

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 14

Chapter 131 – Of Lust & Obsession

So Hassan was back, and this time back to stay, it seemed, transferred from Camp Pendleton to a promotion in the local U.S. Marines office in Los Angeles. And what's more, it looked as if he might be living in the guest cottage on the grounds of Steve and Lloyd's house in the Hollywood Hills, a prospect that gave Bob a vague feeling of foreboding as he and the whole group sat round the big dinner table in the garden.

His uneasiness was hardly surprising. After all, every time in the past that the handsome Marine had appeared in the house turmoil had resulted, usually something that provoked Randy's anger. He and Hassan had since made their peace but it was an uneasy peace. Mark was Hassan's closest friend in the house and Bob remembered discussing Hassan with him.

"What is it about Hassan that makes guys go crazy and all irrational?" Bob had asked. "I mean it's all of us like the time Pablo fell in lust with him, getting Randy mad as hell. Jamie, Zack, you, me, we've all been in trouble over Hassan and he really gets under Randy's skin. I mean, he's gorgeous of course, but maybe it's because he's so different, so exotic, with that mixed Asian/Arab look. Is that why guys get so riled up?"

Mark had come to Hassan's defense. "Maybe so, buddy. But it's not Hassan's fault. He knows what a hot-looking guy he is but he has never deliberately done anything here to stir up bad blood. He behaves well, always checks to make sure what he's doing is OK and won't cause trouble. But trouble just seems to follow him."

But right now trouble was hard to detect as Hassan eagerly discussed rental details with Steve and Lloyd, and the enthusiasm among the other guys was palpable. Steve and Lloyd were a popular couple among the group, especially as Steve was Randy's brother, almost his twin. Mark and Jamie loved the idea of Hassan living a few miles away, Zack shared their optimism, and Darius, of course, was already inventing new fantasies. Only Bob and Randy felt any apprehension mild on Bob's side, strong on Randy's.

In fact when Randy got a private word with Steve he whispered, "Are you sure about this, Steve? The man's trouble, always has been. My advice is don't do it."

Steve sighed. "Well thanks for your advice, big brother, but Lloyd and I are big boys now and I think we can make our own decisions." And that ended that.

As a matter of fact it was Lloyd who was right now feeling the biggest surge of pleasure. He and Steve had met Hassan once before, at just such a group gathering as this. He recalled that time vividly, and his impulse now was the same as it had been then. He excused himself to go take a leak and went upstairs to Mark's bedroom, which had a view over the garden.

Lloyd was a striking man, with a muscular gym-built physique and a handsome face whose strong features were set off by a moustache and trim goatee. But he had one weakness an obsession with beautiful men. At the gym, for example, he always had a more-or-less permanent erection, and when he saw an especially hot guy he would impulsively follow him around, drooling. His first sight of the glorious Hassan weeks ago had sent him into a tailspin, and today the effect was the same provoking the same course of action.

By now Lloyd was peering down through the slatted blinds, unseen from below. The group was animated and, god knows, very easy on the eyes, but Lloyd's eyes were riveted on Hassan as he chatted to Steve. He was mesmerized by the exotically handsome soldier, his muscles gleaming under the loose, sleeveless Marine shirt that was open halfway down his chest. Lloyd couldn't take his eyes off the dark, sculpted features, square jaw, high cheekbones and slanted eyes that right now sparkled in a gleaming smile.

And this was the man who might be coming to live in their guest house, a few yards from them! Lloyd began to fantasize his imagination took over and he could see it all. Hassan would be coming home from work, dressed as he was right now, and go into his house alone. He would be weary after work, probably stretch and yawn, then peel off his shirt. Maybe he would be wearing a white tank underneath and, as he stretched, his flawless olive skin would catch the light of the setting sun streaming through the slatted binds.

In Lloyd's imagination the soldier looks magnificent as the scene unfolds. He kicks off his boots, drops his fatigue pants, leaving on his military-issue gray undershorts. Hassan sighs, looks down at the bed, then pulls his tank over his head. He stands still for a moment, naked except for the shorts, his muscles gleaming in the sun's rays streaming through the slatted blinds. He throws himself down on his back on the bed. Breathing deeply he closes his eyes.

Lost in his fantasy Lloyd was already stroking his cock and now he imagined Hassan pulling out his own, huge rod and playing with it. It is hard as Hassan thinks of what? Mark? Jamie? maybe even Lloyd himself. Yeah, that's it now Lloyd is standing in the room and he hears the soft, lilting tones of Hassan's voice.

"You are such a hot man, Lloyd. Come and stand close. Look down at me as I stroke my cock. You know what I want, Lloyd. I want to watch you cum I want to feel your juice pouring over my body. Look at that beautiful soldier, lying naked beneath you, pumping his cock, waiting for you to shoot your load all over him. He's flexing his muscles for you, Lloyd,

turning you on, making you so hot you can't hold back. You can feel the burning in your balls, in your cock here it comes, Lloyd Now!"

Lloyd feels his body tense, shudder and Aaah! He blasts long ribbons of cum over the gleaming olive skin, over the heaving chest, the thighs, the neck, the face. The naked Marine is lying smothered in Lloyd's semen gathering in pools in the contours of his perfect body.

"Lloyd! What the fuck are you doing all this time?" Steve's voice from down below! Suddenly the glorious image, the whole fantasy, shattered and Lloyd was looking down not at Hassan but at a huge pool of his own cum on the floor under the window. In a panic he looked outside and saw Hassan chatting amiably with the guys, oblivious of the part he had just played in Lloyd's erotic fantasy. Lloyd shoved his cock back in his pants, ran downstairs and out to the garden.

As he sat down next to Steve, Steve grinned at him and said, "Sure takes you a long time to take a leak. Must be all that beer you've been drinking." Steve knew quite well what Lloyd had been doing and Lloyd knew that he knew. It had happened before and Steve was OK with Lloyd's obsession with gorgeous men. And as before, Steve thought to himself, "What the hell if he gets his rocks off looking at a gorgeous guy now and then, so what? Just as long as that's all it is a fantasy." But Randy's words suddenly came back to him "Are you sure about this, Steve? My advice is, don't do it."

The party was a raucous success, with Randy making a short speech to Adam and a toast. "To our new buddy, Adam. I hope you enjoyed your visit with us, big guy, and here's to many more happy landings among us. Good thing you work for the airlines!"

There were cheers as they all raised their glasses, and Zack caught Adam's eye. They both had a fair idea what his next trip would include. After their stunning scene where Zack had turned him from macho stud to crawling slave, Adam had asked tentatively, "Er, that thing you mentioned with the tree, the ropes and the whip" Zack had smiled, "Oh, yeah, that's on the agenda, man when you come back. I'll be waiting for you."

Naturally, throughout the meal Darius had been circling with his camera, getting candid shots of all the guys to round out his movie for Adam to take back, including the spectacular sessions with Mark and Jamie, Randy and Pablo and Zack, of course. The boy disappeared for a while then reappeared with a disk. Beaming, he handed it to Adam. "Here, dude, a souvenir of your visit just so you won't forget us."

Adam grinned, "Fat chance of that. Thanks a million, Darius. You're a real mate and I'll treasure this. I'll look at it often and"

“Yeah, yeah, we know what you’ll be doing,” laughed Darius. “One hand on the remote and the other on

“OK Darius,” Bob interrupted quickly. “I think we all get the picture. But I gotta say, Darius, you’re a great guy for putting in all that time and effort with your camera.”

“Oh, it was a pleasure, sir, believe me.” Later, as the guys split into smaller groups Darius sat with Adam, regaling him with some of the past tales of these extraordinary men. “See, they all have a back-story,” he said eagerly, and told him how Hassan had first met Mark

“That was years ago, when Mark was in the army and Hassan was the enemy and he captured him and chained him up and tortured him

The story had Adam’s mouth hanging open in disbelief.

Darius was on a roll. “Actually, this whole thing goes right back to Randy and Bob meeting in some seedy old motel. Bob told me all about it, even took me to the motel and showed me. After they met I was the next guy to show up in the story, right near the beginning, so I know most everything. In a way I’m kind of the historian of the group.” His eyes gleamed. “Tell you what, Adam, why don’t I write it all down for you and send it to you a new chapter in each email? You won’t believe some of the stuff

most of it, actually. So I’ll send pictures.”

“That would be awesome, mate

I mean, these guys are spectacular. But, er, try to think of a better title than what you wrote on my disk

‘Adam’s Visit.’ Bit tame don’t you think after all the stuff that happened? Shit, it was more like I dunno

like a test of my manhood.”

Darius grinned. “OK, here.” He grabbed the disk from Adam, found his pen and scrawled an addition to the title. “There

‘Adam’s visit A Trial Of Strength’

that’s more like it. And that’s what I’ll call the stories I send you. They’re gonna blow your mind.”

The evening’s festive atmosphere, bolstered by abundant amounts of alcohol, helped to lower whatever inhibitions the guys still had (which was never much to begin with, god knows) and inevitably led to what else?

a whole lot of sex. As usual, Randy led the way.

He stood up and called for silence. “Guys, I have one last toast

to the twins. Kids, you did a great job tonight. Your food is always terrific but tonight you fed fourteen hungry guys in a flawless performance.” He raised his glass and everyone joined him

“The twins”. As the boys blushed deeply Randy added, “And to show our appreciation, Bob and I would like you to spend the night with us. And I think you know what that means, kids. There’s a few more things you have to learn

and I’m not talking about food.”

They all stood up and said their goodbyes to Adam, as Nate was to drive him back to his hotel early in the morning to rejoin his crew. Randy grinned as he shook his hand. “And next time you visit, big guy, maybe you can spend some time with Bob and me. From what Zack tells me we’d get on real well.” Adam grinned, having a fair idea what that meant.

As Randy and Bob went inside with the twins, Zack shook Adam's hand warmly and said quietly to him, "While you're away, stud, I'll be thinking a lot about that tree, the ropes and the whip."

"So will I, sir," Adam said "a whole lot."

"OK, kiddo," Zack said to Darius. "I'm hot, horny and drunk and I need a couple of gorgeous young studs who don't know the meaning of the word 'no'. Think you and Pablo can handle a night in my bed?"

"Yes, sir!" they said in unison. Darius grinned at Pablo. "Dude, we had to say yes you know what 'no' means? Me neither." Zack smacked him lightly round the head, threw his arm over his shoulder and all three walked out through the gate.

It was understood from the start that Hassan would spend the night with Mark and Jamie, as they had so often in the past. Mark said, "Adam, Nate, I know you want to spend your last night together, but why don't you join us for a while? Give us a chance to say goodbye in our own way. Somehow a handshake doesn't cut it."

"Thanks, Mark," Adam said. "We'd like that, eh Nate?" Nate nodded enthusiastically.

The bedroom seemed a bit crowded with five men standing round uncertainly, a bit the worse for all the liquor they had consumed. Mark took charge, saying, "I don't know about you guys, but I've got a huge boner under my pants, so let's get this show on the road. Let's see now Jamie, Nate, you're best buddies, right?"

"Yes, sir," they replied in unison.

"You ever get your asses fucked at the same time? No, I thought not. OK, Adam, I know you spend a lot of time fucking Nate and I've often thought how hot it must look shit if you lived here he'd probably be your boy by now. And Hassan hell, you're looking hotter than ever, stud been a long time since you fucked my boy Jamie here, right?"

"Sure has," Hassan smiled. "Hasn't stopped me thinking about it, though. I jerk off all the time picturing you and him, and that perfect ass of his."

"OK, that's settled then," Mark said. "Jamie, I think you know what to do god knows you've had enough practice with me. So go for it and Nate, you follow his lead." Mark sprawled in an armchair and unbuttoned his shirt all the way, exposing the mounds of his magnificent chest. That sight alone was enough to turn on all four guys.

Jamie stood facing Hassan, and Nate faced Adam. Slowly, in tandem, they pulled off their clothes T-shirts, sneakers, shorts and briefs. There was an audible gasp from Hassan and Adam as they gazed at the naked boys they were about to fuck. Jamie smiled, reached forward and began to unbutton Hassan's uniform shirt. At the same time Nate pulled Adam's T-shirt out of his waistband and up over his waist and chest. Jamie pushed Hassan's shirt off his shoulders and let it drop, while Nate pulled Adam's shirt over his head and tossed it aside.

Both men now stood stripped to the waist, and Jamie ran his hands in awe over the sculpted contours of Hassan's pecs. Nate smiled as he did the same over Adam's flawless chest that was now so familiar to him. Then, as if reading each other's mind, both boys dropped to their knees. They glanced at each other, eyes gleaming, then focused on the bulges inches from their faces. Jamie zipped open Hassan's uniform pants and Nate unbuttoned Adam's jeans. They pulled out the rock-hard cocks, leaned forward and opened their mouths, sliding them over the huge hunks of meat.

Hassan threw his head back and moaned, "Oh man, that feels good. I'd forgotten what a great cock sucker you are, Jamie. Your master has trained you well." Adam and Nate needed no words. Nate gazed up at Adam who smiled and grabbed Nate's head, forcing it onto his cock. Soon both boys were getting their faces pounded hard, making tears spurt from their eyes, then suddenly they heard Mark's voice.

"Shit, that looks hot." Mark stood up and threw off his shirt. The boys glanced at him and the sight of his gorgeous body made them suck the huge rods even faster. Adam looked over to Mark. "Hey, big guy, you want a piece of the action here? Nate tells me over and over how he once sucked your dick. Here" Adam pulled out, leaving Nate's mouth gaping wide. But it wasn't empty for more than a second as Mark, shoulder to shoulder with Adam, buried his huge tool deep into it. Nate once again felt the glorious sensation of the cop's huge dick pistoning down his throat.

But soon Mark looked at Hassan and they both pulled out. The boys' mouths hung open as they gazed up at the three shirtless muscles-gods towering over them. "Hmm," Mark said, "three huge dicks and two hungry mouths. Get ready, boys." He pushed back into Nate's waiting mouth and Adam took over from Hassan drilling Jamie.

And so began a spectacular face-pounding as the three men, fueled by lust and alcohol, took over from each other in quick succession. Jamie and Nate were in a daze, hardly aware which cock was shoved into them. They heard the drunken shouts as the men competed with each other "that all you got, stud?..... here try this one, I've opened his mouth real good for you out of my way, asshole, this one's mine." Several times each boy felt two cocks trying to force their way into his mouth at the same time as the men fought over them.

Their jaws were aching, tears streaming down their cheeks, and they knew they couldn't take much more, so it was a relief when they suddenly heard Mark yell, "OK, guys, let's wash their faces for them." The cocks pulled out, the boys looked up and saw three gorgeous men

pumping their cocks. Within seconds the sight was blotted out by explosions of cum that smashed into their faces, their eyes, their hair, as the three masters poured stream after stream of hot, musky juice over them.

“Now that is one hot mother-fucking sight,” said Mark as he looked down at the handsome young faces pouring with the semen of three men. As Adam and Hassan gazed at their handiwork in awe, Mark said, “Hey, guys, how about a beer? You boys on the bed, on your backs.”

Jamie and Nate scrambled onto the bed and lay shoulder-to-shoulder, gripping each other's hand. They heard the men, already the worse for liquor, downing more beers and exchanging bawdy, obscenity-laced challenges. “OK, the first two mother-fuckers to get hard again get first crack at their asses.” “Shit, asshole, you're never gonna get that limp son-of-a bitch hard again. You can beat that meat 'til it's raw it's dead, man.”

As they listened to the raucous laughter, Jamie turned his head to look at Nate and squeezed his hand. “Guess we're gonna get gang-fucked real good. You OK, dude? You can say no Mark would always let us say no.”

“You kidding, mate? This is the best night of my life. Especially as I'm sharing it with my best buddy.” They heard a loud, drunken yell “OK, you win go for it guys.”

They saw Hassan and Adam stumble over to the bed, kicking off their boots and yanking down their pants. Nate and Jamie braced themselves as the men fell to their knees on the bed, pushed up the boy's legs and pushed their cocks between the mounds of their asses and deep inside them.

The boys gasped with the shock of sudden penetration. Jamie caught Mark's concerned, questioning expression as he gazed down at him and Jamie gave a smile of reassurance. He knew for sure that, no matter how much he had drunk, Mark would never let anyone hurt his boy. Nate similarly got a smile from Adam. “OK, mate?” Adam said softly. “No worries, mate,” Nate grinned, and Adam began to fuck him more forcefully than ever before.”

Soon the boys were undergoing the same group fuck in their asses as they had in their faces. First one handsome faced stared down at them, then another, as one cock replaced another and their asses were plundered again and again. When Mark's turn came with Nate he paused as he looked down at him. “This is new for us, eh, Nate? But I think you've been wanting it for a long time.”

“Since the moment I first saw you in the dunes, sir,” Nate said. The boy had been fucked often by Jamie and Adam, and now by Hassan, but the cock he hardly dared hope for was the stunning cop's, the man he worshipped. “OK, Nate, here it is.” Nate gazed into the blue-gray eyes and moaned in ecstasy as he felt the cock slide into his ass and fuck him gently. Gang fuck or not, he would have gone through anything to feel this muscle-god's shaft inside him.

The group action was hot and heavy and seemed to last an eternity. Adam was now fucking Nate again, and Hassan was drilling Jamie's ass. The soldier loved fucking the young blond surfer, Mark's boy, and as he gazed at the beautiful face he envied Mark to the point where he felt a sudden surge of rivalry. He pulled back and plunged his dick savagely inside the young ass, again and again, as if he were taking possession of it to replace Mark. Fired by alcohol and something close to irrational anger Hassan lost control.

Jamie's eyes opened wide, in fear now, as he groaned. "Sir, I'm not sure I can please sir it's getting too please cum. Please cum inside my ass, sir."

Hassan wasn't hearing him, but he couldn't ignore the deep voice close to his ear. "That's enough, buddy. You heard what the boy said he's had enough he wants you to end it, to shoot your load."

"Not yet, man, this feels too fucking great. I'm not ready."

Hassan felt hands grip his shoulders hard from behind and heard the voice again. "I said, that's enough!" And suddenly Hassan screamed as he felt a searing pain in his ass. Mark's huge rod pierced him savagely, deep into his gut, then pulled back and speared him again. His cock was like a jackhammer, drilling into the soldier's ass without mercy. The cop's body was pounding him, but his voice was still soft, steely, threatening.

"I said that's enough, Hassan. Don't make me hurt you buddy. You know I can like this...." And he lunged forward, smashing his cock deep inside the soldier's bruised gut, making him howl with pain. "Now, like my boy said shoot, Hassannow!"

One last time Hassan felt his ass impaled on the cop's shaft, his body bucked and he screamed as he exploded inside Jamie's ass. He felt Mark's cock blasting hot cum deep inside him and he was hit with the juice streaming upward from the shuddering Jamie.

Adam and Nate had witnessed this sudden, strange trial of strength between the soldier and the cop over the boy and, as they watched their ferocious triple orgasm, Adam and Nate let their own juices flow. But theirs was an expression of love. No anger, no rivalry just pure, joyful love.

Right around that time Steve and Lloyd were sliding into bed together. The drive home had been kind of awkward and they had kept the conversation light. They talked about Adam and Nate, about the other guys in the house and how great the twins had been, but steered clear of any mention of Hassan. However, as Steve now curled his arms round Lloyd in bed he knew he had to broach the subject. "You, er you OK with this thing about Hassan possibly living in the guest house, Lloyd."

“Sure. Think it’s a great idea if it works out.” He paused. “OK, you mean that thing with me jacking off upstairs looking at him and fantasizing. Buddy, you know how I am with gorgeous men, and you have to admit Hassan’s a knockout. But that’s all it is a fantasy I’d never actually do anything. Steve, I love you this is what I want the two of us, in bed like this. There’s nothing better well, maybe one thing. You inside me is better.”

Thought you’d never ask,” Steve grinned. “Come here, stud.” And harmony was restored....

Meanwhile, harmony had also been restored in Mark’s bedroom. A couple of group showers had not only cleaned their bodies, it had cleared their minds of the alcohol craziness that had gripped some of them, Hassan especially. “You sure you kids are OK?” Mark asked the boys. Jamie grinned and hugged him, and Nate said, “No worries there, sir. One of the best nights of my life. Only now I”

Mark laughed, “..... now you’re dying to go downstairs and sleep in Adam’s arms, then make love again before you have to say goodbye. But you know the goodbye will only be temporary. Your guy will be back soon and I assume you’ll be waiting for him.” There were long, farewell bear hugs and Adam and Nate finally went down to the basement for their last night together.

When Mark was alone with Hassan and Jamie he said, “OK, guys, time to hit the sack.” They fell into bed, Jamie between the two men in his own special heaven. Nothing more was said about Hassan’s loss of control and his brief challenge to Mark’s authority. Officially they put it down to too much alcohol, though Mark knew there was a little more to it than that.

At their first traumatic meeting all those years ago, in the heat of war, pain and torture, the two soldiers had, against all the odds, learned to love each other. And ever since then their relationship had been based on mutual admiration, respect and, of course, lust of one spectacular man for another. But Mark knew that the shreds of their initial rivalry still hung in wisps around them and could take shape at any time. Still, that’s what made it all so exciting.

In the days and weeks that followed, the house saw some major changes. Randy, as always the energetic leader, had pushed his team to finish the construction on the duplex in record time and when Mark surveyed the gleaming new ground-floor apartment he was to share with Jamie his eyes grew moist and he grasped Randy in a warm embrace. “Man, you are one hell of a great guy. I don’t know how to thank you. It’s spectacular a new home for Jamie and me.”

“Yeah, yeah,” said Randy with a hint of embarrassment. “Now why don’t you and your boy christen it in the time-honored way? And I’m not talking champagne here.” And so they did, on the floor, before their bed was even moved down from upstairs.

Pablo and Darius made a noisy five-act drama of moving into Mark and Jamie’s former apartment and Bob laughed, “Try to keep it neat for a few hours at least, guys. Your last place resembled the city dump.” Their last place was just fine for Nate, though. He was thrilled to have a room of his own at last, and began making plans in his head for Adam’s next visit.

And up on the crest of the Hollywood Hills, on Mulholland Drive, Hassan, not unexpectedly, jumped at the chance of renting the guest cottage on the grounds of Steve and Lloyd’s house. Lloyd had used all his architectural skills on a great remodeling job, and it was exactly what Hassan wanted. He didn’t socialize much, chose his friends carefully, and wanted a quiet hideaway. The fact that it had a spectacular view didn’t hurt.

“We intended to rent it furnished,” Steve said, “using Lloyd’s furniture that he put into storage when he moved in with me. The bed’s a California king,” he grinned.

“Perfect,” Hassan smiled. “I lived in barracks before, so I’d have had to buy furniture.”

“Sorry that I didn’t get round to the landscaping yet,” Lloyd said, “but I have some terrific ideas.”

“No sweat,” said Hassan. “It would make a great change for me to do some gardening. Maybe we could work on it together.” That last idea glided by without any further thought or comment but perhaps a little added reflection might have saved a lot of trouble.

“So how’s it going, Steve, this Hassan thing?” Bob asked a few weeks later. They had met for lunch in Beverly Hills, two business professionals, and Bob had detected a certain distracted look in Steve’s eyes. “Oh, great,” said Steve, refocusing. “Going great.”

“Except

Steve grinned. “Never could hide anything from you, could I, Bob? Oh, I dunno, I thought Lloyd’s obsession with Hassan would fade over time but I still catch him watching the guy as he walks back to his house after work. And he seems preoccupied a lot of the time even when we’re in bed especially when we’re in bed. Oh sure, when we fuck he looks at me but I have an odd feeling that he sees someone else. Things between us are different from the way they were before Hassan came.”

“And Hassan?”

“Oh there’s no problem there. He keeps himself to himself and we don’t see much of him at least I don’t.”

But the same couldn’t be said for Lloyd, and Steve was right to worry. In his mind’s eye Lloyd saw Hassan all the time, and he kept coming back to the visual fantasy he had jerked off to at Bob’s house as Hassan sat at dinner with the rest of the guys. And Steve was right; Lloyd did wait for Hassan to come home each day and watched as the tall, muscular Marine strode across the garden until he disappeared over the hill to his house. He drooled over the finely sculpted face and the olive-skinned muscles glinting in the last rays of the sun.

Sometimes, if Steve wasn’t home, Lloyd pulled out his cock and beat his meat as he gazed at Hassan, shooting his load just as the soldier disappeared from view. Well, he may have disappeared from view but not from Lloyd’s imagination. Far from diminishing, as Steve had hoped, Lloyd’s obsession grew and he was thrilled when one day Hassan came to tell him of a few glitches in the house that needed attention a dripping tap, a broken light switch, a door that stuck. “I’ll get right on it, man,” Lloyd had said and he meant it.

The next day while Hassan was at work Lloyd used his owner’s key to go into Hassan’s house. He stood inside and took a deep breath, inhaling the scent, the redolence, the very essence of the man. It took him no time to fix the problems, then he stood by the rumpled, unmade bed, and his fantasy of standing over Hassan came back to him. Only now he was actually there, and his cock stiffened as he stared down at the discarded clothes scattered everywhere.

Then his heart missed a beat. He saw the same gray undershorts he had visualized in his fantasy. They were there, on the bed, wrinkled, probably stained with the man’s juices. He picked them up, pressed them to his face and inhaled deeply the faint smell of the soldier’s cum and piss stains. He threw them back down on the bed and imagined Hassan wearing them, pulling out his cock and masturbating, splashing his cum onto the shorts.

Lloyd’s head was spinning and he had no choice. He too pulled out his cock and stroked it, just like in his fantasy picturing Hassan lying beneath him, waiting for Lloyd to blast his juice over him. So Lloyd did. He busted his load, throwing his head back and moaning, “Hassan!”

His heart was pounding as he came to his senses. He looked back down and saw not Hassan, but the rumpled sheets and the gray shorts, all smothered with his cum. Frantically he picked up the shorts and used them to wipe up the semen from the sheets. He stuffed the shorts in his pocket and quickly left, locking the door behind him.

As Lloyd had mentioned at the beginning, the landscaping round the cottage needed work and Lloyd had suggested to Hassan that they start work on it together right away. So it was that a week later they were both on their hands and knees, pulling up weeds and scrub and planting

new shrubs. They were both shirtless, sweating in the hot sun. Lloyd was in worn jeans and Hassan in an old torn pair of military fatigues that he kept for messy jobs like this.

At one point Hassan stood up and began tearing off the smaller branches of a tree they were going to uproot. Lloyd's sweat now was caused not so much by the sun as by the sight of the magnificent body, the muscles flexing and straining as he worked. Lloyd's heart was beating so hard he could hear it, and his cock pressed against his pants, straining for release. He looked up at Hassan and decided to go for broke.

He cleared his throat and, trying to control his voice, he said, "You know, Hassan, you are one of the most beautiful guys I've ever seen. I gotta confess that every time I see you hell, even think about you my cock gets hard and well I fantasize about you fucking me."

Hassan looked down at him and smiled. "See this, Lloyd?" nodding down to the obvious huge bulge in his pants. "You have pretty much the same effect on me. Shit, you're a hot-looking stud yourself and, ever since I first saw you all those weeks ago, I've wondered what it would be like to fuck that ass of yours. Of course, I smother the thought 'cause I see how you and Steve are and I'd never do anything to interfere with that. It's a rule of mine never mess with other guys' relationships. I've been burned like that before."

"Oh, that's not a problem with us," Lloyd laughed, lying instinctively. "We pretty much have an open relationship. Hell, Steve has been fucked by his own brother Randy, and Randy has let Steve fuck his boy Pablo. No, there's no problem there, man no problem at all."

Hassan gazed down at the architect whose flawless physique was streaked with earth and sweat. He hesitated, mulling over Lloyd's words, then decided to accept them at face value. "Well in that case...." he grinned. "You should have told me earlier." He kicked off his boots, dropped his pants and his huge cock sprang to attention. Lloyd gasped as he looked up at the naked Marine and frantically yanked off his boots and jeans. He lay back naked on the bare earth, stroking his cock as he gazed up at the muscle-god towering over him.

Hassan fell to his knees, pulled up Lloyd's legs and, with the frenzy of raw lust, pushed his rod into Lloyd's hungry ass, deeper and deeper until it sank into the depth of his gut. Lloyd almost passed out, but he took a gulp of air and steadied himself by gazing into Hassan's slanted dark eyes. He was hypnotized. "Oh, man, you're inside my ass. It feels incredible, man. Yeah, come on, stud, fuck my ass..... it's all yours, soldier. Fuck me"

Hassan smiled down at him and Lloyd heard his lilting accented voice. "Now, Lloyd, you will know how it feels when Hassan takes possession of a man's ass. No man ever forgets that."

The fuck was classic Hassan, a slow, gentle massaging of the membrane, followed by a brutal pounding taking the man to the brink, then lapsing back into tender love-making. Lloyd was flying, spiraling into a world he had imagined so many times, but whose reality was far more intoxicating than any fantasy he could conjure.

Hassan was a master fuck, a beautiful, stunning muscle-god who was inside him, hammering him, making love to him. Lloyd looked up at the gorgeous face, sweat streaming down over the dark brow, high cheek bones and square jaw, down the neck and dripping onto the solid mounds of his sculpted chest. Lloyd felt like he was hallucinating. It wasn't real couldn't be and yet there he was, impaled on the soldier's huge rod, the gleaming muscles flexing as he pistoned into his ass.

They spectacular fuck went on and on for Lloyd there was no time or space. But they could not hold back their climax forever. Finally, again, Hassan's voice "Now you will feel my juice deep in your body, Lloyd, and you will show me how much you desire me. Let me see, Lloyd now!" Lloyd felt the huge cock shudder in his ass and blast semen deep inside him. "I love you, Hassan," he screamed as he saw his own cum spurt in a high curve, then splash down over the heaving body of the glorious man who had possessed him at last.

When their heartbeats slowed Lloyd said urgently, "Don't pull out, man. I want to feel your cock inside me. Hassan smiled, fell forward and together they rolled over in the dirt, coming to rest folded together, joined by Hassan's cock that still pulsed inside Lloyd's ravaged ass.

Steve had just got home and was wondering where Lloyd was. He knew he wasn't working today, but maybe he had gone out. He pulled open a drawer of Lloyd's desk to see if his car keys were there. They were but so was something else. Steve frowned and pulled out a pair of crumpled gray shorts. They were not Lloyd's he knew that, so He raised them to his nose and"whew!" they reeked of cum. But more than that, they smelled of Hassan they were Hassan's!"

It was like a blow to the gut. Steve reeled as he imagined all the scenarios that could have led to this. Enough was enough. Now he knew where Lloyd was and he stumbled out of the house, across the garden to the lip of the hill. He looked down and stood rooted to the spot. Way below, by the cottage, Lloyd and Hassan were lying naked in the dirt. Hassan's arms were wrapped round Lloyd and "Jesus!" his cock was still in his ass.

Steve had not been seen and he stumbled away, round the house to the garage. He yanked open his car door, fell in and drove blindly away. As he sped along Mulholland, swerving round the curves of the winding hilltop road, he struggled to get control of his reeling thoughts. "Come on, man," he said out loud to himself, "get a grip. You're a therapist, for god's sake. 'Physician heal thyself'." That phrase made him smile grimly and brought him back to earth.

Suddenly he knew there was only one place he could go. His relationship with Lloyd was in ruins and he needed family. He needed Bob's calm wisdom and the strength of his own brother Randy. He suddenly had an image of Bob's smiling, sympathetic face, felt his comforting arm round his shoulder.

And Randy well, he wasn't so sure about that. Randy, his over-protective older brother, fiercely loyal, but quick to anger terrible in his anger. His reaction would be Oh what the hell, never mind. Steve was hurting, confused, and he needed them both no matter what happened next.

#

Chapter 132 Randy Makes War And Love

"Steve! What's the matter? God, you look like you've just seen a train wreck."

"Yeah a train wreck good one, Bob. That's a good one."

The twins had shown Steve upstairs to Bob's office and then discretely left them together. Bob could see that Steve was distraught, on the verge of panic. "Now sit down," he said calmly, "take a deep breath and tell me what's happened."

Just then the door burst open and Randy came in, straight from work in his usual muddy cargo pants and sweaty, oil-streaked tank top. "The twins told me you were here, Steve. Hell, you look like shit, man what the fuck happened to you?"

Steve looked from one to the other, his eyes brimming with tears. "Looks like that's it for me and Lloyd, guys it's over, finito."

Bob smiled sympathetically. "Come on, Steve, you're emotional right now. That can't be....."

"..... can't be true? Oh no? You should have seen what I just saw." He gulped, took a deep breath. "I just left Lloyd lying naked in the dirt in Hassan's arms."

Randy sprang from his chair and paced the room, clenching his fists. "Hassan! That son-of-a-bitch. I knew it didn't I warn you both? That fucking prick has always been trouble every time he's come here. You wait 'til I"

"Randy! Sit down! Now let's all cool it and hear Steve's story." Bob was the only man who could speak to Randy like that, and even though Randy glared at him it had the desired effect.

Steve took another deep breath. "I guess it's been coming on ever since Lloyd saw Hassan again. You guys know how he jerked off watching Hassan from upstairs, and he knew we knew. But I was OK with that provided that's all it was and I assumed his obsession would eventually go away. But it got worse. Almost every day he'd watch Hassan when he walked down to his house after work, and I know he jerked off sometimes. But I guess I was

in some kind of denial until today. I happened to find in Lloyd's desk drawer an old pair of gray undershorts, reeking of cum. I knew they were Hassan's."

He faltered, his voice cracked and tears started to flow. "Shit, they must have been having sex all along. I went to confront them but I didn't get further than the edge of the slope, and I saw them....." He faltered again and Bob put his arm round him. "They were lying naked in the dirt Lloyd was in Hassan's arms. They had obviously been fucking hell, the man's dick was still in Lloyd's ass! I..... I guess I panicked I mean, I just came here and....."

His tear-stained face looked pitifully from Bob to Randy. "Guys, I loved Lloyd thought we were in it for the long haul but now I guess Hassan has" He broke down completely and slumped against Bob, who glanced helplessly up at Randy. He was shocked to see the look on Randy's face a frightening mix of pity and thunderous rage. Bob had to defuse his anger, had to occupy him with something practical to do.

"Randy would you go down to the twins and ask them to bring some brandy plenty of it?"

Without a word Randy spun round and left the room. Bob held Steve at arm's length and said, "Now listen, buddy, a lot of what you've said is guesswork. You're projecting. I mean, the fact that Lloyd had Hassan's shorts doesn't mean they've been having sex all along. That's a bit of a leap, you gotta admit."

Steve smiled at him through his tears, ran his sleeve over his eyes and calmed down. Bob continued to reason with him, trying to be as matter-of-fact as he could, and it wasn't long before there was a tap at the door and the twins came in with two trays. There was a full bottle of brandy and glasses, and a substantial snack smoked salmon, toast, chicken salad. Like discrete hotel waiters they put the trays on a small table, poured two glasses of brandy and stood waiting for Bob's orders.

"Kids, that's great," he said quietly. "You're the best. I think that's all we need now. But come back in half an hour, if you can." The twins smiled and left the room.

And so for the next half-hour Bob tried to talk Steve down to a more coherent frame of mind. He didn't make light of what had happened he knew how devastating the discovery was for Steve but he tried to pare the situation down to the actual facts and to dismiss the fear and paranoid speculation from Steve's mind. And it was working. Steve had become calm and even managed to smile.

"Shit, man, you should be the therapist, not me. You're real good at this. I said to myself driving over here, 'Physician, heal thyself', but you saw how well that worked out." He took another gulp of brandy and became rational. "OK, obviously the first thing I have to do is talk to Lloyd find out the truth and see where we go from there. Maybe something can be salvaged."

Bob grinned. "Sounds to me like the physician's back and starting to heal himself."

There was another tap at the door and Kevin came in. "You said to come back, sir. Anything else you need?"

"I don't think so, thanks, Kevin. We're doing fine." Kevin turned and was just going through the door when Bob said, "Oh, by the way, Kevin, what's Randy doing all this time?"

Kevin turned and blinked. "Oh, I thought you knew, sir. After he came down and asked for the brandy he went out. Left the house in quite a hurry, sir, well over half an hour ago."

Steve looked at Bob and the truth hit like a hammer blow. "Jesus! Oh my god. I gotta get over there."

In fact, just as Steve was calming down with the help of Bob and brandy, Randy's mood had been careening in the other direction swelling with rage. As he drove his truck recklessly up to Mulholland he couldn't rid his mind of the misery on his brother's face, his abject despair. Randy had spent most of his life protecting his younger brothers it was second nature to him providing for them, healing their wounds, defending them mostly with his fists. It was an instinct bred in the bone, an instinct that now blinded him to all else.

His brother had been hurt, wounded, and not by just anyone by Hassan the man he had always viewed with suspicion, with his macho attitude, stunning physique and exotic good looks that had seduced those closest to Randy Pablo, Bob and now Lloyd. The truth was that Randy felt threatened by him. Deep down he knew that Hassan was an equal, which is why he had fought with him so often and thrashed him brutally. It was a continuing trial of strength between the two men. And now the son-of-a-bitch had injured Steve his brother!

All those emotions came to a head now as his truck screeched to a halt at Steve's house. He vaulted over the gate and strode down the drive, round the house and along the path to the guest house. Just as Steve had done, he stood at the top of the slope and looked down. In his fury his mind was playing tricks. It was like a double exposure in a movie two naked figures lying entwined in the dirt, overlaid onto a close-up of his brother's tear-stained face the one a result of the other.

But then adrenaline took over and his mind cleared. His anger became cold as steel, focusing on one single goal revenge! Like an enraged bull he charged down the slope. The sleeping figures were suddenly jarred awake by hands grabbing an arm of each man, yanking them both to their feet. Dazed, still half asleep, Hassan felt the back of a fist smash against the side of his face, making him spin round and crash to the ground. Lloyd saw this in a split-second blur before another fist sent him sprawling.

Randy looked wildly around and saw lengths of rope that the men had been using to bale the brush they had cleared. He worked with the speed of experience and a steely determination, and when the stunned men struggled back to consciousness they dimly became aware that their wrists were bound. Hassan was sitting with his back against a tree, his wrists roped behind it. Lloyd was lying on his back, his hands tied behind him, and as his vision cleared he saw a hazy image of a dark, demon face blazing down at him.

