

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 12

Chapter 112 – Brotherly Love

Bob was sitting in his bedroom, barefoot in sweatpants and T-shirt, reading a book. Well, not really the kind of reading where he read a paragraph twice without taking it in. He couldn't concentrate. He had one eye on the phone, waiting for it to ring with the news from Randy.

God, he wished he'd gone with him. He knew how volatile Randy could be and how edgy his relationship already was with Steve. It was a fact that Randy admired the handsome man, respected him, found him sexually very hot. Hell, he had told Bob that fucking Steve was like fucking himself, they looked so much alike. But overriding all that was Randy's insecurity at the contrast between him and Steve the dirt-streaked, tough, man-of-the-earth construction worker, versus the smart, college-educated, successful doctor.

It was inconceivable that they were related, but if that's the way it turned out it would be impossible for Randy to look on this cultured professional as his kid brother.

The minutes dragged on until an hour had passed. He must have the news by now. Why the hell didn't he call? Suddenly he heard the screech of brakes outside, followed by the slamming of the garden gate. Bob braced himself in the certain knowledge that the next few minutes could be real uncomfortable. And he was right.

The bedroom door crashed open and Randy stood there, eyes blazing, chest heaving, like a bull pawing the ground before a charge. The target was Bob and it all happened fast. Without a word Randy grabbed Bob by the shoulder, pulled him out of the chair and threw him on his back on the bed. He grabbed the bottom of the sweatpants and yanked them off.

Bob stared up at him in alarm. He had seen Randy like this before. In the past when something had enraged him, fired him up, his instinct was to race home and unload all his frustrations and passions on the man he loved. Bob watched wide-eyed as Randy pulled off his T-shirt and towered over him, stripped to the waist. He was magnificent terrifying and Bob's dick was hard as a rock. He knew exactly what was about to happen.

Randy ripped open his cargo pants and his monster cock sprang out. What followed next was one continuous, fluid movement with no hesitation. Randy grabbed Bob's ankles, pushed his legs high in the air and plunged his huge shaft deep inside his lover's ass. The ferocity of the move made Bob scream involuntarily. He always loved rough sex with Randy, but this.....!

All the anger, frustration and raw sexual energy in the man erupted like a volcano, and the assault on Bob's ass was merciless. He had never felt Randy like this, never seen him so wildly out of control. All he could do was brace himself for the onslaught, the pain and yes the thrill of being so savagely fucked by this glorious man. The blue eyes blazed down at him as the magnificent body bucked over him, impaling his ass on the enormous rod that had taken on a life of its own.

Bob knew he was the recipient of all the rage Randy was feeling and he bore the pain willingly. No, more than that he loved it! This was the man he had fallen in love with, the virile, savage construction worker whose passions always found release in reckless physical acts. It was this that captivated Bob, that he longed for, that no other man on earth could give him. He gazed up in awe at the dark, demon face, stubbled chin, wild blue eyes, black tousled hair.

Bob pushed his ass higher, inviting the muscle-god to pierce him deeper, offering his ass as a healing balm to absorb all of his lover's anguish. Randy turned into a wild animal, pounding the ass with a rhythmic savagery that sent Bob spinning into a world of sexual exhilaration. As Randy's shaft plunged deep inside him Bob squeezed his ass tight, holding the cock in a vise. He saw Randy's eyes open wide, heard his primitive howl and felt the cock erupt deep inside him, as Bob's own juice blasted upward and splashed on the chest heaving above him.

Then suddenly there was silence as Randy arched over him and stared wildly down into his eyes. And at last he spoke.

"He's my goddamned brother! That arrogant, superior, class-up-the-ass prick is my goddamned kid-brother!

A few minutes later Bob was pulling himself together while Randy paced the room. "Goddamn him my fucking brother! What the hell does he want from me?" He grimaced scathingly. "He'll want to do that 'bonding' bullshit want to 'share our lives'. He'll probably want you, and then a share in the company." He stared at Bob on the bed. "Well at least he won't get you. At least I still own you."

Bob stood up quickly and confronted Randy. "Man, you're being totally irrational. You're not thinking straight. And by the way, just so we're clear on one thing you don't own me. We settled all that, remember? I'm my own man, free to do what I want."

Randy's eyes blazed. "Yeah, free to go over to him to give yourself to him. OK, go. He's my brother, looks just like me, but he's got college degrees up the ass just like you, dresses real sharp like you, and I'm just a sweaty construction worker you'd be better off with him."

“Randy stop! Listen to yourself That’s crazy talk. Trouble is you’re jealous of Steve, jealous of everything he had in life and you didn’t loving family, education, professional success whereas you

“ whereas I was left behind in the Texas dirt, quit school to raise my brothers single-handed and ended up a dumb laborer.”

“Randy please go make you peace with Steve. I think it’s terrific that he’s your brother. He’s really a great guy. I like him a whole lot we’ve had some great times together

Bob trailed off sensing that he was wading into hot water.

“OK, asshole,” Randy yelled. “If he’s so fucking great then go and live with him.”

Bob shook his head in disbelief. Despite his best efforts to stay calm he was losing his temper. “Man, you’ve lost your fucking mind. This news has finally pushed you over the edge. When I hear you talk garbage like that I think I think maybe I would be better off with Steve. At least he’s not crazy as a loon.”

“You mother fucker!” Randy screamed and smashed the back of his hand across Bob’s face sending him reeling across the room and crashing to the floor. “That’s something to remember me by, asshole. I’m sure Steve will treat you a whole lot better. I’m outa here.”

As Bob lay stunned on the floor Randy crashed out of the room and was striding across the garden when Pablo came through the gate, home from work. The boy didn’t even have time to register what was happening before Randy grabbed his wrist, pulled him outside to the truck and said, “Get in. At least the son-of-a-bitch won’t get you.”

A minute later Pablo was sitting beside Randy, frozen with fear, as the truck barreled down the winding hill. He had never seen his master so enraged. No more than enraged for the first time Pablo sensed fear in the powerful man. They drove in silence to the bottom of the hill, and then the truck screeched to a halt by the side of the road. Randy turned to Pablo, wild-eyed. He was still rambling, driven by fear rather than reason.

“OK, kid, here’s the deal. Turns out Steve’s my brother. It’s been confirmed. Now he probably thinks we should be close bonding, sharing what’s mine is his that kind of crap. So you’ve gotta make a choice me or him. Come to think of it he can give you a better life than I can fancy house, car, clothes. He’d see you get a college education. Stay with me and you’ll end up a mechanic on a construction site like me.” His chest heaving Randy ran out of breath and out of words.

Pablo was totally stunned. This was not the Randy he knew, the big boss, the man who adopted him. His words still rang in the boy's ears and tears began rolling down his cheeks. "Sir," he sniffed. "Are you are you giving me away to Steve? Is that what you mean?"

Pablo's plaintive voice brought the first flush of reason back to Randy's seething mind. He looked at the boy's teary eyes gazing up at him. "Wouldn't you rather live with my brother?"

Pablo blinked at him. "Sir, how can you even ask that? You know I love you, sir. You're my life I'd do anything for you. And being a mechanic is the coolest thing in the world especially when the construction boss is my dad. I don't want it any other way. It's all perfect for me. See, I love you, sir. You're my hero."

The boy's words, simple and direct, had a dignity about them that pierced through the muddle of Randy's emotions and brought clarity to him for the first time since he had stormed out of the doctor's office. He gazed at his boy, then reached over and took him tightly in his arms. Pablo nuzzled hard against his master's naked chest, as if to give physical proof of the words he had just uttered.

As Randy looked into the oil-streaked face of the handsome young boy in the ragged dungarees, tears came to his eyes. "You're my rock kiddo, you know that? I need you and I'll never let you go. All that crap I just said I didn't mean a word of it. It's just that when I heard that news I guess I lost it and"

"I know, sir. I get it. I know you better than you think. By the way, sir, how did Bob react to the news?"

Randy shook his head. "Oh, I dunno. We argued and I ended up slugging him."

With a sharp intake of breath Pablo said, "Sorry, sir. I gotta go." He opened the door, leapt from the truck and began running back up the hill.

"What the fuck"? Randy threw the truck in gear, did a screeching U-turn and followed Pablo up the hill. He pulled level and shouted, "What the fuck are you doing, boy?"

Pablo was striding ahead resolutely, with a determined look on his face. "I gotta check on Bob, sir help him see if he's hurt. I love Bob, sir all of us guys do. No one would ever hurt him no one except you, sir."

The words pierced like a dagger. "Get in!" Randy threw open the passenger door and pulled Pablo in beside him. He floored the gas pedal and sped back up to the house.

They both rushed through the gate but their way was blocked by Zack, his eyes blazing. Making an effort to control his anger he said, "I just got home went to see Bob. I came down for an ice-pack. Pablo, go to the freezer and take an ice-pack up to Bob. Hurry." Pablo rushed into the house and Zack turned to confront Randy. Chastened, Randy stood like a guilty adolescent waiting for his punishment. "Hit me, man," he said. "I deserve it."

Zack wheeled away from him in frustration. "Shit, man, is that all you ever fucking think about fists? You really think that solves anything? You know what? you're a fucking fraud and a coward. You claim to love that spectacular guy in there more than your life, but at the first signs of trouble he's the one who gets hit."

He paced round the garden, yelling. "Jesus Christ, we went through all this before and nothing's changed. It's a classic case of abuse, and you're the classic bully. You slug your partner, apologize like mad and get forgiven. Then it all happens again. Man, I don't think I can work with you anymore I can't be your friend."

Randy touched him lightly on the arm. "Zack everything you say is true I'm a total shit-head. But don't abandon me I need you, man. What would I do without you and Mark to beat up on me when I behave like a prize idiot? The news I got today just well it was like a fist in the gut. I got confused, scared and I didn't know still don't know what to do"

Zack softened when he saw the anguish on Randy's face and took him into a bearhug. "OK, OK, big guy. I won't forgive you in a hurry, but I won't walk out on you either. See, in spite of everything I love you, man. And when I say it I mean it." He grinned. "Even if you are a total asshole. Now go upstairs and take care of that guy of yours."

Seconds later Randy walked into the bedroom where Pablo was tenderly applying an ice-pack to Bob's cheek. He said quietly. "OK, Pablo, I'll take it from here. And thanks for everything kiddo. You're a hell of a boy. We'll talk later." Pablo left the room and Randy turned nervously to Bob, not knowing what to say. Bob bailed him out, grinning ruefully.

"Seems like we've acted out this little scene many times before, buddy. Guess this is the confession and reconciliation part."

Randy sat down on the bed with him. "Oh, man. I'm not gonna insult you by asking for your forgiveness. I I don't know what to say. Like you said, we've been down this road so many times before. You have every right to walk out on me. Just just, please please, man don't leave me."

"Randy, you know that's not an option for me, any more than it is for you." He grinned at the ice-pack stoically and shrugged. "In sickness and in health in peace and war. But listen, buddy, here's the important stuff. I understand your shock and confusion but it's pointless to take it out on me, Pablo, Zack or anyone else. You've been acting irrationally. Hell, whatever

happened to the tough boss man who can defeat anything the guy I fell in love with? Now go make you peace with Steve. He's your brother, after all. Get used to it."

Bob's words were still ringing in Randy's ears as he drove up the winding hill toward Mulholland Drive. He was dead right, of course always was. Randy knew he'd been a damned fool, embarrassed himself with his petulant behavior. But the guys were used to his impulsive anger and he was sure they would still accept him as leader of the group. That's why he loved them all, why he would defend them with the last breath in his body.

So no more looking back. He had to face the future. But there he still had no answers. There was no way he could get his mind around Steve as his brother. Randy had spent most of his adolescent and adult life focused on his younger brothers, bringing them up, protecting them, wiping their noses when they got bloodied in a fight. Now they were grown, off on their own, and he was free free and clear. He was the boss, making his own life, and he chose who he shared it with Bob, of course and Pablo, and the other guys he had come to love.

No, he would not have another guy forced on him. He would not be obligated to anyone anymore by ties of blood. As these considerations whirled through his mind they reignited his animosity toward Steve. Damn him, if he hadn't nosed around into the past none of this would be happening. Why the fuck did he want to know about his adoption anyway? He had everything he wanted, a privileged life why did he have to go and fuck everything up?

He was so immersed in his troubled thoughts that he hadn't realized he had pulled up at the gate to Steve's house, barely visible behind lush landscaping. He turned off the engine and heard the silence of luxury living broken only by the breeze in the trees and the occasional car purring along Mulholland. Sitting there he resented it all. Fuck him!

He got out of the truck, leapt over the wrought iron gate and walked down the driveway. There was no sound or sign of life in the house. He stood at the front door but was reluctant to ring the bell damn, he wasn't about to wait for admittance. So he decided to nose around a bit.

In fact Steve was on the other side of the house, the side with the magnificent view of the Hollywood Hills. He was lying face down on a chaise by the pool, naked, soaking up the sun. He had needed this total relaxation after the body-blow of Randy's reaction when he had stormed out of the doctor's office.

Steve had been hoping against hope that the DNA test would prove that Randy was his brother. Ever since he first saw him Steve had admired the man he had never seen anyone like him. His macho presence, his command, his powerful body, stunningly handsome face he oozed raw masculinity. It was captivating for Steve, and he had willingly submitted to this muscle-god, humbled himself before him, given his body to him. And now to think that this glorious specimen of a man was his brother!

But his exhilaration had been dashed by Randy's reaction his total rejection of the idea. He would never forget the anger on Randy's face as he glared at him, then strode wordlessly from the doctor's office. And so now Steve lay on his stomach in the sun, miserable, hoping that something could be salvaged from the wreckage of the day.

He did not know that the man who occupied his thoughts was right now standing yards away behind him, staring at his back. Randy had come round the side of the house and stopped in his tracks as he saw the naked man, his broad suntanned back sloping down to the slim waist and pale globes of his spectacular ass. That ass!

The confusion of conflicting emotions suddenly dissolved as Randy's focus centered on a new phenomenon the huge hard-on in his pants. He had fucked Steve before, of course, but now the man was his brother. Well, he had been his brother before, hadn't he? It didn't make any difference. And there, suddenly, he found a perverted solution, a way of rejecting Steve as his brother. Brother did not fuck brother and that was that." Quickly Randy stripped off his clothes and stood naked. Now they were equal.

Steve gasped as he felt strong hands grasp the small of his back and press it down onto the cushion. In a panic he tried to look round. "What the! Who is that?"

"Don't worry Steve," Randy growled. "It's your brother. Except that I'm gonna prove I'm not. Brothers get real close to each other, don't they do a lot of things together? But they don't damn-well do this."

Steve's scream echoed round the hills as Randy's rigid shaft buried itself in his ass. He almost stopped breathing as he felt the rod pull out, then plunge back inside. The pain was excruciating and yet, for a moment, he felt the exhilaration of having this glorious man inside him. But as he felt the cock piston into him he suddenly recoiled. No! This couldn't happen. This was his brother. They couldn't! "No!" he screamed and in desperation he bucked upward in an attempt to throw him off.

But Randy was deep inside him and the sudden movement made them both roll off the chaise and onto the warm wooden slats of the deck. Steve fell on his back and found himself staring up at his brother's handsome face as, once again, Randy speared his ass. "No, man," Steve whimpered. "It's not right" but his voice faded away as he fell under the hypnotic spell of the muscle-god invading his body.

"Not right, eh?" Randy said. "Feels to me that you like it just fine. Face it, man, you love being impaled on my cock. Feel like brotherly love to you, Steve? Nah, thought not. Just feels like a great fuck to me." He fell forward, pinned Steve's wrists to the deck above his head and kept hammering his ass. The demon face stared down at Steve, same dark hair, same

chiseled features, identical blue eyes staring into each other. It was like looking into a mirror "like fucking myself" as Randy had described it to Bob.

"Not what brothers do, is it Steve?" Randy taunted. "Now I'll show you something else a man doesn't do make his brother shoot his load without touching himself. And you're gonna do that, Steve, brother or not. Here it comes, man."

Randy pulled his hips back, then pistoned into the ass. "Feel that, Steve? This time it's gonna make you cum. Shoot for me, Steve. Now!" One last time he plunged his huge cock deep inside the shattered man's ass and blasted his load into his gut. At the same moment Steve's eyes opened wide, he screamed, his body shuddered and his cock erupted in a stream of white juice that poured all over his naked body.

Randy pulled his cock out, then fell on top of Steve, wrapping his arms round him. The two naked bodies, pressed together, rolled around the deck, kissing passionately, ravenously the lips, the face, the eyes, all inhibitions abandoned in a wild celebration of carnal desire. Finally they were exhausted and Randy broke free and stood up, his body gleaming, gazing down in triumph at the man sobbing at his feet.

"So much for brotherly love, eh, Steve? Didn't feel very fraternal to me either. So much for sharing our life together. The only thing we shared was bodily fluids when I fucked you up the ass. Think of it this way, thoughwe just bonded. So let's call it a day and put all this 'brother' bullshit behind us. You go your way and I'll go mine. Maybe a great fuck now and then and that's it. See, I like my life the way it is, Steve, so stay out of it. I don't have a brother."

The shattered man lay sobbing on the ground, only dimly aware of Randy walking away. His mind was reeling. He was repelled by the fact that he had been fucked by his brother repelled and exhilarated. It had been spectacular. The glorious man had given him a spontaneous orgasm, had made savage love to him and then walked out of his life.

Steve pulled himself painfully to his feet and staggered blindly into the house. He needed a drink.

As he drove home Randy's emotions were as convoluted as Steve's. He had triumphed, shown Steve that he absolutely rejected the concept of brotherhood, that he had no fraternal feelings whatsoever. But then he pulled the truck over, stopped and stared straight ahead. He banged the wheel with his palms, again and again. "Shit! Shit! Shit!"

Again he told himself he had no brother, but then he saw again the eyes staring up at him, the same eyes as his his brother's eyes. He wanted to reject what he saw in those eyes fear maybe, but longing too and love. No dammit, no He didn't want a brother. He had

chosen his family for himself, his tribe, and that was that. “Fuck him,” he said out loud and his eyes filled with tears.

He drove around for a long time and when he got home he went straight to Bob. “Don’t ask me how it went, buddy,” he said. “I don’t even know. Look, man, I gotta get away for a day or so be on my own to think. I’ll take the boat up the coast, do some fishing. I gotta clear my mind.”

Bob touched his arm. “I understand, Randy, and I think you’re right. Time away by yourself might help you sort things out. I’ll help you get ready.”

They loaded the boat on the truck, and Pablo helped them stow food and drink in the cab. All three of them were in the kitchen saying their last goodbyes when the phone rang. Bob answered, his eyes opened wide and he mouthed silently “Lloyd!” He pressed the speaker button and they all heard Lloyd’s frantic voice.

“He’s gone, Bob. Steve’s gone. I didn’t know who else to call. Apparently something happened, but Steve was kind of incoherent. He mumbled something about Randy seemed real upset desperate. Trouble is he’d been drinking and you know Steve never drinks much. He was rambling something about being happy at the lake, I think it was, whatever that means. ‘Gotta go back there,’ he kept saying. But here’s the thing he was blind drunk and he took the car! I tried to stop him, then tried to follow, but by the time I got my car out he was gone. I’m scared to death, Bob. Driving in that state he could kill himself.”

Before Bob could answer him Randy spun round and rushed out of the room. In seconds they heard the truck’s engine spring to life and the screech of tires as it sped away.

“The lake,” Bob said. “Randy knows what he meant.”

Randy’s face was ashen. He tried to control his panic as he sped up the freeway, breaking every speed limit. “You damned fool,” he moaned, though he wasn’t sure if he meant himself or Steve. “God, I was brutal to him. Why the fuck do I do that? No wonder he got drunk I would have, too. But the fucking shit-brained idiot getting behind the wheel of a car!”

He shook his head. “Typical of my brothers. Headstrong like me I was always bailing them out. The number of times I raced after one of them to save his hide.”

Suddenly he realized that was exactly what he was doing now speeding to the rescue of one of his brothers. And it all came back. It seemed that his whole life had been spent protecting his brothers. And when they grew up and left he transferred his protective instincts to the guys in his new family, his tribe. Always the defender, always the boss.

He was in full brother-protection mode now. Steve, the brother who looked exactly like him, just a year younger. Steve, the success story, the Beverly Hills doctor. Steve, the man who just a short time ago was looking up into his face with exhilaration, admiration and love. Steve, the man he had wounded, demolished, whose dream he had destroyed. "Why did I do that?" he asked himself again. "Because I'm a selfish prick, that's why. Jesus Christ the man's my brother!"

His fear was at a pitch now as he sped along the winding Angeles Crest Highway, expecting at any minute to see a crumpled wreck of a car in the road. He found himself looking for skid marks disappearing over the edge of the highway. He took a deep breath and consciously lowered his speed, telling himself that he didn't need to be the one in a wreck. Steve needed him. His brother needed him.

And there, finally, was the turn-off to his secret place by the lake. He had once taken Steve there, got to know him, made love to him there, opened up a whole new world. Pablo had been there too, and Steve had loved him like a son. Hell, the three of them were like family. Randy never prayed, but he did now that he would be in time.

Then as he bumped over the rough track Randy saw the car, Steve's BMW. It had spun off the trail and was hopelessly stuck in a ditch. No sign of Steve. Must have got out and stumbled drunkenly on toward the lake. Randy leapt out of his truck and ran forward. Better to search for him on foot. Frantically he ran along the path, through the trees, crashing through the undergrowth. Still no sign of the man.

At last he broke through the trees at the edge of the small beach and there he was. "No! Randy howled and rushed forward. The body was a few yards out into the lake, face down in the water completely still. He must have staggered out there and finally passed out. But how long had he been there?

Randy splashed through the water and fell on his knees beside the inert body. He turned him over and looked into the gaunt face, streaming with water, eyes closed, lifeless. Gently he dragged the body to the beach and knelt beside him. "Steve, it's me, Randy, your brother. Come on, man, wake up." He slapped his cheeks but the eyes remained closed. Frantically he searched his brain for what to do next.

He pressed his fingers to the neck and, thank God, there was a pulse. He tilted the head back, pinched the nose and locked his lips over Steve's. He breathed into his mouth and felt the chest rise. He repeated the movement, again and again. During a pause he whispered, "Come on, Steve, you can make it. No brother of mine ever gives up." And suddenly Steve coughed, his head turned to the side and water poured from his mouth. He took deep rasping breaths, then looked up and saw Randy's face inches from his.

"You came," he whispered feebly. "You came after me."

“Of course I did, you dumb shit. You’re my brother aren’t you?”

As Steve lay half-conscious on the sand Randy ran back to the truck and drove it to the edge of the beach. He stripped off Steve’s wet clothes, dried him off and covered him with a blanket from the truck. As Steve gazed up at him Randy saw water flowing down his cheeks it was not lake water, but tears. And then Steve fell into a deep sleep, fueled by exhaustion and alcohol.

Randy flipped open his cell-phone and dialed Bob. “It’s OK, buddy. He’s safe. We’re at the lake. We’ll likely stay here a night or two. Listen, call Lloyd he must be going bananas. Tell him not to worry.”

“It’s OK, Randy he’s here. I told him to come right over. He’s pretty much a mess so I said he could stay with me until Steve gets home.”

Randy felt a stab of anger that Bob and Lloyd would spend the night together but immediately had the sense to dismiss it. Hell, hadn’t everyone been through enough already not to have his irrational jealousy making things worse? He smiled and said, “Good call, buddy. Take care of Lloyd. And I mean that.”

“I know you do. And Randy ... great work. You always did get your man. I’m proud of you. Take good care of that brother of yours.”

Steve slept for an hour and, sitting beside him, Randy’s eyes never left his face. He noticed Steve’s lips were parched so he nudged him awake and said, “Here, better drink this. You’re dehydrated.” He put a water bottle to his lips and Steve gulped it down. “How do you feel?”

“Much better,” Steve said weakly “ now you’re here. Headache, though.”

“Yeah, well that’s called a hangover, asshole, and now you listen to me. No brother of mine ever gets behind the wheel of a car when he’s drunk do I make myself clear?”

Steve grinned. “Loud and clear, sir.”

“Yeah, well you check with your big brother before you even think of doing some damn fool thing like that again.”

Steve shrugged. “Seems to me I did speak to my big brother before I did it this time.”

The comment struck home. “Yeah, well, as to that

Suddenly Randy’s bravado deflated. “Listen, man. Jeez when we got that news I panicked. I mean, here you were, my younger brother. But you were the one with all the success, the grooming, the college degrees, the BMW for Chrissake. I was supposed to be head of the family, but here I was a greasy construction worker, no education, no polish, just good with my fists. And my BMW is that big, muddy truck you see parked up there. So don’t let the macho arrogance fool you, bro. I was scared shitless that my kid brother would come into my life and take over.”

Steve looked up at Randy in amazement. “You really have no vanity, do you Randy? Not a shred. You have no idea how you look to others. Man, you are one hell of a spectacular, son-of-a-bitch stud one in a million. Listen, everything I have was handed to me on a silver plate, while everything you have you earned the hard way. And you have a damned lot.”

He propped himself up on his elbows and his eyes bored into Randy’s. “Think about it. Your parents crap out and leave you to raise five brothers. You do a damn fine job, then come out here, work like a demon and end up the boss of your own construction company. But more than all that, Randy, much more important it’s the guys who love you. That tribe of yours they all worship you. Even though I’ve no doubt you began by beating up each one of them and ploughing their asses. I guess that was the price of admission.”

“Yeah,” Randy grinned. “Guess I did that to all of them.”

“And look at the result. They’re all crazy in love with you, and you know why? They’ve never met a man like you. Shit, there isn’t a man like you. You’re a living, breathing icon of masculinity. Your looks, your body, they’re magnificent. You’re a flawless man with flaws. OK, so your attitude sucks sometimes, but I’ll take a flawed muscle-god any day of the week. Sure, your guys are all scared of you sometimes well, maybe not Mark and Zack so much but they would walk over hot coals for you. That’s what you call leadership, man.”

His voice became softer. “Truth is, I’ve always worshipped you, Randy, ever since you first came into my office. Every time you walk into a room my heart misses a beat and my cock gets hard. And then, when it turned out you were my brother, I I was over the moon. Until until you

Randy pulled him into a tight hug, tears brimming in his eyes. He sniffed them away and said, “Thing is about me, Steve, I’m an asshole, and I always manage to hurt the ones I love most. Just ask Bob about that. He’s probably still holding an ice-pack to his face.”

“Yeah, but you and that gorgeous man! Shit, dynamite couldn’t blow you two apart.”

“Look, bro,” Randy said. “Do you think we can rewind the movie, back to where we got the news in the doctor’s office? We’ll rewrite the script and take it from there. Whad’ya say?”

“Nothing I’d like better,” said Steve smiling broadly.”

“You do much fishing?” Randy asked suddenly.

“Almost never. There never seemed time for it.”

“Shit, there’s always time for fishing. OK, we’ll stay here a couple of nights and take the boat out on the lake. We’ll fish, and we’ll talk, brother to brother. I’ll tell you all about Texas, all the stuff you missed, and you tell me about California, the high life I never knew. We’ve got food, beer and each other. How’s that grab you?”

Steve was beaming. “Sounds like a plan. Besides the BMW don’t forget I drove it into a ditch, so I’m not going anywhere. So lead on, brother. You’re the boss.”

“You better believe it.”

And so the brothers bonded (what Randy had once called “bonding bullshit.”) They talked endlessly, laughed, swam, cooked the fish they caught and slept in each other’s arms.

On the second day with the sun high in the sky, they were floating aimlessly in the boat. The fishing lines drifted unattended and they lay on their backs, shoulder to shoulder, gazing up at the sky. They were talked out, happy to drift in companionable silence. Their eyes were growing heavy with sleep when suddenly they heard a shout across the lake.

“Hey, it’s me!”

They both raised their heads groggily and looked over the side of the boat. They squinted in the sun and saw a tanned figure in baggy shorts, shirtless, barefoot, jumping up and down on the beach, waving his arms with excitement. Beside him was a black dog, barking just as enthusiastically.

“Hey, boss, it’s me, Pablo. Pablo and Billy.”

Randy grinned broadly. “Well, so much for peace and quiet. It’s that boy of mine. Must have come up here to see how we’re doing. Do you mind?”

“Hell, no. I love that kid. You adopted him so what’s not to love? And by the way, I’d say we’re doing just fine, wouldn’t you?”

“Happy as clams at high tide,” Randy laughed.

“Besides, if he’s your boy then I guess he must be my nephew. Better get re-acquainted.”

“Yeah,” Randy said thoughtfully. “Only I have a feeling that right now he’s not thinking of you as an uncle. Definitely not what he has in mind.”

As they rowed back their laughter rang across the lake.

#

Chapter 113 – Pablo Gets Shared; Lloyd Gets a Show

As he watched the boat approach the beach Pablo’s excitement dwindled down to mild apprehension about what kind of welcome he would receive from the two men. He knew he was intruding, but one of his most exciting memories was of the time he spent with them at the lake once before. Dying to repeat the experience he had impulsively thrown caution to the winds, loaded his faithful dog Billy into his old truck and now here they were.

Pablo stood almost coyly as Randy pulled the boat up on the beach, and even Billy hung back silently, taking his cue as always from his master. The two men, wearing nothing but faded cargo shorts, stood towering over him. “So,” said Randy with a twinkle in his eye. “You couldn’t leave your old man in peace, couldn’t let me have a bit of quality time with my new brother, eh?”

Pablo shifted uneasily from foot to foot. “Sorry, sir, but..... (he was winging it) well, er, Billy needed a good long run, sir.” He winced at the lame explanation and grinned uncertainly.

Randy folded his arms. “OK, your dog needs exercise so your drive thirty miles up into the mountains and wind up right here on this particular beach by this lake.”

Pablo gazed up at them and shrugged. “Guess that’s about the size of it, sir.” Then his face broke into his crooked grin. “Oh, that plus the fact that I brought more food and beer and some fishing bait. When Bob said you were staying two nights here I knew you wouldn’t have enough sir.”

“Now you’re talking, kid. Good save there. So what d’ya say Steve? Should we let him stay?”

“Well” said Steve rubbing his chin. “Turn around, kid.”

Pablo turned his back to them, put his hands in his pockets and pulled his shorts forward, stretching them over the globes of his perfect ass.

“Yeah, definitely,” said Steve. “He can stay.”

Randy laughed. "Come here kiddo." He took him in his arms and ruffled his hair. "Great to see you, kid. Now say hi to your uncle."

Pablo looked at Steve shyly and held out his hand. "Hello, sir."

"Hell, don't I get a hug too?" Steve pulled him into his arms and Pablo instantly felt his cock getting stiff in his shorts. And he could swear it was matched by the bulge in Steve's shorts, too.

Pablo had brought the small barbecue and soon the smell of three steaks wafted across the beach. Throughout the meal Randy and Steve did most of the talking, still catching up on their respective, and very different, lives lived apart. Sometime later, well fed, they were all sitting at the water's edge nursing beers.

And Pablo was in heaven. Here he was, sitting with the man he worshipped, and the brother who looked like his twin. The two men talked about intimate family things, accepting it as quite natural that Pablo heard it all, and that made the boy feel like part of the family as he sat mostly in silence and looked from one to the other while they spoke. They were both gorgeous men the one his adoptive dad and the other, in a way, his uncle.

Steve was saying, "You sure you're OK with Lloyd sleeping over with Bob while we're here?"

Randy shrugged. "Gotta admit, I felt a stab of my old anger when he first told me. But I know it's not rational. Hell, we're here together and Bob's fine with that. Guess it's something I've gotta get over." He grinned. "Maybe I should book some therapy sessions with you, doc."

"Hmm, since we're brothers I think that might be a conflict of interest."

"Yeah," Randy said. "I got lots of interest.....shit load of conflict too."

Steve laughed. "And that's the part we have to work on."

By now Pablo had tuned out their conversation, wrapped in thoughts of his own. Ever since he arrived he'd had a huge boner in his shorts just from being close to these two ultra-hot men. Randy had been right when he had joked that Pablo was not looking on Steve as an uncle. No, the boy could never forget the time all three had been at the lake together just like this.

On that occasion Randy and Steve had taken turns fucking his ass and now, as he gazed at the two rugged, almost identical faces and their muscular bodies, he was re-living that incredible experience. He wanted that again or something very like it. And that, of course, was the

real reason he was here. His eyes glazed over as he remembered that time, and worried that this time might be different now that Randy and Steve knew they were brothers.

There was a sudden lull in the men's conversation. Randy noticed Pablo's pensive face and waved his hand in front of it. "Hey, Earth to Pablo. You look lost in thought, kiddo. You a long way away?"

"Not really, sir not far away at all. Right here as a matter of fact."

"So what's on your mind, kid?" asked Steve.

Pablo looked searchingly at Steve. "Well, I was wondering. Sir, you being a shrink and allcan I ask you a question kinda like patient to shrink?"

Steve smiled. "Go ahead, shoot"

"Well sir" He cleared his throat and took the plunge. "Do you think it's OK for an uncle to fuck his nephew's ass?"

Randy stifled a grin but Steve frowned, faking deep thought. "Well, let's see, now. Speaking as as a shrink I'd have to say it shouldn't happen."

