

# **A TRIAL OF STRENGTH**

## **BOOK 15**

### **Chapter 141 – Adam Gets Zacked – Hassan Gets Nate**

Adam: the handsome, muscular Aussie, the rugged alpha-male, top-man who could make any man crawl to him. But not now. Now the helpless muscle-god was at Zack's mercy, tied up, spread-eagled between two trees, glaring defiantly at his captor. Zack smiled at him with grim satisfaction. "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."

Darius handed him the whip then ran outside to get his camera from the truck. When he returned he stayed in the background and watched. This was a contest strictly between the masters. All that a boy could do was watch ..... and film.

Zack had come up close to Adam, holding the shaft of the whip under his chin and prodding his face up so the prisoner was forced to gaze into his eyes. There was no fear in Adam's eyes. Even though he was helplessly tied, a naked captive, he was still a tough alpha male and stared defiantly at Zack. Above all Adam wanted to show this mesmerizing black muscle-stud that he was tough enough to take anything from him, that he was truly a master, his equal.

"So," Zack said, "we're gonna take up where we left off last time. Remember how I told you about the guy I once tied to a tree and whipped?"

"I remember."

"And that's what you've been longing for. Tell me ..... those shorts of mine that I gave you last time, stinking of my sweat, my piss and cum. What you been doing with them, man? Come on ..... the truth."

The look was defiant again. "You know what the fuck I've been doing, man. Every night I pressed the shorts to my face and I've busted my load thinking of you .... tying me to that tree, whipping my body and fucking my ass. I was back there, crawling naked in the dirt and licking my master's boots."

"Good. Now, last time you swore you would not let any other man top you or fuck you until you came back here to me. Did you keep your word?"

“Shit, man, of course I did. What kind of a guy do you think I am? Oh, I’ve fucked plenty of guys since then, tied some of them up, treated them rough. They all know I’m a master and if I order them to crawl to me they crawl. They think of it as a privilege.” ..... He paused and the defiance drained out of him. “But with you it’s different, Zack. When you work me over you make me feel like the toughest guy on earth. No, I’ve had no other master but you.”

Zack simply gazed at him. Adam looked up at his bound wrists and pulled at them hard in frustration. He realized Zack was toying with him and anger flared in his eyes. “Come on, man, what the fuck are you waiting for? What, you think I can’t take it? Think I’m not tough enough? Maybe it’s you that’s scared of hurting me. You wimping out? Maybe you don’t have the guts to whip a guy who’s tougher than you ..... aagh!!”

The whip suddenly flashed through the air and lashed across the slabs of Adam’s pecs. Adam’s taunts had been a challenge, and one that Zack met with force. And he didn’t hold back. Again and again he lashed the prisoner’s chest, coiling the whip round his torso so the tip bit into his back. He smiled with grim satisfaction as he watched the spectacular naked body writhe helplessly, the muscles flexing and bulging as the captive yanked desperately at the ropes round his wrists and ankles.

Darius had a devil of a job keeping his camera trained on the suffering man. The boy had almost creamed his shorts when he first saw Adam spread-eagled naked between the trees. And now he gazed in awe at the image of the gorgeous body jerking in pain under the lash, one dominant muscle-god enduring a trial of strength at the hands of another master.

What turned Darius on the most was the defiance in Adam’s eyes. The tough Australian made no sound, there were no screams as he locked eyes with the black man in leather vest and chaps wielding the whip. He had submitted to Zack before but now his desire was to prove himself to this incredible man. He wanted to prove his strength, his endurance, his ability to withstand the pain of the whip. He had never been dominated like this by any man, but he had fallen under Zack’s hypnotic spell. He wanted to be his equal, and for that he had to take whatever punishment the leatherman dished out.

He gave voice to his defiance. “That’s it, man? That all you got? Shit man, if it was me whipping a guy he’d be begging by now. Come on, stud. Show me what you got.”

The taunts drove Zack wild. He was the man with the whip .... Adam was at his mercy. And yet Zack had a feeling he was losing the contest to this rugged man. He knew from their brief fight in the dirt that the man was tough, but his endurance now was something he had never met in a man.

“OK, asshole, you asked for it,” Zack growled as he lashed his chest, abs and bulging thighs. “Let’s see you survive this, stud. Man, I love torturing a gorgeous muscle-god like you until I hear him beg. You’re gonna submit by shooting your load from that beautiful piece of man-meat you got hanging there. Come on, stud, you know you have to give up.”

But Adam didn't. It was as if he didn't feel pain, and Zack knew that he had lost this round. He knew that a whipping, no matter how brutal, would never make this man submit. It was Zack who felt the bitterness of defeat as he lowered the whip and locked eyes with Adam, with a mix of anger and intense admiration.

Here was a real man, a man whose strength he could admire, respect ..... and desire. And now it was desire that consumed Zack. He had an overwhelming need to press their bodies together, to touch his flesh, join with him ..... be inside him. He wanted to have sex with him and make it so good the man would finally shoot his load in surrender.

He threw down the whip and came close so their eyes were inches apart and he said softly, "Man, you are one hell of a hot mother-fucker. You won that one, Adam. I yield round one to you. I have never seen a man take a beating like that and still defy me. God, I want you, man. You are so fucking gorgeous, that magnificent body of yours hanging in bondage, your flesh striped by the whip. I am so hot for you ..... you know what comes next."

"I've known it all along, man." With the pain subsiding Adam managed a grim smile and was able to speak through his heaving breaths. "Sure, I wanted to prove I was worthy of you by taking a beating. But all those nights I lay thinking about you it wasn't about the whip. No, I shot my wad imagining your cock in my ass. You're the first man ever to fuck me and I've longed for it again ever since. Whip me all you want, man. From you I can take it ..... I love it. The pain in my body is nothing ..... what I want is the pain in my ass from that huge black club of yours. Zack, you know what it takes to make me surrender. Do it, man."

"Shit," Zack said, "I could bust my load just by looking at you, man. But I know what we have to do. For men like us the whip is nothing ..... just a trial of strength. We need more than that. Oh man, more than anything in the world right now, I need to fuck your ass."

His face came closer and their mouths locked in a ravenous, churning embrace. Zack grabbed Adam's head and pulled him hard against his lips, probing with his tongue, reveling in the taste and smell of raw masculinity. It was driving Adam wild as he tugged helplessly at the ropes. He pulled his head back and moaned, "You're driving me insane, man. My body's burning from the beating, my ass is on fire. For god's sake, man, fuck me. You want me to beg, is that it? OK, man I'm begging. Please ..... I need your cock in my ass, sir. Please ....."

Zack smiled, knowing who was on top now. Shit, the man was already begging. He moved behind him and pressed his chest to his back, sliding his cock between the mounds of his ass 'til the head came to rest against the hole. He reached round and ran his hands over the hard muscles of the chest, over the angry welts left by the whip. "Oh, man, that fucking body of yours ..... it looked so beautiful bouncing under the whip. Now for your ass. Wait for it, man ....."

Zack was a master of torture. He pressed the head of his cock harder against the quivering hole and it was almost inside when suddenly he pulled away, gripping Adam's hips and pushing them away from him. Adam screamed with frustration. "NO! For god's sake man ..... my ass ..... Please, sir. Don't torture me like this." He was sobbing now. "I need your rod in my ass. Please man, I've gotta have .....Aaagh!"

His screams echoed round the hills as Zack suddenly yanked on Adam's hips, forcing his ass onto his huge pole in one vicious thrust, ramming his cock deep inside the tortured man's gut. He pulled back, all the way out, then slammed it in deep again. It was like a piston gathering speed as it drilled into his burning ass. The pain was far worse than the whip, spiking through Adam's body like shafts of lightning. And he was in ecstasy. His head thrashed from side to side, tears pouring from his eyes, his body twisting and writhing, impaled on the long black pole.

Darius was rooted to the spot, mechanically training the camera on the unbelievable sight of the tortured muscle-god, his striped and naked body being jackhammered from behind. Adam was screaming as Zack pushed the captive's hips forward, then pulled them back hard onto his cock, driving his rod inside him until his pubic hair smashed against the rock-hard globes of his ass. It went on and on, sending Adam into a delirious blur of pain and infinite pleasure.

Finally Zack sensed that even Adam's superior strength was giving out but he knew the defiant man would lose consciousness before he would scream his submission. Time for the last act, Zack thought ..... and suddenly all movement stopped. Adam's ass came to rest with the long shaft buried deep inside him. His body was shuddering, his ass was on fire ..... and he had never felt so alive. In his delirium he heard Zack's voice breathing in his ear.

"You are one hell of a man, Adam. God, there's nothing that beats fucking a big muscle-stud like you, a beautiful alpha male who never submits. But now, I'm gonna make you submit. I could have done this right away, but first I needed to see how much you could take .... from the whip and my cock. I knew that would never force you to surrender ..... but this will ....."

Slowly he pulled his cock back, then slid it back in, past the raw membrane, deeper and deeper 'til it rested against the inner sphincter. He paused, then eased the head over the sphincter and into the deepest chamber of the man's ass. He felt Adam's body shudder and heard him moan, "Oh god, I've never felt anything like that. Shit, man, what are you doing to me?"

"Making love to you, Adam, to a man who is my equal, a man who deserves only the best. And now, at last, you will submit to me ..... at last I'll hear those words from your mouth. This is it, man." Gently Zack pulled his cock back over the inner sphincter. He paused then pushed the head in again. The rhythm was gentle but persistent. He was massaging the most sensitive part of Adam's ass with the head of his cock, passing over the sphincter and back, in and out of the warm, deep chamber.

Adam's breathing became ragged, his eyes opened wide and he moaned in ecstasy. His world, his whole existence, was reduced to one sensation, the exquisite feeling in his ass that

flashed through his whole body and set it on fire. He had no resistance left. Zack had defeated him as he knew he would. His body shuddered, he felt heat rising up his legs into his balls, felt hot juice racing from his balls, through the length of his cock ..... then blasting out in a massive, scorching orgasm as he screamed, "I submit ..... I submit to you, sir ..... you're my master ..... I love you ....."!

Darius watched in awe as the magnificent body, impaled on the huge black rod, thrashed violently in the ropes and a huge stream of white juice poured out of the cock, high in the air, splashing to the ground far away. Adam heard Zack's deep-throated moans, felt his hot cum blasting deep inside his ass, and he watched in disbelief as his own cock poured streams of semen onto the ground.

Suddenly he felt the long rod pulling out of his ass and he saw Zack standing before him, heard his voice. "Man, you are fucking spectacular. You deserve this, stud." Zack held his own cock, pointed it upward, and it blasted a second load of cum up high, splashing into Adam's face, then streaming down his chest and abs.

"Come here, boy." Darius put down the camera and ran to stand beside his master. "Look hard at this, boy. You will rarely see a man like this, a top-man, a master, who has been tied, spread-eagled, has endured the torture of the whip and the pain of a huge rod in his ass, who has busted his load in submission, and still remains a proud master. You have my permission to show your respect to this magnificent man.

Darius understood. He pulled from his jeans the huge cock that had been rigid all the time and didn't even need to stroke it. Just as Zack had done he held it up and watched his own juice arc high in the air and splash into Adam's face, mixing with Zack's as if flowed down the superb body, over the angry marks of the lash like a healing balm.

Zack took a step back, surveyed his muscular, cum-soaked captive and gave a satisfied smile. "Well, well. I promised I would give the guys something incredible to feast their eyes on when they walked through the gate, and there's nothing more magnificent than this. It'll blow them away." Then to Darius, "Come on kid .... home."

They turned and Zack threw his arm over his boy's shoulder as they walked toward the gate, heading for Zack's house across the street. "Hell of a weekend, kiddo," Zack grinned. "First my slave-boy puts on a spectacular show and gets treated like a rock star, then two straight bikers share a bed, and the next day young Eddie makes love to your cock. And now we've watched the gorgeous Aussie get whipped and fucked. Tough act to follow. Any idea what the hell we'll do for an encore?"

Adam heard their laughter fading into the distance and then there was silence. The handsome muscle-stud was alone, helpless, spread-eagled between the trees. He moaned, his body sagged in the ropes and his head fell forward on his chest in utter exhaustion.

\*\*\*\*\*

The two parallel trips home, from the lake and the dunes, were equally festive. All the men had had a memorable trip and learned a thing or two. Randy and Bob in the front seat of the truck were nursing hard-ons in their pants as they thought over the way Bob had turned the tables on the boss, tying him up and working him over. Both of them silently nursed a secret lust for more of the same.

In the back seat the twins were hanging on Pablo's every word. He was their hero for rescuing them from the lake, even though he had been excessive in punishing them. Once again it had fallen to his own hero, Randy, to teach him what it takes to be a master. Billy the dog performed his usual flamboyant act of clambering and drooling over everyone.

And in the truck speeding south from the dunes the seating plan had changed. Hassan was no longer in the front seat with Mark. He had elected to sit in the back seat with Nate. Jamie was in haven beside Mark, more in love than ever after their adventure in the dunes. Hassan and Nate chatted quietly with a new intimacy, reliving their military fantasy trip and talking about their plan for Nate to spend a day and a night with Hassan each week.

Another topic featured large in Nate's conversation ..... Adam. He had called Mark from the airport alerting him of his unexpected visit and Mark said he was probably already at the house waiting for them. Nate spoke about him with such enthusiasm that Hassan suspected, with a trace of regret, that Nate already thought of himself as Adam's boy.

With eager cell-phone coordination between Jamie and Pablo, the two parties joined up for a quick bite to eat at a highway truck-stop, then headed for home in a two-truck convoy.

\*\*\*\*\*

When the trucks drew up at the gate it was quite a scene as four men got out, then five boys and a dog tumbled after them. There was noisy chaos for a minute, with Billy creating havoc barking joyously and getting tangled in everyone's feet.

"Quiet!" yelled Randy, glaring at the boys. "Now let's leave all the gear here for now and get sorted out inside." He strode to the gate, pushed it open and walked in ..... then stopped rooted to the spot. "Jesus Christ." The others crowded in behind him and gaped, their jaws dropping in amazement. They couldn't believe it.

On the other side of the garden was a naked man tied, spread-eagled, between two trees. His superb body hung helplessly from the ropes, gleaming under the sun, his muscles bulging and straining as if stretched on the rack. The slabs of his chest were striped with angry red welts, and what appeared to be semen dripped from his face and flowed down his body. He had clearly been whipped and apparently ass-fucked judging by the semen running down his legs.

His head hung down limply, his face obscured, but the noise of the group's arrival stirred him. Slowly he raised his head and, with the shock of recognition they all gazed at the handsome, rugged, cum-streaked face. Adam!

Conflicting emotions raced through the group but one thing was universal. They all had raging hard-ons as they stood in awe of the spectacular muscle-god strung up before them. It was Randy who reacted first. "Shit damn ..... the guy's been Zacked."

There was movement in the group, an instinct to surge forward, but Randy spread his arms as a signal to hold back. He alone walked forward and stood facing the alpha-male, superb in his degradation. Their eyes locked ..... and Randy immediately recognized the defiant look of a proud master. There was silence, as if the garden itself held its breath, and the men stayed motionless, waiting for Randy's reaction.

Randy cupped Adam's chin in his hand, pulled it forward and their lips met. He ground their mouths hard together in a hungry, virile embrace, master to master. It was the ultimate recognition of Randy's admiration for this beautiful man. He pulled back and said, "Man, you are one hell of a stud, so fucking hot. That is fucking awesome, man, a gorgeous macho top-man like you getting whipped and fucked and left hanging. It's fucking pornographic. No doubt about it ..... you are a true master. Allow me to pay tribute to you, stud."

He ripped open his pants, pulled out his cock and stroked it hard in his fist. His steel blue eyes locked on the handsome face, then ran down over the bulging shoulders, whip-stripped chest and ridged abs, coming to rest on the huge cock swinging between his legs. As his eyes fixed on it, the cock grew stiff and started to rise.

Randy looked up at Adam and grinned. "That's it, man, let's show them. Man to man, master to master. Let's show them how one master pays homage to another. You ready, man?"

"You bet the fuck I am," Adam growled.

Their eyes never left each other, and each handsome face bore the smile of recognition that the men had met their equal. Randy beat his meat faster and Adam's rigid cock started to pulse. They were both close and Adam said, "OK, stud, let's show them." He pulled at the ropes and his magnificent, spread-eagled body went rigid. They both howled as their cocks exploded with jets of semen that splashed onto each other, stream after stream, until their muscles were flowing with the other man's juice.

Their eyes bore into each other as their cocks drained. Then, as their breaths subsided, they smiled at each other in triumph. "Thank you, man," Adam said.

"Any time, stud," grinned Randy. "We masters have to stick together."

From the other side of the garden came the sounds of applause and whistles. The group had seen a rare sight, one bound and tortured master being acknowledged for his strength and beauty by another. Now they came forward and sprang into action. Mark untied one wrist and Bob the other, while Jamie and Nate fell on their knees and freed the legs. Bob, Mark and Hassan pressed forward to shake Adam's hand while the boys hung back, awestruck by this reunion of beautiful men.

Standing shyly behind all of them was Nate, rather bewildered by what he had seen. The man he loved and admired, after being bound, whipped and fucked, had been embraced by the powerful boss of the house. For the first time in a long time Nate felt disoriented, unsure of his reactions. Then he saw Adam gazing at him over the heads of the crowd. The others parted as Adam walked forward and smiled at Nate and they heard his deep Australian accent.

"Hello, mate. You missed me?"

"Too right, mate ..... you bet," his fellow Aussie replied. Suddenly everything was alright, exactly as it should be, and Nate melted into Adam's arms. Their lips came together in an endless, passionate embrace, accompanied by cheers and laughter from the boys. Finally the two separated and Adam said, "You got your own room, now, I hear."

"Too right," Nate beamed.

"Then let's go, mate. What are we waiting for?" And the crowd looked on as Adam threw his arm over Nate's shoulder and they walked together to the house.

\*\*\*\*\*

One member of the group looked on with sadness rather than satisfaction. Hassan had grown to like Nate a lot in the last few days. He was attracted to his quiet good looks and enjoyed his company. Sex with him had been hot and he loved sleeping with him. When he had asked Nate to spend a day and night with him each week he had something more long-term in the back of his mind. And he had even been hoping to spend tonight with him.

But he had forgotten Adam, until Nate had talked so enthusiastically about him on the way home. Now he saw the obvious joy they shared in being reunited and even now they were in Nate's room, no doubt getting re-acquainted, and Nate would spend the night in Adam's arms. They made a perfect couple.

Hassan heaved a deep sigh and reflected ruefully on what bad luck he had in his friendships in this house. Still, he had learned from painful experience not to get involved in the relationships of others, so he turned to Mark and said, "Listen buddy, I know you've just driven a long way, but could you do me a big favor and drive me up the hill to Mulholland and drop me at my house? I kinda need to be alone."

Intuitive as ever Mark looked at the door that Adam and Nate had disappeared through, then at the crestfallen Hassan. He was about to commiserate but thought better of it. He said simply, "Sure, man, I'll run you home. No problem at all."

\*\*\*\*\*

By now it was getting late, so Pablo, Jamie and the twins busied themselves hauling the gear in from the trucks. Randy and Bob walked toward the house, visions of Adam still vivid in their minds. "You know," Randy said, "there's nothing hotter than the sight of a macho muscle-god in bondage, being worked over by another master. That guy looked fucking gorgeous."

"You're right," said Bob pensively. "And the hotter, more macho the guy, the bigger the turn-on."

Up in their room they both knew intuitively that the fantasy had to become reality. After all, they were two of the most beautiful alpha-males so they both knew what was about to happen. And one of them was right.

As so often before they gazed at each other as they shed their clothes slowly until they stood naked facing each other. As Randy ran his eyes over the rugged contours of Bob's face and body he was already picturing him roped to the bed waiting for Randy to assert his dominance as always and attack his ass. A lascivious smile crossed his face and he growled, "On the bed, man ..... now!"

But Bob made no move to obey. "I don't think so, buddy .... not this time." He grabbed Randy's wrist and flipped him around so suddenly that the big man lost his footing and fell on his back on the bed, his arms splayed out above him. Bob was on him in an instant, pulling one of his wrists up to a bedpost and using the ropes that were always there to secure it.

Randy could have fought him off and, of course, he would have won. But something in Bob's eyes, a hunger, stopped him from reacting and he allowed his other wrist to be tied to the other post. Bob stood back and looked down at the magnificent muscle-stud pulling at his restraints, his spectacular body thrashing and writhing helplessly on the bed. "That's enough, asshole," Randy growled. "It's you should be tied up and ass-fucked ..... it always is."

"Not this time, man. God, you look sensational .... the big boss, the ultimate master, the King of the Gypsies in bondage. Like I said, the more macho the captive the bigger the turn on and they don't come any more spectacular than you. Shit, you look so fucking hot you'd better get used to this. You know I'm the only man in the world you can't resist, the only one you would submit to. High time you did it more often, old buddy. Look at your massive cock, hard as steel just by looking at me. Now you're gonna tell me what you want from me."

Randy gazed up at the glorious man towering over him, at his square-cut Superman features, a shock of dark hair falling over his brow, the muscles of his perfect physique gleaming under the

spotlights in the ceiling. And it was true ..... Randy knew it beyond doubt ..... he idolized this man, couldn't resist him, would do anything for him. It was a privilege to be at his mercy. And he had no doubt what he wanted from him.

"Please, sir ..... please fuck my ass. I need to feel your rod in my ass."

Bob smiled down at him, knelt on the foot of the bed, pushed his legs in the air and pressed the head of his cock against Randy's warm hole. "Oh man," Bob breathed, "you look so damned beautiful tied up like that ..... just the sight of you makes me want to cum. OK, man, now you know how it feels to submit to your master." Slowly he pushed his cock inside his lover's ass, felt it gliding against the warm membrane and down into the hot inner depths.

"Shit, I'm already so close," Bob said. "But you're gonna do for me what you always make me do. You want your lover's juice inside you? You're gonna have to bust your load first. Come on, man, show me how much you love me."

Bob only had to pull out once and plunge his cock back inside the cauldron of his ass. Randy gazed longingly into the soft brown eyes, felt the shaft resting inside him, and pulled frantically at his wrists. "OK, man," he groaned. I submit to you ..... always, always, I'll submit to you. You are my only master, my life. I love you, man ..... aagh!"

They blasted their loads simultaneously, the muscular construction boss over his own massive chest and his lover deep inside his waiting ass. Their eyes locked together as their semen poured out of them until they were drained dry. Then they smiled and entered each other's eyes, passing into that mystical world that only they shared.

"You do know," Randy said quietly, "you're the only guy in the world who gets to do that to me."

"Oh, I know that," Bob smiled. "That's what makes it so good."

\*\*\*\*\*

The next day was the last day of the holiday, time for everyone to kick back after the wild events of the weekend. While the men lazed in the pool the boys were breathlessly watching Darius's videos ..... the one Eddie had made of Darius's slave-boy show, and Darius's video of Adam getting 'Zacked'. It was an easy-going day of warm fellowship and shared memories.

Except for one man. High in the Hollywood Hills Hassan sat alone in his small house nursing his own bitter-sweet memories. He tried to get his mind off Nate but failed. That open, honest face, the laughing eyes, and the trim, sexy body. There was something about the young guy that stirred feelings in Hassan that he couldn't easily identify.

He had known many beautiful men in his time, young and old, but there was usually a touch of arrogance in them, an awareness of how good they looked and the impact they made. Nate

had none of that. He seemed to be completely without vanity, happily accepting his role as houseboy, the low man on the totem pole, simply enjoying being with so many glamorous men.

Hassan shook his head. He had to get rid of these thoughts. Nate was with Adam, obviously loved him and was probably, by now, his boy. They deserved each other and Hassan knew that getting involved in that was playing with fire. So that was that. Anyway, he had sought a solitary existence, hadn't he? That's why he was in this remote house. It was perfect. "So enjoy it, asshole," he said out loud to himself.

Just then he heard a voice from up the hill at the main house. It was Steve. "Hey there buddy, great to see you again..... Yeah sure, he's home. Straight down that path. When you're done stop by for a drink, OK?"

Hassan looked up but, dazzled by the sun, all he saw was a man's silhouette coming down the hill. As he came closer Hassan realized ..... it was Adam. He heaved a deep sigh .... "Now for it."

"Hey, Adam, good to see you ..... quite a surprise. Care for a beer?" They sat on the mall patio in an uneasy silence. Adam was clearly ill at ease so Hassan took the initiative. "Look, Adam, I can guess why you're here. You've come to warn me off Nate. Well you don't need to worry, I've already processed all that and I swear I'm totally out of the picture.

"Oh, sure, we had a great time in the dunes and ..... great sex too. Well, I'm sure Nate's told you all about that, he's honest that way ..... a great young guy. And it's true that I asked him to come and help clean my house one day a week and maybe stay the night, but I realize now that's probably not a good idea.

"See, all that was before he started telling me about you and I could see in his eyes that he's crazy about you. Then I saw you two together and I knew I had to get out of the picture. That's why I left so suddenly. You may have heard stories about me and some of the other guys .... some of them true, even ..... but I swear to you that ....."

"Hey, hey, hold it right there, man." Adam interrupted him with a broad smile. "That's not why I came here. Well, in a way it is, but the opposite of what you're saying. OK, here's the deal. Nate and I .... we love each other. I think of him as my boy and so does he. As you say, he's a great young guy, with his honesty and his sense of humor, not to mention he's great in the sack."

"So....?"

"So the thing is ..... I live seven thousand miles away. I work for the airlines, so I can drop in once or twice a month but that leaves the kid kind of alone when I'm gone. Oh sure, he's got all the other guys and they think the world of him but ..... well I'd be happy if he had ..... someone special who'd look out for him, love him and ..... treat him as his boy. Nate has the

lowest seniority in the house and I know he once had a run-in with Pablo, so I feel he needs someone he can look up to as a master.

“Last night he went on and on about you and it’s clear he’s nuts about you. You’re right, he told me all about his night with you, the military fantasy you took him on ..... which sounds really hot, by the way ..... wish I could be part of it one day. But you’re wrong about one thing. That Thursday thing’s still on. He’s really looking forward to coming up here and cleaning your house. He asked my permission for him to spend the night here and of course I said yes.

“Anyway, let’s cut to the chase. See, I don’t want to presume too much, and I know how you value your privacy, but I would be real grateful if you would take care of Nate all the time I’m gone. Hell, man, what I mean is, I would be honored if you would ask Nate to be your boy too, let him look on you as his master. I know that sounds unusual, a boy having two masters, but I think it would work ..... and I know Nate would agree, though of course I haven’t mentioned any of this to him yet. It’s just that .....

“Yes!” Hassan cut him off. “Yes, of course I will. I’m the one who would be honored to have Nate as my boy. And I promise you, Adam, that he’ll be in good hands. He’ll have the protection of a master who won’t let anyone or anything ever cause him pain. There is just one thing. Before we seal the deal, don’t you think we should run it by Nate?”

“That was my next suggestion. Is it OK if he joins us here?”

“Sure,” Hassan smiled. “Give him a call.”

Adam opened his cell phone and in a few seconds was asking Nate to come up to Hassan’s, though not explaining why. He covered the phone and said, “He’s checking with Bob and the twins.” Then back into the phone. “Sure ..... sure I understand. No worries .... you’re quite right ..... OK, kiddo, see you then.”

He snapped the phone shut and shook his head with a smile. “See, like I said, I told you he’s one heck of a kid. He says that now everyone’s back in the house there’s a lot to do getting everything straight and he doesn’t want to leave it all to the twins, so is it OK if he comes here a couple of hours from now? See what I mean?”

Hassan laughed. “Honest and conscientious as ever. That’s why I love him.” He pulled himself up short. “Is it OK if I say that?”

“I’d be pissed if you didn’t man. We can both love him ..... he deserves it.”

With the satisfaction of a task accomplished and a deal sealed they both sipped their drinks in silence, a silence that became slightly uneasy. Finally Adam stood up and said, “Well, I guess I should leave you alone then, and come back later.”

Hassan gave him a searching look. “Why? Why not stay ‘til he gets here. Sit down, man. Listen, you and I don’t know each other all that well, so don’t you think we should get better acquainted? After all, we are gonna be co-masters, if that word even exists.”

“Sure, sure, I’d like that.” Adam grinned. “And I’ll do my damndest to keep my hands off you while we wait.”

“Why do you have to do that?”

Suddenly the atmosphere changed and there was a charge in the air. Adam looked at Hassan, sprawled in the chair in his usual old military fatigue pants and tank top. “Shit, man, the minute I first laid eyes on you down at the house I got an instant hard-on. You are a spectacular man, but of course you know that. That’s one reason I know Nate’s gonna have such a great time with you.”

“Yeah, well you should talk, man. I mean I .....” He actually blushed. “Hell, I might as well be honest with you, man. Yesterday when we all walked through that gate and saw you hanging there naked, so fucking gorgeous with cum running down your incredible body and your chest striped with whip-marks ..... well, OK, I creamed my shorts ..... I busted my load just looking at you. That’s why I held back when Bob and Mark untied you. And that’s one reason I left so soon after. I knew I could never compete with that.”

“You know what they say,” Adam grinned, “if you can’t beat ‘em join ‘em. And since we’re being so brutally honest I have a confession. Last night in bed Nate gave me such a graphic description of you in your military gear ..... fatigues and boots, tight tank and sleeveless army shirt, that my cock was raging. I could have blown my wad right there, so I flipped Nate over and fucked him hard. Now Nate is a great fuck, but I have to confess that when I shot my load I got a mental glimpse of that spectacular soldier watching me cum.”

“I’m flattered,” Hassan laughed. “Well at least now we know how we’re gonna pass the next two hours ‘til Nate gets here. Why settle for imagination? You wanna see that soldier in the flesh? Wait right here, buddy.”

He went into the house and Adam moaned to himself, “Oh shit ..... oh man .....” Sprawling in his chair, stretching his legs, he stroked his raging hard on through his jeans ..... and waited.

# # #

## **Chapter 142 – Mind Games – Hassan, Adam & Nate**

As he sat waiting, the more Adam thought about the arrangement the more convinced he was that it would be perfect for Nate, a boy who brought out all Adam’s protective instincts. Nate’s absence of ego, lack of vanity, set him apart from the other boys, who were all well aware of

their beauty. They had been told so often by their masters, and the mere fact of having been chosen by spectacular men like Randy, Bob, Mark, Zack was enough to boost any boy's ego.

But Nate had no such booster ..... and he didn't seem to care. Sure, Mark and Jamie loved him and would always look out for him, but Jamie was Mark's boy ..... they had each other. Nate had the lowest seniority in the house and Adam felt that he needed a man who protected him, a man he could look up to, who would give him a real sense of security.

And Adam was sure Hassan was that man. He obviously had great affection for Nate and, apart from anything else, it was time Hassan had a boy of his own. Shit, when word got out that Nate had two masters, Adam and the gorgeous Hassan, his esteem in the house would go through the roof. 'Wonder how Pablo will feel about that?' Adam mused.

There was, however, one small, jarring note deep in Adam's mind where he couldn't quite accept the idea of Nate being tied up and fucked by the stunning Marine. Nate had obviously been blown away by the incredible fantasy Hassan had taken him on and Adam felt a twinge of .... what ..... jealousy? 'Nah,' he laughed to himself. He felt secure in the love he shared with Nate and he instantly dismissed any idea of competition with Hassan. Still he couldn't get the image of the dominant Marine out of his mind ..... when suddenly .... "Oooh shit," he moaned out loud. It was the man himself, like a pornographic icon, stepping out onto the deck.

It was exactly as Nate had described .... the rugged, muscular soldier in military fatigues and boots, a sweat-stained khaki tank stretched over his perfect chest and over that a frayed, sleeveless Marine shirt. When Adam regained his breath he was about to speak to him .... but to his surprise Hassan ignored him.

In fact Hassan was following his usual off-duty routine of a brief workout before his midday meal. It usually included push-ups, followed by chin-ups from the lintel above the patio entrance. Adam gazed in silent awe as Hassan strode out to the patch of lawn in front of the house and fell forward onto his hands. Effortlessly he went into a long set of push-ups, his shoulders and biceps bulging as they flexed hard in the hot midday sun. Adam stared down at the flared back and lats, tapering down to a slim waist, rising up into the two hard globes of his ass outlined under the thin fabric of the worn fatigues.

Hassan was doing something he rarely did ..... showing off. Normally he knew how to keep his beauty low-key, underplaying it to minimize the head-turning effect he had on people. But now he wanted to impress Adam ..... wanted to prove that Adam had made the right choice of master for Nate. Hassan wanted to look his muscular best, to be worthy of both Adam and Nate ..... and he knew just how to do it.

He sprang to his feet, his smooth, olive skin now gleaming with a sheen of sweat, and threw off his shirt. The tank, wet with sweat, clung to his sculpted torso, showing every contour of his perfect chest. He reached up to the lintel above the patio entrance and, just as effortlessly as

before, he began a series of chin-ups, just a few feet in front of Adam sprawled in his chair, his hand stroking the now-huge bulge in his jeans. At last Adam found his voice.

“Jesus Christ that is fucking spectacular, man. You’re like every guy’s wet-dream of a macho soldier ..... straight out of an erotic drawing. Shit, it’s awesome. I’m starting to feel envious of Nate. He’s gonna feast his eyes on you every time he’s with you, lucky young dude.”

Hassan ignored Adam as he pulled himself up and down, sweat pouring down onto his pants, forming a wet patch over the bulge at his crotch. The pants now clung tightly round the shape of his cock that stretched long and hard almost up to his belt. Adam couldn’t hold back. He dropped to his knees and as the outline of the huge rod rose and fell in front of his face he licked the bulge in the coarse fabric, tasting, smelling the rancid, sweaty cock underneath. His own cock was raging in his jeans and he knew it would explode if he didn’t stop.

So he sprang to his feet and clamped his hands round Hassan’s face, forcing him to drop from the lintel and stand in front of him. The two men were staring at each other and inevitably their faces came together in a ravenous embrace, tongue pressing hard against tongue, exploring the soft, warm membrane of the mouth. Their bodies pressed against each other chest to chest, the bulge of their cocks grinding against each other.

Feeling the pressure of Hassan’s cock Adam suddenly, unaccountably, had a vivid image of the long shaft sliding in and out of Nate’s ass. God, it must have driven Nate wild ..... as it did Adam, but for a different reason. His voice was more of a growl now as he said, “That’s the cock that fucked my boy’s ass. How did that feel, Hassan?”

“Incredible,” Hassan breathed. “Such a young, inexperienced ass, so eager, so needy. He loved getting fucked by me, man. We fucked a lot, and then he slept all night in my arms.”

Suddenly Adam felt something close to anger and pulled away, his eyes flashing. But when he looked at the gentle half-smile on Hassan’s face he knew. He knew that Hassan was deliberately painting an erotic picture ..... testing him. With this vision of his boy nestled in Hassan’s arms, could Adam still be willing to accept Hassan as Nate’s master, knowing how completely Nate would fall in love with this irresistible man? The original concept had seemed like a good idea ..... but the graphic reality with all its sexual implications was something else.

Hassan smiled at him. “Second thoughts, Adam? I can imagine how hard this is for you, but you have to be sure. Here, maybe this will help.” He pulled Adam against him again and held his wrists, pulling his hands toward him and guiding them round him until the palms rested on the hard mounds of Hassan’s ass through the fatigues. Instinctively Adam closed his fingers round the perfect globes .

Hassan smiled. “That’s it Adam ..... I knew you would understand. See, I really want to be Nate’s master, but it has to be with your blessing. And I’m prepared to offer you whatever is

necessary to make you feel comfortable with the idea. Yes, I fucked Nate's ass and I will again. But now it's your turn. You have to really know me in the way that counts most."

Adam gazed into the exotic, slanted eyes and understood everything. And his cock reared up in his pants, pulsing in anticipation.

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam walked behind Hassan and pushed him gently inside the house. The soldier offered no resistance. Once inside Adam saw immediately what he needed and guided Hassan to the opposite wall, facing a full-length mirror. He saw over Hassan's shoulder the reflection of a tall, handsome, powerfully built Marine in fatigues, boots and a sweaty tank top. An overhead spotlight made his muscles gleam as they flexed in preparation for what he knew was coming.

Adam's order rang with military precision. "Assume the position, soldier!"

Hassan spread his legs and stretched his arms rigidly forward, bracing himself with his hands on the wall either side of the mirror. The position made his ass stick out prominently, vulnerable. Standing behind him Adam put his hands lightly on Hassan's neck, then ran them over his rock-hard shoulders, down over the sloping lats, then up over the back of the tank, feeling the back muscles rippling under the thin cotton.

"Shit damn....." Adam held his breath, willing himself not to bust his load in his jeans. "Oh, man, you are perfect, so fucking hot. Now I see why Mark lusted for you when you chained him in that cell and tortured him, why he's still in love with you today. I find your beauty intimidating, but I have to be your equal, man. You have to surrender your ass to me before you can have my boy." His voice rose. "Jesus Christ, man, I need to fuck that gorgeous ass!"

In one swift move he reached round, ripped open the fatigue pants and pulled them down. He gasped as he saw the hard, white globes of the soldier's naked ass, outlined top and bottom by a sharp tan-line. It was a spectacular ass. Adam yanked open his own jeans and his cock reared out, stiff as a pole. He didn't need to hold it. He simply walked forward until the tip was pressing against Hassan's moist hole. He paused, looking at Hassan's eyes in the mirror.

"This can't be just because you want Nate. You have to want me, Hassan. That's the only way this can work. You have to want me inside your ass, man."

Hassan smiled at him in the mirror. "I told you, Adam, when I saw you spread-eagled in bondage you were so beautiful I creamed my shorts. Even though you had been whipped and fucked by Zack, hanging bound and naked, you were still an incredibly rugged, alpha male ..... a true master. I wanted it then and I want it now. So yes, I want it real bad. Please ..... please, sir. Please fuck me ..... Aaaah"

Hassan heaved a sigh as he felt the rod push into him and slide deeper and deeper into his warm, waiting ass. “Oh, man, that is beautiful ..... god you feel good inside me.” He felt the long cock pull out then plunge once again, deep inside. He stared at Adam’s handsome face in the mirror, felt his cock inside him ..... and the cool, controlled soldier lost his poise and was consumed with lust. “Yeah, man, that’s it, fuck that soldier’s ass. Come on, you beautiful fucking stud, take my ass ..... fuck it hard, man ..... it’s yours.”

The words drove Adam into a frenzy. He grabbed Hassan’s waist, held the body rigid, and his cock pistoned inside the captive ass. The men went wild, one stallion mounted by another, the ass rearing up to receive the rod that jackhammered inside him. Adam yelled, “Shit, man, your ass is like a furnace. Take it, soldier. Take that fucking cock.”

He was pounding so hard now that he pushed Hassan forward against the mirror. Soon the helpless soldier was pressed against it, trapped, his arms reaching up, hands clawing at the glass as the merciless attack on his ass continued. Adam looked over Hassan’s shoulder, their faces side by side now, both pouring sweat. Adam was thrilled by the sight of Hassan’s exotic, chiseled features, tears spurting from his eyes, black hair flying as he winced with the pain spearing up from his ass through his body.

The once-dominant muscular Marine was now impaled on the rod of the Australian bodybuilder. He was at the mercy of the powerful jackhammer smashing into his ass and he felt his endurance ebbing away. He began to plead. “I can’t take much more, man,” he moaned. “I’m finished ..... you’re too fucking much for me. Please, man, shoot your load in my ass. Please, sir ..... have mercy on me ..... cum inside me ..... please ....”

The sound of this glorious muscular soldier begging for release, moaning in submission, was so erotic that Adam had no choice. He felt his juice rising up from his balls, through his shuddering cock ..... and then erupting inside the soldier’s hot ass. “Aaagh, I’m cumming inside you man, filling your ass with my juice. Feel it, soldier, feel that cock pumping in your ass. Shit damn that feels good.”

They gazed into each other’s eyes in the mirror, then turned their heads to face each other, and their lips closed in a passionate, grinding embrace as Adam’s cock was still locked in Hassan’s ass, still streaming cum.

