

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 19

Chapter 181 – Jason – In War and In Love

Jason was alone in his house, working out on his patio gym, stripped down to his usual thin, ragged gym shorts. He was surprised to hear car tires crunching on the gravel outside and a door slam. He dropped to the ground from his chin bar and waited. The gate flew open and there stood Randy, shirtless in jeans and boots.

Jason smiled welcomingly. “Hey, big guy. This is a surprise. What can I do for you?”

Randy yelled across the garden. “You can keep your hands off my little brother!”

Jason sighed, approached Randy and spoke calmly. “So that’s what this is all about. Randy, you may have noticed that I have been keeping my distance from your house for this exact reason. You have this crazy hair up your ass about me taking your brother away from you. Oh, and you’ll notice I didn’t say *little* brother. In case you hadn’t noticed, Ben has grown up. He’s nineteen, over the age of consent. So if it’s all the same to you, I’ll wait and see what *he* consents to not you.”

Randy tensed and clenched his fists but the muscular fireman was not intimidated by the ‘big boss’ who right now was clearly out of control. Jason tried for conciliation and looked him straight in the eye. “Look, Randy, I don’t want to cause trouble here, but I’ll tell you straight, I took a liking to the kid and I know he likes me. Man, I’m not gonna ‘take him away from you’, whatever that means, but if he wants to see me I’m not gonna wait for your permission.”

Fire burned in Randy’s eyes. What got to him was Jason’s calm, steady demeanor as he faced him down. The man was not only a perfect physical specimen but he was strong, defiant, and Randy was not used to being defied. His fury at a pitch, his reaction was inevitable. He swung his arm and smashed the back of his fist against Jason’s face. The near-naked fireman spun round, flew backward through the air and crashed into the dirt, stunned by the savage blow.

In a daze, he was only dimly aware of Randy’s tirade as he towered over him. “Not so tough now, eh, asshole? That’s what a man gets for messing with my family. I raised that boy – took care of him for years – and no hot-shot muscleman is gonna get between us now. So go back to your mirror, stud, and jerk off looking at yourself. That’s the guy who really gets you off – the asshole in the mirror – so leave my boy alone. I’m the boss here, man. Get it?”

During Randy's outburst Jason's head had cleared and his anger rose at the man's arrogance. He hadn't picked this fight with Randy but now he had no option. As Randy reached down to grab him, Jason raised his right leg in a karate kick, swinging his foot hard against Randy's jaw, sending him crashing onto the patio amongst the gym equipment. Now both men were crawling on the ground, shaking their heads, trying to clear them. Jason was the first to stagger to his feet, but he was disoriented, rubbing his jaw, waiting for his eyes to focus.

Randy, a hardened street fighter, came to his senses more quickly. Lying among the scattered gym gear his hands groped round him and he felt the rope that Jason used in his workouts. He pulled himself to his feet and came up behind Jason. Still reeling unsteadily, the next thing Jason knew was something clamping tight round his throat. His hands shot to his neck and he felt the rope. He tried to get his fingers round it, frantically clawing at it to ease the pressure on his throat, but Randy had him in a vise.

Pressed against Jason's back Randy yanked him round by the neck to face the mirror and sneered, "OK, stud, you get off watching that muscle-god pose in the mirror, so how do you like *that* pose? Look at that face – not so gorgeous now, twisted in pain. I knew those muscles were only good for show. Not much use now, are they?" Jason's body flexed and strained, biceps bulging as he pulled helplessly at the rope round his neck, seeing a blurred vision of Randy's face over his shoulder, taunting him in triumph.

Jason felt his mind grow hazy, his muscles cracking under the strain. But anger kept him going damn the man, and his arrogance and adrenaline raced through his body. With his last ounce of strength Jason pulled away from the mirror and staggered off the patio, with Randy still behind him, choking him. Jason stopped clawing at the rope, raised his hands and clamped them behind Randy's head. He inhaled deeply, flexed, and jerked forward. With a supreme effort he yanked Randy off the ground and launched him forward high over his head.

The big man flew through the air, across the lawn and landed hard on his back in the dirt. It was a heavy fall and, after the earlier karate kick, Randy was momentarily stunned beyond action. Jason seized his advantage. As he rubbed his bruised throat, his earlier attempt at reasoning was replaced with anger at this wildly deranged man. He charged forward, hauled the limp body to its knees and clamped his arm round Randy's neck from above in a vicious headlock.

Locking his hands under Randy's throat Jason flexed his biceps and Randy howled in pain as the arm gripped his head like a vise. Jason straightened up, pulling Randy to his feet, and dragged him head first toward the patio. Randy saw what was coming and yelled "No!", but there was no escape from the brutal headlock. Charging forward, Jason slammed Randy's head straight into one of the patio posts. Ignoring the big man's howl of pain, he pulled back then slammed the head again and again. Only then did he release him.

The massive body slumped to the ground and Jason looked down with satisfaction at the once-proud muscle stud, the so-called King of the Gypsies, dragging himself painfully on his stomach through the dirt in a hopeless attempt at escape.

It was a rare sight of abject defeat. Jason knew that if Randy hated a man enough he could tear him apart in a fight he could take on two men, three even. Jason had heard the story of the time three thugs had run Bob off the road and seriously injured him. Randy had later confronted them all, thrashed them and left them with their balls tied together. Then he had pushed their truck to oblivion over the side of a ravine.

But this time there was no hatred driving Randy. Even as he had fought Jason, part of him knew his anger was irrational. Jason had done him or Ben no harm and deep down Randy knew this. He had just needed a way of venting his anger. Days earlier Randy had sought physical punishment from Bob but had found only love. Perhaps in some perverse way Jason was to be the instrument of his punishment, something Randy still needed.

As he crawled in the dirt his incredible body, a fighting machine, could have mustered the strength to retaliate. In the dirt of West Texas he had many times endured a beating, fought back and emerged triumphant. No, it was not his body that was defeated, it was his spirit where there was no fight left. Fists were not the answer to his problems so he had nothing left. Let Jason do his worst.

But these thoughts were all deep in his subconscious, and right now his animal instinct was to crawl away. As Randy dragged himself through the dirt there was a part of Jason that pitied him but a bigger part that wanted to humble this crazed tyrant of a man. "You're not going anywhere, stud," Jason growled, "not 'til I've finished with you."

Jason dropped to his knees astride Randy's lower back and reached for the rope that had fallen to the ground. He leaned forward, grabbed Randy's arms and pulled them down to his sides. Holding his wrists in an iron grip he forced his arms up behind his back in a vicious hammerlock and swiftly tied the wrists together. He forced the wrists upward, putting agonizing pressure on his arms bent up behind his back and making the big man howl in pain. He yanked the end of the rope upward and tied it round Randy's neck, so he was hogtied in helpless humiliation.

But that was only the start. Jason leapt to his feet, reached down and yanked Randy's jeans down below his ass. The perfect, rock-hard mounds were an erotic sight and Jason's cock grew stiff in his shorts, pumped with adrenaline from the heat of battle. Jason dropped his shorts and the naked muscle-god fireman stared down at the hogtied King of the Gypsies. This was man-on-man action and testosterone filled the air as one muscular alpha male prepared to torture the other.

Again Jason dropped to his knees, this time between Randy's legs. He leaned forward and clamped his hands on the small of Randy's back, pressing it into the dirt. The big boss was immobilized, his arms roped behind him and tied to his neck, his ass held firmly in place, vulnerable, helpless. Jason said, "OK, stud, we all know how you like to strut your stuff and pound ass until your victim begs for mercy. Well let's see how you like a taste of your own treatment." Some shreds of pride clung to Randy as he growled, "Go fuck yourself, asshole."

