

# **A TRIAL OF STRENGTH**

## **BOOK 17**

### **Chapter 161 – Steve & Lloyd Give Eddie a Lesson**

As Steve and Lloyd sat in their Speedos by the pool while the houseboy Eddie finished cleaning the windows, Steve's therapist mind had been busy, running over something he had heard from first Zack, then Randy and Bob. They had all mentioned their concerns about the boy's apparent lack of sexual limits. He loved being tied up and fucked but seemed to ignore his own pain threshold. He never used the safe word and always wanted more, despite the pain.

Steve said to Lloyd, "I'm not technically the boy's therapist but I really think I should tackle the subject with him. Words alone won't help, though. I can talk 'til I'm blue in the face but he'll only hear what he wants to hear." He grinned at Lloyd. "You know my methods, buddy ..... unorthodox to say the least. What the boy needs is a demonstration. Think you can help me out with that?"

"Hey, count me in, man. You know I'm always up for some rough stuff with you, big guy."

"OK," Steve grinned. "We're on, then. Hey, Eddie, why don't you take a break and come sit with us? I need to talk to you."

Eddie's first reaction was nervousness. He was in awe of this stunning couple, with their muscled physiques, handsome square-jawed faces and their air of professional success and power. In their beautiful home on Mulholland high in the Hollywood Hills they seemed so far out of his league, the shy bar-back turned houseboy, the most junior of all the boys in his house.

Up to now, on his regular day to come up here and clean, Eddie had always been with Nate, and together they worked on this house and Hassan's guesthouse just down the hill. Secretly (he never told anyone about this, not even Nate or Darius) he would watch Steve and Lloyd surreptitiously, stroke his cock and cum in his shorts, then hurry to the bathroom to clean off. When he cleared up their bedroom, picking up their discarded gym clothes and underwear, he was so turned on that he buried his face in the sweaty clothes and jerked off again.

And now here he was alone with the men, and what's more he had been summoned to join them as they lounged in swim briefs by the pool, their perfect physiques gleaming in the afternoon sun. No wonder he was nervous! What did Steve want to talk to him about? Had he done something wrong? Was he about to get fired? He hurried over to them and stood almost at attention, hoping he was simply going to get new cleaning instructions.

Steve liked the boy a lot ..... his naïve charm, simple honesty, lack of attitude or pretention of any kind. And, as Lloyd had remarked to Steve, “He’s a really cute kid, you know, handsome face, great young body now he’s been working out with Darius. He’s eye candy, that’s for sure.” Steve looked up at Eddie with a broad smile, determined to put the nervous young kid at his ease. Ever the therapist he knew the way to do it.

“Hey, Eddie, before you sit down with us, could you do me a favor? On the counter in the kitchen there’s a tray of sandwiches. Would you go and get them, and bring out some beers while you’re at it?”

“Of course, sir, right away,” Eddie said brightly and ran indoors, happy to do what he was used to doing ..... being of use to the men. Lloyd smiled at Steve. “You’re good at this, buddy, helping the kid relax.”

“I should be, Lloyd, it’s my job. The kid’s out of his depth, so the best thing to calm his nerves is to give him a purpose, something to do that he’s good at. You know, buddy, I feel kinda protective of the boy. According to Zack his life in that leather bar in the desert bar was real limited .... the shy young bar-back from Nebraska who gave blow jobs to the leather daddies in the back room.” He grinned. “One thing he got out of it, though, was practice ..... the men in the house say that he gives the best blow jobs in town .... a real expert it seems.”

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Steve’s confidence-building tactic worked. When Eddie reappeared with a tray, heavy with sandwiches and beer, he seemed to have gained confidence. He set it down, complete with napkins and a few extra munchies he had added, and took a seat himself. Not sure what to do next his confidence ebbed, but again Steve came to the rescue with easy conversation.

“Here, Eddie, grab a beer, and eat up. It’s good having you here on your own..... Lloyd and I don’t often get to talk to you ..... gives us a chance to get to know you a bit.” Steve’s deep, gentle voice helped Eddie relax again as he opened a bottle. “So, how’s it going down there with all those guys, kiddo? Must be a challenge cleaning up after that crowd.”

“Oh, I love it, sir, and the guys are great to me ..... even Randy, though I was scared of him at first.”

Smiling at Eddie’s wide-eyed frankness Steve said, “Yeah, that big brother of mine can be real intimidating. But you’ll never have a better protector, and deep down he can be kind and gentle.”

“I know sir. I was scared at first when he fucked me but it was totally awesome, especially when he .....” Suddenly he blushed, realizing he had gone too far.

Steve laughed. “Don’t worry, kid, I know about all the sex that goes on in that house. A lot of it can get real rough, too. Have you ever, er .....?”

“Oh yes, sir. Zack and Darius showed me first, tying me up and all, and when they whipped me it made me cum real fast. I wanted them to keep doing it but Zack said I’d had enough. But really I hadn’t, sir. I loved the feeling of it and I could have taken a lot more.”

“Tell me about it,” Steve said casually. “Lloyd here is just like that ..... can’t get enough of me, eh, big guy?”

“Yes, sir!” Lloyd grinned, stroking the bulge in his Speedos. Eddie picked up on the way they held each other’s gaze and saw the outline of Steve’s stiff cock under his briefs. There was a heavy silence for a few seconds, then Steve turned back to Eddie. “Actually, some days we have a pretty heavy session in the basement before dinner. I take Lloyd down there, show him who’s master around here. Sure feels like we’re headed that way right now, eh, Lloyd?”

There was a subtle change in the atmosphere as Steve and Lloyd stared intensely at each other. Suddenly Eddie felt that he was the third that makes a crowd ..... the men needed privacy for their “heavy session”. He stood up, clumsily knocking against the table in his haste, and said, “OK, sir, well I guess I should be going. I’ve finished my work here.... the windows were the last. So thank you for the beer and food, sir.”

He hesitated as he found himself staring at the two huge bulges under the Speedos. This was not lost on Steve who smiled up at him. “Running away so soon, Eddie? We must’ve frightened you off with our talk of rough sex.”

“Oh no, sir, nothing like that. In fact I .....” He trailed off, instinctively covering his own bulge in his shorts with his hands.”

“So why not stick around?” Steve said lightly. “You could watch how a handsome architect gets some of that arrogance knocked out of him.” He grinned at Lloyd. “Besides, having an audience turns Lloyd on. Tell you what, why don’t you take all this stuff back to the kitchen and tidy up in there while I get things set up in the basement? Then you can join us whenever you’re ready. That work for you?”

*Did it!* This was the boy who jerked off just catching glimpses of them working or by smelling their sweaty clothes, and now he was being invited to watch their private rough-sex session in the basement. He knew where the room was but neither he nor Nate had ever been there. The men preferred to clean that room themselves. But Eddie knew that’s where they had sex together .... and now he would actually get to watch what they did!

He cleared his throat and mumbled. “Yes, sir ..... thank you, sir. That would be fine.” (Fine? he winced to himself ..... stupid word to use.) His nervous excitement was obvious as he clumsily set about clearing the table, knocking empty bottles over trying to put them on the tray. Finally he picked up the loaded tray and turned toward the house, muttering, “Sorry, sir .... thank you, sir. See you in ..... soon, sir.”

Steve and Lloyd smiled as they watched him stagger back to the house. "He's just beautiful," Lloyd laughed. "Cute as a button and nervous as a rabbit. Hope we don't blow his mind down there. Come on, let's get this show set up, or this boner is gonna explode in my Speedos."

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Eddie had never worked so fast. He couldn't wait to run downstairs .... didn't want to miss a thing ..... but the boy's work ethic was strong and he was determined finish his job here. He threw the bottles in the trash, put the leftover food in the fridge, loaded the plates in the dishwasher and cleaned the countertops. Then, taking deep breaths he, illogically, looked at himself in the mirror, smoothed down his T-shirt and tightened the drawstring on his shorts. He was ready.

His heart was beating wildly as he opened the door to the basement stairs and went slowly down the steps. There was another door at the bottom and he stopped .... should he knock? ..... no, mustn't interrupt. The door creaked as he opened it and crept in. At first he could barely see anything, it was so dark, just black walls and ceiling and two shadowy figures, one moving in the middle of the room, the other standing by the wall. Eddie stopped .... and waited.

What happened next made him gasp. It was pure theater. Slowly the ceiling lights came up, spotlights that cast pools of a soft red glow on the floor. On the black walls hung pieces of equipment ..... ropes, shackles, whips. It all reminded Eddie of pictures he had once seen of a dungeon. But it wasn't the room that made his heart pound and his knees buckle.

The figure in the middle of the room was Lloyd, but a much different Lloyd from the proud, confident architect Eddie was used to. He was still wearing only his black swim briefs .... but now had a collar round his neck attached by a long rope to the wall, allowing him to reach as far as the middle of the room, like a dog tethered by the neck.

But that was not all. His elbows had been pulled back and his arms draped backwards over a horizontal wooden pole behind his back. His wrists were tied in front of him at waist height. He could walk, move around the room within the range of the rope, but his arms were immobilized, held tight by the rod behind him, wrists bound just out of reach of his crotch. His biceps and shoulders bulged with the strain and his chest was flexed hard....exposed, vulnerable.

Eddie almost creamed his shorts as he gazed at the perfectly muscled gym-built physique, at the handsome, square-cut features, gray eyes and dark hair. He was a gorgeous man but his arrogance was now tamed as he jerked at the rope tied to his neck as if trying to get free. His arms strained forward against the pole, trying to break it, making his shoulders, chest and abs flex hard, gleaming under the red overhead lights.

Spellbound, Eddie gazed at the spectacle, but his trance was broken by Steve's deep voice. "You like my prisoner, Eddie? Magnificent isn't he?" Steve, also still wearing just his dark

blue Speedos, had walked away from the light switches and was now running his hands over the captive's bulging chest and washboard abs. "Yeah ..... perfect ..... and he's completely at my mercy. What d'ya think, kid?"

Eddie gulped, cleared his throat but no words came out. There were no words to describe what he saw. Steve focused his attention on Eddie and saw the huge bulge in his shorts. "You too, eh, kid? He does the same to me," and he pulled his Speedos tight across his long hard cock straining to break free. "OK, let's see here, let's get you comfortable." He grabbed the neck of Eddie's T-shirt and pulled it off over his head. "That's better ..... wow, it's more than better. You got a great little body going on here." He stroked his hand over Eddie's nipples making him gasp and he had to stop himself from blowing his wad in his shorts.

"Don't cum yet, boy. Long way to go yet. You'll know when it's time." Steve looked again at the architect straining against the rope. "You wish that was you there, Eddie, tied up, waiting for me to work you over?"

Yes, sir," said Eddie, finding his voice at last, his eyes gleaming. Steve saw that almost manic gleam and was reminded again why they were here. That was the hungry look that could easily get the boy into real trouble. Steve hoped that he and Lloyd could help Eddie see just how dangerous it could be if things got out of hand.

Steve went over to the wall and pulled off it a whip with multiple braids of leather, a cat o' nine tails. He stood before Lloyd, jabbed the end of the whip under his chin, pushing his head up and forcing him to look into his eyes. They both understood that they had worked out this scenario as a lesson for Eddie. And yet, .....

As they gazed into each other's eyes they fell easily into the fantasy of the moment, two near-naked men in a dungeon, one tied helplessly, straining against the rope round his neck, at the mercy of the other. They had played sex games in this room many times before, some of them pretty hard-core, and every time the fantasy was so erotic that it felt real.

Lloyd, always confident to the point of arrogance in public, was sexually compulsive and had a strong masochistic streak in private. Like many other successful, powerful men, he had a perverse, deep-rooted need to be sexually degraded. When he had first met Randy, the construction boss had taken one look at the handsome, well-dressed architect and decided that he needed to "dirty him up a bit". He had subjected Lloyd to hard, greasy, menial labor on the construction site that left him groveling in the mud at the feet of the muscle-stud boss.

Now that Lloyd and Steve were lovers, it was Steve who always assumed the dominant role. He was Randy's brother alright, with the same strain of natural authority in him, though less savage than the macho, anger-fueled roughneck. Lloyd willingly submitted to Steve's natural domination ..... and yet it was not quite that simple. The two men were both successful professionals, alike and equal in so many ways. So, as sexually turned on as Lloyd was, deep

down he felt an edge of resentment as he stood bound and helpless, waiting to be worked over by his dominant partner.

All of this was in play now as Steve prodded the whip under his chin, with a gloating smirk, and Lloyd stared back at him with a look of defiance. As always Steve was awestruck by the sight of the handsome, near-naked man straining in bondage. "Look at you, man," he taunted him, "big, gorgeous muscle-stud at my mercy. Shit, if your gym buddies could see you now. They're used to you flaunting your perfect body as you work out, not roped like an animal. You know, you could save yourself a thrashing by submitting right now, begging me to set you free."

"Go fuck yourself, asshole," Lloyd growled.

Steve's eyes blazed. "So that's the way you wanna play it, stud. OK, you got it." He raised the whip and brought it thrashing down in a series of quick lashes across Lloyd's shoulders, chest and abs. Lloyd jerked backwards howling in pain, ducking and weaving to avoid the whip. His muscles flexed hard as he pushed his arms forward against the wooden rod behind his back in a desperate attempt to break it.

Eddie was mesmerized. Steve had made him sit in a chair by the wall out of harm's way and he had a perfect view of the two bodybuilders, one lashing the whip against the muscular body of the other as he stumbled round the room, his neck pulling against the rope that tethered him, his magnificent body exposed helplessly to the blows raining down on him.

The tortured muscle-god was taking the thrashing of his life. In a futile attempt at relief he strained his hands down to touch the cock bulging in his briefs, but it was just out of reach. Maddened, he turned sideways and pounded the end of the rod against the wall in a futile attempt to push it out through his arms.

"That's not gonna help you, man," Steve gloated. "Face it, you're trapped, you're finished, stud. Give up ..... you know the word ..... 'submit'." That's all I need to hear from you."

"Go ... and ... fuck ... yourself," Lloyd repeated slowly. Defiantly he flexed his chest forward, blatantly offering it for more punishment. "I can take anything you dish out and more ..... aaagh!" He screamed as Steve lashed the exposed chest even harder.

Maybe Lloyd could take this but Eddie knew he couldn't. He gripped the seat of his chair to stop touching his cock, but it was no good. The image was pornographic, the beautiful muscle-god roped at the neck, face twisted in pain, muscles rippling under the lash, gleaming with sweat in the red lights. Hypnotized by the awesome sight Eddie felt his cock bulge, shudder and explode in his shorts. He hung his head and moaned, overwhelmed by what he had seen.

For the boy it was all so graphically, painfully real. He couldn't know the back-story behind the men's sex games, or the dynamic of their relationship, nor the fact that this was part of their plan to educate him. Nor did he know that, as real as the tortured prisoner scene had become,

Steve never lost control, always whipped Lloyd way below his endurance level. With a whip like this with its leather braids, it was easy to simulate vicious blows without inflicting real harm.

But to Eddie it had become painful to watch as the muscular body became striped with the marks of the lash. Now that he had cum his capacity for fantasy lessened and he started to moan softly. He looked up as the punishment continued, the whip falling relentlessly on the tortured body. Steve heard Eddie's moans and was aware that he had creamed his shorts. Time for the next stage of the boy's education, he thought, and he shouted to Eddie.

"All he has to do is shoot a load from his cock to submit to me, boy. Maybe he needs some help with that. Get your ass over here ..... and that hot mouth of yours." Eddie obeyed instantly and the whipping paused. "See that bulge in his Speedos, boy? I'm told you're the best little cocksucker in town. Maybe you can help this man to submit. On your knees, boy."

Eddie sank willingly to the floor in front of Lloyd, grateful for the opportunity to help bring his torment to an end. And this was something where he was an expert. He pulled the Speedos down and the rigid shaft shot out like a pole. Eddie realized that it must have been hard ever since the ordeal began. He leaned forward, pressed his lips against the head of the cock and let the shaft slide quickly all the way down his throat.

He clenched his throat muscles round it and managed to look up at the stunning bodybuilder, arms still trapped round the wooden pole, body striped by the lash, face twisting in ecstasy now as he moaned, "Oh, man ..... shit that feels fucking incredible. That mouth is so hot." Then he gritted his teeth. "But you're not gonna make me cum, neither one of you. I'll never submit."

"Oh yeah?" Steve snarled. "We'll see about that." He had walked round behind him. "Man, look at the globes of that perfect white ass between the tan lines. They're rock hard. Better loosen them up a bit. Come on boy, suck that dick."

Eddie heard the crack of the whip across Lloyd's ass, heard him yell as his hips jerked forward and rammed his cock deeper into his throat. Eddie gagged and realized that this was going to be a blow-job like none he had ever given. As Lloyd braced for the next lash his hips moved back and the cock slid partway out of the boy's mouth. Then the whip cracked again, the body jerked forward and the cock slammed hard into his mouth.

Steve didn't let up, increasing the rhythm of his blows, watching the white mounds bounce under the whip. As Lloyd howled with each blow his hips lurched forward, his pubic hair smashed into the boy's face, the cock rammed into him and Eddie choked again. It took all his skill, perfected in that back room of the bar, to swallow the cock down again and again without passing out. But Steve had told him to make Lloyd cum and he knew he could. Of all the leathermen who had fucked his face in that back room, none had ever resisted his expert mouth before without a massive orgasm.

Tears spurted from Eddie's eyes as Steve continued to flog Lloyd's back and ass, and the cock pistoned into his mouth with each blow. Steve's whip was driving the shaft down his throat! He worked his throat, squeezing the cock when it was deep inside and gripping it hard as it withdrew. He saw the magnificent body writhing above him as the lash cracked against it, heard Lloyd's moans and realized that his screams of pain had been transformed into groans of pleasure. The pain in Lloyd's ass faded as the sensation in his cock intensified.

"Oh shit, man" he moaned to Steve. "This kid is driving me wild ..... that mouth of his, so fucking hot. But you can whip me all you like, man, I'm still not gonna cum. Aaah! Oh, man, my cock is feeling so damn good ..... yeah suck it boy, while my master whips my ass. Shit damn ..... fuck you, boy, you're making me so fucking hot ..... you're making me ..... I can't hold back .... you're making me shoot .... damn you, boy ..... fuck you ..... aaagh!"

Eddie felt the cock jolt, shudder and release a blast of hot cum that poured down his throat. Frantically he swallowed stream after stream, tasting the man's sweet juice as the bound body convulsed above him and Eddie's own body jolted as he blasted another load of jism over Lloyd's bare feet.

It took a long while for Lloyd's cock to drain, then at last to pull back up the throat and out of his mouth. With cum spilling out of his mouth and down his chin Eddie rose to his feet. He stepped back and watched wide-eyed as the bound and broken bodybuilder sank to his knees, sobbing in humiliation.

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The kneeling muscle-god looked spectacular, head bowed in defeat, shoulders and biceps bulging as the arms strained against the pole behind his back. Steve stood triumphantly before him and pulled his head up by the hair, forcing his handsome face to look up, tears streaming down his cheeks, mouth sagging open. "You ready for your master's cock?" Steve growled. He pulled his hard rod out of his briefs and rammed it into Lloyd's mouth, making him choke. Still grabbing his hair Steve hammered the helpless face, but Lloyd looked so erotically beautiful in his misery that Steve soon felt his cock bursting for release.

He pulled out and aimed his cock at the handsome, defeated face. Steve gloated, "Your gym buddies should see you now, stud ..... a bodybuilder on his knees, broken and humiliated. You're finished, man." Suddenly his cock exploded, slamming cum straight into Lloyd's face, into his hair, his eyes until it was running down to his neck and dripping onto his chest.

Eddie gazed in awe at the architect's stunning face, its square jaw, chiseled features, once proud but now grimacing in abject degradation, smothered in semen and tears. It had been the most spectacular display of one man breaking another, but, as fired up as he was, Eddie was relieved that it was over. There had been something in Lloyd's endurance of the whipping and his refusal to submit that somehow disturbed him. He sat back in his chair. Well, at least it was over.

But Eddie was wrong. Steve had cupped his hand under Lloyd's chin and forced him to look up at him through the mist of cum and tears. The look they shared was intense, charged with the erotic pleasure of one of their hottest sexual confrontations ..... but this time mixed with an understanding that there was one more act to play out .... this time for Eddie.

A glimmer of a smile in Steve's eyes was quickly replaced by a snarl. "Look at you, stud ..... whipped, sucked off by a boy, face fucked, kneeling in defeat. I've broken you, man, you're finished. Now you have to say it. Give up, man .... submit and I'll set you free. Let me hear the word."

There was a long, heavy silence as Lloyd's gaze up at Steve became one of steely defiance. "Go to hell!" It was the insolence of the tortured rebel ..... the ultimate challenge.

Steve's eyes blazed and he slapped the back of his hand across his captive's face. "Fuck you, man. Fuck you! What do I have to do to break you, asshole?" He grabbed the collar round Lloyd's neck and yanked him to his feet. He picked up the whip from the floor and shouted, "Is this what you want, stud, more of this? You wanna feel the whip curl round that gorgeous body of yours? OK, asshole, you asked for it.

Eddie could not believe that it was starting again and his body tensed as he leapt to his feet. He saw the whip rise and lash the body again, only this time the captive did not buck and weave in defense. He stood still, a defiant smile on his face as the blows fell across his chest, abs, shoulders, and curled round his back, striping his muscles with angry red welts. "Come on, man," Lloyd taunted. "That all you got? That's nothing .... come on, whip me, man, hurt me. You don't get it .... I love pain .... I can take everything you can dish out and never give in."

Angered by Lloyd's taunts Steve redoubled the blows, but still Lloyd defied him, cum still pouring down his handsome face. Incredibly his cock was roaring hard and as the lash curled brutally round his whip-striped muscles he screamed .... "Aaagh!! ..... and his cock exploded in a stream of cum that smashed against Steve's chest.

Enraged, Steve used every muscle in his body to defeat the spectacular bodybuilder, but still Lloyd roared in defiance. "That's better, big guy. Come on, man, harder ..... rip those muscles apart. Make me suffer. Thrash that gorgeous body. Break it, man!"

"NO!" Eddie leapt forward. "Don't listen to him, sir .... he doesn't mean it, sir. Please stop ..... you're really gonna injure him sir. He doesn't know what he's saying. He only wants more pain to show you how tough he is." He tried to grab Steve's arm and make him stop, but his efforts were feeble against Steve's strength.

"Back off, kid," Steve growled. "What do you know about any of this?"

"I do know, sir," Eddie pleaded desperately. "I did the same with Zack and Randy. I went mad ..... I never wanted them to stop hurting me .... no limits. Please, sir..... stop whipping him, sir." His mind was reeling and he started to sob. "OK, sir, what if I say it for him? I'll say it, I don't care .... I'll say it for him. I submit, sir. I submit. Please, I can't take any more ..... I submit!"

Suddenly everything stopped. Steve and Lloyd gazed at each other in a true moment of triumph, while Eddie stood trembling, wild-eyed, breath heaving. Then Steve turned to Eddie smiled and took him into his arms, holding him tight and kissing his cheek. He said softly into his ear, "Good boy, Eddie. That's what I wanted to hear." He pulled back and smiled into his eyes. "I wanted you to understand. Everyone has limits, kiddo, and it's dangerous to ignore them. This was our way of convincing you."

Eddie's tear-stained eyes gazed at Steve, trying to understand. "You mean .... you mean ..... this was all for me, sir?"

"Well, not all of it," Steve laughed. "Lloyd and I had a great time too .... one of the best ..... especially my gorgeous, sexy man here. Come on, kid, give me a hand."

Following Steve's lead Eddie untied the wrists at Lloyd's waist and grabbed the bar as his arms fell, while Steve unbuckled the collar from his neck. Lloyd fell into Steve's arms in a tight bear hug. "Thanks, buddy," Lloyd said. "You were incredible ..... God, I love you."

They broke apart and Lloyd folded his arms round Eddie. "You too, Eddie, you were terrific. Boy, you are one hell of a cocksucker ..... that blowjob was awesome. Any more where that came from?"

"Any time you like, sir. Whenever I come up to clean, if you want." Seeing the whip marks on Lloyd's flesh he licked his shoulders and chest, then licked Steve's cum off his face. Steve watched deep in thought, then said, "Hey Eddie, you don't have to run away right away, do you? How about you stay on, help us make dinner and then spend the night with us. Maybe even give us the benefit of that mouth of yours a couple more times. How's that sound?"

It sounded great! .... spend the night with these two muscle-gods after everything he had seen? But seeing him hesitate, Steve smiled, "I know, you have to clear it with the house. Here's my phone. Er, from what I hear Darius is probably shackled up with Pablo right around now, so I suggest you call Zack. Eddie instantly got hold of Zack who jumped at the idea. The house was still resonating with the wild events of the day, Darius was spending the night with Pablo, so it was much better for Eddie to come back in the morning when things had settled down.

"Good, that's settled then," Steve smiled as Eddie snapped the phone shut. "But you know, what Lloyd and I did here was kind of an experiment and every doctor likes to be sure his therapy has worked. So before we go upstairs I'd kinda like to put it to the test. Would you be up for something like that, Eddie?"

Eddie wasn't exactly sure what he meant, but he had an idea that Steve and Lloyd would be putting him through some kind of trial and already his cock was getting stiff again. He nodded in agreement and Steve said. "OK, but before we start there's one important thing to do. I want you to call Zack back and ask him a question....."

Zack was surprised to get another call from a hesitant Eddie. "Sorry to trouble you again, sir. I've been told to ..... I mean, I want to ask you something. Sir, do you think I can trust Steve?"

Taken aback for a second, Zack grinned as he realized that Steve had told him to ask this. Part of the boy's training, no doubt. "I'm glad you checked with me, kid, and the answer is yes. Steve is one of the good guys and you can do whatever he tells you to do. Not only can you trust him, you'll probably have a whole lot of fun doing it, too. So go for it, kid. You have my blessing."

As Eddie put the phone down Steve said, "And remember, boy, always before you do anything like this you have to be certain you can trust the guy. Don't take the guy's word .... check with one of us. OK, now let's get you naked. Come on Lloyd, old buddy. Give me a hand here."

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At any other time Eddie would have been scared. But Zack had said he could trust Steve and he would never have said that if it wasn't true. So he felt no fear, despite his present predicament ..... only intense excitement.

He was in the middle of the room, sitting naked in the plain wooden chair, his arms resting on the chair's arms, wrists tied to it. His ankles were tied to the front chair legs. He was not in any discomfort, but he was immobile, except for minimal flexibility of his torso and head. Lloyd and Steve were still stripped down to their swim briefs, with the addition now of unlaced sneakers. They paced around looking at the boy, sizing up the opportunities he presented.

"So what are we gonna do with you, boy, Lloyd said? You know all you have to say is 'submit' and you're free. You gonna talk or are we gonna have to make you?"

Eddie watched the beautiful men moving through the spotlights, their muscles gleaming as light and shadow played over them. He could have cum just looking at them but knew that's not what was expected. He also knew instinctively to say nothing, certainly not the safe word. So he simply stared ahead defiantly. His cock was rigid, his body trembling with anticipation.

"Hey, buddy," Lloyd said, "looks like we got ourselves an insubordinate boy here who's not talking. Guess we're just gonna have to teach him a lesson."

"Damn right," said Steve. "Here, let's show him we mean business. He went to the light switches and manipulated them, turning the spots down to dark red pools of light. Eddie

gasped as a hard white light flashed on and he caught sight of himself in the wall mirror, the stark light shining down like a cone round him. The rest of the room was in shadowy red.

Yeah,” said Steve, “Now there you have a boy waiting to be interrogated. That’s what they do in the military when an enemy prisoner won’t talk. What we need for a defiant kid like this is an expert at military interrogation. Hey, wait a minute. Keep an eye on him buddy ..... make sure he doesn’t try anything stupid. I’ll be right back.”

To Eddie’s surprise he left the room and his footsteps receded upstairs. There was a deep silence as Lloyd towered over him, arms folded across his chest. Eddie’s fantasies were running wild and he imagined himself being worked over by this muscle-god. He could have shot his load ten times over ..... but instead, all he could do was wait.

As it happened, Steve’s timing was perfect. Just as he walked out of the house Hassan was walking down the drive, just off work. “Hey, Hassan, I want you to do me a favor.” Hassan turned and grinned, and Steve shook his head. “Perfect, just perfect.” It was one of those days that Hassan had spent filming a Marine training video, so he was in the usual action gear of fatigues, boots, khaki tank and sleeveless uniform shirt stretched over his muscular olive-skinned body. He still had not removed the dark camouflage streaks from his face.

Quickly Steve explained what had been going on and what they needed now. “You don’t want me to shower and change, first?” Hassan asked.

“Don’t you dare,” Steve grinned. “You look exactly right just the way you are.”

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Time was starting to drag in the dark room and Eddie shifted in the chair as much as the ropes would allow. Suddenly he heard footsteps, the door opened, Steve came in and closed it behind him. He whispered a quick word to Lloyd and they went and leaned back against the wall, lit only by the dim red lights. Eddie was left alone, sitting under the harsh white light. He looked at himself in the mirror and all he saw was a young guy, tied to a chair naked, waiting for his interrogation to begin.

As the minutes ticked by Eddie came to understand the value of trust. He should have been terrified, but he knew for sure that nothing bad was going to happen to him ..... and besides, he knew the safe word. Eddie was starting to understand how the game was played. But he also knew that it had to feel real.

Finally he heard heavy footsteps on the stairs ..... boots. The door opened and a tall, shadowy figure stood in the gloom. It came slowly forward and as it caught the red overhead lights Eddie gasped. It was a broad-shouldered muscular soldier in combat gear, his face streaked with camouflage paint, eyes hidden behind dark mirror glasses. He gazed down at the boy, who instinctively pulled at his restraints.

Deep down Eddie knew this was Hassan, of course, but now the fantasy was so vivid that he really was a soldier who had come to interrogate him. Darius had once told Eddie in lurid detail of that long-ago time when Hassan, a soldier in the Arabian Desert, had interrogated Mark, who was then an American soldier, torturing him chained to the wall of a cell. And now it was Eddie's turn, a naked boy tied helpless in a dungeon. Despite all the assurances he had received, he felt a tremor of apprehension run through him. This felt real!

The Marine reached forward, grabbed his hair and pulled his head up to face him. Eddie gazed up at the stunningly beautiful soldier with his dark Arab/Asian features and muscular body, now brilliantly lit under the stark white light shining down on his captive. Feeling safe after what Zack had said, knowing Steve was watching from the shadows, Eddie's mind, free of fear, could focus on the fantasy he was living. It was real. He was a young, naked prisoner in bondage at the mercy of this formidable, powerful Marine.

The soldier whipped off his dark glasses and the exotic dark eyes bored into his. The deep, lyrical, strangely accented Arab voice was full of menace. "So, you are the boy who refuses to talk. That is why they have sent me ..... I can make any prisoner talk. You can save yourself much pain and torment, boy, by submitting to me right now." But Eddie was gripped with a new defiance and remained silent. "Very well. It shall be as you wish."

Eddie was mesmerized by the sight of the soldier shrugging off his shirt and pulling his tank off over his head. He stepped back under the red lights, stripped to the waist, and flexed his magnificent body. His voice was louder now, harsher. "Look at me, boy. You dare to defy *me*? No one defies me ..... I will break you, boy. You do not yet understand my power. Look at me!"

The voice alone was enough to excite Eddie's lust, but now, as he watched the incredible shirtless soldier pace before him, muscles rippling under the dappled light and shadow he knew he was already lost. He pulled at his restraints and caught sight of himself in the mirror struggling, a naked boy waiting for this Marine muscle-god to work on him. The sight, the fantasy was overpowering. Eddie lost control, felt his body shudder, his cock pulse and he screamed as a ribbon of cum shot from him and splashed on the floor at his feet.

He heard the soldier's guttural laugh of triumph. "You see, boy, how my mere presence is enough to break a man. But we have not finished." He glanced over to the instruments of torture on the wall but shrugged contemptuously. "Huh, I have no need of those toys. I have a weapon of my own that always brings a man to his senses." He unzipped his fatigue pants and pulled out his thick, hard cock. "A few minutes of this boy and you will be ready to submit."

He yanked Eddie's face back again, the mouth fell open and he rammed the cock straight down his throat. Eddie choked and gagged on the huge shaft..... but he knew that he could withstand this weapon of torture. He had been well trained. So he clenched his throat muscles hard and heard the Marine gasp in surprise as he pulled his cock back, then pushed it

again down the hot chute that squeezed it tight. Eddie felt a defiant need to fight back, to show this man that he may be a boy but he was tough, not so easy to break.

Hearing the soldier moan in a mix of pain and ecstasy Eddie sensed that his arrogance had been punctured. So he applied all his skill, squeezing his throat then relaxing it, making his mouth fuck the soldier's cock. Now it was his turn to demonstrate his power ..... and it didn't take long. The more the soldier pounded his mouth the more his cock shuddered, bulged ..... and then "aaagh!" The Marine screamed as he exploded in Eddie's mouth, streams of bitter-sweet juice that Eddie's practiced throat swallowed easily in big triumphant gulps.

The cock finally pulled out and Eddie looked up at his surprised face, taking one last arrogant gulp to prove that no man's cock would ever make him submit. Hassan's eyes blazed with anger as he stuffed his cock back in his pants. "No man has ever defied me that way ..... resisted the power of my cock. You are tough, boy, a worthy adversary. But you have angered me. Now I will make you submit with my own bare hands .... no whip, no chains ..... just these," and he rubbed his fingers together.

He walked forward again and, locking eyes with his captive, stroked his nipples, rolling them between his fingers. Eddie breathed in sharply, feeling jolts of pleasure flare from his chest through his body. But quickly the pleasure turned to pain as the Marine increased the pressure, and soon Eddie's nipples were being ground between the vise-like fingers. Men had played with his nipples before but never like this. He held the soldier's gaze, determined to be strong, but soon tears were flowing from his eyes.

"You cannot withstand this, boy," the soldier growled. "No man can withstand this. You will have to bow to my superior strength." But Eddie resisted, despite the now agonizing pain in his nipples, radiating through the young body that strained helplessly against his restraints. His head was thrashing from side to side, tears streaming down his cheeks ..... but he would show how tough he could be ..... he would not give up.

"You know I am your master, boy," the menacing voice said. "Now I will break you .... right now ..... like this!" Suddenly Eddie felt a shaft of agonizing pain spear through him, worse than anything before. Hassan was using his fingernails to bite into the flesh of his nipples. The intense pain drained the last ounce of resistance from him. "No, no," he howled, "I can't .... It's too much ..... I give up ...." In his delirium he searched desperately for the word. "I .... I ..... I submit, sir! I submit!"

Instantly it all stopped and his writhing body became still as he felt the worst of the pain draining from his chest. Through his tears he looked up at Hassan's face, and it was smiling down at him. "You did very well, Eddie. I love a strong boy who resists. It looks so hot. It is very exciting for me when I hear a tough young man like you submit to me, but I am glad you have learned when to give up Thank you, Eddie. Now, do you want to cum again?"

Eddie was in thrall to this glorious man. Yes, he wanted to cum again. "Yes, sir, please, sir."

“Very well. Your nipples are raw now, more tender than they have ever been. If I just stroked them you would cum. To do more would cause you exquisite pain .... but it will be fleeting and will end as soon as you shoot. Here, this is for you, Eddie.” Still smiling down at him Hassan suddenly squeezed his nipples tight. He was right ..... the pain was excruciating, as if his chest had burst into flames. “Aaaagh ..... “ Eddie felt his cock explode, saw a plume of white juice rise up and splash against Hassan’s bare chest. And the pain instantly stopped

It was over. Steve and Lloyd walked out of the shadows and Steve said to Hassan. “Thanks, big guy. That was just what we needed. And as for you, kid, you’ve learned your lesson and your limits. You know when to submit, and you looked incredibly beautiful while you did.” “Hotter than a pistol,” Lloyd agreed.”

“Thank you, sirs,” Eddie said, managing a smile through his tears. But as he gazed up at them his eyes were still pleading, and Steve smiled. “Boy oh boy. you never get enough do you? OK Lloyd, let’s finish him off.” The both pulled their cocks from their Speedos, rock hard after what they had witnessed, and stroked them faster and faster. It didn’t take much before Steve said, “You ready, buddy?”

“Right there with you, man.” Their bodies flexed and their cocks erupted with a shower of semen that slammed into Eddie’s face until he felt he was drowning in the cum of the two magnificent men.

In his ecstasy Eddie had the crazy, fleeting thought that, if he drowned, there would be no better way to go.

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A few minutes later as they were walking toward the pool for a cleansing swim Eddie was in some kind of heaven. That feeling intensified as he heard Steve say to Lloyd and Hassan, “Hey guys, what say we ask Nate if he can spare Eddie to come up here two days a week instead of one? Seems to me that his job description just got a lot longer. A ton of extra things he’s gonna have to do for us from now on.”

“Fine with me,” Hassan said, throwing his arm over the boy’s shoulder. “There are other changes in the wind too. Before I came home I dropped in on Zack and Darius with a proposition.”

Actually it had been more of a bombshell to Darius than a proposition. Hassan had sat at the outdoor table facing him and Zack, and had come straight to the point.. “Look, I just came from the film set as you can tell from my clothes, so I can’t stay long .... gotta get home and clean up. But on the set the director reminded me again that he’s looking for a guy to intern as a Third Assistant Director on the promotional videos we make. Now that’s not a grand position ....

more like a gofer at the beck and call of the director, the crew and the Marines on the set. Not much money, either, but a ton of film-making experience, and a chance to work his way up.

“He’s looking for a young guy with a natural talent behind a camera and a basic knowledge of lighting, editing, that kind of thing, and above all a guy who’s willing to learn. It can be tough. We put in long days under hot lights, usually on location in local canyons to simulate battle situations, that kind of thing. Hell,” he laughed, “a lot of the guys end up looking like me, sweating like a pig in all this gear and war-paint. Glamorous it ain’t I can tell you.

“Anyway I told the director I might know just the guy.” He looked directly at Darius. “I was referring to you, kid. Those videos you’ve shot here are terrific .... even if they do sometimes land you in trouble. So, what d’ya think?”

Darius was stunned. A flood of fantasies began pouring through his overactive imagination .... spending the day with Marines in uniform and battle gear under the sun and hot lights in a remote canyon ..... working with Hassan all day and guys like him .... doing whatever grunt work the soldiers and the crew tell him to do. Hassan read his mind. “But like I said, Darius, it’s not at all glamorous, not much money attached .....” he grinned “..... and no sex, either.”

Darius really didn’t hear the last bit. He turned to Zack, his eyes sparkling. “Could I, sir? Would you let me? Please say yes, sir ..... Please!”

# # #

## **Chapter 162 – Darius and The Marines**

Zack understood his boy’s eagerness. It’s true he was good with a camera and some of the videos he had made were excellent. He also sensed the boy’s frustration that no one outside the house ever saw his work, which is why he had made the stupid move of posting one of the videos on the Web, getting himself into big trouble.

Still, Zack had some reservations. “See, Hassan, Darius already has his day job working as Randy’s assistant on the construction site, which takes up pretty much all his time. I wouldn’t want him to piss Randy off .....

“Hell no, we sure don’t want that,” Hassan grinned, rubbing his jaw, remembering times when he had done just that and run into Randy’s fist. “But there’s no problem there. See, the talent, the guys in front of the camera, are all Marines .....have to be the real thing ..... but the crew are all civilians, most of them moonlighting from their regular jobs in movies and TV. So we nearly always work on weekends when they’re free.” He grinned. “It’s the same thing with the porn industry. The crews there are moonlighting professionals so they do a lot of weekend shoots.

He saw Darius's eyes gleam. "And that, kid, is positively the *only* similarity between us and porn movies. Like I said, this is serious stuff ..... no fooling around and absolutely no sex."

Zack foresaw another problem. "I guess Darius would be spending a whole lot of time with you, Hassan. How do you think that's gonna sit with Nate? He's your boy after all."

Hassan had a fleeting suspicion that Zack, always possessive of his boy, was asking this as much for his own reassurance as he was for Nate's. "OK," Hassan said, "let me make this clear one last time. This is a business proposition, nothing else. Sure Darius will be with me a lot, but these movies are serious stuff .... it's damn hard work. I'll be making that clear to Nate and I'm emphasizing it with you now, Zack. But if you still have reservations I'll let it drop."

Zack saw the panic in Darius's eyes and he smiled. "Nah. I wanna see my boy get ahead in the world and this looks like a great opportunity. OK, boy, I say go for it." He reached out and shook Hassan's hand. "Thanks for suggesting Darius, buddy. He has my blessing."

Darius's eyes sparkled and Hassan was once again all business. "Now the reason that the director is stressing out is that we have a major shoot coming up this weekend in a canyon we use quite a distance away. It's a complicated setup and he says he has to have a First, Second and Third AD on board. So you think you could be available at 5am Saturday morning, Darius? Best if I drive you there and bring you back. You up for it, kid?"

"You bet, sir. You bet!" Even though Hassan had stressed 'no sex', Darius's cock was already hard in his shorts and his fantasy wheels were in overdrive.

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It was still barely daylight when Hassan picked Darius up in his Jeep and they took off on their one-hour drive to a canyon in the Sierra foothills, part of a ranch that was often used by film crews. Hassan was in jeans and a sleeveless black T-shirt as he would change into the military gear he would wear throughout the shoot. Darius noticed an extra focus in the Marine today, a seriousness that he always applied to his job. His conversation was all about the day ahead.

"When we get there I'll have to go straight to the tent they have set up for wardrobe and makeup .... just a fancy name for getting us kitted out in battle fatigues and making us look dirty and sweaty, with camouflage marks on our faces. I'll introduce you to the Second AD who'll be your boss for the day." He frowned slightly. "His name's Christian and you'll have to go easy with him. He can be kinda arrogant ..... thinks he's all that and a bag of shit, if you know what I mean. His parents are rich and they pulled strings to get him the job. He badly wants to be First AD so he brown-noses the director a lot."

That didn't sound too promising to Darius but he didn't care. One thing the guys in the house had given him, especially Zack, was a healthy dose of self-confidence, so he could take attitude

from this guy and let it bounce off him. He grinned to himself. Sure couldn't be worse than what Randy had dished out when Darius had first come to the house all that time ago.

Finally the Jeep swung off the highway onto a small road leading into the foothills. The whole place seemed deserted, in the middle of nowhere, but suddenly they rounded a bend and Darius gazed at the scene in awe. Even at this early hour the small canyon was a hive of activity, with various dark green tents set up for equipment, catering, and one big dressing room. As Hassan leapt from the jeep a tall older guy with close-cropped gray hair came over.

He shook Hassan's hand. "Hey, big guy. Welcome to chaos. Shaping up to be one hell of a day. Go and get kitted out, stud." He looked at Darius in a distracted sort of way, what with everything else on his mind. "You must be the new Third AD. Hey, Christian," he yelled, "get your ass over here."

A tall guy with a shock of blond hair came running over. Darius's first surprise was how young he was ..... looked just a few years older than Darius. Same height too .... but there the similarity ended. He was what Darius would have called a Golden Boy, with his shock of fair hair, tanned features and slim but very trim body. With his usual laser focus Darius noticed right away the nice round bulge of his ass in his shorts. When he spoke his voice was smooth, refined, and even if Hassan had not already told him so, Darius would have guessed that he came from money.

The director said, "This is the new intern for Third AD .... what's your name, kid? ..... Darius, right? OK Christian, he's all yours," and he turned away to attend to a million other things.

Darius held out his hand with a gleaming smile, "Hey, Chris, good to meet you."

Bad start. The young man gave Darius an icy stare and said condescendingly, "The name is Christian. Please don't refer to me as Chris again. You'll be taking orders from me today, but there's no need to call me 'sir.' We're pretty casual around here. You're a construction worker, I hear, Darien."

"Darius....."

"What? Yeah, whatever ...." He looked down at a clipboard and said, "Crowded day today so I don't have time to show you around, but the first thing you should get familiar with is the coffee machine over there. Bring me a cup now."

Hassan had primed Darius well so he gritted his teeth and went for the coffee. Huh, he wondered what that other 'construction worker', Randy, would have made of a guy like this. Mincemeat probably. He brought the coffee to Christian who tore a sheet off the clipboard and said, "This is the latest revision to the call-sheet .... damn thing keeps changing. I want you to take it over to wardrobe and make-up, the big tent over there. It's important so get a move on."

“Yes, si .....” Darius began but checked himself. Never would he call this arrogant prick ‘sir’. He ran over to the tent, walked in ..... and stood rooted to the spot. Not only was it full of Marines, they were all in various stages of undress ..... some shirtless in fatigues, others stripped down to dark green boxers, others in nothing but T-shirts or tank tops with their cocks swinging free.

The air was full of testosterone, with a din of bawdy shouts, obscenities and good-natured ribbing. “Hey, man, better cover up that big schlong of yours ..... this ain’t no X-rated movie.” “Yeah, well you’d be the expert on porn, asshole. I seen you watching it often enough, beating your meat and blowing your jizz all over the screen.” This provoked a macho bout of towel snapping, with the soldier dodging the slaps round his bare ass, making his ‘big schlong’ bounce in the air.

Darius was awestruck. He could never have imagined this in his wildest fantasy ..... but he knew he would from now on. And in the middle of all the activity stood Hassan, wearing nothing but a khaki jock strap, head and shoulders above the fray, and above it too in his calm attitude. He was by far the most stunning man in the place and the others seemed to be treating him with awed respect. Definitely the star of the show, Darius thought.

Suddenly the First AD came up and snatched the call sheet out of his hands. Mesmerized by the spectacle of the near-naked Marines Darius dawdled, but then snapped back to business and muttered, “Shit ..... Christian.” He ran back out to find Christian glaring at him. “Where the fuck have you been, boy? All you had to do was deliver the call sheet. Now try to get this into your thick skull. You do what I say and you do it fast. When I give an order you move that black ass of yours, capisce?”

Darius felt his blood rising and clenched his fists. He knew that Zack would have slugged the man but Hassan’s warning still rang in his head so he gritted his teeth and said nothing. The next few hours brought more of the same. Christian didn’t even make another stab at his name, referring to him always as “boy”. But Darius did his best to let it all bounce off him.