As their breathing subsided Adam pulled out and moaned, “Jesus, that was a spectacular damn fuck. Your ass is so fucking hot. Man, you just got fucked good.”

\*\*\*\*\*

It took minutes for them to regain their composure. Hassan had, with great difficulty, held back his own orgasm ..... he had something special in mind. And when he turned to face Adam, a light burned in his slanted eyes that Adam had never seen before. His voice was gentle now.

“You said we have to be equals, Adam, and so we shall be. But there is something else too. So that you are completely comfortable offering your boy to me you have to know just how magnificent you are, to be supremely confident in your own beauty. There is only one way to do that, Adam..... you have to learn to love yourself. So I am going to take you somewhere I’m sure you have never been .... and you have to trust me, Adam.”

There was something in the melodic voice that defied any resistance and Adam allowed himself to be pushed down onto his knees facing the mirror, then forward on his hands and knees. Hassan knelt behind him and pulled Adam’s jeans down to his knees, exposing his perfect ass, white against the deep tan of his body.

“You have a beautiful ass, Adam and I know it has only ever been fucked by one man ..... Zack. I will be the second man to fuck you, but you will be amazed at who will be the next man to cum inside you. Now your journey begins.

“Aaagh!” Adam gasped as he suddenly felt an iron rod spearing his ass ..... Hassan’s huge cock plunging deep inside him. He had twice taken Zack’s black pole but that was an exception. He was still a master a top-man, not about to yield to another man. He had just shot his load, so the pain in his ass felt even more excruciating.

“No, man,” he screamed. “No ..... pull out, pull out. I don’t get fucked .... I’m a top, a master. Pull your fucking cock out of my ass!”

But the cock didn’t move ..... it remained nestled in Adam’s ass, and again he heard the deep, accented voice. “Look up, Adam. Look at me.” Adam’s head had slumped down in pain but now he raised it and gazed at the reflection of the spectacular Marine kneeling behind him.

The voice behind him was soft, lilting ..... hypnotic. “That’s it Adam, take a good look. I know myself, Adam. I know you cannot resist me. Gaze on me. Beautiful is it not? Now lower your eyes .... lower ..... and look at the man kneeling at my feet. Also a beautiful man ..... a muscle-god they call him, and they’re right. Look at him, Adam. Beautiful, is he not?”

“Yeah,” Adam breathed, mesmerized by Hassan’s voice. “He’s beautiful.” He gazed deep into his own eyes and saw himself as he never had before. He was always proud, confident, a master in control of his world and now he was looking at a handsome, muscular man ..... a muscle-god indeed ..... but on his hands and knees in an attitude of submission. This was a man he did not recognize ..... a rugged alpha male surrendering to a soldier. And the man was stunning.

The hypnotic voice continued. “And what is happening to that beautiful top-man?”

Adam felt the cock move gently in his ass and said, in a trance. “He’s getting his ass fucked by a soldier, a gorgeous fucking Marine. The stud’s getting his ass fucked!”

“But only if he really desires it. Look at him, Adam. Does he want the soldier to fuck him?”

“Oh yeah,” Adam sighed. “He wants it man. He wants to feel that cock moving in his ass.”

“Good,” said Hassan simply, and pulled his cock back slowly, gently, then eased it back inside the trembling ass, deep, deep until it passed over the inner sphincter. As Adam moaned in ecstasy Hassan said. “Look at me again, Adam.”

Still on hands and knees Adam raised his eyes and gasped at the reflection of the Marine, who reached behind his own head and pulled the tank top slowly up over his chest and shoulders, then let it drop. Stripped to the waist he placed his hands behind his head, elbows out to the side, biceps flexed. Slowly he moved his hips back and forth, his chest and ridged stomach flexing as his cock moved gently in and out of Adam’s ass.

Hassan gazed at himself, at his stunning, muscular body gleaming under the lights as he fucked the man kneeling before him. Mesmerized by his own mirror image he said softly, “Now tell me, Adam, if that is not one of the most beautiful sights you have ever seen ..... the gorgeous Marine, another muscle-god, displaying his body as he fucks the master kneeling at his feet.”

Adam gazed wide-eyed. It was true. It was a spectacular sight ..... a spectacular man ..... and the man was inside him, in his ass, fucking him. “Oh, man, that is outstanding, fucking awesome. Man, you are so damn beautiful. I love your cock inside me.”

And so the gentle, rhythmic fucking continued. Adam was riveted by the spectacle in the mirror, two beautiful men in a world of enchantment. He wanted to be closer to them and was lured on by the Siren Song of Hassan’s musical voice. “Move forward, Adam. Watch the man on his knees coming toward you.” Adam crawled closer, his gaze locked on his own eyes in the mirror. His hands touched the mirror and moved upward until his body was pressed against the glass, his arms stretched upward, and his face was inches from his own reflection.

Hassan moved with him in unison, the cock still resting in his ass. Again came that hypnotic, voice. “Your boy deserves a beautiful master, Adam. The man you see there is beautiful enough for a boy to love, but first the master must love himself. Do you think he does?”

“Oh yeah,” said Adam, gazing into his own eyes. “That gorgeous face, that perfect body.”

“Then show me, Adam. Show me.”

Under the spell of Hassan’s voice, Adam found himself hypnotized by his own brown eyes. “God, you are a stunning man,” he breathed to himself. “I love you, man.” The faces moved closer, the real face and its reflection, one and the same, and the lips pressed against each other on the glass. Adam’s tongue pushed hard against the mirror, trying to enter the other’s mouth .... his own mouth. Their bodies rubbed against each other and their cocks reared up, pressing on the glass.

When Adam once again heard the soft, lilting voice, in his trance it was as if the sound came from his own lips. “Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Oh yeah,” Adam replied to the face in the mirror. “Oh yeah, fuck me man ..... cum in my ass. Make me shoot my load.”

Again the mouths pressed together on the glass and Adam felt the cock sliding in his ass. For the first time in his life Adam was making love to himself, kissing himself ..... fucking himself. The shaft moved ever more quickly in his ass and he spoke again to his own face in the mirror. “Yeah, fuck my ass, man. I love your cock in my ass. You’re gonna make me cum ..... I’m so fucking close. Come on, stud, shoot that load in my ass ..... let me feel it .....oh god..... I’m cumming .... here it comes .... I love you, man ..... *I love you!*”

It all happened in the same instant .... He felt the cock in his ass shudder and explode inside him, just as his own cock jerked and shot a long ribbon of semen up between his body and the mirror, splashing on the glass, running down it. He gazed into his own reflected eyes and moaned. “You’re beautiful, man. I love you.”

Again the mouths came together on the glass as Adam kissed his own lips one last time.

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam found himself lying on the bed, his mind clearing slowly as if coming out of a trance. Hassan was lying beside him, propped on one elbow smiling at him. Adam frowned in bewilderment. “What just happened there, man? Seems like I ..... God that was beautiful. I can still see my face ..... I must have ..... shit, what happened, man?”

“Several things happened, Adam. First, I fucked your ass, so we are now equal as we said we must be. Then you learned to love yourself, a magnificent man proud to share your boy. All men as beautiful as you should learn to make love to themselves, Adam. I learned to do that long ago. And now at last you finally saw just how beautiful you are. You fell in love with your beauty, kissed it, made love to it and felt that gorgeous man in the mirror fucking you. You made spectacular love to yourself, Adam, as if you were cumming in your own perfect ass.”

Adam was still in a daze, but he was sure of one thing. More than anything he wanted to share his boy with this strange and wonderful man. He eased himself on top of Hassan, kissed him, and they rolled over the bed in each other’s arms, two spectacular males joining together in a celebration of their shared and equal manhood.

They were still lying in each other’s arms when Adam’s cell phone rang. Nate. “That’s it, mate, work’s finished, I’m all set. And guess what, the twins have made a great casserole for you and Hassan so I’ll bring it with me for lunch, if that’s OK.” His voice became tentative. “Er

..... I hope you and Hassan are, well, getting along alright 'cause I ..... well, I really want .....

He laughed. "Oh never mind. I guess everything will work out. See you soon."

Adam smiled as he snapped the phone shut. "Yeah," he said softly, "everything's gonna work out just fine, kiddo." He turned to Hassan. "Listen, buddy, we've gotta do something real special for that boy of ours. We're both nuts about him so we have to do something that'll make him fall crazy in love with us both."

"You read my mind, Adam," Hassan laughed. "And after that night I spent with him ..... our 'military fantasy' as you call it ..... I know what turns him on and I have a few ideas that should blow his mind." He rummaged under the bed, pulled out a spare pair of old, faded military fatigues and tossed them to Adam. "Here, these are for you."

\*\*\*\*\*

Nate drove his old truck up the hill with a confused mix of excitement and trepidation. He had had a great time in the dunes with Hassan, who had even made him start to feel like his boy. But Nate was in love with Adam and, though they were mates, he looked on the rugged fellow-Aussie with awe and admiration, almost like his master.

He couldn't help feeling that he had really fucked things up. He had spent a spectacular night where the Marine had tied him up and fucked him. But when they got back to the house he had left Hassan and gone with Adam. Then he made matters worse by telling Adam how terrific Hassan was. He had probably offended both of them. Shit, he thought, it's all so confusing. Still, here he was on his way to see them both .... and that kept his dick hard.

He came to the gate of Steve's house and walked nervously down the drive. "Hey, Nate!" He heard Steve's cheerful voice. "They're down the hill in Hassan's place ..... been there a long time. Follow the path, you can't miss it."

"Thank you, sir." Nate's heart was beating faster now as he clenched the bag of food he had brought. The path dipped steeply down the hill and he took a deep breath as he caught sight of the small house. Then he heard laughter, deep raucous laughter that somehow made him even more nervous. As he approached he saw the two men and he stopped, his jaw falling open in astonishment.

At first he wasn't sure it was them ..... two muscular soldiers sprawled in chairs facing each other, both in fatigues and boots, the one in a sweaty tank top and the other in a sleeveless Marine shirt, open so it displayed the sculpted chest underneath. They were drinking beer and seemed to be so into each other, laughing and talking, that they ignored him. Nate blinked, then he was sure. Yes, it was Hassan and Adam, but what was happening? Why were they .....

His thoughts were interrupted by Hassan's shout. "Hey, kid ..... you must be the servant boy they sent up to take care of us? You bring food for us?"

Nate was struck dumb by the strangeness of all this, but he swallowed hard and heard himself stammer, "Er, yes, sir. In the bag right here."

Adam looked up at him for the first time. "Well what you waiting for, boy? Set it on the table here."

Nate walked mechanically toward the patio as if he were in a dream. But if he was, he didn't want to wake up ..... he wanted to stay in the dream as a servant for these two gorgeous soldiers. He opened the big bag he had brought, pulled out a white cloth, shook it out and threw it over the table. Next came forks and napkins, all the trimmings for a neatly set table, and finally two plates and the casserole dish, still hot under its cover.

All this time he was aware of two pairs of eyes watching him, sizing him up. Nervously he took the lid off the casserole and stepped back, standing at attention. Adam leaned forward and inhaled the smell of the steaming food. "Shit, that smells good. You did great kid. You eat yet?"

"Yes, sir, I already had lunch before I came."

"OK, then," Hassan said. "Well you've got two big starving soldiers here so serve up, kid."

Nate picked up the serving spoon and scooped out large servings on each of the plates. He replaced the lid and took a step back. The soldiers dug into the food, eating sloppily, talking and laughing with their mouths full, ignoring him as they had before. Nate was tingling with anticipation. He was still in his dream state, a boy assigned to wait on these two glorious Marines. But the huge bulge in his shorts was no dream ..... it was absolutely real.

Too real to escape notice it seemed. "Hey," Adam said suddenly, his mouth full of food. "What the fuck's this?" He prodded Nate's bulge with his fork. "You got a fucking boner under there, kid?"

Nate blushed deeply. "Yes, sir," he stammered. "Sorry, sir ..... it's just that ..... well ..... soldiers always turn me on, sir, and you are two of the most gorgeous soldiers, the most gorgeous men, I have ever seen and ...." He caught himself. "Sorry, sir. I was out of line there, sir."

Hassan laughed, spilling food onto his plate. "Hell, buddy, the kid might be OK. He might be what we're looking for. What d'ya think?"

"Hmm, maybe so ..... it all depends. Take your shirt off, boy."

Nate blushed again and pulled off his T-shirt. He stood at attention wearing only his old shorts and sneakers, embarrassed by the scrutiny of the two men as they looked him up and down.

“Yeah, real nice body,” Adam said. “Cute face too. You’re right, man, he might be the one.”

Adam looked Nate straight in the eye. “See, kid, here’s the thing. We asked headquarters to send us up a couple of boys but they said the budget only stretched to one. So me and my buddy here we .....” he grinned at Hassan “..... well we kind of worked things out and struck a deal. We figure we could share a boy, provided we could find the right one .... a boy who could service the needs of two horny, macho studs who have ..... shall we say, healthy appetites. It would be like a boy serving two masters. You think you’d be up for that, boy?”

Nate was in shock. Was this real? It was real enough in his daydream, and sure, he could service these two hot Marines. But ..... was it really real? Was Adam telling him that he and Hassan both wanted him as their boy ..... that they would share him, both be his master? Suddenly he caught a look in Adam’s eye that he knew well, that mix of lust and affection that always made him feel warm and secure. Yes, he decided, it was real. It was real! His shout was one of obedience and joy.

“Yes sir! Yes, sir, I can be that boy ..... yes I can. It would be a privilege to serve you both, sir.”

Hassan was rubbing his chin. “Well ..... it all depends ..... We’d have to try it out first .... kind of take you on a test drive. Strip naked, kid.”

“Yes, sir.” Nate quickly obeyed, kicking off his sneakers, dropping his shorts and standing to attention, naked.”

“Yeah, real nice,” Hassan said. “Turn round.” Nate turned his back to them. “Oh yeah, now that is one sweet ass. Oh, man, I can’t wait to push my dick between those two fine globes.”

“Hey, hey,” Adam laughed, “just a godamn minute here. Who made you leader of the pack, getting first crack at that beautiful ass? No way, man. We have to start as we mean to go on. Stuff like this has to be decided fair and square. Hey, what say we arm wrestle for it?”

“Sure,” said Hassan with a touch of arrogance. “Hell, I was the champion arm-wrestler in my division so you don’t stand a chance, man. In fact, I tell you what. Just to make it more interesting.....” he smiled lasciviously ..... “the winner gets to fuck the boy ..... and the loser gets fucked by the boy.”

“Hey now, I never said anything about the boy fucking anyone, man.”

“Afraid to accept the challenge, man? I took you for a real macho stud. Guess I was wrong.”

Adam's eyes flashed. "OK, man, you're on. Let the games begin. Boy, clear the table."

Nate was in a daze as he removed the remains of the meal. It was as if the men had forgotten him ..... he was just a piece of ass to be fought over, to use as a tool in their clashing egos. It was a trial of strength with him as the prize. And the thought of it almost make him bust his load. This was something beyond his wildest dreams.

The men stripped off their shirts and stood facing each other, like rival bulls snorting steam. They sat at the table facing each other and locked eyes as they placed their elbows on the table and slammed their palms together, fingers locked like a vise. Suddenly their arms flexed and the fight was on. Nothing moved at first ..... deadlock ..... then Hassan got a slight advantage, only to be pushed back by Adam.

Now Nate had real trouble trying not to blow his wad. The sight was too erotic ..... two shirtless Marines, muscles straining and bulging as they stared each other down. The sun gleamed down on their massive shoulders and biceps, their faces ran with sweat, and their macho grunts were the only sound. Their arms moved imperceptibly as they matched strength with strength, two beautiful muscle-gods evenly matched.

Suddenly Adam took a heaving breath and exerted every ounce of strength, forcing Hassan's arm back, lower and lower until it almost touched the table. But Hassan smiled grimly and murmured, "I don't think so, stud." With a sudden, massive burst of energy he heaved his arm back upright, then over, slamming Adam's arm hard onto the table. Adam's face fell onto the table in defeat, while Hassan looked up at the awestruck boy. "Your ass is mine, boy!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Minutes later all three men were standing naked inside the house before the mirror, Adam and Hassan still gleaming with sweat. Nate was looking nervously at Adam, who smiled at him. "That's it then, kiddo, those were the rules. But don't worry. Earlier today I got my ass fucked by Hassan and then ..... in a way ..... even by myself. So it's only right that I should now give my ass to the boy I love ..... the boy I'm gonna share with this stud Marine here who's gonna be fucking your ass at the same time. It's all for you, kid, because we both love you."

He fell on his hands and knees facing the mirror, just as he had hours before with Hassan. "Do it, boy," he ordered. Nate dropped to his knees behind him and ran his hands over the broad back, out over the flared lats, down to the waist and then placed his palms on the gorgeous white ass.

Nate's whole body was on fire but he wasn't sure if he could do this. This was the man he looked up to, the man who fucked him all the time, not a man who got fucked. This was Adam and Nate, now ..... good buddies. "Are you sure, mate?" he asked plaintively.

Adam looked up at him in the mirror and smiled. "I said do it, Nate. I want it. I want to feel my boy's cock inside my ass."

Nate held onto Adam's waist, eased forward and pressed the head of his cock against Adam's hole. He pushed forward and gasped as he felt his cock sliding for the first time into the ass of his master, past the soft, moist membrane, further and further until it came to rest in the deepest, warmest recess. Tears sprang to his eyes as he realized that he was inside the man he loved. Adam moaned, "God, Nate, that feels good ..... to have my sweet boy inside me."

Nate caught a movement in the mirror and saw Hassan towering naked behind him, muscular, magnificent. Hassan dropped to his knees and rested his rigid dick against Nate's ass. He leaned forward and breathed in his ear. "You ready? Take your rhythm from me. I love you, Nate. You're my boy." With the utmost tenderness he eased his massive rod inside the boy's ass, sliding it in slowly until it was deep inside.

For a long moment there was no movement. Nate was spinning into a magical world he had never visited before, never dreamed of. His cock was on fire, resting deep inside his master, and his ass was clenched round the thick rod of his second master. And oddly, he had no idea what to do next.

But as he had promised Hassan led the way. He was a master at this. He pulled Nate's hips back so his cock slid back from Adam's ass, while at the same time he pulled his own cock back from Nate's. Then Hassan eased them forward again, two cocks sliding into two warm asses.

Soon the rhythm was established and all three were basking in the bliss of extraordinary sex. They looked at each other in the mirror and could hardly believe the sight of an ecstatic boy between his two masters ..... fucking one and getting fucked by the other. It was a wild sensation ..... almost like he was fucking himself. And his masters urged him on.

"Go for it, boy," Adam said. "Fuck your master's hot ass .... fuck it good." And at the same time Hassan sighed, "Oh man, your ass feels so great. Watch your gorgeous new master fuck you, boy. Feel his huge dick reaming your ass."

The rhythmic dual fuck went on and on for what seemed like eternity. As the tempo increased, became more frenzied, Nate finally let go of his inhibitions and shouted, "Thank you, sirs, thank you. Oh, man, my ass is on fire .... fuck me, sir ..... fuck my ass. I can't believe I'm fucking my best buddy, my master. Sir, you look so beautiful, your ass feels so hot. I don't think I can hold back ..... I can't ..... Help me, sirs, I'm gonna bust my load. Please, sirs ..... I'm cumming .....aaah!"

He almost passed out as he felt his cock explode in Adam's ass while the rod in his own ass shuddered and blasted hot semen inside him. He saw Adam rear up and shoot streams of juice toward the mirror, splashing against it and streaming down it. The room echoed with

shouts of jubilation as their cocks continued to erupt in a spectacular rite of initiation for this ecstatic boy by his two magnificent masters.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Sir,” Nate asked Adam. “What should I call you?” He was lying between his two masters, all of them slowly recovering their breath, their heartbeats subsiding.

“What would you like to call me?”

“Well I was thinking ..... how about ‘sir’ when we’re with other guys and ‘mate’ when we’re alone ..... in private?”

“Sounds like a plan,” Adam grinned. “Once an Aussie always an Aussie ..... and we Aussies gotta stick together, eh mate?”

“Too right,” Nate grinned. “I can’t wait to tell the guys at the house that I have two masters. That’s never happened before. It’ll be a big surprise ..... they’ll be real happy for me.”

Adam frowned slightly, “Yeah, well I’d go easy on that, kiddo ..... you know, tread softly. You might make them envious. I mean, I heard how Pablo treated you when you first showed up as Jamie’s friend ..... called himself ‘senior boy’ and hurt you bad. And don’t forget, he was once real hot for Hassan ..... followed him to Pendleton. No, I’d soft-pedal that if I were you.”

“Oh, no worries there, sir. Pablo’s OK ..... we sorted all that out .... he’s a mate. He’ll just be real happy that I’m happy.”

Adam and Hassan looked at each other, a bit concerned at their boy’s wide-eyed innocent faith in the kindness of others. But Adam shook off his concerns and said, “OK, we three have the rest of the day together and, like I said before, we’re two horny, macho studs with big appetites. So you’ve got your work cut out taking care of your two new masters. You up for it, boy?”

Nate leapt to his feet. “Absolutely, sir! Anything you want ..... anything at all.”

# # #

## **Chapter 143 – Nate Is Double-Teamed – Pablo Goes Crazy**

Brimming with enthusiasm Nate reverted to duties where he knew he excelled. It’s what he did at the house all week ..... it was his job. “Sirs, if you care to relax on the patio I’ll bring you beers and a snack, and then I’ll clean up in here. He frowned. “This place is a real mess. Looks as if it’s never been cleaned.”

“Hey, watch it, kid,” Hassan said with mock indignation. “You calling me a slob?”

“Oh no, sir,” Nate said, blushing deeply. “I didn’t mean that at all, sir. I was just saying.....”

Hassan ruffled his hair. “It’s OK, kiddo. I was just fucking with your head. I know the place is a pigsty. Hey, you just had a three-way with two hot Marines ..... of course it’s a fucking mess. There’s cum everywhere.”

“Don’t worry, sir. I’ll have it cleaned up in no time.” Nate reached for his shorts but Hassan stopped him.

“Wait a minute, boy.” He opened a closet and raked around on the floor. “Good, I thought I still had them. Here .....these fatigues were left in my billet at Pendleton by a young Marine I had just fu ..... well, no need to go into that. They’re old, ragged, a bit raunchy ..... probably still smothered with my cum stains. Anyway they’re too small for me but they should be about right for you. So this is what you’ll wear every time you come up here to service me. No shirt, just the pants. OK?”

“Yes sir!” Eagerly Nate grabbed the fatigues, pulled them on and admired himself in the mirror.

“Good fit,” said Adam. “A bit tight round the ass, but nothing wrong with that.” He grinned at Hassan. “Look at that perfect butt, buddy. Give you any ideas?”

“Hey, cool it, man. I just got through fucking that ‘perfect butt’ if you recall. Besides, it’s your turn next. OK, kid, get on with your work before we rip those pants right off you and double team you.”

The afternoon passed for Nate as if he were in a dream world. All his concerns about his conflicting love for both men had been banished at a stroke when Adam told him that he would have two masters. And if the ensuing sexual fantasy that had sealed the deal was a sign of things to come ..... well he had a great future to look forward to. His only concern was whether he could really be worthy of them. I mean, look at them, he thought, as he rested on his broom and stared through the window onto the patio.

After their sexual exertions Hassan and Adam had pulled on their fatigues and were now sprawled shirtless in the two Adirondack chairs facing each other on the patio, chatting, laughing, exchanging stories of their vastly different upbringings in the Middle East and Australia. Those faces, those bodies .....Nate still couldn’t believe how gorgeous they were, even less that they were both his masters.

Nate had fed them well ..... the beer and snacks kept on coming ..... and he was cleaning the inside of the house with a vengeance. The energy behind every scrub and polish was fueled by his desire to be the best boy two men could ever have. When at last he stepped outside to shake out a mat Hassan caught him by the wrist.

“You’re doing a great job in there, boy, but you know, when I signed you up I wasn’t just looking for a houseboy. We need your company too, you know.”

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.” Nate stood to attention in a mild state of panic, wondering what to say, what to do, how to serve them.....

“Hey, hey, relax, mate, will you?” Adam said. “Just because I’m your master now, no need to treat me like some kind of god.”

“Even if you are one,” grinned Hassan.

“Come on, kiddo, pull up a chair and tell us again how you first met Mark and Jamie in the dunes. That’s a great story.”

Adam had struck just the right tone. Within minutes the boy was rattling off his story and the old Nate was back ..... bright, eager, funny ..... everything that had first attracted Adam, and later Hassan, to him. And, curiously, it was this youthful energy, the enthusiastic sparkle in the eye, rather than his physical sexiness, that now caused the two men to get erections under their fatigues. This was their boy, the upbeat, spirited young guy who inspired such love and affection in them. The men grinned at each other and stroked the bulge in their pants.

Nate finally paused for breath and noticed what the men were doing. All his inhibitions had now dissolved and he grinned at them. “You want me to take care of that for you, sirs?”

“Hey,” said Hassan, staring round him, “you see any other boys around here? Me neither. No, I guess you’re it, boy. See, this is what it means to service two horny studs with huge boners in their pants. Why don’t you take care of my buddy first?”

Nate looked at Adam and the look of love and affection in his eyes caused the boy’s cock to throb. Once again, it wasn’t so much Adam’s physical beauty that caused it, though he was unquestionably a superb specimen of manhood. No, it was love more than lust, the knowledge that Adam loved him, just as he was, that this incredible man had taken him for his boy. Nate would do anything in the world for him ..... though all he had to do now was work on his cock.

Eagerly he stood up, kicked his chair away and fell on his knees beside Adam. He pulled open the fatigues and gasped as the beautiful cock he knew so well sprang out to attention. He gazed at the long, stiff rod then looked up at Adam’s smiling face.

“Do you love me, Nate?” Adam asked gently.

“You know I do, sir.”

“Then show me.....”

Nate went to work. He leaned forward and ran his tongue up the length of the huge shaft, again and again, from the pubic hair to the bulging head. Adam's soft moans inspired Nate to more inventive moves. He buried his face in the damp, wiry pubic hair and sucked it into his mouth, relishing the raunchy smell and taste of man sweat. In their recent marathon three-way Adam had shot a huge load and his crotch still stunk of rancid sweat and dry cum.

Nate raised his head briefly to see the eyes of his master, closed in sighing ecstasy. "That's it boy, bury your face in my crotch ..... suck my stinking pubes."

After that Nate went to work on the balls. The ball sac was swollen hard and Nate licked each one in turn. Again that pungent taste of masculine sex that always drove the boy wild. He opened his mouth wide and clamped it over the ball sac. He breathed out, then sucked hard until both balls popped into his mouth, cramming it full so he had to breathe hard through his nose to stop choking.

Adam went crazy, grabbed the boy's head and rolled it round over his balls, reveling in the exquisite sensation as his balls rolled in the hot young mouth. "Shit, man, that's gonna make me shoot my load. Stop torturing me, kid. I don't wanna cum yet." His voice rose. "Hell, I want you to suck my dick, boy!"

He grabbed Nate's hair and yanked his head up, yelling as the lips squeezed his balls when they popped out of Nate's mouth. Roughly he pulled the head higher and held it still, the lips touching the head of his cock so he could taste the oozing pre-cum. "Come on you cock-sucker," he growled. "I'm your master, goddamit, so suck that fucking prick." In one ferocious move he pressed hard on Nate's head, forcing it down fast onto his cock until the head buried itself deep in the boy's throat, making him choke and scream into the gag of the thick rod.

"That's it, boy, let me hear you choke on my cock. Oh yeah, that feels real fine." Suddenly he pulled the head up by the hair, off his cock until the boy's face gazed at him, tears spurting from his eyes, drool spilling from his sagging mouth. Adam smiled at him. "Shit you are so damn beautiful like that, kiddo. Now you know what it's like to suck a master's dick. You want more of my cock, boy?"

"Sir, yes sir! Please sir."

Adam pushed his head down again and this time let the boy find his own rhythm, feasting hungrily on the long shaft, pumping up and down, letting it slide all the way down his throat, then pulling back up to the head. And that's where he showed his man what a great young cock-sucker he was. He pursed his lips and pressed them hard round the ultra-sensitive rim of the head, the corona, sliding them back and forth over the hard membrane, squeezing it, until Adam was howling in anguished pleasure. "Holy shit ..... Jesus Christ, that's fucking sensational .....Oh man, it's driving me wild ..... it's gonna make me bust my fucking load ....."

“Stop!” Hassan’s commanding voice made Nate jerk his head up off the cock, and stopped Adam’s orgasm just as it was about to burst. “I can’t take this, man. Just watching that is enough to make me blow my wad, but that’s not how I want to cum. Hey, boy, don’t forget you’ve got two masters now. Get over here.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Nate raised his tear-stained face and looked over at Hassan who had pulled his monster tool from his pants and was holding it in both fists. “Get a good look, boy. No one said it was gonna be easy servicing two masters with huge pricks.” His voice softened. “But ..... hell, I don’t want my boy to get hurt, so I’ll let you off the hook this time.”

Nate’s eyes opened wide in alarm. “No, sir. Please, sir. I can suck your cock too, sir. I want to, sir.” He pleaded. “I’m real good at it, sir.”

“I’ll vouch for that,” Adam laughed. “Fucking awesome.”

Hassan took his fists away and held his palms out beside his rearing cock. “OK, kid, here it is then. Let’s see if you can do for me what you did for my buddy there.”

“Right away, sir,” Nate said, sliding over by Hassan’s chair and going to work on the Marine’s massive rod. Again he licked it, then buried his head in the black pubic hair. He noticed that the taste and smell of this exotic olive-skinned man was different from Adam ..... sharper, more pungent somehow ..... and it made the boy’s cock fit to burst, but he made a supreme effort to hold back. Hassan’s ball-sac was bigger too, but Nate still forced it all into his mouth.

“Fuck, man,” Hassan yelled to Adam, “you were right about this boy ..... one awesome fucking cock sucker. Holy shit that feels good.”

“Yeah ..... just wait, man. It gets even better.”

The sound of these guys comparing notes over his head as he sucked his second cock made Nate feel almost cheap, like a rent-boy hired to get the guys off. As if Hassan was reading his mind Nate heard the Marine say, “Hell, he’s worth every last dime we’re paying him. We should hire him again, dude, make this a regular deal.”

“Sure, buddy, if he puts out like this every time,” Adam laughed. “Like getting two for the price of one.”

Once again the men were taking him into fantasyland. He was a call-boy, hired by two Marines to get their rocks off. As the men talked over him, laughed about him like he was a piece of meat, he felt like a cheap hustler working on two massive cocks ..... and it was a spectacular feeling. He wanted these two glorious men to hire him again, so he went to work on Hassan’s cock, proving he was worth the money.

As he had with Adam, Nate moved up the length of the shaft to the head and worked his magic on the rim, sending Hassan through the roof. The effect on him was the same as on Adam, bringing him to the brink of orgasm, but this time the objection came from the man towering over them. Adam shoved his fingers in Nate's hair and yanked his head back off Hassan's cock before the soldier had a chance to cum.

"That's enough, man," he said to Hassan. "This has to stop ..... it's not working. It's no good if we don't cum together."

Nate looked up in alarm. Had he fucked up? Was the whole deal off? But he was consoled by the hungry, eager look in Adam's smiling eyes. So what did he mean? What next?

\*\*\*\*\*

In seconds they were on the grass. Hassan was lying on his back propped up on his elbows. Adam had sat astride his thighs facing him and he too now leaned back on his elbows. The result was that their balls were touching, and as Nate looked down at them he gasped with the realization of what the masters expected of him. The two cocks that had so recently been on the brink of orgasm were still rock hard ..... except that now they were close together, like two rigid poles pressed against each other.

"OK, boy," Hassan said. "Now you get some idea what your life is gonna be like serving two masters at once ..... and I do mean 'at once'. You claim to be a great cock-sucker. Prove it."

Nate fell to his knees beside them, mesmerized by the twin poles rising up before him. He was running on instinct now, fueled by his lust for these two magnificent men and their huge cocks. He knew that this was the ultimate test of his sexual ability. He licked the palms of his hands and when they were good and wet wrapped them round both cocks together, stroking up and down, lingering over the sensitive heads he had serviced so well before. The men groaned.

"Oh, man, this is fucking awesome," Adam moaned. "Your cock feels so good pressed against mine, buddy. Come on boy, stroke them good ..... tight, boy, squeeze them tight."

Nate suddenly felt empowered. These men were his masters and he knew exactly what he was doing ..... what he would do ..... what he had to do. His fingers joined round the cocks as he stroked them hard, and just when he knew they were close to orgasm he stopped.

"Shit, boy, what are you doing? I was just gonna bust my load there. What the fuck, you torturing us or what?"

That's just what Nate was doing ..... and the torture got worse ..... exquisite. The men were still propped on their elbows gazing at the beautiful, eager boy between them, his face fixed in concentration. He lowered his head and licked the cocks .... one side then the other. Then

he paused, with his face above the cocks looking down on the two bulging heads. He faltered. Could he do this? He had taken their balls, hadn't he? ..... even Hassan's huge, ripe balls. He had to do it ..... had to prove they had chosen the right boy.

He took several deep breaths, then opened his mouth as wide as he could. Mercifully it had already been stretched to take their balls, because now came the ultimate test. His lips touched the tips of the cocks and the taste of the pre-cum oozing from them empowered him. Stretching his mouth impossibly wide he sank lower and felt the two heads filling his mouth. He gulped, then pressed on farther and farther until the heads rested against his throat.

He heard the men breathing heavily and groaning. "Oh shit, man, this is unreal ..... god, I can't take any more. I'm real close, man."

"Me too, buddy. Man, your cock feels fucking incredible next to mine ..... like a fucking furnace. OK, man. You ready....?"

When Nate heard that he did the impossible and pressed his mouth down harder taking the cocks down into his throat. He gagged as he felt them shudder, pulse, and explode deep inside him as the men screamed obscenities and their heads thrashed wildly. Nate breathed frantically through his nose and swallowed, gulping hard, determined to devour every drop of his masters' semen as the twin jets poured into him from both cocks.

He held on as long as he could but he knew that any instant he would choke and pass out. So he pulled back, feeling the heads slide back into his mouth, still pumping juice. He swallowed again then pulled further back until the cocks ran dry and fell out of his mouth.

He looked from one man to the other, tears flowing down his cheeks, cum running from his mouth as his jaw sagged. The men gazed at him spellbound, unable to believe what he had just done. They were concerned that he may have pushed himself too far. As his breathing finally subsided Adam said, "You feeling OK, kid? God, that was unbelievable ..... but you sure you're OK?"

Nate rose to his feet and as he stood over them there was something different about him ..... a new air of confidence ..... the self-assurance of a boy who knew he had proven himself worthy. His steady eyes gazed down at them and he said evenly, "I'm just fine, sirs. Never better. But ..... could I ask a favor, sirs?"

"Anything," Hassan said softly. "Anything you want, boy."

"It's just ..... could you stay right where you are, sirs?"

He turned his back on them and fell to his knees again. He leaned far back, stretching his arms over them so his hands rested on the ground on the other side. He was stretched

backward over them, his arms rigid behind him, his back arched high. He positioned himself so that his ass was poised over the twin cocks.

The cocks had begun to soften after the huge orgasms but now they sprang to attention again as the men realized what, unbelievably, was to come. "Oh, shit," said Adam. "I do not fucking believe this."

"Sirs!" Nate voice rang out strong and clear. "I want to thank you for accepting me as your boy. I am honored, sirs. I want to show you how much I love you both ..... how much I worship you."

He lowered his ass until it was resting on the heads of the two cocks. They were so slick with saliva and cum that they needed no guidance. They slid easily into the ass of the boy who uttered no cry of pain as he lowered himself further and further until at last his ass was sitting on their pubic hair. And there he rested. There must have been pain but he didn't feel it.

In truth he was in a kind of trance. Everything had built to this moment: ..... his first sight of the two stunning Marines; the realization that they were to become his masters, that they were to share him; the joy of serving them; then the exaltation of bringing them to the edge of orgasm several times until finally they exploded together deep in his mouth. And now he felt their thick cocks filling his ass, stretching it, and he clenched his ass muscles round them. Now ..... now he would show them that he was absolutely the finest boy they could ever have chosen.

"I love you, sirs," he said softly, as he raised his ass up and felt their cocks slide out all the way up to the heads, and then he lowered himself again on the long, slick rods. The sight was incredible. "My god, Adam," breathed Hassan, "will you look at that!"

The beautiful young body was arched backward across them, arms and legs flexing hard, the flat stomach and slender waist pointing up high, forcing the globes of the perfect ass to flex hard as it was impaled on the two huge cocks of his masters. Nate's supreme self-confidence, his sure knowledge that he was proving himself as their boy, brought to him a peaceful calm that settled over them in the silence of the late afternoon. As his ass rose and fell over them the only sounds were their heaving breaths, the breeze in the trees and the buzzing of the cicadas in the shimmering heat of the hillside.

The sensation in the men's cocks was electrifying as they watched the lithe young body rise and fall above them. As if hypnotized, they had a strange feeling that the boy was now in charge of his masters. They waited for his instructions ..... and at last they came. He turned his head sideways to each one in turn smiling at them in a state of bliss. "Sir's, I'm going to cum now. Will you cum inside my ass, sirs. Please. I want to be your boy."

The men watched mesmerized as the boy's cock shot a fountain of white juice high in the air. It hung there gleaming in the sunlight, then splashed down on all of them. And suddenly the

silence was shattered by three loud, jubilant voices as Nate felt the indescribable euphoria of two cocks pouring semen deep inside his ass.

They kept shouting, the juice kept pouring and their hearts kept pounding, until at last Nate sank down on their cocks one last time and lay flat across them, his arms and legs splayed on the ground. There was a moment's silence, a transition, and then the shouts became laughter, wild, joyous laughter, in the certain knowledge that they had just forged a bond that could never be broken ..... the irrevocable bond of love between two glorious men and their boy.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was Nate who stirred first. He lifted himself up, felt the cocks slide from deep inside him and slowly, unsteadily he stood up, unsure of what came next. What he had just done started to seem unreal, like a dream evaporating upon waking, and his euphoria was replaced by his customary shyness.

Adam and Hassan still lay on their backs, propped up on their elbows facing each other. They gazed up at Nate, still unable to believe his extraordinary performance. Adam smiled.

“So what do you say, buddy? You think he’ll do?”

“You know,” Hassan said, “I do believe he’s a keeper.”

They sprang to their feet and each embraced Nate in turn. “Sensational, mate,” Adam whispered in his ear. “I love the hell out of you, kiddo.” Hassan took over, hugged him and murmured in his ear. “We’re gonna have great times up here in this little house, Nate, you and the big stud Marine who loves you.”

Hassan and Adam faced each other and shook hands solemnly, sealing their pact. “Take care of him when I’m gone, big guy,” Adam said. “Don’t let anyone hurt him.” Hassan replied, “Count on it, man. You have my word.”

“Sir,” Nate said uneasily to Adam, “The twins’ll be expecting me back to work.”

“We’ll see about that,” Adam said, reaching for his cell phone on the table. He flipped it open and dialed. “Hey, Bob ..... yeah, sensational ..... better than I could ever have imagined ..... yeah, spectacular ..... and that brings me to a huge favor I need. Could you persuade the twins to let Nate off work so he can spend the night here with us? OK, buddy, thanks .....

He cupped the phone ..... “He’s checking with the twins..... Yeah..... great, thanks a million, man. I’ll make it up to you ..... absolutely, man, that’s a promise. See you at breakfast.”

He snapped the phone shut and smiled. “Yeah, like those twins would ever refuse Bob anything. OK, kid, you’re gonna spend the night here with Hassan and me, provided you’re

ready to work after breakfast down there in the morning. So now my buddy and me are gonna take our new boy out to dinner and then you'll sleep the night here with us. And nothing will be off limits ..... especially that sweet ass of yours. OK with you, mate?"

Nate beamed. "No worries there, mate. No worries at all."

\*\*\*\*\*

A big, communal breakfast whenever possible had been Bob's idea. He knew that as their tribe had grown it had come to include many different temperaments among the self-willed men and boys. The potential for conflict was high, and Bob knew that communal gatherings like this were essential in keeping the group compatible.