Jason smiled contemptuously. “Now we both know that’s not gonna happen, man. Quite the opposite your ass is mine. This is gonna be from me, Ben, Bob and all the other guys you’ve treated like shit. You’ve always looked on me as some kind of narcissistic pretty boy. Well here’s the other side of me, man. And it won’t be so pretty.”

“Aaagh!” Randy’s scream echoed round the garden as he felt the long, dry shaft driving into him, staking his ass to the ground. The fireman pulled back and skewered his ass again, to more resounding howls of pain. Jason pressed down hard on the small of Randy’s back, trapping the ass so the hog-tied muscle-stud was helpless against the ferocious piston drilling into him. “See how it feels, man?” Jason shouted as his hips slammed down relentlessly. “This is what you always do to prove your manhood, show them all who’s boss – with your cock and your fists. Well you sure don’t look like the boss-man now.”

It was a relentlessly savage dry fuck – and it went against all Jason’s instincts. He was not a violent man fucking for him was a demonstration of love, not anger. Even this time it was not anger that drove him, but an urge to puncture the arrogant man’s ego, bring him down to earth – humiliate him. And this was graphic degradation as the powerful construction boss howled, his body flexed and shuddered under the jackhammer of Jason’s cock. His arms and shoulders bulged as he yanked desperately against the rope binding his wrists behind him, pulling them painfully upward to his neck.

Tough as he was, Randy was near the end of his endurance. His head was swimming after being pounded against the pole, his back ached from being slammed to the ground. And, most agonizing of all, his ass was being deep-drilled by the fireman’s merciless cock. Jason’s spectacular body was flexing and gleaming in the sun, sweat pouring from his handsome face down onto his tortured prisoner. “Can’t take anymore, eh stud?” Jason taunted. “Come on boss-man, give up. You know you’re finished. Submit to me, man! Now!”

He pulled all the way out, paused, then plunged his cock all the way down, smashing it deep inside Randy’s ravaged ass. “Aaagh! Aaagh! OK, I give up I can’t take any more You win I submit to you. I submit.....”

Jason’s cock exploded deep inside the construction worker’s ass, streaming with hot juice as the defeated body bucked and heaved in pain. Jason pulled out, leapt to his feet and shot one last load over his bound captive. He paused, then as a final act of total degradation, unleashed a torrent of piss over the bruised and battered flesh. He hooked his foot under Randy’s chest, flipped him over onto his back, and gazed down at the rugged face, streaked with dirt and tears. He smiled with wry satisfaction at the semen spread over Randy’s chest. The broken stud had suffered the final humiliation of shooting his load as he was fucked by the man who had demolished him.

Jason pulled on his shorts and, when his heaving breath subsided, said, “I didn’t start this fight Randy – you did, for some warped reason of your own. But it’s finished, and I’m gonna ship you back home where you belong.” The beaten man was in no position to resist, his body limp, his spirit broken. Jason hauled him to his knees, then to his feet, and dragged him outside, his arms still bound behind him, jeans still hanging round his legs.

When they got to Jason’s truck there was only one thing for it. He pulled down the tail gate and hauled the bound body onto the tarps spread over the truck bed. He slammed the tail gate shut, leapt into the cab and started off. It was not a long drive, but not a smooth one either, up the twisting road from Jason’s house, then up the even steeper corkscrew road to Randy’s.

In the back of the truck, his arms helplessly hog-tied behind him, Randy had no defense except to flex his muscles as his body rolled from one side of the truck bed to the other, banging against the metal sides with every screeching turn. Finally, mercifully, he heard the crunch of gravel under the tires as they pulled up at the gate. Jason opened the tailgate and pulled Randy from the truck.

Sitting round the table by the pool, Bob, Mark and Zack had been talking about Randy in worried tones – where he had gone and what in god’s name he would do next after slapping his young brother and injuring Bob. They had left him alone in his room but had not seen him since. Then, suddenly, their questions were answered. The gate was flung open and Jason, walked in, naked except for gym shorts, heaving Randy with him, his feet dragging over the ground, jeans wrapped round his ankles.

Jason flung him forward with a look of contempt and the big boss crashed face-down on the grass. The guys saw that he was hogtied, his arms bent painfully behind him, wrists tied high up his back and roped to his neck. He lay there inertly, his body covered with dirt and sweat. Cum still oozed from his ass and ran down his legs, and he stunk of piss. Bruised and battered, the King of the Gypsies had taken a beating. It was a picture of total degradation.

The three men leapt to their feet and Bob ran over to kneel beside his lover and untie his wrists. Jason looked down at Bob, then up at Mark and Zack with a pained expression. “Guys, I never wanted this. You know I deliberately stayed away from here when the situation with Ben arose. I never looked for a confrontation with Randy, least of all a fight. But Randy came to my house, insulting me and looking for a fight. I had to defend myself. I’m a man, after all, and this guy was so out of whack, out of control that I had to teach him a lesson and bring him down to earth literally.”

The guys were silent, knowing that Jason’s words had the ring of truth. They had no doubt that Randy had been the aggressor. As he continued, Jason’s voice became less intense, contemplative even. “Tell you the truth, guys, deep down I don’t think Randy had that old fighting spirit in him – didn’t hate me enough. We all know that when he’s really mad, Randy

can come back from a beating and always win a fight. Sounds strange, I know, but I got a sense that Randy kind of needed to be punished like that,” and he nodded down to the broken muscle-stud who was being helped to his feet by Bob.

Zack sprang forward and helped Bob support Randy. Standing unsteadily between them, his arms over their shoulders, Randy allowed himself to be half carried into the house.

Mercifully the boys had not witnessed the traumatic sight of Randy’s humiliation, engrossed as they were watching a video in Pablo and Darius’s room. All except the twins, that is, who were working in the kitchen from where they had a clear view of the garden. Now they ran out and their primary concern was for Jason, who had a bruise on his face, rope marks round his neck and scratches over his body. Like all the boys, the twins knew the rule of not getting involved in a dispute between the masters, but they looked up at Mark with concern.

“OK, kids,” Mark nodded, slipping into his role of take-charge cop, “Take Jason inside and clean him up.” Mark and Jason had been close friends for a long time now, and before they went in Mark pulled Jason aside. “You OK, buddy?” Jason nodded with a grim smile. “Nobody’s gonna blame you for this,” Mark said softly. “We all know the insane rage Randy was in. He’d already hit Ben and hurt Bob.” Jason clenched his fists at the mention of Ben, but Mark said, “Yeah, I know, I know. I’d have done the same, worse even, if he’d struck Jamie like that. Now let the twins patch you up,” he grinned, “restore that natural beauty of yours.”

So the twins took Jason into the kitchen, pulled out the first-aid kit and gently dabbed at the bruise on his face and the marks round his throat, and cleaned the scratches on his body. They were relieved to see that the fireman’s beauty had survived unscathed. Kyle grinned, “A couple of days and you’ll look like your old self, sir.” Kevin added, “Just like you do in the calendar, sir. That’s a nasty bruise, though.”

“Yeah,” Jason grinned, “but you should see the other guy.”

“Oh we did, sir. We did.”

Mark had looked into Randy’s room to reassure himself that Bob and Zack were coping, and to get the keys to Randy’s truck from his jeans pocket. Then he went into Pablo and Darius’s room where they were huddled with Jamie, Nate, Eddie and Ben, trying to make sense of what had happened. They looked up anxiously as the cop strode in.