"Oh," said Pablo, disappointed. Then he brightened. "Well, forget the shrink thing how about speaking as a regular guy?"

"Ah, well in that case I'd say it all depends on how cute the nephew's ass is."

Pablo's face lit up. "No problem there, sir. No problem at all."

Randy threw his head back and roared with laughter. They all got to their feet and Pablo stood in front of the two brothers, wide-eyed with anticipation. "OK, kiddo," Randy said, "let's cut to the chase here. Do you remember when you were last here at the lake with the two of us?"

"Of course, sir."

"And that's what you were thinking about just now, am I right?"

"Yes, sir. I was remembering how you both fucked me in turn, sir. I've never forgotten it."

Randy rubbed his jaw, frowning. "See, the thing is, kid, Steve and me, we're brothers now."

Pablo looked gloomy. 'Here it comes,' he thought.

“..... and brothers always share with each other especially things they value most. Now you’re valuable to me, kid, and you know what turns me on the most?”

Pablo paused, then said tentatively, “My ass, sir?”

“Bingo! Hey Steve, you ready for some brotherly sharing?”

“Right there with you, bro.”

They both stared down at him and Randy said, “OK, kid, you know what to do.”

Pablo knew from long experience. Quickly he pulled off his T-shirt, dropped his shorts and stood naked before the brothers. Randy shot a quick glance at Steve, and Pablo’s eyes grew wide as they both, in unison, slowly pulled their T-shirts up over their heads and dropped them on the sand. They unbuttoned their shorts and let them drop. Pablo gasped as he saw them naked two identical muscle-gods, same dark, stubbled faces, same blue eyes, same flawless physiques. He would do anything these men told him to.

Randy took charge. “On your back, Steve.”

His brother lay down on his back on the sand. He looked up at the beautiful naked boy and his cock grew rigid. “Hey look, Randy, I’ve got a wicked hard-on just looking at your boy.”

“Don’t worry,” Randy grinned. “He knows how to take care of that. I’ve trained him well.”

Pablo stood astride Steve and fell to his knees over his chest. He looked down at Randy’s brother with a hint of mischief in his eyes. “Sir, do you want my ass, sir?”

“You know damn well I do. Don’t mess with me, kid.”

“Okey-dokey,” said Pablo. He rose slightly on his knees, reached behind him and grabbed Steve’s hard rod. Then he sank down, guiding the cock between the cheeks of his ass. There was no pause, no hesitation as he lowered himself, feeling the thick shaft sliding up into him, deeper and deeper until he was sitting all the way down on Steve’s pubic hair.

Steve threw his head back. “Oh, man oh shit that feels fucking incredible. Oh yeah, boy, give it to me.” Pablo knew just what he was doing. He always knew exactly how to turn Randy on and figured that the same technique would work for his brother. So he rose up slowly, paused, then quickly sat back down, feeling the head of the cock plunge inside him until the head slid over the inner sphincter and came to rest deep inside the furnace of his ass.

Steve looked up wildly at Randy standing over them. “Oh, man, your kid is the best. His ass is spectacular.” Pablo leaned forward and placed his palms on the slabs of Steve’s chest. He touched the nipples lightly as he continued to rise up and down, fucking the shuddering cock

with his ass. He gazed with satisfaction at the look of pure ecstasy on Steve's chiseled features. "Shit, man," he moaned to Randy, "you gotta feel this bro."

"Oh I intend to," Randy said in a deep, guttural voice.

Pablo was so focused on Steve's face and the glorious feeling in his ass that he was unaware at first of Randy kneeling behind him. Then he heard the low voice. "Lean forward boy."

He did so instinctively, but then his eyes shot open with alarm as he felt the head of Randy's monster prick touch his ass. "Oh no, sir. Please, I can't do that, sir. Not both of you."

Randy's voice breathed in his ear. "Look up, kiddo." Pablo raised his eyes and found himself staring into the stainless steel side of the barbecue, parked just beyond Steve's head. And in it he saw a near-perfect reflection of his master's face behind him, just over his shoulder. It was the same image as the face looking up at him from the sand. He knew he was about to get double-fucked by these two glorious, identical muscle-gods.

"OK," the deep voice growled. "Now did I hear my boy say the word 'can't?'"

Pablo gulped. "No, sir. Sorry sir."

"See, I said I wanted to share your ass with my brother, but not one-by-one like before. This time it's gonna feel like this....."

Slowly but firmly he pressed his rigid cock against his brother's between the mounds of Pablo's butt, then paused as it rested against his hole. Pablo took deep breaths, looked down at Steve, then up at Randy's reflection. He had to do it. God, he wanted it, longed for it. Then he screamed as he felt his master's cock enter him, sliding against Steve's into his burning ass.

He almost passed out but his master's voice saved him. "Hold on, kid. Look at Steve, then at me. Two of the most beautiful brothers in the world, and they both have their cocks inside you. Now how does it feel?"

The pain was gone. "It feels awesome, sir. The best ever." And it was true. He felt the two huge cocks sliding against each other inside him, and his gaze flicked from the face on the sand to reflection of the face behind him..... both the same, both making love to him and to each other at the same time.

"Oh, man," Steve groaned. "Randy, your cock feels so good sliding against mine. His ass is so tight, so hot. Shit, it's like you're fucking him and me together. I love you man, you and your boy."

"OK, bro, so let's fuck him!"

The tempo increased and both men began fucking in earnest. For Pablo it was like two steel rods, grinding against each other as they pistoned into him, piercing the depths of his ass. Pain was long gone, all thought and fear had vanished it was now pure sensation. The boy went wild, his ass rising and falling, impaled on the twin cocks of these spectacular men. In his fantasy he was riding the cocks of two stallions, two glorious studs sharing possession of his ass.

The brothers were moaning in ecstasy as the boy rode them for what seemed an eternity, his hand wrapped round his own cock, working it hard. He felt it shudder, and said, "Sir, I can't hold back much longer. You're making me real close, sir." His cock spasmed, making his ass convulse around the two cocks, trapping them in the cauldron of his ass.

"OK," shouted Randy. "You ready, Steve? You ready to unload in my boy's ass?"

"Let's go for it, man. I'm cumming!"

Screams echoed across the lake. Pablo felt the cocks jolt inside him and explode with jets of hot liquid deep in his body. His own cock erupted and poured ribbons of creamy white liquid over the magnificent chest and face of Randy's brother. All their bodies bucked and heaved as the triple orgasms seemed to last forever.

When finally they were spent it was Randy who ended it. He yanked his cock out of Pablo's ass, causing gasps from his boy and his brother. Then he threw himself on top of them both and they rolled on the sand, over and over into the shallow water. Steve and Randy were both making frenzied love with the boy, kissing, licking, squeezing until Pablo thought he would suffocate under the weight and the passion of the two brothers.

Still breathing hard Randy leapt to his feet and the other two lay gazing up at him, a spectacular muscle-god with water pouring from his gleaming body. He smiled down at them in triumph.

"Look at that my boy and my brother. Now that's what I call sharing!"

Later, as they swam quietly in the lake it was as if they were bathed in a new and different light. Sure, the sun had just set into a purple twilight, but it was the light glowing within them that was new. They felt a sensation of pure harmony, of a world that looked different now, with a certainty that things would never be quite the same again.

But there was one final act to play out. When they got out of the water and dried off Randy pulled blankets from the truck and spread them under a tree at the side of the beach. He said gently to Pablo, "Kiddo, take Billy and go sit over there for a while. And just watch." Then he turned his full attention to Steve.

“One thing left Steve. I said we share everything, and God knows I’ve taken everything you have to give. Now it’s your turn.” They were both still naked and Randy lay on his back on a blanket. Steve looked down at him and knew what his brother wanted.

Pablo had an arm over his dog and they both sat silently, motionless, watching in wonder. They saw Steve kneel at his brother’s feet, push the legs up, and ease forward. He pressed his cock against the big man’s ass and pushed it gently inside. Randy breathed a huge sigh as he experienced the final act of union with his younger brother.

Pablo was holding his breath, knowing he was privileged to be watching something that was almost mystical in its meaning. He watched the brothers smile into each other’s eyes, each one seeing his own face reflected in eyes identical to his like an image mirrored to infinity.

There was no sound as Steve’s body rose and fell over his brother. It was not long before they suddenly became still, but Pablo knew when he saw Steve’s body jolt that he was pouring his juice inside his brother, who responded with his own silent outpouring of love, streaming over his chest. Steve leaned forward and kissed Randy lightly on the eyes, then the lips.

He stood up smiling, then reached down, took his brother’s hand and pulled him to his feet. Randy folded him in his arms, while Pablo watched mesmerized. Finally they broke apart and Randy looked over to Pablo. “Come on, kid. Bedtime.”

Billy curled up under a tree with a contented growl, while Pablo lay down between the brothers. Randy pulled a blanket over them all, and in a few minutes the three of them were asleep.

Back at the house Lloyd was alone by the pool. He had got there early and everyone but the twins was still at work. He was grateful that Bob had suggested he come over and stay with him while Steve was away. The sight of Steve driving drunkenly away had shaken him and he did not want to be alone in their house. What he needed was the reassuring strength and common sense of a man like Bob.

Still, as he waited for him Lloyd couldn’t help feeling a twinge of nervousness, as the history of their friendship had been tumultuous right from the start. He recalled the first time they had been together just after they had met. It had been a disaster. They had driven out to see examples of Lloyd’s architectural work and spent the night in a hotel. Similar in background, education and stunning good looks they had talked long into the night and then made love.

But in the morning Randy had been in the parking lot waiting for them. Nervous of losing Bob to this handsome, clean-cut professional Randy had been at a pitch of anger and they had both paid a heavy price. Worse came later when Randy retaliated by using his magnetic sexuality to seduce Lloyd, resulting in a rift between Randy and Bob.

'Convulated' was the word that sprang to mind as Lloyd mused over their checkered history. But then suddenly the clouds of apprehension parted as the gate opened and Bob strode in, looking impossibly handsome in his business suit, immaculate shirt and tie. Lloyd stood up and gasped, as he always did at the first sight of this gorgeous man.

Bob flashed a dazzling smile. "Man, I'm sorry I wasn't here to meet you. Business meeting droned on forever the usual two parts boredom and three parts bullshit." He wrapped his arms round him in a warm hug. "Twins been taking good care of you, I hope?"

Lloyd raised the beer bottle he had been nursing and smiled. "The best. Those guys are really terrific cute as hell, too. And they're obviously crazy about you."

As if on cue Kevin and Kyle hurried out of the house with a beer for Bob. As always, they had been looking out for his return. Bob threw his arms round them and Lloyd looked with envy as the two boys clung to him. But when they pulled apart they appeared a bit nervous.

"Sir," said Kevin. "We'll bring out appetizers in a minute" he paused uncertainly.

Bob smiled at them. "Thanks, guys but it looks like you've something else on your mind."

Kyle took over. "Yes, sir well, sirsee, Mark and Zack are taking Jamie and Darius out to dinner tonight so, well, as it's just gonna be just the four of us, we"

It was Kevin now whose words tumbled out. ".....we wondered if you would be our guests for dinner in our house. It's only a small place, but"

"Guys, that would be terrific," Bob beamed. "What's on the menu?"

"Grilled salmon on a bed of white beans and sautéed spinach," said Kevin proudly

"Sounds perfect. What d'you say, Lloyd? The twins live in the guest house at Zack's place just across the street."

"I'd be honored," said Lloyd. "And thank you for including me."

A few minutes later Bob and Lloyd were sitting at the table by the pool, munching on warm hors d'oeuvres and sipping martinis. Alone now, there was still that slight frisson of shyness between them, so Bob broke the ice.

"I heard from Randy, and he said Steve's doing just fine. Did you know that Pablo drove up there to join them? I had a feeling he couldn't stay out of the mix for long" Lloyd smiled and

Bob looked intently at him. "So how goes it with you two? Steve still working on that sexual-compulsion thing you have that brought you together in the first place?"

Lloyd liked Bob's directness and relaxed. "We're doing great. And as a matter of fact we came to the conclusion that it was not so much addiction to sex as addiction to beautiful men that gets me all worked up. Bob, I can't help it. At the gym I see a hunk and follow him around the place, drooling. Hell, at the grocery store I see a hot guy and follow him from aisle to aisle. Even had a grocery-cart collision with one the other day in the produce section."

Bob roared with laughter. "Sorry, man, but the image is too good lust among the lentils. But coming here must be a challenge with all these fitness-model type guys around."

"Yeah, and the last time I was here I guess everyone knew I was upstairs jacking off as I looked down at that stud Hassan. God he's gorgeous." He paused and blushed. "Still I'm sure I'm not supposed to say this but the guy who turns me on the most is the Superman sipping martinis across from me right now."

"Sure you can say that, Lloyd," Bob laughed. "Coming from you it's a real compliment. You're such a hot stud yourself I'm surprised you don't jerk off looking at yourself in the mirror."

"Oh, I do that too. Various clothes, outfits slowly stripping 'til I'm naked. It all turns me on. Muscle worship they call it."

"Yeah, I've heard the phrase," Bob mused. His mind went back to the day when he was pulled over by a motorcycle cop for an illegal U-turn. In exchange for tearing up the traffic ticket the officer ordered Bob to slowly strip naked out of his business clothes while he watched. The gorgeous blond cop creamed in his uniform pants just looking at him. That was how Bob and Mark met, and they had lusted for each other ever since.

The memory was giving him a hard-on and he shook the image from his mind. "Listen, I gotta get out of this damn suit and tie. Fine for the office, but I'm way overdressed for dinner with the twins. Come upstairs and talk to me while I change."

In Bob's bedroom Lloyd sat on the bed while Bob rummaged in a drawer for a clean T-shirt and a pair of shorts. He was about to shrug off his jacket when Lloyd jumped to his feet. "Wait," he said, and blushed. "Would you let me do that for you?"

Bob stared at him and then understood. "Sure," he grinned. "Knock yourself out. And take your time."

"Oh, I intend to." Whenever Lloyd saw Bob in his business suit he wondered what it would be like to touch the shirt and feel his muscles rippling under the fine cotton. So now he did. He

slipped his hand under the jacket and stroked the shirt, feeling the slabs of the rock-hard pecs underneath. He ran the backs of his fingers over the nubs of Bob's nipples, and as Bob took a sharp intake of breath Lloyd's cock jumped in his jeans.

Lloyd moaned. "Oh, man, you are so beautiful. You don't know the number of times I've jacked off thinking about you, imagined you coming home from the office and taking off your clothes. Just like this." He reached up, loosened Bob's tie and undid the top two shirt buttons. Reaching round, he ran his hands down over the broad back, down below the jacket and cupped the pants over the perfect mounds of his ass. His hands moved round to the front and he gasped as he felt the huge bulge in Bob's crotch. "God, it's huge," he groaned.

Taking hold of Bob's shoulders he gently turned him round to face the full-length mirror. From behind he pulled the jacket off slowly, folded it and put it on the bed. He looked over Bob's shoulder at the reflection of the magnificent man in the white shirt, a tank-top showing through the thin cotton. He reached round and ran his hands over the shirt stretched tightly across the flawless chest, then down over the wide lats until he grasped the slim waist.

"Man," he said in Bob's ear, "you've gotta admit that is one hell of a guy. Just look at that face, that physique. I'm gonna love seeing that stud naked." Feeling Bob flex his muscles under the shirt Lloyd sighed deeply, pressing himself against his back. He reached up to undo the tie and let it hang loose. Then he unbuttoned more of the shirt, slowly, almost down to the waist. He pulled the shirt open, revealing the white tank underneath, tight against the pecs.

Lloyd was in a trance now, mesmerized by the image in the mirror. His hands stroked inside the shirt over the ribbed tank, over the chest and abs, sinewy under the thin fabric. He undid the last of the shirt buttons and pulled the shirt clear of the waistband of the pants. He stood still, gazing at the handsome business executive, his shirt open, tie hanging loose, his sculpted torso covered only by the thin white tank. And then Bob moved.

He unbuttoned his shirt cuffs, rolled up his sleeves and pushed them up over his biceps. He raised his arms, bent at the elbow, and adopted a bodybuilder pose, flaring his lats and flexing his biceps. The sight was too much for Lloyd. He fell against Bob's back, ran his hands over the pecs and hard stomach and howled, "No!" The sight, the feel, of the half-dressed bodybuilder that face, that physique "No!" and he felt his cock explode in his jeans.

As the cum-stain spread over his crotch it took a long while for Lloyd to regain his composure. He moaned, "Shit, man I couldn't hold back. You looked so fucking God you're beautiful. I came too soon."

Bob smiled at him in the mirror. "No you didn't, Lloyd. I can make you cum again and then again. You want something to worship, man? I'll give you a sight you won't forget. I'm the best. Go and sit in that chair next to the mirror."

Lloyd slumped into the chair and looked up at Bob. But Bob was not looking at him his eyes were fixed on his own reflection in the mirror. He pulled his tie off and dropped it, then shrugged his shirt back onto his shoulders so it was hanging almost off. He smiled at himself. "Looks sensational, doesn't it, Lloyd. You say you jerk off imagining me stripping? Well here's a secret. So do I, only I don't have to imagine I'm actually looking at myself. When I get home from work, if I'm alone, I sometimes beat off in front of the mirror watching myself undress. Only Randy knows that and now you, Lloyd. Watch."

He threw off the shirt so he was now stripped down to the tank, pressed his fists to his waist and flared his lats in another bodybuilder pose. The tank stretched even tighter over his body as his muscles bulged. Lloyd gasped, ripped open his jeans and pulled out his cock, already hard again, still sticky from his orgasm. He narrowed his eyes to get a fantasy image of the spectacular man. In Lloyd's imagination Bob was alone, had just got home from work and had decided to turn himself on. And Lloyd was the hidden voyeur.

He stroked his cock as Bob reached behind his neck and pulled on the tank. Slowly it rose up out of the waistband, over the ridges of the abs, over the chest and off. And there for the first time Lloyd saw the magnificent body naked to the waist, flexing, gleaming under the lights. Now Bob really went to town, striking one muscle pose after another. He was smiling at himself as he began making love to his own body, squeezing the nipples, running his hands over his naked chest and abs. "You're fucking gorgeous, man," he breathed. "Look at that body!"

He walked toward the mirror and with his finger traced on the glass the outline of his handsome face. "Beautiful," he sighed. Lloyd could not believe what happened next. Bob's face went closer and closer to the glass until his lips pressed against the mouth in the mirror. He was kissing himself ... passionately. He raised his arms high up against the glass and pressed his body against the mirror, chest against chest, rubbing his crotch against its own reflection.

Lloyd was pounding his meat, mesmerized by the incredible image of two stunning, shirtless men grinding against each other talking to each other. "Come on, man," Bob pleaded with his reflection, "turn me on, let me see your dick, man. He reached down, unzipped his pants and pulled out his rigid cock. He pressed it against the mirror, pointing up against his stomach, and gazed into his own eyes.

"That's it, man. Wow, that cock's beautiful. Rub it against mine, man. That's it. Look at that body. Shit, you're making me hard. You're so fucking beautiful, man. You're gonna make me shoot my load. Oh, man, I can't hold back here it comes, manaaah!" Lloyd's eyes were wide with disbelief two incredible bodybuilders shooting simultaneously, their cum blasting up between them, covering the washboard abs in streams of thick, white juice.

It was the wildest fantasy for Lloyd. He stopped beating his meat, held his cock still, threw his head back and screamed as semen blasted from it for a second time. He was sobbing as he closed his eyes, trying to burn the spectacular image into his memory forever.

Minutes later Lloyd was still sprawled in the chair and Bob sat on the bed, having zipped up his pants. Cum still ran down the mirror glass and Lloyd's shirt was smothered in his own juice. They hadn't spoken since they had shot their loads. They were lost in the dramatic images that were still seared so clearly on their minds. But finally Bob stood up and, still stripped to the waist, towered over Lloyd.

"I promised you one more orgasm, Lloyd."

Lloyd shook his head. "Oh no, man. No way impossible I'm drained, man. Besides, nothing could top that."

As if he had not heard him Bob said, "Stand up." Lloyd jumped to his feet. "Strip naked." Without any hesitation Lloyd pulled off his shirt, kicked off his shoes and dropped his jeans. He lowered his shorts and stood naked. "You have a real hot body, Lloyd beautiful. Now, on the ground." Lloyd dropped to the floor and lay down on his back, his head against the mirror.

Bob stood at his feet, facing the mirror but looking down at Lloyd. "Now this is the way I end my muscle-worship session when I get home, Lloyd. It always gets me off and I guarantee it'll do the same for you." He kicked off his loafers, unzipped his pants again, dropped them and stepped out of them. He was now wearing just his white boxer shorts and socks. "See, Lloyd, I always get turned on looking at a powerful business executive stripped down to his shorts and socks. And here's another secretI sometimes do this in my private restroom in my office."

He began stroking his cock as he stared at himself in the mirror. "You know Lloyd, I keep my body in perfect shape like this for two people for Randy and for myself. Randy loves to get off watching me do this, but when he's not here I turn myself on looking at the guy in the mirror. Usually I shoot my load over my own reflection." Suddenly he looked down at Lloyd, lying naked at his feet. "But this time I have you."

Lloyd gasped as he realized what was happening. His cock became rock hard and he began to stroke it. Bob fixed him with a piercing gaze. "See, here's what happened, Lloyd. You saw the gorgeous business executive come in through the gate and your cock got hard. You had a drink with him and you had a boner in your jeans the whole time. Then he took you to his room, you slowly undressed him and shot your load. You watched him make love to himself in the mirror and that made you cum again. Now look at him, Lloyd. Look at the gorgeous face, the flawless body. What do you think?"

Lloyd could hardly speak. "Incredible, sir. Absolutely spectacular."

"Good, 'cause now the businessman is stripped down to his shorts, and he's gonna shoot his load again. And this time it's gonna be all over you, Lloyd. You've watched him, lusted for

him, creamed your jeans for him, and now you're gonna feel and taste his semen pouring over you. And you, Lloyd, are gonna cum one last time. Right?"

"Yes, sir." Lloyd was hypnotized by this incredible man. He would do anything for him.

Bob pounded his cock harder and his breathing became heavy. His muscles rippled, gleaming with sweat, his jaw clenched, his dark, tousled hair flew wildly. "You ready Lloyd? Here it comes, man this is it." His cock exploded in a ribbon of white cream that arced high in the air, then splashed down onto Lloyd's chest and his face. Lloyd opened his mouth and swallowed hard. He was dimly aware of his own cock erupting for the third time. He looked up at the muscle-god in the boxer shorts, pouring his sperm over him.

It was a sight he would remember forever.

"Here, take these shorts and T-shirt of mine," Bob said. "Mustn't be late for the twins."

They had showered together and Lloyd was still in a daze. "Man," he said as he pulled on the shorts. "I have never, ever, dreamed of anything like that. Fucking spectacular. Now that was muscle-worship!" He shook his head. "You're a spectacular man, Bob. One in a million."

Bob laughed. "So people are always telling me. And you know the next thing they always say? I could have anyone I want, so why the hell do I stay with Randy and put up with all his anger and aggression? Even Randy asks that, every time he's scared I'll leave him."

"So why do you stay with him?"

"Because, Lloyd, he's the only man in the world who is really my equal, the only man who can tame me. And I need that. For instance, that show I just put on for you when I do it for Randy it's because he orders me to, and I love it. As he watches me strip off my clothes for him I see the love and lust shining from his eyes. You talked of worship well he absolutely worships me. And when I'm finally stripped naked I give my body to him and he fucks it." Bob smiled. "You were one off, Lloyd. Actually Randy and I are two in a million. That's why we'll always be together, no matter what."

They went downstairs and Bob grabbed a bottle of wine from the kitchen. "OK, now for the twins. Can't wait to see what they've cooked up." As they walked toward the gate Lloyd smiled at him. "You really love those boys, don't you?"

Like crazy," said Bob. "There's still a lot I have to teach them though. It concerns me that they're never apart like they're joined at the hip. They work together, play together they're always together when they have sex even jerk each other off. They're scared to

death of being apart and that kind of dependence is not healthy. So I have plans for them big plans.”

“OK, here we are.” They had gone through Zack’s garden and were standing at the door to the guest house. Bob knocked, the door opened and the twins were standing shoulder to shoulder, with twin smiles lighting up their faces.

“Er, hi,” said Bob, offering the wine bottle. “I’m Bob and this is my friend Lloyd and we were invited to dinner, I think.”

“You sure were, sir,” said Kevin. They led the way into the small living room where the table was elaborately set with flowers, four immaculate place settings and intricately folded napkins. Mouthwatering smells drifted from the kitchen.

“Something smells good,” Bob said. The twins stood together behind the table, both smartly dressed in Polo shirts and shorts, smiling nervously. Bob’s heart melted and his eyes misted over. Yeah, he was crazy about them, all right. And now for his plans.

#

Chapter 114 – Educating the Twins

As they all sat in the garden over cocktails things were a bit tentative at first. This was a new experience for the twins, a big event for them, and they wanted everything to be perfect for Bob, the man they idolized. They didn’t know Lloyd well and they were still shy with the handsome, sophisticated architect. They hid their nervousness by taking refuge in what they did best, cooking, and one or other of them made frequent trips to the kitchen to check on dinner.

Bob, of course, was expert at putting the twins at their ease, and so, it turned out, was Lloyd. He immediately found a common subject of interest, their guest house, which Lloyd had designed for Zack.

“Of course,” he said to the twins, “when you design a building you’re never quite sure how it’s going to work for the people living or working in it. That’s why I try to get feedback from clients a few months after they’ve moved in.” He smiled. “So, here’s your chance, guystell me what mistakes I made in your house.”

That was an opening for the twins that they jumped into eagerly. They were full of praise for their house, which was like a palace for them compared with the tough life they had been used to. However, at Lloyd’s insistence, they came up with a few suggestions.

Gaining in confidence, Kevin said, “Well, sir, it would be better to have the fridge on the same side of the kitchen as the stove, rather than opposite. When we’re both working in the kitchen

we keep colliding as we turn round. And a six-burner stove-top would really help when we're cooking dinner for Zack and Darius."

Lloyd whipped out a notebook and wrote down their suggestions. "That's real helpful." He smiled. "You guys really know your way around a kitchen. Maybe I should consult with you before I design my next one. The guys all tell me you're master chefs."

The twins blushed, but from then on their shyness disappeared. The food was, as always, a huge success, and as dinner progressed the boys pumped Lloyd for information about his work as an architect. Bob loved to see their eagerness and was grateful to Lloyd for bringing them out of their shells so enthusiastically.

While the twins were in the kitchen making coffee Bob said, "You're great with them, Lloyd. They're usually not this animated. You know how I met them? They were trying to steal my SUV so they could live in it! They were homeless, making a living by turning tricks you know, letting guys suck them off, giving massages, that kind of stuff. They hated it but they did whatever they could just so long as they could stay together. Like I said, they were terrified of being separated."

He sighed. "That's what I have to work on now. I made them a promise that they'd never be parted, and they never will be, but being together a hundred percent of the time is not healthy. They have to learn to do things separately sometimes even sex."

"Wow," Lloyd said, "you've got your work cut out, buddy. Still, the sex bit should be no problem you've got plenty of over-sexed guys around here to help you out."

"Yeah," Bob grinned, "I've already worked that out it's part of my plan."

The twins came back in with coffee and soon the evening was winding down. As they all sat around the table Bob's sensitive antennae picked up a slight tension, anticipation almost, between the twins. By now he was skilled at seeing the fleeting glances they sometimes exchanged, imperceptible to anyone else. "OK, guys, what's up," he said. "You know you can't keep anything from me."

Kyle cleared his throat. Well, sir, Kevin and me were talking and we were wondering" Kevin jumped in, "..... but we figured you probably wouldn't go for it, sir."

"Go for what?" Bob asked, intrigued. "Come on, boys, spill it."

"Well, sir." Kyle hesitated. "You know when we like before we came here the things we did for guys to make money. Well, we were wondering if we could do it for both of you, sir, before you go home."

Bob recoiled. "But you hated turning tricks. I told you you'd never have to do that again."

Kevin clarified, "Kyle means massage, sir. Back in those days, we had to do it for johns, guys we didn't like, but now it would be an honor to do it for you and Lloyd, sir. Please, sir. We're good at it and we would love to do it for you. send you home nice and relaxed."

Bob shot a questioning look at Lloyd. "Hell," Lloyd said, "with all the tension that's built up in me since Steve left, a massage would be perfect. Just what the doctor ordered. But if you don't think"

Bob hesitated, then smiled as he saw the eagerness in the twins' faces. "Sure, why not. If you boys are sure that's what you want. Yeah, a massage would be a perfect end to the day."

Bob and Lloyd were finishing their coffee while the twins were busy in the bedroom. Lloyd asked, "Do you think I mean, is there anything you think I should do or not do?"

"Nah I have a feeling the twins will lead the way. They may be shy, but you'd be surprised how they take charge when they're doing something they love like cooking."

He was right. When the twins came back in there was a light of self-assurance in their eyes. "Please come with us," Kyle said. They followed them into the bedroom and immediately felt the aura of serenity the twins had created. The big bed was covered in a plain white sheet, soft music was playing and there was a warm scent of sandalwood in the air.

Kevin went to the wall and dimmed the lights. He smiled at Lloyd. "Thank you for putting all the light switches on dimmers, sir."

There was an awkward pause as Bob and Lloyd were not sure what came next. But as Bob had predicted, the twins took over. "Please, sirs, you are our guests. Leave everything to us." From then on the twins did everything in tandem, moving in perfect coordination.

Kyle faced Lloyd, and Kevin stood before Bob. Quickly, efficiently they pulled the men's T-shirts up over their head and folded them on a chair. Then they knelt at their feet, unlaced their sneakers and pulled them off, socks too. They reached up, unbuttoned their shorts and let them drop. Then, slowly, they pulled down their boxers, letting their cocks spring free, already semi-erect at the sight of the two beautiful boys kneeling before them.

The twins stood up and gazed at the now-naked men, and for a moment their poise and confidence faltered. The sight of the two men was overpowering the stunningly beautiful muscle-god with his dark, sculpted Superman looks and their new friend, the architect with the handsome face and goatee beard, and the perfectly proportioned, tanned physique. The boys took deep breaths, controlled their lust and resumed the task at hand.

“Please, lie on the bed, sirs.” The men lay down on their backs and gazed up at the smiling young men. There was a momentary stillness, and then the boys reached up and pulled off their T-shirts. They kicked off their sneakers, dropped their shorts and stepped out of them. They were both wearing white cotton briefs, bulging from the hard-ons caused by the sight of the naked men.

They were a stunning picture of pure, youthful beauty. “I always forget how beautiful you boys are,” Bob said quietly as his cock, and Lloyd’s, quickly rose up in a stiff erection. But then something happened that almost made them cum. The boys turned to face each other, gazed into each other’s eyes, and then, without any other part of their bodies touching, brought their lips together in a gentle, searching kiss.

“Oh, man,” Lloyd moaned. “Jesus that’s beautiful.” As the twins kissed they moved their hips forward until the front of their briefs touched, rubbing lightly together. Only their lips and their bulging briefs were touching, and the picture was exquisitely erotic. The men were mesmerized, and finally they saw the twins separate and they heard Kevin’s soft voice.

“Please, sirs, turn over onto your stomachs.” The men followed instructions, heard soft noises behind them and felt movement on the bed. “Look up,” Bob whispered to Lloyd.

What Lloyd had not noticed before was that the headboard was mirrored. Now he saw in it what Bob saw, the two young, tanned bodies in white briefs standing over them on the bed, legs astride, slowly warming the oil in their hands. The smell of sandalwood became stronger as the twins, in unison, dropped to their knees astride their backs. They leaned forward and for the first time the men felt warm oil on their skin as the twins’ palms rubbed gently over their backs.

And so began the most sensuous massage either Bob or Lloyd had ever experienced. Working in perfect unison, the twins moved their hands up to the neck, applying pressure to the trapezius muscles where all the tension was concentrated. They squeezed with their fingers, digging them into the hard sinews, making both men gasp as tension flowed from them out through the twins’ hands, in an exquisite blend of release bordering on pain.

Next the hands kneaded the hard ridges of the trapezius muscles next to the spine, eliciting the same gasps of pleasure. And so the massage progressed, down the lats, over the waist, and then, amazingly, over the asses, squeezing, molding, caressing the white mounds.

“Look at that,” Bob said, his face turned up to the mirror. They both saw the identical twins kneeling over their butts, their young muscles flexing as they worked, their faces set in quiet concentration. Lloyd whispered, “Oh, man, is your cock as hard as mine?” Bob smiled. “Like a rock. But don’t shoot, man. Save it.”

The twins were now working on their legs the hamstrings, down to the calves. They knew exactly where to apply sharp pressure, digging into the solid muscle, each move causing moans

of ecstasy from the men. Suddenly the pressure eased and they heard Kyle's voice. "Please, sirs, turn over."

On their backs Bob and Lloyd gazed up at the young faces. The twins knew exactly the effect they were having, and their success increased their confidence. For Bob, their look of self-assurance, of command of newfound masculinity compounded his love for them. They were growing up, taking charge, and he found it so erotic that he felt his cock oozing pre-cum and he had to concentrate to hold back his orgasm.