Instead, when shooting began, he concentrated on the activities of the crew, especially the Director of Photography, the lighting and cameramen. He quickly grasped some of the techniques and was so fascinated by the process that he was not even distracted by the Marines, now in full battle gear and makeup. Well, not *too* distracted.

There was a break as they began setting up the next scene ..... a casualty shot where a wounded man was carried off on a stretcher to illustrate the Marines’ comradeship and teamwork. But suddenly there was a disturbance as the First AD consulted urgently with the director about the ‘wounded man’. “He what?!” the director bellowed. “He fucking called in sick? He’s *supposed* to be sick. All he has to fucking do is lie on a stretcher. Shit, and we don’t have a stand-in on set. The script specifically says the casualty has to be a young black soldier .... racial diversity and all that. Where the fuck are we gonna find .....”

Gazing around helplessly his eyes settled on Darius, standing quietly in the background. “Hey, that kid there ..... that’s just the look we’re going for. Hey, kid, think you could lie still on a stretcher for a couple of hours? That’s all you have to do. No experience necessary.” Darius was stunned, but Christian quickly stepped forward.

“No, he’s my Third AD ..... he’s not available.”

“Fuck you, Christian,” the director yelled. “Get him into wardrobe and makeup now! Just boots and fatigues, no shirt, plenty of mud and grease ..... like he’s just been dragged off the ground. No blood though. We’re going for heroic, not gruesome. And make it quick .... we can’t take another delay.”

Darius was swept up in a welter of activity. As he was shoved toward the dressing-room tent his last sight was of Christian, fuming in frustration. In the tent everyone clustered round him. His shirt and shorts were taken off him and they found military fatigues and boots that fit. Wearing those he was pushed into a makeup chair where he watched in a daze as makeup mud and dirt were rubbed over his chest, he was spritzed with fake sweat, and camouflage lines were streaked on his face.

When he finally stumbled out onto the set, blinking in the sunshine, the director said, “Perfect! .... great look, kid. Huh, you should do this for a living.” (‘If only,’ Darius thought.) He got down and lay on his back on the stretcher on the ground while the director said, “OK, guys, here’s the deal. You’re a band of brothers .... Semper Fi and all that ..... caring for one of your own. You kneel over him, checking him out, comfort him, that kind of stuff .... improvise ..... then you pick up the stretcher and carry him away.

“And you, kid, don’t do anything except gaze up at the guys with relief and gratitude. For God’s sake don’t ham it up, no groaning, and keep your eyes open. Don’t want anyone to think you’re dead or anything. Now, I’m gonna cover the shit out of this scene ..... I need a ton of footage for editing, so there’ll be lots of takes. OK, let’s try one. Mark it. And action.....”

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As Darius’s dazed mind began to clear he looked up and saw ..... half a dozen Marines gazing down at him, most of them shirtless or in ragged tank tops, some with ammo belts slung over their chests. Their battle-weary faces were dirty and dripping with sweat (in this grueling heat the sweat was real). Then one of them, a muscle-hunk with chiseled features and buzz-cut hair, knelt down and checked him for injury. He ran his hands over Darius’s waist and abs, pressing his ribs and chest, then squeezing his neck. ‘Relief and gratitude’ the director had said, but no mention of lust and a roaring hard-on, which is exactly what Darius had.

The sight of the gorgeous muscle-stud warriors leaning over him made him feel he was in his own bed dreaming. But then he felt their hot sweat dripping down on him and knew it was no

dream ..... these guys were for real. Maybe they were acting, but their intense focus on him, six hot soldiers gazing anxiously down at him, went way beyond fantasy.

“OK cut!” Thank God, thought Darius .... another minute of that and he’d have creamed his pants. “Good, guys,” the director said, “but I want to see more concern this time. Several of you kneel beside him, check him out. We won’t be using the sound but you can talk ..... comfort him, reassure him. Got it? OK, let’s go again. Take two. Action.”

This time it was far more intense. Three of the guys knelt by him, one feeling his legs, another gripping his hand, while the shirtless hunk with the buzz-cut stroked his forehead and bent low, whispering in his ear, “It’s OK, buddy, just relax, we’re gonna take care of you.” Jeez, Darius thought, the last time a guy said that to him the next thing he felt was a dick in his ass. It was all he could do to stop himself from kissing the thick lips of the hot young Marine.

And so it went, for take after take, each time a bit different but always a pornographic fantasy. He fantasized that when they finally carried him away the six muscular sweat-soaked Marines would hold him down and gang fuck him. That was the dream anyway. The stark reality was several hours baking in the sun, gazing up at these glorious macho soldiers, muscles gleaming, armpits stinking with sweat, their soaked fatigues clinging to their bulging crotches.

“OK, that’s great guys. Now we’re ready for the lift. And remember ..... teamwork. You’re one unit so you all bend down together, grab a handle each, flex those arm muscles and lift. Then you carry him slowly away .... and keep going, I want a good long-shot.”

And that’s exactly what happened ..... the guys were all real Marines after all, drilled in coordination. Darius watched breathlessly as they all bent over him, six shirtless, dirt-streaked young soldiers dripping sweat all over him. Their shoulders, biceps and chest flexed, gleaming under the hot sun, as they took the weight and heaved the stretcher off the ground. Darius felt himself being raised up slowly until he was level with their crotches and tight waists. Lying suspended just below their bulging chests his senses were filled with the stink of their armpits and the sight of their rugged faces staring down at him.

He drifted back to his earlier fantasy: he was helpless, being carried away by six gorgeous, battle-hardened young Marines to ..... where? Farther up the canyon where they would tie him to the stretcher and work him over? He watched their straining muscles, the intensity of their sweating faces ... he smelled them, heard their groans .... and he felt his cock ready to explode.

No moaning the director had said, so he breathed hard, his mouth locked open. The buzz-cut hunk was smiling down at him. Sweat dripped from his armpit straight into Darius’s mouth. He swallowed ..... the taste was bitter ..... and his cock erupted in his fatigues. Despite all his efforts he uttered a soft moan, his body shuddered slightly and he winced as his head jerked.

Fortunately his fatigues were loose so he knew his huge boner was hidden. 'So that's why they're called camouflage pants,' he thought. As his cock drained in them he relaxed and made an effort to control his breathing.

"Cut! Terrific guys. Looked great. And you kid, that little moan and twitch of the head when they lifted you, like you were in pain ..... that was a great touch. Think you can do the exact same thing in the next take?"

Jeez, thought Darius, that might take a few minutes.

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Never in his life had Darius faked an orgasm. But he did now ..... several of them. If the director wanted the same look in each take the only way Darius knew how to do it was to imagine an orgasm like the first one. Not that that was hard as he gazed up at the rugged young soldiers, their muscles flexing each time they lifted the stretcher.

But after many takes the director said, "OK, men, that's a wrap on that sequence. Thanks, guys, you were great ..... you too, kid. Like I said, you should do this for a living. Right, this seems like a good time to break for lunch. One hour, folks."

The Marines reached down, pulled Darius to his feet and congratulated him. "Right on, bro," said the buzz cut, shaking his hand and pulling him into a tight hug. "I could really believe we were rescuing you .... really got into it." Darius felt the soldier's sweaty flesh pressing against his and he had to arch his back so the guy wouldn't feel the hard-on in his pants. "Third AD, right? See you around the set, then." They all left and Darius knew what he absolutely had to do. He was so stoked he had to jerk off. But first .....

"So, you think you're the big movie star now, do you boy?" Christian, of course. "Well, Cinderella, the ball's over and you're back to being Third AD. After lunch you're all mine and, like I said, when I give you an order you move that black ass, capisce?"

"Darius 'capsiced' that Christian was going to be a bigger prick than ever from now on, angry at him being singled out and his success with the director ..... though something told Darius that there might be more to the guy's bad attitude than just arrogance. Whatever ..... first things first. His cock and balls were bursting.

He skipped the crowded mess tent where everyone was already eating and walked off on his own up the canyon, then round behind a rock to a grassy space hidden by trees. This would do fine. He leaned against the rock, zipped open his fatigues and pulled out his bulging ten inches. He stroked it slowly, closed his eyes and saw again the erotic images of the last few hours. He saw himself lying shirtless on the stretcher, saw the six burly Marines leaning over him, watched the buzz-cut kneel, smooth his brow and whisper in his ear. Wow, this was gonna be a doozy of an orgasm. He could feel it churning in his balls and moving up his pulsing cock.

“What the fuck .....?” Christian again! “I saw you sneaking up here, knew you were up to something.” Darius stayed calm and, still holding his cock, stared straight at the tall blond. “You know, boy, I can get your black ass fired for this .....” His words died in his throat as Darius dropped his arms by his sides and let his cock do the talking for him, the fully erect ten inches sticking out of his pants like a tent pole. He saw Christian gulp hard as his jaw dropped.

Darius smiled inwardly. He had seen that look before .... many times. It was always the look on Pablo’s face just before they had sex ..... wide-eyed, drooling as he gazed at his lover’s massive black rod. Well, if he could turn that tough, macho young stud into a drooling wreck he could certainly do a number on this pompous young prick. “You were saying, dude? What, you ran out of insults?”

Christian swallowed again and gazed at Darius. With his skill at erotic images Darius always knew how hot he looked himself, especially now ..... shirtless in military fatigues and boots, his lithe, muscular body covered in dirt and sweat, gleaming ebony skin, handsome face, square-jawed features and close cropped black hair. Not to mention the long black ten-inch pole sticking out of his fatigues. He knew he looked like a pornographic wet-dream ..... and he knew that was exactly the picture that had Christian rooted to the spot.

Darius began again to stroke his cock with one hand and squeeze his left nipple with the other. He flexed his muscles, threw his head back and moaned. That always brought Pablo to his knees. But Christian was not quite there yet.

Darius opened his eyes and murmured, “Hey dude, help me out a little here. We’re all alone, far from the other guys. I’m certainly not gonna talk, cause I’d get my black ass fired. So we’re safe. What are you waiting for?”

In a trance Christian felt his legs move slowly toward the stunning icon. This was something new for him. A handsome young man, Christian had led a sheltered, privileged life in his wealthy family, which is why they had arranged this job for him. In the macho, testosterone-heavy world of the Marines, surrounded by hot, half naked soldiers, Christian had felt strange new stirrings within him but he could never lower himself to get too close to these military grunts, his social inferiors. Then he had been put in charge of the black construction worker, and all his ruling-class instincts reached their peak. He would show the boy who was boss.

But now he stood in front of this handsome, muscular young stud, stripped down to combat pants and boots, and he felt his knees go weak. So weak that his legs buckled and he found himself kneeling at his feet, his face only inches away from the massive black shaft pointing straight at his mouth. Moving mechanically, losing all control of his actions, he reached forward and placed his hands tentatively on the belt round Darius’s waist. Then his hands rose up and lightly stroked the ridges of his washboard abs.

Sighing deeply, his hands moved down past the waist and over the rough fabric of the pants, feeling the shape of the muscled thighs underneath. Finally he gripped the waist again and dared to gaze up at the gorgeous face above him. He swallowed hard and croaked, "I've never done anything like this before."

"Yeah, but you know you want it. Come on, dude ..... eat it." The fact that this was the guy's first time excited the hell out of Darius but he knew not to force anything, knew that the guy had to make all the moves. And Christian did. His hands slid round to the back of Darius's waist and his fingers curled round the hard mounds of his ass. Slowly he pulled the ass forward, saw the abs ripple, the waist come closer, and then ..... the head of the cock touched his lips.

As the tip of his tongue probed the hole he experienced his first pungent taste of pre-cum. It was at that point that he lost every inhibition he ever had. He opened his mouth wide, pulled the body toward him and felt the steel rod slide into him. It seemed like it would never stop, sinking deeper and deeper, easing down his throat until it stopped and he gagged. He was choking but still he pressed hard against Darius's ass, forcing the cock to stay deep inside him.

'Shit,' thought Darius, 'the guy's a natural. Time for me to take over.' He grabbed a handful of blond hair and pulled Christian's head back so his cock slid almost all the way out. He paused. "I said eat it, boy." Then slowly he pulled the head toward him until the face was buried in his pubic hair. Again Christian gagged and thought he would puke with the stink of the sweat-soaked, wiry black hair in his nostrils and the pressure of the cock against the back of his throat.

Again and again Darius moved his hips, burying all ten inches of his cock in the hungry mouth, looking down at the tears running down the handsome face, the tousled hair matted against his forehead. 'Nah,' Darius thought, 'gotta give the guy the full treatment.' He pulled the head back sharply off his cock and the tear-stained face looked up at him, mouth sagging open, overflowing with drool. "More," he moaned hoarsely.

"Oh you'll get more, dude, but not in your mouth. How's about I shove my dick in your ass?"

"I can't ..... I could never do that."

"Okey dokey. Never mind then. We'll skip that."

"No..... I do want it. Do it ..... now!"

"Whoa!" Darius was not about to take any more orders from this guy. "If you want it, boy, you gotta ask for it."

A look of panic crossed Christian's face. He gulped hard, swallowed his pride and said. "OK, please fuck my ass." Darius frowned and shook his head. Christian became desperate. "Please, please fuck my ass. I want to feel that gorgeous cock inside me. Please ..... sir."

“Bingo,” Darius grinned. “OK, boy, but you do just what I say and you do it fast. When I give an order you move that white ass of yours, capisce?” Christian nodded helplessly. “OK, on your back ..... now!” Christian scrambled onto his back on the grass and Darius reached down and yanked off his shorts. He dropped to his knees between his legs, pushed them up and hooked them over his shoulders, dropping forward and pinning Christian’s wrists to the ground above his head. He pressed the head of his cock against Christian’s hole.

Christian gazed up in awe at the shirtless black muscle-boy stretching over him, muscles flexed, eyes boring down on his. Aware of how stunning he looked Darius asked, “You like that?”

Christian was mesmerized. “It looks so beautiful. You are so fucking hot .... Please, I want to feel your cock in my ass ..... please, sir.”

Darius grinned and gently eased his hips forward until the head suddenly pushed over the sphincter and into the ass. An unaccustomed shaft of pain shot through his ass and Christian winced, struggling to get free. “You want me to pull out, boy?” Again Christian panicked. “No, no. I can take it. Stay in me .....please ..... fuck my ass, sir.”

Darius knew he had him. More forcefully now he pushed his hips forward, felt his cock slide into the virgin ass, deeper and deeper until it came to rest against the hot membrane at the back. He paused, then with one last thrust the head pushed over the inner sphincter and came to rest in the fiery depths of his ass. Christian’s eyes flew open, he screamed, his body shook and a long ribbon of cum blasted from his cock, followed by another, splashing onto his chest, into his handsome face and tousled blond hair. He was being fucked in the ass for the first time, and for the first time in his life had shot a load without touching himself.

“Way to go, boy,” Darius said. “OK, now we got the first cum shot out of the way I can really fuck your virgin ass. He pulled all the way out, then pushed slowly back inside. He saw the tension leave the face as Christian relaxed into the gentle rhythm of the huge shaft moving inside him. Darius was an expert. Hundreds of times he had driven Pablo wild, filling his ass with his monster dick. Just as he had watched Pablo’s ecstatic face he now saw Christian entering a whole new world, gazing up at this spectacular boy, feeling his incredible cock moving inside him.

On and on it went, and Christian felt sensations of a wild euphoria racing through his body, sensations he had never felt before. Still pinned by Darius he pulled at his wrists and moaned, “Please, sir, I need to cum again. Please let me touch my cock.”

Darius grinned and repeated familiar words he had heard from Randy and Zack. “No, need, boy. Never is with me.’ You want me to make you cum? All you have to do is ask.”

“I am asking, sir. I’m begging you. Please, sir. Please make me shoot another load, sir.”

“Okey dokey,” Darius grinned. He pulled all the way out ..... then rammed his cock hard inside the ass, driving it fast and deep into the fiery chute and coming to rest deeper than ever before. The body beneath him jerked uncontrollably ..... “aaagh!” ..... and another stream of cum blasted out of his cock, this time spraying Darius’s ebony skin with his warm juice.

Darius watched with satisfaction as Christian’s body shuddered, racked with sobs of ecstasy, and his cock finally drained. “So that’s it, boy,” he said. “Fucked for the first time. That rich white ass of yours has just been hammered by the young construction worker’s big black cock.”

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When Darius had reassured Christian that they were alone, he didn’t know that was not entirely true. Busy as he was, Hassan had still been keeping a protective eye on Darius all day, especially when he was with the overbearing Second AD. He had seen Darius walk up the canyon and thought he just needed some time to himself, but he became concerned when he saw Christian follow him. So he too had followed at a discrete distance and stood shielded by trees watching, ready to intervene if Christian tried to work Darius over.

It quickly became clear that it was the other way round and Hassan smiled to himself. He should have known that the boys from that house could all take care of themselves. They had been well-trained by their masters, and none of them would have been intimidated by a pretentious guy like this, not matter how rich he was. Pablo would no doubt have slugged him, Jamie would have humbled him with a tongue lashing ... but Darius was using the biggest weapon he had. Now that’s intimidation, Hassan grinned.

Reassured that Darius needed no help Hassan was about to walk away, but as he watched the huge black cock driving into the blond’s mouth, something kept him rooted to the spot. He knew of Darius’s massive endowment of course, it was the stuff of legend in the house, but he had never watched it perform so dominantly. And when Darius began to fuck Christian in the ass Hassan reflexively pulled out his own cock and began to stroke it.

He was mesmerized by the sight of the piston sliding in and out of the white ass, and by the look of rapture on Christian’s face. He wondered what it must feel like, having that long tool driving inside you. Hassan himself rarely took dick in his ass, didn’t even think about it, but now that he watched Christian squirm as his ass got hammered, he tried to imagine what he was feeling. The cock was so beautiful, and Hassan looked on spellbound as it moved in and out of the boy’s ass. He heard Christian beg Darius to make him cum, saw Darius pull back, then slam his hips forward and plunge the long shaft hard inside the boy, forcing his cock to explode.

Hassan looked down at the tree trunk in front of him and saw semen running down it .... his own. The sight of Darius’s huge black cock, the thought of how an ass must feel getting fucked by it, had caused him to blow his wad. But now he instantly came to his senses, stuffed his cock back in his pants and quickly walked back to join the other soldiers in the mess tent.

A few minutes later he and other crew members watched in disbelief as two figures came ambling toward the tent chatting amiably, with Darius's arm thrown casually over Christian's shoulder. "Shit," the director said to Hassan, "your boy sure seems to have tamed that arrogant young prick Christian. I'd love to know how he pulled that off."

No you wouldn't, Hassan grinned to himself.

Actually, after getting his ass reamed by Darius, Christian would have done anything for the beautiful black boy ..... he was putty in Darius's hands. But Darius didn't have a mean bone in his body, never bore a grudge, and remembered Randy's rule of the house ..... 'a boy misbehaves, he gets punished, and that's an end of it'. So no hard feelings. After they stood up and brushed themselves off Christian had said, "Thank you, sir," but Darius chuckled. "Hey, you don't have to call me 'sir' ..... let's keep it casual. 'Dude' is usually good enough."

He smiled at Christian. "Look, dude, the reason I'm here is to learn the business, so I'll be grateful for anything you can show me. So let's work together, OK? It'll be fun." He held out his hand and Christian shook it warmly, smiling for the first time that day. "And, er ..... " Christian stammered, "in the future, if you're not doing anything for lunch, maybe you could ...."

"...maybe I could teach you a few more of the things I know. Right on, buddy ..... it's a deal."

When they got back to the set Darius flopped exhausted into the chair marked 'Second AD'. Christian said, "I'm going to the mess tent. Would you like me to bring you out a plate of food and some coffee?"

"That'd be great, Chris, just great." Darius sprawled in the chair and smiled to himself. One thing he knew for sure. Zack would be proud of him.

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It turned out to be a very long, grueling day. After dark the director wanted some solo shots of Hassan and kept just a skeleton crew as he didn't want to rack up a lot of overtime. Darius stayed on as he needed his ride home with Hassan, and as he was the only one of the AD's left he worked with the director, impressing him with his knowledge and enthusiasm. The shots included several of Hassan, stripped to the waist, leaning against a rock as if recuperating after a firefight and pouring a bottle of cold water over his head to cool off.

The director said, "Here, kid, take a look at the shot through the camera." There was something hugely erotic about looking through a viewfinder at the spectacular Marine with water pouring over his exotic face and gorgeous body and Darius's cock swelled in his pants for the millionth time that day. "What d'ya think, kid?"

Darius was an expert on beautiful men and knew how to make a hot man look hotter. "It looks great, sir. But I think it would look even better if, after a few seconds, he turned his head to the

side, gazing into the distance, so we could get him in profile ..... then have him clench his jaw. It would be a perfect shot for a slow fade-out.”

“Hey, great idea, kid. You know, you’re not half bad at this. We’ll make a director of you yet.”

It was 1am before they finally wrapped and Darius was sitting beside Hassan in the Jeep on the way home. Hassan grinned. “Well, looks like you were a big hit with the director, Darius ..... with Christian too, it seems. Well done, kid. Er, it’ll be almost two by the time we get back and we have to leave tomorrow at 7am so it kinda makes more sense for you to stay at my place and we’ll go straight from there in the morning. I’m bushed and I’m sure you are.”

Once again Darius felt his cock jolt in his shorts. He knew there was only one bed in Hassan’s small house and he wasn’t sure if he could survive a night sleeping with him .... but, hey, he wasn’t about to turn that down. And Hassan was right about one thing. They were both exhausted after a long, hot day on the set.

So when they finally went into Hassan’s house their only thought was sleep. Too tired even to shower, they simply stripped off their sweaty clothes and fell into bed naked. Before drifting off to sleep Darius said, “Sir, thank you for setting all this up for me. I had a great time today.”

“Me too, kiddo,” Hassan murmured ..... and then he was asleep.

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Asleep .... and dreaming. Hassan’s subconscious mind would not let up. Although firmly embedded in the world of the Marines he was not immune to the testosterone-laced atmosphere when rugged, half-naked soldiers were crowded together as they had been in the dressing room tent, and much of the day his cock bulged hard under his jock-strap. But tonight his dreams centered on a different image ..... the euphoria he had seen on Christian’s face as the long black cock drove deep into his ass.

His dreams shifted and teased, as dreams usually do, and at one point Christian’s face morphed into his own. It was him lying on the grass feeling the huge rod slide into his ass. Man, it felt hot as he looked up at the black boy leaning over him, his hips pumping rhythmically. The image was so erotic it almost woke him and he became dimly aware of his own stiff erection before he fell back into a fitful sleep.

Darius was having problems of his own, his sleep interrupted by the restive movements of the man lying next to him, the sound of his breathing, the smell of his sweaty body. Darius had a constant hard-on and there was only one thing for it. He had to jerk off. He eased himself to the edge of the bed, slid carefully off it so as not to wake Hassan, and crept silently to the bathroom.

Through the half-open door he gazed at the man on the bed. The sheets had slid off him as he tossed and turned and he was now lying naked on his back, the sculpted muscles of his incredible physique gleaming in the dim light as he stirred restlessly. His arms were thrown above his head, so he was sprawled spread-eagled on the bed. His handsome, rugged face tossed from side to side and it was obvious to Darius that he was dreaming ..... an erotic dream judging by his cock that reared up like a tent pole.

By now Darius had walked out of the bathroom and stood stroking his cock, gazing down at the pornographic image before him. And it was at that moment that Hassan opened his eyes.

In that twilight state between sleeping and waking Hassan half imagined that he was still dreaming. There, in the shadows, was the black boy he had seen in his dreams, stroking the long black cock that had buried itself in the blond boy's ass.

Disoriented Hassan looked up over his shoulder and glimpsed the loops of rope at the bedposts that were always there for use with Nate. Instinctively he stretched his arms and pushed his hand through the loops, pulling his wrists tight against the cord in imagined bondage. Then he struggled as if trying to get free, showing off his magnificent naked body, his muscles flexing, bulging, straining, his head thrashing from side to side.

Darius was spellbound. This was the same spectacular Marine he had seen earlier in the tent, stripped down to his jock-strap, standing head and shoulders above his admiring fellow soldiers. It was the same man he had seen through the viewfinder, shirtless in fatigues, relaxing against the rock, pouring water over his stunning face and body. And now here he was, struggling buck naked, tied to the bed by his wrists. He was staring at Darius ..... and Darius knew beyond a doubt what the soldier wanted. Incredible as it seemed, he was waiting to get fucked!

In a trance, not sure if this was all a dream, Darius walked forward and stood at the foot of the bed, hypnotized by the exotic, slanting eyes boring into his. He knelt on the bed between Hassan's legs .... and almost lost his nerve. Then he heard the deep, accented voice. "Fuck me, boy. Fuck the soldier's ass with that huge black cock."

Darius almost lost his load right there, but he held back. His cock was now roaring hard and he pushed Hassan's legs up high and pressed the head of his cock into the thicket of black curly fuzz at the ass and against the warm hole. The face was incredibly beautiful as it whispered. "Fuck me, boy. I wanna feel your cock in my ass."

Darius eased his hips forward and felt his cock slide endlessly into the soldier's ass, deeper and deeper until it came to rest. "Aaah...." Hassan sighed deeply. His mind flashed on the look of total ecstasy on Christian's face. So this is what it felt like! The exquisite sensation radiated from his ass all through his exhilarated body and he moaned again, "Fuck me ..... fuck my ass."

Darius gazed down at the rugged soldier's hungry eyes staring back at him. Hassan was tough, a man's man, and Darius knew that he wanted it rough. So he pulled back and drove

the spike deep into his ass again, watching the euphoria on Hassan's face. "Harder, boy." He raised his voice to a shout ..... "Fuck me, man!"

Darius's cock was so big that he was always careful how he fucked .... but not now. The Marine was begging for it ..... and he let him have it. Losing all restraint he began to pump the soldier's ass, pounding it, spearing it with his iron-hard rod.

In his whirling imagination Hassan saw the image of the long cock pumping the ass of the young blond, then imagined that same cock driving into his own ass. All the pent-up testosterone of the day erupted and he went wild, his beautiful face thrashing in pain and pure ecstasy. "Shit that feels awesome .... man, I love that pole in my ass. Yeah, hammer that ass, boy."

The words sent Darius over the edge and his cock became a jackhammer pistoning in the ass of the naked Marine as he writhed on the bed, his gleaming muscles flexing, his spectacular physique pumped to the max as he pulled desperately at his restraints. His black hair flew as his dark, exotic Arab face tossed wildly from side to side. It was one of the most erotic images Darius had ever seen, a pornographic icon, the naked muscle-god bound and helpless, his gorgeous body impaled on the massive black cock.

Hassan looked up wildly. "I gotta touch my cock, boy. I gotta shoot."

Darius smiled ..... "No need with me, man, not with *my* cock. Here ....." As he had with Christian, he pulled all the way out, paused, and then with a violent thrust of his hips drove the massive iron stake deep into the cauldron of the man's gut. Hassan's body convulsed, his ass was on fire, and he screamed, "I gotta cum ..... I'm gonna shoot ..... I'm cumming ..... aaagh!" A huge stream of cum blasted from his cock, then another and another, splashing onto his face and chest, mixing with the pools of sweat.

At the same moment the boy's cock shuddered deep in his ass and Hassan felt hot cum pouring inside him, bathing his shattered ass with the juice of raw youthful passion. As their rasping breaths subsided Hassan yanked his wrists from the cord loops and clamped his hands round Darius's ass, pushing it hard against his ass to keep the entire length of his cock in him.

Then he let go, swung one leg over to the side and twisted his body around, so his back was pressed against Darius's chest, his ass against his pubic hair, the cock still embedded deep inside him. Their hearts stopped pounding, their breathing subsided, and they lay exhausted. No words were uttered and in minutes they had fallen into a deep, untroubled sleep.

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In the first pale light of dawn a small, old truck drove up the winding hill to the house on Mulholland. When it crunched to a halt the driver leapt out, jumped the gate and ran excitedly down the drive toward the guesthouse. Nate had done this before, dropping in on Hassan early

in the morning before he left for work. He knew that Hassan liked morning sex and the boy always looked forward to waking him up and offering him his ass.

Today was Sunday, not his usual day, but to tell the truth Nate had felt a bit uneasy yesterday, knowing that Hassan was spending a long, hot day on the film set with Darius. Never mind, this would make things right. He was Hassan's boy and his master would enjoy fucking him before he left to pick Darius up from home for another day's work.

Nate had it all worked out. He wouldn't knock .... just open the door quietly and surprise Hassan by falling into his arms in bed. Hassan would love that. So he slipped in softly and stood in the dark waiting for his eyes to adjust to the gloom. But as the shape on the bed became clearer he thought his eyes were playing tricks. It couldn't be ..... it couldn't. Hassan was lying on his side and pressed against him was Darius. Both men were naked and it was clear that Darius's cock was buried in Hassan's ass.

Nate went blank. Unable to think he left the room and closed the door quietly behind him. All he knew was that he had to get away. In a dazed panic he started to run, scrambling up the path, stumbling, falling onto his stomach, dragging himself through the dirt then pulling himself back on his feet. His eyes were blinded with tears ..... he stumbled again and fell ..... into a pair of strong arms.

He let himself be held tight as his body heaved with sobs. "Hey, hey," said a deep, gentle voice. "It's OK, everything's OK. I've got you now." The voice calmed Nate and as he pulled back he found himself staring into the face of ..... Adam.

Adam brushed the tears from Nate's eyes and asked in his reassuring Australian accent, "What the hell's happened to you, kiddo?" His voice hardened. "Has somebody hurt you?"

# # #

## **Chapter 163 – Adam Stuns Nate – & Hassan**

Nate couldn't begin to get his mind around what he had seen, let alone explain it, and least of all to Adam. Adam! Suddenly he realized ..... Adam was here! With his arms round him. His spirits lifted and he stammered, "You're here, in L.A.! What.....why....?"

Adam smiled. "I was on reserve in Sydney and got a call at the last minute to fill in for a sick flight attendant. We only landed at LAX a couple of hours ago. Didn't take the crew bus. I rented a car and drove straight to your house. That's why I'm still in uniform. Your truck was not there so I took a chance you'd be here. I drove straight up and saw your truck. I thought I'd surprise you. Evidently I did ..... OK, your turn. Can you tell me what's going on here?"

Nate clammed up, looking sullen and bewildered. Obviously not the time to interrogate him, so Adam asked simply, "You're still my boy, aren't you?"

That jolted Nate out of his silence. "Yes! Of course, sir .... more than ever."

"Glad to hear it," Adam grinned, 'cause I've got some news for you. And let's drop the 'sir' for now. We're mates too remember." As if to prove it his Australian accent got thicker. "OK, mate, I'm taking you for a slap-up breakfast at that coffee shop on Figueroa. What do you say to bacon and eggs, sausage, hash-browns, all the trimmings? I've had nothing but airline food since yesterday, and you look like you need some hot coffee inside you. I'll drive you in my rental and we'll come back for your truck later. What d'ya say, mate?"

Suddenly the shock and panic lifted from Nate like storm clouds parting. The sun was shining .... he was with his gorgeous master and all was right with the world.

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Adam was right about the coffee .... gave Nate just the jolt he needed. As they dived into their food Adam broached the subject again. "You ready to tell me what all that was about, mate?"

Nate looked at him intently. "You know, in my rounds cleaning the house I see lots of private things and it's part of my job to keep my mouth shut. 'Discretion' is the word Bob used when he hired me."

"And you just saw something that you didn't like but it's private and you don't want to talk about it. OK, mate, I respect that and admire you for it. Just so you know .... you ever have a problem, you share it with me. That's what mates are for." Nate nodded with a relieved smile. "OK," Adam continued, "so it looks like I'm gonna have to do all the talking and I think you're gonna like what I have to say."

Nate saw Adam's eyes sparkling and a shiver of excitement ran through him. "I've told you that I'm now a senior purser, meaning I'm usually in charge of the cabin crew on flights. Well, I've been offered a promotion." He paused, letting the suspense build. "The airline has a sizeable crew base here in Los Angeles as we have flights out of here to Australia and New York. And ..... they've offered me the job of being in charge of the cabin crews based here."

He paused again to let this sink in, though Nate didn't dare to think what he thought he thought. "Course," Adam continued with mock seriousness, "it would mean I'd have to relocate to Los Angeles, find a place to live and possibly a roommate. It'd have to be a real mate, someone I like a lot. And ....me being horny most of the time .... the guy would have to be up for getting his ass fucked a lot .... maybe every day ..... maybe twice a day....."

His words were stifled as Nate threw himself across the table and hugged him, sending his coffee cup flying. Aware of the spectacle he had created Nate pulled back, stared at the mess

on the table, then up at the elderly waitress standing over him. The motherly type, she smiled down at the young boy with the shining eyes.

“Freshen your coffee for you, young man?”

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After that Nate couldn't wait to get home. Adam had just come off a 15-hour flight and hadn't slept for 24 hours, so he needed a bed. When they got to the house it was quiet. Being Sunday, no-one was up yet except the twins who were already in the kitchen making a start on breakfast, which was always an elaborate, rather chaotic affair on weekends. Bob insisted that the whole group ate Sunday breakfast together “like any normal family.” Except that they weren't exactly what you'd call a ‘normal family’ .... far from it.

From the kitchen window the twins had a view of most everything that went on and they were surprised when the gate opened and Nate came in, pulling after him Adam, looking gorgeous in his airline uniform. The twins knew better than to call out to them as they disappeared into the house. It was obvious what was on their minds.

In Nate's bedroom he closed the door behind them and suddenly wasn't sure what to do next. He was overcome with an illogical shyness. That's one of the things Adam loved about him and he took over. “OK, let's see here,” he said. “Now it looks like we might be living together quite soon so we gotta work things out, get some system going here.” As he rubbed his chin in thought Nate didn't miss the twinkle in his eye. “You know what Jamie and Mark do, don't you?”

“Oh yeah, mate, everyone knows about that. Every time Mark comes home from work, after that motorcycle's been throbbing between his legs all day, Jamie has to be waiting for him naked on the bed. Sometimes Mark is so horny he falls on top of him in his uniform, yanks out his cock and fucks him.

“But other times, Jamie told me, Mark grabs a beer first, sits and watches Jamie, then slowly starts to take off his uniform. Jamie said he always has to grip the bed hard to stop shooting his load right there 'cause Mark looks so incredibly hot as he slowly strips. By the time he's stripped down to his boxers Jamie is going crazy, dying to get fucked, but Mark doesn't make his move until he hears Jamie begging for it. And then the cop fucks Jamie's ass.”

Adam could see that, as he told the story, Nate's cock had stiffened in his shorts. “Hmm,” Adam said, “and that happens every day, uh? Seems to me we should take a leaf out of their playbook. Every day, uh? What say we take it for a trial run right now? After all, I've just come off a 15-hour flight and I'm horny as hell, so now's the perfect time. As I recall, your part would be easy. So get to work kid.” And to Nate's surprise he left the room.

Adam ran down the stairs and out to the kitchen. “Hey, guys,” he grinned at the twins.

“Welcome back sir,” said Kevin. “You’re looking more handsome than ever, sir,” Kyle added.

“Thanks, guys. You’re both looking good enough to eat, too. Look I need to hit the sack soon, but before that could I grab a beer? I could murder a cold one.” Kevin opened the fridge, rummaged in the back and pulled out a bottle. “Carlton Draught, sir. We always keep a supply of Australian beer for when you come.”

Adam smiled and shook his head. “I always forget how terrific you guys are. Thanks, I’ll see you later. I think Nate’s waiting for me right now.” The twins gave him an ‘of-course-he-is’ look.

Up in the bedroom Nate was lying on the bed naked, tense with anticipation, his cock hard as a rock. It was not only the immediate prospect of seeing Adam come in, it was the thought that, if things went as planned, this would be a daily ritual when Adam moved here. It was something the boy hardly dared hope for, so he concentrated instead on the here and now. He heard footsteps on the stairs and caught his breath as Adam walked in.

Tall, ruggedly handsome with his finely etched features, strong jaw and high cheekbones, Adam was still wearing his smart black uniform, white shirt and red tie. The formal look was accentuated by the black peaked cap he wore, shading his face, and by the gold rings round his jacket cuffs denoting his seniority. The man was the image of masculine authority as his hypnotic brown eyes focused on Nate.

“Good,” he said simply, in approval of the naked boy lying before him. He raised the beer he was holding and pushed the tip of the bottle under the peak of his cap, tilting it back casually on his head, showing his short dark hair. He paced for a minute, then sat down in the armchair facing the bed. He sighed deeply, loosened his tie a little and undid the top button of his shirt. Sprawling in the chair, legs stretched before him, he took a long swig of beer. Staring at Nate with laser intensity, his free hand ran lightly over the bulge in his pants.

The sight was so erotic that Nate felt his cock shudder and he knew he was close to blowing a wad. He took a deep breath, raised his arms and (remembering what Jamie had told him) gripped the corner-posts hard, steeling himself to prevent a premature orgasm. He couldn’t keep his eyes off the uniformed man sprawled in the chair and his thoughts were racing.

He remembered the first time he had ever seen Adam, a flight attendant on the plane he and Jamie had taken to Sydney. They had just settled into their seats when Nate felt Jamie nudging him frantically, saying, “Dude, will you look at that!” Walking down the aisle, smiling left and right at passengers, came one of the most gorgeous men they had ever seen, his smart uniform doing little to hide his muscular body underneath. When his dazzling smile had lighted on them he made them feel they were the only people on the plane.

Later, for the meal service, he took off his jacket and Jamie had whispered, “Wish he’d take off the shirt too. Man, I’d love to see that body.” And now, in Nate’s bedroom, that’s exactly what

was going to happen. Because here he was, the same spectacular man, in the same uniform, sprawled in the chair only feet away, sipping a beer.

Not only that, Nate was naked on the bed, clinging tightly to it, waiting for the man to start working him over. And not only that ..... he was going to *live* with this man .... he was going to be his boy ..... he was going to lie naked on the bed every day just like this waiting for his master to come home and fuck him. That thought alone almost made him blow his wad, but he gritted his teeth and held on.

Adam took another slug of beer, then stood up, shrugged off his jacket, and reached into a closet for a hanger. He draped the jacket round it and hung it in the closet ..... in Nate's closet, next to Nate's clothes! He stood facing Nate, undid his tie and let it hang loose round his neck. He undid two more buttons on his shirt, which fell open to reveal the top of a white tank underneath. He rolled up his shirtsleeves to the elbows.

Then he yawned and stretched. He raised his arms, elbows out to the sides, put his hands behind his head and pushed his elbows back, stretching his chest and upper body to relieve the ache in his muscles after his long night's hard work. He moved his head round from side to side, getting the kinks out of his neck.

Nate gazed in awe at the stunning man, his lats flaring, chest bulging under the tank and shirt. 'So fucking gorgeous,' Nate murmured to himself, his body shivering, his cock and balls bursting to explode. Then Adam reached up high and stretched again, sighing deeply.

Nate was lost. The ruggedly masculine face was stunning. And the body! It was stretched to the max now and Nate gazed at the broad shoulders, at the lats tapering down to the slim waist, cinched with an elegant black belt, and below that the growing bulge under the uniform pants. As he stretched upward his shirt pulled up from his waistband, a loose, disheveled look now, ready to be pulled free.

Adam lowered his arms and slowly, very slowly, he unbuttoned the rest of his shirt, revealing the tank stretched over his chest and washboard abs. He pulled his shirt from his waistband, shrugged it off and stood facing the bed, his perfect torso clearly etched under the tight, white tank top. He paced the room like this, driving Nate wild. Then, reaching behind his neck, he pulled at the back of his tank and Nate watched it slide slowly up over his abs, over the slabs of his chest, then his shoulders until it came free.

Nate held his breath as he gazed at Adam, shirtless now, stripped down to his black uniform pants and shiny black shoes, still holding the tank at his side. His brown eyes bored into Nate's and his deep, Australian voice said, "And now, boy, I'm gonna fuck your ass.

That was it. Nate gripped the bed hard, his body tensed, shuddered, and .... "aaagh!" .... his cock exploded in a fountain of cum that rose high, hung suspended in air, then splashed down

onto his naked body and face. His eyes opened wide in a panic. “Sir, I’m sorry ..... I didn’t mean ..... I just couldn’t hold back...”

“No worries, mate,” Adam grinned. “That’s what I was waiting for. Now you’re mine .... just the way I want you.”

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“Well almost the way I want you,” Adam said. “I wanna make sure you can’t touch that cock and shoot another load before I say you can. Nate’s arms were still spread above his head, his hands gripping the corner bedposts, and Adam quickly made that permanent. He twisted his tank into a rope and tied one of Nate’s wrists to the post. Then he slid his belt from his pants and used it to secure the other wrist.

He stood back and surveyed the naked boy. Instinctively, knowing how much it turned Adam on, Nate pulled at his wrists and his body twisted, trying to get free. “Perfect,” Adam said quietly. “Just perfect.” Incredibly Nate’s cock was already hard again and he was longing to feel Adam’s touch ..... but still it didn’t come. Instead Adam surprised him by thrusting his hands in the pockets of his beltless slacks, pushing them down slightly so the white waistband of his shorts became visible just above the pants. He looked stunning as the muscles of his upper body flexed and gleamed in the sunlight from the window.

Again, the laser focus of the brown eyes as Adam’s face became serious. “OK, Nate, I have to ask you if you’re sure what you want. ‘Cause if you live with me this is how it’s gonna be from now on. You’ll be my boy and every day it’ll be the same as you’re seeing now. When I get home from work you’ll be naked on the bed waiting for me. I’ll usually relax with a beer, then strip off my uniform as you just saw. Then I’ll fuck your ass, for as long as I like. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Nate croaked, his throat dry.

“If it’s been a really tough day I might need to fuck you again. We’ll sleep in the same bed, always, and during the night I usually wake with a stiff dick so I’ll push it into your ass again. See, I crave that sweet ass of yours ..... can’t get enough of it. But more than that .... I love you, Nate, and we’ll live together as master and boy, as lovers, as best mates. We’ll be the two Aussies. You think you can handle that, Nate? Is that really what you want?”

Nate was near to tears (and close to another orgasm). “That is really what I want, sir. Really, really. I want it so bad.”

Adam smiled “OK, then it’s a deal.” He kicked off his shoes, unzipped his pants and let them drop. He was wearing white Calvin briefs and his long stiff cock was clearly visible under the thin cotton. Suddenly he turned, picked up his unfinished beer and took another slug. Nate had been expecting to get fucked right away and went wild with frustration watching the near-

naked muscle-god casually walking round the room, tilting his head back as he drank, his rigid cock bulging under his briefs.

In a haze of desire Nate remembered that Jamie had said Mark made him beg to get fucked ..... and now he understood. His body was aching with lust as he said, "Please, sir. Please, I want you to fuck me, sir. I need to feel my master's cock in my ass. Please, sir, I'm begging you. Please, please fuck me."

Adam stopped pacing and grinned at him. "Thought you'd never ask, mate." He pushed his briefs down and his huge cock sprang free. He walked to the foot of the bed and stared down at the beautiful bound boy, his body writhing in anticipation of what was about to happen. "God, you look beautiful, boy. Hey, maybe some days I'll just leave you tied to the bed like this and I'll come in from time to time, fuck you ass and leave you there for the next time. You'd be my fuck slaveboy in bondage all day long. Think you'd like that?"

"Yes, sir, yes .... I would love that." The prospect of that hot scenario, and the sight of the naked Aussie about to fuck him made his cock throb and pre-cum was oozing from the hole and running over the head. He was desperate now. "Please, sir. Please fuck me. I want to feel your cock in my ass." It happened quickly. Adam knelt between his legs, grabbed the ankles and pushed them up high, eased forward and pressed his cock against the hole. His hips slammed forward driving his rod deep inside Nate's burning ass.

"Aaah ..... aaah .....aaah," Nate yelled, in the euphoria of at last feeling his master's long pole bury itself in his ass. "Don't come yet, boy," Adam ordered. "Whatever you do don't cum." Nate took deep rasping breaths and managed to stammer, "No, sir. No, I won't."

Adam pulled back, then eased his cock back deep inside his boy, beginning one of his long, languorous fucks that went on and on sending Nate soaring into his own special heaven. What turned him on even more was hearing Adam's deep voice as he fucked. "Shit that feels great. See, mate, while I'm fucking you I own you, and you do just as I say. You don't shoot your wad until I give you permission and, when I tell you I want to cum inside you .... well, you know what to do."

"Yes, sir," said Nate, momentarily clenching his ass muscles round the thick shaft as if practicing the move that he knew made Adam go crazy and cum. Adam pulled all the way out, then pushed in deep, over the inner sphincter, bringing tears to Nate's eyes. "You feel that? Feel it? Well get used to it, kid, 'cause that's how it's gonna be all the time from now on ..... every time I come home .....and when we're in bed at night, out by the pool in the sun, or on the grass in the moonlight ..... I'm gonna make love to you everywhere."

And still his long shaft moved in and out of his boy's ass. "I'll take you away on trips, up to the dunes, and I'll fuck you in the truck on the way, then on the beach, in the shack, in the ocean. See, Nate, I love to fuck, it's an obsession, and your ass is gonna get it over and over again. You ready for that?" Nate gazed up at him, speechless.

“Maybe sometimes we’ll go away with Mark and Jamie, the four of us. Mark and me, we’ll switch, and I’ll let him fuck you while I fuck Jamie. Then we’ll make you and Jamie fuck each other and we’ll get off watching you two best buddies make love to each other. We’ll make you and Jamie suck our dicks and drink our hot juice. See, Nate, that’s what it’s gonna mean to be my boy. What d’ya say to that?”

Nate gulped hard. “Sir, you’re making me so hot I’m not sure how much longer I can hold out.”

“Me neither, mate. “OK, it’s time. I wanna cum. You know what to do. “ Sure he did .... he’d done it so often before. As the cock pushed deep inside him he squeezed his ass muscles tight round it and heard Adam gasp. The cock pulled out slowly through the clenched asshole, then Nate released his grip for an instant, allowing the cock back in, then squeezed again. He relaxed and clenched over and over, like he was fucking Adam’s cock, and Adam went wild.