“OK, guys,” Mark said in his no-nonsense manner. “I won’t beat around the bush Randy and Jason have been in a pretty big fight. Randy came off worse but he’s real tough as we all know, so he’ll recover fast with Bob taking care of him. A word of warning, though. I don’t want you to start speculating about what happens next. The men will sort everything out so I

want you to steer clear of it and not get involved. No gossip, no rumors, is that clear?" and he looked directly at Darius. "I know how you guys can be."

They shifted uncomfortably as Mark continued. "Jamie, here are the keys to Randy's truck that's parked at Jason's house. In a few minutes I want you to go to the kitchen where the twins are cleaning Jason up, and let him drive you down to his place. Make sure everything's OK there help Jason clean things up. Stay with him for a while if you like, then drive Randy's truck back up here, OK?" Jamie nodded obediently.

"You other boys, I want you to take care of Ben, who unfortunately got hurt in the middle of all this. I want to make it clear that none of you are at fault here nobody so just calm down and let us guys take care of it. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," they said in unison, and Mark left the room. There was silence for a while but then Ben spoke up. "Mark was wrong about one thing it *is* all someone's fault – mine! If had never blabbed about how much I liked Jason none of this would have happened. Now they've had a knock-down drag-out and my brother's been hurt. I'm starting to think I should never have come here, and the only thing I can do is get the hell out."

He stood up to leave but there were howls of protest and they pulled him back down on the bed. It was Darius who confronted him. "Now listen to me, dude. First thing – you don't run away. We've all tried that at one time or another and, take it from me, it can be a real downer. They always come and find you and it's a big relief when they do. So don't bail on us, kid.

"Second of all, don't blame yourself, dude. There was nothing wrong in your getting a hard-on for the fireman. He's fucking gorgeous after all." Surprisingly Eddie piped up, "That's right, Ben, we're all hot for Jason. My cock goes hard every time I see him and when I'm cleaning the twins' room I often pull out their calendar and beat off looking at his picture." He stopped suddenly, blushing deeply as he realized he had said too much. But they all laughed and from then on the tension was broken.

Pablo gave his take on it. "Ben, you, me the twins, Bob and Randy are family – kind of like a family within a family. All the best families have fights and then patch things up." Jamie added, "The main thing is, kiddo, you'll always have us boys to look out for you. That's what we've always done. When anyone of us in trouble we circle the wagons."

"Like I always say, dude," Darius laughed, "we boys are a band of brothers."

Up in Randy's room things were not so light-hearted. They were pretty grim, in fact. Bob, Zack and Mark had helped Randy into the shower and then Mark, with his cop's first-aid training had gone carefully over Randy's body and determined that there was no lasting damage. "No

bones broken,” he said to Bob, pulling him aside. “He’s tough as nails. He’ll recover quickly – physically, at least.”

“Yeah, that’s what worries me, Mark. God knows what’s going through his mind right now.”

“What kills me,” Mark said, “is that this whole Ben and Jason thing has got totally out of control – and they haven’t even been seeing each other, not done anything. But Randy’s gone totally unhinged over it. It runs real deep, and if you ask me, what the guy needs is a ton of therapy.”

Bob was thoughtful for a moment, then said, “Mark, could you and Zack leave us alone for a while? I’m real grateful for all your help, but I think he’s gonna sleep now. I know him, and after a fight he usually sleeps and, when he wakes up, he’s back to his old self whatever that means right now.”

Mark gave Bob a hug which, as usual, made their dicks stiffen in their pants, and then he and Zack left them alone. Since getting out of the shower Randy had been in a kind of daze and now, lying in bed, he was already half asleep. Bob sat beside the bed and, just before he fell asleep Randy reached over and squeezed Bob’s hand. Then there was silence.

Bob pulled the covers up to Randy’s chin, then stood up and paced the room. He was uneasy, with no idea where to go from here. He was out of his depth. But at last he came to a decision, went over to a corner of the room and pulled out his cell phone. “Hey, buddy, I’m glad you’re there. Listen, man, I need your help or more specifically Randy needs your help. Is there any chance you could come over?”

It was an hour or so before Randy swam slowly back to consciousness. As Bob had predicted, sleep for Randy was like a balm, his body was recovering, but as thoughts crowded back he flinched at the memory of what happened and the mess he was in. ‘Got to get it together,’ was his first conscious thought. ‘Gotta get a grip.’ He forced himself to open his eyes and slowly a face came into focus. ‘Good, he thought – Bob.’

But Bob had left the room. The face that now smiled down at him was his brother Steve’s. Randy frowned and growled his first words “What the fuck are you doing here?”

“And hello to you too, big brother,” Steve grinned. “Bob called me – asked me to come over. Seems like you got yourself into a whole mess of trouble again. No surprise there.”

“Oh yeah well it’s none of your business, man. It’s strictly between me and Bob.”

“Apparently not,” Steve sighed. “Seems it involves a lot of other guys – the whole tribe, in fact. Bob gave me the complete story and I’d say it could be quite serious. Randy, I’m here not as

your brother but as your therapist. Now I know from the past that you're just as likely to slug me and throw me out of the room but I really hope you don't."

Randy turned his head away and breathed deeply. He was confused, scared, and he did need to talk. Steve was as good as anyone, he guessed. He threw the covers back, strode across the room and got two beers from the small fridge. Randy was wearing only clean white boxers that Bob had put on him, and the fact that his body bore the marks of a fight – scratches and bruises – only added to his intense sexual attraction. Brother or not, as Steve sat watching him he felt his cock getting hard.

Randy sprawled in a chair facing Steve and said grudgingly, "OK, you're the shrink, bro, you go first." Steve smiled at him. "Well, suppose you tell me the first memories that come to you."

Randy took a gulp of beer and Steve saw his eyes get moist. "I hit Ben our little brother I swiped my hand across his face and he fell down. Then I manhandled Bob and hurt him. After that I went to the root of the problem and started a fight with Jason, but he thrashed me, tied me up and fucked my ass. Then he pissed on me and left me stinking on the ground." He suddenly sounded aggressive. "But I could have beaten him if I'd really wanted to. Guess I didn't really have much fight in me."

"And why do you think that was?" asked Steve patiently.

"I..." Randy began belligerently, and then seemed to crumple. "Man, the problem wasn't Ben or Bob or Jason. It's me, bro – I can't handle this family thing. It was all going so well – me the head of our little family – Bob, Pablo, Ben, the twins. I loved the idea too much, I guess. When Ben took a shine to Jason I saw it as him breaking up the family, disobeying my authority. I couldn't have that so well, you know me, Steve....."

"You lashed out with your fists – your remedy for everything. Well, you've pretty much described the issue perfectly. The challenge now is to find the answer. First let me say that Ben's attraction to Jason is perfectly normal in a young member of a family, feeling secure and confident (all thanks to you) and ready to spread his wings. In Texas you had a family of five young brothers who you raised and protected and who worshipped you, obeyed your every word. But now it's different. This new family is growing up and that's what Ben's doing."

"Yeah, but how can I be the head of the family after everything I've done? Jason was right to beat me up, and I'm glad he trashed me in front of the other guys. That's the real me, Steve, a fucking loser, with no right to have a family."

"Ah," Steve smiled, "the old familiar problem low self-esteem. Randy, I just don't get you still trying to prove how macho you are. You're not a gypsy scratching out a living on the streets of West Texas anymore. You've come up in the world, man. You're a successful owner of a fast growing construction company, the money's rolling in, and you have that incredible, beautiful man, Bob, who's nuts about you. And between you you've built up this tribe of

extraordinary guys here. You have an adopted son and a kid brother who idolize you. So what the fuck are you still trying to prove, man?