And, of course, nobody would ever contradict the much-loved Bob, so the breakfasts had become an institution. Randy was more than happy to let Bob take charge. In fact he loved watching him assert his influence over everyone, relishing the secret knowledge that he alone could make Bob submit to him any time he wanted to. Randy was crazy about the man.

So it was that when Hassan, Adam and Nate arrived early next morning all the men were milling around, about to take their seats at the long table out by the pool. The house's jungle telegraph was extremely efficient, powered by the ever-talkative Darius, so everyone had a fair idea of the deal that had been made between the two men and Nate. Even without that, it would have been obvious from the glow that surrounded them as they walked through the gate together.

They were greeted with wild cheers and wolf-whistles from the boys, and applause from the men, who realized that a tight unit like this strengthened the whole tribe. The men came forward to congratulate Adam and Hassan, while Nate was enveloped by the boys all clamoring for details. Darius was especially insistent that he "spill all the beans" and Nate was feeling overwhelmed, but it was his own work-ethic that rescued him.

He noticed the twins detach themselves from the group to continue preparing and serving breakfast and he knew where his duty lay. He ran after them and was soon in the thick of the activity in the kitchen. As they worked Kevin said shyly, "Congratulations, Nate. Couldn't happen to a greater guy."

"Yeah," Kyle added. "Kind of like the opposite of us ..... we're two boys to one master, and you're one boy with two masters. You're in for a great time. Maybe one day you'll invite us up to visit with you and Hassan."

At the table the group divided roughly into two groups ..... men and boys. Randy, Bob, Mark and Zack were intrigued by the plans of Hassan and Adam, while the boys all talked over each other. Nate got a special warm hug from his best friend Jamie, who said, "I'm real happy for you, dude, but I hope we can still be best buddies eh?"

“Too right,” Nate reassured him. “You’ll always be my best mate. No worries there.”

Mark got a chance for a few private words with Nate. “Congratulations, kiddo. And as the guy who kind of discovered you that day in the dunes I still want you to think of me as your friend if ever you need help. You know how much I love Hassan, so real soon I want to bring Jamie up to his place and the four of us can get together. Could get real interesting.”

“Thank you, sir,” Nate said breathlessly, his mind flashing with images of himself with the spectacular cop, the hot Marine, and the beautiful blond surfer. He grinned. “Doesn’t get much hotter than that, sir.”

The air of celebration was universal ..... almost. There was one participant who munched on his breakfast looking morosely down at the table. Pablo managed a few words of frigid congratulation as he looked up at Nate. “Way to go, kid. Two masters, huh? That’s a first. Surprised Hassan would do that. He’s a great fuck, though ..... was with me anyway.” And he went back to his food.

The event had stoked Pablo’s smoldering resentment. In recent weeks he had felt his position in the house down-shift in a subtle way. From the first he had basked in his status as the boss’s boy, and then his adopted son. Randy was the King of the Gypsies and Pablo was the boy he had chosen. Added to that, Pablo’s boyfriend Darius was pretty hot stuff, with his huge dick, and even though Pablo got fucked by him all the time, he felt very much the dominant partner of the two.

But then came all the stories of Darius’s triumph in the desert, putting on a hot show with the magnificent Zack. And who was this Eddie he had mentioned in passing? Now Nate was the star of the show, with his two masters and his special, tight friendship with Mark and Jamie. Even when Bob asserted himself as the much-admired leader of the household, it seemed, in Pablo’s gloomy imagination, to elevate the twins and knock him down another notch.

Pablo hated to feel insecure. He modeled himself on Randy, who never felt insecure ..... always the undisputed boss. But now the ‘boss’s boy’ felt unsure of himself and began to imagine demons around him where none existed. His self-doubt, envy and paranoia gnawed at him, working its way through him like a malevolent worm, a worm that was to find fertile ground in the shattering events soon to come.

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam had to work a flight back to Sydney the next day so he made his reluctant farewells to Nate and Hassan, made less gloomy by the knowledge that he was scheduled back in two weeks. One man who had a special word for him was Zack. He shook hands with Adam, looking at him with his piercing gray eyes. “Heard all about you and Hassan, stud, him fucking that ass of yours that you were keeping for me. Guess we have some unfinished business.”

Adam's bold smile showed no hint of intimidation. "I guess we do, man. I can't wait."

So he left, and the house resumed its routine, with Nate, as agreed, spending one day and night each week at Hassan's house. After the recent four-day break, with the guys' out-of-town trips, work now consumed them all, and maybe the mood of the house would have settled into its familiar, even humdrum, rhythm had it not been for an event that occurred a few days later, whose results were to resonate for weeks to come. After all, 'humdrum' was not something this group did ..... ever.

It was a hot afternoon and Darius was working with Zack on one of the construction sites when he looked up and saw a figure standing nervously at the gate. Darius broke into a wide grin. "Eddie!" He was genuinely pleased to see the shy young bar-back from Palms Springs who had been so thrilled to spend time with him and Zack in the desert. He ran over to the boy and shook his hand. "Dude, great to see you. What the hell you doing here?"

"Didn't mean to interrupt you, sir," Eddie said shyly, "but Mike gave me a few days off from the bar and sent me to L.A. to pick up some supplies. Well, sir, you said if ever I was in town I should look you up, so .....

"Damn right, kid. Listen, I've still got another half hour or so with Zack, but why don't you wait for me and I'll take you to our place. Wait in the trailer over there, out of the sun."

Reassured by Darius's cheerful welcome Eddie went up the steps of the trailer and gazed from the window over the busy construction site. His eyes were riveted on the two black construction workers, both shirtless in black jeans and boots. Zack and Darius ..... two men he had dreamed about, jerked off thinking about most nights.

And now here they were, muscles rippling as they labored, sweat running down their magnificent chests gleaming in the hot sun. Every time Eddie had imagined them at night it had taken him only a minute to blow his wad. Now, actually *looking* at them, it took even less. He rubbed the bulge in his ragged jeans a few times before he felt the familiar damp warmth of his cum streaming into his shorts.

Half an hour later as Darius drove him home he looked down at the wet patch at the boy's crotch and grinned. "Shit, didn't take you long to get down to business did it kid?" Eddie's shy, mischievous grin spread over his blushing face. At the house Darius took Eddie straight to the room he and Pablo shared and said, "Give me a minute to shower off this sweat and grunge from work and then I'll show you around."

Minutes later he was stepping out of the bathroom, unabashedly naked, his huge cock swinging between his legs. "OK, kid, now I'm cleaned up come here and give me a hug. Damn, it's good to see you." He folded his muscular arms round the excited boy and held him tight.

*"What the fuck?"* The shout bounced off the walls and rage filled the room. Pablo was in the doorway, staring in horror at his naked lover with a boy in his arms. As the two jerked apart Pablo stared aghast at Darius's semi-hard cock and the wet patch at the boy's crotch.

"Hey, dude, you're home," Darius said brightly. "This is Eddie, the kid from the bar I told you about. He's ....." But he got no farther as the fist slammed into his face, making him reel backwards and collapse on the bed. Dimly he saw Pablo knee Eddie in the stomach, then drop him with a forearm smash across his shoulder.

All of Pablo's insecurity and paranoia, all his demons, all the resentment that had been building since Nate came back with Hassan and Adam, now erupted like a dormant volcano coming to life. And these two were the target. Screaming obscenities he launched himself on Darius who was too surprised and winded to defend himself.

Eddie was pulling himself painfully to his feet and watched in horror as this crazy guy pummeled Darius unmercifully. In a total panic he turned and fled, almost falling down the stairs, stumbling across the lawn and out through the gate.

Upstairs the noise was deafening, especially to Nate who was cleaning Mark's apartment below. He rushed up the stairs, gazed at the struggle in horror, ran forward and tried to pull Pablo off Darius. Pablo swung round, his eyes blazing. "Asshole," he sneered "What, so you think you're the boss now that you've got your big Marine stud master? Well guess again mother-fucker." He punched Nate in the stomach, then pulled him up by the hair and slammed his head several times against the wall.

He watched him slide down the wall in a heap, then turned and yelled, "Fuck you both!" By now he was totally out of control, consumed by his legendary, ferocious anger. He rushed down the stairs and out to the garden, crashing straight into Jamie who had run out of the house alarmed by the noise. The collision sent Jamie sprawling on the ground and Pablo stomped on his stomach as he walked over him. "Out of my way, asshole."

Next in the line of fire were the twins who were coming from the kitchen bearing trays of food for the evening meal. In his demented state Pablo gave vent to the resentment that had long smoldered deep inside him over Randy's lover Bob taking them both as his boys. "Well look what we got here, the boss's favorite lackeys. You two think you're all that and a bag of chips don't you? Think again, boys." Spreading his arms wide he charged between them, knocking them over and sending the trays and the food flying all over the ground.

At the gate Pablo turned and screamed dementedly, "So long suckers!" And then, with a squeal of his truck's tires, he was gone.

\*\*\*\*\*

A few minutes later Mark was driving up the hill on his way home when he saw the figure of a terrified boy he didn't recognize racing down toward him. He stopped his truck, leapt out and grabbed the boy's wrist as he sped past. Eddie was incoherent, so Mark pushed him into the truck and drove to the house. When he helped him through the gate he was shocked by the carnage inside. He ran instantly to Jamie who was sitting on the ground moaning, clutching his stomach.

Mark dropped to his knees and said, "What the fuck's going on here, kiddo?" Jamie looked up at Mark and managed a weak smile. "Pablo went crazy," he said. "So glad you're home, sir."

As it happened, Bob and Zack pulled up outside at more or less the same time. Home from work in his suit and tie Bob ambled through the gate. He stared in amazement for a second then sprang into action, running through the debris on the lawn and falling to his knees beside the twins, still on the ground rubbing sore limbs. He looked up at Mark. "Holy shit, Mark, what in hell happened here?"

Before Mark could reply Zack came in and Jamie managed to raise his voice. "Darius, sir, upstairs." Zack raced over the wreckage and took the stairs two at a time. He fell on the bed and cradled Darius in his arms. Darius looked up at him weakly and said. "Nate ..... he's hurt ..... he's gone ....." and then his eyes closed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Yes, Nate was gone. After Pablo had left the room Nate had staggered to his feet, his head throbbing, and looked over at the groaning Darius. He tried to focus. He knew he was no match for Pablo and was terrified what he would do next, thinking he was still in the house. He knew none of the men were home from work yet but he had to get help fast and there was one obvious man to turn to ..... his master, Hassan. He would take care of everything. So Nate had stumbled through the carnage outside, fell into his truck and sped blindly up the hill.

Miraculously avoiding an accident, not to mention a speeding ticket, he arrived at the Mulholland house and staggered down to the guesthouse. Hassan had just got home and was horrified as his boy fell into his arms, his face sporting a black eye and a growing bump on his forehead.

"Sir," Nate said in a rush. "You've gotta go down to the house. They need help. Pablo's gone crazy .... beat everyone up. I'll be OK here, sir. But please go quick, sir."

Hassan examined him briefly, reassured himself that he was only bruised, and made a split decision. "OK, kiddo. Lie down ..... rest ..... stay put. I'll take care of everything. Back as soon as I can." As he ran up to his jeep his rage ignited. His boy had been hurt .... Adam's boy, the boy he had sworn to protect. He growled to himself, "Randy! That fucking asshole and his fucking boy, out of control again. OK, pal, it's me you're dealing with now."

Alone now Nate sighed, lay down thankfully on the bed and closed his eyes. He smiled as the thought crossed his mind, 'The Marines to the Rescue.' Sometime later, still half awake, he was dimly aware of distant sounds up at the main gate of Steve and Lloyd's house.

What he didn't know was that another truck had just pulled up at the gate. The driver pressed the buzzer and Steve's voice came through the intercom. "Who is it?" There was a long pause until the haggard voice finally answered.

"Uncle Steve. It's me, Pablo. I'm in trouble. Can I come in?"

# # #

## **Chapter 144 – Randy and Pablo – Like Father Like Son**

Back at the house the men were starting to bring things under control, coming to a consensus that the boys were not injured badly enough to need medical attention, beyond ice-packs and rest. Zack had left Darius briefly and come out to take care of the dazed Eddie, putting his arm round his shoulders as they sat at the table by the pool.

Suddenly the gate opened and Randy stood there, the last one to get home from work as usual. He stopped in his tracks, stunned by the chaotic scene on the lawn. "What the fuck's going on here?" he barked.

In reply all he got was three pairs of accusing eyes glaring up at him. It was Randy's boy who had caused this mayhem, and instinctively the men blamed his master, fairly or not. They knew that Pablo always imitated Randy, and Randy was famous for solving every conflict with his fists. Like father like son.

"What?" Randy growled defensively, acutely aware of the animosity projected at him.

Bob stood up. "We're not sure of all the details but it seems that Pablo completely lost his cool and attacked all the boys here. Darius is upstairs, hurt the worst of them. Fortunately there seem to be no broken bones ..... no thanks to your crazy boy."

"Where is he?" Randy looked around him, clenching his fists.

"We don't know. He split right after his rampage."

Just then they heard the screech of brakes outside. Pablo, they all assumed ..... but they were wrong. The gate crashed open and Hassan stood there, still dressed in his military fatigues, his eyes blazing. His gaze settled like a laser on Randy as he strode forward to confront him. His voice was cold as ice.

“My boy has been hurt. The boy I swore to protect has been hurt.” His anger exploded. “What the fuck’s wrong with you, man? Don’t you have any control over that train-wreck of a kid of yours? He’s nothing but a young thug ..... and we know where he gets that from.”

Randy stepped forward menacingly and Hassan gave a sarcastic laugh. “What, you gonna take a swing at me, asshole? Just like your fucking boy. Well let me save you the trouble, pal.” He hauled back and slammed his fist across Randy’s face, sending him sprawling across the ground.

But it took more than a fist to subdue Randy, a street fighter all his life. He sprang to his feet, lowered his head and charged forward, slamming his shoulder into the soldier’s stomach. In seconds they were rolling on the ground, trading blows, yelling obscenities at each other. Like two maddened bulls locking horns they heaved and struggled for the advantage in a savage fight, bodies smothered in dirt, their shirts soon torn to shreds.

Like a frozen tableau men and boys gazed at the two warriors writhing in the dust. But then the men sprang to life. Mark and Zack used all their strength trying to separate them and Bob yelled, “That’s enough! Now *you’re* the thugs. Guys, this is not the way. Now cool it!” A combination of Mark and Zack’s physical efforts and Bob’s angry shouts finally had an effect and soon the men were standing glaring at each other like raging stallions pawing the ground, held back by Mark and Zack.

Bob took command. “Jamie, take Eddie upstairs to Darius and make sure they’re both OK. Stay with them until we send for you.” As Jamie helped Eddie toward the house Bob looked around at the food and plates scattered over the ground. “Kyle, Kevin, if you’re feeling up to it, do you think you can salvage dinner for this evening?”

“No problem, sir,” said Kevin. “An hour tops,” Kyle added.

“Thanks, guys ..... you’re the best. We’ll talk later.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was a somber group of men that gathered in the living room with beers that the twins had brought into them, Randy and Hassan nursing bruised bodies and bruised egos. It was hard to know where to start but Bob’s first instincts were to defend Randy. “Hassan, I know how protective you feel toward Nate, for his sake and Adam’s, but I don’t think it’s productive to lay all the blame on Randy. Pablo has a mind and a will of his own. He’ll probably be back soon and we have to work out how to handle him.”

Just then the house phone rang and again they assumed it was Pablo. Bob picked up, listened, and looked up at Randy. “It’s Steve for you, buddy. I’ll put him on speaker.” Steve’s voice was calm and authoritative. “Good, you’re all there. Well, the good news is that Pablo’s here at my house. The not-so-good news is that he’s in a hell of a state. He’s not

very coherent but from what I gather from his ramblings he lost control of himself at the house and beat up all the boys. Anyone badly hurt?"

"They'll live," said Randy sullenly.

"I've given Pablo a sedative and he's resting in the guest room. Obviously it's not a good idea for him to go back down to you ..... I would say not for a few days. I'll keep him here and talk to him. After all, I am technically his therapist. But I think one thing I'll insist on is that he goes back to work as soon as possible, then come back up here in the evenings. It's important to re-establish his normal routine ..... give him something productive to do. One thing I ask, Randy, is that you do nothing for now. Don't interact with him at work if possible, OK bro? Right, well that has to be it for now ..... I have to go and keep an eye on him. I'll call again later."

He hung up abruptly and the guys looked at each other, digesting the news. But before anyone could speak there was a cough at the door. They looked up in surprise ..... it was Darius, his face bruised and his arm in a make-shift sling, but his eyes were bright and eager. "I'm sorry to interrupt, sirs, but is it alright if I say something?"

"Sure, kid," Zack said. "Go ahead."

"Well, sir, I heard what Steve said and I'm glad Pablo is with him. But I was wondering, after he's had his therapy and stuff with Steve, do you think I could handle him after that ..... take care of him and sort out everything with the other guys? Lot of bruised feelings ....." he managed a grin .... "and bruised faces too. But I kind of feel it's important for the boys to work all this out for themselves. And I think we can, sirs."

The men looked at each other in surprise, impressed at this new, confident Darius. Zack spoke for them all. "Thanks for the suggestion, Darius. But, er, what do you plan to do first?"

"Well, nothing, sir. Not for a while. Kinda let the dust settle .... let all the tempers cool down."

"And later?"

"When Pablo's had time to think I'll talk to him, try to find out why he did what he did..... then see if we can fix it. Pablo's my lover, sir, my best friend. I gotta help him somehow." He grinned awkwardly. "What d'ya think, sir?"

Zack looked around at the others who were giving nods of approval. "OK, kid, it's up to you, then. Now what about young Eddie?"

"I've thought about that too, sir. I feel real bad about him. He's a shy young kid and he's fallen into something here that's really scared the bejesus out of him. He looks up to me and I should protect him. If it's OK, I'd like to invite him to stay while he's in L.A. Maybe we could stay over at your house, sir, and the twins in your guest house can keep an eye on him too."

Zack smiled warmly at him. "Sounds like a plan, kiddo. You seem to have thought of everything ..... I'm really impressed ..... real proud of you, boy."

"I think that goes for all of us, Darius," Bob smiled. "Now, like Steve said, keeping up the normal routine is important, so if you three guys are up for it, the twins said they can have dinner ready in an hour. Go back and tell them, and take good care of Eddie. Right around now he must be feeling he's in some kind of madhouse."

"Leave it to me, sir," Darius grinned .... "and thanks for listening." As he left the room the guys could swear there was more pride and confidence in his stride than they had ever seen before.

Mark said it best. "You know, that guy came into the room a boy and went out a man."

\*\*\*\*\*

Hassan left the meeting to go back to Nate. Randy had said little at the meeting and Bob could see he was anxious to leave too. He saw in his eyes a mix of shock, bewilderment and even embarrassment. "Hey, buddy," he said quietly, "there's nothing more we can do here so what say we go up to the room and shower before dinner, eh?"

They got up and as they left the room Bob turned and said, "Thanks guys." Mark and Zack nodded in tacit understanding that Bob had work to do. And he did. When they got to their room Randy paced back and forth, clenching and unclenching his fists. He felt he had lost control, not only of his boy but, in a way, of his position as leader of the group. He had lost face, and Hassan's words still rang in his ears ..... "What's wrong with you, man? ..... Don't you have any control over that train-wreck of a kid of yours?"

Control? He'd show them control! Fuck Hassan ..... fuck them all and their accusing looks. He was the boss, goddamit, and he would damn-well prove it. His eyes fell on Bob, who knew exactly what came next. It always did when Randy was angry or when he needed to prove his macho dominance.

At times like this Randy scared him a bit, but Bob's overwhelming sensation was lust for this wild, savage man ..... the man who had tamed him all that time ago in the motel room. Despite the pain and degradation Randy had inflicted on him then Bob had never been so excited in his life and had found himself coming back for more, even if it meant crawling at the master's feet. Now their eyes locked and the same spark flashed between them as on that very first time. And just as it had been then, Bob's cock was now rock hard in his pants.

As so often before Randy was taking out all his frustrations on the man he loved. If he could make this glorious, beautiful man submit to him he could make anyone submit. "What?" he barked. "You too? You think because my kid fucked up bad that I've lost control? Well fuck

the kid, and fuck you, man. I'm still the boss, and I'm still *your* boss. Get those fucking clothes off, man."

Bob was no longer the proud, confident business executive. He longed to surrender himself to this demon gypsy of a man. Frantically he threw off his jacket, ripped off his tie and shirt, and dropped his pants. In seconds he was naked, his cock standing out rigid as a pole. Randy gazed at him and all his confidence flooded back. Time to prove to them both who was boss.

"That's it asshole, fucking butt naked ..... and you're all mine. His eyes ran over Bob's perfect face and muscular body. "Shit, you are so fucking beautiful, man. Yeah, a man who can tame a gorgeous, alpha stud like you still deserves to be boss, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you're gonna do exactly what I tell you?"

"Yes, sir."

"OK, stud, on your knees." Bob fell obediently to his knees and focused on the huge bulge in Randy's greasy cargo pants. He ripped them open and gasped as he always did when he saw the massive club rear up before his eyes. He felt Randy's hand behind his head and within seconds he was gagging on the rod crammed in his mouth. He knew this was not love .... it was savage animal lust. This was the side of Randy that turned him on most and he labored mightily to please his master, gulping hard, squeezing his throat muscles round the pulsing cock forcing its way inside him.

Randy had worked hard all day, sweating in the hot sun, and Bob now tasted, smelled, the rancid, sweaty stink of the construction worker's cock and balls. When the cock was deep inside his throat he buried his face in the damp, wiry pubic hair, relishing the musky, male taste of this rugged man.

As Randy looked down at the spectacular Superman face impaled on his iron rod he became more savage than ever, grabbing Bob's tousled black hair and pulling his face forward onto his cock again and again. He was reaffirming his macho power to himself but, more importantly, to Bob, the man whose opinion mattered most to him in the world.

By now Bob was gagging on the huge tool, gulping down the pungent taste of pre-cum that oozed from it. His throat was aching and he waited for the relief of Randy's explosion in his mouth. But that didn't happen. Now at a pitch of desire for his beautiful lover Randy suddenly yanked his cock out of his mouth, pulled him up by the shoulders and threw him bodily down onto the bed.

Bob bounced as he fell naked on his back and looked up in a daze. He had never seen anything more exciting. Towering over him was a heaving, sweating stallion of a man, eyes

blazing with lust, black hair flying over his face, huge horse dick rearing up before him. This was the King of the Gypsies, the wild-eyed dark demon, the most spectacular man Bob had even known. Randy murmured to himself as he kicked off his boots and dropped his pants.

“They think I’ve lost control. Well think again, mother-fuckers. I’m the master of this house and I can do anything I fucking-well want.” Naked now, he stared down at his lover, lying at his mercy. “And I have the most beautiful man who ever lived. Look at that face, that body ..... totally fucking gorgeous ..... and he’s mine. He’s mine! And I’m gonna fuck him in the ass!”

It all happened in seconds. Still standing Randy bent forward and grabbed Bob’s ankles, pulled his legs up and held them apart. His eyes were like lasers piercing Bob’s as he shouted, “This is it, man. This is your master!” In one stunning move he fell forward and the power of his fall drove his cock straight into the helpless ass of his victim. The pain of the steel shaft plunging into him was worse than Bob had ever felt.

His scream reverberated round the room, his head flew backwards and his body convulsed, writhing in a reflexive attempt to escape. But Randy fell further forward and clamped his hands on Bob’s wrists pinning them to the bed above his head. His blazing eyes penetrated Bob’s and instantly the men became one, joined by that magical sensation that swept away pain, rage, and savagery, leaving behind a dreamlike world of pure, indescribable passion.

Impaled on his lover’s cock Bob suddenly became still and gazed up at the man he worshipped. There was no pain now ..... but he wanted more ..... he longed to feel the jackhammer of the brutal construction worker who had first tamed him so long ago. His eyes gleamed as he moaned, “Fuck me, man ..... my ass is yours, sir. Fuck me .... hurt me ..... make me beg you to cum in my ass.”

“Oh, yeah. Here it comes, man.” Randy pulled all the way out, paused .... and then drove his shaft into him again. It became a piston, plunging in and out, faster and faster, piercing to the depths of Bob’s ravaged ass. Now the searing pain broke through Bob’s euphoria and he began yelling again, his muscles flexing desperately, tears streaming from his eyes.

Randy stared manically at the beautiful face, contorted in pain, thrashing from side to side, and the sight overcame all the frustration and doubt that had gripped him earlier. He was back in control, reasserting his strength, pounding ass. He was the boss, he could do anything, even dominate a man as beautiful as this, just as his boy dominated the others. ‘Yeah, he’s my boy alright ..... tough like me ..... tougher than all the rest. He does what he wants .... and I can do what I like to this gorgeous stud.’

In his delirium of power Randy lost control and entered another world. He looked down at a face that wasn’t Bob’s anymore. It was simply a spectacularly beautiful face that he needed to possess, to control. He was the master, he could do anything to it.... own it .... use it .... hurt it. “I can do anything!” he yelled, raising his hand and slamming it across the gorgeous face. The face flew to the side, twisted in pain.

Randy blinked and shook his head. Now it was a face he knew, a face he loved. Bob's face! He had just slammed his hand across the face of the man he loved more than his own life.....

There was a stunned silence. Then Randy's eyes opened wide and he screamed, "NO!" It was as if floodlights blazed on, bathing the scene in the unforgiving white light of reality. He had just hit his lover, the man he idolized! He had savaged his ass and now he had slammed his face. He reared back, his cock wrenched free and he leapt to his feet, pacing the room, his face buried in his hands. He was lost, devastated by what he had done. A minute later he looked down and saw Bob lying in a daze, an angry red mark on his cheek.

Randy fell on the bed beside him, pulled Bob into him and cradled him in his arms, talking incoherently. "Oh, man, what have I done? ..... to you, of all people. Please forgive me, man ..... don't leave me ..... please don't leave me. I don't know, I ..... I went crazy. Just like my boy did ..... I'm no better than him .... that's where he gets it from .... from me. What am I gonna do, man? Help me, Bob .... please ..... I can't....."

"Hey, hey, hey. Look at me, buddy." Randy raised a tear-stained face. Bob held it in his hands, pulled it toward him and kissed him gently, lovingly until he felt the tension drain from Randy's body. They pulled away and Randy pleaded, "What am I gonna do, man?"

Bob smiled, "I love you, Randy, you know that. Do you love me?"

"More than my life, man."

"And do you love Pablo?"

"Of course .... he's my boy."

"Then there's your answer .... the answer to everything. When did you last tell Pablo you loved him?"

"What? I dunno ..... that's not something I do much."

"Then start, Randy. Tell him ..... show him." Bob smiled at his lover's bewildered face.

"Here .... let me show you how that goes."

Randy allowed himself be pushed over onto his back and he looked up at Bob kneeling on the bed between his legs. In a daze he saw Bob push his legs up and he felt the tip of his cock against his ass. He heard Bob's deep, velvet voice.

"It is all about control, Randy ..... but about *yielding* control. Stop trying so hard. Just give yourself to me and let me love you." He smiled at him as he slid his cock gently into Randy's

ass. “See? See how good that feels. The man who loves you is inside you, making love to you. Forget being the boss, the master. Just let me love you, Randy.”

Randy’s tense muscles relaxed. He let all the anger, frustration and fear drain from him as he felt his lover’s cock moving tenderly in his ass. He moaned softly, his gaze transfixed on the image of this spectacular man rising and falling above him. Again their eyes met and they were joined as one, but not as before in the heat of lust and passion. This time they were floating together in a pool of pure love, and Randy was being hypnotized by his lover’s voice.

“Now it’s me in control, buddy. And you’re gonna do what I tell you. Look at me, man. Feel my cock in your ass, and love me. Love what you see, what you hear, what you feel. Love me so much that you can’t hold back, that you have to cum. That’s it, buddy. Show me.....”

Tears were flowing from Randy’s eyes. He uttered a low moan as he felt cum rising up through his cock and streaming over his naked chest. He looked up through his tears and pleaded, “Now you, man,” and he was answered with the warm sensation of his lover’s semen pouring deep inside his ass. They gazed at each other silently until their orgasms were spent.

Minutes later they lay in each other’s arms. But Bob was still in control. “Now here’s what happens next, buddy. Steve is taking care of Pablo right now, and later Darius will take over and square everything with the boys. Your role in all this is simply to show Pablo you still love him. In the meantime, we go down to dinner now and you have to be real nice to the boys, especially to Eddie. Only you can set the tone, show them that everything’s on the mend. You got it?”

“OK, sir,” Randy grinned. “You’re the boss. Shit, *I* started out trying to tame *you* but it seems it worked out the other way round.”

“Oh yeah, well about that.” Bob’s voice became more submissive “That wild gypsy who worked me over a while ago ..... I, er, I don’t want him to go away ..... I want him back soon. Long ago in that motel room I fell in love with a rugged construction worker, a dark savage, and I still crave him. I want to kneel to the King of the Gypsies.”

Randy gazed at his lover and his face broke into a dazzling smile. He reached out, grabbed Bob’s head and pulled his face into his. Their lips joined and Randy kissed him ferociously, forcing his tongue inside him, grinding their mouths together savagely. Their lips were clamped so tight that as they inhaled and exhaled deeply they shared the same air back and forth. Suddenly it stopped and Randy was gazing at Bob, his eyes dancing. “That do it for you, asshole? That’s just a down-payment. The rest comes later. See buddy, the wild gypsy never really left.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Randy had been floundering in the lake of self-doubt and confusion and now he had just broken the surface, thanks to Bob. But his boy was still adrift in the murky waters and had yet to see daylight. And that's where Steve came in.

After Pablo's irrational explosion he had driven around in a state of acute muddle and insecurity and found himself, almost by instinct, at Steve's gate. The man he really wanted was his master and adoptive dad, Randy, but he knew he would get a frosty reception there. He had let him down badly and now he was desperate. Steve, a near carbon copy of his brother Randy, was the obvious choice. Pablo was scared of accusation and recrimination and he knew that what he would get from Steve would be the impartial, non-judgmental help of the therapist.

Steve's reaction of giving Pablo a sedative had been an astute one, and Pablo slept soundly in the guest room all night. In the morning the handsome architect Lloyd gave him breakfast and lent him a T-shirt that hung on Pablo loosely and gave him a seductive bad-boy look. Then Steve took over, handsome and professional in slacks and a white dress shirt, his tie loose at the neck. He took Pablo into his comfortable office in the back of house and the therapy began.

Honest and direct as ever, Pablo gave Steve a clear and detailed account of the unhappy event, including, as far as he could, his own thoughts and motivation. When he was finished he looked anxiously at Steve, who frowned slightly as he wrote notes, then raised his level gaze.

"So the way I see it, Pablo, in a nutshell, is that as the other boys gradually found their footing in the house you felt your foothold slipping. Am I right?"

Pablo sighed. "I guess that's about the size of it, sir."

"Hmm..... So let me ask you, how do *you* think we should go about dealing with this problem?"

Pablo brightened. "Well first of all, sir, I need to be punished. That's what Randy would do."

"Ah, yes .... but you forget, Randy's the wild brother and I'm the civilized one. And yet I suppose you want me to substitute for your dad and tie you up and whip your ass, is that it?"

"Yes please, sir."

Steve sighed deeply. "Ah, Pablo .... You have to see that the old cycle of misbehavior followed by physical punishment that deep down you enjoy, won't work this time."

"But, sir, I ....." He trailed off and Steve was shocked to see in his eyes not shame for what he had done, but lust for what he desired. Steve frowned deeply.

"Do you want me to fuck you. Pablo?"

"Yes, sir."

“Wrong answer, Pablo”

“You always told me there are no wrong answers, sir.”

“Yeah, well that one’s wrong. Jesus Christ, after all that’s happened you can sit there and calmly ask me to fuck you?”

“It worked before, sir.” There was a trace of Pablo’s crooked grin on his face.

Steve was taken aback, remembering the couple of times in his office where Pablo had seduced him. “Well, not this time, kid!” He took a deep breath to control his anger and regain his professional poise. “Now look, we obviously have a long way to go with this, so here’s what we’re gonna do. You’re gonna stay here for a couple of days and we’ll have some intense therapy sessions until you’re ready to confront the guys again.”

“Will Randy be here, sir?”

“No he will not. He definitely will not. As a matter of fact I have told him to keep his distance from you, which he seemed perfectly happy to do. He is still royally pissed off at you. However ..... I am prescribing that you go back to work right away. It’s important for you to resume a job you’re good at to regain some shreds of self-respect. You will keep yourself to yourself, have no contact with Randy, and after work you come straight back up here. Understood?”

Yes, sir,” Pablo said meekly, surprised by the therapist’s unusually harsh tone.

Steve stood up and looked down at him severely. “I want one thing clearly understood. I make the rules here and you will do just what I order you to. I know how you are, but you will not fuck around with me, boy. And in response to your earlier comment, the therapy *will* involve punishment but not the kind you’re used to and seem to enjoy. No, my methods are unorthodox and this punishment will be real. And I guarantee you won’t enjoy it. But you will obey me at all times. Do I make myself clear, boy?”

“Yes, sir,” Pablo said meekly. But as he looked up at the stern, commanding figure of the therapist towering over him, his gorgeous face, the muscles of his superb body rippling under the white cotton shirt, Pablo could not prevent the erection that rose stiffly in his shorts. And he was sure it was not his imagination that there was a bulge in the therapist’s smart dress slacks.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was mid-morning when Pablo walked nervously onto the construction site, wearing his customary dungarees, held up by a single strap over one shoulder and with nothing underneath. He knew that Steve had called Randy to explain his late arrival and to reiterate the no-contact

rule. Pablo took a deep breath and was suddenly reassured by the busy, routine activity of the crew, and the fact that Randy was working in his trailer office.

So he walked more-or-less unnoticed to the truck he had been working on the day before, opened the hood and started work. And now, as he worked alone, concentrating hard on the job, he was hit for the first time by the bleak loneliness of his situation. Randy, his master, the man he idolized, was angry to the point that he wasn't speaking to him. He had probably lost his lover, Darius, after the way he had beaten him and this new kid, Eddie. And the other boys would no doubt shun him too.

Worst of all, he had lost everyone's respect. He had always swaggered a bit as the boss's boy, the senior boy, but after what he had done his role as top-dog was shattered. He thought briefly of running away from it all ..... but he knew that would be cowardly. Worst of all, he would be leaving Randy, his idol, his hero, and he could never do that. But what point was there if Randy didn't love him anymore?

And so the day dragged on and he worked hard, in stoic silence, worked harder than ever, actually, trying to prove to Randy that he was still worth something after all. But while the guys on the crew all got on with their own various tasks, Pablo did not go unnoticed. In the trailer Randy was acutely aware of everything and many times during the day he raised his eyes from the blueprints on the drawing board and looked through the window at the solitary figure of the grease-stained boy working all alone.

Sure, there were still vestiges of anger in Randy for what the boy had done, but they soon dissolved as he watched his boy and immense sadness took their place. His boy, his beautiful boy, abandoned by everyone. But he was tough ..... working through it ..... doing the job he loved for the man he loved. "That's my boy," Randy said to himself. He tore his eyes from the window and tried to work, but he couldn't help looking up .... and the sight was unbearable.

Randy knew from the body language that the plucky young kid was pouring every ounce of effort into the job, and he knew why. He was trying to prove himself, to redeem himself, trying to win Randy's love again. 'Love!' Suddenly Randy's thoughts rang with Bob's voice .... that beautiful, kind, glorious man who had rescued him and seemed to have a solution for it all. What was it he had said? "Love ....there's your answer .... the answer to everything. When did you last tell Pablo you loved him? Then start, Randy. Tell him ..... show him."

Steve had said he should have no contact with the boy. Well fuck that noise! What did his brother know anyway, him and his fancy doctor certificates hanging on the wall? So fuck Steve .... fuck them all. This was his boy, his son .... this was between the two of them. He yanked open the trailer door and spoke to Dave, an older guy who had worked for Randy from way back.

"Hey Dave, do me a favor and tell Pablo to come in here."

“Sure thing, boss,” Dave said, wondering why Randy didn’t just holler the way he always did.

Randy watched as Dave spoke to Pablo, who raised a startled head. He dropped his tools and walked with a nervous stoop toward the trailer. Randy’s heart was beating fast as the boy came in and stood before him. He locked the door behind Pablo, then stood facing him. Pablo’s head was hanging down, but soon he raised it and looked directly into his master’s eyes, ready to take whatever fate Randy was about to hand out.

Randy stared at his brave boy ..... and didn’t say a word. Slowly his hand went up to Pablo’s shoulder and he brushed the strap off it. It fell dangling and the dungarees dropped round the boy’s ankles. As usual he wore nothing underneath so when he stepped out of the dungarees he stood naked except for his boots, his gaze still fixed on his master’s steel blue eyes.

There was a small bed in the corner that Randy sometimes used to sleep on when he worked an all-nighter. Now he pulled it out away from the wall, the scraping noise loud in the silence of the room. Randy glanced quickly down at the bed and Pablo knew what to do. He lowered himself onto the bed and lay on his back, watching as Randy unbuttoned his pants and pulled out his cock, already hard as a rock.

Pablo held his breath and he could actually hear his heart beating. Calmly, silently, Randy knelt on the end of the bed, grabbed Pablo’s boots and pushed his legs in the air. Still holding his boy’s eyes in a hypnotic gaze he eased forward and pushed his cock between the perfect globes of the ass he loved so much. Pablo stared up at his glorious master, at the slabs of his chest bulging under the greasy tank-top, and felt the huge tool slide into his ass.

There were tears in the eyes of both men as the construction boss slowly, lovingly, eased his cock past the warm membrane of the young ass. Randy bent lower, pinned Pablo’s wrists to the bed and penetrated his eyes with a level gaze. Tears began to flow down the boy’s cheeks. He didn’t dare to think what all this meant. He just knew that his master was making love to him, pure, simple love, and he was feeling the very manhood of his hero filling his ass.

The intensity of the moment was so overwhelming that Pablo had no control. He was drowning in the pale blue eyes and only dimly aware of the heat rising up his legs, into his balls, and blasting from his cock in long ribbons of cum that splashed over his chest. Randy’s eyes never wavered as his own orgasm exploded deep inside his sad, sweet boy. As their cocks drained they remained still for a long time just gazing at each other ..... no words nor any hint of a smile.

Finally Randy pulled out, stood up, and pushed his cock back inside his pants. Pablo got off the bed and pulled his dungarees over his boots. Randy bent down and pulled them up to Pablo’s waist. But before pulling them higher he stared at the cum still flowing down the boy’s chest. He pressed two fingers against Pablo’s stomach and ran them up over his chest, scooping up the semen.

Staring into his boy's eyes he pushed the cum-soaked fingers into his own mouth and swallowed hard, savoring the bitter-sweet taste of his boy's juice. Then he pulled the fingers out and drew them seductively across his lips, licking off the last drops of precious liquid.

Only then did he pull the dungarees up over Pablo's chest and hook the single strap back over his shoulder. Randy walked to the door, unlocked and opened it. There were no words, no smiles, but as Pablo walked past him Randy brushed the back of his hand lightly against the boy's cheek. And then he was gone. The whole incident had taken place without a word.

As Pablo walked back to the truck to resume his work old Dave smiled to himself. There was a spring in the boy's step, quite the opposite of his stooped nervousness when he went in. Obviously things had gone well at his interview with the boss, and Dave was glad about that.

\*\*\*\*\*

At Steve's house that evening Pablo said nothing of the incident. It was private, just between him and Randy. In fact, he wasn't all that sure what it meant. He knew it wasn't forgiveness. That wouldn't come so easily. It certainly wasn't punishment either. Nor was it at all typical of the rough, unyielding construction boss. Pablo smiled to himself as he realized what it was. It had to be love ..... just that ..... love, pure and simple. Randy still loved him ..... he loved him! He had never behaved quite like that before ..... It was more the kind of thing Bob would do.