The twins were holding bottles of oil that they poured slowly over the hard-muscled chests, the smell of sandalwood permeating the air with its spicy, masculine scent. The twins leaned forward and the massage resumed, over the bulging pecs, brushing against the nipples, then lingering on the ridges of the eight-pack abs.

"Man, these guys are sensational," Lloyd said, turning his head toward Bob's and meeting his eyes. They were both in such a state of bliss that their faces came together and their lips met in a slow, tender embrace. Unseen above them the twins smiled at each other, thrilled with the success of their efforts to bring pleasure to these men.

Bob and Lloyd had slipped into a state of euphoria as they tasted each other while feeling the sensuous hands on their flesh, all bathed in the intoxicating smell of sandalwood. But suddenly their faces sprang apart and they felt their cocks jolt. The boys' hands had moved down to their balls, covering them lightly with oil and rolling them in their hands.

"Oh, guys," Bob said. "You're gonna make us cum like that. We won't be able to hold back."

A quick glance flashed between the twins. They knew it was time. Quickly they got off the bed and knelt down, one on each side of the bed. They looked into each other's eyes, smiled, then lowered their heads, down toward the rigid cocks, and licked the heads.

"Oh shit," Lloyd exclaimed. "I can't take this, man."

"No! Hold on," Bob told him. "Wait."

With exquisite timing the twins finally slid their mouths over the huge shafts, lowering their faces until the heads came to rest at the back of their throats. Their faces were buried in the men's damp pubic hair. After a pause, they slowly pulled back, then lowered their mouths again over the cocks that were now pulsing for release. The men raised their heads off the pillows and looked down at the beautiful young faces as they increased the rhythm, pounding the cocks with their mouths, bringing the men to a state of ecstasy, to the brink of orgasm.

Finally, the twins brought it to an end. They tightened their throat muscles round the cocks, stopped still, and felt the cocks spasm and pour hot liquid deep inside them. The screams of Bob and Lloyd echoed round the room as their cocks exploded with endless streams of cum.

But suddenly the twins pulled back and knelt straight up looking at each, cum dripping from their mouths. They leaned toward each other and their open mouths joined. They shared the semen of two men, back and forth, glorying in the musky smell and taste of the juice of their masters.

The men could not believe what they were watching. It was spectacularly beautiful. Instinctively they grabbed their cocks, stroked them, and shot another ribbon of white cream over themselves, howling in uninhibited joy. But still, having brought the men to one climax after another, the boys were not finished. They separated and got to their feet. They looked down at the glorious sight of the two bodybuilders, muscles gleaming with sweat and semen.

It didn't take the boys long. Quickly they pushed off their briefs and their cocks sprang out fully erect. Standing naked, one on each side of the bed, they stroked their cocks only a few times before they erupted in streams of white cream that splashed down on the already cum-soaked bodies beneath them. Soon the men's faces, chests, hair were dripping with semen, the warm juice of youthful passion, the final gift of the handsome young twins smiling down at them.

Minutes went by when nobody moved or spoke. Then the boys sank to their knees once more and quickly, expertly, lapped at the exhausted bodies, sucking up the pools of cum, licking the chests and faces clean. Kevin smiled at Lloyd as he licked his goatee beard clean. The boys grabbed small towels and dried the bodies off. Then they stood up and, their task completed, smiled down proudly at the men they had serviced so spectacularly.

There were tears in Bob's eyes. "Guys, that was spectacular there are no words but you always know what I'm feeling. I love the hell out of you, you know that."

"Kevin, Kyle," Lloyd said, "I want to thank you for one of the most erotic experiences I have ever had. You are incredible, beautiful young men..... and Bob is a lucky man to have you as his boys. All that plus you can cook !"

Bob laughed, then heaved a sigh. "Well I, for one, am not getting off this bed. I don't have the energy to walk across the street. Nor do I want to. You Lloyd?"

"I'd love to stay, but it's the twins' bed after all."

"Lloyd," Bob said, "there is one feature of this house, and the one across the street, that we installed without the help of an architect. You may have noticed that all the beds here are California King-size in anticipation of just such a moment as this. Come here guys."

Still flushed with their triumph the twins threw themselves on the oversize bed. Within minutes one was in the arms of Bob and the other pressed against Lloyd. And that's how they slept well not quite all night. At some point in the early hours the boys switched partners in their sleep, and sighed happily as a new set of strong arms folded round them.

When Bob and Lloyd woke next morning the twins were gone, though there was a strong smell of coffee drifting from the kitchen. There was a note propped up by the bed and Bob read it to Lloyd. "There's fresh coffee for you, sir, but we have gone across the street to cook breakfast for everyone. Looks like there will be a crowd. P.S. Thank you for last night, sir, and thank Lloyd too. We think he's hot."

"No argument from me there," Bob laughed. "God I wish they didn't have to work so hard round here. That's also part of my plan for them, by the way."

Fortunately it was Sunday, and when Bob and Lloyd finally made it across the street, breakfast was in full swing. The twins had set everything up around the big outdoor table and Mark, Zack, Jamie and Darius were already eating. Mark grinned at the new arrivals.

"Judging by the gleam in the twins' eyes and the look on your faces I'd guess all four of you had one hell of a night. Never even made it home."

Bob blushed a little. "Yeah, it was kind of special. I'll tell you later."

"Ah no, tell us now sir," pleaded Darius. But Bob flashed him what the boys called 'his executive look', and Darius said hastily, "Never mind, sir. I'll get it all from the twins later."

"You want my story too?" The enthusiastic shout came from Pablo running through the gate with his dog Billy, just back from the lake.

"Hell yes, dude," said Darius. "But you're gonna tell it on camera. One for the family archive."

Pablo was followed by Randy and Steve, and everyone was relieved to find them in a relaxed, mellow mood. Obviously the new brothers had sorted things out between them, something of a longshot after the trauma of their dramatic departure two days ago. Randy grinned broadly and said, "Thank God, breakfast," and they sat down with the others.

The meal was something of a free-for-all as the twins struggled cheerfully to keep up with demand. Pablo, Darius and Jamie rushed to lend a hand, but as usual the impulsive boys were falling over each other, more a hindrance than a help, and the twins ended up ordering them out of the kitchen.

After the meal everyone paired off. The twins left the clean-up for later and ran back to their guest house to eagerly rehash the events of the night. Zack took Darius and Pablo over to his house where he knew Darius wanted to get the goods on the happenings at the lake from Pablo on camera. He would not have admitted it, but Zack also was keen to hear all the details.

And it was obvious to anyone what Mark and Jamie wanted from the way they gazed at each other. “Jesus,” Darius said to Pablo as they left. “Those two fuck like jack-rabbits. Don’t they ever get tired?”

Pablo huffed, “Would you get tired if that Greek God wanted to fuck you all the time?”

Pablo was right. When Mark and Jamie got back to their bedroom Mark said, “How long ago is it since I last fucked you, kiddo?”

“When we woke up, sir.”

Mark smiled at him. “Seems like a lifetime ago too long.” They ripped off their clothes and in seconds the blond surfer was on his back with the muscular cop looking down at him. “You want some more, boy?”

“Always, sir.”

Mark laughed. “That’s what I love about you, Jamie.” And he slid his cock inside the perfect ass for the second time that morning.

Meanwhile the new brothers were making their peace with their respective lovers. By the pool Steve was explaining to Lloyd everything that happened by the lake and reassuring him that he was back and that their relationship was as strong as ever. Something the same was happening upstairs between Randy and Bob in their bedroom, though not quite so predictably.

Randy was a bit on edge. The memory was still fresh of the way he had hit Bob shortly before he rushed out of the house. As always, he overcame his insecurity with bravado. “OK,” he said, pacing the room. “I want to make one thing clear. Just because I’ve found a long-lost brother who could almost be my twin, and just because he loves me shit, we love each other that doesn’t mean that anything’s changed between us. I want you to know you’re still my number one guy.”

Bob, annoyingly calm, just grinned. “Oh shut up, Randy, I know that. I’m far more secure than you are. I know nothing will ever come between us even a hot-looking brother.”

The wind went out of Randy’s sails. “Well fuck you, asshole.” He bit his lip. “Shit I didn’t mean that just like I like I didn’t mean to slug you the other day.” He winced. “You know what Pablo said to me? He said, ‘All of us guys love Bob. No one would ever hurt him no one except you, sir.’ Shit, that cut me like a knife because it’s true.”

He started pacing again. “Man, as much as there was going on at the lake, you were always on my mind. I couldn’t get over the way I yelled at you and knocked you down. I’m crazy in love with you, man, and that scares the hell out of me. How can I say sorry to you?”

Bob stood up, smiled, and put his hands on Randy’s shoulders. “Listen, Randy. When I was a little kid and someone hit me my mom would always kiss the hurt better. Well, I’m a big guy now, and so are you, and a kiss doesn’t hack it any more..... so now I want you to fuck it better.”

At last Randy relaxed. Bob pulled away, quickly stripped off his clothes, then lay on his back on the bed. Randy gazed down at him. “God, man, what in hell would I ever do without you?”

“I’ve told you before, stud. You’ll never have to find out.”

Randy ripped off his shirt, unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, hard as always at the sight of his gorgeous lover. He fell forward and pinned Bob’s wrists to the bed above his head. Bob loved the sensation of helplessness he always had with Randy. He raised his legs, offering his ass to the dark gypsy and felt the huge cock slide inside him. They were home, right where they belonged.

Randy’s fucks could be ferocious, but this time he was gentle as the breeze. Slowly he rose and fell over the man he loved, staring into his eyes waiting for that mystical moment when their gaze transported them into their own private world, to which only they had the key. When that moment came and they were joined as one man, Randy began talking softly.

“This is it, man, you and me. There’s no one else, just us. Now I feel safe. When I’m fucking you all my fear goes away no pain, no hurt just this this incredible feeling of being deep inside you. God, you’re so beautiful it makes my cock ache, sets my body on fire. It’s like I’m possessing you, man, like you’re the most precious thing in the world. And pouring my juice inside you is the only gift I can give. Here it comes. I love you, Bob.”

And with no sound from either of them his juice streamed deep inside his lover’s body. He watched Bob’s cock shudder, then pour its milk all over his spectacular chest. They smiled at each other and Bob said, “See, you can always make me shoot without touching myself. You always could, and always will. I’m glad you’re back, big guy.”

It was a lazy day swimming, lounging, relaxing in the harmonious mood that for now united this often opinionated group of men. But while the others zoned out, Bob’s mind was ticking over, planning, fine-tuning his ideas for the twins. He had already talked with Randy, Mark and Zack and they were on board with his ideas, so Bob decided that it would be best to simply announce the details to the boys as a done deal.

So it was that in the usual noisy hubbub as they were gathered round the table for lunch Bob stood up. He tapped his knife against his wine glass for silence and all talking stopped. As always he commanded everyone's full respect and attention, and they all looked up at him as he cleared his throat.

"Over the last few weeks the guys and I have been talking about the work load around here, in the office and at the construction sites. Pablo, Randy was saying you have a shitload of work with the heavy equipment problems on the site, and you, Jamie, I know are snowed under managing the office single handed."

"There's another thing too. The twins are my boys and I don't want them doing the cleaning work around the house any longer. Now you, Kyle, already help Pablo with the equipment in your free time, and Kevin, you've shown an interest in Jamie's work, am I right?" The twins nodded eagerly.

"OK so here's what's gonna happen. Randy has agreed to hire Kyle as an assistant mechanic for Pablo, and Kevin will be Jamie's office assistant. Both jobs will be part-time, a few hours a day, and we'll take away their cleaning duties as soon as we've found some kind of houseboy to do that work. How would that work for you Kyle, Kevin?"

All eyes turned to the twins who blushed at the sudden attention, but their eyes were glowing. "That would be terrific sir," said Kyle, only....." Kevin took over "..... only we would still be the chefs in the house wouldn't we?"

"Damn right," said Randy. "You kids give us the best food we've ever eaten. We're damn well not gonna give that up."

Bob clarified. "You'll still make breakfast and dinner, but you'll have down-time in the middle of the day, enough for your new part-time jobs. "We'll work out all the details and schedules together." If Bob had any more to say it was drowned out by the burst of excited chatter among the boys, with the twins starting to enjoy the unaccustomed place as center of attention.

Bob looked at the three men and raised his eyebrows with a sigh of relief. So far so good.

But that was only the start of what Bob had in mind for the twins. The next part he had to explain to Pablo, Darius and Jamie, so later in the afternoon he asked them to report to him upstairs in his office. Intrigued, they sat together on the couch while Bob turned a wooden chair round backwards and straddled it, his muscular arms wrapped round the back. Every one of the boys had an erection in his shorts, confronted by the gorgeous man they all idolized.

"Now I've asked you here, guys," Bob said, "because I want your help with the twins. I've made some suggestions to Randy, Mark and Zack and they've accepted them."

“Course they have,” Darius muttered. “As if those guys would ever refuse you anything.”

“Excuse me?” Bob said sharply.

“Sorry, sir,” Darius said, backtracking. “I meant that as a compliment, sir. Like, those guys are crazy in love with you and would never say no to you, sir.”

“Oh no? Check with Randy on that.”

“Oh Randy’s different,” Darius ploughed on, “him being the boss and all. See the thing you have to know about Randy is

“Enough !” Bob snapped. “Concentrate here, Darius. I need you to focus, otherwise you’re out of here.”

“Sorry, sir,” Darius said meekly. He got a withering glare from Pablo but he simply shrugged with a ‘Did-I-say-something-wrong?’ grin.

“Now,” Bob continued, “I’m trying to make the twins more independent of each other. From now on they’ll be spending several hours a day working apart, but I also want to lessen the intense emotional attachment they have for each other, which is not really healthy or even natural. But I have to tread very carefully because this is where sex comes into the picture. And it’s something I can’t do myself.”

The ‘sex’ word made the boys lean forward eagerly. And now Bob had Darius’s full attention.

A week or so later the job plan was working great. Randy reported that Pablo had really taken Kyle under his wing and the boy was already able to relieve Pablo of some of the simpler tasks. And in the office Bob saw for himself how much Kevin enjoyed working with Jamie. Their closeness bordered on intimacy, with a hint of sexual attraction, which was just fine with Bob as it fitted in with the next phase of his plan.

It all had to be well orchestrated, but everything was finally in place a few days later. Darius had been working with Pablo and Kyle at the construction site, and it was mid-afternoon when Randy came over and said, “Guys, I need to go over some specs with Pablo in the trailer, so why don’t you two cut out early. Darius will take you home, Kyle.”

Darius was his usual chatty self driving home and Kyle was entirely at ease. So he readily agreed when Darius said, “Hey, Zack asked me to go over to his place for a drink. Wanna join us?” A drink with these two gorgeous black studs would be great, Kyle thought. And just think how much he’d have to talk about with Kevin afterwards!

He couldn't know, of course, that Kevin was having a parallel experience. Bob had been supervising him and Jamie in the office when they heard the roar of a motor cycle outside, and soon Mark strode in, in his police uniform, taking off his helmet. "Wow, another hell of a day," he said.

As usual Mark raised his eyebrows at Bob who grinned. He was well aware that as soon as Mark got off duty he was horny as hell and needed Jamie's ass. "OK," Bob smiled. "You're free to go, Jamie. Kevin, we'll shut down for today and get back to this tomorrow."

Kevin looked momentarily disoriented with nothing to do suddenly, and Jamie said, "Wanna come with us, Kevin have a beer with us, wash off the dust of all these old files?"

Kevin had often wondered why Jamie always ran off with Mark as soon as the cop got home from work. He had a vague idea after all, Jamie was Mark's boy and now he would get to see. "Sure," he said, though he looked questioningly at Bob for his approval.

"I think that's a great idea," Bob smiled. "And just think of everything you'll have to tell Kyle."

Once he got to Mark and Jamie's bedroom Kevin suddenly panicked and instinctively looked around him for his brother. Mark put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry, Kevin, Kyle's doing just fine. He's with Zack and Darius. And you're with us. We're gonna show you what we do every time I come home. Just go and sit over there and watch. You don't have to do a thing unless you want to, of course."

Kevin sat down, trembling, not so much with nervousness as with anticipation. He was about to watch something private between the police officer and his boy, the young blond surfer. Jamie stood with his back to the bed facing Mark. He quickly pulled off his T-shirt and the faded blue surfer shorts he always wore, and stood naked before the uniformed cop. Mark ran his hands over Jamie's chest and said softly, "You're so hot, Jamie, you never fail to make my dick hard." Then suddenly he shoved Jamie, making him fall backwards onto the bed.

Gazing down at him Mark growled, "Now you know what's gonna happen, boy. I'm gonna fuck your ass." Feverishly he unbuttoned his uniform shirt, pulled it off and threw it down. He paused, still gazing down at the naked boy waiting for him. Kevin was mesmerized by the sight of the tall, muscular blond cop, his chest heaving under the tight, white T-shirt. Instinctively Kevin's hand went down to his crotch and he pulled out his cock.

Mark was staring at Jamie as he yanked off his T-shirt and stood stripped to the waist, his gleaming torso tapering in a V from broad shoulders down to the slim waist, cinched by his wide

black uniform belt. He ripped open his pants and yanked out his rigid cock. With lust in his eyes he commanded, "Show me your ass, boy."

The young surfer put his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs up, offering to the shirtless police officer his perfect ass, a light fuzz of soft blond hair round the hole. "Oh, man," Mark said, "that ass is mine." He dropped to his knees and in one expert move pushed his rod deep inside the boy's ass. Jamie's eyes spurted with tears as he moaned at the forceful invasion of his ass.

For Kevin the sight was breathtaking as the cop thrust his hips forward, again and again. As he fucked the ass he leaned back slightly, holding his arms up wide, fists clenched in a triumphant pose. His ridged abs rippled as his waist moved back and forth, his only point of contact with the boy his long shaft as it pistoned inside his ass.

Jamie's head was thrashing from side to side, his tousled blond hair flying across his face. He was moaning, "Fuck me, sir. Please, sir, fuck me hard." Mark grinned. "OK, kid, you asked for it," and the pace accelerated as the cop's pubic hair smashed relentlessly against the boy's ass.

Kevin was beating his meat furiously. In a trance he stood up, walked to the bed and stared down at the young blond surfer, impaled on the cop's huge rod. Hypnotized by the sight, Kevin fell to his knees and his eyes focused on Jamie's cock, standing straight up stiff as a pole. He leaned forward, paused, then lowered his mouth over the cock, swallowing it all the way down his throat.

Jamie howled. "Oh, yeah, man. Eat that meat, boy. Yeah, fuck my cock while my master fucks my ass. Come on, boy, eat it." He grabbed Kevin's head and forced his face down onto his pubic hair.

Jamie's words drove Mark wild as he watched his boy getting blown by another, younger guy. "Shit, man," the cop yelled. "This is the best. God, I'm real close. My cock feels spectacular in your ass, boy." As Jamie's cock shuddered in Kevin's mouth his ass spasmed and gripped Mark's cock like a vise. And that pushed Mark over the top.

"That's it, guys," he yelled. "I'm gonna shoot..... aaah !"

The cop's juice flooded into the surfer's burning ass. Jamie's body jerked and he felt his cock explode in Kevin's mouth. And Kevin was in another world as he swallowed the warm juice and felt his own cock blast a huge stream of cum against Jamie's side and over his chest. Close to Kevin's face the cop's rod was still buried in Jamie's ass. When the shouts subsided the only sound was heavy breathing as they all fought to bring their bodies under control. Kevin's mind was spinning, but gradually he was coming back to reality.

And then reality hit. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and looked around. He had just had an incredible orgasm, but where was Kyle? He was always here. He had to be here. Dimly he saw Mark pull out of Jamie's ass and walk toward him. Kevin reached out for his twin but instead felt strong arms wrap round him, felt the hard, sweat-soaked muscles of the cop's chest and heard the soothing voice.

"Don't worry Kevin. You'll see him soon. Kyle's having a great time too. I told you, he's with Zack and Darius." He pulled back, and said gently, "You did great, kid. How about a smile?" Kevin relaxed and managed a smile.

"And I'll tell you this," Mark said. "If Kyle is having even half as good a time as you just did, you guys are gonna have a hell of a lot to talk about."

#

Chapter 115 – Zack – Bound, Beaten, Betrayed

So now it was Kyle's turn. He had got off work early at the construction site and Darius suggested he join him and Zack for a drink. And here he was drinking beer with Darius and Zack in Zack's small garden.

Being alone with these two magnificent black studs made the boy tense with anticipation and some nervousness too. Just the sight of them made his dick hard and he felt way out of his league, but Zack quickly put him at his ease. The beer didn't hurt either, and he gulped it with wide-eyed attention as he listened to Zack's calming voice.

"You know, Kyle, I envy Bob having you and Kevin as his boys. He tells me you always do what he wants and he never has to discipline you. And I bet you never mouth off."

Kyle looked a bit confused. Isn't that what every boy is supposed to do, he thought. "Sir, we....." he stammered "we would never talk back to Bob. We love him too much."

"Hmm," Zack grinned, turning to look at Darius. "Wish I could say the same."

"What, sir?" Darius protested. "You're not suggesting that I mouth off to you."

"Me and everyone else," Zack said. "You know what Randy says 'Darius has got a mouth like a megaphone'. I heard you even gave lip to Bob when he was talking to you boys."

"Oh that was nothing, sir. All I told him was, Randy being the boss and all, there's a few things you have to know about handling him....."

“You see !” Zack said, cutting him off. “That’s just what I mean. See how you contradict me? How the hell do you get off telling *Bob* how to handle *Randy*!? No, you’ve been getting way too full of yourself lately, boy. About time I cut you down to size.”

Kyle was startled at the turn in the conversation until he saw the gleam in their eyes and realized this combative tone was not unusual for them. They seemed to thrive on it, and Kyle even suspected that this time a lot of it was for his benefit.

And there Kyle was quite right. Zack was deliberately baiting his boy, and now he grinned at Kyle. “Have you ever seen what a master does when he punishes his boy, Kyle?”

Kyle frowned in thought and blushed at something he remembered. “Only once, sir,” he said, “when Randy punished Pablo for fighting with Jamie. He he tied him up, with his arms stretched up to a tree branch.”

“You nailed it, kiddo. That’s what happens to a boy who fights or mouths off. Like I said, my boy here has been getting uppity lately and it’s time I showed him who’s boss around here. Now you just sit tight, Kyle, and watch. And feel free to give me a hand any time you feel like it.” Then his tone hardened as he turned to Darius. “You boy, on your feet.”

Darius leapt to his feet and stood at attention. He had a good idea what was coming and, far from being afraid, his body tingled with excitement. Seeing Zack like this was a huge turn-on, and a reason he loved being his boy. He hung his head as Zack disappeared into the house, returning in a moment with two coils of rope. “Over here, boy,” he ordered. “Obediently Darius walked across the garden and stood beneath a high tree branch.

Zack was expert at this. In seconds the ropes were tight around the boy’s wrists, the other ends thrown over the tree branch. Zack pulled the ropes and secured them, so Darius’s arms were stretched high, his body pulled taut. He was bound, helpless, at the mercy of his master.

Kyle watched from a few yards away, his eyes wide with excitement, taking big gulps of beer. He was glad of the beer buzz when he saw what came next. Zack was circling round the helpless boy running his hands over his white T-shirt, squeezing the nipples through the cotton, pressing his fingers into the pecs, making Darius gasp.

“So,” he growled. “You’ve been mouthing off to me and my buddies, is that right boy?”

“No, sir yes, sir I don’t know sir.”

“Well I do, boy, and this is what happens to a boy who gets lippy with me. He grabbed the neck of the T-shirt, yanked it and ripped it to shreds. Then he stood in front of him and, with the hint of a smile, slowly pulled off his own shirt. Darius’s cock jolted in his pants as he saw the black muscle-god stripped to the waist, his muscles gleaming in the afternoon sun. Kyle

gasped too as he watched master and boy face off, the one helplessly bound, with the shreds of his T-shirt hanging round his waist.

“Now, I’ll ask you again, boy. Were you disrespectful to my buddies?”

“No, sir,” Darius said defiantly.

Zack’s eyes blazed. “I think you can do better than that, boy.” He bent down and picked up another length of rope from the ground. He flicked one end of it lightly at Darius’s naked chest, making his body jolt. He walked round him, flicking the rope at his back, his shoulders, chest and stomach. Each blow made Darius’s body flex and he was soon writhing in an attempt to avoid the blows. Though not intense, the pain was real, but Darius’s cock was hard as steel in his jeans. His defiance was making his master angry and that was a huge turn-on for the boy.

“OK, we’ll try again. You gonna apologize for talking back to me?”

Darius remained mute, pursing his lips. “Right, you asked for this, boy,” Zack growled. He raised his arm and the rope circled round the boy’s back with a thud, stinging his flesh. This time the pain was too much and Darius howled.

“OK OK, sir I give up. I did mouth off to Bob and to you, sir. I’m sorry, sir.”

Zack turned round to Kyle with a triumphant grin. “See, Kyle. I can always get the truth out of my boy. Now, what do you think I should do to him?”

“Fuck him, sir!” Startled, Kyle looked around as if someone else had shouted the words. But it was he who had blurted them out impulsively, he was so blown away by the sight of the black master disciplining his boy. Kyle was stroking his own cock as he watched in awe.

“Good answer,” Zack laughed. “You’ll be a master yourself one day, kid.” He turned to Darius. “So, boy, you heard what the kid said. You’re gonna get your ass fucked.”

“Yes, sir,” Darius said meekly, but there was the hint of a smile in their eyes. Even though Darius knew they were playing a scene for Kyle’s benefit, he was not called the King of Fantasy for nothing. So he easily slipped into fantasy mode, imagining himself the bound captive being punished by the black slave master, and humiliated in front of a young boy. His cock was hard as a rock.

Staring into his eyes Zack yanked open Darius’s jeans and pulled them down over his ass, and the boy’s huge cock sprang out. Zack opened his own pants and pulled out his thick black club, holding it in his fist. “See this, boy. Hard as steel. And you know where it’s going?”

“In my ass, sir.”

“Damn right!”

Zack walked behind Darius and without touching him, pressed the head of his dick between the twin black globes of the boy’s ass. He said quietly, “And this is what you get for giving your master lip, boy.” With a violent thrust of his hips the rod pistoned into the boy’s ass and Darius screamed with the piercing pain, his body jerking against the ropes binding him. Zack, his cock buried deep inside his boy, now pressed his naked chest against his back, wrapped his arms round the front and squeezed his nipples.

Zack shouted, “Watch this Kyle. This is how a master fucks his boy.” The fuck was fast and furious. Again and again the powerful black bodybuilder slammed his hips forward, burying his cock deep inside the tortured ass. There was no escape for the victim, helplessly crushed by the muscular arms wrapping round him as his ass was being pounded.

Suddenly Darius’s capacity for fantasy evaporated. This was real. This was Zack, his master, punishing his ass as only he could. The pain was real too, as the iron rod rammed inside him again and again. He was helpless, at the mercy of this dominant muscle-god and he was in heaven. Always, whenever he looked at Zack during the day, this is what he visualized submitting his body to his master’s ferocious sexual desires.

Kyle had initially recoiled at the sight of the brutal penetration and the sound of Darius’s scream. But even he sensed that this was an intense expression of love between the two beautiful men. In any case, any scruples or inhibitions Kyle had were overwhelmed by the pure eroticism of the scene before him. As if in a trance he got to his feet, still gripping his cock, walked forward and dropped to his knees in front of Darius.

His gaze was riveted on the huge, black, ten-inch cock shuddering before him. As Darius was fucked from behind his body jolted forward and the stiff rod bounced inches from Kyle’s eyes. The boy was hypnotized by it. It was all he could see, all he was aware of. He saw the sticky drip of pre-cum from its tip and, leaning forward, stretched out his tongue to catch the translucent drops.

Soon his lips were round the swollen head of the cock and he was swallowing the pre-cum, intoxicated by the bitter-sweet taste. The cock pulsated in his mouth as the bound body was repeatedly thrust forward by the cock hammering from behind. All Kyle’s senses were momentarily fixated on the smell, taste and feel of the cock, but then a voice intruded. It was Zack, shouting to Darius.

“This is it, boy. You want me to give you my juice you want me to pour my cum inside your ass?”

“Yes, sir,” Darius screamed. He too had lost all sense of time or place. All he could feel was the huge cock as it pistoned inside him, and the exquisite sensation of the young mouth licking the sensitive head of his cock. “Please, sir,” he yelled again. “Shoot inside my ass, sir.”

Kyle pulled back from the cock and looked up at the sculpted, ebony features of the master as the head flew back and the voice howled. Darius felt hot liquid blast deep inside him. He felt heat rising into his groin, up the shaft of his cock. Suddenly Kyle's face was knocked backward by a powerful jet of warm juice splashing into it. It slammed onto his forehead, his eyes and over his cheeks and chin. He gasped, opened his mouth and almost choked on the flood of semen pouring from Darius's huge cock.

When their orgasms were spent there was near silence in the garden as the men fought to calm their raging heartbeats and ragged breathing. Kyle's head fell forward, exhausted, and through the film of cum over his eyes he saw at his feet a pool of white liquid. He suddenly realized it was his. In his euphoria he had been unaware that his own cock had exploded as his face was smothered in the cream from Darius's cock. He looked up again and was surprised to see Zack and Darius kissing passionately, a final display for Kyle of the intense love between master and boy.

Suddenly Kyle felt adrift. He had shot his load, his body was drained and now that he was back in the real world he wanted he needed his brother. And it was just at that moment that he heard the garden gate click, he looked up and saw Bob and Kevin walk in. He sprang to his feet and the twins stared at each other. Kevin had a glow about him after his erotic experience with Mark and Jamie and Kyle had cum running down his face.

There was a moment of uncertain silence and then laughter. The twins started to laugh uncontrollably as they were reunited and able to release all the joy and excitement of the last few hours. They fell into each other's arms and Kevin licked the cum from his brother's face. They walked back toward their guest-house, arms over each other's shoulders, but as they left they turned to smile at Bob and said in unison, "Thank you, sir."

Then they were gone, and Bob grinned at Zack and Darius. "Well they sure have a lot to talk over. Thanks for everything, guys. Seems to have worked better than I could ever have hoped for."

"Believe me," Zack said, "the pleasure was all ours, eh Darius?"

"I'll say!" Darius looked at Bob "And any time you want a repeat performance, sir, just say the word. See the way I see it, what the twins really need is"

Zack interrupted with a clip round the head. "You never learn, do you, motor-mouth?"

And so, thanks to the sexual skills of Bob's buddies, the twins' education had taken a big step forward, and from now on they were less obsessed with doing everything together. And with

the drama of Randy and Steve now settled, the group's regular routine resumed and calm was restored for now, anyway.

Zack took advantage of this lull in the group's activities to announce that he was going off on a short trip. He was taking a couple of days off work as he needed to do a few repairs on his shack in the Guadalupe dunes about three hours up the coast. It was something he'd been putting off for months and felt he couldn't delay any longer. Darius was pissed off that he had to work, but Zack suggested a solution.

"Listen, kid. "I'll go up Thursday morning on the Harley and when you get off work Friday afternoon you can drive my truck up and we'll spend the weekend together. On Sunday we'll put the bike in the back of the truck and drive home together. How's that grab you?"

Darius was thrilled with the prospect of spending time with Zack in the deserted dunes, and so when Thursday came he hugged him goodbye and, with his cock stiff in his jeans, watched the shirtless muscle-stud roar away on the motorbike. In half an hour Zack was speeding up Pacific Coast Highway, reveling in the feel of the wind on his face and chest, and the prospect of being alone in natural solitude for the next twenty-four hours.

He had missed the calming atmosphere of the deserted dunes, and his spirits rose as turned off the road and bumped over the sandy trail toward the beach. He was happy, as always, to see his old one-room shack nestled in the dunes, the place he had retreated to for weeks after the death of his wife. It was the place, also, where he had met Bob and the other guys especially Bob.

He walked round to the beach in front of the shack and gazed at the old door-frame that stood about ten yards away, an abandoned relic of an old shed that had once stood there. In his mind he saw Bob bound naked, spread-eagled in the frame, as he had been all that time ago. He could hardly believe he had done this to him, and even less Bob's reaction of sexual excitement at having his body worked on.

Zack felt his cock growing in his jeans as he ran his hands over the empty door-frame. Yeah, the hooks were still there at the top and bottom corners, and there was even a coil of rope on the old wooden patio of the shack. He came out of his trance and shook his head to rid himself of the erotic image of Bob in bondage. He had come here to work, not to fantasize.

His tools were all in the shack so he went in, stripped naked and pulled on the old, ragged shorts that were all he usually wore when he was here. Half an hour later he was hard at work, so engrossed in hammering planks over a gap in the patio floor that he was unaware of the approaching footsteps until he heard the voice over the sound of the waves.

"Hey, man. What's up?"

He lifted his head and immediately tensed. He was used to being alone, but he had dealt before with incidents of harassment by red-neck assholes who resented blacks in general, and especially a handsome, muscular black man living in the dunes. And he instantly sensed that this was one of those times. The two men who had approached definitely fit the description of rednecks tall, bearded, heavy-set, wearing black jeans, sleeveless T-shirts and heavy boots. One was older than the other probably father and son.

Every nerve in Zack's body was on alert. He replied curtly, "Fixing my shack minding my own business. What's it to you?"

