

# **A TRIAL OF STRENGTH**

## **BOOK 13**

### **Chapter 121 – Nate**

Although the house was full of confident, opinionated (not to mention gorgeous) men, twilight fell over it when Bob and Randy were away sorting out their stormy relationship. It was as if the house itself held its breath ..... and heaved a sigh of relief when they returned, as they did now, the sparkle in their eyes leaving no doubt that all was well ..... better than ever, in fact.

The boss and his lover were back, and the house quickly resumed its normal rhythm. Mark and Zack were relaxing over beers in Zack's garden, and Mark repeated a question he had asked earlier. "So, whad'ya think now, buddy? Think the boat's finally stopped rocking?"

Zack laughed. "Calm as a mill-pond right now, but you never know with those two. But it sure as hell makes life interesting. At least now we can get on with our lives. And you're off on a trip up to the dunes, I hear ..... with that hot young surfer dude of yours."

"Yeah. You know one thing concerns me about Jamie. He's great at running the office here but it means he spends almost all his time in the house. The other boys go out to work ....."

"....yeah and Darius comes home to me spilling all his stories about the guys on the crew, the clients .... you know, all the people he's met."

"That's just the point, Zack. I want Jamie to meet other guys outside the house too. I'd like to see how he responds to meeting someone new, maybe a guy who looks up to him. So I'm gonna keep my eyes open. Wanna see that hot young boy of mine spread his wings a bit.

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So a few days later here they were, the handsome cop and his golden surfer boy, halfway up the coast to the Guadalupe Dunes. Jamie was in his little slice of heaven. This was when he was happiest, sitting beside Mark in his truck, off to spend a few days together. As so often before, Mark was wearing the black tank top that Jamie had once given him, setting off the chiseled, tanned muscles rippling underneath. Jamie tried to keep his eyes focused forward on the road, but every time he stole a look at Mark his cock sprang to attention in his faded blue surfer trunks.

In fact both men had a roaring hard-on ..... had done since leaving the house. They had been up and out so early they had missed out on the early-morning fuck that was part of their ritual.

“No time for that this morning, kid,” Mark had said. “Gotta hit the road.” And now he regretted that decision. As they drove Jamie had one hand on Mark’s crotch and the other on his own, and he was stroking them both seductively.

Out of the corner of his eye Mark saw the beautiful face of the young surfer, his eyes shining eagerly, tousled blond hair falling over his forehead. That sight, and the sensation in Mark’s groin, was driving him crazy. “Better stop that, kid, or you’ll have me creaming my jeans.” Reluctantly Jamie pulled his hand away but their cocks remained as rigid as ever. They had not fucked since they went to bed the night before, so they had both built up a head of steam that strained for release. They were silent as the truck sped north beside the ocean, their minds focused on one thing ..... sex.

“Fuck!” Mark said suddenly slamming his hands down on the steering wheel. He swerved off the road onto a dirt track winding inland toward a stand of trees. It was remote country out here, not a house or another soul for miles. The sound of the ocean grew dimmer in their ears as the truck followed the path until it came to a halt among the trees.

“Out of the truck, boy,” Mark ordered in his commanding police officer voice.” Jamie scrambled out and Mark pulled him toward the back of the truck. He pulled down the tailgate, grabbed the boy round the waist, lifted him bodily and dumped him down, sitting on the tailgate, his legs dangling over the end. He growled, “I’m damned if I’ll drive another goddamn mile without getting my rocks off.”

He pushed Jamie onto his back on a pile of canvas tarps, grabbed his legs and pulled him forward so his ass was hanging over the edge. In one quick move he pulled Jamie’s surfer trunks down his legs and off. He unbuttoned his own jeans and pulled out his raging cock.

Wearing only his loose tank top now, Jamie gasped as he looked up at the spectacular cop standing at the foot of the truck. He had rarely seen his master as hungry as this for his ass and his heart pounded as he realized what was coming. Mark pushed his legs back and said, “Here .... grab them.” Jamie grasped his ankles and pulled them back toward him, offering his naked ass to his master. Mark didn’t touch him. Instead he ran his fingers lightly over his own chest, stroking his nipples through his black tank.

“Oh, man, you look so fucking hot, boy, so fine.” He pushed his hips forward and the tip of his cock made contact with the warm hole, covered with a light fuzz of curly blond hair. “Here, boy, this is what you’ve been waiting for.” Arching his back the cop thrust his pelvis forward and his cock pierced Jamie’s hole, and drove deep down into his trembling ass. Jamie’s head flew back and he screamed. When he opened his eyes the sight almost made him shoot his load.

Mark was towering over him, and their only point of contact was where the boy’s ass was impaled on the cop’s steel shaft. Mark had raised his arms and linked his hands behind his head, elbows sideways, biceps and shoulders flexing as his hips pistoned forward. His black tank was stretched tight over his magnificent torso, the slabs of his pecs, chest, and ridged abs

clearly outlined underneath. “Look at me, boy,” he shouted. “Take a good look. Watch that gorgeous cop hammer your ass.”

Look at him ?! Jamie couldn't take his eyes off him. He was mesmerized watching Mark flex and pose as he continued to drive his cock deep in his boy's ass. Without breaking the rhythm of his pounding hips Mark held his arms up to the sides, then flexed his biceps in true bodybuilder pose. The black tank was perfect, better even than shirtless, and Jamie thought he had never seen a sight more beautiful, more erotic.

“Oh, sir, I think I'm gonna.....”

“Don't come yet boy! I wanna feel that warm sweet ass of yours. And don't speak. Not a word. Just watch the hot cop ploughing your ass.” And so the powerful fuck continued with Mark showing off his glorious body like a bodybuilder on stage. He knew how stunning he looked and loved to show off to his boy, turning him on almost to the point of orgasm. Jamie was still holding his ankles, pulling his legs back, pushing his ass forward trying to take the cock deeper than ever.

Suddenly he gasped as Mark stopped posing and grabbed Jamie's cock in both fists, stroking it slowly. Jamie saw the hint of a smile in the blue-gray eyes. “OK, boy, now I know I've made you hot as a furnace and you're dying to shoot your load. And when you do it's gonna be the biggest gusher that's ever blasted out of this cock in my hands. I want to see a river of cum. Prove to me how much you love me, how much your master turns you on. Here we go, boy.”

Jamie was in a delirium of pure lust. His master was still ramming his cock inside his ass, and his arms were flexing hard as he pounded Jamie's cock. Sweat was pouring off him, down his rugged face, down onto the black tank that clung, soaking, to his chest. Jamie had never felt so hot, so ready ..... ready to burst. And then he did. He felt the cop spear his ass deeper than ever, felt the cock shudder inside him and erupt like a volcano spilling hot lava.

His own cock pulsed as Mark's hands stopped and squeezed it. He hallucinated at the pornographic sight of the muscular cop, then screamed as his cock exploded, pouring stream after stream of creamy white juice. Mark tilted the cock toward himself so the rivers of juice splashed onto his body, onto the black tank, then up to his neck and onto his face. He opened his mouth and caught the ribbons of cum, swallowing them greedily, not spilling a drop. Jamie's orgasm was endless, the biggest of his life, as jets of liquid kept blasting from him.

Suddenly Mark was laughing. Surprised at first, Jamie found himself joining in and their peals of jubilant laughter rang through the trees, drowning out the distant sound of the surf. At long last Jamie's cock stopped pumping juice. Master and boy were spent. Mark pulled out his cock, reached down for Jamie's wrist and pulled him to his feet so suddenly that the boy fell against him and Mark folded him tight in his muscular arms.

Jamie felt the cum-soaked tank pressing against him and just when he was being squeezed breathless Mark pulled back and gazed at him. “You are one spectacular boy with a spectacular ass, Jamie. Now do you believe I love you?”

Jamie’s eyes sparkled. “Yes, sir. Absolutely, sir.”

“Good. Now back in the truck.” He slammed the tailgate shut and they jumped back into the cab. With a satisfied smile Mark threw the truck in gear, wheeled it round and sped back over the dirt road to the highway. A few minutes later they were sitting shoulder to shoulder, eyes on the road, just like before ..... except that now Mark’s black tank top was smothered in cum.

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Their heartbeats and breathing at last slowed to normal and there was silence in the truck for several miles. Then, his eyes still fixed on the road, Mark said, “I have a surprise for you, Jamie. You know that the shack in the dunes is not really mine. It belongs to a fellow officer, a buddy of mine on the force, and he lets me use it whenever I like. Well, see, he never comes here, so he asked if I want to buy it. I jumped at the chance, but here’s the kicker. When the deal closes I’m gonna put the deed in your name, kid. The shack will belong to you.”

It took Jamie many seconds to take this in. Mark was giving the shack to him, the place where they had first expressed their love for each other and where Mark had told Jamie he was his boy. To this day Jamie remembered word-for-word the rules Mark had laid down: “*You will be my boy. You will do everything I tell you to and I will do to you whatever I want, whenever I want. I will tie you down because I love to see you in bondage. I will even whip you because I love to see your face wince and your muscles strain to get free. I will fuck your face and, most of all, I will fuck your ass again and again because it’s absolutely the best feeling in the world.*” And the spectacular cop had kept his promise. All of those things had happened. So the shack in the dunes was almost a holy place to Jamie ..... and now it would be his ..... he would own it. His mind reeling he heard Mark’s voice again, but this time he detected a smile in it.

“Ownership comes with one condition, though, boy.” Jamie snapped back to attention. “When you own the shack you’re gonna have to let me use it as often as I like. And when you come up here you’re gonna have to bring me with you.”

There was a pause, then Jamie’s handsome young sunburned face crinkled with mischief. “Oh, I dunno about that, sir. See I would only ever bring a guy up here who wants to fuck me. Somebody who’s so crazy about me he wants to make love all the time. And the guy would have to be totally gorgeous: in fact he’d have to be the most beautiful man in the world. See when I’m a property owner, sir, it’ll be nothing but the best for me.”

“You have anyone in mind, kid?”

Jamie looked at him and tried to keep a straight face, but he failed. He sputtered and then burst out laughing, throwing his arms round Mark's neck. "Thank you, sir, thank you, thank you." He kissed him on the cheek and the mouth but Mark pulled away."

"Hey, down boy. I'm trying to drive here. I'm getting hard again too, and I don't want to have to pull off the road again. We keep doing that and we'll never get there, and I can't wait for that first dive into surf."

"Which reminds me, sir, of another condition. Whoever I bring up here has to come surfing with me."

"Ah, yeah, well about that, kid. I'm not so sure that I ....."

"You promised, sir. No surfing, no sex."

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There were two surfboards propped up in the back of the truck. Before they left, Jamie had persuaded Mark to come surfing with him when they got to the shack. Now, Mark had been an expert in his teens, high-school surfing champion in fact, but he had long since given it up when he went into the Police Academy. So he knew that Jamie, who was a natural on a surfboard, would show him up.

Still, a promise was a promise and when they finally bumped over the sandy path through the dunes Mark knew what would have to come first. They stowed their gear in the shack and Mark changed into swim trunks. It always turned Jamie on watching him take off his clothes.

When Mark pulled off the cum-soaked tank he looked at Jamie and said, "OK, boy, this is the price you pay for dragging me onto a surfboard." He held Jamie by the back of the head and pressed the tank hard into his face, rubbing it over his forehead, his eyes and lips. Jamie felt he would suffocate and the crazy notion flashed through his mind that if he died this was a spectacular way to go. He was overwhelmed by the smell and taste of his master's sweat and his own cum. The black tank that had been stretched over the cop's chest now ground into his face, and Jamie would have eaten it if he could.

Mark finally pulled away and threw the tank at him. "It's yours, kid. Keep it with you and whenever you wanna beat off thinking about me, hold it up to your face. Should get you off in a few seconds." God, thought Jamie, he knows me so well.

The time had come, and in a few minutes they were both paddling out toward open water on their boards. The session wasn't as bad as Mark had feared. It all came back to him quickly although it had been so long ago, and he had to admit that riding the waves alongside his boy was exhilarating. They laughed, yelled, teased and challenged each other, howling when the perfect wave came and they flew through the spray side by side. Jamie could have gone on

forever, but as they were sitting astride their boards facing the shore, waiting for the next wave, Jamie suddenly said, "Hey, sir, I thought I saw someone in the dunes. Looked like someone's head but it ducked down again."

"Hmm, maybe your imagination, kid, but let's let the next wave take us in. All our gear's in the shack so we can't be too careful. The next wave was a doozy and they rode it all the way in, skidding across the sand. Mark ran partway up the dunes but all seemed quiet. "You were seeing things, kiddo ..... probably a seagull swooping or something. But hey, that surfing got my body all fired up, so how about a quick workout?"

Jamie loved watching his master work his muscles so they quickly pulled the bench-press off the patio and onto the sand. They slotted in the uprights, rested the bar on top and loaded the weights. "OK, kid, spot me." Jamie stood behind the bench and watched as Mark effortlessly pressed fifteen reps.

Looking down on the incredible body, the gleaming chest, shoulders and biceps flexing and straining, Jamie's cock was roaring hard in his surfer trunks. He noticed the bulge in Mark's shorts too ..... physical exercise always did that to Mark, especially when he was with his boy. As they took turns on the bench, two gorgeous bodies, two handsome faces, straining with effort, the whole thing became more an erotic display than a gym workout. Jamie grinned as he thought to himself, "Uh-uh, I have an idea where this is going."

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As it happened, Jamie had not been imagining things. It *had* been a man's face that ducked down behind a dune, and now his eyes were riveted on the almost pornographic sight of the muscle-god and the young surfer working out together on the beach. He had watched the two spectacular blond men, surfing buddies apparently, riding the waves, their gorgeous bodies gleaming in the sun and spray.

The hidden observer had impulsively pulled out his cock and stroked it and he was still pounding it, much harder now, as he watched the men closer up, sweating and straining as they pumped iron. He stared mesmerized as the action heated up and he gasped in disbelief when he saw what came next.

Jamie was lying flat on the bench, breathing hard after a muscle-crunching set. He lay there, his arms stretched up holding on to the uprights, his boyish face ginning up at the Greek-God face of his master. Still dripping sweat Mark stared down at him and his hand stroked his crotch through his shorts. He shook his head in awe. "Oh boy. Why do you do this to me, kid? Why do you have to be so goddamn gorgeous? You know what I have to do, don't you?"

"I ..... I think so, sir."

Mark walked up to the patio and grabbed two old pieces of rope lying there. Jamie's arms were already stretched up and out as he gripped the uprights, so Mark simply tied his wrists to them. Jamie's upper body was spread-eagled, his legs hanging over the bottom of the bench. "OK, boy, you know what I want to see." Jamie knew well, and he put on quite a show. He looked up at his wrists and tried to pull them free. Then his body started to squirm, thrashing from side to side, turning on his hips, his lithe young muscles glinting in the sun as he writhed helplessly on the bench.

"God, that's spectacular," Mark breathed. He walked the few steps to the patio and pulled off the rail an old towel that had hung over it to dry. He flicked it hard across the chest of the writhing young surfer. Jamie howled, and the painful grimace on his face drove Mark into a frenzy. Again and again he snapped the towel against the perfect chest, knowing that the pain was minimal, just hard enough to make the body writhe.

As the boy cried out, putting on a show of feigned agony for his master, neither man heard the louder cry from behind the dune. The voyeur had been unable to watch this incredibly hot sex scene without blasting his load into the hot sand. As his cock drained it softened, but when he saw what happened next it instantly became rigid again.

Mark was yelling. "You had enough, boy? You know your ass is next, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Mark threw the towel away, reached down and pulled Jamie's shorts down over his legs and tossed them away too. He grabbed Jamie's legs and pushed them back up against his chest. "Oh, man," he gasped, "That is so fucking beautiful." He was gazing down at Jamie's hole, vulnerable, expectant, and it was the light fuzz of pale blond hair, surrounding the ass and curling over it, that really turned Mark on.

He fell to his knees and buried his face between the white globes, licking the downy fur hungrily, then pushing his tongue into the thicket and deep into the boy's hole. He smelled, tasted the sweet musk of the boy's ass ..... *his* ass, the ass he owned, the ass that was his to fuck.

He pulled his head back and howled, "I love you, Jamie. I'm gonna fuck your sweet ass." He dropped his shorts, pressed his raging cock against the hole and buried it deep inside the surfer's ass. This was the climax of the day ..... after the impulsive fuck on the tailgate of the truck, the drive sitting next to his boy, surfing with him, then the sweating, muscle-crunching workout. Mark's body had pulsed with energy and desire and now he simply couldn't hold back. His blood raced through him, his heart pounded and he felt the heat rising from his groin through his cock.

"I'm cumming," he yelled to the wind, and Jamie felt his master's cock explode in his ass. His own orgasm erupted over his bound body, streaming over his chest, into his face and his

tousled blond hair. Mark pulled his cock out, pointed it down at his boy, and blasted more cum down onto his shuddering body.

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This time they both heard it, an ecstatic scream from behind the dune. The hidden man had watched the amazing scene of bondage, whipping and ass penetration, watched these two glorious men pour with sweat as they made savage love, and he had screamed as he blasted another huge load into the dunes.

Mark raised his head suddenly as he heard more sounds, loud voices. “Faggot! Filthy fucking faggot!” ..... “No! No, don’t, please .....”

Mark pulled on his shorts and raced over the dune. It took him seconds to size up the situation. Two tattooed young thugs were beating up on a young guy, pounding him, yelling obscenities, with liberal use of the word “Faggot!”

“Freeze!” Mark’s commanding voice made them whirl round, leaving their victim huddled sobbing on the ground. “He was jacking off,” one of them said. “The faggot was jacking off.”

“So you gave him what he deserved,” Mark growled. “Oh, yeah, you’re real tough guys. Takes two of you to beat up one young guy. Well how about taking me on, assholes?” He held his hands out to his sides, beckoning with his fingers. “Come on, here I am, guys. Come and get me.”

They made a half-hearted lunge at him but Mark caught them by the scruff of their T-shirts, hauled them up bodily and banged their heads together. Howling they slumped to the ground, stunned. Mark snarled, “Not your lucky day, you shit-faced losers. I’m a cop. But I don’t have time to waste on scumbags like you, so here’s what I’m gonna do.” He pulled his smartphone out of his shorts and quickly took pictures of them.

“When I go into town I’m gonna turn these mug-shots over to the local cops, who probably know you already, and they’ll deal with you, unless you get the hell out of town and stay out. Now get the fuck out of my sight and if I ever lay eyes on you again I’ll throw your sorry asses in jail so fast your head will spin.” Panicked, they fled, stumbling through the deep sand of the dunes.

Mark turned to the victim huddled on the ground and pulled him to his feet. He fell against Mark and pressed his head against his chest, sobbing with exhaustion and relief as he felt the cop’s strong arms fold round him. “Hey, hey, it’s OK, kid. It’s over. You’ve got me to protect you now. Here, let’s take a look.” He held the boy at arm’s length, felt his face, his ribs and stomach. The thugs had not had time to do any real damage.

He was a nice-looking kid, Mark thought, still scared-looking, a bit shy, about the same age as Jamie. “What’s your name, kid?”

The boy stared wide-eyed at the gorgeous cop, his protector. "Nate, sir. My name's Nate."

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"Shit .... my boy," Mark said suddenly and whirled round. "Follow me, Nate." He ran back to the shack and Jamie looked up at him, wide-eyed with concern, still roped to the bench. "Sorry, kid," Mark said. "Just a piece of business I had to take care of." Then the nervous newcomer was standing beside him.

"Oh, Jamie this is Nate. Nate..... Jamie."

Jamie looked up with surprise. "Hey, dude. I'd shake your hand but ....."

".....but I guess you're a bit tied up right now, eh mate?"

He stopped and blushed, surprised by his own teasing words. There was an uncertain pause, then Jamie burst out laughing and Mark joined in, saying, "Yeah, a bit tied up. You said a mouthful there, kid." He reached forward, quickly untied the ropes and pulled Jamie to his feet. Now Jamie did hold out his hand and the boy shook it shyly.

"What's that weird accent, Nate?"

"Australian. I'm from Sydney, Australia."

Jamie's eyes opened wide. "That is so cool."

"Look," Mark cut in. "I could sure use a cold beer. You drink beer, Nate?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you sir." Nate was still in awe of this Greek God, the most beautiful man he had seen in his life.

A few minutes later they were sitting on the deck sipping beers. Jamie said, "I'm not drinking much 'cause I'm gonna go back into the waves. Hey, you're from Sydney, Nate ..... you must be a surfer. They all surf there, don't they?"

Nate blushed again, being questioned directly. "Well, not everyone's a surfer, but I am."

"It must be so cool to go surfing in Australia," Jamie said. "I Googled it once and it said Manly beach has the best surfing."

"Well, there's always a debate, Manly or Bondi. I usually go to Bondi 'cause I like the vibe, and there are lots of hot guys there ....."

He trailed off and blushed again, thinking he had given too much away. But Mark smiled and said, “So what’s your story, kid? What are you doing way out here and all alone?”

Nate gulped as he looked at Mark’s handsome, smiling face. “Well, sir, I always wanted to visit L.A. ‘cause I heard there are lots of beautiful men here .....” Again he trailed off, but Jamie said. “Come on dude, don’t be shy. You can talk to us.”

Encouraged by Jamie’s friendly grin Nate said. “See, I’m 21 but I’ve never really been with a guy, but I jerk off a lot. I’ve watched movies about guys ..... well, you know, porn, I guess ..... and I’ve read lots of stories and often jerked off over them. And when I came over the dunes and saw you guys surfing it was like one of those stories had come to life. And then when you came back and started working out, and you tied Jamie up, sir, and whipped him with the towel it looked so hot, like a fantasy come true and I shot my load.”

His eyes were shining now as his story picked up speed. “I thought that was all, so I couldn’t believe it when you, like, ate his ass, like in the movies, and then put your cock inside him. It was like a pornographic drawing I have on my bedroom wall, and I shot another load. It was then that those two blokes grabbed me and started .....” His eyes teared up and there was an uncomfortable silence. Jamie’s heart went out to the shy boy and he grabbed his arm.

“Hey, dude, you wanna grab Mark’s board and come out with me. We’ll have a blast ...” He stopped himself and looked at Mark. “That is if it’s OK with you, sir.”

Mark laughed. “Nate, you would be doing me a big favor if you take my place on that board. I wasn’t looking forward to another surfing lesson from my boy here, so please, go right ahead.”

Jamie jumped up, ran into the shack and came out with a spare pair of trunks. “Here, put these on, Nate.” Shyly Nate turned his back to them, took off his jeans and T-shirt and pulled on the shorts. Jamie and Mark smiled at each other seeing the boy’s shyness and modesty. But soon Jamie and Nate were racing down to the water, their big boards tucked under their arm.

Mark watched them go and the thought crossed his mind that this might be the very thing he had had in mind for Jamie when they started out today ..... some young guy he could share things with ..... like surfing!

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Mark lay on the sand, his back propped up against the rail of the shack’s deck, and he watched with growing affection as the boys surfed together. They seemed a great match, laughing together, challenging each other, yelling encouragement atop the waves. Mark breathed a deep sigh. His somewhat vague ideas about Jamie’s needs now came into sharp focus.

He thought of the other boys at the house. Pablo and Darius both had their masters of course but they also had each other, buddies of the same age. They loved each other, shared a room

and mostly spent their nights together. Same went for the twins, safe in each other's arms and both loving their spectacular master.

But Jamie ..... all Jamie had was Mark. He knew the boy worshipped him, lived for him, and he enjoyed the company of the other boys in the house too, but he had nobody of his age as a special friend. That was not good for their relationship. Mark realized that Jamie might eventually feel stifled with no other outlet. And so he had a satisfied smile on his face as he watched the boys finally walk out of the surf and up the beach.

Nate was a good-looking guy ..... nicely proportioned, slim .... a swimmer's body. Could use a few sessions in the gym to bulk up a bit, but he already had good abs and nice pecs. He was shy, certainly, but he had big round brown eyes that shone with honesty and more than a trace of humor. His joke about Jamie being "a bit tied up" had proved that. Good features, brown hair, he was handsome in a young, innocent-looking way. Of course Jamie was a stunner, a beautiful young man, but it looked as if he had taken a liking to Nate as they ran excitedly up the beach.

"That was so cool," Jamie beamed. "He's pretty good .... for an Aussie!"

"Hey, mate, you come to Bondi and you'll see how the Aussie's really surf. Even you couldn't keep up with them."

Mark broke into their easy banter. "I dunno about you guys but I'm starved. How about we wander into town for a bite?"

Jamie was enthusiastic but Nate seemed reticent and frowned slightly. Guessing he may be short on money, Jamie grinned at him, "Don't worry, dude, the little Mexican place is cheap and cheerful, and anyway, it's on us." He caught himself and glanced uncertainly at Mark. Mark smiled and gave a small nod of approval, unnoticed by Nate.

Soon they were attacking piles of sizzling fajitas and Nate explained how he came to be here. "I'm in L.A. for a two-week vacation and I wanted to find a kinda remote beach. On Google I found the Guadalupe Dunes State Park so I took a train up here. I'd never been on a big train before, just the commuters in Sydney. I planned on spending the night on the beach and taking the train back in the morning."

"And you're all on your own?" Mark asked.

"Yes, sir. See, I'm pretty much a loner .... do everything on my own, go everywhere by myself."

Jamie laughed, ".....and jack off on your own. But are you serious, you've really never been with a guy, good-looking dude like you?"

“No. I guess I’m nervous about that ..... never found anyone I felt I could trust, someone I really liked that much, except in the stories I read. Never met anyone like you that’s for sure.” This time he flushed bright scarlet and Jamie glanced at Mark.

“Nate,” Mark said, “how do you feel about sticking around with us a couple of days, and then we’ll drive you back to town?”

“Oh, sir, I wouldn’t want to impose on you and Jamie ..... I mean you’re .....

“Good that’s settled then,” Jamie said with a big smile. “You stay with us. Now I want to get a bit more sun.”

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Back at the shack, while Nate was in the shower Mark and Jamie were talking about him. “Sir, Jamie said. “I want to ask you a question. When we were sitting on our boards out there Nate kept asking me about .... well what he had seen ..... I mean you fucking me and all. He wanted to know what it felt like ..... seemed real curious, almost as if he wanted to try it. So, I was wondering .....

“Look, kiddo,” said Mark, cutting to the chase, “if you want to be the first man he has sex with, the first man to fuck him, that’s fine with me. In fact you’d be the perfect guy. You just have to be absolutely sure that you both want it. And the first time’s not easy. Remember when I fucked you for the first time?”

Jamie smiled. “I could never forget that, sir. But I was thinking. If I did do that for him, do you ..... this may sound weird ..... do you think you could be there too? It would help me .....

“Sure I will, kid. You just say the word.”

That word didn’t take long. Jamie and Nate were stretched out on the sand and quickly their conversation turned to sex and Nate’s obsession with what he had seen Mark do to Jamie. In fact the discussion became so detailed that both boys soon had raging hard-ons. Surprisingly it was Nate who finally took the plunge.

“Jamie, I know this is a lot to ask, but I’ve never felt like this before and I was wondering if, well, maybe you could ..... but if you don’t want to I understand. I mean you’re so great looking...”

Jamie cut him off. “Thought you’d never ask, dude. Hope you don’t mind if Mark watches. Now take your shorts off.”

After some embarrassed fumbling Nate was lying naked on his back on the blanket. Jamie stood over him, the beautiful golden young surfer with the sun glinting behind him. Mark was standing a little way off, having been signaled by Jamie.

Jamie dropped to his knees and stared into Nate's big brown eyes. "You're real sure you want this, dude?"

"Absolutely," Nate stammered, almost unable to breathe, his heart was beating so fast.

"OK," said Jamie with a big smile. He licked his fingers and lubricated the entrance to Nate's ass, probing with one finger, then two. The boy gasped and tensed but Jamie continued to massage the sphincter until he felt it relax. Then gently he grasped Nate's ankles and pushed his legs slowly upward. He lightly pressed the tip of his cock against the hole and paused.

"It's gonna hurt at first, Nate, but believe me the pain will soon become the best feeling you've ever had in your life. Here we go, dude."

Very tenderly Jamie pushed his cock forward until he felt the head pass over the sphincter and just inside the ass. Nate's eyes opened wide, then he grimaced and said, "No, I can't. It hurts, man. Take it out. Please, take it out." Jamie felt Mark's hand pull on his shoulder and he quickly pulled his cock out.

"Tears brimmed in Nate's eyes as he moaned. "I'm sorry, Jamie. I really want it but ..... it hurt so much. I don't think I can."

Jamie heard Mark's voice in his ear. "Remember what I did for you, kid."

Jamie looked down at Nate's tear-stained face and said in a sterner voice, "Look at me, dude. Look at my face, my body. It's gorgeous. Come on, touch it, run your hands over it."

Nate opened his eyes and gazed up at the striking young face, square-jawed, tanned skin, smiling blue eyes, blond hair falling over his forehead. It's true, he was gorgeous. And the body! Nate ran his hands over the broad shoulders and down over the biceps. He put his palms on the perfect, rounded pecs and saw Jamie gasp as he touched his nipples. Then he ran his hands down over the ridges of his washboard abs and finally grasped the slim waist. Instinctively he pulled Jamie's hips toward him.

He was so hypnotized by this magnificent boy, sun gleaming behind him, that he was almost hallucinating. He was unaware that Jamie had increased the pressure on his ass again, harder this time. Spellbound as he was, suddenly Nate's trance shattered as he again felt that sharp pain in his ass. "No! No I can't," he sobbed. "It hurts too much."

"Hey, hey, Nate. Look at me," Jamie said softly. "Nate, I'm inside you. My cock's all the way inside you. I'm not moving. Take a deep breath, look into my eyes and try to relax. You feel that? You feel the pain going away?"

It was true. Suddenly Nate felt a warmth spreading over his body, a warmth that was radiating from his ass. He looked into Jamie's smiling eyes ..... and the pain was gone, replaced, as Jamie had promised, with a sensation he had never felt in his life. Then he knew what he wanted. "Fuck me, sir. Please, I want to feel your cock in my ass. Please, sir ....."

It wasn't just Nate who was experiencing a whole new sensation. Jamie felt like he had never felt before. He was inside this boy, the first man ever to fuck him. He was the master, on top, powerful, and yet this was the most tender he had ever been. Slowly he pulled his cock back, then pushed it gently forward. He watched Nate's eyes glaze over with an ecstasy that he, Jamie, was creating. Increasing the rhythm he was soon pushing deeper and deeper into the virgin ass, massaging the warm membrane that had never felt the brush of human flesh before.

Mark stood back and watched in awe. "Oh, man, that is so fucking hot," he moaned. He had never seen Jamie like this, never seen him fuck so tenderly, never seen him take charge of another man. And right there Jamie was transformed from a boy to a man. He was magnificent, glorious and Mark was mesmerized by the sight of his rounded white ass flexing as it rose and fell over the boy. It was too much for Mark. He stood over them both and started pumping his cock.

All three were transported into the erotic world of brand-new sexual sensation. Mark had never seen his boy like this; Jamie had never felt the excitement of a warm virgin ass; and Nate was in a new and magical world he never wanted to leave. Their orgasms were close and it was Mark who unleashed them. Overwhelmed by the sight of his young stud pistoning into the young ass he threw his head back, yelled, and blasted streams of semen down onto the bodies and faces of the boys.

They could not survive that. Nate was clawing at Jamie's beautiful body, muscles flexing and dripping with sweat, and suddenly he felt the cock in his ass pulse. He heard Jamie scream, "I'm cumming, man, I'm gonna shoot my load in your ass. Come on, boy. You've never felt this before. Let me see you cum."

Nate felt hot semen pour into his ass for the first time in his life. His body was shuddering, he felt heat rising from his legs, into his balls, up through his cock and exploding out in long ribbons of creamy liquid that splashed onto his naked body. He was screaming, his juice kept flowing, his body pulsed, spasmed, he was flying ..... and then suddenly he was still. He had passed out.

A minute later he was drifting back to consciousness and realized that he was lying in Jamie's arms. He saw the glorious muscle-god master standing over them, smiling. Nate thought he had died and gone to heaven.

Then Jamie's voice brought him back to earth. "You did great, dude. Take it from me, you always remember your first time. We're gonna have a great time up here ..... and you wait 'til you meet the guys I live with. Shit, you're never gonna want to leave."

# # #

## Chapter 122 – A Taste of Manhood

As he lay in Jamie's arms and heard his voice, Nate's only response was to gaze lovingly into his friend's smiling blue eyes. It had been a life-changing experience for the shy young man, and he knew one thing beyond a doubt ..... he was in love. He squeezed Jamie in his arms and held on tight.

Faced with this naked display of total adoration Jamie had no idea what to do. He looked up at Mark and opened his eyes wide with a look of "what now?" helplessness.

Seeing Nate's intensity Mark knew exactly what was happening and moved quickly to defuse the situation. "Hey," he said cheerfully. "Why don't you guys go and clean off in the ocean. Take your boards with you."

Reluctantly Nate loosened his grip on the magical Jamie, who sprang to his feet. "Just what we need, mate," he said, laughing as he mimicked Nate's accent and the Australian 'mate.' "Come on dude, show me again what you Aussies can really do on a surfboard." His enthusiasm was infectious and in a few seconds the boys were running back down to the waves with their boards under their arms.

Mark walked back up to the deck of the shack, popped open a beer and slumped in a chair. "Oh shit," he murmured to himself, "I really fucked that up. This boy-rearing thing is harder than it looks." He closed his eyes and tried to focus. He realized that in wanting Jamie to find a friend he had seen Nate's sudden arrival from out of nowhere as just what was needed. Jamie had taken a liking to him and everything seemed to be on track.

"But I pushed it too fast," Mark murmured. "I should have known better ..... I rushed it." He had gone along with the suggestion that Jamie satisfy Nate's curiosity and be the first man to fuck him, and it had sure been thrilling to watch Jamie take over as a dominant young stud. But it had all been too soon and, of course, a young rookie like Nate would fall in love with Jamie .... or feel sure that he had. Who wouldn't? Losing his virginity to the gorgeous blond surfer was a sexual fantasy for anyone, especially a sheltered guy like Nate ..... of course he would imagine himself in love.

Mark smiled as he remembered when he had been the first guy to fuck Jamie. But he had *wanted* Jamie to fall in love with him, and of course Jamie had ..... totally and forever. But this was different. He could see Jamie and Nate as good buddies ..... but any talk of love would screw that up completely. Mark sighed. "I'll have to talk to them," he murmured. He started to doze and his thoughts wandered back to the bedroom where he had first fucked Jamie's ass. His memories soon drifted into dreams as he fell asleep with a smile on his face.

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“Hey, sir!” Jamie’s eager voice woke Mark up with a start. “You dreaming of me, sir? Sure looks like it.” Mark opened his eyes and saw Jamie staring down at his crotch, where his cock was rigid as a tent pole in his shorts.

“Huh,” Mark said groggily, “you must think you’re pretty hot stuff, boy. What makes you think it was dreams of you gave me this boner?” Jamie grinned and arrogantly cocked his head to one side. Mark smiled. “OK, asshole, of course it was you. I was dreaming of the first time I fucked you.”

Fully awake now he looked up at Jamie and Nate standing shoulder to shoulder, still streaming with water, fresh from the surf. And Mark’s previous concerns all came back to him. “OK, guys, grab yourselves a beer and sit down. We gotta talk.”

In a minute the two boys were sitting on the floor of the deck gazing up at Mark leaning forward in his chair. “Now .....” Mark faltered, sighed, and began again. “Now, I want to talk about what happened a while ago when ..... well, when you boys fucked. Jamie, you told Nate that he would always remember his first time and that’s true. But what’s also true is that a boy not only remembers his first guy ..... he usually falls in love with him, or thinks he has.”

Mark’s throat was getting dry and he took a swig of beer. “Now I’m not saying there’s anything wrong with that, but when two guys are just becoming friends it may not be, well, a good idea to .....”

“Sir....” Jamie tried to cut him off.

“Don’t interrupt, kid, this isn’t easy.” He stammered on. “Like I was saying .....see ..... when two young guys find that they .....” He frowned as he saw the boys grinning at each other. “What?” he asked.

Jamie was bursting to speak. “Sir, you don’t need to go into all that ..... see, we’ve already done it. Out there when we were sitting on our boards, waiting for a wave ..... and by the way, the surf’s a bummer right now, that’s why we came in. I mean when the waves don’t .....”

“Jamie,” Mark said impatiently. “Cut to the chase, boy.”

“Sorry sir. What I was saying is that me and Nate, we’ve sorted all that out. Nate thinks he’s fallen for me but we agreed that for now we’re just best buddies.”

“Well,” Nate added, a bit shyly, “I’m still sure that I’m in love with Jamie, but he’s right that it could bollocks up our friendship so I agreed to cool it.”

“Of course,” Jamie added quickly, “we can still be fuck buddies sometimes, can’t we, sir, without the love thing?”

Mark was reeling, realizing that the boys were way ahead of him. He felt like a parent awkwardly trying to explain the facts of life to his kid when it turns out the kid already knows them. “Fuck buddies ..... yeah, well I guess that’s OK .... I guess.....”

“Don’t worry sir, I’ll still always be there whenever you want to fuck me, sir.”

“You bet your sweet ass you will, boy.”

Nate laughed inwardly as he thought, “Me, too, sir ..... me, too.” But that was a fantasy. It was already a dream come true to be spending a few days with his gorgeous new buddy.

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For the rest of the day Mark felt a vague but pleasant sense of relief. He was used to being constantly close to Jamie, but now he watched from a distance as the two boys got to know each other. Rather than keeping up with Jamie’s boyish enthusiasm he could now sit back, relax and watch Jamie expend his youthful energy on a guy just as youthful.

And Mark was very impressed by the gentle but authoritative way Jamie introduced Nate to the pleasures of male companionship, jogging with him, swimming and laughing together .... lots of laughing. Nate clearly looked up to him, especially when Jamie began instructing him on work-out techniques .... bench-press, dumbbells, chin lifts on the bar.

“You already got good abs, dude, and the start of decent pecs,” Jamie said in full gym-instructor mode. “But you could use a bit more muscle and definition. That shouldn’t take long .... just stick with me.”

Stick with him! Mark grinned to himself. Wild horses couldn’t drag that kid away from Jamie right now.”