Randy did not mention it to anyone either. He just knew that he had done what he had to for his boy to put things right between them. Now Steve would do his therapist thing, including some sort of punishment, he supposed, and then, apparently, Darius would step in and do whatever he had in mind for his lover and the boys. Things were beginning to look up.

He didn't mention the incident even to Bob ..... but he didn't have to. Bob knew every nuance of the big man's moods so well that he guessed Randy had taken his advice and given some sign to his boy.

"Well done, buddy," Bob smiled as he undressed in their room that night. As always he watched in awe as Randy pulled off his tank top and stood stripped to the waist, in his greasy cargo pants and boots.

"Yeah, yeah," growled Randy, gazing at his gorgeous naked lover. "Now .... about that wild gypsy thing....."

Bob grinned. "You read my mind, sir." And he sank slowly to his knees."

# # #

## Chapter 145 – Pablo's Punishment – Mind and Body

During the next few days Pablo's therapy sessions progressed at Steve's house, and Steve was true to his word about taking a tough line with the boy. He had said from the beginning, "I want one thing clearly understood. I make the rules here and you will do just what I order you to. I know how you are, but you will not fuck around with me, boy."

Pablo's attitude to Steve was a mixture of respect and lust for the ruggedly handsome man who was a carbon copy of Randy ..... only a classy and cultured version. But he had never heard that harsh tone before and it subdued him into meek compliance. Steve drew him out, going deep into his background, and gradually they made some progress. If Pablo still had a permanent erection in his shorts throughout the sessions, he paid less attention to it as his desire for the therapist gave way to new insights about himself.

One thing that still loomed large in his mind was the punishment that Steve had promised him. He had been expecting the kind that Randy doled out ..... being tied up, whipped, then savagely fucked in the ass, something that turned him on a lot. But as Steve had said, "Randy's the wild brother and I'm the civilized one. My methods are unorthodox and my punishment will not be the kind you're used to and seem to like. I guarantee you won't enjoy it."

Near the end of one therapy session Pablo got a clue as to what the punishment might involve when he asked Steve a seemingly unrelated question. "Sir, do you mind if I ask you about my dog Billy. I miss him and I'm sure he's missing me. Do you know if he's doing OK?"

Steve softened a little and smiled. "Don't worry, Pablo, Billy is doing great. It seems that Randy is lavishing attention on the dog and making sure everyone treats him well. Not typical of your dad, I know, but while you're not in the house he seems to have transferred all his paternal instincts to Billy. He even lets the dog sleep on the foot the bed with him and Bob. Seems that Billy is substituting for you in Randy's affections."

Pablo smiled to himself ..... another sign of Randy's love for him. But Steve was not finished with the subject. "Tell me something. I know that Billy is crazy about you, of course, but do you ever have to discipline him? I mean, he's a dog, so surely he misbehaves sometimes. What do you do then, slap him or whip him?"

Pablo's eyes opened wide. "Oh no, sir. I'd never do that to Billy. Sure, sometimes he gets as crazy as me and disobeys and then I have to take a firm hand. But I once read that the best punishment for a dog, the thing they hate most, is to be separated for a while from their master, from the family. So that's what I do, lock him alone in a room for ten minutes. He whines like crazy but when I let him out he's as good as gold. Works wonders."

Pablo saw a satisfied smile spread over Steve's face, and suddenly he realized that the therapist had been leading him on. He had a strange feeling that he had just prescribed his own punishment.

“OK,” Steve said, “that about wraps it up for now. And tomorrow night there won’t be a therapy session ..... not in the usual sense anyway. Lloyd and I have company coming ..... a party of sorts ..... though maybe not for you so much. See you when you get home from work.”

Pablo left the room with a distinctly uneasy feeling.

\*\*\*\*\*

Pablo had come to enjoy his therapy sessions with Steve. He had learned a lot about himself and had several breakthroughs. One of them was a realization that when he misbehaved it was not only because he was expressing a need to appear tough and independent like his hero, Randy. He had finally confessed to Steve that, deep in his subconscious, he had known that punishment from Randy would follow ..... and he welcomed it. He actually enjoyed getting tied up and whipped by his master so that, in fact, his punishment was no punishment at all.

But now it was Steve taking charge, and that made him nervous. Getting manhandled by the gorgeous Steve would be as erotic as it was with Randy, but Steve had said that that kind of physical punishment was out. His mind went back to their discussion about Billy and how Pablo reprimanded him by exiling him from the group. Huh, Pablo thought, if that was it, that was nothing. He’d have no problem coping with something as easy as that.

Still, by the time he got home he was feeling edgy. He fixed himself something to eat in the kitchen as he knew he was not included in tonight’s dinner party. Huh, he huffed to himself, who wants to be included in a dinner with a bunch of boring old doctors and architects anyway? He’d much rather stay in his room and beat off watching porn.

He had just finished eating when Steve came into the room and Pablo’s heart skipped a beat. The doctor was casually dressed now, looking gorgeous in jeans and a white V-neck T-shirt stretched over his muscular torso. Shit, he wished his punishment would be getting fucked by this handsome stud. His cock got hard just thinking about it.

It pulsed even harder when Steve’s deep voice ordered him outside onto the deck, over to the far side of the pool. And he almost shot his wad when Steve said, “Strip, boy. I want you naked!” So this was it ..... sex with Steve. Huh, some punishment!

Steve pulled up a wooden Adirondack chair, comfortable with its wide arms and a cushion on the seat. Quickly Pablo pulled off his shorts and T-shirt and kicked off his sneakers. “Sit.” Pablo obeyed eagerly and sat on the chair, with his arms on the armrests. When Steve produced a few lengths of rope Pablo grinned to himself ..... hmm, better and better. Uncle Steve sure read him wrong if he thought this was punishment.

Steve expertly tied Pablo’s wrists to the arms of the chair and his ankles to the chair legs. Pablo pulled at his restraints and got another sexual charge from being tied helpless before this

gorgeous man. This was gonna be fun. But his hopes were suddenly dashed when Steve said, "OK, well that's about it."

Pablo frowned. That's it? His punishment was being tied to a chair? What the fuck?"

Then came the rules. "I have to go back inside now as our guests will be here soon. You, of course, stay here. Now, I thought of gagging you but I won't. During our sessions I've come to realize that you are a tough young kid so I'm trusting you not to yell out. If you do, I'll come and release you ..... and that will be the end of your treatment. I will consider it a failure."

He walked over to a wall and threw a switch that extinguished the floodlights in the pool, plunging Pablo into deep shadow. The lights in the house were on full, making it look a bit like a brightly-lit stage. Pablo sat in the shadows on the opposite side of the darkened pool, feeling a bit like an audience waiting for the show to start. He supposed that was the point, but it would be a pretty boring show, just a bunch of doctors and architects having dinner. Yell out? Why in the world would he yell out? More likely fall asleep with boredom.

Shit, some punishment this turned out to be. Where was Randy and his whip when a boy needed him?

\*\*\*\*\*

Pablo was physically comfortable but bored. Fortunately it was one of those balmy Southern California nights when it stayed warm all evening so being naked was just fine. He pulled at his restraints and realized that Steve was as good at ropes as Randy was. Hell, he thought, maybe Steve's idea of punishment was to bore him to death.

He stared blankly at the house, a long single-story building facing him across the pool. At each end was a room with large windows and wide-open sliding glass doors, typical of the indoor-outdoor feel of Southern California homes. The room on Pablo's right was brilliantly lit, obviously the dining room with the table set for dinner. On the opposite end of the house was a big room, evidently the master bedroom of Steve and Lloyd. The big glass doors were open there too, but Pablo couldn't see in clearly as the lights were off.

All very elegant, Pablo, thought ..... but boring! So boring that he was yawning when he heard the faint sound of the doorbell followed by several male voices. Here comes the company, he thought, wondering idly if any of Steve's friends would be hot-looking. At least that would liven things up a bit. Then the dining room door opened and he got a shock. In walked ..... Mark, Hassan, Jamie and Nate. Shit damn, what were they doing here? This was the company? Suddenly the hairs on Pablo's skin stood up and a tremor went through him. What the fuck....?

Steve and Lloyd were genial hosts, showing the two men and their boys to their places at table and Lloyd brought drinks and appetizers from a side table. With the glass doors fully open Pablo could see and hear everything.

And so the meal began ..... and from the start it was obviously going to be a festive affair. Instinctively Pablo pulled again at the ropes binding him. He wasn't sure why exactly, but he just didn't want to watch Jamie and Nate having a good time with these four gorgeous men, all looking stunning in casual clothes ..... the cop, the Marine, the doctor and the architect .... a spectacular-looking group.

The noise level and laughter increased as the men loosened up over cocktails. Steve had quietly mentioned to Mark and Hassan (but not to the boys) what he was doing with Pablo, but he was not visible to them in the deep shadows on the other side of the dark pool. In any case, thoughts of Pablo quickly faded as the men all reveled in each other's company, four superb alpha males and two beautiful boys.

It was more than physical shadows that enveloped the boy as he sat helplessly bound. He was to suffer the indignity of having to watch two boys, whom he considered junior to him, being wined and dined by their masters and their friends. As the meal progressed he watched enviously as Mark put his brawny arm round Jamie and nuzzled him affectionately. Hassan was overly affectionate with Nate who was clearly in heaven beside the gorgeous soldier, his new master. And Steve was keeping the party in fits of laughter with stories about some of the crazier aspects of his work.

All of this was galling to Pablo but as he scowled in the darkness he was confident that, maddening as it was, he could survive a couple of hours of it until dinner was over and they'd all go home.

\*\*\*\*\*

But it was harder than Pablo had imagined. As the meal continued the guys were getting well lubricated with alcohol and the men's affection for the two boys was becoming ever more passionate. By now Mark was pressing his lips hard against Jamie's mouth while the boy ran his hands over the cop's T-shirt, feeling the slabs of his pecs underneath. And Hassan, the exotically beautiful soldier that Pablo had always lusted for, had eyes only for young Nate, groping down between his legs and making the boy laugh, his eyes sparkling.

Despite himself Pablo was beginning to find all this hot to look at and felt himself getting an erection. But then suddenly it all ended when Steve stood up and said, "OK, guys .... I guess we're done. Dinner's over." They all got up and followed him from the room. Lloyd flicked a switch and the room went dark. That's it? thought Pablo. They're leaving? Shit, that wasn't so tough. Still, Steve looked pretty turned on by all that necking, maybe he'll come out to me when they've gone and start on me. The thought made his cock even harder.

He heard voices in the house, assuming they were saying their goodbyes. But suddenly the lights flooded on in the master bedroom. Again Pablo got the impression of a stage set, with its

huge California King bed, and the wide-open glass doors giving a clear view and sound of everything. The guys came in, or rather stumbled in noisily, loosened up by all the drink.

Instantly Pablo knew what was happening ..... and now he understood the punishment Steve had devised. He pulled at his ropes and was about to shout out a protest..... but stifled the impulse just in time, recalling Steve's order. All he could do was watch .... watch the two boys be entertained by these four spectacular guys, all of them sexual icons.

Mark was already pulling Jamie's T-shirt roughly off over his head. He pushed him onto the bed, pulled off his sneakers and pulled down his jeans. He gazed down at his naked blond boy and shouted, "Look at that, guys! That's the most gorgeous young surfer you've ever seen, and you know what? He's mine! And the thing he wants most is to get fucked by a big tough cop, that right, boy?"

"Yes, sir!" Jamie shouted, grabbing his ankles and pulling his legs back, exposing his perfect ass. Pablo was pulling harder at his restraints, watching helplessly as the cop pulled off his T-shirt and stood stripped to the waist, muscles gleaming, gazing down hungrily at his boy. Quickly he kicked off his loafers, dropped his jeans and shorts and knelt between Jamie's legs.

"Come on, guys," Mark yelled. "Grab a piece of the action, here." The cop plunged his huge rod into the surfer's ass and Jamie screamed as he felt the exquisite pain of his master burying his cock inside him.

Hassan and Nate were still on their feet, Hassan folding the boy in a tight, muscular embrace. He pulled back and said, "OK, Nate, you're my boy ..... you know what to do." The two locked eyes as they both began to strip. Outside in the shadows Pablo gasped when he saw Hassan naked, the incredibly beautiful soldier who he had lusted for so often himself. He wanted to stop what happened next ..... but he was helpless and remained mute.

Hassan turned Nate around. He gazed at the boy's back and gorgeous young ass ..... and in one quick move plunged his cock deep inside it. They fell together onto the bed beside Mark and Jamie, and Hassan expertly twisted Nate around, spinning him on his cock, so Nate was now on his back like Jamie .... and, like Jamie, was getting his ass fucked by his master.

It was a dual rhythm, intense and heavy, as the two muscle-gods, the cop and the soldier, pounded the asses of their boys side by side. Mark turned his head and looked at Hassan. "This is the life, eh, stud? Look at those two young bucks getting their holes ploughed. Man, you look so fucking hot." Their faces came together and their lips met in a churning embrace even as they continued to fuck ass.

Jamie and Nate looked up in awe at the two macho studs getting off on each other. Instinctively the boys copied their masters and kissed each other passionately while their asses were jackhammered by the cop and the Marine.

Pablo could only imagine how that felt, getting your ass fucked by your master and kissing your buddy while the men got off on each other. His ass was starting to ache with desire and he longed to jack off as he watched, pulling hopelessly at his wrists. Then it got worse. His eyes opened wide as he saw Steve and Lloyd stripping off their clothes. Steve was naked ..... the man Pablo had sat with, listened to, talked to for hours, always with a hard-on in his pants. The man who had been dressed in business clothes was now buck naked in all his muscular glory.

Pablo yearned for him, he had fantasized about seeing him naked, but not like this. He wanted to yell 'No!' but didn't dare to, as he saw Steve and Lloyd face to face running their hands over each other ..... faces, shoulders, abs, waist and butt. Then they were kissing, passionately, when suddenly a shout from the bed made them turn. Things were coming to a head.

They stood one on each side of the bed and gazed down at the men's broad backs as they rose and fell over their boys, impaling them on their rods that pistoned inside the hot young asses. His breath heaving Mark looked at Hassan and gasped, "You ready, man?"

"Right there with you, big guy." Then to the boys, "OK, guys, this is it. Your masters wanna see that spunk pouring out of you. Now!"

"Aaagh!" The ecstatic shouts shattered the room as the four of them blasted huge loads of cum ..... the men inside their boys' asses and the boys over themselves and each other. And suddenly they all felt semen pouring down onto them as Steve and Lloyd pounded their meat and shot their juice over the men's backs and the boys' faces.

Pablo stifled his own shout as he watched the spectacular show in agony. He wanted to be there, wanted to be part of it, to feel the flesh, taste the cum of these glorious men. Instead he watched in the darkness, and his cock throbbed. He watched as Steve and Lloyd fell on the bed and all six men writhed together in a heap ..... kissing, groping, sliding together in the thick layers of cum that lubricated their bodies.

Pablo gazed at the mass of heaving muscle, glimpsed their ecstatic faces, heard their groans of passion ..... and he couldn't hold back anymore. Pulling desperately at his ropes until the chair rocked, he felt the heat rising up into his balls and up the length of his cock until it exploded in long ribbons of cum. As tears of frustration ran down his cheeks he watched the white creamy liquid splash down in front of him, wasted on the dry boards of the deck.

\*\*\*\*\*

Pablo's face fell forward onto his chest in exhaustion. His mind was racing with a wild mix of frustration, desire, regret, and thwarted lust. But through his confusion he realized finally what Steve had done. Steve was a therapist, a mind doctor, and his punishment was of the mind, not the body as Randy's would have been. And it felt worse, much worse. He could take a whipping and a savage fuck ..... enjoyed it, even ..... but to be helpless in the shadows while he watched an orgy of glorious sex between these spectacular, iconic men was agony for him.

He had wanted to be Jamie, wanted to be Nate, wanted to be fucked by any or all of these men, especially Steve. But he had been banished from them and, like Billy howling exiled from the family, Pablo felt like howling in despair.

Well, at least it was over. Maybe now he could go home to Randy ..... if he would have him. But then a voice broke through his muddled thoughts. "Hey, guys, what say we make the encore a bit more interesting, eh?" It was Mark. The men were all standing at the glass doors of the bedroom. It was not over. "No more," Pablo groaned softly. "I can't take any more."

Pablo watched in a daze as Mark went to work. There were two hooks in the roof overhang just outside the bedroom and Mark had threaded ropes through them ..... ropes for Jamie and Nate. Their wrists tied, they had willingly raised their arms that were now stretched upward, their naked bodies gleaming under the lights as if they were stretched on the rack. The boys were side by side, shoulder to shoulder, their eyes gleaming in anticipation.

"Steve, old buddy," Mark said, "On behalf of us all I want to thank you for giving us this spectacular evening of good company, great food and wild sex. As a token of my thanks I want to offer you the thing that's most precious to me ..... my boy's sweet ass. You wanna fuck the most beautiful boy who ever rode a surfboard? Well, you've got it, man." Mark stood in front of Jamie, his arms folded across his chest, gazing lovingly into his boy's excited eyes, as Steve moved behind him.

"No," Pablo moaned to himself. "Fuck *me*, sir .... it should be *my* ass ..... I have a great ass .... everyone says so....." But he had no control over the show he was about to see. He saw Jamie flinch as Steve's cock pushed inside him. Mark smiled and pulled Jamie's head toward him, kissing him passionately as Steve gently fucked his ass.

"Hey, Lloyd," Hassan said. "You see another ass back there?" Lloyd grinned, grabbed Nate's waist and, like his lover beside him, pushed his cock between the cheeks of the boy's ass and deep inside. Hassan closed his mouth over Nate's, folding his long arms round him, grabbing Lloyd's waist and pulling him into Nate, forcing his cock harder into his ass.

Pablo was mesmerized as he watched the incredible scene, longing to feel what Jamie and Nate were feeling. Each boy was stretched tight in bondage, each wrapped in his master's arms, feeling the warm embrace of his lips, while a muscular chest pressed against his back and a hard rod hammered his ass. Each was trapped between two muscle-gods, the helpless object of the men's ravenous lust.

It was Mark who gave the sign. "OK, guys, you ready?" Mark and Hassan, stroking their cocks, stood facing their boys. "You know what to do, boys," said Mark."

Pablo gazed in disbelief. It was hard to believe six simultaneous orgasms ..... but that's what happened. Steve and Lloyd exploded in the young asses while masters and boys shot loads

at each other that splashed onto their chests and faces. In their euphoria the boys felt themselves being crushed between the heaving bodies of the men they had willingly served.

\*\*\*\*\*

He must have fallen asleep. Physically and emotionally drained Pablo had slumped in his chair and exhaustion overcame him. He had no idea how long he had been there when suddenly he was jolted awake by the lights in the pool flooding on. Dazzled, he shook his head and was aware of a figure standing over him. It was Steve, still naked, splendidly back-lit by the pool lights. In a daze Pablo blinked, not sure if he had been dreaming or if the extraordinary sex scenes had actually happened. As so often before, Steve read his mind.

“It really happened, Pablo, but now they’ve gone home. I arranged all that to show you how good life can be when boys love each other and their masters ..... no rivalry, no envy, no fighting. Everyone had a great time ..... except you, outside in the dark. We’ve been through some pretty intense sessions, you and I, Pablo, right up to this climax. Now ..... are you ready to give me a genuine apology?”

Steve’s deep, gentle voice brought tears to Pablo’s eyes as he gazed at the man who had guided him through all this. “I understand now, sir, and I feel ashamed of the way I behaved. I apologize to you, sir, and I want to make amends to the boys too. They’re great guys and I want to be their friend. Please, sir, I’ve been so lonely rejected by all of them. Would you .... could you ..... say something kind to me, sir?”

Steve smiled down at him. “I was impressed by the way you obeyed me and stayed silent as you watched us, Pablo. Took a lot of self-control. And I believe you’ve learned a lot from our therapy sessions. I was a little afraid all this could even harden your feelings against the boys but I see that the reverse is true. You’ve done well, kid, though making amends to the boys will be between you and them. I hear Darius has something in mind.”

He glanced at the damp ground. “I also see you shot your wad even though you were tied up. I suppose you want me to untie you so you can jack off again thinking about what you’ve seen.”

“Yes please, sir,” Pablo said meekly.

Well I’m not gonna allow you to jack off, Pablo. Instead I’m gonna give you a reward that I think you’ve earned.” Quickly Steve untied him and said, “On your back, boy.” Pablo obeyed and lay on his back on the warm boards of the deck. His heart was pounding as Steve knelt down between his legs. “I know you’ve wanted this since you walked in through my gate the other day. And here’s a little confession of my own ..... I wanted it too. I think you noticed the bulge in my pants. So to hell with that doctor/patient thing. Here’s your reward, kiddo.”

Steve leaned forward, pressed his cock between the perfect globes of Pablo’s ass and eased inside him. Pablo sighed deeply as he felt the huge shaft slide in deep, something he had

longed for since he arrived here. He placed the palms of his hands on the mounds of Steve's chest and gazed up at the gorgeous, rugged face and muscular body. He was being fucked by Randy's brother ..... the civilized one ..... kind, wise and patient.

Steve's voice was gentle. "You're a good boy, Pablo. Just don't fuck up again, OK?"

"I'll do my best, sir," and Steve was treated to Pablo's crooked smile.

It was a warm, loving fuck, the climax to Pablo's journey with this incredible man. In time he felt the cock inside him move with increased urgency and he dug his fingers into Steve's chest. As Steve had predicted, there was no need to jerk off. The ecstatic boy stared into Steve's eyes and said, "Now, sir?"

"Now Pablo..... at last." And their cocks erupted together, man and boy, finally venting the pressure that had been building in them for days. Tears of relief were flowing down Pablo's face. He felt at peace for the first time. He loved Steve ..... but he was ready to go home.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next afternoon, a Saturday, the house was quiet. Randy had taken the men out to look at a prospective construction job he was bidding on. The boys were all home. Jamie was upstairs in the office. Darius had sent Eddie down to the kitchen to lend a hand to Nate and the twins as they prepared the evening meal. Darius was alone in his bedroom ..... waiting.

At last he heard tentative footsteps on the stairs, the door opened ..... and Pablo came in. He closed the door behind him and stood nervously, acutely aware that the last time they had been in the room together he had beaten Darius savagely and then injured Eddie. He could barely look at Darius whose stony gaze was cold, inscrutable. Darius broke the silence, speaking as if picking up a conversation in progress.

"Just for the record, dude, when you last saw me here I had just washed off the dirt of the construction site after work. I had just stepped naked from the shower and was giving a welcoming hug to my guest, Eddie. That's all it was, and I was glad to see you until you went ballistic. That was all it was. Since then Eddie has slept with me. We held each other but I did not have sex with him out of respect for you ..... a respect you don't deserve."

Pablo looked at his lover with tears in his eyes. "I've been an asshole, Darius"

"Yeah, no argument there. But you're *my* asshole, dude, and that's all we have to work with right now. Shit, you made me angry ..... I still am. You know me, kid, the class clown ..... I can laugh anything off. But not this time. This is serious stuff. I brought a guest into this house, a shy young kid who looks up to me ..... thinks I'm hot stuff ..... trusts me to protect him like a master. And the first thing he sees is me getting beat up by my lover. How d'you think that made him feel ..... how do you think it made *me* feel?"

His angry tone was tinged with sorrow. "I'm the guy who loves you, dude, and you did this! No, man, this time you went way over the top and you have to pay. You have to make amends to the other boys and most of all to me."

"I know," Pablo said in a small voice.

"OK. Get your sorry ass down to the basement." Pablo had never heard this commanding tone before, never seen this new, tough Darius, and he left the room. Darius flipped open his phone and called Jamie. "Hey dude, do me a favor. In twenty minutes go down to the twins, Nate and Eddie in the kitchen. Get them together and all of you come down to the basement. Something we have to do. Thanks, man." Darius clenched his jaw, his eyes flashed.

\*\*\*\*\*

The boys, of course, all knew the basement gym well, all except for Eddie who followed them downstairs wide-eyed and nervous. At the door they all stopped in their tracks, gazing at a scene that up to now they had seen only in porn. Pablo was on his knees with his back to the wall. His hands were tied behind him and round his neck was a wide, black leather collar. It was attached by a short chain to a hook in the wall behind his head.

Next to him stood Darius, and he took their breath away. He was dressed in heavy black boots, the leather pants Zack had given him, and Zack's leather vest that hung open over his muscular chest. He was the ultimate icon of a tough black leather-boy. Despite the circumstances, Jamie smiled inwardly as he thought that Darius could never do anything, even something as important as this, without a heavy touch of fantasy.

Fantasy or not, Darius was all business. "OK, guys, I want you to look at this man." He grabbed Pablo's hair and pulled his head back so his face gazed abjectly up at them. "A few days ago he shamed our house by committing the sin of attacking all the boys, including a young guest of the house. He insulted you all, and he has to make amends to you all. The masters have let me take charge of his punishment. Eddie, go and stand by the wall and watch. I want you to see how this house deals with men who betray us."

Eddie quickly obeyed and stood watching in awed silence. Deep down he was thrilled by the sight of the man he idolized, in full leather and taking charge. There was a heavy silence as the boys all instinctively acquiesced to Darius's leadership role. After all, he was Pablo's lover and he had been the one most injured. "Jamie," Darius said. "You're the senior boy there, so you go first." He jerked Pablo's head back further, and the reflex made his jaw sag open.

Jamie walked forward and spoke quietly to Pablo. "I agree with Darius, dude. You hurt me and humiliated me and my friends. Now it's your turn." He ripped open his shorts and pulled out his stiff cock. He pushed Pablo's head back against the wall and jammed his cock

hard into his mouth. Pablo gagged and swallowed hard as his friend's cock plunged deep into the back of his throat. Jamie held his head in a vise-like grip as he pounded his face.

He growled, "You were my friend, Pablo, but this is what I think of you now," and his cock became a piston, ramming into his mouth. But Jamie took after his master, Mark, who as a cop hated physical violence, and the boy did not want to prolong the agony. He pulled his cock almost out of the mouth, paused, and then thrust his hips forward, pushing his rod far down the throat where it exploded, making the bound victim gag on the burst of hot juice.

Pablo choked desperately and would have passed out but the cock pulled out right away. Jamie held it still and blasted more streams of cum into the agonized face, watching with satisfaction as the semen mixed with the tears already flowing down Pablo's cheeks. Pablo was still gasping as Jamie stepped away and had a quiet word with Nate.

Nate came forward and said quietly in his soft Australian accent, "You were one of my best mates, Pablo, but you really hurt me, and all I was doing was trying to stop the fight. So I have to do this to you, mate." Pablo tugged against his collar but he was helpless and Nate drove his cock into his mouth just as Jamie had done. It took only a minute for him to feel the cum racing through his cock, and then erupting in Pablo's throat. Following Jamie's example, Nate pulled out and most of his orgasm was spent pouring over Pablo's face.

Pablo was coughing and choking desperately and his head fell forward in pain and humiliation. But Darius quickly pulled it up again and looked over at the twins. More reticent than the others they came forward and Kevin said, "Our master, Bob, has always told us that violence is never the answer. But you used violence on us, Pablo, and we don't know why. We never hurt you. You were our friend." Kyle took over. "You called us 'Bob's lackeys' and that really hurt. So we have to do this, Pablo."

There followed a long session of pain and humiliation for Pablo as the twins took it in turns to fuck his cum-soaked face. Through a blur of tears and semen Pablo saw first one twin then the other fuck his mouth, handing off to each other repeatedly until he lost all sense of which twin was pounding his face. Breathing through his nose, swallowing hard, he used every technique he had learned from sucking Randy's huge cock, but still he felt he might pass out.

Relief came suddenly as the twins stopped and Pablo gazed up at them. He saw two identical faces, identical cocks pointing at him, and two streams of hot semen slam into his face. He was blinded as the cum kept pouring from the two cocks. His exhausted jaw fell open and he gulped hard and often, tasting the bitter-sweet juice flowing from of the beautiful twins.

Then it was over. Darius grabbed his hair again and forced him to look up at the boys who had humiliated him. The beautiful young face sobbed in degradation, smothered in the cum of four boys. "Those are the men you hurt, Pablo, and they have had their revenge. Now it's my turn."

\*\*\*\*\*

It didn't take long for Darius to set up what he wanted. The boys had joined Eddie, watching what the black leather-boy would do next. Pablo was now lying face-down splayed over a work-out bench, his wrists and ankles tied to the legs. There was a mirror facing him and Darius pulled his head up so he could see his reflection. His voice was harsh.

"I brought my friend to this house, a boy who respects me and looks up to me, a boy I should have protected. I brought him to meet you, my lover, and you attacked us both. Now you will make amends to us both." He eyes travelled down to the hard, white globes of Pablo's vulnerable ass. "That beautiful ass is one I have always loved, dude. I've had my dick inside it so many times when I made love to you. But now, man, I have to hurt it ..... I have to."

Darius picked up from the floor a whip, a cat o' nine tails with a dozen long braids of leather. He raised his arm, hesitated, then lashed it down over the helpless ass, watching the mounds bounce under the fury of the whip. Pablo made no sound ..... at first. But now all of Darius's buried anger came to the surface and, as he glimpsed his young friend Eddie in the corner, he shouted, "This is from both of us, asshole, my young friend and me."

Darius's strength came from rage, a desire to avenge his friend, and a need to redeem himself in Eddie's eyes after having been beaten and humiliated before him. He went wild, thrashing the ass with brutal lashes again and again until Pablo was screaming in pain. The ass that had been pristine white was now a mass of angry red stripes ..... it was on fire. Darius saw in the mirror Pablo's agonized face gazing up at him, eyes streaming with tears as he began to beg.

"Please, man, I can't take any more. I'm sorry I hurt you. I lost my mind ..... please forgive me, man. Please stop hurting me. I submit to you, sir ..... I love you."

But Darius would not give up until Jamie walked quietly forward and grabbed his wrist. Imitating what Mark had done so often when he intervened in fights, Jamie whispered to him, "That's enough, buddy. He's had enough. Don't hurt him anymore. He's your lover, man."

As if coming out of a trance Darius gazed at Jamie like he was seeing him for the first time. But he obeyed his friend's calm voice and threw the whip down. Then he turned and looked down at the ravaged ass, the ass he loved, now flaming scarlet with the marks of the lash. He was confused for an instant ..... didn't know what to do. There was only one thing he could do.

He fell on his knees, gazed at the wounded ass and stroked it. Running on instinct he pulled his huge cock out of his pants, pressed the tip between the injured globes and eased it gently inch by inch into the depths of his lover's ass. He heard Pablo gasp as his wiry black pubic hair scraped against the tender flesh of his ass, so he pulled back, then pushed again into the silky depths of the ass he loved so much. He saw in the mirror the reflection of Pablo looking up at him, his face wet with tears and cum. And through his sobs Pablo pleaded.

“Please, buddy ..... please forgive me. Please show me you still love me, man. Fuck my ass .... it’s yours, dude. Man, I love you so much ..... I can’t lose you. I promise I’ll never hurt you again. Please tell me you forgive me. Please, Darius .....

Whether it was his lover’s words or the exquisite sensation of his cock inside him, Darius melted. Tears filled his eyes too as he said softly, “I forgive you, dude. I wanted to forgive right from the start ..... I just had to do this to you first. It’s all over now. All I want to do now is love you, man, love that gorgeous ass. Let me show you.”

The boys watched in awe as the huge ten-inch cock pulled out then glided back deep inside the ass, again and again as the two lovers wept silently. Jamie put his arm round Eddie and said in his ear, “That’s love, Eddie. They’re a great couple. And they’d make perfect masters for a boy ..... if the boy wanted it.”

“I do, sir,” Eddie whispered. “More than anything.”

They heard Darius speaking softly to Pablo. “OK, kiddo, we’re lovers again. Let’s show each other. Let’s show the guys. Hell, it takes more than one little fight to break us up. You ready, dude?”

“Yes, sir,” Pablo whispered. “I’m ready.”

Darius pulled back and shouted, “Here it comes, guys. We’re back!” He plunged back in and the lovers came together in two spectacular orgasms ..... a display of contrition by one, forgiveness by the other, and a love shared by two boys so solid it could never be destroyed.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was early evening before Randy and the men got back to the house, having visited several sites of promising future construction projects. The long table by the pool was already set for dinner and as the men hadn’t eaten all day they took their places right away.

The boys all appeared from the kitchen, chatting amiably, and the men knew instantly that Darius had been true to his word and taken care of the situation. There was an aura of leadership about him, a confidence to his stride, and the boys gathered round him in a subtle display of respect and admiration.

There were other signs too. Before Pablo sat down the twins grabbed a cushion from a chaise and placed it on his chair. He lowered himself onto it gingerly, with barely a wince as his ass touched the seat. Darius sat Eddie between himself and Pablo and the boy positively glowed with excitement. Bob whispered to Randy, “Hmm .... interesting. Can’t wait to see what develops there. Looks like our boys are growing up.”

Zack, on Darius's other side, threw his arm over his shoulder and said in his ear, "Well done, kiddo. I'm real proud of you. You're my man ..... and I always reward my man ..... later."

Randy leaned over to Pablo and whispered, "Welcome back kid. Maybe you can give me half an hour later ..... that's if you ass is not too sore."

Pablo's crooked grin was back. "Never too sore for you, sir."

Just then Hassan, Steve and Lloyd came in, having driven down from Steve's house together. The twins came out with the food and, with the party complete, Bob stood up and cleared his throat. "OK, guys, just a word before we eat. It's been a kind of a rough few days but I have a feeling things are pretty much on track, thanks in large part to Steve and Darius.

"Also, I'd like to welcome Eddie among us. I understand you have a couple more days off work, Eddie, so you'll be staying here with Darius and Pablo. All I can say to that is ..... 'Enjoy!' Oh and one last thing. Adam called from Sydney to say he'll be here in a couple of days .... has a three-day layover."

"Yeah, I heard about that," Zack said with a lascivious grin. "I need to get reacquainted with that hot Aussie stud."

"So that's about it," said Bob. "Any questions?"

"Yeah," shouted Randy. "When the fuck are we gonna eat?"

Bob sat down, grinned and murmured in his ear ..... "Asshole."

# # #

## **Chapter 146 – The New Boy is Broken In**

After all the trauma of the last few days the meal was a raucous affair and all their tension was released in a blast of boisterous conversation and bawdy laughter. And it was all totally overwhelming to the shy young man sitting between Pablo and Darius. Being a newcomer to this group of gorgeous, muscle-stud masters and their handsome young boys would have intimidated anyone, but Eddie had got off to an unusually rocky start.

Eddie idolized the handsome black muscle-boy and a few weeks back had watched in awe as Darius had put on a stunning sex show with Zack in Palm Springs. Of course, Darius had told Eddie about his lover Pablo and in a masterstroke of unintended irony had said, "Can't wait for you two to meet. Pablo's a real hot dude and he's gonna love you."

With these expectations Eddie had been terrified by Pablo's blaze of anger and physical attack and had run blindly from the house, only to be met and brought back by the hottest looking cop he had ever seen. That turned out to be Mark, who already had a boy, a gorgeous blond surfer-type named Jamie who took Eddie's breath away. His mind was already spinning when he met the other men in quick succession, all so beautiful that Eddie felt totally intimidated.

Working in the Palm Springs bar he had met many men but nothing like these muscle-studs. He had been scared to death of the big macho boss man, the one they called Randy, and he still was. But his lover, Bob, was too good to be true, with the looks of a Superman but kind and gentle, constantly checking to see if Eddie was OK. Then there was Nate with his sexy Australian accent, and the gorgeous young twins who were Bob's boys and the house chefs.

"I don't think I can handle all this, sir," Eddie had said to Darius just after he had met everyone. "These guys are so far out of my league ..... why would they want a kid like me in the house?"

"Because you're my friend," said Darius with a gleaming smile. "They love and respect me, so they'll like you too. They're great guys when you get to know them. Don't be fooled by what Pablo did ..... he was just temporarily out of his mind and he'll be punished."

Eddie had watched the punishment by the boys in awe, and when he saw Darius in full leather whipping Pablo's ass he had been so turned on that he quietly creamed his shorts. There was even in the dark recesses of his mind a new feeling that he would not even admit to himself ..... a desire to take Pablo's place on the bench and have Darius work on him instead.

And now here he was, after the celebratory dinner, in the shower before bed, a bed he was to share with Darius and Pablo. He was so nervous he was shivering, even under the streams of hot water.

Darius and Pablo were relaxing in the bedroom with their last beer of the day and Darius asked, "So, what do you think of him, dude?"

"He's cute, real cute," said Pablo. "Bit thin for my taste but I can soon beef him up a bit in the gym. Nice face, handsome in a boyish kind of way, but I just wish he wasn't so nervous all the time. Hardly says a word."

"Hey dude, give him a break, it's all so new to him. He's 21, though he looks much younger, and came to California from Nebraska two years ago. Since then he's been working as bar-back in that leather bar in the Springs, living alone in a one-room apartment. And suddenly he finds himself in this house with all these spectacular guys and..... hey, talk about culture shock. Of course he's tongue tied. You would be too ..... well, maybe not you, dude.

"Anyway, he leads a pretty sheltered life. When we were in the desert he told me he doesn't have much sex, just an occasional blow-job in the back room of the bar. Mostly he gets off on porn videos and pictures in magazines." He laughed. "Says some of the pictures look like me."

“Yeah, well, It’s obvious he’s crazy about you, man,” said Pablo. Can’t keep his eyes off you, like a drooling puppy. And after you worked me over in the basement in that leather outfit (which looked pretty awesome, I have to say) I could swear he shot a load in his pants, judging by the wet stain at his crotch. No doubt about it ..... he wants to be your boy, kiddo.”

Darius shifted uncomfortably. “Yeah, well about that ..... see, I’m not too good at this master thing. I think I was doing fine until you went ballistic and beat me up in front of him. Shit, man, I wanted you to meet him so you could help me out. I mean, you’re so macho, like a young version of Randy, that together we could .... I dunno ..... be kinda special for him. And I want us to do it together. After all, if he’s gonna be my boy he has to really like my lover.”

“No problem, dude,” said Pablo, puffed up and flattered by Darius’s words. Assuming a macho tone of voice he said, “Be glad to help you out, man. I know just what the boy needs. Quiet, here he comes.”

Darius was nervous at Pablo’s tone, fearing that he would pull attitude and put on his ‘senior boy’ macho act, but he was surprised at Pablo’s easy-going friendly greeting as Eddie stepped naked from the bathroom drying himself off.

“Hey, Eddie, you’re looking good, kid. Yeah, real good. Turn round a minute.” Nervously Eddie obeyed and Pablo said, “Wow, Darius, look at that ass .... real sweet. You’re a looker, Eddie my boy, no doubt about that.” Eddie turned to face them again with a nervous smile, blushing deeply. “You could use some extra muscle, though. What say while you’re here I take you to the gym downstairs and set you up with a routine?” He laughed. “That basement isn’t just used for punishing crazy guys, you know.”

Eddie’s grin was wider now and he said, “That would be great, sir. I’ve always wanted to go to a gym but I was nervous that I wouldn’t know what to do.”

“Well, kid, you’ve come to the best .... I’ll take care of you. OK, Darius, our turn in the shower.”

Eddie stood and watched wide-eyed as the boys pulled off their T-shirts, kicked off their sneakers, dropped their jeans and shorts and tossed their clothes in a pile in the corner. He was a picture as he stood their gaping at the beautiful naked young men, one muscled young stud with a dark Mestizo look and the other a young black bodybuilder. He dropped his towel on the floor and his cock rose quickly until it stood out like a rod before him.

Pablo and Darius laughed. “Hell,” Pablo said, “not a bad piece of meat, either, especially when it’s standing to attention like that. OK, wanna help us out in the shower, Eddie, soap us up and all? ..... Not that I want you to feel like our body slave or anything.”

Eddie didn’t mind that idea at all ..... not at all!

\*\*\*\*\*

Darius and Pablo were in high spirits after their earlier sexual reconciliation in front of the boys. Pablo grabbed Darius's cock and towed him toward the bathroom. "Come on dude ..... should be plenty of room for all of us and this ten-inch weapon of yours." They jostled each other noisily into the shower but as the water started Eddie hung back. This was overload for him ..... he was dazzled ..... like a deer in headlights.