"Oh, me and my boy was just passing. Thought we'd check you out."

By this time they were circling each other. Zack tried to keep both of them in his sight line, watching their every move, but he made the mistake of letting one of them circle behind him. He was about to spin round when he suddenly felt a strong arm clamped round his throat from behind in a vicious choke hold. In an instant reflex he smashed his elbow back into the man's ribs, straining to free himself. He knew he was strong enough to do that and felt the grip weaken, but suddenly the younger guy delivered a shattering forearm smash to Zack's stomach.

It was a sickening blow, knocking all the wind out of him. His body crumpled just long enough for the thug behind him to strengthen the choke hold, applying it with brutal force. Even as his mind dimmed Zack was aware that the hold was a sleeper, cutting off air, leading to blackout. The last thing he was conscious of was cursing himself for getting trapped. Then darkness closed in and his body went limp.

"Well look what we got ourselves here, as fine a nigger as I ever saw."

The rasping voice broke into Zack's consciousness and as his head started to clear his first sensation was sharp pain in his arms. Strength slowly returned to his legs and he managed to stand up straight. And it was then that he became aware of his situation. The door-frame! He was tied to the frame, his wrists roped to the hooks on the upper corners and his ankles to the bottom. He was naked, except for the ragged shorts, spread-eagled, arms and legs stretched outward, helpless before the brute sneering at him.

"See, nigger," the man snarled, "this here's a nigger-free zone whites only. We don't take much to guys your color, and when we find you trespassing here we have to persuade you to leave. Besides, we enjoy working on black boys, especially ones as pretty as you are. But me and my boy'll soon change that."

"Hey, look here!" It was the younger man, coming out of the shack, and Zack winced when he saw what he was holding. "Look what I found inside, pa. A fucking bull-whip."

The first guy threw his head back with a malicious laugh. "Well whad'ya know? The asshole even provides his own weapons." It was the same whip Zack had used on Bob all that time ago, when Bob had been in the same position Zack was in now. But then Bob had faced a friendly captor. These guys were out to do serious harm. Zack looked up and pulled at his wrists but he knew it was hopeless.

"Wow, will you look at those black muscles ripple, son. Some body he's got on him. Oh, man, am I gonna enjoy this. Here, give me that thing." The thug grabbed the whip from his son, raised his arm and brought it crashing down across Zack's chest. The pain was intense but Zack clenched his jaw, determined not to give them the satisfaction of his screams.

"Oh yeah, pa," the son said. "That body jumps real good. Do it again, pa." A second lash of the whip curled round Zack's back, making every muscle in his body flex against the pain. The magnificent black body, stretched to its limits, writhed in helpless bondage. The younger man approached and grabbed Zack's balls through his shorts, squeezing them hard.

The thug sneered inches from Zack's face as he winced from the excruciating pain in his balls, tears spurring from his eyes. "Not such a stud now are ya, big boy? You wait 'til my daddy and me's done with you and you'll be down on your knees begging to suck our dicks. Here's something to be going on with," and he spat hard into Zack's face. He smirked, watching his spit pour down over the handsome, chiseled features. "That's just the start, asshole. I'm gonna enjoy watching you crawl. OK, pa, you work on his back while I play with his balls."

Zack found out that there was no truth in the old saying that you can only feel one source of pain at a time. He felt the searing lash of the bull-whip across his back, again and again, while the agony in his tortured balls intensified. All that, and the humiliation of rancid spit running down his face as he hung helplessly from the ropes.

He saw the ugly sneer on his captor's face as the agony in his balls intensified and the lash rained down across his back. His magnificent body was writhing, streaming with sweat. Pain raged through every muscle and sinew and he knew he couldn't take much more before the welcome oblivion of unconsciousness.

Then, through the mist of pain, he heard a voice behind him. "Not bad, guys, but how about taking on someone who is not so well so tied up? Now there's an offer you can't refuse."

The younger thug let go of Zack's balls and leapt past him to attack the man who had spoken behind him. Zack's mind cleared instantly and all his senses were on alert. One thing he was sure of he knew that voice, that accent. He heard a thud behind him and the thug flew into view again, reeling backwards from an apparent fist to the jaw. His assailant lunged after him and confronted the older man. And now Zack saw his face for the first time.

It was Hassan.

The Marine, stripped to the waist, barefoot in green fatigue pants and tank top, had his hands round the throat of the older man, who was gripping his wrists, trying desperately to tear them apart. Hassan's superior strength would have made short work of him, were it not for the son who had recovered and came behind Hassan, clamping his arms round him and behind his neck in a full nelson. He dragged him backward and the father sprang free. "Hold him, boy. Hey, what's this, we got an Arab this time. OK, asshole, your turn."

Zack struggled desperately to free himself and come to Hassan's aid as he watched the thug smash his fist into Hassan's stomach. Hassan flexed his abs to absorb the blows, his shoulders and neck still held tight from behind. Then suddenly he raised both legs and slammed his feet into the guy's chest. Zack saw Hassan's eyes blaze with anger as he bent forward and launched the younger guy forward over his back, sending him crashing into the older man. But they fell on soft sand and were both quickly back on their feet, facing Hassan menacingly.

Zack held his breath as they approached and then saw something that made him realize Hassan was unbeatable. Hassan rose on his toes and, in a lightning move, he curved his leg up in a high karate kick, smashing his foot against one of the faces. Instantly he switched legs and another kick hit the second face like a rock. Stunned, the men were staggering to their feet when Hassan repeated the maneuver, sending the men spinning to the ground once more.

They knew they were beaten, but managed to pull themselves up and stagger away from the scene and along the beach. Hassan turned to face Zack. He stripped off his tank and used to it wipe the spit and sweat from his face. "You OK, man?"

"Yeah," Zack gasped. "No bones broken. Leave me, man. Get after them."

Hassan looked over Zack's shoulder and saw the two figures receding into the distance with surprising speed. Must have found a second wind, he thought, as he took off after them. He sprinted fast despite the soft sand and was gaining on them, when suddenly they turned and ran into the dunes. He lost sight of them, but followed their tracks, and when he crested the dunes he saw them stumbling into what must be their truck.

He raced forward but it was no good. They gunned the truck and sped away. Hassan hesitated, half inclined to run to his jeep and follow them. But no, he had to get back to Zack and set him free. So he went back over to the beach and started to jog.

Jesus his timing had been perfect. It was a miracle he was here at all, he thought. He had been on one of his regular visits to Vandenberg Air Force Base just down the coast. He had called Mark, as he usually did, and Mark had mentioned that Zack was at his shack in the dunes and, as it was so close to the base, suggested that if he had time he should drop by for a swim.

He almost hadn't come, but the prospect of the ocean waves after the dust of Vandenberg had been too much, so he had driven his jeep to the dunes, kicked off his boots and jogged down to Zack's place. He just hadn't bargained for all this. So much for the ocean swim, he thought.

He hadn't realized he had run this far. He could see Zack's shack in the distance and increased his pace. As he got closer the figure of Zack got larger and clearer, motionless, spread-eagled in the doorframe. As he came closer still he saw the face, the chiseled ebony features, the shaved head. He saw the near-naked body, black muscles streaming with sweat in the hot sun, arms, shoulders, chest bulging and rippling, stretched in bondage. The ragged sweat-soaked shorts hugged his waist, and his sinewy thighs flexed as the legs spread wide, ankles roped to the frame.

Hassan stopped in his tracks. The black man in bondage was magnificent. The picture was superb, an iconic fantasy, a black muscle-god in crucifixion pose. He had never seen anything so erotic except once. And he began to hallucinate.

Hassan narrowed his eyes and his mind went back several years. There was sand there also, in the desert, the Arabian desert, and the god-like man hanging before him, in chains, was Mark. The man now in front of him was gleaming black, but back then his captive had been a golden blonde, stunningly beautiful, at his mercy. And he had tortured him, whipped him and fucked him. The image made Hassan's cock rock hard in his fatigues. His mind was reeling.

At first Zack could not understand why Hassan had stopped, why he was gazing at him like he was in a trance. But as he looked at the beautiful shirtless Marine, sun and sand shimmering behind him Zack too became mesmerized. The man was spectacular, perfect physique, magnificent chest, broad shoulders, flared lats sloping down past ridged abs to the slim waist cinched by the belt of the fatigues. Zack too felt his cock growing hard in his thin shorts.

Zack shifted slightly to ease the strain in his arms and that slight movement was enough to make Hassan snap back to reality. Slowly he walked forward until he was close enough for the two men to lock eyes. Their bodies were alive as they gazed at each other, Hassan riveted by the gray eyes in the ebony face, and Zack fixed on the Marine's beautiful, slanted almond-shaped eyes.

Now they were face to face. Hassan placed his hands lightly on the sides of Zack's face, held it still, gazed at him, then leaned forward and their mouths touched. Suddenly they were in a ravenous embrace, grinding their lips together, tongues deep in the other's mouth. Hassan pressed his naked chest against Zack's, and rubbed his crotch against Zack's thin, ragged shorts.

Still in tight bondage Zack pulled at his restraints in his desire to touch the soldier's smooth olive skin. His body was on fire as he felt the bulge in Hassan's pants grinding against his. But

suddenly Hassan pulled away as reality gripped him once again and he came to his senses. "You're hurt," he said softly.

"Not anymore," Zack said. Hassan made no move to release him and Zack made no such request.

Hassan picked up the tank top he had used before and gently wiped Zack's face again. Then he ran the shirt over his shoulders, up over his arms, and took a sharp intake of breath as he wiped the sweat from the muscles of his sculpted chest. He went down over the waist, then dropped to his knees and wiped the shirt over the muscular thighs, over the calves, then bent low over the feet in an implicit act of worship of the bound god.

Hassan pulled himself to his feet and faced Zack once more. Their eyes locked again as if in anticipation of what? Many questions hovered in the warm air but none were asked. No more words were spoken. Hassan broke his gaze and walked round behind Zack. Now he worked on the back rubbing the shirt lightly over the muscles that were still striped with the lashes of the whip. He bent forward and ran his tongue over red stripes, kissing the muscles of the back that flared upward to the arms still roped to the corner hooks.

Hassan's heart was pounding. Again his mind played tricks as he flashed on the long-ago sight of Mark's golden back. It too had born the marks of the lash, it too had been stretched tight in chained bondage. And it too he had licked and kissed bringing himself to arousal before he finally, uncontrollably, had fucked the beautiful captive ass.

He stepped back and gazed at the prisoner's back not golden this time but gleaming black, a spectacular body helplessly bound before him. He lowered his eyes, touched the waistband of the frayed shorts and pulled them down over the twin globes of the perfect black ass. Hassan's body shook, he spun out of control and howled "YES!"

With the impulse of an animal in heat he yanked open his pants, pulled out his rigid cock and pointed it at the black ass. With one violent thrust of his hips he buried the pole deep inside his prisoner's ass. "Aaaagh!" Zack's scream shattered the warm air, drowning out the sound of the waves crashing on the shore. The body spasmed, the frame shook as the man writhed, pulling frantically at his restraints, trying desperately to escape the huge rod that pistoned inside him.

He struggled mightily but it was no use. The naked black muscle-stud was helplessly impaled on the Marine's iron cock.

The pain was worse than the whipping he had just endured, and shock waves flashed through every fiber of his body. He held his breath as he felt the rod pull back, slowly, further and further..... pause and then speared his ass again, deeper this time, coming to rest deep inside the furnace of his gut. Again he screamed, then almost instantly was aware of another

pain. Hassan was pressing against his back and had reached round to his nipples, squeezing them brutally, twisting them in his fingers.

Zack's chest was on fire, his ass was being plundered, and he was helpless to respond, except to scream and pull wildly at the ropes binding him. Then the fucking began in earnest as Hassan's cock became a jack-hammer, pounding the muscle-stud's tortured ass relentlessly. Zack knew he could not fight it and then he suddenly knew he didn't want to fight. This is why he had not asked Hassan to release him. He had known what would happen. And he had wanted it!

He was transformed. It was as if he was standing at a distance watching the incredible scene. He saw the black bodybuilder, the ultimate master, the boss. He was always the top man, a dominant fuck, but not this time. The Marine had found him in bondage, helplessly spread-eagled, the Marine who, in the war, was known to have chained and tortured a beautiful muscle-god to a point where the prisoner had fallen in love with him. And now it was Zack's turn, and he too felt the man's power. There was still pain but he loved it. He loved the feel of the Marine's cock as it pistoned inside his ass. He loved the fire in his chest as he flexed his pecs against the fingers ripping at his tits.

"Yeah," he screamed to the wind. "Yeah, man, fuck that ass. Punish him, man, rip that beautiful body. He's helpless man. Pound that ass make him beg for release."

The sound of Zack's voice drove Hassan wild. He hammered the ass, totally out of control as all his old instincts for pain and domination seized him. The black stud was magnificent, and he was his prisoner, bound, tortured, his ass being ravaged. The heat in Hassan's cock was incredible and he knew he was close to the end.

"OK, stud," he said. "Let me hear you scream. Let me feel that ass ride my cock. Only one way the pain will stop, man, is when I shoot my load inside you when you beg for it." He pulled his cock all the way out, then plunged it back in with a long, vicious thrust that pierced Zack's gut like a dagger. The pain was excruciating and Zack screamed.

"NO! Enough, man. I can't take any more. I give up. I submit to you, man. Please, sir, no more. Please cum inside my ass. Aaah the pain. I beg you, sir. Please shoot inside me. I submit, sirI'm begging youPlease!"

Hearing this dominant black muscle-god begging for mercy was too much for Hassan. His cock was in flames and he felt it pulse inside the furnace of Zack's ass. "OK, man," he screamed, "here it comes. Feel your master's juice. Here it is aahh"

Zack's body spasmed and writhed as his ravaged ass was brutally impaled one last time and hot liquid blasted deep inside him. His own cock exploded and shot a huge ribbon of cum high in the air, falling far away on the hot sand. It was followed by another stream of juice, and

another in a spectacular torrent of semen. His body was shaking, his eyes streaming with tears.

He felt Hassan become still and fall against his back, his cock still inside him. They were both sobbing now, in the ecstasy of release and in total confusion. Neither man understood what had happened, what dark demons they had unleashed. It was a long time before their sobs subsided, yielding to the sound of the implacable waves breaking on the shore.

Once again reality hit Hassan like a brick. He came round to face Zack but found it hard to look him in the eye. "Man, what have I done? Jesus, I just went crazy there, totally lost it I don't know I mean Zack, I am so sorry. God, are you OK?"

He was surprised, and relieved, to see Zack smile. "There's a knife in the shack, buddy."

Startled, Hassan shook himself and ran into the shack, found the knife and quickly cut the ropes binding Zack. He caught the exhausted body as it slumped in his arms. He had no idea what to do next but Zack did. He looked up and grinned. "What we need is a drink."

A few minutes later they were sitting in the old wooden Adirondack chairs on the patio swigging beer. There was silence at first, which Hassan broke with the mundane explanation of how he came to be there, his visit to Vandenberg and his phone conversation with Mark. "Seems like I came just in time. What the fuck was the story with those guys, anyway?"

"Listen, I'm black, and I run into racist assholes like those sometimes. They can't stand the sight of a good-looking black man any more than they can tolerate a black president. I was damn lucky you came when you did."

"Yeah, but then," Hassan blurted out. "You were tied up and look what I did then! I didn't release you I betrayed you. What the fuck was I thinking?" He paused. "Actually, I know what I was thinking. I was thinking of Mark and what I did to him all those years ago. What scares me, Zack, is that those demons are still inside me, and when I saw you there looking so fucking gorgeous my demons possessed me again and it was like I was back there with Mark. I had to have you, Zack, you were so beautiful, a macho top man, tied up helpless. I just lost it. I had to fuck you, to own you."

Zack smiled again. "Stop beating yourself up, man. We've all got our demons."

"Yeah, but not you."

Zack sighed deeply. "Let me tell you a story that I once told Bob. When I was a kid on a trip up north I came across a field of freshly fallen snow. It was gorgeous, perfectly smooth, glinting in the sun. But it was so beautiful I found it painful. See, I knew it wouldn't last and I couldn't

own it, so the only thing I could do was get rid of it, ruin it. Like a crazy kid I ran all over the field until the snow was just a ruined heap. Same thing whenever I see a spectacular sunset. I know it won't last that I can't possess it so I lower the window blinds and shut it out until it's gone.

He took a swig of beer, and his eyes glazed over. "And then there was Bob, another example of perfect beauty. Shortly after I met him he came to visit me here, just as you did today. And it drove me crazy. You know how gorgeous he is, fucking spectacular, and I couldn't take it. Just like the perfect snow and the sunset I had to own it, hurt it or blot it out.

"So I tied him up just as you found me tied up. I left him and ran a few miles up the beach to be alone. When I came back he was still hanging there, looking magnificent. I wasn't thinking any more. I took that same whip and thrashed him, watched that perfect body twist and writhe under the lash. Then I went behind him, saw those gorgeous white globes and fucked his ass fucked him brutally. Like you just said, Hassan, my demons possessed me and he was so fucking beautiful I had to have him, hurt him, possess him. Can you understand that?"

"Wow," Hassan breathed. "I had no idea there was anyone else felt like me. You've just described me exactly. You know, when I tortured Mark in the military he looked so beautiful hanging in chains that I knew I had to own him. I told him I was going to take him to my house in the desert, chain him up and keep him there always, so I could look at him, use him, fuck him. His beauty would always be there for me. Fortunately for both of us he escaped. But he still obsesses me, the same way you did when I saw you naked in bondage. And that's why I did what I did to you."

Zack sighed. "We're not the only ones, buddy. Look at Randy and Bob. Why do you think Randy keeps saying he owns Bob, wants to possess him why he's so paranoid about losing him? It's his incredible beauty. If Randy had his way he'd have Bob chained in the basement, just like you planned for Mark."

Another silence. They had unloaded their secrets, revealed their demons to each other and discovered they were the same demons. The pain of beauty, and the need to possess it. Their exhaustion was now emotional as well as physical, but the bond they had created was almost spiritual. Zack looked at his new friend.

"Can you stay tonight and tomorrow, Hassan? I would love your company and we have so much in common that well maybe we have unfinished business." He grinned. "Including you teaching me some of those killer karate kicks of yours."

"Tell you the truth, Zack, I would find it real hard to walk away right now after all this. Sure I'd love to stay share the night and the day with you."

"And my bed," laughed Zack. "Speaking of which Darius is due to come up and join me tomorrow evening. Be great if you could stay another night, with us both."

Hassan smiled for the first time. “Sure, if you think he’d be OK with that.”

“Are you kidding? Darius alone with a black bodybuilder and a gorgeous Marine? Hell, I can already see those fantasy wheels of his spinning off their axles.”

#

Chapter 116 – The Desperate Marine

The two men drained their beers and Zack stood up. “Now, about that swim you came here for, until you were er..... distracted.”

“Yeah, man, and you turned out to be one hell of a distraction. OK, let’s go.”

They both stripped naked and raced each other into the waves. The shock of the cool water and the joy of shared physical exertion combined to dilute the emotional intensity that had built up between them. Now it was pure pleasure, fun, as they swam powerfully side by side, testing their strength in friendly rivalry. After all the emotions they had laid bare, they were now reveling in a sensation of simple, raw masculinity.

And that’s how the rest of the day progressed. They discovered the joy of companionship, the comradeship of two spectacular males in the prime of their manhood. The air was heavy with testosterone, but for now any sexual manifestation of that was pushed to the background, (to resurface later, no doubt.) They had recently been at the pinnacle of sexual desire, driven by their shared secret appetites, and the release had been so powerful that it drained them.

Now it was time for work and play for the two beautiful men, brothers under the skin. Zack pulled on his old tattered gray shorts, stained with sweat and dry semen, and he tossed a similar pair to Hassan. The next thing he tossed him was a crowbar.

“Come on, man,” Zack said. “We can make short work of this. Need to pull up the rotten planks on the deck and replace them. They’re so worn that a man could fall through, and then we’d both be in trouble” He grinned. “Don’t think we can rely on another gorgeous Marine to pass by and come to our rescue. Too much to hope for.”

As Zack predicted, the work moved fast with so much heavy muscle behind it. Soon the superb bodies were gleaming with sweat in the afternoon sun as they tossed aside the old wood and hammered in the replacement planks. Working close together, breathing in the odor of the other man’s sweat, added to their sense of macho brotherhood. From time to time they looked

up at each other and grinned, and each time they were struck anew by the other man's beauty and his sparkling eyes that spoke more eloquently than words ever could.

They were aware, too, that each time their eyes met their cocks stirred in their shorts. Deep down they knew there was more to come, much more, but for now they were happy just to enjoy each other's company. When the work was finished they swam again, rough-housing in the waves. As they wrestled playfully they gloried in the feel of smooth flesh over rippling muscles, and the realization that they were evenly matched in strength and in beauty.

The two men dried quickly in the still-warm late afternoon, and realized they were ravenously hungry. They went inside and pulled on old cargo shorts, T-shirts and sneakers that had been lying strewn over the rumpled bed. Hassan laughed. "Messy mother-fucker, aren't you?"

"Fuck you, man, you want neatness too? Well Darius can sort all that out when he comes. Don't worry, he'll get well rewarded. Now come on, stud food!"

Zack threw his arm over Hassan's shoulder as they trudged through the sand to the nearby village of Guadalupe and the old Mexican restaurant that Zack had frequented in the past. Inside it was fairly crowded and very noisy, but a sudden silence fell as they walked in and were shown to a free table. All heads turned to look at the spectacular men, with desire in the eyes of the women customers and a good number of men too, though they would never have admitted it.

Throughout the meal, and later as they relaxed with their drinks on the newly-repaired deck, their conversation roamed wide. Zack talked a lot about his affection for all the guys in the house in L.A., and Hassan of his work for the Marines. Again they discovered that they had a lot in common and their mutual admiration and affection deepened.

It was an early night. It had been a long, exhausting day, and they were weary when they finally stripped naked and fell into bed. The air was still warm so, even though they were covered only by a light sheet, their bodies soon glistened with a light sheen of sweat. They had been too tired to shower and each man was aware of the other's musky smell. They lay on their sides, back to back, and tried to sleep.

Hassan's mind wandered over the events of the day, and inevitably the image flashed clearly into his mind of the black bodybuilder stretched in bondage, his back striped with whip marks. His mind was playing tricks and suddenly the positions were reversed, with him hanging naked and Zack standing before him with a whip. Usually his bedtime musings lulled him gradually into unconsciousness. But not this time. Quite the reverse.

He suddenly sat up. "It's no good, man. I can't help it I've got a huge boner here that won't quit. I've gotta go outside and jerk off." He was about to get out of bed when Zack pulled him back, grabbed his hand and placed it on his own cock, hard as steel.

“See, buddy. We think alike and we’ve both gotta get rid of these hard-ons before we can sleep. Two guys like us should be able to make short work of that. Here lie on your back.”

Zack twisted round so he was lying opposite to Hassan, his head at the foot of the bed. He straddled Hassan, his legs beside his head, and pushed up on his hands and feet so his body was poised over him. His stiff black cock pointed straight down at Hassan’s face, and Zack was looking down at the Marine’s rod as it stood rigid beneath his face. “A perfect sixty-nine,” he breathed. “You want it, man?”

“Oh yeah,” moaned Hassan, gazing up at the huge shaft inches from his face. Slowly Zack bent his arms and lowered himself. His lips touched the tip of Hassan’s cock at the same moment as he felt the head of his own cock being licked. Hassan smelled and tasted the pre-cum dripping from the black cock. He opened his mouth and watched mesmerized as the hips above him came lower and the huge rod slid slowly into his mouth.

Simultaneously Zack lowered his mouth onto the Marine’s shaft, so the two buddies were now feeling the same sensation as their faces were buried in damp, black pubic hair. They moaned loudly as an electric charge flashed through their bodies. Each man gulped hard, his throat muscles clenching tight round the other’s cock deep in his mouth.

Zack said he could make short work of it, and he did. He sprang into action, grabbing Hassan’s thighs, raising himself up again, then falling back on Hassan’s cock as his own tool buried itself into his mouth. Soon it was like a machine two pistons ramming into the mouths at opposite ends of the bed.

Hassan could see Zack’s muscles ripple with the exertion of raising and lowering his huge body on top of him. He reached round and slammed his hands in the cheeks of Zack’s ass, pulling them down hard, making the balls slam against his face, the smell of the pubic hair making his senses reel. They became voracious animals, gorging on the taste and smell of the other’s cock and balls.

Neither one could survive this intensity long. Already fired up simply by lying next to each other, they were now in a state of euphoria as they fucked each other’s face. Zack’s body rose and fell, more powerfully each time, and they were both gagging and choking on the hot flesh filling their mouths. Moving in perfect unison each man squeezed his throat muscles, making the cock in his mouth shudder.

And that was it. They swallowed frantically as they felt hot liquid blasting down their throats. They gulped again and again, glorying in the pungent taste of the other man’s juice. What made their bodies tremble and their minds reel was the incredible intimacy they felt with the man they had lusted for ever since they first met.

Suddenly Zack pulled himself up and spun round to face Hassan. He fell forward and locked their lips together, their ravenous embrace lubricated by the semen still filling their mouths.

They shared their own juices back and forth and the effect on them was so erotic that they felt their cocks swelling again.

Zack pulled back and laughed. "Hey, we've gotta cool it, man, or this could go on all night. Here, turn over." Hassan turned his back to him and Zack pulled his body against him, his arms wrapped round him. "That's better," Zack said. "Now we can sleep."

There was a silence as their breathing and heartbeats subsided. Just before drifting into sleep Hassan said softly, "I know you want more than that, Zack. A lot more."

"Damn right I do," Zack said. "After what you did to me today? Sure I want more and I'll get it. Tomorrow, buddy." Hassan drifted off into a fantasy of erotic images that gradually faded into a deep, dream-filled sleep.

They woke late. Their limbs were still entwined when they became aware of a shaft of sun hitting their faces. Zack came too first and looked at Hassan's body as it stirred, the olive-skinned muscles gleaming, striped with the sunlight that streamed through the slatted window blind. God, he was beautiful. This was the man who had topped him yesterday, left him shackled like a slave and fucked his ass raw. Yeah, Zack wanted more he wanted payback.

But first things first. They got up and ran straight down to the ocean for a swim to revive them. They showered together in the outdoor shower on the side of the shack, then pulled on their shorts and T-shirts and wandered into town for breakfast. They were sitting under the straw roof of the old restaurant patio when Zack's cell rang."

"Hi, boss," said the excited, unmistakable voice of Darius. "Hey, sir, Randy said I could leave at noon today. It's almost that now, so I could hit the road and be up there with you by about three if that's OK with you, sir."

Zack's face lit up at the sound of his boy's voice. "Perfect, kiddo. By the way, I have a surprise for you. Oh, and bring that camera of yours with you."

"Sure I will. I take that everywhere, sir. You never know when you'll get that perfect shot."

"Yeah that's kinda what I had in mind. See you soon, kid. Drive safe."

Hassan smiled at him across the table. "You really love that boy, don't you Zack?"

Zack grinned. "He's one in a million crazy, funny, an energetic young buck who always needs to be kept in check."

“Not to mention a beautiful young man, you forgot that.”

“I never forget that, buddy. Every time I look at him my dick gets hard. OK, back to the beach. Feel like giving me those karate lessons I mentioned?”

After their long night's sleep the men's bodies were brimming with renewed energy and they were hot for some physical activity starting with karate. Zack had been impressed by the way Hassan had made short work of his attackers the day before by dropping them expertly with his devastating karate kicks. He was of mixed Asian/Arab blood and had been raised on karate from a young age.

Zack learned fast and he was soon kicking as skillfully as Hassan. His reflexes were lightning fast and he successfully ducked the kicks Hassan aimed at him..... except for one. They had been going for some time when Hassan aimed an unexpected blow and Zack jerked his head back, but a fraction too slowly. Hassan's foot made contact with his jaw, sending Zack reeling and crashing onto the sand.

Stunned, he shook his head, rubbed his jaw and looked up at the triumphant Marine. Suddenly the friendly rivalry of the fight took on a raw edge. The blow had sharpened Zack's competitive instincts and he growled, “OK, man so you wanna play rough.” In one fluent move he sprang to his feet and aimed a kick at Hassan that hit his shoulder, so it was now the Marine who was sprawled on the sand.

Their eyes met and they both recognized the gleam of serious challenge. Like a panther Hassan sprang off the sand, lowered his head and charged forward, his shoulder crashing against Zack's stomach. In an instant they were both rolling in the sand, trading punches, grinding their muscular bodies together, first one on top pinning his opponent, then the other.

They were evenly matched and they knew it. Ever since Zack's brutal fucking by Hassan the day before the tension had been building under the surface, and it now boiled over. The testosterone was heavy. They were buddies, joined in the fraternity of shared intimacy, but part of that intimacy was an innate need to challenge each other. It was a test of their masculinity, a trial of strength, a battle for supremacy that was as much mental as a physical contest.

More than that, though, it was driven by the sexual lust they felt for each other. As muscles ground against each other and they traded blow for blow, their bodies locked together much as they had been in bed all night. Even as they had slept in each other's arms, they had felt the body pressed against theirs, felt the muscles rippling as the body stirred. And their cocks had been hard all night.

Now the fight was the inevitable physical manifestation of that latent desire. Everything had been building to this from the moment Hassan arrived. The bondage, the sex, the shared

secrets, the playful rivalry, the growing intimacy and comradeship, the shared bed all of it needed a physical climax, like a rumbling volcano whose lava has to erupt. And this was the eruption.

As the fight intensified, a new element of competition emerged. They were both wearing the old ragged shorts from yesterday, and as they grappled the thin fabric began to rip. Now they were deliberately grabbing at the shorts and as their eyes met they both knew instinctively that the man who was naked first would be the loser.

Hassan was on the bottom but his arms were free and he reached round and ripped Zack's shorts away from his ass. Zack sprang back and Hassan saw that only the waistband was left, the shredded remains hanging loose. Hassan sprang off the ground and grabbed at the torn fragments. But Zack's fists grabbed his wrists like a vice. It was a standoff as they locked eyes, faces almost touching, eyes glinting with gritty determination.

Now it was a pure trial of strength. Hassan strained to pull his hands apart but Zack held them solid. Their eyes never wavered, their muscles flexed and bulged, their heaving bodies poured with sweat. He was so close to defeat that Zack took a chance. In a split-second move he hooked his leg around Hassan's and yanked hard, throwing him off balance. As Hassan staggered backward his arms flailed. He had let go of the shorts. Zack delivered one last karate kick and just the toes made contact with Hassan's jaw, but it was enough to drop him.

As he fell backward Zack's arm shot forward, grabbed Hassan's shorts, and there came the sound of tearing fabric as Hassan crashed to the ground on his back. In a daze he looked up at the blurred image. As it came into focus he saw the black muscle-god standing legs astride, felt his sweat dripping down onto him. The handsome face was lit up by a dazzling smile and his right arm was raised in triumph, holding the shredded fragments of Hassan's shorts.

Hassan was naked. He was beaten and he knew it. But as he looked up at that incredible ebony physique, he wasn't sorry. He had known all along that he would pay for fucking Zack's ass. The man would never allow that to go unpunished. As he lay on his back on the hot sand, Hassan instinctively stretched his legs out in a V and his arms out to the sides.

It was an act of submission to the dominant man who had conquered him. He knew he was at Zack's mercy, and all his visions and dreams of the night before flooded back to him. The most erotic had been of a naked, muscular Marine staked to the ground with a triumphant black bodybuilder towering over him. And Hassan's cock was hard as steel.

Zack smiled down at the beaten man, his spectacular body spread-eagled on the sand. "Perfect," he said. "Don't move."

And a few minutes later he was still in the same crucifixion pose, except that now his wrists and ankles were roped to stakes that Zack had driven into the sand. Hassan's vision of being naked, spread-eagled and helpless had become reality. Zack was still towering over him, but now he was holding the bull-whip that the thugs had used on him the day before.

Hassan twisted his head and looked sideways at his bound wrists, pulling on them in a vain attempt to loosen them. With a mild panic of being at Zack's mercy his eyes opened wide in fear. "Are you gonna whip me, man?"

Zack's eyes blazed into his. "I should, dammit." He paused, raised his arm, and hurled the whip far away over the sand. His face broke into a malicious grin. "But I have something else in mind something more painful." He dropped to his knees by Hassan's face. "See, buddy, sometimes mental torment can be worse than physical pain. Now I'm going for a run and leave you here, helpless. And while I'm gone, you're gonna think let your mind go."

Hassan looked puzzled. "And here's what you're gonna think about," Zack continued. "I know you already imagined the situation you're in now. Probably beat off thinking about it. Well picture it now, the spectacular Marine staked out naked on the hot sand. He struggles to get free, flexing his muscles, starting to sweat. He looks magnificent, the hot, macho stud, the ultimate top man, the fighter. But he got thrashed by the big black stud and now he's tied up, at his mercy."

Hassan's cock swelled at the thought and he struggled to free his hands. But Zack continued. "You know, I had Bob in this exact position. Think of that too, Hassan, that man we all find so fucking gorgeous, staked to the ground naked, in fear of what comes next. He's afraid because I'm waiting for a buddy. The buddy turns out to be Randy and we both work on that perfect body together."