Of course all that energy sharpened their appetite. “We’re starving, sir.” Mark took them to a restaurant that was a bit more up-market than the previous one (or what passed for up-market in the unassuming village of Guadalupe.) Nate’s initial hesitation about ordering and the table set-up was soon engulfed in Jamie’s torrent of questions about Australia. Mark was surprised to discover that in the past Jamie had surfed the Web a lot on Australian cities and lifestyle so the conversation flowed rapidly ..... with little input from Mark, though it gave him plenty of food for thought.

Back at the beach darkness was starting to fall as the three of them surveyed the clutter in the shack. “So Nate,” Mark said, “the room will be all yours tonight. I promised Jamie that he and I would sleep in the dunes, under the stars. He likes to do that up here. Sorry the place is

such a mess ..... our gear all over the place, and we haven't even put on clean sheets from our last time here."

"I'll help you change the bed if you like," Jamie offered. "There's clean sheets in the closet ....." but Nate cut him off quickly.

"No, no, that's OK. No worries, mate. I can take care of it." Nate was disappointed not to be spending the night with Jamie but part of him instinctively realized that this was Mark's subtle way of cooling the sexual heat a bit. And as he looked around at the rumpled sheets, clothes strewn all over it, his cock was already hard. Nate's impulsive objection to anyone cleaning the room was lost on Jamie, but not on Mark, who smiled to himself. Yeah, he thought, the kid would have a great night.

Nate's enthusiasm overcame his shyness as he drove his point home. "I mean after all, sir. It's your shack. I'm just an overnight guest."

"Actually," Mark smiled, "the shack doesn't belong to me, but in a few weeks it'll belong to Jamie. I'm buying it and giving it to him. So if you want to thank anyone, it's Jamie."

Nate's eyes shone. "Good on ya, mate. That's awesome." He held out his hand to Jamie, who smiled at his Australian slang, ignored the hand and took him into a hug. "It's been a great day, Nate. I'm glad you're here with us. Sleep well."

Mark grabbed a couple of blankets, threw his arm over Jamie's shoulder and they were soon trudging over the dunes. They found a remote spot, spread out the blankets, threw off their clothes and lay together, feeling the warmth of the sand through the blanket. There was a comfortable silence, which was broken by Jamie.

"Sir, there's just one thing, sir. I mean, I've spent a lot of my time with Nate today, talked to him a lot. I hope you don't think I was ignoring you, sir. I mean usually we spend every minute with each other, so I hope you're not ....."

"Jamie," Mark cut him off. "That's just the point. Usually we spend all the time together, just you and me. Don't get me wrong, I love that, but this gives us a bit of breathing space and I love sitting back and watching you guys get to know each other." He took Jamie's face in his hands and looked deep into his eyes. "I'll tell you another thing, kiddo. I have never been more proud of you than I was today."

"Really, sir?"

"The kindness and respect you showed the new kid was awesome. Here's this shy, lonely kid in a new country, a bit nervous, unused to American ways, and you totally took charge of him and put him completely at ease. You were awesome, Jamie. And it wasn't just kindness. It

was your authority, your ..... I dunno ..... pure masculinity that impressed the hell out of me. And I don't mean only when you fucked him, although that was pretty spectacular.”

Jamie's eyes were sparkling. “Thank you, sir. It wasn't that hard. I mean, I really like Nate. It's cool having a buddy like him. And I think he likes me.”

“Are you kidding? ..... he worships you. Look Jamie, you know I'm in love with you, but I'll tell you something. It's one thing to love a boy, but it's something real special to love a man, a beautiful young stud like you. And tomorrow I'm gonna give my man a reward. I have something special in mind.”

A slight frown crossed Jamie's face. “But sir, does that mean ..... like ..... I mean I still want to be your boy, sir.”

Mark grinned. “OK, that does it. There's that insecurity again. I was gonna make nice, gentle love to my new man, but now I see I'm gonna have to teach my boy a lesson, with a good hard fuck instead.”

Jamie's face relaxed into his mischievous smile. “Any way you want it, sir. You know my ass is yours to take ..... any way you want it.”

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While Mark and Jamie were making love under the stars Nate was in wonderland. As soon as he was alone he looked round the room and saw only Mark and Jamie ..... their discarded clothes scattered everywhere ..... used shorts, underwear, tank-tops, dirty socks and sneakers. And the bed ..... the rumpled sheets and the pillows that still bore the imprint of their heads. No, he thought, I don't want to clean up a thing.

He walked to the bed and picked up an old gray T-shirt. It was big so it had to be Mark's. He held it to his nose and smelled the stink of sweat in the armpits. He imagined it stretched over that superb body, running with sweat as he worked out. He saw a pair of white boxer briefs and saw the stains of residual piss in the crotch. He sniffed it, licked it, intoxicated with the taste and smell of the muscular cop's underwear.

What about Jamie? He rummaged through the pile and pulled out a jock strap, the frayed fabric worn thin from use. Jamie's ! He pressed it to his face and breathed in deeply. That was the smell he remembered, the smell of the young stud surfer who had fucked his virgin ass and held him in his strong arms. Aaaah! He breathed deeply again and again until his head swam with the smell of old cum stains and dried piss, the juices of his beautiful friend, the guy he was in love with.

Nate quickly stripped naked and pulled on the jock, stretching it over his balls and ass as Jamie must have done so many times. He looked in the floor-length mirror on the wall and tried to

imagine Jamie stripped down to the same jock. His cock was raging hard through the thin fabric and he pictured Jamie's big tool curled round inside it.

Suddenly he thought of something, an incident that Jamie had laughingly described that had happened with him and Mark on the drive up here. He had to find it. It had to be here. Not on the bed ..... on the floor? Suddenly he knew. It was under Jamie's pillow. He pulled out the soiled blank tank-top, the one Jamie said Mark had been wearing when he had fucked him on the tailgate of the truck. The one he had sweated through and the one Jamie had shot his huge load over as his master came inside him.

When Mark had taken it off, he had given it to Jamie, pressing it to his face. Nate now did the same and as he breathed deeply he almost creamed in the jock. The strong smell of the master's sweat and his boy's cum sent Nate reeling. It was almost as if he were there, watching as the god-like cop in the black tank, pushed the young blond surfer onto the flatbed of the truck, threw his legs in the air and pushed his huge dick through the soft, downy fur into the young ass.

"Oh, God," Nate breathed as he saw the rugged bodybuilder hammering down on the young ass, sweat dripping from his face, streaming from his neck and armpits and soaking his tank so it clung to his sculpted chest. *And this was the shirt!* Nate breathed in again and the stink of sweat was overwhelming ..... the sweat of the beautiful Greek God.

He fantasized about Mark grabbing Jamie's cock and yelling, "Cum for me, boy," as he emptied his load inside his boy's ass and Jamie sprayed streams of cum all over his master's shirt ..... *this shirt!* He took one more huge breath of the cop's sweat and the surfer's juice and he screamed into the gag of the shirt, "Fuck me, sir. Please fuck me. Shoot your juice in my ass, over my body." He lost all control. He felt his cock spurting cum into the jock he was wearing, Jamie's jock, until sticky cream oozed through the thin fabric and ran down his leg.

Nate felt his heart would burst from his chest and he gasped in great gulps of air. He was in a dream world now, a world with only two men, Mark and Jamie. As if in a trance he shook open the tank, pulled it over his own naked body and looked in the mirror. It was Mark's shirt so it hung big on him, but it was totally erotic, wrinkled, covered in sweat-stain patches and streaks of dried cum. He was wearing the master's shirt and the boy's jock.

Master and boy. He imagined them right now in the dunes, and he knew exactly what they were doing. He saw the cop's muscles gleaming in the moonlight, flexing as his body rose and fell over his captive boy, his beautiful ass impaled on his master's cock. He imagined their moans of ecstasy as they gazed at each other, imagined Mark's voice: "Feel the cop's dick in your ass, boy. You know it's gonna make you cum." And suddenly Nate was there. In his fantasy he had taken Jamie's place and he was gazing up at the cop's blue-gray eyes, feeling his cock sliding in his ass, just as Jamie's had done to him earlier.

He focused again on the mirror image and saw on his own body Mark's tank and Jamie's jock, master and boy, boy and master. He couldn't separate the two. He imagined being fucked by Mark and then saw himself fucking Jamie. He was spinning into a dream-world of confusion where he was out in the dunes, fucking and being fucked. Nate was beating his meat hard and his fantasy suddenly narrowed onto the faces ..... Mark, the Greek God smiling down at Jamie, the beautiful young athlete. They were smiling at him, talking to him, yelling at him to cum.

And he did. "Please, sir, fuck me," he screamed at Mark. "I love you Jamie!" And he saw ribbons of his own white juice shooting away from him and splashing into the mirror glass. It seemed to never stop, thudding against the glass and streaming down it, right to the floor. He stared into the mirror and saw Mark in his sweaty black tank and Jamie in his cum-soaked jock.

But as his breathing subsided he blinked and it was like waking from a dream, a dream he didn't want to leave. But dreams have their own way of lingering for a minute and then evaporating without a trace, and so did this one. Now the mirror image was himself, Nate ..... a boy limp with exhaustion. He turned away and threw himself on the bed, onto the same sheets that Mark and Jamie had slept on, leaving their scents and their juices behind.

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Exhausted as Nate was, sleep was hard to come by. He lay in the very sheets that Mark and Jamie had made love in, fucked in, sweated in. He turned over and buried his face in them, breathing in the very essence of the two extraordinary men. He tried to work out which pillow was which. This one was Jamie's, of course, where he had found the black tank. He lay on his back and imagined how Jamie had lain right here, with Mark towering over him, about to fuck him. He imagined he was lying beside them, watching the ecstasy on their handsome faces as they made love.

And so once more he jerked off, adding his cum to the dried semen already staining the sheets. Finally sleep overtook him. And he dreamed .... dreamed that he saw again the two men making love. And he was there with them. His cock poured with cum in his sleep ..... a wet dream. In fact, as he inhaled the musky scent of the men, he had several wet dreams that night and woke early in the sticky damp of his own semen.

It took him minutes to recover, to remember. Suddenly he realized he was still wearing Mark's tank and Jamie's jock. "Shit," he said and jumped out of bed. He looked at his watch. Five o'clock. He relaxed ..... much too early for the guys to come back in. He looked around at the messy shack. Jamie's shack. Jamie's! Then he knew what he would do ..... a small gift for Jamie. He stripped off the tank and jock, gathered the other dirty clothes and the sheets and threw everything into the big laundry hamper. His body became a ball of energy as he set about his task.

It took him several hours, including a trip outside to pick some dune grasses ..... carefully, not too much from one place .... he knew that. His task complete he waited and his heart leapt as he heard low voices approaching. The door opened, Mark and Jamie appeared and stopped in astonishment.

“Wow,” Jamie said. “That is totally awesome, dude. Never seen the place look like this.” It was sparkling clean, neat, the bed freshly made, all the sand swept from the floor, and a jug of tall dune grass decorating the table. Nate had found the grocery supplies Mark had brought with them and there was a smell of freshly brewed coffee from the small stove to go with the toast and cereal on the table.

“Nate, you didn’t have to do all this,” said Mark, thrilling the boy as he squeezed his arm.

“Oh, I did, sir. You said the house is as good as Jamie’s so he has to have nothing but the best. It’s my small contribution, and it wasn’t that hard. As a matter of fact I enjoy cleaning. My friends call me a ‘neat freak’. I’m always tidying up.” He laughed. “Maybe I could make a living at it.” A thought flashed through Mark’s mind, but he dismissed it. Nah, the kid was only here for another week ..... then he’d be thousands of miles away. Nah, forget it.

Suddenly Mark and Nate noticed something at exactly the same moment ..... the mirror, the one thing Nate had forgotten to clean, still streaked with obvious cum stains. He blushed deeply but Mark came and hugged him tight, whispering in his ear, “Glad you had fun, Nate”

Then it was Jamie’s turn to look concerned as he stared at the bed ..... clean sheets and pillow cases replacing the old ones. He hurried over to the bed and felt under his pillow. He sighed with relief as he felt Mark’s crumpled tank top underneath. While all the other clothes had gone into the hamper Nate had remembered to replace the shirt. That one would never be washed. The two boys smiled quietly at each other ..... their first shared secret.

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The rest of their stay in the dunes saw Jamie and Nate become closer, real buddies, sharing their hopes, dreams and secrets as friends do. Mark found himself beaming as he watched the growing trust between the two. He liked the newcomer’s openness and honesty, traits that Mark imagined were somehow ..... Australian. And of course he was bursting with pride at Jamie’s natural display of generosity and encouragement to the formerly shy young loner.

Mark knew there was only one major act to play out. He had promised a reward to his boy and the opportunity came when Nate said to Jamie, “Hey, mate, mind if I take run on the beach on my own. I love the feeling of being alone out there, the last bloke on earth.”

“Go for it, dude,” Jamie grinned. “Gives me a chance to get re-acquainted with the man I’ve been neglecting.”

Nate was already a small figure receding into the distance as Mark said, "OK, kid, time for the reward I mentioned ..... and time for you to get some exercise. Here, chin lifts." He stood at the edge of the deck and reached up to the lintel bar above the entrance frame. Effortlessly he pulled himself up with multiple chin lifts, the strain on his muscles evident even through his worn T-shirt. Finally he dropped to his feet and said, "Let's get serious about this," and he pulled off his T-shirt and shorts.

Jamie followed suit, dropping his surfer trunks, grinning at the hard cock that sprang to attention. One of his all-time big turn-ons was working out naked with his master. He took his turn at the bar and struggled to lift himself as many times as he could, as Mark looked on with his own boner at the sight of the lithe young muscles flexing hard. Mark's turn came again, but after a few pull-ups he suddenly stopped, standing on the wooden deck with his arms still stretched upward holding onto the bar.

Jamie was standing behind him, mesmerized by the muscles rippling in the broad V-shaped back. Hell, Jamie thought, he's a Greek God even from behind. Impulsively he reached forward and touched Mark's rock-hard shoulders, then ran his hands over the back, down the flared lats, tapering down to the slim, tight waist. Finally his palms came to rest on the hard white globes of the gorgeous ass. His breathing became ragged, his heartbeats rapid. In his trance he heard Mark's voice.

"That's it, man, that's your reward. This trip you've shown me that my boy has become a man, a virile young stud. So show me ..... show me how a real man fucks. Take me, stud ..... take your master."

Jamie's legs almost buckled. His master was telling him to fuck him! He looked at the magnificent body, stretching upward, spread-eagled, and his eyes became riveted on the spectacular ass ..... the ass he was about to fuck. His hands stroked the hard mounds, he pulled them slightly apart and pressed his dick between them. Again he heard the voice. "That's it, kid. Let me feel by boy's dick in my ass. Look at me, man, the big stud cop, the man they all call a Greek God. He's yours, boy. His ass is yours."

That did it. Jamie pushed his rigid dick into the roaring heat of his master's ass, felt the muscles clench around it, heard the cop groaning with ecstasy. He felt the head of his cock touch the membrane at the end ..... and then pass over the inner sphincter and come to rest deep inside. Tears came to Jamie's eyes as he realized he was buried in the secret warm depths of the man he loved. He pulled back, almost all the way, then plunged in again, causing the deep voice to moan again.

Jamie grabbed Mark's waist, pulled the ass toward him and lost all inhibitions as the fucking began in earnest. He was exhilarated by the thought that the boy was fucking his master. No, that's not really what he was feeling. Mark said he was a man now ..... and that's how he felt. He had grown up ..... a virile stud, Mark called him ..... so this was not boy fucking master,

it was man to man. Jamie felt empowered, omnipotent as he gripped the big cop's naked body and hammered his ass.

He let go the waist, reached round and ran his hands over the magnificent chest, slick with sweat. Still hammering the ass he squeezed Mark's nipples and heard him howl with jolts of pleasure and pain. "Go on, man," Mark yelled. "Just don't cum yet. I love the feel of that huge young cock in my ass."

Jamie had no intention of cumming or stopping. He was having too much fun.

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Nate was jogging slowly back and the shack was coming into view. From a distance he saw two figures at the entrance to the deck .... close together, moving in unison. He squinted hard ..... it couldn't be ..... He increased his pace, straining his eyes, until he saw the men more clearly. He gasped, unable to believe his eyes.

Now he was close, just a few yards away, facing them. It was unbelievable, a pornographic fantasy. The boy was fucking the master ..... the surfer was fucking the cop ! He saw the ecstasy on the cop's beautiful face, saw his magnificent muscular body, stretched up to the bar, spread-eagled, impaled on the surfer's cock. And he saw Mark's rigid pole bouncing before him as his ass got pounded.

In a trance he walked forward, gazing at the huge cock ..... and as if from a distance he heard Mark's commanding voice. "Go for it, boy." It was less an invitation than an order. And Nate had to obey. He fell to his knees and licked the tip of the cock, tasting the pre-cum oozing from the head. He had never tasted a man's cock before, never even dreamed of swallowing the big tool of a man like Mark. He was the most beautiful man Nate had ever seen ..... and he was telling Nate to suck his cock !

Slowly, tentatively, he pushed his lips over the huge shaft and felt it entering his mouth, pulsing as the body was pounded from behind. It seemed to go on forever, until it rammed the back of his throat and he choked. Quickly he pulled back, but instantly knew he wanted more. He took it in again, and again he gagged, but this time he didn't pull back, learning instinctively to breathe through his nose.

Soon his head was moving back and forth as fervently and as fast as Jamie's hips. He reached round and felt Mark's ass, then his fingers touched Jamie's cock as it pistoned in and out. Nate was in a hypnotic trance as Mark was fucked from behind, causing his cock to pound the boy's face. It was as if Jamie was hammering Mark's cock into him. The two men from last night's dreams, who had made him shoot his load so many times, idols he had fantasized over ..... he was on his knees before them in a spectacular act of worship.

Nate thought he would pass out as his mouth was pounded raw ..... and then he heard Mark yell. "OK, boy, shoot your load in my ass. Finish me off, man ..... let me feel your juice inside me." Nate heard their screams and at the same time felt the monster cock pulse in his mouth, then pump hot liquid deep into his throat. He swallowed hard, and for the first time in his life experienced the warm, pungent taste of another man's semen. He was drinking the juice of the most beautiful man he had ever known. It was his essence, his virility. It was nectar from a God.

Soon Nate felt himself being lifted up, he felt a man's lips on his, then another's. Mark and Jamie were both kissing him, their mouths lubricated by Mark's residual cum. Nate was delirious as he found himself looking into Mark's eyes, then Jamie's. He saw them smile, then laugh with the joy of release as Mark said, "I gotta say, you guys, that was perfect double-teaming. You make a great couple."

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The next day those words still resonated in Nate's mind as he sat in the truck, with Jamie between him and Mark. They were on their way to the house he had heard so much about, where he was to meet a group of men he still couldn't sort out. And despite enthusiastic efforts, Jamie wasn't much help as he chatted endlessly and confusingly about the various masters and their boys.

Once again Mark came to Nate's rescue. "Hey, kiddo. Don't you think you should wait 'til Nate meets the guys and let him form his own conclusions? He should have his own opinions about them, not yours, don't you think?"

"Sorry, sir," Jamie grinned. "It's just that I'm so proud of my new friend and I can't wait to introduce Nate to the guys ..... and tell them that I am now the new owner of the shack."

"Yeah, well I'd soft-peddle that a bit if I were you, kid. Don't want them feeling envious."

The rest of the journey south was spent in relative silence as each man reflected on the events of the trip .... especially their sexual adventures. And so, in due course, they felt the crunch of gravel under the tires as the truck came to a halt. They were home.

As they got out of the truck Jamie said hurriedly, "OK if I grab the gear later, sir?" Without waiting for a reply he took Nate's arm and led him to the gate as Mark shook his head with an indulgent smile.

As it happened the set-up inside was perfect. It was late afternoon and all the boys, Pablo, Darius and the twins, were gathered round the poolside table chatting. They looked up as Jamie came in with a big smile ..... and a new guy in tow. Mark followed them and said cheerfully, "Hi, guys. We're back ..... and Jamie has a new friend. I'll let him do the introductions. Is Bob home?"

“Upstairs in the office, sir,” said Kevin.”

“Great,” said Mark and hurried to the house. He always missed Bob the most and was impatient to see him.

“Guys,” Jamie said rather formally. “I want to introduce my new friend Nate. Nate, this is Pablo, and Darius, and the twins Kevin and Kyle.”

Nate’s shyness immediately returned but he did manage, “G’day, mates.” Hearing the strong Australian accent they looked up at him like a visitor from another planet. Embarrassed, Nate stammered. “Wow, Jamie said you blokes were all hot lookers but you’re just ..... well ..... real hot lookers.” His clumsy sentence made him blush, but it was the ebullient Darius who put him at his ease.

“Hey, that accent is way cool, dude. Here come and sit by me .... What is it?”

“Australian.”

“Yeah ..... I knew that. Like, I used to hear that guy in the commercials ..... ‘Throw another shrimp on the barbie, mate.’ Nate laughed at Darius’s horrible imitation of his accent and Darius grinned. “Well you say it, dude ..... bet you say it all the time.”

“Actually no,” Nate said, emerging from his shyness, “and I’ve never heard anyone else in Australia say it either, but since you ask .....” He took a deep breath and in a broad accent said, “Hey, no worries, mate. Just throw another shrimp on the barbie.”

Darius roared with laughter and threw his arm round him. “That’s awesome, dude. You’re alright ..... you can stay. Is he staying, Jamie?”

“Another week, until he goes back to Sydney. Hey, and guess what guys, Mark is buying the shack in the dunes and .....” he smiled smugly “.....he’s giving it to me. So I’ll be a property owner.” He had totally forgotten Mark’s advice about low-keying it. Still most of the reactions were enthusiastic.

“No kidding,” said Darius. “Way to go, dude. Jeez that gorgeous cop must really love you.”

“Congratulations, Jamie,” said the twins in unison.

Jamie realized they had kind of been left out of the conversation so he said, “Nate, the twins are the chefs here and they make knockout food. They used to be the houseboys too but now they don’t have time ‘cause Kevin works part-time up in the office and Kyle helps Pablo on the construction site. So we’re actually looking for a new houseboy, and Bob says the twins will do the hiring.”

“Pleased to meet you, Nate,” said Kevin. “We barbecue all the time, here, but it’s usually steak, not shrimps,” he laughed, “and we don’t call it the barbie.”

Suddenly Pablo, who up to now had been silent, cleared his throat for attention. “Hi Nate, I’m Pablo, the boss’s boy. So OK, let me explain the set-up here. There are four masters, Randy, Bob, Mark and Zack and they each have a boy ..... well, Bob has two, the twins here. Randy is the boss of the house and I’m his boy, actually his son ‘cause he adopted me. So I’m pretty much the senior boy around here and if you need anything you can always come to me.”

“Er, thank you sir,” said Nate feeling overwhelmed by this beautiful but tough-looking young guy.

“You don’t have to call me sir,” Pablo said. “Well you can if you like. The twins do sometimes.”

Darius looked at Jamie and rolled his eyes in a ‘there-he-goes-again’ gesture.’ It was obvious to Darius and Jamie that Pablo right now felt that Jamie was stealing his thunder, what with his new foreign friend and him owning the shack and all, so he was reacting by asserting his self-proclaimed position of ‘senior boy’.

Pablo always reflected much of Randy’s attitude .... a real chip off the old block. Whenever a new man had come to the house Randy, who was a natural leader of men, had nevertheless always felt he had to establish his supremacy, even his physical superiority by using his fists. This was especially so with Mark, who was a dominant man and definitely nobody’s inferior, and Randy knew it. They were both strong alpha males and there was always a competitive edge. Like two bulls in the same pasture, rivalry was inevitable.

This dynamic was reflected in Pablo, who knew that Jamie, with his quiet confidence and a gorgeous cop for a master, was a match for anyone, even though Pablo was much quicker with his fists. But this was not a fist-fight ..... it was more a pissing contest, a question of establishing supremacy in the eyes of the newcomer. Quite simply, Nate was Jamie’s new friend and Pablo resented that.

Pablo went charging on, his assertiveness building. “Tell you what, Nate, while the twins make a start on dinner and Jamie brings in your gear from the truck, let me show you round the place. I think you’ll find it’s pretty impressive.”

Nate was, of course, unaware of the tribal undercurrents in the group and felt that he should do what the ‘senior boy’ suggested. So with a fleeting glance at Jamie and a helpless shrug he stood up and let himself be led away. The boys heard Pablo’s receding voice as they walked toward the house. “Like I said, anything you need, Nate, you come to me. I’ll take good care of you. If you like, you can even look on me as sort of your master while you’re here .....

Jamie tensed at the table and clenched his fists, but Darius put a restraining arm on his. “Cool it, dude. It’s a bummer, I know, when Pablo gets like this, muscling in the way he does. But I’ll talk to him. Don’t worry, it’ll all sort itself out.”

Jamie wasn’t so sure. And his anger was building.

# # #

## Chapter 123 – Pablo’s Folly – Punishment – Redemption

As Pablo shepherded Nate around the house he said, “So, you just met Mark and Jamie up in the dunes, right?”

“Yes, sir. I got to know Jamie real well ..... he’s a really nice bloke, plus he’s the most gorgeous boy I’ve ever met. See I ..... well I’ve never been with a man before, and Jamie ....” he blushed “....well, he’s the first guy ever to fuck me. And..... and now ..... I think I’m in love with him.” He stopped abruptly, thinking he might have said too much.

He had. And although he couldn’t have known it he had said all the wrong things, the very things that were sure to press Pablo’s buttons and make his envy of Jamie boil over. “Ah,” Pablo said, “so Jamie fucked you, did he? Well see, in this house when a new master joins us my dad Randy is always the first guy to fuck them.”

“And what about new boys, sir?”

Pablo was making it up as he went along. “Well, I guess as senior boy, the boss’s boy, it would be me who breaks them in. Here, come and look at this.” He opened the door they had come to upstairs. “This is the bedroom I share with Darius. We’re lovers, see?”

“Yes, sir.” A feeble response, but Nate couldn’t think of anything else to say. And he was starting to feel uneasy at the turn the conversation had taken. This Pablo was a hot looking, intimidating, guy, and Nate couldn’t help feeling attracted to him, but he sensed there was something going on between him and Jamie that he couldn’t work out. Then he gasped as Pablo suddenly pulled off his T-shirt and stood there in just his shorts and sneakers.

“I’m the construction company’s chief mechanic,” Pablo said incongruously, in relation to nothing. But Nate was impressed and gazed at the gorgeous young mechanic in awe. His body was flawless, obviously the result of hours at the gym and weeks of physical work. Nate felt his cock getting hard, and at any other time he would have wanted Pablo to touch him. But he was now feeling scared and wanted to leave the room.

“See, Nate, it doesn’t bother me that Jamie fucked you first,” Pablo lied, “but now we should kinda even the score, eh? So lie on the bed and let me do the rest.”

Nate was stunned and confused. He wanted to talk to Jamie, but Pablo gave him a gentle shove and he fell on his back on the bed. With the speed of experience Pablo yanked at Nate’s shorts and pulled them down, then pushed Nate’s legs back.

“No, mate, I don’t think I want this.” There was panic in Nate’s voice. “Can we cool it for a minute and take a breather?”

“What?” smiled Pablo, opening his arms and flexing his muscles. “You don’t want this? Most guys would jump at the chance.” Pablo pushed his stiff cock between the cheeks of Nate’s ass and with an abrupt shove slid inside him. For only the second time in his life Nate felt another man’s cock in his ass, and this time the pain was unbearable.

“No!” Nate pushed back desperately and forced Pablo to withdraw his cock. “See, I’m Jamie’s friend. I have to speak to him first.”

Pablo laughed. “Oh Jamie won’t mind. He pretty much does whatever I say.”

“Is that right, asshole?” Jamie’s angry voice shouted from the doorway. “Take your hands off my friend or I’ll .....

“Or you’ll what?” Pablo sneered, whirling round. “You gonna beat me up? Oh that’s right, I forgot. You’re the big stud who fucks the new guys, and you’re the big property owner now, thanks to your cop. Well here’s a news flash, Jamie. Randy’s the boss around here and I’m his boy. Randy does what he damn well wants, and so do I. So come on, boy, let’s see what you got.”

“I don’t want to fight you, dude ..... just leave my friend alone.” But when Pablo turned back to the frightened Nate Jamie’s eyes blazed and he threw himself at Pablo, knocking him onto the bed, on top of Nate. There was a frenzied scuffle, with fists flying, and Nate managed to ease himself free. Pablo was on top of Jamie now, with his superior strength, pinning his arms to the bed. Nate’s instinct was naturally to defend his friend so he grabbed Pablo’s shoulders from behind and tried to pull him off.

But Pablo was a fighter, with a fighter’s reflexes. He raised one knee and jabbed his leg viciously backward. Unfortunately his foot made crunching contact with Nate’s balls, and the boy reared up and screamed, then crashed to the floor, clutching his groin. Through a haze of pain his impulse was to get help and he managed to drag himself to the window. He pushed it open and, summoning all his strength, yelled down to the garden. “Darius! Come quick.”

It took only seconds for Darius to appear at the door and only two seconds more for him to be pulling frantically at Pablo and yelling. “Dude, what the fuck? Have you totally lost your

marbles? Give it up, dude.” Soon there was a yelling, clawing brawl on the bed, and Nate was still curled up moaning on the floor.

*“Enough !!”*

The shattering voice obliterated all other sound and the fight stopped abruptly. Nate looked up and his jaw dropped. Looming in the doorway, filling it, was an extraordinary man, tall, muscular, ruggedly handsome face with black hair and steely blue eyes. He was wearing a sweat-stained old tank-top, cargo pants and heavy work boots, his face and body streaked with dirt and grease. Randy was totally intimidating, terrifying to young Nate.

“Who the fuck are you?” His laser eyes focused on the boy curled on the floor, who managed to croak feebly, “I’m Nate, sir.”

Jamie disentangled himself and jumped up from the bed. “He’s my friend, sir ..... my new friend, but Pablo was trying to .....” Pablo leapt right in .....“I was just trying to show him who’s boss around here.” Darius huffed, “Huh, not from where I was standing.”

*“Quiet!”* Randy was seething. “Not another word from any of you.”

The sudden silence was broken by a calmer voice from the door. “What the hell’s going on? I heard the noise and .....” Bob stopped suddenly as he caught sight of Nate, still cupping his crotch in pain. He fell to his knees. “You must be Nate. Here, you think you can stand up?” Nate’s fear quickly dissolved as he looked up at the concerned face. It was kindness he saw in it first of all ..... then its beauty.

“I ..... I think so, sir.”

As Bob helped him up, Randy was saying, “You three. Go down to the garden and wait for me.” He helped Bob support Nate and they eased him slowly downstairs. The three boys were standing in a shamefaced group, their heads bowed, while the wide-eyed twins stood at a distance. Bob brought Nate over to them.

“Guys, you’ve already met Nate I think. I want you to take him across the street to your house. Let him lie down. Would you like something to drink, Nate?”

Despite his residual pain Nate was mesmerized by this gentle, beautiful man. He cleared his throat. “A cup of tea would be nice, sir.”

Bob smiled at his Australian accent and English request. The twins jumped in. “That’s no problem, sir ..... we have all kinds of tea.” Kevin took Nate’s arm. “Here, Nate, we’ve been dying to show you our little house. Come on, we’ll look after you.”

Bob smiled as he watched them go. But Randy's mind was already elsewhere as his eyes blazed at the three boys.

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There was a ritual of the house that was followed whenever the boys committed the cardinal sin of fighting with each other. The first act took place in the kitchen and that was where the three boys were now standing.

In front of them, sitting in judgment at the table, were Randy, Bob, Mark and Zack. Bob had deliberately placed Randy and Mark at opposite ends of the table because of the simmering tension. They had been down this road before when Pablo had picked on Jamie, and once again Mark was seething mad, staring daggers at Randy.

"Now," Bob said. "First of all, we want the truth from you guys. No holding back, no covering for each other. Pablo, what was Nate doing in your room?"

Pablo spoke clearly. "Sir, I was showing him round the house and we had come to our room. Nate said he had already been fucked by Jamie but I thought that as senior boy I should have done that so I was starting to fuck him. But he was resisting."

"Of course he was," Jamie blurted out. "He's my friend and you were raping him. I didn't want to fight with you but I had to protect my friend."

Zack said. "Jamie, what was Darius's role in all this?"

"Oh Darius was great with Nate. He made him laugh with his terrible imitation of his accent and Nate liked him, and it was Darius who rushed upstairs to get Pablo off him."

Zack smiled at Darius. "OK, kid, you did great and I'm proud of you. We don't need you here anymore. I suggest you go over to the twins' house." He grinned. "See if you can make the poor guy laugh some more. He could use it."

As Darius left, Mark looked at Jamie and asked, "Have you anything else to say, Jamie?"

Jamie hesitated, then said, "Sir, you know Nate is my best buddy. I think Pablo was jealous. I shouldn't have said anything about owning the shack ..... you warned me not to. I'm sorry, sir."

"Seems like you have nothing to be sorry for, Jamie," Mark smiled. "Now go across and take care of Nate. And make it clear to him that none of this was his fault."

Now four pairs of eyes focused on Pablo who shifted on his feet uncomfortably. It was Bob who spoke. "Pablo, do you disagree with anything that's been said here?"

“No, sir. But I still think that as senior boy I had the right to .....

Bob’s eyes flashed. “Enough! First of all what is all this ‘senior boy’ crap? There’s no such thing in this house. But more important, Nate is a guest in our house. Mark tells me he is a shy young kid, unsure of himself in a foreign country. He comes to our house and what happens? You work out your jealousy of Jamie by raping Nate and then injuring him. If I were that kid, right now I’d be wanting to get the hell out of this madhouse. I never thought I’d say this, Pablo, but you’re arrogant and a coward, and you should be ashamed of yourself.”

There was silence and Pablo hung his head. He loved and respected Bob and a tongue-lashing from him cut through him like a dagger. All this time Randy had been silent, but his anger had been building. Now it exploded and he slammed his hands on the table. “What the fuck were you thinking, boy? When I adopted you I thought you were a decent, honorable young kid, but now I’m ashamed to call you my boy.”

Pablo gasped and his eyes blazed at his master. Randy’s rage had served only to unleash the same rage in his boy. They both had the same flash of temper and the anger in each one was fueled by the other. “Sir, I don’t think that’s fair. I was only trying to be like you. After all, you fucked and beat up all the men when they first came into the house to show them who’s boss. So I thought I should do the same to the new boy to show him I’m the boss’s boy.”

His anger consumed him and he lost all control. “I was only doing what you do. You’ve proved you’re the best by thrashing all these guys here, even the man you say you love the most in the world. Hell, you’ve beaten Bob so often no one can understand why he sticks around .....

He stopped abruptly, realizing he had crossed way over the danger line. There was a stunned silence in the room as Randy stood up slowly. The cold fury in his eyes was far more terrifying than his noisy rage. He said slowly. “Go down to the basement, stand there ..... and wait.”

As Pablo beat a hasty retreat, Randy slumped back in his chair. Mark glared at him. “The kid’s right. He worships you and tries to copy you in everything, so why wouldn’t he rape and beat up a new kid? It’s what you always do to prove you’re the dominant gorilla in the troop.”

Randy’s eyes blazed and he started to rise but Bob pulled him back into his chair. “Stop! Are we gonna get down in the mud with the boys here? This is not about us, it’s about that poor injured kid who’s probably thinking he wants to get out of here as fast as he can and go back to a sane country. Mark, Zack, would you mind going across to the twins’ house and reassuring Nate that we’re not all .....what was it .....a troop of gorillas?”

He put his hand on Randy’s. “And you, buddy, not for the first time, have a lot of fences to mend ..... starting with that confused boy of yours.

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Pablo was standing to attention in the basement room when Randy came down the stairs, threw himself in a chair and stared up at him. Pablo said, "Permission to speak, sir?"

"Well?"

"Sir, please, please, would you tell Bob how sorry I am for what I said about you and him? I was way out of line. I love Bob, sir, we all do, and the last thing I wanted was to hurt and insult him the way I did." His voice cracked. "So please, sir, try to make him see ....." His voice choked and his eyes brimmed with tears.

Despite his anger Randy was impressed that Pablo's first thought was for Bob. That had been the comment that had spiked Randy's outrage, but now Pablo's tearful words mollified him. After a long silence Randy softened his tone. "What you said about trying to copy me, trying to be a kind of junior version of me .... was that true?"

"Yes, sir," Pablo said quietly. "See, I worship you, sir. Always have done ever since the day you rescued me from those guys in the desert. I watch you all the time, admire you, and want to grow up exactly like you, sir. You're my perfect man, so I try to act exactly like you. I know it doesn't excuse what I did, but I'm trying to be tough like you ..... a leader ..... the boss."

Randy stared at him, waves of conflicting emotions sweeping through him ..... among them affection and compassion. He stood up and walked toward him as Pablo flinched, expecting the worst. But there was no shout, no blow. Instead Randy folded his arms round him and cradled his boy.

"Jesus, this is tough. OK, kiddo, I hear where you're coming from, but do you really think I would have beat up a shy young kid like Nate? At least I took on guys my own size, like Mark and Zack and Hassan. Trouble is, you were thinking about your own needs, your need to look tough, rather than the needs of Jamie's young guest."

"I'm sorry, sir," Pablo mumbled into his shoulder.

"Still, when I was your age I would probably have done something similar. We're two of a kind, kid, you and me. You say I'm your perfect man, but I'm far from that, and if you copy everything I do you're in a shit-load of trouble. See, the world doesn't understand the likes of you and me, kid, nor forgive us easily. So in future, don't just watch and admire ..... ask ..... ask my advice, OK?"

"OK, sir."

"Now, you know I have to punish you, don't you?"

"Of course sir. I deserve it."

“It has to be real and it has to be public, to bring you down from your arrogant perch in front of the whole group. I won’t hold back, and believe me, kid, it’s gonna be as painful for me as it is for you.”

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An hour later Bob, Mark and Zack were still in the twins’ house with Jamie, Nate and the twins and the mood was much lighter than before, almost jovial. Youthfully resilient, Nate had recovered, happy to be with Jamie and his friends, his shyness diminished to the point where he was holding forth in his thick accent on Australian slang words. No longer the shy loner Nate was displaying a keen sense of humor and quickly won the affection of everyone in the room.

Suddenly Darius burst in and said breathlessly, “Hey, you guys, Randy wants us all in the garden across the street, and you’re never gonna believe .....” He stopped abruptly as Bob’s eyes flashed him what the boys called his ‘executive glare’. So no more was said as they all trooped across to the other house. But when they walked through the gate Darius proved to be right ..... it was hard to believe what they saw.