What Darius had said was true. Most of Eddie's sexual experiences up to now had been in the realm of fantasy, especially in Nebraska where he didn't know any guys who were turned on by men (or thought he didn't.) Lonely as hell he had finally screwed up his courage and got on a Greyhound bus for California. But even after he wound up in Palm Springs he spent most nights alone in his room with porn videos, the Internet and muscle magazines.

When he had met Darius and Zack he thought they had stepped right out of the pages of one of his magazines. And now this house! ..... full of pornographically beautiful guys, like the fitness models he had often jerked off to. He had spent several nights in Darius's arms in bed but there had been no sex, as Darius was being faithful to Pablo. And now he was going to share a bed with both of them! Part of him wanted to go and jump in his old truck and high-tail it back to the safety of his little room in the Springs with his porn.

But his muddled thoughts were interrupted by Darius's voice. "Hey, kid, get your ass in here. There are two guys in here who need your help." Tentatively Eddie slid open the shower door and walked in. It was a big shower with two gushing shower heads as this suite had been designed and built by Randy for Mark and Jamie, and when they moved to a large apartment downstairs the boys had moved in. So there was room for Eddie to hang back against the tiled wall, not sure what was expected of him.

Darius was eager for Eddie to lose his fear of Pablo and for Pablo to like the boy. Seeing his reticence Darius said, "OK Eddie, grab the soap and lather up my friend here. Make him feel good." Eddie picked up the bar of soap and ran it slowly over the bulging muscles of Pablo's chest. When it was covered in foam he dropped the soap and ran his hands over the body, starting with the broad shoulders, down over the V of his lats, then back over the slabs of his pecs, over the hard, six-pack abs and down to the slim, tight waist.

It was a gorgeous body and it hypnotized the awestruck boy, whose cock was raging hard. When his hands brushed over Pablo's nipples Eddie saw him take a sharp intake of breath and his face broke into his irresistible crooked grin. "Hell, you sure know how to make a man feel good, kid. Do that again."

Eddie ran the backs of his fingers over the foam-covered nipples and watched the handsome young face wince with sexual delight. "Shit that feels good," Pablo moaned. "Come on, kid, squeeze them .... do it hard." Eddie did as instructed, pressing his fingertips hard on the

nipples. Slick with soap they slid off, causing Pablo to gasp. Again Eddie squeezed, again they slid off and again he squeezed, time after time.

The feeling was driving Pablo wild. His head thrashed from side to side, his wet hair flying and his voice rose. "Oh man, that is making me so fucking hot. Dude," he said to Darius, "this boy of yours is something else. Shit it's giving me such a fucking hard-on." Suddenly Pablo grabbed Eddie's wrists and held them against his chest in a vise-like grip. "Harder, man, harder. You're turning me on like crazy, boy ..... I love it!"

Eddie gazed into the beautiful, exotic young face and, losing all his inhibitions, went to work on Pablo's tits. The soap had washed off of Pablo's chest now so the fingers didn't slide off and he was able to hold on, twisting the hard nipples in his wet fingers. He saw the face writhing in ecstasy and gazed at the sculpted chest that flexed under his touch. He had never done anything like this, never felt the thrill of turning on a boy as beautiful as Pablo. He lost all control, punishing Pablo's tits, hearing him moan .... and then ..... "Aaagh".

The scream echoed round the shower and Eddie saw a stream of white juice splash against Pablo's washboard abs. He blinked, not knowing what had happened. Then his eyes opened in shock. It was *his* orgasm, not Pablo's. The feel, the sight of this beautiful boy had been too much for him and he had shot his load all over Pablo.

His hands dropped and he tried to cover his erection in shame. "Oh, sir, I think I just busted my load. I couldn't help it, sir, you were so beautiful, I just couldn't ..... I'm sorry, sir. Please forgive me. Don't send me out, I'll try to do better ....."

His desperate voice was drowned out with laughter ..... it was Darius. "Hell, Eddie, you don't have to apologize because a man is so hot he makes you cum. It's a big compliment. Anyway, I've often shot my wad just looking at this gorgeous lover of mine." Darius had loved the sight of Eddie turning Pablo on so much. Just what he had hoped for. Pablo had his back to the shower and Darius saw that some of Eddie's cum had not washed off and was still dripping down Pablo's abs.

"Hmm," Darius said, "only thing is, Eddie, you just pumped a shit-load of jism on my lover's stomach. You gotta do something about that. What d'ya think kid?"

"Yes, sir," Eddie stammered. "Right away, sir."

He leaned forward and licked the cleft between Pablo's pecs, where a few drops of his cum had reached. His cock was instantly hard again as he buried his face between the twin mounds of the chest and tasted the velvet-smooth skin. Slowly he sank to his knees, letting his tongue trail down from the chest and over the hard ridges of Pablo's abs. Now he could taste his own cum and he went to work licking and kissing the tight stomach.

He was overwhelmed by the incredible sensation of servicing this perfect body and his inhibitions were drowned in a rush of desire. When he had cleaned the abs his tongue licked lower until he tasted Pablo's wiry pubic hair. He buried his face in the tangle of hair, wallowing in the musky male scent as he inhaled deeply.

Suddenly Pablo turned round and Eddie got a close-up view of his incredible ass, the white globes crisscrossed with the red marks of Darius's whip. Instinctively he leaned forward and began to lick the ass lightly, trying to bring relief to the injured flesh. He heard Pablo's satisfied sigh and felt the hard mounds flex under his tongue. When Pablo eventually turned back around Eddie found himself facing the rigid shaft of Pablo's cock. He raised his head and gazed pleadingly up at the handsome boy towering over him.

"You wanna drink my cum?" Pablo said. "Go for it, boy. Make me shoot a load in your mouth."

The words whipped Eddie into a frenzy. He gazed at the rock-hard cock and lowered his mouth onto it, pushing forward without hesitation until the head came to rest deep in his throat. Up to now the only sex Eddie had had with men was blow-jobs, so one thing he did know about was how to suck cock. And he now went to town on this beautiful boy whose stiff rod was like a piston in his mouth. He gulped, sucked and clenched his throat muscles hard.

"Oh, shit, man," Pablo yelled, "this is fucking awesome. Damn, you're a great cocksucker, boy. Come on Darius, work my tits, man." Darius reached forward and squeezed his lover's nipples that were already sore from Eddie's work on them. And it sent Pablo over the top. "That's it, guys. I'm gonna cum! Get ready, boy ..... drink that juice .... all of it .... aaagh..."

Eddie felt the cock explode in his mouth and he gulped frantically as he felt torrents of warm, bitter-sweet liquid pour down his throat. He couldn't believe it ..... he was drinking the juice of this gorgeous young stud, swallowing it, every last drop. His body shuddered and he screamed into the gag of the bulging cock filling his mouth while his own cock blasted another load of cum onto the tiled floor.

When he had drained every drop of Pablo's juice he pulled his head back and gazed up at him with tears streaming down his face. Pablo smiled down at him, but it was Darius who spoke.

"Hey, kiddo ..... remember me? OK, so you did a great number on my man here, but I seem to recall that you like black cock."

"I do, sir .... I do." Eddie suddenly realized with a shock that he had neglected Darius. How could he ..... the man he idolized?"

"OK, then, kiddo, get to work on this big black club .... all ten inches of it."

Eddie gazed at the huge piece of horse-meat, held it in his palm and stroked his cheek against it. It was the biggest cock he had ever seen; he had sucked it before, in the desert, and he was

in love with it. He lowered his head and licked the low-hanging balls. He buried his face in the thick pubic hair, then slowly ran his tongue up the whole length of the cock to the head, where he licked the hard ring, the corona, driving Darius wild. "Oh man, Pablo was right, you are an awesome cocksucker. Now take it all, boy."

Eddie's jaws ached but he opened his mouth wide and breathed frantically through his nose as he felt the thick shaft slide down into him, inch after endless inch. "Wow, you're good," Darius moaned. "Not many guys can take ten black inches like that." But like any good master, he knew that Eddie was reaching his limit so he went easy on him. Pablo returned Darius's earlier favor and squeezed his nipples while Darius eased his hips forward and felt his cock start to pulse. "OK, boy, here it comes. And don't you dare spill a drop."

For the second time in as many minutes Eddie felt a cock erupt in his mouth ..... and it was a gusher. Obeying Darius's instructions he swallowed eagerly, gulping stream after stream of thick juice as it poured down his throat, unaware that he had just shot his own third load of cum. The boy was in ecstasy, spinning in a world of pure animal lust ..... he was dreaming, floating, everything was going dark ..... And then suddenly the cock pulled out of his mouth and he felt himself being lifted up by strong hands under his arms.

He swayed on unsteady feet but he felt arms fold round him and he was aware of two smiling faces as mouths pressed against his and he felt tongues probing into his mouth. Darius and Pablo ..... two beautiful lovers. They were hugging him, kissing him, and the thought ran through his mind that if he died right now it didn't matter. He was already in heaven, after all.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ten minutes later Eddie was lying in bed between the two men he had just serviced. They had showered off all the bodily juices, dried off and fallen into bed. "Good," said Darius. "Now we got all that sex out of the way we can finally all go to sleep together ..... although...." He laughed as his hand wound round Eddie's stiff erection. "Shit, boy, you don't quit do you?"

Eddie smiled shyly. "It's always like that when I'm with you, sir. But I am ready for sleep."

Pablo detected a note in his voice and said, "You sound almost relieved, kiddo."

Eddie blushed deeply. "Well, sir," he stammered nervously, "to tell the truth I ..... I was kinda scared ..... like, scared you were gonna try and fuck me, sir." Then he blurted out, "I know I should have told you this right from the start, Darius, but .... well the thing is ..... I can't get fucked in the ass. Lots of guys have tried, but it always hurts like hell so it's never gonna happen." Tears sprang to his eyes and he pleaded, "Sir, I'm sure you both want to fuck me, sir, but is that a deal-breaker? I mean .... if you don't want me to stay I'll go away now, sir."

"Hey, hey, hey," Darius said gently, "did I say anything about sending you away? After the way you worked us over in the shower? That's crazy talk, kid, and I don't want to hear it again."

Any further conversation was cut off by Pablo's cell phone ringing and he picked up, guessing who it was. "Yes, sir. Right away, sir." He snapped the phone shut and said. "Gotta go, guys. Back in about an hour." He jumped out of bed, pulled on his shorts and left the room.

Eddie looked at Darius with a puzzled frown and Darius smiled. "That was Randy ..... wants to fuck him. It's been a couple of days, what with Pablo being up at Steve's and all. That's something you should know, kid. When your master calls, you go ..... pronto."

\*\*\*\*\*

Darius was right of course. When Pablo walked into the master bedroom Randy and Bob were sprawled in chairs, wearing just undershorts. Pablo stood to attention in front of Randy, who said, "So kiddo, I guess your ass is still sore but you know what I want. Lose the shorts and turn around." Pablo obeyed and Randy whistled, "Whew, Darius sure did a number on your ass. Sure you can still get fucked?"

"Yes, sir. Absolutely, sir."

As Pablo turned back round and pulled up his shorts Bob smiled to himself. He assumed that Pablo and Darius had just now been playing the part of masters, working on the eager young kid who was obviously longing to be their boy. And yet here Pablo was, standing before his master, being the perfect obedient boy. Still, Bob thought, not so much different from his own situation. To all appearances Bob was the quintessential alpha male, dominant, respected, obeyed. And yet before the sexual magnetism of Randy he felt more like a slave, willing, eager to take whatever the master dished out.

"So what's been going on, kiddo?" Randy asked. "You two made that young Eddie your boy yet? A word of advice on that. Go easy on him. You remember at the lake how you came on too strong with the twins? They had Bob to protect them and you had me to show you how it's done. But that kid's all alone. You two are all he has. It's a big responsibility.

"I know that, sir. And we really like him."

"Did you both fuck him?"

"No, sir. He idolizes Darius, of course, and likes me I think, and he gives spectacular blow-jobs, but he says that he doesn't take it up the ass. He can't .... it hurts too much."

"Bullshit," said Randy. "He'll get fucked if it's done right. And it had better be one of you who fucks him first. You know very well that you always remember your first and usually fall in love with the guy." He paused and there was a twinkle in his eye. "You remember your first?"

Pablo blushed. "Yes, sir, of course. It was my twenty-first birthday and for my present you said I could choose any of the guys to be the first one to fuck me."

"Yeah, and you chose Bob. I was real pissed about that at the time." Pablo winced. "OK, OK, I don't blame you. I would have probably jackhammered you senseless but Bob gave you just what you needed ..... a gentle fuck by the most beautiful guy in the world. Remember?"

"Of course, sir." Pablo looked shyly at Bob and Randy saw the look that passed between them.

Randy grinned. "You two wanna go again? With the state your ass is in you need someone real tender to ease you open ..... then I'll take over."

Bob stood up and dropped his shorts. "How about it, Pablo? I'm game if you are?"

Pablo didn't need to answer. His cock was sticking out under his shorts like a tent pole. Bob laughed, "I'll take that as a yes."

They both dropped their shorts and Pablo lay on his back on the bed. Bob knelt between his legs, pushed them up and pressed his cock against his hole. He smiled at Pablo. "Long time since we did this, eh? Remember that first time, kiddo?"

"Absolutely, sir. I'll never forget that. I still even beat off thinking about it."

"Well here it is again." Bob eased his cock slowly into his ass just as he had then, and as Pablo looked up at the gorgeous face and spectacular body it was as if he was again getting fucked for the first time, only now it didn't hurt at all. It was magical ..... getting fucked by this magnificent man, Randy's lover, the man Pablo loved so much. It was long, loving and gentle and Pablo gazed in awe at the muscular body rising and falling above him, his cock massaging his ass. Finally he heard Bob's soft, deep voice. "You want to cum with me, Pablo?"

"Yes please, sir."

"OK then, here we go." And with only soft sighs they both felt their juice rising through their cocks and spurting out of them, Bob's into the boy's trembling ass and Pablo's over his own body. Pablo looked up and felt himself drowning in the deep brown, smiling eyes. Bob leaned forward and kissed Pablo, then pulled his cock out and stood up.

"OK, kid." Randy's authoritarian voice changed the mood in an instant. "So, I guess you shot your load with young Eddie back there in your room?"

"Yes, sir ..... in his mouth ..... in the shower."

"And now Bob made you cum again." He grinned at Bob. "Of course he did .... no one can ever resist that gorgeous stud. OK, so you think I can make it three in a row?"

“Always, sir,” and Pablo’s crooked grin was back.

Randy was powerful and insistent as ever. In seconds he was inside his boy’s ass with none of the finesse of his lover. Sore ass or not Pablo knew it would get pounded and it did ..... and he loved it. His ball-sac must have been near dry but when he was being jackhammered by his magnificent master there was never any question ..... he could always shoot a load. And he did. Randy was the ultimate master and pushed his boy up to his pain threshold, then over it for an instant, making the boy scream. And it was at that moment that they both blasted their loads together, master and boy.

\*\*\*\*\*

A few minutes later Randy lay on his back on the bed, hands propped behind his head, watching with pride as his boy stood up, pulling on his shorts. There was an arrogance in Randy’s smile as he saw Bob looking back at him with love and admiration. As always the boss had orchestrated everything: Bob had fucked Randy’s boy; then Randy had hammered the kid, making him cum again as he always could. And now his boy was going back to his room to play the master with a new young kid. No doubt about it, Randy was the ultimate boss. Don’t get much better than this, he thought.

As Pablo turned to leave, Bob stood up and hugged him, whispering in his ear. “Eddie’s a good boy, Pablo. Promise me you and Darius will take care of him.”

“We will, sir. I promise.”

“And ..... you know how you chose me as your first all that time ago? Let Eddie choose too.”

As Pablo crossed the garden and went up to his room he was puffed with his performance for Randy and with the confidence Bob had shown in him. He was ready to be master again. But when he walked through the door he stopped. On the bed Eddie was lying with his head on Darius’s chest, with Darius’s arm wrapped protectively round him. They were both fast asleep, Eddie in the arms of his hero, doubtless dreaming of the thrills of today and those yet to come.

So much for playing master, Pablo thought. Instead he slipped quietly into the bed beside Eddie, pressed gently against him, and in minutes he too fell asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

Early next morning the guys were in the basement gym. True to his word Pablo was ready to set Eddie up with a beginner’s workout routine and Darius was there to keep an eye on things. He knew how cocky Pablo could get when he was in macho mode, swaggering around the gym as if he were the ultimate trainer, with lingo to match..... “Come on, man, push ..... three more .... you can do it ..... OK, hold it, hold it ..... looking good ..... awesome, man, good job!”

Actually, despite the bravado, Pablo knew his stuff and was putting Eddie through his paces without discouraging him, using light weights and basic exercises. And Eddie was clearly pumped ..... physically and mentally. Between sets he gazed eagerly at Pablo, his eyes shining with enthusiasm. Pablo had kitted him out with gym shorts and a tank top of his, which hung loosely on his slim frame. As Darius watched Eddie work his heart went out to the boy, moved by his gutsy determination and his obvious desire to be worthy of his new friends.

It wasn't lost on either Darius or Pablo that even under the baggy shorts Eddie's boner was at full mast. He had told Darius that it never went down when he was close to him and that obviously still held true, especially when Eddie was lying on the bench press and Pablo was standing behind his head, bending over him, legs wide apart.

"Not bad, guys .... not bad." The deep voice startled them and Eddie leapt to his feet, almost dropping the barbell. He turned to face Randy who had been watching unobserved in the doorway. Eddie took a deep breath and stood to attention, his jaw and fists clenched with fearful anticipation. Randy laughed. "Hey, at ease, kid, relax. I don't bite you know. Anyway, even if I did try anything you've got these two studs to protect you, and my boy here can be pretty useful with his fists ....." he grinned "..... as I believe you already found out."

Eddie was in total awe of Randy, the big boss right at the summit of the food chain as Eddie was right at the bottom. He had heard stories of his anger and believed them now as the tall rugged muscle-god stood there in gym shorts and a T-shirt stretched tightly over his sculpted chest .... an awesome, intimidating sight.

But Randy was still in his good mood from last night and he said, "OK, kid, let's take another look at that bench press." Eddie gasped as Randy pulled off his T-shirt. He was spellbound by the sight of the construction boss's incredible body ..... the slabs of his pecs, his wide lats and perfect eight-pack abs. He gazed at him in a trance, his cock pulsing in his shorts.

"Hey, Earth to Eddie ..... hello in there ....." Eddie shook his head and realized Randy was talking to him.

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir." Quickly he resumed his position lying on the bench. "OK," Randy said, "now this time try it with these dumbbells. Again Eddie's cock jumped as Randy hands touched his when he gave him the weights. "Right, here we go ..... I'll spot you." Standing behind Eddie's head he leaned forward and placed his hands under the dumbbells to assist him.

With his help Eddie had no trouble raising and lowering the weights ..... not physically anyway. But his strength drained from him as he looked up and saw Randy's massive cock hanging down under his shorts, just inches from his face. He tore his eyes from it and focused on the dark, swarthy face with the square, stubbled jaw, high cheek bones, piercing blue eyes and a shock of black hair falling over his forehead. Again his cock pulsed as he felt sweat dripping down on his face from Randy's chest.

“Come on, kid, concentrate. Now, good form is everything in these exercises ..... let’s see here. He crouched behind Eddie’s head, leaned forward and pressed his hands on the boy’s stomach. “See here? You were arching your back. No good ..... you’ve gotta keep the small of your back flat on the bench like this. OK, now work the dumbbells while I hold you flat. That’s it ..... better ..... you’re getting there, kid.”

Eddie managed to do as the boss told him but he was quickly losing any concentration he had left. Trouble was, as Randy stretched forward over his body his crotch came closer and closer to the boy’s face. Eddie could see the bulge in the shorts, see the outline of the thick cock underneath, and his breathing became ragged. The bulge came lower and lower until the shorts were brushing his face.

As Eddie worked the weights the movement made their bodies slide together, and soon the cock under the shorts was rubbing against his face. The gym shorts were old, thin, unwashed and Eddie inhaled the smell of the muscle-god’s cock, the sweat, the stink of dried piss and cum. It was overpowering ..... his body started to tremble ..... his cock was on fire .....

“Aaagh!” His strength left him, he dropped the weights and screamed into the gag of Randy’s bulging shorts as he felt his own cock erupt. Thinking the boy’s strength had given out Randy quickly stood up, and right away he saw the stain on Eddie’s shorts and the creamy liquid running down his legs.

“Oh, shit,” Randy grinned. “Guess I don’t know my own strength. Don’t worry, kid, I’ve had that effect on guys before. I’ll take it as a compliment. OK, guys, I guess you should take a break now. You did great, Eddie. Take care of him, guys. He’s a keeper.

\*\*\*\*\*

But Eddie was mortified. After Randy left the room he started to stammer apologies ..... “I’m sorry, sirs, I didn’t mean to do that. But Randy is so, I dunno .....

“I do,” laughed Pablo. “He’s the ultimate sexual turn-on. Shit, I couldn’t count the number of times he’s made me cum just looking at him. So stop apologizing, Eddie. You’re doing great.”

“Here.” Darius handed round protein drinks and they sat drinking them in silence. Darius began to detect a slight tension in the air and Eddie wouldn’t make eye contact with them. “So what’s up, kiddo? Why so nervous? Hell in the last twenty-four hours you’ve shot more loads of jism than most guys do in a week. You should be feeling great.” Silence again, and the boy still wouldn’t look up. Darius sensed what the problem might be. He cupped Eddie’s chin and made him look into his eyes. “Eddie .... is it about getting fucked? Is that it?”

Tears sprang to the boy's eyes as he said, "Yes, sir. I mean, I've cum looking at you and sucking your cock but really what I want most in the world is to feel your cock in my ass. But I can't ..... whenever I've tried before it hurts so much I have to stop."

"But you haven't tried with us. Do you want to try now? No pressure ..... no matter if it doesn't work ..... but do you want try, at least?"

Eddie replied in a very small voice, "Yes please, sir, I do." And suddenly Pablo took over.

"OK," Pablo said confidently. "Now the first time I got fucked Randy let me choose which of the guys I wanted. I chose Bob and it was great. So the same goes for you, kid. Which of us is it gonna be?" As the one who had been first to fuck Eddie's face in the shower, and had then guided him through his gym workout, Pablo considered himself the natural leader and the obvious choice.

Eddie hung his head and there was a long silence. Finally he raised his eyes and said, "Sir, I want you to be the first, sir." He was looking straight at Darius.

Pablo was a bit deflated but, after all, Bob had said Eddie had to choose. Besides, he couldn't wait to see his lover in action with the new boy. Darius took a deep breath, aware of the responsibility facing him. He took Eddie's hand and led him to the bed in the corner of the room. He pulled off the boy's gym clothes, then his own, and eased Eddie gently onto the bed. But Eddie panicked as he looked up at the huge ten-inch black cock swinging above him.

"Sir, I've only just shot my load with Randy. Do you think we should wait a bit?"

"Nah, all the better," Darius smiled. "That way you won't blast off the minute my dick pushes in your ass. Now I'm gonna ask you one last time, kid. Are you sure you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes please, sir."

"OK, now relax and take a deep breath." Darius knelt between his legs, pushed them up gently and rested the head of his cock against Eddie's hole. He smiled at the boy and very gently pushed forward. It took a while as his head pressed harder, but then all of a sudden it passed over the sphincter. Immediately Eddie pushed hard against Darius's chest and shouted, "No, I can't .... it hurts too much .... pull out sir, please ..... I can't"

Darius pulled out right away, and Eddie sobbed. "I'm sorry, sir. I knew it wouldn't work."

Darius simply smiled at him and once again pressed his cock against the boy's ass. "Now look into my eyes, Eddie, and tell me ..... do you want to be my boy?"

"Yes, sir ..... more than anything."

“OK. So my boy is gonna take his master’s cock in his ass, is that clear?” Again Darius pushed the head of his cock against the sphincter but again Eddie felt the pain and panicked. “I can’t .... I know I can’t. Please, sir....”

Darius smiled at him. “Eddie, sshh ..... relax. I’m inside you. My cock is inside your ass, kiddo.....” Eddie’s eyes opened wide and he was suddenly transformed. His body went limp, the pain dissolved and he gazed up at the beautiful face of the man he worshipped, his master.

“Thank you, sir,” he said, his eyes shining. “Please fuck me, sir. Please fuck my ass. I want to be your boy, sir.” He moaned and tossed his head in a daze as he felt the long black rod slide inside him, inch after inch after inch. Finally the head touched a point deep inside him that sent bolts of pleasure shooting through him, a sensation he had never felt before, could never have dreamed of in his wildest fantasies.

So the long, slow, tender fuck began, uniting the two as master and boy. As Darius felt the soft membrane of the virgin ass a wave of love for the boy swept over him and for the first time he understood the power and responsibility of being a master. Eddie was floating in a brand new world, a world where he had a master, whose long black cock was right now riding his ass.

Tears were flowing down Eddie’s face when he heard the gentle voice. “Now, boy, you’re gonna feel your master’s juice pouring inside your ass, and I want to watch you shoot your load. And that’s an order, Eddie.”

“Yes, sir,” Eddie said confidently. “I’m ready, sir.”

One last time Darius pushed his long shaft in slowly, deeper and deeper. “Here it comes, boy.” And his cock exploded in the warm depths of the boy’s virgin ass. “Aaah!” Eddie’s scream echoed round the room as his cock erupted in a huge ribbon of cum that rose in a high arc and splashed onto the chest of the man above him, his master. He was sobbing with joy as Darius fell forward onto him, his cock still in his ass, and kissed the boy’s mouth hungrily. Their lips ground together in a wild embrace, until Darius pulled back and gave him a dazzling smile.

“So that’s it, kid. You’ve just been fucked for the first time in your life. How does it feel to be my boy?”

“Better than anything I’ve ever felt in my whole entire life, sir.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Pablo had watched in awe and now joined them on the bed. “You were spectacular, dude,” he whispered into his lover’s ear. “I love you, man.” Darius smiled, “Me too, kid. And you know your ass is next.”

Their laughter was echoed by laughter from the garden upstairs. It was Nate, in the arms of a man in airline uniform. Adam had just arrived from Sydney on a three-day visit to see his boy.

“So what are we waiting for, mate?” Adam said. “Let’s go up to your room. And later we’ll go pay a visit on Hassan, eh?”

Nate was beaming. “Whatever you say, mate. You’re the boss.”

But just as they were leaving a deep voice interrupted, “Don’t forget about me, stud.” Adam looked up and saw Zack standing at the gate shirtless, his muscular torso gleaming in the sun.

Adam tensed. “Don’t worry, big guy, I’m aware we have some unfinished business. Later, man.” And he took his boy upstairs.

# # #

## **Chapter 147 – Nate’s Fantasy; Eddie’s Adventure; Adam’s Revenge**

The day was shaping up to be a busy one. Bob dropped into the kitchen to talk to the twins about dinner.

“Looks like a full house tonight, guys. Adam’s here, as you know. Hassan is coming over to spend the night with Adam and Nate. And Eddie will still be here ..... it’s his last night before going back to Palm Springs. Where are the other boys, by the way?”

“Oh, Nate’s still in his room with Adam,” grinned Kyle, “making up for lost time.” Kevin added, “Darius is across the street with Zack ..... said he needed to discuss something with him. Jamie’s up in the office and Pablo is down in the gym putting Eddie through another workout.”

“Jeez, so many boys,” Bob mused. “And so much going on. Gonna be a busy day .....”

\*\*\*\*\*

When Nate and Adam reached his room Nate’s excitement was tinged with an initial shyness. He was Adam’s boy alright but he only saw him when Adam worked a QANTAS flight to L.A. which he did about twice a month. The rest of the time Nate was Hassan’s boy, an arrangement they had all worked out the last time Adam was here. That was a couple of weeks ago so they were both in heat, dying to get reacquainted in the way they knew best.

Adam had come straight from the airport so he was still in his black QANTAS uniform. That of course is how Nate and Jamie had first met him, on the long flight from L.A. to Sydney. As they had watched the gorgeous flight attendant walk up and down the aisles of the cabin, both boys had fantasized about his body and mentally undressed him.

Well that fantasy was about to become a reality for Nate and he was alive with anticipation. Charged up as he was he still didn't fail to notice a subtle change in Adam ..... more dominant, somehow ..... more authoritarian than before. And Nate loved it, especially when Adam said, "Let's make it even more special this time eh? Remember what we did here that one time?" He inspected the bed posts and said, "Well, I guess you do remember ..... the ropes are still here. OK, boy, I think you know what to do.

Adam stood with his arms folded across his chest, watching his boy, who was trembling with excitement. They had got into bondage just once, when Adam had tied him to the bed, and it was that image that Nate jerked off to when he thought of Adam, which he did a lot. And now it was happening again. Nate quickly pulled off his T-shirt and dropped his shorts, standing naked before him still wearing his sneakers, a look that he knew turned Adam on.

"Good boy," said Adam. OK, next....."

Nate fell on his back on the bed and stretched out his arms and legs in a spread-eagled position. Adam walked round the bed rubbing the crotch of his uniform pants as he surveyed his boy. "Oh, yeah, that's what I remember ..... my naked boy waiting for me to fuck him." He leaned across Nate to tie his wrist to the bedpost with the rope.

Nate gasped as he remembered the first time Adam had leaned across him on the plane. He had also been in uniform then, of course, reaching across him to give Jamie his first cocktail. Nate always remembered that beautiful face coming close to him, he remembered the contours of his chest shaped by the crisp white shirt under his jacket.

And now here was Adam again, in his uniform, stretching across him. But this time Nate was not in an airplane seat looking up at the handsome flight attendant serving drinks. Now he was naked, and the same man was tying him to the bed. His cock was rigid but his excitement was tinged with a frisson of fear as he pulled at the ropes and realized he was entirely at Adam's mercy.

Again he recalled how he and Jamie had watched Adam on the plane taking off his uniform jacket and how Nate had laughingly whispered to Jamie, "Wish he'd take the shirt off too." Adam guessed that Nate's thoughts were running along these lines and he said, "Let me show you what I do when I get home after a trip."

Nate held his breath as he watched Adam remove his jacket and fold it round a hanger in the closet. He loosened his tie and pulled it off, then slowly he unbuttoned his shirt from the top and Nate saw that he was wearing a white T-shirt underneath. Adam opened the shirt, pulled it from his waistband, shrugged it off and draped it round the back of a chair.

Stripped down to his T-shirt Adam knew exactly how to excite his boy ..... and he was in no hurry. He picked up one of the beers that Nate had brought to the room for them, twisted off

the top and took a deep swig. Nate pulled at his restraints as he gazed at the spectacular man, his finely etched features, short dark hair and hypnotic brown eyes. The tight T-shirt hugged his torso, showing off his perfect body underneath ..... broad shoulders, the slabs of his chest, lats tapering down to the slim waist and the elegant uniform belt.

Nate's cock was shuddering and he had to touch it. "Please, sir," he said, "may I have one hand free to touch my cock, just to touch it, sir."

"No!" The curt response surprised Nate. Adam sprawled in a chair with his beer and gazed at his boy. "First I need to see how bad you want me. Did you miss me when I was gone? Did you fantasize about me? Come on, boy .... tell me."

Nate was taken aback ..... he hadn't expected that. But it wasn't so hard to obey .... his fantasies had been so real and he had often jerked off to them. He gulped and began. "Well, sir, I had a dream about you. It was real vivid, and since then I've fantasized about it a lot."

"Good ..... so tell me about it ..... make it good ..... turn me on, kid."

"Well, sir, it's like ..... like I'm back on that plane on the flight to Sydney. One of the flight attendants is so gorgeous in his uniform he takes my breath away. I see him take off his jacket and I can tell he has a great body under his shirt. He looks so hot walking around the cabin and while he works he keeps glancing over at me. When he looks at me my cock gets hard."

"I'm so turned on by him that I know I have to jack off so I go to the lavatory and pull out my dick. But in my rush I forgot to lock the door and it opens and the flight attendant comes in and locks the door behind him. He pushes me against the wall and I watch as he takes off his tie, unbuttons his shirt and pulls it off. He's wearing a T-shirt underneath, over his muscular body."

Adam put down the beer, stood up in his T-shirt and uniform pants and stretched his arms out sideways. "Does he look like this?"

"Yes, sir, exactly like that. Well, then in my fantasy he suddenly reaches behind his neck and pulls up on the T-shirt and slowly it rises over his washboard abs, over his chest, over his shoulders ....."

"Like this?" said Adam, slowly pulling off his T-shirt exactly as Nate was describing.

"Yes, sir," Nate said hoarsely, "exactly like that. And he stands in front of me, stripped to the waist, and his body is spectacular and I'm sure he has a bulge in those uniform pants."

Adam stood shirtless before him, looking magnificent, flexing his muscles and rubbing his hand over his bulging crotch. "Does your flight attendant look like this, boy?"

“Yes, sir.” Nate was spinning between fantasy and reality as he continued his story. “But then the plane hits turbulence and it shakes. Usually I hate turbulence but this time I hardly feel it. The flight attendant orders me to kneel in front of him, and then I know the bulge in his pants is real, ‘cause it’s a few inches from my face. He pulls my wrists up and holds them against the lavatory wall above my head. Then he presses the bulge in his pants against my face.”

Adam jumped onto the bed and knelt, straddling Nate’s chest. He gripped his tied wrists and pushed the bulge in his uniform pants hard into his face. “So this gorgeous, shirtless flight attendant has you trapped against the wall and you can feel the hard cock under his pants grinding against you. You can almost taste it. Is this how it feels, boy?”

He pulled away and Nate gasped, “Yes, sir. It feels just like that.” Nate was in a frenzy now, his voice getting louder. “Then suddenly he zips open his pants and pulls out this huge cock, and it’s hard as a rod.”

“Like this?” Adam unzipped his pants and yanked out his rigid cock.

“Yes, sir,” Nate shouted. “Then the turbulence gets worse and the plane shakes even more and I’m about to yell out in fear but he gags me by stuffing his big cock into my mouth .....

“Like this, boy?” and Adam plunged his cock deep into Nate’s mouth, making him gag. Adam had fucked his boy’s face before but never like this. It was a ferocious fuck, hammering his cock deep down his throat, choking him as he tried desperately to breathe through his nose. Tears started flowing from his eyes as he gazed up at the magnificent body heaving above him.

The bed was shaking, Nate was gagging and then he heard Adam yell as cum poured into the back of his throat, and he felt his own cock explode all over himself. He was close to suffocating, when the cock pulled out and he heard Adam’s voice. “Is that how the flight attendant fucks your face in your dream, boy?”

“Yes, sir ..... well not quite as hard as that, sir, but he makes me come all over the lavatory floor. But that’s not the end of my fantasy, sir, ‘cause then he pulls me up off my knees onto my feet, turns me around and pushes me against the wall, face first. He yanks down my pants and I hear him unbuckle his own pants and drop them, and I know his cock is still hard ‘cause I feel it pressing against my ass.”

Adam jumped off the bed, kicked off his shoes and dropped his pants. He knelt between Nate’s legs, pushed them up high and pressed his cock against his hole. “Is that how his cock feels? Do you know what that flight attendant’s gonna do to you now? He’s gonna fuck your ass. Is that what you want?”

“Yes, sir, I want it real bad. I’ve wanted him to fuck me ever since I first saw him on the plane looking at me. Then suddenly the turbulence gets real heavy and the plane is bumping all over the place, and it’s then that his cock plunges into my ass, sir.”

“Like this boy?” Adam yelled, and drove his cock deep and hard into the young ass. Nate screamed, “Yes, sir. That’s how he fucks me, sir. He has me jammed against the lavatory wall and he’s fucking my ass with his huge cock. He’s pounding my ass, and it hurts, sir!”

Having just cum in Nate’s mouth Adam’s fuck lasted a long time, and Nate had never felt it this hard. He gazed up into his master’s brown eyes and the sight of his body bucking over him lessened the pain. He would do anything for this man, even take the merciless rod impaling his ass like a piston. Nate was ecstatic ..... and scared. Adam had never been this rough before and he wasn’t sure how much more he could take, when finally Adam spoke again.

“Does the guy pound your ass like this against the wall? While the plane bounces and rolls, do you feel his body pressed against your back? Do you feel his cock getting bigger, harder, do you hear him yell as he shoots another load deep inside your ass ..... like this .....?”

“Yes, sir,” Nate screamed. “Exactly like this, sir.” Their screams filled the room as they both exploded in a second orgasm, Adam deep inside his boy’s ass and Nate in a high ribbon of cum that splashed on his master’s chest. Nate was mesmerized by the handsome face staring down at him as he felt the last of his juice draining into his ass. He gasped as the cock pulled sharply out of him and he heard Adam speak again.

“What happens next in your fantasy, kid?”

Nate struggled to recover his heaving breath and stammered, “In my dream the turbulence is still bad and suddenly the “*Return to Seat*” light flashes on. The flight attendant dresses quickly and says, ‘Go back to your seat now and fasten your seat belt until I tell you it’s safe to move around the cabin. And be careful when you next use the lavatory. There’ll probably be turbulence again’.”

\*\*\*\*\*

As Adam looked down at Nate’s eager, innocent face he was suddenly overcome with remorse. Quickly he untied his wrists, pulled him up onto his feet and folded him in a loving embrace.

“I’m sorry, mate,” he breathed in his ear. “Jesus, I was rough on you. I kinda got carried away .... I didn’t mean it to be like that. These last couple of weeks in Sydney I’ve thought constantly of making love to you, gently, showing my boy how much I love him. But now I do this ..... talking rough to you, ramming my cock down your throat, brutally pounding your ass.”

“But I didn’t mind, sir. Making my fantasy come to life was totally awesome. And anyway, I’m your boy ..... I would take anything from you.”

“But you shouldn’t have to ..... not that rough ..... that wasn’t me, kid ..... that was some demons inside me that I’ve got to get rid of.”

Suddenly Nate's cell phone rang. It was the twins, apologizing for the interruption and asking when Nate would be down to help them. "Right away, guys. Oh dear," he said to Adam, "I took an hour off work to be with you, mate ..... to say hello, kind of ....."

Adam smiled, "And our hello has taken a couple of hours. Then off you go, mate. Hassan will be here soon and later I'll show you and your sweet ass the real me ..... the gentle one."

When Nate had left the room Adam folded his clothes and took a hot shower. He scrubbed hard at his flesh ..... he was mad at himself. Sure Nate had loved the sexual fantasy but Adam had been much too rough with him. He knew he had been trying to prove how tough and macho he was..... and now it dawned on him why he had done that.

As he stepped out of the shower wrapping a towel round his waist there was a tap at the door and Hassan walked in. "Hey, man, Hassan said with a broad smile ..... well aren't you a sight for a weary soldier's eyes?" He took him into a tight bearhug, then gazed at him at arm's length. "Jesus, I always forget how spectacular you look ..... especially wearing nothing but a towel. Nate told me you were up here ..... had a glow about him ..... great sex I assume."

"Yeah, well it was, but ....."

Hassan heard the hesitancy. "Hey, what's up buddy?"

"Shit, man, I was so fucking rough on the kid, yelling at him, banging my dick down his throat then jackhammering his ass. I guess I was trying to prove what a stud I was ..... but I was proving it to the wrong guy."

Hassan saw his body tense and his fists clench and he said quietly, "Is this about Zack, buddy?"

Adam's eyes blazed, "Hell yes! It's about the guy who has dominated me ever since I met him here, the guy who tied me up, whipped me, broke me, made me submit. Shit, when I tied Nate to the bed just now it all came back ..... how Zack had done the same to me that time when he became the first man ever to fuck my ass. He demolished me, man. He pissed on me, made me lick his boots and I crawled through the dirt begging him ..... *'I need your cock in my ass. Please man, I've gotta have it.'*"

Adam was in a frenzy, pacing the room, clenching and unclenching his fists. He whirled round, dropped the towel and faced Hassan naked, his arms stretched out to the sides. "Hell, man, look at me .... do I look like a fucking slave, a man who crawls naked through the dirt and begs to have his ass fucked? I can't get over how he took my manhood away from me, man, turned me into a fucking slave. That's why I have to prove my strength again, my masculinity ..... and that's why I subjected my boy to rough sex. Shit, I was trying to prove I'm still a man!"