“I can’t take any more,” he moaned. “Your ass is so fucking hot, boy, and you are so fucking beautiful. You’re gonna make me cum ..... and I wanna watch you shoot. Come on, boy ..... now! “Aaagh....!” Two screams rang round the room as Nate felt the huge rod shudder in his ass and explode with hot juice that poured deep inside him. He felt his own cock get ready to burst, it jolted, then he watched in awe as a ribbon of white cum spurted from it and splashed onto the magnificent chest above him.

They had cum at last, in a spectacular double orgasm. Through his heaving breaths Adam said, “Now you know, mate. That’s what it’s gonna be from now on, over and over. ‘Cause you’re my boy ..... and we’re mates .... *and we’re gonna live together!*”

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Nate would have loved to lie in Adam’s arms forever ..... but duty called. As he pulled on his shorts and T-shirt he said, “I really should be helping the twins and Eddie with breakfast. It’s a big affair on Sundays, what Bob calls ‘our family breakfast.’ Is it OK if I.....?”

“No worries mate,” Adam smiled lazily from the bed, luxuriating in the after-glow of great sex with his boy. “I want to try and catch up on sleep anyway. Not sure if I can ..... best way to beat jet-lag is to stay awake to fit in with local time. So you go ahead and do your thing with the twins. But as soon as you’re finished with your work you’re all mine again .... OK, mate?”

“Sure thing,” said Nate, already fantasizing about spending the day in bed with Adam. He was over the moon ..... it was a new beginning ..... the first day of the rest of his life.

Even before he went out into the garden the sound of raucous voices told him breakfast was already in full swing. All the men were sitting at the big table by the pool, Randy at the head and Bob next to him with a contented smile. Mark and Jamie were there with Jason; Zack and Pablo of course; even Steve and Lloyd ..... a real gathering of the clan.

Only Darius and Hassan were missing, already at work on their second day of the film shoot in the distant canyon. Nate was relieved that they weren't there. He wasn't sure how he'd react when he saw them again ..... he couldn't rid himself of the shocking sight of them lying naked in bed with Darius's dick in the soldier's ass.

Fortunately Nate was distracted by work. The twins and Eddie were running energetically back and forth to the kitchen carrying trays of food and Nate joined them. "Glad you could join us, dude," said Kyle. Nate caught the conspiratorial grin that passed between the twins. "What?" he asked in mock bewilderment. But work took over again and it wasn't until they were all sitting at the table with the others that Kyle's curiosity overflowed and he said to Bob, "Sir, I think Nate has a secret hidden away in his room."

That comment stopped all conversation dead in its tracks as all eyes turned to Nate. He blushed in the sudden silence but it was clear he was bursting to share some big news. He cleared his throat and said, as calmly as he could, "That's right ..... upstairs in my bed is Adam. His plane landed early this morning and he came straight to me and we f....."

".... fucked like jack-rabbits," grinned Randy lasciviously. "Glad to see you two are upholding the traditions of the house."

"Yes we did, sir," Nate blushed again.

"But wait, there's more," Bob laughed, "by the looks of you .... like the cat who ate the canary."

"Wasn't a canary he had in *his* mouth," grinned Pablo.

"The thing is," Nate said, raising his voice against their loud kidding, his eyes sparkling. "The thing is ....." it all came out in a rush ..... "Adam is going to work at his airline's base here. He's moving to L.A. and, when he's found a place to live he wants me to live with him."

There was a stunned silence as they all gazed at Nate who was glowing with pride. Suddenly the silence was broken by a deep Australian voice. "Hey, Nate, turns out I was too wired to sleep so I took a shower." All eyes turned to the house. Striding out of it was Adam, naked except for a towel round his waist. "You got a shirt and shorts I can wear?"

The group erupted in a burst of shouts, applause and whistles. Taken aback Adam grinned and bowed slightly, causing the towel to drop from his waist. He caught it and grinned ..... "Oh what the hell..." and slung it over his shoulder. The wolf whistles became deafening as they all gazed at the tall, naked, muscular hunk, his deep tan set off by the tan lines above and below the white globes of his ass, his long cock swinging between his legs.

"Hey, stud," Randy yelled, come and take a seat. A guy looks like you he don't need clothes. Shove up, kids. As they made room for Adam Bob whispered to Kevin and he ran into the

house to get a pair of Bob's shorts for Adam to wear. Meanwhile, there were noisy congratulations and a volley of questions hurled at the Aussie, while Jamie threw his arm round Nate's neck and said, "Wow, dude, that is awesome ..... you're gonna live with Adam! ..... I'm real happy for you. It'll be way cool when you two to get together with Mark and me."

Adam was looking round the table. "Great to see all you guys again. The gang's all here .... except ..... where's Darius? Hey Zack, don't tell me you finally kicked his ass out of the house?"

Zack laughed. "Nah, he's working with Hassan on that Marines recruitment film they're shooting. Called me last evening ..... having a blast, he said. Seems they didn't finish until one in the morning so Hassan took him up to his house and he spent the night there so they could get up first thing and go back to the set. Don't worry, when he comes back this evening he'll 'spill all the beans', as he calls it, bombarding us with all the details."

Adam's face clouded over imperceptibly. "Not all the details, I bet," he thought to himself. Suddenly it all became clear. Darius had slept the night with Hassan and Nate had surprised them in the morning. And from Nate's reaction there must have been some pretty hot action going on. He bristled and made an effort to stifle his rising anger. At least for now.

Breakfast was such a boisterous affair that no one noticed the cloud that passed momentarily across Adam's face. (No one except Bob, that is. He didn't miss a thing.) For the rest of the meal Adam was engulfed in the general good-humor, until at last he said to Nate, "OK, mate, now I'm really starting to feel that jet-lag. I've gotta hit the sack. You coming?"

Nate cast an anxious look at the twins, not wanting to leave the clean-up to them, but they grinned and Kyle said, "Hey, dude, your master calls. And when your master calls....."

So the two got up and left the table, followed by more wolf whistles and ribald encouragement. Adam grinned and said to Nate. "First we sleep, kid, and later we'll go up to the Mulholland house and rescue your truck that we left there. A quick there-and-back, no hassle." But a slight tremor went through Nate at the thought of that house and what he had seen there.

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After fucking Nate again Adam finally let jet-lag take its toll and he fell into a deep sleep, with Nate in his arms. But while Adam breathed deeply Nate, without the benefit of jet-lag, could not fall asleep, so he eased himself gently off the bed and went to join Jamie and the other boys. They spent the day talking excitedly about the prospects for the future, and it was not until late afternoon that Nate peeked into the room and saw Adam stirring. He went in and smiled down at him. "Hi," he said shyly as Adam pushed down the sheets and lay there gorgeously naked with a stiff boner. Nate started to unbutton his shorts, saying, "Do you want me to ....."

"Of course I do, mate," Adam laughed, "all the time. But we gotta get serious now .... plenty of time for that later. We've got all night .... and all the nights after that when we're living together.

But first things first ..... we've gotta go and get your truck, and by the time we get back the guys will have dinner ready. I'm starved." He pulled on jeans and boots, and the crumpled white tank he had used to tie Nate's wrist.

As they drove up the hill in Adam's car he became serious. "Nate, I just wanna tell you that I worked out what happened .... what you saw that upset you so much. Were they having sex?"

Nate shifted uncomfortably. "No, they were asleep but..." his voice cracked "...but Darius's cock was in Hassan's ass."

Adam gripped the steering wheel hard and clenched his jaw, and they drove the rest of the way in silence. When they pulled up at the gate Nate's old truck was still there, of course, and he got out of Adam's car and yanked open the truck door. But just then came the sound of another vehicle coming round the bend and screeching to a halt at the gate. Hassan and Darius in the Jeep.

Nate's heart started thumping and his instinct was to drive away fast, but he stopped as he saw Adam leap from the car just as Hassan got down from the jeep. He stood rooted to the spot and watched as Adam strode up to the soldier and glared at him, their faces only inches apart. "I wanna talk to you, man," Adam growled.

"I know," said Hassan, a note of contrition in his voice.

"Nate," Adam said, "you don't have to stay. Go on home and I'll be there shortly." With that, Adam spun round and followed Hassan down the steep path to his guesthouse. Nate was scared about what was going to happen down there, but his immediate concern was Darius, getting down from the Jeep and walking toward him.

Nate didn't know what to say ..... didn't even know what he felt about Darius .... so Darius took the lead. "Dude, when we saw your truck here this morning we kinda guessed that you had looked in on ..... well, on us ..... and all ....." His voice faltered. "Jeez, dude, seeing that, you must've .... I dunno, I ..... It's just that it was real late and all day we'd been .... oh shit I won't even insult you trying to explain. Dude, I know you're Hassan's boy and .... but I love you, man ..... and now I've gone and fucked everything up like I always do. I'm sorry, dude. God, that sounds pathetic, don't it, but ..... I'm really sorry dude."

Nate gazed at him, the normally funny, mischievous, cocksure young black guy now fidgeting uncomfortably before him, tears in his eyes. And Nate felt sorry for him. He knew how Darius had a habit of fucking up .... but after all was said and done, being in bed with Hassan after a long day with him ..... well, what was a horny young stud supposed to do?

Maybe Nate wouldn't have felt so generous if he hadn't still been under the spell of Adam's great news, feeling the happiest he had ever felt and wanting his friends to share that happiness

with him. But he was feeling generous .... and forgiving. Suddenly he threw his arms round Darius and they embraced in a long tearful hug.

Finally Darius pulled back and smiled at Nate, "Dude, you are one hell of a guy. Are they all like that Down Under? I gotta go there someday. Listen, Hassan was gonna drive me back down to the house but maybe I can cadge a lift from you, eh?"

Nate thought for a minute and said, "Nah, why don't you take my truck, here's the keys. I'll wait for Adam to drive me home. I kind of wanna make sure everything's OK between him and Hassan. See you at the house."

With a last impulsive hug Darius jumped into the truck and sped off down the hill. When he got home he went straight across the street to see Zack. He needed to make a clean breast of everything. So he launched into the story of his weekend ..... the part he had played in the movie, the director's praise of him, him taming his arrogant young boss with his monster cock and finally ..... the way he had fucked Hassan in bed.

He waited nervously for Zack's reaction and was relieved to see a gleaming smile. Zack had felt some resentment at Hassan being so close to Darius, and would have been mad if Hassan had fucked his boy ..... but this way round, well, that was different. "Fucking eh, boy," he said, "you showed 'em all, uh? I'm real proud of you, kid ..... and you deserve a big reward."

Zack rewarded him in the time-honored way and the boy's ass was sore for the rest of the day.

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While the boys were mending fences, though, things were not going nearly so smoothly with Adam and Hassan. When they had walked into Hassan's house the air had a heady mix of testosterone, anger, macho rivalry and .... despite everything ..... male sexuality as the two men stared at each other. Hassan was, as usual after a shoot, wearing military fatigues and boots and, stretched over his muscular torso, a khaki tank that had become ragged and sweat-stained after the grueling two-day shoot.

Hassan gazed at Adam in jeans and boots and the white tank top, which had also become torn and dirty from being tied round Nate's straining wrist. Both men felt their cocks stiffen and in any other circumstances heavy macho sex would have been the inevitable outcome. But still they were consumed ..... with anger on Adam's part, and acute discomfort on Hassan's. It was Hassan who broke the silence.

"Nate saw, didn't he? When I saw his truck up at the gate I realized ....."

"You hurt him, man," Adam exploded. "You hurt our boy. You swore you would protect him and you hurt him instead. By some miracle of timing I was here to take him in my arms or God knows what he would have done. Nate is a terrific young guy .....cheerful, honest, trusting ....."

and you nearly ruined it all for him. What the hell were you thinking, man, or was your dick doing the thinking for you ..... or maybe I should say your ass!?”

Hassan winced as Adam snarled the last word. He sighed deeply and said, “I have no defense, Adam. It was just that after a long day in ..... no .... no explanation either. You’re right, I let you down and I was the cause of Nate’s misery. You’re right to ream me out, man. Go ahead and punish me ..... God knows I deserve it.”

Adam ran his hand through his hair in frustration. “Man, I feel like beating the shit out of you, but ... I just don’t understand how .... I mean ..... what happened? .... tell me how it happened.”

Hassan looked him straight in the eye. “OK, first thing I wanna say is that none of this was Darius’s fault. Whatever he did ..... I told him to do it.”

“You *told* him!?”

“We were exhausted when we came in and fell right into bed. But I was restless, couldn’t rid my mind of ..... well, during the day I had secretly watched Darius fuck a young guy with that huge, gorgeous dick of his and I guess I was dreaming about how that would feel. During the night Darius got up to use the bathroom and I was tossing on the bed here.”

“Show me,” Adam said with a hint of menace in his voice.

Hassan lay back on the bed and sprawled in a spread-eagled position. “I was only half awake and I saw Darius come out of the bathroom and stand watching me, just where you are now. I saw that long dick and I .... hell, maybe I was half dreaming but I .....” He stretched his arms up to the bedposts and slipped his hands through the loops of cord that were still there, tugging at his wrists as if he were tied tight, writhing on the bed just as he had with Darius.

Adam’s heart was beating fast as he looked at the spectacular Marine, a true muscle god, his handsome face still streaked with dirt, broad shoulders and bulging biceps straining against the ropes, his magnificent chest flexing under the torn, sweat-stained tank. The sight was wildly erotic, pornographic, and Adam unthinkingly unzipped his jeans, pulled out his stiff cock and began to stroke it. “Then what happened?” he asked.

Hassan spoke as if in a trance, transported back to the scene. “I saw the gorgeous black boy standing there, the same boy I had watched earlier fuck that guy with his huge cock. His cock was hard as he came forward and knelt at the foot of the bed.”

“Like this?” Adam said softly, kneeling between Hassan’s legs. “Then what?”

“I looked up at the boy and said ‘Fuck me, boy. Fuck the soldier’s ass with that huge black cock. I wanna feel your cock in my ass’.”

Adam was hypnotized by the lilting voice, by the exquisite, square-jawed, rugged face, begging to get fucked. He quickly ripped open the soldier's fatigues, pulled them down below his knees and pushed his legs up. They hooked over Adam's shoulders, the pants pooling round his boots. Adam stared down at him and took over the narrative. "Then the boy pressed his dick against that hungry ass of yours ..... like this. I bet he paused as he stared into those beautiful eyes that were begging him to fuck you. He must've felt his cock throb, then he did this .....

"Aaagh! Aaagh!" The soldier screamed as Adam slammed his cock into his ass. It was like a spike being driven deep inside his body, the sudden pain radiating through him, making his body buck and strain against the ropes, his agonized face thrashing from side to side, his long black hair flying. Adam flashed on Nate's tear-stained face and his anger returned. This was the man who had hurt him. Worse, the man was stunningly beautiful, irresistible .... to Darius, to Nate, to all men .... Adam included!

So it was anger, envy, lust and revenge that drove Adam to fuck the Marine savagely, his cock becoming a jackhammer, a piston drilling deep into his ass. And it was just what Hassan needed. He had hurt the boy, and he deserved to be hurt by the master. He endured the pain in his ass to blot out the worse pain of guilt and shame. Impaled on the brutal rod he gazed up at the handsome face and yelled, "Fuck me, man .... fuck my ass .... harder, man ..... punish me ..... make it hurt. Rip me open, man."

Adam fell forward and pressed his hands against Hassan's rock hard chest. As his hips pounded faster he squeezed Hassan's nipples through the thin fabric of the tank, harder and harder, making the soldier scream in pain. Adam ripped the tank away from the nipples and attacked the naked flesh savagely. The pain was now so excruciating that Hassan's only instinct was to make it stop. He yanked hard at the ropes and pulled his wrists free.

He grabbed Adam's wrists, trying to wrench them apart. But Adam's grip was solid, so Hassan retaliated by making Adam suffer the way he was suffering. He slammed his hands against Adam's chest and squeezed his tits, hearing his scream. He grabbed at the tank, bunched it in his fist and pulled it to shreds so he could work on the bare nipples.

They were like two raging stallions, their bodies bucking and heaving as pain speared through them. As the shreds of their shirts hung loose they tortured each other's nipples without mercy. They flexed their pecs hard to brace against the pain, both howling in the heat of combat as they matched muscle against muscle in an agonizing trial of strength. And still the piston continued to drive into Hassan's ass as they both came close to the limit of their endurance.

Then suddenly: "NO.....Stop ....." They didn't hear at first. "Please, stop it ..... STOP!"

Nate's horrified voice shocked them back to sanity. Their hands fell away from each other's chest and Adam's cock became still, buried deep inside Hassan. A stunned silence followed. Nate gazed spellbound at the two men, their bodies heaving, both stripped to the waist except for the shreds of their tanks clinging to their pain-racked chests. The word "revenge" was not

even in Nate's vocabulary, but if he had ever sought revenge, this was it, seeing Adam's huge cock inside Hassan's ass, in place of the one that had shocked him so much earlier.

Adam jolted back to reality and realized that he had gone further than he ever intended in hurting Hassan, driven not only by anger but by lust and even envy for this impossibly beautiful man. Hassan, recovering from the acute pain in his chest and ass, gazed up at Nate, the boy he had hurt so badly. His eyes begged for forgiveness as he turned his head sideways toward Nate and opened his mouth wide.

Instinctively Nate knelt on the bed beside Hassan's face, gazed at him with a slight smile, the smile of forgiveness, and eased his hard cock into the soldier's mouth. As he moved it slowly back and forth Adam matched him with a similar gentle rhythm in Hassan's ass. And this was it, the ultimate poetic justice. Hassan had hurt Nate by begging Darius to fuck him, and now he was being fucked in the ass by the master and in the face by the boy.

But it wasn't really justice, or revenge, or submission. No, it was a restoration of harmony between these three men, two masters and a boy, reuniting them in a renewed expression of their mutual love and affection. Nate needed one last act to feel completely whole. "Sirs," he said, "would you cum for me, please? And make me cum? I love you both, you know."

And the two masters obeyed their boy. Adam felt his cock bulge inside the soldier's fiery ass, Hassan clenched his throat round the boy's cock ..... and only the sound of heavy breathing accompanied the three euphoric orgasms that poured from their cocks, one deep inside Hassan's ass, one in his throat, and his own over his magnificent olive-skinned body.

It was really the boy who had restored peace among them ..... Nate, whose happiness on this day blazed so bright that it was irresistibly contagious .... to his friend Darius, and to the two men in whose arms he now lay in blissful contentment.

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Dinner that evening was a joyful clatter of young voices, of "beans being spilled" as Darius laughingly said. They all had a tale to tell, Darius most of all who had the boys' rapt attention as they hung on his every word like kids listening in wide-eyed wonder to a fairy tale. Well, maybe the tale of his adventures with the Marines did contain exaggerations (it was Darius after all), but it was no fairy tale. It actually happened in every erotic detail. Eddie, in particular, gazed in awe at the man he idolized, drawn into the fantasy of Darius as rugged Marine.

Pablo too bathed in Darius's reflected glory, knowing that his lover would act out some of these fantasies in bed later that night. And Nate, of course, couldn't stop talking about his day with Adam, the story of Hassan, and above all Adam's move to Los Angeles. Jamie's excited voice chimed in with the day he and Mark had just spent at Jason's house and the delights of being shared all day by a cop and a fireman.

The masters listened to the overlapping voices with amused indulgence ..... except for Bob whose antennae picked up a certain uneasiness with the twins as they detached themselves from the group and busied themselves with the trappings of dinner. He followed them into the kitchen and watched them work in silence, with slightly pinched faces.

“OK, guys, something’s up .... you can’t fool me. Now sit down, have a drink and tell me....”

They obeyed, of course, and gradually it came out, with nudging from Bob. “Was it all the stories the boys told out there? They’re real stoked, all of them ..... were you, er, envious?”

“No, sir,” Kyle protested ..... “Well, not really. We’re really happy for them and everything that’s happened. It’s just that .... well....”

“Just that you didn’t have a story to tell, that it? Nothing much happens to you .... Am I right?”

The twins exchanged glances and when Kevin spoke for them it all came out in a rush. “Well, sir, we were talking and, well, sometimes it seems that guys we get friendly with are kind of taken over by the other boys. I mean, like, Jason, sir. We were the ones who met him first, and you gave us that great birthday present with him, but now he spends all his time with Mark and Jamie and we never ever even get to talk to him. And, well .....”

“Hey,” Bob interrupted, “I remember how Jason loved being with you guys ..... he went ape-shit over you ..... he still talks about it. You want to see more of him? No problem, I know he’d jump at the chance. Come to think of it, it’s time you got out of this kitchen more often.” He thought for a minute, then said. “Listen, I didn’t want to jump the gun on this but I may as well tell you now. Jason has told me he wants to give a party at his house soon, his way of saying thanks to all of us. He’s inviting everyone ..... us, Steve, Lloyd, Hassan, and now Adam too.

“Anyway, it’ll be a big affair and he told me he can’t do it himself so he’s going to hire caterers. Well, I said why not keep it in house? Seems to me you two are the best caterers in town and if you took on Nate and Eddie as cater-waiters you could handle it. Now, it would take a lot of planning with Jason. You’d have to spend a couple of days there, getting used to the kitchen and his setup, working close to him as he explains what he needs. I think you could handle it ..... if you want the job, that is.”

Their shining eyes answered for them. A couple of days with Jason, the gorgeous fireman who had been their birthday present, the man the twins had mesmerized by making love together while he watched. Their minds were racing ..... and not only with plans for food. They had something else in mind entirely.

# # #

## Chapter 164 – Eddie & the Soldier - The Twins & the Fireman

When the dinner finally wound down, couples started to pair off. Steve and Lloyd left together. Nate fairly dragged Adam off to his room, still high as a kite over the thrilling prospect of living with him as his boy. Mark and Jamie went to their large ground-floor apartment, taking Jason with them. Darius and Pablo couldn't wait to get to their room so Darius could demonstrate how he had subdued Golden Boy, his arrogant boss.

While the twins and Eddie cleared away the debris of dinner, Hassan stood up and said his goodbyes. Bob gave him an especially long, warm hug. Observant as ever he had watched Hassan during dinner and perceived a trace of melancholy in him, even in the midst of all the high-spirited laughter. And Bob understood.

He knew, of course, that Nate considered himself as Hassan's boy when Adam was back in Sydney, which was most of the time. But now Adam was going to live in L.A. full-time and Nate was thrilled that he would live with him. So where did that leave Hassan? Bob had got the full, undiluted story from Nate about Adam's confrontation with Hassan and knew that harmony had been restored between the three of them. But still .....

Bob's heart went out to the gorgeous Marine, whose beauty always seemed to get him into trouble, despite his best efforts to isolate himself in his solitary little home in the hills. He had had clashes with several of the men over their boys ..... and now this thing with Darius, stirring up resentment and envy.

As Bob finally pulled back from the hug and looked into Hassan's beautiful, sad eyes he couldn't help saying, "You know we all love and respect you around here, buddy. And you know everything's gonna turn out fine ..... I guarantee." Hassan's eyes grew moist and he impulsively pulled Bob into another tight embrace. The thought flashed through his mind that if this beautiful, kind, generous man were not already in a solid relationship with Randy he might even ..... Then the thought was gone, but both men had stiff cocks in their pants as Bob watched Hassan leave. Bob resumed his seat at the table next to Randy.

"So what was all that about?" Randy smiled, knowing his lover's compassionate nature.

"Oh, I dunno, man. Nate, Adam, Hassan. Strange how one boy's happiness means another man's sadness. Guess it all balances out." Just then Eddie was at Bob's elbow clearing the last dishes, and Bob looked up at him. "Hey, Eddie, you're now doing two days a week up on Mulholland cleaning Steve and Lloyd's place and Hassan's guest house, is that right?"

"Yes, sir," Eddie said brightly. He loved his days up there, high in the hills with those men.

"Well....." Bob said thoughtfully. "I have a feeling that Nate will want to stay around here for the next few days, close to Adam. So how about you take the next two days and spend them up there? Nate can concentrate on this house while you're there. That work for you?"

“Absolutely, sir,” Eddie said, his eyes shining. “Thank you, sir,” and he ran back to the kitchen.

Randy grinned at Bob. “Now what is that devious brain of yours cooking up now?”

“Oh, nothing ..... just a hunch.”

“Yeah, well don’t forget I’ve got needs too. You gotta hunch what I need right now?”

Bob laughed, and parroted Eddie. “Absolutely, sir. Thank you, sir.”

“Asshole!” Randy threw his arm over Bob’s shoulder and they went quickly up to bed.

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As Eddie drove Nate’s old truck up to Mulholland the next morning he was feeling the excitement he always felt when he came up here, remembering things that had happened to him on previous trips. The first time he met Hassan was when the Marine had come in unexpectedly and found him having sex on his bed with Nate. He had “punished” Eddie by making him lick his sweat-soaked body clean. Eddie had sucked Hassan’s cock, drunk his hot cum, then taken the soldier’s dick in his ass.

He remembered how Hassan had called him a “terrific kid” and had made him a present of his dirty tank and jock strap that stank of sweat and cum. They were now Eddie’s prized possessions and many was the time he had held them up to his face, breathed in, and jerked off, with the image of the hot, muscular soldier vivid in his mind.

It was Steve, though who had suggested that Eddie come up to clean their houses twice a week. Steve, Lloyd and Hassan had taught him all about safe limits in bondage, and Hassan had finally made the boy submit to him. They liked the boy so much that Steve had suggested that Eddie should come there two days a week instead of one? “Seems to me that his job description just got a lot longer. A ton of new things he’s gonna have to do for us from now on.”

Most times Eddie came here with Nate and they cleaned as a team. This time, though, Eddie knew that Nate would stick close to Adam at home so he was on his own, which did make him a little nervous. He had never worked there two consecutive days before and he wasn’t sure why Bob had suggested it. But Bob was the boss and always knew what was best for him.

When he pulled up at the main gate Eddie decided to clean Hassan’s house first as he would no doubt be at work already. Then he’d make a start on the big house after Steve and Lloyd left for work. So he threw his bag of cleaning gear over his shoulder and ambled along the path that led down the hill to the guest house. But when the house came in sight he stopped dead in his tracks. Hassan was outside his house working on his small garden.

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'Working' was an understatement. 'Taking out his frustrations' would have been closer to the mark. After leaving the big dinner party the night before he had come straight home and sat outside in the starlight having a last drink before bed. He sighed deeply ..... here he was again, alone in his own little world. Oh sure, he was totally accepted by the men down in the house as a respected member of their tribe, and at work he was popular with the other Marines. But now that Nate was firmly in the arms of Adam, was going to live with him, Hassan started to feel the downside of his solitary existence. He suddenly realized with a jolt how much he needed a boy in his life.

He had slept fitfully, feeling the emptiness of his big bed. Finally he had given up on sleep, made himself a pot of strong coffee, then pulled on sneakers and an old pair of cargo shorts. He had a couple of days off work to compensate for the weekend he had just worked on the film shoot, and he decided to work off his gloomy mood in the garden. Physical activity was what he needed. So here he was, on his hands and knees in the dirt, punishing the weeds as if they were responsible for his troubles. "Fuck you," he said out loud as he yanked them out of the ground and tossed them aside. "Fuck you."

"Excuse me, sir?" Hassan's head jerked upward and he shaded his eyes from the morning sun. It was Eddie! Startled, he said, "Oh ..... sorry, kid, I didn't mean you. I was ..... er ..... talking to the weeds."

"Yes, sir," Eddie said, as if that were the most natural thing in the world.

Hassan smiled, then burst out laughing, feeling a lightness he had not felt for days. "Good to see you, Eddie. But this is not your regular day to clean is it?"

"No, sir, but Nate is ..... well, kinda busy with Adam, so Bob suggested that I come up here today and do my two days here back to back."

"Oh he did?" Hassan smiled, remembering Bob's consoling hug and his words "everything's gonna turn out fine ..... I guarantee." 'That Bob.....' he thought, shaking his head. "Well, great idea," he said to Eddie. "There's a fresh pot of coffee inside. Help yourself. The place is a bit of a mess I'm afraid .... I just got up."

"Oh I don't mind at all, sir. I'm used to it." Hassan smiled, remembering how Eddie had once jerked off and blasted a load of jism all over his old shorts, tank and jock-strap lying on the unmade bed. He couldn't resist saying, "Sorry about all my underwear and stuff on the bed."

"No worries, sir. I'll take care of it."

'Yeah, I bet,' Hassan said under his breath, grinning to himself.

Eddie went inside and Hassan resumed his assault on the weeds, though he felt much more kindly disposed to them now. Hell, he suddenly felt kinder to the world as he heard Eddie busying himself in the house. After a while he felt a need of his company and shouted, "Hey, Eddie, "you wanna drop what you're doing and come give me a hand out here?"

Eddie appeared at the door with a wide grin as he looked down at the shirtless soldier on his knees, his muscular chest and handsome face streaked with dirt. "See that patch of scrub over there," Hassan said. "I was thinking of clearing it and planting vegetables in it. Nothing like home-grown veggies you know. I was gonna tackle that big bush but maybe you could help by pulling out the smaller clumps of sage brush next to it. Better take your T-shirt off or it'll get filthy.

"Sure thing, sir," said Eddie, eager to be of help to the sexy Marine, and he whipped off his T-shirt. Like Hassan, he was wearing just cargo shorts and sneakers. Immediately he began ripping at the scrub while Hassan took a small axe to the obstinate bush. They worked close together in silence for a while in the growing heat as the sun higher climbed in the sky. After a while Hassan paused and looked across at Eddie who was lost in concentration as he tugged vigorously at the sage, throwing clumps into a growing heap. He was so intent on his work that he was oblivious of Hassan's gaze .... and his smile.

Hassan's heart went out to the eager boy, his face set in earnest determination as he worked. He was a hell of a young guy, loyal, hard-working ..... tender but with an edge of toughness to him. He was not what Hassan was used to at all. Most of the time the soldier was surrounded by the macho bravado of boastful young Marines. Even the other boys down in the house had been toughened up by their masters and were now self-assured, especially the scrappy Pablo who had taken on a lot of the traits of his master Randy.

But Eddie was different .... innocent, enthusiastic, eager to please. He was new to all this and worked hard to prove himself. Hassan found him moving, felt protective toward the boy and had a sudden urge to hug him. But he stifled the urge and got back to his battle with the bush. It took a good hour for them both to clear the plot of ground, by which time they were covered in dirt, with sweat dripping from their faces and running down their chests to their shorts, forming big wet patches at their crotches.

As they surveyed their handiwork Hassan grinned at Eddie. "We done good, boy. We deserve a beer." Taking that as his cue Eddie ran inside the house and came back with two beers. He sat cross-legged on the lawn facing Hassan, who sprawled on his side gazing at him. "You know, kid," the soldier said, "your body's coming along real fine with all those workouts Darius and Pablo are putting you through. You've become quite the looker."

"Thank you, sir." Eddie blushed under the streaks of dirt on his face. Hassan could see he was nervous, but he was also aware of the boner he was trying to hide in his shorts under the wet patch of sweat. And Hassan realized that his own cock had been growing steadily into a

stiff erection. As they drank thirstily there was a slight tension in the air, despite Hassan's effort to help the boy relax by talking about his life in Nebraska before he left for California.

Instead of dissipating, the tension intensified as Eddie stared earnestly at the macho, shirtless soldier with an obvious bulge in his shorts. The cause of their uneasiness was becoming obvious to Hassan and he decided to confront it head on. Their conversation died away, followed by a tense silence, and Hassan said, "Do you want to get fucked, Eddie?"

"Yes please, sir," came the instant reply.

Hassan was charmed and moved by Eddie's boyish directness and it made him laugh. Eddie blushed and said, "Sorry, sir. Did I say something wrong?"

"No, Eddie," Hassan smiled, "what you said was absolutely perfect. Now stand up and drop your shorts." Eddie sprang to his feet and obeyed, standing naked before the sprawling Marine in just his old, unlaced sneakers, trembling in anticipation. "You're not nervous are you?" asked the soldier.

"A little bit, sir."

"OK, listen to me. If you and I are to be friends you mustn't be nervous of me, ever. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes, sir." Eddie took a deep breath. "I'm not nervous now, sir."

"Good." Hassan saw him relax visibly, the tension draining from his body. "OK, now turn around." Hassan gazed at the twin white globes of the boy's ass. "Wow, that ass of yours is just about perfect, boy. You been doing a lot of squats in the gym?"

"Yes, sir. I told Pablo I wanted an ass like his one day." He blushed as Hassan laughed again.

"OK, now here's the deal. After all that gardening I'm feeling real lazy, so you're gonna do all the work." He rolled over onto his back, raised his arms and laced his fingers behind his head, his biceps bulging, lats flaring. "Right, now get me naked." Eddie's heart was beating wildly but he took a couple of deep breaths and got to work. He pulled off Hassan's sneakers, then leaned down, unbuttoned his shorts and pulled them down. He was wearing nothing underneath and Eddie gasped as the soldier's huge cock sprang up, stiff as a tent pole.

Eddie pulled the shorts all the way down, then folded them neatly and placed them carefully on the ground as if they were a precious object, which they were for him. His precision made Hassan smile and he said, "OK, now stand astride me. Eddie obeyed and gazed down at the dark, chiseled features, the head still resting on hands linked casually behind it. "I think you know what to do now, boy."

He did. He lowered himself until he was kneeling astride Hassan, sitting lightly on him just below his chest, his cock flopping into the deep cleft between the Marine's hard, round pecs. He felt the stiff rod rubbing against his back and heard the deep voice say, "Go for it, boy." Eddie raised up a little, reached behind him and eased the cock into the crack of his ass.

He took a deep breath, then slowly sank down, letting the long pole slide into him. He was so relaxed now, with such longing to feel the soldier's cock inside him, that there was no pain, no cry, just a long satisfied sigh ..... "aaah." He felt the head of the cock penetrating him, deeper and deeper, until he was sitting on Hassan's wiry pubic hair, the cock fully inside him.

He gazed down at the rugged face moving from side to side, moaning with pleasure. Suddenly he felt Hassan's hips jerk up, pushing the head of his cock even deeper into his ass and over the inner sphincter. The boy had not been ready for that. His body jolted, his cock pulsed and he gasped, "No .... No ..... I can't .....aaagh!" and a huge plume of white juice shot from his cock and splashed over the soldier's face. He stared in horrified disbelief at what he had done. But the sight of the rugged, exotic face covered in dirt and sweat .... and now semen .... was too erotic and he couldn't hold back a second jet of cum that splashed down like the first.

Eddie was aghast and started mumbling. "Sir, I didn't mean ..... I couldn't help ..... I just ...." But he stopped as Hassan gazed up at him and laughed, wiping his face with his fingers and licking the cum off them. "Eddie, Eddie," he said at last, "don't apologize. You never have to apologize for cumming with my cock in your ass. I love the taste of your juice." He stroked Eddie's chest and said, "Now, the guys in the house say that you are a regular little gusher ..... you can cum more times in a day than most guys do in a week. So let's see if they're right, shall we? Now, fuck my cock, boy. Come on ... make me feel good."

Hassan's high spirits were infectious and once again Eddie relaxed, determined to please this gorgeous man. He rose up off the cock, then sank down on it, again and again, an eager young stud excitedly riding the big horse dick. "That's it," Hassan laughed, "ride 'em cowboy." He twisted Eddie's nipples in his fingers, sending a charge through his body as he moaned in ecstasy. Eddie leaned forward and laid his hands on Hassan's pecs, feeling the muscles flexing under his palms.

Impaled on the huge rod pistoning inside his ass, gazing down at the handsome face, Eddie was alarmed to feel his cock bulging again. Hassan caught his look of desperation and said, "It's OK, kid, this time I'm right there with you ..... your ass is so fucking hot you're driving me crazy. This time we'll do it together. You ready? Oh, shit, this is too fucking beautiful, man. "Aaagh." The soldier's head flew back as his cock exploded deep inside the young ass. Eddie howled as he felt Hassan's pulsing cock pouring its juice into him, and he blasted another stream of cum, this time over the slabs of sculpted chest.

"Jesus," Hassan groaned through heaving breaths, "that felt so fucking good. But I haven't finished with you yet, boy." Hassan was fired up now and Eddie felt a mix of fear and

exhilaration as he saw the Marine's eyes blaze, his muscles flex as he began what was to be a marathon fuck session.

"Here, I wanna see that ass." He grabbed Eddie round the waist, lifted him up bodily and twisted him round so he got a view of his back and his ass. Using the great strength in his arms he moved the boy up and down on his cock, making his own dick hard again. With mounting lust he watched his long rod disappear between the twin white globes, then he lifted the ass up and pulled it back down onto him. "Oh shit, boy, that looks fucking incredible.

But soon Hassan tired of being in the bottom position and his natural macho dominance took over. He pushed the boy sideways and they both rolled over so that Eddie was face down and Hassan was on top of him. He pulled the boy up onto his hands and knees, kneeling behind him, all the time keeping his cock buried in his ass. Hassan growled. "Now I'm gonna work that sweet ass so hard, boy, that you'll shoot load after load of jism. That what you want, boy?"

"Yes please, sir," came Eddie's muffled voice. The soldier clamped his hands round the boy's waist and began to pound his ass again. He pulled the young ass back onto his cock, again and again, driving it deeper and deeper. Eddie saw his own sweat dripping onto the ground from his face, felt the soldier pile-driving him from behind, his balls slapping against his ass. It was sexual overload and he knew he had to cum.

"Come on, boy, Hassan yelled, show me how much you want my dick in your ass. Do it, boy. Show me." He was rewarded by a loud scream from Eddie as he blasted yet another load of cum onto the ground. "Yeah!" Hassan shouted, pumping his fist in triumph.

With one powerful move he put his arms round Eddie's chest and pulled them both up onto their feet. From behind he pushed the boy toward the house until he was facing a mirror Hassan used for his outdoor workouts. And again the soldier's long shaft pistoned inside him, ferociously, endlessly. Dazed, now, Eddie saw over his shoulder in the mirror the wild, dark face, still covered in dirt, sweat and semen. "Aaagh!" It was that pornographic face and the feeling of the cock jackhammering his ass that made him shoot again. He looked down and saw his own juice running down the length of the mirror.

And so it continued ..... on the ground, against the wall, in every position, with Eddie's ass impaled on the piston of the soldier's huge rod. He lost count of how many times he had cum and was near exhaustion when he found himself on his back, his legs hooked over Hassan's shoulders. The soldier was smiling down at him now as he gently massaged his burning ass with his cock. "You are one hell of a guy, Eddie. You're a truly great fuck. And now I want you to cum one last time. But this time it's gonna be different. This time it'll be because you love me.

And it was true. Eddie felt the cock still moving slowly inside him, but it was not that that made him shudder. It was the eyes, the exotic, slanted brown eyes ..... it was the strength, the kindness .... the love he saw in them. His body trembled with a sensation he had never felt

before. The rest of the world faded away and all he saw was the face ..... the eyes. A warmth infused his body ..... he felt safe, loved and he heaved a deep sigh of pure happiness as he felt semen shooting from his cock one last time, and hot juice pouring inside him from the man he knew he loved.

He loved him! He was in love! The sensation was so new, so strange, that it overwhelmed him and he started to sob uncontrollably. It was the only reaction strong enough for what he felt .... a bewildering mix of joy, fear and confusion. Sure, he had admired and lusted for other men, especially Darius, but now, for the first time in his life, he had found real love .... and he didn't know what to do with it. It was terrifying. Then he heard the voice. "It's OK Eddie ..... I know what you're feeling and it's OK."

In a daze Eddie murmured, "But it can't .... I mean .... you're so beautiful, sir .... you could have anyone. But me, I'm ..... well, it's only me."

Hassan's voice was stern. "Eddie, don't ever again let me hear you say 'It's only me'. You're a terrific, loving, beautiful young guy ..... he smiled a dazzling smile ..... "not to mention a sensational fuck."

Eddie's heart leapt, his tears stopped flowing and his watery smile turned to laughter. "That's more like it," Hassan said. "That's my boy."

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Half an hour later, after they had showered together, they were sitting on the porch in their shorts drinking coffee. "Hey," Hassan said, "how about we make a run to the nursery and pick up some plants and seedlings for our garden. We'll plant them together, OK?" (*Our garden! Plant them together!* They were magical words to Eddie.) "And I was wondering, as Bob said you should spend two days up here cleaning my house and Steve's, how would you like to spend the night here? Save you a trip down the hill and back."

Eddie blushed, his heart pounded and he covered the bulge in his shorts with his hands. Work with this gorgeous man in the garden, then spend the night in his bed? He could hardly believe it ..... but ..... Hassan sensed a moment of hesitation. "I know, kid, you should clear it with Darius. Call him right now on his cell."

Darius was thrilled to bits. "Hey, kid, that's great. And a word of advice. Whatever happens between you and that gorgeous Marine .... like in the future and all ..... just go for it. It's the chance of a lifetime. Oh, there's just one condition, one thing you gotta do for me."

"I know, sir, you want me to give you details ..... 'spill all the beans' ..... when I see you."

"You got it kiddo," Darius laughed. "You learn fast."

Next, ever cautious, Hassan made a quick call to Bob to clear it with him. Bob chuckled over the phone and said, "Of course it's OK, buddy ..... it's great ..... kinda what I was hoping for."

Hassan smiled and shook his head. "You son-of-a-bitch. I kinda guessed you were up to something. What are you anyway, the puppet master who pulls all the strings in that house?"

"As many as I can get my hands on," Bob laughed. "Right now I have my hands full of the twins, putting them to work with Jason .... or *on* Jason." Forestalling Hassan's obvious next question Bob said, "Don't ask, buddy. Just take care of that boy ..... and make sure he takes care of you."

Seeing the smile on Hassan's face as he shut off the phone, Eddie said, "You love Bob, don't you, sir?"

"Doesn't everyone?" Hassan said. "Come on kid, let's get those plants."

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Bob had decided that the twins needed to be pushed from the nest a little, like fledglings. He wanted them to be bolder, more independent, less reliant on his advice and permission. So when Jason had told him that he had finally decided on a day for his party and would like to start planning with the twins, Bob made a decision. He had anticipated their immediate reaction when they heard the news, and it came right away. "Can you come with us, sir?"

"No," Bob said decisively. "This is a project you should tackle on your own, and I'm confident you can do it. I want you to get to know Jason better so you can anticipate his needs and provide the best catering service and party planning he could ever have. Now, I suggest you go around noon. I know Jason worked a night shift and he told me when he gets home he'll work out for a while to relieve the stress, then have a nap. He sleeps deeply but he said it's OK to wake him up."

Bob saw a look of anxiety pass quickly between the twins as they contemplated all this, and he made them sit down. "Now let me tell you a few things, guys. You mustn't be scared of Jason. Oh sure, he's an incredible looking guy, with that flawless face and body ..... a hot fireman, a real authority figure. But as I said earlier, he likes you a lot, was crazy about what you did for him on your birthday. So whatever you do for him now, he's gonna love.

"So my advice is, be bold, be creative, follow your instincts. Don't be afraid to act decisively because I know Jason will go for that. And above all, never forget you're my boys ..... look at me, guys. You're my boys. Make me proud." The twins gazed at the gorgeous, dark haired muscle-god, the man that Randy worshipped and everyone in the house loved and admired. *And they were his boys!* They could do anything! And right there they determined they would.

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However firm their resolve, the twins were tentative as they quietly opened the gate to the garden of Jason's house. They had been there before so they knew what to expect ..... or thought they did. But they weren't ready for what they found. They saw nothing at first, just the rather unruly garden, and heard in the distance the sound of the stream running along one side of it, the stream where Jamie had once fallen in and been rescued by Jason.

They walked round to the open patio on the side of the house where they knew Jason had set up an extensive gym. And there he was ..... not working out .... but fast asleep on the ground. Taken aback they looked at each other but said nothing. They always intuited what the other was thinking so words were unnecessary. They walked forward silently and took stock.

Their first reaction was an instant hard-on. Sprawled asleep on his back the fireman looked magnificent. Stripped down to dark blue shorts his incredibly muscular body gleamed with a slight sheen of sweat, the result, no doubt, of a heavy workout. Not far away his fireman's uniform ..... boots, yellow pants with red suspenders, uniform shirt and blue T-shirt ..... lay scattered over the ground. Evidently he had come home from his shift, stripped down to his shorts and immediately begun his workout ..... as Bob had said, to relieve his stress. After that, fatigue must have overcome him and he simply sprawled on the ground and slept.

And here he was! His muscles were still pumped from the workout and the twins gazed in awe at the broad shoulders, arms stretched above him, bulging biceps, the slabs of his chest rising and falling in sleep, his lats sloping down to a tight, slim waist, and the incredible ridges of his eight-pack abs. His shorts, still wet with sweat, clung to his muscled thighs, with the bulge of his cock clearly outlined underneath. His legs, like his arms, were sprawled out so he was casually spread-eagled on the ground.

And the face ..... the finely chiseled features, square jaw, prominent cheek bones, high forehead and short blond hair. His eyes were closed as his head moved slightly, sighing in sleep. He was simply spectacular, a true muscled god, and twins could have shot a wad in their shorts just looking at him. But just then Kyle's eye caught sight of something else and he nudged Kevin and pointed at the mirror in the gym. It was smothered in a white, creamy liquid that still ran slowly down the glass.

They looked at each other and smiled. They had heard of Jason's vanity, his love of his own body, and it was obvious that, at the end of his workout, before he slept, he had gazed at his perfect physique in the mirror, probably flexed and posed, and jerked off looking at the magnificent reflection. The fireman's narcissism made him only more erotic in the twins' eyes, and they were both now nursing huge boners.

They didn't know what to do. Bob had said they could wake him up but ..... Their minds in sync, they both imagined standing over him, maybe, beating their meat, and cumming all over his face. That should wake him. But Bob's words rang in their ears ..... "Be bold, be creative, follow your instincts. Don't be afraid to act decisively because I know Jason will go for that."

Well they sure knew what their instincts were. They wanted sex with the fireman ..... if they dared to. They could just wait and hope for Jason to wake and take the lead, or they could take the initiative. (*Be bold .... be creative.*) It was Kevin who noticed something that made his heart pound. Kyle followed his gaze and saw that, as Jason's arms were splayed out above his head in sleep, his wrists were close to two of the uprights supporting the roof of the open patio. But what really made their pulses race was the sight of two skipping ropes lying close by.