In the middle of the lawn was the table, covered in blankets to soften the hard edges. Bent over it on his stomach was Pablo, naked except for a black leather collar round his neck. His feet were on the ground, his ankles tied to the table legs. His arms too were stretched downward, wrists tied to the front legs. Spread-eagled as he was, his ass at the table’s edge was on full display, helpless.

As they gazed at him, all the guys focused on that beautiful ass, the pure white globes outlined by sharp tan-lines, in contrast to his golden body. It was a perfect ass, stunning, vulnerable, waiting. And beside him stood Randy, still wearing his work pants and boots, but shirtless now, his magnificent chest heaving in anticipation of what was to come.

Bob whispered to Nate standing next to him, “You don’t have to stay out here, Nate. It’ll be rough and you don’t have to watch.”

“Thank you, sir, but I do. I need to see everything that happens in the house.” The phrase ‘need to see everything’ rang some kind of distant chord in Bob, but it was fleeting. He tensed as Randy began to speak.

“This boy has committed the sin of attacking another boy. Worse, he has hurt and tried to rape a guest in this house, so he has insulted all of us. He is my boy, the son I adopted, so it falls to me to punish him before you all. Boy, you will count off ..... up to ten.” He unbuckled his heavy belt and pulled it from his pants. Without any hesitation he raised his arm and brought it crashing down across the boy’s ass.

“One, sir!” Pablo shouted in a firm voice. The lash had been brutal, leaving a heavy red welt across the ass as the white mounds bounced under the blow. But Pablo uttered no other sound, no cry of pain. Randy raised his arm again.

“Two, sir!” As the belt cracked again on the white flesh, turning it scarlet, Bob took a step forward, but Zack pulled him back. “It has to be like this, buddy, you know that. But Randy knows the boy’s limits. He’ll take him right up to them and then, at the end, a bit over. He knows what he’s doing.”

And so it was as the beating continued with no cry of pain from the boy, just the firm-voiced counting .... Three, sir!.....Four, sir! The rhythmic slash of the belt shattered the silence. There were no other sounds, no birdsong, no breeze ..... as if the whole garden was observing a respectful silence.

“Five, sir!” The formerly white globes, bouncing under the lash, became a mass of angry red welts as the lash fell again and again. As the count continued several of the boys averted their eyes, but Nate’s gaze was fixed on the bound boy and his rugged master. He was gripping Jamie’s wrist but he was so mesmerized by the spectacle that he was not even aware of the stiffening of his cock.

“Nine, sir!” There was a long pause, everyone knowing that the last blow would take Pablo over his pain threshold. “Ten, sir! Aaagh!!” he screamed. The last lash was ferocious and finally Pablo gave way, sobbing, his ass on fire.

Tears were also filling Randy’s eyes. In a fit of anger, directed more at himself than at anyone else, he flung the belt aside and came up behind his shattered boy. He ripped open his pants, pulled out his iron-hard cock and in one swift, savage move plunged it into the burning, ravaged ass. “Aaagh” Again the scream rang out as the huge pole buried itself in his ass, pulled all the way out and then impaled it again.

Most of the men here had felt the violence of Randy’s cock inside them, and they all knew that this was one of the most brutal fucks they had witnessed. The beautiful young body jerked and spasmed in bondage as the iron rod pistoned inside him. The construction worker’s body was streaming with sweat as the muscles bulged and flexed, the steel-blue eyes riveted on the devastated ass. He had whipped the flesh outside and was now pounding at the searing membrane inside.

Bob was afraid that Randy had lost control and again stepped forward to intercede, but at that moment he heard Randy shout, “That was your punishment, boy. Don’t dare, ever again, to humiliate me like that.” He pulled back, paused, then speared the ass one last time. “I love you, boy!” and he shot his load deep inside the furnace of the tortured ass, to the sound of Pablo’s agonized screams.

He pulled out savagely and left the body shuddering on the rack as Pablo fought against unconsciousness. Randy turned to the stunned spectators and raised his voice. "That was my punishment. But another boy has been wronged and has to take his turn. Jamie!"

Jamie had sensed that this was coming but he shrank now from the task he was expected to perform. He heard Mark's voice in his ear. "You have to do this, Jamie. But I trust you to know how." Jamie looked up into the kind, gentle eyes, and he knew too.

He walked toward the injured ass, bent and tenderly kissed the flaming, tormented flesh. He licked it, trying to sooth away the pain that still pulsed through it. His cock was rigid and he pressed it against the ravaged hole. With infinite care he eased it inside and felt the shuddering ass subside, become soothed as he slid his cock slowly, very slowly against the fiery membrane.

He leaned forward and whispered in Pablo's ear. "I never wanted it to be like this, dude. I've always been your friend. But I'll cum quickly."

Pablo managed to utter words of his own. "I'm sorry, Jamie ..... I deserve this ..... I love you, dude ..... aaah." He felt Jamie's juice pouring inside him, but this time it was like balm, a soothing liquid bathing his ass, quenching the flames that burned inside him.

"Thank you, man," Pablo sobbed. "Thank you."

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Minutes later the men were still standing around, waiting for Randy to give the order to release his boy. But the minutes dragged on and still the boy lay roped in helpless humiliation. "At least let him have some water," Bob pleaded. Randy looked at Darius and nodded. Darius found a bowl, filled it with water, and held it under Pablo's face. Thirstily Pablo lapped at the water like a dog.

"Way to go, dude," said Darius softly. "You were awesome ..... I'm real proud of you. Your ass took a beating but it looked incredible, kid. Sure gave me a huge boner. I tried to hide it ..... kind of disrespectful, you know ..... but it's real hard to hide a ten-inch boner. Not many people know that ..... but then, of course, not many people have a ten-inch cock."

Pablo sputtered into the water. He was laughing. God he loved Darius. He could make anyone laugh, anywhere, any time. The other guys saw the body shake ..... pain? .... tears? No, unbelievably ..... laughter. Bob smiled at Randy who tried unsuccessfully to stifle his own grin. "OK, guys. Release him."

It took a few minutes for Pablo to be able to stand, leaving on the table a pool of liquid from the two loads of cum he had shot as his ass was whipped and fucked twice. He walk unsteadily over to Jamie and shook his hand. Then he offered his hand to Nate, who shook it with a shy

smile. Finally Pablo confronted Randy. “Thank you, sir,” he said, holding out his hand. Randy held it, then pulled the boy into a hug.

As he unbuckled the collar from his neck Randy said, “You did great, kiddo ..... I’m real proud of you. Now I want you to show everyone the leader you really are, a guy who can take his punishment like a man, then put everything right. So stand tall and show them how a guy can take charge without ever raising a fist.”

Pablo pulled back and his signature crooked smile came back to his face. “I can do that, sir. Hey guys,” he called to the boys, “come upstairs with me. I’ve got something to show you.” This was just between him and the boys now. Pulling himself to his full height, and ignoring the pain in his ass, he strode proudly toward the house, with the boys following dutifully behind him.

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When the six boys crowded into the room Pablo and Darius shared, Pablo had a short, whispered talk with Jamie, who frowned at first, but then smiled and nodded his approval.

“Guys,” Pablo said. “You all know I behaved like a total ass, and got my ass reamed as a result. I apologize to you all, especially to Jamie and to his friend Nate. Nate, you are a guest in this house and I injured and insulted you, and now I have to make amends. I’ve just spoken to Jamie and he’s given his OK ..... that’s if you want it. Now I know Jamie is the first and only guy ever to really fuck you, but have you ever fucked a guy?”

Nate was stunned. “No, sir,” he said.

“By the way, Nate, I was full of shit about that ‘sir’ thing. The name’s Pablo, better known to my dad as ‘kiddo’, and to the guys here as ‘dude’. But I guess you would call me ‘mate.’

“Too right, mate,” Nate grinned.

“OK, here goes then. Jamie was the first guy to fuck you, Nate, and I’m gonna be the first guy to *get* fucked *by* you.” Still naked, Pablo fell on his back on the bed. “Now as you know my ass took a real beating and it’s real tender .... raw. But it would be an honor to have it fucked by Jamie’s new buddy.”

Instinctively Nate turned to Jamie, who smiled at him and nodded. Nate turned back to the bed and looked down at the beautiful young stud lying naked on his back, his arms spread high and wide in a gesture of submission. This was the tough, rugged kid whose ass had just endured a savage whipping and an even more brutal fuck by his master, and then another fuck by Jamie. And despite the pain, here was that same ass being offered to him.

Nate’s cock had never been inside another man, though he had jerked off many times thinking about it, most recently the fantasy of fucking Jamie. He couldn’t help regarding Pablo as the

senior boy, even though he had been punished for acting that way. It was a combination of his beauty, his toughness and ..... his macho attitude somehow, that equipped him to be the undisputed boy and adopted son of the fearsome, towering boss of the house. Pablo had endured his torture magnificently, and watching it had given Nate a huge erection.

And now here he was offering his whip-marked ass to Nate, a mere rookie. Nate's cock was harder than ever and the sight of the waiting boy made him lose all his insecurity and inhibitions. He wanted Pablo's ass ..... he had to have it. Clumsily at first he grabbed Pablo's ankles and pushed his legs back. He hesitated but was emboldened by Pablo's encouraging smile.

Then Nate gasped as he looked down at the wounded ass, the white flesh of the perfect globes crossed by a mass of bright red welts from the lash. All clumsiness gone, Nate pressed the head of his cock against the sphincter of Pablo's ass, pushed ..... and felt his cock enter a man's ass for the first time in his life.

"Oh, man! Aaah! "God that's ..... His heart was pounding and he stopped breathing as he felt the velvet softness of the membrane, burning hot, sliding against his cock, slick with the semen of the two men who had cum inside it. Nate had masturbated many times, his practiced fingers bringing him to orgasm, but he had never, ever imagined a sensation like this. His cock was on fire, it was alive, pulsing with shock waves that radiated through his whole body. He let it come to rest deep inside Pablo's ass, afraid that any more movement would make him shoot.

He looked down at the handsome young face and heard Pablo's voice. "Feels great, eh dude? Never thought it could be like this? Now fuck my ass, dude." Slowly Nate pulled back, gasping at the indescribable feeling in his cock, and when he felt the head touch the sphincter again, he pushed it slowly back in.

"Aaah! Shit damn. Fucking hell, mate .... your ass is fucking awesome. You are one gorgeous fucking cocksucker!" Nate was transformed, yelling obscenities, losing all restraint, unaware of anything but the sensation in his cock as he began to pound the ass for real.

Pablo knew Nate couldn't hold back for long. He reached up, ran his hands over Nate's chest, then stroked his nipples and smiled at him. "That feel good, Nate? Your cock feels great inside me. It's gonna make me cum. Let me feel your juice in my ass, dude. Let my ass be the first you've ever shot your load in, the first ass ever to make you cum. Finish me, man!"

Nate was in another world as he felt the fire in his legs, moving up to his groin, into his balls, then burning up his cock. He was inside a man, a gorgeous man. It was spectacular. He screamed, threw his head back and his cock erupted deep inside the furnace of Pablo's ass. Pablo stroked his own cock a few times, and shot rivers of cum up onto the heaving chest of the ecstatic boy fucking him.

In a trance, Nate pulled out his cock, held it and looked down in surprise as it kept blasting ribbons of hot, white juice over the body and face of the beautiful boy, the first man he had ever fucked in his life.

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Minutes later Pablo was on his feet and, after hugging Nate, turned to receive congratulations from the other boys. Jamie expressed their feeling best as he shook Pablo's hand. "I guess you don't have to be a fighter to be a leader after all. Even the opposite sometimes..... taking a beating, then offering your ass to a mere rookie. That makes you a real man in my book, dude. You know that 'senior boy' thing? Well ..... I have no problem with that."

Jamie felt Nate tugging at him, his eyes shining. "Hey, mate," Nate said eagerly. "Can we go to your room? I mean ..... could we? ..... I'd really love to do that again, mate .... to you this time. I've dreamed of it." Jamie laughed, threw his arm round Nate and they left the room.

The twins left too, still awestruck. Alone with Pablo now, Darius grinned. "Nice one, dude ..... what you did for Nate and all. Jeez you turn me on ..... and that ass! I know it's been whipped and you've already had three dicks inside it, so it must be pretty damn raw. But ..... what the hell ..... how about a ten-incher, dude? I've had this huge boner all day. Come on, I'm only human, dude ..... well, except for the cock maybe..... more like a horse, I guess."

Pablo threw his head back and laughed. "You know I love the hell out of you, Darius. Come here." And he pulled his lover down on the bed.

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The house always recovered quickly from major disruptions and this time was no exception. The dust settled, blew away, and the old rhythm returned. The next day the twins found an envelope propped against their door. In it was a very formal-sounding letter:

*"Dear Sirs: I would like to apply for the position of houseboy. I really like working to make sure places are clean and tidy, in fact my friends call me a neat-freak. The only references I can give would be Mark and Jamie who were pleased with the way I cleaned up their shack. Of course, I know this house is a much bigger challenge, but I think I'm up to it. I like all the guys here, and I think I would be easy to get along with ..... if you can get along with my accent. So I hope you will consider my application favorably. Yours sincerely: Nate."*

Surprised and excited the twins immediately showed the letter to Bob. "What do you think, sir?"

"Well," Bob smiled. "It's really what you think ..... it's up to you guys. You're in charge of hiring and you would be his boss. Now, the first thing when you get an application like this is to set up an interview."

Kevin frowned. “Do you think you could be there too, sir? Help us out a bit?”

As it turned out it was Bob who asked most of the questions when Nate was sitting in front of him and the twins in Bob’s office. “Now, there’s one important thing to clear up first, Nate. You mentioned to me yesterday that on your bedroom wall in Sydney you have a framed copy of your birth certificate. Can you tell us about that?”

“That’s right, sir, I’m rather proud of it. I’m Australian through and through, except that I was actually born in Ohio. Right after I was born my dad got a good job offer in Australia so the family emigrated there when I was still a baby. I always reckoned that one day I might move to the U.S. .... if an opportunity presented itself.”

“And now maybe it has?” Bob smiled. “Well, if you were born in the U.S. moving here shouldn’t be a problem. However, usually for a job like this there’s a probationary period ..... the applicant works first on a temporary basis and, if he works out, is taken on permanently.”

The twins looked at each other, communicating in that mysterious way they had, and Kyle said. “Sir, Nate has another six days before he goes back to Sydney. Do you think that could be his probation ..... that is, if he wouldn’t mind working the rest of his vacation?”

Nate’s eyes shone. “Oh, no worries there, mate. I’d love to do that. Jamie and the rest of you guys are gonna be working anyway, and I don’t want to do any more touristy things on my own. So I’d love to work here ..... sorta show you what I’m made of? ‘Course, then I’d have to go back to Sydney as planned ..... square things away there ..... but I could be back in a couple of weeks.”

Bob asked Nate to wait outside. “Are you sure about this, guys?” he asked the twins. “It’s all gonna be on your shoulders ..... you’re gonna have to train him, and you’ll be the judges at the end of the week.”

The twins looked solemnly at each other, and Kevin said. “We can handle it, sir. We really like Nate.” Then, rather formally, “We think we should approve his application, sir.”

When he was given the news Nate ran excitedly to tell Jamie, who was thrilled. He had been dreading saying goodbye to Nate, possibly forever, so he was over the moon at the thought of him living here. And a few days later Mark made the boys’ parting at the end of the week even less onerous ..... non-existent, actually. When Mark came home, off duty but still in his uniform, Jamie was waiting for him in their room as always. “Here, kiddo, this is for you.” Mark tossed an envelope onto the bed, with the red logo *Qantas*.

“It’s an airline ticket ..... for the same flight that Nate’s on and a return two weeks later. I thought you’d like to spend a couple of weeks with him there ..... sample some of those ‘epic waves’ you’re always talking about. Don’t worry ..... I’ve squared it with Bob. He’ll give you the time off.” Jamie was speechless and threw his arms round Mark. “There’s one condition,

though. If I'm gonna be without you for two weeks you'll have to make up for it before you leave. I'll have to fuck you a lot more than usual ..... starting right now."

"Absolutely, sir," said Jamie, throwing himself naked on the bed, waiting for the Greek God to take off his uniform.

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Later that day Mark and Bob were drinking beer together by the pool. "That's a great thing you did, Mark. 'Course, your boy deserves it ..... he's been terrific bringing that kid out of his shell."

"Yeah," Mark said. "I was afraid the other boys might get envious so I'm glad Randy and Zack have made plans to take Pablo and Darius on a trip too. Terrific idea of Randy's to rent that cabin cruiser. Hell ..... fishing off Catalina ..... the four of them will have a blast." He stopped and looked Bob in the eyes. "Course you know what that means, buddy?"

"What?" Bob saw the gleam in his eye."

"It means that for several days you and I will be alone together in the house, with just the twins. That hasn't happened before."

Bob took a sharp intake of breath as thoughts of spending days together with Mark, no interruptions, raced through his mind. He knew the gorgeous cop was in love with him and Bob was crazy about Mark. "Oh, man," he said. "I've often wondered, fantasized even, what we would ....."

"Don't worry, man" Mark grinned. "I have plans for us. We'll take a trip of our own ..... without even leaving the house."

Bob felt his cock swelling in his jeans as their eyes locked. "Whatever you say, officer. I'm in your hands."

# # #

## **Chapter 124 – Learning from the Master**

The following week saw a transformation in Nate as he became closer than ever with Jamie. Actually the signature moment in that process had occurred straight after they left the scene of Nate's momentous fuck of Pablo. Nate had been so blown away by the feel of his cock in a hot ass for the first time in his life that his immediate impulse was to do the same to Jamie. "I've dreamed of it, mate," he said.

And so they did, but this time was different from fucking Pablo. That time it had been all about raw lust, the sight of a beautiful ass and the never-before thrill of entering it. But now Nate focused first on ..... Jamie's eyes ..... the eyes of his first real friend, the boy who had been the first to fuck him ..... and the boy he was sure he was in love with. What made his dick hard now was not simply the thought of his dick in a boy's ass. It was the unimaginable joy of making love, really making love, to his beautiful new friend.

"Are you sure, mate?" Nate asked, wide-eyed.

"Are you kidding?" Jamie grinned. "I've been waiting for this since we met."

They both got naked and Jamie lay on his back on the bed. There was no frantic clumsiness this time as there had been with Pablo. Keeping his gaze locked onto Jamie's smiling blue eyes Nate pushed his legs up, placed the head of his cock against the soft blond fur round his ass, and pushed. The eyes of both boys filled with tears as the cock of one slid smoothly inside the waiting ass of the other. Their hearts were beating wildly and they held their breath.

They gazed at each other, almost in disbelief, and at that moment their friendship was transformed ..... like a flower finally coming into bloom. Up to now they had traveled in a landscape of sepia tones like an old photograph, but suddenly they stepped through the doors of a Technicolor world ..... like Dorothy landing in Oz.

Physically they both felt the incredible visceral sensation in their warm, soft membrane, which made their bodies quiver. But more startling was the joining of the eyes ..... what they saw in each other's eyes. There was ..... a sameness, a perfect fit. It seemed inevitable ..... it couldn't be any other way ..... as if it had always been.

Their gaze remained locked, the same smiles, the same sparkle. Nate was empowered, losing all traces of shyness or inhibition, and as he began gently to move his cock in Jamie's ass he found his voice. "I know I'm not supposed to say this, but I don't care. I love you Jamie ..... I'm in love with you. You're my mate."

"I know, buddy," said Jamie simply.

Nothing more was said as they stared at each other, seeing themselves reflected in each other's eyes. The hypnotic rhythm was unchanging as Nate glided slowly in and out of Jamie's ass for what seemed like eternity. And in the end the climax was not so much sensual as spiritual. Quietly Nate said, "I think I'm going to cum in your ass, Jamie. Here, this is for you." He felt his cock pour its juice deep inside Jamie, as he watched Jamie's cock spurt ribbons of white cum over his beautiful, tanned body.

Minutes later they were still staring at each other, unwilling to leave the enchanted world they had just discovered.

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As they lay together, regaining their breath, and slowly re-entered the mortal world, a question that had been troubling Nate came back into focus. “Jamie,” he said. “Did it upset you that Pablo was the first man I ever fucked?”

Jamie frowned a little. “At first it did, when Pablo asked me if you could. But I realized that the first time would be just about that lust thing ..... discovering how it felt to have your cock inside an ass ..... all that yelling and stuff. Once you got that out of the way you would be ready to ..... well .... to make love. That would be your first real time. And I’m glad it was with me.”

“Huh, no worries there, mate ..... of course it would be with you.”

Jamie smiled. “There’s something else you should know about this house, buddy. We’ve nearly all fucked with each other, even though most of the guys have a special lover. Hell, it’s not surprising, with everyone so gorgeous and all. See, we’re kind of a tribe and everything’s OK as long as it stays in the tribe.” He grinned conspiratorially. “OK, mate, leaving me out of it, who do you think is the most beautiful one ..... just between you and me?”

Nate blushed a bit as he said, “Well, Mark of course .....but they’re all pretty spectacular ..... and yet .....

“I know what you’re gonna say.”

“I mean, Bob kinda takes my breath away. It’s not just that he’s beautiful, which he is, of course. But he was real kind to me when I was hurt, he was so gentle, and when he smiled at me he made me feel like I was the only guy in his world right then. But his friend Randy is quite different ..... a bit scary, really. He’s so macho, so tough.” Nate grinned. “I wonder what it’s like when they make love. Wouldn’t it be a trip to watch that?”

Jamie laughed. “Be careful what you wish for, Nate. In this house everything’s possible.”

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Right after that Jamie had decided he had to clear things with Mark. He never wanted to do anything that would jeopardize his status with the glorious man he worshipped, so that evening as he sat with Mark by the pool, Jamie opened up.

“Sir, I want to tell you something. It’s about me and Nate. You know, yesterday Nate fucked me for the first time and we’ve made love several times since then.” He paused, trying to find the right words, then took the plunge. “Well, sir ..... I know you said we shouldn’t think about love but ..... I think we do love each other ..... I think we’ve even fallen *in* love with each other.” He looked at Mark nervously, waiting for his reaction. He was relieved to see him smile.

“Yeah, I figured something like that was going on. Now first of all I didn’t say you shouldn’t love each other ..... I just suggested you give things time to sort themselves out.” He paused.

“You know, kid, there are lots of emotions you shouldn’t give a name to, ‘cause then you have to live up to them ..... like love, falling in love .....falling out of love ..... yeah that’s the tough one. Better just to enjoy what you’ve got without defining it. Emotions shift all the time ..... don’t put a label on them. You enjoy being with Nate, don’t you?”

“Of course, sir, I love it.”

“Then that’s it. Just have a good time ..... don’t call it anything. But there’s one other thing to remember. If the twins do take on Nate as houseboy, he’s gonna be the low man on the totem pole around here and the twins will be his supervisors. Have you thought about that?”

“Oh I don’t care about that, sir. Nate is Nate ..... he’s still my friend even if he is the house-cleaner. That has nothing to do with what we feel for each other.” Mark smiled at the simple wisdom of youth. Then Jamie frowned as another thought came to him. “Sir, that ‘falling out of love’ thing you mentioned. I know people do, but I’m never gonna fall out of love with you, sir. Never!”

Mark laughed and threw his arm round Jamie’s neck. “Oh I know that, kiddo. No, you and I are stuck with each other no matter what. I get transferred to Bumfuck, Iowa, you move with me to Bumfuck. You’re one thing we *can* put a label on ..... a label that reads ‘*Mark’s Boy*’! You’re my boy and that’s never gonna change.” He frowned. “Provided .....

“Provided what, sir?” Jamie said in alarm.

“Provided I get to use that cute ass of yours whenever I want. You said you’ve been fucking a lot with Nate. I hope there’s something left for me.”

“Oh, always, sir.” Jamie’s face broke into a relieved smile. “You know making love with you is the best thing in my life. It’s what I live for. Here, sir, let me show you.” He grabbed Mark’s hand and pulled him across the garden to the house, pulling his own shirt off with his other hand and dropping his shorts as they went.

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That same evening when everyone was gathered at the dinner table Bob stood and called for attention. “Guys .... guys.” There was instant silence. “I have one quick announcement. Earlier today our new friend Nate here applied for the position of houseboy and the twins have agreed to give him a try-out this week before he goes back to Sydney. If it works out, he’ll return here in a couple of weeks as a permanent member of our group.” There were smiles from the men and cheers from the boys, which Bob cut off by raising his hand for silence.

“But I have a word of warning. Nate will be the houseboy ..... not your mother. I don’t want anyone using this as an excuse to mess up their rooms and leave clothes all over the place. Pablo and Darius, I noticed yesterday that your room bears a striking resemblance to the city dump. So I want everyone to pull together to help Nate in his trial period. That’s all I have to say, except..... ‘Welcome to the House,’ Nate.”

There were more cheers as Bob sat down. Randy pulled him close and whispered in his ear, “Does that messy room deal apply to me too, buddy?”

Bob grinned, “Especially to you. You can be the sloppiest, scruffiest guy I’ve ever known. Look at the way you come home from work ..... all dirt and sweat.”

Randy laughed. “Asshole ..... I thought that’s the way you liked me. Never heard you complain when you were getting fucked by the construction boss in his greasy old tank-top and work pants.”

Bob blushed a little. “Well .... that’s different.” Then he smiled. “Fuck you, man. You know me too well.”

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A few days later Nate was doing great. So were the twins, as Nate had sailed through his orientation. It wasn’t just that Nate was a natural when it came to keeping the house clean and orderly, the twins enjoyed his company and Nate had no problem accepting them as his supervisors. After all, they would be the ones deciding his fate at the end of the week, a decision that could totally change his life.

Soon Nate was competent enough to be working alone, and late one afternoon he was in the master bedroom, Bob’s and Randy’s, scrubbing away at the tiles in the shower. As he turned on the shower frequently to rinse the cleanser away, he was wearing only his undershorts. He had been scrubbing for some time and was wet with sweat.

“Jesus, this is tough,” he said out loud to himself. Nate had a habit of talking to himself when it helped him get through a heavy task. By now he was on his hands and knees, scrubbing away at the floor tiles. “All this grease ..... must come from that boss man. He’s always filthy when he gets home from work. Real scary looking bloke. Gotta be careful not to get on the wrong side of him.”

“A real scary bloke, is that what I am?” Nate’s head jerked up in fright. He had been concentrating on the floor and was unaware that Randy was watching him. Now he was rooted to the spot as he stared up at the awesome man looming in the doorway of the shower. Just home from work, Randy was, as always, wearing his ragged blue tank-top and cargo pants, streaked with dirt and grease, and he stunk of sweat. Despite his terror, Nate felt his cock getting hard in his thin shorts.

Suddenly realizing that Randy had heard what he said, Nate sprang to his feet and started to babble. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't know you were ..... I mean ..... what I said, sir. I didn't ..... I didn't think ..... not really ....."

"Ah, don't get your shorts in a twist, kid. I've been called a lot worse than a real scary bloke. Come to think of it I've never been called a bloke before. Nah, you're right ..... I can be a mean son-of-a-bitch you get me riled up." Nate was desperate to escape but Randy blocked him. "Jeez, you really are scared of me, aren't you? Bob said you were the shy type. You finished in the shower?"

"Well, sir," Nate stammered. "I had one wall left, but I can come back."

"Nah, let me jump in the shower real quick and then you can finish off." He turned round, sat on the bed and pulled off his boots and socks. "I don't think we ever did get officially introduced, did we kid? I'm Randy, boss of this outfit."

"I ..... I know that, sir. I ..... I'm Nate," he said lamely."

"So you're from Australia. You know, I almost went there one time. Guy I met said there'd be plenty of work for a guy like me on a sheep station in the Outback. Guess I would have fit in there real well, but I ended up staying in Texas. You ever been to the Outback, boy?"

Nate managed to stammer, "To, to the Outback, sir? A little bit, sir." Then he fell silent and watched, awestruck, as Randy pulled off his tank-top, threw it onto the bed, then dropped his pants on the floor (completely ignoring Bob's messy-room warning). As Randy walked around the room stripped to his shorts Nate was mesmerized by the spectacular man with the sculpted, sinewy body and the handsome gypsy face, squared jawed, stubble chin, a mess of tousled black hair, and steel blue eyes Nate found it hard to look into.

What was amazing was that Randy seemed completely oblivious of the stunning effect he had, totally at ease walking around the room nearly naked, then going into the bathroom to brush his teeth. Instinctively Nate picked Randy's tank-top off the bed, held it briefly to his nose and was overwhelmed by the stench of male sweat. It was soaked so he draped it over a hanger. He picked up the pants and folded them, then put the stinking socks into the laundry hamper. By this time his cock was throbbing.

He glanced into the bathroom and gulped as he saw Randy drop his shorts and step into the shower, leaving the shower door open. Nate went into the bathroom, picked up the crumpled shorts and breathed in the unmistakable odor of stale urine and dried cum. He imagined the construction worker stuffing his cock back in the shorts after pissing; and it seemed like at some point in the day he had creamed in his shorts ..... probably when he was with Bob, Nate fantasized.

In fact by now Nate's fantasies were taking over. He had never been in a room that was so redolent of raw, male sex. It was his first taste of the sexual potency that seemed to ooze from every pore of Randy's body. He watched as Randy soaped his body, reaching behind him trying to reach the middle of his back. Almost in a trance by now Nate heard a voice say, "Can I help you with that, sir?" He looked round to see where the voice had come from ..... and realized it was his.

From the shower Randy looked at him and laughed. "Hell, I don't know if that's in your job description, kid ..... I'll have to check with Bob. But until I do, hey, why the hell not? You seemed to be making a good job of scrubbing the floor ..... maybe you can give me the same treatment. OK, come on in ..... but lose the shorts."

His heart pounding Nate dropped his shorts and stepped naked into the shower. With hot water pouring over them both, Randy turned his back to him and Nate soaped up the body scrubber. Breathing heavily he ran it over Randy's muscular V-shaped back, lightly at first until Randy said, "Hey, boy, put some muscle into it." So Nate scrubbed hard, over the neck, the broad shoulders, down the sloping lats to the small tight waist. Feeling the rock hard muscles under his palms Nate's cock was rigid.

Randy sighed. "Jeez that feels good, kid. Here, do the front." He turned round and Nate gave the same treatment to Randy's massive pecs, then scrubbed at the tight ridges of his stomach. "Great, kid," Randy laughed. "Hey, now I know what they mean by 'washboard abs'. OK, now the legs."

Nate's head was swimming as he dropped to his knees and began to soap up the solid thighs. The trouble here was that the big man's huge, thick cock was hanging right in front of him. He couldn't take his eyes off it ..... he was hypnotized as the long slab of meat swung inches from his face. He realized he had stopped rubbing Randy's legs. He looked up at the magnificent, naked bodybuilder towering over him in a cloud of steam, and mumbled, "I'm sorry, sir .... I just .... I can't ...."

"..... can't take your eyes off my cock by the looks of it. OK, boy, might as well go the whole nine yards ....." he laughed, "..... to coin a phrase. Open your mouth, boy."

Nate would have obeyed any command from this man, and he opened his mouth wide. Randy took hold of his semi-erect cock and stuffed it into the boy's mouth. Nate's eyes opened wide as he felt the huge shaft sink to the back of his throat. But this was only the beginning. Incredibly he felt the muscle filling his throat, growing even bigger as it got stiff. Soft, the cock was huge, but hard it was enormous and Nate began to choke.

"Don't gag on me, boy. Come on, any guy living in this house has to take my cock in his mouth and his ass. You wanna live here, don't you? OK then."

Nate remembered how he had sucked Mark's cock and began breathing through his nose. But this was different from Mark. Mark had been gentle, but this was Randy ..... and he didn't do 'gentle'. He grabbed both sides of Nate's head, pulled back, then plunged his iron cock deep down into his throat. Nate swallowed frantically and thought he would pass out, but Randy's words rang in his head ..... "you wanna live here, don't you?" He did, more than anything ..... and right now he wanted to suck this incredible man's cock more than anything. So, like so many men before him, Nate surrendered to Randy's overwhelming sexual power.

Randy turned off the water, and now he was in full 'boss' mode as he plundered the boy's face. He held Nate's head rigid against the tiled wall as his cock pistoned in and out of his mouth. Nate was spinning into another world that consisted of one thing .....sex ..... the sight of the hips slamming toward him, the smell of the black, wiry pubic hair that smashed into his face, nearly suffocating him. Tears streamed down his face as he heard the master's guttural voice.

"That's it, boy. Now you know who I am ..... that's what it feels like when the boss fucks your face. You got a cute face, kid, and you're a good cock-sucker. I like that in a boy. So go for it, cock-sucker ..... eat it, eat your master's meat."

The pounding grew more intense and soon Nate knew he would pass out. But Randy knew it too. He was not called the master for nothing ..... he had the master's instinct of knowing the limits of the man he was working on. And he knew that Nate had reached his, so he yelled, "Here it comes, boy. Drink the master's juice, kid ..... swallow it!

Nate was on the verge of losing his mind as he felt the massive rod pulse, then felt the hot liquid blast deep down into his throat. Frantically he gulped it down, intoxicated by the bitter-sweet, creamy taste of the boss's juice streaming from his cock. Tears flowing down his face, he was swallowing thirstily now, the shy young newcomer drinking the hot sperm of the towering muscle-god, the master of the house.

Suddenly, Randy pulled his cock out, and the last jets of cum splashed into the boy's upturned face. Finally, in total exhaustion, Nate dropped his head, and as he looked down he realized that he had shot his own load over Randy's feet. Quickly he dropped forward and began to lick the feet, kissing them in a final act of homage to the ultimate sex master, who had tamed him so completely.

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It had been a long day of back-to-back business meetings for Bob, the weary executive who now climbed the stairs to his room. But his heart leapt as he went in and saw Randy naked, drying himself, fresh from the shower. Randy grinned at him and Bob instantly recognized that look of arrogance bordering on triumph. "You're looking pleased with yourself," Bob smiled. "Like the cat who just licked the cream."

"Other way round, actually," said Randy nodding toward the bathroom.

Bob followed his gaze and gasped. “Jesus Christ! What the fuck have you .....?” He walked quickly to the shower and looked down at the naked boy slumped into the corner. He had a dazed smile on his face that was smothered in cum, with semen dribbling from the corners of his open mouth. Bob fell to his knees and cupped the boy’s chin. “Nate, are you OK?”

Nate smiled up at him as if he were drunk. “Oh, yes, sir. Just great. Awesome.”

Bob recognized that look of total euphoria. He had seen it on his own face in the mirror whenever he had been worked over by Randy. It’s the look every man had after sex with Randy. Bob turned on his lover. “Hell, man, what the fuck have you been doing to the kid?”

“Nothing he didn’t want ..... more than anything. Does he look unhappy to you?”

Bob shook his head. “You son-of-a-bitch. I should have known you’d have to break the kid in.”

Randy looked over to the shower. “Hey, kiddo. I’m gonna make love to my man now. You’ve already serviced me, so how about you help him get naked?”

Nate was already on his feet drying himself and he walked unsteadily over to Bob. Bob knew what was happening and, while he kind of resented Randy taking control of both of them, he knew what pleasure it would give to Nate. He remembered that phrase Nate had once used .... “I need to see everything that happens in the house.” And so he would. Also, after the day he’d had, Bob was dying to feel Randy’s cock inside him. Anyway, Randy’s authority trumped everything ..... couldn’t be questioned.

Bob smiled at Nate. “OK, Nate, do what he says. I’ve never had a valet before.”

Nate’s cock was hard again already. Having been face-fucked by the boss he was about to undress his gorgeous lover so they could make love. From behind he pulled off Bob’s jacket and put it on a hanger. Then facing him he undid his tie and pulled it from his collar. Slowly he unbuttoned his shirt, daring to look into the stunningly handsome face as he did so. He couldn’t help running his hands over the tight, white tank underneath the shirt.

He hung up the shirt, then pulled the tank from the waistband and pulled it off over Bob’s head. “Aaaah.” The involuntary gasp came as he gazed at the muscular business executive standing before him, stripped to the waist. Nate dropped to his knees, pulled off Bob’s loafers and socks, then unzipped the pants and let them drop. ‘Naked,’ Randy had said, so Nate slowly pulled down the white boxers and gasped again as Bob’s huge semi-erect cock fell loose and swung in front of his face. More than anything Nate wanted to do the same for Bob as he had done for Randy, but he heard Bob’s voice.

“Not now, Nate. Another day, for sure. Right now Randy is waiting to fuck me.”

Nate sprang to his feet. "Yes, sir. Sorry, sir." He picked up the slacks and folded them onto the hanger under the jacket. Randy was lying on his back on the bed with his arms open, and Bob walked toward him and fell into them. Nate was about to gather his clothes and beat a hasty retreat when he heard Randy say, "Stick around, kid. You may learn a thing or two." Bob added with a smile, "After all, you did say you need to see everything that happens in the house."

And so, standing naked in the master bedroom of the house, Nate watched the two masters make love. This was the inner sanctum, the private place where every day these two glorious men reaffirmed their love that had been born long ago in a crucible of pain and passion. Nate was in a trance. In the back of his mind he heard Jamie's voice, "Be careful what you wish for, Nate. In this house everything's possible." God he wanted to live here. He had to live here.

He watched every instant of their love-making ..... and remembered it all. He was amazed at the passion the men shared. He saw them smile as they entered the mystical world in the mirrors of their eyes, and he remembered when he too had drowned in Jamie's limpid blue gaze. But it was Randy's technique that riveted Nate. When he started to fuck his lover it was slow, tender, but it gathered speed and force until he was ferociously hammering Bob's ass. Then he slowed down for a while ..... until the next savage onslaught.

Bob was soon spinning in a vortex of pleasure, one moment sighing as he felt Randy's cock gently massaging his tender membrane, then suddenly throwing his head back and howling as his ass was impaled on the iron piston driving inside him. In a trance Nate approached the bed and began stroking his cock as he gazed at the awesome spectacle beneath him. At last he saw the climax approach, watched their gleaming muscles tense, heard Bob's moans and Randy's obscenity-laced euphoria. And the boy shot a massive load over the magnificent bodies as they shuddered in orgasm.

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A few minutes later Nate was gone and Bob lay in Randy's arms. "He left in a hurry," Randy said. "Think he went to practice on Jamie ..... everything he'd seen in here?"

"I've no doubt," Bob said. He eased closer to Randy. "Well there's one thing for sure..... he learned from the master."