“You know, the trouble with you, Randy, is you have no vanity you have no idea what you are. You are a born leader you rule that construction site and every man there respects you as the ultimate boss. More than that, you are so fucking gorgeous, with a rugged sexuality that leaps out of you, it’s almost scary. You are everyone’s wet dream – the boys here worship you and the guys respect you, no matter how crazy you get sometimes. Every man deep down lusts for you.”

Randy winced. “After everything I’ve done ... been a total asshole fucked everything up? Who the hell would lust for me now?”

There was a long silence as Steve gazed at him. “Well me for a start.”

“You!? Now way, man that’s bullshit you’re my brother.”

“Yeah, a brother who’s sitting here gazing at that magnificent battle-scarred body of yours and that stunning gypsy face and my cock is so hard I can feel pre-cum oozing from it. You always do that to me, man. I don’t care if you’ve gone wild, got thrashed and trussed up. Don’t you get it? That makes you even sexier, even more of a man.” Steve leapt to his feet. “Here...”

Having come straight from the office Steve was wearing his smart work clothes that he now proceeded to strip off – the tie, starched white shirt, slacks, shorts and loafers. Within seconds he was naked and Randy was gazing at his flawless body and ruggedly handsome face.

“You’re fucking gorgeous yourself, bro,” Randy breathed as he rose to his feet and dropped his boxers. The brothers stood naked facing each other, both with rock-hard cocks.

Steve dropped to his knees, reached out for Randy’s cock and bent forward, sucking the thick cock into his mouth and pushing his face forward into the black tangle of Randy’s pubic hair. Randy gazed down at the broad-shouldered stud, his muscles rippling, and knew he was close to losing his load in his brother’s mouth. “No, man,” he said, “not like that.” He pulled Steve up onto his feet and gazed at him. “On the bed, man. I’m gonna fuck your ass.”

Obediently Steve threw himself on his back on the bed and gazed up at the swarthy giant looming over him. “God, you’re beautiful Randy. You know how often I’ve jerked off thinking about you ... getting fucked by my big brother?” Steve put his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs back, offering his ass to Randy. Randy spat in his hand and wrapped it round his thick cock, stroking it slowly. Then he dropped to his knees between Steve’s legs, pressed the head of his cock against his brother’s hole and pushed it inside his ass, further and further until it came to rest against the warm, velvet membrane deep inside.

He eased his cock out, then back in slowly, gently, again and again, and the big body beneath him shuddered in ecstasy. Randy moaned, “Man that feels incredible.” He turned his head to

the side and looked at the mirror beside the bed. "Look at that, bro, two gorgeous bodybuilders, one ass-fucking the other."

"Oh, shit," Steve said, "that looks awesome, man, fucking pornographic." It was true, one muscular body marked by bruises and scratches, the body of a fighter the other flawless physique honed to perfection at the gym. Steve was stroking his cock and said, "You are such a turn-on, man, I can't hold out much longer I'm so close."

"No!" Randy growled. He pulled Steve's hand off his cock, grabbed both wrists and, leaning forward, pinned them to the bed above Steve's head. "Your mine now, man, and you do as I say. I'm the boss and you cum when I say you can, is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Steve said, gazing up at the swarthy face, stubbled jaw, pale blue eyes and long black hair.

"And you're not gonna need to touch that cock. I can make any man bust his load without touching himself." Randy was in his element, the powerful muscle-god, the ultimate alpha male whose sexual magnetism was overpowering. He let the fuck go on and on as two pairs of steel-blue eyes bored into each other. Randy watched with satisfaction as the struggling body writhed beneath him, muscles rippling, the cock shuddering, dripping pre-cum that ran down the shaft and into the sweat-soaked pubic hair. He smiled at the tortured look in Steve's eyes.

"Please," Steve groaned. "Please, sir, I can't take anymore. You're driving me crazy. I gotta cum. Please sir, let me shoot. Let me feel your juice inside my ass. I'm begging you, sir."

Randy grinned and said, "Oh, I love to hear a man beg, especially a muscle-hunk like you, bro." With Steve totally at his mercy, Randy felt the power coursing through him; his self-doubt was vanquished, his dominance restored. The boss was back. He flexed his muscles and smiled down at his brother. "OK, stud, I've tormented you enough. You can cum when I do. Here we go." His piston pounded Steve's tortured ass harder, faster, until Aaagh!"

Randy's triumphant yell was drowned out by his brother's own scream as Steve saw the body shudder above him and felt the hot liquid pouring deep inside his ass. "Aaagh," Steve yelled again as his cock erupted with ribbons of white cream, pushed out of him by his brother's cock and splashing down on his face and chest.

The eruptions continued, the bodies shook, the faces contorted in ecstasy, until finally they were spent and Randy fell forward onto his brother's chest, their bodies sliding together on pools of jism. They were laughing now and Randy said, "That was one hell of a therapy session, brother. You're one crazy shrink, but you sure know how to restore a man's confidence."

Steve grinned, "And you, big brother, sure as hell know how to fuck."

After they cleaned up Steve guided Randy through a more orthodox therapy session. They talked about family, how it evolves and grows, and what it takes to be the head of the family. "Different from being boss of a construction crew," Steve grinned. "Being head of a family calls for finesse, not fists." As Steve's calm logic sank in Randy felt increasingly embarrassed at his wild, erratic reaction to Ben's desire to spread his wings and spend time with Jason. Steve asked Bob to join them and together they reassured Randy he could quickly re-establish his authority over the boys – no fists required.

The three men took a breather, but Randy was impatient to act. He called in Pablo, Ben and the twins and they sat crossed-legged on the floor facing him. Randy leaned forward in his chair and spoke earnestly to them. "Like, I've said, before, guys, we're all family in this room – including my brother Steve here. All families have arguments, and it was me and my anger that caused this one. But with a shrink like Steve to help us, and hard work from us all, we can stay strong. We've just gone through a kind of trial of strength, me especially, and from now on things will be different – starting with Ben." He smiled at his young brother.

"Little brother, I was wrong about you and Jason. I'll make my peace with the guy and of course you can go see him. He's a good guy...." he grinned and rubbed his jaw "and one hell of a fighter." He paused. "OK, that's all I've got to say for now – except that I love you all. Right now I want to be alone with Bob." He shot him a look. "We've got a few fences to mend."

The boys stood up, some of them misty eyed, and hugged Randy one by one with a heartfelt "Thank you, sir." Randy held onto Pablo for a long time and whispered, "Thanks for sticking with me kiddo." Pablo rewarded him with his crooked smile. "Always, sir – you know that."

When they had left, Steve smiled at Randy and said, "See, big guy, that wasn't so hard, was it?"

"Fuck you, man," Randy grinned, "and thank you. You're the best shrink a brother could have." They hugged, Steve left and Randy picked up the phone. He had a conciliatory conversation with Jason, long enough to make amends, to restore their friendship and to reassure him that Ben was free to come and see him. Then, at last, he turned to Bob and stammered, "Man, I don't even know where to begin. It's hard for me to find the words"

"Then don't," Bob smiled. "Just show me, buddy, the way you always do." Bob stripped naked and lay on his back on the bed. "I want to get ass-fucked by the boss."

A short while later Ben was sitting alone under a tree in the garden trying to get his mind around all that had happened. His emotions were mixed – excitement that he was free to see Jason, but some apprehension. Would Jason still want to see him after the big fight with Randy? Would he consider Ben too much trouble, the boy with the over-protective big brother, the boy

who had brought him nothing but grief so far? Ben sighed in confusion and just then his cell phone rang. He opened it and heard a familiar voice.