“Mother-fuckers!” the voice bellowed. “You mother-fucking bastards. You selfish sons-of-bitches. You’ve hurt my brother insulted him betrayed him. Any asshole who injures my brother injures me and when you injure me you pay.” As he paced manically back and forth and hurled obscenities at them, Hassan recovered his wits enough to painfully slide his back up against the tree until he was standing, his wrists still tied behind it. Lloyd was lying at his feet, looking up with terror in his eyes.

Randy’s face was now inches from Hassan’s, his hand round his throat. “You fucking prick,” he snarled, “I should have finished you off when I had the chance. You’ve always brought a shit load of trouble to me and my guys, and now you’ve hurt my brother.” He stood back, pulled off his tank top and slid his belt from his pants. “Well now you have to answer to me, shithead. And it won’t be pretty.”

He raised his arm and slashed the belt across Hassan’s chest, then again, and again, making the naked soldier scream in pain and pull frantically at his wrists, flexing his massive chest to absorb the blows. Randy paused, his chest heaving. “Yeah, look at the big stud Marine now..... fucks every man he wants the big muscle-god. Not so hot now, are you, soldier? buck naked, roped to the tree, that beautiful body getting thrashed.”

Hassan snarled back, “You’ve finally lost your mind, man. I always thought you were unhinged and now I know you’re plum crazy. Go on, asshole. What, you gonna kill me? Go for it, man do your worst.”

His defiant words served only to stoke Randy’s fury and he lashed the bound soldier mercilessly, his body writhing in a futile effort to avoid the belt, his muscles flexing hard as they became striped with angry red welts. But even in his blinding rage Randy knew that he could not break this man, and he slowly became aware of screams from below. “Stop, man, please. Stop whipping him Randy, it’s not his fault. It was all me. He’s not to blame I am.”

Lloyd’s frantic words finally penetrated and Randy stopped and glared down at the terrified face at his feet. “Oh don’t worry, asshole, you’re next.” His voice became quieter, almost plaintive, as he said, “He loved you, man. My brother loved you he wanted to spend his life with you.” His voice was rising again to a crescendo. “And what did you fucking do? You betrayed him. You gave your sorry ass to this mother-fucker. Big mistake, Lloyd. When you got tired of Steve you should have turned to his brother instead. He’d have fucked your ass good just like he’s gonna do now!”

Randy ripped open his pants and yanked out his cock. He dropped to his knees and Lloyd pulled frantically at his wrists, tied behind his back. "No! No, Randy please. Not that please, man, I can't take it."

"Shut the fuck up," Randy growled, pushed his legs up high and in one savage move rammed his huge cock deep inside Lloyd's ass. "Aaagh!" Lloyd's scream echoed round the hills as he felt his ass impaled on Randy's iron-hard shaft. He inhaled desperately as he felt the cock pull back, then spear his ass again. He knew Randy's brutal fucks were legendary and he howled piteously, "No, man, please not my ass, man."

"You should have thought of that when you let this prick fuck you, Lloyd. Now this is what you call a real fuck." And so Lloyd endured the agonizing assault as Randy jackhammered his ass. "Insult my brother?" Randy growled. "You're not worthy to lick the man's boots, you shithead. So, you wanted the soldier's dick in your ass well you got mine now, and I'm gonna cure you, you sick fuck. I'm gonna rip your ass open so wide you'll never want a dick in it again."

Lloyd spun into a vortex of pain. All he could feel was the blistering pain spearing his ass, all he could see was the blazing eyes of the wild, dark gypsy torturing him. Helplessly Hassan gazed down at the agonizing scene and tried to end it by reaching his foot forward and kicking against Randy's bucking body. But Randy felt nothing except the gratification of revenge against the man who had betrayed his brother.

In a delirium of pain Lloyd was sobbing, "Please, no more, sir. My ass I can't take please, sir, I beg you"

"Oh you can make it stop, Lloyd. You know what you have to do. Shit I can make every man do it even a prick like you. So come on, asshole. Do it and I'll let you go."

"Thank you, sir. Thank you here it comes, sir." And as he felt the cock plunge deep into his gut Lloyd shuddered, screamed and his cock exploded in a river of cum that splashed all over his own body and mingled with the sweat and tears streaming down his face. He screamed again as he felt the huge rod yanked out of him. In an instant Randy was towering over him in triumph pointing his cock at his face.

"Next time you want a man, Lloyd, remember this. Open your mouth, asshole" In a stupor Lloyd looked up and was blinded by the force of the semen pouring from Randy's cock over his face and into his mouth. He gulped it down frantically, choking, until the onslaught finally stopped. But only briefly. The gushing semen was replaced by the bitter taste of Randy's piss as he put the finishing touches to his shattering revenge.

Lloyd was on the verge of unconsciousness as he felt hands grip his shoulder and drag him over the ground until his head fell back onto Hassan's feet. Randy stood back and admired his stunning achievement. Hassan was sagging against his restraints, his magnificent naked body

striped with the welts of the lash. At his feet, lying naked on his back, was the handsome architect, his jerking body gleaming with sweat, piss and semen.

“That’s it guys,” Randy said in jubilation. “Now you know what happens to assholes who mess with me or my family. So long, suckers.” He spun on his heel and had only gone a few yards when he found himself face to face with Steve. Still in the flush of triumph he took his brother in his arms and said, “See, buddy. Your big brother always takes care of you. Take it from me, these assholes will never hurt you again.” He laughed grimly. “Shit, they’re in no shape even to walk.”

There was a heavy silence as Steve looked over Randy’s shoulder and gazed stupefied at the two naked men one bound to the tree, his chest ravaged by angry red stripes, and the other, Steve’s lover, lying bound and quivering in pools of cum and piss at Hassan’s feet. Suddenly Steve came alive and shoved Randy away from him.

“What the fuck have you done, man? Have you completely lost your mind? You could have killed them. Revenge! is that what you call this? You’re not a man you’re a fucking animal you’re not fit to call yourself my brother. Get this straight, asshole. I can solve my own problems without any help from my big, fucking asshole brother. So get the hell away from me, man. Get out of my life, and don’t come back. From now on you’re no brother of mine!”

Steve ran to the groaning men and dropped to his knees beside Lloyd. Randy was left standing alone, in total shock, his mind reeling. After his moment of triumph his world was suddenly shattered. He had done this for Steve, for his younger brother. Protecting his brothers was what he always did, wasn’t it? He was the man, and they always looked up to him with gratitude and pride. But thisthis was

What the hell was happening? Disoriented, he turned and stumbled away as the words still pounded in his head ‘From now on you’re no brother of mine!’ His world was collapsing he was drowning he needed to find safety a rock to hold onto

Bob was pacing nervously in his bedroom while the twins watched, ready to jump in and help. He had decided to stay by the phone and wait ‘til he heard from Steve or Lloyd. Then he would know what to do. But as time dragged on he became increasingly concerned and was on the point of calling Steve when he heard the squeal of brakes and recognized the sound of Randy’s truck. He turned to the twins.

“Guys, go downstairs, find Pablo and stay in the kitchen. Don’t do anything yet and don’t any of you interrupt us, no matter what.”

Frightened, the twins hurried downstairs and their fear was not lessened as Randy rushed past them like a wild man. Bob’s heart was pounding as the door burst open and Randy stood

there, shirtless, his chest heaving, eyes burning. Bob knew beyond doubt what would happen next. It had happened so often in the past.

Randy rushed forward, gazed wildly into Bob's eyes grabbed his T-shirt and with one violent move ripped it from his body. He pushed Bob onto the bed on his back, yanked off his jeans and stared down at him, breathing deeply, as the sight of his beautiful, naked lover renewed his strength. Then, with the howl of a wounded animal he fell forward, yanked open his pants, pushed Bob's legs up and plunged his cock into his ass, so hard that Bob gasped with pain.

Their eyes met and lingered in that mystical communication that they alone shared. They both knew what was coming it had to. Bob said softly, "Fuck me, man. Fuck me hard." Randy's eyes brimmed with tears as he began to pound the ass that he worshipped. He felt Bob pressing down on his cock, inviting him to take out all his aggression on his ass.

Instantly they entered their own secret world, a world where they felt safe, immune to the conflicts raging outside. Randy rose and fell over Bob, his cock a piston, impaling his lover in an exquisite mix of pain and euphoria. Their union was at once ferociously physical and sublimely spiritual, a sexual act that surpassed transitory lust a reaffirmation of the eternal passion they shared.

And, if not exactly eternal, the savage fuck lasted a long, long time until finally Randy leaned forward, gripped Bob's wrists and pressed them to the bed. Their faces close, he gazed at his lover with pleading eyes. "Cum for me, man. Cum because you love me cum because you'll never leave me, and you'll always forgive me. Show me, man ... help me ... aaah!!"

He felt his own juice flowing into the warm depths of his lover's ass as he saw Bob's cock shudder and spurt ribbons of cum up so hard that they slammed against Randy's chest and up to his face. Their orgasms seemed endless and the release of Randy's tortured emotions was spectacular. With his cock still in Bob's ass he straightened up and ran his hands all over the cum on his own chest. He smothered it over his face, sucking it into his mouth, glorying in the soft, warm feel and taste of his lover's semen, like a balm to heal all his wounds.

"Oh, man," he exulted. "That is so fucking beautiful. Thank you, man. Thank you for loving me for not leaving me. I couldn't live without you, man."

He fell forward and his arms folded round Bob in a resolute grip a drowning man who had found his rock. He was safe.

It was some time before they pulled apart and showered together. Bob pulled on shorts and a T-shirt and phoned down to the twins. "Hey, guys, could you bring up some drinks and maybe something to nosh on. Ask Pablo to come and bring five glasses."

"It's all set to go, sir," said Kyle's voice. They had been waiting for their master's call, anticipating his needs.

Pablo appeared and held the door open for the twins, carrying trays groaning under the weight of drinks and a ton of food, much more of a meal than just 'something to nosh on'. Bob and Pablo helped them set it all on a table as Randy stood gazing at them. He walked over to them and wrapped them all in his brawny arms, his eyes moist with tears. *This was family* Bob, Pablo and the two boys, whose love and loyalty were unquestioned no matter what crazy stuff Randy blundered into.

"God, I love you guys," he said. Then, as he pulled away, "and you know what? I'm starving!"

Bob insisted that the boys join them at the table and the twins' shyness soon disappeared as they realized that the privilege of sharing intimate moments with Randy, Bob and Pablo was taken as a matter of course they were family. They listened with rapt attention to the conversation light banter at first as they let the last of the storm clouds drift away.

But the main topic still hovered over them and had to be broached. After the reaffirmation of his sexual prowess, thanks to Bob, Randy's confidence, his bravado, were returning, and he launched into the stark details of what had happened with Lloyd and Hassan, ending with Steve's final words, 'From now on you're no brother of mine'. At the end of his account Randy paused uncertainly and asked, "So what the fuck happens now?"

Bob smiled. "As you have done so often in the past, Randy, you start to rebuild bridges. God knows you've burned enough of them. Hell, you're in the construction business, maybe you should specialize in bridge building. You've already demonstrated your demolition skills."

"Asshole," Randy grinned, then sighed. "Easy for you to say, man, but the question is, where the fuck do I start? If I show up, Hassan and Lloyd will pull up the drawbridge, and Steve has made it clear he never wants to see me again. No, it's hopeless, man."

The silent impasse that followed was broken by the phone ringing. Bob picked up and said gently, "How are you?" He listened intently for a minute, then gestured to the others and silently put the phone on speaker. They gathered round Steve's voice.

"So I had a long talk with Lloyd and the whole thing came out. Actually it was more like a confession. Lloyd acknowledged that his obsession with Hassan had totally consumed him. He secretly jerked off watching Hassan most days. And Bob, you were right about the shorts. Turns out that Lloyd saw them when he went to fix a few things in the guesthouse while Hassan was away. He jerked off into them, then took them away. Hassan knew nothing about it."

There was silence as they heard Steve breathe deeply. "But there's worse. When Lloyd and Hassan were working in the garden Lloyd made his move. Apparently Hassan rebuffed him saying he respected our relationship too much, but Lloyd convinced him that we had an open

relationship, as Randy had fucked me and let me fuck Pablo. (He didn't mention that all that was before we became a couple.) Anyway, Hassan believed him when Lloyd said that a one-time fuck was OK. You know the rest."

Bob looked hard at Randy. "So, Steve, what you're saying is that Hassan is really blameless in all this and that Lloyd well, he lied to get what he wanted."

"That's about the size of it, though I hate to say it. You know I told you that Hassan had kept to himself ever since he moved in. He's a fairly solitary guy and I really think that everything that's happened to him with you guys well, none of it was really his fault at least he had no malicious intentions. The guy's just had a bad rap. Anyway, Lloyd's moved out and gone to a hotel for the time being until I can get my mind round what he did and see if there's a future for us. I just called to fill you in. Thanks for being there, man. You're the best."

After Steve hung up there was a heavy silence in the room. Randy's eyes were downcast but he was aware of Bob's eyes boring into him. "OK, asshole," Randy said defensively. "So I fucked up big-time. I guess I let my anger and my dislike of Hassan blind me."

"It's not dislike, Randy. You're wary of him because he's so fucking gorgeous, so macho and self-assured, that he represents a threat to your dominance. I think you know how irrational that is, but that's just how you are." Bob saw Randy flinch and softened his tone. "Buddy, in spite of your anger and recklessness I know you are always a fair-minded guy. You reward the good and punish the truly bad. That's the reason we men and all the boys look up to you and respect you as leader. And I believe that deep-down you respect Hassan too."

"OK, man, since you know so damn much, what am I supposed to do now?"

Bob was saved from answering as the phone rang again. "Yeah, Steve?" Bob again switched to speaker phone. "Sorry to bother you again, Bob, but I just thought you should know that Hassan's moving out. I tried reasoning with him but he blames himself for Lloyd and me breaking up. He said he's simply bad news and that everywhere he goes trouble follows him.

"And don't worry, you won't be seeing him in your house again as he feels he's already caused way too much trouble for you guys. You know, in spite of everything I think he really respects Randy, but he understands why Randy would hate him god knows Randy made that brutally clear. Anyway, Hassan's packing up his gear right now and he'll be moving on. Listen, I need to get out of the house and clear my head so I'm going to the gym for a couple of hours. I guess when I get home Hassan will be gone."

"The hell he will!" Randy growled. "He's not going anywhere." His expression had darkened as he listened to Steve and now he grabbed a T-shirt and pulled it on. Bob hung up the phone and grabbed Randy's arm as he turned to the door. "Randy, be careful that anger of yours."

"I'm not angry this time, buddy. Just determined."

Bob sighed. "At the risk of sounding corny, buddy, the only thing I can do is repeat that tired old phrase, 'Make love, not war.' Do it for me buddy because I love you."

Randy gazed deep into Bob's eyes, then turned and left the room. Seconds later they heard his truck roar away. Bob turned to Pablo and the astonished twins and smiled. "Guys, I have a feeling everything's gonna turn out OK."

For the second time that day Randy pulled up in front of Steve's house and leapt over the gate. He had a determined set to his jaw as he strode down the driveway, noticing that the garage was empty so Steve must still be out at the gym. Good at least he wouldn't have to confront his brother right now one at a time. He went round the house, past the pool and over the slope down to the guesthouse.

There was a bulging military kit bag propped outside the open door. Randy walked right in and saw Hassan, his back to him, stuffing clothes into another bag. He was so intent on his task that he didn't hear Randy come in, but he did hear the demanding voice "Where the fuck do you think you're going?"

Hassan whirled round and faced the glowering figure looming in the doorway. He sighed with weary resignation and said simply, "Away."

"Like hell you are. You're not going anywhere, man."

Hassan managed a half-smile. "Oh no? That's a switch. What you gonna do, beat me into staying? Isn't that what you always do, Randy, use your fists to get what you want?"

"Oh, man," Randy said, running his hand through his tousled hair in frustration. "I didn't come here to beat you up. Yeah, makes a change, I know, but this time I came to talk."

There was an uneasy silence as they stared at each other. Then Hassan said, "You want a beer, Randy?" Taken aback Randy stammered, "Er, sure yeah, sure."

A few minutes later they were sitting facing each other on the small porch, nursing beers. Randy cleared his throat. "Listen, man, the reason I came is shit, it's never easy for me to...."

"So don't try, Randy," Hassan smiled. "You don't have to. I know Steve called Bob and explained everything Lloyd's confession and all. But you know, all this is not really about Lloyd. The problem is mine." He paused, frowning. "Look, I've never confided this to anyone else, but I'd like to explain myself to you, if you'll hear me out."

“Sure,” Randy said, and he listened intently to the soft, accented tones of Hassan’s lilting voice.

“You know, the reason this house was so perfect for me that it was a hideaway where I could be alone, away from everyone.” He searched for the words and decided to open up to Randy.

“You see, I know I am a beautiful man, Randy, and it has been a curse for as long as I can remember. Every time I look in the mirror I hate what I see. Beauty can be a cruel companion. In the Marines I try to make friends but my fellow soldiers always keep me at arm’s length They regard me as an exotic different somehow not one of them. Over the years many people have desired me and every time that has led me into trouble. Those who lust for me pursue me those who envy me shun me those who feel threatened by me are hostile.”

“And which category do you put me in?”

“The third,” Hassan said with a smile. “You do not lust for me, Randy you certainly do not envy me but I think that you feel threatened by me, and that is why you are so hostile. And I understand why you have punished me for all of my attachments to your men. Wartime has its own rules, and it was my military duty to interrogate Mark, but years later you thrashed me for doing so. Pablo lusted for me and persuaded me to show him the life of a Marine. God knows I never meant to hurt him, but I did, and again you tortured me. And then came Lloyd’s obsession with me and today I paid the price also at your hands.” He saw Randy flinch.

“You know, Randy, when Mark first introduced me to your group of men I thought I had at last found a place where I could be safe, where my beauty was not exceptional. I found what I thought was a band of brothers, men who were all stunningly beautiful, at least as beautiful as I, and who might accept me as one of them. But that was not to be. Their leader felt threatened by me and, despite several attempts, could never overcome his deep-seated sense of rivalry.

“Through all of this, Randy, you were the only one who was impervious to my looks, the only man who was never seduced by me. You remember at the hotel in San Diego where you let me make love to Bob? I loved that, and I thank you for it he is a special man. But I never really made love to you, Randy. I longed to but did not dare to, because you would not have made love you would have fucked me savagely in the way you savaged Lloyd today. You are the leader, Randy, and you will never really accept me. That’s why I won’t come to your house again. And that’s why I have to leave here.”

Hassan had finished and took a long draught of beer. There was a long silence. Then Randy smiled. “You say you never seduced me, man, but you’re doing a helluva job of it right now.”

“But I’m not *trying* to Randy. Believe me, whatever you are feeling is not my doing.”

Randy smiled. “I know that, man. The same as I know you never seduced Pablo. I was just madder than hell that for a short while Pablo chose you over me. But you got one thing wrong

just now that stuff about me not lusting for you. I've always considered you a spectacular man and" he smiled "..... as we seem to be putting our cards on the table, I can tell you this now every time you came into a room my dick got hardas it is right now. I always fought against it until now."

Hassan's breathing became heavy. He was wearing only an old pair of fatigue pants, shirtless, barefoot, and he looked more stunning than ever as the setting sun slanted across his darkly exotic face and his perfect chest, still bearing the stripes of the lash. There was an electricity in the air, sparking between the two men so intensely it almost crackled. Randy said quietly, "There's an old phrase in this country, Hassan 'Make love not war.'"

Hassan smiled. "Sounds like something Bob would say."

Randy laughed. "He did, actually, just before I left to come here. You see Bob understands. He understands everything, especially men and especially me. He knew this would happen or hoped it would. Yeah, yeah, I know you've heard stuff like that before shit, you heard it today from Lloyd. But this time it's the truth. I know Bob would want this, Hassan. That is if you do."

They stood up wordlessly and walked into the house. Standing by the bed they stripped naked, gazed at each other, then came together their lips first, touching uncertainly, tentative at first but then building to a passionate, grinding kiss. They folded their arms round each other and Randy pulled his head back. "Oh, man, it may be a curse to you but you are so fucking beautiful. Man, I want to make love to you."

They fell onto the bed and rolled over and over, two beautiful, muscular males glorying in the hard-body feel of raw masculinity, the scent, the taste of each other, and mostly the look of deep communion in the eyes. It's what should have happened the day they met. They were equals in beauty, strength and dominance, but that equality had flared up as rivalry instead of passion. Until now.

They came to rest with Randy lying on top of Hassan. Hassan gazed up at the dark gypsy face, the chiseled features, stubbled jaw, wild black hair and the eyes, the pale blue eyes, soft now, all savagery gone. "Please, Randy," Hassan breathed. "Make love to me fuck me please."

Randy pushed Hassan's legs up, eased forward and gently slid his cock into the waiting ass. Their eyes opened wide as they felt the exquisite sensation of their bodies joining together. Slowly at first, Randy massaged the warm membrane in the ass, then swelled gently into a steady rhythm, his body rising and falling over the spectacular body beneath him.

"Aaah," Hassan breathed. "You are a great fuck Randy your cock feels awesome inside me. Oh man, I'd suffer endless beatings from you if they all ended like this."

“No more beatings, Hassan. You’re the man. Here, show me.” Randy pulled out, rolled over and pulled Hassan on top of him. Hassan smiled down at him, pushed his cock between the mounds of his ass and drove it inside. “Aaaah!” Randy’s head flew back his body arched as he pushed his ass down on the soldier’s long, hard tool. He went wild. “Yeah, fuck me, man. Fuck my ass, soldier. Oh god, that’s incredible. You are one sensational son-of-a-bitch stud, man. Fuck me!”

It went on and on two spectacularly matched muscle-gods who had fought and tortured each other coming together at last in a wild, passionate display of love, lust and admiration. They were howling, laughing, pouring with sweat as their magnificent bodies ground together, fucking, getting fucked, each in turn. But the climax had to come. Randy was on top when he said. This is it, Hassan, I can’t take any more you’re driving me wild I can’t hold backAaaagh!” His body shook as his cock exploded in Hassan’s ass and Hassan shot a tower of juice high in the air.

They were still cumming as Hassan threw Randy off, rolled onto him and pushed his streaming cock into Randy’s ass. Again Hassan screamed as his second orgasm erupted deep inside Randy and he watched Randy freeze, hold his breath, then howl as he blasted another load of semen all over his heaving body. They fell on each other, rolling over and over, their bodies slick with sweat and semen, until they were once more gazing into each other’s eyes.

Randy smiled. “Asshole, you’re not going anywhere. You’re gonna stay put in this hideaway house that’s so perfect for you in the solitude you crave. And when you want it, I will visit, Bob will visit, and sometimes we’ll both visit. I know Mark will come to you often because you’re in love with each other, but maybe you can make some time for us too. And another thing. Our house will be open to you at all times a place where you and your exotic beauty can be safe in the rare company of a tribe of other beautiful men. You got all that?”

“Absolutely,” Hassan grinned. “Besides, would you ever take no for an answer?”

“Hell, no!”

Bob looked up expectantly when Randy got home and walked into their bedroom. “Bob,” he said uncertainly, “I got something to tell you, and I hope you don’t get mad. I, er I just made spectacular love to Hassan.”

Bob threw his head back and laughed. “Well thank god for that. It’s what you should have done when you first met the guy. Would have saved a whole mess of trouble.”

“Yeah, well, at least it proves I’m still the best construction worker in town, ‘cause that bridge has just been rebuilt stronger than ever.”

“One up, two to go. Now, what about Steve and Lloyd?”

“I’m working on it, man. Won’t be easy, but I’ve got a few ideas already.”

“I bet you have. In the meantime, got any juice left for me?”

Randy grinned. “Always, man, you know that,” and he slid into bed with his lover.

#

Chapter 133 – Pablo’s Solution – and Reward

Randy’s ideas were one thing, but putting them into practice was something else entirely. “Trouble is,” he said to Bob, “how the hell do I get Steve to even listen to me? He’s madder than hell at what I did to Lloyd, ploughing his ass the way I did. Steve’s always mister squeaky clean, never puts a foot wrong

“.....and you’re like the proverbial bull in a china shop, crashing around, busting up everything in sight and this time it was Lloyd’s ass.”

“Yeah OK, OK, lay off me, man. You’re the only guy gets away with saying stuff like that to me, you know that? Anyone else I’d

“....beat him to a pulp or fuck his ass or both.”

Randy glared at him then they both broke into uncontrollable laughter. Randy took his lover into his arms and the subject was dropped. They had better things to do.

Pablo didn’t like Beverly Hills. He felt like a grubby little fish in a big, shimmering pond. But here he was, pulling his old truck up to a parking place (illegal as it turned out according to the ticket he later found on his windshield.) He had cleaned himself up (with some effort) and was wearing a neat Polo shirt, new jeans and smart loafers. Pablo in loafers! “Now that’s something you don’t see every day of the week,” his lover Darius had teased.

Pablo didn’t like what he was about to do but he steeled himself and crossed the street. He had to do it for his dad. Right from the start Pablo had been aware of everything that had happened partly from Steve’s phone calls to Bob, partly from Darius’s megaphone mouth.

Anything confidential in that house stayed secret for about five minutes, until Darius latched onto it.

Randy was in trouble and finding it tough to put things right. His impulse to protect his brother had started it all and, like a chip off the old block, Pablo's instinct was to protect his dad. He may be Randy's son only by adoption, but it was as if the same blood flowed in their veins. So he took a deep breath, went through the revolving door of the gleaming office building and up in the elevator.

He squared his shoulders and walked boldly into the suite. "I have an appointment," he said to the receptionist. She examined her computer screen and said, "That's right Peter, you said a new patient."

"Yeah. How much does it cost to see the doctor? Hundred bucks do it?" And he slapped down five 20-dollar bills.

Taken aback the receptionist said, "Well, it's usually on a sliding scale and anyway you have to fill out a new-patient form." A buzzer sounded. "Still, as it happens the doctor is free right now so you can take care of the form afterwards. You can go right in."

Pablo went through the inner door and closed it behind him. The doctor was at his desk, busy writing, and without looking up murmured, "Take a seat, please Peter isn't it?" Finally he raised his head and his professional smile instantly faded. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Sir," Pablo said to Steve in a rush. "Please don't be mad. I made the appointment under a phony name 'cause that was the only way I could think of seeing you. I knew you'd say no otherwise."

"Randy sent you," Steve said sharply.

"No, sir. He doesn't know I'm here. I came here for myself. See, I got a problem."

"Well" Steve said uncertainly. "It's true you've been here before for a consultation so I guess I am your therapist, even if I am kind of your uncle. OK then. Sit down and tell me what's the matter."

Pablo's wide-eyed confused-young-boy act was one he had perfected over time. He chose his words carefully. "OK, sir, let's say a guy's dad has got into a whole mess of trouble, don't you think his son should try to help him clean it all up?"

"Well, of course that would all depend on...."

Pablo barreled on "Say, for example, that the guy had fucked his brother's lover, and the shit hit the fan big time and the brother called him an asshole and told him to get lost, and the

guy knew he'd fucked up, that he was in a shit-load of trouble, and he really did love his brother but the brother was right, the guy really was an asshole and fucked up all the time, and this time he had totally reamed the lover's ass and then shot his load all over him, but after all, how was he to know that..... ?”

“Stop, stop, stop!” Steve threw up his hands. “Pablo, stop talking!” He shook his head. “Now I know Randy didn't send you if he had known you would shoot your mouth off like a toilet flush.” He sighed. “OK, Pablo, let's cut the crap. Stop bullshitting me and tell me what you really want.”

Pablo's big eyes locked onto Steve's. “I want you to fuck me, sir.”

“You what !?!” He stared at the boy in disbelief but before he could protest, Pablo charged on.

“See, the way I see it is this, sir. Randy fucked Lloyd and that made you real mad and by the way, sir, I understand your feelings, really I do. I mean, after all, he is your lover, sir and you it's no wonder

“Pablo!” Steve tried to interrupt but Pablo rattled on like rain on a tin roof. “Anyway now, because of what Randy did to Lloyd, you won't speak to him and he can't speak to you. See, I think my dad sees himself as the black sheep of your family and you're the white sheep he fucks up all the time and you never fuck up you're squeaky clean.

“So here's how I see it, sir. If you were to fuck me, Randy's boy, that would even the score and maybe then you and him would be ready to talk. It would kinda keep it in the family, if you know what I mean would make it ‘Even Steven’.” He flashed his crooked grin. “Hey that's pretty good ‘Even Steven’ Get it, uncle Steve?”

“Pablo, once and for all, will you be quiet?” Steve shouted

Pablo looked hurt. “I thought shrinks were supposed to let their patients do the talking, sir.”

“I said stop!” Steve ran his hands through his hair in frustration. “What you suggest is totally absurd. This is a doctor's office not some back alley. I could be struck off the register for something like that.”

“But we did it here before, sir, with Randy, and it was great.”

“Pablo, that's enough! Now look, you're behaving so irrationally you are obviously in shock about this whole thing, so I'm going to give you a prescription for anxiety and panic attacks.” He looked down at his prescription pad and started to write. Half a minute later he signed the form and said, “There, I want you to take one of these night and morning and “ He raised his head and his voice died in his throat.

Pablo was standing in front of him butt naked, his jeans pooled round his ankles. Steve shot to his feet and locked the office door. He pressed the receptionist intercom button and said, "No calls, Linda."

Pablo was now playing it to the hilt, pulling out all the stops even had tears in his eyes. "I thought you liked to fuck me, sir. Hell, when you fucked me up by the lake it was like a trip to the moon for me and I thought you got off on it too, but" and now the tears began to flow.

Steve was being sucked in. "Pablo, it's not that I didn't enjoy fucking you, of course I did, but" Again his voice died as Pablo turned round in mock embarrassment to wipe his eyes, and Steve found himself staring at the perfect white globes of the boy's sensational ass. His cock instantly got hard in his pants and he faltered with uncertainty.

"What what I mean is" Pablo dropped the tissue he was using and bent down to pick it up, thrusting his ass upward right under Steve's face. "Oh, Jesus," Steve murmured. The ass was spectacular and of course he remembered fucking it. It had been breathtaking, and the memory flooded back. His head was swimming and his cock started to do his thinking for him.

Could there be any truth to the boy's crazy proposition? He couldn't even get his mind around that. But it was true that Randy had brutally fucked Lloyd and deserved retribution and this would sure do it, fucking his boy's ass fucking his boy's ass fucking that ass oh, man, it was a spectacular ass. He could feel sticky pre-cum oozing from his rigid cock into his shorts, and he walked round the desk. Pablo looked up at him with wide, plaintive, tear-stained eyes, then turned and leaned forward over the desk.

Steve was lost. He threw off his jacket, unzipped his pants and grabbed Pablo's hips. He pressed the head of his cock between those perfect white mounds and felt his cock sliding into the velvet softness of the warm young ass. "Oh, man, that's right I remember that your ass is incredible, Pablo. Oh shit" He pulled back and pushed in again, feeling the head of his cock sliding deep into the exquisite ass, pressing against the inner sphincter, then over into the hot recesses of Pablo's secret depths.

"Oh, sir, thank you, sir," Pablo sighed. "Your cock feels great in my ass. Fuck me, sir. Fuck me like you love my ass." Steve didn't need to hear that twice. He picked up the rhythm and was soon pulling Pablo's ass toward him, ramming it down onto his cock, slamming that awesome butt hard against his pubic hair. The fuck became fast and furious and Pablo's legs were starting to hurt as they banged against the edge of the desk. He stood up straight, turned his head over his shoulder and pressed his lips against Steve's.

The kiss became so passionate that Steve panicked a little and pulled back, so suddenly that his cock slid out of Pablo's ass. Pablo smiled, fell to his knees, then onto his back on the thick carpet. He hooked his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs far back, raising his ass in irresistible provocation. Steve stared down at the exotic young face, the high cheek bones and

slanted deep brown eyes, his jet black hair flopping over his high forehead. Steve's gaze ran down his perfect, muscular body and slim waist, then settled back on the ass the ass!"

"Aaah," Steve whimpered. He loosened his tie, dropped to his knees and once again pushed his cock inside the warm, moist hole and felt the ass muscles clench round his pulsing cock.

"Oh yes, boy, do that again oh man it feels incredible."

As the pounding began again Pablo gazed up at Steve's handsome face, the mirror image of Randy. As his body jerked under the pressure of Steve's pounding Pablo smiled his crooked grin and said, "Sir, I love your cock in my ass. You are so beautiful, sir. You look just like Randy but Randy in a suit and tie. Not that Randy ever wears a suit and tie, but still"

"Pablo," Steve said softly, "you're doing it again. The mouth. I don't want to hear your mouth I just want to look at your gorgeous face, your awesome body, and feel my cock caressing the most beautiful ass in the world. Oh man, I love fucking that ass. Here, take my cock, boy. Take it all."

The office faded, their surroundings became a blur as they were both transported into a whole new sphere where only flesh, male beauty and lust existed. They gazed into each other's eyes as Steve pounded him and Pablo squeezed his ass tight each time the cock went deep. It became too much for Steve and he murmured, "I've gotta cum, Pablo. I'm gonna shoot my load into that gorgeous ass. Here it comes, boy...."

Pablo was stroking his cock, timing it perfectly to blast off at exactly the moment he saw Steve's body stiffen and felt his cock explode deep inside him. They were careful not to scream, but their eyes said it all. Pablo looked up in awe at the gorgeous face, thrown back in ecstasy as his cock continued to pump semen inside him. Finally Steve stopped moving, except for his heaving chest, and he smiled down at Pablo.

But suddenly, now that his orgasm was over, reality rushed over him like a cold wave. He was looking down at a naked boy, lying on the carpet in his office and the doctor's cock was inside his patient. Quickly he pulled out, stood up, grabbed a towel from the adjoining restroom and wiped his cock. He threw the towel down to Pablo, zipped up his pants, tightened his tie and pulled on his jacket. "You have to leave, Pablo," he said quietly but insistently.

Pablo dried off and got dressed quickly. Steve was smiling at him. "You know, you and your dad are gonna be the ruin of me. But tell me one thing, Pablo. When I was fucking you, was your reaction still part of your act?"

"It started like that, sir, I admit," Pablo said sheepishly. "But when you began to fuck me it all changed. I loved feeling your cock in my ass, really loved it. You're a sensational fuck, sir, and anytime you want to do it again" He laughed. "Hell, it was worth a hundred bucks of anyone's money"

Steve frowned. "Is that what you paid for this consultation with me, Pablo?"

"That's right, sir. In cash up front.... to your receptionist."

Steve smiled, shook his head and pressed the intercom. "Linda, when the gentleman leaves, please give him back his money. This consultation was pro bono."

Pablo's eyes lit up. "Pro boner? You mean it's free just because I gave you a big old hard-on?"

Steve struggled to suppress his laughter. "Jesus Christ, kid. "Pro bono! It's Latin it means there's no charge. Now get the hell out of here."

"Sir, there's someone on the phone called Pablo, asking for the Senior Vice President."

Bob was in his Beverly Hills Office, on the phone with his secretary. "Really?" he said, taken aback. "OK, Millie, put him through." There was a pause. "Pablo, this is a pleasant surprise..... I hope bit formal though, asking for the SVP."

"Seemed the proper thing to do, sir, using your title."

So what's up, kiddo?"

"Well, I'm sorry to interrupt you, sir, but I'm here in Beverly Hills, in front of your building. Can I talk to you about something?"

Bob looked at his watch and said. "As a matter of fact I could use a break from the office. How about a bite of lunch? Stay right where you are, kid, I'll be right down."

A few minutes later they were in a quiet booth in an upscale restaurant where Bob was a regular. Pablo sat proudly next to the handsome business executive who was popular with the staff. When lunch had been served Bob said, "OK, Pablo, so what's this all about? Beverly Hills isn't your usual stomping ground, is it?"

"No, sir. But I've just been to see uncle Steve in his office. Kind of a consultation."

"I see. Well now, doctor/patient consultations are confidential so I won't ask you what was said."

"Oh, that's OK, sir. I asked him to fuck me."

"You asked him to what?!..... What the hell did he say? Did he throw you out of his office?"

“No, sir. He fucked me.”

Bob gasped. “Pablo, I can’t keep up. You and our dad will be the ruin of me.”

“That’s just what Steve said, sir,” Pablo said with a grin. “But here’s the deal” and Pablo repeated the convoluted explanation he had given to Steve the whole ‘black sheep-white sheep’ thing that prevented the brothers from talking to each other unless Steve fucked Randy’s boy and evened the score ‘Even Steven’ Pablo liked that phrase and repeated it with relish.

“So you see, sir, Randy fucks Steve’s man, Steve fucks Randy’s boy Even Steven. That’s why I wanted Steve to fuck meand he did.”

Bob’s head was spinning. “And where the hell do you think it all goes from here?”

“Ah, that’s just the point, sir I don’t know. See I never really planned any further than this that’s why I called you. I kinda thought you could take over from here, sir you’re so good at stuff like this.”

Bob heaved a deep sigh of frustration. “Jesus, kid, you and Randy are so much alike always charging in trying to put things right and only making them worse. And then I’m left to pick up the pieces.”

Pablo’s crooked grin crinkled his face. “Guess that’s about the size of it, sir. Oh, and by the way, I just got a parking ticket you know, Beverly Hills and all.”

Bob rolled his eyes. “OK, give it to Jamie and he’ll write a company check. Anything else I should know?”

“Just that this fancy restaurant is great. Thank you for bringing me here, sir. The food is awesome. Er, could I have another order of fries?”

“Shit damn,” said Randy with a mix of pride and irritation. He was with Bob in their room and Bob had just told him the whole story. “That kid is something else he’s my boy alright.”

“The thing is,” Bob said, “crazy as it sounds his explanation makes some kind of weird sense. I mean in a way he hit the nail on the head. Steve won’t speak to you because of what you did to Lloyd, and you won’t speak to him because you can never bring yourself to apologize. But now that Steve has fucked your boy, now that he’s no longer ‘mister squeaky clean’ as you call it, you’re the injured party. If any apology is due, it’s due on both sides. Seems to me that clears the way for you two to talk.”

“Shit, man, this is all getting too fucking complicated. OK, OK, I’ll give him a call. It’s about time this whole fucking mess was cleared up. We are brothers after all.” He was interrupted by a timid knock at the door and Pablo walked in.

“You wanted to see me, sir?”