"Think he'll work out OK with the twins and end up living here?" Randy asked.

"Oh, I've no doubt about that either," Bob said. He smiled into Randy's eyes. "Actually, I think the final seal of approval came from you. How could we deny the kid a job after the big boss let him suck his cock and then came in his face? You anointed him, buddy. He's in."

"Asshole."

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Randy was right that Nate had run off to practice on Jamie. It was a great fuck and afterwards as they were sitting by the pool Jamie said, "Dude, that was incredible. Where did you learn to fuck like that?"

Nate grinned. "I learned from the master, mate. You'll never believe what happened to me."

Darius had big ears especially for phrases like "you'll never believe...." He loved things that were unbelievable ..... and he always believed them. He ran over to the boys and they were soon joined by Pablo and the twins. Darius suddenly became solemn and authoritative as he spoke to Nate.

"Now listen dude, there's a rule in this house that you should know. Whenever anything happens to you, especially something we won't believe, you gotta spill the beans ..... all of them ..... every last one."

"No worries there, mate," Nate grinned. "OK, listen ....." And so the boys gazed at Nate enraptured as he spilled every last bean about what had happened to him in the master bedroom. As he heard the gasps of astonishment ..... "no, he didn't" .... "they actually let you watch?" ..... "wow, totally awesome dude" ..... Nate realized that for the first time he was truly one of the boys. He had a riveting tale to tell ..... and it would be the first of many."

Meanwhile Bob was practicing a little diplomacy of his own as he sat talking to Mark in his bedroom. "Just wanted to let you know what Randy did with Nate, buddy ..... just in case you had a problem with that. I know how you two can be."

"Nah," Mark said. "No less than I expected. We all knew Randy would have to prove to the kid he's the boss ..... the sexiest man alive. Just like Pablo tried to do ..... only the boy hasn't learned his master's technique yet. Just so long as Nate had a good time ..... which I'm sure he did. Though I have to admit, whenever a story includes you getting your ass fucked good by Randy I get a bit jealous. I just wish it was me doing it."

"Yeah, well, seems like we're gonna have all next week together to put that right."

"Oh yeah," Mark smiled lasciviously. "Don't worry, we'll make up for lost time. I have it all planned out, trust me."

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To the surprise of almost nobody, at the end of the week the twins formally announced that Nate had passed his probationary period and would be hired as the houseboy. Nate was over the moon and so was Jamie, not least because that meant his trip with Nate to Sydney, that Mark

had given him, was definitely on, and the two boys would travel back home together in two weeks for Nate to begin work.

And so the day came for the big departures. Randy, Zack and their boys were to drive down to Long Beach where they would pick up the cabin cruiser they were renting for the week for their trip to Catalina Island. Early in the morning Darius and Pablo were already noisily loading gear into the truck, squabbling about what absolutely had to be taken and what could be left behind. Randy and Zack exchanged “what-have-we-let-ourselves-in-for?” looks.

But before they hit the road, all the boys huddled together for effusive goodbyes. Once again, Darius held the floor as he said to Nate, “Now, dude, you remember what I said about reporting back to us whatever happens. And when you go on a trip that means video. Now I was gonna lend you my camera, but I’m gonna need that on Catalina, so all us boys got together and chipped in and got you this as a welcome-to-the-house present.”

He held out a package and Nate ripped it open. It was a video camera. His eyes filled with tears as he said, “Thanks a million, mates ..... good on ya. You know, I’m really gonna love living here with you guys. But you gotta tell me if ever I get out of line, OK?”

“Sure, sure,” said Darius briskly. “But about the camera. Now you said there were tons of hot guys on .... what .... Bondi Beach was it? Well we want film of them all, OK? Oh, and another thing. You’ve heard of the ‘Mile High Club’ haven’t you, where two guys go into the plane toilet together and have sex?”

“Not any more, mate,” said Nate. “With all the strict security these days two guys go into the toilet together and they get arrested as terrorists.”

Darius screwed up his face in disappointment. “Hmm, OK, not that then.” He brightened. “But you know, even when you’re sitting together it’s amazing what you can do under a blanket!”

Pablo pulled his arm. “Enough with the travel tips, dude. Come on, we gotta go fishing. Have fun, guys ..... see you when you get back from down under.”

Right around then Bob was in a tight hug with Randy as Mark watched. “Take care of yourselves, buddy. You know the trouble those boys can get into.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Randy said, “quit worrying. You know I always take care of my guys ..... you especially. You should know that.”

“You know I’m gonna miss the hell out of you, Randy.”

“Oh yeah?” grinned Randy, “all alone with this gorgeous cop and the twins? Take good care of my man, Mark, and don’t do anything I wouldn’t do. Shit, that pretty much means you can do whatever you like.”

So the truck sped away and Mark drove the two boys to the airport. Bob checked that the twins were OK, then got dressed in his business suit for work. He knew that Mark had his uniform with him as he was going straight to work from the airport for an eight-hour shift. They would be getting home at around the same time that evening.

At LAX Mark hugged the boys before they went through security. "Take care of my boy, Nate," he said, then turned to Jamie for an emotional hug. "And you kid, just know I'll be thinking of you all the time, and when you get back, the first thing I want to see is you naked. Two weeks without that sweet ass of yours is gonna make me horny as a toad. Have fun, and take care of each other. I love you kiddo."

Jamie smiled. "Thank you, sir. Thank you..... for ..... for everything." One more tearful embrace ..... and the boys were gone.

As it happened, sometime later as Mark was driving away from the airport he happened to see the big QANTAS 747 fly out over the beach, gaining height. He caught his breath as he suddenly realized just how much he loved his beautiful golden boy. He missed him already."

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It was a long, miserable day at work for Bob. He had several important meetings but he couldn't really concentrate at all. His attention wandered, first to the cabin cruiser where Randy would already be giving orders in his role as captain. Then to the plane that by now was way out over the Pacific on its long flight to Sydney, carrying two very excited boys. Then he thought of the twins, looking forward to a relaxing week with only two guys to take care of.

Two guys. That's where his thoughts finally centered. Mark and him, sharing the house. He wondered where they would sleep. Together for sure, in Bob's room or Mark's, didn't matter. He thought of the beautiful cop taking off his uniform, stripping down to his shorts and climbing into bed ..... with him! He caught his breath ..... then felt his secretary nudging him and pushing papers in front of him. "Sir, we need you to sign off on this."

"What? .... Oh sure, sorry ..... here." He normally made sure what he was signing, but not this time. Didn't matter. Somehow he dragged through the day and breathed a sigh of relief when he sank into his Mercedes and headed for home. He wondered if Mark would get home before him ..... and if he would still be in his uniform. God, that uniform. His mind went back to the day he had first seen it.

It had been a day a bit like today, a ton of work, business lunch where he'd had too much to drink. He had taken the quiet no-traffic way home through Griffith Park and had taken a wrong turn. Cursing himself for being drunk he did a quick U-turn .... and then saw red lights flashing in his rear-view mirror. He remembered as if it were yesterday. "License and registration, sir, and please step out of the car."

It wasn't the drink that had made his knees go weak .... it was the sight of the cop. He remembered to this day what he had thought of Mark. One of the most beautiful faces he had ever seen ..... chiseled, Nordic features, high cheek bones, square jaw, blue-gray eyes and a shock of blond hair falling over the wide brow. The cop was stunning ... straight out of Central Casting, he remembered thinking.

He had desperately needed to avoid a drunk-driving ticket so he had asked, "Look officer, is there some way we can make this go away?" His cock got stiff in his pants as he remembered that Mark had taken him deeper into the park and made him strip. And as he watched, the cop had creamed his shorts in his uniform pants. That was all, but many times since then Bob had fantasized about what would have happened if Mark had demanded more. Even now he murmured to himself, "What else would he have made me do? Guess I'll never know now."

Suddenly Bob shook his head as he jolted back to reality. He had been in a trance. He looked around and realized that he had been so lost in thought he had driven up the hill right past his own house. "Shit," he said to himself, "get a grip, Bob." He did a clumsy three-point turn to head back downhill, but as he pulled up at his gate he was dazzled by the reflection of red lights in his rear-view mirror. A motor-cycle cop!

He couldn't believe it ..... like he had suddenly stepped through the looking glass. He lowered the window and saw the black pants and silver stripe of the uniform. Then he looked up and his heart almost stopped. It was one of the most beautiful faces he had ever seen. It was Mark, unsmiling, businesslike. "Sir, you just performed an illegal U-turn back there. Would you step out of the car, sir?"

It was happening again. As if he were in a dream, Bob opened the door and stepped out. "Face the car, please, sir. Hands on the roof, spread your legs." The cop stepped behind him to frisk him and Bob felt the rough serge of the uniform press against him, the bulge of his crotch against his ass. The cop ran his hands over his chest, inside the jacket, lingering over his nipples. The hands pressed down over his waist, stroked his ass, went round to his crotch, then down his thighs."

"Thank you, sir. You can turn round now."

Bob turned and looked into Mark's face ..... that Greek-God face. He took a deep breath. "Look officer," he pleaded, "I really have to avoid a traffic ticket. Is there some way we can make this go away?"

# # #

## **Chapter 125 – Bob and Mark – the Ultimate Fantasy**

For the longest time the two men held each other's eyes just as they had done on that first day. Finally Mark walked behind Bob, pulled his arms behind his back, and Bob felt the touch of cold steel round his wrists as he heard the double click of handcuffs. "Go through the gate sir."

This was not like it had been before ..... no handcuffs then. In a daze his earlier thoughts came back to him ..... "what else would he have made me do?" Obeying orders he stumbled through the gate and stopped in the middle of the lawn. The cop walked round him, surveying the handcuffed business executive like a tiger stalking his prey before the kill. As he watched the uniformed cop staring at him, Bob's heart was thumping and his cock was hard as steel in his elegant suit.

The cop stopped in front of him, his steely blue-gray eyes piercing his, and finally Bob heard the command. "On your knees." Obediently he fell to his knees, so his face was level with the bulge in the uniform pants. He felt Mark's hand press behind his head, pushing it forward and clamping his mouth over the rough serge of the pants. He felt the bulge pulse in his mouth and heard the cop's heavy sigh. Holding his head in a vise-like grip the cop thrust his hips forward, grinding Bob's face into his crotch, making him choke and drool against the black fabric.

Two young faces stared in disbelief from the kitchen window at the incredible display. "We gotta go out there," said Kevin, "gotta help Bob."

"Nah," Kyle reassured him. "Can't you see? That cop is Mark, he ain't gonna hurt him, not really. Everyone knows he's in love with Bob."

"But look what he's doing," Kevin persisted. "That's for real, dude."

Kyle gave him a dismissive look. "Dude, haven't you ever listened to all Darius's fantasy stories? That's what this is. Though I gotta say ..... it looks pretty real to me."

It felt real to Bob too, a bit too real. He was still gagging when he felt his head being pulled back by the hair. Gasping he looked up at the blond face staring down at him ..... and saw lust in his eyes. Mark's blood was racing as he looked down at the chiseled, square-jawed Superman face, spit running from his mouth over his chin, black hair falling over his brow. Yeah, he was gonna enjoy working on the arrogant business executive he had arrested, kneeling helplessly before him.

He knew he was not only humiliating the man ..... he was seducing him. Mark was aware how incredibly handsome he was, how stunning he looked in his uniform, making heads turn wherever he went. He could make this man do anything he wanted, but he would let him make the next move. "You know what to do, man."

And Bob did. Instinctively he pulled at his wrists cuffed behind him, wanting to touch the cop's crotch. In frustration he leaned forward and with his tongue found the metal tag to the zipper. Seizing it between his teeth he pulled it down, then nosed open the cop's pants. "Oh, man!" he

gasped as he saw the shape of the cop's huge rod under the thin white cotton of his shorts. He pressed his face against it, breathing in the musky smell of the officer's sweaty crotch, with a hint of piss where his cock had dripped.

In a frenzy now, the businessman eased his tongue inside the opening of the shorts and, with a frantic effort, was able to get his lips round the cock inside. Clamping his mouth over it he tugged at it, until finally ..... "aaah!" The cock sprang out of the shorts and stood straight out from the pants, inches from Bob's face. Bob looked up at the gorgeous Nordic face, then lower, over the white triangle of T-shirt at the neck, down over the tight uniform shirt, past the heavy belt at the slim waist ..... and down to the huge tool that he knew was intended for him.

He saw pre-cum oozing from it and knew what the cop wanted .... what he needed. Bob flicked out his tongue and his body jerked as he tasted the pungent tang of the filmy white liquid. Suddenly he felt the cop's hand behind his head again, this time pushing his face forward so the cock sank into his mouth, coming to rest deep in the back of his throat. Bob choked and his eyes spurted tears.

But just as suddenly as the cock had plunged into his throat he felt it withdraw. He looked up in alarm at the cop. God he was beautiful, especially now that his shirt had become unbuttoned almost down to the waist and Bob saw the tight white T-shirt stretched over the mounds of his pecs. His desire for Mark was stronger than it had ever been.

The cop stared down at him. "You wanna suck the cop's meat, is that what you want?"

"Yes, officer," Bob gasped. "I'll do anything you want, sir." It was Mark he was talking to ..... and yet ..... it was so real to Bob it felt like the first time they had met as strangers. Here he was, still in his business suit, on his knees, gazing up at the magnificent cop, waiting to feel his cock thrust back into his mouth. But the cop was taking his time."

"You look like a big-shot executive. You the boss in your company?"

"Yes, officer. Senior Vice-President."

"So you give orders to people and they obey?"

"Yes, sir."

The cop smiled. "So now here is, mister big-shot vice-president, on his knees before a cop waiting to take orders and obey, is that right?"

"Yes, officer. Whatever you say, sir."

The cop still stared at him. "You know why I didn't give you a traffic citation?"

“No, officer.”

“It was because you look so damn hot. I get off looking at beautiful men and you are absolutely fucking gorgeous. Look at me. What do you think of me?”

Bob gazed up at the pornographically handsome blond face. “You’re the most beautiful cop I have ever seen, sir.”

“So you want that beautiful cop to shove his dick in your mouth?”

“Very much, officer. Please, sir.”

“OK, man, eat it. I’ve had that bike throbbing under my crotch all day and it’s made me hotter than a pistol. I’ve worked up a heavy load of juice that wants to explode. Open your mouth.”

Bob was in a trance. It was no longer a question of fantasy or reality. It was now just the handsome executive servicing the cop ..... not because he was ordered to, but because he was longing to. His eyes focused on the huge shaft, veins pulsing along it, the head dripping with pre-cum. God, he had never wanted anything so much in his life. His body shuddered as he felt the hand behind his head again. There was a pause ..... and then his face was rammed forward onto the monster cock that plunged once again deep into his throat.

But this time it pulled back right away then slammed inside him, again and again, making Bob gag and his head spin as he gulped desperately. He saw the rough black serge of the uniform as the cop’s slim hips pulled back, then slammed forward. Each time, his face was buried in the wiry blond pubic hair that smelled faintly of sweat, piss and cum.

The pounding was merciless, but Bob never wanted it to stop. This is what he had dreamed of, being used, hammered, humiliated by the spectacular, god-like cop. His face was held in a vise as the huge steel rod pistoned into him, deeper each time, savaging the searing membrane of his throat. The pounding went on and on, tears spurted from his eyes, and he thought he would pass out as his mind swam in a daze of pain and ecstasy.

And suddenly it stopped! The cock pulled out and through his tears he saw it being held stock-still in the cop’s huge fist. He gazed at the head ..... it was pulsing, dripping, the hole was opening up ..... and suddenly Bob’s head flew backward with the force of the huge jet of semen that slammed into his face like a hammer. “Aaagh!” He managed to open his eyes, only to be hit by another blast of cum that streamed down his cheeks, down over his tie and his crisp white shirt. He was drowning in the cop’s cum, he was gasping, his mouth wide open ..... wide enough to receive even more juice that poured into his throat. He swallowed frantically, choking on the river of semen that seemed it would never stop.

He looked up at the cop, whose chiseled features were contorted in the euphoria of his gigantic orgasm. His blond hair flew back, then fell over his face. He looked spectacular, and as he

gazed up at him Bob heard his own scream and felt a load of cum blasting into his shorts under his business suit. He was sobbing, his tears mixing with the semen flowing down his face. He gazed up at the cop and managed to stammer, "Thank you, sir."

Mark stared down at the sculpted Superman features, cum streaming down them and oozing from the corners of his mouth. "Yeah," the cop grinned as he zipped up his fly. "For a big stud vice-president you're one hell of a cock-sucker, man. Unfortunately for you, you've made me so damn hot I haven't finished with you yet. When I arrest a guy he remembers it. And you're gonna remember this day, man. I guarantee it."

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The twins were hypnotized ..... they had never in their life seen a sight like this. Their earlier worries had disappeared as they bought into the fantasy with an intensity that made the whole thing seem real. "Dude," Kyle said, his eyes sparkling, "I wonder what the cop would do to us if he knew we were here."

It was uncanny ..... almost as if Mark had heard them. He looked up and caught sight of their faces at the window. "Hey, you two kids," he shouted. "Get your asses out here."

A jolt of fear ran through them but they obeyed the cop instantly and stood trembling before him, shoulder to shoulder for moral support. The cop stared at them, then nodded toward Bob. "This man here, on his knees, his face and shirt covered in cum ..... he your boss?"

"Yes, sir," they mumbled together.

"OK then, you can make yourselves useful. See, soon I'm gonna fuck your boss up the ass, and you can help us get ready. He pulled Bob roughly to his feet and snapped off the handcuffs. "You," he nodded at Kyle. "Strip him naked ..... and do it slowly." Then to Kevin. "You, take off my shirt."

As the twins got into position there was a fleeting glance between them and Bob. That was all it took to reassure Bob that they were as much into the scene as he was. Bob and Mark stood facing each other, their eyes penetrating like lasers. Kyle went behind Bob and pulled off his jacket. Then he reached round, loosened his tie and pulled it free. Mark watched spellbound as he saw the fingers unbutton the shirt slowly, revealing first the contours of his chest, then the ridges of his eight-pack abs.

At the same time Kevin was standing behind the cop and Bob saw his boy's hands come round and pull the already-unbuttoned black shirt from the heavy leather belt at his waist. Simultaneously both shirts were pulled off by the boys, and the men gazed in awe at the each other's torso, Bob naked to the waist and Mark with the white T-shirt stretched over his chest. Kevin pulled the T-shirt free, eased it slowly upward, over Mark's head ..... until he too was stripped to the waist.

The cop and the executive, both shirtless, gazed at each other in awe. "God, you're beautiful," the cop murmured. Breathing heavily, Bob said, "You look incredible. You can do anything to me."

"I intend to, man. Hey, you boy," he said to Kevin. "Go help your brother with the rest."

Quickly the boys took off Bob's loafers and socks, pulled down his slacks and shorts and stepped back, always awestruck when they saw their master naked. The cop grabbed Bob behind the neck, steered him over to a tree, pushed his back against it and handcuffed his wrists behind it. "Now," he said, "you're gonna have the pleasure of watching your boys service me."

He walked back to the lawn and threw himself onto a chaise with its back raised, and put his hands behind his head. Facing Bob, stripped to the waist, his arms and shoulders flexing, with one knee bent so his motorcycle boot rested on the chaise, the cop looked spectacular, like something from an erotic drawing. Seeing Bob's awed expression he said, "Looks hot, eh, man?"

"Magnificent," Bob breathed, his heart pounding.

Still lounging in the chaise Mark addressed the boys as if training them. "Now here's the problem, boys. See, like I said, I am gonna fuck your master handcuffed to the tree over there, but to do that I need a stiff dick. But I just shot my load all over his face as you can see. So that's where you boys come in. You ever been in a porn movie?"

The twins gaped and it took a few startled seconds for them to grasp the sudden question. Then, with some indignation, Kyle said, "No sir!" "Never," said his brother.

"Pity." Mark was still in instructor mode. "You know, L.A. is the porn capital of the U.S., so of course, as a police officer, I have frequent run-ins with the porn crowd and get to know how they work. For example, you know what they do when they need an actor to get a hard-on for his scene?" The twins shook their heads, wide-eyed with curiosity. "They call in the fluffer. That's the guy who gets the porn boy hard so he can go back to work. So guess what ..... you guys are hereby both deputized as fluffers. On your knees, boys."

The twins were at a pitch of excitement. It was a whole new world for them and they had lost track of where they were ..... in reality, fantasy ..... or in a porn movie. The only thing that was clear to them was what they had to do. And they were longing to do it. They knelt on either side of the chaise and Kyle pulled down the zipper of the uniform pants. Kevin put his hand into the cop's shorts and pulled out his semi-hard dick."

"See that?" Mark said. "I need that to be a steel rod to do justice to your master over there. So get to work boys."

They didn't need telling twice. Holding the cock, Kyle lowered his face onto it and sucked it in, swallowing as deeply as he could until he felt it growing slowly in his mouth. As he moved his head up and down it was not long before he felt the cock get hard. Kevin saw it too and pushed his brother's face away. "Here, let me have a go at that," he said.

Kevin was a bit more tentative as he sucked on the cock, until he heard Mark's voice. "Hey, is that all you got, boy? Come on, hard as steel I said." It wasn't just the command of his voice ..... the boy really wanted to please the cop, so he began hammering the cock with his mouth without pausing for breath.

Bob was going wild and pulled uselessly at his cuffed wrists, desperate to touch his cock. Again he was lost in fantasy. Having been humbled by the cop he was now bound naked and helpless to the tree, forced to watch as the cop made his boys service him. The shirtless cop's hands were still linked behind his head and his torso flexed as he looked arrogantly down at the eager young boys working on his cock. Then he raised his head and flashed a penetrating look at the naked muscle-stud struggling against the tree.

"Aaah" Bob moaned as the blue-gray eyes pierced his. He was at a fever pitch now. The stunning cop was torturing him in a wild vortex of desire and frustration. His boys were now fighting over the huge cock, hungry to taste it. Sometimes the young faces came together, both licking the cop's shaft and his balls, desperate to please the spectacular man. But it was Bob himself who was frantic to submit to the cop. He would do anything for him ..... anything. Most of all, he wanted to submit his ass to him, to feel his cock inside him.

Mark's body was starting to gleam with sweat, his chest heaving as he felt the hot young mouths round his cock. Suddenly he shouted, "Enough." In reflexive obedience the boys pulled their heads back and waited for their next command. "Shit, you two almost made me cum there," Mark said. "Gotta hand it to you, you are two great little cock-suckers ..... almost as good as your master over there. You would make perfect fluffers on a porn set. 'Course, fluffers get paid so I guess I should give you some kind of reward, eh?"

He saw the gleam of expectation in their eyes and said, "I suppose you wanna shoot your loads, don't you? OK stand up." They shot to their feet and stood, one on each side of him, looking down at the cop sprawled shirtless on the chaise. Still resting his head back on his hands, his arms flared outward, Mark teased them, flexing his biceps, chest and washboard abs. "Look good to you boys?" Incapable of speech the boys nodded enthusiastically. "Good enough to shoot all over it?" They nodded frantically. "OK, kids, go for it."

Now it was Mark's turn to be surprised. Instead of grabbing their own cock each boy reached forward, across the cop, grasped his brother's cock and stroked it, just as they had so often in the past. They looked into each other's eyes, communicating in that mystical way they had, then lowered their eyes to the incredible sight beneath them. The cop was smiling up at them. He looked like a pornographic picture, stripped to the waist, flared lats tapering down to the tight

waist cinched by the wide belt of the black uniform pants. One knee was still bent, the high black boot resting on the chaise. The rigid cock still stood straight out from the fly of the pants.

The twins were spellbound ..... and it didn't take long. In perfect unison, they stroked each other's cock, the rhythm increasing to a crescendo. Their eyes opened wide ..... they screamed ..... and their cocks erupted with long ribbons of hot white juice that splashed down onto the magnificent chest beneath them. Mark thought their orgasms would never stop, as torrents of semen poured down onto him.

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When the storm finally abated Mark smiled up at the twins. "Hell, when you young guys shoot you shoot a river don't you. You've soaked me. OK, kids, go stand over there. I'll need you again in a minute." Their heads swimming, the twins withdrew. Mark pushed his rigid cock back into his pants, zipped up, then sprang to his feet. He stood still for a moment, gazing across the lawn at Bob, leaning helpless against the tree.

But he didn't walk toward him. Instead he paced round the garden ..... strutted, showing off. And there was a lot to show. Mark always looked sensational in his uniform, even more when he was shirtless. But now that his chest was covered in cum, streaming from his neck and shoulders, down over his pecs, over the eight-pack of his abs, dripping over his belt down onto his pants, the man looked spectacular.

Bob watched hypnotized as the pornographic icon strode around arrogantly, aware of how stunningly beautiful he was, taunting the desperate man handcuffed to the tree. Bob was desperate to touch his own cock and pulled frantically at his wrists, making his own beautiful body writhe and flex in helpless bondage. Mark smiled as he looked at the glorious sight, the naked executive he was torturing without laying a hand on him.

In a pitch of frustration Bob moaned, "Don't do this to me, man."

Mark's smile vanished and the harsh voice of the cop returned. "You telling me what to do, asshole? I don't think you're in much of a position to give me orders. You're not in that smart business suit now, are you mister vice-president, giving orders in your office? Look at you ..... handcuffed, naked, your face smothered in the semen of a cop. You're my prisoner now ..... taking orders from me. You get that?"

"Yes, sir," Bob said humbly hanging his head.

Mark cupped Bob's chin and raised his face, gazing into his eyes. "I'll give you this, man, you are one hot looking son-of-a-bitch ..... the most beautiful guy I've ever seen. You know, when I saw you in that fancy car, in your fancy suit, I flashed on seeing your gorgeous body naked, tied to a tree, so I could beat off looking at you. And that's just what I'm gonna do, then leave you here for your boys to release you."

Bob panicked as he saw Mark unzip his pants, pull out his still-rigid cock and begin to stroke it. "NO!" He screamed in desperation. "Please! Please, sir. Don't cum"

"What do you want, man? Tell me."

Bob was sobbing now. "I want you to fuck my ass, officer. I want to feel that hug rod in my ass. Please, officer. The minute I saw you, when you pulled me over, I knew that's what I wanted. You are so beautiful ..... I want to watch you while you fuck me."

Mark stared at him, stroking his chin in thought. "Hmm. Sounds like you want my dick real bad. OK, I'll do a deal. I'll push my dick in your ass, if that's what you want."

"Thank you, sir."

Provided ..... provided you shoot your load first."

Bob stared at him in disbelief. "But I ....." he tugged at his wrists.

"Oh, I know you can't touch your cock, and just now you creamed your shorts, but that shouldn't stop you. Look, man, I know how fucking gorgeous I am, and that should be enough for you. Look at me, man." He held his arms out sideways, flaring his lats, flexing his shoulders and chest. "Hell, you have to submit to that. You will submit to me, man."

He came closer to Bob, looked deep into his eyes and lowered his voice. "You know what guys call me? A Greek God. Now picture that god leaning over you, man, his sweat and your boys' cum dripping from his chest onto your face. Now, feel the cop's huge shaft sliding inside your ass, feel the head pushing in deep, into that secret place deep inside you. Then it pulls out slowly, then plunges in again. Soon it's like a steel piston, piercing your ass so all you can feel is my cock, all you can see is my eyes. My eyes ..... look into my eyes, man."

Bob gazed into the eyes that were gleaming with power, passion ..... and love. He heard the voice again. "That's it, man. Now you can do it. I'm ordering you to do it. Submit to me, man. Let me hear you submit. You said you'd do anything for me. So do it, man. Do it!"

In a delirium of lust Bob felt his body shudder, felt the heat rising from his legs into his balls. He held his breath, gazed at Mark's beautiful face, the face he loved. He screamed, "I submit to you, sir. I submit!" And his cock exploded, spraying semen in a high arc, then splashing down on Mark's chest, flowing down it, mixing with the juice of his boys.

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Bob's head fell forward, sobbing ..... with love, desire, pain, and the longing to feel Mark inside him. He felt strong hands on the sides of his head, felt his head raised up ..... and felt lips

close over his, tenderly, then passionately, the tongue searching deep in his mouth. Then he was looking into Mark's smiling eyes, moist with tears. "Hi, Bob."

"Mark," Bob breathed.

"That was all for you, man. It's what I wanted to do to you that day we first met, when all I dared to do is cum looking at you. And now I'm gonna do something I want to do every time I see you, every moment I'm with you." He smiled. "Man, I want to be inside your ass. But see, I took my time because I wanted you to *really* want it ..... want it so bad it hurt."

"Oh, man, I'm aching for it."

"Good. And I made you shoot your load 'cause I wanted your ball-sac drained, so you wouldn't cum the instant I entered you. See, Bob, I intend to fuck your ass for a long, long time."

He walked behind him, quickly unlocked the handcuffs, then pulled the naked man to the center of the lawn. "On the ground ..... on your back," he said and Bob obeyed. The boys were standing at a distance, still mesmerized by the incredible sights they had seen. Mark called to them. "Hey, Kyle, Kevin, come over here, kids, and get this damned uniform off me." He threw himself onto the chaise and the twins knew exactly what to do. They had watched Jamie do it for his master.

First Kyle turned his back to Mark, and picked up one of the boots between his legs. Mark pressed his other foot against the cheek of his ass and pushed. The boot slid off suddenly and Kyle staggered forward. Kevin took his turn and removed the other boot, then they unbuckled his belt and soon Mark was standing up naked. "Thanks, guys, he said. "Now go stand over there and watch two men who love each other make love. And if you like, you can shoot your loads again when we do, OK?"

"Yes, sir," they said in unison. They gazed at him with shining eyes, convinced that they loved Mark almost as much as they loved Bob.

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Both men were naked now, and Mark was on his knees, straddling Bob lying on his back. Mark smiled, "So this is it, man. This is what you were begging for, what I made you wait for. Tell me again what you want. I like hearing it."

"Mark, I want to feel your cock in my ass. I want you to make love to me."

They stared intensely into each other's eyes and finally, at long last, Bob felt it ..... felt the head of Mark's cock press against his ass, press harder and harder until, with a sudden jerk, it was inside, sliding gently deeper and deeper inside him, pausing at the inner sphincter, then passing

over until it came to rest in that private, secret place. “That’s it, Bob,” Mark whispered. “We’re together now. Finally we’re together.”

As predicted, the love-making was long and intense. There was no hurry, no urgency. Mark took charge of the man he loved, overpowering him with his beauty and tenderness, gently rising and falling over him, his cock stroking the warm membrane inside him, sending flashes of infinite pleasure through his gorgeous body. There had always felt a deep spiritual connection between the two men, but now that harmony found expression in the exquisite joys of the flesh.

Twilight had just begun as they joined together and it deepened as they continued to make love. The sky slowly darkened from azure to indigo, the moon rose, stars appeared ..... and still they made love, still Mark’s cock glided gently inside of Bob as they lost all sense of time and place. It was their world, theirs alone, and nothing else existed.

But ..... the world still did exist, of course, and finally they had to leave their paradise and return to earth. Mark said softly, “I want to cum inside you, Bob.”

“I know,” Bob breathed. “Let me feel it.”

And so quietly, gently, their juices started to flow. Still lost in each other’s eyes their union was finally complete as Bob felt Mark’s semen pouring inside him and Mark watched Bob’s cock stream ribbons of white juice over his gleaming body. And then they were still, gazing at each other in surprise, unable for an instant to grasp what had happened. It was not something to be understood, just felt.

Mark fell forward and folded Bob in his arms. They soon drifted into the sleep of exhaustion, so deep that they did not feel the warm semen flowing over them from two boys, staring down in awe at the magnificent bodies joined together as one.

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Sometime later it was the smell that woke them ..... the smell of food. When the men opened their eyes they found themselves gazing at each other. Then they looked over to the table by the pool. Covered with a cloth it was set for dinner, and the twins stood together, like waiters in attendance. Slowly Mark eased himself to his feet and pulled Bob up beside him.

“We thought you might be hungry, sirs,” Kyle said.

“Wow,” Mark said. “You guys are something else. And I’m starved. But a quick swim first to rinse off.”

“We thought of that too, sir,” Kevin smiled. “There are towels on the chair there, and we took the liberty of bringing shorts and Polo shirts from your rooms ..... right there.”

Bob smiled, walked over to them and threw his arms round both of them. “You guys are terrific. I’m real glad you’re here with us. You belong here.”

After the swim the twins were a bit deferential at first, considering it an honor to wait at table on these spectacular men. But Mark once again took command. “Hey, guys, you’re gonna join us aren’t you? Listen, you’re Bob’s boys. I think of you as a small family, and this week I hope you’ll consider me part of that little family too. The whole week is gonna be just Bob, you two and me. We’ll have a great time and you’ll be a big part of it ..... so sit down.”

The twins sat down eagerly and Bob said, “You know, Mark’s gonna be sleeping in my room this week, so why don’t you guys sleep in Mark and Jamie’s room for the week? That way we’ll all be closer.” The twins’ enthusiasm was obvious, then Bob changed the subject. “So what did you think of your first taste of fantasy?”

“Oh, Darius was right,” said Kyle. “And for once he wasn’t exaggerating,” Kevin added. “It was unbelievable. It felt so real.”

“The best fantasy always does,” Bob said. “Course, it always helps to have a cop around who knows just what he’s doing.” He grinned at Mark. “Maybe he can come up with a few more ideas for us.”

Mark was about to reply when suddenly his cell-phone rang. Surprised, he snapped it open and as soon as he listened a broad smile spread over his face. “Hold on, kiddo, I’m here with Bob and the twins so I’ll put you on speaker phone. OK, so where are you?”

Jamie’s voice was clear and excited. “At Baggage Claim in Sydney Airport. We just landed.”

“Good flight?”

The words poured out in a rush. “The best, sir. One of the flight attendants was this cute guy, real handsome, and he must’ve liked me and Nate ‘cause, guess what ..... he bumped us up to First Class ‘cause that’s where he was working! It was so cool, sir, like real beds and movies and all kinds of neat things, and great food ..... though not as good as what the twins cook, of course. Anyway, guess what ..... this flight attendant is based in Sydney and said he had some time off so he’s gonna take us up to the Great Barrier Reef, which he says is awesome. There’s a train that goes along the coast and .....

“Hey, hey, slow down kid,” Mark laughed. “Now this guy, you sure he’s .....

“Oh he’s cool, sir, real cool. Nate and me, we told him we’re a couple, and he knows I’m in love with a gorgeous cop in L.A., and anyway I would never do anything with him without calling you first, sir. Oh, sir, I wish you were with us ..... I miss you already, sir. Are you having fun with Bob and the twins?”

Mark grinned at Bob. "You bet we are, kiddo. Now listen, you boys take care of each other and if you need anything ..... like advice or anything ..... you call me right away. Jeez, I miss you, Jamie."

"I love you, sir ..... Oh, our bags are coming off the carousel. I gotta go. I'll call again soon. Goodbye, sir, I love you ..... oh, I already said that, didn't I? Well, I do anyway ..... Hey, Nate, grab that brown one over there....." And he was gone.

Bob had never been so fond of Mark as he was now, looking at his tearful eyes and the tender smile on his face. "You really love that kid, don't you buddy? Sounds like he's gonna have a terrific time. Don't worry about him. He's your boy ..... he'll be fine."

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A short while later Bob and Mark were lying naked in bed, but Mark noticed a wistful look in Bob's eyes. He smiled, reading his thoughts. "Call him, buddy. He's probably thinking about you right around now."

"Won't be a minute," Bob said, picking up his cell phone and hitting the speed-dial. There was a pause, then, "Hi, buddy. Did I wake you up? Oh good. Yeah, I'm here with Mark. Really? OK ....." He turned to Mark. "He wants to be put on speaker phone."

"Hi, Mark," came Randy's voice. "You taking good care of my guy? Don't answer that ..... I can only imagine ..... no, I don't want to imagine. Well, have fun together."

"But how about you?" asked Bob. "How's the trip going?"

"Great. The boat's perfect and the boys are thrilled to bits. I'm up here on deck taking a breather.... the guys are down in the cabins. It should be a great week ....."

"But ....." said Bob hearing a reticence in Randy's voice."

"Shit, can't hide anything from you, can I? Oh, I dunno ..... you know me, the way I can be. Guess I came on a bit strong ..... kind of a 'captain-of-the-ship' thing ..... and I must've rubbed Zack the wrong way. You know he don't take shit from anyone and ..... I guess I was giving him shit. Hell, man, I wish you were here. I need you to keep me in check .... to referee, at least."

"Randy, you two were bound to butt heads at first. You're both alpha males, like two stallions staking out your turf. But you'll sort things out between you. Thing is, deep down you love and respect each other, so you'll work it out in your own way. Just wish I was there to watch you do it. Just don't screw it up for the boys."

“Oh they’re fine ..... happy as pigs in shit. And you know that whatever happens Darius will be filming it with that damn camera of his. So don’t worry, you’ll get to see it all in living color. I’d better go below now to Pablo. He’s probably got that sweet ass of his high in the air waiting for me to fuck it. Zack and Darius are already going at it in their cabin. So everything’s fine ..... or soon will be. Hey, Mark, let that man of mine get some sleep will ya? And Bob, I love you, man. I miss you. Can’t wait to see you. G’night, buddy.”

“Love you, Randy.” Bob sighed as he snapped the phone shut. “Well, Mark, what do you make of that?”

“No more than we expected. You know Randy .... and Zack. Put those two studs in a small space, protective of their boys, and there’ll be steam coming from their nostrils until they both piss on their territory and set some boundaries.”

“Guess so,” said Bob, then he laughed. “Can’t wait to see the movie.”

“And in the meantime,” said Mark suggestively. “Seems to me that I put you through the ringer today, buddy, then fucked your ass real good. Wanna get your own back?”

“You got it, big guy. Always do like watching a stud cop getting his ass fucked.”

# # #

## Chapter 126 – Captain of the Ship

Randy’s request of Mark to “let that man of mine get some sleep” turned out to be unnecessary. After the exhausting events of the evening (and after Bob had evened the score by fucking Mark) the two men slept long and deep, wrapped in each other’s arms. The next morning Mark reluctantly got up early for his 8am shift at work, leaving Bob in bed staring at the ceiling.

With a smile on his face (and a growing erection) Bob re-imagined the entire fantasy that Mark had treated him to, ending in their marathon love-making. But in the end his thoughts (and his erection) focused on Randy, especially their late-night phone conversation. Knowing Randy and Zack as well as he did, he was sure Mark had been right ..... and he imagined the two alpha males flexing their muscles in some sort of ritual trial of strength before things settled down between them.