“Hey, Ben, it’s Jason. I had a call from Randy a while ago and well, things seem to be all patched up and well, I I mean you’re probably busy later but on the off chance you’re free I was wondering how you’d feel about coming here for dinner this evening, just you and me. No sweat if you’re too busy but

“Yes sir! I mean no, sir, I’m not too busy. I can come I mean I’d love to come. Thank you, sir, that would be awesome. What time, sir? OK, I’ll be there.”

Ben shut off the phone, his heart racing and a boner sticking up in his shorts. He got up and started to pace. Then he got nervous. Suddenly the gate opened and Jamie came in, having helped Jason clean up after the fight and driven Randy’s truck back.

“Hey, Jamie,” Ben shouted. “Dude, could you help me out with something?” Jamie smiled, having been with Jason when Randy had called him, so he knew the coast was clear for Ben and knew that Jason would be calling him. Jamie sat under the tree with Ben and smiled at him. “So, dude, has he asked you?”

“Jason, you mean? Yeah and I’m real stoked about it but well I’m a bit nervous too. See I think I really, really like Jason, but when we had those group sex games here, at the end he said he really wanted to fuck my ass. Well, I’m thinking maybe that’s *all* he wants I mean a young kid like me and he’s this gorgeous stud fireman that everyone lusts for. Well, what else would he want from me but a young piece of ass, then dinner and it’s ‘Thanks a lot, kid, that was great’ and that’s it. And another thing – you and Mark are kinda best buddies with Jason so like, are you OK with all this, Jamie?”

Jamie laughed. “Hey, hey, slow down, dude. One thing at a time. OK, first, you’re right that Mark and me are real close with Jason there was even talk at first of me being boy to both of them. But you know I’m so into Mark I worship the guy that we knew it wouldn’t work. I mean, we all three fuck from time to time, and that’s awesome, but basically Jason’s simply our best buddy, and we’ve come to know him real well.”

Jamie paused to let that sink in, then continued. “OK, so what about Jason? People always get the wrong idea about the guy I mean, he’s so fucking gorgeous everyone thinks he’s Mr. Popular, has sex all the time and gets off on people drooling over him. But actually it’s quite the opposite. He’s told us that his looks set him apart from other guys. The other firemen respect him and all, but they never socialize with him. Guys are kinda scared off by his beauty – resentful sometimes.

“So he’s always lived alone, has never had a relationship – no boy or anything – and if you want my opinion he’s a bit shy and lonely, real lonely. Mark thinks that’s one reason he likes getting off on himself in the mirror. It’s not vanity, really – it’s just that he’s got nobody else.

By the way, Mark and I think that mirror thing is hot and we love watching it.” Jamie grinned. “But as for what he wants from you, dude, well I guess you’re just gonna have to find that out.”

Talking with Jamie had helped a lot, but Ben was still nervous as he tried to decide what to wear. As sexy as possible, he thought at first, but then realized it was a dinner invitation so, like, no tank tops or anything. He settled for a plain blue Polo shirt, cargo shorts and sneakers. He tried to do stuff with his hair but eventually gave up and left it flopping over his face as usual.

As he drove down the hill his nerves increased and he was plagued with images of how Jason would look, what he would be doing. Probably working out in those thin, sexy shorts of his, pumping his muscles to impress Ben. Nah, the guy didn’t need to impress anyone. Jason could be reading from the phone book and Ben would still get a hard-on. He had one now, more or less permanently since he had heard Jason’s voice on the phone.

But it would be all about sex, Ben knew that. It was during that hot sex with him, in front of all the other guys at the sex games, that Ben had fallen in well, fallen in whatever it was with Jason. He was so consumed with these thoughts that it was a shock to find himself drawing up to Jason’s gate. He looked in the rearview mirror and tried to smooth his hair but ah, to hell with it. He’d probably be naked in a few minutes anyway, working out with Jason in front of the mirror, then getting fucked. His heart was beating wildly as he paused at the gate, took a deep breath, and walked in.

Nobody. The garden was silent, no sign of Jason, certainly not using the patio gym. Ben panicked. Maybe he had got the wrong day, wrong time. Maybe Jason had cooled on the idea maybe he should leave.

“Hey, Ben!” the cheerful shout rang across the garden as Jason came out of the house. “Sorry, kiddo, I was immersed in the kitchen with the tap running so I didn’t hear you.”

Ben’s jaw dropped. Striding toward him Jason was dressed in a white V-necked T-shirt, clean blue-jeans, with casual topsiders on his feet. The word that ran through Ben’s mind was ‘preppy,’ a far cry from the near-naked muscle hunk he had expected. His spectacular body was still obvious, etched under his T-shirt, but as he came toward Ben, wiping his hands on a dish towel, Jason was the image of domesticity.

He threw open his arms, folded them around Ben and kissed him hard on the mouth. Instead of the smell of sweat that he associated with Jason in his gym, Ben breathed in the fresh, clean scent of bleach on his gleaming white shirt. Jason held him at arm’s length, beaming. “Well here we are at last, Ben. Had to jump through some hoops along the way, but we finally made it. God, it’s good to see you you look terrific, as always. Come into the kitchen.”

Ben followed Jason into the kitchen which was a scene of fevered activity and enticing smells. This was obviously going to be much more than beer and a sandwich. “Take a pew,” Jason said. “Just let me check the stuff in the oven and I’ll be right with you.”

Ben sat at the big table and looked around. It was more than just a kitchen a big room, part dining room, with comfortable chairs. Reading Ben’s mind Jason said, “I designed it like this wanted it to be comfortable ‘cause people usually gather in the kitchen and talk to the chef while he’s cooking. Not that I have a lot of company,” he added quietly, almost to himself. He closed the oven door and grinned. “I thought we’d push the boat out a bit and start with martinis. You up for that?”

“Yes please, sir,” Ben said in a bit of a daze. He would have said yes to anything right now. He gazed at Jason as he rattled the martini shaker. He couldn’t remember ever seeing Jason dressed like this hardly ever saw him with a shirt on. As he watched the gorgeous fireman, who was plainly enjoying himself, Ben saw him in a whole different light a real man, not just a sex icon or a picture in a calendar. If anything he looked even sexier in regular clothes, with the V-neck T-shirt stretched over his gorgeous chest, biceps bulging under the short sleeves, and Ben’s boner got harder in his shorts.

Only thing was, would there *be* any sex? Ben had feared it would be all just a quick fuck and a quick meal, but now it seemed the opposite – an elaborate meal and maybe that’s it, no sex?” Then suddenly, as he poured the martinis, Jason put all Ben’s fears to rest.

“Ben, I wanted to ask you somethingcan you stay all night? I’ll call Randy to clear it with him, but I wanted to check with you first, see if you’d be OK with that. What d’ya say?”

Ben blinked, taken aback. Then he found his voice. “I say yes, sir. Yes please, sir. Yes, please. That would be way cool, sir.”

Jason laughed, “Well I think we can manage a bit better than cool, eh? Kick the temperature up a notch?” He raised his martini glass and Ben copied him. “So here’s to a great time together, kiddo. Here’s to us.” And they clinked glasses.

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Chapter 182 – Jason & Ben’s First Night

Jason sipped his drink and smiled at Ben, who was gripping the glass firmly in his fist. “You ever had a martini, Ben?”

“I think so, sir, but when I swallowed it it burned my throat and nearly made me choke.”

Jason laughed. “Well you don’t chug-a-lug a martini like beer, Ben. Sip it slowly like this let it flow down gently.” Ben did as instructed and the ice-cold vodka tasted good. As he sipped his drink with this beautiful, macho man he somehow felt more grown up.