“Damn right I do, kid.” Bob got up and, murmuring that he would leave them both to it, he quietly left the room. Pablo stood at attention and Randy glared at him.

“So, it seems you went to Steve’s office and got him to fuck you. Is that right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did I tell you to do that? Did you ask for permission? Did I give you permission?”

“No, sir.”

Randy shook his head. “I dunno about you, kid. Bob’s already told me your crazy explanation, but what the fuck made you do it?”

“Well, sir, you know how you are protective of your brother and all us guys. Well, I tried to be like you and be protective of my dad. Like I told you before, you’re my hero, sir, and I try to think like you and do what you would do. I was just trying to fix things.”

“Oh, kiddo,” Randy sighed, “I’ve told you before that if you do everything I do you’re gonna get yourself into a shitload of trouble like you are now. You’ve acted without my permission, seduced my bother into fucking you. You know I have to punish you, don’t you?”

“Yes please, sir,” Pablo grinned. Then he checked himself, put on his somber face and said humbly, “Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

“OK, now that Nate’s moved out of the basement it’s free for me to work on you. But before you go, just tell me one thing. How the hell did you get Steve to do it, kid?”

Pablo turned on his act. He looked at Randy plaintively, with wide, teary eyes. Then he turned round, dropped his pants and pushed his ass backward.

Randy gazed at the perfect white globes and murmured, “Yeah, that would do it every time. OK, get your ass downstairs, boy.”

Randy smiled at the closed door after Pablo had left. “God, he loved the kid and he had never been prouder of him. He had done all this to help his dad, his hero. Shit he reminded him of himself when he was his age, headstrong, fearless and always protective of family. He chuckled as he thought of Pablo seducing his uncle Steve, the buttoned-up Beverly Hills doctor, in his own office. Still, he had technically done wrong and Randy had to put on a show of punishment. Huh, punishment! He recalled Pablo’s enthusiastic words “Yes, please, sir.”

Randy wiped the grin off his face before he went down to the basement where Pablo was standing naked, his hands behind his back in the attitude of a captive awaiting punishment. In fact that fantasy in his mind would have impressed even Darius. Randy stood in front of him, his blue eyes piercing into him.

“OK, boy. You seduced another man, made him fuck your ass. Are you prepared to apologize to me admit that you did wrong ask for my forgiveness?”

“I can’t do that, sir,” Pablo said without flinching. “In my mind I did nothing wrong. I have nothing to be sorry for.” Actually, those words didn’t take much courage. Pablo knew Randy’s moods well and he knew the look of anger in his eyes. But the blue eyes now shone not with anger but with something more like affection, pride even. Pablo wasn’t scared he couldn’t wait for his “punishment”.

“OK, that does it. One thing I cannot tolerate is an insolent boy.” Randy grabbed a coil of rope from the corner of the room and threw it over the chin bar above Pablo’s head. He tied Pablo’s wrists together with one end, and pulled the other until the boy was stretched upward, his feet still on the floor, but his arms pulled up beside his head in helpless bondage, the rope secure to the bar. He was facing one of the gym’s full-length mirrors.

Randy stood back and gazed at the beautiful young body being stretched before him, at his master’s mercy. “God, that’s gorgeous. I’m really gonna get off punishing you, boy.” Randy pulled off his T-shirt and Pablo gasped as he saw the muscular construction worker stripped to the waist in jeans and boots. He saw his own helpless reflection in the mirror as his cock shot to rigid attention. It shuddered and he almost blasted his load at the mere sight of his magnificent master.

Randy growled. “You don’t dare shoot that load until I give you permission, boy, is that clear?”

“Yes, sir.”

“OK, that’s a gorgeous young body you got there, boy. You think it would look good getting whipped.”

“I I think so, sir. Whatever you say, sir.”

Again Randy went to the corner and picked up the cat o' nine tails, the multi-tailed whip he had used so often before. He knew that it would be perfect for applying just the minimal amount of pain he needed discomfort but no real harm. Pablo stared into the mirror and saw the face and body of his master standing behind him. He saw the arm raise up, the bicep flex, and felt the sting of the whip across his back.

"What do you say, boy?"

"Sir, thank you, sir," shouted Pablo.

There followed a rain of blows that stung so much that Pablo's body arched defensively, writhing in helpless attempts to avoid the whip. He saw the intensity on Randy's wild, gypsy face as he applied even more pressure and the boy's cock began oozing pre-cum, straining for release. Pablo was frantically twisting and flexing his body, not so much because of the pain but because he knew that the sight of his boy writhing in bondage turned Randy on the most.

But suddenly the whipping stopped and he heard Randy take a deep breath. He was looking down at Pablo's ass. "Oh, man, that ass of yours is spectacular. Pity you had to give it to another guy. What, you wanted my brother inside you more than me? I'm not hot enough for you, eh?"

"No, sir," Pablo said desperately. "It wasn't like that. I do want you, sir. Let me prove it. Please, sir, whip my ass. It belongs to you, sir. Whip it!"

"It'll be a pleasure, kid." Again Randy raised his arm and the whip slashed downward, bouncing off the perfect round ass. A few more lashes, then he threw the whip down and, instead, clamped his big hands on the solid cheeks, squeezing them hard. He let go, raised his arm again and slapped the palm of his hand across the flexed cheek, making Pablo gasp in a jolt of pain and pleasure. Again Randy slapped the white globe, and the sight of it bouncing under his hand made Randy's cock hard in his jeans.

Randy liked seeing his red hand print on the ass as he paddled it first the palm, then the back of his hand, across first one cheek then the other. "This is what your ass gets boy when you've given it to another guy. It's mine, boy, and I can do what I like with it. You get that?"

"Yes, sir," Pablo shouted. He was in heaven, his ass on fire as he felt the sting of his master's hand paddling it, blow after blow, and saw in the mirror the flexing biceps, the sweating body of the muscle-god punishing him. He saw himself in the mirror too, tears running from his eyes, his cock bouncing as his hips jerked forward with every crack of his master's hand.

Randy was a master and knew his boy well knew his threshold between pleasure and pain. "OK, man," he yelled. "When I see that cock shoot its load the punishment will stop. But I've gotta see your juice blasting onto the mirror and running down the glass. Is that clear, boy?"

“Sir, yes, sir!” Pablo shouted. Now that he had offered Pablo release, Randy used all his strength in slapping his ass, already bright with red hand-prints. It didn’t take long before he saw Pablo’s eyes open wide and his cock shudder. Desperately he shouted, “Sir, please sir, may I cum, sir?”

“Go for it boy!” Randy watched in awe as the lithe young body shook and Pablo screamed, his cock exploding in long ribbons of cum that splashed against the mirror, stream after stream, pouring down the glass and pooling in the floor. Randy walked round to confront his sobbing boy. He wrapped his arms round him and squeezed him tight, grinding their lips together in a passionate embrace. He licked the tears from his eyes, his cheeks, then kissed him again.

When Randy pulled back Pablo saw the loving blue eyes gaze into his. “Thank you, sir,” he whimpered. “I love you, sir. I love you.”

Randy smiled. “You are so fucking beautiful, kid. You’re my boy and I love punishing my boy. But that’s only the first part. There’s more to come, you know that don’t you?”

Pablo smiled eagerly. “Yes, please, sir.”

Randy walked back behind the bound young man and stared down at his ass, the white cheeks criss-crossed with red hand-prints. “Oh, man,” Randy groaned. That is so fucking gorgeous.” He dropped to his knees and grabbed Pablo’s waist from behind. He pulled the cheeks apart and buried his face between them, probing the sweet dampness with his tongue, running it round the velvet-soft membrane inside. Pablo moaned in sheer ecstasy as he felt his master massaging his ass with his tongue, and once again his cock rose in a stiff erection.

Suddenly the rimming stopped and Randy sprang to his feet. He ripped open his fly, pulled out his cock and pressed the head against the hole, now slick with his spit. Pablo saw his master’s dark face over his shoulder and heard his deep voice whispering in his ear. “Now that I’ve whipped you and paddled your ass, this is what you really want, boy, I know that. It’s what you always want. Only this time you couldn’t wait and you gave your ass to my brother. Did his cock feel good inside you, boy?”

“Well yes, sir but”

“In that case you don’t need me. My cock can always find another ass to fuck,” and he pulled back.

“No, sir,” Pablo said frantically. “I do want it, sir. I need it. Please, sir. Please fuck me punish me. Sir, I’m sorry for what I did I apologize, sir please forgive me and fuck my ass.”

"It'll be a rough one, boy, you know that." Pablo nodded desperately. "OK, here it comes." And it was rough..... one of Randy's savage fucks, the kind that sent the kid into a vortex of ecstasy, pain, and indescribable rapture. Grabbing his hips Randy pulled the perfect ass back onto his cock, pushed it away, then pulled it back again, impaling it on his huge shaft as it buried itself into the burning depths of his gut.

Pablo felt the jackhammer ramming him, drilling his ass as it was remorselessly yanked backwards, slamming against his master's heaving body. He saw the wild demon face in the mirror pouring sweat, black hair flying as he poured all his ferocious energy into his boy's ass. "You think you can give your ass to another man, boy, and not get punished?" Randy growled. "Did my brother fuck you like this? Nah, this is the real thing, boy this is the cock you need this is the cock you never forget."

Randy reached round and squeezed his boy's nipples hard, making him scream, and still he pounded the young ass mercilessly as Pablo's body hung from the ropes, bucking and writhing as the piston drove into him. Pablo saw his young body in the mirror, being battered by its master, until he saw his own cock shudder. "Sir, please, sir, you're making me cum, sir. It feels so good, sir, I can't hold back. Please, sir, please let me shoot my load aaah!"

He felt his master's cock explode inside him, so deep that it forced his own cock to pour its second load of creamy juice onto the mirror and down onto the floor. His body was jerking wildly as he felt juice spilling out of his ass. When at last Randy was spent, drained, Pablo's knees went weak and he hung exhausted, his body shuddering, gleaming with sweat.

Randy came round and put his hands on the side of the tear-stained face. "And that boy is the punishment you get when you misbehave you get that sweet ass whipped and fucked by your master. Every time you do something crazy you'll get the same treatment. What d'you say to that boy?"

Pablo's face lit up with his crooked smile. "I have a feeling I'll be doing a lot of crazy things in the future, sir. A whole lot."

Randy roared with laughter. "Trouble with you, kid, is that you don't know the difference between punishment and reward."

"When I'm with you, sir, there isn't any."

Randy expertly untied the ropes, Pablo went limp in his arms and Randy eased them both down onto the bed. "I love you, kiddo. Thanks for what you did today, trying to help me and all. Sleep now, and I'll be right here with you. Pablo turned over and nestled his back against Randy.

Just as he was falling asleep in his master's arms he murmured, "Feels good, eh, sir?"

“The best, kiddo. The best.”

The next day Doctor Steve had another surprise visitor. “It’s your brother, sir,” said the receptionist. “He doesn’t have an appointment, but”

“That’s OK, Linda. Send him in.”

Steve stood up and the brothers faced each other uncertainly, their initial glare gradually softening. Steve said nervously, “I was kind of expecting you, Randy.”

“I hear you fucked my boy.”

“Yeah, well, I can explain that, Randy. I’m sorry about it and I apologize, but”

“No need to apologize, man, any more than I’m gonna apologize for fucking Lloyd. Let’s just call it a draw.” Randy looked at him quizzically. “But I know my kid brother by now. You’re smart and I think you kinda knew what you were doing all along.”

“I’ve thought about that and you may be right,” Steve said. “When I came to you and Bob for comfort I wasn’t thinking straight, but I guess deep down I knew what your reaction would be. I knew you would give Hassan and Lloyd the kind of brutal physical punishment that I never could however much I felt they deserved it. And I guess in my gut that’s what I wanted only I underestimated your anger, and your violence shocked me.”

“And later, when Pablo came to see me and explained what he was doing there was a weird kind of logic to it and I let him seduce me. Not that it wasn’t a beautiful experience, as you know only too well. Hell, bro, you and that boy are like a crazy double act doing things no one else would dream of and getting results against all the odds. After all, here we are, talking.”

“Yeah, here we are, kid.” Randy smiled for the first time.

Steve relaxed. “Take a seat, Randy. Remember? I keep a secret stash of beer in my office.” As they sat silently, sipping on their beers, Randy murmured. “OK, another bridge rebuilt. Two up, one to go.”

“What?”

“Oh, never mind just something Bob said. Now listen, about Lloyd”

“Nothing you can help me with there, Randy. Too much was broken and he’s keeping well away from me.”

“Well of course he is, asshole. How can he face you after the stunt he pulled, lying like that just to get Hassan? Guilt is what he’s feeling now and he can’t bring himself to apologize. Shit I know all about that, man just that I have my boy Pablo to help me out of my mess. Lloyd’s sense of shame and betrayal is so strong, what he needs is punishment from you. That’s the only thing that’ll heal the breach between you two. And even though you’re still angry I know you want him back.”

“Shit, man, you should be the psychiatrist, not me.”

“Ah, all that shrink mumbo-jumbo not my style. But I do know about guys and I know how to punish a guy just ask Pablo and Bob”

“... and just about any guy you’ve ever met,” Steve laughed. “So what do you suggest, beat Lloyd up, whip him, like you usually do?”

“Nah, wouldn’t work.” Randy tapped his finger against his temple. “This time it’s brain, not brawn. What you shrinks would call a bit of psychology. I’ve got it all worked out. Here, I’ll show you stand up.”

Steve stood up hesitantly, Randy came up to him, took him into his arms and kissed him passionately on the lips, a kiss Steve resisted for an instant, then returned just as passionately, their tongues probing hungrily. The brothers embraced for a long time, and when finally Randy pulled back, Steve stared at him breathlessly.

Randy grinned. “And that’s just the beginning, Steve there’s a whole lot more. That’ll be the worst punishment for Lloyd. Trust me, little brother.”

#

Chapter 134 – Nate’s Reward – Lloyd’s Penance

Nate was working diligently in the garden, mowing the lawn and trimming the borders, and he was happy as a clam at high tide. He had been the houseboy for some time now and was fully accepted by everyone, so fully that the guys spoke in an unguarded way when he was around. Working all over the house, cleaning and tidying up after the guys, Nate heard many things said in confidence, but he had proven to be so completely discreet that everyone trusted him not to gossip about things he had seen and heard.

He smiled to himself as he compared himself to old-time servants in big, wealthy houses who were aware of all the indiscretions of their masters but whose lips were sealed. Even Darius could not pry confidences out of Nate, though he tried mightily. Nevertheless, discreet as he was, Nate was in a prime position to influence events in occasional subtle ways, to nudge them

in a certain direction, which he did with considerable skill. People even confided in him, knowing that their private concerns would go no farther.

As Nate mowed the lawn his mind was running over the recent upheavals involving Randy and Steve, Hassan and Lloyd. He not only knew all of the details of the story, he knew how the participants felt, their reactions, hopes and fears. So when the bell suddenly rang at the gate, the visitor couldn't have had a better person to answer it. Nate stopped mowing, wiped his hands on his T-shirt and opened the gate.

"Oh Nate!" A flustered and visibly nervous Lloyd had not known what or whom to expect and he hesitated as he stared at Nate. "I, er, I was hoping to have a word with Bob, but if he's not home maybe I'll leave it until"

"No, no, sir. Come in, please. He should be home soon."

"And Randy?"

"Oh, Bob always gets home before Randy." Now while this was technically true, Nate knew full well that Randy was due home any minute. He had heard him tell Jamie that he would be home early to go over the company's next-quarter budget. He had also heard Randy tell Bob that things were coming to a head with the Lloyd situation, and that Randy wanted to confront him. "But," he had said, "Lloyd has to make the first move. When he does, I'll be ready."

Now, as Nate looked at the nervous Lloyd, he realized that this was his moment to play a part in the drama, to nudge things along a bit. All he had to do was to persuade Lloyd to stick around until Randy came home..... no easy task as the last thing Lloyd wanted was another confrontation with Randy, and he seemed to be on the point of fleeing.

"Sir, I was just going to take a beer break. Would you like to join me while you wait for Bob?"

"Well, yeah, sure I guess so." Nate ran into the kitchen where the twins were working on dinner. He grabbed two beers and when the twins raised questioning eyebrows he said quietly, "Don't ask," and ran back out to Lloyd.

Lloyd seemed calmer now and said, "The last time I was here, Nate, I didn't get a chance to talk to you much my attention was elsewhere."

"I know, sir," Nate smiled, remembering Lloyd's fixation on Hassan.

Nate's playful remark forged an odd bond of understanding between them and Lloyd said, "I guess you get to know a lot about what goes on around here like what the guys are thinking and feeling. Have they said anything, er, well..... about"

“..... about you, sir? Sure they have, and my guess is the dust is beginning to settle everyone’s sort of calming down, if you know what I mean. I really think you should stick around and wait for Bob.”

Lloyd frowned uneasily, but Nate charged on and launched into an odd conversation where he did most of the talking, rambling on about Australia while he kept an eye on his watch. He brought out more beers and kept talking, stretching it out as long as he could, but after a while Lloyd was getting restive, nervous about who he might run into here.

Finally he stood up and said,” Look, Nate, maybe you could just tell Bob I came by and

His voice died in his throat as the gate opened and Randy strode in. Randy’s piercing look completely intimidated Lloyd, whose reflex was to take it out on Nate and he turned on him indignantly. “So that’s why you made such an effort to keep me here, kid, every time I tried to leave. Yeah, sure ‘You really should stick around Lloyd.’ Then the beers, the blathering on about Australia You knew Randy was coming home and contrived this so we would meet. Well let me tell you, boy, I don’t appreciate”

“Oh sit down and shut the fuck up, Lloyd,” Randy growled. “I said sit!” Like a dog obeying his master, Lloyd sat. Towering over him Randy said, “Now if you have anything to say about this kid, you fucking-well say it to me, Lloyd. Nate is my boy, he’s a great kid and he’s one of us, so nobody talks to him like that get it, asshole? As a matter of fact his instinct was right on the money. I did want to see you, so he did just the right thing by keeping you here. Now Stay!” Another dog command and Lloyd stayed.

Randy put his arm round Nate and walked him toward the house. “You did great, kid. You’re one smart guy. I was waiting for Lloyd to show up so I’m glad you didn’t let him get away. I owe you one, kiddo.” Nate blushed deeply as Randy smiled at him. “It’s about time I paid a bit more attention to you, kid. Now I’m gonna have a word with Lloyd here, then a quick office meeting with Jamie, but after that I’d like to thank you properly, so why don’t you come up to my room in about half an hour, OK?”

“OK, sir,” said Nate and walked into the house feeling about ten feet tall.

Randy walked back to the table and sat facing Lloyd, who flinched nervously. “Oh, cool it, man, I’m not gonna touch you not this time.”

Lloyd stammered, “I really came to see Bob.”

“Yeah I bet you did needed a kind, understanding guy to smooth the path between you and Steve. Well you got me instead, so we’ll do things my way. I’ll keep it short. Now the way I see it you want Steve back, and you want Steve to forgive you, right?”

“Well, yeah, but I’m not sure if he

“Leave Steve to me. You were a total asshole with Hassan and you hurt Steve a lot, but he’ll do what I say. First, though, he has to punish you for what you did that’s not negotiable.”

“Oh, I know that. It’s what I want I really need it..... like, putting myself at his mercy.”

“I know that. Believe me I know all about punishment. Trust me, it’s the only thing that brings redemption to guys who’ve behaved like assholes like you Lloyd. So here’s what you do. You come back here tomorrow evening after work and I’ll take care of everything.

Lloyd looked startled. “You? But this is between Steve and me. I don’t see why you

Randy cut him off sharply. “That’s another thing that’s not negotiable. This is my brother you fucked over, Lloyd*my brother*. I take care of family, so I’ll take care of this. Just be here tomorrow evening. Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Lloyd said crisply, as if to a sergeant major. Once again the tough construction boss had completely dominated him, and as he left the house and got back in his car Lloyd resented the fact that his cock was hard in his pants.

Randy’s meeting with Jamie was efficient and to the point, with Jamie expertly running over the cost estimates for the next phase of construction. “Another great kid,” Randy thought to himself as he left. “Jesus, we got some great boys here.” He had just got back to his room and thrown himself on the bed, still dressed in his work clothes cargo-pants, boots and an old sweaty tank top when there was a timid tap on the door and Nate edged in uncertainly.

“Hey, there, kid. Don’t be shy come on in.” Nate stood facing the bed, not sure what was expected of him. He felt nervous as he looked at the muscular construction worker, lying on his back, hands folded behind his head, his biceps bulging as his arms stretched upward. But any trepidation Nate was feeling disappeared as Randy broke into a warm smile, his teeth a dazzling white contrast to his swarthy face and darkly stubbled chin.

“Thanks again for what you did down there, Nate. Keeping Lloyd there gave me just the opening I needed.” He smiled again. “I’ve been neglecting you, kid it’s about time we got to know each other better. You still doing OK here? Some guys would find working as houseboy a bit menial.”

“Oh, not me, sir. I love it.”

“You’re a good kid, Nate. I’m glad you’re with us, and I appreciate your discretion, ‘cause I guess there’s not much goes on in the house that you don’t know about, eh? Shit, the last time you were in this room I let you watch me make love to Bob. Not many of the other guys get to see that. Let’s see now, I fucked your face too, didn’t I in the shower?”

“Yes, sir,” Nate said, smiling at the memory, and at Randy’s blunt description of it.

“Yeah, but I haven’t fucked your ass yet, have I? Well, we’ll take care of that now be my way of thanking you.”

“Oh, sir,” Nate stammered, looking startled. “Well it’s just that the guys say when you fuck it can be

“..... pretty brutal eh?” Randy’s smile had a touch of arrogance. “Yeah I guess I do have that reputation. But that’s only when a guy wants it, like Pablo does, or when some asshole makes me real mad, like Lloyd did. But you saw how I fucked Bob. He loved it always does. Here, let me show you. Get naked, kid.”

As Randy gazed up at him Nate self-consciously pulled off his T-shirt, grubby from the gardening, kicked off his sneakers and dropped his shorts. “Hell, you’re looking great, boy,” Randy said admiringly. “You been working out with Jamie and Pablo?”

“Yes, sir, every day.”

Randy jumped off the bed, faced Nate and put his hands on his shoulders. The intense pale-blue eyes bored into him and Nate felt his legs go weak. “OK, kid, take my place on the bed.” Randy pushed down on his shoulders and lowered him onto his back, then stood back to admire him. “Oh, yeah, I’m gonna enjoy fucking you, boy. They do say that a guy is not a full member of this group until I’ve fucked him.”

As Nate had fallen back on the bed his arms fell upward above his head. Randy gazed down at the casually spread-eagled body, and stroked his chin. “Hmm, I’d really like to spice this up a bit, Nate. Has anyone ever tied you up?”

“Oh, no, sir. I’ve often looked at pictures and drawings of guys in bondage but I’d never trust another guy enough to do that to me.”

“Damn right, kid. Never trust a stranger who says, ‘you can trust me’. But you do trust me, don’t you?”

“Oh, sir, I’d trust you with my life.”

Randy laughed. “Well it’s not your life I want, just a good fuck. But I love to fuck a boy when his hands are tied. You up for that?” Nate didn’t answer, but his cock stiffened and was soon

pointing straight up. Randy grinned, "Well you're cock's up for it and that's all that counts. OK, here we go."

He grabbed two T-shirts from the laundry pile and expertly tied one round each wrist, then attached them to the bed posts. He stood back and admired the shy boy lying before him, his arms stretched up to the corners of the bed. "Yeah, you look terrific, kid. Now, see if you can get free."

Nate looked over his shoulder at his bound wrists and pulled hard, feeling for the first time the sensation of being helpless, at the mercy of another man. It was a new feeling scary and he panicked. "Sir, I'm not sure about this, sir. I don't think I want"

"Sshh." Randy dropped to his knees by Nate's side and gazed into his eyes. "It's OK, Nate. There's always a moment of panic at first. That's why I told you to try to free yourself, so you'd get used to it. Now, look at me. If you want me to untie you I will. Is that what you want?"

Nate stared into the soft blue eyes and realized that he wanted to be at the mercy of this man. His cock got even harder. "No, sir. I don't want you to untie me."

"Good so what do you want?"

Nate replied without hesitation, "I want to feel you inside me, sir. I would like you to fuck me."

"Good boy." Randy stood up and looked down at him. All of Nate's fear had gone and he knew instinctively what to do. Once again he pulled at his restraints, harder and harder so his young body was twisting and writhing in bondage. "Oh, man," Randy groaned, "that is so hot exactly what I like, such a fucking turn-on." He was stroking the bulge in his pants as he spoke. "Now show me your ass, boy."

Nate pulled his feet toward him on the bed and pushed his hips up as high as he could, displaying his ass to the muscular construction worker who was getting really turned on, with wet patches of sweat staining his tight tank top. Nate was shuddering as he gazed up at the swarthy muscle-god and he felt his cock pulsing. "Oh, sir, I think I'm"

Randy reacted quickly. He reached down, pulled Nate's legs out straight, pressed down on his thighs and leaned over him. "No!" The shock stopped Nate's cock from exploding. Randy looked at him sternly. "There's one rule here. You do not shoot your load until I give you permission. Is that clear, boy?"

"Yes, sir sorry, sir."

Randy's stern expression vanished and he grinned. "But I gotta say, boy, you do have one sensational ass. And for the next few minutes it belongs to me to do what the hell I like with. OK with you?"

“Yes please, sir.” Nate was longing to feel his master’s dick inside him.

Randy pulled back and knelt between his legs. Slowly he unzipped his pants, reached inside and pulled out his long, thick rod, hard as steel. Nate’s eyes opened wide and he gasped. He had often been fucked by Adam and Jamie, but this cock was huge, thick as a beer can. He wasn’t sure if he could.....

But then he felt the head touch his warm hole, he saw the gorgeous face smiling down at him and he relaxed. He was about to get fucked by the boss, by the dark, muscular man some had called the King of the Gypsies. That was his fantasy as he felt the rod press harder and slide inside his ass.

He had expected pain, but there was none, only the exquisite sensation of the monster cock filling his ass, pushing deeper and deeper as if it would never stop. And when it did stop it was against the tender inner sphincter. He heard Randy’s voice again. “Now, whatever happens, you don’t cum not yet.” Randy smiled, gave one last push and Nate felt the head of the cock pass over the inner sphincter and come to rest in the deepest, most private place.

“Aaah!” His body was on fire. He couldn’t believe that the cock of this magnificent, powerful man had penetrated so deep inside him. Then he felt it pull back, all the way and gently massage his ass again. Once more it passed over into the hidden depths, sending jolts of electricity through the boy’s body.

The spectacular man was leaning over him, so close Nate could smell the sweat and grease staining the ragged tank stretched tightly over the sculpted torso. The gypsy face looked down at him, black hair falling over his rugged features, as his cock moved rhythmically in his ass. Nate was amazed that this big, rugged, dominant stud, who could be so brutal, was fucking his ass so tenderly.

And in fact, it was at this point that Randy’s fuck often did become savage but not with this boy. He knew Nate couldn’t hold back much longer. As he gently probed his ass, almost in slow motion, he watched Nate’s body writhing as he pulled frantically at his restraints. “Sir, please sir, I really need to touch my cock, sir. Please just untie one hand, sir.”

“No need, kid,” Randy grinned. “Never is with me. Here, I’ll show you.” And only now did he, almost imperceptibly, increase the rhythm of the piston moving in and out of the boy’s ass. It was a master fuck, and he watched with satisfaction as Nate’s eyes glazed over. He was being led into a whole new world of pure carnal pleasure.

“OK, boy, I know your cock is bursting. But don’t cum yet not yet. Hold back.” But as he said this Randy started to pound harder, touching every tender spot in the cauldron of Nate’s ass. “Soon you’re gonna feel the boss’s juice pouring inside you, boy, but you don’t cum ‘til then. Hold it, Nate. Whatever you do, don’t shoot.”

“It was an exquisite agony for Nate. He had never in his life needed to cum so much, as he felt the master’s huge rod hammering his ass. He closed his eyes, gritted his teeth, desperately holding back his orgasm that’s what the master had ordered. His mind was reeling, his balls felt like they were bursting with the pressure of his cum straining for release. “Please, sir,” he was saying. “Please cum inside me, sir. I’m begging you, sir.”

Randy knew he was at his limit. “Open your eyes, Nate.” The boy obeyed and stared frantically up at the muscle-god pounding his ass. Randy smiled. “OK, this is what it feels like when the boss comes inside you, kid. This is it!” Nate felt the huge shaft pulse inside his ass. It pulled back, then with one last, savage plunge blasted its load deep inside him.

Finally Nate could let go. “Aaah !!” His head tossed wildly, his scream echoed round the room and at last his cock exploded. The first jet of white cream shot with such force that it smashed against the head board. The second hit his face, and the next and the next. His cock kept pumping hot juice over his neck, his chest, until he felt he was drowning in his own semen.

His body shuddered and writhed for minutes until finally coming to rest. His heart was still pounding and he opened his eyes, though cum still blurred his vision. Gradually there came into focus the dark, rugged face smiling down at him, and he heard his master’s voice.

“At last, Nate, you’ve been fucked by the boss. Now you’re really one of us.”

They were still staring at each other when they heard the sound of slow hand-clapping behind them. Randy pulled his dick out, stood up and turned to face Bob.

“Abso-fucking-lutely beautiful,” Bob said in awe. “Man, that was a spectacular fuck.”

“You saw? How long you been standing there?”

“Right from the point where your cock slid in his ass.” Bob looked over at Nate, still bound to the bed. “You OK, Nate?” Nate was too dazed to reply but the look of ecstasy on his face answered for him. Bob turned back to Randy and threw his arms round him. “You are one hell of a stud, Randy, a fuck machine. There’s nobody like you. Thanks for giving Nate that.”

Randy pulled back and smiled. “He’s all yours now, buddy.” Bob shot a look of surprise but Randy urged, “Go ahead, big guy. Knock yourself out.”

Bob walked to the foot of the bed and smiled down at Nate. He was still in his business suit, so he threw off his jacket, slid off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt slowly, all the way down. He pulled it off and stood stripped to the waist. “Think you can do the same thing for me, Nate?”

“Yes, sir please, sir.” Nate couldn’t believe that he was about to get fucked again. His ass had just been ploughed by the boss, giving him one of his most explosive orgasms ever, and now he was about to be fucked by the gorgeous businessman, a man he loved and admired. As he gazed at the perfect, muscular physique his cock got rigid, even though he had just emptied every drop of juice from his balls.

He held his breath as Bob knelt between his legs, just as Randy had done. He unzipped his slacks, pulled out his rock-hard cock and pressed it against Nate’s ass just as Randy had done. Bob spoke softly. “Jesus, you look great tied up like that, Nate. Randy sure knows what he’s doing. Not often a boy gets fucked by the boss and the boss’s lover back-to-back. I know you’ve just shot a huge load, but do you think you have some left for me?”

“Of course, sir. I would do anything for you.”

And so he felt Bob’s cock slide inside his ass, lubricated by Randy’s explosive orgasm, and he relaxed into his second fuck of the day. He gazed up at the incredibly handsome, square-jawed face, into the soft, brown eyes, and felt the cock slide gently in and out of his ass, already made tender and ultra-sensitive by the cock of the master.

Soon Bob reached up and untied his wrists. Nate lowered his arms and pressed his palms against the chiseled slabs of Bob’s pecs, running his hands over his chest, his shoulders, his ripped abs and the slim waist cinched by the elegant belt of the slacks. He felt the muscles ripple under the skin as Bob’s body moved rhythmically above him, easing his cock back and forth, massaging the soft velvet of his ass.

Bob grabbed Nate’s wrists and pinned them to the bed above his head. Leaning close to him Bob smiled. “You feel so good Nate you’re gonna make me shoot inside you. You think you can shoot too, so soon?”

“Absolutely, sir.”

“OK, then.” Bob leaned lower, his face inches from Nate. “I’m so glad you came to live with us, Nate.” He pressed their lips together, and as their tongues probed inside their mouths they felt their cocks streaming cum. Nate’s juice poured all over his already cum-soaked body and Bob’s mingled with his lover’s juice inside the boy’s ass.

Suddenly they felt warm liquid splashing down onto their naked flesh. It was Randy, towering over them, anointing them with his second big orgasm, the final display of the master’s love and affection for them both.

After they had showered and Nate was getting dressed he said to Randy, “Sir, is this one of those things I can’t talk about to the guys.”

Randy grinned. "I appreciate you asking, kid, but this time you can go right ahead. Turn them all on." And Bob added, "It'll do wonders for your image in the house, Nate, so go for it."

So he did. Pablo and Darius were home from work now and were in a noisy huddle with Jamie and the twins by the pool. They all knew that Nate was with Randy and Bob upstairs and the speculation had reached a crescendo when Nate finally appeared. They all pounced on him, with Darius taking the lead, of course.

"Now come on, dude, none of this *'it's private'* bullshit you always give us. Spill, kiddo. Don't make us tie you up and group-fuck you to make you talk."

"It's already happened," Nate grinned, and gave them a detailed description of his two bondage fucks, by Randy then Bob. There were wide-eyed gasps during the telling, which was interrupted by exclamations of "No way, dude" "Wow, he never!" "Then what?" Bob had been right. When Nate had finished he was riding high in their esteem, having been tied up and fucked by the boss man and then his lover.

"Yeah" Darius said, "but that was just a warm-up for Randy. You know him and Steve are gonna punish Lloyd tomorrow for fucking with Hassan. What d'ya think will happen to him? a public flogging, I bet, like they did in olden days in the town square. Shit, we should bring back the stocks, shackle a guy in them and leave him there all day, getting his ass fucked by everyone as they pass by. That would be so cool. And then we could"

"Hey, can it, dude," Pablo laughed. Your fantasies always run away with your mouth. Let's just wait 'til tomorrow and see what the guys have planned. Wouldn't want to be Lloyd, though."

"Shit, I would," said Darius, licking his lips.

To the guys all sitting in a group by the pool it seemed that a public flogging was what the brothers had in mind. When Randy had summoned them all after work the next day everyone knew what that meant. It was a ritual of the clan when one of them had seriously abused another a public humiliation and punishment. The most recent had been Pablo getting his ass whipped by Randy after he had injured Nate. And before that Randy himself had been the victim when Steve had arranged for him to be serially fucked by all the guys after he had attacked Bob and put Pablo in danger.

Now it was Lloyd's turn. As Randy had predicted, Lloyd felt a need to be punished by Steve it was the only way he could seriously ask for forgiveness and heal the breach between them. But Lloyd had been dismayed to learn that Randy was taking charge. He should have known that Randy's protective feelings for his brother would extend to setting up Lloyd's

punishment. He had already been brutally fucked by Randy and was scared of what the savage boss had in mind now..... dreading the public flogging he too assumed it would be.

That belief was reinforced by the sight of the rope Randy was holding as he and Steve stood before him. Randy's blue eyes pierced the nervous man's gaze and when Lloyd heard him growl "Strip" he knew he had to obey. He pulled off his Polo shirt, kicked off his loafers and dropped his slacks. A murmur of admiration rippled through the observers as they gazed at the naked architect, his body honed to perfection at the gym, his handsome face set off by a trim moustache and goatee. Many cocks were stirring with the anticipation of watching this beautiful man get whipped.

Randy was an expert at ropes and knots. He quickly tied Lloyd's wrists behind his back and attached the other end to a tree stump near the pool. Lloyd could take only a step forward before his arms were pulled tight downward behind him. There was a tense silence as Randy and Steve stared at the bound, naked man awaiting the punishment he knew had to come.

The group of men and boys watching were mesmerized. Darius nudged Pablo and whispered, "Here it comes, dude. Randy's gonna get the whip I told you."

But Darius's prediction was wrong. Randy's next move brought a collective gasp from the group. Averting their gaze from Lloyd, Randy and Steve stared at each other. Randy put his hand behind Steve's head, pulled it toward him and the brothers kissed. Tender at first, the kiss soon became a passionate embrace as their mouths ground together, their tongues pressing hard against each other. The long kiss ended when Randy pulled back, kissed his brother's eyes, forehead and cheeks and murmured. "I love you, bro."

So intense was their passion for each other that Lloyd was completely ignored. He took a step forward and pulled against the rope binding his wrists behind him. He gazed in horror at the two men and murmured, "No." Then louder, growing to a shout, "No NO!"

But the men ignored him. Instead, Randy unbuttoned Steve's shirt and pushed it back off his shoulders. Steve reacted by pulling Randy's T-shirt up over his head and tossed it to the ground. Their bare, muscular chests pressed together and their arms wrapped round each other in another fiery embrace. Their lust aroused, they separated, kicked off their shoes, dropped their pants and stood naked, staring at each other.

"It's like a mirror," Zack said quietly to Mark next to him. He was right. The brothers were almost identical and, to everyone watching, it looked like a beautiful bodybuilder admiring himself, naked, in the mirror. Every man held his breath as they watched and waited.

The two men put their arms on the other's shoulders and they sank slowly to their knees. They leaned forward and kissed again, with such intensity this time that they soon fell sideways onto the ground. With their mouths still locked together they held each other and rolled over the ground, in a building, frenzied display of love and desire man to man brother to brother.

Lloyd was going wild. It was unthinkable that Steve would turn his back on him and instead make passionate love to his own brother, right there, in front of him. It should be him, Lloyd, in Steve's arms, making love, reconciled, forgiven. "No," he moaned again. This was unnaturalunthinkable unwatchable. And yet he watched, unable to tear his agonized gaze away.

The fascinated observers were no less mesmerized by the sight of the naked brothers rolling over the grass, in a wild, frenzied outpouring of lust. Finally they came to rest with Randy lying on top of his brother, staring down at him. Darius gripped Pablo's arm and whispered. "He's gonna fuck him. Watch, Randy's gonna fuck him."

There was another long silence, the only sound being Lloyd groaning, struggling desperately to free himself and bring an end to his torment. Everyone watched spellbound, waiting for Randy to grab Steve's legs, throw them up and spear Steve's ass with his dick. They waited and then it came. Suddenly Steve flipped Randy over, got on his knees straddling him and smiled down at him. "I love you, man," he shouted, pushed Randy's legs up and plunged his cock into his brother's ass.