They gazed at each other and nodded slightly. Truth be told, it was their cocks that were doing the thinking for them now. They had to do it ..... they had no choice ..... they had to be bold. *"Make me proud."*

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It was easier than they had thought ..... the light, nylon cord of the ropes was perfect for the job. And when Jason had told Bob that he slept deeply he wasn't kidding. Obviously working all night on a fire truck, followed by a punishing workout, was a surefire recipe for sound sleep. He didn't feel a thing as the twins worked, one on each side of him. They wound the soft cord carefully round his wrists and attached the other end to the post. They held their breath as he moaned and moved slightly, but then he was still again.

Their task complete they stood back and gazed down at the bound, muscular blond. What now? "Just wait, I guess," Kevin whispered. They didn't have long to wait. Soon Jason moaned again and stirred, trying to turn onto his side in his sleep. But he couldn't. Something stopped him. Dreaming maybe, he jerked his hand but ..... He moaned again, his eyes half opened and he looked up drowsily at his wrist that wouldn't move. It was tied ..... with a rope. So was his other wrist!

Now his eyes shot open, he stared upward and ..... swimming into focus were the twins. Shock and panic caused an adrenaline rush and he groaned, "What the fuck ....?" He yanked harder at his wrists and shouted now, "What the fuck.....? Did you do this? .... what the fuck is this? Untie me, guys. This is not funny .... it's not cool. Let me go."

But the twins didn't move, gazing in awe at the spectacle of the near-naked fireman, spread-eagled, trying to get free, his glorious muscles flexing and bulging as his helpless body writhed on the ground, his handsome face thrashing desperately from side to side. It was a spectacular sight, so erotic that the twins turned away to avoid shooting their load.

"Fuck you, boys!" Jason yelled. "Don't you dare turn your backs on me. Shit, when I get outa this I'm gonna fucking thrash you both, then ream your sorry asses." Tempting as that idea was, the twins had something else in mind and they turned to face him. As he continued to hurl threats at them they reached behind their necks and, moving in unison, pulled up on their T-shirts.

Still Jason struggled, yelling, "Untie me, dammit, or I'm fucking well gonna make you wish ....." "But his voice trailed off as he saw the shirts rise up over their tight abs, their perfectly defined chests, then off over their heads. They stood there shirtless, identical images of youthful perfection. The awesome sight calmed him and he tried reasoning with them. "Ok, guys, so that's it .... you want me to fuck you, right?"

"Not exactly, sir," said Kyle, as they stood one either side of him. Acting in perfect unison again they reached down, each one grabbing a side of his shorts and pulling them down from his waist, over his ass, down his legs and off. They looked on wide-eyed as his cock sprang free ..... stiff as a poker. "See?" Jason said, still reasoning with them. "Just untie me and we can..."

But again his words died as the twins kicked off their sneakers, unbuttoned their shorts and let them drop. "Oh, shit," he groaned as he gazed up at the beautiful young twins, their lithe muscular bodies naked now, slim hips, handsome, smiling faces, light brown hair blowing in the soft breeze. "Oh, shit. That looks so ..... What you gonna do to me, fellers?"

Kevin smiled shyly. "Bob told us to follow our instincts, sir, and be good for you ..... so we will." For a moment they turned to face each other, came close and kissed each other, long and hard.

"Oh, shit," Jason moaned again, struggling to free himself. "Guys, at least untie one hand so I can touch my cock." He assumed they were going to give him a repeat performance of when they had made love to each other, sucking each other's cocks. He felt sure of it when they broke apart, walked closer to him and Kyle fell to his knees in front of his brother. He held Kevin's stiff cock, licked the whole length of it, then lowered his mouth over it.

But Jason was surprised when Kyle pulled back and let the wet cock drop from his mouth. Kyle stood up, grabbed Jason's ankles and pulled his legs up high. Jason saw Kevin's cock running with his brothers spit, saw him drop to his knees between his legs ..... and at last he understood. Kyle had simply lubricated his brother's cock in preparation for ..... "NO!"

Jason protested loudly but the twins paid no attention ("*Be bold.*") Kevin eased his hips forward, pressed the tip of his cock between the hard mounds of Jason's ass and said softly, "This is for you, sir." Jason's eyes opened wide and he pulled again at his wrists as he felt the boy's long cock slide all the way into his ass, coming to rest deep inside. The slim hips pulled back and the cock began to move back and forth, gently, caressing the velvet lining of his ass.

"Aaaah" Jason sighed. "Oh man, that feels so..... oh shit." He looked at Kevin's angelic face, saw his body move rhythmically as his cock massaged his ass. Then he looked up and saw an identical face, Kyle's, standing tall above him, holding his legs up and apart, a triumphant smile on his face. Jason's reflex was to touch his cock so he pulled again at his wrists, but he heard Kyle's soft voice say, "Please, sir. Please leave it to us. Let us give you pleasure."

And it was then that Jason gave in and submitted his body to the gentle nurturing of these incredible young men. The tension drained from him as he gazed up at Kyle's smiling face and felt his brother's cock work his ass, sliding against his prostate, easing down deep inside him.

A warmth spread slowly from his loins and suffused his whole body as he yielded control. Jason, the hot stud fireman, the authority figure respected by all, worshipped by many, the muscle-god, the natural top man, was now tied on the ground, surrendering his glorious body to these two beautiful identical twins. Kevin worked him with long, languid strokes and Jason breathed, "Oh, yeah, boy, that feels incredible. Fuck that ass ..... fuck it, boy ... don't stop."

But then suddenly it did stop. Kevin pulled his cock out of his ass and Jason said in alarm, "No, don't stop ..... I want more ...."

"Like I said, sir," Kyle smiled. "Please leave it to us." Kyle lowered Jason's legs to the ground, then knelt beside his brother and hooked the legs over his own shoulders. Now the boys were side by side, both gazing at him in awe of his beauty, as Kyle took his turn. As his brother had, he eased his stiff cock between the cheeks of Jason's ass, pushed, and slid it all the way in. And again Jason moaned as he felt the twin's identical cock slide deep inside him.

He stared up at the brothers, kneeling side by side, their shy faces smiling down at him. Kyle fucked him gently for a while .... and then the twins began trading off on his ass. In a seamless, coordinated move Kevin took over, fucked for a few minutes, then yielded the ass back to Kyle. Jason was being driven wild as his ass was shared by the twins. He lost all awareness of which one was fucking him ..... they both were ..... each in turn ..... using the ass of the bound fireman like their personal sex toy.

Then he gasped as he saw their faces turn to each other and their mouths came together. He was mesmerized by the sight of the beautiful young brothers kissing each other passionately as one of them, Kyle this time, drove his cock into his ass. The fireman's muscles flexed, his body trembled and he pulled frantically at the ropes binding him. "Please, guys, please ..... you're driving me wild .... I gotta shoot ..... let me touch my cock .... please.

Kyle broke away from his brother and smiled. "No need for that, sir. If you want to cum, sir, my brother will oblige you." Jason could hardly believe it as Kevin moved on his knees round to his side, smiled at him and said, "This also is for you, sir." He leaned forward, lowered his head and slid his mouth over Jason's rigid shaft, letting it slide deep down his throat.

"Aaaah!" Jason gasped, his breath heaving, heart beating wildly. "Oh, God ..... holy shit, I .... Jesus that feels ...." He raised his head off the ground and saw Kyle kneeling over him fucking his ass, while his brother sucked his cock, his face buried in Jason's blond pubic hair. Jason's cock had already been at the point of orgasm .... all he had needed to do was touch it. But this was better than a touch ..... Kevin's warm, soft mouth squeezing round his cock.

In his delirium he heard Kyle's gentle voice again. "Now, sir, I would like to cum inside you, and my brother wants to drink your juice. Please help us do that, sir. You are so incredibly beautiful you are making me cum ..... now!"

Jason looked up at Kyle, felt the boy's cock moving inside him while his twin clenched his throat round Jason's cock. His body shook, his face thrashed from side to side, his gleaming muscles flexed as he pulled frantically at his restraints and ..... "Aaagh ..... aaagh ..... aaagh!" The fireman's cock erupted deep inside the hot young mouth as his brother's juice blasted into his ass. Semen continued to pour from Jason's cock as Kevin's throat clenched round it, swallowing hard. Then, at last, his cock was drained and he felt the cock in his ass become still.

He was dazed, exhausted ..... but the twins' youthful energy was limitless. They sprang up on their feet, faced each other across Jason, leaned across him and kissed. Kevin's mouth was still full of Jason's semen and Jason saw it oozing from their mouths as they passed it back and forth, sharing the bitter-sweet taste. Jason was mesmerized by the erotic spectacle, a fitting end to the scene ..... as he thought.

But then the twins broke apart and gazed down at him again. "Sir," Kevin said. My brother would like to drink your cum now.... and I have not shot my load yet. So before we release you, you must indulge us one last time." As the boy's meaning seeped into his consciousness Jason groaned, "No, guys, please. I just blasted a huge load .... I can't ..... I'm finished ...."

Kevin glanced at his brother, then back down at the exhausted fireman. (*Be bold.*) He cleared his throat. "Sir ..... with all due respect sir ..... you're the one who's tied up so .... so you'll be finished when we say you're finished."

Jason's eyes opened wide with the last vestiges of anger and he yanked at the ropes. "Fuck you, boy, who the fuck do you think you're talking to .....?" But exhaustion overwhelmed him and his body collapsed back in helpless surrender. He closed his eyes, aware of movement around him, aware of someone kneeling over him, aware of a tongue licking his limp cock. He couldn't believe it was happening again. No, there was no way he could take it, no way his cock would get hard again.

Except ..... It was his narcissism that did it. His eyes closed, his senses heightened, he imagined how it must look ..... the beautiful muscle-god fireman, staked naked on the ground, spread-eagled, helpless at the mercy of beautiful twins. In his mind he saw their lithe young bodies gleaming in the sun, their handsome faces gazing down at their victim as they worked on him, one fucking his ass while the other sucked his cock. He saw the blond bodybuilder struggle, saw his body writhe, heard his moans of ecstasy.

It was like looking in a mirror. That always made his dick hard .... and, amazingly it was hard now as he felt it being swallowed by a hot hungry mouth. He braced to feel the brother's cock pressing into his ass .... but it didn't come. He opened his eyes and gasped. Kevin was

kneeling over him, his cock pointing directly at his mouth. “My brother chose your ass, sir, but I choose your face because it is so incredibly beautiful.’

“No,” Jason started to say frantically, “no, I mmmm...” His words were stifled by the gag of the young cock pushing into his mouth and down into his throat. “Don’t worry, sir,” Kevin said. “You are so hot I can cum right away, but I will wait until you shoot your load inside my brother’s mouth. He wants it so bad.” As Jason felt Kevin’s cock pounding his face he was amazed that his own cock, so recently drained of cum, was pulsing in Kyle’s mouth. Again he saw a vivid image in his mind ..... the narcissistic fantasy of the helpless, naked fireman, tied up at the mercy of these young twins, eyes spouting tears as one boy hammered his face while the other was eating his cock, waiting for it to explode in his mouth.

It was overwhelming and he felt his cock pulse, then shoot a stream of cum into the back of Kyle’s throat. “Yes!” yelled Kevin in triumph as his cock erupted in Jason’s mouth. Jason swallowed the boy’s juice, the cock pulled out and his head sank back in total exhaustion. The elated twins leapt to their feet and stood one on each side of him. They gazed in awe at the pumped, exhausted body stretched in bondage, the beautiful face with tears streaming from the eyes and cum flowing from the mouth. Jason gazed up at them and moaned, “No more, guys.”

“Sir,” said Kyle, “you have never looked more beautiful.” Kevin smiled, “So please allow us to show you how beautiful you are. They took hold of their cocks, stroked them, harder and harder ..... their bodies tensed, their breath heaved and they shouted in unison. “Thank you, sir!” Two ribbons of creamy white juice spurted from their cocks and splashed down on the muscle-god lying bound at their feet.

After the twins’ orgasms had paid homage to the fireman’s beauty Jason smiled up at them. “You are fucking awesome, guys. Fucking awesome. Man, that was a hell of a job interview.”

“Does that mean we get the job, sir?” Kevin asked.

Jason jerked against the ropes and grinned. “Do I have any choice?”

“Not really, sir,” they laughed.

As they knelt beside him, untying the ropes and massaging his wrists Jason said. “Now I gotta sleep for a bit, while you go and check out my kitchen and make a list of everything you need for the party. And while you do that I want you to think about something. See, it’s not only the food. I gotta think up some entertainment for these guys. They’ve all been so good to me .... Bob, Randy, Mark, Zack and the boys, and they’ll all be here, so I want something real special. You guys seem to be real inventive, so you think you can come up with something?”

“Absolutely, sir,” they said together, their eyes shining. “Actually, we’ve been talking to the other boys .... kinda fantasizing ..... you know ..... and we already have some ideas that’ll make your party one for the record books ..... or as Darius would said, “*One for prosperity!*”

One thing was for sure. “*Make me proud,*” Bob had said. And the twins knew they had.

# # #

## Chapter 165 – Randy – Trial, Error & Defeat

Exhaustion now overwhelmed Jason. After all, he had worked the night shift on the fire truck, had come home and pushed himself hard in a grueling workout, then had been tied up and serially ass-fucked by the twins. That was enough to exhaust any man, even one as tough as Jason, and the twins gazed down in awe at the naked muscle-god, his face and body still covered in semen. They ran quickly into his bedroom, brought out a blanket and spread it gently over him.

Before he drifted off to sleep he looked up at the beautiful naked twins and couldn't believe that he felt his cock stirring under the blanket. “Down, boy,” he said softly to himself, or rather to his cock. “Hey, guys,” he said sleepily. “I wonder ..... you know we've a hell of a lot to get through, planning the party and all. Do you think Bob would let you stay the night here?”

The boys' eyes sparkled. “We can check with him, sir and let you know when you wake up.”

“Mmm,” Jason sighed. “You guys are the best.” And he was asleep.

It was Kevin who got to make the call, rather tentatively, knowing they wouldn't be home to cook dinner. But he needn't have worried. He couldn't see the smile spreading over Bob's face at the other end of the phone, but he heard the pleasure in his voice. “Guys, that's terrific. I'm glad everything's working out so well. How did the job interview go?”

Simple question, he thought, so he wasn't ready for the long, detailed reply that gushed from the twins, each one grabbing the phone in turn to talk. Completely honest with Bob, as always, they described every detail of the erotic events and were relieved to hear Bob laughing. “Guys, when I told you to be bold I had no idea ..... but if you all three had a good time, that's the main thing. And Jason sure must have ..... you got the job. So stay, of course, and enjoy your night with him. Don't worry about a thing here ..... we'll manage. Now, if I were you I would .....” But he checked himself. “Nah, no more advice. You guys have it all under control .... including the fireman, it seems.”

He was still chuckling as he hung up the phone. His plans were working. First sending Eddie up to Hassan for a couple of days, with the result that Eddie now seemed well on the way to becoming Hassan's boy. Hassan had filled Bob in over the phone and told him Eddie was thrilled at the prospect. And now the twins, spreading their wings and overnighting with Jason. True, it left the house a bit thin on the ground regarding meals and housekeeping, but as he had said, they'd manage for once. All in all a pretty good day's work, he thought.

Bob allowed himself to preen. "Hey, I'm pretty good at this," he murmured with a satisfied grin.

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But if the day was going well for Bob, the same could hardly be said for his lover. Randy had started the day in a bad mood, with some urgent problems needing to be tackled at the construction site. It was chaotic today, with several projects demanding extra crew, and some of the projects inevitably collided.

Randy had plenty of help, though. Zack, his second-in-command, was there; Darius too, Randy's assistant; and Pablo, the site mechanic. But they were keeping a respectful distance and Darius rolled his eyes at Pablo as the boss barked his orders. To make matters worse, Randy had a run-in with one of the more belligerent guys on the crew, a big, rugged, muscle-bound stud called Pete who harbored a resentment of Randy's authority and resisted his orders.

The situation escalated throughout the day until finally, near the end of the shift, Randy heard the guy cuss him behind his back. He whirled on him and poked him in the chest. "Listen, asshole, if you don't like the way I run this outfit the gate's right there, wide open, and you and your fucking attitude are welcome to get the hell out. Pete took this as a challenge and swung his fist at Randy's face. Randy blocked the punch but Pete's other fist slammed into his stomach and dropped Randy to his knees.

In seconds the two were rolling over the ground, grappling, punching, trading blow for blow. The two muscular fighters were evenly matched and work stopped as the whole crew stood back and watched. As he saw his master start to take a beating Pablo took a threatening step forward but Zack put a restraining hand on his arm. He knew there was only one way to handle this. Just let it play out.

Pete's anger was as hot as Randy's, and he soon had Randy on his back, kneeling astride him and slamming the back of his fist across his face, one side then the other. He was taking a hell of a beating, but Randy was a street fighter from way back, and nothing stoked his rage and fueled his adrenaline like getting thrashed in a fight. His eyes blazed in his wild, dark gypsy face as he reached up and clamped his hands round Pete's throat and squeezed hard. Pablo saw a manic light in Randy's eyes that he recognized, and he knew his hero would win.

Pete started to choke and his hands flew to Randy's wrists, trying desperately to pull them apart. With a howl like a battle cry Randy tightened the chokehold, pushed Pete backward and heaved himself to his knees. Then, with superhuman strength, he stood up and, still gripping the man's throat, he heaved him up high in the air, so Pete's feet dangled off the ground in a vicious hanging chokehold. His eyes bulging, suspended helplessly from the neck, Pete gripped Randy's wrists desperately to ease the strain on his throat.

There was a collective gasp from the crowd as Randy yelled, "Motherfucker!" and in a spectacular move hurled Pete into the air, then clamped his arms round his waist in a vise-like bear hug. The hold was perfectly applied, with Randy's wrists locked in the small of the man's back, his massive arms squeezing his mid-section savagely.

Helpless in mid-air Pete's arms and legs thrashed wildly, but he knew there was no escape as he felt the life being squeezed out of him. "No!" he screamed. My back .... you're breaking my back. Let go ..... Aaagh! OK, OK, you win ..... I give up. Please ..... I submit....sir!"

Contemptuously Randy tossed the man away from him and Pete sprawled heavily on his back on the ground groaning in pain. "OK, asshole," Randy snarled, "now you know who's boss around here. Now, you're a good, strong worker and I value that, but you have way too much fucking attitude. So it's your choice ..... you can walk out of here and I'll pay you through today, or you can stay and work with the rest of us.

Pete had fought and lost, beaten into submission, but as he stared up at the rugged construction boss his resentment faded, replaced by a grudging admiration for this incredible man who had thrashed him so soundly. And he knew he wanted to go on working for him. "OK," he said, "I'll stay. You're the boss, sir."

Randy leaned down, grabbed his wrist, pulled him to his feet and shook his hand as a couple of guys came forward to support Pete. "OK," Randy shouted. "Shift's over guys." The crowd gazed in awe at the boss, bruised and grazed, his tank top in shreds over his mud-covered chest, tousled black hair falling over his face that gleamed with sweat. He ran the back of his hand over the trickle of blood at the corner of his mouth and glanced quickly at his boy, Pablo.

Awestruck, Pablo bowed his head slightly in an almost imperceptible gesture of hero worship and thought he saw a flicker of a smile pass over his master's face. Randy turned on his heel and strode out through the gate, followed at a respectful distance by the rest of the crew.

Zack looked at Darius and Pablo, shook his head and said simply, "Wow! OK, boys, help me lock up here. Show's over."

Except he was wrong about that.

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The 'show' still had a way to go before it played out. Randy's legendary anger, so quick to ignite, took a long time to burn out, as adrenaline still coursed through his veins. His eyes still blazed and he gripped the steering wheel of his truck hard, cursing under his breath as he recalled how nearly he had been beaten by the man. "Motherfucker ..... asshole .... thought he could whip me in front of my boy. I'll show them all who's fucking boss. I'll show them. Shit, I need to fuck ass. And in his mind he saw a vivid image of Bob, the gorgeous man he loved, the man he worshipped, lying naked on the bed.

That was his focus ..... it always was whenever he had done battle. He needed to fuck the ass of his spectacular lover. He drove recklessly, breaking all the laws on the books. If a cop had pulled him over Randy would undoubtedly have slugged him and wound up in jail. But he arrived home unscathed, leapt from the truck, strode to the house and up to his bedroom.

“Fuck!” Nobody there. Somehow he had illogically assumed that Bob would be there waiting for him, and his absence drove Randy’s anger into a towering rage. Then the phone rang. Fate had intervened with maliciously bad timing. Randy yanked up the phone and barked into it. “What?!” There was a long pause and then a timid voice at the other end said, “Oh .... er, is Bob there, sir? It’s me, Eddie.”

“No he’s fucking well not here. And where the fuck are you?”

“Er, still at Hassan’s, sir. I was just calling Bob to make sure it’s still OK for me to stay the night up here. Hassan did speak to Bob but I just wanted.....”

“No, it’s not fucking OK!” Randy was not even focusing on Eddie .... he was simply venting his anger on the nearest victim. “Get your ass back down here pronto.”

Eddie gulped in fear. “But sir, Hassan wants me to stay. I think he wants me to be his boy .... and I think I love him.”

Hassan! That fucking Marine .... another image to stoke Randy’s anger. “Like hell you’re gonna be his boy! That’s never gonna happen, kid, trust me, not while I’m boss. You’re our fucking houseboy, get it? You live here, and I give the orders. So forget your fucking daydreams about your soldier-boy and get your ass back here now!” And he slammed the phone down.

“Yes, sir,” Eddie said in a daze into the dead phone. What was happening? Why had Randy yelled at him? Was he being fired? If only Hassan had been here, but he had gone to pick up take-out food for dinner while Eddie tidied the house. Eddie was running on panic now, not thinking straight. All he knew was that Randy’s word was law in that house..... and he wasn’t going to let Eddie be Hassan’s boy. He had ordered him to go back. Eddie’s eyes filled with tears as he scrambled up the path to his truck.

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Randy had forgotten all about Eddie the minute he slammed the phone down. He was pacing the room like a caged tiger when suddenly Bob came in. “Jesus Christ,” Bob said, staring at the wild-eyed man, face and body covered in scratches and bruises, pants covered in mud, tank hanging torn on his dirt-streaked chest. “You’ve been in a fight,” he said, stating the obvious. “Are you OK?”

Randy gazed with relief at the only man who could help him. His words were part order, part plea as he said, "Get on the bed, man." Bob had only recently come from work and was still in his business suit, so it took him a while to undress. He deliberately did a slow, sensual strip, partly to turn Randy on and partly to give time for his anger to turn off, or at least diminish.

Bob was familiar with this ritual. Whenever Randy's anger was stoked by something at work, especially when he had been in a fight, he came roaring home hotter than a pistol and needed to slam fuck Bob. Bob had no doubt Randy had won the fight .... he always did ..... but by the look of him he had taken a beating in the process, making it even more urgent for him to prove his manhood. Bob was a big, muscular alpha male and reaming his ass was Randy's way of reasserting his authority. He often said he "owned" Bob's ass. Bob knew he didn't really mean that, but saying it helped him overcome whatever insecurities he had. Even the King of the Gypsies had insecurities.

"Come on, man," Randy growled, pacing the room. "I need you fucking naked." By now Bob was stripped to the waist. He kicked off his loafers, dropped his dress pants and lay on his back on the bed, naked except for his white boxers. Randy gazed down at the stunning, dark-haired muscle-god and all his tension, all his anger coalesced into rampant lust for his gorgeous lover. "Man, that is fucking beautiful .... and it belongs to me." He wiped the back of his hand against the corner of his mouth to get the last of the dried blood.

Bob knew what was coming ..... and was fired up with anticipation. He loved Randy like this ..... raw, primitive, like the rugged, sweaty construction worker he had first met that long-ago day in the dingy bar. The savage gypsy towered over him, face marked with the scars of battle, in his mud-stained work pants, boots, his torn tank hanging on his chiseled torso. Randy's breath heaved, his eyes blazed. He ripped open his pants and pulled out his huge, thick cock.

Nursing his cock in one hand he bent down and used the other hand to grab Bob's shorts and rip them clean off. "Oh, man," he growled. "I need to fuck. I need to fuck real bad." He grabbed Bob's legs, threw them in the air, and from a standing position fell against his ass, driving his piston ferociously into the depths of his ass. Bob screamed and pressed his hands against Randy's chest in a futile attempt to push him back. But he knew Randy was in full control .... and loved it."

The pounding was savage but Randy's blue eyes bored into his and Bob was so mesmerized by his powerful, magnetic sexuality that he felt no pain, only the insistent pile driver in his ass. He was amazed to see Randy smiling down at him as he fucked. "Oh, man, you are so right for me. You are so fucking gorgeous, such a stud .... when I fuck you nothing else matters ..... I feel like the king of the world. You want this, don't you, man? You need me to fuck you. You love me, don't you? Tell me, man .... I need to hear it."

Through his heaving breaths Bob groaned, "You know I do, man. I love getting my ass ploughed by that huge rod .... You are so damn hot." His voice rose to a shout. "I love you, man. Fuck me .... harder, man. Make me shoot my load."

“You got it, stud.” Randy fell forward and clamped his big rough hands over the mounds of Bob’s pecs. Bob still pushed against Randy’s chest and that’s how they gazed at each other, that’s how they saw themselves reflected in each other’s eyes, that’s how they passed over the barrier from reality to their own private world of infinite passion. Randy still pounded Bob’s ass but his voice was softer now. “Here it comes, buddy. Let me see you shoot ..... I’m cumming, man. Now....!”

Two shouts echoed round the room, two muscular bodies jolted, and Bob was suddenly bathed in semen ..... Randy’s deep in his ass and his own splashing over his heaving chest, his face and hair. Randy fell forward onto the cum-slicked body and pressed his mouth against his lover’s, kissing him ravenously as they rolled together over the bed, locked in each other’s arms.

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Meanwhile, another drama was unfolding as Eddie drove his little truck blindly down the hill, his eyes filled with tears. All he knew was that the boss was angry and had ordered him to come home. But worse, he couldn’t be Hassan’s boy. Just as he pulled up at the gate his cell phone rang. “Hey, kiddo,” came the cheerful voice. “Where are you? When I got back your truck had gone.”

Eddie’s spirits lifted at the sound of Hassan’s voice but his reply was panicked, disjointed. “I had to come back to the house, sir ..... Randy ordered me home ‘cause I’m the houseboy..... I can’t stay with you ..... and ..... and Randy said I can’t be your boy, sir.....it was just a daydream, he said, and I had to forget it.”

There was a silence as Hassan took a deep breath and fought to control his anger. When he spoke his voice was calm. “Eddie, listen to me. Do you want to be my boy?”

“More than anything in the world, sir.”

“Then you are, kiddo. I want you for my boy ..... so you are.”

“But ....”

“There are no ‘buts’, kiddo. You are my boy and I’m gonna take care of you. Now listen carefully, go straight into the kitchen and stay there ‘til I come for you. And don’t talk to anyone. You got that?”

“Yes, sir .... thank you, sir.” Eddie put down the phone and his spirits soared.

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Bob had finally disentangled himself from Randy and they had got off the bed. Bob held Randy at arm's length and chuckled. "You are one hell of a sight, man. Cuts, bruises, your tank top in shreds, pants covered in mud. Must have been a hell of a fight."

"Yeah," Randy grinned, "but you should see the other guy." Randy threw his arms round him and Bob pressed his cheek against his lover's, staring happily out of the window over his shoulder. But suddenly he frowned as he saw the gate open and Eddie ran in, obviously distressed, and went straight toward the kitchen.

Bob broke away from Randy and went to the window. "What the hell was that? Eddie's home, but he's supposed to be up there with..... he didn't phone or anything, did he?"

"What? Oh yeah, that." Randy had forgotten all about it. "Yeah, he called from Hassan's ..... said he was gonna stay the night up there. Like hell he was. I reminded him he's our fucking houseboy ..... told the kid to get his ass back down here at the double. Some cockamamie bullshit about being the soldier's boy. Yeah right, I told him, like that's ever gonna happen. Not in my lifetime. Told him to quit dreaming and get back here where he belongs."

Bob whirled round from the window, his eyes blazing. The harmony in the room was shattered. "*You did what?!*" Bob ran his hand through his hair and paced the room in disbelief.

"Man, you can be such a cretin sometimes. I set that whole thing up and it was working. I sent Eddie up there for two days hoping the two of them would hit it off and apparently they did ..... big time. The young kid was over the moon ..... and then you come along like a fucking rogue elephant and trample on his dreams. Man, I love you, for my sins, but when that anger of yours takes over you can be a real fucking monster."

"Shit man, I was angry after the fight, all juiced up, and when you weren't here I kinda went crazy. The phone rang and it was the kid, so I just let him have it, I guess."

Bob sneered in contempt. "You just let him have it ..... that shy young kid who we all try to protect ..... you just let him have it. The most junior boy in the house and you just shattered his dream of a lifetime. Well, way to go boss man, I'm real proud of you. Do you have any idea how that poor kid feels right now? There's nothing I hate more than a fucking bully, picking on helpless kids. Listen, do me a favor and stick to men your own size in future, like that guy you beat up."

Bob's tongue lashing had an instant effect. The big construction boss who had roared in like a wild mustang after winning the fight now crumpled as he sat on the bed and buried his head in his hands. He was like a drunk sobering up after a bender and remembering the crazy things he had done. "Oh, shit," he moaned, "I am such a fucking asshole ..... I didn't mean any of that shit ..... I was out of my mind. Hell, that poor kid." He looked up at Bob. "I love the kid, buddy. He looks up to me ..... hell, I once told him if he was ever in trouble he could always count on me." He leapt to his feet. "I gotta go talk to him."

But he didn't get far.

The door crashed open, Hassan strode into the room, walked straight up to Randy and smashed the back of his fist across his face. Randy fell back on the bed stunned, gazing up at the muscular Marine towering over him, formidable in his khaki tank top, military fatigues and boots. His handsome face was wild with anger. "*You asshole mother-fucker!* You know what you've done, you prick? That sweet kid, that plucky, hopeful, excited young kid ..... you just crushed him, man, pulling the big boss act and scaring the life out of him."

He held his arms out to the side, flexed his muscles and growled, "Get a good look at this, man. This is Eddie's master and Eddie's my boy." He yelled. "He's my boy, and I'll break any man who hurts him ..... anyone ..... asshole boss, King of the Fucking Gypsies .... whoever. Shit, man, it was you made the rule ..... no one interferes between a man and his boy."

His anger building, the soldier jabbed his finger down at the stunned construction worker. "Look at you ..... the big hot stud, the big boss who beats up guys and tramples all over defenseless boys. You know what you need, you son-of-a-bitch? You need some guy as tough as you to cut you down to size. You need to get your sorry ass reamed. By this ....." He ripped open his pants and pulled out his huge, stiff cock.

Randy's instinct was always to fight back ..... but not now. He was feeling huge guilt about how he had treated the boy and knew that he had to be punished by the boy's master. That was the way it had to be. He would have done the same if anyone hurt Pablo. So he stretched out his arms on the bed in a gesture of submission.

Bob knew that too. He knew that the only way for Randy to regain his self-respect was to prove his remorse in a humiliating act of submission. Bob also knew better than to intervene in this master versus master grudge match. So he pulled on his boxer shorts, stood back, arms folded across his chest and watched.

Hassan stared down at Randy in contempt. "You son-of-a-bitch," he snarled. He reached forward, ripped open Randy's cargo pants and yanked them down below his knees. He grabbed the heels of his work boots and pushed his legs in the air, exposing his naked ass. His eyes pierced Randy's like lasers as he growled, "This is for Eddie!" He lunged forward onto the bed, pile-driving his iron shaft savagely into the fiery depths of Randy's ass.

The dark, rugged face flew back and the mouth opened in a soundless scream. Instinctively Randy was determined to endure the brutal punishment in silence, but his body spasmed and tears spurted from his eyes. Hassan paused, then pulled slowly all the way back, tormenting Randy with suspense, paused again, then slammed his cock back into the helpless ass.

And this is how the torment began, slowly, inexorably. Each time the rod pulled out of him and paused Randy held his breath, staring into Hassan's eyes, and waited for the next ferocious

spike to drive into his ass. Still he suffered in silence, but Hassan was not silent as he speeded up the attack. "Not such a big shot now, eh, stud? The big bully finally gets his ass hammered. OK, stud, let's turn up the heat."

And he did. No more words, no more pauses ..... Hassan's hips pistoned faster and faster, driving his rod brutally, deep into the man's gut. Randy's agonized face contorted in pain, his head thrashing from side to side, his muscles flexed against the onslaught. Shocked by the Marine's savagery Bob took a step forward but stopped as, even in his pain, Randy turned his head and flashed a look at him. And Bob understood.

As guilty as Randy felt about Hassan and Eddie, the worse pain by far was that he had lost the respect of the man he worshipped. And by silently, stoically enduring this torture while Bob watched, he was trying to regain that respect. This was his penance, but while Hassan was the instrument of that penance, Bob was the real target of Randy's remorse. So Bob let the punishment run its course. In fact, as he watched, he could hardly believe that his cock was stirring in his shorts.

Whatever else it was, whatever passions it involved, the sight was incredibly erotic as the muscle-stud Marine jackhammered the ass of the rugged construction worker. Without breaking eye contact Hassan reached forward, clamped his hands on Randy's chest and squeezed his nipples, twisting them brutally in his fingers. Flinching at the added pain Randy reached up and clawed at Hassan's chest, grabbing his khaki tank in both fists.

At first Bob thought he was trying to push the Marine away to lessen the pain. But then he realized with amazement that Randy was not pushing, but pulling Hassan toward him by his bunched-up tank, urging him on to fuck harder, to pound his ass in the retribution he deserved. The pain in his ass and his tits was excruciating but he wanted more, *needed* more, to prove his remorse to Bob.

It was a supreme irony. When Randy had first stormed into the room his need was to prove his manhood to himself by reaming Bob's ass. Now he needed to prove to Bob that he was a real man by enduring the humiliation of having his own ass brutally fucked. He had to be broken by another master, equal to him in strength and beauty.

As Randy yanked at Hassan's tank it ripped away from his chest and hung from his shoulders, but neither man was aware of it as the soldier pounded relentlessly, torturing the construction boss's ass and chest. But now Hassan's rage was tinged with admiration for the stoic endurance of the ravaged man. "OK, man," he gasped breathlessly. "You're tough .... I know you can take all the pain I can dish out. But what I want is an apology for me and my boy ..... and I want more than words .... I want you to show it. I want to see the ultimate act of surrender to me and my boy. And man, I'm gonna pile-drive that ass until you submit.

He yanked his hands off Randy's tits and fell forward, pinning his wrists to the bed above his head. Their eyes locked and Hassan said, "Here it comes, man." The Marine piled every

ounce of his strength into the savage fuck, his hips slamming forward mercilessly, driving his steel rod ever deeper into Randy's shattered ass.

And finally Randy let go, opening his mouth in a piercing scream that echoed round the room. Tears streamed from his eyes, his massive body bucked and heaved, muscles rippling and pouring with sweat. At last the beaten construction worker howled, "OK, man ..... you win ..... I can't take any more ..... please, you're ripping me open ..... I'm begging you ..... aaagh ..... my ass! ..... OK, I submit, I give up ..... I apologize ..... I submit to you, sir..... aaagh...!" His body convulsed, his head flew back and his cock exploded in a massive stream of hot juice that splashed down on his chest, his agonized face and into his tousled black hair.

Hassan howled in triumph as he drove his cock deep one last time and blasted his cum into the tortured asshole that had taken such a savage pounding. When his cock had drained Hassan pulled it out, leapt to his feet and gazed down at the incredible sight. The dark demon muscle-god lay beaten and humiliated on the bed, his shirt hanging in shreds, pants crumpled round his boots, his stubbled face and muscular body scratched and bruised, smothered in dirt, sweat and semen. He had been tortured, brutally fucked in the ass, had begged the soldier for mercy and screamed in defeat and abject submission to the dominant Marine. It was total degradation.

The King of the Gypsies had been broken. And whatever battles he fought in the future, he would never again abuse his power over a defenseless boy.

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Bob was proud of his lover. Through pain and humiliation he had acknowledged his guilt and demonstrated his remorse. But Bob knew better than to go to him. At such moments Randy needed a little time and space to re-gather his strength and reassume his role as boss. Instead, Bob found himself shaking the hand that Hassan had offered him. "You know I had to do that, buddy," Hassan said. "No hard feelings on your part, I hope."

Bob smiled. "I know Randy well enough to know that he would have done just the same to any man who hurt Pablo. And I know that he'll respect you for what you did. Here, come and clean off in the bathroom and let me find you a T-shirt. Randy kind of shredded yours."

While they chatted quietly for a while in the bathroom, restoring the harmony that usually existed between them, Randy was pulling himself together. He always recovered quickly from a beating and now, as he eased himself painfully off the bed and pulled up his pants, he had one objective in mind .... something he absolutely had to do. Quietly he left the bedroom.

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In the kitchen Eddie was talking quietly to Nate, trying to explain everything that had happened. He was nervous about Nate's reaction as Nate had, after all, been Hassan's boy when Adam was out of town. But he needn't have worried. Nate was still riding on Cloud 9 over the

prospect of living with Adam as his boy now that Adam was moving permanently to Los Angeles, and he was thrilled that Hassan had chosen Eddie to take his place. Even in his euphoria he had felt some concern about Hassan, as if he were deserting him for Adam, so everything seemed to be working out fine.

Well, not quite everything. There was still the problem of ..... At that moment the door crashed open and a wild man stood there, the big muscular boss, still bearing the marks of a fight, his shirt hanging off him in shreds, body heaving with ragged breaths, eyes gleaming. Eddie gasped and shrank back against the wall, trying to hide behind Nate. After the savage way Randy had spoken to him earlier the boy was terrified.

So he was amazed when Randy stretched out his arms and said gently, "Come here, Eddie." Afraid as he was, Eddie would not dare defy the boss and he walked forward nervously, to find himself folded in the muscular arms in a warm embrace. Randy cradled him gently in his arms and whispered in his ear. "Hey, kiddo, all that stuff I said to you earlier ..... it was all crazy talk, total bullshit ..... I must've been off my head, in a rage at someone else. I love you, boy, you're a great kid and I'm sorry I hurt you."

He pulled back and gazed into Eddie's eyes. "Yeah, you'll do fine as Hassan's boy. He couldn't have chosen anyone better. And I hope that in time you'll both come to look on me as your friend. You think that might happen?"

Eddie stared in surprise at the pale blue eyes smiling into his and said shyly, "I do, sir. Thank you, sir." He fell against his chest and once again felt Randy's arms close round him. Neither one was aware of Bob and Hassan standing in the doorway. Alarmed at finding Randy gone they had run down to the kitchen, but they pulled up short as they saw Randy hugging the boy.

It was nothing short of amazing. The big rugged boss, who so far today had thrashed a man in a brutal fight, then vented his anger by fucking Bob's ass, and finally been crushed by the angry Marine, who had reamed his ass, broken him and made him submit ..... this was the same man who was now cradling Eddie gently in his arms, like a wild animal nurturing its cub.

Hassan cleared his throat and Randy turned round. After an awkward silence Hassan stretched out his hand and Randy grasped it firmly. Their eyes met for long seconds and then Randy said simply. "Thanks, man. He's a great kid. Be proud of him."

"I am," said Hassan. He broke away and took Eddie into a warm hug. Bob looked at Randy, smiled and shook his head. "Incredible," he said. "You are so fucking awesome, man."

"Are we OK?" Randy asked anxiously.

"Better than ever, stud. And I'll try to prove that later ..... maybe after you've cleaned up, though." He turned to the others. "Hey, soldier, before you whisk Eddie back to your lair, why

don't the two of you stay to dinner?" Hassan gave him a smile of acceptance. "Even though," Bob continued, "we don't have anyone to cook it. The twins are spending the night with Jason."

"Oh no problem there, sir," said Nate, suddenly stepping forward. He thickened his Australian accent and grinned widely. "No worries at all, mate. You've got two Aussies right here. So Adam and me .... we'll just throw a bunch of shrimps on the barbie."

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So barbecue it was. Adam and Nate cleaned off the brick barbecue that Randy had built long ago, the same one where the twins had once used too much lighter fuel and started a fire, summoning the fire-brigade. One of the fire crew had been the spectacular, blond calendar hunk, Jason. One thing led to another and at this very moment they were at his house, planning his big party and spending the night there, taking care of his non-party needs too.

Adam and Nate worked with the expert barbecue skills that all Aussies seem to be born with. Their enthusiasm was heightened by simply being together, knowing that this was the first of many meals they would cook together as master and boy. Actually, the meal turned out to be a double celebration, marking the union not only of Adam and Nate, but Hassan and Eddie too.

All the men of the house were gathered, except the twins, of course. Eddie and Jamie were setting the table by the pool and bringing out salads and drinks while Adam and Nate worked the barbecue. Bob, Mark and Hassan were huddled together, trying to restore normalcy to the house after the dramatic events of the day. Zack and Darius had just arrived from across the street and Pablo had cornered Randy, who was now looking less like a wild man, having showered and put on clean jeans and a white T-shirt, insisted on by Bob.

Pablo was still gazing in awe at his master. "You were awesome in that fight, sir. You really kicked ass, showed the guy who was boss."

"Yeah, but he's a hell of a fighter. And you saw the mistake I made at the start."

"Yes, sir. When you blocked his right hook you let him get under your guard, slam your stomach with his left and drop you. He had you on the ground for a while but I knew you'd beat him. That hanging chokehold was awesome. You can beat anyone..... I want to be just like you, sir."

"No you don't, kid. Sure, I took care of that guy, but then I lost my cool entirely, let my anger rule me, and I demolished that shy young kid Eddie, verbally at least. I paid the price for that and I'm glad I did. Remember, kid, do what you like with guys your own size but never be a bully. Boys have to be protected. Remember that kiddo, 'cause one day soon I hope you'll have a boy of your own." Pablo looked at him in surprise .... that was a whole new concept.

By now the tempo was heating up and Adam and Nate were proudly putting food on the table. “There you go, mates,” said Adam. “Barbecue, Aussie style. First of many, I hope.” Soon the meal was in full swing and the conversation had split into two groups, men and boys.

The boys were corralled by Darius who had the distinct feeling he had been left out of the loop on the Eddie/Hassan story and was eager to catch up ..... making Eddie keep his promise of “spilling all the beans.” He kept pumping the boy for more and more details, knowing that this story, at least, had no need of exaggeration.

In the men’s group Randy, having purged his demons, was quickly assuming his role of boss again, anxious to prove to Bob that he had reformed and would be a benign leader from now on. He was bending over backwards to be helpful and creative, especially when the topic turned to Adam and where he would live. He glanced at Bob, then said, “Now listen, guys, Bob and I have been talking about the house next door. The old lady’s leaving to live with her sister and putting the house up for sale. We’ve been toying with the idea of buying it as income property.

He was hitting his stride. “But here’s the deal: this tribe of ours is pretty much bursting at the seams, what with Eddie shacking up with the twins and now Adam.” He grinned. “We wanna keep the Aussie close so he doesn’t take Nate away from us. Don’t wanna lose that boy. So here’s my plan. We buy the house and offer it to you, Adam, for rent. You’ll live there with Nate, of course, and that leaves Nate’s current room for Eddie. That would put him next door to Darius and Pablo who can keep an eye on him when he’s not at Hassan’s place.

“Now, the old lady ran the place into the ground and it needs a shit-load of work, but nothing we can’t handle, eh Zack? We can fix it up in no time and Adam can help. As I recall you’re pretty impressive when it comes to construction, buddy.” Zack grinned at Adam, recalling how last time they worked on a construction project together it turned into a macho trial of strength between the two of them, ending in Adam getting tied up and whipped by the leatherman.

“So how about it guys?” Randy sat back with a self-satisfied smile and a trace of arrogance. In the general chorus of admiration and approval Bob looked at Randy and smiled.

‘The boss is back,’ he thought.

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So the dust of the day had settled and the wheels were set in motion. Adam was to spend the next few weeks here for management orientation with his airline before going back briefly to Sydney to settle his affairs and then move back here for good. He shared Nate’s room, of course, while Eddie spent much of his time blissfully with Hassan. Mark and Jamie were content to let all this wash over them, happy with each other and their routine of the blond surfer waiting naked every evening to get fucked by his uniformed cop. Darius joked that the boys were all living in the lap of the gods, and they agreed that was pretty close to the truth.

There was a ton of work to be done and they took it all on with energy. But after a week or so Randy declared a break as they were all in the mood for a party. And they got one. Ever since the twins' two days with Jason, where they mixed work with pleasure ..... and sex ... they had been busy with party preparations. They liked and admired the gorgeous fireman and worked hard to make his party a success. The crowd of men and boys would all need to be well fed and entertained.

So they spent a lot of time at Jason's house, doing whatever food prep they could do in advance, and gathering supplies and drinks. Randy and Zack brought tables from the house and construction site that the twins planned to arrange in the garden with linen cloths over them. The twins even press-ganged the other boys into spending an afternoon tidying up the garden, which Jason had let run riot. Nate and Eddie eagerly accepted their roles as cater-waiters and when the big day came everything was ready.

Everyone was there ..... all the guys from the house, of course, including Adam, then Steve and Lloyd, and Billy, of course, Pablo's dog who was making his rambunctious presence felt. Jason, the genial host, greeted the men and boys as they arrived in high spirits and whooped and hollered when they saw the twins and the waiters. The twins were wearing white sneakers, white shorts and that's all, except for plain white aprons that only partially covered their finely sculpted chests. Nate and Eddie were similarly dressed in white shorts, but instead of aprons they were shirtless except for small white collars round their necks with black bow ties.

"Awesome, dudes," Darius said as he appraised them. "Hey, do the guests get to fuck the help at this party?" Zack clipped him lightly round the head, but he and the other men were seriously impressed by the sight of the four young guys. "Hey," Mark said. "Bob, Adam, Hassan, you better keep a close eye on your boys there. They look so damn cute they'll be getting offers to go live and work with the rich and famous."

"And turn their backs on the hot and horny?" Bob said in mock surprise. "I don't think so, eh guys?" He winked at the twins as they blushed and ran off to the kitchen to start bringing out the food. Randy caught Bob's admiring gaze as he watched them go. "I'm so proud of them," Bob said, "and the way things have turned out. They've really taken control of this event, really come into their own. They're growing up."