“Hey, hey,” Hassan said soothingly, pulling him down into a chair. He sat facing him, leaning forward and looking deep into his eyes. “Don’t be so tough on yourself, buddy. Man, you are one of the most beautiful alpha males I’ve ever seen ..... a man’s man. Shit, they all wanna submit to *you*, man, to get fucked by *you*. Do you think for a minute that I would be here now if you weren’t that kind of guy? Or that Nate would be so thrilled to be your boy?”

Hassan shook his head, “No, these demons are all in your mind, Adam, and you’ve gotta wrestle them to the ground. And the only way to do it is to confront Zack ..... and soon.”

Adam looked into Hassan’s slanted dark eyes and smiled for the first time. “Thanks, man, you’re a real pal. I needed to hear that, especially from you. You’re right ..... now it’s between just me and Zack.”

\*\*\*\*\*

As it happened, right at that moment Zack was very much in the role of master, having a heart-to-heart with his boy Darius in his house across the street. Now that he had made Eddie his boy Darius had come for advice to his master while Eddie was in the gym with Pablo.

“So, kid,” Zack said proudly, “you’ve finally got a boy of your own ..... you’re a master. You fucked, Eddie, right? You were the first?”

“Yes, sir,” said Darius proudly. “It took a while for him to let me into his ass, but I guess he needed it real bad so he gritted his teeth and took it?”

Zack frowned. “Hm, that tough, uh? But you spent time loosening him up first, didn’t you?”

“Well, no sir ..... I just kinda got right down to it.”

“What kind of lube did you use?”

“Lube? I didn’t use any, sir. I just spat in my hand and rubbed it over my cock.”

“Shit, boy, a young guy like that, a virgin ass, no foreplay ..... and you dry-fucked him with that huge tool of yours?”

Darius was a bit taken aback. “Well, yeah, I guess I did.”

“Shit, it’s partly my fault. I should have prepared you better. Still, it’s done and he’s your boy.”

Just then Eddie bounced into the room, flushed from his workout session with Pablo. Seeing Zack and Darius together he stopped short, but his eyes were still shining, his breath heaving.

Zack grinned at him. “Looks like Pablo gave you a pretty tough workout, uh kid?”

“Yes, sir,” Eddie said shyly, intimidated as always by the black muscle-god, Darius’s master.

“Just like my boy here did when he pushed his big dick in your ass. You know, Eddie, we’ve got a brand new situation here. See, Darius is your master and he’s my boy ..... so in a way that makes you my boy too ..... once removed, kind of.”

“I ..... I guess so, sir.” Eddie’s brow wrinkled and he blurted it, “Does that mean you’re gonna fuck me, sir?”

Zack laughed. “Well not if you don’t want it, kid. Do you want it?”

Eddie’s frown deepened as he gazed at the magnificent black master, shirtless in black jeans, his muscular torso gleaming in the golden light of the afternoon sun coming through the window. “Well, I ..... I have fantasized about it sir ..... what it would be like ..... “

“..... but that first time it hurt a lot and you think I might ream that sweet ass of yours and hurt you bad.” Zack flashed a quick glance at Darius. “OK, Eddie, let me show you that you can get fucked with no pain ..... nothing but pleasure. Strip off that gym gear and get on the bed, kid. I won’t do anything you don’t want and if you say stop, I’ll stop, OK?”

“Yes, sir,” Eddie said, hurrying to obey his master’s master. In seconds he was lying naked on his back on the bed, gazing up at Zack, his eyes wide with anticipation and a hint of fear. With a shock he noticed for the first time that the ceiling was mirrored and he could hardly believe the sight of the naked boy gazing up at himself, waiting to get fucked. Zack ripped open his pants and let them fall to the ground. Eddie gasped as Zack stood naked, his ebony muscles flexing, the huge black club swinging between his legs, growing as it slowly stiffened.

Zack knelt on the bed and leaned over the awestruck boy to open a drawer in the nightstand. He pulled out a jar of lubricant, unscrewed the top and, pushed two fingers into the thick cream. Then he moved his fingers between Eddie’s legs and up against his ass. Slowly, gently he rubbed the greasy tips of his fingers against the boy’s hole, pressing a bit harder until he was greasing the inside of his sphincter. Seeing Eddie’s eyes get wide with wonder Zack smiled, “How’s that feel, Eddie?”

The boy found it hard to speak. “It feels ..... wonderful. Sir, could you go in a bit deeper?”

“If you insist,” said Zack, winking at Darius. And he eased both fingers gently inside the ass, stroking the warm membrane inside. When he began to massage the prostate he heard the boy gasp and moan with pleasure. Eddie’s cock was now raging hard, and he was gazing longingly into the steady gray eyes.

Zack smiled. “Tell me what you want, Eddie.”

“Sir, it feels so good ..... could you ..... would you ..... put your cock in my ass, sir?”

“Thought you’d never ask,” grinned Zack, as Darius gazed down in awe at the master at work. Zack pulled out his fingers, dipped them again into the lube and greased up his stiff black rod. He hooked Eddie’s legs over his shoulders and pressed the head of his cock against the hole, already relaxed and waiting. The cock was so greasy that Eddie hardly felt the head pass over his sphincter, until it came to rest just inside him.

His ass closed round the hard head and he whispered, “Thank you, sir.” He was getting used to the head of the warm cock just inside him ..... when suddenly it pulled out. Eddie looked up in alarm, “No, sir, please, put it in again, sir. Please fuck me, sir. Please .....

“OK,” Zack grinned and said again, “if you insist.” Darius watched with admiration the masterful way Zack was working on Eddie. He was teasing him now, making him want his cock so badly he was begging for it. Far from pushing back, Eddie was pleading for it to push inside him. God Darius loved Zack ..... he couldn’t wait to get the same treatment as Eddie.

As before Zack pushed the head of his cock just inside Eddie’s ass and then stopped. He was driving the boy wild. Eddie pleaded again, “Please, sir, I want it all ..... I want your cock right inside me, sir. Please fuck me, sir..... fuck my ass ..... please .....” Frantically Eddie reached forward far enough to grab Zack’s hips and with one desperate heave pulled them toward him, driving Zack’s cock into his ass.

“Yes...!” Eddie heaved a deep rapturous sigh as he felt the long grease-slicked pole sliding smoothly inside his tender young ass. Fire surged through his body as he wriggled his ass farther onto the huge black club, clenching his ass muscles round it, squeezing tight. He had wanted Zack’s cock so desperately he had done it himself, pulled the long rod deep into his ass.

“Wow, your ass feels great, kid,” Zack said. “That’s it, take my cock, boy.” He pulled all the way back and plunged it in again, watching Eddie’s face writhe in pure ecstasy. The feeling in Eddie’s ass was exquisite. He looked up at the muscle-god rising and falling over him and he pressed his hands against the massive chest, digging his fingers into the hard pecs. He stared up at the ceiling and saw the reflection of the wide, V-shaped back, the slim waist and the narrow hips pushing against his ass, driving the piston inside him.

Zack looked at Darius and nodded down at Eddie’s face. Darius grinned, knowing exactly what to do. He stripped naked and knelt on the bed, straddling Eddie’s chest. Eddie was startled as he looked up at the massive ten-inch cock above his face and he began to drool. “Are you going to fuck my face, sir,” he asked.

“Damn right I am, boy.” Learning from Zack’s gentle technique Darius pushed the head of his cock slowly into Eddie’s mouth. Eddie was the expert here, sucking in the long black cock, inch after inch until it came to rest deep in his throat. Slowly Darius pulled out and, smiling into his boy’s wide eyes, eased his cock back inside.

From then on Eddie hurtled into a world of carnal excess where he was overwhelmed by the power of these men, a master and his boy, and their huge black cocks. The image in the mirror above him was a total fantasy ..... two black bodybuilders working on him, one pounding his ass and the other his mouth, their magnificent bodies rising and falling over him. His ass was on fire, the big iron rod working it like a piston, while another shaft was pounding his throat. He was being impaled on two huge black cocks and he was quickly spinning out of control.

Somewhere in the distance he heard Zack's deep voice. "OK, Darius, this is it. Let's baptize our boy!" Eddie was struggling not to pass out. He wanted desperately to feel this incredible sensation.... and he did. He screamed into the gag of black meat as one cock exploded in his ass and another in his mouth. Desperately he gulped down the streams of cum that poured from his master's cock while he felt Zack's huge club blasting hot cum deep inside his ass.

His body was shaking, ablaze, as if lightning was streaking through it. And somewhere in the midst of the fire he felt his own cock erupt in the most spectacular orgasm of his life.

\*\*\*\*\*

For a long time Eddie lay happily on his back between Zack and Darius recovering from the most exciting sex he had ever had. He gazed up at the reflection in the ceiling and thought for the first time in his life that he didn't look half bad. Of course it helped that he was between two gorgeous black muscle studs who had just got through fucking him, in the mouth and up his ass. His mind was wandering ..... but suddenly out of the haze a memory jolted him and he sat up.

"Sirs, I forgot. After I left the gym Nate asked me to give a hand to him and the twins in the kitchen .... kind of get to know them better. Is it OK if .....?"

"Sure it is," said Darius. "Go upstairs to my room, take a shower, then go see Nate. It's a good idea for you to get familiar with the other guys. You're gonna be around here a lot, kid."

Eddie quickly pulled on the gym clothes he had been wearing and as he was leaving he turned and said, "Sirs, thank you for ..... well for ....." But he couldn't find the words and ran out.

Zack and Darius grinned at each other ..... and then they heard another voice in the garden. "Hi, you must be the Eddie I've heard so much about. We haven't met ..... the name's Adam. I'll see you later, at dinner."

"Yes, sir," came the awestruck voice. "Thank you, sir."

Zack leapt to his feet and pulled on his black pants just as the door opened. In walked Adam, wearing blue jeans and a loose tank top that did nothing to hide his muscular physique. The two men stood face to face, their eyes penetrating each other's like lasers. Nothing was said .... the look said it all. But at last Zack spoke. "Beer?" He nodded to Darius and led Adam

out to the garden. They both glanced at the two trees between which Adam had been tied, spread-eagled, whipped and ass-fucked by Zack the last time Adam was here.

They sat at the garden table and Darius brought out their beers. He turned to leave but Zack said, "No. You're my boy ..... you stay." Darius sat tentatively on a bench a short distance away, his body quivering with anticipation, his fantasies already racing ahead. The men drank in silence until Zack said, "So, I suppose you've come to settle the score."

"Something like that." Another silence. "Shit, man, it can't go on like this. What you did to me ..... what you made me do ....."

"What you *begged* me to do to you .....to fuck you ...."

"Yeah, yeah ..... well it has to stop. Man, I know what kind of guy I am. I'm every bit the tough, dominant stud that you are. I've got my own boy now, and he worships me. I'm his master and I won't be a slave to any other guy ..... least of all you, in the same house. I've gotta have a chance to prove my strength, to show I'm as tough as you are."

"Agreed," said Zack decisively. "So what's it to be .... we fight? .... wrestle? ..... arm-wrestle?"

"Whatever you say, man. Like the old dueling days ..... choose your weapons."

Zack thought a while, stroking his chin. "Fighting's messy. Be dumb for one of us to get injured." He grinned. "Wouldn't want to mess up that handsome face of yours. No, what we need is some kind of trial of strength." Another silence. "Tell you what ..... Hassan was telling me the other day how the military tests the strength of its new recruits. You'd be surprised how they do it. Dead-weight pull-ups. Yeah, the guys hang from a bar and pull up, dead weight, chin up to the bar, see how many they can do. Sure separates the men from the boys."

"Chin-ups," said Adam skeptically. "A bit lame."

"Nah, we'll make it special. We'll do it together and the guy who drops first is the loser. The winner can do whatever he likes to him to make him submit. Anything ..... no rules ..... no holds barred. Darius here will be our witness. There's the challenge, stud. You up for that?"

"Bring it on, man," Adam growled. They stood up and so did Darius, quivering with excitement ..... a brand new fantasy. And he ran into the house to get his camera.

\*\*\*\*\*

Each of the twin trees in the garden had branches running from them parallel to each other almost eight feet from the ground. They were thick enough to bear a man's weight but thin enough for a man to grasp. Zack stood under one branch and, facing him a few feet away, Adam stood under the other. They gazed hard at each other, Adam with clenched jaw and

Zack with a slight arrogant smile. Adam reached behind his head and pulled his loose tank up over his head, tossing it to the ground like throwing down a gauntlet challenge.

Stripped to the waist, barefoot, the rivals faced each, flexing their muscles like stallions sizing each other up before battle. With a confident smile Zack leaped up, grabbing the branch underhand. Adam did the same and they hung there, feet clear of the ground, arms stretched straight up, shoulders bulging, lats flaring as their muscles took the strain.

The sight was too much for Darius. He couldn't hold his camera still for this so he set it on a tripod stand, trained on the contestants. He pulled his cock out of his pants and stroked it as he watched the trial of strength begin. Everything was smooth at first as the men flexed their muscles and easily pulled themselves up so their chin touched the branch. Again and again they rose and fell, their eyes locked on each other like lasers.

It was an equal contest. Zack's sheer strength was superior but his body was the more heavily muscled so he had more weight to pull up. And what he didn't know was that Adam had the advantage of performing this exercise almost every day at the gym ..... it was his specialty. As the contest continued, their bodies began to gleam with sweat, their breathing became heavier and their faces grimaced with effort.

For Darius it was a spectacular fantasy that even he had never conjured up ..... two spectacular muscle-gods, shirtless, barefoot ..... one ebony black in black jeans, the other a sun-tanned Australian in blue jeans. Exerting all their strength in a challenge for supremacy their muscular bodies, already superb, were now displayed in all their incredible beauty. Their muscles flexed, veins bulged as sweat poured down their faces, down their chests and abs, pooling into wet patches at the bulge in their jeans.

Their breathing became moans, then grunts and finally howls, like bodybuilders in a gym lifting heavy weights. Their faces were contorted in pain, their arms and shoulders racked with pain, muscles cracking under intense strain. Darius stroked his cock as he watched the incredible sight of the two shirtless bodybuilders hanging from the trees, like they were stretched on the rack, then incredibly pulling themselves up once again, torturing their muscles beyond all limits.

They were staring wildly at each other, each willing the other man to give up. They were both way over their pain threshold, beyond endurance ..... and suddenly one gave up. Both were hanging in stretched torment from the tree, all strength depleted, and they knew this would be the final pull. From somewhere they found the last ounce of strength and began the slow agonizing rise. Adam was groaning, knowing he could last only seconds more. He gritted his teeth, but he knew this was it ..... he was finished ..... once again Zack had beaten him.

But then, through a haze of pain, he saw Zack drop to the ground. It took seconds for him to realize that Zack had crumpled to his knees and he, Adam, was still hanging from the branch. He felt a burst of triumph, adrenaline pumped through his tortured body and, from somewhere

deep down, a last reserve of energy flashed through him. While Zack gazed up at him with defeat in his eyes Adam yelled, "YES!" and pulled himself up to the branch twice more.

He dropped to his feet, triumphant, and stood motionless, watching. Already on his knees Zack fell onto his stomach and dragged his broken body painfully through the dirt. When he came close he reached forward, grabbed Adams leg and pulled himself to him. The black muscle-god raised his rugged face ..... and kissed the victor's feet in a gesture of abject defeat.

\*\*\*\*\*

But Adam wasn't finished. He needed to *hear* Zack submit, to beg .... and he needed their witness, Zack's boy, to hear it. He recalled what Zack had done to him in this very place and he set to work. A few minutes later he was standing back with a look of triumph and a thirst for revenge, gazing on his beaten rival. He had tied the broken man in the same position Zack had once inflicted on him, bound between the trees by wrists and ankles, spread-eagled, wearing only black jeans, his superb ebony body gleaming with sweat.

Zack knew how to accept defeat and had not resisted. Besides, he knew Adam could never make him submit like this. And so when Adam picked up the whip that always lay by the house Zack's arrogant smile was back. And it never left his face as Adam applied all his strength, whipping the muscular black chest, lash after lash. He heard Zack growl in defiance. "You know you'll never break me like that, stud."

Adam stopped and walked forward, his face inches from Zack's. "OK, big guy. You made the rules ..... no holds barred, you said. Good, then see how you like this!" Adam turned round. "Hey you, boy ..... take this." And he threw the whip to Darius.

Darius caught it mechanically and the truth dawned on him. But he hesitated, looking desperately at his bound master. Zack's eyes flashed defiance. "Do it, boy. Do what he says. Do it hard ..... no holding back."

Darius had to obey. He looked at the beautiful black body spread-eagled in bondage, stripped to the waist, his handsome face defiant, jaw clenched. He looked spectacular and unbelievably Darius felt his cock get rock hard, still hanging out of his pants. He raised his arm and began to whip his master's chest. Obeying Adam's command and Zack's own order to him Darius applied all his strength as he whipped the man he loved. He watched his master flinch under each lash, saw the stripes on his chest and the pain on his face.

It was an incredible sight, the magnificent muscle-god bound spread-eagled, writhing under the whip, humiliated as his own boy thrashed his master's helpless, naked body. Darius lost all sense of what was happening ..... all sense except one .... lust. As he whipped blindly he felt his cock shudder, he stared at the gleaming muscles under the lash and he screamed, "I'm cumming, sir. I can't help it ..... forgive me!" And his cock exploded in a long stream of cum that splashed on his master's chest.

Darius was sobbing with an overwhelming feeling of guilt. But he kept whipping the gorgeous black body ..... he had to ..... had to obey. In his delirium he heard Adam shout to Zack. "You can stop this man. You know how. You once made me beg you to fuck me. Now you have to beg. Submit, man, you know you're finished. Look at your boy, thrashing you. Release him. All you have to do is submit. I've broken you, man ..... submit!"

Zack groaned in agony as he saw the tears streaming down his boy's face. He screamed, "OK, I submit! You've beaten me. I submit to you, sir. Please, sir ..... fuck me. Please, sir, I'm begging you. Fuck my ass ..... let me feel your cock in my ass, sir."

"Enough!" Adam's shout made Darius drop the whip. "Kneel!" Darius fell to his knees in front of his master, his huge club inches from his face. Adam went behind the bound man and pressed his cock against Zack's ass. He breathed in his ear, "It's called revenge, man. I've beaten you, and now we're equal. I've done everything you did to me. Except for this ....."

Zack's scream echoed round the hills as Adam plunged his cock deep into his ass in one long brutal thrust. He pulled back and slammed it in again, the start of a savage revenge fuck. Zack's hips arched forward in a futile attempt to lessen the pain. His magnificent body writhed as he pulled desperately against the ropes binding him, and his handsome face thrashed from side to side. Dimly he heard Adam's voice in his ear. "You can stop this too, man. The final submission. You can make the pain stop."

Zack gritted his teeth and suffered the torture as long as he could, but finally his magnificent body surrendered. He sobbed in defeat, "Please, sir, I can't take any more. I beg you, cum in my ass. Let me feel your juice in my ass. You've broken me, man. Take my ass."

Again he screamed as Adam slammed his ass one last time and blasted his load deep inside him. He pulled back and pierced him again with another load of hot semen. Zack howled once more, this time when his own cock exploded, slamming a stream of cum into his boys face. And even Darius was not aware that he himself shot a second load into the dirt.

Adam pulled out his cock, picked up the whip and tossed it contemptuously away. Then he stood before the two men, his legs astride, arms folded over his chest in an attitude of supreme triumph. He smiled as he gazed at the defeated black muscle-god. Zack's tortured face was pouring with sweat and tears, his chest striped by the whip, splashed with his boy's cum, his magnificent body hanging limply between the trees, humbled and degraded. And at his feet knelt his boy, his face smothered with the semen of his broken master.

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, in total contrast, the atmosphere across the street was one of domestic serenity. Bob was checking on the twins' preparations for the big dinner. "Think you can cope, guys?"

“Of course, sir,” said Kevin. “Don’t we always, sir?” added Kyle with a cheeky grin.

“Hey, I think you guys could feed an army if they came trooping through here.”

“Men in uniform? Kevin smiled. “We could sure handle that, sir.”

Bob laughed, though a blip of concern nudged at the back of his mind, a thought that had been troubling him for some time. The twins were crazy about him, he knew that, but he was afraid that they didn’t get as much excitement as the other boys. After all, a ‘business executive’ didn’t have the same ring of fantasy as Randy the construction worker, Mark the cop, Zack the leatherman or Hassan the Marine.

‘Men in uniform’ huh? Bob thought. When did the twins ever get to live out their fantasies? Hell, he wasn’t even sure what their fantasies were. Yeah, he’d have to work on that.

But, as it turned out, he didn’t have to. Events kind of took over and the twins got their taste of fantasy alright..... with shattering results.

# # #

## **Chapter 148 – The Twins, The Fireman & The Cop**

In Zack’s garden, Adam’s triumph was complete as he stood gazing at the defeated black muscle-god. And at his feet, dazed and exhilarated, Darius was reeling with a mix of conflicting sensations, chief among them, he had to admit, the exhilaration of watching Adam take revenge on the gorgeous Zack, especially since Darius himself had been forced to participate. The scene would be a prize addition to Darius’s extensive library of fantasies. Pulling himself together he got quietly to his feet and, as unobtrusively as possible, crept over to his camera, still filming away on its tripod.

His stealth was not necessary as Adam and Zack had eyes only for each other. Adam walked toward him and their eyes locked. It was an intense moment. The two men had now tested each other to the limits of their endurance. Each had challenged the other’s manhood, tied him up, whipped him and made him submit, begging to get fucked. They were now equal in strength and authority, joined in a bond of powerful masculinity. They gazed at each other with deep respect, admiration ..... and much more.

Adam put his hand behind Zack’s head, pulled it forward and their mouths locked in the passionate embrace of two alpha males. Unobtrusively Darius untied Zack’s wrists and legs and the two masters fell together in a tight bearhug. They sank to their knees and rolled over the ground in an explosion of desire that had been building ever since they met.

Darius decided that his presence was no longer needed. He grabbed his camera and filmed the closing shot for his video ..... the men ripping open their pants and pulling out their rigid cocks. Then he left and walked across the street, where he was met at the gate by Nate, asking anxiously, "Hey, mate, what's going on? What happened over there? Is Adam OK?"

"Pretty nigh on perfect I'd say," Darius grinned.

"What are they doing now?"

"Fucking each other I should think. Dude you will not believe what went down. But you don't have to take my word for it ..... it's all here!" He waved his camera in the air. Quick, get Pablo, Jamie and the twins and bring them to my room."

Within minutes they were seated on the floor before Darius who had set up the video and was preening before them like a carnival barker. "Guys," he said grandly, "what you are about to see is a fantasy that tops them all. It's all about Zack and Adam, but best of all I, Darius, have a starring role. Prepare to be amazed ....."

\*\*\*\*\*

At dinner that evening there was a buzz of excitement as the boys still talked about the awesome video. Adam sat close to Zack, flashing smiles at Hassan and Nate in anticipation of spending the night with them in the glow of his triumphant reaffirmation of his manhood. Zack had one arm over Darius's shoulder, closer now than they had ever been, and Jamie, as always, nuzzled against Mark. Probably the most excited of them all was young Eddie, sitting between Darius and Pablo, fantasizing about sharing a bed with his two new masters.

Bob smiled as he watched the twins joining in the enthusiastic gossip about the erotic events of the day. Darius was in full fantasy mode, and once again Bob wondered if his boys ever harbored fantasies of their own. If they did they were keeping them to themselves. They had certainly never told him of any. They worshipped him, sure, but again he realized that as a buttoned-up business executive he could hardly compete in the fantasy stakes with Randy the construction worker, Mark the cop, Zack the leatherman or Hassan the Marine.

Well, he'd have to think about that. For now, he grinned at Randy and said, "Quite a day, it seems, buddy. This tribe of ours never ceases to amaze me. But I think that's enough turmoil for a while. Maybe now we can settle back into a quiet routine."

"With this crowd?" Randy laughed. "Quiet routine? Good luck on that one, old buddy."

\*\*\*\*\*

As it happened, the house did settle into Bob's 'quiet routine' ..... for a while. There were a couple of farewells ..... actually 'see-you-soons' ..... as Adam took off back home to Sydney and

Eddie went back to his bar job in Palm Springs. But there was no doubt in anyone's mind that they would be back in a couple of weeks. Zack had called Mike, the owner of the bar, and explained what had gone on with Eddie and Darius. Mike was thrilled to hear that the boy had at last come out of his shell and promised to give him plenty of time off for more trips to L.A.

So everyone went back to work and the house was at peace. It was unusually quiet a few days later when the twins were alone in the house. Even Jamie was not in his usual place in the office upstairs. He was making his monthly rounds of the construction sites, checking in with the foremen about payroll and other crew issues. And Nate was up at Hassan's house, his day for cleaning there.

So the twins were all alone in the kitchen. They loved days like this, working quietly together, exchanging few words in the intuitive communication they had developed over many years. They not only looked identical ..... they shared the same thoughts and impulses, the same dreams, desires ..... the same fantasies. These they divulged to no one else, not even Bob. They kept them private, just between themselves, with a secret hope that their fantasies might one day get just a glimpse of reality.

And today, suddenly, they did ..... only much more than a mere glimpse.

It was a hot, dry Southern California afternoon, the parched hillsides shimmering in the sun, the only sound the persistent dry buzzing of the cicadas. Kevin and Kyle had decided to fire up the barbecue outside and give the guys a treat for dinner. It was a long time since they had barbecued and, though it was not really advisable to have burning charcoals in these conditions of tinder-dry brush, they would take the usual precautions. Brush fires were an ever-present danger in the hillsides during the long, hot Los Angeles summers.

The twins knew what precautions to take as they meticulously cleaned the big brick barbecue that Randy had built in the garden a long time ago. They filled the pit with charcoal and poured lighter fluid over the coals with care. But, as the saying goes, the best laid plans ..... They misjudged the amount of fluid and when they struck a match the flames shot up so high they caught several of the dry branches overhead.

It all happened in seconds. Suddenly the fire in the pit was out of control and the tree was burning like a torch. They knew instantly the acute danger of the fire spreading, so while Kyle made ineffective efforts with the garden hose, Kevin grabbed his phone and called 911 for the Fire Department. It was only minutes before they heard the wail of sirens as the fire trucks raced up the hill. The gate crashed open and the firemen ran in.

\*\*\*\*\*

The prompt action spared a disaster. The fire was out in a few minutes, though it took longer to douse the sparks that had settled into the brush. The twins received a stern lecture about the dangers of open-pit fires in the hillsides, and after a few formalities the fire crew packed up

their gear and left, leaving behind one of their men to check on the surrounding brush for an hour or so to knock down any hotspots where hidden sparks could still flare up.

The chastened twins set about cleaning up the mess in the garden while the fireman tramped through the brush. As they recovered from the shock of the incident they looked up from time to time and caught glimpses of the man as he worked.

And gradually they realized that one of their hottest fantasies had come to life.

In the stifling heat the firefighter had removed his bulky firefighting jacket but still wore the regulation heavy, yellow protective pants held up by suspenders over the shoulders. Under the suspenders he wore only a dark blue Fire Department T-shirt that was soaked with sweat and clung to his body. He had on the standard heavy protective boots and the big firefighter's helmet, but as his face ran with sweat he took the helmet off. The twins gasped as they saw his face properly for the first time.

The man had short blond hair and his chiseled features included high cheekbones and a square lantern jaw. He reminded the twins of pictures they had seen of the young Tab Hunter. They guessed he was in his early thirties, but there was no guesswork about one thing ..... he was stunningly handsome. The twins stopped their cleanup work and watched mesmerized as the fireman concentrated on his task, eyes focused on the ground as he moved methodically through the brush.

As the sun blazed down the firefighter looked up and wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand. He paused and the twins held their breath. In a sudden decision, the man pushed the suspenders from his shoulders and they dropped to his sides. Reaching behind his neck he pulled his T-shirt up and off, wiping it over his wet face then shoving it in his back pocket. He again pulled up the suspenders over his now-naked torso and resumed his methodical work in just his heavy yellow fireman's pants and big boots.

The twins were wide-eyed with shock. They looked at each other and said together, "August!" One of their secrets, known only to themselves, not even to Bob, was that under their bed was a Firefighters' Calendar, one of many put out each year showing mostly shirtless muscle-hunk firemen, all of them bodybuilders. The twins had heard that firemen had such hot bodies because they worked out constantly at the firehouse in their down time between calls to duty.

The twins' calendar was no exception, a collection of gorgeous bodybuilders who, before the boys met Bob, had been their chief inspiration as they masturbated together. The calendar was a year old but they would never, ever discard it. It was almost always folded over to the August page which depicted their favorite ..... a young blond firefighter, shirtless under the suspenders of his pants.

And now they stood dumbstruck. It was unbelievable ..... but there could be no doubt. The face, the body ..... there couldn't be two like that .... it had to be the same guy. The upper

body was spectacular ..... broad, rock hard shoulders, heavily muscled arms, a superb chest with perfectly rounded pecs, incredible eight-pack abs, and wide lats that tapered down to a slim waist cinched by the belt of the heavy pants. They watched mesmerized as the stunning fireman walked slowly through the brush, his muscular body gleaming in the hot sun.

Finally he seemed satisfied there were no more hotspots. He stood up strait, stretched his muscular arms, then pulled the T-shirt from his pocket and wiped it over the sweat on his face, chest and stomach. The twins felt that they might cream their shorts just looking at him wiping his naked body. And then ..... he began walking toward them.

They were rooted to the spot as he came closer, just as if he were stepping out of the pages of their calendar. "Seems to be OK now," he was saying matter-of-factly. "I'm pretty sure there are no hotspots but I should probably stick around for a while to make doubly sure after the breeze picks up. That's the real test. You guys were lucky we got here so soon ..... could have been a nasty brush fire."

Relaxed now the fireman shrugged the suspenders from his shoulders and they hung down by his sides. Stripped to the waist, in his heavy pants and boots, his sculpted physique on full display, his short blond hair and deep blue eyes setting off his square-jawed features, he was the ultimate muscle-god, a pornographic icon.

The twins still gazed at him as if they were hypnotized. He grinned at them, flashing a dazzling set of perfect teeth. "Mind if I sit here?" he asked, indicating the bench and table by the pool. Still no response so he sat on the bench, his back to the table. He leaned back, resting his elbows on the table, stretching his legs out wide before him, the heels of his boots dug into the dirt. He grinned again. "Er, any chance of a drink of water, guys?"

Suddenly a simple request .... and it galvanized them. This was what they did .... provided food and drink in the house .... even to this man ..... *especially* to this man. "Of course, sir, sorry sir," they said apologetically. "Won't be a minute, sir," and they ran into the house.

\*\*\*\*\*

When they returned in a few minutes he was still seated, his head thrown back, face turned to the sun. They had brought out a tray of sandwiches, bottles of water and several beers, which they set on the table by his elbow. Kevin said shyly, "We thought you might prefer a beer, sir."

"Now you're talking!" Again the gleaming smile as he took the beer and twisted off the top. "Technically I'm off duty now so it's kosher, and I won't call in for a while for my guys to pick me up. So, kids, I guess you're stuck with me. But don't let me stop you if you have work to do."

"We don't, sir," they said in unison. Nothing could drag them away from this man, half afraid that he would disappear back into the pages of the calendar. The twins sat on a bench facing

him as he drank. Finally Kyle, the braver of the two, cleared his throat. "Sir ..... is ..... is your name Jason?"

He looked surprised. "How in the hell did you know that?" For the first time he noticed the hunger in their eyes, the look of total adulation. He had seen that look in others and he grinned. "Shit, it's that damned calendar, isn't it? Has my name under the picture. Yeah, that's me, for my sins. Did that a few years ago ..... couple guys came round to the firehouse and asked if we would do it for charity. But that was last year's calendar. You still have it?"

"Yes, sir ..... always ..... under the bed ..... open to the August page."

He gazed at them and the light dawned ..... suddenly he saw the boys in a whole new light. "Shit, you guys sure are lookers ..... you should be in a calendar yourselves. Stand up minute, guys, let's take a look." Nervously the twins got to their feet and instinctively stood protectively shoulder to shoulder. They were wearing their usual old cargo shorts, T-shirts and sneakers and Jason smiled admiringly at them. "Take the shirts off." They quickly obeyed and he sighed as he looked at their flawless bodies and beautiful young faces.

"Oh, yeah, now that is fucking awesome. You two should be models or something." He stared at them and began rubbing his hand slowly over his crotch. He narrowed his eyes as if he were considering something, then he chuckled. "You know, fighting fires in this heat not only makes a man thirsty ..... it makes him horny. Would you guys, er, be up for a little action?"

"Yes, sir," said Kyle immediately. "Absolutely," Kevin said eagerly.

"You, er ..... you ever suck a guy's cock?"

"Yes, sir!" they said together. They looked at the beautiful, shirtless fireman sprawled in front of them and they were in another world, a dream world of pictures, calendars and hot, muscular firefighters. They forgot all else ..... the house, their friends ..... and Bob. So absorbed were they in meeting the man of their masturbatory fantasies that any thoughts of Bob were temporarily crowded out of their minds. In a rational world they would never have contemplated what they desired now. But right now they were not in a rational world.

Jason was smiling at them again as his hands went to his waistband and he slowly pulled down the zip on his pants. The twins were transfixed as he pulled out his long iron-hard cock. He stroked it and said seductively, "OK, kids, let's see what you've got." They dropped to their knees on either side of him, their eyes travelling hypnotically from the cock, up over the ridged abs, the slabs of his chest and coming to rest on his beautiful face.

In a trance they moved, as always, in perfect symmetry. They lowered their faces to Jason's and nervously, tentatively pressed their lips to his cheeks. Sighing deeply Jason grabbed their hair and gently pulled their faces off him. "God, you are so fucking beautiful. Come on boys ..... make this fireman feel good." He pushed their faces back onto his and, gaining in

confidence, they licked his cheeks, his forehead, kissed his eyes and then, each in quick succession pressed their lips against his mouth. Soon they were both feeding on his mouth together, their tongues searching hungrily deep inside.

Intuitively working in unison they lowered their faces, licking first his neck, then down over the hard muscles of his chest. They pressed their faces onto his pecs and worked their tongues, one of them on each nipple, sucking them, gently biting them between their teeth. He moaned loudly put his hands behind their heads and pressed their faces hard onto his chest, flexing it hard to absorb the pain of their teeth on his nipples. He groaned, "Yeah, eat those tits, guys, come on, work them, bite them ..... Jesus that feels hot."

Finally with one last tug that made him gasp, they pulled their teeth off his nipples and raised their heads. There was a reckless lust in their eyes as they gazed at their fantasy man. Still leaning back against the bench he now had his hands behind his head, elbows out to the side, biceps and shoulders bulging. He was superb ..... he was waiting. The twins' eyes grew wide as they stared at his stiff pole standing straight up out of his pants. He looked down at it then back up at them.

"Go for it, guys. You want that fireman's big cock? Eat it."

All inhibitions evaporated and they had only one thought in mind. With an animal howl they fell on the cock, kissing it, licking up the whole length of the shaft until their tongues were wrapping round the bulging head. As Kyle lowered his head and went to work on Jason's balls, sucking them into his mouth, Kevin let the long cock slide easily deep inside his throat.

"Oh, shit," the fireman yelled, "that is fucking spectacular, guys. Oh, yeah, work that cock, suck those balls ..... come on guys ..... you're nearly there. Make this gorgeous fireman bust his fucking load!"

His voice drove them wild and they took turns sucking his cock and his balls. They glanced up and saw him, arms outstretched now, hands gripping the edges of the table, making his whole naked torso flex, veins standing out in his straining muscles. His handsome face was thrashing from side to side in ecstasy.

It wasn't long before his breathing became ragged and they felt his cock pulsing. "This is it, guys!" They stopped sucking his cock and balls, raised their heads and looked down at his cock. They saw the head shudder, the hole opened and a massive jet of white juice blasted from it, slamming up hard into their faces.

With his scream ringing in their ears Kyle thrust his mouth down over the exploding cock and he swallowed ravenously, drinking in the bitter-sweet juice as it streamed into his mouth. Quickly Kyle pulled back and Kevin took his turn, sucking in the last of the warm semen that still flowed from the trembling cock. When it was drained at last the twins stood up and stared down at

Jason, his glorious body still tense against the table, his head thrown back as he moaned, “Oh, man, that was the best. Shit, that was fucking awesome.”

They could hardly believe their eyes. This was the man whose picture they had jerked off to so many times, and here he was, in the glorious flesh. Stripped to the waist, the bulging muscles of his upper body stretched and gleaming with sweat, chest heaving, torso flared in a V down to the slim waist that disappeared into his heavy fireman’s pants. His legs were splayed out before him and his long cock hung, spent, out of the fly of the yellow pants.

The picture was pornographically beautiful. Was it really him or were they dreaming? One on each side of him the twins had both instinctively pulled their cocks out of their shorts and were stroking them in a trance. He was gazing up at them with his dazzling smile. “You like that, guys? Look at that gorgeous firefighter .... and you just sucked his huge dick. He’s pretty spectacular, right? Hell, you’ve jerked off over his picture often enough and now he’s right here, in the flesh. What you gonna do about that, guys?”

The twins couldn’t take any more. Their cocks, their bodies were on fire. They stopped stroking their cocks .... didn’t need to ..... just held them pointing down at him. And suddenly they saw the fireman’s beautiful body jerk as two streams of creamy liquid poured down on it ..... over the washboard abs, the chest, the neck and finally splashing into the handsome blond face. He arched his body up to meet the ribbons of cum pouring over it, bathing in the tribute of these beautiful boys as they worshipped him with the gift of their sweet, warm juice.

\*\*\*\*\*

Twenty minutes later the twins were still in a dream world as they gazed at Jason with rapt adoration. He had pulled his T-shirt out of his pocket and wiped some of the cum from his face but his naked chest still gleamed with the juice they had poured over him. He was drinking another beer and regaling them with stories of life as a firefighter. They were still in total thrall to him, mesmerized, and still no thought of Bob or the real world crossed their mind

Jason liked these young guys and was getting off on their adoration of him. He was vain, knew how gorgeous he was, knew he turned heads wherever he went, men and women alike, but it was a special compliment to be worshipped by two such beautiful brothers as these. As they listened to him, their eyes shining, he found himself turned on by them all over again. He had still not pushed his cock back in his pants and now it was standing erect again, as rigid as ever.

There was a sudden silence as they gazed at each other, but Jason was a confident alpha male who always came straight to the point. “Tell me something..... do you guys ever get fucked .... in the ass, I mean?”

“Yes, sir,” they both answered without any hesitation.

Again that gleaming smile. “So what are we waiting for?”

The twins stood up, still shirtless, kicked off their sneakers, dropped their shorts and in an instant were lying side by side, naked, on their backs on the grass. Jason stood up and towered over them. With the sun glinting on his magnificent cum-slicked body, and traces of cum still showing on the chiseled features of his beautiful face, he took their breath away

Smiling down at them, stroking his cock he said, "Hell, this sure is my lucky day. No doubt about it, you guys are sensational. Shit, it would take a real special man to have you as his boys. He'd have to be fucking gorgeous." His words caused a fleeting stab of unease at the back of their minds but it instantly disappeared as Jason fell to his knees.

Self-assured, direct as ever, he didn't hesitate. He grabbed Kevin's ankles, pushed them high in the air and pressed his cock between the mounds of his ass. His blue eyes bored into the boy's. "You know that firefighter in the calendar, the muscle-god you so often jerked off over? Well this is him, boy, the same guy and, guess what? That fireman's gonna fuck your ass."

Kevin's heart was near to pounding out of his chest as he looked at that face, the body, and felt the fireman's long dick slide into his ass. It pulled back, then pushed in again. It was all he felt ..... the world slipped away ..... he was being fucked by the man of his dreams. He couldn't take it ..... he was drowning in the man's beauty. He moaned, louder and louder, and his moans became a scream as his cock erupted in a spray of cum over his shuddering body.