Mark was right, of course, he always was ..... not something that could be said of Randy, impulsive and quick to anger. But that’s what bound Bob to Randy ..... the excitement of loving a volatile, unpredictable and supremely beautiful man. He was still thinking about him when he went into the kitchen and found the twins waiting breakfast for him. They had been up early to make sure Mark had something to eat before he left, but Bob was working at home today so they had time to talk.

And surprisingly it turned out that the twins had been thinking of Randy too. At first they talked animatedly of their role in Mark's fantasy, but gradually their enthusiasm diminished until they were picking at their food in what Bob sensed was an uneasy silence. He smiled at them and asked, "OK, guys, what's up? You have problems with what Mark did yesterday?"

"Oh no, sir," Kyle said. "Nothing like that. We love Mark ....."

"So?" Bob persisted.

Kevin took over, "Well, sir, Kyle and me were talking last night."

"Uh-oh," Bob smiled, "that usually spells trouble."

"And we were wondering ....." he trailed off uncomfortably, looking helplessly at Kyle. Kyle took the bull by the horns and said quickly, "What Kevin means, sir, is .... well, it's none of our business, but..... sir, are you going to leave Randy for Mark?"

Bob's eyes opened wide in astonishment and he stared at them. "Whatever brought that on?"

"Well, sir," said Kevin. "Mark said that he thought of you and us two as a small family and hoped he could be part of that family, so we thought ....."

"So you put two and two together and came up with four ..... but the *wrong four*, kids. Sure there's a family ..... you two, me .... and Randy. Don't forget that Mark said "for this week". This is a kind of vacation where we're going to have a good time with Mark, and as you can tell Mark and I love each other a whole lot. But you gotta get one thing clear. Randy and I have something between us that I couldn't begin to describe to you ..... hell, we don't even understand it. But it runs real, real deep and we know that we will always be together ..... and you'll be right there with us. Now *that's* family.

"Mark knows all that and he's fine with it. He's totally in love with Jamie and can't wait for him to get home from Australia. In the meantime, this week Mark and I will make love and have a lot of sex, but when it's over I'll be back with Randy, and Mark will have Jamie. See?"

The twins mulled this over for a while, then relaxed. Kevin brightened. "I get it. So for this week it's you and Mark together here at the house, and Randy and Zack together on the boat."

"Yeah, kinda like that ..... yeah."

Kyle added logically, "And Randy and Zack are probably making love right now the way you and Mark did."

"Well," Bob winced, "I'm not sure I'd go that far....."

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And he was right not to ..... unless Kyle had meant “making love” in the widest and wildest possible sense. No, the old hippie saying ‘make love, not war’ had been upended and a state of cold war hung over the cruiser anchored off Catalina Island. And the cold war was bound to heat up.

The problem had started right after they had pushed off from Long Beach. They were all new to the boat and it took some organizing to get things ship-shape ..... under the firm hand of a captain. Needless to say, Randy assumed that role and efficiently began giving orders and assigning tasks. Pablo and Darius took all this in stride and naturally accepted Randy as the authority figure. They were thrilled with the cruiser and, to their credit, worked hard to get it under way.

Zack was another matter. He was accustomed to being the authority figure, with everyone around him always obeying whatever orders he gave. On the construction site he was a much admired boss and commanded total respect. But here he found himself just one of a three-man crew, being ordered around like the boys.

Zack and Randy were two rugged, alpha males and the love and respect they felt for each other was always tinged with a competitive edge, a need to prove their dominance. Indeed it was precisely their admiration of the other man’s great beauty and their respect for his rugged masculinity that created this rivalry, and the impulse they both felt to challenge each other. There is often a thin line between admiration, envy and rivalry, and these men were about to cross that line.

Normally when Zack saw Randy in heavy “boss” mode he would simply walk away and give himself some space. But here on the boat there was no space, nowhere to walk away to. So Zack brooded ..... and Randy brooded. All the way across the Santa Barbara Channel the tension mounted, and when they finally anchored a hundred yards off shore dinner was a tense affair. Afterwards Randy had gone up on deck alone, where he had been when Bob phoned.

God he wished Bob had been here. He would have stepped in and cleared everything up in five minutes. He was a master of diplomacy ..... and Randy was a master of his fists. “Shit,” he murmured to himself. “This is fucking bullshit.” And although the night was clear and starlit, storm clouds hovered over the boat.

And the storm broke early next morning. Zack was up on deck while down below Randy was becoming increasingly frustrated trying to instruct Pablo on the working of the bilge pumps. Darius was, as usual, amused by the goings on and, also as usual, had his camera to his eye, closing in on Randy and Pablo. Randy turned suddenly and bumped hard into Darius. “Shit!” All the frustration and tension that had been building now spilled over into anger ..... and Darius had the misfortune of being the target.

“For god’s sake, boy, what the fuck you think you’re doing? Get that damn thing out of my face.”

Unwisely Darius talked back. “But it’s my camera, sir. I’m just making a record of the trip.”

“Who needs a damn record? Put the fucking camera away and try to make yourself useful for a change, you shithead, or I’ll take you and the damn camera and throw you both over the side.

Immediately the words were out of his mouth and he saw the wounded expression on Darius’s downcast face Randy knew he had gone too far. Once again his anger had consumed him. But he didn’t have time to reflect on it because a hand grabbed his shoulder from behind and whirled him round. Randy found himself looking into a pair of blazing eyes.

Zack exploded. “OK, you mother-fucker, that does it. You can say whatever you like to me, order me around like a fucking cabin-boy, but attack my boy like that and you answer to me. Nobody talks to him like that while I’m around.”

Randy should have backed off ..... but Randy never backed off. “OK, dickhead, so here I am, answering to you. And what the fuck you gonna do about it?”

Zack seethed with anger. “Man, this has been coming on ever since we left, you pulling that big stud ‘Captain Randy’ act. But this time you’ve pushed too far ..... and it has to be settled. It’s not Darius and his camera that’s going over the side, pal, it’s you. Let’s take this up top.”

Fuming, they both stormed up on deck. Zack was yelling at Randy, prodding him in the chest and Randy pushed back. In a ritual challenge they raised their arms high and their hands locked together in a classic wrestling move as they pushed against each other. “Asshole,” Zack growled. “You had this coming. It’s gonna be a pleasure throwing you overboard.”

“Oh yeah?” Randy said with a grim smile. “We’ll see about that, pal.”

The boys’ startled faces appeared at the hatch, watching in awe as the two muscle-studs, wearing only their boxers, strained for the advantage. They were evenly matched and their muscles bulged and flexed as first one man was pushed to the rail, then the other. They were pitching from one side of the deck to the other ..... and the inevitable happened. Locked together they fell against the low rail and plunged into the deep water below.

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The boys raced on deck, in time to see them surface, still struggling for supremacy. They were in a bear-hug now, heads going under, then resurfacing. In a last gasp of strength Randy heaved Zack away from him, turned and began to swim away from the boat.

They were on the remote south side of the island, anchored a hundred yards off a small, deserted cove. Zack knew instantly that Randy was making for the beach, and he knew too that whoever reached it first had the advantage. So with long, powerful strokes the two men raced for the shore.

“The dinghy,” Darius yelled to Pablo. “Quick, dude ..... into the dinghy.”

Quickly they clambered into the small dinghy tied behind the cruiser. Darius cast off and Pablo began to row frantically toward shore. Even in his excitement Darius had not forgotten his camera, which he now trained on Pablo, his young muscles rippling with the strain of rowing. “Shit that looks hot,” Darius said. “Keep rowing dude.”

“Darius,” Pablo yelled in frustration. “Don’t you ever take anything serious?”

“Whad’ya mean? This is way serious. This is major stuff and I gotta get it on camera. You’ll thank me later, dude ..... row harder.”

The tranquility of the small beach was suddenly shattered as two tall, muscular men burst from the waves, breath heaving, eyes blazing. Randy was the stronger swimmer and ran up the beach first. But Zack was close behind and knew that he had to rob Randy of the advantage. He pounded up behind him and launched himself forward, grabbing him hard round the waist in a football tackle, bringing them both crashing to the ground.

Zack’s arms were locked in a grip of steel round Randy’s stomach, as Randy flexed his rock-hard abs against them. As they rolled over and over Randy’s arms flailed in a desperate attempt to free himself from the vise. He maneuvered onto his stomach pressed his palms and knees into the sand, and with a superhuman effort, forced himself upward against his assailant. He powered up onto to his feet and Zack lost his grip.

Now the two men paced round each other, their eyes locked on each other, wary wrestlers searching for an opening. “Motherfucker,” Zack growled. “You’ve met your match this time ..... it’s about time you learned to submit. You know you can’t beat me, asshole.”

“Oh yeah?” Randy snarled. “No way that’s gonna happen, pal. Tell you what ..... you beat me and you get to fuck my boy, OK?”

“You’re on, man. That’s the stakes, then ..... winner takes the ass of the loser’s boy.”

Darius and Pablo stared at each other in shock. “That’s us,” they said in unison. They had pulled the dinghy up on the edge of the beach and were watching the men circle each other like bulls in heat. “Wow,” Darius said, “feel sorry for you, dude, when Zack wins and you get to feel that huge piece of meat up your ass.”

“You’re full of shit, dude. Nobody ever tops Randy, you know that.”

They turned to watch the fight from a safe distance, and Darius of course had his camera to his eye. It was hard for him to keep it steady, though, as the two muscle gods circled each other. The men had taken off their wet shorts and their naked bodies gleamed with sweat and seawater, the one black as ebony, and the other with the hard, sinewy body of a gypsy.

They finally came together in a typical wrestler's opening move, one hand clamped on the side of the other's neck, the other on his shoulder. Locked together they pushed and strained, and it was Randy who broke the stalemate. He curled his leg round Zack's, yanked it hard and sent Zack sprawling on his back. He fell on him in a second, grabbing his neck in a strangle hold and pounding his head down on the sand again and again.

Zack grabbed Randy's wrists, pulling desperately to pry his hands apart. But Randy's grip was like steel and Zack was soon feeling dazed and weakened. Instinctively he let go of the wrists and, mustering all his strength, smashed his fist upward against Randy's stomach. The move winded Randy enough to make him loosen his grip, giving Zack the chance to roll away and stagger to his feet.

The blow to Randy's steely abs had not weakened him, but Zack was still shaking his head, reeling from the beating it had taken. Through blurred vision Zack saw Randy's triumphant grin and he launched himself forward. But he was still off balance and Randy stepped to the side, grabbed Zack's arm, stooped, and put his shoulder under him, heaving him high up and stretching his body tight behind his neck. The black body was sprawled helplessly on its back across Randy's shoulders, with one of Randy's upstretched arms over his legs and the other across his neck in a perfect backbreaker hold. Randy began to spin round, yelling, "That's it, man, you're finished. Submit, asshole."

But Zack refused to give in. Lying locked across Randy's shoulders he felt himself spinning round in a helpless blur, knowing he could not escape. His back felt it was breaking and in a few more seconds Randy would have won, but he was frustrated by Zack's refusal to submit. He lifted the body high in the air, held it up in triumph, then launched it across the beach. The magnificent black body slammed down on its back on the sand and, as it spasmed, Zack momentarily blacked out.

Seconds later he came to and looked up in a daze to see the exultant bodybuilder looming over him. Zack was too weak and stunned to react, even when he realized what was coming. Randy dropped to his knees, grabbed Zack's ankles and pushed them high in the air. "You're gonna wish you'd given up, man," Randy growled. "This is gonna be much worse."

Randy looked down, spat on Zack's ass and in one swift, agonizing move, plunged his iron-hard dick deep inside the beaten man. Zack's scream echoed round the small cove and his face and body jerked and spasmed with the pain that speared through him. This was Randy's ultimate weapon; his notorious fuck was more brutal than any other pain he could deliver. The

big black muscle-god was the ultimate top man, powerful, dominant, but now he was helplessly impaled on the huge, merciless cock of the man who had thrashed him.

Randy became a machine, his cock a piston as it rammed into Zack's ravaged ass. He fell forward and pinned Zack's wrists to the ground, and in his weakened state Zack knew he could do nothing but endure the vicious onslaught of Randy's cock. The pain was making him delirious. He knew he could not survive this. There was only one way to stop it, and he heard himself shouting, "OK, I submit. I can't take any more ..... I submit!"

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Minutes later the two men were lying on their backs side-by-side on the sand. Both were gazing up at the sky, but there the similarity ended. Randy was basking in the complacency and arrogance of victory. He had beaten Zack and now, the ultimate humiliation, Darius's ass would be his. But the same realization gripped Zack with a fury that was making his blood run hot. Beaten? Never ..... he would never let his boy see him beaten.

Having regained his scattered wits, and fueled by the adrenaline of rage, he suddenly leapt to his feet with revenge blazing in his eyes. "Mother-fucker!" Randy looked up in surprise but his complacency made him sluggish .... too slow to avoid Zack's next move. Zack leaned down, curled his leg round Randy's, then picked up Randy's other foot and fell back on the ground, twisting Randy's legs like a pretzel in a vicious figure-four leg lock. Trapped, Randy's upper body twisted, his arms thrashed and he screamed as he tried to escape.

"Your turn now, asshole," Zack yelled. "Let me hear your scream, man."

Randy's back rose up repeatedly, but fell back helplessly each time as pain tore through his legs. It went on interminably and Randy was close to submission when Zack suddenly disengaged. Stunned, Randy turned over onto his stomach and tried to crawl away, but the searing pain had weakened him.

Zack dropped to his knees astride him, grabbed his wrists and pulled his arms behind his back. He pushed them up toward his neck, so his arms were bent upward behind him in a brutal hammerlock. Both men knew that this was a submission hold if you locked it in right, and both men knew that Zack had locked it perfectly. He stood and heaved Randy up to a kneeling position, all the time applying upward pressure on his arms, bent behind his back.

Crouched at a distance the boys gasped at the magnificent sight. The black bodybuilder loomed over Randy, pulling his arms up behind him with excruciating pressure. On his knees the handsome muscle-stud howled with pain, his abs, chest and shoulders bulging in a helpless display of tortured beauty. As searing pain shot through his arms and shoulders the rugged gypsy face contorted in agony, tousled black hair flying, tears running down to his stubbled chin.

“Come on, man,” Zack yelled. “I can rip your arms off like this. You’ve gotta submit. Give up, man.” For emphasis, he yanked the arms viciously higher and Randy knew he was finished. The pain was unendurable and he screamed, “OK, OK ..... I submit.”

Releasing him Zack threw him contemptuously forward and he fell on his face in the sand. With pain now racking his entire body from the two submission holds, his legs and now his shoulders, Randy began to crawl painfully on his stomach, trying hopelessly to get away from Zack. The tall black stud gazed down at him with a scornful smile. “Oh, no, man. You’re not going anywhere. I’ve not done with you. You lost ..... and now I’m gonna hear you beg.”

Dazed as he was, Randy knew what was coming. Zack looked down and grinned “Wow, will you look at that ass? Now that’s an ass that’s not used to a cock inside it, especially a big black club.” His gaze moved up over the muscular expanse of the superb V-shaped back. “And that’s the gorgeous body of a man who’s always on top, never gets beaten, never submits. Until now!”

Pushing the small of Randy’s back down even harder into the sand Zack moved his hips forward and took pleasure in hearing Randy scream as the huge black rod entered him and buried itself deep in his gut. Randy was not the only man who knew how to use his cock as a weapon. Anger still coursed through Zack’s body, pulsed through his veins and through his cock. He pulled it back and speared Randy’s ass again ..... and again and again.

His ebony muscles gleamed and flexed as he poured every ounce of his strength into the torture of the bodybuilder’s ass. Once again the cove rang with screams, Randy’s this time as he tried desperately to steel himself against the agony in his ass and flashing through his entire body. His arms stretched forward and he clawed the sand in a hopeless attempt to crawl forward. “No use, man,” Zack yelled in triumph, “you can’t get away. Give up. You know you have to. I can plough your ass forever and you know you can’t take it. The longer you hold out the worse it is. I’ve broken you, man, and I wanna hear you submit again to your black master.”

The pain in Randy was reaching a crescendo and he knew he had no choice. He gritted his teeth and endured the agony till the last moment, but finally screamed, “OK .... I submit. I give up. Stop, man, I can’t take any more.”

“What,” Zack said, “is that all you got, man? Come on, asshole, you can do better than that. Let me hear you beg.”

The shattered muscle-god would say anything now to make the pain stop. “Aaah, my ass! OK, man, I’m begging you. Please stop the pain ..... please, man, I can’t take any more. You’ve beaten me, man, broken me. Please, sir. You win ..... I submit, sir.” There was a moment’s stillness, then he screamed one last time as the cock jerked out suddenly in a final flash of searing pain. Zack stood up and glared down at the shuddering body.

“Good,” he said. “Now we’re even.”

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At last Darius lowered his camera. Both boys were nervous now and Pablo said, "What now? This doesn't look good, dude."

The men were in the ocean, washing off the sand and sweat, soothing their battered muscles in the cool water. But this was not a friendly swim. "Now we're even," Zack had said, and that was the problem. Sure, they had vented their roiling anger in tumultuous physical combat until their bodies were sated, but still their minds seethed with the remnants of their rivalry. Nothing had been decided. They were even, they had both won, and they both intended to claim their prize.

Grimly they walked out of the surf and up the beach. For the first time they looked at the boys and Randy ordered, "Get over here, on your backs, head to head." Pablo and Darius saw the steely, determined look in both their masters and hurried to obey. They lay on their backs, not side-by-side but head-to-head as ordered, their faces inverted beside each other. Briefly they turned their heads sideways and looked into each other's anxious eyes.

Randy dropped to his knees at Darius's feet and Zack knelt at Pablo's. The men stared defiantly at each other, grabbed the ankles before them and pushed the legs high. They eased forward and were so engrossed in each other's challenging gaze that they were almost unaware of the boy's cries of pain as they plunged their cocks inside them.

This was not about the boys. They were being ignored as Randy and Zack pitted their strength against each other in one last deciding contest. It was as if they were fucking each other, completing the punishment they had broken off earlier. And so, staring at each other, daring each other, they fucked ..... hard ..... defiantly. The more they could hurt the other's boy the more complete was their revenge for having been beaten and humiliated.

The boys were frightened now as they entered an unfamiliar world. This was not their master's fuck that they had so often experienced ..... and enjoyed. This was not their master. It was his opponent, intent on hurting his rival's boy to prove his dominance. Again they turned to look at their friend as the full realization of their predicament hit them. They gained strength from each other's eyes ..... and they needed it. They heard the men taunting each other.

"Think your cock can be brutal, asshole?" Zack said. "Well feel this," and he rammed his cock deep inside Pablo."

Randy sneered, "That all you got, man? Now this is what I call a real fuck." Darius yelled as he felt the full impact of Randy's steel rod piercing him.

The tempo and fury accelerated as the men increased the pressure, their pistons ramming into the young asses beneath them. They were carried away by their lust for revenge, their fury

and ferocity consuming them. Their eyes blazed at each other, they were becoming lost in an insane world of unthinking combat. But not quite lost ..... even in the fog of intense passion they heard, as if in the distance, the anguished howls of young voices.

Their eyes faltered and simultaneously each man looked down at the suffering young face beneath him, eyes streaming with tears. Suddenly reality hit Zack and Randy like a hammer. They shook their heads and reentered the world of sanity. *What the fuck were they doing?* These were boys, *their* boys, innocent, hostile to no one. The men's anger toward each other had consumed them, warped them, to the point that they were taking revenge *on their boys*.

"Oh my god," Randy gasped, gazing down at Darius. "What have I done? I hurt you, boy. Your ass, your beautiful ass. Oh man, forgive me, Darius..... let me put this right." He was transformed from an agent of revenge to a soothing, loving master. His cock now moved slowly, tenderly, massaging the inflamed membrane of Darius's plundered ass.

The same realization transformed Zack. "Pablo ..... Pablo I'm sorry. God, I'm sorry. I must be insane."

"It's OK, sir," said Pablo weakly. "Please, sir, would you fuck me as if you love me?"

And so, after having been fucked savagely, the boys now felt the most gentle, soothing love-making they could remember. They watched the men above them, men who had so recently behaved like maddened bulls, fighting, fucking in anger and revenge, now rising and falling gently over them with the simple desire of making love.

Randy and Zack looked at each other with a rueful smile, and in that brief moment peace was restored. It had taken their boys to bring them to their senses, and now that old hippie saying had at last been turned right-side-up .... they were making love, not war.

The end was as loving as the beginning had been cruel. As the boys felt warm juice pouring inside them all their pain dissolved in the soothing balm bathing their wounded bodies. They looked up at the handsome faces smiling down at them as their own youthful orgasms erupted in a joyful display of love and forgiveness.

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They changed partners. Randy folded Pablo in his arms and Zack hugged Darius tight. No words were uttered or needed as the boys felt themselves embraced by the strong, protective arms of their masters. The fight had been an aberration, and they all knew it. Randy and Zack had gone through another rite of passage (inevitable if they stopped to think about it) and the serenity that now followed was like the sun emerging from the clouds after a storm. They all rose slowly to their feet and Randy took a step back and addressed them.

“OK, guys, just one last short speech from me. Now this is something you don’t hear every day of the week ..... almost never, in fact. *‘I apologize.’* I’ve been an asshole, arrogant and overbearing. Zack, I love and respect you and I’ve treated you like shit. Pablo, Darius, you got dragged into this and we punished you instead of ourselves. I’m sorry ..... and from now on there’s gonna be no more *‘captain of the ship’* bullshit ..... just four guys out to have a great week together. OK?”

Zack reached forward and they shook hands warmly. Then Zack turned to the boys. “Guys, why don’t you take the dinghy back to the boat and break out the fishing gear? Randy and I need a few minutes to mend a few fences between us. Then we’ll swim back and join you.”

As Pablo rowed the dinghy back out to the boat, he and Darius saw the two beautiful men embracing on the beach. “Wow, that was something, eh dude,” Pablo said, “how everything worked out for the best?”

“Yeah,” Darius agreed, “except for one thing.” He stroked his camera lovingly. “I wish to hell I’d have got that apology on video. Now that would have been one for the record books.”

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Far from the turbulent waters off Catalina the atmosphere back at the house was one of peace and serenity. Bob, Mark and the twins were in a kind of dream-world where time slipped sideways and one day blended imperceptibly into the next. One afternoon Mark was lying on a chaise by the pool. Bob was due back from work shortly, and the twins were busy in the kitchen, so Mark was alone, his thoughts meandering luxuriously.

But he was thinking not of the guys on the boat, nor of the twins or even Bob. As so often happened he was picturing his beautiful boy Jamie, wondering what he was up to, hoping he was enjoying his far-off vacation with Nate. He knew what time it was in Sydney (17 hours ahead) and he concocted images of where his boy was and what he was doing.

It must have been telepathy ..... when two people are so much in love it sometimes works like that. Mark’s cell phone rang. He answered and his face lit up. “Hey there, kiddo, I was just thinking about you.”

“I had a feeling you might be, sir. How are you doing with Bob and the twins?”

“Terrific. But what’s more important is you and your trip with Nate. What you been up to, kid?”

“Oh, sir, it’s awesome. We’re having a great time. Adam’s been taking us all over Sydney and I love it. Adam’s the QANTAS flight attendant I told you about that we met on the plane. He’s been really kind, and tomorrow he’s taking us and our surfboards up to the Great Barrier Reef.”

A note of uncertainty crept into Mark's voice. "Yeah well ..... are you sure about this guy ..... this Adam? You're young, kid, and guys often want something in return for their kindness .... especially from a hot young stud like you."

"No problem there, sir, we worked all that out. Adam told us right off he was attracted to us and would like to have sex with us, but I told him I was in love with the most gorgeous man in the world back in L.A. and the only guys I have sex with are you and now Nate sometimes. He understood perfectly. Now Nate's different ..... he's freer, kind of ..... so he checked with me and I said go for it, so he had sex with Adam this afternoon."

Mark frowned, "And you're OK with that, Jamie?"

"Oh yes, sir. I mean Nate and I are best friends ..... fuck buddies too ..... but he's free to do whatever he likes. I figured it's a bit like Bob and Randy. I mean, I'm sure you and Bob are having lots of sex, and probably Randy is fucking with Zack, but when Randy comes back he and Bob will still be lovers. And look at Pablo ..... his lover is Darius but he gets fucked by Randy. Not to mention Steve and Lloyd, when they ....."

Mark was laughing, "Hey, hey, kiddo, enough. OK, I got the picture. But how about you?"

There was a pause. "Well, sir, that's one reason I called." Another pause. "See, I miss you like crazy, sir. I think of you all the time .... even dream about you .... and I jerk off a lot thinking about you fucking me. Like, right now, sir, Nate's gone out grocery shopping and I'm lying on the bed naked, holding my cock, and ....."

"..... and I'm lying by the pool in just my boxers and ..... hell I've got a huge bulge in them just hearing your voice..... here let me grab that." He pulled out his dick and sighed. "So here I am, as I often am, stroking my cock thinking of my beautiful boy. Like when I come home from work, hot and horny in my uniform and ...."

"..... and you order me to take it off you, sir. I take your shirt off and get hard looking at your gorgeous body. Then I take your boots off and feel your foot pushing against my naked ass. Then I lie on the bed waiting for you sir, waiting to get my ass fucked by the most beautiful cop in the world ....."

"..... and the cop gazes down at that spectacular ass, the perfect white globes, the tan line, and that fuzz of soft blond hair round the hole. Oh man, I can't wait to push my cock inside it, boy. And when I do! ..... aaah, the warmth, the softness ..... I have to stop myself from cumming right there, because I want to fuck you, Jamie, fuck your sweet ass for a long, long time ..... You feel it, Jamie? You feel the cop's big shaft sliding into your ass?"

"Yes, sir ..... it feels sooo good, my master's huge rod inside me, going deep into that private place only you know, then pulling out and sliding in my ass again. And I look up at your gorgeous face and it's smiling, smiling because you love me ....."

“..... and you see the gorgeous body of that naked muscle-god rising and falling over you, his muscles flexing as he pushes into your ass. You see that, Jamie?”

“Oh yes, sir. It looks awesome, sir, and your cock feels so good in my ass while I beat my meat ....”

“..... and I fuck you for a long, long time, Jamie, until we both know it’s time. I tell you I’m close and I order you to cum, and you obey. Oh man, I love to watch you shoot all over that beautiful, golden body. Come on, Jamie, cum for me. I’m so hot, real close, I can’t hold back any more, kiddo, I’m gonna explode inside you ..... here it comes, boy ..... aaah!”

“My heart’s beating so fast, sir. That gorgeous cop is shooting his huge load in my ass because he loves me .... and I’m his boy ..... I love you, sir ..... aaaah!”

And on opposite sides of the world there were two spectacular orgasms from two spectacular men, one a muscular Greek god, and the other his golden, blond surfer. For a long time there was just heavy breathing on the phone. Then came Jamie’s voice. “Sir, when I’m missing you a lot, which I do all the time, is it OK if I ..... well ....”

“Jamie, you call me as often as you like. In fact I’m ordering you to. Is that clear, boy?”

Mark could hear the smile in Jamie’s voice. “Yes sir. Loud and clear. Thank you, sir. Oh, I think Nate’s just come in with the groceries. Gotta go. I love you sir .....

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Just as Mark shut off his phone Bob came home from work. He walked over to Mark and smiled as he looked down at the gleaming body smothered in cum.

“The twins?”

“No .... Jamie. On the phone from Sydney.”

They both laughed and Bob said, as he wiped the semen off Mark’s chest, “Seems like Jamie’s voice is almost as sexy as that perfect ass of his. Here, let me get my clothes off and we’ll go lie on the lawn by the wall. There’s still some sun over there.” A few minutes later they were side by side, soaking up the remains of the sun. At first they were unaware that just above them, behind the kitchen window, the twins were still preparing dinner. But soon they heard them talking.

Unlike the painful experience Pablo and Darius had gone through, the twins were experiencing total harmony. Now that Bob had cleared away any doubts they had about his relationship with Randy they understood that this week with Bob and Mark was like a vacation ..... new rules,

new family ..... just for the week. And the twins were being treated as members of that family with absolute kindness.

Maybe too much kindness ..... when Bob was with Randy there was more authority in the air, and the twins loved authority. It was one of their joys to show their devotion to the master by serving him, waiting on him, obeying instructions. In short, they loved being boys, subservient to their glorious master.

“I mean,” said Kevin, “it’s all very nice to lounge around with Bob and Mark, but .....” “Yeah,” Kyle agreed, completing his thought. “Most guys would pay good money to trade places with us, but.....”

The mention of payment struck a note in Kevin’s mind. “Hmm, remember when we first came here? After we tried to steal Bob’s car he forgave us and agreed to take us in as houseboys, and we’d get paid for our work. We had to be real careful to follow orders and serve his every need, remember?”

“Yeah,” Kyle said dreamily. “That was great, standing there waiting for the next order from him, doing what we could to please him. It was so cool. I mean, it was almost like we were boys-for-hire. Still, that was in the past. Now he loves us and we’re his boys, so he doesn’t order us around like he used to. Not any more ..... those days are gone.”

“Maybe not,” Bob murmured quietly below the window. Mark looked over and grinned at Bob.

“I see that mind of yours ticking over, buddy. I think I can read your thoughts and I like what I’m reading.”

“Yeah,” said Bob. “Maybe it’s time for the twins to take another spin on the fantasy wheel.”

# # #

## Chapter 127 – Boys for Hire

It was over dinner that evening that Bob instigated his plan. The twins had just brought coffee and brandy out to the garden and sat down with the men, when Bob said casually, “Hey guys, remember that day when you gave Lloyd and me massages in your house? You were really good at that and Mark and I were wondering if you could do your stuff for us, too.”

The twins’ eyes lit up. “Of course, sir. It would be our pleasure. Just say when and where.”

“Well, how about tomorrow afternoon? Mark’s shift ends at two and I’ll be leaving work early ..... so how about just after that in the garden here by the pool?”

Bob had already explained to Mark that before they came to live here the homeless twins had made money by giving massages to guys. They had become quite expert and even liked doing it, except when the clients wanted sex too. They had done that too for extra money, though they never let anyone fuck them. Bob had been the first man ever to do that ..... the day he asked them to become his boys. In fact, just like now, he had been with Mark that day, and the cop had helped him with the initiation.

But, as Kyle had said, “now we’re his boys he doesn’t order us around like he used to ..... guess those days are gone.” Well it was true, those days were gone, and although the twins loved their new life with Bob, occasionally they still looked back with some regret to the early days when they were still treated as houseboys, earning a living by obeying orders. Bob sensed all this, which is why he planned to take them on a trip into their past.

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As it turned out, the next afternoon Mark and Bob got home at more or less the same time, and were relaxing with beers by the pool before they took off their work clothes ..... Bob in his business suit and Mark in his police uniform.

The twins had been waiting in their little house in Zack’s garden across the street, watching for the men to get home. They were all ready, glanced at each other briefly to make sure they looked just right, then set out across the street. Kyle lifted the latch on the gate and pushed ..... but it was locked. That was odd ..... it was never locked during the day.

“Weird,” said Kyle. “You got a key?” Neither of them did, so they rang the bell.

Inside, Bob and Mark grinned at each other. “Showtime,” said Bob getting to his feet and walking to the gate. He opened it and stared with a puzzled look at the twins. He frowned, then said at last, “Oh, that’s right, you must be the massage guys we ordered online, right?”

The twins blinked in confusion and frowned at each other. What the hell was he talking about? “What’s the matter,” Bob said, “you do speak, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” Kevin stammered. “we can speak.”

“Well that’s a relief,” Bob said. “My sign language is a bit rusty. Hey, I recognize you two, don’t I? Weren’t you the guys my friend Lloyd and I hired some time ago for a massage?”

Hearing the word ‘hired’, Kyle, the more adventuresome of the two, suddenly got the picture and took a deep breath. “That’s right, sir ..... same guys, same price.” He nudged Kevin and flashed him a quick, conspiratorial look of encouragement.

“A hundred bucks, right?” said Bob.

“That’s right, sir,” said Kevin. “Each,” added Kyle, surprised by his own chutzpah.

“Wow, you two don’t come cheap do you? Still from what I remember it was a damn good massage ..... OK, it’s a deal. Come on in.”

Bob turned and walked over to Mark followed by the twins. Their bodies were tingling and their cocks growing stiff as they realized that this was another of Bob’s trips he was so good at. They stood looking at the fully clothed business executive and the cop, sitting on a bench leaning back, elbows on the table. And suddenly the twins were transported back to their past life, the times when they would be looking nervously at new clients, men who had rented them for a massage and, the boys always hoped, not much else besides.

On those occasions they had been scared, but with a touch of exhilaration, as they never knew what was coming next. Now they felt the same adrenaline rush and fell naturally into their old roles as boys-for-hire, waiting obediently to see what the clients would order them to do. The only difference this time was that they felt no fear ..... plus, these two guys were by far the most handsome clients they had ever served ..... hell, they thought, more gorgeous than any guys on the planet.

Bob and Mark surveyed the twins, identically dressed in white T-shirts, long white pants and white sneakers, both with small backpacks slung over their shoulder. As he had been so often before, Bob was moved by the sight of the boys. They had obviously dressed carefully in their role as masseurs, even though they of course had no idea of the turn things would take into fantasy. They had simply wanted to look professional for the men.

“Hey, Mark,” Bob said. “Remember I told you about the great massage Lloyd and I once had? These are the same guys. They’re damn good.”

“They should be for that price. I dunno, man, two-hundred bucks is a bit steep. Let’s see if they’re worth it. OK, kids, take off your shirts.”

The twins dropped the backpacks, pulled off their T-shirts and stood to attention for inspection by the cop. Mark got slowly to his feet and walked round them. With one hand on each of them he ran his palms over the boys’ smooth chests, up over their necks, then down over their backs to their slender waists until he was cupping the cheeks of their asses. The sight and feel of the gorgeous uniformed cop inspecting them like pieces of meat excited the hell out of them.

“Gotta admit, Bob, they’re beautiful enough ..... much hotter than their Internet picture.”

“So, you think they’ll do, buddy?”

Mark stroked his chin. “Hmm ..... dunno.” He stared at the boys with the police officer glare that had intimidated many men before them, and ordered sternly, “Drop your pants.”

The boys unbuckled their white belts and, with some hesitation because they knew they had stiff erections, unzipped and let their pants fall round their ankles. Underneath they were wearing tight white briefs that showed off their bulges to perfection.

“Shit, man,” Mark grinned, “will you look at those boners? Guess I turn you on a lot, eh, boys? You get turned on by police officers in uniform? Especially a gorgeous one like me, eh?”

“Yes, sir,” they said in unison, their throats dry.

Then they gasped as Mark grabbed their bulging crotches, one in each hand and squeezed them. Suddenly his voice became stern again. “You know, I could arrest you two for what you’re doing. It’s called prostitution. You’d go over real big with the other guys in jail.”

“Sir,” said Kyle, genuinely offended. “We are not prostitutes ..... we’re masseurs.”

In the background Bob laughed uproariously. “Well said, kid. I like a boy who stands up for himself. Hey Mark, stop harassing them. You’re intimidating the hell out of them. God you can be vain sometimes. You just love turning young guys on, don’t you?”

“Hey, what is this,” Mark retorted, “a good-cop bad-cop routine, with me as the bad one? OK, OK, they’ll do. In fact they’re pretty spectacular. Let’s see how good they are.”

As he walked back toward the table the twins didn’t see the smile that flashed between the two men. “God,” Bob thought, “he’s really good at this.”

But the twins could see the look of deep affection in Bob’s eyes as he stared at them standing there in just their briefs, their pants crumpled round their ankles. “OK, boys,” he said. “Let’s get this show on the road.”

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The twins were now fully immersed in their roles of masseurs-for-hire. They kicked off their sneakers, stepped out of their pants and carefully folded them over a nearby chair. Then, moving with the precision of professionals, they pulled out from each of their backpacks a large sheet, which they spread and smoothed out on the lawn. Next came the tools of their trade, several white towels and various bottles of scented oils, which they placed meticulously on the ground by the sheets.

They stood at attention and Kevin said, “Would you please disrobe, gentlemen?”

Bob smiled at the rather formal language and took off his jacket, while Mark unbuttoned his uniform shirt. The boys took each item of clothing and folded them carefully on the table. Bob removed his shirt and Mark pulled off his T-shirt.

In the old days this used to be the point that the twins disliked the most, when they first saw the naked bodies of their clients, usually something they had to steel themselves against. But this time was different. The twins stood still and their jaws dropped, stunned by the sight of the men stripped to the waist, their stunning, muscular physiques gleaming in the afternoon sun.

“What’s up, boys?” said Mark. You gone off the idea or something? Come on, help me off with these boots.”

He sat on the bench and the boys turned their backs to him. Each one took a boot between his legs and tugged it off while Mark gazed at the globes of their asses flexing under their briefs. He turned and smiled at Bob. “Yeah, they’ll do, buddy. They’ll do just fine.”

The men stood up, Bob kicked off his loafers and they dropped their pants. Again there were muted gasps from the twins as they saw the men naked, except for their boxers and their socks. “Underwear too?” Bob asked.

“It’s better naked, sir,” Kevin said.

“You said a mouthful there, kid,” Mark muttered. Only Bob heard him, and elbowed him gently in the ribs.

They took off their socks and shorts and threw themselves down on the sheets, lying on their backs, propped on their elbows. The twins moved toward them but Mark said, “Wait a minute.” They stopped short and Mark gave them a quizzical look. “You know, when I see twins, especially handsome studs like you two, there’s always something I fantasize about that would turn me on. I often wonder if they ever kiss each other. I want to see you two do that ..... provided it won’t cost me extra.”

A gleam came to the boys’ eyes and in response they turned to face each other. They came close, paused, then wrapped their arms round each other. Their faces were inches apart and slowly their mouths came together. This was not just a brothers’ kiss. This was a passionate embrace as their lips caressed each other’s, their bodies locked together. Their hips pushed forward and their bulging crotches ground against each other, their cocks growing under the cotton of their briefs.

“Oh, man, that is sensational,” Mark said softly as he saw the two identical brothers making love to each other. “It’s so fucking beautiful.” He and Bob both moved their hands down to their cocks and began stroking them. The sight was so erotic that they could have shot their loads right there but Bob called a halt.