"Yeah," Randy chuckled, "well apparently you ain't seen nothing yet, according to the rumors Darius has been spreading. Like I always say, that kid has a mouth like a megaphone."

The meal was a huge success, with the twins laboring mightily in the kitchen, keeping everything in rhythm like orchestra conductors, while Nate and Eddie ran back and forth with food and drinks, good-naturedly dodging the groping, wolf-whistles and bawdy comments of the rambunctious group. Billy was getting under their feet as he ran around excitedly, keeping his eye on Pablo for scraps from the table. "Hey," Randy called out to the boys when all the food

was served. “Come and join us. We’re not too proud to sit with the help ..... especially when the help’s as hot as you guys.”

The twins came and sat next to Bob and Randy, and Bob’s eyes shone as he said, “You’re doing a terrific job, guys. I’m real impressed and proud of you.” Nate sat with Adam of course, who whispered to him, “Hey, mate, later tonight I want you to wear that collar and tie when I fuck you, OK? I’ve fucked plenty of waiters in my time but never any as hot as you look right now.” And Eddie sat proudly next to Hassan, basking in the glow of his new master’s affection.

Near the end of the meal Randy stood up and raised his glass. “Gentlemen, I propose a toast .... to our new couples of masters and boys ..... Adam and Nate who’ll be living next door, and to Hassan and Eddie who will be ..... hell, I leave it to your imagination what they’ll be doing. You’ll be great together, guys ...but remember, if you ever get angry with each other you can always count on me to referee. As you know, anger management is a specialty of mine.”

There were howls of laughter and derision, then loud applause as Randy sat down and clamped his mouth over Bob’s in a long, lingering kiss.

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It was when the meal was over that the party swung into high gear. And the roles of the twins changed from orchestra leader in the kitchen to ring master as they stood up and faced the audience, which was by now well lubricated with liquor. The twins raised their hands for silence and when they spoke they traded off, Kyle speaking one sentence, then Kevin the next. It was a perfect double act.

“Gentlemen,” Kyle began, “Jason has entrusted us with today’s entertainment.” A smattering of applause, then Kevin took over. “We and the other boys have been talking.” There was a collective groan from the masters. They knew of old that that statement always spelled trouble.

“We are all a bit frustrated that we are the one’s always to get fucked ..... some would even say ‘fucked over’.” (“No way .... shame!” came the lusty objections from the men.) “So, we decided that today would be a great opportunity to turn the tables ..... that’s if our masters are men enough to take it.” (More raucous protests from the men.) “This means,” Kyle said over their ribald shouts, “that the boys are in charge ..... but there will be audience participation. To demonstrate, we are now gonna turn it over to the man who likes to call himself senior boy. Please, gentlemen, give it up for ..... Pablo!”

As they withdrew to the side Pablo bounced up before the audience and bowed, reveling in his turn in the spotlight. He raised his hand to quell the burst of applause and whistles and said. “Now the twins are running this show, but they have given each boy his choice of master. Not much doubt who mine will be .... my dad and sparring partner.”

“You watch your lip, boy,” Randy laughed.

“Now, when most of you guys fuck you probably take it nice and easy. But me and Randy ..... we never do anything nice and easy.” He smiled as he growled, “We like to do it ....nice.... and rough!” Big cheers from the spectators. “So I’m gonna ask my master to follow my lead.” He walked forward, grabbed Randy’s hand and pulled him out front.

“This better be good, kid,” Randy grinned.

“Oh, it will be, sir, if you do as I say.” Pablo pulled off his shirt and Randy, facing him, did the same, all accompanied by drunken cheers from the group and enthusiastic barking from Billy. Then Pablo kicked off his sneakers, dropped his shorts and stood naked except for his white boxers. Rand gave a resigned shrug, kicked off his boots and dropped his jeans. He also (thanks to Bob) was wearing white boxers, and now master and boy stood facing each other.

“Sir,” Pablo said, “I learned this from you when I saw you challenge a guy once. Both guys wrestle, ripping at each other’s shorts, and whoever winds up naked first is the loser and..... guess what ..... gets his ass fucked by the other.”

Randy grinned and visibly relaxed. “You sure about this boy? This is me you’re talking to. OK, you’re in charge. Just be prepared to get that sweet ass of yours jackhammered.”

“Just as you say, sir,” Pablo grinned.

# # #

## Chapter 166 – The Boys Take Control

Pablo and Randy began to circle each other, wrestlers looking for an opening. The crowd went wild, not least Billy, caught up in the excitement, barking frantic encouragement as he ran round and between them. He was, as always, just being protective of Pablo. The boy and his dog could read each other’s minds .... they made a great team.

But now even Billy hung back as a hush settled over the group, intently focused on the two men moving warily around each other. There was a gasp from the crowd as Randy made a sudden grab for Pablo’s shorts. But the boy was agile and quickly leapt back out of reach. That was the match-up .... Randy’s superior strength over Pablo’s youthful agility. When they finally locked together Randy curled his foot behind Pablo’s leg and yanked hard, sending Pablo toppling to the ground with Randy on top of him.

That was it, the crowd thought. The big bodybuilder could easily pin him, rip off his shorts, and that would be that. But Randy’s over-confidence made him want to taunt the boy a bit so he didn’t move in for the kill. Bad idea. Pablo squirmed underneath his master, his lithe young

body wriggled free and he sprang to his feet. He looked down at the surprised Randy and grinned. "See, I don't get beat so easily, sir."

Randy leapt to his feet. "Yeah, but you do get beat, kid. Come on then..... let's see what you got." He opened his arms wide, teasing Pablo with feigned vulnerability, but Pablo had grappled many times with his master and knew his tricks. Lowering his head Pablo charged like a young bull, slamming a vicious head-butt into Randy's stomach. At the same instant he grabbed at his shorts and, as Randy staggered back winded, most of one leg ripped off. To huge cheers from the spectators Pablo waved the fragment triumphantly in the air.

Randy recovered his balance and looked down at his ripped shorts. His confident attitude shifted and he grinned ominously. "So, you thought I would throw the fight, eh kid? Well think again." He ran toward his boy and surprised him by pivoting behind him and wrapping one arm round his neck in a tight headlock. Pablo grabbed at the forearm clamped round his neck but there was no way he could pry it loose. He was helpless as Randy used his other hand to jerk at Pablo's shorts, ripping them bit by bit until all that was left was the waistband and shreds hanging from it.

The crowd agreed that Pablo was finished, but they didn't reckon with the fighting skills that Randy had drummed into him. Pablo clenched his fist, moved his arm forward, then slammed his elbow back into Randy's ribs. The big man howled and the shock made him loosen his hold round Pablo's neck, enough for the boy to slide his head under his arm and escape.

Again they circled round each other but with mere shreds hanging off Pablo's waist Randy taunted him. "What price your ass now, kid? You're done for. Might as well give it up to me now, kiddo, 'cause it's gonna get ploughed." Pablo knew that all it would take was one small tug at the remains of his shorts and he would lose the match. But he had one more trick to play, a dirty trick, maybe, but Randy had always told him, 'Whatever it takes, boy.'

And all it took was a whistle. Billy had been crouching nearby watching the fight intently, ready to spring to Pablo's defense if given the signal. And Pablo did just that with a low whistle. Unseen by Randy Billy rose off his haunches, ran behind Randy and stood still. Pablo watched his over-confident master waving the shreds of his shorts in the air. He seized the moment, ran forward and gave Randy a gentle push.

It wasn't much, just enough to make Randy to take a few steps back, bump against Billy and lose his balance. As he started to fall backwards Pablo grabbed the waistband of his shorts and the weight of the falling body did the rest. Pablo held on tight, a ripping sound filed the air, and Randy tumbled backwards over Billy, flat on his back ..... naked.

Bill barked jubilantly and the crowd stood up and went crazy. Pablo paraded before them, the shreds of his own shorts still intact, holding Randy's torn shorts high like a victory trophy. "Hey," Randy yelled from the ground. "That was double-teaming .... against the rules!" Pablo grinned down at him. "No, sir ..... your rule has always been 'whatever it takes!' Here boy."

He crouched down, Billy leapt up against him and licked his face so joyously it seemed he knew he had stolen a victory for his master.

Randy grinned at the two of them, shook his head and said, "Son-of-a-bitch."

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The crowd fell silent again as Pablo prepared to claim the winner's prize. His gorgeous, muscle-stud master lay on the ground looking up at Pablo with a mix of pride and frustration. In front of all the guys he had been beaten by his boy..... squarely if not entirely fairly. But he had to admire the kid's fighting spirit and was resigned to his fate. He even welcomed it as he felt his cock stir ..... despite the trace of humiliation he felt in front of the whole tribe.

Finally Pablo came to the end of his victory lap and knelt at Randy's feet. Now that the moment had come he felt a slight nervousness as he too realized the potential for humiliating his master. But the rules were the rules. Still, as he gazed into Randy's eyes he faltered. Randy smiled at him and said, "Go for it boy. Let me see you fuck your old man's ass. And don't hold back ..... you know I wouldn't. Make me proud of you, kid."

A surge of confidence swept through Pablo. He edged forward on his knees, pulled up Randy's legs and hooked them over his shoulders. The unfamiliar prospect of fucking his master was making his cock rock hard as he pressed the head into the tangle of black hair at Randy's hole. His heart was pounding as suddenly he pushed over the sphincter and felt the warmth just inside the ass. "Here we go, sir," he said tentatively as he pushed his cock deeper and deeper into the chute until it came to rest, and he stopped still. His confidence started to ebb and he wasn't sure how to proceed.

Randy knew the boy needed a boost. "Hey, don't hold back, boy. It's not as if this is the first time you've done this to me. So forget those guys. This is about you and me. Hell, you're my boy. You know damn well what I would do. So give it to me, kid. I can take it."

That did the trick. It was a challenge by his master and Pablo rose to it. He gazed into the steady blue eyes and said, "OK, here it comes." He pulled his cock all the way out of the ass, then plunged it in hard, pulled back and slammed it in again. His cock became a pile driver pistoning into his master's body as the boy was driven wild by the erotic sight of the rugged, stubbled face thrashing in pain and ecstasy. He had watched Randy fuck other men savagely, most recently Jason, and he was determined to match his master's dominance.

The onlookers rose to their feet, awestruck by the incredible sight ..... the big construction boss on his back, his ass being pounded by his boy. The white globes of Pablo's perfect ass flexed hard as his hips pistoned mercilessly back and forth. They watched in breathless silence until, as always, Randy gave them their cue. "That's it, kid," he yelled at Pablo. "Come on, boy, slam that ass. Show them all you're my boy. Show 'em what you got, boy."

That unleashed a storm of cheers, whistles and bawdy encouragement. The show was spectacular. Randy had fucked most of them in the past and the other masters had endured the macho ferocity of his sexual dominance, and now here was the boss getting his ass brutally fucked by his boy. Most of the guys were rubbing the bulges growing in their pants, while Darius, true to form, had whipped out his camera and was discretely filming what he knew would be one for the history books.

When it came to fucking, Randy was a showman and he now deliberately kicked the show into high gear. "His body was writhing and flexing under the onslaught, his face contorted in pain as he yelled, "OK, boy, that's enough ..... you're too fucking rough, I can't take any more. Stop, now!"

"Fuck you, man," Pablo yelled. "You lost, I beat you, and you're getting your ass reamed. I've taken enough hard fucks from you.... it's payback time."

Fired up now the audience howled their support. "Right on, kid .... hammer that ass ..... make him feel it .... torture his ass."

Pablo fell forward and pinned Randy's wrists to the ground above his head. In this position the boy's body was raised and stiff over Randy, only his feet and hands touching the ground, so his entire weight was behind the merciless thrust of his cock into the suffering ass. "No!" Randy screamed. "I can't take any more. Please, finish me off ..... cum inside my ass. Please ..... no more ..... I give up ..... I submit ..... I submit, sir. My ass is yours."

The crowd became quiet again as they heard the master beg, jackhammered and humiliated by his own boy, his muscles bulging and gleaming with sweat as they flexed against the brutal attack on his ass. Pablo had never been so stoked. "OK, man," he yelled, "That's all I wanted to hear. So here it comes ..... let me see you shoot all over that gorgeous body..... aaagh!" It was a dual scream as master and boy both blasted huge loads, one inside Randy's ass and his own over his "gorgeous body" and face as Pablo had directed. This wild climax sent the crowd crazy with cheers, applause and howls of admiration for such an erotic show.

Pablo was elated as he gazed wide-eyed at his master's swarthy face, now smothered in cum. Randy laughed and said, "Come here, kid," and pulled him down on top of him, folding his arms round him. After their heavy breathing slowed Pablo whispered in his ear, "That was pretty much bullshit, sir, what you said back there. You could have taken me at any time and we both know it."

"Sure, kiddo," Randy said quietly, "but you gotta put on a show for folks ..... something they'll remember. And they'll sure as hell remember that. I love you, kiddo. We're a great team."

Pablo broke away, jumped to his feet, then reached down, grabbed Randy's hand and pulled him up beside him. Randy held Pablo's arm up high like a boxing referee proclaiming the winner. Another burst of cheers ..... for a show they really would remember for a long time.

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It was a tough act to follow, but the other boys were determined. Naturally Darius was next, having been radically turned on watching his lover fuck the big boss. He was not about to be upstaged, but needed some props ..... wardrobe to be more exact ..... and he dragged a good-natured Zack into the house.

The drinking resumed amid much back-slapping and compliments for Pablo and Randy. Far from being humiliated Randy felt a surge of pride that his boy had used him to put on a spectacular show ..... Plus the fact that it had felt so damn good. In fact he whispered in Pablo's ear, "Hey, kid, maybe – just maybe - we should do that more often when we're alone. How about one night after work in my trailer office on the site?"

Pablo was about to give an enthusiastic reply when suddenly, "Wow!" Adam had been the first to see the stars of the next act appear from the house. They were a sight to behold ..... two magnificent black leathermen, both in boots and black leather chaps, bare-assed without jeans. They both wore leather caps and mirror glasses, Zack had a studded leather harness crossed over his massive chest and Darius wore a leather vest.

Ignoring the whoops and cheers of the audience they walked near to one of the tables and faced each other. After a long pause, where they saw each other reflected in their mirror glasses, they threw off their caps and tossed them into the crowd. Slowly, they removed their glasses and dropped them. Their faces came closer and their mouths clamped together in a long, ravenous kiss.

They finally pulled apart and paused again. Zack was standing with his back against the table, which had been cleared off except for the linen cloth that still covered it. Darius was running admiring hands over Zack's harness when suddenly he shoved against his chest and Zack fell backwards onto the table. He lay on his back, his ass hanging over the edge and the crowd gasped, realizing what was coming next. Darius stood back, spat in his hand and ran it up and down all ten inches of his enormous cock.

Zack had allowed himself to be dressed up and had gone along with Darius's charade so far. After Pablo's performance he kind of figured the way things would go, but now that the moment had come he had second thoughts and said, "Hey, man, I'm not sure I'm into this."

"Can't take it, uh?" Darius sneered. "Big tough muscle-stud like you? Guess you're just one of those leather guys who are all show. They stand around looking good but when it starts to get down and dirty there's nothing there, they chicken out. Is that it, big guy?"

Zack actually bristled at his boy's words and he growled, "Try me, asshole." Darius smiled down at his master, grabbed his legs and pushed them up in a V, pushing against the heels of his boots. In a standing position his rigid cock was pointing straight at Zack's ass and all he

had to do was walk forward for the head of the cock to home in on its goal. It pressed against the warm hole and as Darius took small, slow steps forward his long pole began to disappear inexorably into the leatherman's ass.

Zack's eyes widened as he stared at his boy, feeling the cock penetrate him inch by inch by inch. Finally he felt Darius's pubic hair pressing against the cheeks of his ass and the whole length of the huge rod came to rest deep inside his ass. Impulsively Zack shouted, "Jesus, that is so fucking huge!"

The onlookers' awed silence was broken by a gale of laughter, the tension was released and Darius proceeded to put on his show, riding his master's ass, holding both feet high with one hand while raising the other arm triumphantly in the air, whooping like a young cowboy riding a stallion at the rodeo. Zack gripped the edge of the table to brace himself, clenched his jaw and flexed his muscles against the onslaught of the long black pole pounding his ass.

Zack had watched Darius fuck before, but it was always other guys who were impaled on his massive tool. It had tamed many a man in the past, most recently his young boss on the film set. But now Zack felt what they had felt, the full sense of invasion by the incredible cock. He gazed up at his gorgeous boy, at his muscular torso under the black leather vest that flew open as the hips pounded and his arm pumped in the air. The ridges of his washboard abs flexed, his flared lats narrowed down to the slim, tight waist cinched by the wide leather waistband of the chaps.

Darius was going wild. He lowered Zack's legs and hooked them over his shoulder. Then he reached forward and clutched the harness crossed over Zack's chest. As his hips pistoned forward he yanked on the harness, pulling Zack toward him to heighten the pressure as he impaled him on his cock. Zack instinctively removed one hand that had been clutching the table's edge and wrapped it instead round his own cock.

Spurred on by the wild cheering of the spectators and the erotic feeling of his boy's cock driving deep into the inner chambers of his ass, Zack began to pound his cock in his fist. "Man," he said breathlessly, "you are so fucking beautiful boy, and that cock.....! It's making me so hot I gotta bust my load. Come on, boy, pound that ass. Let me feel your juice inside me." Darius's steady smile and the rhythm of his hips was driving Zack crazy. "I said cum inside me, boy. That's an order. Your master is ordering you shoot, boy. Do it!"

The crowd fell silent, mesmerized by the spectacle of the leather master ordering his boy to shoot inside him. The roles had been reversed, then reversed again until they blurred into an erotic image of two leathermen, one getting his ass hammered by the massive cock of the other.

Darius gazed at his master and obeyed the order. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Here it comes ..... I love you, sir ..... aaagh! His cock shuddered and erupted deep inside his master and he watched spellbound as Zack's magnificent body tensed, he threw his head back and howled

as he pumped his cock to a massive orgasm, shooting semen high into the air, splashing onto his boy's face and chest.

As their cocks drained their bodies gradually became still and they gazed at each other in disbelief at what had just happened. "Awesome," Zack breathed. "Totally fucking awesome." And his head sank back on the table in exhaustion.

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The onlookers went wild as the two leathermen got to their feet, Zack threw his arm over his boy's shoulder and they walked toward the din of congratulation. So, Pablo and Darius had set the pace, more liquor had flowed, the crowd was increasingly raucous and the other boys couldn't wait for their turn to come. Not surprisingly, then, what followed was a rampant orgy of boy-on-man action as the boys grabbed their masters and pulled them out front, turning the placid lawn into an arena where the men prepared to indulge the lust of their boys.

Jamie and Nate, close friends as ever, acted in tandem, standing before Mark and Adam. Quickly they stripped the men's T-shirts and shorts off them and the stunning men lay naked on the ground before them. The twins were next, dragging Bob and Jason from the table and asking them politely to take off their clothes. The four boys were soon naked too and gazed down at the incredible sight of the four muscle gods waiting for their asses to get ploughed.

"OK, guys," shouted Mark to the other three men. "Think they've got what it takes? Think they're men enough to fuck their masters?"

"Doubt it," said Adam. "Their dicks are good and hard but it takes more than a stiff dick to top a master ..... especially four studs like us."

"Can't be done," Jason agreed. "See them hesitate?" said Bob. "They're wimping out."

"Hey, guys," Jamie shouted. "Sounds like a challenge to me ..... let's get 'em." Acting in perfect unison the boys dropped to their knees, hooked their man's legs over their shoulders and pushed their cocks smoothly into their master's ass. Howls of delight filled the air as the boys gazed into their masters' eyes and pumped their hips with mounting exuberance."

Randy and Zack, who had already set a spectacular example, sat together, still naked, their backs against a table, legs stretched in front of them, sipping yet another beer. "Now that, buddy," said Randy, slurring his words and pointing his bottle unsteadily at the action, "is something you don't see every day of the week ..... a whole bunch of bodybuilders getting their asses reamed by their boys. It's enough to make a grown man weep."

"I dunno about that, man," stammered Zack, equally drunk. "I ain't gonna weep ..... I'm gonna jack off." He grabbed his semi-erect dick and began pumping it. Meanwhile, Pablo and Darius, still stoked from their own performances, circled the action ..... Pablo as ringmaster,

yelling instructions and encouragement, and Darius as cinematographer, his camera at his eye, determined to record every detail for posterity.

The boys worked hard, gazing down at their masters' faces, then looking across at each other to coordinate their building rhythms. It wasn't long before the first howls of ecstasy pierced the evening air, immediately followed by others as eight cocks exploded in unison. It was raining semen, a cloudburst of cum as juice poured from the four men and splashed down on their heaving chests, while the boys blasted hot cum deep inside the ass of their master.

"Way to go, guys," shouted Pablo, waving an arm in the air like a circus ringmaster at the climax of a show, beaming at Randy and Zack who rose unsteadily to their feet, raising beer bottles in salute with hoarse, drunken cheers. They too had pumped their cocks as they watched the spectacular orgiastic event and had blasted their loads in time with all the others.

Randy threw his arm around Zack and slurred, "One hell of a tribal ritual, eh, buddy?"

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So every man and boy had blasted his load ..... except for two, who had been more restrained in their reactions to the show. Eddie had removed the collar and bow tie he had worn as a server, pulled on a T-shirt and pressed close against Hassan, his eyes wide with wonder, his mind a whirl of amazement, admiration ..... and trepidation. As the cheers died down Hassan read his boy's thoughts. "So what do you think, kiddo? You wanna go for it .... show them what we can do?"

Eddie watched the triumphant boys returning to the table with their masters, bodies still streaming with cum. He was nervous as hell, but a big part of him wanted to show everyone that he was one of the boys, and that Hassan was his master. So he looked at Hassan and said hesitantly, "I .... I think so, sir .... as long as you'll....."

"I'll take care of you, Eddie ..... always. Just keep your eyes on me and forget everything else." He took Eddie's arm and they walked out front and faced each other. A hush fell over the noisy celebration as the guys regained their seats, watching in rapt silence out of respect for the boy's obvious nervousness and for the macho Marine who was guiding him. They saw Hassan pull off his tank-top and drop his shorts, and many hearts beat faster as they gazed at the beautiful, muscle-god soldier standing naked before his boy.

Smiling into Eddie's eyes Hassan gently pulled the boy's T-shirt over his head, and a gasp went up from the crowd as Hassan dropped to his knees. He quickly unbuttoned Eddie's shorts, letting them fall, and his cock sprang out, stiff as a pole. "Oh, mate," Nate said quietly to Jamie, "surely he's not gonna ..... " But he did. Hassan leaned forward and lowered his mouth over his boy's cock letting it slide all the way to the back of his throat. More gasps from the crowd as they watched the unbelievable sight of the rugged soldier, naked on his knees sucking his boy's cock.

Almost at once Hassan felt Eddie's cock shudder in his mouth and he knew well his boy's habit of cumming quickly and often, so he pulled back. He gazed up at Eddie and said, "Do you wanna fuck me, boy?" Eddie's heart was pounding, his cock dripping with pre-cum, real close to orgasm. "Yes, please, sir," he said firmly. Hassan fell on his back and, making it easier and more tantalizing for Eddie, grabbed his own ankles and pulled his legs back high in the air, exposing his ass, Eddie's target.

In a trance, oblivious of all the men and boys watching in mesmerized silence, Eddie fell to his knees, licked the palm of his hand and used it to lubricate his cock. He thought his heart would burst from his chest as he eased the head of his dick into the thicket of curly black hair round Hassan's ass. "Go for it, kid," Hassan said softly. "Make me feel good."

With that reassurance Eddie pushed his hips forward and suddenly felt the incredible sensation of his cock sliding over the sphincter then deeper into the soldier's hot ass. The feeling electrified his whole body and, as his cock came to rest in the warm velvet depths of the ass, he shuddered and screamed, "No!" And his cock erupted in his master's ass.

The onlookers were shocked that he had cum right away, and disappointed to be deprived of a show, like fans at a first-round knockout. The most shocked of all was Eddie himself who gazed at Hassan in wild-eyed panic. But Hassan just smiled. "It's OK, Eddie. Listen I know how you can cum as often and as fast as you like. It's one of the things I love about you. So look at me now, take your time ..... and fuck my ass, boy. That's an order."

"Yes, sir," Eddie said solemnly. And so he obeyed his master. Buried in the Marine's hot ass his cock had never lost its erection. He pulled his hips back and started to fuck, tentatively at first but gaining in strength and confidence. Realizing what was happening the crowd finally found its voice and cheered him on. Eddie was in heaven, gazing down at the spectacular soldier, his muscles flexing as his body jerked in response to the boy's hips pounding against his ass, the hard rod driving deep inside him. Eddie sensed that this was his moment .... the moment he could show the tribe that he truly was one of them, could prove that he was worthy of the magnificent Marine who was allowing him to fuck his ass.

The crowd was going wild again, with lusty shots of encouragement. But Hassan had been right about Eddie's youthful virility, his habit of cumming quickly and often, and he felt the boy's cock already pulsing inside him. "It's OK, Eddie ..... it's time. Let's show them, eh? Let's show them what a great team we are. Here, grab my cock with both hands."

Hassan was still holding his own legs high so Eddie's hands were free and he reached forward and wrapped both hands round Hassan's long, thick pole, linking his fingers so he was holding the cock tight. Without easing up on the relentless pounding of his ass Eddie ran his linked hands up and down the shaft, watching as Hassan's head thrashed in ecstasy. He had never felt so much a part of another guy as the pulsing he felt in Hassan's cock matched his own driving inside his master.

So the timing was impeccable. He could feel the blood racing through the veins of the cock in his hands, could almost feel the semen roaring up through it. He pointed the cock straight at Hassan's face and, as cum blasted from it and slammed into the gorgeous features, Eddie's own cock exploded in his master's ass for the very first time. The crowd went crazy, screaming and applauding as they gazed at the incredible spectacle of a boy pounding not only the ass of the muscle-god soldier put also his cock, holding it like a hose as it poured semen onto the soldier's rugged face.

It was truly a fitting climax to the event and everyone crowded round the two men as they rolled over the grass in a passionate embrace. When they could make themselves heard above the din the twins shouted, "And that, gentlemen, concludes the entertainment portion of Jason's party. We thank him for hosting it, and we hope you enjoyed it." Enjoyed it!? The guys were drunkenly ecstatic and the boys hoisted the twins on their shoulders and paraded them round the garden.

Randy grinned at Bob. "How about them twins then, eh buddy? Some boys you got there."

"I know," Bob beamed. "They promised us a party to remember .... and they sure delivered."

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The memories lingered on ..... the hangovers too. However, the next morning Randy, ever the strict boss, said, "OK, guys. Great party ..... but it's back to work. So, dragging their hangovers with them, men and boys reported for work on time ..... Randy, Zack, Pablo and Darius to the construction site; Adam to his airline; Jason to the firehouse; and Hassan to the Marines. Nate and Eddie reported for a day's work up at Steve and Lloyd's.

So the house was unusually quiet. Mark had not gone to work as he was studying for a promotion on the police force that required certification. Bob too was working at home in his upstairs office and Jamie was sitting with the twins in the kitchen for a much-delayed meeting about budgeting for the extensive cost of food and supplies for the house.

Poring over lap-tops Kyle and Kevin listened intently to Jamie's long explanations of credit-card usage, invoicing and book-keeping, until finally he sat back and stretched. "Hey, dudes, all this talk of dry old figures is making me thirsty. How about we break for a beer?" With relief the twins happily produced three beers from the fridge and they pushed the lap-tops aside.

Conversation naturally reverted immediately to the events of the previous day as they re-lived the highlights. They focused on the roles they themselves had played out ..... Jamie with Mark and the twins with Bob .... which inevitably led to talk of their masters. They, like everyone else in the house, were aware of the strong attraction that existed between the two men, and they were also aware that Bob was alone in his office and Mark was studying in his apartment.

The three boys were still in the “boys-in-control” mode of yesterday and the light of mischief still danced in their eyes. “Don’t seem right, somehow,” Kyle said playfully, “those two guys working all alone out there.” Kevin completed his thought, “So near and yet so far.”

“Yeah, pity we can’t nudge things along a bit,” said Jamie. “Maybe I’ll drop in on Mark, see if he wants a beer break.” But just then fate intervened and gave them an opening. Bob came in and they all felt their cocks stiffen as they gazed at the square-jawed hunk looking gorgeous as ever, casually dressed, barefoot in shorts and an old gray T-shirt, thin enough to show every contour of his muscular body.

“Hey, guys, I’m out of beer up there. Thought I’d come down and restock.” The twins eagerly grabbed a six-pack and handed it over. “As a matter of fact, sir,” said Jamie, “I was about to take a couple to Mark as he’s all alone.” He shot a glance at the twins. “But we’re pretty engrossed in all these figures here, sir, so I wonder if you could drop in on him instead.”

“No problem,” said Bob. “He can share this six-pack.” Bob smiled to himself, smelling a rat as the boys had obviously abandoned their computers and were engrossed in nothing more than gossip. But never mind, the chance of visiting with Mark was never one to turn down. After he left the room the boys beamed at each other with high-fives all round.

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Mark was struggling with his studies. He was sitting crossed legged on his bed, wearing just undershorts and an oversized old tank that hung loosely on his muscular torso, showing the cleavage between the slabs of his perfect pecs. Surrounding him were manuals and densely worded charts that were making his head spin. Suddenly there was a knock at the door and Bob came in.

Mark flashed a delighted smile. “Hey, buddy, are you a sight for sore eyes or what? Looking gorgeous, as always.”

“Huh, you should talk, stud. How come you always look so fucking pornographic even in a loose old tank like that one? You could wear a suit of armor and still look terrific.”

“Yeah,” Mark laughed, “but looks don’t help with what I’ve got here. I’m supposed to be working up a project for cataloguing the inventory of seized evidence stored at the station and I can’t get the figures to work out.”

“Maybe this’ll help,” Bob smiled holding out the six-pack. “But let me take a look at that first. Here, shove over.”

He sat on the bed, close up to Mark so they could both look at the charts. His cock stiffened as he caught the musky scent of Mark’s body. He guessed that Mark had slept in these clothes (which accounted for the tang of sweat), fucked Jamie as soon as they had woken up (which

accounted for the faint smell of semen), and then, without showering, had started work as soon as Jamie left to go speak to the twins. Bob willed his cock to go down, without success.

As Bob pored over the charts, checking Mark's figures, Mark looked at the handsome, square-jawed face close to his, the Superman features, tousled dark hair and the deep brown eyes focused on his work. Mark always got an erection when he saw Bob, but now that he was this close, aware of Bob's flawless body under the thin fabric of the T-shirt, his cock was hard as a rock. He was jolted from his lustful thoughts by Bob's voice.

"Here, what about this column for lost and mislaid evidence? Did you factor that in?"

"Well .... no I guess not. I figured they wouldn't count as they don't exist, but now that you point it out...."

"I think you'll find that makes the totals come right." Bob was becoming intoxicated with the scent of the near-naked cop and pulled away in embarrassment, reaching for the six-pack. Still studying the chart Mark said, "It works! Hey, man, you're good you know that?"

Bob chuckled. "You don't know how good."

"Oh yes I do," Mark said, fixing Bob with his soft blue/gray eyes. There was a sudden frisson and a heavy silence hung in the air. Bob felt his heart pounding and he stood up hurriedly. "Well, I guess I better go back and check on the twins ....."

"Yeah, and I'd better get back to these ....." He glanced down at the papers, then raised his head and their eyes locked. They were breathing hard. Suddenly Mark reached up, grabbed Bob's arm and pulled him down on the bed. In seconds they were rolling over the bed, sending the papers flying onto the floor as they clawed at each other. Mark grabbed Bob's head, pulled it toward him and their mouths locked in a hungry embrace. Their tongues pressed against each other and suddenly they were sharing the same breath, one exhaling as the other inhaled. They tasted each other, smelled each other, felt each other's bodies as they breathed as one.

Mark was on top now and pulled back, kneeling astride Bob. "Shit, man," he said frantically, "every time I see you come into a room I wanna do this, pull you onto the floor and make love to you. Man, you are so fucking gorgeous, I ....." In his frenzy he reached down grabbed Bob's thin T-shirt in his fist, yanked it clean off and tossed it aside. "Oh, Jesus," he gasped, pressing his palms down on Bob's pecs, then twisting his nipples hard between his fingers.

"Yeah, man," Bob pleaded, "hard, do it harder. God, I love you Mark. He gazed up at the spectacular blond cop with his tank hanging loosely over the sculpted muscles of his chest and in a surge of passion clawed at him tearing the tank on one side. The ripped fabric was now hanging off one shoulder exposing his flexed torso, while his blazing eyes and tousled blond hair enhanced his sculpted Greek-God features.

The image was so pornographically beautiful, so wildly erotic that Bob flew into a frenzy and shouted, "Fuck me, man. Please fuck me. I need to feel your cock in my ass." Mark stood up on the bed, dropped his shorts and towered naked over Bob, heaving like a stallion before moving in for the kill. He dropped to his knees, yanked open Bob's shorts, pulled them down his legs and off. He pushed Bob's legs roughly in the air, eased forward, pressed the head of his cock between the globes of his ass and stared down at him. "I just want you to know, man, that every time I lay eyes on you this is what I want to do.

"Aaagh!" They both howled as the cop's rod drove suddenly into the warm depth of Bob's ass, not resting at the inner sphincter but sliding over it into the secret, sensitive inner chamber where it came to rest. And suddenly they relaxed ..... they were where they wanted to be. Mark smiled at Bob and said, "Hi, buddy." His hips pulled back, the cock slid almost out of the ass, then eased back in. And that was the rhythm ..... a slow, sensuous massage of the velvet membrane of Bob's ass. Their eyes never left each other as they made love ..... for that's what it was, making love, expressed through the language of raw, physical desire.

Imperceptibly Mark increased the pace until his cock was driving in with building passion. Bob was riveted by the sight of the blond muscle-god rising and falling over him, naked except for the shreds of his shirt hanging from one shoulder. Bob was being driven to the brink of orgasm .... but he didn't want this incredible sensation to end. So he pressed his hand against Mark's shoulder. Mark pulled out his cock and allowed himself to be pushed over onto his side, then onto his back. In an instant their positions were reversed, Bob was kneeling over Mark and he quickly slid his cock into the cop's ass.

"Oh, yeah, man," Mark breathed. "I jerk off fantasizing about that and now you're really here, inside me. Fuck me, man. Fuck that cop's ass." And so began a passionate session of love-making as the two flawless bodybuilders, one dark the other blond, fucked each other, trading off, first one on top then the other. It didn't matter which of them was taking the dick in his ass ..... it was all the same, they were together, venting the lust and desire that had been building between them for so long. Their bodies were on fire, their bodies tensed, veins bulging under the thin skin of their flexed muscles. And all that each man saw was the glorious squared-jawed beauty of the face staring back at him.

Bob happened to be on top when the climax came. He was fucking Mark with exquisite tenderness and he was now hypnotized by the blue-gray eyes smiling up at him. "I can't hold it back any more, Mark. You are so fucking beautiful, you feel so good, my cock is bursting. I gotta cum, man."

"Me too, buddy. OK, let's do it. Cum with me, man. Let me feel it." Their hearts pounded, their breath heaved ..... and then ..... "Aaah!" They were not shouts, just heavy sighs from both men as their passion overflowed at last. Mark felt Bob's juice flowing deep inside him and Bob watched in awe as Mark's cock shuddered, then erupted in a ribbon of cum that

sputtered up high and slammed against Bob's face and neck. Another stream followed, this time splashing down on the mounds of Mark's heaving chest.

They paused to let their cocks drain, gazing at each other in wonder. Then Bob fell onto Mark and the two stunning bodies slid together on pools of cum, the fruits of their mutual passion. As they held and kissed each other they were sobbing ..... with tears of joy at the release of love and desire, but tinged also with tears of regret for what might have been.

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Minutes later they sat on the bed drinking beer, warm with the afterglow of intense love-making. Mark grinned at Bob. "You gonna be alright, man ..... with Randy and everything?"

"Oh, sure," Bob said. "I wouldn't have said that until fairly recently, but over time he has accepted that you and I love each other and it doesn't threaten him as much. Oh, I'll tell him about this, of course ..... we tell each other everything ..... even that you took my ass. That would have enraged him before, but now he realizes that part of his attraction for me is that I'm my own man, an alpha male like him, free and determined.

"A man as beautiful as you would have been a challenge to him before, but now, you know, I think it only adds to his desire for me, the fact that a man like you loves me. And a friend into the bargain. It might help if one day, if you're in the mood, you two make love to each other. Don't get me wrong though. He and I are still inseparable and he's still the boss." He grinned. "Just that I've learned how to handle him."

"I know that," Mark said. "Well at least we've had this morning together and will have in the future." He grinned lasciviously. "You wanna go again?"

"What do you think?" Bob smiled. They locked together again, knocking the beer bottles off the bed, soaking the papers already scattered on the floor.

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Meanwhile it was a tough day on the construction site, partly because Randy, Zack, Darius and Pablo were still nursing residual hangovers, but also because the complexity of the current overlapping projects was creating stress. But somehow they got through the day and Randy called a halt. The crew left, followed by Zack who drove Darius home, but Randy still had paperwork to go over in his trailer office. He had driven Pablo here, but Pablo was eager to stick around and wait for him as he wanted to finish some tough work on one of the trucks.

The boy's hangover had long gone, but he was still stressing as he bent under the hood of the truck, wrestling with a hard-to-reach nut he was trying to tighten. "Fuck!" he said, as the wrench slipped yet again. "Fuck you, assholes," he growled, addressing the nut and the wrench personally.

“You know, you’d make it easier on yourself if you used a longer wrench.”

Pablo jerked up, hitting his head on the propped-open hood, and whirled round. “Who the fuck are you?” He was facing a swarthy young guy dressed in filthy jeans, worn-out boots and a sweat-stained old T-shirt. He had a distinctly gypsy look about him, a good-looking kid though, with his square jaw, high cheekbones, and dark hair falling over his brow. The thin T-shirt couldn’t hide a ripped, muscular young body underneath. As he gazed at him Pablo guessed him to be a few years younger than himself ..... maybe about nineteen. But whoever he was, to Pablo he represented a challenge and his natural aggression rose to the surface.

Wearing his usual overalls, hanging by one strap over a shoulder, with nothing underneath, Pablo drew himself up to his full height and puffed out his chest. “So you think I should use a longer wrench, eh?” he sneered. “Well here’s the news on that, dude ..... I’m the chief mechanic round here and I sure as hell don’t need help from a loser like you. Who the fuck are you, anyway? Look like a drifter who hasn’t seen a shower in a while.”

“Yeah, well I’ve walked a long way to get here, man, and I don’t need any crap from you. Is there a guy called Randy works around here?”

Pablo bristled at the sound of that name on this punk’s lips. “What’s it to you? He happens to be the boss here and anyone wanting to see him goes through me, get it?”

“Huh, that shouldn’t be hard by the looks of you. Dude, I could whip your ass without blinking.”

“Oh yeah?” snarled Pablo, dropping the wrench, spreading his arms wide and beckoning with his fingers. “Go ahead, asshole. Try me.”

The boy lunged at Pablo who sidestepped and grabbed him from behind. But the boy was a fighter. He pushed back hard and they both fell backwards onto the ground, with Pablo crushed beneath the boy, stunned. They pulled apart and were instantly grappling, rolling over on the ground trading punches.

“What the fuck?” barked a deep voice. Hearing the commotion Randy had come out of his trailer and now hauled them both off the ground by the neck. They stood before the menacing construction boss and Pablo glared at the boy. “You wanted Randy? This is Randy ..... and he’s my dad.”

“NO!” the boy yelled. “*He’s my brother!*”

Randy gazed at the boy, narrowing his eyes in disbelief. “It can’t be ..... you’ve grown so much ..... is it really....?”

“It is, sir,” said the boy, with tears running down his face.

"I lost touch with you ..... thought I'd never see you .... holy shit ..... my baby brother." Tears filled the big man's eyes "Ben! Come here, kid." He held out his arms and the boy fell into them sobbing on his shoulder. Randy cradled him for a long time until he glimpsed Pablo standing stunned at a distance. Randy broke away and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Pablo, I want you to meet Ben ..... my youngest brother."

Pablo stared at them and his mind went blank. He turned away and ran blindly to the gate.

# # #

## Chapter 167 – Ben

"Hey!" Randy yelled. "Where d'you think you're going? Get your ass back here." Angry at being defied by his boy Randy's tone was harsh, in stark contrast to the tenderness he had shown to Ben. That difference was not lost on Pablo, but he didn't dare disobey Randy any further so he skidded to a halt and walked sullenly back.

"OK," Randy said. "Now I don't know what started that fight and I don't wanna know. But I want you two to shake hands and patch things up. Pablo and Ben glared angrily at each other, still wrestling with the bizarre notion that one of them was Randy's son and the other his young brother. But as such they both owed allegiance to the man looming over them so they reluctantly reached out and joined hands in a limp, halfhearted handshake.

"OK, home," said Randy, still reeling from the sudden appearance of his long-lost baby brother. He laid his hand gently on his shoulder and guided him toward the gate, with Pablo trailing behind them. At the truck Randy opened the passenger door for Ben, who leapt in followed by Pablo. With Randy behind the wheel the configuration was hard for Pablo to take ..... Ben pressed against his big brother, separating him from Pablo, who gazed grimly out the window.

Randy's mind was a whirl of joy and confusion so he turned, as always, to Bob, calling him on his cell phone to tell him briefly what had happened. So when they pulled up at the gate of the house Bob was there waiting to meet them with a broad smile. They climbed down from the truck and Randy said proudly, "Hey buddy, this is Ben, my baby brother."

"Not such a baby anymore," Bob laughed genially. "Handsome young stud more like it."

"Who the hell's this?" snarled Ben defensively, noting the affection Randy showed to this muscular, good-looking guy.

Startled by Ben's rudeness Randy stammered, "Ben, this is Bob .... my ..... we ....."

“We live together,” Bob jumped in rescuing him. “And I hope you’ll look on me as a friend.” He reached out, grabbed Ben’s hand and shook it, despite the boy’s lack of enthusiasm. “OK, first things first,” Bob said, taking charge. “Ben, you look as if you could use a hot shower, and then we’ll find you some clothes. After that, a good hot meal.”

During this exchange no-one noticed that Pablo had run across the street to Zack’s house, guessing that Darius would be there with Zack as he always was when they first got home from work. Pablo needed to talk.

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When Bob and Randy brought Ben into their big master suite he looked around warily. Here’s the bathroom,” Bob said ..... “big, thick towel and everything you need. While you’re showering I’ll dig out some fresh clothes for you. We should probably toss yours as they seem to be on their last legs. Ben managed a grudging “thanks” and Bob left him to it.

In the bedroom he hugged Randy warmly. “I’m real happy for you, buddy. You’ve talked about baby brother Ben so often and I know you missed him. You must be over the moon.”

“Yeah, of course, but .....” and Randy trailed off.

“I know, there are issues, Randy, lots of them, and Ben will need careful handling.”

Randy bristled and shot back, “He’s my brother ..... my guys don’t need baby-sitting, man.”

“Randy, when he last saw you, what was the deal with you?”

“Huh, I had just married that girl. He couldn’t handle that – me with someone else – and he took off with Charlie, next oldest brother to me. And that’s the last time I saw him.”

Bob saw tears come to Randy’s eyes and he said gently, “So the last he knew, you were getting married. And now here you are with me, Pablo and all the other guys. Don’t you think that’s gonna come as a bit of a shock? Ben must be ..... what .... nineteen or so? That’s a lot for a young guy to handle. Listen, I’m gonna run down to the kitchen and get the twins to bring some food up to you and Ben so you can talk and get to know each other again.”

“Yeah, well don’t leave us alone just yet, buddy. And sorry I snapped just then. I need you, man. I always do.” Big, macho muscle-stud though he was Randy had a plaintive, nervous expression on his face that made him look, Bob thought, not much more than a boy himself.

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In the kitchen Bob briefly explained to the twins what was needed and then went back up to the room. He pulled out a white T-shirt, underwear, cargo shorts and sneakers, the smallest he

could find though they would still be too big for Ben, who just then came out with a towel wrapped round his waist. "Hell," Randy said, "that's some build you got on you, kid. You must've been working out a lot."

"I carried on doing everything you taught me, sir, whenever I could get to a gym. I always wanted you to be proud of me."

Bob noted Ben's use of 'sir.' Natural, he supposed, as Ben must always have looked up to his powerful brother .... the King of the Gypsies ..... probably worshipped him ..... still does, Bob thought. He held out the clothes and said, "Hey, Ben, try these on for size. They'll be a bit big on you but you'll still look great in them." Ben glanced at Randy, as if asking for permission to accept things from this man and Randy nodded.

"OK, kid," Randy said, "so spill ..... what you been doing the last few years and how in the hell did you find me?"

As he dressed Ben told his story, hesitantly at first but gradually warming to his subject, especially after Randy handed him a beer and he sat on the bed. Seemed he had lived with Charlie for a while, "then I struck out on my own." He hesitated and looked anxiously at Randy. "Then I met this guy and we .... kind of hit it off. I moved in and we ..... we became ..... well more than just friends. I guess I .... I kind of loved him and it worked great for a while. But then he started demanding more, like forcing himself on me, and things got ugly. So I ended up slugging him and getting the hell out." Bob saw Randy stifle a 'that's-my-boy' grin.

"I pretty much lived rough after that but things got so bad I decided to look for you, sir. The last place you worked in Texas told me you'd left your wife and taken off for L.A. So I hitched here from Texas, did a lot of walking too. They had given me this forwarding address of some old motel on Hollywood Boulevard so I poked around there. Some woman in a bar round the corner, Sheila I think, told me the last she heard you'd become some kind of big shot with your own construction company over this way. So I poked around some more and then asked that snotty-nosed kid if he knew you."

Randy bristled again and he raised his voice. "That kid is my boy, Ben, and you'll show him a little respect. I adopted him. He's my son."