Jason waited a few seconds, then pulled out and eased over to Kyle. The twins, as always, reacted exactly alike. Kyle felt his legs pushed in the air, saw the stunning fireman leaning over him, felt the cock push inside his ass. As with Kevin, it took only a couple of thrusts and Kyle yelled as loud as his brother as he blasted a load of semen over his own chest and face.

Jason smiled down at the shuddering boy. "Now it's my turn to bust my load again ..... inside your asses this time." His voice rose to a shout. "Here it comes boy. Your muscle-stud fireman is gonna shoot his load in your ass."

"Freeze!"

The shout shattered the still air, hung there until it faded into silence. Jason pulled out of Kyle's ass, sprang to his feet and spun round. At the gate was a tall blond cop in black uniform and motorcycle boots, his eyes gleaming with anger. The twins looked up and the full horror of the situation crashed in on them. It was Mark!

\*\*\*\*\*

Mark stared at the scene in shocked disbelief. The twins! Naked, covered in cum. Getting fucked by this ..... this ..... half naked firefighter. Bob's boys ..... the boys he loved and protected ..... were getting their asses fucked by a fireman! In a blaze of fury the cop strode

up to the fireman, hauled back and swung his fist across his face, sending the magnificent body spinning across the garden and crashing to the ground.

Mark stared down at the twins and all he could think of was Bob, gorgeous, kind, loving Bob, the man Mark was in love with. He worshipped these boys and now here they were, naked, covered in cum, giving their asses to another man. As they gazed up at him in terror he yelled, "You stupid fucking kids. What the fuck do you think you're doing? What, you've turned your back on that beautiful man of yours and given yourselves to this piece of shit? Explain! Tell me this is not what it looks like! Did he force you?"

They were numb with fear, but Kyle managed to croak incoherently, "N...no, sir .... he didn't ..... we wanted it. He's so beautiful .... he's Jason ....on our calendar ..... August, sir ....."

"Enough!" Mark sprang into action .... no longer the methodical cop he always was but driven by anger now and passion for the man they had wronged. He reached down and dragged the twins over the lawn to a tree. He pulled them to their knees against the tree and handcuffed their wrists together behind it. "I'll deal with you two in a minute."

He strode over to the fireman lying stunned on the ground. Towering over him his voice was full of venom. "You fucking piece of shit. Oh man, I am gonna work you over good for what you've done. What the fuck are you doing here, anyway?"

Dazed though he was from the blow Jason was not about to be intimidated by this cop. "Cool it asshole. We responded to a fire ..... knocked it down easily ..... and I stayed to damp down hotspots."

"Yeah, and then what? Shit, I've met plenty of arrogant, bodybuilder firefighters like you who think they're so fucking hot that guys fall at their feet and you can do what you damn well like, including fucking the shit out of them. Well I'll tell you something, pal, these boys are already taken. They belong to a beautiful guy who's a hundred times the man you are. OK, you hungry for a fuck, asshole? Let's see if you can handle someone your own size. About time your sorry ass learned what a *real* fuck is."

Mark quickly unbuttoned his shirt, ripped it off, then pulled his T-shirt off over his head. Stripped to the waist he stared down at the man lying in the dirt. Their eyes bored into each other's and there was a heavy, angry silence as they sized each other up ..... the cop and the fireman, both shirtless in uniform pants and heavy boots.

It was not lost on either of them how similar they were ..... two blond muscle-gods with their finely etched, square-cut features, phenomenal bodies, muscles honed to perfection. They both knew how spectacularly beautiful they were and were used to being universally admired, so the rivalry they both felt was not just from the situation of the moment. They were vain, proud of their strength and looks, both dominant alpha males. And they were both angry.

Jason resented being floored by this arrogant cop. He had regained his senses now and he suddenly tensed and threw his leg up in a high karate kick, hitting Mark in the stomach, dropping him to his knees, stunned. Jason was on him in an instant and they began trading blows. Dazed and scared as they were, the twins stared in disbelief at the incredible scene ..... two magnificent, shirtless bodybuilders, a cop and a fireman, grappling with each other, rolling over the grass, their muscular bodies grinding into each other straining for supremacy.

Jason was strong and slammed the back of his hand against Mark's face again and again, but as he raised his arm for a final blow Mark grabbed his wrist and twisted his arm behind his back in a classic cop move to subdue an assailant. He dragged the trapped fireman through the dirt over to a tree, pulled both arms up behind it and cuffed his wrists. Lying on his back, arms stretched above his head, Jason pulled at his wrists but realized that he was helpless. "Fuck you, man," he yelled to the cop looming over him.

"I don't think so, stud. Not this time ..... other way round." His chest still heaving Mark dropped to his knees and yanked at the firefighter's pants, pulling them down to his ankles. He looked down at the near naked bodybuilder and two pairs of blue eyes bore into each other. With an arrogant, triumphant smile Mark said, "OK, pal, I believe in the punishment fitting the crime .... an eye for an eye, a fuck for a fuck."

"No, man," Jason said desperately. "I don't do that. No one ever gets inside my ass."

"They do now, big guy ..... like this."

Mark held Jason's legs in the air with one hand, and with the other he unzipped his pants, pulled out his stiff cock and slammed it brutally and deeply into the fireman's virgin ass. Jason's body spasmed, his face flew back and his mouth opened in a scream that echoed round the hills.

Mark was triumphant. "How's that feel, asshole? Wish the guys in your firehouse could see their tough bodybuilder buddy getting his ass reamed by a cop." His cock became a ruthless piston, hammering the hot ass with brutal intensity. "Now you know, you don't mess with me, asshole. Sure you're beautiful, a man's man, a muscle-god just like me, but you've met your match this time, buddy. How d'you like that, man? ..... the big cop fucking the fireman's ass?"

But as the ferocious fuck continued Mark fell silent and the mood gradually changed. So did the attack on the fireman's ass, slowing down, losing its savagery. As they gazed into each other's eyes their matching beauty and strength that had been the root of their rivalry slowly faded into something else. Against all logic it became an object of grudging respect, admiration ..... even lust. For a few moments they were not enemies .... they were simply two beautiful men, a cop and a firefighter, sharing their rugged masculinity and sexual desire.

Mark was now driven not by what Jason had *done* but by what he *was* ..... and there was no doubt that he was a spectacular looking man. And as Jason gazed up at this blond cop,

beautiful as a Greek God, he felt no more pain in his ass and it relaxed round the rod moving inside him. He had never seen a man as impressive as this, never felt a sensation so erotic.

They continued to stare at each other hypnotically, drowning in each other's eyes. Seeing desire and willing submission in Jason's gaze Mark said softly. "I'm gonna cum inside your ass, man." "OK," Jason said simply as he felt the cop's semen flowing inside him and his own cock spurting jets of cum over his naked chest. His heart was pounding, his breath heaving. His ass had been fucked for the first time in his life .... and by this magnificent cop.

\*\*\*\*\*

They gazed at each other for long seconds until Jason said softly, "I didn't know, man. I had no idea they belonged to someone else. I swear I didn't know." Mark blinked and shook his head, confused by his conflicting emotions, ashamed of them even. He pulled out of the fireman's ass and sprang to his feet. He scooped up water from the pool and washed his cock thoroughly, furiously, as if washing away the forbidden lust he had felt for this man.

But Jason's words still resonated and Mark realized that the man might not really be so guilty after all. If it was true what the twins had said, that they willingly offered their asses to him, he wasn't to know that they were betraying a man who loved them. Impulsive, vain he may have been, but not malicious.

Suddenly Mark snapped back to the scene that had so shocked him and he thought of Bob and how devastated he would be. As his anger at the fireman lessened it focused now on the twins and grew stronger. What were they thinking to have behaved so outrageously, to have ignored and betrayed the beautiful man who had offered them his love and protection? By the time Mark went back to face them his emotions were running high again and he glared at them with contempt. On their knees, their wrists handcuffed behind the tree, they looked up in fear.

The cop's voice was ice cold. "You say you wanted this guy? Did you suck his dick? Did you drink his cum?"

"Yes, sir," they both replied nervously.

"Did he put his dick in your asses? Is that what made you shoot a load over yourselves?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jesus Christ!" Mark clenched his fists and his fury returned. All he could see kneeling before him were two stupid, stupid boys who had betrayed the man Mark loved ..... and they had to be punished. Once again his anger made him irrational and he yelled at them.

"You fucking little shits, I should whip your sorry asses for this? Did either one of you think for one second about Bob while this man was fucking your face, pumping his dick in your ass?"

Shit, I knew when I first saw you that you were bad news, two street kids stealing Bob's car. But he forgave you, took you in, made you his boys ..... and this is how you repay him! Do you have any idea how crushed he's gonna be when he learns what you've done?"

The furious tongue lashing hit home and the twins were sobbing, shattered by Mark's words, realizing how badly they had betrayed their master, the man they idolized. Mark was losing control. "Look at me! I said I should whip your ass, but maybe you need more of what your stud fireman gave you. Maybe you need to get those mouths *really* fucked like you deserve."

He pulled Kyle's head back by the hair and plunged his cock into his mouth, slamming it against the back of his throat, making him choke and scream into the gag of the huge rod. After a few brutal thrusts he pulled out, grabbed Kevin and, blinded by his anger, subjected him to the same merciless punishment, pounding his terrified face. Kyle was still coughing, but he managed to plead, "You're hurting him, sir. You're hurting my brother. Please stop, sir ..... please....."

In his frenzy Mark didn't hear the boy ..... but he did feel the grip on his shoulder spinning him round, and the hand that smashed across his face. He found himself on the ground looking up at ..... Bob! And he heard his voice. "What the fuck are you doing, man? Have you gone completely insane, torturing my boys? Look at them ..... they're terrified."

Mark staggered to his feet and stammered, "They needed it, man. The little fuckers betrayed you .... they gave their asses to the guy over there. They're nothing better than cheap ....."

"Enough! All I know is you were torturing my boys. I don't give a shit what they've done. If they've done wrong I'll handle it, not you. I'll punish them in my own way without your help, you maniac. Give me the key so I can release them."

Meekly Mark handed over the key to the handcuffs, and then remembered the other guy still in handcuffs. Quickly he freed Jason, pulled him to his feet and helped him pick up his clothes. "This is no place for you, man," Mark said. "Go outside and call your buddies for a pick-up." He looked at the badge on his coat. "I'm familiar with your firehouse. I'll be in touch." They gave each other one last penetrating gaze ..... and Jason turned to leave.

As he walked to the gate he glanced over at Bob, tending to the boys, and his own words came back to him. 'Shit, it would take a real special man to have you as his boys. He'd have to be fucking gorgeous.' He smiled to himself. Well, at least he got that part right.

Bob had freed the twins and helped them to their feet. They stood with heads downcast, still in a state of shock, but they looked up again fearfully as they heard Mark approach. Bob heard him too, whirled on him and the battle of words escalated. Fueled by unthinking anger they traded accusations and insults and said things they didn't mean. Mark was jabbing Bob in the chest. "Maybe if you had given them what they really needed, some good raw sex, got into their fantasies, they wouldn't have offered their asses to the first firefighter to come along."

“You’re full of shit, man. You arrogant prick ..... once a cop always a cop. You guys are all the same, swaggering around thinking you can rough up anyone you want, especially kids like this. You know what? ..... you’re jealous of them ..... jealous because they’ve got me and you don’t. Well you sure won’t have me now, pal. I don’t recognize the guy I used to love. We’re finished, buddy. Don’t come near me or my boys anymore, is that clear?”

He turned back to the twins ..... but they were gone. Unable to bear the guilt of what they had done, and watching this fight they had caused between two men who had loved each other so much, they couldn’t face any more. Their days in the house were finished, they thought. They had to get away. And so they did.

\*\*\*\*\*

The search was frantic and fruitless. The other boys all came home shortly after and Mark explained to them briefly what had happened so they would know the seriousness of the situation. The boys helped search the house but the twins were gone. Without a word or a glance at Bob Mark leapt into his truck and drove off to search the streets. Bob left too and the boys looked at each other in shock as they heard the squeal of his car tires speeding away.

There was always an instinct in the boys to circle the wagons in a time of crisis ..... and they knew this was a crisis. They had sensed the angry vibes that still hung in the air and they couldn’t miss the bitterness that obviously existed between Mark and Bob as they searched the house. So Jamie, Pablo, Darius and Nate sat at the table by the pool and between them, after Mark’s brief explanation, they were able to piece together most of what had gone down here.

Judging from the burnt-out tree and all the charred debris there had obviously been a fire. That prompted Nate to divulge one of the many secrets he knew, being the houseboy and cleaning everyone’s rooms. One day as he had been vacuuming under the twins’ bed he had come across their Firemen’s Calendar opened at the August page. “The man was totally awesome, dudes, so I guess that was kind of their fantasy.” He couldn’t know, of course, that it was the very same firefighter who had actually been at the house.

Worst of all was the rupture between Bob and Mark. Everyone knew they were in love with each other, so the idea of them being enemies was unthinkable. “And god knows what’ll happen when Randy finds out,” Pablo said. “You know what he does to anyone who hurts Bob or makes him unhappy ..... beats them to a pulp. Hell, I wouldn’t wanna be in Mark’s place right now, or the fireman’s for that matter. If Randy ever locates that guy, he’s toast.”

There was silence as the true dimensions of the crisis hit home. Jamie was especially alarmed at the trouble his master Mark was in, and suddenly he took a deep breath. “Guys, it’s up to us! Seems like everyone’s made a royal fuck-up of this whole mess, and it’s up to the boys to put things right. I think we can, guys.”

“What do you suggest?” asked Darius, impressed.

“Well for starters I have a pretty good idea where the twins have gone.” Jamie grinned. “I have been known to fuck up myself if you recall ..... yeah even me, Nate, though that was before your time. I once told the twins about it and we talked about the place I ran way to. Remember, Pablo, where you and Billy found me? So I’m pretty sure where they’ve gone. But we don’t wanna scare them off, so I think I should go find them myself, then you guys come after me as back-up.”

“Back-up,” Darius grinned. “You’re starting to sound like a cop, dude, just like your old man.” Then another thought hit him “You know, guys, the worst part of all this is that if we don’t find the twins ..... we’ll have to cook dinner.”

“Darius!!”

“OK, OK, bad choice of words. Anyway, what Jamie says sure sounds like a plan to me. And then after that we’ll kind of make things up as we go along. Everyone agreed?”

“Agreed,” they said in unison, sealing the deal by slapping their right hands on top of each other on the table.

“Shit,” Darius grinned again. “Just like a band of brothers. Then again, I guess that’s kinda what we are.”

# # #

## **Chapter 149 – The Band of Brothers**

If a man, or a boy, walks a couple of miles from the house, down the hill, across Figueroa and over the Pasadena Freeway, he will come to the Arroyo Seco, a sprawling, green wilderness area where a person can lose himself. During the day it was frequented by hikers, but at night it was home to coyotes, deer and other animals seeking refuge from the city. It was also home to the homeless, where people down on their luck would spend the night in the thick brush.

It had been Jamie’s home for a while, way back when he was living rough with a buddy before he was taken in by the house and eventually became Mark’s boy. Jamie had told the wide-eyed twins stories of that time and place, and had even taken him there once on one of their hikes. The twins had looked in amazement at the small, hidden hollow, surrounded by bushes, where Jamie and his buddy had once hunkered down.

Knowing the twins as well as he did Jamie had a hunch that, in their despair and misery, that’s the spot they would head for. He had gone on ahead of the other boys after giving them directions. Now he tramped through the grass and brush, recalling with a shudder of

recognition the trails he had followed as a young outcast from society. He thought now of his hero, Mark, and the trouble he was in with Bob, and longed to feel his strong arms round him.

But first things first ..... he had to help put things right. As he approached the hollow he heard low, somber voices. He took a deep breath, broke through the bushes ..... and there were the twins, huddled close together, sitting on the grass, hunched forward miserably with their arms round their knees. They looked up startled.

“Jamie! What are you doing here?” They looked past him with alarm. “Is Bob with you?”

Jamie sat down next to them and smiled. “No, just me. I guessed you would come here. You’re not the only guys ever to fuck up, you know. I did once.... big time .... with Mark.”

“You did?”

“Yeah ..... I must’ve been crazy letting Steve fuck me. Mark caught us and beat up Steve and I thought Mark would be so pissed off he would throw me out, so I ran away ..... came here.”

“Just like us,” said Kevin.

“Yeah, just like that. But you know what? Mark didn’t want to throw me out. No ..... he still loved me and went frantic trying to find me. Then Pablo came to get me with Billy.”

They perked up slightly on hearing that someone had once been in exactly their predicament, but gloom quickly fell upon them again and tears began flowing down their cheeks. “Yeah, dude,” Kyle said between sobs, “but that was you and Mark. We can never go back after what we did!” He heaved a miserable sigh. “Everyone in that house loves Bob, and we’re the guys who betrayed him and fucked things up between him and Mark. How could we face anyone after that? No one in that house is gonna even want to look at us.”

Just then there was a rustling in the bushes and Pablo’s dog Billy burst into the clearing. He rushed up to the startled twins, tail wagging furiously, and started to lick their faces, lapping up the tears on their cheeks. Jamie stood up and laughed. “There’s your answer, dudes! At least one guy in the house still loves you.”

“And that goes for us too, mates,” came the unmistakable Australian accent of Nate as he followed Billy into the hollow along with Pablo and Darius.

The four boys sat crossed-legged facing the twins, making a tight circle ..... their version of circling the wagons. “Dudes,” said Pablo, “don’t think you’re any different from us. We’ve all fucked up in our time, and been punished for it. But let me tell you something, when those guys take you on as their boy, that’s it, you’re theirs for keeps ..... fuck-ups and all. So whad’ya say? Come back with us and face the music. And we’ll be right there cheering you on.”

Confused and uncertain the twins looked from one eager face to another. Seeing they were wavering Darius said, "Think of it another way, dudes. If you don't come back us guys are gonna have to do the cooking. Picture it ..... an hour of that your kitchen's gonna look like a war zone."

Surprisingly that was the clincher. Above all else the twins took pride in their kitchen and their cooking skills and they couldn't stand the thought of anyone screwing it all up. "You guys can't cook," Kevin said softly, and the boys nodded in bright-eyed agreement. Slowly the twins pulled themselves to their feet. The boys put their arms round their shoulders and they allowed themselves to be led away from this place of sad memories.

\*\*\*\*\*

About that time Bob pulled up to the house and dropped his face onto his hands on the steering wheel, emotionally exhausted. He climbed wearily from the car, walked through the gate ..... and came face to face with Randy. He had just got home from work and was looking around with amazement and mounting anger at the burnt tree, blackened barbecue and debris scattered all over the garden.

"What the fuck's happened here?" he barked. "What's been going on? And where the fuck is everyone .... Mark .... the boys? The place is deserted." Then he saw the ashen look on Bob's face. "Hey, buddy, what's up? You look like shit. Here, let's go inside and get a drink."

"Thanks Randy," he said, "but I'd rather we go up to our room. I don't want to run into Mark right now. They went upstairs, Randy poured two large brandies and listened as Bob haltingly described everything that had happened. When he came to the part where Mark was savagely fucking the twins' faces, punishing them for having sex with the fireman, Randy had heard enough and jumped to his feet, his eyes blazing.

"Where is he? Where's Mark? I'll damn well ..... and the asshole fireman ..... what fire station did he come from?"

He walked toward the door but Bob barred his way. "No, Randy, please, don't." He had a vision of Randy beating the crap out of Mark, then tearing apart the fire station. "That'll only mess things up even worse. Please, man. My only concern now is the twins. They've run away and I was out looking for them but realized I'd be more use here so I can talk to them if they should call. Please, Randy, sit back down." His voice cracked with anxiety and fatigue. "I need you with me, man."

Randy looked at his stricken lover and gathered him into his arms in a tight bearhug. There was a heavy silence, broken suddenly by the ring of the house phone. Bob broke away and grabbed the phone. "Yes?" His body slumped with relief as he heard Jamie's voice. "It's OK, sir. I found them ..... they're with me and the boys. We're bringing them home."

“Jamie..... thank you ..... thank you. You’re a great kid. I’ll meet you at the gate. Great job, Jamie. You’re terrific.” He hung up the phone, turned to Randy and fell into his arms again. “They’re safe. Jamie and the boys have got them. I’ll meet them outside and take them into their house.” He pulled back and looked into Randy’s eyes. “And while I’m gone, please, Randy, please....”

“OK, OK, cool it, buddy. I promise I won’t take Mark apart .....” he grinned “.... or the fire station. When the other boys come in they can help me clean up outside and then” (with a mock salute) “I’ll wait for orders from the boss.”

“God I love you, man. Thanks for.....” He teared up, but checked himself and became businesslike. “When I’ve had a talk with the twins I’ll call you on your cell to join us. I think I’m gonna need your help with what I have in mind.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Bob stood outside the house and watched the group trudging up the hill. The twins still appeared to be in shock, but the other boys were animatedly trying to cheer them up. Darius, naturally, was leading the effort and his cheerful voice floated up to Bob as they approached. “So, dudes, don’t forget the rule of the house. It’s a ritual called ‘spilling the beans’. When this is over we want to hear everything ..... every last detail. And feel free to exaggerate.” Bob couldn’t help smiling. There was nobody like Darius to cheer a boy up.

The boys’ laughter died down as they saw Bob waiting for them. Bob thanked them profusely, with a special smile for Jamie that melted him as it always did. “OK, guys, while I talk to the twins Randy’s waiting for you to help clean up the mess in the garden.” A few minutes later Bob was facing the twins in their little house in Zack’s grounds, their heads hanging down, afraid to make eye contact. Bob made them sit at the kitchen table and he sat facing them.

“OK, now first I want you both to look me in the eyes.” Slowly they raised their heads and Bob’s heart melted when he saw the haunted look of guilt and fear in their eyes. “Right, you should be able to see in my eyes that I still love you, OK?”

“Yes, sir ..... thank you, sir.”

“Good, now we’ve got that settled I want you to tell me what happened. Take your time.” There was an uneasy silence, then a look passed between the twins and Kevin got up and went to the bedroom. He came back with their Fireman’s Calendar, sat down and pushed it shyly across the table to Bob. Kyle said quietly, “August, sir. Jason.”

Bob flipped the calendar open to the August page and gave a low whistle. “Wow, does this guy here look like your fireman? I only got a quick glimpse of him in the garden.”

“You don’t understand, sir .... that *is* him, the same guy. He’s Jason. *He was in the garden.*”

Bob looked at them in astonishment and suddenly understood everything. The firefighter was spectacular, stripped to the waist in his bulky yellow pants, suspenders over his heavily muscled torso. Bob could see how the twins couldn't resist, especially as they had doubtless often looked longingly at this picture ..... probably cum all over it. Bob smiled inwardly as he felt his own cock get stiff just looking at the picture.

"OK, kids, now here's the deal. I understand why you were tempted by the guy ..... he's gorgeous. But two things disappoint me ..... one, that you didn't trust me to understand what you did and you ran away. And two, that you didn't feel you could share your fantasies with me. I know I may look like a buttoned-up business executive to you, but I have my share of fantasies too, you know .... hell, Randy is one of them. And you should check with Pablo and Darius. I've taken them on a few fantasy trips that they still talk about, probably still jerk off to."

"Sir, we're very sorry, sir. It's just that we ...." Kevin's voice trailed off as tears filled his eyes.

"Now listen," Bob said. "I want us to put all this behind us. There's kind of a rule in this house that when a boy steps out of line he gets punished ..... and then it's over, done with. You do know you have to get punished, don't you?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Kevin eagerly. "It's what we want," added Kyle. "We need you to punish us."

"Yeah, well, it's not gonna be me. I'm not great at physical punishment but I know someone who is. Wait here for a minute."

Bob left the room and called Randy on his cell. He had a short but intense conversation with him, then rejoined the twins. They sat in an uneasy silence, then suddenly the door flew open and there stood Randy. Looming in the doorway, back-lit by the sun, he was a formidable sight. He was still in his work clothes ..... cargo pants, boots and his dirt-streaked tank-top .... still sweaty from cleaning up the garden in the hot sun. His voice was gruff.

"OK, kids, you should know one thing ..... it's a rule. When anyone messes with my guy here, anyone hurts him, they answer to me. You betrayed him, you get punished ..... by me."

\*\*\*\*\*

The twins were surprised and dismayed. They had expected Bob to punish them and felt they needed it ..... looked forward to it even. They knew that Bob's gentle soul would never allow him to hurt them. But Randy! His punishments were legendary ..... bondage, ass whippings, and brutal, prolonged fucks. They were scared.

"OK, strip naked. Then on your backs ..... on the bed." They scrambled to obey and soon Randy was towering over the frightened, naked twins, lying pressed close to each other for mutual support. This, they knew, was the worst. To get fucked by the boss was the worst

punishment a boy could expect ..... he could rip their asses raw. Their worst fears were confirmed when they saw him with lengths of rope that he had brought in. He worked with the speed of an expert, and minutes later the twins were helpless, their wrists tied to the bedframe above their heads.

Then came his classic command. "Let me see you get free."

The beautiful naked young bodies began to writhe beside each other, tugging at the ropes, their lithe muscles flexing as if they were being stretched on the rack. Standing in the background Bob gazed in awe at the stunning sight ..... two young brothers in helpless bondage, at the mercy of the big, swarthy bodybuilder.

Bob ..... after the first flush of fear, they both suddenly realized that he was still in the room, watching everything. And this provided them with a zone of some comfort. Bob loved them, he had told them so. He would never let anyone really hurt them .... even the fearsome Randy. So when the construction boss knelt between their legs they were not as terrorized as they might have been if Bob had been absent. But Randy's rough voice reignited their fear.

"This fireman ..... did he fuck your ass?"

"Yes, sir," said Kyle timidly.

"Like this?" Roughly Randy pushed Kyle's legs up and pressed the tip of his rod against his hole. Then suddenly he buried the whole length of his shaft into the boy's ass, making him howl with pain. But instantly he pulled back and the pain lessened until the rod thrust down again and Kyle howled as before.

Randy was a master .... and Bob had known it. He had received Bob's instructions and as he pistoned inside the young ass he was hurting the boy enough to make him yell, but not enough to injure him as he could have done. He was expert at this, pushing the boy to his limits, then taking him over his pain threshold for just an instant.

As his body rose and fell over the boy Randy growled, "You're getting your ass fucked by the boss, kid, because you betrayed the boss's lover. Now you're gonna tell me something. Look at me, feel that cock, and tell me who's the best..... me or your fireman? Look at me, boy."

Kyle looked up at the magnificent dark demon, his piercing, hypnotic blue eyes, his muscular chest heaving under the thin fabric of the greasy tank-top, and he felt the huge rod taking him right to the edge of pain but leaving him wanting more. Like so many others before him Kyle was falling under the spell of the man's sexual magnetism and he said, in a trance, "You are, sir. You are the best. Please fuck my ass, sir."

"Good answer, kid." Randy pulled all the way out, paused, and then in one savage move plunged his cock into the depths of his gut, over the inner sphincter into that seldom visited spot.

The boy's head flew back and he screamed. Randy had just taken him beyond his limit ..... and it hurt ..... but that didn't stop Kyle from blasting a stream of cum over his chest.

When Kevin's turn came he looked up at Randy with a mix of fear and excitement. As always with the twins, the experience for one was exactly as it had been for the other. Randy gave him the same treatment, burying his cock deep in his ass to the edge of pain, then pulling out, leaving Kevin gasping for more. The boy looked up in awe at the muscle-god's chest heaving under the tight tank, sweat dripping down on him. Randy growled, "Tell me what you want, kid."

"I ..... I want you fuck me harder, sir, make me cum like you did my brother. Please, sir." Randy pulled all the way out, paused ..... and speared the young ass savagely one last time, sending Kevin spinning from pain to ecstasy as he screamed and his cock erupted.

Randy pulled out, stood up and turned to grin at Bob. Bob had trusted him to punish the boys in a way that would hurt them, but not too much ..... to make them scared, but not too much. Randy had delivered as Bob knew he would. Bob smiled at him in appreciation and love. He was crazy about this extraordinary man. Randy pulled off his sweaty tank top and said, "Hey, big guy, you wanna help yourself to some of what's left here?"

Bob pulled off his T-shirt and stood beside Randy, both dropping to their knees on the bed. The twins looked up at them in awe as Randy said, "OK, boys. I just made both of you shoot a hot load of jism. But now you have to apologize to my man here ..... not in words ..... in cum. I wanna see you shoot another load to show you're master how much you love him."

He pressed his cock against Kyle's ass and Bob did the same with Kevin. "OK, stud," Randy said, "let's do it .... let's finish them off." In unison the men pushed their hips forward and their cocks glided into the young asses, already tender from the pounding by the boss's thick pole. The twins gazed up at the two shirtless muscle-gods and heaved huge sighs. They had misbehaved, run away, been rescued by the boys, reunited with Bob and punished by his lover, the boss. And now they were in heaven.

Even though they had shot their loads only minutes ago they couldn't resist the sensation of the cocks sliding gently back and forth in their asses. They were being fucked by their master and his lover ..... and they couldn't hold back. Suddenly Randy shouted, "OK, guys .... Now!" And there were four spectacular orgasms, with the boys shooting another load over their cum-slicked bodies while their masters poured hot juice deep inside them.

There was a long moment as the men and boys gazed at each other, their breath heaving. Randy untied their wrists then sprang to his feet and looked sternly down at them. "OK, guys, that's it. The rule of this house is that you get punished and then it's over." He raised a warning finger. "But make no mistake ..... you ever disobey or hurt this man again, and I will personally come back and ream your young asses so fucking hard you won't be able to sit, let alone get fucked, for weeks. You're home with your master, now. Treat him well."

He turned to leave, but then looked back. "And get your asses back in that kitchen, boys. I'm fucking starving so start cooking."

"Yes sir!" they said in unison, exchanging conspiratorial smiles with Bob as the boss flung his shirt over his shoulder and strode out of the room.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Better do what the man says," Bob smiled as the twins got off the bed and hugged him. "You don't want more of that treatment ..... or do you?" There was mischief in their eyes as they ran laughing from the room.

Bob heaved a big sigh. He was relieved that that part was over, but there was still a knot in the pit of his stomach. He kept seeing Mark, kept remembering how he had hurt the twins and how he himself had hit Mark in anger. The bitter accusations and insults they had traded rang in his ears, especially his parting words to Mark .... "We're finished, buddy. Don't come near me or my boys anymore, is that clear?" There was no going back on that.

Gloomily he trudged across the street and up to his room. Randy was just getting out of the shower with a towel wrapped round his waist. He grinned at Bob. "Was that thing with the twins OK? Did I carry out your orders, sir?"

"To the letter, Randy." Bob smiled and put his arms round him. "You were terrific. Just what I wanted and the twins needed."

"Hell, man, you should learn to dish out punishment yourself. You're way too soft. Still, that's what I love about you. And it means you need to keep a big lug like me around to do your dirty work." Bob pulled away and now Randy noticed the faraway look in his eyes. "Shit, for someone who just got his boys back you sure don't look too happy ..... more like a rainy Tuesday night." He frowned. "It's Mark, right? That big fight you two had?"

"Yeah ..... it's the first time we've ever been enemies, and...." he choked up ..... "sorry, buddy." He turned round to hide the tears welling up in his eyes.

Randy walked forward and threw his arm round his lover's neck. "Listen, man, I've always known you two were in love with each other. I'm OK with that, just as long as I'm always your main man, understood?"

Bob brightened. "Never any doubt of that, stud." He grinned. "You wanna prove it?"

"Damn right," said Randy, letting the towel drop, his iron hard cock rearing up. "Get those fucking clothes off you before I rip them off."

\*\*\*\*\*

Following Randy's orders the twins had produced dinner on time. It was Randy and Bob who were late. When they finally walked into the living room the glow round them was obvious to all the men sitting round the table, and they were greeted with a ripple of applause.

Dinner was served by the twins and Nate, but there was still a cloud hanging over the group, heightened by the absence of Mark and Jamie. Mark had taken his boy out to dinner. Conversation skirted round the elephant in the room, the almost unbelievable rift between Bob and Mark, two of the most popular men in the house who had been so in love with each other.

At another meal table, in a nearby restaurant, there was a similar tiptoeing through the conversation minefield. Mark was proud of Jamie's taking the lead in finding the boys and his affection for his boy was warmer than ever. But beneath that his mood was still somber. Like Bob, Mark's unhappiness was tinged with the shreds of anger that still lingered and, like Bob, he was determined not to be the one to heal the breach.

Jamie understood everything and couldn't bear to see his beautiful master so sad. But, as before with the twins, a plan was forming in Jamie's mind and he said carefully, "Sir, I was thinking ..... you know how you gave me your shack in the dunes. Well, sir, as it's mine now I would like to invite you up there for a couple of days. Be good to get out of town."

Not for the first time Mark was surprised by the insight and kindness of his boy. Mark had been dreading his first confrontation with Bob, and this would be a way of delaying it, of putting some distance between them. Yeah, a trip with his boy up to the dunes was exactly what he needed. He smiled for the first time and placed his hands over Jamie's on the table.

"Jamie, I love the hell out of you, boy. As it happens I've been working back-to-back shifts so I have a few days coming to me. How about we leave first thing in the morning? The way I'm feeling, though, I might not be such great company so why don't you invite Nate along too? You two can get in some surfing while I nurse my bruised feelings."

"Awesome, sir." Jamie smiled, pleased with himself. So far so good.

\*\*\*\*\*

That evening Mark went to bed early, going into his apartment the back way to avoid the others, especially Bob. But Jamie stayed, and when the meal had been cleared away all the boys huddled round the table outside. At first Darius was in charge, insisting on the 'spilling the beans' ritual he had mentioned to the twins. Emboldened by Bob's attitude to their Fireman's Calendar they decided to share it. They pushed it across the table to Darius and said, "August."

Darius flipped it open and his eyes grew wide. "No way, dudes. This was never the actual guy! He's totally fucking awesome ..... and he was actually here?" With mock solemnity he got up, fell to his knees and kissed the ground Jason had walked on.

After the raucous laughter died down the twins did indeed 'spill all the beans' of their adventure with Jason to their spellbound buddies. Only one of the boys did not fully share the high spirits of the others. Jamie remained silent and contemplative and it didn't escape Nate's notice. "What's up, mate? You still worried about that Mark and Bob thing?" All eyes were on Jamie.

"Look, guys," he said, "I know we got the twins back for Bob, but we've still got work to do. I think us boys can fix this mess and I have a plan. But Darius, you'll have to enlist Zack's help."

"Hell, nothing I like better than a good conspiracy," Darius grinned. "OK, dude, what's the scoop?"

And so the plan went into action. Early the next morning Darius had a private word with Zack, who grinned and said, "Leave it to me, kiddo."

At breakfast Bob was still withdrawn and gloomy. He had given Jamie time off from the office, though all he had told Bob was that Mark was taking him out of town, not where. But Bob was certain it was to avoid him. While the twins were away in the kitchen Zack smiled at Bob.

"I don't get it, buddy. You have a great night of sex with that stud of yours, you've got your boys back and still you look like you're on death row. Listen, maybe you can do a favor to me and yourself at the same time. That shack of mine in the dunes. I've been trying to get up there to check it out ..... make sure it's still standing .... but work's been a bitch and I haven't had time. Why don't you take the twins up there for a few days ..... give them a treat after all the shit that's gone down here? Breathe again, man .... get out from under those rain clouds."

The twins had just come out with more coffee and they heard the last bit of Zack's suggestion. Their eyes sparkled as they looked expectantly at Bob. He saw their eager anticipation, thought for a minute and said, "Well, I sure could use a breath of sea air. If you're sure about this, Zack, it's a terrific idea, eh guys?" The twins nodded enthusiastically. "I was gonna work at home the next couple of days but I guess it can wait. Hey, Pablo, you think you and Darius can cope here, with Nate gone too? It'll just be you two, Randy and Zack."

"He'll cope," Randy growled into his coffee, "if he ever wants to feel my dick in his ass again."

"Yes please, sir," Pablo beamed, with his familiar crooked grin.

\*\*\*\*\*

So quickly did Bob warm to the idea of getting away with the twins that he couldn't wait to leave. Next morning it took only an hour or two for him to make a few business calls and the twins to pack supplies. Alone in the kitchen Kyle made a quick, breathless call to Jamie's cell. "We're on, dude ..... it worked ..... stay tuned."

And then they were on the road. Bob had taken the truck so they could all share the front seat but it was a fairly silent trip as Bob was still wrapped in melancholy. The twins didn't much mind the silence, though. They were with the man they idolized, he had forgiven them, they were going on a trip, and all was right with the world ..... or soon would be if their plan worked. They smiled at each other conspiratorially and gave each other's hand a hidden squeeze.

A few hours ahead of them there was a similar mood in Mark's truck. He was mostly silent, wrestling with his confusion of anger, guilt and desolation as he saw Bob's beautiful face constantly before him. But, ever the cop, he was defiant. No way would he apologize or reconcile with Bob. Later, after they had arrived at the cabin and had a bite to eat he tried to relax in the sun. But he was restless and knew what he needed to shake off his dark mood.

Physical exercise usually helped him through times like this and he turned to his old friends, the bench press and weights he had there, and the chin bar in the door frame. His concentration became intense as he began his workout. Jamie and Nate had kept their distance, letting Mark brood on his own. But now they watched from behind a nearby dune, as the near-naked cop in gym shorts strained and grunted, his spectacular body lying on the bench, his chest and biceps flexing and straining as he pressed ever heavier weights.

The boys had watched this before but it never ceased to enthrall them. Hidden from view they gazed in awe, stroking their hard dicks faster and faster. When Mark sprang from the bench and began pulling himself up to the chin bar the sight of his splayed muscles was too much for them and Nate said softly, "You gonna cum, mate?" "Are you kidding?" Jamie whispered. "Let's do it, dude." And they both shot a long stream of juice into the hot sand.

But even after a rigorous workout Mark was still not at peace. He drank a beer, or half of it, paced, then turned to the boys and said, "I gotta go for a run, guys. Wanna come?"

"Sir," Jamie said, "me and Nate were just waxing our boards to go surfing. Is it OK if we ....."

"Sure, sure," Mark said absently. "Just be careful out there." He turned and began a steady jog up the beach.

But the boys didn't go surfing. They rested their boards against the shack and Jamie pulled out his cell phone. "Hey, great," he said to Kevin, "you're there already. Now listen ....."

Bob and the twins had just arrived and as Bob came from the truck Kevin quickly put away his phone. Bob stripped down to his swim trunks but it was obvious to the twins that his mind was elsewhere. They glanced at each other and Kyle said casually, "Sir, how far down the beach is Mark's shack?"

Bob looked up sharply at the sound of Mark's name. "Well, technically it's Jamie's now, but it's about three miles away." Suddenly he wanted to be somewhere that reminded him of Mark, a place they had spent happier times. "Now you mention it, when any of us is here we usually

check on each other's place if it's empty, just to make sure everything's OK. So if you guys don't mind finishing unloading the truck I think I'll take a run down there. Do me good."

They encouraged him to go, and as he ran off they high fived each other, their eyes gleaming.

\*\*\*\*\*

At the other end of the beach the afternoon sun beat down on Mark as he picked up speed, his feet pounding the wet sand. He breathed deeply but his jaw was clenched as he willed himself to get over the despair he felt. Once again he ran over in his mind the events in the garden, the things he had done to the twins, had said to Bob. Had it been all his fault? Hell no, he was just giving the twins what they deserved because he loved Bob. No, he was fucking *in love* with him .... the man was magnificent. But what was it he had said? "We're finished, buddy. Don't come near me or my boys anymore." That was plain enough. They were done.

And then, in the distance he saw what looked like a figure approaching.

As Bob ran steadily down the beach he was eager to get to Mark's shack. There would be nobody there, but he knew how to get in, it was easy. He wanted to breathe in the essence of the man, to lie on the bed where they had once ..... he tried not to think of the sex they had had there. Mark's used clothes were always scattered on the bed and he wanted to hold them, smell them, be close to Mark .... or as close as he would ever be again, he thought mournfully.

His eyes were becoming moist, but through his tears he saw something moving in the distance. The sun was shining straight into his eyes, dazzling him, but it looked like someone running. Strange, there usually wasn't another soul on this remote, deserted beach.