“That’s enough, guys. That was good ..... now how about our massage?”

The men turned over on their stomachs, pushing their erections under them, and in a few seconds they felt the boys kneeling astride them and smelt the scented oil being warmed in the twins' hands. They inhaled sharply as they felt the hands on their necks, massaging gently but firmly, then moving down to the trapezius muscles, the fingers digging in deep.

The massage was long and exquisitely sensual, as strong young hands moved over the men's backs, their waists, then ran over the mounds of their asses. After the legs the boys asked them to turn over, and smiled when they saw the men's huge erections. Although their scented palms moved first over their shoulders and pecs, the obvious target was the groin.

Emboldened by the sighs and moans of the gorgeous men the twins teased them by massaging around the groin area without touching the balls at first. Finally they brushed the balls with their fingers. They rolled them lightly in their oily hands, then stroked up the long, rigid shafts. Mark took a sharp intake of breath. "Jesus Christ," he moaned as he and Bob looked up at the young faces, made even more beautiful by their intensity as they concentrated on their task, their eyes locked on the magnificent cocks in their care.

Both men knew they could not survive this without shooting their loads. Mark's breathing became heavier as he felt his orgasm near, but then he surprised them all by shouting, "Enough. That's enough. Stand up."

The twins shot to their feet, afraid they had displeased the police officer. Mark stood up and paced round them, running his hand through his tousled blond hair in frustration. "I can't take this. I've gotta have what I want ..... and I always get what I want. Do you boys ever take a man's dick up your ass?"

The twins glanced quickly at each other. "That would be extra, sir," Kevin said. "Another hundred."

"Each," added Kyle.

Mark frowned. "Shit .... oh what the hell ..... I gotta have it one way or the other." He stopped pacing and, from long experience, assumed the authority of a police officer giving orders. "Bob ..... get up, man. You two, lose the shorts and take his place on the ground." Within seconds the twins were lying naked on the sheet, gazing up at the commanding cop, a little scared about what came next. Bob stood amazed that Mark had taken charge like this, so fully immersed in the fantasy of the moment.

"OK," Mark rasped, "turn toward each other." The boys rolled onto their sides facing each other. "Right. Now that thing I made you do when you were standing here. I want you to do it again ..... and whatever happens, don't stop."

Once again the twins came together in a loving embrace, this time lying on their sides, chests pressed together, mouths kissing each other hungrily. "Oh shit," Mark said, stroking his cock as he gazed down at them. "They're so beautiful. Am I gonna love this.....!"

Bob grinned at him and shook his head, "You son-of-a-bitch. OK, buddy, I'm right there with you." They dropped to the ground, Bob lying on his side behind Kevin, and Mark lying behind Kyle. Bob and Mark smiled at each other over the young bodies and eased forward.

The twins were so passionately engrossed in making love to each other that they were unaware of the men's move behind them. The first they knew was when they felt pressure on their asses. Their eyes opened wide as they suddenly realized what was about to happen.

But the shock of the moment, instead of pulling them apart, only propelled them to greater intensity in their attraction to each other. Their kisses became more ardent, their bodies ground against each other more urgently as they felt the huge cocks behind them slide slowly inside their asses, coming to rest in the warm softness deep inside them. "Oh, man," Mark breathed in their ears. "You boys are so fucking hot."

From their first sight of the twins, dressed in white, ready to serve them, the desire had begun to build in Bob and Mark, lovingly coaxed to a near-climax by the twins' erotic massage. Now they could give it full expression by fucking the succulent young asses of the beautiful brothers while the boys made love to each other. The twins were going wild, gripping each other tight, kissing each other ferociously as they felt their masters' cocks sliding inside them. Then the tempo increased as the men began pounding the boys' asses.

It had never been like this. Up to now the twins' love making had been fraternal affection, but now it was lust, raw carnal desire for their beautiful twin. It had never been like this for Bob or Mark either. They had fucked the twins before but never while the boys were in such a state of arousal. The passion raging through the boys made their bodies hot, their reflexes razor-sharp and their asses like cauldrons, flexing tight around the poles inside them. The four bodies writhed together on their sides as the men's cocks pistoned inside the impassioned young twins.

The youthful love-making, the ferocious fuck by the men, all of it continued for a long time. Always the commanding cop, Mark took the lead. "Come on, man," he yelled at Bob. "Fuck him, fuck that gorgeous young ass." The rhythm increased, became more frenzied, until Mark finally shouted again, "Oh, man, my boy is so damned hot, my dick's on fire. Shit, I can't take any more. Let's go, guys. I'm gonna shoot. This is it, men. All of you .... now!"

The boys each felt the heat of his brother's lips, felt him spasm, they felt the muscular bodies pounding behind them, felt hot juice spurting up between their chests and blasting into their asses. The men gazed wildly at each other across the twins' heaving bodies as they felt their cum pouring deep inside the tender young asses. "Aaaah!" The screams of four men shattered the quiet afternoon and echoed round the hills.

Eventually their breathing subsided but the four bodies still clung together. The twins were sobbing with emotion as each one felt his brother's heart beating against his chest.

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The twins were so enraptured by what had happened ..... by the whole scene ..... that they didn't want the fantasy to end. After washing off in the pool and drying themselves, they pulled on their white pants and sneakers, but not the shirts. They disappeared into the kitchen and brought drinks and snacks out to the men. Then they cooked dinner and served it at the outdoor table. But now there was no question of sitting down with them. They were servants, handsome boys-for-hire, standing by the table shirtless in their crisp white pants, ready to step forward and pour the wine or respond to any of the men's orders.

Mark and Bob smiled at each other, pleased that the twins were having such a great time. They chatted to each other quietly, heads together, then Mark looked up at the twins.

"You did well today, boys, worth every dime, so my buddy and I were wondering ..... how much do you charge for all night? And be careful before you answer. By all night I mean sharing our bed. We sleep together and would fuck you during the night as often as we like. Your bodies and your asses would belong to us. You would suck our cocks, massage our bodies, and then we'd fuck you some more. We would order you to watch while me and my buddy make love to each other. In the morning you would make breakfast for us ..... and we'd fuck you again. So ..... how much for all that?

The twins smiled. "No charge for that, sir," said Kevin. "It's on the house," said Kyle.

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And so the week went on. After having their fantasy fulfilled the twins hovered somewhere between members of the family and hired boys waiting attendance on their masters. Bob and Mark were not reticent now in giving them orders, knowing how much the boys loved serving them, and so the distinction between masters and boys was maintained. The twins were in heaven, sometimes sharing the table with the men, sometimes withdrawing and watching them talk intimately. Best of all was when the twins got to watch them make love.

Bob and Mark also got everything they had wanted from their week together. Always drawn to each other with love and affection, they had been able to indulge their mutual attraction in every way possible, domestically, emotionally and, most frequently, physically, taking possession of each other's asses as they had dreamed of doing so often in the past.

Now that the pressure of their once-muted relationship was released they felt able to turn their minds to their respective lovers free of any sense of guilt. Bob spoke often with Randy by phone, though their conversations were brief, Randy being a man of action rather than words.

He really just wanted to hear Bob's voice. Mark and Jamie were much more verbal, and their transpacific calls often spilled over into prolonged phone sex.

And so, inevitably, the week came to a close and the domestic calm was shattered by a noisy homecoming. It was late afternoon when Randy called and said they had just docked in Long Beach and would be home soon. There was just time for the twins to set up the table with drinks and snacks, and they were sitting with Bob and Mark when they heard the sound of truck tires on gravel, and then the gate burst open.

"Hi, guys! Did you miss us?" Pablo and Darius charged in, looking scruffy in old tank tops and shorts, and after hugging everyone in sight, huddled with the twins. While the boys all talked at once without pausing for breath, Randy and Zack strode in and exchanged warm handshakes with the other two men. Randy tousled the hair of the twins. "Hi, kids, you have a good time here with these guys?"

"Yes thank you, sir," they said in unison, always in awe of the big boss.

Soon Zack and Mark were exchanging small-talk ..... the trip, the boat, the fish they had brought back with them. But Randy and Bob simply stared at each other ..... with no talk at all.

It was times like this when the most eloquent language was the language of the eyes, when each man saw deep into the other's eyes ..... into his soul, as they sometimes believed ..... and a wave of love and affection swept over them, settling in the groin where their cocks began to swell. Their breathing became heavy, their heartbeats stronger, and Randy finally said, "God, I've missed you, man."

He grabbed Bob's arm and with silent mutual consent they walked to the house and straight up to their bedroom. Randy stood and watched, arms folded, as Bob took off his T-shirt and shorts, as if in obedience to Randy's unspoken order to get naked. Bob threw himself onto the bed and lay on his back staring up at the dark, rugged gypsy face of the tall, muscular man gazing down at him.

It was amazing to Bob that, even though he had seen this sight so many times, it never failed to thrill him, made his body quiver with excitement, tinged with fear. He knew what was coming ..... just as he knew what Randy would say.

"Did he fuck you?" Randy was reverting to type; it was the time-honored question and Bob knew he did not have to answer. But he did anyway. "Yes, of course."

"And did you fuck him?"

"Yes ..... many times. We made love many times."

“Yeah,” Randy said with a half-smile, “but never like this.” In a series of quick, fluid movements Randy pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his boots, dropped his jeans and knelt naked on the foot of the bed. He pushed Bob’s legs up high and gazed down at his ass. “God, I thought about that so often. Used to lie on the beach all on my own and jerk off thinking about it ..... thinking about this! I guarantee, man, your cop never fucked you like this .....

With no further warning he suddenly plunged his huge cock ferociously into his lover’s ass, burying it deep in his gut. Bob’s scream carried all the way out to the garden, where all the men grinned in silent recognition of what was taking place upstairs ..... of course it was! Bob’s eyes opened wide and spurted with tears ..... tears of pain and of joy that Randy was home ..... home and reclaiming possession of his ass.

Randy pulled back, then speared his ass again, and soon the iron piston was ramming him with the force of a jack-hammer. Bob had forgotten ..... he always forgot ..... what it was like to get fucked by this man. It was spectacular ..... it hurt, it frightened, and it thrilled. It excited him like nothing else, nobody else, ever could.

He looked up at the stunning, chiseled features ..... square, stubbled jaw, high cheek bones, black tousled hair falling over this brow ....and his eyes ..... those steel blue eyes smiling down at him in the certain triumphant knowledge that Bob was his man. No matter who else fucked him, even the blond Greek God, Bob would always be his.

Randy smiled as he continued to fuck savagely. “Remember that? Remember that, man? Nobody gives you that, do they?”

“No, sir. Only you ..... only you.”

Randy fell forward so Bob’s legs draped over Randy’s shoulders, and he pressed Bob’s wrists down on the bed above his head. Their faces were closer now as the savage fuck continued. Randy growled, “I don’t care who else you fuck, who else you love. I’m not scared of that. Why would I be when I can do this to you? Look at me man, look into my eyes, feel my dick in your ass, and tell me.”

“Yes, sir. You are my master. I need you ..... I crave you ..... I love you!” The last was a wild cry of pain and desire as Bob’s handsome face thrashed from side to side. He was entering that delirious world where Randy always took him, a world where all he could feel was the cock inside him, all he could see was the eyes. His ass was helplessly impaled on the huge shaft ..... and he was drowning in the limpid blue of the eyes.

Sweat was dripping from Randy’s face down onto Bob as he said, “OK, man. This is it. This is where I give the order and you obey. Is that clear?”

“Yes, sir.”

Randy redoubled the pressure and pace of his savage fuck. “You can’t take much more of my cock, man, I know that, so I’m gonna cum inside you. And you’re gonna cum with me. But you have to want it ..... want it real bad. I’m close, man, but I have to know how bad you want it.”

“Oh yeah,” Bob moaned. “God, I wanna feel your juice in my ass. Please, sir. Please cum inside me. Oh man ..... that body, that face, that cock pounding my ass. I can’t take any more, sir. I can’t hold back. You’re making me shoot, sir. I’m cumming ..... aagh!”

Both men exploded at the same time. They both felt Randy blast his load deep inside his lover’s ass ..... they both saw a huge plume of white cream shoot from Bob’s cock high into the air and splash down onto Randy’s massive chest. They came again and again as all the pent-up lust that had lain dormant for a week now erupted in two spectacular orgasms.

Their howls of ecstasy had, of course, been heard in the garden. Zack looked at the other guys and grinned. “They’re back ..... no mistake about that.”

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A short time later the two men were lying on the bed, with Randy’s arm under Bob’s head. The euphoria still resonated in the room but the men were resting at last. Bob turned and grinned at Randy.

“So, did you and Zack eventually sort things out between you?”

“Pretty much.”

“Pretty much? Is that it? You always say that when I ask you questions like that.”

“Look, buddy, if you want all the gory details watch the video Darius made. It’s all there. If all you want to see is two muscle-studs wrestling each other into submission, that’s all it is. Is that really what you want?”

Bob grinned. “Pretty much.”

“Asshole.”

Just then there was a tap at the door and Mark came in. “Oh, sorry to interrupt, guys, but we were wondering about dinner? I’ll come back later.”

“No, no, come on in officer,” said Randy jovially. “I’m glad you’re here, Mark. I really wanna thank you for taking such good care of my guy here. He tells me you had a great time.”

Mark blushed and shifted a bit uncomfortably. “Yeah, well, we did. But you know it’s me who should be thanking you, Randy. You made it clear that we could do whatever we wanted. It was very generous of you, ‘cause I know how .....” he searched for the word ..... “how protective you feel about Bob. So I thank you, buddy. If there’s ever anything I can do for you .....”

“Well,” Randy’s eyes gleamed. “Now that you mention it ..... and if you’re really serious about thanking me, there’s always one obvious way .....” “

Bob and Mark exchanged alarmed looks as Randy’s meaning sank in. He meant to reassert his authority in the house by dominating both men. It had been obvious that Randy would exact his pound of flesh ..... and it seemed it was flesh that he wanted now. But Mark was confident enough to take it in stride and smiled. “Well, OK. Why not?” He was just wearing swim shorts, which he quickly took off. Bob got off the bed and Mark replaced him.

Randy stood up and gazed down at Mark, lying naked on his back. “God, man, it’s true what they all say. You are fucking gorgeous ..... what is it, a Greek God they call you? I can see why my guy is so crazy about you. It’s a long time since we did this, man. This’ll be my way of thanking you for taking care of Bob and your way of thanking me for letting you.”

As he had done so recently with Bob, Randy knelt on the bed, pulled Mark’s legs over his shoulders and fell forward, pinning his wrists to the bed. Randy smiled at him. “For once this is not revenge, man. It’s what’s called love and respect for an equal.”

He eased his cock inside Mark’s ass and the cop moaned. “Oh yeah, man, I’d forgotten how great your cock feels. Jesus, you are one hell of a stud. Come on man, fuck me.”

Bob stood mesmerized above them, watching as the darkly-handsome, muscular construction-worker moved rhythmically over the beautiful, Nordic-blond cop. Not for the first time Bob fantasized that it was God being tamed by the Devil. It was spectacular watching Mark’s stunning face flinch as the huge cock plundered his ass. This time Randy was gentle ..... physically at least. It was verbally that he asserted his dominance.”

“This is it, officer. This is where you submit to the construction boss. This is where the master takes that gorgeous ass of yours. So, you fucked my man. Now you have to pay. Oh, I’m not gonna hurt you, buddy. You’re too fine for that. I just wanna hear you beg ..... and I can make you do that. How’s your cock feel, man?”

“Oh, man, you are fucking spectacular. My cock is on fire. You’re driving me crazy, man. You’re a sensational fuck. I wanna cum. God, I’m close, but I wanna feel your juice inside me, man.” Randy simply smiled quietly at him. He knew he had him. “Come on, man,” Mark said, more urgently now. “Spill that load inside me ..... let me feel it. Shit, that’s hot. Please, man, cum inside my ass. What, you want me to beg? OK, I’m begging you, man. Please ..... cum in me ..... please .....”

They shot their loads together, gazing at each other, two glorious muscle-gods, equals, making their peace with each other for having shared the love of one man. And that man was at this moment looking on in awe. Bob knew what this act symbolized, but more than that, it was simply glorious to watch, and Bob's cock erupted over them, in a jubilant affirmation that love between three men is not only possible ..... it is magnificent.

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Later, at dinner, Randy was still smiling with the quiet arrogance of a man who had once again re-established his position as master of the house over this boisterous group of men.

"Jesus," Zack said, trying to make himself heard at the table over the clamor of voices. "Now I know the origin of the word dinner ..... it's the damn noise ..... the *din*." .....

Bob laughed and shouted, "OK guys, keep it down, OK? We can't hear ourselves think here."

It was inevitable that this meal would be more raucous than most, as the boys round the table scrambled to tell stories of their week's vacation, shouting over each other. Darius was touting his movie like a Hollywood press agent, promising, in his usual exaggerated way, "the most spectacular! stupendous! ....." until Pablo said, "OK, cram it dude, it's just a home movie."

"Excuse me!" Darius protested. "This is the story of the hottest groups of guys ever to ....."

"Oh, shut up," said the twins in unison, making themselves blush and everyone else laugh.

The only one at the table who was rather subdued was Mark. Jamie was missing from the gathering, of course, and Mark felt his absence deeply. Bob naturally picked up on this and said softly in his ear. "Don't worry, buddy. He's having a great time, and you'll see him in a week."

Mark sighed. "He said he'd try to call around this time, but ....." Once again it was like telepathy as Mark's cell phone rang. They could all see instantly by the smile on Mark's face that it was Jamie. "Hi, dude," the boys all yelled toward the phone, and then fell into a respectful silence so Mark could hear. They saw Mark's smile grow wider and his eyes get moist as he listened."

"Guess what?" Jamie's excited voice was saying. "We're coming home three days early. See, Adam, the flight attendant we met on the flight over, is working a flight back to L.A. on Wednesday and he said that if we changed to that flight he could probably bump us up to First Class again. Nate has finished clearing up all his stuff in Sydney and says he's eager to get back to you guys and start work. And....." his voice faltered, ".... and most of all, sir, I miss you ..... I miss you so much .... I'm homesick for you, sir. I miss seeing you and feeling you. I love you so much, sir, and ..... and I want you to hold me."

“Wait a second, kiddo.” Mark lowered the phone, then beamed at Bob and the others, his face glowing. “He’s coming home early! Says he misses me so much he can’t wait to be with me, wants to feel me holding him.” His eyes teared up again. “Excuse me, guys.” He left the table and walked to the corner of the garden to take the call in private.

There were knowing smiles all round. “Hell,” said Randy, “whatever happened to the big stud cop? He don’t take shit from no one, never backs down, always the tough guy, but when that boy of his calls he goes weak at the knees ..... he’s Jello.”

Bob put his arm round Randy. “It’s called love, Randy. Boy, when that kid gets home it’s gonna be one hell of a reunion.”

In a way the reunion was already in progress as Mark spoke quietly into the phone. “Jamie, I’ve missed the hell out of you too, kiddo. I can’t wait to see you. And the minute you get home you know what I’m gonna do to you?”

“No, sir, tell me .....

Mark lowered his voice. “Hang on a minute, Jamie.” He walked quickly to the house and took the phone upstairs.

As Darius watched him go he grinned, “Hell I’d love to hack into that call right now.”

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## **Chapter 128 – The Reunion of Mark and Jamie**

In his room Mark threw himself on the bed and tried to imagine Jamie in the same position. “You on the bed, Jamie, naked, on your back? Can you talk on the phone hands-free?”

“Yes, sir,” came the excited voice. “The phone’s on the bed beside me.”

“OK, stretch your arms up and grab the corners of the bed tight. Stretch your legs out to the bottom corners. That should have you spread-eagled, right?”

“Yes, sir,” Jamie stammered.

“OK, kid. Let me tell you, it’s real tough when you go away halfway round the world and leave me, and it’s not gonna happen again for a long time, even if I have to tie you down. In fact that’s just what I’m gonna do the minute you come home. And I’m gonna look at you tied naked to the bed, just as you are now. I’m gonna watch your struggle to get free ..... just as you are now. You understand?”

“Yes, sir,” said Jamie, struggling against his imaginary restraints as he visualized the uniformed cop staring down at him. “Sir, may I.....?”

“No dammit! You will not touch yourself. I’ll know if you do and I’ll hang up.”

“No, sir, please, sir. I won’t.”

“Good ..... Oh man, I can see you now. You know that’s how I like you best when that gorgeous young body of yours is struggling in bondage. Come on, boy, pull at those ropes ..... let me see those muscles flex as you struggle to get free.” He could hear the moans and heavy breathing on the phone and knew Jamie was doing as instructed. “God, you look stunning, kid. And that boner .... stiff as a pole. Is your cock hard now, Jamie?”

“Yes, sir ..... rock hard, sir. I can see you in your uniform looking down at the boy you’ve captured and tied up. What’s gonna happen to him, sir?”

“Hmm, maybe I’ll leave him there, roped to the bed all day. And while I’m on patrol, that bike throbbing between my legs for eight hours, I’m gonna think about the young stud I’ve got tied up naked and imagine what I’ll do to him when I see him. Shit, I’ve had a hard-on all day thinking about him, holding back my orgasm, saving it up for him. My cock is hard as steel in my uniform ..... I’m real stoked ..... like a stallion in heat. And when I finally burst into the room there he is. The young boy has been tied there all day and now he’s desperately pulling against the ropes, trying to get free. He starts pleading with me.”

Gripping the corners of the bed hard, Jamie shouted into the phone. “Please, sir, please release me, sir. You’re making me so hot ..... I need to touch my cock, sir. I beg you, sir.”

“Oh I’ll release you alright, but not the way you think, boy.” Mark stood up and pulled out his cock. “The cop’s standing over you watching that gorgeous, helpless body writhe in frustration. He loves hearing you beg, seeing the tears flow down your cheeks. He looks down at that roaring hard-on you have. You’re desperate to shoot your load. He decides to have mercy on you.

“He pulls his stiff dick out of his pants and his balls are throbbing. It’s been building all day and the sight of the naked, struggling boy does it. Here it comes, boy. Look at that gorgeous cop, watch his face, hear him howl as he cums all over your naked body. You can’t touch your cock, boy, but you don’t need to. You feel his hot juice pouring down on your chest, your face, and you can’t hold back ..... you shoot your load high in the air. Now Jamie! ..... Aaagh.”

He heard Jamie scream into the phone and he could only imagine the eruption of the boy’s cock ..... without even touching himself. Mark looked down at his own bed, empty, but smothered in creamy white cum from his own huge orgasm. As the fantasy subsided it was replaced with the aching reality of Jamie’s absence ..... so far away. He knew Jamie was feeling the same.

“Sir,” Jamie was groaning. “Thank you, sir. But I need to feel you, sir. I want you to touch me. I want you so bad, sir.”

“It’s OK, kiddo. Only another few days. Now here’s what you’re gonna do. After we hang up the phone you’re gonna lie there and imagine what comes next, how the cop unties your legs, then holds them up and pushes his dick in your ass. Think of if, kiddo, the handsome cop who loves you is gonna shoot another load in your ass. I know you’ve just cum, but you’re gonna beat your meat and cum again. And know that here in L.A. that same cop is thinking of his dick in that sweet, warm ass of yours, and he’s gonna shoot another load too. Will you do that for me, boy?”

“Of course I will, sir. I would do anything for you ..... I *will* do anything for you .... everything for you ..... when I get home. I love you, sir. I worship you.”

“Good. One other thing. After that you will not have another orgasm until we see each other and neither will I. We’ll save it all up for then. I’ll hang up now, Jamie, but though I won’t hear you I’ll be thinking of you ..... waiting for you. I love you Jamie ..... the best boy a man could ever have.”

And so, on opposite sides of the Pacific, a man and a boy blasted a second load of cum, thinking about each other, thinking of what they would do when they were together again.

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Dinner was still in full swing when Mark emerged from the house. Eating stopped as all the men looked up. They could tell by the spring in Mark’s stride and the glow on his face, not to mention in the stain on his shorts, that the phone call had been a knockout.

“Hey, stud,” Randy shouted. “If the boy can do that to you from seven thousand miles away just think what he can do when he’s in your bed.” There were cheers and laughter as Mark sat down at the table blushing deeply.

“OK, OK, assholes, eat your hearts out. But when that kid gets home you’re all gonna wish you were watching our reunion.”

“And filming it, sir?” added Darius enthusiastically. “I can film it for you ..... be my pleasure ..... you won’t even know I’m there ..... like reality TV.”

“That’s because you won’t be there, Darius,” Mark grinned, “though I appreciate the offer. It’s gonna be strictly between me and my boy.”

“With the emphasis on ‘strict’, I’ll bet,” Pablo murmured, loud enough for everyone to hear.”

“Hey, guys,” said Darius. “Talking of movies, how about coming upstairs and watching the footage I shot on Catalina? I guarantee it’ll be boners all round.”

They looked enquiringly at the men and it was Bob who replied. “OK, I guess there’ll be no peace around here until you boys have seen the thing. Anyway, Randy wants to talk to us guys, so you can go. But when you’ve finished, Pablo, Darius, you’ve gotta come back and help the twins clear away dinner. Don’t leave everything to them.”

“It’s a deal, sir,” said Pablo, and the boys’ departure was noisy and exuberant. As their voices faded away, peace reigned in the garden.

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“Shit,” said Zack. “Listen to that ..... silence! ..... I’d forgotten what it sounds like. We should do it more often.”

Amid the laughter Bob poured more wine, and the four of them huddled over the table as Randy took over. “Now listen up, guys, I’ve been thinking.”

“Uh-oh,” grinned Bob. “That makes a change.”

“Asshole. No, I’m serious. When Jamie and Nate come back, I assume that Nate will sleep downstairs in the bed in the gym. But that has to be temporary. My point is that this damn tribe of ours is outgrowing the house, so I have a plan. The duplex has two areas upstairs ..... the small apartment of Mark and Jamie, and the bedroom shared by Pablo and Darius. But the downstairs is currently used for storage. Are you with me so far?”

They nodded and Randy continued. “So here’s my plan. We build a storage unit, throw all the junk in there. Then the whole ground floor we knock into one big apartment ..... bedroom, living room, kitchen and private patio. That would be a fitting home for you and your boy, Mark. Pablo and Darius will move into your old small apartment upstairs and Nate gets their old room. That’s it, guys. Whad’ya think?” He sat back with a satisfied smile.

Mark’s eyes shone as he looked at Randy in surprise. “Wow, Randy, you really have given this a lot of thought, and it’s a terrific idea. Only ..... how much would all this cost me?”

“Zilch,” Randy beamed. “On the house ..... pro bono. It’s just light construction and I can get Pablo and Darius to help me ..... that’s if it’s OK with you, Zack?”

“Sure, but only if you let me help. I wouldn’t be left out of a project like this.”

“Terrific,” said Randy. “That’s settled then. I thought it would be a great thing to tell Jamie about, Mark ..... like a home-coming present. He’ll love the idea of sharing a nice big apartment with you. You’ll be private and self-contained ..... he can keep house for you, cook

you dinner on the nights you want to be alone.” He grinned ..... “and then you can fuck in the big new bedroom, or whatever the hell it is that you two do with each other.”

Mark stood up, pulled Randy to his feet and wrapped him in a warm bear hug. “Man, sometimes you can be the best buddy a guy ever had. I know we’ve had our differences ..... probably will in the future ..... but I love you, big guy. On behalf of Jamie, we both thank you.”

Zack took Mark over to the duplex to take a look at the ground-floor area, leaving Bob and Randy at the table. Bob’s eyes were moist as he gazed at Randy. “Man, you never cease to amaze me. You can often be the meanest son-of-a-bitch in the world ..... arrogant, opinionated, revengeful ..... and then you go and do something like this. You know you’re giving those two guys the best present you could ..... and at exactly the right time.”

“Ah, they make a great couple. Mark’s a terrific guy and, more important to me, you love him, so I wanted to do something that would give them pleasure ..... and you too, buddy.”

“Well you’ve done that alright. And I’ll tell you this ..... it’s stuff like this that makes you the undisputed leader of the tribe. You know how much all the guys are gonna look up to you for doing this? Forget all the fist-fights, the ‘wrestling-to-submission’. This is what makes you the boss. I gotta thank you, Randy. You’re one hell of a guy.”

“Hmm,” Randy said, “that *‘I gotta thank you’* bit. You know what that always means.”

Bob stood up and bowed slightly. “I would be honored, sir.”

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They went up to their room, and this time it was different. When he had first come home Randy knew that Bob and Mark had been making love all week, so he felt he had to re-assert himself, prove that he was the best ..... the boss ..... let alone the most sensational fuck of all time. But this time he had nothing to prove. He knew he had already done that just now when he saw the affection glowing in Bob’s eyes. Now all he had to do was love him ..... make love to him.

Well, there may have been something else too ..... maybe that competitive spirit still glowed in him. Bob’s words still echoed in the back of his mind ..... “Yes, I fucked Mark many times ..... we made love many times.” Well, Randy could match that ..... and he was gonna love doing it. So this time as he slid his cock into his lover’s ass there was no force, no pain, just the gentle rhythm of one hot man making love to another, caressing his ass, seducing him with his smiling blue eyes.

“Oh, man,” Randy breathed, “you are so fucking gorgeous ..... making love to you is amazing .....” he grinned “..... almost as hot as jack-hammering your ass. You feel that, buddy? Feels great, uh?”

Bob arched his back, offering his ass, easing it back and forth on Randy's huge cock so it felt like they were fucking each other. They were in perfect harmony, the flawless union of two beautiful bodies. "You know I live for this Randy. God, I love you so much. I wish I could show you how much."

Randy's eyes glinted. "You can." He surprised Bob by pulling his cock out and flipping over onto his back. He smiled. "So ..... show me."

Bob gasped as he read his lover's mind. Randy almost never offered his ass willingly to another man. He may get fucked in the heat of battle, but never like this. Bob held his breath, his heart was pounding, as he pushed up Randy's legs and he pressed the head of his cock against his hole.

"You sure, man?"

"Take it, Bob. It's yours."

And so Bob pushed his cock into Randy's warm ass. He was slow, tender, as he gazed down at the dark, gypsy face ..... stubbled jaw, sculpted features, tousled black hair. And always the eyes ..... those limpid blue eyes. But Randy was not passive ..... he was never passive. As he felt Bob's cock slide into him, Randy squeezed his warm ass muscles around it. His muscle control was phenomenal, contracting then releasing, his ass pulsating slowly round Bob's cock as it moved in and out. Again their rhythm was perfect, as if Randy's ass was fucking Bob's cock!

Bob moaned, "Oh, Jesus, don't do this to me man. You don't know how that feels. I can't take it ..... it's gonna make me ..... aaah!"

They both came. They both felt the unfamiliar sensation of Bob pouring his juice into Randy's ass ..... they both saw Randy's cock gushing warm semen all over his own chest and face. First they looked surprised, then they smiled, and then they began to laugh, in the joyful certainty that they were definitely, unquestionably, spectacularly in love.

Finally they fell on their backs and gazed up at the ceiling as they began to recover from the physical and emotional heights they had scaled. Their minds were spinning, but slowly they came back to earth, and it was Randy who broke the silence. "So, tell me about the twins. Seems you and Mark took them on quite a trip."

Bob laughed. "Yeah, they were boys-for-hire for a whole day and night. And they loved it. But I had to set them straight on one thing. They got a bit carried away and started to worry that they were becoming part of a family ..... them, me and Mark. They were relieved to hear that their family was still, as it always was, you, me and them. That's right, Randy, isn't it?"

“Damn right it is. I love the way you love them, and I love them too. Remember how they asked me to show them the ropes ..... literally ..... and I taught them the how to tie each other up? The look on their faces was priceless.”

“Yeah, but they’re still scared of you, you know.”

Randy grinned. “So are you, sometimes. ‘Course, you get off on it ..... probably can’t say the same about them. Yeah, I should take them under my wing more ..... teach them a few more things ..... show them they can trust me. Hey, maybe I should fuck them.”

Bob sighed. “Jesus, with you it all comes down to that cock of yours.”

“You got a problem with that, buddy?” Randy grinned. “Don’t hear you complaining.”

“Asshole.”

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A few mornings later Bob was in his upstairs office at home when Mark stomped in, still in his police uniform after his all-night shift, and he was growling. “Shit .....fuck ..... I need a drink.”

Bob looked up in surprise. “Hey, hey. Sit down, big guy, take a load off.” He grabbed two beers from the small fridge in the office. “Man, you should be over the moon ..... your boy gets home tomorrow ..... something you’ve been jerking off thinking about since he left.”

“Yeah, well that’s the godamn problem. We got several guys in the division off sick and they pleaded with me to fill in, pulling another all-nighter tonight.”

“And you being the loyal cop you are you said yes.”

“The loyal idiot, you mean. I was all set to meet Jamie and Nate at the airport tomorrow morning but now I won’t get off in time. The ‘loyal cop’ will be working, instead.

Bob laughed. “Hey, as Nate would say, ‘no worries there, mate.’ I’ll be happy to meet them. Probably better that way ..... then your big reunion won’t be in the arrivals hall with hundreds of onlookers. I can see the headline now ..... “hot young surfer gets fucked by stud cop in LAX Arrivals.”

Mark smiled for the first time. “Would you really do that for me, Bob? You’re a prince among men. I’ll owe you one.”

“Yeah, and I’ll make sure I collect. Later man.....”

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So it was arranged. Mark phoned Jamie to give him the news that it would be Bob meeting them when their flight got in at 9:45 next morning. He would get home from his shift as soon as he could. Jamie was disappointed but, oh well, another couple of hours wouldn't make that much difference. It's just that he was longing to see Mark again, especially after the hot phone calls they had made to each other. Phone sex was one thing, but to actually see the gorgeous cop again in person ..... the thought made his cock stir in his pants.

Reliable as ever Bob was waiting in the arrivals hall next morning, growing impatient as the boys endured the long slog through Customs and Immigration. But then, there they were, pushing their baggage cart up the arrivals ramp, eagerly looking for Bob. "Hey, kiddo," Bob smiled and folded Jamie in a long hug. He turned to Nate. "And welcome to America, young man. You're gonna be a great addition to our group."

He stood back and looked them up and down. They were both showing the effects of hours of surfing under the hot Australian sun. Jamie was looking spectacular ..... a bit disheveled, but with a deep tan and hair bleached blonder than ever by the sun. "Hell, kid," Bob grinned, "you're looking awesome. That cop's gonna go ape-shit when he sees you."

Suddenly they were distracted by a voice calling, "Hey, Jamie". They looked up to see the QANTAS 747 crew, a good-looking group in their smart black uniforms, crossing the hall making for the crew bus. The tallest of them waved at Jamie, then held his hand up to his ear, two fingers crooked in a sign that he would phone. Bob caught only a glimpse of him but enough to see that he was a very handsome man, tanned, crew-cut brown hair, probably late twenties.

"That was Adam," Jamie gushed, beaming. "He's the guy who showed us around and took us to the Great Barrier Reef. And he upgraded us again – First Class all the way! He's arranged for a long layover in L.A. .... four days ..... so Nate and I wondered if we could invite him to the house while he's here."

"I don't see a problem there, kid. Seems he's been real kind to you. 'Course, you'll have to check with Mark." He heard Jamie's intake of breath at the sound of Mark's name. "Don't worry, kid, he'll be off work any time now. May even be at the house by the time we get there."

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But to Jamie's huge disappointment, he wasn't. In fact the house was very quiet. All the men were at work, except for the twins, of course, who had laid out coffee and juice at the outdoor table to greet them. The boys all hugged each other enthusiastically and, seeing Jamie look around anxiously, Kevin said, "He's not home yet, Jamie. He called to say that he'll be here in about an hour."

The boys chatted excitedly, not making much sense as they all talked over each other. Bob excused himself. "Hey, guys, I got work upstairs. I suggest that, while Jamie takes his

luggage upstairs and gets settled, the twins show Nate his bedroom in the basement and help him get his bearings.”

“We’ve been working on your room, Nate,” Kyle said. “Made it look less like a gym and more like a bedroom. Looks really cool. Come and see. They picked up Nate’s bags and disappeared downstairs, leaving Jamie alone ..... suddenly feeling very alone. As Mark had ordered, for the last four days Jamie hadn’t masturbated or cum at all. He and Mark were saving it up for each other. And now, as he walked into their room, his cock instantly got hard as he saw the room, the unmade bed, where they had made love so many times.

He knelt by the bed and rubbed his face against the sheets that Mark must have slept in before going to work. He smelt him and even licked the pillow trying to taste him. Then he saw the discarded, crumpled shorts and T-shirt that Mark must have slept in. He held them to his face and breathed deeply. God, he could have shot his load right there, as an erotic image of the man he worshipped flashed on his mind.

And it was at that moment that he knew exactly what he would do. Quickly he unpacked, putting clean stuff in drawers and throwing dirty clothes in the hamper. He took a quick shower and as he dried off his heart was beating so fast he could almost hear it. He was startled by a soft knock on the door and the sound of Nate’s voice. “It’s only me, mate. Can I come in.”

Still naked Jamie yanked open the door and pulled Nate inside. “You doing OK downstairs with the twins, buddy?” Nate nodded enthusiastically but before he could answer Jamie grabbed his arm. “Listen, dude, there’s something I want you to do for me. It may seem strange and I wouldn’t ask you unless it was real important. He quickly explained and Nate’s eyes opened wide.

“Wow, you sure about this, mate? ‘Course I’ll do it if you really want it.”

“I do, Nate. You’re a real pal. And then go back down to the twins and don’t say anything.”

“Mum’s the word,” Nate grinned. Hell, this was one weird house. He already loved living here!

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An hour later another heart was beating hard as the truck pulled up and the cop leapt out. Mark too had not had an orgasm for four days, saving himself for this moment, the moment when he would see his boy after two whole weeks without him. He took a deep breath and opened the gate.

Silence. Shit, where was everyone? Then it dawned on him. Not back yet. Must have been held up in Customs, or something. Shit. Mark deflated almost visibly as he walked

across the lawn. He was not to know, of course, that Nate was huddled downstairs with the twins and Bob was hard at work upstairs in his office.

‘Oh, well,’ he thought, ‘give me a chance to get this uniform off and take a quick shower. No ..... that’s not what Jamie would want. He gets off on the uniform. Maybe I’ll just wait. Shit, what a mess.’