There was an ugly silence in the room which was mercifully broken by a tap on the door and the twins came in, each with a tray laden with steaming plates of food. Ben's eyes opened wide and he almost salivated. Long time since he had eaten properly. The twins smiled non-committally, set the food on a table and pulled up two chairs.

"Ben," said Bob, "I want you to meet the twins, Kyle and Kevin. Guys, this is Ben, Randy's youngest brother. "Pleased to meet you, Ben," the twins said formally, each in turn shaking his hand, but Ben was too confused to reply.

“Right, well I guess we’ll leave you to it,” Bob said, more in the form of a question to Randy, who nodded with a slight smile. “Thanks, man,” he said softly. “Thanks.” Bob and the twins left the room.

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While Randy and Ben ate and talked, trying to catch up on the lost years, there was also a lot of talking going on across the street at Zack’s house. When Pablo had burst in steaming mad Zack knew he wanted to vent with Darius and had discreetly gone out to work on the yard.

Darius was wide-eyed as he listened to Pablo’s frenzied account of Ben’s sudden appearance, their fight and then ..... Randy’s introducing Ben to Pablo as his youngest brother. “Wow,” Darius said, “it’s like the Prodigal Son coming home ..... or the Prodigal Brother.”

“But you should have seen the way he held him,” Pablo wailed. “I mean Randy really loves him .... more than me. Worst of it is, the kid’s cute ..... really built, ripped bod, and the same handsome gypsy looks that Randy has. So where does that leave me? Out in the cold, that’s where. He won’t want me anymore. So I guess I’m outa here.”

“Hey, duuude!” Darius said consolingly, “you’re way over-reacting here. Did Randy say he’s dumping you?”

“He didn’t say it exactly but I could tell. Well fuck him, I’m a damn good mechanic and I can get a job anywhere. So I’ll probably move out and ..... fuck you all.”

“Including me?” Pablo saw the hurt look in Darius’s eyes and for the first time focused on someone other than himself. “Sorry, Darius,” he said, “I didn’t mean that. But I guess when I’m gone you’re gonna have a new room-mate, and I hope he’s as good a fuck as I am.”

The strength of Pablo’s irrational vehemence shocked Darius. He suddenly understood his despair and also knew what his lover needed. He spoke with a tenderness that was unusual between these rowdy young guys. “First of all, kiddo, nobody is as good a fuck as you .... shit, with that flawless ass of yours? And second of all, I love you, dude, and I’m not gonna let you go anywhere. Whatever the deal is with this Ben guy, I’m gonna hold on to you, and I’m gonna keep on fucking you, got it?”

Pablo looked into the smiling pale green eyes and began at last to relax. He not only needed reassurance, he needed to feel loved. And he knew beyond a doubt that Darius loved him. All the bravado and anger born of desperation drained from him and he surrendered himself to his lover. His smile growing wider, Darius stood back and slowly took off his T-shirt, playing out that element of fantasy that always lurked in him just below the surface. He revealed his naked torso, his gleaming coffee-colored skin and ripped muscles. Then, the ultimate turn-on, he unbuttoned his shorts and let them drop. His massive ten-inch tool leapt out, hard as a rock.

“You go away from here, dude, and you’ll never find anything like this. Come on, kiddo, you know what to do.”

In quiet obedience now Pablo sank to his knees and took the long black rod into his mouth. With the acquired skill of long experience Pablo let it slide down his throat and he didn’t even gag. Darius was right, this is what he needed, something familiar ..... familiar and erotic ..... someone he could trust when his whole world suddenly seemed on the verge of collapse. He felt Darius’s hands close round his head, pushing it off his cock, then pulling it forward gently so his cock slid slowly back into his hungry mouth.

Pablo clenched his throat muscles round the long shaft and Darius moaned, “Oh, dude, you sure know how to make a guy feel good. No one does it like you. Shit, man, I need this as much as you do. I’m not letting you go anywhere, kid, even if I have to tie you down.”

Those words made Pablo suddenly pull his head back off the cock, and he gazed up at the naked black boy looming over him. “I want it all, Darius, please. Show me you really love me, that you’ll never leave me. I want it all .... I really need it.”

Darius looked down at him and took a step back. “You’ve come to the right guy, boy,” he said, with a rough edge to his voice. “OK, stand up and do what I tell you.” Pablo sprang to his feet and stood obediently before his black lover, still wearing his old work dungarees held up by a single strap over one shoulder. Darius’s heart melted. He loved Pablo like this .... his overalls hanging off him, arms streaked with grease, his face smudged, and wearing a woeful expression like a little boy longing for praise.

Darius walked forward and unclipped the strap at his shoulder. The dungarees fell to the floor with a slight thud .... and Pablo was naked. “Oh, shit,” said Darius, running his hands over Pablo’s smooth skin, over the shoulders, down the arms, then over the mounds of his chest and down the ridges of his ripped abs. “That is so fucking gorgeous, boy. Let me look at it.”

He walked back a few steps and threw himself into an armchair. He raised his arms and linked his hands behind his head, gazing up at the doleful boy. “Turn around, boy.” Pablo obeyed. “Holy shit,” Darius groaned, staring at the perfect white globes that rose up below Pablo’s waist. “That ass! I never get tired of that perfect ass. And I’m gonna make sure you stick around this joint, Ben or no Ben, so I can shove my prong inside it whenever I like.” His voice had become even harsher now as he said, “OK, boy, on the bed ..... now!”

It was always easy to get caught up in Darius’s fantasy, even now when Pablo’s mind was so conflicted. Darius had managed to make his problems fade away, at least temporarily, and he jumped onto the bed on his back. Darius stood up and walked round the bed gazing down at him. “Asshole,” he growled. “You think I’m gonna let you get away from me? Look at me, boy, do I look like the kind of guy takes that shit from anyone. You’re stuck with me, man, like it or not. You get that?”

“Yes, sir,” Pablo said meekly. It was rare that he called his lover ‘sir’ but right now this is exactly what he needed ..... he needed a dominant figure to take charge of him, knock some sense into him and forbid him to leave. There was a kind of safety in that, a rock foundation where he had been sinking in quicksand. He knew what came next and longed for it.

Darius was very familiar with the ropes hanging from the bedposts ..... Zack used them on him all the time. And now it was Pablo’s turn. Darius yanked his wrist up to the post and secured it, then the other. Pablo knew what turned his lover on and he looked up at his wrists, tugged at them and writhed on the bed as if trying to get free. Darius’s eyes gleamed and he instinctively began stroking his monstrous ten-inch tool.

“That’s it, boy ..... that’s what I like to see. OK, now tell me what you want.”

Pablo became still and looked up at Darius ..... again that plaintive little-boy look. “I want you to fuck me, sir.”

“Damn right I’m gonna fuck you.” He knelt on the bed, hauled Pablo’s legs up high like an expert, which he was, having done this countless times to his lover. “OK, boy, this is the cock you’ll never feel again if you walk out on me.” He pressed the head of his monster tool between the exquisite white mounds of Pablo’s ass and steadily eased his hips forward. Pablo moaned as he felt the long shaft sliding deep inside his ass and come to rest.

Suddenly there was no fantasy, no master and boy, just two young guys expressing their love in the way they knew best. But still, in his fragile state, Pablo needed to make sure. “You do love me, Darius don’t you? Say you do. I need to hear you say it.”

“I’ll do better than say it, kiddo ..... I’ll show you.” He pulled his hips back then eased his rod gently back inside. It was the tenderest fuck he had ever given Pablo and it sent his lover into a state of bliss that banished all his former fear and confusion. There was no sensation in the world like the long black cock that was steadily stroking the warm membrane of his ass, no sight like the comforting smile on the gorgeous black face of his lover.

And he loved being tied up. The physical helplessness was erotic, an antidote to the mental helplessness he had felt with the sudden arrival of Ben. He surrendered himself to his lover for a long, sensuous fuck that went on and on until he was floating in a glorious Technicolor world.

Eventually Darius said softly, “Now you know everything’s gonna turn out just fine, and whatever happens, I’ve got your back, OK?” ... he grinned mischievously ..... “just like I do now, kiddo. But now you’ve gotta do something for me. While I plough that gorgeous ass of yours I want to see you shoot a load without touching yourself .... just to prove that you love me too.”

“No problem there, dude,” Pablo said. “That big pole of yours never fails ..... yeah keep fucking me dude .... I love it ..... I love you, Darius .....I .... aaah!” With a deep sigh he felt his own cock shudder, then felt warm juice splashing down on his chest and face.

Darius flashed a smile and said, "That's what I wanted to see, kid. You look fucking gorgeous when you shoot your load. Now here's mine.....here it comes ....." And his cock erupted deep inside the flawless ass."

When their cocks were spent and their heartbeats returned to normal Pablo said, "Thanks, Darius. You're the best lover a guy could have. You made me feel safe again."

"All part of the service," Darius grinned pulling out his cock.

"OK, Darius, I'll take it from here," said a gruff voice. Randy had just walked in. "Thanks for calming him down but I'll take over now. Why don't you go and help Zack in the garden?"

"OK, sir," Darius grinned, and left him to it.

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Looking up at his master Pablo had a moment of panic, not knowing what to expect, and he tugged at his restraints. Screwing up courage he asked, "Are you going to set me free, sir?"

"Hell no. You're right where I want you. There's stuff I gotta tell you, and I don't want you running away like a girl like last time."

Pablo winced at Randy's "like a girl". But he felt better when Randy knelt on the bed. Maybe, he hoped anyway, he was going to get fucked. But instead of pulling up his legs Randy gazed down at him, and Pablo, who was skilled at reading his master, saw a mix of annoyance and concern in his eyes.

"Now listen to me. Right now Ben is asleep upstairs. The kid's been on the road for weeks to get here from Texas ..... hitching rides, walking, sleeping rough. It takes guts for a young guy to do that, but he was determined to find me. And now I'm gonna take care of him like I always used to. OK, so where does that leave you? Where the fuck do you think? Right where you've always been ..... my boy, the kid I adopted." The look in his eyes grew more tender.

"Listen, Ben's my baby brother, flesh of my flesh, so of course I love him. But you ..... I chose you! When I first saw that scrappy young guy, a virtual prisoner of those morons in the desert, I saw something in you that reminded me of me. I knew right then I wanted you as my boy, and you lived up to that so well that I adopted you. So don't get any fucking stupid ideas that I'm gonna abandon you. You should know me better than that."

"Sorry, sir," Pablo said meekly.

"OK, now to seal the deal I'm gonna fuck that gorgeous ass of yours." He pulled off his T-shirt, yanked open his jeans and pulled out his thick cock. "I know, I know, you've just been fucked

by your boyfriend's big black dick, but this is different .... this is me, your master, and you know what that means. It means this!" And now at last he pulled Pablo's legs straight up, holding them stiff, gripping his ankles. He looked down at his boy's ass, still with traces of Darius's cum oozing from it, and with no hesitation rammed his cock into it.

It was classic Randy, using his strength and sexuality to demonstrate his love for his boy. And that always worked on Pablo. The boy admired power and domination, it's what he loved about his master, and the merciless onslaught on his ass, painful as it was, was proof positive to him that he was still Randy's boy. He braced himself for what he knew would be a long, hard fuck and welcomed the feel of the thick piston powering inside him. It went on and on and all the while he looked up at Randy's steel-blue eyes, maintaining steady eye contact without flinching.

"That's it, boy," Randy growled as he pounded the young ass. "I know you can take it ..... that's why you're my boy. You feel that? You feel your master's rod hammering your ass? Does that feel like a man who's gonna cut you loose from his life? And it's not lust, boy. It's love. 'Cause I fucking love the hell out of you kid."

"Thank you, sir," Pablo moaned. "I'm sorry I ....."

"Never mind that. I want you to show me you're still my boy ..... and you know how to do that, kid. When I tell you....." Pablo watched the massive body pounding above him as the pace increased, the shaft pistoned inside him, and he felt the rough denim of Randy's jeans slamming against his ass. All pain was gone, replaced by sheer ecstasy as he felt all the might of this spectacular man focused on his ass. He struggled against the ropes binding his wrists and his body writhed, because he knew how much that turned Randy on.

His cock was pulsing, dripping pre-cum so it was easy to obey his master when Randy said, "OK, kid ..... this is it ..... Now!" Pablo felt his juice rising from his balls, racing through his cock, and he yelled, "I love you, sir" as streams of hot cum blasted over his heaving chest. The pulsing of his cock made his ass muscles clench round the steel rod in his ass and he heard Randy howl as his cock exploded deep inside him. His master's semen was pouring into his ass, a healing balm that soothed away all his anguish and fears.

All business now Randy yanked his cock out of his ass and towered over him, his cock still dripping cum. "Now maybe you'll get it, kid. You're my boy and you're not going anywhere. So don't let me hear any more of that bullshit."

At that moment there was a tap at the door and Zack poked his head in, "Everything alright fellas?" He came in followed by Darius.

"It is now," Randy said in a tone of satisfaction. "The kid's just been ploughed by his lover and then his master, so I guess we pounded some sense into him. Thanks for the loan of the bed, buddy. You can untie him, Darius. And if he feeds you any more bullshit ..... fuck him again."

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An hour later the group had assembled for dinner at the long poolside table. As usual Randy was at the head, with Bob on his right and Pablo sitting proudly on his left, preening, as he exchanged confidential smiles across the table at Bob. 'Good,' thought Bob. He knew from experience that nothing restored a man's confidence in himself like a hard, raw fuck from the master. 'One problem solved,' Bob thought, 'the first of many, no doubt.'

The house had, of course, been buzzing with talk of Ben, who was still sound asleep upstairs in Randy and Bob's bed. The men talked earnestly with Randy and Bob about the possible ramifications of Ben's presence among them, but the boys were much more animated, led of course by Darius who loved new drama. So little was known so far about Ben that Darius pumped the twins for information as they were the only boys to have seen him besides Pablo. Pablo sullenly refused to discuss him, though he made it clear to everyone that Randy had shown him (in a way everyone understood) that Pablo was still his boy and always would be.

The twins gave what limited information they had (they had only seen him briefly, after all), then, professional as ever, stayed above the fray, concentrating on their daily task of cooking and serving dinner. The whole crowd was gathered and the twins had finally taken their seats, and still the buzz was all about Ben. But suddenly silence fell on the group like a stone and all eyes were on the door to the house, through which Ben had just appeared.

He had been roused from a deep sleep by the noisy chatter downstairs, so he had got up, pulled on the shorts Bob had given him, and come downstairs. But he hadn't been prepared for the sight that greeted him ..... a table full of men, with Randy sitting at the head. 'What the fuck?' he thought, though even in his state of shock it still registered on him that all the men were stunningly good-looking. But he couldn't cope with this, couldn't begin to get his mind round it and his instinct was to run back into the house.

"Ben!" The enthusiastic shout came from Bob. "Come join us .... meet the guys." He got up and strode over to him, putting his hand on his shoulder and gently propelling him to the table. "Now you won't remember all their names right now but I'll introduce them to you anyway," and he went quickly round the table naming all the guys. "Hey, guys, I want you to meet Randy's brother Ben."

"Hey, Ben," came a cheerful chorus of voices, with various follow-ups of, "Good to meet you" "Welcome" ..... "How ya doing?" Bob felt Ben's shoulder tense under his hand and said quickly, "Here, why don't you take my place next to Randy and I'll scoot down one." Still dazed and nervous, always on the point of fleeing, Ben nevertheless followed this guy's casual suggestion and sat down on Randy's right, flashing him a glance that was at once suspicious yet seeking his support.

This was his big brother, who had been more like a father to him, protecting and teaching him. The last time he had seen him he had just got married to a girl and now this! He was obviously

the leader of this extraordinary group of men ..... and god knows what this Bob was to him ..... they seemed like ..... nah, he wouldn't even go there. Worst of all, he was now facing the tough young guy who claimed to be Randy's adopted son. He didn't know that Bob had arranged the seating on purpose. 'Might as well throw him in at the deep end,' Bob thought. 'Any brother of Randy's should be able to handle it.'

Ben felt one of the twins standing at his elbow offering a plate full of food. "Here, Ben," said Kevin softly. "It's one of our specialties. You'll like it." It turned out to be comfort food in more ways than one. It was delicious and he took refuge in it, keeping his eyes focused on the plate so he wouldn't have to interact with anyone, even Randy, who he had already talked to upstairs, though nothing had prepared him for this.

And he didn't once make eye contact with Pablo opposite him, which was fine with Pablo who had no intention of even looking at him. Pablo was galled by the imagined slight that Ben was seated to Randy's right while Pablo was relegated to the left side. So thank heaven for Bob, sitting on Ben's other side, who kept up an easy-going light conversation with him about what everyone worked at, about this house, Zack's house across the street and their plans to buy and renovate the house next door for Adam and Nate to rent.

So somehow Ben got through the dinner, ignoring everything except the food in front of him and Bob's gentle flow of words. When the meal wound down Bob noticed that Ben was yawning. Obviously his weeks on the road had exhausted him and he needed more sleep. "Eddie," Bob said, "did you make up the bed downstairs in the gym like I asked you?"

"Yes, sir," Eddie said brightly. "It's all ready and waiting."

Instinctively nudging his plans along Bob said, "OK, why don't you show Ben the way and Randy'll come down when he's all settled in?"

Eddie was the perfect choice as the boy to make Ben comfortable. As Ben stood up and joined him Eddie said, "This way, sir," falling easily into the use of 'sir' out of respect for the boss's brother. With his usual cheerful directness Eddie said, "I'm the assistant houseboy, sir, and we're going to the basement that's a combination gym and guest room. I think you'll be comfortable there ..... bathroom, small fridge with snacks .... and of course," he grinned mischievously, "if you wake up in the night and feel like working out .... hey, it's all right there."

Eddie fussed around making sure Ben had everything he needed, then said, "Well, if that's everything then, sir...." Ben looked at him and even managed a smile. "Yeah, I guess so. Thanks, dude ..... what was your name .... Eddie?" Eddie nodded, with a slight blush. "Yeah, well thanks, Eddie. You're OK."

Eddie almost skipped out of the room, passing Randy coming down the stairs. Randy and Ben confronted each other, then Randy took him in his arms. "Sleeping down here is only temporary, kiddo. If you stick around .... and I hope you do ..... we'll build you something of

your own. I'll let you sleep now. I know this is all a bit confusing for you, kid, but it'll work out. And if you need anything you know where to find me." A final squeeze and he was gone.

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It turned out that Ben did need something ..... he needed his big brother. He tried to sleep but the events of the day had been too overwhelming. Expecting to be embraced by Randy and his wife, he had found all this. The guy called Bob seemed kind of OK, but he would never like Pablo, he knew that. Eddie was a good guy too .... but the rest of the clan ..... he couldn't even think about them – tried to push them from his mind.

In Texas as a young kid, whenever he had felt restless and confused, he had always gone to Randy and crawled into bed with him, feeling warm and protected. He was nineteen now but was feeling as insecure as he had as a kid, so his instinct was the same. He got up, pulled on his shorts and sneakers and went upstairs. Finding himself in the garden he felt disoriented for a moment, then recognized the door leading to the stairs up to Randy's room. He went in and silently climbed the stairs.

He was about to knock on the bedroom door when he heard sounds from inside, like grunting noises, and he wondered if his brother was OK. He turned the knob quietly and opened the door a crack. He stood still for a moment in stunned disbelief, then recoiled. It couldn't be ..... it couldn't....! He was about to run away, but needed to reassure himself that it wasn't true so he opened the door a bit wider and peered in. It was true! The guy called Bob was lying naked on his back on the bed and Randy was holding his legs up high. And he was .... his big brother was ..... he had his dick in the man's ass! And he was pounding it hard.

Ben couldn't believe his eyes or his ears. "Oh yeah," Bob was groaning, "fuck that ass, man. God I love to feel your huge cock in my ass. Come on, man, pound it, hurt me man, like you always do."

"You got it, stud," growled Randy and his hips slammed forward, driving his cock deep inside him. "Man, I love that ass ..... it's mine ..... you belong to me ..... I love you, man."

Again Ben recoiled, denying the sight of his own eyes. He turned and was about to run back down the stairs but ..... but something drew him back. He peered in again, with no fear of being seen as both men were so passionately focused on each other, gazing into each other's eyes. Ben found himself transfixed as he watched the two gorgeous bodybuilders, their ripped muscles flexing in a frenzy of wild, raw fucking ..... *making love*?! Ben would never have admitted that his cock was growing stiff in his shorts ..... but it was.

Mesmerized by the sight of his brother fucking the ass of another guy Ben unthinkingly opened the buttons of his shorts and pulled out his rigid cock. He stroked it as he watched the two muscle-gods obviously reaching their climax. "You ready, man?" Randy was yelling. "Yeah," the other replied. "Let me feel it, sir. Let me feel your juice filling my asshole. Please, sir,

pump your load inside me ..... aaagh!” Their screams echoed round the room as their bodies jolted and Randy came inside the guy, who shot semen all over his own chest and handsome face. Then Randy fell on top of him, sliding on the pools of cum, kissing him voraciously.

In a total trance Ben was holding his cock as he felt it pulse. He held his breath and clenched his jaw to stop crying out as his cock erupted and he saw his own juice pouring out in a massive orgasm ..... the first he had had in many days. For a while he stood spellbound, watching his brother kissing the other man, their bodies writhing together.

Then he blinked hard, as if a bright light had flashed on, and reality crashed in on him. He looked at the writhing bodies differently now, with something close to revulsion. Then he looked down at the pool of his own jism at his feet and that filled him with real disgust. His mind shut down .... he couldn't handle it ..... had to get away. He turned and ran down the stairs and across the lawn.

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Next door, in Pablo and Darius's room, Pablo had been woken by the sounds coming from Randy and Bob. He grinned at the familiar sound and slid out from beside Darius who was still snoring gently. He eased himself to his feet and walked casually over to the window, wondering if the guys would come out to swim, as they often did after making love. But instead he frowned as he saw the furtive figure of Ben disappearing through the gate.

What the fuck? If Pablo had been woken by the men's shouts maybe Ben had been too. Pablo thought he had faintly heard footsteps on the stairs just now so maybe Ben had .... nah, surely he couldn't have ..... couldn't have ..... seen ..... “Holy shit.” Quickly and silently Pablo pulled on shorts and sneakers and ran down the stairs.

Out on the street Pablo looked left and right ... no sign. On a hunch he ran to the left – uphill. His strong legs carried him fast almost to the top of the hill when he stopped. Still no sign of Ben and, when he stopped to consider, maybe it would be more logical for Ben to have run downhill – easier to get away fast. So Pablo turned and ran in the other direction, cursing himself for wasting so much time. His concern was for Randy more than Ben. He always felt protective of Randy and now that extended to Randy's brother, much as he disliked him.

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Meanwhile Ben's confusion was turning to anger as he ran downhill. How could Randy do that? Sure, Ben himself had done that to the guy he had lived with for a while, and he liked it ..... but Randy, his big brother! And who was this asshole, Bob? What kind of hold did he have over Randy? Then, with a shock, he remembered the worst part ..... As he had watched he had been ..... what? ..... turned on by the sight of two beautiful, muscular men fucking? He had even jerked off – shot his load! Instinctively he rubbed his hands hard against his shorts to rid himself of any residual traces of jism.

He came to Figueroa, normally a busy street but now, after 2am, quiet. The bars had turned out and people dispersed except for a couple of rough looking guys on the street, leaning close in together ..... probably snorting coke or meth, he thought. Ben had all the same instincts as his big brother, and when Randy was in one of his rages he needed physical action ..... a fight or a good savage fuck. Ben was the same and, instead of avoiding the two guys, he ran straight for them, brushing past them so they spilled whatever it was they were snorting.

“Asshole!” they screamed after him. “What the fuck you doing, fucking moron? Ben wheeled round, eyes blazing. “Wanna make something of it, ass-wipes? Come on mother-fuckers, let’s see what you got.” It was pure Randy, picking a fight with two guys at once ..... except that Randy could have beaten them with one hand tied behind his back. Not so Ben, who had bitten off more than he could chew on. These guys were tough, high on meth, and they charged at Ben.

Ben was a fighter, trained by Randy and honing his skills on the hard-scrabble streets of West Texas. He lashed out with his fists and his feet, landing a few serious blows before one of the thugs got behind him and locked his arms round him and behind his head in a vise-like full-nelson. Ben was strong, but not strong enough to escape this hold. Helplessly he faced the other guy who charged and head-butted him, winding him, then flailed at him with his fists.

Ben writhed and tensed every sinew in his body in an attempt to escape, but he knew he could do nothing but flex his muscles to absorb the blows. All his rage and adrenaline didn’t help. This was bad and he knew it. He was getting brutally gut-punched and was dazed with pain ..... when suddenly it stopped. Opening blurry eyes he saw the thug being pulled roughly away and, as he spun round, two arms, hands clenched together, slammed down into his stomach in a vicious double-forearm smash. The guy howled and slumped to his knees.

Pablo had arrived just in time to see Randy’s brother being beaten up, so his reaction was instinctive. Now he turned round to help Ben escape but Ben seemed to be doing OK on his own. The guy was still holding him from behind in the full-nelson but Ben braced his legs and pushed the guy backwards, slamming him back against the wall behind him. He lurched forward then smashed him backwards again onto the wall. Pablo looked on with awe, realizing this was the same move Ben had used on him when they first met, falling backwards and slamming Pablo onto the ground underneath him.

“Behind you,” yelled Ben, and Pablo whirled round just in time to see a fist flying toward him. He blocked it with one arm and smashed his other fist into the guy’s stomach sending him reeling backwards. Pablo turned to check on Ben and saw that he had broken free, the thug groaning against the wall. “Behind you again,” Ben yelled. Pablo’s opponent had recovered and was again charging toward him. At the last moment Pablo side-stepped like a matador and yelled, “He’s all yours, dude,” as the guy sped past him.

“OK, man, so this one’s yours!” Ben yanked the guy off the wall and spun him round so he staggered toward Pablo. As the guys lurched toward them Pablo and Ben raised their knees in perfect sync (they had both been trained by Randy after all) and the thugs’ crotches slammed into them – two perfect ball crushers.

The men howled in agony, twisted and fell to their knees facing each other. Pablo and Ben each grabbed a head and smashed their foreheads together, then pulled the heads back and did it again. They paused as Pablo grinned at Ben and said, “One more time, don’t ya think, dude?” Ben grinned back, “Yeah, why not? Goodnight, mother fuckers!” Triumphantlly they slammed the heads together and the two men crumpled at their feet, barely conscious.

“You OK, dude?” Pablo asked, and Ben grinned, “Never better.” The boys quickly checked to see that the groaning men had no permanent damage. “Nah,” said Ben, “just cuts and bruises to remember us by. They’ll live.” He looked up at Pablo. “Course, I could’ve taken both of them all on my own, no problem.”

“Maybe so,” Pablo grinned, “but it’s always good to have backup.”

“Yeah,” Ben smiled, “especially backup like that. Thanks man.” He held out his hand and Pablo gripped it firmly and warmly – unlike the limp, reluctant handshake when they first met.

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They faced each other rather uncomfortably and took refuge in the thing they had shared – the fight. “That double forearm smash of yours is something else, man,” Ben said.

“Yeah,” grinned Pablo, “my signature move. But that back-slamming thing you do – it’s an awesome move. What’s it called?”

“I dunno,” Ben grinned. “I call it my back-slamming thing.”

They laughed and Pablo said, “Come on, dude, let’s get back. Don’t want Randy to get angry”

“Oh, he still does that, does he?”

“Dude, when he flies into a rage it’s like steam coming from his nostrils. Anyway, what made you do a runner?”

Ben’s face clouded over and he said, “I don’t wanna talk about it.”

“Come on, dude, I heard it too – Randy and Bob. Hell you have to get used that – they go at it every night – morning too.”

Suddenly Ben stopped and glared at Pablo. “Who the fuck is this Bob anyway? Some kind of asshole with a hold over Randy? I tell you, man, if I stay on here he has to go.”

“Hah, like that’s gonna happen!” Pablo’s eyes flashed and he clenched his fists. “Man, don’t you ever say shit like that about Bob. He’s the most gorgeous, kindest, gentlest guy on the planet. Randy’s nuts about him and we all love him. And take it from me, dude, Bob’s not going anywhere. Randy wouldn’t allow it.”

Taken aback by Pablo’s spirited defense of Bob Ben looked sullen as they resumed their climb up the hill. “Shit, dude, I’m so fucking confused. I don’t know which end is up. I wanna stay here close to Randy, I do, but I never know what’s gonna happen next.”

Pablo grinned. “Well let’s see if I can give you some clues. Randy’s the big boss but Bob kinda quietly runs the show. The other men are Mark, the cop; Zack the black leather guy; Hassan, the Marine who lives up the hill; Adam, the Aussie airline guy ..... and they’ve all got their boys. Darius is my lover – he’s got this humongous .... well, never mind. Then there’s Jason, the spectacular fireman who lives close by. You’ll meet them all, dude, and one way or another you’ll have to make your peace with them. Should be interesting.”

Seeing Ben’s confused frown, Pablo said, “Don’t worry, dude, if you ever need therapy to sort yourself out there’s always doctor Steve. He’s terrific, gorgeous too and he’s Randy’s .....huh, yours too, I guess ..... well, never mind, I’ll let Randy tell you all about that.”

“I dunno, man,” Ben said morosely. “I don’t think I can handle all this, especially this Bob thing. I mean, Randy’s my big brother and .....” There was an uneasy silence. “So Randy really adopted you?” Pablo nodded enthusiastically. “Hmm, so you’re Randy’s son and I’m his brother.” His face creased into a puzzled frown. “So what does that make me .... your uncle?!”

They stared at each other, then burst out laughing, uncontrollably, and all the pent-up tension evaporated. Pablo threw his arm over Ben’s shoulder and they continued on up the hill. When they came in sight of the gate Randy and Bob were standing there.

The men watched the two boys in amazement, hearing the peals of laughter coming from them as they trudged up the hill. “Well,” Bob said smiling at Randy, “God knows what happened down there, but ..... look at them. Didn’t I once hear you say you hoped Pablo would get a boy of his own one day soon? Well ..... But meanwhile, there are a ton of bridges still to cross.”

You can say that again,” Randy said with a sigh. “God knows what comes next. I’m kinda out of my depth here, man. But you’re good at shit like this. You’ll help me, buddy, won’t you?”

“Don’t I always?” Bob grinned. “OK, brace yourself, big guy ..... here they come.”

# # #

## Chapter 168 – Bob Tames Ben

The boys approached nervously, expecting a tongue lashing, but Randy saw a light gleaming in their eyes that he recognized. It was the adrenaline rush he always felt after winning a fight. He looked at their disheveled appearance, each of them dressed the same, shirtless in cargo shorts and sneakers. “You two been in a fight?”

“It was my fault, sir,” said Ben. “I picked a fight with these two guys but they were crazed, high on meth I think, so it’s lucky Pablo showed up and helped me out. He has this terrific double forearm smash.....” Pablo interrupted, “..... yeah but what about that back-slamming thing of yours?” and they enthusiastically described the fight for Randy’s benefit. Bob glanced at Randy and saw the pride shining in his eyes as he heard how his two boys had teamed up to fight alongside each other, using moves he had taught them.

Bob knew this fight fest could go on a long time so he stepped in. “Look, guys, it’s late and chilly out here, so what say we go back inside and back to sleep?” Ben gave Bob a strange, resentful look and walked through the gate, making for the door to the basement. Hanging behind, Randy said to Pablo, “So what do you think made Ben run off like that, kid?”

Pablo hesitated. “Sir, I think .... I think Ben may have seen you and Bob .... like..... fucking, sir. So he took off, and now he’s real down on Bob ..... seems to think he can’t live in the same house with him.”

“Jesus Christ,” Randy growled, clenching his fists, feeling instantly protective of Bob. “The little fucker. Well I’ll sure straighten him out on that one. If he thinks he can’t live with Bob there’s an easy solution to that ..... he can just get the hell out.” He started for the basement door that Ben had already disappeared into. But Bob put a restraining hand on his arm.

“Hey, hey,” Bob said, seeing that old familiar anger flaring in Randy’s eyes. “Don’t want you picking a fight with your little brother on his first night here. Why don’t you let me talk to him? .... Better for me to face this head on.”

Randy was about to protest but felt Pablo tugging at him. “Sir, could I run over the fight again with you while it’s fresh in my mind. Want to know how you would handle guys who are high on drugs.” Randy looked at the boy, then at Bob, wavering, but finally said to Bob. “OK, but if the little fucker gives you any lip he’ll damn well answer to me.”

He allowed himself to be pulled away by Pablo, and Bob took a deep breath and headed for the basement stairs.

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He knocked softly at the door and the voice from inside yelled, “What?!” Despite the angry tone Bob smiled as he went in. “What the fuck do *you* want?” Ben snarled.

The smile evaporated from Bob's face and he said firmly, "Well first I want a little respect from you, boy. Don't ever talk like that to me again, and you call me 'sir', you got that? God knows what Randy would say if he heard you speak to me like that."

Ben knew he was right and backed off with a grudging, "Sorry, sir."

Bob's tone softened. "As to what I want, I want us to talk .... it's time we did. I'm sorry you saw Randy and me up in our room, it must have come as a shock, but you'll have to get used to the idea of your brother and me being together 'cause that's not gonna change." Seeing Ben's frown deepen Bob took a different approach. "Tell me, Ben ..... have you ever been in love?"

Taken aback by the question Ben hesitated. "Well, I dunno really ..... I mean there was that guy I lived with for a while and I thought I did at first, but ..... I dunno."

Bob smiled, "If you don't know, Ben, then you haven't been. Well, let me say it right out front, plain and simple for you. Randy and I love each other."

Ben flinched and Bob saw anger in his eyes again. "That's not true ..... not my brother. Since when anyway?"

Bob stood up and grabbed two beers from the small fridge and gave one to Ben. Although it was late Ben was still wide awake, having had several hours sleep earlier in the evening. So Bob pulled up a chair and sat facing him as Ben perched on the bed.

"Ben, I'm gonna tell you a story, quite a long one but I believe I owe it to you. You remember that bar you went to on Hollywood Boulevard, the one where Sheila told you where Randy had gone? Well that's where Randy and I met, one hot afternoon that I'll always remember. I was running away from a bad marriage up north and Randy had already left his wife in Texas. And you know that ratty old motel you poked around in close to the bar? That's where we went that afternoon so I could get a few hours' sleep ..... and we ended up staying there for several days ..... and then several weeks after that."

He had Ben's attention now and he proceeded to tell Ben many of the details of his life with Randy ..... of Randy's anger at first, then their inability to leave each other despite their ups and downs and stormy relationship, then of the bond that developed between them that grew into profound love. He told him of this house, how the other guys had come to live here, and described the situation that existed now.

When Bob finished Ben was gazing at him with rapt attention. "And that thing I saw Randy do to you ....." he asked. Bob smiled, "It's something we do all the time. It's how we make love."

"Yeah, well I get Randy fucking you ..... he's this big macho guy, after all .... always been the dominant guy."

“And sometimes I fuck him.”

“No way!” Ben’s eyes blazed. “My brother would never let anyone do that to him. He’s tough, macho like I said. He’d slug anyone who tried that on.”

Bob reached forward and touched Ben’s hand, relieved that he didn’t pull it away. “Ben, let me explain something. When a man gets fucked that doesn’t take away any of his masculinity. Quite the opposite sometimes. Randy looks magnificent when I’m fucking him. And you know the other guys here, like Mark the cop and Zack the big tough leather guy. They’ve all had their asses fucked.” He laughed. “As a matter of fact a few days ago Jason – he’s the fireman who lives down the hill – he gave a big party where all the boys turned the tables and fucked their masters. It was sensational.”

Ben frowned again, trying to take all this in. “And Pablo. Like, he’s a tough young guy, real masculine. Does he let Randy fuck him?”

Bob laughed. “He doesn’t have much choice .... he’s Randy’s boy, so of course he gets fucked. And you know something? That’s the time he’s happiest. He loves it when Randy drives his cock into his ass. He can’t get enough. Loves getting fucked by Darius too.” Seeing Ben’s confusion Bob followed up quickly with a question. “But you Ben, are you telling me that you’re ass has never been .... I mean even by that guy you lived with?”

“Hell no! And when he tried it on that’s when I slugged him and got the hell out. I fucked him sometimes, ‘cause I’m a top man but I’ve never let anyone get close to my ass ..... no way.”

“Hmm,” Bob mused. “Shame really ..... you’ve missed a lot. Another beer?” Ben eagerly accepted one and lapsed into silence. Finally he picked up on Bob’s last statement. “Why have I missed a lot? I mean, when Randy does what I saw him doing to you .... like .... how does it feel?”

“Oh, Ben,” Bob laughed, “that’s something you can’t put into words .... kind of like a trip to the moon. It’s something you have to experience to know. And you really have to want the guy.”

Another long silence as Ben studied Bob, who was still just wearing the boxer shorts he had worn to bed. Sprawled near-naked in the chair he was a true muscle-god, and Ben said, “You know, sir, you’re a really great-looking guy. I can see why Randy’s so hot for you. I didn’t like you at first because of .... well, you know .... you and Randy and all..... But I can see why Randy would let you – like – fuck him and all.” Another silence. “So you say my brother asks you to do it ..... I mean, he likes it?”

“He loves it, kid. You should just see that big muscle-god writhing with pleasure when I do it.”

Ben was thoughtful, musing to himself, "So my brother thinks it's OK for a guy to get fucked. Even a guy who's a top, who usually does the fucking. And Pablo gets fucked too." He gazed at Bob with a strange look in his eye, as if he was evaluating him. And then Bob noticed the bulge in Ben's shorts. The boy had been getting a hard-on while they spoke.

Bob laughed. "Is that a boner you got there, kid?"

Ben suddenly sprang to his feet and said, "Please don't go anywhere, sir. I gotta do something but I'll be right back. Please stay, sir, and make yourself at home....." he grinned ..... "oh, "sorry, sir, you are at home ..... it's your house. But anyway ....." And he ran from the room.

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Alone now, Bob heaved a deep sigh and took another slug of beer. He didn't know if he was getting through to the kid, but Ben *had* listened intently to everything he said and there did seem to be a change in his attitude. He had even complimented Bob .... plus there was that boner in his shorts. 'Well,' he thought, 'just go with the flow, I guess – whatever happens.'

But he wasn't ready for what happened next. It wasn't long before Ben burst into the room, his eyes sparkling. "He said it's OK, sir. He said we can."

Bob smiled at this new Ben ..... eager, enthusiastic, full of energy. "What's OK, Ben? We can *what*?"

"You know, sir. My brother said it's OK with him if I ..... I mean if you ..... you know...."

Bob gazed at him in amazement. "Ben, did you just ask Randy's permission to .... I mean, are you .... are you asking me to fuck you?"

"I sure am! ..... sir. If Pablo can get fucked, so can I."

"Hey, hey, slow down, kid. First of all this can't be a contest between you and Pablo. And second of all, when you get fucked – especially for the first time – it has to be because you really want it because you like the guy so much."

"Oh, I do, sir. Well, I'd really like Randy to be the first guy to fuck me, but that's not on 'cause he's my brother, so you're the next best thing."

Bob laughed. "Well, I must say I've had more flattering offers than that in my life. Not sure if I like being the 'next best thing.'

Ben frowned. "You don't want to fuck me. I'm not good-looking enough."

“Hey, did I say that? You’re a hot young stud, Ben, and I’d be honored to fuck you. You’ve got your brother’s good looks too, so fucking his little brother would be like fucking him. You don’t believe me? Take a look here.” He cupped his hands round his crotch and pulled his shorts tight, showing the long, hard cock outlined under the thin cotton.

Ben stared at it in awe, then momentarily lost his nerve. “Does it .... does it hurt, sir?”

“At first it does – especially as this is your first time. But you take deep breaths and the pain turns to pleasure .... no.... more than pleasure .... it’s .... well you’ll see. OK, kiddo, let’s do it.”

Ben stood before him, not sure how to start. “Well,” Bob smiled, “usually the first step is to take your clothes off. I gotta see your ass to fuck it.”

Ben was already shirtless after the fight, and now he actually blushed as he kicked off his sneakers and dropped his cargo shorts. He stood self-consciously in his boxer briefs and Bob said, “The briefs too, kiddo. You have to be naked.” Blushing again Ben pulled down his briefs and cupped his hands in embarrassment over his cock that sprang out like a pole. Bob laughed. “You shouldn’t be shy about that, Ben. It’s a beautiful cock – not as long as Darius’s to be sure, but then whose is? OK, now turn around.”

Ben nervously turned his back to Bob who whistled when he saw the white mounds of the perfect ass. “Phew, that is one sensational ass, kid. Almost like Pablo’s. What is it about Randy’s guys and their asses?”

“Sir, I worked out hard like Randy taught me years ago. I do lots of squats.” He paused, still facing away from Bob. “Sir, are you gonna fuck me now, sir?”

Bob chuckled. “Not like that, kid, not standing up – not your first time. Now, tell me .... do you want to watch me when I fuck you or face away?”

“Oh, watch you definitely, sir. You’re so .....” Bob cut him off. “OK, got it. So lie down on the bed on your back. Ben obeyed instantly and gazed up at the gorgeous, dark-haired muscle god who was about to be the first man to fuck him. Bob pushed down his boxers and his huge cock sprang out, hard as a rod. Ben gasped and gazed in awe at the naked bodybuilder looming over him, with his square-jawed classic features and dark hair. It was like he was about to get fucked by Superman.

“OK, said Bob, now there’s something important I have to ask you .... and you have to tell me the truth. Ben, do you really want me to fuck you ..... because of me, not because of Randy or Pablo ..... just for me?”

Ben answered boldly but with a deferential tone to Bob. “Yes, sir .... I do want it, very much sir. And it’s not because of anyone else. You look so gorgeous standing there, sir ..... I really want you to be the first guy ever to fuck me.”

“OK,” Bob smiled. “So here’s the deal. I want you to relax and if it hurts too much we’ll stop. We can stop completely if that’s what you want.”

“No, sir. I can take it, I know I can ..... from you, sir.” Bob knelt on the floor at the foot of the bed and pushed Ben’s legs up, holding them behind his thighs. He lowered his head to the ass and pushed his tongue through the fuzz of dark hair until he tasted the warm, musky hole. He licked all round the sphincter and was rewarded by sighs and moans from the boy. Then he pushed his tongue inside the hole, as deep as it would go.

“Oh!” Ben gasped. “That feels .... oh ..... oh .....” Instinctively his hand went to his cock but Bob pulled back and said, “No, Ben, not yet. Take your hand away ..... whatever you do, don’t cum.” Ben stretched out his arms and gripped the edges of the bed. “Now,” Bob said, “except for when you fucked your friend, have you ever shot your load without touching yourself?”

Ben frowned, puzzled. “No, sir.....never.” Bob smiled, “Well, we’ll have to see about that.” He stood up, went over to a table and pulled from a draw a jar of lubricant that was always kept there. He took off the lid, knelt on the bed between Ben’s legs, put two fingers into the jar, then held them against Ben’s ass. He pushed his greasy fingers into the warm ass and moved them around gently inside. He saw Ben’s eyes open wide, heard him take deep breaths and saw his cock go rigid.

“Not yet, Ben .... long way to go yet. You feel OK?”

“Aaah,” he sighed. “What you’re doing to my ass, sir. It feels .... I’ve never felt anything like it.”

“OK, then, you’re ready. Watch this, kid.” He pulled his hand away and smeared the residual grease on his own cock, running his cupped hand the full length of the stiff rod. “Does that look good to you, Ben?”

“Oooh ..... it looks beautiful sir.” Bob took a sharp intake of breath, threw his head back and moaned. Ben panicked. “Please don’t cum, sir .... please!”

Bob was deliberately teasing him, bringing him to a pitch of desire. “You don’t want me to shoot all over you? Some guys love that. So what do you want me to do with this big rod of mine?”

Ben was still panicking “I want you to put it in my ass, sir. Please, sir. I know I was rude to you before, and I don’t deserve to get fucked by you ..... but I really, really want it, sir. I beg you, sir ..... please fuck my ass.”

Bob looked down, saw the tears in Ben’s eyes and hesitated, as if trying to make a decision. Then he smiled. “OK, Ben, since you want it so bad. I’ll fuck you, kiddo.”

“Thank you, sir.” But although Ben’s panic subsided he was still tense. He looked up at this beautiful, muscular man, saw him ease forward and ..... felt the head of his cock pressing against his hole. More pressure ..... and suddenly the head slid over his sphincter and into his ass. Instant pain! “No .... No .... I can’t it hurts too much. No, sir!”

Quickly Bob pulled out and said calmly. “You want to stop, Ben? It’s OK if you do.”

“No, sir, no,” said Ben, his panic returning. “No, I can take it, I know I can. I want it so bad. Please do it again, sir.” Bob smiled, eased forward again and this time the head of his cock slid in more easily. Slowly, very slowly, he pushed it into the boy’s ass, moving imperceptibly until it came to rest against the hot membrane deep inside. But Ben was now really tense, with a white-knuckle grip on the sides of the bed, clenching his jaw, his eyes tight shut, his whole body and ass flexing hard. “It hurts so bad, sir. I can’t take it. Please pull out, sir.”

“Ben, Ben, look at me.” Bob’s voice was gentle, hypnotic almost, and Ben stared into the soft brown eyes smiling down at him. “Now I want you to take deep breaths and relax. Stop gripping the bed, relax your body ..... relax your ass. You have to trust me, Ben.”

Ben was mesmerized by the gorgeous face gazing down at him. He concentrated on the steady brown eyes and did as he was told. Breathing deeply his tension slowly drained away. He relaxed his body, and at last ..... he relaxed the muscles of his ass and let the big hard cock just rest inside him. It felt like a dream as the pain dissolved and was replaced by ..... a sensation so new, so exquisite it was as if he were floating.

His eyes opened wide and he reached up, resting his hands on the slabs of Bob’s magnificent chest. This beautiful muscle-god – this Superman – was leaning over him, smiling at him ..... he was inside him, inside his ass. His cock was in his ass! He felt it pull back very slightly then push in and out gently with small caressing movements.