"But in the end Bob had me tied to the ground. Look at me, man, the gorgeous black bodybuilder triumphing over you, but imagine him degraded in humiliating bondage. Then picture yesterday when I was spread-eagled in the door frame, my body striped with marks of the lash." Hassan's cock was like iron and he was desperate to touch it. He had to cum. Again he struggled to free his hand. "Oh, man," he groaned. "I need to...."

But Zack cut him off. "Now here's the clincher, man, the image that's gonna drive you insane. Instead of me tied up, imagine Mark, the blond army corporal, stripped to the waist, his magnificent body chained to the wall. That's how you had him, man, that's how you tortured him, and you saw that face, the face of a Greek God, begging you for mercy as you whipped and fucked him."

Hassan moaned again and his breathing became ragged. "Now imagine that Mark never escaped, that you got him out of that prison, took him to your house in the desert and chained him to the wall in the basement. Imagine what you did to him every day imagine that

your prisoner came to like it, to want it, to need it. Hear that beautiful muscle-god in chains begging you to torture him, whip him, fuck him.”

“NO!” Hassan screamed, his cock throbbing. “Don’t do this, man. I can’t take it. Please man, release one of my hands so I can jack off. Just let me touch my dick man. I’ve gotta shoot, man.”

Zack stood up and said three words slowly “Think about it.” Then he suddenly turned and ran quickly away, into the distance until he disappeared into a haze of sea-spray and blowing sand.

The sun blazed down on the naked Marine as he struggled desperately to free himself, his muscles writhing in helpless bondage. His mind was struggling just as frantically to rid himself of the fantasies Zack had planted in him. But there too he was helpless. Far from disappearing, the images became clearer, more graphic, more erotic. He saw himself, staked to the ground, then Bob, that gorgeous stud that he lusted for in secret.

But most of all he saw Mark, all that time ago. How many times over the years had he pictured the chained god begging for release, and how many times had the erotic image made him jack off and shoot a huge load. In his fantasy he was jacking off now, the picture was so incredibly hot but he couldn’t. Once again he looked up at his wrists and pulled frantically at the ropes. “Please,” he screamed into the wind, “I need to touch my cock just once.”

As he struggled his pulse raced, his body writhed in despair and blood was pounding through his cock, gorged with semen waiting for release. The images in his mind were driving him mad he saw them all, saw Mark, saw that beautiful face pouring tears, heard him beg. Then he shook uncontrollably as he saw the climax of that scene. He had fucked Mark’s ass through the bars, tortured his tits, and watched in the mirror as the chained soldier screamed and shot a huge jet of cum across the cell in an explosion of raw animal lust.

Hassan was sobbing, his wrists raw as he pulled frantically at the ropes. He tried to cum, but needed to touch, just touch, his cock. He tried to imagine he was stroking his cock as he had done so often before, but it didn’t work. The orgasm straining for release never came. He was desperate to shoot his load but the images in his mind, no matter how erotic, didn’t cut it.

He was in extreme mental anguish. In his mind he heard Zack’s deep voice describing the brutal images. Zack he needed him only he could release him from his torment. And at that moment he opened his eyes and through his tears saw Zack standing over him, arms crossed over his chest, breath heaving, muscles pouring sweat after his run. This was the man responsible for his torment, the man he had fought, who had beaten him and staked him to the ground. He was torturing his mind, and here he was looking down at him in triumph.

Hassan's rugged face, slanted eyes, gazed up desperately at his captor. "Please, man," he groaned. "Help me. I've gotta cum, man. My cock is in agony. Please, sir. You want me to beg? I'm begging you, sir. You've beaten me, sir. You've won I submit. I beg you, sir. Please let me touch my cock."

Zack watched the naked Marine struggle, his magnificent body writhing in bondage, pouring with sweat, his handsome dark face thrashing from side to side. Zack smiled. He would not untie him but he would release him. He uncrossed his arms and held them out to the side, displaying his spectacular physique. In a trance Hassan heard the deep voice. "OK, man. Here I am. Look at me, Hassan. I am the bestI've broken you, made you beg. Now I'm setting you free. Look at me and shoot."

As the sun cast a glow around the spectacular black bodybuilder it was as if his body caught fire. He was a god, and Hassan could take no more. He pulled one last time at the ropes and gazed up into Zack's glorious face. His body shuddered, his cock jolted. "Aaaagh!" His scream shattered the warm air, challenging the anguished cries of the gulls as they swooped overhead, gazing down at the incredible scene.

Finally, at long last, Hassan's cock erupted spectacularly, shooting ribbons of cum high into the air, then splashing down hard onto his face and his chest until pools of creamy liquid were soaking his smooth olive skin. He shot another load, then more, until finally he was spent and his exhausted sobs were the only sound. He was aware of Zack dropping to his knees, cupping his jaw in his hand and turning his face toward him. The black face was wreathed in a gleaming smile.

"Now you know me, buddy. Really know me. That's what I can do. I tortured you, sent you into another world, gave you one hell of an orgasm and I didn't even touch you. Man, you're spectacular. You're my brother."

Hassan looked up at him weakly. "I love you, man. I love you."

Zack lowered his head and pressed their lips together in a long, ravenous embrace.

But Zack wasn't finished. He raised himself on his knees and expertly untied Hassan's ankles. The exhausted captive thought his arms would be next. But no. Zack was gazing down at him and it was lust that Hassan saw in the gray eyes. And then he knew.

"No, man," he said. "I can't. I just shot my load. I'm drained man, there's nothing left."

"That was my plan, buddy." Zack grabbed Hassan's legs, hooked them over his shoulders and with one huge, merciless thrust pushed his long pole dick deep inside the Marine's ass. The pain shot through him like a dagger, but it quickly dissolved into a sensation of pure euphoria.

“Oh, man!” Hassan groaned. “Jesus, your cock feels incredible. Fuck me, man. You don’t know how often I’ve jacked off thinking about that huge black cock inside my ass. You’ve beaten me Zack, you’re the best, you own my ass. Take it, man fuck it hard.”

Hassan’s pleading voice transformed Zack into a wild black stallion. As his cock pistoned inside the shuddering ass he looked down with satisfaction at the handsome, exotic face thrashing from side to side the square jaw, high cheek bones, jet black hair flying over the high forehead. Hassan looked up desperately at the black bodybuilder crashing down on him and moaned. “Man, no. I can’t cum again not so soon. I’m drained, man, finished.”

“I’ll tell you when you’re finished,” Zack said, his piston driving into the tortured ass.

Hassan was drowning in a blur of pain and ecstasy. His body was on fire, and suddenly he felt the rod in his ass shudder and explode deep inside him. He heard a scream and saw a jet of white cream blast into the air and fall back into his eyes, momentarily blinding him. In a daze he realized what had happened the scream and the eruption of semen had been his. Zack had made him shoot again. The cum cleared from his eyes, and he saw the handsome black face staring down at him with a jubilant smile.

“I knew I could make you shoot again, buddy. There’s nothing I can’t do if a guy really turns me on. And you are one hell of a fucking turn-on, stud.”

Hassan gasped as he felt the long shaft pull out of him and he saw Zack spring to his feet. At that moment they both heard the ring from Zack’s cell phone lying on the patio. Zack walked over to it and flipped it open. “Hey, kiddo, where are you? Great, perfect timing. See you in twenty minutes, then. Hey, Darius, you got your camera with you? Good boy, ‘cause I’ve got something pretty spectacular to show you.....that perfect shot you’re always looking for.”

He snapped the phone shut, walked back to Hassan and quickly re-roped his ankles to the stakes. Startled, Hassan instinctively pulled at his restraints. As the muscles flexed Zack looked down at the naked Marine, staked out bound and helpless, his magnificent body smothered in pools of cum and sweat. Zack shook his head.

“Oh man my boy is gonna go ape-shit when he sees that!”

It was always surprising how much quieter the house seemed whenever Darius left it. He had made a noisy departure in Zack’s truck at about noon, after an excited huddle with Pablo and Jamie over what the surprise could be that Zack had mentioned on the phone, and why he had insisted that Darius bring his video camera. After on-pain-of-death promises that he would bring back a video report as lurid as possible, Darius drove away.

Jamie worked for a while in the office, then Bob let him off early and, as Mark was still not home from work, the boy went upstairs to keep Pablo company in Darius's absence. Soon after that Randy came home and joined Bob relaxing by the pool. After a while Randy said, "So where are your twins? Strange for them to be gone so long. Usually they're hovering around in case you need anything."

Bob smiled. "It's called devotion, Randy. You should try it some time." Randy gave a dismissive snort. "But you're right," Bob said. "I'll go across the street and check their house."

Bob walked across Zack's garden and heard voices coming from the twins' guesthouse. He didn't want to intrude on them, so he glanced through the window first. His eyes opened wide with surprise and amusement. Kevin was lying on the bed, his arms stretched upward, and it looked as if Kyle was trying to tie his wrists together with a piece of rope. But he was making a hash of it, resulting in loud protests from Kevin.

"You're hopeless, dude. That doesn't work, look I can still get free. That can't be how Zack did it to Darius."

Bob tapped on their door and walked in. With rushed embarrassment and red faces the twins quickly separated and stood up. Kyle had neglected to hide the rope and suddenly realized he was still holding it. Busted! Bob smiled and raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"Sir," Kyle stammered. "I'm sorry, sir, but Ier I was trying to tie Kevin up." Realizing that sounded a bit lame, a hurried explanation came tumbling out. "See, sir, when I was with Zack and Darius, I watched Zack tie Darius up you know, his arms stretched up to a tree, and well, sir when I described it to Kevin it sounded kinda hot so I was trying to do it to him. We're sorry, sir."

Bob smiled. "First of all, there's no need to be sorry or embarrassed about it. It's called bondage and I agree it can be kind of hot if both guys want it. Darius told me about his scene with Zack and I sort of wish I'd been there with you, Kyle. Those guys sure know how to put on a show."

Encouraged by Bob's reaction Kevin lost his shyness. "Thing is, sir, Kyle's no good at it. I kept getting free. Do you think I mean, could you show him how to do it?"

Bob laughed. "You're asking the wrong guy, Kevin. Oh, sure, I've been involved in lots of bondage sessions. Hell, living with Randy it goes with the territory. But he's the expert. He's the one to teach you." He saw them hesitate at the mention of Randy, the rough boss who always scared them a little, even though they respected and admired him. "Here," Bob laughed, "come with me."

Randy was lying on his back on a chaise, sunning himself dressed only in shorts. His eyes were closed but he heard a sound beside him. He opened one eye and saw Bob and the twins standing beside the chaise. "What's up, guys?" he said drowsily.

Bob tried to sound serious. "Seems that the twins need your help. They think that bondage sounds cool and Kyle was trying to tie Kevin up but he was making a hash of it. They asked me to help but I told them you're the expert."

"Damn right," said Randy, opening both eyes now. He hauled himself up onto his elbows and gazed at the twins standing nervously before him. "OK, kids, you've come to the master. Now get your asses downstairs to the basement."

They looked uncertainly at Bob, who reassured them. "OK, I'll come down too. Hurry."

They scuttled off and Randy looked at Bob and shook his head with a smile. "You and those kids of yours. I heard that you recruited Mark and Zack to help with their sex education. Knew you'd have to come to me in the end."

The basement was equipped with gym equipment and a bed. Its walls had been witness to many hard-core sex exploits, especially between Randy and Bob. The twins sat cross-legged on the floor facing Randy who perched on the edge of the bed. Bob sat a distance away, a silent observer sprawled in a chair by the wall. He watched keenly as Randy looked down at the upturned faces and began his instruction.

"OK, bondage. First a few ground rules and listen up. First, every guy involved has to want it even if only deep down." He shot a meaningful glance at Bob. "And as soon as the guy who's tied up wants to stop, you stop. Now sometimes the guy says stop but he doesn't mean it it's part of the trip, so you might wanna decide on an escape word, like using your name, for example.

And here's the most important thing of all. You never, ever, let a guy tie you up unless you know and trust him. Never! If ever I hear that you've disobeyed that rule I'll personally whip your ass and then fuck it. Get it?"

"Yes, sir," they both said, their fear not entirely stifling the stirring in their cocks at the thought.

Randy pulled toward him a big leather bag he had got from the closet. "Now Bob knows this bag well" (another quick glance at him) "but for now I'm gonna just show you the ropes, as the saying goes. There's thick rope like this one, but the best is thinner cord. But that could cut the wrists so you might wanna wrap some cloth round them first.'

Across the room Bob's eyes were misting over at the sight of this rugged construction boss, who could be tough as hell, his anger legendary, now gently, patiently teaching the shy twins, who were looking up at him with riveted attention. A surge of affection swept through Bob, both for the twins and for the man he worshipped, the man who had used ropes on him many times and no doubt would again.

"OK," Randy said. "Stand up Kevin and strip naked. Might as well make this look real." Without hesitation Kevin obeyed. Although Randy was the fierce, scary boss, the boy trusted him instinctively. He was Bob's lover, after all. "Now watch, both of you." Randy took a length of cord and expertly wrapped it round Kevin's wrists. When he tied the knot he said, "Try to get free, Kevin." The boy struggled but he was bound tight.

"OK, now watch this." Randy gave a slight tug to the loose end of rope and it unraveled from around the wrists. "That's an escape knot," he said. "If ever the guy suddenly gets in trouble, panics, just a slight pull on this will set him free. OK, here we go." Randy tied a piece of cloth round Kevin's wrists, then bound them again with rope. He threw the other end of the rope up over the chin bar high above Kevin, then pulled it down and tied the other end to the boy's wrists, pulling his arms straight up.

"Is that how Zack tied Darius arms stretched upwards, tight like that?"

"Yes, sir," Kyle said, his eyes glowing, "just like that." He blushed and said, "Sir, do you think you could I mean maybe I could....."

Randy laughed. "You want the same treatment as your brother, eh? Piece of cake. Take your clothes off." In less than a minute Kyle was bound in exactly the same position as his brother, his arms stretching up to the same chin bar, both of them back-to-back. "Now, try to get free." The naked boys pulled and struggled, backs sliding against each other, their supple young muscles flexing under the overhead lights. Randy ran his hands lightly over the smooth skin of their chests, then stood back to admire his work.

He grinned at Bob. "Gotta say, buddy, your boys look pretty sensational like this. You feeling OK, guys?" He glanced down and saw both their cocks standing straight out, rigid as poles. "No need to answer that, guys," he laughed. "Now turn and face each other." The ropes above them twisted as they turned and pressed their chests together. Randy looked down at the two perfect, identical young asses. His eyes gleamed as he rubbed his jaw in thought.

"Let's see, guys, you work for Pablo and Jamie now, right?"

"Yes, sir," they answered in unison.

"So Pablo's your boss, Kyle, and Jamie is yours, right Kevin?"

"Yes, sir."

“They ever fuck you?”

“No, sir. Not yet sir.”

Randy grinned across the room to Bob. “Hey, Bob, these guys have never been fucked by their bosses. Every other guy in this house has had to submit his ass to his boss. It’s a house ritual. Gotta complete their education, buddy. Go upstairs and tell Pablo and Jamie to get down here, pronto.”

Bob glanced quickly at the twins and saw their eyes shining with excitement. He stood up and smiled broadly at Randy. God, he loved the man. As he walked past him toward the door he said softly in Randy’s ear, “You never told me there was an escape knot.”

“Yeah, well I don’t use it on you. See you’re never gonna escape not from me.”

Bob grinned, “You son-of-a-bitch,” and went upstairs for the boys.

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Chapter 117 – Roped! – The Twins – And The Soldier

Pablo and Jamie had been hanging out together and were surprised when Bob came in and said, “Hey guys, Randy wants you downstairs in the basement. He wants your help with something.” A summons from Randy always caused a twinge of excitement.

They followed Bob into the garden, headed for the basement stairs, when the gate opened and Mark walked in in his police uniform, just off work. Bob asked the boys to wait and took Mark aside. He described briefly what was happening but Mark’s first reaction was to bristle with anger.

“So Randy’s gonna use my boy?” he growled. “Without checking with me? No way, buddy!”

“Now wait a minute, Mark,” Bob said gently. “It could be a turn-on for Jamie and I’m all for it for the twins. Why don’t you come down with us and if you don’t approve you can pull Jamie out?” He grinned. “I know you’re always horny when you get off work and head straight for Jamie’s ass so maybe this’ll just warm him up for you.”

Mark relaxed a bit. “My Jamie doesn’t need any warming up, buddy. He’s always hot as a pistol when I walk through the door.” But Mark could never refuse Bob. “OK then, let’s take a look.”

The four of them went down to the basement and stopped just inside the door. Pablo's face lit up with his signature crooked smile and he said, "Dudes, that is totally awesome!" All Jamie could manage was, "Wow!" as his jaw dropped at the sight of the bound twins.

"Hey, guys," said Randy, enjoying his role as ringmaster of the circus. "Bob's twins here wanted to feel what it was like to be tied up, and I think you'll agree that they look real hot. But you know what I discovered? Even though they now work for Pablo and Jamie they haven't offered their asses to their new bosses yet. Now Pablo, I know you get fucked regularly by your boss meaning me and Jamie I assume that Mark fucks your ass occasionally."

"Try three times a day, sir," Pablo murmured grinning at Jamie.

"OK, then. Pablo, you're my boy, so you up for this?"

"I'll say, sir!" Pablo beamed.

Randy stepped back as Mark had a quiet word with Jamie. "You OK with this, kid?" he asked doubtfully.

"Absolutely, sir. I mean, that is, if it's OK with you, sir." Mark smiled and ruffled his hair, then walked across the room and sat down with Bob.

"Good," said Randy, taking charge again. "Now, Kyle, Kevin, I've told you that if the guy who's tied up wants to stop, then we stop. You don't have to do anything you don't want"

Kevin cut him off and blurted out, "But we do want it, sir." He suddenly blushed and spoke to Jamie. "Sir, remember the other day when you sat next to me at the computer showing me how to do something. Your face was next to mine and as you typed with one hand you put your other arm round my shoulder."

"Yeah and you got up real fast and went to the bathroom to take a leak."

Kevin blushed more deeply. "It wasn't to pee, sir. When I felt your arm round me, so close and all, I I creamed in my shorts, sir. I ran to the bathroom to clean up."

Mark smiled and said quietly to Bob, "No surprise there. That young stud of mine would make any guy shoot his load. Always works for me."

"OK, Kyle," said Randy. "What's your story?"

Kyle blushed as deeply as his brother. "There's been lots of times." He spoke directly to Pablo. "Like the other day, sir, when you reached up to pull on that hoist Well, sir, you were shirtless, with your dungarees tied round your waist, and you were sweating, and there was oil on your face and chest, you looked so"

“Yeah,” Pablo interrupted. “I noticed you suddenly disappeared. Thought it was because I stunk of sweat.”

“It was in a way, sir. I just had towell I went behind the fence and watched you, and I I beat my meat looking at you, sir, and shot my load all over the fence.”

Randy laughed. “Hey, you were on company time, kid! Next time Pablo turns you on like that you wait for your break before you jack off, OK?”

There was laughter all round. The atmosphere was becoming festive, and all fear and reticence had disappeared. Even Mark was enjoying himself and grinned at Bob as he got comfortable and unbuttoned his uniform shirt.

“OK,” Randy said with a flourish. “Pablo, Jamie, it’s all yours, guys. Time for you to show the twins who’s boss. Let the games begin.”

Suddenly the hesitancy was all on the part of Pablo and Jamie. They realized with a jolt that they were now acting as masters. They were the bosses of these young boys who had just confessed to lusting for them so much they had shot their loads. And now here they were, tied up, eyes shining with anticipation, waiting for their bosses to fuck them. The young masters tried to recall how their own masters, Randy and Mark, had first entered their asses. And the memory of that produced the rock hard erections they needed now.

The twins were tied back to back and watched spellbound as Pablo approached Kyle and Jamie walked slowly up to Kevin. As Randy sat and watched with Bob and Mark, all three were surprised by the tenderness their boys showed to the twins, who were experiencing a moment of panic. Realizing they were helpless they instinctively pulled at the ropes stretching their arms up to the chin bar. A second reflex was to look across the room at Bob and they relaxed when they saw his encouraging smile. If Bob was OK with this, then so were they, of course.

Jamie looked into Kevin’s eyes and said softly, “Are you sure you want me to do this, Kevin?”

“Absolutely, sir. It’s been a fantasy of mine for a long time.”

Pablo was more blunt with Kyle. “So, at last you want my dick in your ass, boy?” (“That’s my boy,” Randy grinned to himself.)

Bolder than his twin, Kyle replied to Pablo confidently, “You bet, sir. Please fuck me, sir.”

Pablo and Jamie could see each other over the twins’ shoulders and coordinated their moves. They put a hand behind their twin’s head, pulled it forward and pressed their mouths together.

All their cocks jolted as their tongues searched each other's mouths hungrily. Then the boys pulled back, grasped the twins' shoulders and turned them round to face each other as the ropes twisted above them. They looked down at the ass before them.

Pablo grinned at Jamie. "Dude! Do you see what I see? Mine's gorgeous."

A bit embarrassed by Pablo's raunchy tone Jamie said simply, "Kevin has a perfect ass. Here goes, then." He pressed the head of his dick gently against Kevin's hole and pushed, moaning as he felt it slide past the velvet membrane of the young ass. At the same time he heard Pablo's "Oh yeah, man" as he plunged into Kyle's ass, more forcefully than Jamie.

The twins' eyes opened wide and gazed at each other, their faces only inches apart. It was not only the incredible feeling in their ass that excited them, not only the knowledge that their bosses, the handsome young studs they lusted for, were finally inside their asses. What thrilled them was that they were both feeling exactly the same sensations. Each boy saw in the other's eyes the same joy, the same surge of pleasure that raced through his own body.

Now Pablo and Jamie began to fuck in earnest. With each thrust of their hips they drove their cocks in deeper, pressing the twins hard against each other. They reached forward past the boys and grabbed each other's wrists, encircling the young bodies. As they fucked, Pablo and Jamie pulled each other's arms forward for more leverage, crushing the twins between them.

Across the room the men watched in awe. "God, that's beautiful," Bob murmured and all three men ran their hands over their bulging crotches. Jamie flashed a glance at Mark and they exchanged fleeting smiles. Randy was more vocal. "Go for it, kiddo," he shouted to Pablo.

Knowing they were putting on a show for their masters boosted the rush of adrenaline in Pablo and Jamie and they increased the rhythm and power of their thrusting hips. Pressed so tightly together the twins' faces were now touching. Instinctively they opened their mouths and began kissing each other passionately as they felt their masters' rods piston inside them. They felt their hearts beating against each other as their chests heaved together.

This was a huge turn-on for the boys, seeing the twins kissing each other as they got fucked. "Oh man," groaned Pablo. "I'm not sure how much more of this I can take."

As the men gazed at the scene Bob was aware of Mark's mounting excitement. As always when he had just got off a long shift at work he was sexually fired-up and he was now riveted by the sight of his young blond surfer, his ass flexing as his hips pounded forward. Bob said in his ear, "Looks beautiful doesn't he? So go for it, man. You know you want it."

As if in a trance Mark stood up. He threw off his cop shirt, then pulled his T-shirt over his head. In the midst of their frenzied activity the four boys caught sight of the gorgeous, shirtless cop approaching and the erotic image sent a powerful charge through their cocks. Mark came behind Jamie and whispered in his ear.

“You look amazing, Jamie. And you know how I am when I’ve had that motorbike between my legs all day. You know what I need.” He ripped open his pants and pulled out his rigid dick. “I need this”

He drove his cock deep into Jamie’s ass. The boy gasped and the blow pushed him forward with such force that his cock buried deeper than ever into Kevin’s hole. It was a chain reaction. Kevin in turn crushed against his brother, who pushed backward, hard onto Pablo’s cock.

Randy sprang to his feet, dropped his shorts and went quickly behind Pablo. “Can’t let those guys have all the fun, kiddo,” he said. “We gotta get a piece of the action here.”

“You gonna fuck my ass, sir?” Pablo yelled.

“You bet your life I am.” With typical ferocity Randy plunged his cock into his boy’s perfect ass, and the tableau was complete. The rhythm was established immediately. As the boys got fucked by their masters their own cocks ploughed into the twins. It was one of those moments when the men forgot where they were or why. It was all pure sensation of flesh against flesh, man against boy.

For Pablo and Jamie especially the experience was exhilarating. For the first time in their lives they were simultaneously masters and boys. As bosses they were fucking the asses of their boys, while they themselves were boys being fucked by their masters. This merging of identities was intensely erotica dual personality the master feeling the heat in his cock and the boy feeling the cock drilling his ass

Bob began to be concerned for the twins, crushed together, almost as if each was being hammered now by two men. He got up and stood close to them. They turned to him and all his doubts vanished as he saw the wild exhilaration gleaming from their eyes. He had never seen them more alive, more beautiful. Without thinking he pulled off his shirt, unzipped his jeans and yanked out his cock that had been raging ever since the whole scene began.

“You look so hot, guys. I love watching you get your asses pounded like that. Man, you turn me on I could shoot just watching you.” By now he was stroking his cock feverishly.

It was Kyle who managed to speak between his heaving breaths. “Please cum, sir. Please shoot all over Kevin and me. Please

His pleading voice pushed Bob over the edge. He took a step back, looked at the gorgeous young bodies, their asses getting reamed, and felt heat rising from his legs, into his balls and through his cock. His eyes opened wide, he screamed and a huge jet of white cream blasted from his cock onto the twins’ bodies. Another ribbon of cum hit their faces, then another until they were streaming with their master’s juice.

Bob had set in motion another chain reaction. As the twins felt themselves bathed in cum their bodies went rigid. Their rock-hard cocks were pressed against each other's stomach and they erupted, pouring cum up between them and over each other's chests. As their bodies stiffened their asses clenched tight in a vise-like grip on the cocks inside them. They heard the screams of Pablo and Jamie as they exploded deep in their asses. Those two in turn spasmed, squeezing their masters' cocks with their asses, forcing streams of hot juice to blast inside them.

The basement had seen some pretty spectacular orgasms, but never one like this. All seven men shuddered with the intensity of their sexual release. As cocks pulled out of asses cum was everywhere, smothering the twins, dripping from the asses of all the boys and from the cocks of the men. Randy reached up to the chin bar and pulled the release cord at the twins' wrists. Their arms fell free and they threw them round Randy, much to Bob's delight.

"Thank you, sir," they said in turn. That was awesome, sir. Thank you for doing it for us. Is is it OK to say we love you, sir?"

Randy was taken aback. "Well, yeah, I guess so," he muttered. "Never thought it'd hear it, though." If Bob hadn't known Randy better we would swear that the big boss actually blushed.

Jamie was in Mark's arms and said quietly to him, "Er, was that my 'welcome home' fuck for today, sir?"

"You know me better than that," the cop smiled. "Come upstairs. Time to make love and this time I want that ass all to myself."

As they left Randy threw his arms round Bob and Pablo. "You son of a bitch," Bob said to Randy. "You never cease to amaze me, man."

"Me too," Pablo chimed in, feeling pleased with himself. "Pity Darius wasn't here with his camera. You wait 'til I tell him what he missed."

"Oh," Bob said, "I wouldn't worry too much about that guy. I have a feeling Zack's giving him plenty to make his cock hard up there in the dunes. Plenty to point his camera at, too."

In fact as he drove north Darius had not spared a thought for the guys he had left behind in the house. His thoughts were all focused on Zack. Actually, much more than mere thoughts. His imagination was in overdrive and he fantasized about the surprise his master had promised.

Darius still assumed that he would be alone in the dunes with Zack, a thrill in itself, and his mind created larger-than-life pictures of how the black muscle-stud would treat him. Tie him up, probably. Then he frowned no, that can't be it. He made sure I was bringing my camera, but how can I film stuff if I'm tied up?

After a long fantasy-filled drive he saw the turn-off from the highway and his heart started to race as the truck bounced over the sandy path to the shack. As he got close his dick stiffened the instant he saw the stunning body of the black bodybuilder, naked except for an old pair of loose shorts.

Much as the spectacular image turned him on, Darius's next feeling was one of disappointment. Zack was working, stacking old broken planks in a heap. He had said he would be making repairs to the shack, replacing the deck, so this must be it. Was that the surprise putting him to work as Zack had once done before when he made him dig a trench to toughen him up? All his exaggerated fantasies caved in on themselves. Ah, well, never mind. Being here with his gorgeous master was more than enough for him. Darius stopped the truck and leapt down.

Zack strode over to him and threw his arms round him in a tight bearhug. It was like an electric charge shooting through Darius's body as he smelled Zack's sweat and felt the damp flesh of the muscular body embracing him. Yeah, this was enough, alright! Who needed surprises when he had a god like this all to himself?

Zack's handsome face was lit with a gleaming smile. "Great to see you, kid. Good trip? Come inside and get comfortable." He threw his arm over the boy's shoulder and they went into the cool dimness of the shack. "Get out of those city clothes, kiddo. Here, find yourself a pair of shorts from the pile over there."

Darius went to the bed and was surprised how messy it was, strewn with old clothes. It flashed through his mind that there sure was a lot of gear there for one guy, but the thought vanished instantly, he was so excited to be here with Zack. He quickly got naked and as he raked over the pile of old clothes, smelling vaguely of sweat and even old semen, his cock got hard again. He was relieved to find an old pair of shorts and pull them on to hide his erection.

"You need a beer," Zack laughed. They went out to the patio and Darius took a long, deep breath of sea air. Zack produced two beers and they sat in the weather-beaten Adirondack chairs. Darius was content to sit and get acclimatized to the sights and sounds of this remote and lovely place, but he noticed that Zack was looking at him with a strange smile kind of mysterious conspiratorial even.

Darius gulped his beer down fast, and Zack said, "You bring your camera with you?"

"Of course, sir. It's inside. I'll go get it." He ran inside the shack, pulled the camera from his backpack and came out to show Zack.

"Great," Zack said. "You told me you're always looking for that perfect shot so why don't you stroll along the beach and see what you can find. You never know."

Still sensing something weird in the air Darius did as he was told. Beach views were not exactly what he had in mind. Wouldn't make much of a show for the guys back home but hey, what the hell? He trudged through the sand and had only gone a few yards when he heard what? heavy breathing? He walked in the direction of the sound and then stopped dead in his tracks. He blinked, shook his head. Couldn't be! His imagination was playing tricks. Must be a mirage or something.

But it was no mirage. It was Hassan! "What the fuck?" he gasped, as his cock sprang to attention in his shorts and his knees went weak. The sight was unbelievable pornographic.

The Marine was naked on his back on the sand. His muscular body was spread-eagled like it was being crucified, legs splayed in a V and arms stretch straight out to the sides. But most spectacular, his wrists and ankles were tied by ropes to stakes driven into the sand and the body was smothered in what had to be pools of cum. The sinewy, bulging muscles gleamed with sweat under the hot sun. The beautiful face had fallen to one side, eyes closed, and the chest heaved with deep breaths. He was asleep.

Darius just stared, still as a statue. He had met Hassan before, of course, first at the gym, and then at the house with the other guys. Shit, Randy had once even made Darius fuck him. But he had never spent any real length of time with him and had certainly never seen him like this even *his* fantasies never stretched to this. The boy's cock was pulsing and he thought he would cream in his shorts just looking down at the bound muscle-god. But then he heard a soft voice over his shoulder.

"Superb, isn't he?" Darius turned and threw himself in Zack's arms, burying his face in his shoulder. It was partly gratitude to his master, but mostly he needed momentary relief from the unbearably erotic sight. "I said I had a surprise for you," Zack smiled. "Told him you'd go ape-shit."

Darius came to his senses and stammered. "But, how I mean, like how did he why is he.....?"

"Sshh," Zack said. "No questions yet. I need this on film, kiddo."

Suddenly Darius snapped to and became the seasoned photojournalist on the best assignment of his life. He knelt down, raised the camera to his eye and went close on the exotic, sculpted face. He stood up slowly, pulling back, revealing first the gleaming chest, the washboard abs, then back further to include the muscular arms and legs and the bound wrists and ankles.

He gasped and tried to keep the camera still as the beautiful face moved. In his deep exhausted sleep Hassan had become dimly aware of sounds around him and he drifted slowly back to consciousness. Disoriented, his first reflex was to pull at his bound wrists trying to

free himself. "Oh, man," Darius groaned as he saw the muscles flex, the biceps bulge and the helpless body writhe on the sand.

Slowly Hassan opened his eyes and one by one the memories came back. He remembered the fight, how Zack had beaten him and staked him to the ground. He heard again Zack's voice planting visions on his mind, visions of men in bondage of Zack himself getting whipped of Bob who had been staked out just like this and then of Mark, beautiful Mark, chained to the wall and tortured. Hassan felt again the urge to touch his cock and shoot but he was helpless, just as before when he had suffered the agony of a bulging cock without being able to touch it for release.

Finally he recalled the huge load of cum that blasted from him as he saw the black muscle-stud standing over him. After that, Zack had untied his legs so he could fuck him and Hassan could still feel the sensation of the huge black club in his ass. When it was over Zack had re-tied his legs and it was then that he had fallen into a deep sleep of total exhaustion.