“OK, kiddo, let me tell you what we’re having for dinner. I always cook healthy food, as you might guess – high-protein, low carbs and plenty of fresh veggies. So it’ll be baked salmon, spinach and scrambled egg-whites.”

As Jason talked enthusiastically about the meal, and nutrition in general, Ben listened intently – or tried to. Unfortunately he was distracted by Jason’s gorgeous face and body that made his dick throb in his pants. He gazed at Jason’s chiseled features, his tousled blond hair and clear blue eyes that sparkled in the reflected light from his white shirt. His Adam’s apple moved prominently in his throat as he talked and the deep voice was mesmerizing.

This isn’t gonna work, Ben thought. He couldn’t get over his physical lust for the guy. He wanted to kiss that face, feel those lips on his, and he fantasized about Jason reaching across the table, throwing him down on it and fucking him. And yet..... and yet, in the midst of his sexual obsession Ben had a dim impression that there was another feeling playing in the background, something different – bigger than sex – that he couldn’t put his finger on. It seemed to be real important, but right now it was just a fleeting sensation being stifled by his physical lust for the spectacular man facing him.

He knew he couldn’t get through dinner nursing this huge boner in his shorts. He wanted to cum so bad he couldn’t concentrate on what Jason was saying. He knew what he had to do. He jumped to his feet and said, “Excuse me, sir, but I have to use the bathroom.”

Jason smiled, seeing the tent-pole sticking up in Ben’s shorts. “Sure, kid, back there, second door on the left. As Ben turned to go Jason said, “Do you need to pee, Ben, or jack off?”

Ben whirled round and his face blushed scarlet. “Both, actually, sir.”

OK,” Jason grinned, “but do me a favor – just pee for now and hold off on the other thing.”

Ben closed the bathroom door behind him saying softly, “Shit.... shit. What a fucking idiot. I acted like a total asshole in front of Jason.” And to make matters worse Ben now found it hard to pee through his rock-hard erection. The piss arced high in the air and splashed down into the toilet – or most of it. The rest fell on the floor and he tore off a hunk of toilet paper, got on his knees and mopped it up.

Feeling even more stupid on his knees by the toilet, he thought, ‘Fuck, I blew it this evening’s gonna be a total disaster. He won’t even want me to stay.’ He cleaned most of it up, flushed the toilet and washed his hands. He looked nervously in the mirror and splashed cold water in his face to make his blush fade. Then he took a deep breath, left the bathroom and walked back to the kitchen.

His worst fears were confirmed as he saw Jason standing up. This was it, he was gonna call the whole evening off. But instead Jason smiled broadly, opened his arms wide and folded them tightly round the boy, squeezing him against him, kissing his face, his eyes and his lips. Trapped in the muscular arms Ben reached round and ran his hands over Jason's back, feeling through his T-shirt the rippling muscles in his back and wide lats. He felt Jason's warm lips pressing against his, with traces of the martini on his breath. Ben was in the arms of the glorious man he had lusted for, the man whose picture he had jerked off over. Squeezed against his hard-muscled body he felt Jason's bulging cock pressed against his.

Overwhelmed by lust Ben lost all his nerves and reticence. Throwing caution to the winds he gripped Jason's back hard, digging his fingers into the sinewy muscles, and crushed their bodies together. He pushed his tongue deep into Jason's mouth and ground his crotch fiercely against Jason's, feeling the fireman's cock pulsing in his jeans. He was flying, lost in the mind-blowing sexuality of this gorgeous man and the result was inevitable. He pulled his face off Jason's, threw his head back and yelled "Aaagh" as his cock exploded in his shorts.

He felt the sticky wetness as his cock emptied its load and he pulled away, suddenly embarrassed by his raunchy behavior. Blushing deeply he was unable to look Jason in the eye, but Jason lifted Ben's face up by the chin and smiled at him. "Wow, you are one hell of a wild little gypsy boy, Ben. But that sure beats jacking off over the bathroom sink, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Ben said, a trace of mischief creeping into his shy grin. Jason looked down at Ben's crotch and said, "Better get cleaned up, kiddo. Can't eat a fancy dinner like that. Here" He disappeared into his bedroom and came back with a pair of gray boxer briefs. "Better change into my shorts here. Don't worry, I've only worn them once or twice. Off you go."

Ben ran to the bathroom and was relieved to see that the floor was dry and not stinking of his piss. He took off his shorts, washed and dried his cock and pubic hair, then held Jason's shorts to his nose, the shorts he had 'only worn once or twice', and his cock stiffened all over again. He pulled them on and gazed at himself in the mirror, Jason's 'wild little gypsy boy' actually wearing the fireman's undershorts. He pulled his cargo shorts on over them before his cock got too stiff, tucked in his Polo shirt and smoothed his hair.

Now that he had shot his load he felt less nervous about being with Jason – more he wasn't sure what, but he knew it felt good.

Jason was busy at the stove when Ben came back. Ben realized that he was carrying his cum-soaked shorts with him and he was about to hide them behind his back when Jason said, "Here, give me those, kid. I'll do a deal with you. You keep my shorts and I'll keep these." He held them up to his face and inhaled. "They'll be perfect for when I jack off thinking about you."

The fireman would jack off thinking about *him!*? Stunned, Ben sat at the table with the remains of his martini and Jason sat opposite him. "Right," Jason said. "Now we've got all that sexual pressure out of the way, and you're not just sitting there lusting for me, we can relax and get to know each other." He sipped his drink and became contemplative.

"Now that you've shot your load, Ben, maybe you'll be able to see the real me, beyond my looks. See, there's something about good looks that can be more a curse than a blessing. Sure, it can open a lot of doors, but the downside is a bit like a wealthy man who never knows if people like him for himself or his money. People who might like you can never really separate the real man from his looks. They want your body and can't see further than that. So it's real hard for a guy like me to get close to anyone and I spend a lot of time alone." So Jamie was right, Ben thought. Jason was lonely.

Jason smiled. "Face it, Ben, when you came here this evening you were thinking about sex, no? Maybe watching me work out, then fucking that sweet ass of yours. That was it, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," Ben said meekly, blushing again. He perked up. "At first anyway, sir, until I got my rocks off. But now....."

"Now?"

"Well now I just just like being here with you. Makes me feel kinda warm."

"Good," Jason smiled. "See, I told you we could do a little better than 'cool', didn't I? I'll tell you something else, and I say this because you're a very handsome young man, with the kind of dark good looks that will get even sexier as you get older. You're going to be a knockout, Ben, but if a man is good looking and desired by others he has to be kind, too. A lot of those hot guys who did the calendar with me could be arrogant pricks sometimes boasted about girls they had taken to bed, then walked out on."

"A lot of guys are gonna lust for you, kiddo, and you'll probably turn most of them down, but you have to do it with kindness let them down gently. See, a lot of people assume that handsome men are usually pricks. You gotta show them otherwise. You get it?"

"I think so, sir. I guess I'll be OK if I try to be like you." Be like Jason? fat chance, Ben thought the man was phenomenal. But Ben was at last getting beyond Jason's stunning looks and glimpsing the man behind them. He was sort of.... beautiful inside and out. And Ben was going to spend the night with him! But now he was excited not so much by the thought of having Jason's cock in his ass, as having Jason's arms round him while they slept.

Feeling more and more relaxed, Ben drained his martini and said, "Are we having any more of these, sir?"

“Hmm,” Jason said. “Not a good idea, I think, kiddo. You’re not used to liquor and what do you think Randy would say if I got you drunk, eh?”