Bob knew exactly what he was doing – gently massaging the deepest, softest membrane of Ben’s ass. He had felt this so often when Randy, the fuck-master of them all, teased his ass to the point of orgasm. And now he was doing the same to Randy’s young brother. It was thrilling. Their eyes were locked as Bob caressed the back of Ben’s ass a little more, then paused, and pushed forward one last time, so the head of his cock slid over the inner sphincter and came to rest inside the warm, secret space deep inside him.

Ben’s body shuddered and he dug his fingers into Bob’s pecs as the sensation in his ass became irresistible. He felt heat in his legs rising up into his groin, into his balls and up through his cock, and ..... “Aaagh!” .... His cock exploded in the most spectacular orgasm of his life. His long scream bounced off the basement walls and he saw, as if in a dream, creamy white liquid splash onto the muscular body heaving above him. Then he felt it himself as stream after stream of semen soaked his own body and face.

He was still shuddering, his heart racing, as he floated slowly out of his dream ..... and back to reality ..... the reality of what he had done. "Oh no! I came, sir. I shot my load. You told me not to but it felt so ..... so ....."

"That's OK, Ben. It looked beautiful. Do you want me to pull out?"

"No, sir, please, sir. I love your cock inside me."

Bob smiled. "OK, but when a guy fucks you, you have to make sure that he gets off on it too."

"You mean gets his rocks off, sir." Bob smiled at the boy's raw language. "Yeah, that's what I mean. So if it's OK with you I'm gonna fuck you for a bit longer."

"Yes, sir. I want that, I love feeling your cock in my ass, sir."

"And just so you don't touch your cock ....." Bob leaned forward, grabbed Ben's wrists and pinned them to the bed above his head. And that's how, slowly at first but with increasing tempo, Bob fucked Ben's ass in earnest. He carefully watched the boy's face for signs of pain but there were none, only ecstasy as the young, dark gypsy face tossed from side to side, moaning with pleasure.

Ben watched wide-eyed as the gorgeous body arched over him, supported on just hands and feet, rising and falling above him as the cock pistoned into his ass. The boy was spinning in a glorious, newly-discovered world of pure ecstasy.

It was an incredible experience for Bob too, watching a junior version of Randy's face that he had seen so often writhing on the pillow as he fucked him. It was so erotic that he knew he couldn't last long, and guessed that neither could Ben. So he said, "Ben, soon I'm gonna shoot my load into your ass. Do you want that?"

"Yes, sir, please .... please fill me up with your juice, sir. I want to feel it so bad." The youthful excitement, the hunger in the boy's eyes, tipped the balance for Bob. He felt the ass muscles clench round his cock, felt the heat, the velvet softness, and he said, "This is it, Ben. I'm cumming inside you. Here it is ..... aaah," he sighed. Ben felt the cock pulse inside him, felt the sticky warmth as the juice of this gorgeous man blasted inside him, again and again. It was a spectacular feeling and he was hardly aware of his own cock throbbing and erupting with another huge shower of cum.

Bob fell on top of the boy and closed his lips over his in a passionate, probing kiss. Ben threw his arms and legs round the muscular body, wrapping himself round him, clawing at him in a wild effort to get as close to him as possible. They stayed locked together for a long time but gradually Ben felt the length of Bob's cock sliding back up his chute and fall out. Bob pulled his face off him and Ben gazed at him with a look of worship that Bob recognized. "Sir, I think I love you sir and ..... do you think we could sleep together all night here? Please, sir?"

Bob laughed, not wanting to encourage talk of love. "We can do a lot better than that, kid. But first we shower ..... you're a mess after that street brawl you got into and now all that jism over you. Come on, boy." He pulled him off the bed and led him to the shower. As they stood under the twin jets of water Ben couldn't keep his hands off Bob, running them over his face, his shoulders, chest, ripped abs and waist, then down over his semi-erect cock.

But Bob restrained him. "Hey kiddo, we'll have plenty of time for all that later. But do you know how late it is? Way time for bed. Here, throw a towel round you and come with me. Let me show you what I have in mind. With both of them naked except for towels wrapped round their waists Bob took him by the wrist and pulled him upstairs, across the garden ..... and into the door to the stairs up to his and Randy's master suite. "Sshh, quiet now," he whispered. Carefully he opened the bedroom door and they went in and stood by the bed.

They both gaped at the sight of Randy lying naked, having thrown off the sheet in his sleep. His rugged face was turned to one side on the pillow, black hair flopping down, and his magnificent body was gleaming, covered in a thin sheen of sweat. Bob cleared his throat and Randy opened his eyes a crack, gazing blearily up at them. "Hey, big guy," Bob said. "You got room in that bed for two fucked out guys who need a place to sleep?"

As his head cleared Randy grinned up at them, man and boy, both stunning in nothing but towels, obviously bathed in the afterglow of great sex. Smiling Bob let his towel drop and pulled the towel off Ben, so they both stood naked. "Awesome," Randy said, "fucking awesome. Shit, boy, getting fucked sure agrees with you. You look terrific. What time is it anyway?" He glanced at the bedside clock. "Holy shit. OK, get into bed and let's get some fucking sleep."

Ben jumped into bed beside Randy as he used to as a young boy, and Bob eased himself in beside Ben. "Now, no talking," Randy growled. "Sleep!" He turned on his side facing Ben and reached over the boy to feel Bob's arm resting on Ben's chest. Randy gripped Bob's forearm and gave it a gentle squeeze. That's all it took for both men to understand each other completely.

As for Ben, he was in heaven, lying between the brother he worshipped and the beautiful man he was starting to love, the man who had just fucked him for the first time in his life. With their arms linked across him he felt happier and safer than he had ever felt before. And he knew now, beyond any doubt, that he was home ..... home to stay.

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Next morning Randy got up and went to the bathroom to take a leak. When he got back he found Ben stroking his hands over Bob's chest, then fondling his cock that was quickly growing hard. He knew what they both wanted and when they paused and looked up at him

questioningly he grinned, "Go for it guys. I wanna watch my little brother get his ass fucked by my man." He got up and stood naked by the bed watching them.

He was treated to a repeat performance of what they had done in the gym. But this time there was no hesitation on Ben's part as he knew what to expect and hungered for it. And this time he was more verbal. "Oh yeah, that feels great, sir. I love to feel you cock in my ass. You are so beautiful, sir. Fuck me. Fuck me hard, sir." Bob leaned forward and pinned Ben's arms to the bed above his head as he had before, while he ploughed the perfect young ass.

It would be an understatement to say that Randy was turned on. He was ecstatic as he watched the man he loved, the gorgeous, muscular alpha male, pounding the ass of his young brother, the boy he had shepherded through most of his young life, taught him to do everything ..... except this. This was where Bob had taken over. And as Randy heard his brother begging Bob to fuck him, fuck him harder, his cock grew rigid and he stroked it in his fist.

After a major pounding Bob finally said, "You want me to cum, Ben, to shoot another load in your ass?" Breathless, pinned to the bed, his heart pounding, Ben's gleaming eyes gave the answer. Randy gazed down in awe as Bob's hips increased their rhythm, the two bodies tensed and two howls rang round the room as Bob blasted a load inside Ben, and the boy shot ribbons of white juice high in the air.

In their euphoria they heard Randy's voice. "Look at me!" Bob and Ben broke apart, lay on their backs and looked up at Randy who was beating his meat. "Man, you guys look fucking great," he said. "God you turn me on. Fucking spectacular .... gonna make me cum. Here it comes ....." His powerful muscles flexed, his head flew back ..... "aaagh" .... and a long plume of semen exploded from his cock, down onto their bodies and faces, followed by another stream, then another."

His face covered in cum, Ben was totally mesmerized by the sight of his big brother towering over them, his cock still dripping with semen. Then he glanced sideways at Bob and, moving by instinct, turned on his side, lowered his head and started to suck up Randy's cum from Bob's abs, his chest and finally his face, licking his cheeks, his brow, then kissing his eyes.

"Yeah," Randy yelled in triumph, "that's it, boy, clean up my man ..... drink your brother's cum from his body. Shit that is so fucking hot!" He was so turned on that he stroked his cock a few more times and surprised even himself by shooting one last spurt of cum over his boy.

And so, in his own graphic way, their master had anointed the two men, had given his ultimate blessing to the sexual union of his the man he loved and his own young brother.

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Early next morning in the big double shower Bob and Randy let Ben do what he longed to do. He soaped them up and ran his hands lovingly over their bodies, feeling their hard muscles flex

under his touch. Ben's cock was soon hard as a rock, but Randy called a halt by turning the shower to cold. "That's enough sex for one night, kid. It's another day – and I'm starving."

A few minutes later the three of them were sitting at the outdoor table over an early breakfast cooked by the twins who always got up early. The twins sat down with them and they were soon joined by Pablo and Darius. Darius usually stayed in bed until the last minute but this morning he dragged Pablo outside as he was dying to hear the whole story of last night.

Bob beamed at them all. "Just like a family breakfast. OK, guys, I gotta tell you that Ben is now well and truly one of the family. Last night he got his ass fucked for the first time ever – by me. There was a burst of applause and congratulations for the blushing Ben. Darius leaned close to him and said in a stage whisper, "And later, dude, you have to give me and the boys all the details. It's a rule of the house."

Pablo grinned sarcastically and said, "No, it's a rule of the Darius, Ben. He's kind of the social historian around here, and the master of gossip. I'm real glad you're gonna be staying, dude."

"Talking of which," Bob asked Ben, "have you thought of what kind of work you'd like to do?"

Randy charged in. "No, but I have. Ben when we first talked you told me that guy you lived with owned a small garage and you first met him when you applied for the job of mechanic there. Were you any good at that?"

"Pretty good, sir. See, I really like messing around with cars, so he left the work all to me and I learned a lot." There was an exchange of glances between Randy, Bob and Pablo.

"OK, then," said Randy decisively. "Here's what I want. Pablo, for weeks now I've been saying that you're overloaded with work as the only mechanic on the site and you need an assistant. So .... how about Ben here?" There was a sudden silence as the idea hung in the air and Pablo and Ben looked at each other, trying to get their minds round Randy's suggestion.

Earlier yesterday the idea would have been unthinkable, given the suspicion and animosity that existed between the boys, but that was before the fight where they had bonded as comrades in arms and discovered newfound respect for each other. Now the idea of working together had a certain appeal to it and they looked up at Randy with shining eyes.

"I'll take that as a yes, then," said Randy. ('As if anyone ever said no to Randy', Bob smiled to himself). "OK, Ben, you'll start tomorrow. I wanna make it clear, though, that you'll be answering to Pablo. He's my mechanic and he'll be your boss. And there'll be no fighting, no rivalry. I want this to work ..... my boy and my brother working together. Any problems, you come straight to me, OK? "

"Yes, sir."

“Good, now while all you others get your asses in gear for work there’s something I have to show Ben. Pablo, I want you to lend him a clean shirt and a pair of good jeans? ‘Cause I’m taking Ben to Beverly Hills.”

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Pablo and Darius took Ben to their room to get him spruced up for the big city. Bob was doing the same for Randy, insisting that he shed his usual tank top and wear a clean black T-shirt with his jeans. The work-boots stayed on though ..... Randy wasn’t about to make any more concessions for “fucking Beverly Hills”, as he always called the classy city he disliked so much.

He made a call to his brother Steve in his office and broke the news of Ben’s arrival. Steve and Randy had often talked of their younger brothers and Steve was thrilled to hear that the youngest one had shown up. But he was a bit nervous too as he cleared his schedule and awaited them.

Anyone seeing Ben and Randy sitting side by side in Randy’s truck would have known for sure they were brothers, dressed alike and each with the same swarthy, handsome gypsy looks ..... square jaw, high cheek bones, blue eyes and black hair flopping over their brow. Ben loved being with the big brother he idolized but he was a bit thrown by all this dressing up thing. “Can you tell me where we’re going, sir – this Beverly Hills?”

“Well, I’ll tell you this much, kid. I know this whole thing has been a shock to you and will be for a while, so I thought it might help you to talk things through with a therapist. Pity his office is in fucking Beverly Hills,” he growled as he swung onto Wilshire Boulevard with its fancy stores and glass office towers on either side.

When he drove into the parking garage under Steve’s building, amid all the BMW’s and Mercedes, the valet parker raised his eyebrows at the sight of the big mud-spattered truck, but his look of snobbish disdain turned to awe as the tall, ruggedly handsome man climbed out. But Randy paid no attention to any of this as he grabbed his ticket and strode toward the elevators, holding Ben firmly by the arm. Arriving at Steve’s office Randy yanked open the door and the receptionist looked up and smiled as she knew Randy well by now.

Hi, Ruth,” Randy said. “This is my little brother Ben.” She smiled up at him. Pleased to meet you Ben ..... not so little though,” she chuckled.

“The doc in there?” Randy asked, already grasping the handle of the inner office.

“Yes, he’s been waiting for you. You can .....” but Randy had already gone in, dragging Ben with him. Inside, the man behind the desk stood up and shook Randy’s hand. “Hi Randy ..... so this is Ben.” There was a catch in his voice and his eyes became moist. “Hey, Ben, good to meet you at last.”

But Ben was rooted to the spot, gazing at this big, handsome man in the smart suit, crisp white shirt and tie. He was not only gorgeous ..... he was the image of Randy! “But you.....” Ben stammered, “.....you look just like Randy.”

Randy smiled nervously. “Yeah, kiddo, you’re right. Ben I want you to meet Steve. Steve is my brother ..... yours too. Ben felt his knees go weak and he flopped down in a big armchair behind him, gazing from one to the other. Their faces and bodies were near identical, but the similarity stopped there. Randy, in his jeans, boots and black T-shirt looked like the construction-worker version of the well-groomed, elegantly dressed Beverly Hills doctor.

Ben looked at Randy for help and Randy sat beside him. He quickly told him the whole story, how their mother had given birth to Steve barely a year after Randy. Dirt poor she had been unable to care for two babies at once and put the second boy up for adoption. And while Randy stayed, slugging his way through, hard-scrabble west Texas, eventually caring for his five younger brothers, Steve had gone to live with a wealthy family in Marin County in Northern California, enjoying all the privileges and benefits that wealth brings, including an education in the best schools and colleges, winding up as this well-off well-heeled Beverly Hills therapist.

Ben sat speechless as he tried to absorb all this. Steve stood up and said, “A lot of stuff to take in, eh, Ben, but how about we start with a hug. Not every day a guy meets his long-lost little brother.” In a daze Ben stood up unsteadily and allowed himself to be folded in the arms of the beautiful guy he had just met ..... his brother, so it seemed.

It was a long, tight hug and Ben felt the strong muscles flexing under the suit as Steve shuddered with the intense emotion he felt. Ben also felt something in himself, something quite different. He felt his own cock growing stiff in his jeans. He gave into the erotic sensation for a while, but then pulled back, recoiling in confusion from this forbidden lust he felt for his new brother.

There was a heavy, confused silence and Randy stepped in. He saw from their emotional reactions that the brothers had a lot of stuff to process and, after all, Randy had brought Ben here for therapy, so his instinct told him they should just work through it. “Hey, guys,” he said, “There’s a branch of my gym just up here on Santa Monica Boulevard so I’m gonna go work out for a while. I’ll be back when you’ve finished working your magic, bro.” He grinned at Steve. “What is it you shrinks give your patients, a fifty-minute hour?”

Steve smiled at him. “Ben’s not a patient, buddy, he’s family. There’s no time limit for family. But come back whenever you like. You’re part of this too, you know. We’re three brothers after all. Those words brought a broad, contented smile to Randy’s face as he walked out the door.

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“OK, Ben,” Steve smiled. “So let’s cool this thing down by treating it as a therapy session. Why don’t you take a seat again, relax, and we’ll take it nice and easy?” Ben resumed his seat,

looking a bit lost, like a little boy in the oversized armchair. He watched silently as Steve took off his jacket, draped it over his desk chair, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, then walked round and perched against the front of his desk, smiling down at Ben. Seeing Steve's muscular chest more clearly now, outlined under the fine cotton of his white shirt, and his forearms flex as he gripped the edge of the desk, Ben felt his cock growing hard again and blushed.

"Right, so tell me Ben, was that a boner I felt when I hugged you, and that I'm seeing right now under your jeans?"

Stunned, Ben blushed deeply and blurted out, "I'm sorry, sir. I know it was wrong of me to ....."

"Ben, let's get one thing straight. There's no right and wrong in this room. We just want to explore your concerns and get at the truth. And you'll see that my methods are not what you'd expect at all. So why don't you try to describe some of the confusion you've been feeling since you first arrived on the construction site?" As Ben gazed at this handsome soft-spoken man he suddenly felt renewed confidence that he could tell him anything, and it all tumbled out.

"Well, sir, first there was Pablo who I hated for being Randy's son, and then later on I saw Randy and Bob fucking .... er, making love, sir .... so then I hated Bob too and I thought what chance do I have against Randy's son and his lover so I ran way." He took a deep breath. "But I got in a fight with these two dopers and Pablo came and we fought them off together. We were a great team, sir, like a tag team, we hammered them good," he grinned.

"So anyway, after that I liked Pablo, liked him a lot, but I still hated Bob 'cause my brother loved him so much. Anyway, when we got back to the house everyone went to bed, except Bob who came down to my room to talk. I was rude to him at first but – well – I don't know if you know Bob well, sir, but he kind of had a way of calming me down." (Steve smiled. Sure he knew Bob very well and understood how his kindness could envelope a boy like Ben)

"We talked for a long time and he .... kind of .... well did more than calm me down." He hesitated and Steve raised his eyebrows, inviting him to continue. "Well, sir, see I'd never let anyone near my ass, sir, I was too macho for that, but Bob ..... well, I ran and got permission from Randy, and then ..... then Bob fucked me, sir ..... in the ass."

He blushed again and Steve resorted to the standard question used by all therapists. "And how did you feel about that, Ben?"

Ben's eyes sparkled. "It was the best thing I ever felt, sir. I shot two loads of jism, sir, and then Bob took me upstairs and I slept between him and Randy. It was awesome, sir, and in the morning Bob fucked me again, and I came again and Randy watched, beating his meat, and he blasted a huge load all over us. And .... and ..... there was jism everywhere, sir ....."

He had run out of steam, and he looked wide-eyed at Steve awaiting his verdict. But there was no verdict, just Steve's gentle prodding. "One clarification I'd like, Ben. Have you ever

sucked another man's cock?"

Ben's eyes sparked with indignation. "Definitely not, sir. I could never do that."

Steve gazed at him and narrowed his eyes. "You know, Ben, it sounds to me that the root of your confusion is all about sex. You disliked Pablo and Bob at first because Randy loves them both and has regular sex with them. You see yourself as a macho guy, too tough to suck cock or get fucked, and yet you let Bob fuck you. And you loved it when your big brother shot his load over you. And you got a boner when I hugged you. Do you still have it, by the way?"

Ben blushed again. "Yes, sir. I do, sir. Whenever I look at you, sir"

"And what would you like to do about that?" Ben was thrown off balance by the unexpected question, so Steve persisted. "Now come on, Ben, we have to break through these sexual hang-ups of yours. I said my methods were out of the ordinary. We're alone, won't be interrupted, it's just you and me. So, what would you like to do with that big boner in your jeans?"

Seeing the handsome doctor smiling down at him, the spitting image of Randy, Ben felt somehow liberated, free to say what he liked. "Well, sir .... see, I really get off on big muscular bodies. I've seen Randy and Bob naked and that turned me on a lot. But you, sir .... well, you're wearing a suit, but I think your body is gorgeous underneath because when you hugged me and I felt it, that's what gave me a boner."

Then it all came out in a rush. "Anyway, what I'd really like is for you to take off your shirt, sir, and I'd like to stroke my dick and maybe cum just looking at you." He blushed again at his own boldness and mumbled, "Sorry, sir .... sounds stupid."

Steve chuckled. "Not stupid at all, Ben, don't apologize. It's great. It's what we shrinks call a break-through. I think I can help you out there, and after that we might even go one better – or even two better. But first things first eh?" He turned round to his desk and buzzed the intercom. "Er, no calls, Ruth and no interruptions, OK?"

"Certainly, doctor ..... no interruptions .... absolutely."

Steve went to the door and locked it. Then he turned toward Ben and started to loosen his tie.

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## **Chapter 169 – Ben's Visit to Doctor Steve**

Steve knew exactly what he was doing. He had diagnosed Ben as having sexual inhibitions based on a confused sense of masculinity. The boy's difficult life, including recent weeks on

the streets, had led him to prize manliness and toughness above all, and that extended to the macho sexual role he saw for himself – always a top man.

Bob had gone a long way to diminish that perception by becoming the first man to fuck him, and it was now Steve's goal to complete the process. After all, Ben had joined a tribe of highly sexual men where everything was fair game, and he had to loosen up sexually before he could really fit in with them.

Steve's methods may have been unorthodox – of course they were – but they were effective. His aim now was first to stir up Ben's latent sexual fantasies and then to shock him into action. But first he planned to tease him – to rouse his sexual longings enough to shed his inhibitions. And Steve knew just how to do that – he had done it often enough with his lover Lloyd who went wild with frustration when Steve deliberately ignored him. Which is what Steve did now.

He loosened his tie a little and unbuttoned his shirt collar. He rolled his sleeves up higher, just below the biceps and walked away from the door. Ben braced himself for the doctor to approach him ..... but he didn't. Instead, he walked behind his desk and stretched, as if he were beginning his work day. He raised his arms and stretched them sideways in a bent-elbow position. Breathing deeply he pulled his arms back, making his shirt stretch across his sculpted chest. Ben could see its outline clearly under the white tank top that he wore under the shirt. Then the doctor relaxed and sat down at the desk, sorting through a pile of papers there.

Ben's cock had grown harder than ever as he watched the stunning, muscular doctor and imagined what his body must look like without a shirt. But his lust was matched by his frustration as Steve appeared to ignore his presence in the room. He was his brother, for god's sake, and Ben was supposed to be having a therapy session, so why didn't he damn well .....?

But his exasperation faded as he watched Steve pause in his paper shuffling, run his hand through his hair as if weary of the work and, with a big yawn, stretched his arms up and out in a V, so his shirtsleeves fell back over his huge biceps that flexed hard in the stretch. God he was gorgeous and Ben felt his cock shudder, but he did not dare to say anything, knowing he was completely in the hands of the therapist, his big brother Steve.

The doctor went back to his work but, to get more comfortable he undid his tie completely and let it hang loose. He undid a few more buttons of his shirt so it fell open revealing a triangle of the white tank underneath. By this time Ben was going crazy with desire and began stroking the bulge in his jeans. Steve's gradual teasing, under the guise of a doctor weary of work, was having exactly the effect he intended.

Ben watched the doctor concentrate on his papers, making notes, and the boy's frustration was mounting again when suddenly the doc threw his pen down and said, "Shit". He stood up and stretched again. He walked from behind the desk to the middle of the office, still paying no attention to Ben. Apparently the doctor had decided to abandon his work and ease his

frustrations through exercise. Ben stared wide-eyed as Steve unbuttoned the rest of his shirt, pulled it out of the waistband of his pants, shucked it off and threw it over the desk.

Ben gasped as he finally got a good look at the doctor's torso bulging under the white tank ..... his broad, hard shoulders, muscular arms and sculpted chest straining under the white tank. The boy looked on spellbound, rubbing the bulge in his jeans, as Steve fell forward onto the floor and began a series of muscle-flexing pushups. Ben stared at his back muscles rippling under the tank, his wide lats tapering down to a slim waist cinched by the elegant leather belt of his suit pants. His body gleamed under the office lights and his shoulders and biceps bulged as he punished his muscles to exhaustion.

Ben was so mesmerized by the incredible sight that his only focus was on Steve, as his own cock shuddered under his jeans and he rubbed the bulge in mounting frenzy. This spectacular man was his doctor, his brother, Randy's brother. .... and he was alone with him in his office. His cock was so hard now that Ben was moaning, aching for release.

The climax came quickly. Groaning loudly Steve made a final mighty effort and pushed his body up one last time. Then he sprang to his feet, looked at himself in the wall mirror and smiled at the reflection of his magnificent body, pumped to the max. The mirror was behind Ben's chair so Steve was facing him. Stoked by his physical exertion Steve reached up behind his neck, grabbed his tank and pulled up it slowly. At last Ben was to see the flawless body ..... first the eight-pack abs, then the chest and then the whole chiseled torso as the tank came off and was flung to the floor.

"Oh yeah," Steve said, smiling at the man in the mirror, running his hand admiringly over the slabs of his chest. "Yeah, that looks great, man .... look at that fucking gorgeous body."

Ben could not believe his eyes .... the muscle-god, stripped to the waist, was getting off on his own pumped body. The boy was hypnotized and the rest of the room blurred as he saw only the shirtless doctor, his bulging muscles gleaming with sweat. Ben stopped rubbing his bulge, held his breath, felt his heart pounding ..... and .... "Aaagh" .... his cock exploded in his jeans. He felt a sticky wetness oozing through his shorts in a never-ending outpouring of pure lust.

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Ben was not sure whether to be proud or ashamed of his spontaneous orgasm, but as he stared up anxiously at Steve he was relieved to see him smiling down at him. At last the doc was paying attention to him. "Well done, kiddo," Steve said. "Not bad at all. We're getting there, making you loosen up, feel freer with your sexuality. Gotta lose those inhibitions. Sex should be fun, not something to get hung up on." He walked over to the desk, picked up his shirt and pulled it on loosely, letting it hang wide open to show his ripped abs and chest.

He rolled the sleeves up as high as they would go, baring his biceps and making his shoulders bulge under the shirt. "OK, now we move onto the next stage of your therapy. First I have to

examine you to make sure there's nothing physically wrong anywhere." He hung a stethoscope round his neck. "Right, I need you to take your clothes off and get on the exam table over there."

Ben blinked in surprise. What little he knew about therapy was that it was all talking. Physical exams were for medical doctors. "Yeah," said Steve, reading his mind. "I'm not like most therapists, especially when it comes to treating patients with sexual problems. Then a physical exam is necessary, so hurry up. At this point Ben would have done anything the doctor told him to, so he quickly pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his sneakers and dropped his shorts. He blushed when he saw the big damp patch on his boxer briefs, but pushed them down his legs.

His blush deepened as his cock sprang out, hard as a pole despite his recent orgasm. His reflex was to cover it with his hands but the doctor said matter-of-factly, "On the examination table please." Ben sat on the table, then twisted round and lay flat on his back. As Steve bent over him his shirt flapped open, reminding Ben of a doctor's open white coat, except that he was now staring at the naked chest above him.

"Hmm, you've got a great young body, Ben. Very impressive." He put the stethoscope buds in his ears and pressed the diaphragm on Ben's chest. "Sorry, it's a bit cold at first. Now breathe deeply." He checked the chest, the stomach, and down to the area just above his pubic hair, ignoring Ben's cock which stood up like a tent pole. "OK, everything seems to be in order."

He pulled on latex gloves and squeezed lubricating jelly on the fingers. "Slide your feet back toward you, please, I just have to check your prostate." He pressed a pedal and the backrest rose slightly so Ben could see what was happening. Ben pulled his legs back, bending his knees, and the doctor pushed one leg back with his left hand and pressed the fingers of his right hand between the cheeks of his ass. He eased one finger into the hole and gently probed inside, massaging his prostate with the end of his finger. Then he inserted a second finger and they explored the warm membrane of his ass.

Ben's body jolted with a whole new range of feelings. His ass was alive, and every time a finger stroked his prostate his cock shuddered. "Very good," the doctor was saying. "You know you have a perfect ass, young Ben. That fuck you took from Bob obviously worked wonders."

The mention of Bob fucking him, and the sensations radiating from his ass as Steve probed it, brought back all the memory of Bob's gorgeous body bending over him, his cock sliding inside him. As if in sync with this image Steve momentarily withdrew his fingers, shucked off his shirt, and pushed his fingers back inside. Ben gazed at the handsome doctor, shirtless now, and wondered what it would feel like to get fucked by him. He felt fingers probing him but imagined it was Steve's cock.

The combination of his fantasy and the fingers massaging his prostate even more vigorously sent Ben over the edge. Shafts of intense pleasure shot from his ass through his whole body.

He reached up and touched the slabs of Steve's naked chest, gazed up at his handsome face and murmured, "Sir, you're making me .... I have to, sir .... I'm sorry, I .... Aaagh!" His cock, pointing straight up, erupted in a ribbon of cum that shot up onto the doctor's chest, again and again until white juice was running from Steve's neck down over his chest and abs.

"Very good, Ben," the doctor said in a calm, professional voice. He withdrew his fingers and pulled off the latex gloves. He sat beside the exam table and watched as Ben's heavy breathing subsided and his heartbeat returned to normal. But one thing that did not return to normal was Ben's cock, which still stood proudly to attention despite his two orgasms. Maybe a permanent erection was the new normal for Ben who, since his arrival in this town, had been exposed to one exciting sexual stimulus after another.

"Well, Ben, I have to say you surprise me. My aim has been to relieve you of that buildup of sexual energy so that you can start thinking with your head and heart rather than your cock. But I see we're not there yet. You're nineteen, right? Would I be right in thinking that since puberty your cock has been more-or-less hard all the time?"

"Pretty much, sir," Ben said. "But see, until I got to L.A. I never really had any chance to, like, let off steam."

"Yeah, that's what I figured. We call it unfulfilled sexual desire, or sexual repression. And that's what we have to try and correct today. Somehow I have to drain that beautiful cock of yours, kiddo. If you're up for that" .... he grinned .... "no pun intended. So, you want to continue with your treatment?"

"Yes please, sir!" Ben's eyes sparkled. "Very much, sir."

"OK, let's take a look at that ball sac first. Steve's hand closed gently round Ben's balls and massaged them, making Ben start moaning all over again. He looked up at the shirtless doctor's chiseled features and saw the blue eyes smiling down at him. "Well," Steve said, "no problem with your testicles ..... everything where it should be. But that permanent boner is starting to concern me. I'm afraid you'll have to cum again, kid."

A hint of panic crossed Ben's face and he said, "Oh, sir, I don't think I can, sir. I've already shot two big loads and ....."

"Trust me, boy. If I say you can cum again, you will. This should do it. For a minute Ben couldn't grasp what was happening, as Steve lowered his head forward, place his lips on the head of Ben's cock, then swallowed all of it deep into his throat. "Aaah .... Aaah .... Aaah!" Ben gasped. In his weeks roughing it on his long trek north Ben had had no sex – had not fucked anyone nor had a blow-job, much as he had wanted it. This is partly what resulted in the build-up of sexual frustration that the doctor had diagnosed.

But now! Now he felt his body catch fire as the hot mouth moved up and down his stiff shaft. He was getting sucked off by his doctor ..... his brother ..... the magnificent Steve. He looked down at the head moving up and down over his groin, saw the broad, bare shoulders bulge as one hand rested on Ben's thigh, the other on his waist. Steve wanted to end this quickly so his rhythm increased, his mouth gripping the cock tight as he took the head deep into his throat.

Ben was overwhelmed by the intense physical sensation and even more by the unbelievable fantasy that his brother Steve was noisily sucking his cock. His cock was burning hot, he felt it shudder and he yelled, "Thank you, sir. Thank you, I ..... aaagh" He shot yet another load of cum, this time in his brother's mouth, and felt the throat muscles squeeze round his cock as they gulped the boy's warm juice. Suddenly Steve pulled off him, gazed at him, then closed his mouth over Ben's, letting the cum flow from his mouth into the boy's. They passed it back and forth, sharing the juice of Ben's unbelievable third orgasm.

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Steve stood up and ran his eyes over Ben's still trembling body, his young gypsy face wet with sweat and tears. "Jesus you're a beautiful kid – the image of Randy, only younger. Anyway, that finally did the trick. You've lost your hard-on at last, kiddo. That soft dick is proof of our success – and I gotta say it looks just as pretty soft as it did hard. OK, Ben, you can get up now – we've finished with the table. Your exam's over."

Unsteadily Ben got to his feet and watched as Steve retrieved his shirt and was about to put it back on when he looked down at his chest and saw Ben's cum still running down it from when he had shot over it. "Shit, can't mess up my clean shirt with all this juice of yours. Here." He picked up his tank from the floor and grinned as he threw it to Ben. "Wipe me off kid. It's your jizz that did the damage after all."

Ben was about to obey when he suddenly had an impulse to go one better. He put his hands on Steve's hips, leaned forward and started to lick. He ran his tongue up the cleft between Steve's pecs, scooping up his own cum and swallowing it. Then he lapped at the rest of the muscular torso, the slabs of the chest, the abs and waist, sucking in the pungent liquid. Finally he pulled back and used the tank top to wipe the body dry.

He grinned up at Steve, his mouth and chin smothered in cum. Steve thought he looked beautiful, the young gypsy face shining with the look of triumph Steve had seen so often in Randy's eyes. The boy had taken the sexual initiative, proof that his therapy had worked. But then Steve looked down and said, "Oh-oh, I can't believe it. Hell, you're a tough nut to crack, boy. Look at that boner of yours .... hard as a rock again. You've already cum three times. I was trying to drain you dry but, shit, I guess I'm not the shrink I thought I was. You should cum again but I got no more tricks in that therapy bag of mine.

“Oh, no problem there, sir,” Ben said confidently. “I got it covered. See, when Bob fucked me and made me cum he taught me that you always have to make sure that the other guy gets his rocks off too. It’s only fair.” Steve watched in amazement as Ben took control. He sank to his knees at Steve’s feet and salivated as he gazed at the bulge in the doctor’s smart dress pants. He reached forward, unzipped the fly, put his hand inside and pulled out the stiff rod that had been straining inside.

Ben had a flicker of doubt as he saw for the first time the huge, thick cock, just like Randy’s. But his determination was strengthened when Steve voiced his own doubts. “Are you sure about this, Ben? You told me you could never take another man’s dick in your mouth.”

Ben saw this as a challenge and, just like Randy, his gypsy toughness always made him rise to a challenge. “Absolutely sure, sir. You’ve been real good to me, sir. Now I have to do something for you.” With his hand clasped round the thick shaft Ben leaned his face forward and smelt, before he tasted, the big round head. He licked it tentatively and he flinched at first, but then his senses were engulfed by the musky smell and taste of the pre-cum oozing from it.

This was his brother’s cock, the man who had already made him shoot three loads of cum. The huge rod mesmerized him, he breathed in deeply and wrapped his mouth round the whole head. Then impulsively he pushed his head forward so the long pole slid down his throat and the head rammed against the back of his throat. Tears sprang to his eyes and he choked, pulling off the cock swiftly and coughing loudly.

Concerned, Steve said, “You want to stop, Ben? You don’t have to do this, you know.”

“No, sir,” Ben said adamantly. “I know I can do it. I want to, sir. Please don’t stop.”

This time Steve took control and, holding Ben’s face he very gently slid his cock inside his mouth, pausing frequently to let the boy get used to it. And Ben did get used to it fast, feeling for the first time the special pleasure that comes from sucking a man’s cock, especially the cock of his gorgeous brother! He learned quickly how to breathe through his nose and relax his throat, allowing the long pole to slide all the way down. He was moaning now through the gag of the cock and his eyes sparkled as he managed to look up at the shirtless doctor.

Briefly he pulled his head back and gasped, “I love this, sir. I love sucking your cock.” Then he plunged onto it again. Still gripping Steve’s hips, he pulled him toward his mouth, ramming the rigid cock deeper and deeper into his throat, burying his face in Steve’s damp, pungent pubic hair. Steve gazed down in awe at the young gypsy face feeding on his cock, moaning in ecstasy as tears poured from his eyes.

“Man,” Steve groaned, “you are a great little cocksucker ..... yeah, keep going like that and you’re gonna make me bust my load in your mouth. Is that what you want, Ben?” Without missing a beat Ben looked up at him with pleading eyes and moaned “mmmmm ..... mmm!”

Steve grinned. "I'll take that as a yes, kiddo. OK, then, make me cum, Ben." Instinctively, the skill coming naturally to him, Ben tightened his throat muscles round the throbbing cock and pushed his head forward until his nose buried itself in the tangle of pubic hair and he breathed in deeply. It was total sensual overload as Ben smelled the masculine essence of the man, heard him groan loudly, felt the cock shudder and warm liquid blast into the back of his throat.

His gag reflex almost made him choke, but it was his swallow reflex that saved him. Gulping furiously he felt the bitter-sweet taste of Steve's semen flowing into his mouth, down his throat and deep inside him. He loved it! He loved the taste of the man, loved the intimacy of swallowing his male essence, his juice, the outpouring of his lust.

But at last Steve's cock was drained and Ben pulled back, panting heavily, heartbeat racing as he gazed up at the gorgeous doctor, stripped to the waist, his cock still dripping cum. He glanced down and saw a pool of cum on the floor .... his own ...his fourth orgasm. Steve shook his head as he looked down at Ben's enraptured face, and said. "Ben, you look so fucking beautiful like that."

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But then suddenly, as if on cue, all hell broke loose. Simultaneously the locked door rattled as someone tried to force it open, and the intercom sounded. "I'm sorry, doctor. I told him your strict instructions were not to be disturbed but your brother insisted ...."

"It's OK, Ruth," Steve cut her off, leaning over the intercom. "Thanks, I'll handle it." Stuffing his cock back into his pants Steve unlocked the door and opened it wide enough for Randy to burst in, wearing jeans and the sweaty tank he had worked out in at the gym. His eyes blazed at Steve as he said, "Listen, man, nobody locks me out, especially when my two brothers are on the other side of the door. You're lucky I didn't bust the door down. What the fuck's been going on here?"

He looked down and saw Ben on his knees, butt naked, gazing up at them, tousled black hair flopping over his face streaked with tears, his mouth sagging open with semen oozing from the corners and dripping down his chin onto his bare chest. Randy caught side of Steve's open fly on his pants and growled, "Shit, man, have you been face fucking my little brother?"

Steve was used to Randy's tirades and faced him unflinchingly. "He's my little brother too, Randy, and yes he's just sucked my cock, but only because he asked to. And he was sensational at it. He's learnt to take charge of his own sexual needs, he's becoming assertive .... just like you taught him, bro. I thought you'd be proud of him." Steve grinned. "He's shot four loads of jism so far.

Randy's anger faded as he looked at Ben's shining eyes, his face glowing with excitement. He had seen exactly the same jubilant look on Pablo's face every time he fucked him and now he grinned down at his brother. "Shit, boy," he said, "I brought you here for a therapy session with

Doctor Steve and it looks like to you got it – and a lot more. That your jizz on the floor there? Four times, eh? Hell you could give young Eddie a run for his money. That kid can cum every ten minutes if you let him. OK, you ready for me to take you home?”

“No, sir. Not yet.” Ben’s voice was firm, bordering on defiance.

“What?” Randy barked in surprise, with a flash of anger hearing the boy say no to him.

“I’m not finished, sir. I want to suck your dick.” It sounded more like an order than a request.

Randy frowned, then looked at Steve. “What the fuck you been doing to the kid, bro?”

“Teaching him to lose his sexual hang-ups and be as forceful as you are. See that defiant look on his face? Should be familiar to you ..... you see it every time you look in the mirror.”

Randy looked back down at Ben, and it was true. The boy knew what he wanted and wasn’t scared to ask for it. It was the toughness that Randy always admired in a boy. And Steve was right. Randy saw himself in Ben’s steely eyes and the bold set of his jaw. His little brother was becoming a man. Even though he was kneeling naked on the floor, cum running down his chin, Ben was full of pride. And Randy loved it! “OK, kid,” he said. “Get ready, ‘cause your big brother’s gonna fuck your face.”

Randy ripped open his jeans and pulled out his massive cock that was already hard as steel. Ben gazed up in awe at the big construction worker in his sweaty tank top, and two pairs of blue eyes locked in an intense communion of fraternal love. Ben opened his mouth, not in submission but as a provocation to his big brother. Randy’s reflex was always to ram his cock deep into a man’s throat .... but not this time. This was his little brother .... the boy he had always loved and protected.

He placed his hands gently on the sides of Ben’s head and said quietly, “I love you, boy.” Ben replied, “Thank you, sir.” Randy pushed his hips forward and gently slid his big tool into the mouth, already slick with the cum of their brother. After his session with Steve Ben had learned to relax and swallow cock easily, so there was no hint of gagging as he felt Randy’s pole slide deeper and deeper into the back of his throat.

Randy sighed deeply. “Holy shot, that feels fucking incredible, kid. The doc here trained you well. You OK?” Ben looked up wide-eyed, his eyes sparkling, and managed to nod his head. “OK, kid, then here it comes. Eat your brother’s meat, boy. The gentle tempo quickly accelerated and became a full-on face fuck, though Randy used all his skill to avoid hurting his brother.

After all the years of closeness with Randy, even snuggling in bed with him for comfort, Ben had never felt more intimate with him as did now, feeling, smelling, tasting the musky essence of his manhood as his face sank into the tangle of wiry, damp, black pubic hair.

Steve was watching in increasing excitement, his cool professionalism replaced by sexual lust as he saw his older brother fuck the mouth of his youngest. Instinctively Steve pulled out his cock, already hard again, wrapped his hand round it and pumped it. Randy saw this out of the corner of his eye and grinned, "Hey, bro, you wanna grab a slice of the action here .... show a little brotherly love?" Randy pulled his cock out and Ben's protest was instantly stifled by another cock replacing it, being stuffed into his mouth.

It was beyond Ben's wildest dreams as his two big brothers traded off, first one driving his cock into his mouth, then the other taking over. Glancing up he saw Randy strip off his tank, saw the almost identical brothers gazing down at him, both shirtless, their muscles rippling as each in turn fucked his face. Finally, his throat was getting sore, slammed by two huge cocks in turn.

Randy was a master at this and sensed that the boy was reaching his limit. OK, Steve," he grinned, "I think our little brother is good and ready. Let's give him something to drink. They pressed close together so that both their cocks were pointing at Ben's face. He opened his mouth wide and, in wild amazement, felt the heads of both cocks push just inside his mouth.

"OK, my brothers," Randy yelled, "this is it!" Their bodies shuddered and now Ben really did almost choke as he felt their cocks explode simultaneously in his mouth and two rivers of cum poured inside him. Gulping frantically he managed to swallow most of the bitter-sweet juice as he felt his own cock blasting yet another load of cum onto the floor. It was beyond fantasy ..... his two gorgeous brothers emptying their cocks into his mouth at the same time.

But it was not quite over. Before they were drained dry, they pulled their cocks out of his mouth and Randy said, "Hey, Steve, you got any left?" Steve grinned, "You bet I have." Randy pointed his cock at Ben's face, "OK, let's wash those tears off his face. Let him have it, bro." Ben stared in awe and shut his eyes just in time as two more streams of cum slammed into his face, into his hair, running down his forehead and cheeks and dripping from his chin onto his chest. He was soaked in the semen of his two big brothers.

Randy and Steve breathed deeply as they looked down and watched Ben recover slowly. He hung his head in exhaustion for a while, then raised it, wiped the cum from his eyes and looked up at them. The brothers were anxious that he was OK, but their concern faded as they saw a big triumphant grin spread slowly across the dark, gypsy features of the handsome young face.

Randy and Steve exchanged smiles, then Randy looked back down at Ben. "Welcome to the family, little brother. You're one of us."

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Cleanup took a while after Steve grabbed towels from his private bathroom and he and Randy wiped Ben's face, his hair and body. Ben pulled on his shirt, jeans and sneakers and Steve

flung a spare T-shirt at Randy. After Ben wiped Steve's chest and face the doctor put on his shirt, tie and jacket.

Steve was transformed back to the cool, matter-of-fact doctor. "OK, Ben, now we need to schedule a follow-up visit to make sure the therapy's working and we're still on track. So why don't you go out to my receptionist Ruth and make an appointment?" Randy could swear he saw a change in Ben's body language – more poised, greater confidence as he strode to the door, unlocked it and went to the outer office.

Randy shook Steve's hand warmly. "Man, I gotta thank you. You worked wonders on the boy. I don't know what you did in here .... I know, I know, all that doctor/patient privilege bullshit .... but Darius will get it out of him. Nothing stays secret in that house for long. Still, I guess it's all out of Ben's system now."

Steve shrugged. "Well .... maybe not quite everything." Randy looked at him and frowned. Suddenly light dawned and he said firmly, "You didn't fuck his ass, did you?"

Steve laughed. "No I didn't, unless you count a standard prostate finger exam. But you're on the right track, bro. Now that Ben has sampled most other kinds of sex and is feeling more assertive about it, I'm sure he feels ready for that ultimate sexual experience. And he won't give you any peace 'til he gets it."

"Yeah, but Bob already fucked him and he got off on it big time. So what's your point?"

Steve smiled and shook his head. "Jeez, Randy, you really can be dense sometimes. You have no sense of your own power, do you – no vanity? Sure Bob fucked him and when Ben told me about that he let slip the phrase, 'Bob was the next best thing to Randy.'" Randy flinched at the thought that dawned on him. "That's right, Randy. Who's the guy Ben looks up to most in the world, the man he idolizes? He has always worshipped you, you're his hero. And now that he's feeling sexually adventurous, it's *you* he wants, big brother. .... he wants *you* to fuck him.

"No fucking way!" Randy spun round and paced the floor. "That, Steve, is never gonna happen ..... never."

"OK, OK .... just thought I'd throw it out there. You saw how badly Ben wanted to suck your cock, after all. And, if you recall, you once fucked me in this very office."

"Sure," Randy growled, "but I was angry, just trying to prove you couldn't be my real brother."

"Yeah, and look how that turned out," Steve grinned.

Randy tried unsuccessfully to stifle a smile. "Of course," Steve continued, "as a doctor I couldn't condone you doing that with Ben. But as your brother – and his – I'd say fine, go for it.

Probably be good for you both.” Seeing Randy’s discomfort Steve said, “OK let’s forget it .... for now anyway. “ He looked through the open door to the outer office. “Hey listen. Ruth’s just got off the phone. Let’s listen to how Ben handles her.

“Hi, Ben,” Ruth was saying. “Sorry to have kept you waiting. Everything OK with you?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Ben said, his eyes shining. “Very OK, actually. And doc says I should schedule a follow-up visit.”

“Very well,” Ruth said, turning to her computer. “When would you like to come back, then?”

“As soon as possible, ma’am,” Ben said eagerly. “As soon as you can.”

Through the door Steve nudged Randy and they both chuckled.