Dispirited, he stomped upstairs, threw open the bedroom door and walked in. He stopped stock still, rooted to the spot. He was hallucinating .... had to be ..... it was the fantasy from their phone calls. But this time it was real! And it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

Jamie was naked, spread-eagled on his back on the bed, his wrists and ankles tied to the corner bed-posts. Mark gazed at him in awe. The young surfer had never looked more beautiful ..... deeply tanned, tousled hair sun-bleached a pale, sandy blond, his muscles honed to perfection by hours on a surfboard. His eyes gazed up at him brimming with tears, his chest was visibly pounding .....and his cock stood up rigid as a pole.

After Nate had used T-shirts to bind him, as Jamie had instructed, Jamie had waited alone for almost an hour, his eyes riveted on the door waiting for the police officer to come in. He imagined the sight over and over, imagined the tall, blond cop, his magnificent master, striding in. Again and again he had to stop himself from shooting a load at the iconic image, the almost pornographic beauty of this incredible man.

He had almost stopped breathing when he heard the heavy footsteps mounting the stairs, saw the door handle twist, the door thrown open ..... and there was Mark ..... more stunningly beautiful than he could ever have imagined. He just stood there, not making a sound, staring down at him in disbelief. Jamie wanted to reach up to him, to touch him ..... more than anything he needed to touch him, to stroke his face, feel his arms, run his hands inside his shirt and feel his chest. He pulled at his restraints ..... he needed to get free ..... this was a mistake ..... he had to get free.

“NO!” he screamed and his body became alive. He twisted, writhed, pulling frantically at his wrists and ankles. Mark’s golden body strained helplessly, his muscles flexed, as he looked up frantically at the still, silent man towering over him. He was afraid that the god-like image would disappear if he couldn’t touch it, hold it, beg it to stay.

Once again Mark felt he was hallucinating. It was too beautiful to be real. Watching his boy struggling in bondage was his favorite image of him, but he had never seen frenzy like this. The young, naked body was breathtaking as it thrashed and kicked helplessly, sweat pouring off the face and tortured muscles.

They locked eyes and Jamie craned his head forward, desperate to be closer to Mark. His body was stretched to a pitch of tension, tears were streaming from his eyes as he screamed

once more ..... NO! ..... and his cock erupted in a huge plume of white cream that shot high in the air, then splashed down on his shuddering body and anguished face. He shot load after load, all the pent-up longing for the sight of his beautiful master. Even when his orgasm finally stopped, his youthful body still shook and writhed in its restraints as he sobbed with exhaustion.

Mark looked down at the incredible sight, his misty eyes giving the picture a soft focus, ethereal, glowing. He moved at last, but only enough to unzip his pants and pull out his cock. He pointed it down at his boy, his golden boy, and didn't need to stroke it. He felt it pulse in his fist, felt the fire move up his legs, into his balls, and up through his cock, exploding in a huge blast of semen pouring down on his boy, all the repressed passion of the last weeks, now unleashed by the sight of his spectacular boy ..... a sight he would never forget.

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Mark willed himself to be calm and remained motionless as he gazed down at the gleaming young body, spread-eagled, streaked with splashes of creamy white semen. They both knew what came next. They had fantasized about it often enough in their phone conversations. Finally, for the first time, Mark spoke.

“This is for you, Jamie. This is what you've waited for, what you've cum so often thinking about.”

Just as Mark's favorite sight was his boy struggling in bondage, so Jamie's was the thrill of watching the cop strip off his uniform. Slowly Mark unbuttoned his black shirt to reveal the white T-shirt stretched over his powerful chest. The boy's excitement mounted as he saw the shirt come off and fall to the ground and he gazed at the muscular cop in the white T-shirt that tapered from broad shoulders to the heavy black belt at the narrow waist.

Mesmerized he saw the T-shirt pulled up and over the head, and there Mark stood, stripped to the waist, magnificent. Mark knew what pleasure his muscular body gave to his boy so he was not surprised to see Jamie's cock growing quickly into another stiff erection. Feeling his own cock become rigid Mark increased the tempo, removing his belt, pulling off his boots, then his pants. As so often in the past Jamie gasped as he saw the blond muscle-god tower naked over him.

Mark quickly untied Jamie's ankles, pushed his legs up high and gazed down at the perfect white mounds of his ass, at the hole covered in a soft down of pale-blond hair. He sighed deeply. “Man, I've missed that.” He leaned forward, buried his face in the ass and licked it hungrily. Jamie was going wild, desperate for just one thing.

“What do you want, boy?”

“I want your cock in my ass, sir. Please, sir, I've waited for it for so long.”

Mark got back on his knees, eased his hips forward and smiled at him. "OK, so now your big stud cop is gonna fuck his boy's perfect ass. God, I've missed you, Jamie." There were two long, rapturous sighs as, ever so slowly, Mark pushed his cock inside the ass of the boy he loved.

But as Mark began to slide his cock deeper and deeper, as he felt it brush against the soft velvet of Jamie's warm ass, his pent-up passion overwhelmed him. He tried to hold back but he was powerless. He gasped, felt his head reeling, his body shuddering ..... and his cock exploded. Jamie felt hot juice pouring inside him, his eyes opened wide, and once again he shot a massive load over his own body.

They were both stunned by the forces beyond them, but Mark smiled at Jamie to reassure him. "Don't worry Jamie ..... that's good. Now we've cum twice I can fuck you for a long, long time." He pushed forward again and, remarkably, they were both hard again within minutes. Mark released Jamie's wrists and the boy ran his palms over his master's hard, sculpted chest. And then the real love-making began ..... and went on and on, as time stood still.

When, finally, they had cum again Mark fell forward and their bodies pressed against each other, sliding on the pools of semen they had both poured out. They rolled over the bed, kissing each other ..... lips, eyes, necks and faces. They gazed at each other, smiled, laughed, and then fucked again. Morning slipped into afternoon and the sun was getting low in the sky when their passion was finally spent.

Mark smiled into his boys eyes. "Hi there, kiddo. Welcome home."

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Finally they could relax together. Now that they had released their carnal lust in multiple orgasms, now that they were physically drained, they could finally say hello. They lay on their backs with Mark's arm stretched out behind Jamie's head, and they turned to gaze at each other. They found their voices and lapsed at last into easy conversation.

"Listen, kid," Mark said. "I've got something to tell you. You know, with Nate coming to live here we're gonna need more space, so Randy has made us an offer. Nate will live in Pablo and Darius's current room and they'll move in here."

"And where will we go, sir?" (Actually Jamie didn't care if they lived under the freeway as long as he was with Mark.)

"Well, Randy has offered to convert the whole of the ground floor here into a big apartment for you and me. It'll be ours, private, just us two together in our own home. How about that?"

Jamie's eyes sparkled. "Oh, that will be awesome, so cool. Just you and me." He contemplated this for a while, then said, "You know, sir, Randy can be real kind and generous sometimes."

"Jamie, Randy is always kind and generous underneath. He just needs someone to remind him of that ..... keep him in check ..... knock the tough-guy arrogance out of him."

"Someone like you, sir," Jamie grinned. Then he brought up something else that was much on his mind. "Sir, you know I told you a lot about Adam, the flight attendant we met who did so much for us in Sydney. Well we flew back on the flight he was working..... he upgraded us to First again ..... and he's arranged to get a four-day layover in L.A. before he goes back. So I was wondering ..... well, Bob said I should ask you .... if maybe ....."

"Of course he should come here, kiddo," Mark said enthusiastically. "Stay a couple of nights if he wants to. Hell, a guy who takes such good care of my boy deserves my thanks. We'll see if there's anything I can do for him in return."

"I think just meeting you will be enough reward for Adam, sir. He says he can't wait, after everything I told him about you." Jamie smiled in happy anticipation. "Just wait 'til he sees all the guys here .... he's gonna go ape-shit. Wonder if he'll fall for one of them. He's a real hot-looking guy. Now let's see ....."

"Hey, hey, enough with the fantasies, kid, you're starting to sound like Darius. Besides, from what you told me he's already fallen for you. Hmm, maybe that's a way I could thank him...."

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It was early evening when, freshly showered and dressed, Mark and Jamie finally appeared in the garden ..... to wolf whistles and wild applause. The other guys were already home from work, sitting round the poolside table, being served drinks and appetizers by the twins ..... and by Nate. The young Aussie was so stoked to be here that he was already enthusiastically working with the twins, jet-lag be damned.

"Well, well," Randy called out, "the prodigal returns. Welcome home, kid. Hell, Mark, it sure took you two long enough get re-acquainted. I mean, how long does 'hello' take, for fuck's sake?"

"We had a lot of catching up to do," Mark grinned..... *"for fuck's sake."*

Amid roars of laughter they took their place at the table and Jamie was immediately engulfed by the boys. "OK, dude," said Darius, "Nate has already spilled some of the beans about your trip, but we know there's more to spill ..... so spill, dude."

It was like a Tower of Babel as all the boys tried to speak at once. Randy and Zack rolled their eyes in helpless resignation. Bob looked at Mark and tried to make himself heard over the din. “Hey, Mark, while you were upstairs there was a phone call for you.” He grinned. “Thought it best not to disturb you, though.”

“Who was it?”

“It was Hassan. Said he had some news ..... ‘great news’ he said. Wants you to call him.”

# # #

## Chapter 129 – Adam – Top to Bottom

There were not many things that could make the ruckus screech to a halt, but the mention of Hassan’s name was one of them. In the sudden silence all eyes were on Mark, who took the news in stride and played it cool as usual. “Excuse me, guys,” he said. “I’d better call him from indoors.”

As soon as he left the table voices were raised again, only this time the subject was no longer Jamie, but Hassan. News? Great news? What could that mean? The speculation was wild, with Darius’s fertile imagination producing the most creative scenarios. After all, every time in the past that the gorgeous Marine had appeared in the house the results had been tumultuous, usually something that provoked Randy’s anger.

When Mark reappeared he sat down at the table and they all stared at him, bursting to know what the ‘great news’ was. “What?” he asked with a puzzled grin. “Why the sudden interest in Hassan? OK, in a nutshell, the news is that he’s leaving Camp Pendleton. He’s been promoted to the Marines Public Affairs Office here in L.A.”

“So he’s gonna be living in L.A.?” Darius asked, his eyes sparkling.

“Looks like it. He’s coming to town soon to start looking for somewhere to live.”

There was a stunned silence as they all absorbed the news. The silence was broken by a growl from the end of the table. “Well he’s damn well not gonna live here.”

No one dared to respond to that terse edict from Randy, and it effectively closed the subject.

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It was with some relief that Bob changed the subject to Adam, the QANTAS flight attendant who had worked both flights Jamie and Nate were on, and had taken care of them in Australia. “Mark, while you and Jamie were, er, saying hello upstairs, I had a call from this flight attendant

Nate and Jamie keep gushing about ..... Adam. I told him you two were busy but that, as he has a four day layover in L.A., you had suggested he stay here a couple of nights. So the long and the short of it is that he's coming by tomorrow afternoon. Hope that's OK."

"And where the hell is he gonna sleep?" Randy asked.

"He'll sleep with Nate," said Jamie. Nate looked nervously at Randy. "That's if it's OK, sir."

Randy's eyes softened with amusement at the thought of the Adam/Jamie/Nate triangle. "Fine with me, as long as he doesn't interrupt your work here, kid."

"Oh, no worries there, sir. The twins have already worked with me on a schedule of the things I have to do and I won't let anything get in the way of that."

"I'm sure you won't, Nate," said Bob gently. "Just so long as you and Jamie are here to greet him and make him feel at home. Might be a bit overwhelming to suddenly land in the middle of a group like ours."

"There aren't any groups like ours," grinned Zack.

Darius's fantasy wheels were already spinning. "Well I'm gonna film it. He'll have to have something to take back with him otherwise his buddies won't believe we're for real. Can't wait to meet him. Another Aussie, eh? How old did you say he is ..... 28?" Hmm, not a master and not a boy ..... somewhere in between. Wonder how that'll work out."

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Bob had offered to have one of the boys pick Adam up at his hotel, but Adam had insisted on taking a cab. He said he didn't want to cause any disruption in the household schedule, which he guessed was pretty hectic. Bob said Jamie could get off work in the office a bit early and the twins made the same offer to Nate.

And so at four o'clock next afternoon Jamie and Nate were waiting outside the gate as the cab pulled up. Adam stepped out carrying a backpack with a change of clothes and the boys swamped him in effusive greetings. They pulled him through the gate and downstairs to Nate's basement room where he would be sleeping the next two nights.

The rest of the house was quiet as everyone else was at work, except for the twins who were busy in the kitchen preparing dinner. They were always shy with strangers, so elected to stay there and meet Adam with all the others. "Come and see my room," said Jamie effusively and Adam was again pulled along by the two boys, up the stairs, across the lawn, and up to the bedroom of Mark and Jamie.

Not long after that a truck pulled up. Mark was home from work, still in his uniform. He was tired but, as always, energized by the thought of seeing his boy, watching him get naked, and then making love to him. It was a homecoming ritual that he never tired of. In fact it seemed to get better every time.

But this time as he climbed the stairs to his room he heard laughter. He paused, frowned, then smiled. Of course, Jamie's flight attendant must have arrived and was huddled with Jamie and Nate. As Mark opened the door the laughter stopped abruptly and the three men stood up. There was a momentary, slightly awkward silence until Jamie spoke up. "Sir, I'd like you to meet our friend Adam. Adam, this is Mark.

The two men shook hands and Mark beamed. "Adam, it's a pleasure to meet you at last after everything Jamie's told me about you."

Adam, usually outgoing and confident, seemed tongue-tied, but managed to stammer, "Likewise, sir." He was stunned. In Australia Jamie had described Mark many times and talked endlessly of his master, the cop, but Adam had assumed that the boy's obviously intense love had led to some exaggeration. But no. If anything Jamie's description did not do justice to this gorgeous man.

Nate had told him that everyone called Mark a Greek God, and Adam could see why as he stared at the sculpted features, square jaw, high cheekbones and shock of blond hair falling down almost to his piercing blue-grey eyes. The black uniform did nothing to hide his muscular physique as Mark stood, legs apart, his helmet under his arm making the bicep flex. Broad shouldered, slim waist, his pants tucked into high black motorcycle boots, Mark reminded Adam of some pornographic icon ..... "like something out of Tom of Finland," he thought.

He felt uncharacteristically intimidated as Mark took stock of him. Hmm, Mark thought, I can see why the kid was so enthusiastic about him. Adam was dressed simply, in jeans, a white T-shirt and boots. He was tall, obviously muscular under the T-shirt. (Mark remembered that Jamie said he worked out a lot at the gym.) The face was striking ..... strong, finely etched features, golden tan, brown crew-cut hair, and clear, confident brown eyes (despite his current stunned look). No doubt about it, Mark thought, this Adam's a stunner.

It was Nate who made the first move. He knew very well that as soon as Mark got home it was a daily ritual that Jamie got naked and the cop fucked him. Anxious not to get in the way of that, Nate said, "Er, excuse me, sir, but I should go back to the twins and help them with dinner." He grinned shyly all round and quickly left the room, with a meaningful glance at Adam, who took his cue and said, "I should leave you alone with Jamie, sir. I'll go and see if ....."

"Nah," Mark smiled. "Stick around, Adam. Oh, I'm sure you've been told that whenever I get home the first thing I do is make love to my boy, but today I first want to find some way of thanking you for looking after Jamie so well. Wanna beer?"

The tall, confident man was taken aback and stammered. “Well, but I thought ..... I thought .....” Then he collected himself and smiled. “I would love a beer, sir.”

Jamie was just as surprised as Adam, but ran over to the small fridge and grabbed three beers. Mark sprawled in an armchair and got comfortable. He unbuttoned his shirt halfway and as it fell open his muscular chest was clearly evident under the tight white T-shirt. He knew exactly what he was doing and smiled at Adam as he saw him take a sharp intake of breath.

Mark was well aware of his own beauty and usually took other people’s stunned reactions in stride. But he was also vain and loved the ease with which he could turn a guy on, especially if it was someone he wanted to impress. Mark liked this new man, Adam, and he was also well aware that Jamie was very fond of him, obviously turned on by his masculine good looks and air of easy confidence. So it was not just vanity. He wanted to make perfectly clear that Jamie was his boy and devoted to him. Not that Adam had any doubts on that score.

The fact that Adam automatically called him ‘sir’ was a sign that he accepted Mark’s absolute authority. It probably didn’t come naturally to him as he had the air of a self-confident alpha male. Adam was sitting rather formally on a chair and Jamie was perched on the edge of the bed. Mark knew he had them both in his hands and he didn’t mince his words. “Gotta say, Adam, you’re one hell of a good-looking dude. Jamie tells me that he and you didn’t have sex over there. That surprises me.”

Adam blushed at Mark’s directness. “Oh no, sir, there was no question of that. Jamie made it clear that he was exclusively your boy ..... and I can see why, now ..... so of course I wouldn’t fuck him....” he caught himself “.....I mean, I wouldn’t ..... take him to bed unless he said it was OK.” He blushed again after his somewhat clumsy speech.

“But you wanted to, didn’t you?”

Adam grinned. “Hell, the whole crew on my flight wanted to, sir. Who wouldn’t .....? I mean just look at him.” Again he caught himself, fearing he had been too outspoken.

But Mark roared with laughter. “Well you got that right ..... just look at him. I could probably have had any boy I wanted, and I chose Jamie ..... and he’ll always be my boy.” It was Jamie’s turn to blush. Mark stood up and paced the room. “As I said, Adam, usually as soon as I get home from work Jamie immediately gets naked and I fuck him. Sometimes I’m so damned horny I don’t even take my uniform off first.”

“I do know that, sir, which is why I thought I should leave and .....”

Mark cut him off. “But this time ..... well, I said I wanted to thank you so ..... how would you like to substitute for me, Adam?”

A startled look came to Jamie's face. Mark smiled. "You see that look of panic, Adam? No matter how many times I tell Jamie I love him he is still scared that one day I'll send him away or offer him to someone else. Total nonsense, of course. Wouldn't happen in a million years."

Adam said softly, "Maybe when a person loves something as much as Jamie loves you he's always afraid of losing it."

"Well said, Adam. But in this case I was simply trying to find an appropriate way of thanking you for everything you did for my boy, and I can think of no finer reward than Jamie's sweet ass. So I was offering you the chance to do what you've wanted to do ever since you first saw him on the plane and upgraded him and Nate to First Class. Thank you for that, by the way."

Adam's mind was reeling. He was still mesmerized by the spectacular cop, and here he was telling him to make love to his beautiful boy. "That is," Mark added, "if it's OK with Jamie."

Still confused, Jamie stammered, "Of course I would like it, sir, but would you ...?"

"Oh, don't worry, kid. I'll stick around. I've often wondered what it's like watching my boy get fucked by a handsome stud like Adam here. Wouldn't miss it for the world."

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Mark sprawled in the chair again and watched. Adam stood up and looked Jamie in the eye. "Is this OK with you, Jamie? You know I want it ..... even jerked off thinking about it ..... but it's all up to you."

"Of course I want it, Adam ..... a whole lot." But he flashed a quick, questioning glance at Mark and was reassured by his encouraging smile. Losing his anxiety and warming to the whole idea, Jamie stood up and quickly took off his T-shirt and shorts. He stood naked, looking from Adam to Mark, who both felt their cocks get stiff at the sight of his beautiful young body.

"Sir," Adam said to Mark, "you have the most beautiful boy I think I've ever seen, and it will be a privilege for me to make love to him. Thank you, sir."

He stood up, kicked off his boots and pulled his T-shirt off over his head. Jamie had seen him shirtless before, but it was new to Mark and his eyes opened wide at the sight of his lean, beautifully proportioned physique. "Gee, all those gym sessions sure worked for you, man," Mark said. "That is one gorgeous body. I can't wait to watch you fuck my boy."

Jamie lay on his back on the bed and gazed at Adam as he dropped his jeans and his white briefs. Again Jamie and Mark felt their cocks pulse as they saw Adam's long cock and the firm, white globes of his ass, outlined by sharp tan lines at top and bottom. Adam bent down and instinctively pulled a condom from his jeans pocket and rolled it onto his already hard cock.

Mark was gratified to see that the man's reflex was to protect Jamie, just as he had taken care of him so well in Sydney. His admiration for Adam was growing.

With all the impulsiveness of youth Jamie grabbed his own legs and pulled them upward, exposing his stunning white ass, with the just-visible soft blond fuzz round the hole that always turned Mark on more than anything. In fact, just at that moment Mark had a sudden spasm of doubt and a reluctance to watch that ass, his boy's ass, be invaded by another man, but he saw the joy sparkling in Jamie's eyes and he relaxed again. "Go for it, man," Mark said softly. "Take it from one who knows ..... it's the finest ass in the world."

Adam knelt on the bed and smiled down at Jamie. "This is the moment I dreamed of Jamie. At last I'm gonna be inside you." He pushed his rigid cock between the white globes and it slid easily inside him. As he heard deep sighs from both men Mark felt his own cock grow rock hard in his uniform pants, and he stood up. He watched in awe as Adam's perfect ass rose and fell over his boy. He was fascinated by the sight of the cock easing back and forth into Jamie's ass, by the look of ecstasy on Jamie's face and by Adam's deep, masculine voice. "Oh Jamie, your ass feels so perfect. God, you're beautiful. Man, I dreamed of this but never knew how good it would feel. Give me your ass, Jamie. Give it to me."

Jamie pushed his ass toward Adam, pushing it down on his cock, inviting him into its inner depths. Then he squeezed his ass muscles round it, making Adam's body tremble as he shouted, "Oh shit, man, that's incredible. You're gonna make me shoot, Jamie." But Jamie abruptly relaxed his ass and prevented Adam's orgasm seconds before it would have erupted.

Adam was gasping. The boy was spectacular ..... and suddenly he realized that endless sex with Mark had made Jamie an expert. He knew every skill, every technique for giving Mark infinite pleasure, to make him fall in love all over again every time he fucked him. Adam shook his head and smiled up at Mark. "Hell, man, you've trained him well. He is absolutely mind-blowing. There's no one like him. No, you'll never leave him. How could you?"

Mark glowed with pride to hear this from Adam, who, he noticed, had lost the 'sir' now he was inside his boy and felt empowered. That's the effect Jamie always had on Mark. He made him feel like a giant. Of course Mark could never leave him, and he was glad that Jamie had heard that from Adam's lips. But Adam's words made Mark feel something else too ..... impatience. He loved watching this man make love to Jamie, but it made him hotter than hell and he could feel pre-cum dripping from his cock into his shorts.

He knew how to bring it to a climax. In full view of Jamie and Adam as they kept fucking, Mark unbuttoned the rest of his shirt, pulled it up out from his waist, and dropped it to the floor. Adam gasped as he saw the muscular cop stripped to his tight T-shirt that tapered down to the heavy belt at the slim waist, an image reflected in the mirrors around the room. God the man was spectacular. Adam's cock was already rigid in Jamie's ass, but the sight of the boy's master towering over them made it pulse harder than ever. He looked down and saw the thrill in Jamie's eyes, the thrill he said he always feels when he watches Mark take off his uniform.

“Oh God, no,” Adam gasped as Mark reached up behind his neck, grabbed the T-shirt and began to pull it up slowly, free of the waist, over the ridges of his abs, up over the slabs of his chest, clear of his shoulders. And there was the cop, stripped to the waist ..... spectacular.

Adam knew he would masturbate many times just thinking of this incredible sight, but this was a hundred times better. He was not only gazing spellbound at the shirtless cop, he was *inside his boy*, impaling him on his cock, burying it in the furnace of his ass. His mind was reeling ..... he fantasized that making love to the boy was an act of worship to the master.

It was then that Adam lost all control. He looked back down at Jamie, at the exquisite face and shimmering eyes. “You’re too much for me, Jamie. You’re both too ..... too fucking beautiful. *You’re too fucking beautiful!*” He looked up at Mark. “Man, that body, that face! It’s fucking pornographic. And you, Jamie, his boy ..... the most beautiful boy a man ever had ..... *and I’m fucking him!* I’m fucking the master’s boy!” He pleaded with Mark. “Please, sir, please I want to cum inside your boy. Please sir, I can’t hold back .....

Mark smiled calmly. “OK, both of you shoot your loads ..... do it for me ..... for your master.”

“Aaah!” Jamie’s cock erupted in ribbons of creamy cum and Adam’s muscular body bucked and heaved as he exploded in the most massive orgasm he had ever experienced. It seemed to last an eternity, but finally he fell forward, sobbing, and covered Jamie’s face in kisses, licking his eyes, his cheeks, then clamping his mouth over the lips of the beautiful boy who belonged to a beautiful cop.

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As the two men recovered in the bed, coming slowly back to earth, Mark was ..... on the phone! “You home Darius? ..... Good. You know what you kidded about yesterday, about filming our reunion? You said you’d be silent, unnoticed? Well now it’s real, kid. Get up here.”

Darius could be noisy, intrusive ..... a pain in the neck sometimes. But he was no fool .... and had a great sense of the quietly dramatic. He ran up the stairs with his camera and slipped into the bedroom. He sized up the situation in an instant and without a word stood in the shadows against the wall. Jamie and Adam were still in a state of nirvana as they lay together on the bed and, if they noticed Darius slip into the room, it didn’t register. They had eyes only for each other, and for Mark standing shirtless over them.

“Stand up, Adam,” Mark said. Adam got to his feet and the cop took him into a warm bearhug. “Sir,” Adam said, “I kinda lost it back there ..... my mouth just took over and ....”

“No sweat, buddy. Jamie’ll do that to a man.” He pulled back. “Now that was something you’ll remember and beat off thinking about for years. But I’m gonna show you something else

to go with it. Just stand back and watch. Mark sat in the chair again and said, "Hey, there, kiddo. Boots."

Jamie sprang to his feet, turned his back on the cop and took a boot between his legs. Adam watched mesmerized as Mark pressed his other boot against the round cheek of Jamie's ass and the boy jerked forward as the boot came off. He pulled off the other, then fell back down on the bed. Mark stood up, undid the heavy belt and dropped his pants. As he stepped out of them, naked, he stretched his muscular limbs, flexing, preening. Adam gasped. "Jesus Christ, that is so fucking awesome. That is the most glorious body I've ever ..... Oh man...."

What came next was inevitable, but still Adam could hardly believe what he saw. As he had done so many times before, Mark knelt between Jamie's legs and smiled at him. "Here it comes, kiddo ..... what you wait for all day." And he slid his iron-hard cock into his boy's ass.

Adam drifted into a fantasy world, a world where all the pornographic photos and drawings he had ever seen came to life. This spectacular muscle god, this naked cop, was fucking his boy, the golden young surfer Adam had lusted for since they met. It was an awesome spectacle and he stood spellbound as he heard words of lust and love pass between master and boy. The glorious fuck went on and on, and for Adam the room became a world unto itself, unattached to time or space, a room steeped in images that would stay in his memory for ever.

In a trance Adam watched, unaware that he was stroking his own hard cock. Of course he was ..... he had to. He was hypnotized by the sight of the muscular body rising and falling over the boy, until finally both their bodies shuddered and he heard Mark's voice. "You ready boy? OK, now!" Adam heard their howls of joy, saw their bodies convulse and at the same time felt his own cock explode, saw his own juice pouring over the two bodies in a euphoric act of worship.

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A few minutes later the three men were standing together when they heard, "Awesome, dudes. Totally awesome." Darius stepped forward and Mark grinned. "Adam, I want you to meet Darius, the recorder of most things that happen in this house. Darius, my boy, you did a great job staying quietly in the background. Never thought you could pull that off."

Adam smiled at the handsome young black guy and shook his hand. "Damn," Darius said, "you're one hot-looking dude. It's a pleasure to film you. See, I'm gonna make a record of your visit with us and put it all on a disk for you to take back with you."

"That's brilliant, mate." Adam said, "'cause the guys back home will never believe a word of this unless I show them proof."

"Ah, this is only the beginning, dude. Now come with me and let's find Nate and you can shower before dinner. You've got the rest of the tribe to meet."

Adam dressed quickly and, after more hugs, left with Darius. As they crossed the lawn they heard a deep, angry voice. "He's a fucking bullshitter. I was crazy to hire the fucker." The gate was flung open and another amazing sight met Adam's eyes. A towering figure of a man, like a swarthy, muscular gypsy, in a sweat-stained old tank-top, dirty cargo pants and work boots. Close behind was a beautiful, exotic-looking kid wearing ragged dungarees held up by one strap over his naked shoulder.

Randy almost charged straight past them but Darius said, "Sir. May I introduce you to Adam, sir?" Randy stopped and Adam took a step back as a pair of steely, pale-blue eyes pierced his. Randy shook his hand with a grip like iron. "Oh, you're the airline guy who looked after Jamie and Nate. Well thanks for that, man, and welcome to the house. Name's Randy. I'm the boss around here."

Pablo stepped forward with his trademark crooked grin. "And I'm Pablo, the boss's boy. Shit, Nate and Jamie didn't exaggerate .... you're a looker, man. See you at dinner." Stunned, Adam watched the pair walk away, with Randy's words hanging in the air. ".....I tell ya kid, he pulls one more stunt like that and I'll bust his jaw and fire his fucking ass."

A voice behind them said, "Bad day at work apparently. Sorry about that Adam." Adam turned round and blurted out, "Shit, this house doesn't quit." A stunning man in a business suit was facing him, tall, broad-shouldered, with a gorgeous face and a welcoming smile. "I'm Bob. I spoke to you on the phone Adam, and glimpsed you at the airport. You're very welcome here. You may find us a bit overwhelming at first, but we're good guys at heart ..... even Randy. Talking of which, I better go upstairs and give him the only thing that calms him down."

As Bob left Adam stammered, "Wha .... what did he mean?"

"They're gonna fuck," said Darius succinctly. "OK, now for the twins."

Adam was impressed by the shy politeness of the handsome twins, who suggested that Nate take Adam down to their room before dinner. After such mind-blowing events and meeting these extraordinary guys Adam was pleased to relax with Nate. He loved Nate ..... quietly handsome, unassuming, fun, someone he loved to spend time with ..... and sleep with. Maybe he didn't have the raw glamor of some of the other guys, but that was just fine. Adam was glad he was sharing his bed.

Dinner turned out to be another mind-blowing event for Adam as he was engulfed by the group, all firing questions at him at once. But there was one more shock to come. Randy suddenly looked up and yelled, "Finally! What kept you, stud? Who were you fucking this time?"

Adam's jaw dropped as he saw striding across the lawn the most magnificent black man he had ever seen, tall, muscular physique, striking square-cut features and shaven head. Shirtless in black jeans and boots, he was pulling on a T-shirt as his one concession to a dress code.

Adam blinked as his mind flashed on erotic drawings he had seen of black muscle-studs in full leather. This guy was spectacular ..... another pornographic icon.

He stood up to be introduced to Zack ..... and their eyes met.

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Dinner was a boozy affair and when it broke up they were all mellow from drink. Randy took Bob and Pablo back into the house and Mark and Jamie paired off for what Mark called “unfinished business.” Nate said he would help the twins in the kitchen and see Adam later in their basement room.

After everyone was gone Zack stood up and, staring directly at Adam, said, “Hey, man, you haven’t seen my pad across the street yet. Why don’t you join Darius and me there for a nightcap?” As Adam followed them he was aware of a roaring hard-on in his jeans. Darius, his antennae as sensitive as ever, had noticed the silent sparks flying between his master and Adam all through dinner ..... and it excited the hell out of him.

Tension crackled in the air as the three men sat in Zack’s living room over brandy. But Adam’s inhibitions had been blunted by all the alcohol he had consumed at dinner. Also, his extraordinary experiences of the day had emboldened him to be as forthright as the macho guys he had been with. So, “When in Rome .....” he thought, and launched right in. “Zack,” he said, “I gotta tell you that I find you ..... I mean ..... you’re an exceptional looking guy. When I first saw you my mind flashed on drawings I’ve seen of muscular black studs in leather, and .....”

“Leather turn you on?” Zack interrupted briskly.

“Well yeah ..... it’s kind of a fantasy of mine. I mean, I hang out a lot in leather bars in Sydney but you know, most of those guys are all show. Oh sure, a lot of them look great in all their gear, but when you talk to them ..... well, the illusion kinda disappears. They don’t come across as the macho leather studs they pretend to be ..... they don’t have the attitude, if you know what I mean. Now I’m sure you’re not into leather, but if those guys saw you in those bars in leather they would all go absolutely fucking ape-shit.”

Darius was on fire at the turn the conversation was taking, aware of all the leather gear Zack had. Zack grinned at Adam and said. “OK, man, let’s cut to the chase here. Nate and Jamie told us all you were hot looking but I wasn’t prepared for a stud like you. You gave me a hard-on the minute I laid eyes on you. In other words, it would be a pleasure to fuck your ass.”

Adam recoiled. “Oh no, whoa there..... I’m afraid that’s not gonna happen. Don’t get me wrong, man, you are a huge turn on and I’d love to have sex with you. See, I’m real sexual .... been with lots of guys in my travels ..... but the thing is .... I’m always strictly a top man. I’ve

never been fucked. I could never give my ass to another guy, even one as gorgeous as you.

Zack eyes blazed for a second. “And you think I get fucked, man? Look at me.” He stood up, pulled off his T-shirt and spread his arms wide. “Does this look like a guy who gets his ass fucked?”

Adam was devastated that he had displeased this man that he wanted so badly. But he was saved by Darius who said, “Adam, why don’t you go into the bedroom and let me have a word with Zack. We’ll join you in a few minutes.”

Adam went into the bedroom and lay dejectedly on the bed. He had fucked up and he knew it. His eyes wandered over the room, which was redolent of the big black muscle-stud, his clothes, the sheets, the faint smell of his sweat. God he would have loved sex with him ..... but no way could he ever let that big black cock fuck him. His mind wandered and he was starting to wonder what was going on when suddenly the door opened and he gasped, “Jesus Christ!”

He was looking at the most stunning leather fantasy he could have imagined. Zack was spectacular, far hotter than any leatherman Adam had ever seen, in pictures or in life. He was wearing black leather pants, tight round his thighs and tucked into heavy black boots. He was naked to the waist except for an open, black leather vest that displayed his perfect chest, ripped abs and slim waist, cinched by a heavy leather belt. On his head was a leather cap whose peak was pulled low over his eyes, hidden by mirror sunglasses. And he was carrying a braided leather whip.

Adam was lost. His body was on fire and he almost shot his load just looking at this pornographic picture. When he heard the deep voice he had to obey. “Stand up and strip.” Adam sprang to his feet, stripped off his clothes and stood naked before the commanding leather stud. “Yeah,” Zack growled. “Real fine ..... you’ll do. On the bed.”

Adam was no longer the top man he prided himself on being. He was completely in the power of this magnificent black muscle-god. He shuddered at what came next, but made no move to prevent it. Zack picked up from the floor two strips of leather and swiftly, expertly, tied Adam’s wrists to the corner bedposts. Adam had participated in a few bondage scenes in the past but he had always been the master. He would never have allowed himself to be tied up. So now he panicked and struggled to get free. Zack gazed with satisfaction at the beautiful, writhing body as the muscles strained and flexed.

“So you’re the big muscle-stud around town, eh? The top-man, the master, the guy who never gets fucked. Yeah, they probably fall at your feet begging you to fuck them. Well now it’s you gonna do the begging, pal. Look at you, spread-eagled, naked, in the power of the leather god you’ve always lusted to meet. Well you’ve met him, stud, and you can forget your sorry leather bars. This is the real thing. I’m serious, man ..... I always get what I want and you’re gonna do just what I tell you, got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Adam groaned.

“OK, now I seriously wanna fuck that gorgeous stud ass of yours but I’m gonna have mercy on you ..... give you a choice. It’s my cock ..... or the whip.”

Adam pulled again at his restraints but knew it was hopeless. “Man, I’ve never been fucked .... I can’t .....” But when he saw the Zack’s look of angry impatience he gave in. “OK, OK .... the whip.” Again he saw anger flash in Zack’s eyes and said, “The whip ..... *sir*.”

“That’s better.” Zack raised his arm, paused, then brought the whip lashing down across Adam’s straining chest ..... once, twice, three times. “No!” Adam yelled. “You fucker. Let me go, asshole. I’m not into this. Just because you’re a gorgeous mother-fucking leather stud, you think you can do whatever the fuck you .....

The whips lashed twice more, harder this time and Adam’s defiant tone changed. “Please, sir, no more. I’m begging you. Please, I can’t take the whip.” He saw the trace of a smile cross Zack’s eyes and knew it was hopeless. “OK, sir ..... I submit ..... please fuck my ass, *sir*.”

Zack threw down the whip and gazed down at the broken, bound top-man. “OK, you’re mine now and you’re gonna do just what I say. Now look at me.” Zack paced round the room and threw off the vest. Stripped to the waist his black muscles gleamed in the dim lighting as he flexed and posed. Adam’s heart was thudding, his breathing ragged as the image before him changed. It was no longer Zack, no longer anyone he knew or could hope to know. It was a pornographic fantasy that didn’t exist in real life, a shirtless black leather god with a perfect physique, in total command of his world. And he was gonna bury his black cock in Adam’s ass.

Adam’s cock was pulsing hard and he knew he was real close. He struggled and yanked at his restraints, his chest still feeling the sharp pain from the whip lashes. “Please man,” he groaned. “I’ve gotta shoot my load. Just untie one hand so I can beat my meat ...just for a minute, that’s all it’ll take. Please, sir, you look so fucking hot I have to cum. I beg you sir ..... aaah!” And all by itself his cock shuddered and shot a tower of juice high in the air, splashing down on his chest and agonized face. He shot again and again, screaming with ecstasy, frustration, fear ..... but above all with euphoria at the sight of this spectacular man.

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The mood changed. Zack threw off the cap and the glasses and knelt on the foot of the bed. He smiled down at the exhausted man and his tone was softer. “Good man. That’s how I wanted you, Adam. I knew when I first saw you I wanted to fuck you and knew you’d be a challenge. Shame I had to lash you to get there, but you’ll beat off thinking about the whip too. I also knew that the minute my cock entered your ass you would shoot a load and it would be over. So I made you cum first so I can fuck your gorgeous ass for a long time.”

He surprised Adam by leaning forward and pressing his mouth over his, probing with his tongue. Adam was intoxicated by the taste and smell of the man who had bound and whipped him. Zack pulled back. "Now, Adam, I'm gonna fuck you. But you have to look at me and tell me you really want it."

Adam gazed up the rugged, masculine face, then lowered his eyes over the heaving chest dripping sweat onto him. He looked back up into the soft gray eyes and heard himself say. "I want it, Zack. You're magnificent ..... the ultimate master. I want you to be the first man ever to take my ass. Please, sir. I want you to fuck me."