“I don’t care what Randy says,” Ben blurted out defiantly.

Jason’s eyes flashed. “Well you damn-well should care! Listen to me, boy. That man raised and protected you all your young life in tough circumstances that would have beaten any other man. And he’s still protecting you. That’s what he’s been doing these last few days, fighting to protect you. Sure, he over-reacted this time, went off the rails some, but whatever he did, it was for you. I saw him the day you arrived from Texas and he was over the moon. He loves you to bits he’s the best big brother any boy could have. You owe him a whole lot, so never let me hear you disrespect him again, boy. It’s not worthy of you.”

Ben was crushed by Jason’s sudden anger and he blushed with shame. He stared down at the table with tears in his eyes. When Jason spoke again his voice was soothing. “OK, that’s the end of the lecture, kiddo. Listen, you’ve gotta learn to take discipline from me as well as compliments if I’m to be your” he checked himself “your friend.”

Ben looked up at him and his cock got stiff. It wasn’t so much the steely look in his eyes, or the macho burst of anger. It was his use of the word ‘boy’ when he scolded him. He saw Jason’s expression soften as he said, “By the way, while you were in the bathroom I called Randy and he OK’d you staying the night with me. So let me get dinner on the table and feed you. It won’t be as good as what the twins serve up to you guys, but it’ll be healthy, that’s for sure.”

Ben recovered quickly from Jason’s tongue-lashing and when Jason started dishing up he realized how hungry he was. Jason sat down and smiled as he watched Ben shoveling the food into his mouth. Again he thought of the wild young gypsy boy. “OK, Ben,” he said, “you’ve gotten to know me a bit better, but what about you? Tell me about yourself – like your life in Texas and that amazing trek you made from Texas to California to find your brother.”

Ben still had his mouth full as he spoke and food sprayed out of it. Jason smiled, picked up his napkin and handed it to Ben. “Here, use this.” Ben ginned at him, wiped his mouth and said, “Sorry, sir.” He gulped and said, “Well sir, it’s a pretty long story.”

“Never mind,” Jason smiled. “Take your time. We’re in this for the long haul.” And again Ben’s cock got stiff in his shorts.”

As Ben poured out the story of his life Jason gazed at him and a wave of affection swept over him. He was a remarkable kid brave, resourceful, uncomplaining, taking whatever fate dished out and bouncing back. He was Randy’s brother alright, with his tough, uncompromising confidence. He had a lot to learn, of course – Jason grinned to himself – like not talking with his mouth full. But he would learn – with the right teacher. He already had Randy, of course,

for the macho stuff, and Bob for the more subtle things, and he looked on them both as his older brothers. But Jason sensed that Ben was searching for something else in addition to that.

“So anyway,” Ben was saying, having come to the part where he had lived with a guy for a while. “He was OK at first and we had a good time but it got kinda like he owned me and then he started trying to fuck me – like forcing himself on me, real rough. Well, I wasn’t gonna take that from no one so I slugged him and took off.”

“I bet you did,” Jason grinned. “Guess the guy learned that you don’t fuck with the scrappy young gypsy boy.” Then Jason chose his words carefully. “So, you didn’t let the guy fuck you. Does that, er does that mean you don’t really like getting fucked?”

“Oh no, sir. I mean, yes sir, I do like it with the right guy.” He blushed and lowered his eyes.

“Good, very good. So you just have to wait for the right guy to come along,” Jason teased him. “Hey, let’s take our coffee outside. It’s a warm night and a full moon. Follow me.”

“Wow,” said Ben as they sat down at an old wooden table in the garden, “that sure is bright.”

“It’s the Harvest Moon,” Jason said, “extra bright to help guys in the old days gather the harvest.” There was a silence and they gazed at each other, their faces bathed in silver light making them almost surreally handsome. Slightly embarrassed they quickly looked away and sat quietly sipping their coffee, enjoying the simple pleasure of just being close, listening to each other’s breathing.

Ben was floating in a world he never knew existed. Of course he had heard of people ‘falling in love’ but he had never really known what that meant – what it felt like. He still wasn’t sure but he had a pretty fair idea it was happening to him.

Conversation began again and Ben asked Jason lots of questions about being a fireman. He hung on Jason’s every word, gazing up at him as he spoke about the challenges and rewards – saving people’s lives. In the bright moonlight, with an intense expression on his face, Jason had never looked more beautiful to Ben. ‘I *must* be in love,’ Ben thought – and it scared him. He wanted Jason so much it almost hurt. It felt as if he had known him for a long time, not just tonight, and he never wanted to lose him. He didn’t want the moonlight to end, either, but he had no control over that. He just hoped that love wouldn’t fade like the moon.

Sensing that the mood was getting a bit too serious Jason said, “OK, enough about firemen, kiddo.” He looked at his watch. “Hey, do you know how long we’ve been out here talking? It’s real late.”

“Well, sir,” Ben grinned mischievously, “you said we were in it for the long haul.” Jason ruffled his hair. “Come on kiddo, let’s get you to bed.”

Ben followed Jason into the house. Now he was real scared.

In the bedroom Jason turned the lights on with a half-turn on the dimmer switch, bathing the room in a low golden light of the recessed spots in the ceiling. It was a large, comfortable room with mirrors on the walls and at the head of the bed. The bed itself was a wide California-King, the sheets and pillows all white. The sight of it, waiting silently for them, gave Ben a huge boner. He hesitated, waiting for a cue from Jason.

Jason matter-of-factly pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his shoes and stood shirtless in blue jeans, stretching under the golden light, making the waistband of his white undershorts show above the waist of the jeans. Ben gasped as he saw, for the first time since he arrived, the spectacular naked torso of the man he was to sleep with. He was so stunning that Ben could have blown his wad just by looking at him, but he made an effort to hold back.

“What you waiting for, boy?” Jason smiled. “Or are you gonna sleep with your clothes on?” Hastily Ben pulled off his Polo shirt and laid it on a chair. “Oh yeah,” Jason said softly, running his hands over the contours of Ben’s naked chest. “Now that is really hot. You’re a looker, kid, no doubt about that. OK, teeth first. I kind of like the taste of liquor on your breath when I’m kissing you, but a nice fresh mouth is good too so I can make it taste of me. ‘Course you would taste good no matter what.”

Ben followed him into the bathroom and they stood in front of twin wash basins and the huge mirror behind them. Jason pulled one of two toothbrushes from a glass and handed it to Ben. “Here use one of mine. I’ve only used it a few times,” he grinned, “just like the shorts you’re wearing.” Ben was sure he could taste Jason on the brush as they brushed their teeth, looking at each other in the mirror.

Ben looked at the shirtless muscle-god bending forward, white shorts showing just above his jeans. He could hardly believe this was happening, and he kept drifting into a fantasy world. He imagined this was a nightly detail in the life he shared with the fireman, brushing their teeth together, taking off their clothes, getting into bed together, having sex, then switching off the light and him sleeping in Jason’s arms. He dreamed that it would be all part of the routine of their life together, a routine that would always be as exciting as the first time and tonight was the first time!

They both peed together into the toilet, shoulder to shoulder, with Ben trying to aim straight despite his erection. “Well done, boy,” Jason grinned at him and buttoned his jeans. That was the second time in the last few minutes Jason had called Ben ‘boy’ and it had a comfortable ring to it, what Jason would always call him if they he banished that dream from his mind. Jason grabbed another glass, tossed Ben’s toothbrush into it and placed it by the wash basin on the left. “There, that’s your side,” he said, re-igniting Ben’s dream.