Down the beach Mark squinted. As he ran through the surf the spray clouded his vision but now he could make out the shape of a man. Yes, a tall, well-built man, he was sure of that. Shit, his mind had been focused so much on Bob that it was playing tricks now. The guy even looked like him.

Bob was gasping for breath, not from exertion but from disbelief. It couldn't be .... not here .... It was like a mirage shimmering on the hot sand. He didn't know what to do ..... his impulse was to turn and run away ..... he couldn't face him. But it was too late ..... the muscular Greek God was pounding toward him. Bob stopped, rooted in the wet sand.

Mark slowed and gazed at the stunning body, the beautiful square-jawed face, the tousled dark hair. He came within fifty yards and stopped running. The two men gazed at each other mesmerized, and all the anger, doubt, confusion fled from their minds. Each man focused on only one thing ..... the beautiful man standing before him, the man he loved, the man he needed right now more than anything. Their cocks were straining for release in their shorts.

They both started running again, faster and faster until at last they fell into each other's arms. Their faces came together and they were kissing, licking, biting, trying to get closer, inside each other, their passion erupting out of the anguish they had both been suffering. They pulled back, gazed into each other's eyes, then kissed again, their tongues searching hungrily deep inside the other's mouth.

When at last they separated they ran their hands over each other's body. Slowly they sank to their knees, embraced again, and soon their bodies were clamped together, churning over in the shallow surf. They were gasping, their hearts pounding as they tried desperately to convey through muscular strength the depth of their longing and overwhelming relief of being together.

When they came to rest at last Mark was on his back with Bob on top of him and they stared at each other with eyes of wonder. Mark stroked Bob's face and said quietly, "Fuck me, man. Show me you forgive me. Please, please ..... fuck me. I need to feel your cock in my ass. Please, man ....."

In an instant they were tearing frantically at each other's shorts, feeling the ass muscles clench as the fabric tore to shreds. Bob grabbed Mark's legs, pushed them high and plunged his cock into his ass. As the surf splashed over them they both screamed to the heavens. Bob was fucking the ass of the man he loved, the man he had lost and now found again.

As his cock pistoned inside the cop's ass Bob shouted above the crashing waves, "I love you, man. I never stopped ..... I never stopped loving you. How could I?" As if to prove it he pounded the cop's ass even harder until his raging cock was on fire and he shouted, "Oh man, I've wanted this so bad .... your ass feels so fucking hot. It's making me cum, man. I'm gonna shoot my load in your ass, buddy. Cum with me ..... please ...."

Their screams drowned out the waves and the cry of the seagulls as their orgasms erupted. Mark felt his ass fill with cum as his own poured out of him and was washed away in the surf.

There was no doubt what came next. Bob flipped over onto his back and Mark gazed down at him. Despite their massive orgasms their cocks were still rock hard and Bob moaned in ecstasy as he felt Mark's cock sliding inside him. He felt he was dreaming as he saw the muscular body rise and fall over him, felt the huge pole penetrating him, and saw the blue eyes smiling down at him. He had to cum again..... had to.

"Go ahead, man," Mark said. "I'm ready." And so they blasted another load of juice, yelling at each other wildly in the joy of rediscovered love, anger cleansed and bodies reunited. When it was over they lay entwined in each other's arms in the sand, the surf splashing over them, their only witness the seagulls, swooping high above with screams of protest and envy.

\*\*\*\*\*

They lay together for a long time, fearful of letting go of the man they had found again. It was some time before they helped each other to their feet. They were walking back toward Bob's shack in silence, still elated at being together again, when they saw the twins running toward them. Kyle didn't hesitate. "Sir, we were walking down the beach to see Jamie and Nate, and we were wondering. Would it be alright if we spent the night with them?"

Taken by surprise Bob said, "Well ..... sure ..... I guess Mark and I can manage on our own in Zack's place. Whad'ya think buddy?"

"Sure sounds like a plan to me," Mark said with a gleaming smile."

So the twins dashed off, but Bob was puzzled ..... how did they know? When they got to the shack the penny finally dropped. Set up on the porch was a table with drinks and sandwiches. And inside there was a casserole in the oven and the bed had been neatly made and turned down. Bob grinned at Mark. "Buddy, I think we've been set up ..... by our own boys no less."

Mark put his arm round Bob's shoulder. "I had a feeling there was something going on in Jamie's gorgeous young head. You're right, man, this whole thing is a set-up. The boys have been taking care of their masters. Guess we have a lot to thank them for." He was right, and when the twins reached Jamie and Nate there were triumphant whoops and high-fives all round.

Bob and Mark showered together and Bob called Randy to check in. "Hey buddy, guess what. Mark came up here too ..... I think the boys have been plotting. Anyway, Mark and me, we're ..... we're spending the night together in Zack's place, if that's OK with you."

"Sure," came Randy's voice. "About time you two made up. As a matter of fact, Darius and Pablo have asked us if they can go up there and join the boys ..... seems they're planning some kind of boys' orgy in the dunes. So, that'll leave just me and Zack here. It'll be great ..... we can kind of get reacquainted. So, sure, you two have a good time together."

Bob smiled as he hung up, relieved at Randy's easy-going acceptance of the situation. What he couldn't see, of course, was Randy's clenched jaw, the glint in his eye and the tension in his body as he recalled his own words to Bob ..... "just as long as I'm always your main man, understood?" Oblivious of this, Bob turned his attention to Mark and the exhilarating thought of spending the night with him. Not that they would probably get much sleep.

As they sat on the porch over drinks, the sun sinking toward the horizon, conversation flowed easily, with no mention of recent events. That was over, in the past. So Mark wasn't ready for Bob's sudden question that came out of nowhere. "Mark, that fireman who came to the house ..... what's his name? Jason? Well ... would you know how to get in touch with him again?"

Mark smiled in surprise. "Well, sure, I guess ..... I know what fire station he works out of. But why in the world .....?"

“Oh, nothing. Just thought of a favor you might be able to do for me.”

“Anything, old buddy, you know that.” Mark grinned lasciviously. “Now that you mention it I can think of a few favors we can do for each other right now. Let’s go inside.”

# # #

## Chapter 150 – The Power of Man-on-Man Sex

And so the sun went down on three houses ..... the big house in L.A., and the two shacks on the beach, all three places charged with expectations that the night would be something special.

The L.A. house was unusually quiet and empty, with only Randy and Zack to keep each other company. The two men were working buddies, two rugged construction workers, and as they strolled down to their local restaurant for dinner they enjoyed this rare opportunity of spending some leisure time together. As they chatted amiably over dinner there arose a warmth between them, a heat even, that they never had time to feel on the construction site in the demands of a hectic workday.

When they got back to the house they were feeling mellow and bit drunk. Randy looked at Zack and shrugged. “Hey, big guy, no sense you being alone in your place across the street. Come and bunk in with me. I’ve got half an empty bed, what with Bob away, fucking with Mark in the dunes.” Zack heard in Randy’s voice a mix of regret and loneliness, tinged with resentment, so he readily agreed.

They were both tired and, once in bed, they savored the warmth and companionship, with no thought of sex ..... not then at any rate. But during the night Zack was aware of the muscular body pressed close to him, his arm thrown over Zack’s chest. Zack smiled to himself and thought, ‘dreaming of Bob, no doubt.’ And so they slept, and woke the next morning ready to face the day together ..... just the two of them.

\*\*\*\*\*

In Zack’s cabin in the dunes Mark and Bob lay in bed in each other’s arms, feeling not so much companionship as sexual desire ..... not so much warmth as heat. After their bitter falling-out and passionate reunion the exhilaration of being together found expression in the only way it could. After their separation they needed to hold each other, to be close ..... to be inside each other. So they made love, endlessly, ravenously, in every way possible for two virile muscle-studs to indulge their lust.

But finally exhaustion overcame even them and they settled down to sleep, their last thought being for their boys just three miles down the beach. Pressed against Mark Bob sighed. “I can’t even imagine what those guys have been getting up to in that shack, all six of them

together.” Mark grinned at him. “I can, buddy. Six lusty young studs no doubt celebrating their triumph of manipulating us so we would ‘accidentally’ meet. They must be feeling pretty good about themselves right now.”

Mark was dead right. When Pablo and Darius had arrived earlier that evening they had been exuberantly greeted by Jamie, Nate and the twins. True to form, Darius made them relate every detail of how well their plan had worked, ending with Mark and Bob jogging toward each other on the beach and falling into each other’s arms. Darius, ever the expert with a camera said, “Dudes, if you were making a movie of that you’d have to shoot that sequence in slow motion.”

They were stoked, with a sense of accomplishment they had never felt before. Up to now their masters had always taken care of them, but now, working together, they had been able to heal the breach between two masters whose anger and pride was keeping them apart. They really saw themselves as a band of brothers.

They opened beer bottles and drank many toasts to each other ..... “To Jamie, for having the idea in the first place and for letting us all stay here in his shack.” “To the twins, for coming back to the house and taking their punishment like good boys.” “To us, the Six Musketeers!” (That last was Darius of course, and his overactive sense of fantasy.)

Nate helped the twins put dinner together and the noisy exuberance didn’t abate throughout the meal, with the conversation mostly focused on Bob and Mark. At one point Darius said, “Hey, dudes, what do you think they’re doing right now?”

Pablo laughed, “Maybe you should go find out ..... poke your camera through the window and film it.”

“Do you think so?” Darius asked wide eyed, taking the suggestion seriously.

“Darius!” they all yelled, as he dodged the barrage of food thrown at him.

The feasting and drinking continued until finally they collapsed from exhaustion and alcohol. They didn’t so much fall asleep as pass out .... all over the place, on the bed, on the floor and outside on the deck. The various combinations of boys entwined with each other in twos and threes shifted several times during the night but they were so tired that, although sex was, as always, in the air, it would have to wait until tomorrow.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was nearly ten o’clock the next morning when Mark and Bob stirred from their deep sleep, each of them with raging hard-ons that they relieved with a session of languid love-making to begin their day. Sated and happy, they lay on their backs and gazed at the play of light on the ceiling as sun streamed through the window blinds.

“Jesus, I’m hungry,” said Mark. “What say we take a run down the beach and see if the boys can rustle up breakfast for us? That is if they’re not too busy with each other.”

Actually that last comment turned out to be prophetic. Eager for some physical activity (other than sex) the two men pulled on swim trunks and jogged steadily along the beach to Jamie’s shack. But they were in for a surprise. Expecting a flurry of boisterous activity they got ..... nothing. No boys, no noise, except for the incessant cry of the seagulls.

“What the fuck’s going on?” said Mark, with an edge of concern to his voice. But then they both heard it, a muffled shout from way back in the dunes, then another. “Sounds like that’s where the action is,” grinned Bob, and they trudged silently over one dune, then up to the crest of another. And there they stopped ..... eyes wide, jaws dropping. “Boy oh boy,” Bob breathed.

More accurate would have been ‘boy on boy’ because that’s what lay before them in the hollow between the dunes. The boys had covered a large area with blankets and all six of them were there ..... fucking like jack rabbits. When they could sort out the tangle of limbs Bob and Mark could make out the couplings ..... Jamie fucking Nate, Pablo on Kevin and Darius on Kyle. It was the boy orgy Randy had predicted, in the dunes under the blazing sun.

Bob smiled, shaking his head. “That’s our boys ..... doing what comes naturally.”

“Yeah, well don’t knock it, buddy,” Mark grinned, “after the night we’ve just had. They take after their masters.”

The boys were going at it so hard they were unaware of the men on the crest of the dune watching in awe, their cocks growing like tent poles in their shorts. At last things seemed to be coming to a head and they heard Darius yell, “OK, dudes, you ready? All together ....The Six Musketeers!” That battle cry was followed by the howls of six lusty boys as they exploded in one huge group orgasm, semen flowing everywhere, onto heaving bodies, into faces and spilling over onto the hot sand.

There was a sudden silence, except for heavy breathing, followed by ..... an outburst of raucous laughter as the boys fell on their backs, elated by the thrill of communal boy-sex, another group enterprise of the Band of Brothers. Through their tears of laughter they gazed up at the sky, at the dunes towering over them ..... and at two near-naked muscle-studs high above them, gloriously backlit by the sunlight gleaming behind them in a halo effect. To the boys they seemed like gods on Mount Olympus.

Mark threw his arm over Bob’s shoulder, a gesture that unleashed whoops, whistles and enthusiastic applause from the boys. Bob grinned at Mark. “Do you suppose God put those gorgeous cum-splattered boys down there just for our pleasure?”

“Of course, he did. So if this is the Garden of Eden let’s grab a bite of the apple. Come on, buddy, let’s eat .....

With a whoop like attacking Redskins they sped down the dune kicking up clouds of sand, and fell on top of the heap of boys. But they didn’t stay on top for long. The boys were still flush from the thrill of taking charge, so these two men were still fair game. And anyway, the odds were six against two. Within minutes Bob and Mark lay on their backs, resigned to being worked over by the boys. And the boys were determined to work them good.

Operating like a well-rehearsed attack team they divided the spoils of war. The twins took the faces, licking, kissing, plunging their tongues into open mouths. Jamie and Nate took on the chest, burying their faces between the bulging pecs, then licking and biting the hard nipples. Pablo and Darius, seasoned cocksuckers, pulled off the men’s shorts and took charge of their rigid poles.

The two gorgeous, muscular alpha males surrendered to the onslaught of youthful sexual appetites. They submitted their bodies to every erotic pleasure .... the twins’ ravenous lips pressing against theirs, tongues probing deep ....the drooling mouths of Jamie and Nate working on the nipples, taking the men to the brink of the pleasure/pain threshold ..... and the hot throats of Pablo and Darius gripping the pulsing cocks as they swallowed them whole.

Never had two such powerful men been swarmed over like this, their magnificent bodies the object of so much frenzied lust. Trapped as they were, the men still managed to look down on this team of beautiful boys working on them in the ultimate group act of worship. The sight, the feel, the heat, the passion were all too much to resist. The men felt their cocks shudder just as the mouths slid off them.

In a daze they heard Darius’s commanding voice. “OK, guys, this is it ..... get over here.” Six wide-eyed faces looked down at the two cocks as they blasted plumes of cum high in the air. The boys opened their mouths and competed with each other for a taste, licking sucking, swallowing from the fountains of cum. The scene was wild, giving a whole new meaning to the concept of gathering round the drinking fountain.

When they had drunk their fill and the masters were sated the boys stood up and formed a circle round the men lying side by side on their backs. “Sirs,” said Jamie, “we are pleased you are together again and proud that we played our part. We want to show you how much we love you. You look so beautiful lying there, so incredibly hot, there’s only one thing we can do. This is for your, sirs.”

The boys stroked their cocks a few times and the men watched as six streams of cum blasted out of them, splashing down onto their faces and naked bodies. It was a rain forest ..... sweet-smelling creamy liquid pouring down on them from the circle of boys, soaking them, blinding them, drowning them in a seemingly endless outpouring of youthful passion.

It seemed that the storm of cum would never end, but at last when their cocks were dry the six boys looked down in silent awe. They had never seen a sight like this ..... two incredible muscle-gods, one blond the other dark, every inch of their perfect bodies and handsome faces smothered with the semen that had splashed down on them and was now flowing over their gleaming muscles, to be soaked up by the hot sand beneath them.

The boys fell on them, sliding over the cum-slicked bodies in a writhing tangle of muscles and limbs ..... a jubilant celebration by the triumphant band of brothers.

\*\*\*\*\*

While the eight men raced down to the water to cleanse their semen-soaked bodies in the waves, the scene at the house in L.A. could not have been more different. For starters, it was quiet. Randy and Zack had slept for eight long hours, mostly close together, with Randy's arm resting on Zack's chest. As Zack correctly guessed, Randy was dreaming of Bob, dreams that made him toss restlessly at times during the night ..... dreams of Bob in bed with Mark.

That guess was certainly reinforced the next morning as the two men sat in their boxers in the kitchen over coffee and bowls of oatmeal and Randy stared broodingly down at the table. Zack understood the tough alpha male better than most, being one himself. Working with him Zack had seen all of Randy's moods ..... his tireless strength and endurance, respect for his men and, not least, the fiery anger that flared up when anything went wrong.

Zack looked on Randy as the ultimate tough guy, a natural leader ..... and pornographically handsome into the bargain. He truly was, as many had dubbed him, the dark-haired blue-eyed King of the Gypsies. You didn't get on the wrong side of Randy. Zack had seen him floor a man with a single blow. Randy bowed to no man, afraid of nothing and no one ..... except .....

Zack knew that one thing scared Randy ..... he was afraid that Bob would one day leave him. Meeting Bob had knocked Randy off balance, made him feel insecure for the first time in his life. For the first time ever he was not king of his world. As if reading Zack's thoughts Randy muttered, almost to himself. "Fuck, sometimes I wish I'd never met the guy."

Zack opened his mouth to protest but Randy went on, "Oh, shit I don't mean that. But you know me, man, I was always a loner until I met him, never submitted to anyone, and now I'm his prisoner. Love? Hell, I never knew what the word meant until I met Bob and now I'm crazy in love with him. I want to own him, body and soul, I'm jealous of any guy who even looks at him. Oh sure, we worked out that thing about him being with Mark when he wants, but now that I know that they're up there fucking their brains out I can't stand it, man. It's eating me up."

Randy stood up and paced. "Shit, why would a spectacular guy like that, .....gorgeous, brilliant, successful, loving ..... stay with a roughneck like me. All I know about is manual labor and slugging guys. Hell, all you guys are in love with Bob .... he could have anyone in the

world he wanted ..... so why me, Zack, why me? Man, I'm scared to death that one day he's gonna wake up and ask himself the same damn question. Then he'll be gone."

Zack reached up, grabbed Randy's wrist and pulled him down to the table beside him. "You know the trouble with you, man? You have no goddamn vanity. If you had you'd see yourself the way Bob does, a spectacular hunk of manhood anyone would be proud to belong to. And you'd see the way he looks at you with those big brown eyes. He's crazy about you, man. Remember all those times you went nuts and beat him up and he'd still come back for more? No way in hell he's ever gonna leave you, Randy, I'd bet my life on it."

Randy looked at Zack and smiled for the first time. "Thanks buddy. Thanks for saying that." He inhaled deeply and stretched. "You know what I need right now, Zack? Hard work. How do you feel about helping me clear some of that brush on the hillside that's such a fire hazard?"

Zack clapped him on the back and grinned. "I'm up for that. Let's go, buddy." They went back upstairs and pulled on the jeans and boots they had shed the night before. They grabbed some tools and in a few minutes they were side by side on the sun-parched hillside, hacking away ferociously at the dead brush. Randy was fueled by a need to purge his thoughts of Bob and Mark, Zack by the competitive impulse he always felt working alongside Randy.

If anyone had been there to see, it was a magnificent sight ..... two rugged bodybuilders stripped to the waist ..... the black man in black pants, the other in blue jeans ..... their veined muscles flexing as they labored, bodies gleaming with sweat in the blazing sun. But if this were, as Zack felt, a contest of strength, Zack could not keep up. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Randy at his most determined and ferocious, swinging the pick-axe again and again like a man possessed, ripping the dry brush out of the ground and flinging it contemptuously away.

Zack leaned on his pick-axe and watched, shaking his head in amazement. "Hey, old buddy, it's sagebrush you're taking a swing at not Mark or Bob. Don't take out your frustrations on the bushes, pal, they're not the enemy." Zack's voice dimly penetrated Randy's manic intensity and brought him back to reality. He stopped, breath heaving, eyes blazing, staring at Zack.

"Shit, man," Zack said, "you sure have a lot of anger boiling inside you, and it seems like hard labor's not doing the trick. I've seen you come home from work in this mood. So what do you do then to purge your demons?"

Randy's eyes still blazed. "What do I do? I fuck the shit out of Bob or Pablo, that's what I do. But right now Bob is getting his ass fucked by the cop and Pablo's getting ploughed by half a dozen boys. So where the hell does that leave me? Who the hell do I fuck?" He flung his axe down in a display of rage and frustration.

Zack didn't reply, but when Randy looked over at him he saw a black muscle-god, shirtless, standing on the dirt hillside, his arms spread wide to the sides. Zack grinned, "So what am I, buddy? Chopped liver?"

In his delirium Randy saw not Bob, not Pablo, but another beautiful man ..... a man offering himself as Bob and Pablo had done so often. Randy's body flexed. He was angry, he needed to vent, he needed action ..... he needed to fuck ass! With a howl he launched himself at the black stud, hurling him down onto his back in the dirt. Zack curbed his natural impulse to fight back. He was doing this for a good buddy who was hurting. So he tensed and braced for the attack.

Randy's pent-up savagery was cut loose .... he was like an enraged bull as he fell on Zack, ripping his pants down below his knees, pushing his legs high in the air with one hand, spitting in the other and rubbing the spit over his rock-hard cock. He gazed down and saw not Zack, but Mark, Bob ..... any man who had ever defied him. "You fuckers," he howled and slammed his cock deep inside the man's ass, pushing into the depths of his gut.

Tough as he was Zack let out an agonized scream that echoed round the hills. He had forgotten just how brutal Randy's fuck could be when he was mad, and it was all Zack could do to control his reflex to heave Randy off him. Instead, he gritted his teeth and submitted to the torture he knew was coming.

And it was ferocious. Randy leaned forward, grabbed Zack's wrists and pinned them to the ground above his head. His body arched over his captive, paused ..... and then his hips slammed down, his steel rod piercing his ass. Zack screamed again, desperately clenching his ass muscles in a futile attempt to slow the shaft ripping into him. But Randy was implacable as his pace speeded up. He was like a machine, his rod pistoning inside the man he had pinned to the ground.

Under the scorching sun the two muscle-gods stared at each other, one submitting his powerful body, his perfect ass to the agonizing jackhammer of the other. Randy was now totally out of control, all his anger now focused on Zack's hot, tight ass. "You fuckers," he screamed. "You fucking shitheads .... this is what you get when you fuck with the boss. He's mine! I own him. His ass is mine!"

While Randy's massive body still drove hard down onto the tortured man his voice became plaintive as he saw a vision of Bob. "You're mine, buddy. Don't you know that? You can't leave me ..... I won't let you ....." His voice grew louder, his body moved faster. "Nobody can give you what I can .... you feel that? ..... you feel my cock ripping you open? Here, let me show you ....." Randy went wild as the piston of his cock became a weapon, proving his dominance, his right of ownership. He felt his power over Bob, heard his screams, heard him submit to him .....

But suddenly it wasn't Bob's voice ..... it was Zack, his good buddy Zack. His fantasy dissolved .... he was back on the parched hillside, and beneath him he saw the beautiful black face twisting and thrashing in agony, the body arching and straining, desperate for release, the

tortured muscles gleaming with sweat. Sanity returned and Randy moaned, "Buddy, I didn't ..... oh shit, forgive me, buddy ..... I love you, man ..... here, let me show you...."

His body arched back, he paused, gazing into Zack's eyes, then lowered his hips one last time, sliding his rod into the ravaged ass, deeper and deeper until it touched the inner sphincter, stopped, then eased over it and poured hot juice inside the secret chamber. *Aaagh!* All the pain, all the frustration and anger drained out of him with the juice that streamed into Zack.

At the same time he saw Zack's pain dissolve into pleasure, saw the face relax, incredibly, into a smile, as Zack's deep voice said, "Here it comes, man. This is for you ..... aaagh! ..... His huge black cock shuddered and a long ribbon of cum spurted high in the air, splashing into Randy's face looking down at him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Randy fell forward onto Zack, sobbing with relief and shame at having subjected his friend to so much. "I'm sorry, man. I used you so bad. God, I hurt you so bad. Forgive me, man."

"Hey, hey, don't beat yourself up. That's what friends are for, sharing a buddy's pain."

Randy twisted off him and they recovered slowly, gazing up at the sparkling blue sky. Zack said, "So now we can relax ..... no more work, no more angst. We can have fun, and maybe you'll let me get my own back later. Can't remember when I was last inside your hot ass."

A short while later, after a swim in the pool to clean off, they were sitting at the poolside table taking long, much-needed swigs of beer. And now that the subject of Bob was not painful at all, Zack said, "So what's this I hear that as soon as Bob gets home tomorrow he has to get all dressed up in his tux and go off to his company's fancy-shmancy annual dinner. Is it true they're giving him some kind of Man of the Year award?"

"Well of course they're making him Man of the Fucking Year, wouldn't you? Shit, I'd make him Man for Life."

Zack laughed. "He's already that for you, pal. But you're not going to the dinner with him?"

"You're kidding, right? The day ever comes I get dressed up and climb into one of those fancy monkey suits hell will freeze over, you can bet your ass on that." He grinned, "Talking of asses, I owe you one buddy. Let me take you out to eat, and when we come back you can get your revenge, OK?"

"Lead on, man ..... you're the boss."

\*\*\*\*\*

Next day Randy and Zack were sitting quietly by the pool when suddenly the calm of the late afternoon was shattered by a squeal of brakes, the slamming of car doors and the clamor of excited voices. The gate burst open and they all flooded in.

They had driven home in a convoy led by Mark driving Jamie. Mark was glowing with pride at the efficient, self-assured way his boy had conducted himself and led the effort to patch things up in the house. "I've missed being alone with you, kiddo, and when we get home I'm gonna show you how much. Your ass is grass, kid. I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you." Jamie grinned in eager anticipation.

Bob had driven the twins and Nate, and Pablo and Darius followed. Now chaos descended on the house as the excited hordes took over, dragging in their gear, the boys all talking at once. "Hm," Zack said to Randy, "looks like we missed a great trip. But I'm glad we did. Spending time with you, buddy, was better than anything ..... and much less noisy!"

Through the crowd, Bob came straight up to them with a beaming smile. "Hi, Zack, you been taking care of my man here?"

"Oh, yeah," Zack grinned. "I took care of him alright."

"Mind if I have him back now?" Bob laughed. He grabbed Randy's arm and pulled him to the house and upstairs to their room, where he threw his arms around him and kissed his mouth hungrily. He pulled back and gazed into his eyes. "Man I've missed those eyes. I've missed everything about you, buddy."

Randy was pleased to see the glow of happiness around his lover, though less pleased with the reason for it. Evidently his reconciliation with Mark had been intense and they no doubt loved each other more than ever. But there was no time to brood on this as Bob started to pull off his clothes .... not for sex as it would normally have been, but for a quick shower.

"Man, I wish to god I didn't have to go to this stupid dinner but I can't get out of it," he grinned, "being Man of the Year and all." Randy sprawled in a chair and watched with admiration, pride ..... and a huge boner ..... as Bob showered, then grabbed his evening clothes from the closet and got dressed ..... pleated white shirt with gold studs and cuff-links, black dress pants and dinner jacket and black bow tie. He checked himself in the mirror then turned to Randy. "There, whad'ya think, buddy. Man of the Year?"

What did he think?! Fucking spectacular is what he thought, the gorgeous man looking like a million dollars in his black dinner suit, elegantly tailored to fit perfectly over his muscular physique. The white shirt set off his chiseled features and tousled dark black hair perfectly. Suddenly Randy caught sight of himself in the mirror, in his ragged old T-shirt, jeans and boots, the image of a gritty construction worker. The contrast was stunning and brought back all Randy's insecurities.

But Bob's energy was infectious and he pulled Randy to his feet and hugged him goodbye. "I'll get out of there as soon as I can, buddy. After all, I've got my own Man of the Year right here waiting for me." He paused, then added softly, "I promise I'll make everything right, Randy. I love you, man." A last lingering kiss and then Randy followed him back downstairs.

In the garden the mayhem was still going on, but everything stopped and there was a stunned silence as Bob appeared. "Holy shit," said Darius. "That is spectacular ..... James Bond!" Bob had never looked more elegant or more beautiful, perfectly groomed, except for his shock of tousled dark hair, his handsome face glowing after his reunion with Mark and now with Randy. The boys followed him outside and watched in awe as he got into his top-of-the-line black Mercedes and lowered the window. He called out to the boys, "Catch you later, kids. Be good," and his car purred smoothly away.

The boys all crowded back into the house and Randy was about to follow when he felt a hand on his arm. "Stunning isn't he?" said Mark. Randy flinched as he looked at the man who had been fucking Bob for the last two days. "You wanna take a swing at me, don't you, Randy? I don't blame you."

Mark sighed. "Look, I won't lie to you ..... we fucked like crazy up in the dunes. But there's one thing I want you to know. In the bits between fucking ..... you know, the really important bits where you talk and get to know one another ..... all Bob talked about was you, Randy. About the things you do and say, the way you laugh, the way you get angry and then make up. The way you walk, sit, hold him in bed, fuck him, make love to him. He's fucking crazy about you, Randy .... crazy in love with you. I envy you, man. You've got the most spectacular guy in the world." He stopped and smiled. "Just thought you should know that."

Mark turned and walked back through the gate. Randy was stunned, somehow resentful that Bob had shared all this with Mark and that Mark had repeated it to him. He had always been afraid that Mark would take Bob from him, but as he watched him through the open gate walking across the garden Randy ran to the gate and shouted after him. "Hey, Mark! Thanks, man. Thanks for telling me. I'm glad it was you he was with. You're a good man, Mark."

\*\*\*\*\*

Suddenly alone at the gate Randy felt a strange sense of loss ..... of being alone. Momentarily disoriented he turned aimlessly, and then heard a voice. "Do you want to fuck me, sir?"

He blinked, and there was Pablo, looking up at him as if he saw into his soul ..... which, in a way, he did. Pablo had seen the mix of pride and tension in his eyes as Randy had watched Bob get into his car, the executive and the laborer as different in appearance as two men could be. And Pablo knew that when Randy was in this confused, insecure mood he often fucked his boy hard to reassure himself of his dominance.

Randy smiled and hugged his boy. “Nah, not this time, kiddo ..... I kind of got that out of my system with Zack yesterday. But I could use some company. I’m gonna go do some work at the construction site. Wanna come with me?”

“You bet, sir,” and in seconds Pablo was sitting beside Randy in the truck. The boy knew that, second only to rough sex, it was heavy work that freed Randy from his demons. And it was times like this that Pablo loved best, being close to his hero, his adoptive dad ..... needed by him, supporting him. And it was times like this that he was sure of Randy’s deep affection for him. Pablo felt Randy’s power next to him like a force field, enfolding him protectively. Pablo was loved ..... he was safe. And, as always, he had a huge boner in his shorts.

They drove in silence for a while, then Pablo said, “Bob looked sensational all dressed up like that, didn’t he, sir.”

“Yeah, kid, he did,” said Randy in a strangely distant voice.

Another silence, then, “Don’t worry, sir. Bob will make everything come right.”

Randy turned to him and smiled. “Funny, that’s exactly what *he* said just before he left.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Man and boy worked together for several hours, mostly in silence. It was a tough job, clearing rubble out of a big area for the next day’s work, heaving planks, bricks and rubble over to a disused corner of the site. When Randy finally called a halt they were both sweaty, greasy and covered in dust. Randy grabbed a couple of beers from the trailer and they swigged them thirstily, sitting astride a bench in companionable silence.

As they drove home Randy said, “Thanks, kid. I needed you with me right now ..... and I’m real grateful that you understand the reason why. Some of this shit I couldn’t get through without you. Like I’ve told you before, kid, you’re my rock.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“And by the way. That fuck you mentioned earlier ..... it’s just postponed, not cancelled. That sweet ass of yours is gonna feel your old man’s dick pounding it real soon.”

Pablo grinned up at him. “I hope so, sir.”

\*\*\*\*\*

It was late when they got back to the house and Pablo ran inside to join Darius in their room. Randy had seen Bob’s Mercedes outside so he knew he was already back. He took a deep breath, climbed the stairs to their room and went in. He stood staring at Bob sprawled in a

chair nursing a brandy, having just got home. He looked spectacularly handsome, still in his dinner clothes, tux jacket open, black tie hanging loose round his neck, shirt collar unbuttoned. His dark hair hung tousled over his forehead but that didn't detract from the picture-perfect image of sheer glamor.

He looked up as Randy came in and gazed at the rugged construction worker in his usual work gear of cargo pants, boots, and a grimy, frayed tank-top stretched over his chest. He was grubbier than usual, his dark, stubbled face streaked with dirt and sweat, body still coated in dust, boots caked with mud. He stood towering in the doorway, a shock of black hair falling down almost to his piercing blue eyes, the muscles of his torso rippling as he breathed deeply. If Bob was the epitome of glamor, Randy was the pornographic icon of rugged masculinity.

There was a long silence as they stared at each other and when they finally spoke they uttered the same exclamation ..... "Jesus Christ!" At a loss for further words Randy took refuge in small talk. "Good party?"

Bob shrugged and nodded to a side table. "They gave me that plaque ..... Man of the Year."

"Shit," Randy said, "you don't need a damn plaque to prove that. I could have told them that."

Bob stood up. "I bet you could." He came close to embrace Randy, but Randy held him at arm's length. "You'll get your fancy suit all messed up."

"I don't care."

"Oh, you don't, uh?" Randy's eyes glinted, his jaw clenched, he put his hand on Bob's chest and shoved. Bob fell heavily onto the bed, sprawling on his back. Randy got onto the bed and stood astride him, his muddy boots inches from his gleaming black tux. It was an incredible sight, the handsome executive in elegant evening clothes sprawled on his back at the mercy of the sweaty, grimy construction boss towering over him. Their eyes locked, piercing each other as a prelude, they knew, to entering the mystical world that they alone shared.

They both knew that this was the climax of a chain of events that had sorely tested their love. The last two days had been tough for Randy, knowing that his man was getting fucked by a guy Bob loved, a Greek god, a magnificent cop who rivaled Randy in strength and beauty. They both knew that Randy had to reassert himself. It was a ritual. His low voice growled, "You know I have to hurt you."

"Yes, sir."

Randy dropped to his knees, astride Bob's waist, and reached forward, taking out the gold studs from his shirtfront and pulling the shirt open, exposing the slabs of his chest. Gazing steadily into Bob's eyes Randy licked the fingers of both hands and said. "You want it, don't you?"

“More than anything, sir.” Bob was trembling, totally in thrall to this hypnotic man.

Randy lowered his hands and brushed his fingers against Bob’s hard nipples making him gasp. He rolled the nipples lightly between his wet finger tips and was rewarded by ragged moans as Bob felt an electric charge course through him, as if electrodes were grazing his chest. His eyes looked pleadingly up at Randy and he moaned, “Please ..... please do it, man. I need it .....

His head jerked back and he screamed as the fingers suddenly clamped tight on his nipples like a vise, squeezing, twisting, tugging, sending shafts of intense pain through his chest. Randy’s eyes blazed down at him.

“You let him fuck you, eh?” ..... “Yes, sir.” ..... “A lot?” ..... “Many times, sir.” ..... “Did it feel good?” ..... “Yes, sir, very good ..... aaagh!” The pain was agonizing as Randy intensified the torture on his tits. “Does he love you?” ..... “Yes, sir,” Bob screamed. “Do you love him?” “Yes, sir.” “More than me?” “No, never, sir. I love you more than anything in the world.” “What do you want from me?” “I want you to fuck me, sir. Please fuck my ass. Fuck me hard, make it hurt.” Bob was sobbing now from pain and desperation. “I want to feel your strength ..... I want you to own me Please, Randy ..... show me you still love me.”

Bob screamed as the fingers were wrenched painfully off his nipples. He was in a daze as he felt Randy get off the bed and pull off his shoes, his dress pants and shorts. Randy was looking down at him with wild eyes, gazing at the beautiful, sobbing man, a spectacular sight in just his dress shirt, loose tie and tuxedo jacket, his ass buck naked, vulnerable, clenching in anticipation of the assault they both knew was coming.

Randy fell on his knees on the bed, pushed Bob legs high and growled in his deep voice, “This time it’s me fucking your ass, buddy. This is not your cop, it’s me, the man who loves you more than his own life, the man who worships you. It’s the man who fucks like this .....

“Aaagh!” Bob’s head flew back and his scream bounced off the walls as he felt the steel rod pierce his ass and plunge deep inside him. It pulled out, then buried itself again in the deepest recesses of his ass. In seconds it was like a piston ramming into his gut.

The onslaught was so violent that at first his ass was numb, but when feeling returned it was intense pain, unbearable pain ..... until ..... gradually ..... it was not only bearable, it was thrilling, sending Bob flying into heights of wild ecstasy. In a wild delirium he clawed at Randy’s chest, ripping his shirt to shreds, glorying in the sight of the magnificent body crashing down onto him as the huge, stallion cock ripped into his ass.

Spinning in a vortex of pain and desire Bob heard his lover’s voice. “Did your cop fuck you like this?” “Never like this,” Bob moaned, “never ever like this. Man, I love your cock in my ass. Please, sir, fuck me harder .... please.”

As Randy hammered his ass ever more savagely, he yelled, “Now tell me ..... do you love me?”

“I love you, man,” Bob shouted. “I love you .... I love you .....!”

Suddenly the pounding slowed to a gentle rhythm and Bob heard Randy’s low voice. “That’s what I wanted to hear, buddy. I’ve wanted to hear those words ever since you left. Now look me in the eyes, Bob, and let me take you to our secret place. And then I’ll cum inside you.”

They saw themselves mirrored in each other’s eyes. The light changed, the room dissolved, and they passed together into that magical world where their souls joined and became one. They were in love, the kind of love that never ends. And Randy knew at last that Bob would never, ever leave him.

Silently, gently, Randy’s cock began to pour juice into Bob’s ass and he smiled as he saw his lover’s cock erupt with semen that smothered his chest and his shirt, and splashed onto his gorgeous face. It seemed an eternity before their orgasms ceased and at last they were still. Randy smiled down at Bob, “That fancy shirt of yours don’t look so fancy any more, buddy.”

Bob laughed. “Fuck the shirt. Come here,” and he pulled the big construction worker down on top of him. Randy scooped Bob into his arms and breathed in his ear, “Welcome home, kiddo. I missed you.”

\*\*\*\*\*

And so that chapter in the life of the house came to a happy conclusion. It was a chapter where they had all grown a little ..... where the boys had worked as a team to restore harmony; where Bob and Mark had been reunited in respect and love; where Randy had discovered in Zack the love and loyalty of a rugged, masculine partner; and where Bob had finally convinced Randy that he would never, ever leave him.

The disruption had started the day that Jason came to the house to put out the fire ..... and started one of his own. The beautiful, muscular blond firefighter had unwittingly started the pendulum swinging, knocking everyone off balance, causing a chain reaction of trouble. For that reason it was a surprise to Mark when a few days later Bob returned to the subject he had mentioned briefly when they were at the beach.

“Mark, you told me that you knew how to contact that fireman ..... Jason ..... who came to the house ..... the one in the twins’ calendar. OK, I know, I know, you’ll warn me against raking over hot coals. But see, it’s the twins’ birthday in two weeks and I want to do something real special for them. So I want to ask you a big favor .....

Mark, of course, could deny Bob nothing, and so it was that a couple of days later at the end of his shift the cop pulled up to the fire station on his motorcycle and spoke to the duty officer. “Hey man, is Jason on duty right now?”

Huh,” he laughed, “you come to arrest him, officer? What’s golden boy done this time? As a matter of fact he’s just gone off duty but he’s upstairs working out in the gym before he cuts out of here.” He grinned. “He works out a lot, keeping that perfect physique in shape. The rest of the guys are out on a training exercise so you’ll find him all alone up there.”

Mark went upstairs and heard grunting sounds coming from the door at the end of the passage. He pushed it open and stood watching. The fireman was stripped to the waist in his yellow firefighter work pants, doing chin lifts in front of the mirror. Oblivious of Mark’s arrival he had eyes only for his own reflection in the mirror. He dropped from the bar and stood admiring himself, flexing his muscles in bodybuilder poses, admiring his spectacularly ripped body.

“Very impressive.” The deep voice made Jason whirl round and he immediately recognized the handsome uniformed cop. How could he forget the man like a Greek god who had punished him that day, the first and only man ever to fuck him in the ass? “You! What the hell are you doing here?”

“I came to see you,” Mark said.

There was a tense silence as they stood staring at each other, the cop and the fireman. They were both aware of the bulge growing in the other guy’s pants.

# # #

**GO TO BOOK 16**