"Good." Zack unzipped his pants and Adam gasped as he saw the huge black rod that Zack pulled out, hard as steel. He moaned, "Oh, man that is so fucking huge," and his courage almost failed him. But Zack eased forward, hooked Adam's legs over his shoulders and fixed him with a hypnotic gaze. "Now I'm not gonna hurt you, man. It'll feel like it at first, but relax, breathe deeply and whatever you do stay focused on my eyes. You ready?"

"Yes, sir," Adam said, with conviction tinged with fear.

Zack pressed the head of his cock against the hole and pushed. He felt it slide part way in and paused. Then he pushed again and felt the head pass all the way over the sphincter. Instantly Adam panicked and struggled frantically. "No, no, wait ..... please, man, pull out, pull out .... God that hurts." Zack immediately pulled his cock free and felt Adam sigh and relax under him.

Adam stared into the steady gray eyes, breathed deeply and said. "Man, I really want your cock inside me. OK, I'm ready." Once again Zack pushed slowly, paused, then with more force thrust his cock fully inside the ass. "No!" Adam yelled, his body writhing desperately. "I can't take it, man. It's no good."

"Adam, look at me." He heard the firm voice and stared into the hypnotic eyes. And then something happened that had never happened to Adam before. He took a deep breath and felt his ass relax round a cock, the huge black cock that was buried in his ass. "Oh, God. Oh, Zack. You're in my ass ..... man, it feels incredible. Are you all the way in?"

Zack pushed a bit further and said, "Now I am, Adam. My cock is all the way inside your ass. And now, stud, for the first time in your life, you're gonna get fucked."

He started slowly at first until he felt the ass relax completely, then increased the tempo and soon he was pounding the ass. He saw a change come over Adam's face and knew he was ready. He began to hammer the ass, pushing deeper and deeper until the head of his cock pressed against the inner sphincter and passed over it, sending Adam into flights of ecstasy.

Quickly he untied the wrists and Adam frenziedly ran his hands over Zack's rock-hard shoulders, the chest, down the lats, over the ridges of his stomach to the belt at the tight waist.

Zack thrust in deep and again pushed his cock over the inner sphincter, into the deepest, hottest chamber of his ass.

Adam had never felt a sensation like this. He was spinning in a wild delirium and all his verbal inhibitions vanished. "That's it, man," he yelled. "Fuck that ass. Push that huge black dick in my ass, man. Let me watch that gorgeous leatherman fuck the big stud master. You whipped his body, you mother-fucker .... now you're torturing his ass. Come on you black son-of-a-bitch. That all you got? Ream that ass."

Zack was driven wild by Adam's words and fucked like a jackhammer, impaling his virgin ass on his steel piston. Adam, looked up at the face, wiped the sweat from it and licked his hand, tasting, smelling the man-sweat that was pouring off the black bodybuilder. "You like that, stud?" Zack murmured. "OK." Without easing up on the brutal fuck Zack fell forward and smothered Adam's face with his armpit. Adam choked, his mouth full of wiry, rancid wet hair. His face was smothered by the stinking black pit and he licked it ravenously, gulping down the sweat, suffocated by the intoxicating smell of sweat and leather.

Zack pulled back up and hammered the ass more savagely than before. Adam was spinning in a vortex of raw lust. "God, you are a gorgeous son-of-a-bitch. Man, I love the stink of your sweat. Your cock feels so good in my ass. Oh, man I can't take much more .... I'm gonna have to cum. Please, sir, let me cum. I'm begging you, man .... I want to feel your cum in my ass. I can't hold on much longer, sir. OK you win, I submit to you. You've broken me .... you're my master. Help me..... aagh!" His cock exploded and, for the first time in his life, he felt semen flowing into his ass, pouring into it, as his body was smothered in his own cum.

Suddenly Zack stopped. He pulled his cock out and sprang to his feet. Dazed, Adam looked up at the magnificent leatherman towering over him, his shirtless torso gleaming with sweat as, unbelievably, Zack shot another huge load of juice into Adam's face, stream after stream. Adam opened his mouth and swallowed the semen, gulping it down, choking, until he felt he was drowning in cum.

The leather god looked triumphantly down at the beautiful man whose shuddering body was streaming with white juice. A gleaming smile lit Zack's face.

"That was your initiation, Adam. You've been fucked by the best. Welcome to the house."

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It was a full half-hour before Zack and Adam were sitting at the table nursing beers ..... along with Darius, who had been lurking in the shadows all the time. He was gushing excitedly.

"That was unbelievable, dude, and guess what .... I got it all on camera! It'll go great with that Mark and Jamie scene. Nate's waiting for you now, so go to him and tell him the whole story. It'll blow his mind. But just wait 'til tomorrow. Randy says we're gonna have a big party in

your honor, and you'll get to meet even more guys ..... their names are Steve and Lloyd." He glanced quickly at Zack. "And rumor has it that another guy is gonna crash the party. You're gonna go ape-shit when you see him. He's a Marine ..... Hassan."

# # #

## Chapter 130 – Adam's Ultimate Trial of Strength

It was late when Adam finally stumbled across the street to the main house, his mind in a whirl. God, he thought, this group was unbelievable ..... the guys were like something out of pornographic art, each one an icon ..... the cop, the construction worker, the business executive and the black leatherman, all with their gorgeous young boys. He wasn't sure he would survive another day.

But as he went through the gate to the main house he heard the unmistakable sound of an Australian accent. "Hey, mate, you look done in." Thank god for Nate ..... good, steady, quietly handsome Nate ..... an antidote to the overpowering glamor of the rest of them. Nate looked at the stripes of the whip-marks across Adam's chest and smiled, "Zack do that?"

"Yeah, mate, and a lot else besides. You know how I told you I never got fucked in the ass. Well that just changed."

"Man I wish I'd seen that."

"No worries, mate, you will. Darius filmed the whole thing. Do I see brandy still on the table there?"

"Sure, I had just finished cleaning up after the guys. Sit down and I'll pour."

The brandy calmed Adam as he sat and gazed into Nate's soft eyes. "Listen, mate, does it bug you that I seem to have been having nothing but sex with other guys today .... Jamie, Mark, Zack ..... I mean ....."

Nate laughed. "No worries there, mate. I knew you would .... I wanted you to ..... wanted you to sample my new family."

"And you don't mind being their houseboy?"

"Mind? You're joking, mate. I'm loving it. And they're being great to me. Jamie's my best buddy, Mark's been my protector from the start, Bob's a great guy ..... they all are ..... even Randy when you get to know him. I used to be scared of him but now I'd trust him with my life."

“Yeah, I guess you are a lucky bastard at that.” Adam drained his brandy. “Listen, mate, I’m bushed. Could we go to bed?”

“Thought you’d never ask. I’m dying to feel those arms round me.”

And ten minutes later that’s how Nate fell asleep, in Adam’s arms ..... with a smile on his face.

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The next morning as Adam struggled to consciousness he thought the hammering in his head was from all the alcohol he had drunk the night before. But as he woke he realized that it really was the sound of hammering .... coming from outside.

Nate stirred beside him and kissed him. Adam had a morning hard-on and pulled Nate toward him, preparing to make love again, but Nate pulled away. “Later, mate. I’m dying to, but today’s a big day. Huge dinner party tonight .... in your honor. I gotta help the twins. Come on. The guys are probably already having breakfast.”

They were, most of them, sitting at the poolside table .... all except for Randy and Pablo who were hammering away at the rudimentary storage shed they were building. Randy had made the generous offer of converting the ground floor of the duplex from a storage area into a large apartment for Mark and Jamie. Pablo and Darius would move into Mark and Jamie’s present suite upstairs, and Nate would move into the boys’ room. But all that meant building a storage shed for all the junk from the duplex ..... and that’s what they were doing now.

“Jesus,” Adam said, still woozy with a slight hangover, “those guys start work early.” Then he caught sight of Zack smiling up at him from the table and he suddenly recalled the night before when he had been tied up at the black leatherman’s mercy. Actually, it was his cock that remembered first, swelling in his shorts. Also at the table were Bob and Mark, both dressed for work, Jamie, Darius and the twins.

“Take a pew, Adam,” said Bob. “Get some food inside you ..... soak up the booze. Busy day today. Mark and I are off to work ..... Zack and Darius are going to help Randy with the construction, and then this evening there’s the big dinner party in your honor. What’s the latest count, Darius?”

Darius was already tallying up on his fingers and proclaimed, “Ten of us, including Nate, plus Steve, Lloyd and Adam.” (Nate was thrilled to hear ‘Ten of us, including Nate.’ Guess he had really arrived.) “Then if Hassan shows up that’ll make fourteen.”

“Wow,” said Bob, “think you twins can handle that?”

“No worries, sir,” Kevin said, imitating Nate’s accent, “provided Nate and Jamie give us a hand.” Kyle looked sharply at Darius. “Any more than that in the kitchen and it becomes chaotic.”

“OK, dude,” grinned Darius. “I can take a hint. I’ll be taking pictures anyway ..... gotta complete my movie for Adam to take back with him. Give him something to remember us by.

“I don’t think I’ll have any problem there,” said Adam, sipping black coffee and grinning from Mark to Zack.

“OK, guys,” Kyle said to Jamie and Nate. “Better make a start. Cooking for fourteen is no picnic.” He giggled at his odd choice of phrase and the four boys gathered up the breakfast remains and headed to the kitchen.

“Well,” Adam,” Bob smiled, “Mark and I have to be off. Can we do anything for you before we go?” Adam could think of several things as he stared at the two stunningly handsome men, but simply said, “No thanks, Bob. I’ll just veg out by the pool. I’m still kinda recovering from last night.”

“Yeah,” Bob grinned, “I heard about that ..... from Darius here. Randy always says he has a mouth like a megaphone.’

“Hey,” said Darius in mock indignation. “I don’t have sit here and listen to insults. I can get insulted anywhere I go.” He gave a puzzled frown, with a vague idea that he had just insulted himself. Zack laughed, grabbed him by the neck and steered him toward the construction. Zack looked back over his shoulder and smiled again at Adam, who felt his cock grow rigid. “Jesus,” he murmured to himself. “This house is one permanent hard-on.”

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His erection didn’t go down as he watched the four guys working. In fact it got harder. It was as if every one of them, all of them shirtless, had stepped out of the pages of a porn magazine. Randy’s muscular torso was already dripping sweat as he shouldered beams of wood that could have taken three men to move. He was stripped down to old, greasy cargo pants and heavy boots, with a tool-belt slung low on his narrow waist. Pablo was in his dungarees again, but now he had tied the straps round his waist, and his pumped, naked young chest was already streaked with dirt.

As the other two joined them, Darius was all ready for work, in baggy cargo shorts and sneakers. But Zack had been wearing nothing but old, thin, cotton shorts at breakfast and Adam watched, mesmerized, as he changed for work. With no hint of modesty Zack dropped the shorts and tossed them aside. Naked now, he picked up black jeans that he had brought out with him and pulled them on, boots too. Then, after strapping a tool-belt round his waist, he looked up and stretched as a prelude to heavy work.

Adam gasped as he saw the muscular V-shaped back, and the flexing biceps. His cock was pulsing and he almost shot his load as Zack turned round and looked over to him. Adam knew

Zack was deliberately trying to turn him on, and it worked. “Jesus,” Adam moaned as he gazed spellbound at the stunning black bodybuilder, stripped to the waist, perfect physique, rounded pecs, eight-pack abs, the tool-belt hugging his tight waist.

Adam remembered him as he had been last night in full leather, and now the leather-god had morphed into a hot construction worker. Once again Adam flashed on the illusion that he was living in the pages of an erotic art book. He tried to relax by the pool but it was no good. He was fascinated by the sights and sounds of heavy labor, the sweating bodies, the good-natured ribbing and obscenities ..... “Hey, kid, put some muscle behind it ..... get your ass in gear or I’ll fuck it ‘til you can’t stand up straight ..... “What’s the matter Zack, you tired out from all that action last night? Maybe someone should take a whip to your black ass.”

The raunchy scene was all too much for Adam and he felt himself drawn to it. Before he knew it he was standing watching in a daze. Randy yelled to him, “What’s the matter, stud, we too much for you? Well, you know the old saying ..... if you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em. Come and lend a hand. Better change those fancy shorts of yours first, though, or they’ll get ripped and filthy....” he grinned “.....unless that’s what you want.”

“Here,” said Zack, picking up the old, worn shorts he had discarded and throwing them at Adam. “Put on these shorts of mine. They’re already pretty filthy ..... can’t get any worse. He grinned lasciviously. “But somehow I don’t think you’ll mind if they stink of me.”

Adam was under his spell again ..... would have done anything the black muscle-god told him to. He fell easily into the uninhibited attitude of the group and, with no hesitation, dropped his clean shorts and stood there naked in just his sneakers. He pulled on Zack’s cotton shorts, getting a strong whiff of the man’s sweat- and piss-stains on them that made his cock swell inside them. “Hey, man,” said Darius, “they look real hot on you. Better than they do on Zack.”

Zack clipped him round the head. “Watch your mouth, punk, or I’ll go get that whip of mine and you’ll wind up as the tortured black slave you’re always fantasizing about.” “Oooh!” Darius moaned and grabbed his crotch. Zack gripped his arm. “Come round the back with me, kid. We gotta clear that brush so we can build out there.”

As they disappeared Adam felt strangely relieved. Zack was such a magnificent man, so overpoweringly sexual, that all Adam’s accustomed alpha-male, macho attitude drained out of him and he found himself wanting to please the muscle-god, to serve him ..... worship him. So it was a respite for Adam to be left alone with Randy and Pablo. ‘At least I won’t be on the edge of busting my load all the time,’ he thought. But he was wrong there.

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Adam fell into an easy rhythm working with Randy and Pablo, following directions from Randy and enjoying flexing his muscles in manual labor. Randy grinned at him. “That’s some great body you got on you, man. Bet those guys in Sydney are lining up to get fucked by a tough

stud like you.” Maybe it was Randy’s words, maybe it was working shoulder to shoulder with him, but all of Adam’s virile self-confidence returned to him. He felt a masculine affinity with the brawny construction worker ..... two obvious masters enjoying their mutual feeling of respect and macho brotherhood. All Adam’s thoughts of his recent submission to Zack faded.

Then it got even better. Randy stopped working, winked at Adam and nodded toward the work bench by the newly constructed wall. Pablo had laid a door frame on the bench and was stretched forward over it, hammering nails into the top of it. His chest was flat on the bench and his ass hung over the end, his feet on the ground.

Randy followed Adam’s stunned gaze to where Pablo’s dungarees had slipped down from his waist, revealing the crack of his ass. And what an ass! The way Pablo had tied his dungaree straps round his waist had pulled the pants forward, tight over his butt, leaving nothing to the imagination. The mounds of his perfect ass were clearly outlined under the thin fabric.

Randy grinned. “See, Adam, the kid always does this to me. He knows that physical work always gets me horny and he does that thing with his ass thinking it’ll turn me on.”

“And does it work?” asked Adam, one master to another.

“Hell yes. Here, let me show you.” Randy yanked the dungarees down over the boy’s ass and they pooled round his ankles. Pablo stopped hammering and turned his head to look backward with his urchin crooked smile.

“Shit,” Adam gasped, “that is one helluva gorgeous ass, man ..... enough to make a grown man weep. Only one thing you can do with an ass like that.”

“Damn right, stud,” Randy growled. He ripped open his fly and pulled out his thick, hard cock. He grabbed Pablo’s waist and without a pause plunged his tool deep inside his boy’s ass.

Pablo yelled, “No, sir, please ..... it hurts ..... pull out, sir.”

“Bullshit,” Randy grinned. “Like it hurts every time I ram my dick in your ass, boy. You know you love it. See, Adam, he always pulls this stunt ..... pretends he’s got this tender young ass ..... hates to get fucked. Now watch this.” Adam’s eyes opened in astonishment as he saw Randy begin one of his legendary rough fucks. His huge rod pistoned inside the boy’s ass, the perfect white globes bouncing as his master’s body smashed against them. Pablo’s arms were stretched forward as he grabbed the corners of the bench and groaned.

Adam quickly realized that he was not groaning in pain. The boy was loving every second of it, as he no doubt did every time the construction boss ripped into him. “Now whad’ya say, boy? You want me to pull out?”

“No, sir, please ..... fuck me, sir. Fuck my ass ..... I love it .....please, master.”

Adam was spellbound as he watched the savage fuck continue, the master impaling his boy on his massive cock. But suddenly Randy did pull out, causing Pablo to howl in frustration. "Hey big guy," Randy grinned at Adam, "you wanna grab a piece of the action here?"

"Hell yes," Adam grinned back. "Thanks, man." He dropped his shorts, stood behind Pablo and grabbed his hips. "Here it comes, boy, a big Aussie piece of meat, the one every guy in Sydney wants in his ass." He plunged his rock-hard cock into the gorgeous ass in one quick, forceful thrust and Pablo's body shuddered as he yelled, "No, it hurts!"

"Yeah, right," Adam chuckled, slapping his ass. "Your master knows that's bullshit, and so do I. Now tell me you want my dick in your ass, kid. Say it!"

"Yes, sir," Pablo whimpered. "I want you to fuck me ..... hard, sir." And so Adam did, almost matching Randy's ferocity. "Oh, man," Adam said. "You loosened him up real good. His ass is spectacular. Shit, I could bury my dick in these perfect globes all day."

Adam was hammering Pablo's ass, slapping it with the back of his hand, having a great time until Randy said, "OK, stud, my turn again." Pretty soon they were trading off, one fucking the flawless ass while the other stood at the head pinning the boy's arms to the bench. They were so hot, so close to shooting their loads, that Randy said, "Here, man, flip him over. Randy grabbed the feet, Adam the arms and they flipped the boy roughly onto his back.

Pablo stared wildly up at the two muscle-studs who had taken turns reaming his ass ..... and he was in some kind of heaven. He was used to his master's savage fucks, but who knew that Adam could be such a raging stud top-man? His young body was on fire and his cock pointed straight up, stiff as a pole.

"See that cock, Adam?" Randy grinned. "Now watch ..... this happens every time when he's with me. You ready, stud?"

"Right with you, man." But first Randy reached forward, curled his hand round Adam's neck, pulled his face to his and their mouths joined, their lips grinding together. In awe Pablo watched the two masters arched above him. Then they separated and began stoking their cocks. Pablo was spread-eagled on his back his hands gripping the upper corners of the bench and his legs spread wide. His body shuddered as he heard Randy's commanding voice.

"Now kid, you're gonna feel the juice of two masters pouring down on you. But it ain't gonna happen until you shoot your load first, you know that. So look at us both, look at the two muscle-studs who've just ploughed that sweet ass of yours. They're real hot ..... two spectacular men. They turn you on, right? ..... turn you on so bad your cock's hard as steel. Feel that fire in your legs, boy, rising up into your balls, into that cock. You can't hold back, can you? OK, boy .... now! ..... shoot for your masters ..... make them cum."

“Aaaah!” Pablo’s body shook, his head thrashed from side to side and his cock spontaneously erupted in a long plume of white cream that shot high, curled, and splashed down on his straining body. The sight was too much for Adam. He felt his juice race up into his cock, then pour down onto the beautiful young boy, just as he saw Randy’s own explosion of cum. Pablo was drenched in warm, creamy cum that rained down on his chest and his face from the muscle-gods towering over him. Drowning in semen he couldn’t stop his cock from blasting stream after stream of cum high in the air.

The gushing orgasms of all three men seemed to last forever.

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Finally there was stillness, except for their heaving breaths and the drip of semen onto the boy’s chest. Then suddenly Randy was all business. “OK, back to work.” He grabbed Pablo’s arms and yanked him to his feet. The boy pulled up his dungarees and tied them round his waist, cum running down on them from his chest. Adam pulled up his shorts and Randy said to Pablo, “So, boy, what do you say to my buddy here?”

Pablo held out his hand and Adam shook it warmly. “Thank you, sir. That was awesome. You made me feel like I was your boy.”

Adam grinned at Randy, his fellow master, and his feeling of macho dominance was complete, his top-man role restored. He felt strong, powerful, ready to work beside Randy as an equal. And so he did, but it wasn’t long before they heard the unmistakable voice of Darius. “Oh, Adam, Zack wants you to go and help him out back. He needs someone taller than me. Told me to take over from you here.”

They all noticed that Darius was clutching his camera and Randy grinned. “Well you can’t exactly take over doing what Adam was doing here, punk ..... later maybe ..... but you can give us a hand with the work.” He winked at Adam. “Better go and see what Zack wants, big guy.”

Adam felt a sudden shiver go through him as he walked round to the back of the building and into the scrub. He stopped still and watched Zack work. The muscular black construction worker had been clearing brush, shirtless in black jeans and boots. Now he was reaching up into a tree, tearing down the lower branches, his muscles flexing, gleaming in the dappled sunlight. “Oh shit,” Adam murmured softly to himself. “That is fucking gorgeous.”

He felt his cock swell again in his thin shorts, but it wasn’t the same feeling as watching Pablo’s ass. Now he was watching a real muscle-god master at work, beautiful, tough, supremely self-assured. And that satisfying feeling of macho power that Adam had been feeling took a hit, his confidence faded. He flashed on Zack in leather the night before, tying him up, whipping him, fucking him for the first time in his life. So the tough man who had just reveled in his role of fellow-master with Randy now had an impulse to turn and run. But he steeled himself instead.

'Fuck it,' he thought, 'I'm a top, always have been, always in charge.' He took a deep breath, clenched his fists, and felt strength return to his body. 'Never again,' he thought, 'not this time. No way. Last night was the first and last time I'll ever submit to another guy.'

"Hey Zack," he shouted confidently, "Darius says you want someone taller than him."

Zack whirled round and flashed his gleaming smile. "Hey, stud, yeah thanks..... see I gotta saw off this branch up here ..... it's in the way of the construction. But I don't want it to crack and fall .... need a clean break ..... so I need you to reach up and hold it until I saw right through it."

"No worries, mate," said Adam. He strode forward and reached up, stretching his arms wide, and grabbed the branch."

"Perfect," said Zack. "Looks great." Zack stood back and laughed. "Hell, that body of yours won't quit, man, will it? Last time I saw a guy in that position was a guy I was working with, just like now. He was stripped down to his shorts like you, arms stretched up to a branch. The only difference was, that guy's wrists were tied to the branch and he was begging me to whip him. So I got behind him and thrashed his back until his cock was so hard he shot a load right across the clearing. Fucking hot scene that was, man."

Adam closed his eyes, took a deep breath and began to hallucinate. He could see Zack, dressed just as he was right now, wielding the whip. He could feel it curl round his body, the tip biting into his chest. He felt the lashes on his back and imagined himself begging for more, screaming for Zack to whip him, torture him. The image was so strong, the feeling of the whip cutting into his back so real, that he was actually arching his back as he held onto the branch, his arms flexing as he strained at the imaginary ropes.

"Hey, man, you OK?" He heard Zack's voice and jolted back to his senses. He opened his eyes and saw Zack smiling, tapping the saw against his palm just as he might have done with a whip. Adam was aware that his cock was rigid in his shorts, like a tent pole. 'No,' he screamed inwardly. 'I gotta beat this thing. I'm a fucking top, just as tough as he is. He won't break me this time.'

"Sure, Zack, I'm fine," he said firmly, with all the control he could muster. His biceps flexed as he gripped the branch harder. "Look, can we just get on with the work?"

"You got it, big guy. Won't take long." Zack walked forward, facing Adam, reached up to the branch and began sawing. As he focused his concentration and strength on the saw, his body naturally pressed against Adam's ..... there was no avoiding it. His chest was grinding against Adam's, lubricated by their sweat. Adam felt the chest muscles rippling against his, saw the biceps bulge and felt Zack's warm breath close to his face.

Still sawing, Zack turned toward him and their faces were inches apart. "You doing OK, still?" he asked. "God you're beautiful." He pressed his lips against Adam's and probed with his

tongue for just a few seconds before drawing back. He laughed. "Sorry about that, man. Just couldn't resist it. Here, I gotta get to the branch from the other side. I'll go round."

Adam sensed he was losing the fight, but still he resisted, and continued to stretch upward and grasp the branch determinedly. Zack was behind him now, sawing the branch from the opposite side. Adam felt the sweaty chest press against his back, moving up and down with the rhythm of the saw. But there was much worse. He felt the bulge in Zack's jeans pressing against his ass, banging against it as he sawed back and forth. Adam was finding it hard to breath and he began to hallucinate again.

He imagined that after being savagely whipped by Zack he was still tied naked to the tree and Zack was behind him ..... and he was fucking him. Like last night, he felt the huge black shaft pistoning in his ass as his body bucked and strained in bondage. The image was vivid ..... the gorgeous Aussie muscle-stud master tied to a tree, getting his ass jackhammered by the brutal black construction worker who had overpowered him.

"No!" he yelled, out loud this time. Zack instantly stopped sawing and came round to face him.

"Hey, what's up, big guy? Sorry, man ..... thoughtless of me, the pain in your arms must be intense. But I'm almost through. Here, let me help you hold it until I'm done." Zack raised his right arm to continue sawing and stretched his left arm to grip the branch alongside Adam's hand. "There, that should ease it for you. Another minute should do it."

Adam knew he wouldn't survive this. As Zack's chest pressed hard against his and his arms stretched upward, Adam's face was smothered by Zack's armpit. The wiry damp hair filled his mouth and he choked on the stink of his sweat. The wet black pit ground against his face so every breath he took was filled with the rancid smell of his oozing sweat. The rippling black body was heaving against his, and he felt the huge bulge of Zack's crotch press against his.

The straining muscles, the hard cock, the stink of the black armpit ..... Adam was lost and again he drifted into a fantasy world. Again he flashed back on last night. He saw the gorgeous muscle-stud, alpha-male, bound spread-eagled to the bed, his virgin ass being hammered by the beautiful black leather-god, the first man ever to top him, to fuck him.

Memory merged into reality and he felt the hard body grinding against his, smelled, tasted the sour wetness of his armpit. His body was on fire. He choked on a mouthful of stinking black hair, screamed into it as his body shuddered and he felt his cock explode in his shorts.

And just then the branch came free.

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Zack had been concentrating so hard on sawing that he likely was unaware of Adam's involuntary orgasm. Maybe he didn't even notice the stain spreading over the shorts and cum

dribbling down Adam's legs. Whether he did or not he didn't let on. He was exhausted. "Shit, man, that was one tough son-of-a-bitch branch. Harder than I thought. I gotta catch my breath ..... gotta take a leak. With no sense of modesty he pulled out his cock, walked to the edge of the scrub and pointed his cock over the hillside.

Adam was still lost in the euphoria of being close to this pornographically erotic man. All his pride had vanished, all sense of resistance evaporated and he knew he was as much a prisoner of Zack as if he were bound hand and foot. He watched mesmerized as Zack stood motionless, holding his cock in his fist, waiting for the piss to start. Adam saw the first spurts and lost all control.

"No," he yelled, staggered forward and dropped to his knees before Zack, who turned to him and grinned. "Finally on your knees, man. Thought you'd never get there. Sure took your time. Here, this what you want, stud?" And the spurts became a steady stream, a river of piss pouring down onto Adam's chest, streaming down it and soaking his filthy shorts. In seconds his entire body was gleaming with the torrent of the black man's piss gushing down onto it and splashing into his face and mouth.

Adam felt he was drowning, and when it was over and his body was soaked, he gazed up at Zack and realized that all resistance against his lust for this man had been useless. He was humbled, degraded, broken. Sure, he had stood shoulder to shoulder with Randy, a stud master, topping his boy. But with Zack he was a slave, a top-man on his knees before a master more powerful than him. And Zack had known that all along.

He growled, "That's where you belong man. You should've known that last night. Yeah, maybe you were a big stud over there fucking Randy's boy, bonding with another master. But look at that dominant muscle-god now, on his knees, his master's piss pouring down his face and body. I've broken you, man, you'll do whatever I tell you to. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," Adam moaned in total surrender. Zack was still holding his cock, still dripping with piss and Adam watched it grow iron-hard. He had no choice. He leaned forward and felt the huge black club ease into his mouth. The man had been the first to fuck his ass, and was now the first to fuck his face. He felt both of Zack's hands grab his head, holding it in a vise as it was pulled forward onto the long, thick shaft. He choked as, for the first time in his life, he felt another man's cock push deep into his mouth.

He was aware of Zack's hips moving faster and faster as the cock probed deeper and deeper. He lost all sense of who or what he was ..... master, alpha-male, top-man? The words meant nothing. All that mattered to him was servicing his black master, sucking his huge cock, swallowing it, choking, gagging, as the huge piece of meat filled and stretched his mouth. His one desire was to please his master, to make him shoot his load.

He heard the guttural voice above him. "Yeah, look at you ..... not the big, tough boy-fucker now are you, stud? Wonder what the boy would think of his master now, the rugged Aussie

top-man on his knees, body streaming with piss. Look at that gorgeous face getting fucked by his master's cock. Thought you could hold out, didn't you, big guy? Not against me you couldn't. I can always break you, stud. Yeah, suck on that big black piece of meat, man..... OK, now you're gonna tell me what you want."

Zack pulled his cock out and grabbed Adam's head, forcing him to look upward. The handsome face was twisted in an agony of humiliation, tears streaming down it, mixing with the piss and sweat. The mouth hung open, dripping with piss and pre-cum. The stud master was broken. In total degradation he gazed up at the black construction worker, the man who had defeated him, and moaned. "I submit, sir. You've beaten me ..... I'm finished. Please, sir, let me drink your cum. I beg you, sir."

The sight of the tough, handsome Aussie, now a broken wreck, was too much for Zack. Holding his head tight he rammed his cock into the open mouth one last time, plunged it deep into his throat and his cock exploded. Adam gagged, choked and swallowed desperately, savoring the pungent taste of Zack's semen as it poured into him like nectar from a god. Adam's own cock was pulsing so hard that it broke free of the shorts and shot rivers of hot juice over Zack's legs and boots.

Suddenly Zack's cock pulled out but didn't stop streaming cum. It splashed into Adam's face, on his neck, pouring down his chest and onto the shorts. When it finally stopped Adam raised his face and groaned, "I submit to you, sir." Then his head fell forward in total defeat.

"Get up." Adam staggered to his feet and Zack grabbed his shorts, pulled them down his legs and off. "You're a fucking mess, man," he said, "smothered in your master's piss and cum." Zack pulled Adam's head back and wiped his face with the shorts, then rubbed them down over his chest, soaking up all the bodily fluids he had poured onto him.

Then he walked to the other side of the patch of scrub and turned to face the shattered man. He looked down at his own pants and boots, splashed with Adam's cum. "What the fuck's this, man? Clean it up. *Now!*"

Naked now, the broken man fell to his knees and collapsed onto his stomach. Reaching forward he began to drag himself through the dirt, his eyes focused on the cum-splashed boots. Zack grinned with satisfaction as he saw the naked bodybuilder slowly, agonizingly crawling in abject surrender, his tortured muscles rippling as he dragged himself painfully over the ground.

"That's it stud, let me see you crawl. It's so fucking hot to see a beaten muscle-god crawling to his master through the dirt. You're finished, man."

When Adam was almost there he grabbed Zack's leg with both hands and pulled himself painfully forward the last few yards. He wrapped his arms round Zack's leg and pressed his cheek against the black denim, sobbing. Then he began to run his tongue down the leg, hungrily licking his own cum off the rough denim, then off the boots.

He knew how it must look ..... the rugged Australian bodybuilder, the beautiful, virile top-man that everyone submitted to, the ultimate master, now naked in the dirt, humiliated, his shattered body stinking of sweat, cum and piss, licking the boots of his master, the magnificent black muscle-god who had broken him so completely.

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Zack hooked his boot under Adam and flipped him over onto his back. He stood astride him looking down with that gleaming smile. "You know, Adam, it takes a real tough guy, a stud like you, a real master, to be so totally degraded, broken, and submit to another guy the way you have. You are one hell of a fucking man and that's why I get off working you over the way I have."

He reached down, grabbed Adam's wrist, heaved him to his feet and drew him into a tight bear-hug. "Man, you were sensational," he breathed in his ear. "You're one of the most beautiful masters I know." He pulled back, bent down and picked up the shorts. "Here, keep these. They sink of my sweat, my piss and cum, so take them with you and whenever you want to jerk off remembering me, do this." He pressed the shorts against Adam's face.

Adam breathed in deeply for a minute, then said, "Shit, man, I'm gonna keep these with me always. Thank you, Zack."

"Another thing," Zack said. "You're gonna go back now to your proper role as top man, a macho guy people look up to, admire and lust after. Promise me this .... you will never let another man top you ..... until you come back here to me. I still have stuff I need to do to you."

"You can count on it Zack. You're my only master. And, er, that thing with the tree, the ropes and the whip ....."

"Oh, yeah, that's on the agenda man ..... when you come back. I'll be waiting for you."

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When they joined the others Randy and Pablo gazed at Adam in awe, in his ragged, stinking shorts, his face and body covered in dirt, crusted in a mix of sweat, piss and cum. Randy grinned. "Man, looks like you got Zacked."

"I'll say," said Darius's voice as he ran round the corner waving his camera. "And I got it all recorded for prosperity."

"*Posterity*, punk," Randy grinned. "OK, fellas, let's call it a day. Looks like the action's heating up out here now."

It sure was. The twins, Nate and Jamie had been hard at work. They had pushed two big tables together by the pool and arranged two chairs at each end and five down each side. They had thrown a big white cloth over the tables and were gradually bringing stuff out. "OK, boys," Randy said, "go get cleaned up, then lend a hand out here. Zack, Adam, into the pool."

Horsing around in the pool with these two magnificent men Adam once again felt a kinship with them, a fellow master, confident and proud. His experience with Zack had not diminished his self-respect in any way. It had, surprisingly, made him stronger, knowing he was man enough, tough enough, to take a beating from Zack and still remain the alpha-male he always was.

"It's happened to all of us," Randy said as the three men sat by the pool drinking beer. "Me, Bob, Mark, Zack, we've all taken a brutal beating, survived and come back for more, stronger than ever. It's a kind of rite-of-passage for a real master. If you can crawl in submission, then stand up taller than ever ..... now that's a real man. You passed the test, Adam. You're one of us."

"Thanks, Randy. Coming from you that's a real compliment. And don't forget, as a QANTAS crewman I work the Sydney/L.A. run all the time, except for a few Singapores, so I'm in town a lot. When I have a decent layover I'd like to drop in again, if that's OK."

"OK?!" said Randy. "It's fucking mandatory. If we find out you're in town we'll come after you and all of us fuck that stud ass of yours. Besides, I understand that Zack here has a lot of unfinished business with you." They all grinned and clinked bottles. Adam had never felt better in his life.

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A few hours later the party was in full swing. Randy and Bob sat side by side at the top of the table, with Pablo to Randy's right and the twins to Bob's left. Mark and Zack were at the other end with Jamie next to Mark, of course, and Darius next to Zack. In the middle were Adam and Nate facing each other, rubbing their legs against each other under the table. They had just spent an hour together talking, making out.

In their basement room Nate had said, "Man, I'm loving it here. These guys are something else. My only regret is that you have to go away tomorrow. See, Jamie's my best mate but I ..... well ..... I think I love you, Adam."

"Hey, hey, I'm only an ocean away, Nate, and you know I fly here all the time, so we'll be seeing a lot of each other. The only thing is, when you move into your fancy new room I hope you'll still let me share your bed."

"Are you kidding?" Nate laughed.

There were three empty chairs at the table but two were about to be filled. To shouts of greeting Steve and Lloyd came in with apologies for being late. Randy stood up and said, Steve, Lloyd, you know everyone here except our new buddies, Nate and Adam. There were warm handshakes all round and Adam gazed at Steve in amazement. "But you, you're ....."

"..... the image of Randy, right?" Steve laughed. "I'm his brother ..... only I'm the respectable one and he's the scruffy one."

"Asshole," said Randy, feigning a punch to his stomach.

There was one last arrival, one that caused a momentary silence to fall over the group until the raucous noise of greeting rose again. Adam looked at Nate and they raised their eyebrows at each other in amazement. "This fucking place doesn't quit," Adam whispered to him.

The newcomer was spectacular, dressed in military fatigue pants and a sleeveless khaki shirt that was open far enough to reveal his perfectly sculpted pecs. Tall, muscular, he had a stunning, exotic dark face, an ethnic mix, Adam guessed, of Asian and Arab.

It was Hassan of course, and it was Mark who rose to greet him with a hug. Hassan shook hands with Adam and Nate who were mesmerized by his lilting, accented voice as he said to everyone, "Sorry I'm late, guys, don't let me interrupt the festivities. I was visiting my soon-to-be office and they kept me late, hence the work clothes you see me in." He sat down to a general chorus of greeting, except maybe for Randy who glowered silently.

As the meal got underway Darius, voluble as ever, pumped Hassan for information about his move from Camp Pendleton up to L.A. "It's the Marine Corps Public Affairs Office on Wilshire," Hassan explained. "A big promotion, I'm lucky. Thing is, though, first I have to find a place to live. I've seen some apartments but they were all in those huge buildings."

"What's your preference?" asked Bob.

"Well ideally, what I'd really like is a small, quiet place somewhere, in the Hollywood Hills if possible, though that's tough to find and house-hunting can be a pretty depressing exercise."

Alert as ever, Bob saw Steve and Lloyd nudge each other and talk quietly together. Bob caught Steve's eye with a questioning raise of his eyebrows. Steve cleared his throat and raised his voice above the general chatter.

"Er, Hassan, I er ..... well, I wouldn't want to get your hopes up too high but as it happens Lloyd and I have been fixing up the guest cottage on our property with a view to renting it out. We could use the extra income. It's a bit down the hill from the house, very private, totally self-contained with its own entrance from the street. With his architectural know-how Lloyd's done a real neat job on it and it's almost ready for viewing. We were going to list it next week, but if you'd like to swing by while you're up here and take a look that would be cool."

There was a sudden silence round the table as they all digested this news. Hassan flashed a gleaming smile. "Wow, Steve, that sounds real interesting. It's good of you and Lloyd to consider me. Sure, I'll still be in town tomorrow and I'd love to come by .... whatever time's convenient for you."

The group came alive again with a buzz of animated conversation, and Bob felt Randy tense beside him. Bob's antennae were always quick to pick up vibrations ..... and he wasn't liking what he felt.

# # #

**GO TO BOOK 14**