking way,” said Randy standing up and pacing the room. He jabbed his finger at Steve. “Get this straight, asshole. There is no fucking way, no way on God’s green earth that you and I are related. I would feel it inside me if we were and I don’t feel anything for you except pissed off right now that you come barging in here and demand my fucking blood.”

“It’s not a blood sample, Randy. It’s a simple swab inside the mouth. I have a test kit right here. It’s called a mitochondrial DNA test.”

“I don’t give a rat’s ass what the fucking thing is called. Call it dog shit for all I care I’m still not doing it.”

Seeing Randy’s rising anger Bob interceded. “Look, why not, Randy? I agree with you that any relationship is highly unlikely it would be too much of a wild coincidence. So a DNA test will put the matter to rest. Come on, buddy, if you’re so sure this is impossible, what have you got to lose?”

Randy glared at him. “Fuck you, man.” But he could never refuse Bob, especially when he was making sense. “OK, asshole,” he shouted at Steve. “Do what the fuck you have to. Let’s blow this whole crazy fucking idea right out of the water.”

The next two weeks were full of tension and speculation as word sped round the house of Steve’s visit. Darius of course was beside himself as he huddled with Pablo. “Hell, dude, it’s like one of those soap operas the evil twin and all. Hey, wait a minute, let me thinkRandy adopted you so you know what it would mean you’d have an uncle Steve!” He frowned. “What would that make me his nephew-in-law?”

But the general mood in the house was more serious, and the consensus was that the whole concept was too outlandish to contemplate. Stuff like that only happened in movies. There must be loads of itinerant, poor families in rural Texas. No, it was totally crazy.

So Randy was feeling quite buoyant when he arranged to meet Steve at the doctor’s office for the result, and he refused Bob’s offer to accompany him. “What, you wanna come along and hold my hand, like you’re my big brother or something?”

Bob winced. “Not funny, Randy, under the circumstances. Anyway, good luck, buddy.”

So, some time later Randy and Steve sat silently on opposite ends of a couch in the doctor's office. Randy had sat down as far from Steve as possible, as if physical distance between them could induce the result he wanted and expected. The doctor came in, a genial older man with smiling eyes.

"Gentlemen. Sorry to keep you waiting. OK, let's see here." He opened a manila folder, perused the contents, then looked up at them. "Yes, well, the results of the DNA test appear quite conclusive. There seems to be no doubt about it, gentlemen"

[GO TO BOOK 12](#)