The silence was shattered as the whole place erupted in noise, led by Randy's scream as his body was pierced by his brother's huge cock. The onlookers shot to their feet and gasped in shock as they finally realized what Lloyd's punishment was to be not a whipping or a beating, but the unbearable agony of being tied up and forced to watch his lover fuck another man but not just any man his own handsome, macho brother!

"NO !!" Lloyd screamed, his muscles flexing and writhing as he frantically pulled at his restraints. "Please, man, don't. Don't do it. Please Stop!"

But the brothers had eyes and ears only for each other, and the sight was magnificent two dark, macho muscle-gods, identical brothers, one being ferociously fucked in the ass by the other. Steve was jackhammering the construction boss's ass, his cock pistoning in him like a machine. Randy howled in a pitch of pain and desire, screaming, "Come on, bro, fuck that ass. Oh man my beautiful kid brother's pounding my ass and it feels fucking spectacular. I love you, bro take my ass it's all yours. *Fuck me!*"

The effect on the watching group was electrifying. They had never dreamed of a sight like this and every cock was hard as steel. The men were rubbing the bulge in their pants, but the boys were less restrained. Instinctively, Darius, Pablo, Jamie and Nate yanked out their cocks and started to beat them. The twins reached across each other and stroked each other's cocks, hypnotized by what they were watching.

But the effect on Lloyd was the most dramatic. "He was yelling obscenities, pleading for it to stop, his muscular body thrashing and straining against the ropes as he gazed down in horror at the incredible scene just a few feet in front of him. Struggling to get closer to Steve he sank to

his knees, his arms stretched tight behind him, shoulders bulging and in desperation he started to beg.

“Steve please don’t do this. It’s agony for me. Please, I’ll do anything whip me, thrash me, torture my body but not this.” He was sobbing now. “I know I fucked up bad, I hurt you, betrayed you. I’m sorry, Steve. I’ll do anything to make it right. Please forgive me, I beg you. I’ll never look at another man. It’s you I need. Please, man, I need you to fuck me. Please, Steve fuck me fuck me.”

The sight of the gorgeous architect, naked, bound, begging on his knees, while his lover pounded his brother’s ass, was overwhelming to every man watching. They couldn’t hold back, and the cum started to flow first the twins bringing each other to climax, then the boys, blasting cum over each other, and finally the men Zack, Mark, and last of all Bob.

Bob had watched his lover make love to Steve and then get ferociously fucked by him, his own brother. He was awestruck by Randy’s power. By allowing Steve to fuck him in front of them all, he was making a public apology to his brother, but much more than that he was subjecting Lloyd to the most awesome, torturous humiliation and degradation imaginable.

Even as Randy was getting his ass hammered he looked over to the group, caught Bob’s eye and smiled at him. “You son of a bitch,” Bob murmured. “Here it comes, man” and Randy watched him blow a massive load, a tribute to his lover’s power and his triumph.

Lloyd was now sobbing uncontrollably and repeating his plea to Steve over and over “fuck me, man fuck me fuck me.” Randy looked up at Steve, nodded slightly, and suddenly everything changed. Steve yanked his cock out of Randy’s ass and pivoted on his knees behind Lloyd, while Randy stood up and untied the rope. Steve pressed against Lloyd’s back, both still on their knees, and breathed in his ear, “I forgive you, Lloyd.” He grabbed Lloyd’s waist and plunged his still-rigid cock into his ass, as Lloyd howled with the exquisite pain and joyful release of forgiveness. His lover was back inside his ass.

Randy stood in front of Lloyd. He grabbed his hair, yanked his head back and glared down at him with his steely blue eyes. “Now you know what you get when you hurt my brother, Lloyd. He’s forgiven you but I’ll be watching. Don’t ever, ever, hurt him again. That clear?”

“Yes, sir,” Lloyd moaned, and while his mouth was still open Randy pushed his cock into it and deep down in his throat. Lloyd choked and tears spurted from his eyes as he felt Randy’s huge club pounding his face while Steve’s cock hammered his ass. As Randy looked at Steve his face glowed in triumph. “That’s it, Steve let’s give him what he wanted all along. Let’s show everyone that no one fucks with these brothers, ‘cause we are the best and together we are invincible. OK, my brother this is it!”

Lloyd spun into a wild delirium of carnal sensation as he felt Steve explode in his ass and Randy bust a hot load deep in his throat. He swallowed frantically, drinking the master’s juice while

his lover's semen streamed inside him. When it was over and the two cocks pulled out of him, Lloyd fell exhausted on the ground sobbing, his body quivering, while above him Steve and Randy leaned forward for one last, loving, fraternal embrace.

Well perhaps not entirely fraternal.

Steve and Lloyd were upstairs, showering, and basking in the rosy glow of forgiveness and reconciliation. Randy had cleaned off in the pool and was sitting with the other guys, all of them still in awe of the dynamic demonstration of his sexual power. The twins had brought out beer for them all and they were finally coming down from all the excitement.

"Well," Zack said, "I guess that's the end of this little Steve and Lloyd episode. "Can't say I'm sorry, either."

There were murmurs of agreement, but Randy was looking pensive. "Well, maybe not quite the end."

Bob grinned at him. "Oh no. I always recognize that look something's cooking in that addled brain of yours."

But, as if changing the subject completely, Randy said to Pablo, "Hey kid, how are the repairs coming along to that big earth-mover you and Darius are working on?"

Pablo frowned. "Not so good, boss. It turned out to be a bigger job than I reckoned."

"That's what I thought," Randy said. "But I really need it back in action. Two men enough, you think?"

"Well, it would sure help a lot if we had another pair of hands. You have anyone in mind to help us, sir?"

"As a matter of fact" Randy stopped as he saw Lloyd and Steve emerging from the house. "Hey, Lloyd come over here I've got a proposition for you....."

#

Chapter 135 – Lloyd and the Young Mechanics

Lloyd looked a bit tentative as he and Steve sat down with the men, but he needn't have worried. Just as punishment in this house had become a ritual, it was also customary for the group to embrace the victim as soon as his penance was over. In fact, they looked with

newfound respect on any man who survived the devilish means Randy used to torture and humiliate him. In Lloyd's case forgiveness was all up to Steve, and this had clearly been accomplished judging from the warm looks that passed between them.

And yet Randy had a feeling that Lloyd needed something more for him to be totally rehabilitated in the esteem of the men and boys. Which is what he had in mind as he now spoke to Lloyd. He made no reference to the harrowing treatment Lloyd had just endured. For Randy, punishment, once delivered, was over and done with and he moved on. Still, as he explained his proposition to Lloyd, everyone present had a sense that Randy was planning one last act to enable Lloyd's full re-acceptance by the group.

"Lloyd," he said, "there's a few days' lull in your architectural work until we begin the next phase of the project, so how about getting your hands dirty instead?"

Lloyd was taken by surprise (plus, the whole afternoon had left him a bit disoriented) but he pulled himself together and replied, "Well, if you mean helping the guys on the site hey, sure. See I always feel that it's very useful for an architect to try to see the project from the viewpoint of the guys in the crew. It helps him to....."

"Yeah, yeah, right." Randy cut him off, sensing that the architect was about to launch into one of his highfaluting speeches. "The thing is, you know that earth-mover on Site 2 that's out of commission? Pablo and Darius are working on it but it's slow going and they need another pair of hands to help them *your* hands I thought. How about it?"

Lloyd was surprised by Randy's easy-going manner, and figured that this would certainly be a way of becoming one of the guys again after his near-banishment. "Sure, absolutely. Site 2 it is then. Say, nine o'clock tomorrow morning?"

"Six.," said Randy "a.m. We start at six. Actually as tomorrow's Saturday we'll be the only guys there, but I need that fucker fixed. So you'll be working with Pablo and Darius," and he shot a quick but meaningful glance at the boys.

Jamie and Nate helped the twins prepare dinner for twelve hungry guys a predictably boisterous affair after all the breathless excitement earlier. When the party finally broke up and everyone went to their respective rooms and homes Bob stayed behind to give final instructions to the twins. "Don't bother to clear up now, kids. Nate and Jamie can give you a hand with that in the morning. Besides, I'm sure you two have a lot to talk about."

"Thank you, sir," they grinned and ran off home together across the street.

Bob breathed a deep sigh of relief as he walked upstairs to the master suite. It had been a hell of an afternoon and if he knew anything about Randy (and he knew almost everything about

Randy) he would still be basking in the glow of his triumphant reaffirmation as undisputed leader of the group.

He was dead right. When he walked into the room Randy was lying on his back on the bed, barefoot in white T-shirt and jeans, his hands linked behind his head, his smile one of arrogance and self-confidence. He had triumphed once again, in front of everyone, and his powerful sexuality filled the room. The effect on Bob was a roaring hard-on.

This was the dominant construction worker he had first met all that time ago in the shabby bar on Hollywood Boulevard, the man whose anger had flared when they shared a room in the run-down motel, the macho stud who had punished and degraded Bob. But in that crucible of pain and humiliation was forged the basis of a love so intense that the men became inseparable. And now here was that same man, the ultimate master, his arrogant smile sending jolts of lustful anticipation through Bob, tinged with fear.

But in spite of all that Bob had learned not to be intimidated. He was a glorious alpha male in his own right and he now assumed an air of matter-of-fact nonchalance as he spoke. "Quite a performance you treated us all too out there, buddy, punishing Lloyd by letting Steve fuck you. But don't you think that's enough? Aren't you going a bit over the top with this crazy idea of having Lloyd work on the site?"

Even though Bob had anticipated Randy's reaction he was startled as Randy shot to his feet and squeezed his hand lightly round Bob's throat. "Asshole. You should know by now never to question what I do. I'm the boss on that site and I make the decisions, get it?"

"Yes, sir," Bob said hoarsely. Randy's steel blue eyes pierced him and Bob's fear returned. He felt sure he was in for one of those savage fucks that Randy inflicted to remind him who was boss. So he was astonished to see the eyes soften slowly into a smile.

"It's OK, buddy," Randy said, reading Bob's thoughts as he always did. "I'm not gonna ream your ass. Not this time, anyway. I was just trying to scare you, 'cause I know how that turns you on. Looks like I succeeded too," he said, grinning down at the huge bulge in Bob's pants. "Come on, man, time for bed." He stripped off his T-shirt and jeans and fell back naked on the bed, assuming his previous pose with his hands linked behind his head, smiling up at Bob.

As he watched Bob get naked he said. "So I saw you blow your wad watching Steve fuck me. What was going through your mind right then?"

Bob hesitated. "Well, it looked spectacular and OK, actually, if you want to know, I saw the thrill in Steve's eyes and wondered just how he must be feeling as he fucked you?"

"You were jealous?"

"Hmm, envious, yes."

“Hey, can’t have my main man jealous of my brother. So come on, bug guy I’m all yours.”

“You mean?” Bob stammered as he realized what Randy meant. His mind was reeling. It was this raw, rugged, unpredictable side of Randy that excited Bob the most. He oozed a macho sexuality that Bob found irresistible and now the boss was telling Bob to fuck him!

Bob grinned “you son-of-a-bitch,” and knelt down between his legs. Locking eyes with Randy he pushed his legs high, eased forward and pressed his cock between the cheeks of his ass. “That’s it, man,” Randy said. “Now take my ass. Fuck me hard like you thought I was gonna fuck you.”

Bob’s handsome face softened in a smile. “You know me, buddy I don’t do anger fucks I do love fucks. Like this” and he pushed his cock slowly inside of the muscle-god lying naked before him.

Randy’s cock pulsed and he moaned, “Oh, man, that is so fucking good.” He gazed up at the chiseled Superman features of his lover, the square jaw, perfect cheek bones, dark hair and the soft brown eyes smiling down at him. Randy sighed, “Man, you are so fucking beautiful that it hurts. I love the hell out of you, man. Aaah your cock feels awesome inside me.”

For a long time Bob eased in and out of the hot ass that clenched round his cock. He gazed down at him mesmerized. “Shit, look at that gorgeous body get fucked. Watching Steve do it drove me crazy. Man, there’s nothing in the world like seeing a gorgeous alpha male submit to another guy watching a dominant muscular top get his ass fucked. Especially when it’s you the ultimate master.”

“Yeah,” Randy groaned, “and when I’m with you is the only time I don’t feel like the boss. Every time I look at you I submit.”

“OK, so if I’m the master now you’re gonna do for me what you make every other man do. When I tell you, you’re gonna bust your load without touching yourself. You get it?”

“Yes, sir,” Randy groaned. He stretched his arms up and grabbed the corner bed posts, and his whole body flexed hard. Bob looked down in awe at the spectacular bodybuilder, biceps bulging, lats flaring down past his huge pecs and eight-pack abs to his tight waist.

Bob’s heart was beating wildly. “God, that looks beautiful. You are such a stud, Randy and I’m inside your ass! It’s like a furnace my cock’s on fire. It’s gonna make me cum. I can’t hold back. Let me see you blow your wad, man. I wanna see you shoot!”

Randy’s head was thrashing from side to side, his black hair flying as he gripped the bed and his body flexed rigid. Suddenly he gazed wildly at Bob and screamed, “Here it comes, man!”

Just as the huge jet of white cream blasted from Randy's cock Bob leaned forward, opened his mouth and Randy's juice slammed inside it and down his throat. Bob gulped frantically as stream after stream of hot cum poured upward into his mouth. In his frenzy he was barely aware that his own cum was flowing inside the big man's ass.

They were cumming inside each other Bob into his lover's ass as he swallowed every drop of juice erupting from Randy's cock. As their orgasms slowed Bob fell forward, his cock still in Randy's ass, and he closed his mouth over Randy's. They shared the taste of Randy's semen as it flowed between them, then Bob moved his mouth, spreading cum over his lover's face, as he kissed his eyes, his forehead, cheeks and neck.

He looked down at the dark, handsome face now smothered in his own creamy white cum. The big construction boss, top man, King of the Gypsies, lay there with a dick in his ass and semen all over his face. He grinned up at Bob and said, "Thank you, sir."

Then they started to laugh, in the euphoria of secrets shared and a passion so deep that roles vanished. There was no master, no slave, just two beautiful men sharing their masculinity in acts of love, devotion and spectacular sex.

They slept so deeply that next morning Randy almost missed his self-imposed deadline of 6 a.m. on the construction site. But he made it, at the same time as Pablo and Darius. They sat in the trailer office with mugs of hot coffee and the boys listened to the boss's instructions.

"Now I just want to say this to you boys before Lloyd gets here. He's been through a tough time, most of it of his own making, it's true, but he's been punished and that's an end of it. He was excluded from our group and now he needs to be shown that he's accepted back as a full member. And that's where you boys can help. I know what you're capable of, so I'll leave you to it. Just do what comes naturally to you to make him feel welcome, OK?"

As if on cue they saw Lloyd walking onto the site, and Randy was relieved to see that he was not in his usual preppy clothes, just T-shirt, jeans and boots even if the T-shirt was sparkling white. "Wow," Darius said. "Look at that shirt. Dazzling. It's as white as I am black!"

"Yeah, Randy grinned, "well I'm sure you guys will soon take care of that. Hey, Lloyd! we're in here."

Lloyd was out of his element here but he soon relaxed with a mug of coffee as they all listened to Randy. "Right, well I need that earthmover back in action by the end of the day, whatever it takes whatever it takes," he repeated, looking sharply at Pablo and Darius. "Now I want to make this clear. Lloyd, as the resident architect around here you have a certain status, but today you're just one of the crew. Pablo is our mechanic and Darius is assisting him on this project, so you'll answer to them."

Pablo and Darius both got the undercurrent of what Randy was saying and avoided looking at each other. "Another thing, Lloyd. The ground rules here are that there are no ground rules. I've cleared all this with Steve, and he says that whatever works for you while you're here is fine with him. So whatever goes on here is just between us, and Steve says as long as it stays in the family, anything goes, OK?"

Lloyd frowned a little, not sure what Randy was getting at, but he knew that Randy always gave the orders and anyway Lloyd was eager to show that he was one of the guys and earn his place in the group that he had almost forfeited. "Fine with me," he said. "I know I sometimes come across as a bit well, upmarket elitist, maybe but I'm more than willing to get down and dirty, so to speak."

"So to speak," murmured Pablo to Darius, nodding at Lloyd's shining white T-shirt.

Randy stood up. "OK, guys, now get that fucking machine working whatever it takes."

Eager as he was, the sight was kind of intimidating for Lloyd. The huge yellow Caterpillar earthmover stood immobilized amidst piles of dirt, and in front of it stood the two-man work crew. Pablo was dressed in his habitual uniform of old dungarees, held up by only one shoulder strap, and as usual he wore nothing underneath. Darius was in black jeans and boots (always copying his master Zack) and an old, dirt-streaked white tank top stretched over the sculpted black muscles of his torso.

As Lloyd walked toward them he cursed himself for having a stiff erection in his jeans. The traumatic incident with Hassan and Steve may have tamed his behavior but had done nothing to restrain his overactive libido. His sex-drive was as healthy as ever, and these hot young guys really turned him on but this was work and he had to put all of that out of his mind.

"OK, here's the problem," Pablo said, taking charge as the chief mechanic. "The gears are fucked, plus there's also an electrical problem in the cab, so the lights don't work for the night – shift guys. So while you check the lights, Darius, Lloyd can help me underneath with the gears."

Darius climbed up onto one of the huge front wheels of the vehicle, while Pablo got on the ground and pulled himself under the truck. Lloyd took a deep breath and followed him, crawling over the dirt until they were both close together, Pablo on his stomach and Lloyd on his back. It was dark under the heavy machinery but there was enough light to work by and for Lloyd to see Pablo's back and especially his ass, the perfect twin mounds clearly etched under the thin fabric of the worn dungarees. "Oh, shit," he breathed.

Pablo sensed what was going on but pretended he hadn't heard. "Here, Lloyd," he said. "Here's one of the problems an oil leak. I need you to hold the nut with the pliers while I tighten the bolt with a wrench. Can you get it?" Lloyd did as instructed and Pablo reached upward and began laboriously turning the big bolt. "Sorry about the dripping oil, Lloyd, but this should fix it."

It soon became a sensory overload for Lloyd as he lay on his back, oil dripping down on his face and chest, and he watched the young mechanic's body squirming under his dungarees, the perfect ass flexing as his hips shifted. Lloyd's dick was so hard he could feel pre-cum oozing into his shorts. But relief came when Pablo grunted, "Got it! That should fix that one. Now there's another leak over there, same deal, and you can reach it from where you are, but I'll have to stretch a bit."

Lloyd clamped the pliers on the second nut and Pablo reached across him. All Lloyd could see now was Pablo's determined face but he could feel his body, writhing on top of him with the effort of tightening the nut. Oil was still dripping on Lloyd, but so was Pablo's sweat as he reached up, pressing his armpit into Lloyd's face. Lloyd breathed in the rancid smell and tasted the damp wiry hair of the armpit. His cock was shuddering now and he was afraid he would bust his load in his jeans.

But just in time Pablo said, "Great. Thanks Lloyd. I couldn't have done that without you. One more to go" He eased back and his face was now just above Lloyd's. The boy looked down at him and grinned. "Sorry about the shirt, Lloyd pretty mucked up with grease and my sweat." Lloyd gazed up at the exotic young face, with its slanted dark eyes, high cheek bones and black hair falling over his forehead. His cock was now pulsing in his pants. He was real close.

The day was getting hot now and the air under the huge truck was becoming heavier with the smell of dirt and sweat and the sound of the steady drip of oil next to them. As Pablo lay on top of Lloyd, their clothes were sticking to them and they could feel each other's breaths and thumping hearts. There was a long, silent stillness as Pablo stared down at the architect's handsome face, usually so well groomed, with trim moustache and goatee, but now much more sexy, streaked with oil and gleaming with sweat.

"Jeez, I gotta say you look real hot like that, Lloyd," Pablo said. He impulsively lowered his face and clamped his mouth over Lloyd's lips. As he pushed his tongue inside his mouth Pablo slid his body seductively over Lloyd's. Lloyd was lost. In the fetid gloom under the truck he lay in the dirt and grease, with the gorgeous young mechanic on top of him, grinding the bulge in his groin against his. As he felt the muscles ripple under the thin dungarees Lloyd's nostrils were filled with the smell of oil and sweat, while the sour taste of the boy's armpit still lingered in his mouth.

Pablo smiled to himself and thought, "Well the boss did say to welcome him back. And he is one hell of a hot dude." He pressed down harder on Lloyd's stiff cock, felt it pulsing under

him, then he raised his head and spoke out loud. “Lloyd, you are so fucking hot you’re gonna make me shoot my wad. I can’t help it. I’m cumming, man I’m cumming!” He felt Lloyd’s body tense under him, then buck and spasm as he screamed aaah!” Both men felt sticky liquid blast into their pants, their bodies jerking against each other, breath heaving, hearts pounding.

As their breathing subsided and the cum stopped flowing they gazed at each other in the gloom, the only sound being the steady drip, drip, drip of oil on dirt. Pablo loved the wild look on Lloyd’s handsome, oil-streaked face and once again he lowered his head and kissed him. Then suddenly he pulled back and rolled off him and abruptly the mechanic was all business again.

“That third leak over there don’t look so bad, Lloyd. I think I can handle it myself, so why don’t you cut out and see if Darius needs any help. Knowing him, I’m sure he does.”

And in the darkness Lloyd didn’t see the mischievous, crooked grin on Pablo’s face.

Lloyd dragged himself from under the earthmover and staggered to his feet, blinking in the bright sun that blinded him after the gloom under the truck. Before his eyes could focus he heard Darius’s voice. “Wow, dude, you look fucking hot.”

Darius was standing up high on the monster wheel, staring down at a Lloyd he almost didn’t recognize. His T-shirt, once white, was now torn and filthy, covered in dirt, grease and sweat stains. His face was no longer carefully groomed but streaked with oil and sweat and his usually neat hair was now a disheveled, dusty tangle. And there was a large stain at the crotch of his jeans. As Darius had exclaimed, he looked hot!

“Hey, Lloyd. Were you any use to Pablo under there? Did he show you what he needed?”

As Lloyd squinted in the sunlight many possible answers crossed his mind but he said simply, “He thought you might need some help up here.”

“Damn right,” said Darius. “I’ve almost got these lights fixed, but this damn panel won’t stay put.”

Lloyd’s eyes had now adjusted to the light and he got a clear view of the young black stud standing high above him, balancing on the huge tire, with his back to the cab of the vehicle, his arms stretched up to the lights protruding from the roof. It was a pornographic image of a hot young black mechanic in black jeans and boots, his body straining as it reached upwards, muscles flexing under the ragged old white tank.

Darius almost lost his balance when a loose door panel on the cab blew forward and bounced against his back. “See what I mean, dude? All as I want you to do is hold that panel in place behind me until I’ve finished up here. Won’t take long.”

Lloyd walked forward and reached round Darius to press the panel in place against the door. It was quite a reach, and Darius was standing high up, meaning that Lloyd had to press his chest against Darius’s legs to hold the panel still. It also meant that his face was level with the boy’s crotch. The panel shifted again and as Lloyd reached further forward he turned his face to the side and his cheek pushed hard against the huge bulge in the black jeans.

Even though he had just shot a load in his pants under the truck, Lloyd’s cock stiffened again as he remembered Darius’s monster, ten-inch black piece of meat. And here he was, pressing his face against it. As Darius stood on his toes and stretched higher, his jeans rubbed against Lloyd who felt the long black tool stretching down his leg, halfway to his knee. He tried to pull away, but he was reaching forward too far so his face was trapped against Darius’s cock.

Lloyd was drooling now and his cock had come alive again, pulsing inside his jeans. Darius alternately stretched up on his toes, worked the light, then his heels fell back down on the tire, making his cock grind against Lloyd’s slobbering face. Lloyd managed to raise his eyes just enough to see the young black stud towering above him, his body stretched in a wide V from his broad shoulders, down over the sweaty tank to the tight belt round his slim waist. In the hot glare of the sun the beautiful ebony body was glistening with sweat.

Lloyd felt that sweat trickle down onto his face and that’s when he lost it. He opened his mouth and clamped it over the shape of the thick rod. As he bit into the rough denim Darius howled. “Hey, dude, quit it, you’re hurting my fucking dick. Here, is this what you want?” Holding onto the cab roof with one hand he used the other to unzip his pants, pull out his cock and push it deep into Lloyd’s mouth, making Lloyd choke and his eyes spurt tears as the long hose slid down his throat.

Darius grinned down at the sight of the handsome architect, now covered in dirt and sweat, chowing down on his dick. With his arms still stretched forward onto the truck Lloyd was impaled on Darius’s huge weapon. He felt the boy’s hand clamp onto the back of his head and he was trapped, being helplessly face-fucked by the biggest black dick he had ever swallowed.

Desperately he gulped and gagged, his head swimming, his face streaming tears. All other sensation deserted him except for the giant shaft pounding his face. But then, even in his delirium, he became aware of something else. The fly of his jeans was being torn open, his rigid cock was yanked out and he felt the moist heat of a mouth closing over it.

Under the truck Pablo had heard Darius’s howl, had seen Lloyd’s legs pressed against the truck’s side and had some idea of what was going on. He crawled out from under the truck, managed to pull himself to his knees so his face was level with Lloyd’s crotch as it banged back

and forth under Darius's attack on his mouth. Pablo grinned there was only one thing he could do, and in seconds Lloyd's cock was in his mouth.

The boys were living up to the boss's expectations of them. They were doing their best to welcome Lloyd back into the fold in the way they knew best. What was it Randy had said? "Just do what comes naturally to you" And what they were doing right now was second nature to them. Lloyd was shuddering in a euphoria of sexual overload. He was being worked on at both ends his face getting pounded by a huge black dick while his own dick was throbbing in a hot young mouth.

To any observer, it was a spectacular scene, as the muscular architect in the ragged T-shirt was a captive of two boys, one fucking his grease-stained face and the other eating his dick. Pity there were no observers. Except one!

In the otherwise deserted construction site there was a face staring through the window of the trailer office. "Shit damn," Randy said. He had been working hard, lost in concentration on plans, paperwork, accounts, when he had decided to take a breather, grabbed a beer and strolled to the window. He had seen Darius, standing on the earthmover's tire reaching up to the cab roof and he looked stunning in his black jeans and white tank. "Hell," Randy muttered, "Zack's a lucky son-of-a-bitch to have that boy. No doubt about it he's fucking gorgeous."

But where was Lloyd? Suddenly Randy saw him crawl out from under the truck, his formerly gleaming white T-shirt now ripped and filthy, and Randy chuckled as he saw the stain at his crotch. He could only guess at the number Pablo had done on him under the truck. Then he gazed in admiration as he watched Darius do his own number, watched the huge black club push into the architect's mouth. His smile turned to a belly laugh as he watched Pablo crawl out from under the truck, rip open Lloyd's jeans and clamp his mouth on his cock.

"Shit damn," he said again through his laughter. "That's my boys now that is one fucking hot welcome back. Oh shit, this I gotta see up close." He left the trailer and walked over toward the hard-working crew. He looked up at Darius, his body still bucking back and forth, and raised his hand in a casual salute. Darius's response was a gleaming smile. Randy grinned at his boy Pablo, on his knees, chowing down on Lloyd's cock.

Now that the boss was watching, Darius redoubled his energy, pounding the architect's handsome face even harder. As he pumped aggressively he heard Randy shout, "Hey there, guys. Need any help?" He pulled off his old tank top, used it to wipe the sweat from his face and chest, then tossed it to the ground like a challenge. He came up behind Lloyd and grinned at the boys. "Can't let you guys have all the fun. You gotta let the boss grab a little of what's left here."

In a quick succession of moves he grabbed the waistband of Lloyd's already-open jeans and yanked them down round his ankles. He pulled out his own rigid cock, stroked the mounds of Lloyd's ass, then pulled them apart and pushed his rod slowly all the way inside. Lloyd's teary

eyes opened wide and he screamed into the gag of Darius's cock, his hips jerking forward pushing his own cock deeper into Pablo's willing mouth.

It was, of course, Randy who set the pace and for once it wasn't savage. He leaned against Lloyd's back and said softly into his ear, "Don't worry, buddy this is not a punishment fuck not this time it's a welcome-back fuck Enjoy!"

Enjoy !? Lloyd was whirling into a state of carnal euphoria as his body was worked on by the three incredible men. He felt they were filling every orifice, subjecting him to every known sexual pleasure at once. The master was fucking his ass as only Randy could do the biggest black piece of meat he had ever seen was hammering his face and his own cock was being serviced by the beautiful face of the boss's boy. From being an outcast he was now the center of everyone's sexual attention. From turning their backs on him, the men were now inside him, using him to satisfy their lustful appetites.

For a long time he had been desperately holding back his orgasm, bursting for release. And now, as he felt Randy's huge cock sliding in and out of his ass teasing him with a mix of gentle massage and piston thrust now Lloyd was at his limit but he was aware of Randy's sexual expertise and could only wait for him to call the shots literally.

As Darius pounded Lloyd's face, Pablo his cock and Randy his ass, Randy knew Lloyd could take no more. "OK, boys" he yelled, "let's give our architect a big welcome home. Let's show him how it feels to be one of us again. You ready, guys? Do it now!"

Lloyd suddenly felt he was drowning in semen. First the long black cock erupted deep in his throat and he frantically gulped down load after load. At the same time he felt cum pouring into his ass as Randy rammed his huge rod inside him one last time. And finally came his own explosive orgasm as the hot young mouth squeezed round his cock and he felt the throat muscles swallowing every last drop of juice that streamed out of him.

He was still shuddering as he felt the men withdraw from his mouth, his ass and his cock. He was steadying himself against the truck, regaining his breath, waiting for his heart to subside. But he didn't have long to recover, as he heard Randy's commanding voice. "OK, guys break's over. Now get this fucking machine working or I'll fire your asses. Get it?"

Lloyd gazed at him and shook his hand. "Thank you, Randy," he said. "You're a spectacular guy. Thanks for everything."

"Yeah, yeah," Randy said. "Just remember be good to my brother." He turned and strode back to the trailer, watched by the admiring eyes of three awestruck men.

The previous day Zack had said, prematurely as it turned out, "Well, I guess that's the end of this little Steve and Lloyd episode. Can't say I'm sorry, either." But now finally it was true. The matter had been well and truly put to rest and they could all move on. However, the rhythm of the house had been knocked off balance and there was a general feeling running through the group that it would be good to get out of town for a few days rest and recuperation.

As it happened, a long weekend was coming up and Randy said all the construction sites would close for four days. He suggested to Bob that they take Pablo and the twins up to their favorite spot by the lake high in the Angeles National Forest, for some fishing, relaxation and well, whatever developed. Bob was enthusiastic, as the lake had been the scene of some of their wildest adventures early in their relationship, and for him it still resonated with sexual vibrations. Pablo and the twins leapt at the idea, but Bob was concerned that Darius might feel left out.

He needn't have worried. Zack had been feeling neglectful of his boy and wanted to spend time alone with him, and for Darius the idea of being with the gorgeous leather stud, just the two of them, filled his mind with thrilling possibilities and more than a few fantasies, of course.

As for Mark, he had been troubled by all the Lloyd/Hassan trauma, and even though the soldier had been absolved of any wrong-doing he was still alone in his small guest house up on Mulholland. So when Mark suggested that he take Jamie and Nate up to the shack in the Guadalupe Dunes for the long weekend, it was Jamie who came up with a tentative suggestion.

"Sir, I've been thinking. After all that stuff with Hassan he might still be feeling a bit kind of lonely all by himself up there in his house. Don't you think it might be an idea to ask him to go with us?"

Mark loved that thoughtful, generous streak in his boy and he hugged him. "You're dead right, kiddo. I was actually thinking along the same lines myself. Now I'm about to work an 8-hour shift, so why don't you take a run up to Hassan's and invite him yourself. After all, kid," he grinned, "it is your shack now."

A few hours later Jamie was feeling a twinge of excitement as he walked through the grounds of Steve and Lloyd's house and down the slope to Hassan's guesthouse. He stopped and caught his breath. Below him he saw Hassan, stripped down to black briefs, working out. He had installed a chin bar on his deck and his back was to Jamie as he pulled himself up and lowered himself effortlessly. Jamie's cock grew stiff as he saw the magnificent near-naked body gleaming in the sun, the muscles of his V-shaped back and flared lats rippling with the physical effort.

Hassan heard footsteps behind him, dropped to his feet and spun round. His face instantly broke into a gleaming smile as he said, "Jamie! What a pleasant surprise. Come here," and he pulled Jamie into his arms. Second only to the glorious Mark, Jamie thought that the exotic Marine was the sexiest man in the world, and the three of them had spent great times together.

Jamie explained the reason for his visit, adding, "Nate will be coming too. You haven't got to know him real well yet, but he's a great guy and I think you'll get on just great." He smiled shyly. "So what do you think, sir?"

Another dazzling smile lit Hassan's darkly handsome features. "Jamie, the idea of spending four days with Mark, you and your friend Nate is an opportunity I could never pass up. Of course I would be honored to come with you. Here, just let me finish my work-out and we'll have a drink."

Jamie lay back on a chaise on the deck and held his breath as he gazed at the bodybuilder's perfect physique. He was spectacular, a real muscle-god, with his broad shoulders, magnificent pecs, ridged abs and tight waist, and his cock bulging under the small black briefs. His exotic face was tense with concentration with sweat running down from his high forehead, into his slanted dark eyes, then down over the high cheekbones, over the square jaw and dripping onto his chest.

His eyes were closed against the sweat and as Jamie watched his muscles ripple and strain the sight was too much for him. His cock was bursting for relief he couldn't hold back. He only had to touch the bulge in his shorts and he gasped as he blasted a huge load into them. He tried hard to control his breathing and appear normal to Hassan as he finished his workout. But when, a short time later, they were both sitting on the deck drinking beer he gave up trying to cover the wet stain on his shorts.

He blushed as he stammered, "Sir, I have to tell you that it was so hot watching you work out that I busted a load of cum in my shorts."

Hassan smiled. "I thought you did, Jamie. I heard you gasp. And I have to tell you something. I would give anything right now to throw you on the bed and fuck that gorgeous ass of yours, but I won't. I know Mark wouldn't mind, but I prefer to clear that kind of thing with him first. As you know, I've got into trouble with other guys many times so I am being extra careful now."

"I understand, sir. But we have four days coming up in the dunes and Mark will be with us. So maybe then?"

"Why do you think I was so quick to accept your invitation?" Hassan grinned.

The day of departure was predictably chaotic. Pablo and the twins loaded the rowboat and all their gear into the back of Randy's truck, then climbed into the back seat of the double cab behind Randy and Bob. Pablo's dog Billy added to the chaos, clambering back and forth from the boys' laps over to his space behind their seats. Finally, with boisterous goodbyes they were off, leaving behind them a sudden silence.

Mark shook his head and smiled at Zack. “Now that’s what I call a truckload of trouble. Gonna be a long ride up to the lake.”

“Yeah,” Zack grinned, “but knowing those guys I have a feeling that when they get there Randy will find a way to be alone with Bob in the forest for a while re-living old pleasures.”

Darius’s fertile imagination was working overtime. “Damn, I should have given Pablo my camera. I want pictures!”

Jamie and Nate had finished loading Mark’s truck, most noticeably with their two big surfboards propped forward against the cab. “Now that you two have the whole house to yourself,” Mark said to Zack and Darius, “you be good to each other.”

“Oh, don’t worry, we plan on it,” Zack laughed, with his arm round Darius’s shoulder.

A few minutes later Mark’s truck was winding its way up to Mulholland, where Hassan was waiting for them at his gate, looking real hot in a faded gray tank-top and an old shabby pair of military fatigue pants. With a huge smile he leapt into the seat beside Mark and leaned behind him to ruffle the hair of Jamie and Nate in the back seat. He turned to face forward again and threw his arm across Mark’s shoulders. Jamie and Nate grinned at each other, then looked down at the bulges that they both had growing in their shorts and started to laugh.

“You gonna share the joke with us, guys?” Mark said.

“Oh, it’s nothing, sir,” Jamie said. “Just something that came up all of a sudden,” and they smothered more laughs.

“So,” Hassan said to the boys, “Mark tells me you guys have brought a tent because you two want to sleep in the dunes, leaving the shack to Mark and me, that right?”

“Well,” Mark cut in, “the sleeping arrangements are pretty flexible. In fact everything’s pretty flexible. We’ll just play it by ear see what develops, eh Jamie?”

“Right, sir!” Jamie reached over and grabbed Nate’s rigid cock bulging in his shorts.

“There’s no knowing what’ll come up.” And once again the boys collapsed with laughter.

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Chapter 136 – Love’s a Bitch

The boys' giddy mood continued as the truck sped up the Pacific Coast Highway, but the banter eventually died down and in the ensuing comfortable silence the men were left to their own private thoughts.

Mark had been troubled seeing his friend Hassan get involved in the Lloyd mess, so he was relieved now and excited at the thought of spending time with the soldier who shared a long history with him. After the excruciating wartime torture and interrogation of long ago, they had come to love and respect each other deeply. They were both flawlessly beautiful men and as Mark felt Hassan's arm resting on his shoulder he was warmed by the familiar lust that made his cock stiff just being next to him. Each man, out of the corner of his eye, saw the satisfied smile on the other's face.

Hassan had recently moved up to Los Angeles and was happy to be living a very private life in his small guesthouse tucked away in the Hollywood Hills. His exotic beauty set him apart from other men, but he felt a kindred spirit with the magnificent cop who matched him in beauty and charisma, the man who sat shoulder to shoulder with him now. Hassan had also come to love and lust for Mark's boy Jamie with Mark's genial approval.

Jamie himself was still fantasizing about his recent visit to Hassan's house where he had watched the near-naked soldier working out, a sight so pornographically beautiful that the boy had creamed his shorts. Hassan had longed to fuck Jamie as he had in the past, but restrained himself until he got Mark's permission. Jamie had understood, saying, "But we have four days coming up in the dunes and Mark will be with us. So maybe then?" Jamie was beginning to match even Darius as fantasies swirled through his mind.

As for Nate, he still couldn't believe his luck being in the company of these glorious men. Having left a solitary life in Australia he was now thrilled to be, as he put it, "Jamie's best mate" and was looked on with affection by all the other guys in the house, especially by Mark who had long wanted Jamie to have a close friend his own age. Nate didn't know Hassan well yet, but he was in awe of the spectacular Marine and even dared to hope that this trip he would get to know him better. He turned to Jamie and they smiled that conspiratorial smile of "best mates."