Now he looked up at not one black stud but two Zack and his boy, towering over him like black marble statues. He felt his cock stir and quickly grow hard. Still dazed he had no inhibitions and murmured, "I have to shoot, man. I have to cum again. Please man."

"All in good time," said Zack gently. "You'll shoot another load, I promise you. But right now you're there for the pleasure of my boy. Go for it, kid."

Darius again raised the camera to his eye, but he had the same overwhelming need as Hassan. He hadn't masturbated ever since Zack had left the day before. The long drive up, the erotic fantasies, had built up a head of steam in him that had to erupt. And now this the magnificent naked soldier, staked to the ground, spread-eagled the ultimate pornographic fantasy.

"Sir," Darius pleaded with Zack. "Sir, I have to cum too. Any minute now I'm gonna cream my shorts. Please, sir."

"Hey, kiddo, it's your show. OK, boy, let's do it."

Zack dropped his shorts and Darius did the same, laying the camera down on the sand. Hassan looked up and saw the two naked black men stand one on each side of him. The sun behind them bathed them in an ethereal glow, like they were gods, or the devil maybe both. Again he pulled hard at his restraints, longing to touch his cock. His handsome face flew from side to side, black hair flying, slanted eyes wet with tears.

The sight of the beautiful Marine struggling helplessly, his muscles flexing, gleaming wet, his body writhing on the sand, was all it took for Darius. "I can't stop, sir. I'm sorry, sir. I have to shoot now."

“Right there with you, boy,” yelled Zack, and the two men held their cocks as they erupted with streams of hot juice that blasted high in the air, then slammed down on the body of the tortured Marine. Hassan was hypnotized by the sight of the two black studs, their huge cocks gushing semen down onto him. That was his last sight as cum splashed into his eyes and he felt his body go rigid. He screamed as his own cock exploded, pouring more rivers of cum into the pools on his chest.

Darius’s chest was heaving, his cock dripping with the last of his juice, as he gazed down in disbelief at the spectacular Marine drowning in cum. Zack roused him from his trance. “How was that, kiddo? I told you I had a surprise for you.”

“Awesome, sir,” Darius said. “Totally awesome. The guys’ll be beating off to that movie forever.”

By now Hassan had been staked to the ground in the same position for a long time. He should be begging for release but he wasn’t. He lay there gazing up at the man and his boy who had drenched his naked body in semen and still towered over him. His overwhelming feeling was one of total degradation and, against all reason, that feeling was making his dick hard again.

His mind flew back to other times when he had been beaten and humiliated first by the young army corporal Mark who had thrashed him and left him soaked in cum, and years later by Randy who had taken revenge for Mark. Randy had chained and whipped him, then left him broken in the mud, his body soaked.

It was one of Hassan’s darkest secrets that memories of those humiliations had caused him to masturbate often in the privacy of his imagination. Hassan knew what a stunningly beautiful man he was and he had pictured that powerful, macho top-man being humiliated by another dominant stud. He had often jerked off as he looked at his own magnificent body in the mirror and imagined it bound, degraded and soaked. He had no idea why, but that image was one that always roused his sexual hunger. And it did so now. And now it was real!

He knew how he looked to the men standing over him. He saw the scene clearly in his mind’s eye. And it made his dick hard. He had already shot his load but there was more. There was one last indignity that Mark, and later Randy, had forced on him, and it was the memory of that that always made his cock explode. And that’s what he wanted now from the two black men. He craved it as the final act of submission.

Zack looked down at him and sensed something of Hassan’s thoughts. It was almost as if he was reading his mind and Zack’s speculation was confirmed when he heard the Marine’s pleading voice.

“It’s not over, man. Finish me off, degrade me. I’m at your mercy. Please, I need it. I need to feel it. I need to cum one last time. Please, sir.”

“You hear that, boy?” Zack said to Darius. “The final act, then. Just follow my lead.” He stood beside the cum-soaked body, took hold of his cock and pointed it downward. Darius trembled as he finally guessed what was about to happen. He watched spellbound as drops began to ooze from his master’s cock. They stopped, then Zack’s cock sprang to life and a stream of rancid yellow liquid poured from him, gushing straight down onto the naked soldier.

Darius had not pissed since he had left the house hours ago, even after the beer he had drunk with Zack. Now his huge ten-inch cock trembled and, like a hose being turned on full-blast, a huge jet of piss blasted from it, smashing down on the bound muscle-stud with a force that hurt.

“YES!” Hassan screamed as he looked up at the two black men and saw the golden rain streaming down on him, felt it splash on his body and face. He went wild. “Oh, man I love it. Yeah, piss on me guys. Soak that gorgeous body. Come on, guys. More! Humiliate that fucking pig soldier.”

He got his wish. Watching the muscular body writhe, hearing the spectacular Marine beg to be humiliated, drove Zack and his boy wild. Like a cloudburst, the torrent kept coming, raining down on Hassan, growing in strength and volume. He was being soaked and soon his face and chest were streaming, his black hair saturated, spraying liquid as he shook his head.

Darius was mesmerized as he saw piss pouring over the straining muscles of the spread-eagled soldier. The streams were endless and it seemed that the gorgeous muscle-god was drowning in urine. He saw the ecstasy in the exotic face as Hassan lost all control and screamed to Zack, “Yeah, finish me, man. Look at that naked body, soaked in piss. You’ve broken him, man.” He was sobbing now. “Thank you, sir. It’s what I needed. I submit.”

Then, finally all was still, except for the sobbing of the broken man. Zack and Darius were like statues gazing in awe at the magnificent sight. Instinctively Darius picked up his camera and took final shots of the handsome muscle-god lying staked out on the sand, his glorious body soaked with pools of piss and cum. Then he put down his camera as if in deference to the man who had suffered so magnificently.

As if from a great distance Hassan heard the voice of Zack speaking to his boy. Zack grasped Darius’s shoulders and looked gravely into his eyes. “Darius, I love this man like a brother. What he has suffered, what he needed to suffer, I was able to give him. I fed his hunger. And now I owe him peace and serenity. While we are here you will be his boy as well as mine. You will do whatever he tells you. You will serve him in every way. If he wants to fuck you, you give him your ass. Is that clear?”

“Absolutely, sir. It will be an honor.”

Zack walked away and Darius knelt beside Hassan. He ran his hand over the soaking chest and face and said quietly, “Sir, I think you are just spectacular. I have never seen a sight like that. Zack has ordered me to be your boy, and that will be my privilege, sir. One thing, though. Sir, may I kiss you?”

For the first time Hassan smiled. “I will be disappointed if you don’t, young man.”

Darius bent low and pressed his mouth against Hassan’s. Then he kissed his face, his eyes, licked his cheeks and neck, reveling in the taste of sweat, semen and urine. Quickly he untied the ropes and massaged the soldier’s chafed wrists and ankles. He put his hand behind Hassan’s back and helped him to sit up.

“Sir,” Darius said. “Might I suggest a swim, sir?”

“You read my mind, kid,” said Hassan. He stood up and leaned on Darius to regain his balance. A minute later they were running down to the surf and they heard Zack’s feet pounding behind them. Soon all three were in the waves, washing away all thoughts of conflict, punishment, degradation. It was as if they were being cleansed of their demons, purging their darkest longings and secret desires. The cool water was like a baptism, a new beginning, a release from their sexual cravings until the next time.

When they came out of the ocean Darius ran ahead to bring them towels from the shack and they dried off. Zack and Hassan sat on the deck while Darius brought them fresh shorts and tank tops and two cold beers. Then he went back inside to tackle the chaos of the bed. As he picked up the men’s soiled clothes he pressed them against his face, breathing in the smell of male juices. His cock got hard, a condition that was to persist for the rest of their stay.

This in itself was a fantasy for Darius, a slave to the two men, serving the needs of the beautiful black man and the gorgeous Marine he called brother. He knew what was in store for him and he couldn’t wait!

So he cleaned up the bed, put on fresh sheets, then investigated the food Zack had brought with him. There was enough for a snack, which he served to the men outside. Sometime later they all got dressed and walked into the village for dinner. In the restaurant Darius watched all the admiring heads turn, as they always did for Zack and Hassan, and he was bursting with pride to be seen with these men.

He was in heaven as he sat and listened to their conversation. No more the smart, cocky young stud he usually was, he loved the role of respectful boy, subservient to the whims and desires of these glorious men.

It was when they got back to the shack that his full duties became apparent. Zack smiled at him. "Love what you did to the bed, kid. You wanna share it with us?" Darius's beaming face was the only reply they needed. Soon the three men were lying naked on the clean, cool sheets, tired but not quite ready for sleep.

Zack smiled at Hassan. "You wanna go first, buddy?"

"Absolutely. On your back, boy."

Darius turned onto his back, Hassan pushed his legs up and eased his cock inside him. Darius gazed into the exotic, slanted eyes and sighed deeply as he felt the soldier's cock inside him. He moaned as Hassan massaged his ass, but soon he heard, "Hey, shove over, man. Let me get a piece of the action." One cock pulled out of the boy's ass as the other slid in, a sequence that was to be repeated many times.

Darius was in a heaven he could not have dreamed of. He had the night of his life.

The rest of their time in the dunes was magical. Finally, sometime in the afternoon, Zack said to Hassan, "Listen buddy, I know you're anxious to get back and spend time with Mark. You're going back in your jeep, and I'll drive Darius back in the truck. But I was thinking of spending another night here with my boy have some time alone with him, get re-acquainted with the cocky, loud-mouthed young buck I used to know. That OK with you, kiddo?"

"You know the answer to that, sir," Darius beamed.

It was true that Hassan was longing to see Mark again and he said, "I called Mark and he'll be out late with Jamie, but there'll be somebody to let me in until they get back, no?"

"Sure," said Zack. "Randy said something about doing a night job with Pablo on one of the sites, but Bob will be at home and there'll be the twins to take care of you both. You haven't spent much time alone with Bob I know, but this'll give you a chance to get to know him. You'll like him he's a terrific guy, not to mention insanelly beautiful."

He detected a slight hesitation in Hassan. "Don't worry, man. Alone with Bob is no hardship believe me." He laughed. "As long as you don't fuck him. Don't think Randy would be too thrilled about that."

Darius was watching carefully and saw Hassan take a sharp intake of breath. As always the boy projected into the future, and what he saw there was actually not too wide of the mark.

#

Chapter 118 – Hassan and Bob

Hassan quickly stuffed his few clothes into his kit-bag and threw his arm round Zack in a long heartfelt embrace. His voice choked as he said, “I don’t have to thank you, buddy you know what I’m feeling. We did things here that I’ll remember always.”

“And jack off to a lot, sir, I hope.” That was Darius.

“See,” Zack laughed. “What did I tell you? the mouth is back!” He clipped Darius round the head. “About time I took you in hand again, boy.”

Darius grinned and saluted. “Whenever you’re ready, sir.”

Hassan was still chuckling as he drove the jeep over the sandy track back to the highway. Zack and Darius were a perfect couple and he promised himself he would see more of them.

He had been right about the memories too, which still crowded in on him as he sped down the coast highway. He remembered his first sight of Zack, roped to a doorframe being whipped by a couple of local thugs. Hassan had beaten the thugs off but then could not stop himself from fucking the ass of the bound, naked black stud.

He had enjoyed the time he spent with Zack, getting to know him, and he felt his cock stiffen as he recalled how their friendly macho rivalry had ended in a karate fight that Zack won. Then there flashed into his mind the erotic image of himself, the naked Marine, staked to the ground, struggling to free his hands so he could jack off. That fantasy faded into a picture of Zack and Darius standing over him, with streams of cum splashing down on him from their huge cocks.

He sighed deeply. Cheeky as Darius had been, the boy had been dead right. Hassan knew he would jack off many times fantasizing about this extraordinary trip.

And now what? “Mark and Jamie,” he said out loud to himself. “Can’t wait,” and he instinctively pressed harder on the gas pedal. He was totally in love with the gorgeous blond cop with the body of a Greek God, and he had come to love his boy Jamie too. Pity they wouldn’t be home yet to greet him.

Still, Bob would be there. Bob. Suddenly the business executive’s handsome Superman features flashed into his mind and his cock got hard. “Shit,” he said out loud, willing his hard-on to go down. He knew Darius had noticed his double-take when Zack had said, ‘Alone with Bob is no hardship he’s a terrific guy, not to mention insanely beautiful. Just as long as you don’t fuck him.’ Damn right, Hassan thought. He had no wish to tangle again with Randy.

He remembered looking up into that gorgeous face as Bob had tended to him after he had been viciously beaten by Randy. Then the patient way Bob had brokered a peace between him and Mark and arranged his return to the house. And suddenly, that's what he needed Bob's quiet wisdom, his patience, his smile and his beauty. After the rugged physical action of the last few days Hassan needed to relax for a few hours, unwind, and Bob was the ideal companion.

And this time, as he pressed his foot on the gas, the face that flashed before him was Bob's.

Finally he exited the Golden State Freeway and took Figueroa to the Mt. Washington area. As he drove up the narrow winding roads, lined with dense trees, he was aware that his heart was pounding. The tough, fearless soldier was nervous! 'Of what?' he asked himself. 'For God's sake get a grip, man.'

He heard the crunch of gravel under the tires as he pulled up at the gate. He switched off the engine and sat for a minute in the silence to calm himself. He jumped down, pressed the bell at the gate, and braced himself, waiting for Bob to open it.

In the kitchen, the twins were making a start on dinner. Kevin had finished work in Bob's office upstairs and Kyle had just got home from the construction site, leaving Pablo and Randy who would be working late there. Bob had told them Hassan was coming by to see Mark and would be staying to dinner. When they heard the bell ring the twins both ran out to the gate and flung it open.

They had met Hassan before, of course, but they gulped, wide-eyed, as they saw the tall, muscular Marine in his khaki fatigues and tank top. Hassan had been expecting Bob and he flashed a smile at the twins, relieved in a way that it was them. "Hi, guys. Hassan. Remember me?"

"Of course, sir," said Kevin. "As if we could ever forget," grinned Kyle, bolder than his brother. "You know that Mark and Jamie won't be home for a few hours but Bob's here, upstairs in his office. I'll tell him you're here. If you care to sit by the pool we'll bring a beer out to you."

Hassan was intrigued by the change that had come over the twins, self-assertive now, much different from the shy kids he had first met. Bob had mentioned that he was going to teach them a few things and it had obviously worked. Bob. Again the thought of him made Hassan's pulse race despite his effort to relax. Kevin brought him a beer and then went back into the house. There was a long wait until finally Hassan heard a door close upstairs.

Bob came striding out of the house, smiling, and Hassan stood up. God the man was gorgeous, the kind of beauty that always takes you by surprise no matter how well you know the

guy. He was dressed simply in jeans, loafers, and a white V-neck T-shirt that stretched over his chiseled torso, doing little to conceal the muscles rippling underneath.

Bob, too, felt a tremor run through him as he saw again the dark, exotic face and sinewy body of the Marine. He came up to him and they fumbled the handshake. Bob held out his hand in the traditional way and Hassan went to bump fists. The resulting muddle ended up with an embarrassed half-hug. They were both blushing as they separated and smiled nervously.

“Sorry it took me so long to join you,” said Bob, recovering himself. “Chatty client couldn’t get him off the phone.”

“No sweat,” said Hassan and he held up his beer. “The twins have been taking care of me.”

As if on cue the twins came out with a beer for Bob and a tray of warm appetizers. “Thanks, guys,” Bob smiled. “You’ve met Hassan, right?” He blushed again at his clumsiness. “Of course you have you let him in.”

The two men smiled at each other, tacitly acknowledging their shared nervousness. After that they relaxed and it didn’t take long for them to swing into an easy, comfortable conversation. Hassan commented on the change in the boys and Bob described some of the unconventional sex lessons he had given them. Hassan was full of his trip to the dunes, though he omitted some of the wilder details of the things he had done with Zack and Darius.

“Hey,” Bob said suddenly. “Where are my manners? You must be hot and sticky after your long drive. Come on, man, into the pool.”

And it was then, as they watched each other strip, that their sexual arousal really began. Almost naked, a cautious modesty made both men keep their shorts on. They dived into the pool and, as their bodies touched under water, what had thus far been a mounting desire now became a physical ache. They shot to the surface and flashed excited smiles at each other. They began rough-housing, their bodies sliding together as they wrestled in the water.

Hassan broke free and swam away, but Bob caught up with him and threw himself on him, dragging them both underwater. They were locked together now, their faces inches apart and the inevitable happened. Their mouths clamped together and they began a passionate embrace that began underwater and continued as they broke through the surface. They treaded water and kept their mouths locked, tongues searching hungrily inside.

Finally they broke free, and embarrassment brought a return to modesty. Feeling himself in dangerous territory Hassan pulled himself out of the pool and threw himself face down on a chaise. There was a thump next to him as Bob dropped onto the adjoining chaise. Resting their chins on the cushion they stared straight ahead, trying not to think or to feel. They made no mention of the kiss, but the subject could not entirely be avoided and Hassan tried an oblique approach.

“So, you and Randy. You two are so close, so into each other, that I guess well, I don't quite get your relationship.”

Bob grinned. “You think we do? We have feelings for each other that defy explanation.”

“He pretty much keeps you exclusively for himself, eh? Almost like he owns you.”

Bob grinned. “Huh ‘owns’ has become a dirty word. Randy used to say it a lot but we went through hell and high water to sort all that out, including some pretty serious beatings by him.”

Hassan stiffened. “Jesus Christ,” he breathed. “If you were my man I'd make damn sure no one ever hurt you.” There was a long silence as the phrase ‘*if you were my man*’ hung in the air. Then Hassan hit the subject they had both been circling. “So, is Randy OK if you ... well see another guy.”

“Sure,” Bob said. Then more tentatively, “Well, yeah I guess so. I mean, like I said, we kinda worked all that out. After all he fucks other guys so

“What's good for the goose” Hassan grinned. “But you said ‘*kinda* worked it out’. Doesn't sound too ‘worked out’ to me. Still a bit of a minefield, I reckon.”

“Listen,” Bob said defensively. “I'm my own man, buddy. Hell, look at me! Do I strike you as a guy who lives under the heel of another guy?” Hassan smiled and Bob became more assertive. He needed to demonstrate his independence.

“Tell you what. This weekend I have to go down to San Diego to visit my firm's regional office there. As senior vice president I go down there about once a month just to crack the whip a little” he grinned “if you'll pardon the expression. I'll be staying in the Westgate Hotel so why don't you come down and we can have drinks, or dinner? I could use your company after those stuffed-shirt old corporate types droning on all day.”

“The Westgate! Wow, you really live it up, don't you? Well, sure. It's not much more than half an hour from Pendleton so I could do that easy. Be great.” He smiled as the prospect grew on him. “It's a date then provided I can dig out an outfit that's smart enough for the Westgate.”

In his enthusiasm he turned over onto his back, then realized that his cock was standing up straight like a tent-pole in his shorts. He blushed, but Bob turned over too and looked down at his own tent-pole. “See, we think alike, buddy,” Bob laughed.

The twins came out of the house with trays but stopped at the door and hesitated as they instinctively sized up the situation. “You think they need anything else?” asked Kevin.

“Nah,” said Kyle. “Only thing those guys need right now is each other.” So they went back inside.

Bob and Hassan were still embarrassed by their obstinate erections, but just then they heard Jamie’s excited voice. The gate opened and he came in with Mark, back from the movies.

Bob grinned at Hassan. “Saved by the bell!”

As they walked toward them Mark and Jamie could hardly be unaware of the stiff dicks under the men’s shorts. Hassan leapt to his feet and was relieved that Jamie ran to him and hugged him, masking his erection. Hassan shook hands with Mark and there was an almost visible flash of sensual desire that shot between them. It was certainly not lost on Jamie.

He thought fast. “Sir, why don’t I go and see if the twins need any help in the kitchen? Then I’ll come and tell Bob all about the movie we just saw.”

As he ran off Bob grinned as he hugged Mark. “Perceptive kid you’ve got there, Mark. OK, you two get out of here and get re-acquainted.” There was a special bond between Bob and Mark and he watched with mixed emotions as Mark and Hassan disappeared into the house. He sat down again and nursed his beer.

Jamie reappeared and sat next to him, chattering excitedly about the movie they had been to “but see, it was so cool how this dude that everyone thought was the crook turned out to be an undercover cop and.....” But all Bob heard was the hazy sound of Jamie’s voice in the distance. His mind was fixated on the reunion upstairs of Mark and Hassan.

Hassan was lying on his back on the bed when Mark came out of the bathroom and looked down at him. “Sorry I wasn’t here to meet you, buddy, but I’d promised Jamie a trip to the movies. Still, I couldn’t help noticing that you and Bob were getting on well in my absence.”

Hassan thought he detected a slight edge to Mark’s voice and deflected the comment. “Yeah, but it was you I came to see, Mark, you know that.” As he watched Mark slowly undress Hassan became mesmerized as always. Instinctively Mark was putting on a show. Aware of the physical attraction between Hassan and Bob, his impulse was to show Hassan who the real prize was. He pulled off his T-shirt, over his washboard abs, over the chest, up off the shoulders and stood stripped to the waist.

Hassan gasped. “Man, I spend a lot of time imagining your body, beating off to it, but the reality is always finer than anything I can imagine. You’re fucking spectacular, Mark.”

Mark just smiled, gratified that his show was working. He kicked off his sneakers and dropped his jeans and shorts. Naked now he stood at the foot of the bed and held his arms out to the side like a Greek statue. Hassan gazed up at the superb physique, the stunning face with its square jaw, high cheek bones and shock of blond hair. "God, that's beautiful," he moaned. He didn't care that once again his cock was standing up rigid in his shorts.

Mark looked down at the tent-pole and again there was an edge to his voice as he said, "There you go again, buddy just like you did with Bob."

He leaned forward and his eyes glinted as he grabbed the shorts and ripped them clean off Hassan's body. Without missing a beat he knelt on the bed, thrust Hassan's legs in the air and speared the ass with his cock, driving it deep inside with all his strength. Hassan's eyes opened wide with shock and he howled with pain.

This was a new Mark. Usually he fucked gently, tenderly, his eyes smiling. Not this time. Something inside him made him act more like the authoritarian cop asserting himself as the boss, the law. Usually he acted rationally, but now he was impulsive, driven by the image of Hassan and Bob sitting close together with huge erections. If he had thought more he would have controlled his reflexes. But Mark wasn't thinking Mark was fucking.

Hassan's howl died down to a plea. "Hey man, easy, go easy. Shit that hurts." But it was as if Mark hadn't heard and he pounded the soldier's ass like a stallion. Something had snapped in Mark and he was being driven by totally irrational fantasies. Bizarre images flooded his mind of Hassan with Bob. Would Hassan chain Bob to the wall, torture and fuck him as he had Mark himself so long ago? Would he whip that gorgeous body, make him beg for release? Bob was Mark's friend, a man he worshipped, could easily have taken as a lover. And the mere possibility of him being seduced by Hassan drove him wild.

He leaned forward and twisted Hassan's nipples hard, never letting up on the savage pace of his rod plundering the captive ass. Hassan was scared now. "Man, please, I can't take this. Your cock is ripping me open man. Please, I aaah!"

Somehow his scream pierced Mark's consciousness, and the exaggerated images all dissolved. He looked down at Hassan and saw only the handsome face he had come to love and respect. His mind jolted back to what was real, reasonable, and instinctively his brutal fucking slowed to the gentle massaging action familiar to both men. They gazed into each other's eyes as if welcoming the return of a friend.

Now that the pain had stopped Hassan felt the thrill of having seen and felt the handsome police officer as a man of ferocious action, dominating, steely-eyed. "God, man, that was spectacular," Hassan breathed.

Hearing Hassan's exhilaration made Mark's cock pulse and he gazed into the slanted dark eyes. "I'm gonna cum inside you, man," Mark breathed. "You're so fucking gorgeous you're

gonna make me cum.” He felt the heat rising from his balls, surge through his cock and blast into the shattered depths of the soldier’s ass. At the same time the sight of Mark’s stunning face made Hassan release his own flood of semen that poured over his sweat-soaked chest.

When their juices were spent they gazed at each other in wonder, not sure what had just happened. Hassan’s eyes were shining. “Man, I haven’t seen you like that since well, since that night all those years ago when you fucked me and left me chained in that prison cell. You were awesome, man. I love you, Mark.”

Mark fell forward onto him and they embraced each other passionately, grinding their bodies together to prove to each other the depth of their feeling. But then they were interrupted. There was a soft knock on the door and Jamie’s hesitant voice said, “Sir, it’s me. Is it I mean, is this a good time to.....”

“Hell, yes,” Mark barked, leaping to his feet. Jamie! Just what they both needed right now. He yanked open the door and took his boy into his arms. “Perfect timing kiddo.” Jamie held out a six-pack of beer he had been carrying. “I brought this too, sir.”

“That’s my boy!” Mark laughed. “Now come and get re-acquainted with your soldier friend here.”

It was not only in that room that Hassan was the center of attention. In the adjoining house Bob was lying alone on his bed obsessed with the same object of desire. As he and Jamie had sat by the pool the boy had eventually run out of words and gone back to the kitchen to help the twins. Left alone Bob had looked up at Mark’s bedroom window and his imagination took off. Still wearing just his shorts he went up to his own room and threw himself on the bed.

And now, even though he sensed a vague undercurrent of danger, he could not rid his mind of the erotic image of the near-naked soldier the muscular physique and above all the striking face with the lantern jaw, the hypnotic slanting eyes and the full-lipped mouth. He again felt those lips pressed against his in the pool, and his cock grew harder than ever.

What was happening only a few yards away in the house next door? Was the big Marine fucking the cop? What would that feel like? What would his ass feel like with Hassan inside it? Bob’s hand ran over his shorts, then pulled his cock free and stroked it as he fantasized. He recalled Hassan’s description of his time with Zack in the dunes, his body spread-eagled, staked to the sand, writhing under the streams of cum pouring down on him.

But again he came back to the feel of Hassan’s velvet skin when they embraced. As he lay on the bed it was almost as if he saw Hassan walking into the room, slowly pulling off his khaki tank and fatigues. The fantasy was agonizingly real. Naked the soldier dropped forward onto him.

Bob smelled again his sweat, heard his voice. He closed his eyes and imagined that huge cock pushing inside his ass and he moaned quietly.

“Oh yeah, man, fuck my ass. God, you’re so beautiful, make love to me, man.” He was pounding his meat faster now. “Oh, man, your cock feels so good inside me. Come on man, give it to me. I’ve wanted this for so long. You’re so fucking gorgeous you’re gonna make me cum. I can’t take any more, you’re so fucking hot. Here it comes, man. It’s all for you Aaah!” His whole body shuddered and cum blasted from his cock and streamed all over his gleaming chest. The image of Hassan was so vivid, so erotic, that his orgasm seemed endless.

He closed his eyes and tried to catch his breath, waiting for his heart to stop pounding. “That was beautiful, man,” he moaned. Finally his body came to rest, his chest flooded with pools of his own semen. He lay perfectly still, his eyes closed.

And it was at that moment that Randy walked in.

Bob didn’t move, made no attempt to conceal what he had been doing. Even if he had been able to he wouldn’t have. He never hid anything from Randy. And anyway, he had nothing to hide. He had just jerked off and that was it. Nevertheless the low growl made him tremble.

“Hassan’s here.”

“Yeah,” Bob said, keeping calm. “He’s with Mark right now.”

“Did he fuck you?”

“Man, what kind of a question is that? Don’t you ever give it a rest? The answer is no, he didn’t, but I got a hard-on sitting next to him and we went for a swim. And yeah, I kissed him in the pool. Right about then Mark and Jamie came home. I came upstairs alone and jerked off thinking how gorgeous the man is, and it made me shoot my load.”

“Fuck you, man!” The shout reverberated round the room as Randy banged his fist against the wall.

Bob propped himself on his elbows. “Randy, don’t let’s go down that road again. Get over yourself. I thought we sorted all that out before. The deal was you would curb your jealousy and I could be my own man, even if it means being turned on by another guy. Shit, you fuck whoever you want your brother Steve, for example so what’s wrong with me jerking off to a great-looking stud like Hassan? And while we’re at it just so you know when I’m in

San Diego this weekend Hassan's coming to my hotel for a drink, maybe dinner. I'm not hiding anything from you, man."

He stopped talking as he saw the familiar look in Randy's eyes of rising anger. He knew that anger turned Randy into a man of action, not thought not rational thought, anyway. Bob was always a bit scared of that look but the other side of that coin was that it always made his dick hard as it did now.

Randy had just come off a day of hard physical work. His dark, gypsy face was streaked with oil and dirt, his old grey tank top was filthy and soaked with sweat, and he was still wearing his laborer's cargo pants and boots. The man was an iconic image of a macho construction worker and Bob was so turned on he welcomed what came next. Without another word Randy walked forward, knelt on the bed and hooked Bob's legs over his shoulders.

He gazed down at Bob with blazing eyes. Contemptuously he swiped his hand across Bob's chest, wiping away the pools of cum. Then he pushed his thick cock between the cheeks of his lover's ass and plunged inside as viciously as only Randy could. Bob howled with pain. He knew what he was in for, knew that this time it would be brutal and it was.

The massive body rose and fell over him, the piston in his ass going deeper each time. The pain was excruciating, the sensation ecstatic. This was Randy at his worst and his best and it drove Bob wild. He reached up and dug his fingers into Randy's bulging chest, pushing against it as it crashed down on him. As Randy pulled back for the next blow Bob clawed at the thin tank and it ripped. In seconds it was hanging in shreds from his shoulders.

But still the savage fuck continued. In a strange symmetry, Randy was punishing Bob's ass just as Mark had punished Hassan's. And all they had done was kissed!

Bob's eyes were wide with fear and exhilaration, and then his focus narrowed, from the rippling torso to the dark demon face, stubbled chin and wild black hair, and finally to the steel blue eyes. That was all he could see now, the eyes that always ruled him, the hypnotic eyes that drew him into a world beyond feeling, a world of the spirit where pain did not exist. He was still aware of the huge tool hammering his ass, but it was the eyes that transfixed him. Then he heard the voice.

"Now, mother-fucker, I'm gonna cum inside your perfect ass and I'm gonna make you shoot another load. Is that clear, asshole?"

"Yes, sir," Bob said loudly. And so they both came, Randy deep inside his lover's bruised ass and Bob shooting high up so high his juice splashed on Randy's heaving chest. Their gaze held steady, eyes locked, in a mystical union of two captive souls.

Bob gasped with one last spasm of pain as Randy suddenly jerked his cock out of his ass and stood up. He looked down at his lover, torso heaving, gleaming with sweat, hung with the

shreds of his ripped shirt. “Now you know, asshole. When you cum you do it for *me!* I’m the man who makes you shoot your load, not

He couldn’t bring himself to say Hassan’s name, and as the soldier’s face flashed before him he yelled, “Fuck him! And fuck you, man!”

He wheeled round and left the room, slamming the door behind him. He stormed downstairs and into the kitchen where Pablo was sitting with the twins. They all shot to their feet at the sight of this wild man. “Follow me, boy,” he barked at Pablo. “We’re going back to work.”

“But, sir we just *came* from work. Dinner’s almost

But his protest died away. Nobody defied Randy in that mood. But as Pablo started to leave Kyle whipped open the fridge, grabbed a packet of sandwiches and pushed them into his hand. “Here, sir, you’re gonna need these. Good luck, sir.”

“Mark, what is it about Hassan that makes guys go crazy and all irrational?” Bob was sitting with Mark by the pool, waiting for dinner. Hassan was still upstairs in the shower and Mark had just described how savagely he had fucked Hassan after he had seen the intensity of his attraction to Bob.

“I mean it’s all of us,” Bob continued, “..... Pablo trekking down to see him at Pendleton, Jamie’s behavior in the desert, Zack in the dunes, you just now when you fucked him, and of course Randy fucking me like a raging bull. I mean, Hassan’s gorgeous of course, but maybe it’s because he’s so different, so exotic, with that mixed Asian/Arab look. Is that why guys get so riled up?”

“Maybe so, buddy. But it’s not Hassan’s fault. He knows how beautiful he is but he has never done anything here to stir up bad blood. He behaves well, always checks to make sure what he’s doing is OK, just like he did with you when he asked you about Randy. But you’re right. I mean look at me, Mister Cool Cop, getting madder than hell thinking of you and him together. By the way, you still gonna meet with Hassan in San Diego?”

“Sure I am,” Bob said firmly. “I can’t renege on that just because Randy’s got a bug up his ass. We went through all that the last time he beat me up and he swore that would be the last time. I mean, it’s a question of pride now. I’m my own man and in future when Randy says ‘jump’ I’m damn well not gonna say ‘how high?’ anymore.”

“Damn right,” Mark smiled. “I hear you, man. Where’s Randy gone, anyway?”

“Back to work. Whenever he’s angry he takes refuge in work takes out his aggression on the bricks and concrete at the construction site. He’s taken Pablo with him. That kid’s his rock. Just hope he’ll be OK.”

Pablo had seen Randy in this mood before, of course, though never quite this bad. He knew better than to say anything and sat quietly beside him in the truck as it sped back to the site. It was deserted when they got there as the crew had finished for the day. Pablo followed the boss a bit nervously as he strode to the far side of the site.