“Well,” Ruth said gently, “it’s customary to let at least a week go by before the next visit.”

“Oh,” said Ben, disappointed. “No sooner than that eh? OK, then, a week from now, same time, same place. Can you do that ma’am?”

Ruth, a middle-aged, motherly sort of woman, smiled at his youthful exuberance. “Let me check here .... mmm .... yes, we can do that. OK, same time next week. Would you like me to note it down on a card for you?”

“No need, ma’am. I’ll remember it for sure.”

Randy came out and put his arm round Ben’s shoulder. “Thanks Ruth,” Randy smiled. “And I won’t bring him next time. Ben will be on his own.”

“Oh, I’m sure that will be fine,” Ruth said.

“Me too, ma’am,” Ben grinned. “Just fine.”

“Oops,” Ruth said, “before you go let me just get that.” She pulled a couple of sheets of tissue from a box and wiped behind Ben’s ear. “That’s got it. Something on your neck,” she said.

Ben blushed, grinned at Randy and they left the office. Ruth smiled at Steve. “Well he seems like a happy young man .... and he was so nervous when he came in. You’ve always told me your therapy methods can sometimes be a bit unorthodox, doctor, but they certainly seem to work their magic.

“Yeah, Ruth,” Steve grinned, “they do, don’t they? They sure do.”

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“I’ve got some good news!”

It was Friday evening and Bob was seated at one end of the dinner table facing Randy at the other end. Pablo was on Randy’s right and Ben on his left, both of them talking animatedly to Randy who was glowing with the justified pride of a father and brother. The rest of the clan was ranged along the table and the noisy chatter fell silent as Bob tapped his knife against his glass. That’s all it took for Bob to command instant respect and silence from the group.

“And the news is that escrow closed today on the house next door and we now own it.” He paused to let the cheers and applause die down. “We got it for a great price as it’s pretty run-down, and you all know that it will be rented to Adam and Nate as this house is bursting at the seams. But there’s no doubt it’s a fixer so there’s a lot of construction work needs doing. While the house was in escrow Lloyd has been drawing up architectural plans with Randy who has already set up a work schedule.

All eyes turned to Randy. “Right,” the boss said, his tone more commanding than Bob’s easy-going little speech. “So here’s what’s gonna happen. I’ve been speaking to Zack and he and I will be in charge of the remodeling. That means that Darius will be working with Zack, and Pablo and Ben will be doing the technical stuff like electrical and plumbing. You’ll all be paid at your regular rate, not overtime rate, as this is a family project.

“Adam and Nate want to be involved as they’re gonna be the ones living there, and Jason has also offered to lend a hand, paying us back for work we did recently on his place. Jamie, I know you and Bob have already worked on a preliminary budget, but when I’ve had a good look at the place I’ll give you a time estimate and a list of materials and you can give me the final figures. The twins, Kyle and Kevin, I want you to keep this place going, as usual, and provide food for the troops to keep them fit and happy. You can help them when you’re free, Eddie, though I know you’ll be wanting to go up to Hassan’s place often to carry out your duties there.”

“Yes please, sir,” said Eddie with a wide grin.

Randy leaned forward and ruffled Eddie’s hair, smiling. “You and that big stud Marine of yours kid. Keeping you happy, is he?” Then it was back to business. “OK, that’s about it, guys. Any questions?”

There was an awed silence for the boss, then Darius asked, “When do we start, sir?”

“Tomorrow morning, Saturday, 8am sharp. We’ll work weekends and evenings and whenever any of you can be spared from your regular work. I want this job finished fast, with our usual quality work, no cutting corners, OK? That’s it then.” From the end of the table Bob smiled at Randy and felt his dick get hard. As always, Randy was the undisputed boss and, if anything, was even more forceful now that Ben, after his ‘therapy’ with Steve, had lived up to Randy’s expectations as a tough, opinionated young stud, a junior version of himself.

Bit by bit Bob had found out what happened back then in Steve's office, mostly from Darius. After Ben's extraordinary visit with the doctor, the boys had huddled together and Darius had said, "Now spill, Ben – all the details – exaggerations accepted. And forget all that doctor/patient stuff, dude. We're all family here. After all, everyone has a doctor fantasy...." Pablo rolled his eyes ..... "well I know / do, especially when the doctor looks like that hunk Steve. And you actually lived the fantasy, dude, so I'm gonna get your story on camera."

So for the first time in his life Ben found himself staring into a camera lens and recounting his sexual exploits with Steve. Darius's eager enthusiasm was infectious and Ben found himself enjoying it all. He felt like the star of the show ..... which, of course, he was.

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Next day around noon, having endured a morning's banging and sawing from next door, Bob stopped by with Mark and Jamie to see what kind of a start the guys had made. Mark was not directly involved in the project as he had a heavy workload right now, owing to his recent police promotion, and he was working back-to-back shifts. In fact he was wearing his uniform now as he was off to work shortly. Normally Jamie would have been unable to take his eyes off the gorgeous cop he idolized, but now he gazed wide-eyed at the workers. "Wow," he said.

"Wow, indeed," Bob chuckled. "It's like a scene from some porn movie." They were looking at four men and four boys, all stripped to the waist, muscles rippling as they worked in the midst of debris, pulling down parts of the house that were to be remodeled. Randy, having shed his usual tank top in the noontime heat was in the center of the controlled chaos, shirtless in cargo pants and boots, with a tool belt slung round his waist. Zack was in his customary work gear of black jeans and boots, no shirt, and Darius, as always, copied him.

The handsome Aussie, Adam, was stripped down to just jeans and boots, and next to him his boy Nate, dressed the same, as was the blond fireman, Jason. The onlookers could not see Pablo and Ben at first but they followed the sound of laughter and saw them both crammed under a sink, on their backs wrestling with some plumbing. "Hey, you guys," Randy shouted at them. "No fooling around down there. Less mirth more muscle .... I've got my eye on you two."

"I bet he does," grinned Bob. "He's crazy about those kids and they know it." Sure enough, the laughter didn't stop, just toned down to high-spirited giggles after they shouted back to the boss, "Yes, sir!" Ben was dressed like Randy in cargo pants he had borrowed from Pablo, and Pablo was naked under his customary work dungarees, hooked over one shoulder.

Bob, Mark and Jamie gazed in awe at the hectic scene, the muscular bodies streaked with dirt, sweating in the warm sun. Mark turned, looked at Bob and smiled. "OK, buddy, as always you see more than most of us – the back story – so what gives? Fill us in."

“Yeah,” Bob said thoughtfully. “Well take Pablo and Ben, for instance. What do you make of them, Jamie?”

Jamie paused to consider. “Well, sir, they’ve become best buddies after that fight where they tag-teamed those guys and beat them up. But they’re still competitive with each other, both kinda full of themselves ..... one the boss’s son and the other his brother. I think they’ll always be friends, but it would only take one spark to set them off.”

Bob said, “Right on the money, I’d say. You seem to have nailed that situation, Jamie.” Bob smiled at Mark. “Your boy’s pretty smart, officer.”

Mark ruffled Jamie’s hair. “That’s what I love about him ..... that and his gorgeous ass. You gonna have it good and ready for me when I get home, kiddo?”

“Absolutely, sir,” Jamie grinned.

Bob continued. “And look over there. Adam’s working close with Nate, but who does he keep glancing at?”

Mark enjoyed playing this game with Bob. “Hmm ... well now you mention it .... Zack, I guess.”

“Bingo! Now *there’s* a story. Adam’s a deep one. To all appearances a dominant alpha male, a man’s man .... except with Zack! Adam told me he used to hang out at the leather bars in Sydney, and Zack, of course, is the ultimate, dominant leather icon, every man’s fantasy top man. You know, they say we all have another side to us – kind of yin and yang – and Adam sure does around Zack. The tough black guy brings out a whole different Adam, the Adam who got tied up and worked over by Zack the last time they worked together like this. So I shouldn’t be surprised to see some more man-on-man action from them, too.”

“OK, Mr. Smart Observer,” Mark smiled. “You’re so cool and detached, but I bet you’ve got your eye on one of those guys too, other than Randy I mean.” Bob blushed. “See, I knew it,” Mark said. “And it’s not hard to work out who it is. I’d bet on Jason .... am I right?”

Bob blushed deeper and gazed at the gorgeous fireman as he worked, muscles rippling with exertion, blond hair falling over the chiseled features of his face. Bob’s tone was dream-like. “You gotta admit, he is one spectacular hunk of man. I remember the time he fucked me, he got off on himself in the mirror first. That turned me on so much I shot my load watching him, then came again when his cock was inside me. He’s vain about his looks, of course, but I find his vanity a huge turn on. Yeah, he’s quite a guy.....”

Mark let Bob indulge his reverie for a while, then said, “You know, Jason and I get on real well but I haven’t spent much time with him lately. And believe it or not, I think the guy sometimes feels kinda solitary living in that house of his all alone. His beauty kind of sets him apart from

the guys he works with .... they're good guys, friendly but cool, he once told me, and he doesn't socialize much.

"So anyway, Bob, as soon as there's a break from the work here, what say you and I pay him a visit? I know he'd get off on that. We should take Jamie and the twins, too .... he'd get off on that even more." Mark saw a smile cross Bob's handsome, square-jawed features.

"So how about it, buddy? You think Superman could handle an afternoon with a blond cop and a blond fireman?"

"Mmm ...." Bob said thoughtfully, but his sparkling eyes gave away his enthusiasm. "Think we can handle that, Jamie?"

Jamie's eyes sparkled too. "Sounds like a plan, sir."

# # #

## **Chapter 170 – The Cop and The Fireman Double-Team Bob**

The work on the house continued throughout the weekend, but the following week Randy pulled Zack, Darius, Pablo and Ben back to their regular construction work, which left a few idle days on the house. Adam and Nate made the most of it, walking together through the deserted shell of their soon-to-be home. The remodeling was already taking shape and, like any new couple in their first home, they talked about colors, furniture layout and landscaping.

Then they came to the empty master bedroom, which was still pretty much intact, needing the least remodeling. They stood for a minute soaking up the vibes of the bright, airy room, then Adam grinned at Nate. "So this is it, mate. What d'ya say – you wanna take it for a test drive?"

Nate's eyes gleamed mischievously. He saw an old blanket crumpled in the corner of the room, shook it out and looked around the room. "Here, I think, don't you?" and he spread the blanket on the bare floor up against a floor-to-ceiling window. "Yeah, that looks about right," said Adam. "Perfect place for the bed, except that it looks a bit lonely down there ..... needs company. So let's see ..... OK, I'm just getting home from work and you're waiting for me."

Adam left the room, closing the door behind him. Nate loved Adam's sense of make-believe and waited with mounting excitement as he heard footsteps on the bare boards, the door opened and Adam came in. "Hey there, mate. You miss me?" He stretched. "Hell of a day at work. Smells like you've got something real tasty for dinner on the kitchen stove .... but from where I stand there's something even more tasty in here. So go for it, mate. Show me how pleased you are to see me."

Nate was trembling, totally into this fantasy of how most evenings would be from now on. He knew exactly what to do. He kicked off his sneakers, pulled off his T-shirt and dropped his shorts. For some reason he blushed as he stood in his white boxer briefs before Adam, as if on inspection for the first time in their new house. “Oh, yeah,” Adam moaned. “Beautiful. Now that’s what I wanna see every time I come home from work – my handsome boy waiting for me. Turn around.”

Nate did as ordered and immediately felt Adam’s hands running over the cotton briefs stretched over the mounds of his ass. “Brilliant,” said Adam in his thick Aussie accent .... “and it’s all mine.” He pushed his fingers under the waistband and slid the briefs down to the floor. Adam fell to his knees, pulled the ass cheeks apart and buried his face between them, pushing his tongue deep into the warm hole. Nate moaned, reflexively grabbed his stiff cock and began to stroke it. Pre-cum was already dripping from it as he felt Adam’s tongue probing his ass, and he knew he had to cum.

So did Adam, so he pulled away, reached round and pulled Nate’s wrists away from his cock. “Not yet, mate. I’ve gotta enjoy you first.” He sprang to his feet and said, “On your knees, boy, hands behind your back.” Nate knelt in the middle of the blanket facing Adam, who smiled down at the lithe body and handsome, boyish face. He unbuttoned his shirt slowly and pulled it apart, exposing the slabs of his flawless chest. Then he shrugged it off and let it fall to the floor, pleased by the gasp he always heard from Nate when the boy saw him shirtless.

Stripped to the waist Adam pointed down at Nate. “Now that, boy, is how it’s always gonna be when I come home and decide what I’m gonna do with you.” He paced round the room never taking his eyes off Nate. “But before I do anything you’ll wait for me right there while I shower.”

Adam walked into the empty bathroom and closed the door behind him. Alone now, kneeling on the blanket, hands clasped behind him, Nate was quivering with excitement as he waited. Ever since he and Jamie had first seen Adam, the handsome flight attendant walking down the aisle of the 747 bound for Sydney, Nate had lusted for him. At first Nate thought that his best friend Jamie would be the one Adam liked best, as the beautiful surfer rode the waves of Manly Beach in Sydney, sparkling with joy like a young blond god.

But Jamie was devoted to Mark, everyone’s wet dream of a cop, and it became clear that Adam liked the boyish good looks, openness and high spirits of his fellow Aussie. Then came Adam’s posting to L.A. and Nate became Adam’s boy. And now, a dream Nate could never have dared to dream, they were to live together .... in this very house ....and sleep together in this very bed.

He snapped out of his dream-world as he looked down at the old blanket, substituting for a bed. But suddenly the dream came true again as the bathroom door opened and Adam stepped out, buck naked. Actually, Nate’s daydream had lasted only a few minutes and, of course, Adam hadn’t showered. It was all part of Adam’s teasing fantasy to turn his boy on ..... and it worked!

Nate gazed in wide-eyed awe at the naked, dark-haired muscle-god, at his broad shoulders, muscular arms, magnificent chest and washboard abs. The biggest turn-on for Nate was the Speedo-shaped band of white skin below his waist, with sharp tan lines top and bottom, contrasting with the golden tan of his body. And from it hung his beautiful, long, uncut cock. This gorgeous man was his master, his lover, his mate!

With a whimper Nate fell forward and crawled toward Adam. He had lost all sense of modesty or decorum, his sole focus being his master's cock swinging between his legs. When he reached it he scooped it into his mouth and felt it stiffen as he swallowed it to the back of his throat.

"Yeah," Adam groaned, "suck that cock, boy. Make it good and hard ..... make it wet for when it slides into your sweet ass." Nate was going wild, grabbing Adam's waist and pulling his hips forward so the hard rod pistoned inside his mouth, slamming against the back of his throat. It was driving Adam to the brink of orgasm, but again he stopped it, pulling his cock out of Nate's mouth just seconds before it exploded.

He leaned down, grabbed Nate and, with one strong move, pulled him bodily off the floor and held him draped across his arms, smiling down at him. "Oh yeah, mate," he said, "we are gonna have so much fun in this house." He chuckled, "I guess, according to custom, I should have carried you across the threshold like this, but this is even better." He carried Nate to the blanket, bent forward and gently laid him onto his back. He stood up and gazed down at him.

"And now, boy, for the first time in this house, I'm gonna .... fuck .... your ..... ass!"

There was no more teasing, no more fantasy ..... this was the real thing. As he had done so often before Adam grabbed Nate's ankles, pushed his legs back and eased his iron rod into his ass, pushing it slowly until he touched the back of his ass, then pushed some more, over the inner sphincter and it came to rest in the warm, soft cavity deep inside him. "Aaaah!" Nate sighed, gazing up at Adam. "That feels awesome, sir. God, I love your cock in my ass."

"Yeah," Adam said, "and you're gonna feel it every single time I come home .... and then some." He hooked Nate's left leg over his shoulder and pushed the right leg far back, giving a clear view of Nate's ass. Adam had seen an old mirror still attached to the wall on his right that gave a side view of the two bodies, one kneeling straight up, his cock driving rhythmically into the exposed ass of the other.

"Look at that, Nate, look at us in the mirror. Spectacular, eh? This house has never seen anything that hot, I guarantee. They both gazed at their reflections and were spellbound, as if they were watching two gorgeous strangers, the older one posing, flexing his muscles as his hips moved back and forth, his huge cock sliding into the beautiful young ass. It went on and on until Adam knew neither of them could hold back much longer.

"God that's beautiful," Adam breathed. "Look at that muscle-stud fuck his boy, slamming that ass. You think the master can make his boy bust his load without touching his cock?"

"I think so, sir. The master is so hot .... that body, the face .... Look at him pounding his boy. Oh yeah, he's gonna make the boy shoot. He can't hold back ..... look ....!" They saw the boy in the mirror shudder, heard him yell as white juice pumped from his cock all over his heaving body.

Adam yelled in triumph, "That's it, boy, now watch the master cum inside him ..... here it comes, boy .... Now!" The hips slammed forward one last time, the muscular body in the mirror tensed and froze, the head flew back and a howl of triumph echoed round the empty room as he flooded his boy's ass with his cum.

Finally they tore their gaze away from the mirror and gazed at each other, eyes sparkling with jubilation and pure happiness. "Welcome home, kiddo," Adam said. "This is our home .... and you're my boy."

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Adam and Nate were not the only ones taking advantage of the break in construction. Mark was keen to put into practice the idea he had proposed to Bob, and made an early morning call to Jason. Sounding as casual as he could Mark said breezily, "So what's up, buddy? You working today?"

"Nah, worked a lot of overtime on that big York Avenue fire so I've got a couple of days comp time off. Thought I'd just kick back around the house, work out some, clean up the garden, make myself some lunch" .... he chuckled .... "the usual home-body things, you know."

Mark heard a trace of loneliness in his voice and replied, "Yeah, me too. I worked the York Avenue job too so I'm taking time off like you. Maybe I'll drop by and look in on you later .... make sure you're eating properly."

Jason laughed and his voice brightened. "Just what my mother would say. But that would be great, Mark. Always enjoy the company of a handsome stud cop, you know that. You'll have to take me as you find me, though. House is a bit of a mess. So see you later then, maybe."

Mark smiled as he hung up the phone. What he hadn't told Jason was that he was pretty much alone too as the house was very quiet. Bob had not gone into his office today, and he and Jamie were upstairs in the home office working on the remodeling budget as Randy had now given them all the final specs. So Mark went up to see them.

"Well you're a sight for sore eyes," Bob beamed as Mark walked in. "A prettier face than these spread-sheets and statistics."

Mark laughed. "Huh, don't think I've ever been compared to a spread-sheet before. Glad I came out on top. Where's everyone else?"

“Well, as you know, Randy, Zack and their boys are putting in a full day’s work on the main construction site, and Eddie is up at Hassan’s house, where he seems to spend more and more of his time with his “big stud Marine” as Randy calls him. Says Hassan needs his help with a landscaping project, but I suspect what Hassan really needs is the boy’s ass, which Eddie is more than willing to offer up.

“And the Aussies are out furniture shopping. Nate’s helping Adam spend some of that generous moving allowance he got from his airline in the transfer. So, Mark, that leaves just you, me and Jamie - and the twins, of course, weaving some kind of culinary magic in the kitchen as usual. Why? You have something in mind?”

Well,” Mark grinned conspiratorially, “I just got off the phone with Jason who’s spending the day at home alone, kicking back and ..... cooking for himself. So I was thinking we could all surprise him ..... “

Bob interrupted “..... and maybe take over a sample of the twins’ magic, which I’m sure is a damn sight better than anything the fireman can rustle up for himself. What do you think, Jamie? Think the spreadsheets can wait?”

“Well, sir,” Jamie said with mock seriousness, “given a choice of the figures or the fireman ..... I’d have to go with the fireman, sir.”

Mark ruffled his hair. “That’s my boy. OK, guys, lets break the news to the twins.”

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Mark had been right about Jason. He was indeed feeling a bit solitary as he attacked the ivy that was threatening to overwhelm parts of his garden. He had done his usual early-morning workout in his patio gym and was now ripping at the ivy with more ferocity that it merited. It was only ivy, after all, and he realized the plant was not really the source of his frustration. He was feeling somehow detached from the world and wondered why.

After his workout he had, as usual, jerked off looking at his own magnificent reflection in the mirror, where the glass was stained with many previous narcissistic blasts of semen. Could it be his vanity, his lust for his own beautiful face and body, that set him apart from others? It was true that he loved the sight of gorgeous, muscular men. That is why he took refuge in the mirror as there were few men who could match his own beauty ..... except ..... except for the guys in Randy and Bob’s house.

He still fantasized about working with them on the house construction, all of them shirtless, their muscles rippling with physical exertion. But it was the two guys watching them who had turned him on the most, clothed as they had been. Mark, of course, the Greek-God blond cop, he

considered as his best friend, and he got a boner whenever he saw him. But there was another guy who had the same effect, the guy with the dark Superman looks and body .... Bob.

Jason pretty much kept his lust for Bob under wraps as he was well aware of Randy's passion for his lover, and he didn't want to tangle with the boss again, not because he was scared of him but because it would have caused trouble and embarrassment for Bob. So any move in that direction had to come from Bob himself, as only Bob understood his deeply complex relationship with Randy. Jason recalled vividly the time he had tied Bob to the bed and fucked him, but that was only with the consent of Randy, who had supervised the whole thing.

Jason was becoming morose, he realized, and shook himself back to reality. He had gone straight from his workout to the gardening, so he was still wearing only his thin, sweaty workout shorts. And now he was surprised to find that his thoughts of Bob had caused his cock to get rock hard, and his shorts were spiked over the tent pole of his full-on erection.

And then, all of a sudden, there he was ..... the man himself. Jason had been surprised to hear a truck pull up outside, followed by slamming doors and excited voices. The gate swung open and there stood Bob, followed by a smiling Mark and three eager boys – Jamie and the twins – carrying bulging shopping bags. Jason leapt to his feet and smiled at them, his near-naked body, streaked with dirt and sweat, gleaming in the mid-morning sun. In fact he was back-lit by the sun, creating a halo effect round him reinforcing the impression of a young blond god.

Jason laughed. "What's this, a group intervention or something .... to cure me of my addiction to work .... and working out?"

"Yeah, you can think of it like that," Mark said. "We've come to rescue you from the drudgery of the solitary life. The boys here are gonna cook lunch for us later so forget the kitchen, forget that ivy you're brutalizing ..... forget everything except having a good time."

"OK, officer," Jason grinned. "Let me just clean up a bit. I'm a mess after a sweaty workout and all that grubbing round in the dirt. No way to greet guests." He picked up the garden hose, turn it on and held it over his head, letting the water pour over him. The men gasped as they saw the perfect physique glistening under the impromptu shower. "That's more like it," Jason said as he turned off the water. "Human again."

But he looked more god than human to the onlookers who gazed in awe at the spectacular sight. The sculpted features and rippling muscles, streaming with water, sparkled in the sunlight and the soaking shorts clung to his hips and thighs, with the huge cock clearly outlined under the thin, wet fabric.

It was only then that Bob walked forward and shook Jason's hand almost shyly. Neither man knew that the mere touching of hands caused an instant erection in the other .... though they could have guessed it as their eyes met, shooting sparks. "Must feel good to get away from

that construction job for a while, I bet," said Bob. "Randy always drives his guys hard. Thanks for helping out with that, by the way. You didn't have to."

"I enjoyed it," Jason grinned. "And anyway it gave me a chance to see *you* again." Instantly he blushed deep red knowing he had gone too far, and Bob blushed too. An awkward silence followed, broken mercifully by the eager chatter of the boys. Jamie and the twins had taken the groceries to the kitchen and brought out beers for the three men. "We'll make a start on lunch soon, sir," said Kyle, "but in the meantime could we try out your gym equipment over there?"

"Sure you can," Jason smiled. "Go for it guys." The boys were all dressed casually, like Bob and Mark, in shorts and T-shirts, and when they got to the patio and surveyed the equipment they pulled off their shirts and began to try it out ..... well, began to fool around would be more accurate, as they were too giddy for a serious workout. But Bob good-humoredly went to join them and take charge.

"Come on, guys, no screwing around here. You're way overdue for a decent workout." He pulled off his T-shirt and prepared to work with them. "OK, Jamie, on the bench-press, Kevin on the chin bar and Kyle take the cables."

Jason and Mark sat at the lawn table sipping beer and watched Bob's efforts to corral the boys into serious effort ..... without much success. There was more laughter than lifting and Bob soon gave up and joined in the fun. The men watched the shirtless muscle-stud horsing around with the boys, the delight in his eyes, his tousled dark hair falling over his handsome face. Jason smiled. "The boys are crazy about him, aren't they?"

"Isn't everyone?" agreed Mark, his eyes shining.

Jason gazed hard at him. "You're totally in love with him aren't you, Mark?"

Mark looked at him, blushing slightly. "That obvious, uh? Jason, I've been in love with that guy ever since the day I pulled him over and he rolled down the window of his car and looked up sheepishly at me. I was on patrol in Griffith Park and saw him on a remote hillside road. He had not only just done an illegal U-turn he was obviously just coming off a three-martini business lunch.

"I could have thrown the book at him but instead I kind of lost my mind and made him walk to a clearing in the bushes and strip off his business clothes. He looked so fucking gorgeous standing there naked in the dappled sunlight that I busted my load in my uniform pants. I must have been crazy ..... he drove me crazy. I let him off, of course, but after he drove away I realized I still had his driver's license so I took it to his house and ....."

".....and the rest is history. Well, buddy, since we're spilling our guts here I gotta confess that I've always lusted for the guy too, he's so beautiful, so gentle and ..... well, the real essence of masculinity, somehow. Once Randy "allowed" me to fuck Bob while he watched and I've never

forgotten it. I still beat off thinking about it.” He chuckled. “But with you around I could never get a look in there.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. You should have heard the way Bob talked about you when we were watching you work. He still remembers that fuck too ..... still jacks off thinking about it too, just like you.” Jason was stunned into silence but just then Bob flopped down at the table, having given up on coaching the boys. He grabbed a beer and said, “So, guys, what’s up? Been talking about me?” he joked. “Only the good stuff only, I hope.” He couldn’t have known *how* good, and he was suddenly struck by the almost guilty silence between them.

“You *were* talking about me, weren’t you? Shit, guys, I .....” But words failed him, failed them all as a heavy silence hung over them .... heavy, but loaded with emotion .... and longing.

They were alone in the garden, the boys having disappeared into the house to make a start on lunch. The men sipped their beers, trying to avoid eye contact but found themselves drawn to each other again and again, exchanging furtive glances. Finally Mark, the voice of authority, had had enough. He was the only one of the three still wearing a shirt and he suddenly stood up and pulled it off.

“He spread out his arms and flexed his muscles. “OK, guys, look at that and raise your hand if you’ve got a big boner in your shorts. Bob and Jason grinned and raised their arms. “And you’re not alone,” Mark said, grabbing his crotch and squeezing his hands round the outline of the long, hard rod underneath. “So what are we gonna do about that, men?”

Suddenly Bob stood up and said, “Don’t go anywhere, guys ..... back in a minute .... quick phone call.” He ran over to the house, out of earshot, and pulled out his cell-phone. “Hey, Randy, how’s it going? ..... Me? Oh I’m kinda playing hooky from work. I’m over at Jason’s with Mark and we’re just kinda hanging out and .....”

“And you’re all gonna have sex,” Randy said, cutting to the chase as usual. “Well that’s been a long time coming .... could see it a mile off.”

“And ..... you’d be OK with that?”

He heard Randy chuckle. “Buddy, are you calling me to get my approval? Do you need it?”

“Well, no, I guess not. But I’d like to have it just the same.”

“Hey, buddy, have a little fun. I know how you’ve been lusting for those two guys, so go for it. Just remember this, though. I’m having a long, hard day here on the site, and when I get finished I’m gonna be covered in dirt and grease and sweating like a pig. So when I come in the first thing I’m gonna need is your ass. You gonna be ready for me?”

“Yes, sir .... Absolutely, sir.”

“And you can drop the ‘sir’ bullshit. You know you don’t have to call me that.”

“I know, but I like to .... I want to .... sir.”

“Yeah, yeah....” (Bob could hear the satisfied smile in his voice.) “I gotta get back to work. Have fun, asshole.”

Bob pocketed his phone and walked back to the others with a big smile on his face. “So,” Mark grinned, “the lord and master give his OK?”

“No, I .....” Bob started to protest, blushing. “Shit, man, you know me so well. Yeah, well, it’s not like the old days .....” Randy just told me to go ahead and have fun.”

“You hear that, Sergeant?” Mark said to Jason. “The big guy’s been cleared by the boss to mix it up with the cop and the fireman. Shit, he doesn’t know what he’s getting into. Let’s show him, man.”

They grabbed him, one under each arm and frog-marched him backwards to the gym on the patio. Bob was startled, but exhilarated to feel himself in the power of these two blond symbols of authority, the macho studs that he lusted for so much. So he allowed himself to be forced back onto the patio, where the men quickly stripped him naked. They forced him down onto a big workout mat and made him lie on his back.

“Hey, officer,” Jason said as they gazed down at him. “Look at that huge boner. One touch would make that thing start gushing .....” we can’t allow that. Come on, man, give me a hand.”

He grabbed two ropes that he used for skipping and gave one to Mark. They each tied one end round each wrist, then pulled Bob’s arms up and out and attached the other end to posts supporting the patio. They stood back and surveyed their work. “Yeah,” Mark said, “that should keep his hands away from his cock. Come on man, try to stroke that big rod of yours. Make it cum, man.”

As he looked up at the two blond muscle-gods there was nothing Bob wanted more than to beat his meat and shoot a load. So he pulled at the ropes and twisted his body in a hopeless effort to at least touch his cock. Jason watched the erotic display and moaned, “Holy shit, it’s just like Superman spread-eagled in bondage. Hell, Mark, why did you have to make him do that?” He turned his back and paced the room. “Just looking at him will make me jizz all over him.”

“Not so fast, Sergeant. Didn’t you ever have that fantasy of a fireman and a cop getting it on? Maybe start by working out together?” Mark dropped his shorts, kicked off his sneakers and faced him, naked. It was a challenge and Jason grinned, “You got it, stud. OK, let’s see how many chin lifts you can do. He dropped his thin shorts and the two men stood under the wide chin bar, facing the wall mirror, with Bob bound at their feet.

Bob was dazzled by the sight of the two naked men as the contest began. They jumped up, grabbed the bar, and were soon hauling themselves up to the bar and back down in a set of grueling chin-lifts, their shoulders and biceps bulging, lats flaring, faces contorted with painful effort. Bob stared up at the two rival bodybuilders in their test of endurance, and they themselves were transfixed by the mirror image of the naked cop and fireman and their straining muscles. Bob struggled, aching to touch his cock, and when he felt the first drops of their sweat splashing onto his face and saw pre-cum oozing from their rigid cocks he almost lost his load.

And yet he instinctively held back, clenching his ass tight to prevent an orgasm, as he knew there was more to come. And he was right. Their muscles were now nearing the failure point and they groaned loudly, heaving themselves up one last time .... and suddenly Jason dropped to the floor, followed a split second later by Mark. They grinned at each other, breath heaving in exhaustion and finally Mark panted, "We can call that a draw, buddy. God, you looked spectacular in the mirror"

"You too, stud," Jason agreed, turning again to look at their reflections. "Look how those biceps are pumped now, and those rock-hard shoulders." He flexed hard in several bodybuilder poses as he had done so often before in front of the mirror. "Remember when you did this in the firehouse gym, buddy, looking in the mirror and getting off on yourself?"

"Hell yeah," said Mark. "You don't have an exclusive on muscle worship, man. Watch this!" Bob groaned as he gazed up and watched Mark match Jason, pose for pose .... biceps flexed, then fists on waist flaring their lats forward. It was a pose-off between the cop and the fireman and Bob was going wild. "Guys, don't do this to me. Come on, guys, untie one of my wrists so I can touch my cock. You're killing me here."

But they ignored him, getting off on themselves and each other in the mirror. "Shit, man, that is fucking spectacular," said Jason. "I love watching a man make love to himself in the mirror."

"Damn right," said Mark, "and when I do, it always looks so fucking hot it makes me bust a massive load in seconds." Jason grinned at him in the mirror. "Sure sounds like a challenge to me ..... OK, man, you're on."

They each grabbed their cock and started to pump. Bob looked up in a panic, realizing what was about to happen. "No, guys .... No! I want to feel you, touch you. I wanna work my dick, guys ..... please."

Mark and Jason watched their own magnificent bodies, then looked down at the pleading muscle-stud thrashing in bondage at their feet. "Shit, that is so fucking hot," Mark groaned. "Here, man." He turned his head sideways to face Jason. Their faces closed together and their lips met in a grinding, man-on-man kiss. Their eyes glanced sideways and they were mesmerized by the reflection of the naked cop and fireman kissing, bodies pumped to the max, with the helpless Superman writhing in bondage beneath them.

Then came the climax – a spectacular contest of strength and sexual power. Mark and Jason pulled apart and, as if reading each other’s mind, each man jumped up to the bar and held on by one arm, the other hand pounding his cock. Bob watched in disbelief as the two muscle-gods swung naked above him, arms stretched, shoulders and biceps bulging, lats flaring, taking the full weight of the magnificent bodies. Defying each other they hung on, beating their meat wildly, sweat pouring off them onto Bob’s face and body.

Hypnotized by the sight Bob pulled frantically at his restraints and yelled, “I can’t take any more, guys. That is fucking pornographic .... it’s making me .... “Aaagh!” His cock exploded in a long ribbon of cum that arced upward and splashed down onto his chest. Mark and Jason stared down at the bound Superman, his body smothered in cum, then looked back at the reflection of two bodybuilders, hanging by one arm, their muscular bodies twisting as they pounded their cocks. “This is the best,” Jason yelled. “It’s never been like this. Let’s do it, man!”

Incredibly they flexed their arms and, with the last ounces of strength, pulled themselves higher. They howled in the ecstasy of pain flashing through their bodies and down to their cocks, forcing an eruption of hot juice that spurted high and rained down onto the man beneath them. Bob opened his mouth to shout but he choked on the musky taste of semen pouring into his throat. As he swallowed frantically he lost all control ..... and his cock exploded again.

Finally drained, Bob lay exhausted, his heart beating wildly. He was dimly aware of the thud of feet as the two men at last dropped from the bar and fell into a supportive embrace, having tested each other to the limit in a macho trial of strength and raw sexuality.

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“Guys,” Bob moaned as his heaving breaths and heartbeat subsided. “This is torture. That was so fucking hot .... you’ve gotta untie me ..... I wanna cum again.”

“Oh, you’ll cum again,” Mark grinned .... “many times. But first you have to learn how it feels to be the prisoner of a fireman and a cop. We don’t fool around, man.” He turned to Jason. “Guess that was another tie, man. You wanna go for best of three?”

“Try me, asshole,” Jason growled and raised his arms high in the traditional wrestling opening challenge. Mark matched him, their palms came together and their fingers locked. Then it was a pure contest of strength as each man tried to force the other’s wrists back in an effort to make his legs buckle and eventually force him to his knees. Bob watched wide-eyed, his cock already growing stiff again at the erotic sight of the two blond muscle-gods pushing against each other, muscles flexing as they strained for advantage.

The advantage went back and forth as the two men held each other’s steely gaze. But at last one man’s superior strength began to show. His opponent groaned as his wrists were forced back and he had no more strength to retaliate. His only option was to the bend his legs and

sink slowly to the floor and onto his knees. Bob gasped as he saw the defeated Jason kneeling at Mark's feet.

The triumphant Mark grinned down at him. "No tie that time, buddy. I win ..... the cop beats the fireman. OK, man, you know the price of defeat. Open up."

Jason obediently opened his mouth. Mark stroked his own cock a couple of times to bring it to a rock-hard erection, then pushed it slowly into Jason's mouth until he gagged. Mark pulled back, then pushed in again, holding Jason by his tousled blond hair as he fucked his face.

Bob started to struggle again. "No, I can't take this, guys. It is such a fucking turn-on." He was spellbound by the sight of the muscular cop's hips ramming forward as he fucked the handsome face of the defeated fireman, making him groan into the gag of his cock. It was the ultimate humiliation for the blond muscle-god, being tortured by the victorious cop, spit running down his chin and tears spurting from his eyes.

"No, please," Bob begged. "Don't cum again. Please, man, at least let me feel you touch me."

Suddenly Mark pulled his cock out and Bob was amazed to see the two men grin at each other. "You hear that, buddy?" Mark said to Jason. "That man wants to be touched. Guess there's only one way to do that. Why don't I join you down there?"

He dropped to his knees on one side of Bob and Jason turned round to kneel on the other side. Facing each other across Bob's bound body Mark said, "OK, Jason. I'd say we've pretty much done each other, don't you think? What say we let our buddy here see a little action, eh?"

"All for it," Jason grinned. He turned his attention to Bob's rigid pole that was pointing straight up. "Wow," Jason said. "Looks like that cock is in need of attention. OK if I go first, now that you've got my mouth good and wet sucking your dick?" At Mark's nod of consent Jason leaned forward, lowered his mouth over Bob's cock and let it slide to the back of his throat.

Bob's body jerked and he raised his head to see the beautiful blond face start to work on his cock. At last the frustration was over. He was no longer being ignored, being left to writhe in his restraints as he watched the two blond studs test each other and turn each other on to the point of orgasm. Now, finally, Bob was the focus and he felt the exhilaration of flesh on flesh. He looked up at Mark who was smiling down at him.

"Worth the wait, eh, buddy? You gotta admit, I sure know how to put on a show to turn you on. And there's more ..... Hey, Jason, shove over. Bad manners not to share, you know." The euphoria for Bob was seamless. As Jason pulled back off his cock another mouth took its place and Bob watched the square jaw open and take in the full length of his rod. He saw the cop's chiseled features rise and fall, felt heat radiate from his balls throughout his body.

From then on it was a feeding frenzy on his cock, as first one blond stud sucked it only to be shouldered aside by the other. The physical sensation was intense but even more erotic was the sight of the cop and the fireman fighting for a taste of his cock, their handsome faces pressed together, salivating over him. This was a fantasy he had never dreamed off and he wanted to delay his orgasm as long as possible so he struggled to free himself so he could push the faces off him.

“No, guys, please .... It’s so fucking hot, you guys are so gorgeous you’re gonna make me cum again. Hold off, men, don’t make me cum .... not yet ..... I .... no!” .... His muscles flexed, he felt heat rise from his balls, flash through his cock and .... “Aaagh!” .... His cock exploded in one of the hot mouths. Then as the other mouth took over he shot again.

He had closed his eyes, but when he opened them again he saw the two faces closing in on his, felt two mouths pressing on his and, as he breathed in, he sucked in the warm juice spilling out of their mouths. Mark and Jason each reached a hand to his chest and squeezed a nipple, still crushing their mouths against his. Bob flew into a fantasy world of pure, raw sex and his cock kept spurting juice high in the air as the cop and the fireman worked on him voraciously.

At last he was drained and the two men were on their feet, gazing down at the bound Superman, his body still shuddering, mouth sagging open, cum oozing from it down over his chin, tears flowing from his eyes.”

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In his delirium Bob heard Mark’s voice. “Think we’re finished with you, big guy? Think again. When the forces of law and order join together and work a guy over, they don’t let him off so easily. Here, Sergeant,” he said to Jason, “take a look at this. He pulled Bob’s legs up and back, exposing his ass.

“Oh, shit,” Jason said, “man I gotta get me a piece of that perfect ass.” He dropped to his knees, reached over for a tube of lube he kept for jack off sessions, and squeezed it over his cock. As he lubed up his big rod he gazed into Bob’s eyes. “Man, this is what I wanna do to you every time I lay eyes on you. God, I want your ass.”

He placed the head of his cock at the sphincter of Bob’s ass, his hips lunged forward and his long cock drove into the hole like a piston, pulled back and speared it again. Bob’s head flew back, but then he raised it and gazed at the incredible sight of the magnificent body rising and falling over him, the face of a young god smiling down at him.

“Oh, yeah, man,” Bob moaned, “fuck my ass good. Man, I’ve waited for this ..... you are so fucking hot. Come on, man, let me feel that dick in my ass.” Bob’s hungry words spurred Jason on to increasing frenzy until his cock was a jackhammer and Bob felt his pubic hair slamming against his ass cheeks. Finally he averted his gaze from Jason’s face up to Mark’s and the cop knew what he wanted.

Jason hooked Bob's legs over his shoulders and Mark knelt down beside the bound man. He reached forward and quickly untied his wrists. Bob's arms were suddenly free and he laid them limply at his sides, waiting for Mark's next move. Mark lay on his side beside him and pushed his arm under Bob's head until it was lying on his bicep. He leaned forward and closed his mouth gently over Bob's, pressing their tongues together. Then Mark pulled back and gazed into Bob's eyes. "That feel good, buddy?"

"Yeah, Mark .... he's fucking me. That beautiful man is fucking my ass. God, it feels so hot." Bob looked up at Jason, his naked body gleaming with sweat as he drilled Bob's ass. Tears began to flow from Bob's eyes and Mark leaned close and licked them from his cheek.

It was driving Jason wild. As he stared down at the two stunning men making love, the Greek God and the Superman, he moaned, "That is so fucking beautiful. I've never seen anything that hot in my life." His voice rose, "Man, I love fucking that ass ....I love that ass!" and his cock became a steel rod as it pistoned faster and faster.

Mark lay his head beside Bob's and they both stared up at the handsome wild-eyed face and spectacular body heaving over them. Mark urged him on. "That's it, Jason, give it to him .... pound that ass, man. I love this man, buddy, so make him feel good." He saw Jason shudder. "You close, man?" Mark said. "You ready?"

"I have to, man," Jason pleaded. "It's so fucking hot I gotta cum. Help me, man." Mark turned so his face was directly over Bob. "This was all for you, buddy. I'm in love with you, man." Their mouths closed together again, this time in a ravenous display of raw passion. With his free hand Mark reached down and stroked Bob's already throbbing cock. They heard Jason yell, "Yeah, this is it ..... I love you guys..... Aaaagh ....!" And he exploded inside Bob's ass.

Mark felt Bob's body convulse, could almost feel the hot jism pouring inside him. Kissing him hungrily he pounded Bob's cock harder, heard the muffled scream and felt Bob's cock shudder as it poured juice over both their bodies. Watching in awe, his heart still pounding, Jason pulled his cock out and fell forward onto the men beneath him. The three of them writhed together on the bed, their mouths crushed together in the single embrace of three beautiful men.

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As they calmed down and lay together Bob knew there was one last act to play out. Gazing up to the sky he said, "You know, guys, one thing I told Ben recently when I fucked him was to make sure, when he shot his load, that the other guy gets off too. And the young punk said, 'You mean gets his rocks off, sir?'" He turned to Mark ..... "so how about it buddy?"

"Way ahead of you, Bob," Mark said. "You know I have to fuck your ass and making you cum one last time .... How many times is it now?"

"I lost count," Bob grinned.

"Hey," said Jason, with a trace of narcissism, "I want to see what it looked like last time," and he traded places with Mark. Lying on his back beside Bob, their faces side by side, Jason looked up as Mark pulled Bob's legs over his shoulder. "No need for lube this time," Mark smiled. "Jason made you ass good and ready. Here it comes, buddy." Mark eased his cock inside Bob and began to fuck him tenderly, lovingly.

"Aaah ..." With heavy sighs from both men, their eyes locked together, the gentle fuck went on and on. Jason gazed up at the naked cop, his flawless body rising and falling over the man he loved, and moaned. "Mark, you look so fucking gorgeous like that. Can I ..... ?"

"Sure," Mark smiled. Gently he eased out of Bob's ass, held Jason's leg back and pushed his cock into his waiting ass. Bob and Jason gazed up in disbelief as the spectacular man fucked first one ass then the other, back and forth. It was a wild mix of alternating sensations for each man..... the feel of the huge cock plunging into his ass, then the euphoria of watching the other man get fucked, and the almost unbearable anticipation until the cock plunged in again.

Mark, the magnificent police officer, was the ultimate authority figure, in total command of both of them as he fucked them in turn. And it was he who decided when the moment had come. He was inside Bob when he said, "I want you both to jack off and shoot when I tell you to." They obeyed him, their eyes never leaving his, as he increased the rhythm of his hips and the speed of the piston in Bob's ass. His body shuddered, his eyes opened wide and he shouted, "Now, guys. Now!"

"Aagh .... Aagh .... Aagh!" There were three tumultuous orgasms, as Mark exploded in Bob's ass, and Bob and Jason pumped semen from their cocks over their own bodies. Mark pulled out of Bob and plunged his cock into Jason, shooting one last load deep inside him.

Their breath heaving, Bob and Jason gazed in awe at the triumphant cop. He had fucked them both, and they were both in love and in lust with him. The spectacular Greek God had proven beyond doubt that in every way .... physically, sexually, passionately .... he was supreme .... the ultimate man.

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"Sirs, lunch is served!" Jamie and the twins looked down at the tangle of limbs on the floor, and the men gazed back at the three handsome boys standing rather formally above them.

But the formality didn't last long as the men leapt to their feet and Jamie said, "Sirs, it seems you are all covered with ..... stuff ..... so may we clean you up before lunch?" Without waiting for a reply they picked up three hoses they had found lying in the garden and turned them on, spraying the naked bodybuilders, who howled as they tried to shield themselves from the blast.

The laughter eventually died down but it set the tone for the rest of the day. Jason pulled on gym shorts and found two spare pairs that he tossed to Bob and Mark. The boys served lunch outdoors and they all sat down in a festive mood at the overloaded table. The boys were caught up in the men's exhilaration and when Mark and Jason went indoors to get an extra table, Jamie and the twins looked at Bob expectantly, their eyes sparkling.

Bob grinned at them. "Yeah, yeah, we had a terrific time and when we get home I'll give you all the details so you can pass them on to Darius for his 'family archive' as he calls it." Their eager faces gazed at him, wanting more. So Bob rubbed his chin pensively.

"But you know ..... seems to me I was .... what you might call ..... 'on the receiving end' of all the activity .... The odds were stacked two against one. Randy's always says I should be more assertive ..... so I'm thinking I need to get my own back. Call it Bob's revenge. But I'm gonna need some help with that .... to even the odds. Would you three boys be up for that?"

Their eyes opened wide. "You bet, sir," they said in unison.

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**GO TO BOOK 18**