So those were the reflections and daydreams that happily occupied the minds of all four occupants of the truck as it barreled north on the freeway to the secluded spot in the dunes that had already been the scene of so many erotic adventures. It had been on just such a trip as this that Mark had saved Jamie's life using the kiss of life, where they had fallen in love and where Jamie had become Mark's boy. Maybe, Mark thought to himself, the place would work its magic once again.

"Well, it sure ain't Manly Beach," said a crestfallen Jamie, referring to the Sydney beach where he and Nate had found such 'epic' waves for surfing. They had just arrived at the dunes and

he and Nate were looking out at the placid waves rolling gently ashore on the long, deserted beach.

“Oh, I dunno, mate,” Nate said, “you can get a pretty fair ride on waves like that.”

“OK, let’s go,” said Jamie, always the leader of the two.

“Not so fast, guys,” said Mark. “First we gotta get all the gear from the truck and stow it in the shack. You can pitch your tent later. In a flurry of activity the boys hauled everything off the truck and threw it haphazardly into the shack. Nate looked shyly at Mark and said, “I’ll tidy everything up when we come back, sir, if that’s OK.”

Mark melted, seeing Nate’s wide-eyed eager face. “I guess there’ll be no living with you two until you’ve surfed yourselves crazy. OK, but be careful. Don’t go out too far and whatever you do, stay together.” The boys grabbed their boards and were soon paddling out into the surf, with Jamie in the lead.

Hassan grinned. “He’s your boy alright, always taking the lead. Looks like Nate would follow him anywhere.”

“Yeah,” Mark said. “Jamie’s the leader, that’s for sure, and Nate worships him. “Worries me a bit sometimes, though. Jamie loves Nate and is not above showing off to him, proving what an impulsive young stud he can be. Still, if I’m honest, I guess that’s one of the things that turns me on about him. But enough about the boys what about us? Feel like a run? Zack asked me to check on his shack while we were here air it out for him. It’s a couple of miles down the beach. You game?”

Hassan laughed. “You’re just like your boy always the leader and with a buddy who worships you. Yeah, sure. Running along the beach shoulder to shoulder with you will be a privilege not to mention a massive turn-on. Let’s go, stud.”

The seemingly endless beach was completely deserted into the far distance where it faded into a mist of spray. Pity there was no one to see it, because any stray observer would have been treated to a spectacular sight two magnificent men in swim trunks running through the shallow surf, their powerful legs pounding the sand step for step. They were contrasting studies in male beauty the one a blond Greek god, the other a darkly exotic Arabic/Asian. But they matched each other in height, their square-cut sculpted features, and the perfect musculature of their stunning physiques, gleaming to spray-splashed perfection in the hot sun.

Both men were aware of their beauty and they could be vain when they needed to impress. This was one of those times, acutely aware as each one was of the desire he roused in the man next to him, matching his powerful strides..... with a feeling of sexual challenge in the air.

Occasionally they glanced at each other and smiled, but they remained silent, glorying in their muscular strength, their shared masculinity, and the mounting lust that could not be ignored much longer.

Their bodies were perfectly in sync and so were their minds. They had both drifted back in time, remembering their first meeting years ago in a desert prison where, as enemy soldiers, they had bound and tortured each other in turn leading to mutual lust and passion. Instinctively they slowed down to a walk and continued in pensive silence for a while, the waves washing over their feet. Then, reading Mark's thoughts, Hassan said quietly, "Do you remember it?"

"All of it," Mark murmured. "Every last detail." He recalled vividly how Hassan had subjected him to military interrogation. "As if it were yesterday I can see myself chained to the bars of that cell as you tortured my body. I remember looking at you and, even as I struggled to get free, I felt my cock get hard. Man, you were so beautiful I couldn't help it and then you forced my endless orgasm, blasting streams of cum across the cell as you punished my body and rammed your dick in my ass. Yeah, I still beat off thinking about it."

"But you won, Mark. You beat me in the end. Even after suffering all that you turned the tables, chained me and tortured me. And do you remember how you finished it? pinning me to the floor of the cell on my back, fucking my ass like a jackhammer and, at the moment we both busted our loads, squeezing your hands round my throat until I passed out. And that is the very moment, to this day, when I cum as I masturbate thinking about it."

There was silence again and the men were acutely aware of their rigid cocks in their shorts as they splashed through the shallow water. Mark suddenly jerked up his head and said, "But hey buddy, that was yesterday, this is today. The sun is shining and we are alone on this endless beach, two gorgeous men breathing the same air, lusting for each other. And the surf awaits!"

Quickly he dropped his shorts, ran a few steps into the water and dived under a breaking wave. Hassan was quick to follow and soon the two naked men were swimming side by side with long powerful strokes. Their shoulders touched and Mark Laughed, "Hey, man, you trying to muscle me out of your way? Fat chance, pal!"

He threw himself onto Hassan and immediately they were wrestling in the waves. Equally matched, their gleaming bodies struggled for supremacy. In a bear hug they sank beneath the surface and their mouths came together in a ravenous, endless underwater embrace. At last they broke the surface, gasping for air, but still holding each other at arm's length. Through the spray they gazed at each other with a mounting desire intensified by their physical contest, muscle grinding against muscle.

To break the stalemate Hassan raised his knee, pressed his foot against Mark's chest and pushed, sending Mark flying backwards into the water. "Come get me, man," he yelled as he

struck out toward the shore. Mark recovered his balance and it was a race to the beach. Hassan was first to touch bottom and he broke into a run, knee deep in water. But Mark was right behind and launched himself forward, bringing Hassan down with a flying football tackle.

They rolled over and over in the shallow water, waves breaking over them. And then suddenly the contest was over. Mark was on top of Hassan, pinning his hands to the sand above his head. Gasping for air they gazed at each other wild-eyed, both of them knowing what was happening. "Is this what you meant, Hassan? Is this the way you remember it? Is this the way I finished you off in that cell? Like this.....?"

He threw Hassan's legs over his shoulders and with one quick, ferocious move plunged his cock deep inside the Marine's ass. The soldier screamed in pain and ecstasy as he looked up at the glorious blond muscle-god, fucking him as he had so long ago on the floor of the prison cell. The memory flooded back. It had been just like this, except that now he was lying on wet sand, shallow waves breaking over them as Mark impaled his ass on his iron-hard piston.

Hassan went wild and he became once more the beaten soldier. "Come on, man, fuck that ass, man. You've beaten him you are the best come on soldier, finish him off." In a pitch of excitement Mark felt his cock ready to explode in the hot ass. He was back in that dank room, looking down at the beautiful man who had chained and tortured him. He was fucking his way to freedom just one more thing to do

Hassan begged, "Do it, man. Do it, please. Finish me off, Mark. You know how"

Mark pulled his hands away from Hassan's wrists and pressed them instead round his throat. That is how he had overpowered Hassan all those years ago and broken free. His military training had taught him how to cut off a man's oxygen and make him momentarily lose consciousness, immobilizing him for enough seconds to overcome him. And now once again Mark pressed hard on the pressure points as the man locked eyes.

Instinctively Hassan gripped Mark's wrists and pulled at them frantically in a desperate bid to escape, just as he had years ago in that climactic scene. He looked up wildly at the glorious Nordic face, the face of his conqueror, the face of the man he loved. His cock was pulsing and as the vision of the face grew blurred he knew this was the end. He felt Mark pounding his ass, felt his hands tighten round his throat, and he screamed, "I love you, man," as his cock exploded in a blast of hot semen and everything went dark.

As the soldier's hands fell away limply from his opponent's wrists Mark gazed in awe at the dark, rugged face slumped to one side, and his own cock erupted inside the broken man's ass. It was a spectacular orgasm, a tribute to the harrowing memory of that long-ago time when he had finally vanquished his torturer in a tumultuous act of sexual supremacy.

Suddenly a wave splashed over them and jerked Mark back into the present. He saw his friend lying still and he gently pulled him to shallower water, knelt beside him and cradled his head in

his arm. Hassan became aware of a deep voice calling his name. He opened his eyes, his blurred vision cleared and he found himself gazing up at the same beautiful face that had made him shoot his load just as he passed out.

Mark's anxious voice said, "You OK, man? You feeling OK?"

Hassan smiled. "Never better, Mark. Jesus, you were sensational just as you were that first night. That was the moment I always remember, the moment that has given me many orgasms since and that was the moment all that time ago when I fell in love with you Mark. And of courseI still am."

For a long time they sat on the beach, shoulder to shoulder, staring silently out to sea, knowing that many miles away over the distant horizon was the place in the desert where they had experienced their first tortured sexual encounter, part of which they had just re-enacted.

After a while they turned to smile at each other and Mark said, "Life goes on, buddy. Memories remain but life goes on. Come on, let's go check out Zack's shack make sure it hasn't been washed away."

It hadn't. There it stood in the dunes, smaller than Mark's, waiting in silent obedience for someone to bring it to life. As they pushed the door open Mark said, "Man, this has been the scene of some spectacular action. You know, this is where Bob met Zack and, boy, did that set the fur flying when he told Randy." He looked around at the rumpled bed with clothes strewn around, just as Zack had left it when he was last here. "Shit, the place just oozes Zack's sexuality."

"Yeah," Hassan said, "I know all about that. See that old door-frame standing up in the sand out there? I told you about the time I came across Zack tied to it being whipped by a couple of thugs. I got rid of them real fast, but the black stud looked so incredibly hot in bondage that I had to whip him. But you know what? As I gazed at Zack my mind went back to your wartime capture, and the man I saw hanging before me, in chains, was you Mark, a Greek god writhing in pain as I whipped you."

"Is this what you used on Zack?"

Hassan whirled round to see Mark holding Zack's black leather whip he had picked up from the floor. "I will never forget that time in the desert," Mark said quietly. "Watching you, that stunning face, that body flexing as it wielded the whip. You were so beautiful, man, that the pain vanished, became so erotic that I blasted a load of cum across the room. Like I said, I still jack off thinking about that."

There was a heavy silence as they gazed at each other. Without a word Mark held out his hand and offered the whip to Hassan. It was his turn to re-live past memories. Silently they walked out of the shack and dropped their shorts, two naked men. The ropes were still there lying in the sand and Mark allowed himself to be tied to the doorframe, wrists tied high up at the corners, his magnificent body spread-eagled, waiting.

“Oh, man,” Hassan breathed. “You look even more spectacular than you did then. Here it comes, Mark. Remember!” He raised his arm and brought the whip down across the slabs of the captive’s chest. He smiled as he watched the body jerk backward, muscles flexing as the arms pulled helplessly against the ropes. He looked with satisfaction at the bound man’s rock hard cock bouncing to attention, and felt his own cock pulse at the extraordinary sight of the tortured soldier, just as he had been that night.

It was merely a symbolic flogging, not hard enough to cause real pain but enough to release memories. Hassan just wanted to see the whip falling across the muscle-god’s chest as it had that first time. The sound of the whip, the writhing body, and the intense gaze as they held each other’s eyes, all launched them back in time. It was one soldier torturing another, and Hassan used the same words as he had then. “You are a beautiful man, soldier. I love torturing your body, watching it writhe, seeing your handsome face wince with pain. I too am a beautiful man, I know that, and I can make you do whatever I command.”

He looked down and aimed the whip at Mark’s long hard rod, wrapping the leather thongs round it. Mark gasped and knew that would finish him. Hassan’s gaze was penetrating. “Yes, Mark, I can do it. I can do to you whatever I choose. Now you will obey me, soldier. Now!”

Suddenly his arms flexed and he increased the strength of the blows. Now it hurt and Mark’s eyes widened in pain and fury. “Fuck you, man,” he screamed. “Aaaah!” As the punishment intensified he saw himself chained in the cell, saw his body writhing under the lash, saw his handsome, exotic captor as his muscles flexed and gleamed with sweat.

He couldn’t take any more. It was not so much the pain, as the sight of this magnificent man that made him scream, “OK, man, you win. I give up I submit!” His cock shuddered and shot a long ribbon of cum across the sand, splashing onto Hassan’s smooth olive skin.

“Yes, Mark,” Hassan shouted. “That is what I see in my dreams. That is what makes me cum,” and he in turn blasted a flood of white liquid onto the man writhing before him. They stood gazing at each other, their cocks shooting stream after stream of semen across the space between them just as they had that fateful day, a day they would never forget a day they had needed to re-live on this wild, deserted beach.

They lay for a long time, their bodies entwined together on the hot sand. Hassan whispered, “Thank you, Mark. Thank you for taking me back to that place.”

“Yeah,” Mark said. “That was a tough time, but hey, look where it brought us here together, on the beach, with those two gorgeous young surfers back there waiting for us. Come on, man. Let’s go find them. And this time I promise I won’t highjack you and plough your ass.”

Hassan grinned. “Oh, highjacking’s good. You’ll never hear me object.”

They got to their feet, closed up the shack, pulled on their swim trunks and ran back along the empty beach without stopping no pause, no highjacking, just an eagerness to put the past behind them and rejoin the boys.

But the boys were not there.

Mark looked out to sea and there was no one, no Jamie or Nate, no other surfers. Seeing the alarm on Mark’s face Hassan said, “Don’t worry, Mark, they probably got tired of surfing and wandered into the village for a bite to eat.”

“Then where are their surfboards?” Mark retorted, panic rising in his voice. “No, they’re still out there somewhere something must have happened. I’ve gotta get out there, find them. Stay here, buddy, in case they show up. I’ve gotta find them.” He took off, racing to the water and launching himself headlong into the waves.

Mark, the consummate police officer, was usually calm and steady as a rock. Not this time this was about Jamie, his boy, the boy he loved and protected. He tried desperately to steady his nerves and control the panic, but his mind was whirling with thoughts of the past. The rip-tides here could be brutal and he thought of the time all the boys had been adrift in the rowboat. Thank god he had been there to rescue them.

He felt a stab of fear as he remembered the day that Jamie had been caught in the rip-tide and almost drowned, saved only by the kiss of life Mark had administered just in time. That life-saving kiss, the moment they had gazed at each other and fallen in love. “Jamie!” he yelled breathlessly as he felt panic overtaking him. “Jamie, where are you?”

But he realized that shouting was useless above the sound of the waves and would only sap his strength. So he quickened his powerful strokes, frantically searching over the waves hoping desperately to catch a glimpse of the boys, or at least a loose surfboard. “I can’t lose him,” he thought. “I can’t I love the boy he’s my boy!” He didn’t realize that the salt water on his face was not only the sea, it was tears of anguish and dread.

It was becoming hopeless as he scanned the empty ocean with no sign of anything but the swell of water. He found himself swimming toward the end of the beach, in the opposite direction from where he had run earlier. There was a long sandspit separating this beach from the next, its long arm jutting out into the ocean. Nearing exhaustion he knew instinctively that climbing

up onto the sand here would give him a better view of the sea a better chance of finding them, he thought, though the prospects of this were dimming.

Panting heavily he hauled himself from the water and stumbled up onto the sandspit. His eyes were blurred with seawater and tears, but as his vision cleared he anxiously scanned the endless expanse of ocean. Nothing. "Please," he begged to no-one in particular. "Let me find them I need Jamie." Frantically he turned round to scan the other beach on the far side of the sandspit and his heart leapt. The place was deserted, except for what looked like two figures bobbing in the swell in the far distance. He squinted, strained his eyes, and then, as the swell rose behind them, he saw them jump up on their surfboards and ride the wave.

Mark was not a religious man but he said a silent prayer of thanks anyway. It had to be them but why were they all the way over there? Had they been swept this far? He began to leap up and down, waving his arms wildly, screaming Jamie's name, even though he knew he couldn't be heard from this distance. But he was a big man and his frantic efforts to attract their attention finally paid off. He saw them drop flat onto their boards and they seemed to be paddling back in his direction.

As Mark watched the boys come closer he could see Jamie's gleaming shoulders as he paddled strongly, he could see his face that face that he had kissed so many times as he made love to him, the face of the boy he adored. His mind was racing with conflicting emotions. As his panic abated it was replaced with relief, then bewilderment as to how they had gone so far and why? It couldn't have been a mistake it was deliberate. And now his other thoughts were smothered by something even more acute a rising anger.

As the boys paddled round the headland and headed to shore Mark dived back into the surf and swam strongly to the beach. Exhausted in body and mind he staggered out of the water and into Hassan's waiting arms. "Take it easy, man," Hassan said. "Deep breaths. It's OK, they're safe. Look, here they come."

Mark turned and watched the boys wade out of the water, their boards under their arms. The grins on their faces faded suddenly as they saw Mark's expression. It was one of ice-cold anger. Mark's relief at seeing his boy safe and sound was eclipsed by a fury born of fear. All the panic, foreboding and dread of the last half-hour now coalesced into rage that his boy could have been so thoughtless as to put himself in danger, and cause his master such grief.

And now his anger found full voice. "What the fuck did you think you were doing, boy? Do you know what you put me through, not knowing where you were, if you were even alive or dead? You stupid, fucking young idiot, just out for your own pleasure, not caring what it would do to the man who loves you? Didn't I tell you not to go out too far? What do you think Hassan and I felt when we got back and you had disappeared? Don't you remember the time

you almost drowned out there and I had to bring you back to life? Shit, I'm beginning to wonder if it was worth it."

Mark checked himself as he suddenly realized he had gone too far. But far from being chastened, Jamie was spurred to anger by what he saw as the injustice of Mark's harsh words. Worse, he was being reprimanded in front of his young friend, Nate, the boy who respected him as a leader, the boy he showed off to as a proud, confident young stud. Jamie could not let Mark's reproach go unchallenged.

"Sir, that's not fair," he said defiantly. "I decided that the waves here were shit and that's why we went to the next beach where the surf was higher. It was my decision, not Nate's, in fact he objected, but I don't think I did anything wrong." Jamie's defiance was escalating as he became more passionate in his defense, his voice choking with indignation. "You have no right talking to me like that in front of my friend. I'm an adult I can make my own decisions I don't need your permission just because because you're some big tough cop." His eyes were brimming with tears. "Stop telling me what to do. You have no right you're not my dad!"

There was a shocked silence as his last bitter words hung in the air. Jamie was trembling but he had enough sense to realize he had gone too far. There was only one thing he could do. He turned and ran away, sobbing as he pounded over the sand and up into the dunes. Mark was stunned by Jamie's outburst and his instinct was to follow his boy. But as he was about take off he felt a hand grip his wrist and restrain him.

"Take it easy, man," Hassan said calmly. "Let him go, you'll only make it worse. Better wait a minute 'til he cools off, then go and talk to him." Hassan was moved by the lost look of confusion and bewilderment in Mark's usually steady eyes. Mark made a stammering attempt to explain himself. "I was angry because I was scared, man scared of losing him. And now I've lost him. Do you think I've lost him, buddy?"

"Of course not," Hassan smiled. "You two never. Shit, if you'd lost him I'd snap him up in a heartbeat, but that ain't gonna happen. He's your boy and you're his master, and that's not gonna change. But there's no way he should have talked to you like that and you'll have to decide how you deal with that." He looked over at Nate, standing nearby in a state of shock. Hassan nodded in his direction and raised his eyebrows at Mark.

Mark took his cue and walked over to the boy. "Nate, I'm sorry about all this. I believe that none of this was your fault. Jamie said you objected to going so far out but I know how you look up to him and would follow him anywhere. Now while I go speak to Jamie I'm gonna leave you with Hassan. Why don't you fix him a drink and have something to eat with him?"

"OK if I tidy up the shack too and put away our gear, sir?" Nate said shyly.

“Hey, let me help you with that,” said Hassan gently. “Don’t worry, kid, I’ll take care of you.” As they walked toward the shack Hassan threw his arm round Nate’s shoulder. Nate sighed with relief. After all, he had wanted to get to know Hassan better, hadn’t he?

It didn’t take long for Mark to find Jamie. Coming over the crest of one of the dunes he saw him in a hollow, sitting with his knees drawn up, his arms hugging them and his head buried in his arms. His hunched shoulders shook as he sobbed. Mark approached silently.

“Hey.” Startled Jamie raised his tear-stained eyes and flinched away from him. Mark squatted by him but when he touched his shoulder the boy flinched again. He clearly was not about to talk, so Mark did.

“Look, kid, I think we both lost our cool back there. I was afraid I had lost you out in the ocean I was pretty frantic for a while..... and when I found you my fear turned to anger. I guess I came on a bit strong. I was right to reprimand you but I shouldn’t have done it in front of Nate I know how that must have humiliated you. Even so, you should never have spoken to me the way you did.”

He paused, expecting some reaction, but Jamie didn’t move so Mark continued. “What do you want from me, kid? Look, what you said back there about me not being your dad. Shit, boy, I’ll adopt you if you want, like Randy did Pablo. Just tell me what you want.”

Finally Jamie raised his head and his teary eyes looked directly into Mark’s. “I want you to punish me, sir. I don’t know why I said all those things. I didn’t mean any of it. I thought I had ruined everything and you wouldn’t want me anymore.”

Mark’s voice rose, “Jamie, for god’s sake, I’ve told you a million times you’re my boy and that’s never gonna change no matter what.”

“Thank you, sir. But I know I was wrong to go to the other beach I didn’t think how scared you’d be that we’d drowned or something. And I know for sure I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that. So I want you to punish me, sir, like they do in the house when someone screws up. Nate and Hassan heard me say all those crazy things, so I need to show them how stupid I’ve been. I need them to see you punish me, sir, to hurt me. And it has to be real.”

“OK, Jamie. I understand how you feel.”

“But one other thing, sir. Please don’t punish Nate. It was all my idea and he said we shouldn’t go. He tried to stop me but when I went anyway he followed me ‘cause you had said we should stay together. So don’t punish him, sir. He’s a real good guy.”

“I know he is, Jamie, and so are you.” In Mark’s mind Jamie had just redeemed himself. But he knew he had to punish him. It was the only way.

Hassan and Nate were gazing down in awe. When Mark and Jamie had got back it was the sight of Jamie’s big surfboard lying on the sand that gave Mark the idea. And now everything was ready.

It was an awesome sight. Jamie was lying naked on his back on the board, his arms stretched upward, his wrists tied with a rope and the rope looped over the big curved fin at the end of the board. There was a rope round his chest, so the young surfer was lashed to his own surfboard. His fine, muscular body was gleaming in the sun, his handsome face was streaked with sea-salt and sand and his tousled blond hair hung in a tangle over his forehead. The sight of the gorgeous young surfer tied to his surfboard gave all three men stiff erections in their shorts.

“Let me see you get free,” Mark’s deep voice growled. Jamie looked up at his wrists roped round the fin and pulled at them hopelessly. He tried to twist his body, his lean young muscles flexing and straining, but he was lashed tight to the board. He looked spectacular and Hassan murmured softly, “Holy shit, that’s incredible.”

Naked now, Mark stood astride Jamie and looked down at him. “You did the unforgivable thing, boy you insulted your master. When you became my boy I told you I would love you and protect you but that you had to obey me always. Now you have disobeyed disobeyed *me!* Look at me boy!” He held his arms out to the side and flexed his magnificent torso. “Do I look like the kind of guy who tolerates disobedience in a boy? You have insulted me in front of our friends and you have to be punished. I’m gonna hurt you, boy.”

Mark dropped to his knees astride Jamie’s chest. His blue-gray eyes penetrated Jamie’s as he touched the boy’s bound chest. Suddenly his fingers gripped Jamie’s nipples tight and he twisted them hard. “Aaagh!” Jamie’s scream echoed along the beach and through the dunes, drowning out the crash of the waves and the cry of the whirling seagulls.

Again Mark wrench his nipples with savage strength and again Jamie screamed, his head thrashing from side to side, tears spurting from his eyes. Again and again Mark twisted the nipples brutally and Jamie’s screams were agonized, so pitiful that Nate took a step forward until he felt Hassan’s restraining hand on his shoulder. Nate looked up with tears in his eyes but Hassan shook his head at him. They were not to intervene. This was between Mark and his boy.

Mark was now applying steady pressure to the nipples and Jamie felt that his whole chest was on fire. The pain was excruciating and he looked up desperately at the master who had never hurt him like this. In his haze of pain he heard Mark’s deep voice. “Now you know what it means to insult your master, boy. What do you have to say for yourself?”

Through his wracking sobs Jamie moaned, "I'm sorry, sir. I know I disobeyed you I never will again, sir. You are my master and I love you, sir. I worship you. Please forgive me, sir. Please" Tears poured down his face. "It hurts so bad, sir. Please stop hurting me."

Immediately it ended, as the fingers pulled away with one last burst of pain. Jamie gazed up at the beautiful Nordic face and gasped, "Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir."

"We're not finished yet, boy. First your chest, now you ass." Mark eased backward until he was kneeling on the board between Jamie's legs. He threw the legs high in the air and with one swift, brutal thrust impaled the young ass on his steel-like rod. Again Jamie screamed. He had been fucked countless time by Mark, but never like this. Mark never fucked him savagely, but this time was different.

The piston drove into the boy's ass without mercy. Sweat poured off Jamie's helpless, writhing body, straining against the ropes, as he endured the relentless pounding in his ass. "I'm gonna ream your ass, boy," Mark growled. "You will never, ever disobey me again, never talk back to me again, is that clear?"

"Yes, sir." Jamie groaned through the pain of the piston ramming into him. "I'm sorry, sir. Let me prove to you that I'm sorry. Fuck my ass sir fuck me hard hurt me sir I need you to hurt me sir just so you'll forgive me. I love you, sir. You're all my life." He screamed with pain and joy, "*I love you, sir!*"

Suddenly the pain stopped, the pounding stopped and all Jamie could feel was the cock sliding gently, slowly in and out of his ass. He looked up in surprise and saw Mark smiling down at him. It was over the anger the punishment, the pain all of it was over, replaced by the exquisite, gentle loving that they knew every day of their lives. "That's it, Jamie," Mark said. "I forgive you. I love you. I love you always, boy, every day always. Now you have to do one last thing for me, and you know what that is."

"Yes, sir," Jamie said, managing to smile through his tears. "Now, sir?" Mark nodded and Jamie felt his cock shudder as a long ribbon of cream shot from his cock and splashed on his master's chest. He felt Mark explode inside him, and that made him shoot some more, again and again as he watched the muscular body moving above him, slowing until it was still.

Mark pulled out, sprang to his feet and said, "Release him." Instantly Nate was on his knees pulling at the ropes until his friend was finally free. Hassan knelt on the other side and together they eased Jamie up on his feet and held his arms as he faced his glorious master. Mark walked forward, paused as he looked deep into his boy's eyes, then took him into his arms and held him tight.

Each man, master and boy, had tears streaming down his face.

Mark and Hassan were sitting on the small porch watching Jamie and Nate rough-housing in the surf. The experience had brought the boys even closer together and Jamie was even more of a hero in Nate's eyes. The men sipped beers in silence for a while, then Hassan looked at Mark and said, "Well done, man. That couldn't have been easy."

"It was agony for me, hurting my boy like that. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Nah, you had to do that and you know it. Jamie wanted to be punished and it had to be real. It was the only way he could ever begin to forgive himself for talking to you like he did. Submitting to you was the only way Jamie could prove to you, to himself and to us that he was devoted to you that he would do anything for you, suffer any pain."

There was silence again, then Mark said, "Jesus it's tough, loving someone as much as that."

"Yeah, tell me about it, Mark." Hassan looked directly into his friend's eyes. "I know all about that. Love's a bitch."

Mark put his arm round him. "Hassan, you know you and I will always love each other shit, after everything we've been through. We're two of a kind, man. And now that you're living in L.A., just up the hill" and he smiled seductively. "But listen, man, I'm gonna ask a favor of you. You know that the plan was for the boys to sleep in their tent tonight and we'd share the bed in the shack. Well I was wondering just for tonight if"

"... if you could sleep with Jamie in the tent and Nate will bunk in with me in the shack. Of course, man wouldn't have it any other way. You two have to make your peace. Hell, you'll probably be making love all night but tomorrow night, you're all mine OK?"

Hassan smiled and took a sip of beer. "Besides, that Nate's a hot young kid. Oh, he doesn't have the glamor that Jamie has, but he's real handsome in a quiet way hot young body too. He may be shy, but he's nobody's fool real direct and honest, with a great sense of humor. I like all that about him. Reminds me a bit of how I was at his age. Yeah, I like Nate a lot."

"Sounds like you won't mind sharing your bed with him, buddy."

"Oh, I won't mind," Hassan said, flashing a big smile. "I won't mind at all."

Actually, Hassan had already spent a little time with Nate. While Mark and Jamie were in the dunes they had worked together stowing all their gear in the shack and making it look livable. At first Nate was shy around the exotically handsome Marine, but as his inhibitions faded he had amused Hassan with stories of his life in Australia and impressed him with his boyish enthusiasm about living in the L.A. house, working as houseboy.

“See, me and Jamie are best mates now,” Nate said, his eyes shining “He’s a great guy and a terrific surfer, so gorgeous too and well”

“..... and you’re a bit in love with him,” Hassan smiled.

Nate blushed “More than a bit, sir.” Embarrassed, Nate averted his eyes and concentrated on cleaning the room while Hassan smiled down at him with growing affection

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Chapter 137 – Nate & Hassan – Military Fantasies

In the time they had known each other the boys had quickly developed a deep friendship and now, as they played boisterously in the surf, Nate was helping Jamie recover from the emotional and physical ordeal of being punished by Mark. And yet, as they trudge back up the beach that painful event still resonated and the boys watched Mark warily and with some trepidation.

But Mark’s smile and light-hearted tone helped to dispel their fears. “Now I just wanna say one thing, guys. You know that Randy and I don’t always see eye-to-eye but he has one rule that I firmly agree with. When a guy steps out of line, once he has taken his punishment the thing’s over. You screw up, get punished, and that’s it get on with your life. OK? Now, I don’t know about you all but I’m starved, so what say we walk into the village and grab some dinner?”

There was an audible sigh of relief all round and they quickly pulled on some clothes. “Hey, Nate,” Mark said, “you sure did a number on the shack. The only time I’ve seen it this tidy is when you were up here that first time.”

“Well, sir, it’s what I do houseboy and all.” He grinned. “Plus this time Hassan gave me a whole lot of help.”

Hassan smiled at him and ruffled his hair affectionately. The warmth between them was not lost on Mark who raised his eyebrows at Jamie with a wide-eyed grin. Mark walked ahead with his arm round Jamie in comfortable silence. There was a lot they wanted to say and do to each other but that would come later. Hassan and Nate walked together behind them, also in silence, but that was because Nate was still in awe of the gorgeous soldier and his shyness kicked in.

But over plates of food in the small Mexican restaurant, and with the help of several Dos Equis beers, any reticence they felt quickly dissolved and the boys launched into enthusiastic tales about some of their surfing adventures in Australia. Hassan noted quietly how Nate’s eyes sparkled each time he brought up Adam’s name.

Finally Mark called for silence and said, “Now, when we get back you boys still have to pitch your tent in the dunes, but then there’s gonna be a slight change of plans.” He fixed his eyes on Jamie. “Tonight I’m gonna sleep in the tent with Jamie. We two have a lot of, er reconstruction to do, stuff to talk about, and it could take a long time best part of the night, maybe.”

Jamie blushed and Hassan murmured, “Hmm, ‘reconstruction’. That’s a new word for it.” Amid the laughter he looked at Nate. “You OK bunking in with me, Nate? It’s a big bed..... promise I won’t crowd you.

“Oh, crowding’s OK, sir,” and it was Nate’s turn to blush.

It had been an exhausting first day first Mark and Hassan challenging each other in a re-enactment of their first sexual encounter, with its painful struggle for sexual supremacy and then the disappearance of the boys and Jamie’s painful punishment by Mark. So they were all pretty much ready for bed as soon as they trudged back from dinner.

Mark and Hassan sipped late-night drinks on the deck of the shack while the boys quickly erected their tent in the dunes and stuffed a mattress inside. They came back and stood before the men as if reporting for duty, waiting for orders. Mark’s impatience to be alone with his boy was palpable as he stood and put his hand behind Jamie’s neck, guiding him back to the dunes. He looked back over his shoulder and shouted, “Night, guys. Sleep well or whatever....”

When they reached the tent Mark and Jamie stood staring into each other’s eyes, their emotions overflowing as they recalled the events of the day, the fear they had felt and the pain they had caused each other. Mark smiled lightly, reached forward and ran the backs of his fingers over Jamie’s shirt, feeling the nipples underneath. Jamie inhaled sharply and flinched, still tender from the intense pain when Mark had squeezed them as he was helplessly tied to his surfboard.

“Still sore, eh, kid?” Mark grinned.

“Yes, sir, but it feels” He looked down at his cock making a tent pole in his shorts.

“Thought so,” Mark smiled. “Come on, kid, let’s hit the sack.

Jamie quickly pulled off his T-shirt, dropped his shorts and stood naked in front of his master. Mark sighed and shook his head, gazing at his golden boy. “Oh, man, that is so fucking gorgeous and to think I hurt you so bad? But he shook off the regrets and pulled off his clothes. As he always did, Jamie gasped seeing his master, the stunning, muscular cop, naked. The words came out instinctively “Sir, will you take me to bed?”

They crawled into the tent and lay on the mattress on their sides facing each other, Mark's head propped up on his elbow. "Sir, Jamie said hesitantly, I want to apologize again for"

"Sshh," whispered Mark laying a finger on his lips. "Like I said, that's over kiddo. I said things to you that I wish to god I never had. They were so cruel that I wouldn't blame you if you'd stopped loving me."

Jamie's eyes opened wide. "Never, sir. That would never happen. As a matter of fact" Mark saw his boy blush, even though his face was lit only by the light of the moon filtering into the tent. "... as a matter of fact, sir, when I was tied to my board and you were hurting me I think I loved you more than ever. I loved being in your power, tied up, watching my master do whatever he wanted to me. It was like you owned me, sir. It was so hot I loved it, even the pain."

"Yeah," Mark smiled, touching Jamie's nipples again. "Randy and Bob taught me all about that ... and if you like we'll do it again sometime. Like you said, I can do whatever I want to you ... you're my boy. And right now the thing I want to do is what I've wanted since the minute we got here today. Guess we just got a little sidetracked."

Jamie smiled and instinctively turned over on his back. Mark knelt over him, pushed his legs up and gazed down at the young blond face, stunningly beautiful in the silver light of the moon. "Yeah, that's what I wanted. I wanted that face, that body and that ass. This is not a punishment fuck, Jamie. This time, kiddo, it's love."

He eased his cock into the soft, downy fur of the ass and pushed, sighing deeply as he felt his boy welcome him into the warm secret places that he knew so well. There was no sound except for their deep breathing and the distant hiss of waves breaking on the shore. Mark's perfect body rose and fell over the boy, joining them physically and spiritually in a union where all other feelings fear, anger, shame faded into meaningless trivia. This was love the kind of love that truly does conquer all.

Their orgasms were not a climax they were a beginning. When Mark came inside his boy and Jamie's cum flowed over him there was no pause. Mark kept on fucking his boy and soon their juice flowed again. Neither was aware how many times they came, or how long their lovemaking lasted. Sometimes Mark lowered his body onto Jamie's and they dozed, but when they woke Mark was still inside his boy and they fucked again. Eventually they did fall into a deep sleep, but not before the moonlight faded in the first fragile rays of dawn sunlight.

When Mark and Jamie had walked away from the shack in the confident expectation of rekindling the embers of their love, they left behind two men who were on much less solid ground, men who were new to each other. After they had watched Mark and Jamie disappear

over the dunes, Hassan and Nate turned and walked into the shack. Nate looked down at the bed they were to share and timidity gripped him, bordering on fear.

Insecurity often makes a person take refuge in a comfort zone and so Nate reverted to his being a houseboy. He avoided looking at Hassan and busied himself tidying the room, even though he had already tidied it a short while before. He folded clothes, cleared away bottles and glasses, and generally worked with such concentration that he had almost convinced himself he was alone in the room. Until he heard a throat clear and a deep voice say, "Nate."

He looked up and saw Hassan's handsome face smiling at him. "Nate, would you mind stopping your houseboy act and paying a little attention to me? I'm beginning to think you don't like me."

"Oh, no, sir," Nate blurted out. "It's not that it's not that at all not at all."

"Good. OK then, time for bed, don't you think?" Hassan pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his sneakers and Nate gasped as he saw the muscular, olive-skinned soldier with the exotically beautiful face standing god-like before him, stripped to the waist in his faded fatigue pants. Nate's knees went weak and he grabbed a corner of a table and turned his head away.

"Nate?" Hassan asked gently. "What's the matter?"

Nate pulled himself together and willed himself back to the forthright Australian he had always been. "Well, sir, it's just that" his voice weakened. "..... it's just that you're so far out of my league, sir." Seeing Hassan's puzzled frown Nate's explanation poured out.

"Sir, I love living with Jamie and Mark and all the other guys but I know they're different from me 'cause they're all so incredibly beautiful. I still don't understand why they all seem to like me, and especially how Jamie could have chosen me as his best mate. I mean, they could have anyone they wanted, yet they hired me as their houseboy. And now *you*, sir. You are absolutely in their league, sir you are one of the most gorgeous men I've ever seen in my life, and now and now I'm supposed to share a bed with you, sir? with *you!* I don't think I can, sir."

"Wow," Hassan said as Nate ran out of steam. "So that's it." He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled Nate down beside him. "Let me tell you something, kid. All my life I've been could-shouldered and rejected by guys because they were in awe of me or just plain jealous. I know how beautiful I am and it's been a cross I've always born. Why do you think I live alone, tucked away in the Hollywood Hills and the only guys I socialize with are the guys in your house? And now here I am rejected once more. I was looking forward to getting to know you better, Nate, and now you won't even share a bed with me.

"Oh, sir, I didn't mean"

But Hassan cut him off. "You sell yourself far too short, Nate. When I first saw you I was impressed by your good looks. You're what I would call quietly handsome with a natural masculinity. You're direct, unpretentious, no bullshit, with a great sense of humor not to mention that hot young body now that you've been working out so hard.

"See, Jamie and the other guys all have a glamorous aura about them. You're not glamorous in that way, but I'm tired of glamor, tired of seeing it in the mirror. You're the kind of hot young guy that anyone would be proud to call his own. So quit beating yourself up and get into bed. And don't worry, I promise not to keep you awake. No touching if that's what it takes, OK?"