“OK, work!” Randy said. “I’m gonna tear down all this wood scaffolding. It’s become unstable ‘cause the ground is wet. Problem is this trench underneath is not draining properly. The pump’s fucked. So you jump down in the trench and fix it while I pull down all this shit.”

Pablo sensed this was a bad idea. He’d worked in construction long enough now to know that safety came first. Sure the scaffolding was weak, but you had to be real careful dismantling it. Took more than one man. But Pablo had some idea what was going on. He knew Randy was mad at Bob and in this mood he was probably trying to prove something to himself. Like he’s the boss of everyone and he can do anything.

So Pablo took a deep breath. “Er, sir. Don’t you think we should work together on the scaffolding? Needs two men. I can do the pump afterwards.”

Randy whirled round, his eyes shooting sparks. “Fuck you, boy. You too, uh daring to disobey me like the asshole back home. You fucking telling me how to do my job?”

“No, sir, definitely not,” Pablo stammered, backpedaling frantically. “No, sir, you’re the boss. Look, see? I’m in the trench.”

He jumped down and landed heavily, surprised how deep it was. Good thing the ground was soft and wet. His head barely reached the top of the trench. He crouched down and started to examine the broken pump.

Up above Randy was venting all his anger on the nest of scaffolding. He pulled a few upper poles loose, but there was an obstinate upright that wouldn’t budge. He put all his strength into it but it resisted just like everyone else today, he thought, especially his asshole lover. He made the elementary mistake of losing his concentration on the job, as his mind flew back to Bob and Hassan, how they must have looked together, making out in the pool.

“Fuck it,” he yelled to the pole. “And fuck you, man,” to Bob. Maybe he couldn’t control Bob but he could sure demolish this fucking pole. He picked up a long-handled axe and began pounding at it, venting his fury, oblivious that each blow of the axe was making the whole structure shudder. Finally the pole cracked. But what Randy had overlooked was that it was a main structural pole. As it finally broke in two the scaffolding creaked, leaned and then crashed down in a deafening roar of splintering wood.

Randy’s reflexes were quick and he leapt clear just in time, barely escaping the falling debris. The shock brought him to his senses and he stood looking at the dense pile of wood. Then

suddenly a jolt of panic shot through him like a lightning bolt. Pablo! The scaffold had collapsed right over the trench where Pablo had been working. After the sickening crash there was now no sound, except for occasional creaks from the unstable pile.

“NO!” Randy screamed and became like a wild animal protecting its young. He leapt on the wood and began clawing at it, pulling off a plank, a pole, two poles, with a frenzy fueled by fear, adrenaline and guilt. As he poured all his strength into the effort, in the back of his mind he knew that this was entirely his fault, him and his damned anger. Bob was blameless and so, God knows, was Pablo who right now was lying down there injured or even.....

The thought drove him to a Herculean effort. Never had he pushed his body as hard as this, pulling, heaving, clawing at the pile. Through his heaving breaths his voice rasped, “It’s OK, kid, I’m here. Hang on, I’ll get you. Your old man’s here, son. We’re almost there.”

And he was almost there. His hands were bleeding, his body screaming with pain as he completed in minutes a task it would have taken five men to finish. Finally he glimpsed the body lying in the mud at the bottom of the trench. His heart missed a beat as he saw the pale, lifeless face. He yanked the last of the planks free and was finally able to jump down into the trench.

The savage male was now transformed into the tender parent as he slid his hands under his boy and carefully lifted his body up, then laid it gently on the ground by the trench. He pulled himself out of the trench and dropped to his knees, running his hands smoothly over Pablo’s face, his neck, rib-cage, waist and legs. Randy’s heartbeat subsided as he detected no serious damage. Hell, there was only one mark on him, a small gash on his forehead.

That must be it. He had suffered one blow to the head but being in the trench had saved him. The big planks and poles had fallen across the trench but not gone down into it.

“Hey, kiddo,” he said softly, tapping Pablo’s cheeks. “Hey, it’s your old man. Come on, kiddo. Speak to me.”

A wave of relief swept over him as he saw the face move. The crooked smile came to the face even before the eyes opened. Then came the voice. “I know what’s wrong with the pump, sir. I can fix it easy.”

Randy scooped the boy up in his arms, held him tight and started to sob with overwhelming relief and smothering shame. He picked him up bodily and carried him into the trailer office.

Half an hour later Pablo was his old self. It had been a momentary concussion, and Randy had cleaned and bathed the small wound. Pablo had drunk lots of water and was now munching on the sandwiches Kyle had given him. Now that the danger was gone the

resilience of youth took over and Pablo began to imagine how the whole adventure would sound to Darius and the guys.

But suddenly the exuberance drained out of him as he looked over at Randy, slumped over the drafting table his head in his hands. And Pablo knew what he was feeling. Pablo had been right about the job, he knew that how it would take more than one guy. He also knew that, like so many times in the past, Randy had been so consumed by anger that his judgment had gone out the window and he had put Pablo in danger. Randy could have killed him.

What's more, Pablo knew that Randy knew all this as he heard him groan. The devastated man raised his head and looked deeply into Pablo's wide eyes. And at that moment Pablo realized how deep his misery went the accident had completely unnerved him. He heard the despair in his voice.

"This is the last time, kiddo, the last time I'm gonna hurt you, or Bob or anyone else. It's happened so often before, but this time I could've killed you, Pablo. If I had, I would've killed myself. I'm no good for any of you. Shit, I'm a danger to you. So I can't be your master anymore, nor your dad. I can't be Bob's lover, or boss of this outfit. Everything's too complicated here. I gotta get back to Texas. I was good there alone, rootless, roaming like a gypsy. All I needed there was my fists. I gotta go back..... live on my own."

Pablo stood up and went to touch him, but Randy stopped him. With infinite sadness in his eyes Randy said, "Leave me alone now, boy. Go where you're safe."

Pablo went through the door and closed it quietly behind him. He sat on the wooden steps of the trailer and gazed into the distance. He was lost had no idea what to do. Randy was his hero, his dad, his master he was his life. And that life was unraveling. He couldn't imagine a world without the man he worshipped. And what would happen to Bob, Darius, Jamie and all the guys? Everything was totally fucked.

Tears began to flow down his cheeks. He needed help, but where from? His first thought was Bob, but right now that would be a red rag to a bull. Mark, maybe Zack? No, what he needed was a wise, level head, someone who wouldn't lose his cool and would know what to do. He needed someone who was used to this kind of thing, a professional, someone who could handle Randy, talk him through his despair.

Of course! Suddenly he knew. He pulled out his cell phone, scrolled through his contacts and hit one of them. He heard the ring and then thank god it was him. "Hello, is that you, Steve? Hi, sir, I wondered I mean I hope I'm not it's just that" Steve told him to take a deep breath. "Yes, sir, OK. I'm OK now sir, thank you. Sir, would you come over to the construction site? Randy needs you big timeme too." He paused. "You will, right away? Oh thank you, sir. Thank you. Yes, I'll wait here for you."

Pablo snapped the phone shut with a smile of relief mixed with pride. He was pleased with himself the 'kiddo' was back. Steve, of course. He was not only Randy's therapist he was his brother, for god's sake. He'd know what to do!

#

Chapter 119 – Randy's Sexual Trial of Strength

All Pablo could do now was wait. His thoughts went back to the house where right around now the twins would be serving dinner. Food! He was starved. All he had eaten was one of the sandwiches that Kyle had shoved in his hand as he left. The rest he had left in the trailer. He plucked up his courage and knocked at the door, to be answered with a harsh "What?!"

He crept in and said, "Excuse me sir, but could I grab the rest of my sandwiches?" He gave his nervous, crooked smile, looking rather like a mischievous Disney character, and Randy softened a little. Impulsively he took the boy into his arms and said in his ear, "I'm sorry, kid. Real sorry." He held him at arm's length. "OK, now take your food and leave me."

Back out on the steps Pablo munched away, mulling over Randy's words, trying to guess from every small intonation of his voice what he was thinking. He could not remember Randy ever saying sorry to him. Apology was not something he did. But what did he mean? Was he sorry for causing the accident or sorry that he was leaving him? Anyway, what difference did it make he was going away. Pablo's depression returned. Boy, he needed Steve.

It seemed like a long wait but actually it was not much more than twenty minutes before he heard the purring sound of Steve's BMW drawing up at the gate. He rushed across the site and fell into Steve's arms as he got out of the car. The relief of having someone to talk to loosened the floodgates and he started to sob.

"Hey, hey, what's all this?" Steve said smiling. "This isn't the tough kid I used to know, not Randy's boy that's for sure."

The words came tumbling out. "Not his boy, sir, that's just the point. He said he can't be my dad, I'm not his boy and he's not the boss anymore and Bob's not his lover it's all over he's going back to Texas it's all so fucked, I"

"Hey," Steve interrupted, "slow down. Take a deep breath, Pablo. Good. Now start at the beginning. And don't leave anything out."

Pablo pulled himself together and told the whole story, right up to the accident and his rescue by Randy. "He's real cut up about the accident, sir. Blames himself for nearly killing me. Says he's a danger to everyone. Wants to go live alone again like he did before, in Texas." He paused and looked pleadingly at Steve. "Sir, can you help us? I didn't know who else to call."

“Pablo, you did absolutely the right thing.” Pablo managed a smile. “That’s better,” Steve said, “that’s the tough kid I know and love. Now here’s what you’re gonna do next. You’re gonna drive Randy’s truck back to the house and have dinner with the rest of the guys. Leave Randy to me. You can tell the guys what’s happened, and tell Bob I’ll call him later, OK?”

Pablo threw his arms round Steve. “I knew you’d fix it, sir. You’re the best.” As he ran toward the gate he shouted over his shoulder, “..... and the best shrink in town!”

Steve chuckled to himself, then turned toward the trailer and took a deep breath. “Here we go,” he murmured and walked up to the door.

Randy was still slumped over the drafting table, his head in his hands. He heard the door open and, thinking it was Pablo again, turned round angrily. Stunned, he shot to his feet. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

“Pablo called me,” Steve said simply.

“He had no business to. This has nothing the fuck to do with you. Stay out of my life.”

Steve smiled. “As I understand it, it’s you who’s getting out of my life out of all our lives. Is that true?”

“Damn right it is back to Texas.” Using the stock therapist’s phrase he snarled, “And how do you feel about that, doc?”

Steve put his hand lightly on Randy’s arm. “Randy, I’m not talking to you as your therapist, but as your brother. And your brother is taking you home.”

To *Texas?*”

“No, asshole, to Mulholland Drive. You’re gonna spend tonight at my house. Pablo’s taken your truck and you’re coming in my car. Where else you gonna go? Back to your house?”

“No!” There was a note of panic. “No, I can’t face those guys. I’m finished there.” Suddenly the bleak truth hit him and he slumped visibly. He allowed himself to be led to the BMW and Steve drove them up to the Hollywood Hills.

Steve’s lover Lloyd took their arrival in stride. He realized this was a quasi-professional matter and knew better than to comment, except to say, “I’ll bring drinks, then rustle up some dinner.”

Soon Steve and Randy were sitting at a table by the pool nursing drinks. Despite his dazed condition Randy was on the defensive so he was belligerent. "Look, man, I'll stay here tonight but first thing in the morning I'm off to Texas. So don't try any of your shrink bullshit on me 'cause nothing you can say will change my mind."

"I had no intention of insulting you with 'shrink bullshit', Randy. Not now maybe tomorrow. Right now I want to be practical. With you gone I know Bob and Mark will take charge of the house, but what about the construction sites? They'll fall apart without you."

For a moment Randy snapped back to his old self. "Tell Zack he's in charge and he'll need Darius as his assistant." He smiled for the first time, "The punk always has a hard-on working with that stud." Perceptive Steve glimpsed a chink in the armor, but then Randy caught himself and said, "Oh what the fuck, do what you like. Nothing to do with me anymore."

Steve said no more on the subject. Dinner was a short and silent affair and soon Randy went to the guest room and fell into a troubled sleep of physical and emotional exhaustion.

Over the remains of the meal Lloyd smiled at Steve. "You've got your work cut out there, buddy. Jeez, that brother of yours. There's not a guy in the world like him."

"You can say that again," said Steve ruefully. "Now I gotta call Bob."

Hassan had already left the guys' house but the aftermath of his presence still resonated. When Pablo came home from the construction site he was immediately surrounded by the boys all asking questions at once. Darius raised his voice commandingly, "Hey, cool it you guys. Can't you see he's shaken up?" But his authority and his concern did not overcome his intense curiosity and he added, "Now, dude, what gives? Spill the beans."

And so Pablo spilled all the beans to the quartet of wide-eyed boys and soon the whole house had all the chilling details. Pablo, Darius and Jamie were huddled together, sitting cross-legged on the grass, and Bob was in somber conversation with Mark and Zack at the poolside table. It fell to the twins to restore some sense of calm and order. They had slipped away and when they reappeared Kyle cleared his throat noisily. "Sirs er, sirs! Sorry for the delay, but dinner is finally ready."

When they were all inside sitting round the dinner table, a pall of tension hovered over them. Nobody spoke. But they were saved by the bell the telephone and Bob left the room to answer it. He was gone for long anxious minutes and when he returned he stood at the table looking down at their expectant faces.

“OK, that was Steve. Randy’s staying the night with him, and still insists that tomorrow he’s...” his voice cracked “he’s leaving for Texas.” Steve hopes he can talk things through with him but,” again he swallowed hard, “but in the meantime we have to be practical. In Randy’s absence Mark and I will be in charge of this house and Randy mentioned that Zack should take over the management of the construction sites with Darius as his assistant.

There was murmured assent all round and the twins served dinner, a somber affair with not much said. They all couldn’t wait to leave the table. Zack went to Randy’s site office to get familiar with current projects and make plans for tomorrow. The twins cleared away the meal while the others went to their rooms Mark with Jamie, Pablo with Darius, and Bob all alone.

Pablo sat on the bed and stared with a vacant look. Darius sat beside him with his arm round him. “Hey, don’t sweat it, dude. It’ll all work out. Hell, he adopted you, dude, he’s your dad.”

“I just don’t get it,” Pablo said, near to tears. “I don’t care about the accident I just want to be with him. How can he just leave me? He always said I’m his rock.”

“Yeah,” Darius said solemnly, “well you see, dude, right now Randy is between a rock and a hard place.”

They both sat back and frowned, confused about what Darius had said, though it kind of sounded as if it made sense. Pablo looked at him and said, “You have no idea what that meant, have you?”

“Not a clue,” grinned Darius, “but it sure sounded good.” There was silence as Darius tried to keep a straight face, but then he sputtered and started to laugh. Pablo couldn’t help joining in and suddenly the gloom and tension were dispelled in the release of laughter.”

“Hey, Darius, promise me that *you’ll* never leave me.”

Darius feigned shock. “Me? Leave? Not a chance, dude. Where else would I find an ass as sweet as yours? My cock, your ass a match made in heaven. Speaking of which, remember what the wise man said? ‘Sex is the best medicine,’ dude.”

And for the rest of the night they comforted each other, first by making tender love, and then sleeping in each other’s arms.

Whether or not Darius had been right about the medicinal qualities of sex, Mark and Jamie were certainly using the same remedy. Mark was tough and authoritative as always, but Jamie had

been shaken, glimpsing the fragility of life and relationships. After all, if Bob and Randy could split up, and Randy could leave Pablo

Mark sensed all this and traced his finger round the intertwined 'MM' tattoo on Jamie's shoulder. "See that kiddo? That's forever." Then Mark pushed him onto the bed and Jamie watched the nightly show of the glorious cop stripping naked. He knew he was in for a great fuck, which turned out to be not only hotter than ever but, under the circumstances, life-affirming.

Of course the most bereft of the group was Bob, now looking down at his lonely bed a loneliness that might last forever. He didn't know how he was going to get through the night, let alone the rest of his life. He felt a lump in his throat and his eyes brimmed with tears.

But just then there was a knock on the door and the twins walked in with a determined look in their eyes. "Sir," Kyle said, "we thought we should spend the night with you." "That's if you don't mind," added Kevin. Bob gazed at their eager young faces and realized he could have no better company. He watched as they quickly kicked off their sneakers, pulled off their T-shirts and dropped their shorts. Naked, they fell on the bed side by side on their backs.

Despite his earlier feeling of despair Bob felt his pulse quicken and he smiled down at them. "Does this mean you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes please, sir," they said in unison. And so Bob did, drowning his sorrows in the velvet warmth of their young asses, first one, then the other. After three almost simultaneous orgasms Bob lay exhausted on the bed with the twins nestled on either side, an arm over his chest. As Bob was drifting off to sleep he heard Kevin's voice.

"And don't worry, sir. We're sure everything will come right. Absolutely sure."

Up on Mulholland the next morning over breakfast Steve pulled out all the stops, reasoning, persuading, listening but Randy was resolute, defiant. "Look, man, you can save your breath. You don't get it I almost killed my boy! I'll never be able to look him in the eye again, him nor any of the guys. They know what I did all my credibility in that house is shot to hell. How can I be the boss when I'm just as likely to go ape-shit and kill one of them?"

Steve sighed. "I do get it, Randy, but I also have a solution for you. I can make it come right." Randy waved him away and Steve's voice took on a pleading tone. "Look, I'm speaking to you now as your brother not your shrink. Shit, man, I only just found the big brother I never knew I had. I've grown to love and respect you and now you're walking out on me and all the other guys your family for chrissake."

"Sorry about that, bro, but you'll just have to get over it," Randy retorted coldly.

Stalemate! Steve had used all the weapons in his arsenal but Randy was implacable. Steve left him and walked back inside the house, though he stayed within earshot just in case. Randy was sitting morosely by the pool finishing his coffee when Lloyd suddenly came out and said, "Randy, you have visitors."

Randy jerked his head up. "Tell them to go the fuck away."

Lloyd smiled. "I don't think they will. They seem pretty determined." Actually the matter was decided for them when two figures emerged from round the side of the house. Lloyd made a strategic withdrawal and Randy looked in surprise at the new arrivals the twins, standing resolutely a few yards away.

He shot to his feet and barked, "What the fuck are you two doing here?" He saw them flinch but hold their ground. It was only then that he realized how nervous they were and how much courage it was taking to confront him. He heaved a sigh and sat down again. "How did you get here?"

"We borrowed Darius's truck, sir."

"I didn't mean that. Why are you here? Did Bob send you?"

"No, sir, nobody knows, and please don't tell him." There was a pause as they wound up the courage to continue. Kyle took the lead. "Sir, we've come here to ask you, please, not to leave Bob."

Randy looked at them in amazement and could not resist the trace of a smile that crossed his face. "Oh, you have, have you? And what do you think gives you the right to ask that?"

Another pause, then Kevin took over and it all poured out. Seems they had rehearsed it all on the way up here. "Because we love Bob, sir, and if you love a guy like Bob it's forever. That's the way you love him too, sir, we know that he's told us. He talks about you all the time. So we know you can't leave him, sir. It's as simple as that."

Simple as that! Randy was speechless for once. But the twins hadn't finished. It was Kyle's turn. "You should see him, sir. You know how Bob always has that soft, kind look in his eyes. Well now they're kinda blank, sir, as if he's not seeing anything. Same with Pablo too. We heard him crying this morning."

Randy stiffened. "Yeah, because his dad almost killed him."

"No, sir, not because of that because you're leaving him. See Bob said he would always take care of us and we believe him. Pablo thought the same about you, sir, but you're leaving him and that's why he's crying. Usually he's so tough. He taught us to stand up for ourselves and and that's what we're doing now, sir."

Randy softened and smiled at them. "Seems like you're standing up for a whole bunch of guys. But you know, kids, sometimes you can love a person too much and it makes you scared."

"Not if that person is Bob, sir. You can never love him too much. Fact is, you can never love him enough."

"Shit," Randy said, "when you two take aim at a guy you shoot with both barrels, don't you?"

Now that they had run out of words the twins' determination deflated and they stood close together like scared young boys. They were infinitely moving and Randy's heart went out to them. He admired courage in a man and these two had screwed up their courage because they loved Bob so much they would do anything for him.

And now it was Randy's determination that drained out of him. After the shame of the accident his reflex had been to throw up a defensive wall of bravado. To hell with everyone. He was out of here and they could just get over it. To hell with Steve and his shrink mumbo-jumbo.

But to hell with the twins, too? No. He gazed up at them, two beautiful, nervous young boys who saw life with a clarity that put him to shame. They loved and were loved, and that was that. That made everything certain, just as they had been certain when Bob had been lying in a coma that he would recover "because he promised he would never leave us." And now they had taken the scales from his own eyes, made him see with their youthful clarity that he loved Bob and could never leave him.

He stood up and smiled at them. "Kevin, Kyle, you make one hell of a team. You deserve a terrific guy like Bob. OK, I don't know where this is all going, but I'll give you what you came for. I promise you I won't leave Bob. You're right I can't."

"Thank you, sir," they said together. "Thank you very much. We'll go now."

They turned back toward the house. As Randy watched them walk away he saw them take each other's hands and raise them slightly in a triumphant fist. And that did it he was suddenly humbled by the power he had to either hurt or heal. Tears welled in his eyes and began to pour down his cheeks. He was sobbing as Steve came up behind him and threw his arm round him. "I heard," Steve said. "And I couldn't have put it better myself."

Randy turned and threw his arms round his brother, holding him tight, and said softly, "I've been such a fucking asshole, Steve. OK, bro. Tell me what I have to do."

The two men were still sitting by the pool but Randy's previously defiant demeanor had changed completely. The direct simplicity of the twins had unnerved him. He was confused, uncertain and, Steve realized, prepared to put himself in Steve's hands.

"OK," Steve said. "Here's the way I see it. You feel devastated and ashamed about the danger you put Pablo in, and so you should. You can't look him or the other guys in the face. You probably think that they all look on you as a pariah, and to a degree you may be right. They used to acknowledge you as boss, with your masculine power and sexual magnetism, but right now they probably don't see you as the strongest, smartest or sexually hottest guy around. So all of that has to be redeemed. To put it simply, you have to make amends."

"Yeah sure, like just say 'I'm sorry, guys'. Shit if I crawled on my belly to them it wouldn't be enough."

"You're right. You can't simply ask for forgiveness you have to make some radical admission that you have done something terrible. You have to debase yourself before them invite punishment from them all. And that punishment has to show them that you are the strongest guy physically, that you are mentally tough enough to humble yourself, and at the same time remain the hottest guy sexually they have ever seen. In short, you have to prove that you are, and always will be, the undisputed boss."

"Yeah," Randy growled cynically. "And just how does my clever shrink brother think I can pull *that* off?"

"Oh, it'll take a pretty spectacular event to achieve all that. But as you know, big brother, my therapy methods are very unorthodox to say the least!"

Steve orchestrated the whole thing. 'Unorthodox' didn't begin to describe it and Steve wasn't even sure if it would work. It all depended on Randy. The truth was, he really had to have all those qualities they had talked of. He had to demonstrate to all the guys that he truly was an exceptional man the ultimate boss.

The next day Steve had asked the whole group to gather at their house. As they came out into the garden in pairs and groups they stood shocked at what they saw. Steve was smartly dressed as befits a therapist and he was standing by the hammock that, as usual, was strung between trees by the lawn. And in the hammock was a naked man, on his back, arms and legs stretched up and out. He was spread-eagled, wrists and ankles securely tied to the rope supports, his ass hanging slightly over the edge of the hammock.

Randy had never looked more spectacular. As he pulled on his restraints, reflexively testing their strength, his muscles flexed and strained, showing every sinew, every etched vein in his magnificent body, from the stretched shoulders and biceps, past the massive chest and eight-

pack abs, over the slim waist and down to the bulging thighs. His dark, gypsy face with the square, stubbled jaw, high cheekbones, tousled black hair and piercing blue eyes looked up at his bound wrists with a trace of last-minute panic.

All the men stood in groups gazing down at him, waiting for Steve to begin, more ringmaster than cool therapist. He cleared his throat. "Gentlemen, you all have an idea why you're here and why you see Randy before you. I don't have to go over the events that led up to this. Randy has submitted himself to the judgment of you all, and you all have to play your part, however unwilling some of you may feel.

"Unwilling? Kidding, right?" Darius's whisper was loud enough for them all to hear. They glared at him and Zack smacked him behind the head.

Ignoring him Steve ran his eyes over the group. "Now, I will determine the order. First has to be the man who has been most injured by recklessness, the man whose very life was endangered.

Pablo shuffled forward uncertainly, but when he looked down into Randy's eyes he knew exactly what his master was doing and what he, as his boy, had to do. His only concern was for Randy not to leave him, and if this was what the doctor ordered he would do it. He would do anything. What made it easier for him was that he had never seen the man he idolized look more spectacular. It was as if the piercing blue eyes were speaking to him and, even under the intimidating gaze of the whole group, the boy's cock was rock hard.

He took a deep breath, walked up to the hammock and pressed the head of his cock against the exposed and vulnerable hole. He stared straight into the bound man's eyes and pushed. His cock slid smoothly into his master's ass and as it came to rest against the inner sphincter he saw the blue eyes flinch slightly. But the gaze never wavered as Pablo withdrew, then pushed in again even deeper.

Pablo had fucked his master only a few times before and now recalled how incredible the sensation was. It was not only the heat of the man's ass, it was the whole notion of the boy fucking his master. The look in Randy's eyes urged him on and Pablo realized that he was asking to be punished. And so Pablo began to fuck more ferociously than he ever had before. Soon his hips were like pistons, driving his rod deeper and deeper into the helpless muscle-god.

Steve had been right. This is what Randy needed. He needed to see the boy he had injured punish him, pound his ass. He needed to see the boy humiliate his master. The pain in his ass was nothing compared with the shame he felt. Even so, the thought crossed his mind that he did not deserve the pleasure he was feeling as the young stud's cock buried inside him, massaging his prostate so rapidly that jolts of ecstasy tore through his body.

The boy's frenzy was driving Randy to a climax. As he gazed up at the intense young face a smile crossed Randy's lips and Pablo responded with his own smile. Master and boy were

bonding again, but this time in a remarkable reversal of roles. They thought alike, these two, and that's why Pablo idolized Randy and why Randy would never leave his boy.

The tension in Randy's body now all focused in his ass, and Pablo felt the muscles clamp like a vise round his cock. Their eyes opened wide and their shouts echoed round the hills as their cocks erupted simultaneously, Pablo deep inside his master's ass and Randy blasting streams of cum over his own writhing, muscular body. It was not only a glorious physical release, it was a purging of the shame and guilt Randy had suffered from his own thoughtless acts.

Pablo was exhilarated. He pulled his cock out, but he could not get over the sight of the bound, naked construction boss covered in his own cum, with semen dripping from his ass. The boy couldn't help himself the image was too much and he felt more juice rising from his balls and through his cock. He held his dick steady and ribbons of cum shot from it down onto the chest and face of the man he now held in greater respect and awe than ever before.

But it was not over. Randy knew it had only just begun. He heard Steve's voice "Mark" and saw the cop walk forward and tower over him. Steve had chosen him next as he knew that, of all of them, Mark was the man to deliver the extreme punishment that Randy craved

Mark had only just come off his night shift and was still wearing the full black uniform of a police officer. He was, as always, a commanding figure in black uniform pants with their silver stripe, tucked into high, shiny motorcycle boots. His black shirt was tight across his chest, and the white triangle of T-shirt at his neck set off his beautifully chiseled features. With his shock of blond hair it was truly the face of a Greek god.

Now it was master against master. There had always been an undercurrent of rivalry between the two, and Randy knew that Mark was his equal, more than his equal in some ways. Tall, commanding, an icon of almost pornographic beauty, he would never submit to any other man including Randy. He stared down at the helpless muscle-stud with disdain in his eyes. Mark loved Bob he was in love with him and hated any man who caused him pain. So the punishment he was about to deliver to the man who had hurt Bob so many times had a very personal edge.

That was evident to Randy as the blue-gray eyes bored into his. He saw Mark slowly unbutton his shirt and pull it off. He paused, then pulled his T-shirt up over his awesome body and tossed it aside. Stripped the waist, muscles gleaming, he held his arms out to the side and smiled down at the helpless man. Mark knew how amazing he looked, how intimidating his beauty could be, and he sensed fear in the big boss. He said softly, "It's just you and me now, man."

He walked forward, unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, hard as steel. He pressed the head of his cock between the cheeks of Randy's ass, but he did not push his hips forward. He

waited, gazing steadily into Randy's fearful eyes. Then he leaned forward, grasped Randy hips and suddenly, ferociously, he yanked them forward, impaling the man's ass on his steel rod. And once again the hills echoed with Randy's agonized scream.

The punishment was brutal, more savage than anything Mark had ever administered on duty or off. Bob had told Mark how an enraged Randy had fucked him viciously and now Mark was exacting Bob's revenge. The big, shirtless cop focused all his massive strength on Randy's tortured ass, pounding it, hammering it until shafts of agonizing pain shot through him.

The tortured body was writhing desperately, the dark gypsy face thrashing from side to side, black hair flying wildly. His muscles flexed and bulged as he tried frantically to break the ropes binding him. Randy had never felt pain like this and his screams were terrifying. As the merciless shaft pistoned in his ravaged ass he looked up at the muscular cop and, against all his macho instincts, he started to beg, tears pouring down his face.

"No, man, back off, please. I can't take that aaah!" He was hallucinating. "Man, it's like a burning rod in my ass. Pull it out, man. Please I can't take it. Aaah! You're ripping me apart." He was sobbing now. "OK, you win I submit to you, man. I beg youhave mercy I can't take any more!"

Mark caught Bob's eye and knew he had to stop or he would rip the ass open. One last mighty thrust of his cock and it erupted deep inside the ravaged ass. Randy felt the pulsing heat deep inside him and in his delirium was unaware that his own cock was pouring cum once more all over his body. He felt Mark's dick pulling painfully out of him and watched as the cop blasted more streams of white juice over his naked body and face.

He was floating in a dream-like state as he heard Mark's guttural voice "Asshole" and he felt more hot liquid pour onto him, this time with the bitter, pungent smell of piss. Mark had totally demolished his rival, degraded him, humiliated him before everyone. His chest heaving, sweat pouring from him onto the cum-drenched body, he gazed down at the broken man.

Then Mark heard a voice over his shoulder. "My turn, buddy." It was Zack, who had watched Randy's destruction in awe and knew that he had to have his say. As so often, he was wearing just old boxer shorts and he dropped them and walked forward. Randy could not believe the sight of the naked black bodybuilder, even less the knowledge that there was more to come. He felt the head of the huge black club touch him, then push deep into his already tortured, cum-filled, agonized ass.

"No more," he groaned weakly, but Zack didn't hear. Zack also loved Bob, for his beauty and his gentleness, and he now took his turn plundering the ass of the man who had hurt him. Randy was almost beyond feeling now as he looked up through his mist of pain and saw the beautiful black giant rising and falling above him. His screams had become agonized moans and he could do nothing but wait for the pain to cease.

It didn't take long. Zack was not immune to the sight of the magnificent bound body, soaked in cum, sweat and piss, and he soon felt his cock shudder inside the furnace of Randy's ass. With a howl of triumph he shot his load inside him, then pulled out his cock and poured more juice down into the floods of semen already running down the man's body and face. With one last look at Randy he turned to Mark and they exchanged jubilant smiles of infinite satisfaction.

From then on life for Randy was a blur of pain and a succession of cocks pounding his tortured ass. Mark brought Jamie forward and said, "I did it for Bob because he was hurt. Pablo was hurt too, and he's your friend. Do it for him, and for me, kid. I've opened the ass up for you, boy. That's my juice you'll feel inside."

That was all Jamie needed to hear. He looked down at the gleaming body and quickly pushed his cock forward. It slid in easily as the hole oozed with the semen of three men. And by this time the ass was such a raging furnace that it didn't take long for Jamie to shoot his load inside it. Then, as his master had done, he pulled his cock out and sprayed white cream all over the cum-soaked body.

The twins came next. They were nervous of course, but they had learned to be assertive and knew they had been accepted as full members of the group. Most of all, they knew they were doing this for Bob. They always found strength in acting together and now was no exception. As Kyle prepared to fuck Randy's ass Kevin threw his leg high over the body so, with one foot on the ground on either side, he was able to straddle the hammock, over Randy's face.

In his daze Randy obediently opened his mouth and felt the young boy's cock slide inside it. At the same time he felt yet another cock enter his ass, mercifully more gently than the vicious pounding he had already endured. And so he suffered the indignity of being double-fucked by the young twins, one in his mouth the other in his ass.

Like Jamie, the twins found the experience too erotic to hold back for long and soon Randy felt the juice of youthful exuberance pouring into his mouth and his ass. They quickly pulled out and stepped back, looking at each other with the quiet satisfaction that they had played their part in these extraordinary events.

Steve's voice again. "I have saved Darius nearly for last for obvious reasons," and he looked down at the boy's already erect ten-inch black dick. Darius had watched in awe a scene that surpassed any extreme fantasy his mind could have concocted. But the effect on him now was, paradoxically, to lessen his natural lust. He looked down at the tortured man and realized the damage his huge cock could do to the ravaged ass. He could rip him open.

So he pushed his dick inside the ass gently, though its length alone was enough to make Randy groan and thrash his head from side to side in renewed agony. Like the other boys before him, Darius was overwhelmed by the heat in Randy's ass. It was like a furnace burning his

cock. He had no real joy in further damaging the man he idolized as his boss, so it was pure physical sensation that made him blast his sperm deep inside his ass.