"OK, sir," Nate grinned shyly. The 'no touching' thing he wasn't sure about, but realized that's the only way he would get any sleep. Again he watched in awe as Hassan pulled off his jeans and threw himself down on the bed, his body looking spectacular in just white boxer shorts. Nate modestly turned his back, stripped down to his briefs and climbed into bed, keeping a safe distance from Hassan.

"See, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Hassan laughed.

Reassured by Hassan's joking tone Nate said impulsively, "The only thing that's hard right now is my cock, sir."

Hassan laughed even louder. "See, what did I say about that Aussie sense of humor?"

Nate blushed at his own boldness and edged away a few more inches. Now for sleep if only that roaring hard-on would go down.

He did sleep for a while, he thought just a short while before he opened his eyes, suddenly wide awake, and listened to the steady breathing of the man sleeping beside him. His hard-on was still raging, probably hadn't gone down even while he slept. Nate turned his head to the side, looked at the beautiful face with its eyes closed, but quickly turned back and looked straight up at the ceiling. Oh, shit he would never get to sleep like this, he thought.

Anyway, he needed to take a leak. Carefully, silently, he slid out of bed and went to the small rustic bathroom a few feet away and closed the door. It wasn't easy to pee with his cock so rigid, but he finally did, then crammed his cock back in his briefs, opened the door and stopped dead, gazing at the incredible sight.

The same moon that right now was lighting Jamie's face in the tent was streaming through the window blinds, striping the Marine's near naked body with its silver light. It was a warm night and in his sleep Hassan had pushed the sheet down so it covered only his feet. The rest of his body was stretched out in the moonlight, his arms sprawled upwards above his head that lolled

to one side. He was naked except for his white shorts that clung tightly to him because of the bulge of a sleeping erection.

Nate gazed at the glorious image that reminded him of pornographic pictures he used to jack off to back in Sydney. His eyes focused on the bulging biceps of the stretched arms, then travelled down over his wide shoulders, the flare of his lats, the square slabs of his chest, the ridges of his washboard stomach and his slim waist. His gazed settled on the bulge in Hassan's shorts, their lower edge tight round his rock-hard thighs.

Nate felt himself go weak again. He had been right to think he couldn't do this sleep beside this incredible muscle-god. Maybe he should sleep on the floor. Nah, that would look stupid. The solution came by instinct, as he became aware that he had pulled his cock out of his briefs and he was stroking it hard. It would only take a few minutes of this before he would bust his load and get release. Then maybe he could sleep.

He gasped softly and held his breath as Hassan stirred in his sleep. His body shifted a little and one of his arms moved down, the hand coming to rest lightly on the bulge in his shorts. He sighed deeply and then was still again. His movement had made the sinews of his spectacular body glint in the moonlight as the muscles rippled under the olive skin.

Nate was lost in the erotic perfection of the naked Marine and he beat his meat in a frenzy until his body went rigid and he stifled a scream as a jet of cum blasted from his cock and splashed onto the floor, followed by another and another. It took a huge effort to remain silent and to control his heaving breathing.

He came back to reality and needed to get back in bed before he woke Hassan. He grabbed a towel, wiped his cock and pushed it back in his briefs. (The floor could wait 'til the morning). When his breathing finally subsided he tiptoed over the floor to the bed, and eased himself ever-so-carefully in beside Hassan. He lay on his back eyes closed and waited for sleep to come.

Then he heard the soft, deep voice. "Did you just jerk off looking at me, kid?"

Nate's eyes jolted wide open. Busted! Hassan knew what he had done. Had he seen? Heard? He gulped and decided in his direct Aussie way to come clean. "Yes, sir" he cleared his throat "yes, sir, I did. I couldn't sleep next to you 'cause I had this raging boner and it wouldn't go down, so I went to the bathroom and blew my wad just looking at you." He fell silent, waiting for a reprimand, but instead he heard a laugh.

"Well, good it's about time."

Nate turned to look at Hassan. "You knew I would do that, sir?"

“Of course I did. Nate, I know the effect I have on guys shit, I can’t count the number of times I’ve seen guys out of the corner of my eye beating their meat and cumming just looking at me in the showers, in the gym. Hell, I was once in a meeting, bunch of us Marines sitting round a boardroom table, and I realized that one of the guys was staring at me, stroking his bulge under the table, and I saw him flinch as he shot his load into his pants. He didn’t know I knew, but I tell you it was damned hard to concentrate after that.”

Nate laughed and the tension dissolved. “Anyway,” Hassan continued, “I’m glad you finally emptied your ball sac ‘cause now I can fuck you without you cumming the minute I enter you.”

Nate winced, trying to get his mind round Hassan’s matter-of-fact statement. “You you mean you’re gonna you want to fuck me, sir? *Me?*”

Hassan laughed. “Sure I do, kid. Of course I do. I’ve wanted to do that ever since we drove up here. I’m just glad that Mark felt so bad about hurting Jamie that he chose to spend the night with him. The minute he asked me to share my bed with you my dick got hard.” Suddenly a thought occurred to him and he looked hard at Nate. “You do still *get* your ass fucked, don’t you, kid? After that drunken group sex thing we all did that time I thought you might have gone off the idea.”

“Oh, no worries there. It still happens. Jamie was the first guy ever to fuck me, then Mark, and Adam my Aussie friend and Randy of course.”

“Yeah, Randy of course,” Hassan sighed. “No surprise there he always has to show he’s boss by fucking every new guy who comes to the house.”

“Oh I didn’t mind, sir. As a matter of fact it was awesome when he” He trailed off in embarrassment.

“When he what, kid?”

Well sir, he said he wanted to juice things up a bit so he he tied me to the bed and then fucked me and it was great, sir.”

“You liked that?”

Nate blushed, but the vivid memory prompted him to explain. “See, sir, before I came here like when I was in Australia I never went with guys but I used to fantasize all the time. You know, videos, magazines, pictures, drawings and I’d get off like that. And my fantasies got kind of extreme like, leather, construction workers, cops that’s one reason Mark is such an incredible turn-on Randy too, when he fucked me in his work clothes. That’s why living in the house is so cool all the guys there are like some pornographic fantasy.

“Anyway, all those pictures in the magazines of macho guys getting tied up and whipped, that always made me shoot. But I guess my favorite was military guys in their uniforms jeez that was so hot. I had a magazine that was all about a bunch of hot soldiers in some desert challenging each other, and they were wrestling and this young soldier lost and got his uniform ripped off. He was tied up and whipped and his ass was fucked by this gorgeous muscle-stud, a Marine he was oh, sorry, sir.” He suddenly remembered he was talking to a Marineone more gorgeous than any he had ever seen in pictures.

While Nate chattered on so eagerly Hassan was staring at him with a slight smile on his face. There was a lot more to this kid than met the eye still waters running deep, he thought. He interrupted him. “Nate, did anyone ever tell you the story of how I met Mark, during the war, and I had to interrogate him, so I chained him to the wall and whipped him and fucked him?”

“Yes, sir, Darius did. I know it must have been real rough and painful but but I often jack off thinking about it. Sorry, sir.”

Suddenly Hassan roused himself and jumped out of bed. Nate was stunned. “Oh, I’m sorry, sir. I was kind of running off at the mouth, wasn’t I? I don’t know why I told you all those things. It’s just that I

“Quiet, boy!” Nate was shocked by the sudden harsh tone in Hassan’s voice. “Now you stay right where you are. You don’t move is that clear?”

“Yes, sir,” Nate said. He obeyed instantly, lying stiffly on his back, staring up at the ceiling, afraid that he had offended Hassan by letting his tongue run away with him. He was dimly aware of Hassan grabbing some clothes, taking them into the bathroom and closing the door. “Ah, hell,” Nate thought. “I guess I offended him. Shit, he’s gonna leave me on my own.”

As he lay there in the silence Nate was depressed and angry with himself for talking so much. But at the same time there was an atmosphere in the quiet room that was suspenseful somehow, almost too quiet, as if something was about to happen. The moonlight filtering through the slatted window blinds gave the place an eerie, unreal feeling reminding him almost of some of those pictures he had been talking about talking too much, it seemed, and he cursed himself again.

As the minutes dragged on he began to feel uneasy and his mind started playing tricks. Part of him wanted to leave but he knew that he couldn’t he had been forbidden to move. It was almost like he was a prisoner, even though he was not tied up.

He took the risk of moving his head and looked up over his shoulder. He wished he hadn’t. He inhaled sharply as he saw some lengths of rope wrapped loosely round the bedposts. He frowned, then it dawned on him that they must have been left over from when Mark and Jamie

were last here, when no doubt Mark had tied Jamie to the bed and fucked him. Nate's nervousness increased, but at the same time he felt a stirring in his cock.

Time dragged on, and then he heard the creaking of the bathroom door as it opened. His body went rigid and he stared at the ceiling. He heard someone move and slowly he lowered his eyes. "Aaah!" He gasped at what he saw.

Standing at the foot of the bed was a tall, heavily muscled Marine, with rugged square-cut features, an exotic mix of Arab and Asian. He was stunning, in khaki fatigue pants with a heavy belt at the narrow waist, the pants legs tucked into heavy military boots. He was wearing what looked like an old gray tank-top stretched over the slabs of his chest, and over that a ragged, sleeveless military shirt tucked into the narrow waist of his pants.

Nate's heart was beating so loudly he could hear it. His breathing was ragged and his cock was so hard that the head poked up above his briefs. This was a pornographic picture come to life, a macho military icon more erotic than anything in his wildest imagination. The Marine folded his arms across his chest and Nate made a huge effort to stop himself blowing his load right there. He drifted into a different world, like stepping into one of his erotic pictures, steeped in an atmosphere of menace and intense male sexuality.

He held his breath and suddenly the soldier came to life. "OK," he said in a detached, efficient manner, "you're next, boy. Shit you're younger than the others. Still, no need to be scared, boy, just as long as you obey orders and tell me what I need to know." He moved to the head of the bed. "Good ropes still here from the last one." He grabbed Nate's right wrist, yanked his arm up and out to the bedpost and quickly tied it tight. He moved over and did the same to his other wrist, so the boy's arms were now stretched upward and he was spread-eagled helplessly on the bed.

The Marine stood back and surveyed his prisoner with satisfaction. "Yeah, that'll do fine. Shit, you're a good looking young stud. I'm gonna enjoy working you over. Still, that won't be necessary if you tell me what I ask right away. Man, the guy before you was tough. Worked on him for a couple of hours before I broke him and he screamed for mercy."

Nate's eyes opened wide with awe as the soldier quickly ripped open his shirt and pulled it off, the muscles of his upper body bulging under the sweat-stained old tank top. He folded his arms across his chest. "So, kid, where are your two buddies you came here with?"

Nate's mind was reeling. This was exactly his fantasy come to life but was it real or still a fantasy? There flashed into his whirling thoughts Darius's voice saying, "Yeah, but it's only good if it feels like the real thing." This felt like the real thing but it wasn't good. He felt scared and he had lost his erection. But in spite of all this he instinctively knew that above all he mustn't tell the soldier what he wanted to know. So he stared up at the spectacular man towering over him and stayed silent.

“OK, boy, it that’s the way you want to play this. No sweat for me it’s what I’m paid to do.” His next move caused Nate to panic. The Marine was unbuckling his belt and sliding it out of his pants.

“No!” Nate yelled and began to struggle desperately to get free, pulling frantically against the ropes, his body twisting and writhing on the bed. He heard the Marine say, “Oh yeah, now that looks wild, boy. Just what turns me on. I like it when they struggle and scream. Makes my job more interesting.”

In his blind panic Nate recalled Randy’s advice to him “never let a guy tie you up unless you know him well and trust him.” And here he was at the mercy of a man who had been a military interrogator, who had captured Mark, chained and tortured him. He had lusted so much for Mark that he had threatened to drag him to his remote desert house and keep him captive as a sex slave. And now this same man, whose job had been to torture one enemy soldier after another, had tied him up and was about to torture him in some sadistic sex game.

Terrified, Nate looked at the belt hanging from the soldier’s right hand as he stood beside the bed. The soldier reached forward with his left hand and Nate flinched and closed his eyes, waiting. But then he felt the back of the hand stroke against his cheek ever so gently. He opened his eyes and saw soft brown eyes looking down at him with tenderness and a slight smile. Suddenly Nate understood and his panic subsided. This was Hassan, Nate’s picture-perfect erotic image of a handsome, muscular soldier the man who had listened to his fantasiesand who was right now making his dreams come to life.

The boy’s fear disappeared, replaced by an exhilaration of a kind he had never felt before. He was into the fantasy, deep in. ‘It has to feel real,’ Darius had said. And so it did. He was the bound young soldier in the picture, and he knew what the soldier would have done

“One last chance for you to talk, boy,” the Marine growled.

Nate looked up at him defiantly. “Go fuck yourself, soldier.”

“OK, boy. You asked for it.” The Marine raised his arm and brought the belt sharply across the boy’s chest. Nate gasped and flexed, surprised by how much it stung. But he realized that this was not a real blow, not something that really hurt. His feeling of anger and defiance was real now as he stared up at his captor and sneered, “Fuck you, asshole.”

So the whipping began in earnest rather a ritual, symbolic flogging, with nothing like the force that Hassan had used on Mark all those years ago. Lash after lash fell across the boy’s chest and his lean young body writhed under them. The feel and sound of the belt, and the sight of the powerful Marine were all incredibly erotic and his cock strained under his briefs. But eventually his stinging chest began to hurt it was becoming too much too real.

He heard the Marine's words. "You can make it stop, boy. You can trade the whip for a good fuck up the ass. Just say the word."

"Fuck you, man. My ass has never been fucked. No man's ever gonna do that, especially not you, asshole."

The soldier's eyes glinted. "Oh, no you don't get to fuck with me like that, boy. Look at me," and he held out his arms and flexed his muscles. "Do I look like a man who takes shit from a helpless little fucker like you? No, you're gonna beg me to fuck that virgin ass, boy." He raised his arm and delivered one last lash of the belt, hard this time, smashing across Nate's chest and taking him over his limit."

This was real the pain was far too much and he screamed, "OK! OK, I give up. I submit. No more whipping, please. Fuck my ass, soldier. I beg you, fuck my ass sir."

The soldier smiled and threw down the belt. Staring down at the boy he reached up, pulled his tank over his head and threw it aside. Nate gasped as he saw the Marine shirtless, his magnificent torso tapering from his broad shoulders down to the tight waist of his fatigues, legs astride in heavy, laced combat boots. God he wanted the soldier to fuck him.

Nate gasped as the man suddenly reached down and forcibly ripped his briefs clean off him. He yanked his huge rod out of his pants and said, "OK, boy, so you've never been fucked before. Well, I gotta tell you, I don't break new guys in easy I don't do nice and easy. Virgin ass or not, I do this." He threw Nate's legs in the air, knelt on the bed and plunged his cock deep into his hole, forcing it viciously into the hot cauldron of Nate's ass.

The shock and the pain made Nate scream. It was like the first time it really was as if he had never been fucked before. He opened his eyes and saw the incredible body of the Marine rising over him, impaling him on his iron rod as it pistoned inside him. He couldn't breathe, he thought he would pass out. He flashed on that young soldier in the picture, roped to the bed being tortured by the spectacular Marine, getting his ass hammered again and again by the merciless cock.

But still the defiant young soldier refused to submit. He gazed up at the Marine and yelled, "Go ahead, soldier. Fuck that ass torture it you'll never break me, man."

"You don't think so?" the Marine sneered. "There's more than one way to break a guy and I always do break them, boy. Now it's your turn. And this is how I do it." He plunged his cock deep inside Nate's ass, then pulled all the way out and smashed it in again. All the way out, then a slow, gentle easing all the way back in. A few more jackhammer blows and suddenly a long, long caress into the ravaged ass.

Nate was being driven wild, never knowing when the pole would pierce him and when the huge cock would tenderly massage his ass. He loved the tenderness and longed for the

jackhammer. He looked up at the spectacular face, black hair falling over his forehead, sweat running over his rugged features. Their eyes met and Hassan knew he had him.

“You’re finished, boy,” he sneered. “I’ve broken you.” He pulled back, then impaled the ass savagely one last time. Nate’s body jolted, went rigid and his cock exploded in streams of hot cum all over his bound, writhing young body as he screamed, “I submit, sir *I submit!*”

Hassan’s body heaved as he gazed down at the sobbing boy, semen streaming over his face and chest. Hassan’s cock was still inside him as he reached forward and quickly untied his wrists. He smiled down at Nate. “You OK, kid?”

“Oh, sir I!”

“You know I still have to cum, don’t you? Let me feel your hands on my body.”

In a daze more like a dream Nate reached up and ran his hands over the Marine’s beautiful face, then down over the neck, and he pressed his palms on the slabs of Hassan’s chest as it rose and fell over him. The sensation of the cock sliding into his ass was exquisite. “Sir,” he moaned, “sir, that feels aaah sir, I love you. Please, sir, let me feel your juice in my ass please.”

Hassan smiled. “OK, kiddo, here it comes,” and his semen began flowing into the tender young ass. Nate felt it and couldn’t hold back. He dug his fingers into Hassan’s chest and, even though he had cum twice, his cock shuddered again and creamy liquid pumped out over his already cum-soaked body.

Minutes later Nate was lying quietly in Hassan’s arms and Hassan asked him, “Hey, when Darius told you the story of me and Mark, did he mention that in the heat of our passion, when Mark was still my prisoner, I said I would smuggle him out of the prison, take him to my house in the desert and chain him up so he would belong to me forever my sex slave?”

“He did tell me that sir. Is that what you want to do with me, sir? I think that would be cool.”

Hassan laughed. “No kid, that’s in the world of fantasy. But now that we’re back in the real world, there is something you can tell me. I know you work all the time as houseboy for the guys, but what are your lightest days?”

Surprised by the question out of the blue, Nate said, “Oh that’s easy, sir. The weekends are my busiest when the guys are all there, but Wednesday and Thursday are the lightest.”

“Hmm. Well I was wondering. If I can clear it with Bob, do you think you could come over and clean my place on Wednesdays? I can be a messy kinda guy and the place gets real

untidy. And maybe sometimes you could even stay over Wednesday night and go back next morning. Might be fun. I've got all kinds of military gear you know, drill kit, dress uniforms, fatigues, workout gear. Thought you might get off on it."

Nate's eyes sparkled. "Sir, that would be awesome. I'd do a real good job for you."

"Oh I know you would, kid," Hassan laughed. "I'd make damn sure of that. OK, now sleep."

Nate sighed and as he drifted off to sleep in Hassan's arms there was a smile on his face. He wouldn't be needing those pictures and magazines anymore. He had it all right here.

"Hey, buddy," Mark said to Hassan as they walked along the beach next morning, "Whatever the hell you did to that kid last night sure transformed him. He's glowing walking on air."

Hassan flashed a conspiratorial smile. "Hell, Mark, you should talk. You obviously made your peace with Jamie the way he smiles at you all the time. Guess you fucked his sweet ass most of the night."

"Pretty much," Mark grinned, with satisfaction bordering on arrogance. "Hey, I wonder how the guys are getting on up at the lake? I had a strong feeling that Randy wanted some time out for him and Bob to 'get re-acquainted' as he calls it. I guess that means Randy reminding Bob who the boss is around there. Sure would like to be in the bushes watching that."

Hassan chuckled. "Yeah, well while they're at it they better keep an eye on those boys of theirs. What did Zack call it, a 'Truckload of Trouble'?" That boy of Randy's, Pablo, is a handful trying to grow up to be just like Randy. Thinks of himself as some kind of master-in-training and it looks like he's practicing on the twins. Wonder how that's working out for them."

"Talking of keeping an eye on their boys," Mark said, "where the fuck are ours?" They had reached the shack and, just like before, Jamie and Nate were nowhere in sight. "Shit damn, if they've"

"Hey, chill, buddy." Hassan put a restraining hand on his arms. "Listen." From over the nearest dune came the unmistakable sound of laughter. The men quickly scrambled up the dune and looked down into the sandy hollow, with smiles spreading over their faces. "Holy shit," Hassan said, "will you look at that?"

One of the surfboards was on the ground and Nate was lying on it on his back. His arms were stretched up and tied to the curved fin, just as Jamie's had been when Mark had punished him. The boys were obviously trying to duplicate that bondage scene but it wasn't working.

Trouble was Jamie was unable to resist Nate's upstretched armpits and was tickling them unmercifully.

Nate was screaming with laughter and frustration "Stop no, stop it, mate. You wait 'til I get free, dude....I'll get you for this." His helpless laughter was infectious and Jamie's hilarity was irrepressible as he tickled him harder. And to hell with any pretense of re-living the punishment bondage scene.

These two were best mates after all still celebrating after one of the best nights of their lives.

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Chapter 138 – Randy & Bob – the Slave's Revenge

"Wonder how that's working out for them," Hassan had said. Well as a matter of fact, on the long drive up the Angeles Crest Highway, Randy and Bob were asking themselves the same thing, wondering if this had been such a hot idea. Their plan had been to have some private time, re-exploring some of their past adventures that had culminated in the forging of an unbreakable bond between them.

Side by side in the truck they should have been sharing the lustful anticipation of the action to come, but the exuberant noise from the back seat drowned everything out. It was a big truck with a double cab, but the back seat was a turmoil of three excited boys and a dog, tumbling over each other in a seeming contest of who could make the most noise.

Randy sighed and shook his head. "Now listen, you guys," he shouted over his shoulder, "if you don't cool it and stop behaving like animals I'll stop the truck, fuck all your asses one-by-one and leave you tied to trees for the weekend then fuck you again on the way back. Got it?"

"Is that a promise, sir?" Pablo grinned.

Not amused, Randy fired back, "You especially, Pablo. You're behaving like a damn boy."

He knew he could not have said anything that would hurt Pablo more at this point, and there was a sudden silence. Pablo always saw himself as a mentor to the twins and that made him feel good about himself just as Hassan had said, a kind of master-in-training. So to have Randy say he was acting like a boy, in the twins hearing, hit a raw nerve. Still, he was a tough kid and sucked it up. "Sorry, sir," he said and switched immediately into his 'senior boy' role, starting with Billy.

"Hey, Billy," he said gruffly. "Quiet! in the back lie down now!" Ever obedient to the boy he worshipped Billy leapt over the seatback and settled into his space behind them.

“Now, guys,” Pablo said to the twins, all business now, “We’re gonna do a whole bunch of fishing this trip feed ourselves. Last time we came you got the hang of it pretty good but now’s a good enough time to give you a few more tips to improve your technique. OK, Kevin, you first. You know the kinds of fish there are in this lake, and it’ll be a hot day, so tell me what bait you would use.

Well, sir,” Kevin began, and stumbled through his answer.

“Good boy,” Pablo said. “Not bad. Now you, Kyle

As the lesson continued Bob grinned at Randy and rolled his eyes. They had both noted that Kevin automatically called Pablo ‘sir’ and Randy had a self-satisfied look of pride on his face. Bob could almost hear the unspoken words “That’s my boy!”

When they finally bumped over the long dirt trail through the woods and arrived at the lake they quickly began unloading their gear and stashing it on the small, secluded beach. They all had their own agenda and they were impatient to get on with it. The twins pulled the rowboat off the truck, with Pablo’s help, and dragged it down to the water. They were eager to put into practice the fishing tips Pablo had given them.

“You take the boat out yourselves for now,” Pablo said. “Billy’s going stir crazy, cooped up in the truck for so long, so I’m gonna take him for a long walk. That OK, sir?” he asked Randy.

“Sure, kid, whatever. Me and Bob, we’ve got some business to attend to. And you guys, be careful in that boat water’s pretty deep out there.”

Pablo disappeared along the trail with Billy bounding eagerly ahead of him. Randy and Bob watched the twins maneuver the boat out to the middle of the lake and then there was silence. Silence but not serenity. Instead there was a palpable tension between the two men as they gazed out over the lake.

After a while Randy turned to Bob. “You remember?”

“Everything.” Bob saw the steel blue eyes boring into his and felt himself go weak. This was the place that had dramatically defined their relationship a long time ago. And subsequent visits had been just as steeped in sexual exploration, sometimes loving, sometimes painful usually both. It had been some while since Randy and Bob had re-explored their intense relationship and they both knew that the time had come to take it to a new level.

Without another word Randy turned and walked off through the trees. Bob followed him unquestioningly. It was a tough walk through bushes and thick undergrowth, brambles tearing at their clothes, but at last they reached the clearing the clearing that for them was still

redolent of sex. It was a small space, surrounded by trees, the ground covered in dirt, gravel and mud left over from a rainstorm in the mountains a few days before.

They stood in the middle of the clearing gazing into each other's eyes. Both were reflecting on the paths their lives had taken together since they first met in that run-down Hollywood bar. They had been a couple of physically striking men exploring a new world exploring each other. Later, as other men joined them, they had come to head up a small tribe of extraordinary males, who respected them, loved them, challenged them, and even occasionally fought with them. But the whole group accepted that Randy was the undisputed boss and that Bob was unquestionably his lover and soul-mate.

So their lives had undergone many changes, but throughout it all one crucial element remained constant the love they felt for each other that bordered on the mystical, so profound that it defied description. And now, as they stared at each other, all the other trappings of their lives faded into the background. It was just the two of them, alone, gazing at each other as they had that first night in the smoky gloom of the bar.

Randy raised his hands and gently ran them over his lover's face, tracing the contours of his handsome, Superman features the proud forehead above the soft brown eyes, the high cheek bones, down over the square jaw and the powerful neck. Sighing deeply he said simply, "I love you man." Bob remained silent Randy always took the lead.

Randy unbuttoned Bob's shirt, pulled it off and tossed it aside, gazing in awe, as he always did, at his lover's spectacular physique. He ripped open Bob's jeans and pushed them down his legs. Bob kicked off his boots and stepped out of his jeans, standing naked, like an offering, before this rugged, powerful man. Randy said quietly, "You know I have to tie you up, man."

"I know, sir." Bob had seen Randy grab some lengths of rope from the truck as they left the beach, and he knew what was in store for him. He stood against a tree and Randy quickly, expertly pulled his arms back round the tree and tied his wrists securely behind it. Then he stepped back, pulled off his T-shirt and stood shirtless before him, his magnificent torso gleaming in the dappled sunlight glancing through the trees. Bob was mesmerized and Randy watched with satisfaction as his lover's cock rose up until it stood out stiff as a pole. Bob blushed and that did it for Randy.

"Oh, shit, man, you are fucking spectacular." He reached forward and ran his hands lightly over Bob's shoulders and chest. "Fucking spectacular." Bob knew what would come next Randy sliding his belt out of his jeans to use as a whip as he had done so often before. But this time Bob was wrong. Instead, Randy turned, walked to the opposite edge of the clearing, and leaned back against a tree. That was all. He stood there in silence, a rugged construction worker gazing in adoration at the muscle-god bound helpless before him.

The tension in Bob reached a pitch. What was happening? What did Randy have planned for him? Other times he had been whipped, then fucked, as Randy asserted his supremacy over him. But now? All Randy did was gaze at him until finally Bob heard his deep voice.

“Man, that is fucking awesome. You are one gorgeous son-of-a bitch and it blows me away that you’re mine.” He rubbed the bulge at his crotch through the rough denim, his blue eyes penetrating Bob’s in an unwavering, almost hypnotic, gaze.

Bound naked, his cock standing straight up, Bob felt self-conscious under this steely scrutiny and instinctively he pulled against his bound wrists in an effort to get free even if only to touch his own cock. As his muscles flexed and strained he heard Randy moan, the sight of the struggling man making him stroke his cock harder. Bob gave up the effort and had no choice but to stand motionless under Randy’s implacable gaze.

It would be a paradox for a man to feel pride and humiliation at the same time, but that’s what Bob was feeling pride at being worshipped by such a rugged alpha-male as Randy, but humiliation at being bound naked, like a trophy, like a slave for sale, on display, waiting to learn of his fate.

It was uncanny how Randy always read his mind. “Shit, man, I once saw a picture of a guy like you he was the big prize at a slave auction the trophy slave captured, stripped naked and put up for sale to the highest bidder.” Slowly he sauntered round the clearing as if sizing up the merchandise. “Oh yeah, I’d pay top dollar for this one, but they leave you ‘til last while I check you out.” He came close and ran his hands over the muscular body, squeezing the solid biceps, landing a light punch on the pecs and stomach, watching with satisfaction as they flexed to withstand the blows.

Bob’s thoughts were reeling. Randy was toying with his mind, taking him into a fantasy that was making his cock pulse and his heart beat wildly. What if it were true? Here he was, a handsome, macho bodybuilder in bondage, a prisoner for sale. And, like an animal at auction, he was being inspected by this awesome man, shirtless, heavily muscled, with the swarthy square-cut features of a gypsy and those hypnotic blue eyes. Crazy, Bob found himself hoping desperately that the man would buy him as his slave. He would endure anything for this man to become his master.

The buyer seemed satisfied. “Yeah, strong, tough, just as I like ‘em. Beautiful, too. Must have been the dominant male in the tribe before you were captured.” He lowered his eyes. “Fucking huge piece of meat too rock hard oh, man I can work with that.” He reached down and squeezed the balls, making the slave wince in pain. “Great ball-sac, man, and hell, I love to see that gorgeous face in pain. Fuck, that turns me onbig muscle-god like you writhing in pain.”

He pulled the belt from his jeans. “Let’s see how much you can take, stud.” He raised his arm and whipped the bound slave’s chest hard a couple of times, salivating as he saw the

magnificent body twist and writhe under the lash, his muscle's flexing hard, black hair falling over his handsome face as it contorted in pain.

But the whipping stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Bob's body came to rest and he stared defiantly at his tormentor. "Yeah," Randy breathed triumphantly, "that's the look I wanted, a man who resists, a man who won't submit ... a man who needs to be broken in body and spirit."

He was silent for a moment. "There's just one more thing the most important could be a deal-breaker. See, if a man turns me on and you turn me on big-time, stud and I become his master, he has to really want it, has to desire me, lust for me, worship me. Trouble is, you are a gorgeous hunk of man and so am I. If you weren't tied up there, for sale like an animal, we could be equals and that won't do. won't do at all. So you have to show me how much you want me to own you..... how much you want to become my slave. Stud, you have to submit to me!"

Bob braced for more pain but again he was wrong. Randy turned, walked back to the tree at the opposite side of the clearing and leaned against it again, staring at his prospective slave. "See, he said, "I could whip you into submission but that would be too easy. I've broken many men like that. But you're special I want something special from you. And I'm gonna get it without laying another hand on you."

In fearful anticipation, his body tingling with desire, his cock still hard as steel, Bob again pulled instinctively at his wrists, but he was hopelessly bound. He gazed at the dark demon of a man taunting him, leaning casually against a tree, stripped to the waist, rubbing his bulging crotch.

The man smiled lasciviously. "You know what? You remind me of the last slave I had looked just like you gorgeous face, incredible body. I had to break him too, and man was he tough. Took me months. Met him in a bar, seedy kinda dump, and we went to an even seedier motel for a few hours' sleep. But he came onto me in his sleep. Hell, I couldn't stand for that, so I fought with him beat him, of course tied him up and tortured him, stretching him on the bed like he was on the rack. God, he looked spectacular."

"But shit, that was just the beginning. I worked him over good, whipped him, dragged him to the bathroom and pissed all over him. Man, as he knelt before me and looked up at me with those pleading brown eyes he was one helluva hot stud made my dick hard as a rock so I fucked his face. Finally I had mercy on him and let him go, but you know what? Fuck me if that gorgeous big stud didn't come crawling back the next day wanting more and shit, man, I gave it to him."

Bob's breathing had become ragged and his heart beat loud enough to hear. Randy was taking him back back to the erotic, tumultuous days when they met when, as Bob now knew, he had fallen hopelessly in thrall to this man. He was re-living the experience the sight of his own humiliated face, the sound of his sobs and the smell of his urine-soaked body. He was there again, in all his delirious lust. But Randy didn't let up and continued his story.

“We stayed together after that but, being the man he was, he stepped out of line many times and I had to punish him. One time I caught him with another guy and I drove him to the desert, tied him to a rope at the back of the truck and dragged his naked body through the burning sand. I tied him to a lone pole in the empty desert and left him there to think about what he had done. When I finally came back he was sobbing with relief, begging me to take him back.”

“Even brought him up here, to this very place. I thought I’d had enough of him so I tied him to a tree and left him. Then wham, a huge storm broke thunder, lightning, the works and suddenly I realized he could be killed. I ran back frantically through the brush to find him and it was then that I realized I was in love with” He faltered. “Anyway, that’s when I first fucked his ass. And after that I fucked his ass a lot all the time couldn’t get enough of it. And neither could he. Shit, man, I owned that slave’s ass.”

There was a long silence as Bob became lost in the memories of those incredible scenes, with more pain, lust and longing than he had ever felt in his life. His body was now on fire and he wanted desperately to touch his cock and get release. He needed Randy to whip him again to make him cum. But Randy had other ideas.

“OK,” Randy said, coming out of his reverie, “enough about him. What about you, my new slave if I decide to buy you, that is. You still have to show me you want me, man. Let’s see. The bidding will be something fierce and you won’t come cheap. I’ll have to shell out big bucks for you, so how do I get my money’s worth? Hmm you know, I have a buddy who was captured in the Middle East war and the soldier who interrogated and tortured him lusted for him so much he threatened to take him back to his place in the desert, chain him up in his basement and use him as his sex slave.

“Turned out that never happened ‘cause my buddy escaped. But I’ve often thought about that, wondered how it’d be to have a sex slave, a big muscular stud that I could work over whenever I wanted. And now’s my chance. Oh yeah, makes me hot just thinking about it.” Still leaning against the tree Randy ripped open his pants, yanked out his huge cock, thick as a beer can, wrapped his fist round it and began stroking it. Bob groaned and again struggled to get free.

Randy’s eyes were gleaming as his imagination ran wild. “If I get to own you I’m gonna take you back to my place in L.A. and throw you in my basement. It’s a kind of gym where I have a ton of equipment, ropes, chains, slave collars. I’ll keep you there naked, chain you to the wall and you’ll be mine. Picture it, man, a gorgeous muscle-god like you chained up as my sex slave.” Randy was pounding his meat hard now. “Oh, man, the thought of it makes my dick hard as iron.”

“Think about it, slave you’re a prisoner in that room, chained, naked, waiting for your master to come in and work on your body. He comes in, whips you, fucks your face, fucks your ass, pisses all over that spectacular body then shoots a massive load in your face. And he does that over and over every time he gets horny and he’s always horny. Shit, I think it’s

turning you on, stud. Look at that dick, hard as a rod. Come on, man, prove that you want it that you want me as your master.”

By now Bob was in a frenzy of pent-up desire, pulling frantically at his restraints, desperate to touch his raging cock. The picture Randy painted was pornographic. He wanted it, longed to be chained as a slave by this man, his master, longed to have his body fucked and broken day after day. Randy knew it and took him deeper into the fantasy.

“You can see yourself in that dungeon, a magnificent, muscular slave. You’ve been chained naked all day, thinking about your big stud master. You want him so bad you’ve busted several loads already just thinking about him. Then you hear his boots on the stairs and there he is, big sweaty construction worker, covered in dirt and grease, staring at you. You see him?”

“Yes, sir,” Bob moaned hoarsely, the erotic picture vivid in his mind. He pulled at his bound wrists and felt himself chained to the wall. It was real. He was the slave, at the mercy of his master!

Randy’s hypnotic voice continued. “He walks round you, running his hands over your flexing muscles. Then you see him rip open his pants and pull out his massive cock, this cock, in my fist right now. You know what’s coming, man it’s what you waited for all day. He gets behind you you hold your breath.... and suddenly your body is speared with pain as he plunges his cock deep into your ass.” Bob screamed. It was so real he felt the pain.

“Yeah, let me hear you scream. That’s what you’ll get every day, stud impaled on your master’s cock. Come on, man, feel that piston pounding inside you. Feel those huge arms wrapped round your chest as your master jackhammers that ass. Show me you want to be my slave give in, man submit to me Now!”

Bob saw it all, felt it he was there! He gazed across the clearing at the dark gypsy face, at the magnificent body, and he knew he wanted to be his slave, wanted to get his ass fucked by him, to be thrashed and broken by his master. His body convulsed, he shouted “*Yes, sir!* Please, I want you, sir. I submit to you.....aagh!” His body tensed, he screamed, and at last his cock erupted, blasting jets of white juice in high arcs right across the clearing, falling at the feet of his master in an irrevocable act of surrender.

When his orgasm stopped at last his head fell forward and his body slumped, hanging from the tree a beaten man. Mesmerized by the sight of the broken muscle-god, semen still dripping from his cock, Randy walked forward, cupped his chin and raised his exhausted face. “You are fucking spectacular,” he breathed, still beating his meat with his other fist. “Here, this is for you, manaaah.” And he shot a load of hot cum up high in the air, splashing onto Bob’s tear-stained face, again and again until it flowed down over his heaving chest.

Randy’s steel-blue eyes pierced Bob’s. “Fucking spectacular and you’re all mine.”

In a daze Bob was aware of Randy walking behind him, presumably to set him free. But instead he felt the ropes re-tied, tighter than before, making him wince with the pain. Randy faced him again but for Bob the illusion of slave-for-sale was gone. He had shot a massive orgasm and was exhausted, tired of being helpless, humiliated and treated as an animal at market. Enough was enough. Surely Randy could see that, knowing Bob as intuitively as he did.

Bob was a complex man always the self-assured, successful, alpha male except with Randy, to whom he loved to submit. And Randy's exhilaration was in dominating such a beautiful muscle-god as this. But while Bob willingly submitted to Randy's superior strength, he was still, at his core, a proud man. And now the paradox of feeling simultaneous pride and humiliation was upended. He had suffered enough humiliation and the strong alpha male took over. Now he was angry.

So when Randy picked up the belt Bob openly defied him. "OK, stud," Randy said, continuing the fantasy, "now that I own you let's see how much my slave can really take."

"Fuck off, asshole," Bob sneered as Randy strutted round the clearing, snapping the belt between his fists. Once again Bob struggled to break free but he was bound tight. Except this time he felt something else a piece of rope dangling from the complex knot. And from nowhere a thought flashed into his mind, a distant memory of Randy demonstrating bondage to the twins, explaining that on them he was using an escape knot, leaving one end hanging so that if they panicked one tug would unravel the knot and set them free.