He pulled out but could not resist adding to the cum already drenching the muscle-stud's helpless body and he shot another massive load over him. He stood transfixed by the erotic sight of the tortured body, an image he would remember forever, and jerk off to many times.

Finally Bob walked hesitantly forward and gazed down at his lover. Always able to read Randy's thoughts he recognized the plea for forgiveness in his eyes. So it was with infinite forgiveness, not revenge, that Bob finally took his turn. With exquisite tenderness he eased his cock inside Randy's ass and gently began to massage the cum-slicked, damaged tissue. For Randy it was a healing balm, bringing comfort to his ravaged ass and his tortured mind.

They gazed into each other's eyes and soon tears were flowing down their cheeks. Only they knew the mystical sensation that bound them together and would never let them separate however turbulent the waters they swam through together. And so, quietly, gently, Bob poured his love into Randy's ass and Randy came one last time. They smiled at each other as Bob pulled out, then leaned forward and kissed him.

The other guys had watched in awe. Quietly, Steve gathered them round the hammock and they looked down at the man who had endured unimaginable pain and humiliation to convince them of his strength, and his ability to endure suffering not to mention his magnetic sexuality. They gazed in awe at the magnificent body in helpless bondage. His gleaming muscles and handsome dark face were streaming with the cum of so many men, juice oozing from his ass.

It had been Randy's bid to regain their respect and their recognition of him as the ultimate master. And he had succeeded magnificently. They knew instinctively that they had to acknowledge his supremacy with one final collective act, an act on their part no longer of domination but of submission. Taking their cue from Steve, they looked down at him and began to stroke their cocks.

The air was heavy with testosterone, reeking of male sexuality, and it infused the bodies of all the men paying homage to the master. Every one of them felt the eroticism of the moment, felt the blood gorge their cocks, felt the juice rising until it exploded onto the magnificent man bound before them. Randy felt himself drowning in the semen of nine men as it rained down on his face and naked body, drenching him in cum, re-anointing him as the ultimate, undisputed master.

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Chapter 120 – Bob’s Choice: Randy or Hassan

The only sound was the heaving breaths of the exhilarated men gazing down at the cum-soaked muscle-god tied to the hammock. It was Steve who had orchestrated all this and it was to him that they instinctively looked for guidance on what came next. He gestured for them all to step back a few yards. Then Steve untied the ropes from Randy’s wrists and ankles and stepped to the side. All eyes were riveted on Randy as slowly, painfully he eased himself off the hammock, took a deep breath and rose unsteadily to his feet.

Not a man among them could fail to be in awe of the stunning man standing naked before them. After so much straining in bondage his muscles still bulged, etched with veins, as sweat and semen poured down his body. Cum also soaked his hair, matted to his forehead, and flowed down his cheeks and stubbled chin. But the look in his eyes was one of exhilaration of triumph. He knew he had survived this ultimate test of manhood and emerged supreme.

Steve grasped his wrist and raised his arm up high proclaiming the champion. There was a burst of applause from the men, and shouts and whistles from the boys. The first to move was Pablo. Impulsively he ran forward and in a show of deference held out his hand. Randy ignored it and folded his arms round his boy. Pablo felt the hot flesh of his master pressing against him, still slick with semen and he gazed into Randy’s riveting blue eyes. “Thank you, sir. Thank you for not leaving me leaving us.”

Randy smiled. “Ah, all that crap I spilled before was just me talking bullshit. I’d never leave you, kiddo. Where else would I ever find a tough young stud as hot as you?”

With tears in his eyes Pablo stepped back and his place was taken by Mark, who gazed admiringly into Randy’s eyes and grabbed his hand in a firm handshake. No words were spoken the gesture was enough. It was a gesture repeated by Zack, who smiled as he pumped Randy’s hand in a sign of respect one master to another.

But Randy was obviously exhausted and now Bob walked forward and put his arm round his shoulder. Randy leaned on him for support as they walked toward the house. As they passed in front of Steve Randy grinned and said, “I owe you one, brother. Thanks, man.”

In the bedroom Randy took a long, hot shower, with Bob soaping and massaging his bruised muscles. He ran his hands gently over Randy’s ass that still burned with the pain of being impaled on so many cocks. Then Bob dried him with a big, soft towel and led him to the bed, where Randy gently eased himself onto his back with a huge sigh. Bob’s instinct told him that Randy should be left alone to sleep for a while so he covered him lightly with a sheet.

Before he left he said softly, "You were spectacular, buddy. I've never seen you look so incredibly hot. All I could think of was getting my ass fucked by this tortured muscle-god fucked hard as only you can."

Randy managed a tired smile. "I did all this for you, man. It was the only way my pride would allow me to beg your forgiveness."

Bob was eager to put everything right and stammered, "And about San Diego, buddy, I'm not gonna ask Hassan to come and"

"Be quiet." Randy's voice was firm. "Of course you must see Hassan there or anyone else you want to. You don't have to ask my permission. You're a gorgeous fucking top man that's what I love about you, don't you know that? You don't have to ask anyone's permission to do anything. So, no more jealousy, no more fights."

Randy grinned. "Shit, the guys are getting bored with our story always the same routine I get jealous, go ape-shit, beat you up, you forgive me until the next time. Nobody knows why you stick around and neither do I."

Bob stared deep into his eyes and said, "Yes you do. This is why." They saw themselves reflected in each other's eyes and entered the mirror-world where they became one one body, one soul, transcendent inseparable."

Steve was alone at the poolside table with a bottle of wine and two glasses that the twins had brought out for him. As Bob emerged from the house Steve looked up and gazed in awe god the man was gorgeous, barefoot now, dressed only in khaki shorts. Bob sat down at the table with a sigh. Steve poured him a glass of wine and raised a questioning eyebrow.

"He's fine," Bob said, "asleep."

"And?"

"And it's all OK. Randy was the perfect gentlemen to me, gave me his blessing for my meeting with Hassan in San Diego. Well, he said I didn't need his blessing, didn't need anyone's permission to see Hassan or anyone else for that matter."

Steve looked at him with a quizzical smile. "So why do I not see a smile? Why do I hear that note of uncertainty in your voice?"

Now Bob did smile. "Quite the observer aren't you, doc?" He sighed again. "I dunno, Steve. Somehow somehow it wasn't the Randy I know."

“OK, shoot,” Steve said. “Think of me as a therapist for a minute.”

There was a long pause as Bob’s mind wandered back to the past. “I don’t think Randy and I ever told you how we met,” he said. “I was living in San Francisco, and on a long drive south I stopped in L.A. for a breather. Went for a drink in a shabby old bar on Hollywood Boulevard and there he was, a handsome, muscular construction worker with a five-day stubble on his jaw, in old work clothes and a sweaty tank-top.”

He paused with a smile of recollection. “I was gonna sleep for a while in my car but he said I could take a nap in his motel room. I was exhausted and I guess I was dreaming and threw an arm over him in my sleep. He thought I was coming on to him and flew into a towering rage. Bear in mind that neither one of us had ever been with a man before, never even given it a thought. He got real physical, went crazy, tied me up and beat me, brutalized me. It lasted all night until finally he let me go.”

“And here’s the crazy part. I should have just got the hell out of town, but I didn’t. I couldn’t. I drove around aimlessly and eventually found myself back at the motel and it was as if he was waiting for me. *I wanted more*, Steve. And he gave it to me. I couldn’t get enough of him. There was something I dunno, I....”

“You were already in love with him.”

“Is that what it was? Maybe. But if I did fall in love it was with that gorgeous, dark, dangerous gypsy of a man. I wanted to feel his anger, feel the pain I wanted him to dominate me, use me own me. And you know what? Just the other day when he burst into my room, eyes blazing angry, he fucked my ass so hard I was sobbing. *And I loved it!* That was the guy I had first met, the rugged, sweaty construction worker in his torn tank-top, the man I was crazy about, the guy I can’t live without.”

Bob looked pleadingly at Steve. “Steve, look at me, a big, successful, macho top man, a master but a master who wants to be dominated by another master ... by Randy. What kind of sense does that make?”

“All the sense in the world, Bob. And the best part is, Randy feels exactly the same. You think Randy could ever have hooked up with a lesser guy than you? Look at the boy he chose Pablo, a handsome, tough young stud handy with his fists. Look at his buddies, Mark and Zack, gorgeous muscle-studs he admires and respects but who always bring out his competitive instincts.

“You see, Bob, that’s Randy he has to be the best, the boss and he has to *have* the best. He has to have a spectacular lover, a gorgeous muscle-god that everyone lusts for, a man who exudes masculinity and strength. He found that in you the only man who measures up. That’s why he waited for you in that motel room. And that’s why he’s so afraid of losing you.”

Steve smiled. "Don't worry, Bob, he'll never stop fucking you the way that drives you wild. But he must not let his anger control him to the point he becomes dangerous. Hell, look what he almost did to Pablo. You'll always have to watch out for that, and so will I. Bob, I love both of you. You are an exciting, magnificent couple and I'll always be there to help you through the bad times, as I was this time. Sure, when the shit hits the fan the guys will say, 'Oh god, there they go again same old story.' Well, it may be the same old story, buddy, but it's damned exciting to watch."

Steve grabbed Bob's hand. "Now, do me a favor, go down to San Diego, get your boring old business meetings out of the way and enjoy your visit with Hassan." He laughed. "I just wish I was a fly on the wall of your hotel room. Gets me hard thinking about it."

As Bob drove his Mercedes down the San Diego freeway, the smart executive in his well-tailored business suit, he ran Steve's words through his mind again and again. And he pictured Randy as he had first seen him in the dimly-lit bar, hunched over the bar nursing a beer. He saw the muscular body, honed by hours of physical labor, sweaty, grimy, in old work pants, boots and a ragged tank top that looked as if he'd worn it for weeks.

He recalled how the face, that rugged, macho, stubbled face, had suddenly turned to look at him, the steel-blue eyes piercing the gloom. And just like that first time, Bob's cock swelled now, though this time it was bulging under the sleek fabric of his smart business pants. His hard-on remained, even during his business meetings, where the staff looked up to the handsome vice-president as the embodiment of the successful executive. They would do anything for him he was the boss. 'If only they knew,' Bob smiled secretly to himself.

It was with relief that he finally got back to the hotel. He was bored with business, bored with the adulation that shone from the staff's eyes, women and men alike. The Westgate is a luxury hotel in the grand old style and when he was shown into his room he strolled over to the French windows and walked onto the private terrace with a sweeping view of the bay. This was the ultimate in luxury alright, but right now he would have willingly exchanged it for a stool at that shabby old bar, with the construction worker staring at him.

Suddenly the phone rang. He went back into the room and picked it up. It was Hassan, calling from his jeep.

"Hi, Bob." The soft, lilting accent instantly brought to mind the image of the soldier's handsome Arab/Asian face. "I'm on the freeway, almost to San Diego. We're still on for that drink, right?"

Bob blinked hard as the image of the construction worker morphed into the face of the handsome Marine. "Yeah yeah, sure we are. Looking forward to it. Drink and then dinner if you like. Meet you in the bar downstairs." He felt his heart beating as he replaced the phone and realized that Hassan was now the cause of his near-permanent erection.

He changed into pale gray slacks, a camel sport-jacket and blue tie. He looked into the mirror and was pleased with the effect, subconsciously thinking that Hassan would be impressed. He went down to the Plaza bar, ordered a martini and waited. He was annoyed to find he was nervous, on edge.

He watched people come and go, and then a tall, striking man came in and stopped at the door as if looking for someone. He was stunning black hair, slanting eyes in an exotic square-jawed face. He was wearing tan slacks, dark blue blazer and a white shirt unbuttoned almost to the chest. His smart clothes did little to disguise the muscular physique underneath. Many eyes turned toward the door, and Bob stood up, an automatic reflex of admiration as much as a signal to Hassan.

Hassan flashed a gleaming smile and strode over to Bob, his hand outstretched. "Bob," he said. "Wow, you're looking Jesus you look great. I'd forgotten."

"Me too," smiled Bob, shaking his hand. "My memory didn't do justice to you either. Don't think I've ever seen you out of military fatigues."

"Is this OK?" Hassan asked, looking uncertainly down at his clothes. "This place is so grand should I have worn a tie?"

"Not on your life," grinned Bob, looking down at the tight black hair curling between the open shirt. "You look perfect."

They ordered drinks and there was an initial uneasy silence, which Hassan finally broke.

"Look, Bob, there's something I have to say right off the bat. When I was in your house I think I may have caused all kinds of problems especially between you and Randy. I certainly didn't mean to and if there is any problem us being here well, you know together then I'll leave. The last thing I want is"

Bob reached forward and grabbed his wrist. "No, Hassan. There's no problem at all. We sorted all that out" (he grinned at the memory) "and Randy gave his blessing well let's just say he has no problem with this at all." His cock was roaring hard in his slacks and he was sure the same went for Hassan. "Look, is it OK if we go into dinner right away?"

"The sooner the better," the soldier grinned.

The food was great but who was eating? The conversation flowed, but who was listening? Who was paying attention to anything except the burning look in the eyes and the feel of the cock throbbing in their pants? They were devouring each other, not the meal. They raced through the main course and Bob asked doubtfully, "You want dessert, coffee?"

"What do you think?" Hassan smiled.

Bob signed the bill and they quickly left the restaurant. The other people in the elevator must have felt the magnetic charge that sparked between the two men. It seemed like an eternity before the elevator reached the 18th floor and then they strode quickly to the room. As the door closed behind them their lips came together in a grinding, passionate embrace as the lust that had been building for weeks finally erupted. They clamped their hands behind each other's head and pulled the face forward, their tongues searching frantically inside the warm mouth, as if they were eating each other alive.

Still kissing they walked to the foot of the bed, and then held each other at arm's length, breathing heavily. "Oh, man," Bob said. "At the house as soon as you left with Mark I went to my room and beat off thinking about you. You gave me a spectacular orgasm."

"You too, uh? I can't count the number of times I jerked off thinking about you, man. Let's just say my sheets were soaked with cum."

They smiled at each other, reached forward and began to undress each other, pushing the jackets off first. Hassan loosened Bob's tie, pulled it off and slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Bob too unbuttoned Hassan's shirt, pulling it open to glimpse the perfectly rounded pecs underneath. In seconds the shirts were yanked from the waistband and thrown to the floor. "Oh, man, that is so fucking beautiful," Hassan said, gazing at Bob's superb torso, and impulsively they came together again, grinding their chests and crotches against each other.

Bob knew he would shoot in his pants like that, so he pulled back and dropped to his knees. Frantically he ripped open Hassan's fly buttons, reached inside and pulled out the huge hard-as-steel cock. With a whimper he leaned forward, kissed the tip of the cock, tasting the pre-cum that dripped from it. He licked the gorged head and then pushed forward, feeling the huge shaft slide into his mouth and halfway down his throat. His face became like a piston, rising and falling on the soldier's rod. He grabbed Hassan's hips and pulled them forward, forcing the cock even farther down his throat.

Hassan was going wild, his black hair falling over his forehead as he looked down at the beautiful face making love to his cock. "Oh god, that feels incredible, man. I've thought about this so often, imagined my dick in your mouth, jacked off to it so many times. Oh, Jesus, I don't wanna cum yet though..... not yet." He suddenly pulled his cock out and Bob felt hands under his armpits lifting him up and throwing him onto his back on the bed.

Hassan reached down, unzipped Bob's pants and pulled them down below his knees. Bob's cock sprang up and was immediately sucked into Hassan's mouth. Bob looked down mesmerized as the Marine's dark, exotic face hammered his cock, pulling back, then plunging forward, clenching, sucking, savoring the bitter-sweet taste of pre-cum.

But Hassan knew that Bob, too, was close to orgasm, so he stopped, sprang to his feet, kicked off his shoes and pulled off his pants. He leaned forward and pulled off Bob's shoes and pants. Both of them were naked and Hassan stood at the foot of the bed gazing down at Bob. "Man, you are so beautiful, so fine. I've wanted to make love to you since the day I saw you."

He threw his head back and howled, then threw himself onto the bed. The two naked bodies became one in each other's arms, twisting, writhing, churning over the bed and onto the floor. They rubbed their bodies together feeling the muscles beneath them bulge and flex, feeling now what they had up to now only looked at and lusted for. They were kissing, licking, biting, trying to devour each other.

Hassan had reached a frenzy of desire. He picked Bob bodily off the floor, threw him hard down onto the bed and stood over him, breath heaving, nostrils flaring like a wild Arab stallion. He had to have this magnificent man. He dropped to his knees on the bed and pushed Bob's legs high in the air. He pressed the head of his dick between the mounds of Bob's ass and paused, savoring the moment before he took possession of the man.

Bob gazed up at the spectacular sight, the sweating, naked muscle-god about to enter his ass. He felt the iron cock pressing against his sphincter and braced himself for Randy's violent thrust that always drove him wild. Randy? Why was he thinking of? Suddenly the images flooded back the construction worker at the bar, the wild gypsy bursting into his room, anger blazing in his eyes, muscles flexing as he pounded his ass like a jack-hammer. Then the image changed Randy's blue eyes softened, became loving, setting him free to be with anyone, to do as he pleased.

He felt the cock pressing harder, harder, on the point of entering his ass. And suddenly his body jerked, he pulled away away from the rigid cock away from the man who wasn't Randy. "NO!"

Bob rolled off the bed and sprang to his feet leaving Hassan staring up at him wide-eyed. "Oh, man," Bob moaned. "I wanted it real bad but I'm sorry I just"

"Hey, hey," Hassan said soothingly, lying on his back propped on his elbows. "Don't beat yourself up, buddy. No sweat. Don't get me wrong now I really want to fuck your ass, but well, it's not the only thing I fantasized about." He smiled, bent his knees and pulled his feet back toward him.

Bob's hard-on returned instantly. Just as Hassan had done to him before he knelt down, pushed up Hassan's legs and pressed his cock against his ass. "That's it, man," Hassan smiled. "That's what I dreamed about, and in my dream I came without touching myself."

"Not a problem," Bob smiled, and fell forward, grabbing Hassan's wrists and pressing them to the bed, high above his head. "We've both jacked off so many times, buddy now you're gonna know what it really feels like." He eased his cock slowly into the soldier's ass, sliding past the warm, moist membrane and coming to rest deep inside him.

Hassan's beautiful face rolled to the side, he moaned and a tear rolled down his cheek. "Oh, man. You are so fucking hot. Your cock feels so good inside me so right. Fuck me, man. Fuck my ass."

So, gently, lovingly, that's what Bob did, gazing into the slanted dark eyes. After the frenzy of their passionate physicality this, finally, was how it was meant to be. At last Bob was making love to the man he had lusted for from the first, the man he had fantasized over, whose image had caused his lonely orgasms. And it felt out of this world. He pushed down on Hassan's arms, pinning him to the bed, their faces close.

Spellbound by each other's beauty they smiled at each other. "Now I'm gonna make you cum," Bob said softly. He lowered his head and his mouth licked the soldier's full, sensuous lips. Their mouths slid lightly together as they felt the heat rising from their groin. Then Bob clamped their mouths tightly together so the only breath they could take was from each other.

They shared their breath, shared the heat coursing through their bodies and semen began to pour from them. Hassan felt the hot liquid flowing in his ass and his own cock erupted in a stream of cum that splashed onto his body and face. At last, they were joined. At long last all their thoughts, fantasies, desires, had found expression in the joy of exquisite physical release.

Sometime later they stood naked on the terrace, gazing out over the dark ocean, the last blue splinter of sky fading to black. Bob said, "You're gonna stay the night, aren't you?"

Hassan smiled. "I got a 72-hour pass. See, what I really wanted more than anything was simply to hold you all night."

No more needed to be said. They walked back inside, got into bed and put their arms round each other. They were soon asleep, though they woke up often and made love, with Bob fucking Hassan several more times.

But Bob's sleep was not untroubled by dreams of another man, and by early morning he was wide awake, thinking. He loved being with Hassan, in his arms, but Randy's image was still clearly etched on his mind. He had not betrayed him, he knew that, but he missed him.

Suddenly he knew what he must do and whispered it in Hassan's ear. Without turning over to face him Hassan smiled and said, "I knew you were going to do that. It's a great idea."

In a few minutes Bob was on the phone, waiting, drumming his fingers impatiently on the table. "Oh hi, buddy," he said at last. "Yeah fine, everything's great. Yeah, he's still here, but that's why I'm calling. Randy, I want a big favor." He took a deep breath. "Do you think Zack could hold the fort for a day or so while you get on a train to San Diego? If you take the train we can drive back together." A long pause. "Yes, I'm sure. It's just that I need you, man. Thanks, I'll meet you at the station. Oh, and the hotel is quite fancy, so try to wear a shirt this trip."

"Asshole," Randy's voice growled. "I thought that's how you liked me best, without a shirt."

Bob sighed. God he loved the man.

Randy didn't take well to public transportation liked to be in charge, drive himself. But he had to admit that the almost 3-hour train ride, much of it beside the ocean, was great for sorting out your thoughts. Randy was pleased with himself, almost arrogantly so. His lover needed him. Bob had just spent the night with a spectacular muscle-stud but he needed him. There was a contented smile on his face as he gazed out at the ocean speeding past the window.

Pacing the station platform Bob was nervous again as he gazed into the distance for the first glimpse of the train. Finally he saw the distant light and within minutes the big train was lumbering into the station. Bob craned his neck over the crowd getting off, and his heart leapt as he saw Randy, head and shoulders above them all. Bob smiled as he saw that Randy was wearing a new pale-blue polo shirt. Locking eyes they walked toward each other and fell into a tight embrace. Bob said into his shoulder, "I love you, Randy. More than you can know."

"More than I know, uh? Wouldn't take a bet on that, buddy. After all, the feeling's mutual."

They turned toward the parking lot but Bob suddenly stopped and looked into Randy's eyes. "Randy, there's something I want to tell you. I know I don't have to, but I want you to know. Last night when I slept with Hassan he didn't fuck me. I couldn't let him. So I fucked him several times. But he never fucked me."

As Randy strode with his lover across the station yard his smile was one of satisfaction bordering on smugness.

Hassan was standing on the hotel room terrace in just his boxers, gazing out over the ocean, smiling at his recollection of last night, sleeping with Bob in his arms. Intuitively he understood why Bob wanted Randy there. After all, the two men were as close as men could be, joined as one, and Bob wanted Hassan to see that up close. It was essential if they were to have any kind of continuing friendship. Plus Bob obviously missed Randy like hell.

The door opened and the two men walked in. The glow surrounding them was as bright as the sunlight outside. But Hassan was not intimidated he walked forward and shook Randy's hand warmly. Randy was impressed by the soldier's confidence, not to mention his stunning beauty as always, but Randy held his feelings in reserve. Hassan was an obvious master but Randy would show him a real master in action.

Hassan had ordered drinks from room-service and they sat down by the window. Conversation was slight, restrained the train journey, the happenings back at the house trivia. Suddenly Randy stood up and said, "OK, guys, we need to clear the air here, get things settled. Bob, you know what to do."

Hassan was amazed at the natural authority of this powerful man, his mastery at exercising total control. No wonder all the guys revered him as the boss. And his magnetic power over Bob was uncanny. Bob stood up and seemed almost hypnotized as the men locked eyes. Quickly Bob pulled off his T-shirt and dropped his pants. Naked, he threw himself onto the bed, his cock already standing straight up, rigid.

Randy turned to Hassan and said, "Just watch, soldier. Your turn will come." In the past few days Randy had gone through a lot of uncertainty and doubt, but now he was in full charge this was an arena where he was the unchallenged expert and he went to work with awesome efficiency. He picked up Bob's T-shirt from the floor and ripped it in two, then twisted each half into tight braids. He snapped them hard between his fists and Bob moved, obediently raising his arms up toward the corners of the bed. Randy used the shirt to tie Bob's wrists to each corner of the headboard.

He growled down at his bound lover. "Let me see you get free." Hassan gasped as he watched the handsome bodybuilder pull helplessly at his restraints, his contoured muscles flexing as his body writhed and twisted. Hassan was enraptured by the erotic sight and his cock was rock hard in his shorts. Knowing his effort was futile Bob stopped and gazed up at Randy's dark, gypsy face. He moaned as he saw him pull off his shirt and strip naked.

Bob had not been sure why he had asked Randy to join them. He had been working on instinct. But now as the glorious muscle-god towered over him Bob knew beyond doubt that this is what he had craved. Since yesterday his mind had been crowded by images of the construction worker at the dingy bar, of Randy crashing into his room in his sweaty tank-top and work pants and savagely ramming his cock in his ass. He could not rid himself of these erotic fantasies. And now here he was, that same wild demon standing over him, and Bob knew he

was going to get forcibly fucked. *This* this is what he wanted, and only Randy could give it to him.

“You want it bad, don’t you?” Randy said.

“Yes, sir. Please, fuck my ass. Hard. I need it, sir.”

He braced himself for the onslaught and it came like a breaking storm. His legs were pushed high in the air, he saw only the piercing blue eyes and then “aaah!” he felt the spear of pain as the huge cock rammed into his ass. There was no pause, no halt. Randy’s hips pulled back and once again Bob’s ass was impaled on the iron shaft. His body jolted with streaks of pain, his head flew from side to side, and his body writhed as he pulled frantically at his restraints.

Hassan stood up horrified and was about to pull Randy off him, but then he saw the look in Bob’s eyes pure ecstasy, delirium as he experienced the savagery of this wild animal that he must have craved many times. Hassan stood back and marveled at the sight as Randy powered into Bob’s ass like a jackhammer.

So this is what joined them, this was their private world that he was privileged to witness. Hassan had known Bob only as the supreme top man, successful executive, a dominant master desired by everyone. And now he was helplessly bound, submitting to his own master, begging to get fucked, a tortured captive being used, degraded by a muscle-god more powerful than he, by a man he loved.

Hassan watched the savage fuck continue, saw Bob pass from pain to pleasure as the men shouted obscenities to punctuate the wild passion they were feeling. The onslaught seemed endless, but finally Hassan realized that the climax was near as Randy’s deep voice spoke to Bob. “You know what you have to do, asshole. You have to beg for it. I’m gonna slam that ass until you make me shoot my load inside you.”

“Yes, sir. Please cum. Please, I want to feel your juice inside me.” Bob struggled mightily to get free, to touch his cock, but he was reduced to begging again. “I want to cum, sir. I beg you, please shoot your load in me. Let me cum. Please, I’m begging you.”

“Why should I, man?”

“Because I love you, sir.”

That was what Randy needed to hear. With one last mighty thrust his cock buried itself deep inside Bob’s ass and exploded. Bob gazed into the wild blue eyes and screamed, “Thank you, sir.” His own cock erupted with ribbons of creamy cum over his chest, into his face and his dark, tousled hair. Randy pulled back one last time and again speared his ass with a final

blast of hot semen. “Aaah!” Bob’s eyes opened wide as he blasted another load over his cum-soaked body. Then his head fell back and his eyes closed.

Randy pulled out and smiled with satisfaction at his exhausted lover, still tied to the bed. Then the surprise came. He turned to Hassan and said, “OK, soldier. His ass is all yours. I know it’s what you’ve both wanted since you first laid eyes on each other. Now, he’s already shot a massive load, but if you can make him cum again you’re one of us.”

Bob heard the words with shock. Randy was offering his ass to Hassan, like he owned it and was loaning it out. More than that, he was using Bob as the helpless target in a sexual contest, master against master, in a challenge to make Bob cum again. He looked up wildly and saw Randy, standing to the side, arms crossed against his naked chest, smiling at him.

God the man was spectacular. He knew he knew exactly what Bob wanted. He wanted Hassan’s dick inside him and now he could have it, after Randy had already savaged his ass. To be used in a contest between these two muscle-gods, two men he craved, was something he could never have dreamt of. It was electrifying and his cock, so recently drained, was hard already. He was finally, at long last, going to be fucked by Hassan.

He looked at Hassan and saw pride and confidence in his eyes. Hassan was in no way intimidated by Randy. Sure Randy had ruthless strength and sexual power but Hassan knew his own kind of power. He was supremely aware of his own sexuality, an eroticism that few could resist, male or female. And he knew beyond doubt that Bob could not. Hassan did not need to use force he was a force-field all of his own.

He smiled down at Bob and asked in his soft, lilting voice. “Do you want this, Bob?”

“You know I do,” Bob said. “Fuck me, Hassan.”

Hassan knelt between his legs and pushed them up slowly. The head of his cock touched Bob’s hole, slick with the juice from Randy’s cock. Hassan looked up at Randy, smiled and said softly, “Watch this, Randy.”

He turned his face back to Bob and stared at him, so Bob felt he was drowning in the limpid brown eyes. He held his breath, knowing that in an instant he would feel Hassan’s cock inside him, at long last. At first he didn’t feel it enter, Hassan was so tender. But then he felt the long shaft pushing gently inside him, past the damaged membrane and then passing over the inner sphincter, coming to rest inside the secret depths of his body.

“Oh, man,” he moaned softly. “Fuck my ass.” It was not so much fucking as a loving, soothing massage, bringing balm to his ravaged ass. The membrane was super-sensitive after Randy’s brutal hammering but Hassan knew how to stroke it, heal it. It did not feel like a fuck at all. It

was simply a way of making love like kissing like the soft sensation of lips on lips. Hassan's cock was caressing his ass, making love with infinite tenderness.

"You see?" said Hassan's musical voice. "This is how I enter a man's body. This is how I please him, how I make love. And you will not have to beg. I will tell you to cum and you will cum." They were lost in each other's eyes as the gentle, almost hypnotic rhythm continued, mounting imperceptibly until Hassan finally asked, "Are you ready?"

"Yes oh yes."

"Right. Now I am going to do something I have always wanted to do to you, Bob. I am going to spill my seed inside you. And when I do I will see semen flowing from you. Here it comes, Bob. Cum for me. Now."

There was no sound, no screams. Bob felt the soldier's hot liquid pouring into his ass and he saw his own juice streaming from his cock, arcing high and splashing on Hassan's glorious body above him. It seemed as if their orgasms would never stop, were infinite. But eventually they were drained, and the men were still gazing into each other's eyes. A gleaming smile came to Hassan's face. Gently he pulled out and stood up. He walked to the head of the bed and untied Bob's wrists.

Throughout this spectacular display of love-making Randy had stood mesmerized. For a few moments he felt his old anger and rivalry surface as he witnessed the Marine's overpowering sexuality. But then he saw the look of pure joy in Bob's eyes and understood Hassan's goodness and the love he could inspire. The soldier could never beat Randy at pure physical strength, but he had other, spiritual qualities, that in their way were the equal of raw strength.

Hassan walked up to him with his hand outstretched. Randy grasped it warmly and smiled. "Awesome, man. Thanks for giving him that. You're one of us."

The room had a huge double-headed shower and the three men made use of it in ways it had almost certainly never been used before. Then Bob gave Randy one of his shirts and jackets and they all got dressed as befits the Westlake Hotel and went down to the bar before dinner. There was an audible gasp as the three magnificent men walked between the tables. They were not only stunningly handsome but there was a glow about them that could have set the room on fire. As one of the bartenders said to a customer, "Take my word for it. That's afterglow."

They spent the next two nights at the hotel, three gorgeous men getting to know each other in every way possible, by the pool, on the beach, and in the room, where Bob's ass was used repeatedly by both men. But finally Hassan's leave was up and, after warm embraces and pledges to get together again soon, he drove away.

Randy and Bob left soon afterwards. Randy was driving the Mercedes with Bob sitting contentedly beside him.

“Wow,” Randy said, “this is one classy fucking machine. Sure beats my big old truck.”

“Oh I dunno,” Bob grinned. “I’ll take a dirty old truck any time. You just have to know how to handle it.”

“Asshole,” Randy smiled. Then he looked at Bob. “We’re back, eh man you and me?”

Bob pressed against his shoulder. “We’re back, buddy.”

Bob looked forward to being in the house again. Before he had left on this trip he had asked Jamie to keep an eye on the twins, make sure they were doing OK and had everything they needed. “You’re great in the office with Kevin, Jamie, so take good care of them both.”

Of course he had checked with Mark that he was OK with that, and Mark was enthusiastic. He put his arm round Jamie and said, “Be great for him. You know, I’ve been thinking, kiddo, all the other boys go out to work, but you, running the office, spend almost all your time in the house. Sometimes I think it’s a bit like hibernating, not good for your development. You’ve gotta get out more, meet more guys outside the house.

He saw a look of concern in Jamie’s eyes and he squeezed him tight. “No, I’m not saying you should leave me. You should know that by now. We’re together for the long haul, buddy. But I tell you what I have a few days leave coming and I thought I’d spend them in the shack in the dunes. You wanna come? That’s if Bob can spare you away from the office.”

Jamie’s eyes were shining as he looked pleadingly at Bob. “Oh I think we can make do,” Bob laughed. “Kevin can help me hold the fort, so yeah, you can go. Just stay out of trouble.”

“Well, I’m not so sure about that,” Mark grinned at Jamie. “Trouble can be half the fun. And maybe, kiddo, we might even get to know someone else along the way. It’s about time you spread your wings let me see what you’re made of.”

Jamie’s eyes sparkled with anticipation.

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