Randy must have used that knot now without thinking. But Bob had no time to act, for just at that moment Randy was raising his arm, saying, "Here it comes, stud. Say hello to your new master." Bob felt the sting of the lash across his chest and howled, "NO!"

Everything happened instantaneously, by impulse, as the pain of the whip jolted Bob into action. He was able to twist one hand enough to grasp the dangling rope and pull. The knot loosened and his wrists fell free. At the same moment he braced himself against the tree, raised his knees and smashed both feet viciously into Randy's chest.

Taken totally by surprise the big man staggered backward and crashed heavily to the ground, stunned into semi-consciousness. Bob leapt forward and stared down at the dazed giant, sprawled on his back between two small trees. Spurred on by pure adrenaline, Bob pulled the ropes from his own wrists, knelt down and tied them round Randy's. He pulled his arms out to the side and tied the ropes round the narrow tree trunks. He sprang to his feet and smiled down vindictively at the shirtless bodybuilder spread-eagled on the ground.

Randy was blinking his eyes and shaking his head, still swimming in the fantasy he had created. As he focused on the naked man towering over him, the man who had been his slave, he yelled,

“What the fuck?” He pulled furiously at his restraints but he was helpless. “Are you crazy? You know what I’m gonna do to your ass when I

“No, assholethis time it’s what I’m gonna do to *you*, man.” Bob quickly pulled off Randy’s boots and flung them contemptuously away. He tugged on the pants, pulled them down his legs and tossed them aside. “Yeah,” he growled, “look at that big stud master now, buck naked, spread-eagled helpless in the dirt It’s payback time, man time for the slave to overpower his master and take revenge. Now we’ll see how much the master can take.”

Bob picked up the belt, leaned forward and without hesitation brought it crashing across the square slabs of the master’s chest, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction as he heard him howl in pain. “That one was payback for the first time you whipped me.” He lashed him again. “And that was for stretching me on the rack and torturing my body.” Again the lash. “For all the times you humiliated and degraded me, using me like an animal. And you remember the time you dragged my naked body through the burning desert? That was agony, man, just like this

 And the flogging became brutal.

Randy was writhing and screaming as lash after lash rained down on him, striping his body with angry red welts. Bob knew just how tough Randy was, how much punishment he could take, and he pushed him to the limit. He shouted above his screams, “Like you always tell me, man, you know how you can make this stop beg me to fuck your macho ass.”

“Fuck you, man,” Randy yelled. “You’re never gonna break me I am the master I am the best. Aagh!” Again the belt smashed into him.

“That so, asshole? Well how about this?” Bob raised his arm and this time aimed lower down, across the solid thighs, then finally, the coup de grace, crashing down across the massive cock and balls with a sickening thud. The pain was instant and agonizing and Randy howled like a wounded animal.

“NO!” he screamed. “I can’t take that, man. No more I give up.” The master looked up at his former slave, begging him, tears of pain streaming from his eyes. “OK, fuck my ass. It’s yours take it, man. Please, sir fuck me.”

That’s all Bob needed to hear. He dropped the belt, fell to his knees, pushed Randy’s legs up high and speared his ass, plunging his stiff rod deep inside his gut. “Yeah,” he yelled in triumph. “You’re finished, man the master’s getting his ass fucked by his slave. Feel that, man, feel that big rod torturing your ass.” Bob remembered how savage Randy could be when he fucked him and now it was the master’s turn to feel the pain. Bob pulled all the way out, then slammed his cock deep inside him again. The heat in his cock was exhilarating as he viciously jackhammered the man’s tortured ass.

He looked down wildly at the incredible sight of the rugged, dark gypsy face thrashing violently, screaming in pain as he felt his body being impaled on the iron rod. Bob was leaning forward

gripping Randy's biceps, pinning his arms to the ground. "You feel that, man? You feel your slave's cock spiking his master's ass? You had this coming, man. Look at me you're looking at a fucking muscle-god and you know it and you're gonna beg him for mercy."

Bob had never fucked like this before, never felt so strongly the overwhelming need to dominate a man. His cock became a piston, plunging deeper and deeper into the raging cauldron of the shattered stud's ass. Randy was tough he had taken many a savage beating but he felt his strength ebbing. In a daze he heard himself start to beg.

"No more you're fucking killing me, man I can't take any more."

"Like you always say, asshole, there's one way you can make me stop. You know what you have to do"

Randy looked up into the beautiful face wild, intense, gleaming with sweat and he knew he was lost. Randy was a supremely dominant man, a leader, a master of masters, but to this man he was a slave. The pain dissolved as he felt the exquisite joy of having his ass invaded by this gorgeous man. This is the moment he longed for, when his defenses collapsed and he gave himself body and soul to the man he loved.

"OK," he moaned. "You win. I submit to you, man. You're the master." His went rigid, stared wildly into Bob's eyes and screamed, "I love you, man. *I love you!*" His cock exploded in a river of cum, just as he felt his lover's juice flowing deep inside him. As their cocks continued to pump semen they stopped still and gazed at each other. No words, no thoughts even, just pure, indescribable passion between two men.

Finally Bob leaned forward and untied the ropes. They fell into each other's arms and rolled over and over in the dirt and mud, laughing, whooping with joy, glorying in the spectacular re-affirmation of their undying love.

For a long time they lay in each other's arms, unwilling to leave the world they inhabited together, a mystical world that defied explanation, peopled only by two enraptured men.

Bob smiled at Randy. "You OK? I know I hurt you. But man, I was so surprised to get free that I kinda lost it."

"Yeah, good thing about that escape knot, eh?" Randy grinned.

Bob frowned and stared at him in confusion. "The escape? You knew about?" Suddenly a light went on and he understood everything. "You did that! You did that so I could get free. Shit, man, why would you....?"

“Oh, get with the program, buddy. You never get it just how much I understand you and give you what you need? After all that bondage and humiliation (and I gotta say you were a spectacular slave fucking spectacular), after all that I knew you needed to prove what a dominant stud you really are deep down. And I wanted it too, like crazy! Man, it was hot surrendering my ass to you pain and all. A man like me getting whipped and fucked by his own slave! Fucking spectacular.”

Bob shook his head. “You son-of-a-bitch. You controlled the whole thing all the time. And that, buddy, is what makes you the real master why I always submit to you always will.”

“OK,” Randy said. “Now that you know I’m in charge, let’s get the hell back to the boys and see what they’re up to.”

What they were up to would have made the men’s blood run cold. When Pablo returned from his walk with Billy his first thought was for the twins and he shaded his eyes as he looked out at the boat in the middle of the lake. He frowned as he saw a lot of movement out there. Before he left he had given last-minute instructions: “You’ll be fine on your own as long as you don’t fool around. Like I’ve told you, for safety sake sit low in the boat, don’t move around too much, and whatever you do, don’t stand up.”

That seemed to be exactly what they were doing. “What the fuck....?” Pablo said out loud. It looked as if they had caught a fish and were frantically trying to land it. Kevin was standing up holding the rod while Kyle was leaning far out trying to scoop the fish in the net. The boat was listing dangerously and, just as Kevin yanked on the line he lost his balance, the boat tipped over and in an instant they were both floundering in the water.

“Holy shit!” Pablo said. He knew that the twins were poor swimmers. They splashed around in the pool at home but they couldn’t swim well or far. Without another thought Pablo ripped off his T-shirt, dropped his shorts, yelled “stay!” to Billy and raced into the water. In many long sessions Randy had trained Pablo to become a strong swimmer and the boy now stroked confidently out to the rescue, leaving Billy barking frantically at the shoreline.

It was fear and adrenaline that fueled Pablo’s determination and speed. Thoughts of what could happen, would happen, if the twins were harmed (or worse) filled his racing thoughts and he wished to hell that Randy was here. He came closer and closer to the boat, which had completely capsized and was floating bottom-up.

Pablo’s heart sank no sign of the twins. He was panting hard but managed to shout, “Kyle, Kevin you there?” Relief swept over him as he heard a moan from the other side of the boat. He swam round and saw the two frightened boys clinging precariously to it. Their first desperate words were, “Sir, we’re sorry, sir. We disobeyed. You told us not to

“Be quiet,” Pablo said commandingly. “Save your breath. Now here’s what’s gonna happen. We can’t risk righting the boat ‘cause it’ll probably sink completely and then we’re really fucked. So, Kevin, you see this rowlock at the edge of the boat? Cling onto it and don’t let go. Kyle, you do the same on the other side.”

They did as he said and he looked round for the oars, which were floating a short distance away. He swam over to them and pushed them back to the boat, giving one to each of the boys. “Put the oar under you other arm it’ll help you float.”

Pablo knew there was only one thing to do. His mind went back to the day when he and the boys were stranded in the boat in the ocean with no oars, caught in the rip tide. Mark, in a Herculean effort, had towed them to safety, swimming with the tide and gradually inching them toward shore. Fortunately the surface of the lake was calm, no currents, but it would still require a hell of an effort to tow the boat and the twins to shore.

Pablo grabbed the mooring rope at the prow and looped it round his chest. He shouted behind him, “Now stay calm, and whatever the hell you do, keep your head above water. I’ll do the heavy lifting here.” But it was heavier than he thought. As he struck out toward shore he felt the drag of the boat behind him. Hell, this was gonna be touch and go, he thought. As strong as his arms were it still felt as if he was swimming in place, barely moving.

He exerted maximum effort and as the rope tightened painfully round his chest, he finally felt the boat move. But it was waterlogged and the drag was brutal. He knew it would be a long swim but he gritted his teeth and one thought kept him going. This is what Randy would do. And he wanted Randy to be proud of him. So he battled on, yard after agonizing yard.

Oblivious of the unfolding drama Randy and Bob were sauntering though the brush, shirtless in jeans and boots, hardly feeling the branches scraping their flesh, bathed as they were in the afterglow of their amazing sexual exploits.

Suddenly in the distance they heard a dog barking. Had to be Billy, and he sounded frantic. Seconds later he burst through the undergrowth, barked at them, then tugged at the bottom of Randy’s pants with his teeth, urging him forward. “Shit damn,” Randy growled. “Come on, man.” Together they crashed through the trees and bushes and finally came to the beach. It took seconds to size up the problem. They saw fifty yards off shore the upturned boat and the labored strokes of Pablo, apparently towing it.

Randy kicked off his boots and rushed to the lake. He launched himself into the water and with powerful strokes came close to Pablo, who was clearly at his endurance limits. He looked up and croaked, “Sir, I” and then his head disappeared below the surface. Randy grabbed him and pulled him up bodily, holding him as he choked up water.

“Hold on to me, kid. I’ve got you now. Don’t worry, it’s all over.” Randy towed him and the boat a few yards until his feet touched sand. He supported Pablo with one arm and towed the boat with the other. Bob had waded out and was checking on the twins. It took only minutes before they reached the beach and Pablo collapsed on his knees, coughing and choking up more water with rasping breaths.

Randy laid him on his back and knelt over him, checking him out, but it was clear that he was suffering from nothing more than exhaustion. His eyes shining with pride Randy smiled down at his boy, “Hey, kiddo, you did great probably saved their lives. I’m real proud of you.”

That’s exactly what Pablo wanted to hear and he managed his crooked grin. “Thank you, sir.” He gazed up at his hero, then frowned as he noticed the angry red welts across his chest from the belt lashes. “What happened to you, sir?”

Randy looked down at his chest, then up at Bob. “Oh that,” he grinned. “That’s payback.”

It wasn’t long before Bob had the twins huddled at the back of the beach wrapped in a blanket and sipping hot coffee. Pablo quickly regained his strength and helped Randy to right the boat and drain out excess water. Then they jumped into it and Randy rowed them out to the middle of the lake to rescue the rods, fishing tackle and whatever else was floating in the water.

As Randy maneuvered the boat and Pablo pulled the floating gear aboard he asked, “Sir, did I make the right decision not to try and turn the boat upright out here?”

“Dead right, kiddo. It would probably have sunk and you’d have been fucked, out there with the twins clinging to you instead of the boat. Far as I can see you did everything right a perfect rescue. Man, you are one tough young kid, dragging a boat and two boys behind you all that way.” He stopped to consider. “One thing you could have tried is having the twins kick their feet behind them as they held on would have given you more propulsion.”

“I thought of that, sir, but didn’t want to risk it. They were so scared that any movement could have sent them under. Best they just hold on tight.”

“Yeah, good call.” He gazed at his boy sitting facing him. “Man, I am so proud that you’re my boy, kiddo. You’re growing into a real macho young stud a real leader.”

“Like you, sir?” Pablo grinned.

Randy smiled at his boy. “You’re getting there, kiddo.”

They felt the boat scraping the bottom and jumped out into the shallow water. Bob ran down to help them haul the boat ashore. “How are they doing?” Randy asked.

“Just fine,” Bob smiled, thanks to your boy here. “They were more scared than anything else, and now they feel totally ashamed of themselves. Here, see for yourselves.”

Trudging down the beach came the twins, shoulder to shoulder, still wrapped in a single large blanket making them look more than ever like conjoined twins. The three men stopped dragging the boat and looked up at them. They were a picture of contrition.

Kevin cleared his throat and addressed Pablo. “Sir, we want to apologize. You told us to sit low in the boat not move around a lot or stand up, and we did just what you warned us not to. We disobeyed you. We were really stupid and you risked your life to save us.”

Kyle took over. “You’re our hero, sir. We’re real sorry, but we know an apology is not enough. We deserve to be punished. You are going to punish us, sir, aren’t you?”

There was a momentary silence as Pablo gazed at them, then up at Randy. For the first time Pablo was feeling like a master and he asked himself, what would Randy do? He stood tall, his body flexed, his expression was tough.

“Damn right I’m gonna punish you, boy,” he growled. “You disobey, you pay the price.”

Bob flinched and flashed a look of concern at Randy who had been watching his boy with admiration. He threw his arm round Bob and said quietly, “Hey, no sweat, buddy. He’s only doing what I would do. After all, I reckon they owe him.”

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Chapter 139 – Zack & Darius Put On a Show

They hauled the boat up the beach and stowed the oars and the gear inside. There followed a moment of uncertainty as nobody quite knew what came next, but surprisingly it was the twins who took the lead. Acting in unison, reading each other’s mind as they always did, they dropped the blanket and faced Pablo, their lithe, naked young bodies gleaming in the hot sun.

“Sir, we’re ready for our punishment,” said Kyle. Kevin added, “See, after what we did we wouldn’t be comfortable around you guys until we’ve paid for our disobedience and stupidity. Please, sir do it now, sir.”

Pablo was rather taken aback and glanced at Randy, who nodded slightly to him. The boy-master squared his shoulders and clenched his fists. “Right,” he said. “I’m glad you admit

your mistake you could have drowned out there. This weekend I'm gonna work you hard giving you swimming lessons. But first on your knees."

Meekly the twins dropped to their knees and bowed their heads before the young master. Remembering how Randy always began, Pablo pulled off his T-shirt and loomed over the boys in just his shorts and sneakers. The sight of the beautiful twins kneeling in shame before him sent a surge of adrenaline through Pablo and his dick got hard, not only because they looked so hot waiting for their punishment, but because Pablo felt his body charged with the power that comes from being the master and deciding the boys' fate.

He reached down, cupped their chins and pulled their faces up, forcing them to gaze up at him. Trying to mimic Randy's deep voice Pablo growled, "Open your mouths." Their mouths sagged open and Pablo couldn't stop himself from uttering an admiring, "Oh, shit!" He felt tough, a real macho stud, knowing that these two beautiful kids were at his mercy, waiting for him to discipline them. He ripped open his shorts and pulled out his rock hard cock.

"OK, boy, you first." He put his hand behind Kyle's head and plunged his cock into his mouth, sliding it in deep and making the boy choke, with tears spurting from his eyes. Bob took a step forward but was restrained by Randy.

From the first Bob had worried about Pablo punishing his boys. He agreed that they had behaved recklessly and needed to be punished and by the boy who had risked his life to save them. But Pablo was young, new to the role of master, and was, of course, showing off to Randy. Whenever Randy administered punishment Bob felt safe, no matter how much pain there was, because Randy was the ultimate master and instinctively knew his victim's limits. But Pablo was out to prove himself and could unknowingly cause real harm.

Restrained by Randy Bob held back, but his fears were realized as he watched. Determined to be tough Pablo was hammering Kyle's mouth ferociously, with no pause or letup, no sense of when the boy was reaching his limit. When, mercifully, he pulled out, Kyle leaned forward and retched, choking so hard he almost threw up.

Bob looked at Randy and pleaded, "Hey, man, this is not really....."

But he fell silent as Pablo turned to Kevin who looked up at him with fearful eyes. He had been scared watching his brother's face get hammered beyond his tolerance level and now he knew it was his turn. Without hesitation Pablo rammed his iron cock deep into the boy's mouth, watching with satisfaction as Kevin gagged and tears sprang from his eyes.

But Kevin was not as tough as his brother and it was clear from his closed eyes and sagging body that he was about to pass out. "Randy.....," Bob pleaded more urgently. Randy stepped forward and put his hand on Pablo's shoulder. "That's enough, kid they've had enough. Finish it."

Pablo's eyes shone with triumph as he looked up at Randy. He pulled out his cock, stroked it a few times and blasted a stream of cum into Kevin's face, then Kyle's. The semen mixed with their tears and ran down their pitiful faces. In despair they did what they always did when in pain they fell into each other's arms, pressed their faces together and sobbed quietly.

Bob could take no more. He fell to his knees threw his arms round them and held them tight, whispering into their ears, "It's OK guys, it's over. I've got you now." Tears were brimming in his eyes too. The twins had had tough lives before they met Bob, often ill-treated by men, and when they became his boys he promised that nobody would ever hurt them. And now somebody had hurt them unnecessarily and it was Randy's boy Pablo!

As all three knelt together on the ground Bob glared up at Randy with a look of bitterness and disgust. The look pierced Randy like an arrow. The heartbreaking sight of Bob holding his sobbing boys filled Randy with remorse and he accepted full responsibility it was his boy who had inflicted such needless pain. He respected Bob for protecting his boys as fiercely as he himself protected Pablo, and he leaned down and murmured quietly, "Forgive me, man. I never meant this to happen. I'll take care of it. Take good care of them and I'll be back soon."

He turned his attention to Pablo, who was still charged with macho adrenaline and looked proudly at Randy, expecting his congratulations for his first act as master. But Randy said simply, "Follow me, boy." He walked into the woods and Pablo followed in confusion.

They reached the clearing where Randy had taken Bob only a short time before. Randy put his hands on Pablo's shoulders and gazed into his eyes. Disconcerted, Pablo frowned, saying, "Sir, did I do something wrong? You're not pleased with me? I was only doing what you would do, being a master, dishing out the boys' punishment. Shit, they asked to be punished."

Randy frowned and spoke patiently. "Kiddo, you were acting as a master not for them but for yourself. You were being tough, not to teach them a lesson but to prove to me and to yourself that you're a real tough guy. You were showing off for me. Did you make them cum?"

"I I dunno, sir. I didn't notice.

"That's just the point, kid. You were too busy focusing on yourself. Here, sit down."

They sat cross-legged on the ground facing each other, pupil and teacher. "See, kid, there's a whole lot more to being a master than just being rough and tough. Remember that thug Hans who tied you up by the lake here and would have tortured you if I hadn't beaten him to a pulp? Well he's tough, real tough brutal. But a thug like that will never be anyone's master."

Pablo gazed at Randy wide-eyed. "What should I have done, sir?"

"First you have to know your boy's limits. You went way past the twins' endurance level and you really hurt them. Hey, you know one reason Bob loves me so much? He loves it when

I tie him up and treat him rough but he also knows for sure that I'll never go over his limits well, maybe for a split second, and that's when he shoots his load. Shit, you can be a master without touching a guy you just have to look at him. That's what I was doing with Bob right here a while ago. Here, let me show you.

Actually Randy was already demonstrating his master's skill merely by instructing his boy. Pablo gazed at him mesmerized, completely in his hands. Randy was his masterhe would have done anything for him. They stood up and Randy pushed him gently against a tree. He slipped off his belt and, just as he had done with Bob, pulled Pablo's arms back round the tree and tied his wrists together with the belt. He pulled open Pablo's shorts and they fell to the ground, pooling round his ankles. His cock swung free.

"There," said Randy. "Now I'm the master and you're in my power, so I could do anything I could whip you, beat you, fuck your ass like a jackhammer or fuck your face like you did to the twins. Any of those would be guaranteed to make to blow your wad. But I don't have to do any of them. See, I'm your master. I'll show you."

As Pablo watched wide-eyed Randy turned, walked to the other side of the clearing and leaned against a tree, fixing Pablo with that steely blue-eyed gaze that intimidated most men and made Pablo squirm uncomfortably. Minutes went by until Pablo could take no more.

"Sir," he said. "Are you going to punish me? Please punish me, sir. I deserve to be hurt like I hurt the twins."

Randy didn't say a word, but after another minute he stepped away from the tree. Dressed in an old black T-shirt, jeans and boots, he stretched and flexed his muscles, his biceps bulging and the square slabs of his pecs clearly etched under the tight shirt. Pablo's cock, already trembling, suddenly grew stiff and stood up straight as a rod. He watched in awe as Randy pulled off his T-shirt and stretched again, this time stripped to the waist.

Pablo's cock was now throbbing at the sight of this magnificent muscle-god, his master, and he pulled at his wrists, desperate to touch his cock and get release. Randy walked to the center of the clearing, folded his arms across his chest and again held Pablo's eyes with his riveting gaze. It was a relief when Randy growled, "On your knees, boy."

With some difficulty Pablo slid down the tree, working his bound arms down behind him as the bark scraped against his back. Randy came closer, towering over his kneeling boy. He ripped open his jeans, pulled out his massive cock and stroked it in his fist. "Shall I release you, boy?"

"No, sir," Pablo said urgently. "Please, no, sir. Please punish me please whip me or fuck my face like I fucked the twins. Do it hard, sir. Hurt me please, sir."

“No, boy.” Randy stroked his cock harder. “Your punishment will be that I do not punish you.” Pablo groaned, and Randy said, “But I need to be sure that you accept me as your ultimate and only master.”

“I do, sir,” Pablo said urgently. “Absolutely, sir. I worship you, sir. Your face, your body, your cock I worship them all, sir. I live for you. I’ll do anything you order me to, sir.”

Randy smiled. “Well said, boy. OK, see this big dick?” Pablo was drooling as he gazed at the monster in Randy’s fist. “Do you want to see it bust a huge load in your face?”

Pablo was becoming frantic. “Oh yes, sir. Please, sir. Please cum in my face. I want to taste my master’s juice, sir.”

“Hmm I’m not so sure. See, if you really are a loyal boy you’ll do anything your master orders you to.”

Pablo was in a frenzy. “I will, sir. I *am* your boy. I’ll do anything. I swear to you, sir.”

“Your cock’s real hard, boy. You wanna touch it?”

“Yes, sir. Please, sir.”

Randy smiled. “Nah not gonna happen, boy. You’re gonna stay tied up. But here’s what you’re gonna do. I want to see your cock blow its wad, all on its own. And you’re gonna shoot before a count of five. One..... two three”

He got not further. Pablo’s body shuddered, he stared into Randy’s eyes and screamed as his cock exploded in a huge ribbon of white juice that shot high in the air and splashed down on Randy’s boots, followed by another and another. Randy smiled down at him with satisfaction. “That’s my boy,” he said. “Here, open your mouth.” The master’s cock blasted a massive load of hot cum so hard into his boy’s mouth that his head jerked backward and hit the tree.

Stream after stream followed and Pablo gulped frantically, reveling in the pungent taste of his master’s semen until it spilled out of his mouth and ran down his chin onto his chest. Soon his face was covered in cum and he gazed up adoringly at the man towering over him.

Randy grinned at him. “And that, kiddo, is what a real master can do. I didn’t lay a hand on you and you proved you’re my boy. I love you, kiddo. I’m proud you’re my boy.”

As they walked back through the trees Randy said, “Now comes your final punishment, kid. You’re gonna be forced to listen to me do something I never do. I’m gonna have to apologize for both of us. You won’t say anything.”

Bob was standing at the water's edge with the twins when Randy and Pablo broke through the bushes onto the beach and stood facing them. Randy cleared his throat and said, "Look, guys, things got a little out of hand here a while ago and and I apologize to all three of you on behalf of me and my boy. I hope you'll forgive us."

Pablo winced hearing his master humble himself, but Bob answered for all of them. His eyes were moist as he threw his arms round Randy, and murmured softly in his ear, "Thanks, buddy. I know how much it took for you to say that ... you who never apologize for anything. The twins are doing just fine. Actually, they're trying to think of ways of making things right with Pablo."

As a matter of fact it was Kyle who broke the ice when he suddenly said to Pablo, "Sir, me and Kevin were talking. Everything that happened out there was because we can't swim good. Do you think we could start with our swimming lessons right now, sir?"

Pablo grinned broadly, walked over to them and threw his arms round their shoulders. "Sure, kids, great idea." Snapping back into master mode he said, "OK, now a good swimming style comes from the core. You've gotta roll gently from side to side, kinda like a dolphin, and your breathing is key. Here let me show you."

Bob and Randy sat on the beach, with Randy's arm round his lover's shoulder. They were watching the swimming lesson in progress, with Pablo assuming the role of patient young master, his students looking up at their instructor with respect and gratitude. Bob smiled at Randy. "Well, I guess you taught your boy that being a master is not all about being tough. Hmm, maybe you could take some of your own advice, uh?"

"Asshole," Randy growled. "One more crack like that and I'll drag you back to the clearing and show you just how rough a master can be when his man steps out of line."

"Any time, sir," Bob grinned. "You're the boss."

As it happened, that same day Zack and Darius were to demonstrate the roles of master and boy but in a whole different setting. Right now they were enjoying their time alone in the house, kicking back with a couple of beers and easy conversation. They got onto the subject of Bob and Randy and their unique relationship, and Zack was curious about how Darius had first met the guys and come to live with them.

"Oh that was so cool, sir. See, I used to work for a couple of older rich guys and one of their things was to have big parties with their buddies. They usually found two hot guys and put them on display, watching them wrestle and fight each other lots of bondage and punishment and then fuck each other. I was the assistant, setting things up and all. Well, one day they hit the jackpot and found Randy and Bob.

“The men paid them a shitload of money (at the time the guys didn’t have much) and they put on a hell of a show, more spectacular than anything I’d ever seen. They were totally awesome, sir well you can imagine Randy and Bob. Anyway, when it was all over and they left I couldn’t get the guys out of my mind. I guess you’d call it an obsession. So I left my job and made my way to their house and begged them to take me in. And you can see how that turned out, sir,” he grinned.

Zack gazed thoughtfully at his boy. “You like the idea of hot men on display, kid, having guys admire them, busting their loads just watching them?”

“Oh yeah in the right time and place, sir. It’s one of my big fantasies.”

“Hmm well, let’s see now I remember once going out to the desert with Randy and we stopped off at a bar for a beer. Randy had already dropped in once before with Mark. Anyway, Randy and me, we were quite a hit there, I can tell you guys staring at us, drooling, getting their rocks off. We only stayed for a couple of beers but they all told us to come back if ever we could.”

Darius’s eyes glazed over. “Hell, I can imagine that two guys like you walking into a bar. Bet they’d never seen anything like it.”

Zack grinned. “Well, that’s what they said, anyway.” He looked at his boy’s shining face. “As a matter of fact I was thinking of taking one of the Harleys out for a long ride. Need to feel the wind on my face and body. You feel like taking a ride out there with me, boy?”

“Really, sir?” Darius gasped. “That would be totally awesome. You and me on that bike?” His thoughts were spinning. “Course, I’d have to find something cool to wear.”

Zack laughed at his boy’s priorities. “No problem there, kid. Matter of fact I bought a present for you something I saw that had you written all over it.” He went outside to his truck and brought back a bag that he threw at Darius. “Here, kiddo enjoy”

Wide-eyed the boy opened the bag and gasped. “Oh, sir. I’ve always fantasized about having some of these.” He pulled out a pair of black leather chaps. “Oh, wow.” He was already wearing jeans and boots so he pulled the chaps round his waist and clipped the studded waistband. He leaned forward and zipped each leg over the jeans from just below the crotch down to his boots, so the chaps were tight round his legs. He stood up and stared at Zack. “So what do you think, sir?”

Zack smiled at him admiringly. “Well it sure makes my dick hard. They fit perfectly, kid. Shit, you look hot. They cling to you, frame your butt perfectly and, man, that dick of yours! The chaps push your bulge out so far it looks like your cock’s gonna burst out of your jeans. Oh, yeah, anyone who sees you in those is gonna go ape-shit. Come on, let’s try them out.”

“Now, sir? Right now?”

“Sure, right now. The day is young, I’m raring to hit the road, and I’ve got an awesome stud boy to ride with me. What else could a leatherman want?”

Darius was over the moon. They closed up the house and went across the street to Zack’s house where he put on his motorcycle gear jeans, boots and black chaps just like Darius and a black leather vest that flapped open to reveal the magnificent slabs of his pecs. He rummaged in his dirty laundry and pulled out a ragged old grease-stained white tank that he threw at Darius. “Here, kid, put my old work shirt on. Completes the picture perfectly, even if it does stink of my sweat.”

Darius’s cock was throbbing as he pulled on the tank. He looked at himself in the mirror, then at Zack, a pornographic icon of a black muscle-god leatherman. “Oh, wow! I’ll be so proud to walk into that bar with you sir.”

“Yeah,” Zack grinned, “and having a gorgeous boy like you with me makes me look twice as hot. Shit we make a great pair. I’m real proud of you, boy. Hey, let’s break out the Harley and hit the road. Get those fantasy wheels of yours spinning, kiddo.”

Darius would have thought he had died and gone to heaven were he not feeling so incredibly alive. As they sped east along the 10 Freeway he clung tight to the spectacular man that he idolized, the powerful motorcycle throbbing between his legs, the wind blasting his face. His arms wrapped tight around Zack, he felt the back of the leather vest pressing against his chest, and he dug his fingers into the ridges of the leatherman’s washboard abs.

As he gained in confidence he moved his hands higher up over Zack’s naked chest. His cock was raging hard as his palms pressed round the globes of Zack’s pecs and he felt the muscle-stud’s heart beating under the silky smooth flesh. He laid his head against the nape of Zack’s neck and breathed in the smell of leather and the man-scent of his master. Darius licked Zack’s muscular neck, tasting the sheen of sweat that clung to him despite the wind.

All of the boy’s senses were more alive than they had ever been and he felt he would explode. His hands went lower, down past Zack’s waist until they closed round the huge bulge at his crotch. He felt the shape of the rigid cock under the jeans and began stroking the rough denim. He felt himself coming to a climax and he shouted into Zack’s ear, “Sir, my cock is so hard I don’t think I can hold back. Sir, I think I’m about to blow my wad in my jeans.”

He heard Zack laugh raucously. “You too, uh? OK, I’ll be right there with you. Go ahead, boy. Just don’t rock the boat.” Darius clung to his master frantically, his heart beating wildly against his back. Zack revved up the throttle and as the bike sped forward their bodies pressed

together and shuddered. Darius screamed as he felt his cock erupt, shooting streams of sticky dampness in his pants and he heard Zack howling into the wind as he too creamed his jeans.

Anyone on the freeway that day, admiring the two gorgeous leathermen on a Harley, would never have dreamed that they had both just shot a hot load of juice in their pants. Zack was still laughing as he shouted over his shoulder. "That feel better, boy? Now maybe you'll stop digging your fingers into my chest. I love you, boy!"

It was not much more than an hour later when they cruised slowly through Palm Springs and into its rump community, Cathedral City, which, despite the grandeur of its name and some attempt at gentrification, still contained a shabby expanse of light industry and warehouses. And in an unassuming corner on a quiet street was their destination the bar.

They parked, got off the bike and stretched, each of them catching sight of the wet patch on the bulge in their jeans. "OK," said Zack. "You ready, boy?" Darius took a deep breath and pushed through the leather strips hanging over the small entrance. He strutted inside, and then nothing. After the blazing desert sun it was pitch black. He could see nothing and hear nothing. In the unnatural silence he thought, 'Fuck! After all that there's nobody here.'

As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom the first thing he saw was the bar on the far wall and the first thing he heard was a shout from the bartender. "Well, fuck me with my boots on, will you look at that? Long time no see, stud. Zack, right? You sure are a sight for sore eyes, looking hotter than ever. Fucking pornographic every man's wet-dream."

Zack walked over and shook his hand heartily. "Hey, good to see you again, Mike. Yeah, thought I'd take another run out here, see how it's hanging in your neck of the woods."

"Hell, it ain't hanging, man. It's stiff as a pole in my pants from just looking at you. Where's that buddy of yours, the big muscle-god gypsy guy?"

"Ah, left him at home this time. I brought my boy instead. Here, boy, say hello to the man." Darius had been hanging back in awe, watching the bartender's drooling reaction to Zack. He stepped forward with a big smile and bumped fists with him.

"And hello to you too, young sir," the bartender said wide-eyed. "Oh yeah, you are his boy alright. Nothing but the absolute best for Zack. Hell, you may be his boy but round here you'd be everyone's master, no shit. Jesus Christ, where do you guys come from some Tom Of Finland photo shoot or something? Here, beers on the house coming right up."

Zack grinned at Darius, who was glowing even in the dim red light of the bar. Both of them had caught the bartender's use of 'sir' to Darius, and then his 'master' comment, and Darius was feeling ten feet tall. They turned and leaned back against the bar and realized the place was

far from empty. There must have been a couple dozen guys in there, mostly older but in pretty good shape, almost everyone in leather. Darius realized that their entrance had stunned them into silence. Even the guys playing pool had stopped to stare, but slowly the silence became a low hum of voices.

Quickly the reticent customers regained their confidence and came over one by one to greet the spectacular newcomers the black leather-god and his beautiful boy. Soon Zack and Darius were swilling their free beer and answering all the respectful questions the guys threw at them. But the crowd began to press and the bartender leaned across the bar to whisper in Zack's ear. "Hey, man, I don't know if you and your boy would be into it but we have a back room here where you could have some space. I have a feeling you might find it interesting."

Zack turned round and smiled. "Just show us the way, Mike."

All the while the bar-back, a young guy with a blond buzz-cut, shitless in leather pants, had been idly rinsing glasses and gazing in wonder at Zack and Darius. Mike now said to him, "Hey, Eddie, why don't you take these gentlemen back and show them around?"

The boy seemed stunned. "What me? Sure sure, of course." He looked up and caught Darius's eye. "It will be an honor, sir."

Eddie came from behind the bar and guided Zack and Darius through the crowd to the back room, a large windowless black space dimly lit with red spotlights. It exuded sex. It was empty at this time of day but on busy Saturday nights it was crowded with guys living out their sexual fantasies, in couples, groups, or just lone spectators getting their rocks off. Zack looked round at the pieces of equipment scattered on a bench restraints, ropes, collars, handcuffs and a small black whip. And in the middle of the room a pair of chains hung from the ceiling.

Zack caught Darius's wide, excited eyes and it wasn't hard to read his thoughts. The room was a sexual fantasy all by itself. Zack turned to the bar-back. "Hey, kid Eddie, right? Well, Eddie, could you leave us alone in here for fifteen minutes or so? Then, if the other guys want to come, let them in."

"Oh, they'll want to come, sir. Guaranteed. Just leave it to me." He flashed a shy smile at Darius and left the room.

"Holy shit!" "Now that's hot!" "Fucking awesome, man." "Oh shit, that's gonna make me bust my load....." The muffled groans came from the dark shadows. Eddie had opened the door a crack and guys had filtered in to a pitch dark room. Slowly Eddie had turned up the dimmer switch and the overhead red lights faded up on a sight they would beat off to for years.

In the middle of the room stood Darius, dressed as before, still in chaps and the ragged, greasy tank with one exception no jeans. He was wearing the chaps bear-assed, the cheeks of his ass framed by the chaps at the back, and in the front the sight that made the men drool. A hug black ten-inch horse cock swung free from the opening in the chaps, hanging down so far that the head brushed against the shiny leather round the thighs.

His hands were tied behind his back and there was a black leather collar round his neck, with a rope leash that was stretched upward and tied to the chains above. His head hung in submission, a slave waiting for his master. There was a heavy silence, broken only by the low, ecstatic moans of the men watching from the shadows. But suddenly the moans became loud gasps as the master appeared.

As before Zack was in jeans, leather chaps and boots, but now he was naked to the waist, his muscular torso gleaming under the red lights. With his muscular physique, handsome square features, shaved head and piercing gray eyes he was an iconic black leather master straight from the pages of pornographic fiction. He was holding the whip as he strode round the room inspecting his boy. He came close and gazed into Darius's eyes. Unseen by the men they exchanged a glance that reassured Zack that his boy was loving every minute of this his ultimate fantasy on display to a crowd of drooling men as he was worked on by his master.

Zack addressed the crowd in the shadows. "Gentlemen, take a good look this is my boy. I searched long and hard for a boy worthy of me and then I saw this young black buck at a slave auction just as you see him now. Paid big bucks for him and you can bet I always get my money's worth. Let me show you."

He raised his hand and yanked the thin cotton of Darius's tank, ripping it clear off. There were more gasps as Darius stood there chained by the neck in nothing but chaps and boots. Zack ran his hand over the smooth black flesh and murmured, "Perfect." He took a step back and slashed the whip across the boy's naked chest, watching him flinch and groan, his muscles flexing as he pulled at his bound wrists and leaned forward against the collar. Zack knew that the light blow was way below Darius's tolerance level. This had to be pure pleasure for his boy.

Again and again the whip fell across the boy's chest, shoulders and back. The spectators went wild and many blew their loads watching the muscular young stud being tortured, pulling frantically against the collar round his neck as his naked chest was lashed by his master. When the whipping stopped Zack barked, "What do you say, boy?"

"Sir, thank you, sir," Darius shouted.

Zack addressed the crowd. "This boy will do anything I command anything. And I don't need a whip to tame him. Watch." Zack draped the whip round Darius's neck and kissed him, whispering in his ear, "Don't let me down, kiddo." He turned and went to the other side of the room, close to the crowd. Facing his prisoner he folded his arms across his massive chest and stood legs apart. "Watch," he said again to the crowd.

Darius was in a total fantasy world, tied up, helpless, in this sex-soaked room, his glorious master standing before him, both of them under the stunned gaze of a breathless crowd. He stared at Zack whose gray eyes bore into him. God the man was glorious. The boy idolized him, and he felt his cock get hard. Soon the massive tool, that had hung down like a hose, rose up and all ten inches stood out from his chaps, hard as steel.

The crowd went wild again, uninhibited now in their shouts of admiration. "Silence!" Zack commanded. "Now, boy, you know what you have to do. If you fail me I will renounce you, sell you right now to the highest bidder. Prove to me that you are still my boy, that you obey me totally. Do it, boy!"

"Sir, yes sir!" Darius was already roused to a pitch of frenzy and now Zack had taken him into a state of extreme sexual desire. It was true, he would do whatever his master ordered. And he would make his master proud!

Urged on by the raucous shouts he sprang forward trying desperately to break free of the collar, twisting his head frantically, but the collar yanked his head back sharply. Bucking and lunging again and again like a wild black stallion tied by the neck, the huge horse-cock bouncing before him, he pulled frantically on his bound wrists, every muscle in his body flexing, straining and streaming with sweat. To the cheering men stroking their cocks in the darkness it was an unbelievable, breathtaking sight..

Darius was desperate to please his master, desperate to obey him. His body was on fire, his cock was on fire, and he looked up pleadingly at his master. Zack gazed at his boy with infinite pride. "Now, boy Now!" The raging stallion's huge black cock pulsed and, as the crowd yelled, it exploded in a stream of hot semen that arched high in the air, flew across the room and thudded onto the floor at the feet of the master. The crowd erupted in shouts of wild exhilaration, and Darius's orgasm was matched by most of the men in the shadows of the room.

They thought it was over but they hadn't reckoned with Zack. He walked over to the shuddering captive, untied his wrists and pulled the leash free of the chains. Holding the end of the leash he said, "On your knees, boy." Obediently Darius fell on his hands and knees and the master proceeded to lead his slave around the room in abject humiliation, controlling him with sharp tugs on the leash, yanking the collar round his neck. The captive's long cock touched the ground and his head hung in defeat, as he crawled on degrading display to the stunned crowd.

Suddenly Zack dropped the leash and walked across the room, turned and faced his kneeling boy. Like a good slave Darius knew what he had to do. He dropped onto his stomach and began dragging himself slowly, painfully across the concrete floor, his gaze fixed on his master across the room. There was silence now as the men stayed mesmerized in the shadows.

This was sexual overload as they had never experienced it, all their wildest slave fantasies come to life.

Inch by painful inch the black slave-boy crawled forward until he was within reach. He stretched his arms forward and closed his hands round his master's boot. His shoulders and biceps flexed as he pulled himself forward, painfully, until his head dropped exhausted onto the boot. He kissed the boot, then he started to lick. Hungrily he lapped at first one heavy black boot, then the other, then up to the shiny chaps. He was slobbering against the leather, cleaning it with his tongue, spit running from the sides of his mouth. He rose up on his knees, licking higher and higher until he was level with his master's rock hard cock.

He gazed up at Zack and moaned, "Please, sir." Zack had watched him in awe. It was spectacular he had never seen his boy look so beautiful. He forgot about the crowd it was just him and Darius now. "Go ahead, boy," he said. "You've earned it."

Darius reached up and grasped the waist of the chaps. He opened his mouth and swallowed the huge black club deep down into his throat. He pulled back, then drove his mouth down onto the cock again, and again. Zack clamped both hands behind the boy's head and pulled it hard against his steel rod. He went wild watching the helpless slave getting his mouth pounded, his face smashing into his wiry, damp pubic hair. "That's it, boy, eat your master's meat. Eat it, boy. Make him shoot his load inside you. Come on boy, harder. That's it boy aagh!"

Everyone knew that the black muscle-god had finally blasted a load of cum inside his slave's mouth. But suddenly Zack pulled out and his juice splashed into his boy's face. They saw the boy gasp, grab his own cock and pour another load of cum over his master's boots. In the euphoria of the moment Zack yelled out, "OK, guys, he's all yours!"

Darius couldn't believe what was happening. Zack grabbed the leash and pulled the face up by the collar so the kneeling slave was forced to stare upward. The crowd surged forward all round him. He gazed up through the film of his master's cum and watched a forest of cocks being stroked hard. In seconds he heard a shout and felt a splash of cum on his chest, then one in his face, then another and another until semen was pouring down on him from all directions like a torrential rainstorm. The noise of euphoric shouts was deafening and he thought he would drown in semen.

He was close to passing out from the exhilaration when he heard Zack's voice. "OK, that's enough, guys." The deluge stopped and there was Zack, kneeling before him, smiling. "Holy shit, you are one spectacular young stud, kiddo. That was awesome ... you were so fucking beautiful. And now you get your final reward.

It was the show's climax. Ten minutes later the crowd was back in the shadows, in an awed and respectful silence. The black slave was now standing, buck naked, his arms stretched upward, his wrists in manacles at the end of the two chains. His gleaming black flesh was streaming with the semen of many men, still pouring down his face, his chest and abs his entire body and pooling on the floor.

Zack was triumphant. "Gentlemen," he shouted, "is that not the most beautiful slave you have ever seen in your life the most spectacular young buck who ever lived?" He was greeted with raucous cheers, whistles and thunderous applause. He raised his hand for silence. "But there's one more thing. My boy has shot two loads but he has to cum one last time. What do you want me to do, guys?"

The shouts were unanimous: "Fuck him, sir." "Fuck that gorgeous black ass, sir." "Please fuck your slave, sir."

Zack came behind Darius and breathed into his ear. "You've never deserved this more, kid. God, I love you body and soul. Here it comes, boy." He plunged his cock deep inside his boy and the bound body bucked and writhed as he screamed, "Thank you, sir. I love you, sir. I am your slave....."

Darius pulled himself up on the chains and raised his knees 'til his feet left the floor, his shoulders and biceps bulging with the strain. The slave was suspended, hanging from the chains, impaled on his master's huge shaft. He held on and on, writhing on the rod in his ass, his muscles flexed and gleaming. Finally he screamed and erupted with one last triumphant stream of cum as Zack's cock exploded in his ass.

There was silence, stunned silence, for many seconds until the whole room erupted in wild cheering. Quickly Zack freed Darius and they sank to the floor. Zack folded Darius in his arms, holding him tightly, protectively, gazing into his eyes. "Un-fucking-believable, kiddo. I have never ever dreamed of doing anything that hot. And you are the only boy tough enough to do it with me. You looked fucking gorgeous. God, I love the hell out of you, kid."

Tears were flowing from Darius's eyes. "Sir, that was the most exciting thing I have ever done in my life. I love you, sir," he sobbed. "You are the most spectacular man on earth. Please, sir, be my master forever."

"You bet I will, kiddo. But we're not done yet. I'm gonna take you home and show you the other plans I have for you. So right now you're gonna put on your jeans and chaps, but I'm not gonna let you wipe off all that cum. And as I ride that Harley along the freeway, with my shirtless black stud holding on to me tight, his whole body covered in semen, I'm gonna be fantasizing about my beautiful slave, getting whipped, crawling on his belly, hanging in chains, drowning in cum putting on a show that those guys will remember 'til the day they die."

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Chapter 140 – Two Straight Bikers Share a Bed

They became aware of a figure kneeling beside them. It was Eddie, the young bar-back who had assisted with the show and kept the crowd at bay. “Sirs,” he said respectfully, “I’ll clear the room for you so you can have some privacy while you recover. When you’re ready the guys will be in the bar waiting to thank you. If you don’t mind my saying, sirs, that was the most amazing thing I have seen in my life. I busted my load three times.”

Zack stood up and pulled Eddie to his feet. He smiled at him, then folded him in a muscular embrace. “You’re a good kid, Eddie, and you did a great job. You deserve a reward here, let me thank you properly. His gray eyes penetrated the boy’s, then he closed his mouth over his and kissed him hungrily, his tongue searching deep into Eddie’s mouth.

The boy almost passed out, feeling the muscular body pressed against him, smelling, tasting, the musky essence of the stunning leather-god. His cock was bursting for release in his jeans. Zack felt the young body shudder in his arms, then go stiff as he screamed into the gag of Zack’s warm mouth. Zack pulled back and rewarded him with a dazzling smile.

Still shuddering Eddie gazed at him in awe and said, “Number four, sir.”

Eddie shepherded the bar patrons from the room and Zack was alone with Darius, helping him back into his jeans and chaps. “We’ll probably have to have a last beer with the guys in the bar, kiddo, before we go,” he said, but first I want to run something by you.

“You know Hassan has a small house in the middle of the desert used to use it as a hideaway to be alone, though he hasn’t been there recently. Well, when I mentioned that we might be taking a run out here he asked, if we would have time to go out there and give it the once-over make sure everything’s OK. How would you feel about dropping by there before we head for home? Apparently it’s pretty remote but everything works even has a barbecue. We might even stay the night there.”

“Wow, sir,” Darius beamed. “This weekend keeps getting better and better. We’d be like two bikers shacking up together in the middle of the desert. Never know what they’d get up to.”

“Yeah,” Zack laughed, “well before you rev up those fantasy wheels again, first we gotta face those guys outside. Here, let’s take a look at you.” He stepped back and surveyed his boy. “Jesus Christ, kid, you look sensational with your chest and face still smothered in cum. You’re gonna be real popular. You ready?”

Actually Darius was not ready for the reception they got. As they stepped through the door back into the bar they were greeted by wild cheers and applause. Zack held back, letting

Darius be the star in the limelight. The boy was blown away by the ovation he'd never been this popular. He felt like a rock star as the guys surged up to him, shaking his hand and gazing at him in awe. He was grateful to feel Zack's hand on his elbow, guiding him to the bar.

The bartender, Mike, slid two beers toward them and he too pumped Darius's hand. "Young sir, you were fucking spectacular in there the perfect slave-boy. Me and the guys will be jerking off over that for years. Shit, you could make a fortune as a porn star if you wanted to."

"That's not something on our to-do list right now, Mike," Zack laughed. "I've got other plans for him." He leaned close to Darius and said, "Like fucking my slave-boy's ass all night in the middle of the desert."

Reveling in all the admiration, Darius suddenly caught sight of Eddie behind the bar, back at his job washing glasses. "Hey, guys," Darius shouted loudly. "How about giving a big hand to our stage manager back there? He was awesome couldn't have done it without him. Come on, guys, let's hear you give it up for Eddie."

There were more cheers and whistles, this time for the shy, unassuming bar-back. Eddie blushed deeply. He spent most of his time there in the shadows, picking up bottles, keeping the place clean, washing glasses, and he was not used to the spotlight. He smiled at Darius and said, "Thank you, sir." Darius stretched over the bar, put his hand behind Eddie's head and squeezed his neck affectionately. And it was probably at that precise moment that Eddie fell helplessly in love with the gorgeous Darius.

As Zack and his boy drained their bottles and pressed through the enthusiastic crowd toward the door, Darius felt a tug at his elbow. It was Eddie, pulling him to one side. "Sir," he said shyly, "I hope you don't mind but in the back room when you were well thing is, sir I got it all on video. Here's the disk, sir. There's just one copy. I swear I will never show anyone else."

Darius took the disk with a beaming smile. "That is so cool, dude. You're a man after my own heart. I'm usually the one who films everything in our house. Shit damn, you got all that on disk? Thanks, Eddie, you're a real pal. I hope we meet again someday." He took the boy into a strong bear hug and felt the bulge in Eddie's pants grow hard against him. He pulled back and laughed. "Hey, if you're not careful it'll be cum-shot number five, kid. You're a cool guy, Eddie. Take care of yourself and don't forget me."

"No fear of that, sir. None at all."

Half an hour later the Harley was way out in the wild expanse of the desert, and Zack and his boy were leaving all traces of civilization far behind. Hassan's directions had been very detailed but out here everything looked the same sand, nothing but sand to the far horizon.

Zack nearly missed the almost-invisible track off the road, but soon, as they bumped over rough sand and scrub, they finally saw the house in the distance, shimmering in the heat like a mirage.

When they came to a halt they sat astride the bike gazing at the small building, its paint faded and peeling in the brutal sun. Darius asked the obvious question. "Sir, what the hell is a house doing out here in the middle of nowhere?"

"Hassan said it was a ranger station before he bought it, and believe it or not it still has all the service hook-ups, including a land-line phone. Shit, Hassan said he needed a remote hideaway to get away from the rat-race and he sure found it out here. Doesn't get more 'hideaway' than this." The silence and emptiness all round them was kind of awe-inspiring and as they got off the bike Zack said, "Feels like we're the last two guys in the whole world."

"Cool," said Darius with a roguish grin.

It didn't take them long to settle in. Unlike the outside walls, the interior was in remarkably good shape. Darius got the barbecue fired up with the charcoals already there, and they had brought food with them and beer of course. They ate well, talked a lot and drank up a storm so they were pretty drunk by the time they were ready for bed.

Any shreds of inhibition were obliterated by alcohol and in the silence of the wide expanses they drifted into another world, a fantasy world created by Darius. "Feels like we're two straight biker buddies out riding together who happen to wind up for the night in a shack in the middle of the desert." By now Zack was pretty much tuned into Darius's fantasies and willingly enlisted in this latest scenario. Sounded like a hot idea and they were both drunk, after all.

Zack led the way and his voice took on a different edge as he stood up and stretched. "Time to hit the sack, man. Looks like we gotta share a bed."

"Don't worry me none," Darius replied. "I'm so bushed I'll be out like a light as soon as I haul this leather off and my head hits the pillow." He unzipped his chaps, kicked off his boots and pulled off his jeans. In just his shorts he threw himself down on the bed and idly watched his buddy. Zack shucked off his leather vest and stretched again, his incredible torso rippling in the moonlight shafting into the room. He unzipped his chaps, stripped down to his shorts, stretched one last time and lay down beside his buddy, careful not to touch him.

"Shit, you stink, man," Zack complained. "Smells like cum. What, someone shoot their fucking load over you or something? Ah, well too late to shower. I'll survive."

They lay quietly for a while, but then Darius sprang out of bed. "Sorry, man, but I'm as horny as a toad, what with that bike throbbing between my legs all day. Gotta go outside and jack off."

"You too, uh?" Zack grinned. "My rod's as hard as steel. Hey, no need to go outside. Let's just jerk off quickly before we sleep. No big deal."

Darius dropped his shorts and resumed his place beside Zack. “Shit damn,” said Zack, “never seen your dick before. You are hung like a fucking horse, man. Bet the ladies go wild for that lethal weapon of yours. Just don’t shoot off in my direction, man I’d probably drown in jism.” Zack pushed down his shorts and wrapped his fist round his own cock.

Darius stared at it. “Man, you’re no slouch in the meat department,” he grinned. “That is one huge fucking piece of prime beef. Must blast off like a canon.”

After that there was silence except for heavy breathing as the two bikers worked their cocks. They closed their eyes at first but soon found themselves glancing at each other’s dicks as they got pumped hard. They were working up a sweat when Zack groaned. “Damn, I sure wish my girl was here wrapping her sweet lips round my prick. That’d make me bust my load big time.” Another silence, then Zack said, “Hey, man, you ever suck another guy’s dick?”

“No way, man well maybe once after a big game when me and this guy were drinking up a storm. We got totally shit-faced and I didn’t know what I was doing. Then I blew him. Fuck, man, he came right in my mouth I still remember the taste of his sperm.”

“Well?” said Zack.

“Shit, man, you really want that don’t you? Jesus, the things I do for my buddy. OK probably won’t remember it in the morning when I sober up anyway.” He scooted down the bed and brought his mouth close to Zack’s raging cock, but hesitated. “Hey, I’m not sure about his, man. Your cock stinks.” He shrugged. “Oh, what the hell”

He lowered his lips to the head of Zack’s cock, then took the whole thick rod in his mouth. Hearing Zack moan he lost any inhibitions he still had and moved his lips smoothly up and down the iron-hard shaft. Darius glimpsed in a mirror near the bed two straight bikers stripped naked, the one sucking his buddy off. It didn’t take long for Zack’s moans to become a howl of lust and his cock exploded in his buddy’s mouth. Darius gulped as stream after stream of pungent juice poured into his mouth.

Finally he pulled back and Zack laughed as he saw cum spilling from the corners of his mouth. “See, that wasn’t so bad was it? Thanks, pal. Hey you give great head, man better even than my girl does it. I’d return the favor but I’m done, man.”

Darius pulled away and lay on his back. “No need, buddy, I’ve already cum. Sucking your dick made me blow a massive load. Shit, I didn’t even have to touch my cock first time that’s ever happened to me.”

Half an hour later they were still in full fantasy mode and far from sleep. As they lay beside each other, not touching, staring at the ceiling they were both so deeply immersed in their roles as straight bikers that it had become the new reality. And they were horny again.

“Hey, buddy,” Darius said, “you mind if I jerk off again? My prick’s still throbbing here. It’s OK, I don’t need help. I’ve got a sure-fire way of getting my rocks off.” He grabbed his cock with his right hand and pushed two fingers of his left hand into his mouth to make them good and wet. Zack saw him reach down between his legs and push the fingers into his ass. Darius moaned with pleasure as he massaged his prostate with his fingertips.

Zack watched for a while, then said, “That gets you off, uh, buddy? Looks damn hot. But hell, if you want your prostate stroked I can think of a better way. You ever shove anything up your ass?”

Through his heavy breathing Darius murmured, “Sure big ol’ dildo sometimes. Feels fucking great too. Wish I had it with me.”

“Well, you can improvise there’s always this.” Zack patted his own cock, ramrod stiff.

“No way, man. Never had dick in my ass. Never gonna happen, no matter how wasted I am.”

“Come on, buddy, I dare you. Takes a real man to take dick up his ass. Besides, I’m about ready to bust another load.” He eased himself over and onto his knees between his buddy’s legs and pushed them up high.”

Darius reacted quickly, freed both his hands and clamped them against Zack’s chest pushing him away. “Hey, cool it bro. I can’t do that no way is another dude gonna shove his rod in my ass. Back off, man, I *aaagh !!*” His scream bounced off the walls as he felt the huge black club rammed into his hole, plunge deep inside him, then pull all the way out and spear him again. His body spasmed and his head thrashed from side to side, tears spurting from his eyes.

“No,” he screamed. “Aaah the pain! Take it out, man, take it out.”

“Don’t wimp out on me, man” Zack growled. “I took you for a real stud. Come on, bro, this feels fucking great better than when I fuck a girl. Shit, you know I’m a fucking muscle-god there’s guys would pay big bucks to have my big black dick ploughing their ass.” But the victim still thrashed in pain and Zack’s tone softened. “Hey, hey, open your eyes, bro look at me. Don’t you want to give your best buddy the ride of his life?”

Darius opened his eyes..... and the fantasy was complete. He really was a straight macho stud and he was getting his ass fucked for the first time by his gorgeous biker buddy. The sharp pain he had felt (or imagined) suddenly faded away and he relaxed into the incredible sensation of the cock sliding in his ass.

“That’s it, man,” Zack said. “Now you can feel it, your first cock in your ass and it’s huge. Look at me, man. Look at that hot muscular leather-stud working your hot ass. Now tell me tell me you never thought about this you never fantasized about my dick inside you. I’ve seen the way you look at me, drool over my gorgeous body. I know deep down you’ve always wanted this.”

Zack’s voice was mesmerizing and Darius ran his hands over the slabs of Zack’s chest, his shoulders and his ripped abs. “Yeah I’ve thought about it. Never knew it would feel like this, though. Oh man, that feels great. Come on, bro, harder gimme that cock, man come on, ram it in my ass. Do it, man!” Zack grinned and instantly his cock was jackhammering his buddy’s ass.

Darius lost all control. “Goddam, it’s like a fucking piston ramming in my ass. Oh, man, you’re ripping me open, man. Yeah, fuck me, man. God, I love your dick in my ass.”

Zack was pouring sweat down onto his buddy. “Yeah, feels great, uh looks incredible too, that gorgeous body of yours impaled on my rod. Your ass is a fucking furnace, man my dick’s on fire. I’m close, man, real close.”

Darius suddenly squeezed Zack’s nipples and heard him scream as his magnificent face twisted in a frenzy of pain. Darius howled, “You’re gonna make me shoot, man it’s never felt like this fuck my ass, buddy, fuck it good..... my ass is yours, sir, you own it I love you, bro you’re making me cuaagh!!” Their screams echoed round the room as both men exploded in a massive orgasm. Darius felt hot liquid slamming deep inside his ass as he shot ribbons of cum over his sweating, heaving chest.

Their bodies shuddered and they gazed wildly at each other as the last of their juice drained out of them. As their heaving breaths finally subsided there was silence. Then, in the sudden stillness, it was as if the stage lighting changed and the room gradually faded from the scene of the biker fantasy and became once more Hassan’s little house where the beautiful Zack was treating his boy to the time of his life.

Their stunned faces broke into tentative smiles, growing to wide grins, then joyous laughter. Darius yelled, “I love you, sir. You are the best!”

The next morning the room still resonated with the wild happenings of the night before. But it was time for rest and relaxation and Zack and his boy pulled on their undershorts and went outside to laze in the sun with their morning coffee. Darius was in a reflective mood.

“Wow, yesterday was one for the books, sir. Can’t wait to tell the guys back home and show them that disk Eddie made. I’m dying to see it myself wish I had my laptop. Wonder how he shot it in the dim red lights of that room without using a key light. I’d love to know.”

“Why don’t you ask him?” Darius’s head jerked round in surprise and Zack smiled. “Ask him, kiddo. Ask him if he’d have time to come out here and fill you in on his technique maybe even bring his laptop so you two could watch it. I have a kind of feeling young Eddie would leap at the chance.”

Darius stared at his master, then threw his arms round him. “You are the best, sir but I already told you that, didn’t I?”

“Over and over,” Zack smiled. Darius ran inside and used the land-line to phone the bar and talk to Eddie, who was surprised to hear from the gorgeous Darius and thrilled at the invitation. “I know of that house, sir. I drive around the desert a lot on my own and I’ve often wondered who lives out there. So, if it’s OK, sir, I’ll pick up some Mexican take-out for lunch and bring it over at about noon.”

“He’s coming,” Darius said excitedly to Zack.

“No surprise there. You know he’s nuts about you, don’t you? Go easy on him, kiddo.”

They were still lazing out in the back yard when Eddie’s battered old truck pulled up out front. They didn’t hear his knock so Eddie walked tentatively round to the back and stood silently gazing in awe at the two men stretched out on towels on the sand, lying on their backs, their eyes closed. He thought he recalled how they looked from last night, but now in the bright sunlight they looked even more spectacular than he remembered. They took his breath away.

Zack was wearing white boxer shorts, his ebony muscles gleaming with a light sheen of sweat. Darius was in gray boxer briefs and his beautifully proportioned body twitched slightly as if he were dreaming. Eddie was so overwhelmed that his first instinct was to turn and run away. But he had promised and he had a big bag of hot food with him. So he cleared his throat timidly.

Zack opened one eye and said cheerfully, “Hey, Eddie, you made it. Welcome to Shangri-La.” That woke Darius who opened his eyes and sprang to his feet. Eddie was visibly trembling and for a second Darius turned and looked down at Zack for instructions. But Zack wanted to see how Darius handled a shy young guy who was clearly in awe of him, so he left Darius to it.

Darius sensed that this was, in a way, a test and he smiled broadly at Eddie. “Hey, dude, great to see you again.” He shook his hand then pulled him into a tight hug. He could feel his body shaking against him, and the hard bulge in his pants. He looked at the bag Eddie was holding. “So, what you got there? Smells a lot like lunch.”

“It er it is, sir. I stopped at a Mexican place I know. But if you don’t like it, I can”

“Hey, hey, kiddo, relax will ya? Me and Zack love Mexican. Here, let’s pull these old chairs round the table here and we’ll get plates and stuff from the kitchen” Darius had hit just the right note. Giving Eddie something practical to do helped him to calm down as they busied themselves setting up the meal.

“I brought lots of beer from the bar, too. You like Dos Equis?”

“Is the Pope Catholic, or what, kid? Hey, you’re real cool, Eddie.”

Soon all three were sitting round the table tackling a huge pile of fajitas and Eddie’s timidity was slowly fading. Darius was doing most of the talking, of course, asking Eddie non-stop questions about how he had filmed last night’s scene in the bar. When Zack could get a word in sideways he asked Eddie about himself.

“I’m 21, sir live on my own in a small single apartment near the bar. I came from Nebraska a couple of years ago and have worked as the bar-back in Mike’s bar ever since. Mike’s real good to me takes care of me makes sure the guys don’t get out of line with me.”

The meal progressed easily and when they’d done eating Zack stood up and stretched. “Hell, you’re bad for me, young Eddie, you know that? I’ve eaten too much gotta go work it off.” He pulled on some old sneakers. “I’m gonna go for a run out in the wilderness..... give you two a chance to watch that porn movie Eddie made last night of the hot young slave serving his master. Have fun, kids.” With a knowing grin he was off, soon just a speck in the distance.

The boys had a blast and the video was beyond their most lurid expectations. Eddie had set up his laptop at the foot of the bed and they lay on their backs, side by side, their hands folded behind their heads. Darius had never got off watching himself before and even now he didn’t see himself. He saw a gorgeous young black stud, bound and collared, getting whipped by his master, saw him crawl naked over the ground, suck the leatherman’s huge dick then have a couple dozen men blast their loads of semen over him.

“Awesome,” he breathed as he watched the finale where the master’s huge cock pounded the ass of his spread-eagled slave. “Totally awesome, eh dude?”

But Eddie had been distracted by something other than the video. As Darius had become increasingly excited by the movie his cock had grown inside his briefs, stretching upward until the head protruded way above the waistband. The boy couldn’t believe the size of it as it grew, inch by inch, under the thin cotton.

Suddenly he leapt to his feet and blurted out. “Hey, I gotta go, sir. I gotta leave right now.”

“Oh shit, you gonna be late for work?”

“No, it it's not that, sir. It's just” He stood there uncomfortably and couldn't tear his eyes away from the huge bulge in Darius's shorts. Eddie was wearing an old T-shirt and loose shorts but the tent pole in the shorts was unmistakable. Darius gazed at him then burst out laughing.

“So that's it I should have known lots of guys are knocked out by my prong. Shit, dude, if that's all you want you got it. You don't have to leave just because you're turned on by my dick. After all, I owe you big time for that awesome video. Come here, kid.”

Eddie was hooked. He dropped his shorts, came slowly forward and knelt on the floor by the bed. His gaze was riveted on the bulge in Darius's shorts and, in a trance, he slowly leaned forward. The tip of his tongue touched the gray cotton and pressed against the shape of the rod underneath. He moaned loudly as he made contact with the object of his ravenous desire.

He pulled back slightly, opened his mouth wide and pressed it over the tube shape in the fabric. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply through his nose. He was in heaven, smelling and tasting the essence of this glorious man. He sucked hard through the cotton and felt the rod grow harder under his mouth. Then he licked the fabric, licked the whole outline of the rod, all the way up to the waistband and then he moaned loudly as his tongue touched the actual flesh of the cock's swelling knob.

His mouth closed round the head and he sucked hard, afraid to let go. He heard Darius's voice. “Hey, dude, you wanna see the whole thing? Stand up a minute.”

Eddie stood up and gazed down hypnotized. Darius took his time giving this boy a real show. Slowly, very slowly he pushed the briefs down, exposing his massive cock inch by inch by inch. It was as if it would never stop. Eddie gazed in breathless amazement it seemed the long, black shaft was endless. “Aaaah,” he gasped as finally the stiff rod sprang free and stood straight up like a massive tree trunk. His body quivered and he shouted, “No, No!” as his cock blasted streams of come over the gleaming black flesh beneath him.

He was distraught. “On no, sir. I didn't mean to. I'm sorry, sir, I just couldn't”

“Shut up, boy.” Darius's voice was commanding now. “You've made me so damn hot my cock really wants to bust its load in your mouth. Come on, boy. You know what to do.”

Did he ever! All his inhibitions thrown to the wind Eddie knelt at the foot of the bed and stretched forward over Darius's legs. His tongue touched the erect 10-inch pole and he began to lick. His wet tongue ran slowly from the base up the whole length to the head, then again, and again. He reached forward, held the cock in his open palm, gazed at it in wonder, then

pressed it against his cheek. He kissed it all over, up and down, then licked it even more ravenously, making passionate love to the enormous black cock.

Darius was floating in a sea of pure pleasure, moaning as he felt the hot tongue caressing his dick. Eddie's mouth moved down lower and kissed Darius's balls. Suddenly he sucked hard and both balls popped into his mouth as Darius yelled, "Holy shit!" He put both hands over Eddie's head and rolled it around on his balls, basking in the exquisite sensation flashing from his balls up the long shaft to the tip of his cock.

"Shit, I can't take much more of this. Come on, boy, get to the main event. Suck your master's dick, boy. Now!" Darius tightened his grip on the boy's head, pulled it up then rammed it down on his cock, pushing it down, deeper and deeper, moaning as he felt his cock sliding to the back of the boy's mouth, then into the depths of his throat. He couldn't believe that the boy was taking all ten inches, without pause, without flinching or gagging. Eddie's face came to rest against the curly black pubic hair and he managed to raise his eyes upward.

Darius looked down at the eyes streaming with tears, gazing up at him with a look of spellbound adoration. "Shit damn," Darius said softly. "You are one hell of a great young cocksucker, boy. OK, you wanted it, you got it. Eat your master's meat, boy." He pulled the head up, then rammed it back down all the way, and the boy made no protest as the full length of the huge pole disappeared down his throat.

No one had ever made love to Darius's cock like this, not even Pablo who always wanted the dick inside his ass right away. This boy really knew how to suck cock, especially one he was in love with. Darius couldn't take much more of this. He was in a frenzy now, pulling up the boy's head and smashing the face down again and again into his pubic hair. Eddie's face was impaled on his master's cock and he was taking every spectacular inch of it.

Darius was screaming. "You're driving me fucking crazy, boy. OK, this is it. Now you're gonna drink your master's juice. You're not gonna choke on it, you're gonna swallow every last drop. I'm real close here it comes boy aagh!" Eddie felt the monster cock explode in his mouth. His master had ordered him to drink his juice and he did, swallowing hard, gulp after gulp as the hot semen poured down into his gut.

Suddenly Eddie pulled his mouth off the cock, reared up on his knees and his cock spurted another load of juice over the already cum-covered body of the man he had just worshipped.

They were still in the same position when suddenly they heard the sound of slow handclapping. They looked round to see Zack, back from his run, standing inside the door, his magnificent near-naked body streaming with sweat, his soaking shorts clinging to his hips, his ass and his hanging cock. Startled Eddie flinched but Zack's commanding voice ordered, "Don't move.

Both of you, stay right where you are.” He walked closer and stood facing Eddie, who was frozen in awe at the sight of the muscle-god towering over him.

Zack smiled. “So, looks like you sucked my boy’s cock real good. I was watching. You are one hell of a great cock-sucker, kid. How do you like my boy’s hunk of prime beef?”

“Very much sir,” Eddie stammered. “It’s the most beautiful cock I’ve ever seen, sir.”

“You think you’re in love with my boy and his dick?”

“I am, sir. I thought I was last night, sir now I’m sure of it.”

Zack gazed at him with a look of kindness and affection. “Yeah, yeah, well we’ll see about that. Meanwhile I haven’t thanked you yet for all your help last night. Looks like you’ve already come twice. How d’you like to shoot for a third?”

“Oh, sir, I’m not sure if so soon, sir

“Yeah, well, you don’t know me, kiddo. I can make anyone blow his wad. And my run built up a head of steam in me and I’ve got a full load here ready to bust out. Now look at me.”

Eddie gazed up in awe at the muscular black stud, his perfect physique gleaming with the sweat running down his face and chest. He saw him reach down, pull his monster cock from his shorts and start pounding it in his fist. Mesmerized, Eddie heard the deep voice. “You like that, boy?”

“It’s it’s” Eddie stammered, speechless with wonder.”

“OK, grab your dick, boy and do what I’m doing. Look at my face, kid now my body. Pretty spectacular, right? You want to see that muscle-god blast his fucking load all over you?”

Eddie was beside himself. “Yes, sir,” he screamed. “Please, sir, please cum over me..... I’m begging you, sir. I want Aaah!!” His head jolted back as a river of cum blasted from the huge black cock into his face, then another over his chest, then another stream smashing into his face. It went on for what seemed like eternity to the boy until his face and body were smothered in the leatherman’s pungent juice, and his body was shuddering with the exhilaration of the hottest sex he had ever had in his life.

Zack smiled down at him. “Did you do it, Eddie?”

“Oh yes, sir,” said a breathless Eddie, grinning down at his dripping cock. “Number three!”

Zack smiled to himself as he kicked the bike into top gear on the freeway heading west, back to L.A. He pressed back against the naked chest of his boy clinging to him, knowing that Darius was still thinking of the boy who had left them the night before.

Eddie had stayed with them for a few more hours, and Zack and Darius thought up new ways to excite him, giving him several more orgasms before he had to leave for work. Darius hugged him hard, the first boy who had ever accepted him as his total master. But beyond that Darius simply liked Eddie. They had had fun together, talking cameras and videos among many other things, and Darius had made him promise that when he next came to L.A. he would drop by the house. "Shit, dude, you're gonna go crazy when you get a look at the guys I live with."

So Eddie had left with a sparkle in his eyes and a hard-on in his shorts that he would soon relieve with another jerk-off, one of many in the days and weeks ahead. And Darius's thoughts were now spinning forward to home and the many exotic tales he would have to tell Pablo and the guys not to mention his video. 'Fucking pornographic,' he thought with a wide grin.

They rode fast and in no time, it seemed, they were pulling up on the gravel in front of the gate of the main house. They knew from phone calls that all the guys were wending their way back from the lake and the dunes and would be home in a few hours, but Zack wanted to go in and check on their house quickly before he took Darius across the street to his place.

Zack went to unlock the gate but when he pushed it, it swung open. "That's weird," he murmured to Darius. "The guys never leave it unlocked. Stay back, kid. Gotta check this out." Quietly he crept forward and had taken only a few steps when he saw the back of a tall guy cupping his face as he peered into the kitchen window. Zack whispered over his shoulder, "Stay back, kid, I'll handle this."

The intruder left the window and began to walk away across the grass. Like a stalking panther Zack followed and when he was close he hurled himself forward, grabbing the man from behind round the waist in a brutal football tackle, and together they crashed to the ground, the intruder's face in the dirt, Zack on top of him.

Zack was tough but the man put up a hell of a fight. His arms flailed at first but he managed to lower them and back-elbowed Zack in the stomach and ribs, knocking the wind out of him. He reached behind him, grabbed Zack's balls and squeezed them viciously, making Zack scream in pain. Desperately he grabbed the man's wrist and, using all his strength, finally yanked the hand off his balls.

"Motherfucker!" he yelled, adrenaline racing through him giving him added strength. "Nobody does that to me asshole." In a lightning move Zack moved up on top of him and looped his arms under the man's armpits and round the back of his neck in a full nelson, banging his face into the dirt again and again. When he felt the man weaken he pulled him backward onto his knees and from behind clamped a sleeper-hold round his neck and head.

The man's arms thrashed wildly and he again crashed his elbow into Zack's ribs. But Zack was an expert at this submission hold and his muscular strength was too much for any man. It didn't take long for the writhing body to weaken until his arms dropped to his sides and he slumped limply against Zack. The black leatherman threw him contemptuously forward face down in the dirt and staggered to his feet. But immediately he fell to his knees and retched, nauseous with pain.

Darius rushed up and helped him to his feet. "You OK, sir?" he asked in alarm.

"Think so, kid. Couple of bruised ribs and my fucking balls hurt like hell. Shit that guy's tough don't come much stronger than that. He almost had me. Before I hand him over to Mark I'm gonna make the asshole sorry he ever tangled with me. Quick, go down to the basement and bring up the whip and some rope."

In no time Darius came back out with the rope and whip for Zack, who was still doubled over cupping his balls in pain. He straightened up and said, "Thanks, kid. Now let's get a look at this motherfucker." He hooked his boot under the unconscious man's belly and flipped him over onto his back. Zack and Darius gazed down at him in disbelief.

"Holy shit," Darius gasped. "It's Adam."

Slowly Adam's senses returned to him and he realized he was lying in the dirt. In a daze he opened his eyes and as his vision started to clear he saw the blurred outline of two muscular bikers standing over him, dressed in full leather. He moaned in confusion. Then they became distinct shit damn Zack and his boy. He heard Zack's angry voice.

"What the fuck do you think you were doing, man? What, you broke in here or something?"

The rugged Australian managed to find his voice. "The airline assigned me to an L.A. flight at the last minute," he stammered breathlessly. "Called Mark when I landed he said they were on their way back and to come on over wait for them. I had Jamie's key to the gate. Hell, what the fuck do you think I was doing? You could've fucking killed me, asshole"

But his voice died in his throat as he saw the gray eyes of the leather-god blazing down at him. Adam was a man's man, a rugged top-man, a handsome Aussie stud every man longed to get fucked by. Only one man had ever topped him Zack. The last time Adam was here, Zack had tied him up, whipped him, made him crawl in defeat. And Zack was the only man ever to fuck him. For the first time in his life Adam had submitted to another man.

And now, as he gazed up at the muscular leatherman towering over him, he found himself lusting for more. No matter that he was guilty of no more than defending himself. Right and wrong were irrelevant. Adam wanted Zack just as badly as he had wanted him that first time.

Zack was rubbing his painful balls and ribs. "You fucker," he growled. "You hurt me, man hurt me bad. You know I can't let that go especially from you. You know I have to punish you, stud, don't you?"

"I can take whatever you throw at me, man," Adam said in a defiant challenge to the dominant black muscle-god.

"OK, man. On your feet."

Minutes later Zack and Darius gazed in awe at the tall, handsome Australian, the rugged master who took no shit from anyone, submitted to no man. He was buck naked, his muscular body spread-eagled between two trees, wrists and ankles roped, arms stretched up and out, legs spread wide apart. As he pulled helplessly at the ropes his straining muscles gleamed in the sun and his eyes were locked on the steel gray eyes of his captor, awaiting his fate.

Zack gazed at him with a grim smile on his face. "So, we have an hour before all the guys get home. Let's give them something to feast their eyes on when they walk through the gate. Man I'm gonna enjoy this.

"Darius give me the whip."

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