They went back into the bedroom where Jason said, "OK, kiddo, time to hit the sack. You'll like the bed – nice firm mattress. Ben had a feeling the mattress wasn't the only thing he'd like about the bed. He unzipped and dropped his cargo shorts and put them on the chair with his shirt. He hesitated, then quickly pulled down his undershorts. His rock-hard dick sprang out and he blushed. Jason looked at him and laughed. "Never thought a nice firm mattress could have that effect on a boy."

To hide his embarrassment Ben jumped into bed and pulled the sheets up as far as his waist. He lay on his back and watched Jason, careful not to touch his cock that was standing up like a tent pole under the sheet. Still wearing just blue-jeans Jason walked around the room, tidying it up, the sculpted muscles of his body flecked by the alternating light and shade of the room as he moved under the spotlights in the ceiling. He picked up Ben's shirt and shorts and put them in a small drawer in the dresser. "There, that'll be your drawer, Ben," he said matter-of-factly.

That caused another jerk in Ben's cock, his excited anticipation reaching a peak. It would have caused an orgasm, were it not for the fact that he suddenly felt tired as he nestled down in the cool sheets. His thoughts started to drift off into fantasy again. What if this were every night, climbing into bed, waiting for Jason to join him, watching him get ready for bed? But he knew that, no matter how many times he saw this, he would always feel the thrill that he felt now.

He moaned softly as Jason unbuttoned his jeans, then paused. It was well-known, of course, that Jason knew how gorgeous he was, and Ben had a vague idea that even now Jason was showing off for him, flaunting his body and his looks in the narcissistic way he had, only this time Ben was his mirror. That feeling was strengthened when Jason pushed his jeans down his legs and stepped out of them. He was wearing white Jockey briefs and stretched his magnificent near-naked body under one of the spotlights.

Ben knew he had never seen anything more beautiful than this – the spectacular fireman wearing only white briefs, emphasizing his slim waist and the rounded globes of his ass. When he finished stretching he walked round the room a bit, then into the bathroom. Ben saw in one of the mirrors the reflection of Jason's back through the open bathroom door, as he stood at the toilet to pee one last time. He gazed at the V-shaped back that narrowed down to the tight waist and the gorgeous ass, accentuated even more now when the cotton briefs stretched tight across it as Jason pulled down the front and pulled out his cock to pee.

Ben's imagination was going wild. It was like he was in a porn movie as he heard the piss and imagined it pouring from Jason's cock. He wanted to be there, watching, lying on the floor under him, soaked in his piss, drinking it He blinked and shook his head to clear it. But he no longer knew what was real or imagined. Was this really Jason, or a nameless muscle-hunk he had just met and was spending the night with? He heard Jason washing his hands, then he stood in the doorway, facing out to the bedroom, drying his hands on a hand-towel.

Ben held his breath as Jason threw the small towel behind his neck and held the ends in front of him, at the side of his pecs, making his biceps flex. Backlit by the bathroom light he stood

there gazing across the room at Ben. Ben narrowed his eyes, blurring the image slightly so it became unreal – god-like. In a hypnotic trance Ben watched as the muscle-god lowered his hands, ran his fingers under the waistband of the briefs, paused then pushed them slowly down. As they passed over the bulge his long, iron-hard rod sprang out and pointed, Ben thought, straight at him.

The briefs fell to the floor and he stepped out of them, then raised his arms up high and rested his hands against the upper corners of the doorframe leaning slightly forward. His naked body was spread-eagled in the doorway, his golden tan broken only by the white strip where his briefs has been, outlined by sharp tan-lines top and bottom. The white towel was still round his neck, setting off the flawlessly handsome face with disheveled blond hair, his blue eyes staring ahead into some infinite distance. His whole spectacular physique was on flood-lit display.

Ben narrowed his eyes again and the image became surreal, ethereal. And yet this apparition was the man he had spent the whole evening with, the man who would soon be sleeping beside him. The otherworldly physical image and the real man behind it blended in a whirl of eroticism that finally overwhelmed the boy. Desperate not to touch his cock he threw his arms up and grabbed the posts at the corner of the bed. But he was powerless to resist the sight of the muscular physique flexing under the spotlight. Ben's body shuddered, his cock pulsed and he stifled a scream as cum blasted from it again and again, soaking the sheet stretched over it, forming a wet patch that spread slowly down the sheet and onto the boy's naked body.

Ben sank back limp with exhaustion. Tired after this long emotional evening and now drained by his orgasm, he closed his eyes briefly. But soon they flickered half open, somewhere between sleeping and waking. Through narrowed eyes he saw – dreamed? – a blond, nude Greek God beside the bed, smiling down at him, his huge cock hard as a rod. It had to be a dream – nothing real could be this beautiful. His fantasy man wrapped his hand round his long shaft and started to stroke it.

If this was a dream Ben never wanted to wake up – a naked muscle-stud towering over him beating his meat. But then, in the way dreams do, the illusion of the god morphed slowly into a real man – Jason – the man he had shared dinner with, talked to endlessly fallen in love with. He remembered it all, and then he heard the unmistakable deep voice. "God, you're beautiful, Ben." That jerked him wide awake, back to reality. So it wasn't a dream. He really was here, in Jason's bed, and the naked fireman was standing over him, his chest and bicep bulging as he pounded his meat.

Ben opened his mouth to speak but, "aaagh!" He heard Jason's scream and felt the splash of hot liquid in his face. Through a film of cum he saw the fireman's incredible body bucking and heaving over him, the gorgeous face wincing, open mouthed, as the cock erupted with ribbons of white cum. Ben opened his mouth and swallowed the bitter-sweet juice that poured into it.

When Jason's cock was at last drained dry, Ben's chest and face were streaming with cum. His breath still heaving, Jason looked down at the swarthy young boy, still in a spread-eagled position on the bed, his naked body covered in semen. "That was for my wild young gypsy boy," he said. He fell to his knees by the bed, leaned forward and licked the pools of cum from Ben's stomach and chest. Then he moved up to Ben's face and pressed their mouths together, sharing the semen from mouth to mouth.

Ben was still in a trance. He had spent a spectacular evening with Jason, had most likely fallen in love with him, watched him strip down to his white Jockey briefs, which made Ben shoot his load just gazing at the glorious muscle-god. But now as he lay in Jason's bed and Jason smiled down at him, one question still burned in his mind. "Sir, are you going to fuck me?"

Jason laughed at the boy's bluntness. "Pushy young buck, aren't you? Let's just say we're going to make love. You know we've both wanted that since the minute you walked into the garden. Don't move stay just as you are. Leave everything to me."

Jason leaned forward and licked Ben's chest, ran his tongue over the sweat that trickled between his pecs, kissed his nipples and bit them gently. Ben moaned in ecstasy as Jason moved his tongue lower, over the ridges of the boy's abs, down to his damp public hair, then up the length of his already-rigid cock. "You are one horny young stud," Jason said. "So hard again so soon." Then he sprang to his feet.

"OK, boy, you gotta get me hard again too if you want my cock in that ass of yours." He vaulted onto the bed and positioned himself above Ben, with his feet on either side of the boy, body stretched forward, hands gripping the top of the backboard over Ben's head. He was arched a few feet over the boy, his cock pointing straight down at his face.

He paused. Then his biceps, shoulders and chest flexed hard, taking the strain as slowly, very slowly, he lowered himself. When his cock was inches from Ben's face he stopped. Ben was still holding onto the bed posts above him as ordered, but now he strained his head up and poked out his tongue, trying to touch the tip of Jason's cock. But Jason was teasing him and kept his cock just out of reach.

Making it worse, Ben felt pre-cum dripping from it onto his tongue. But he wanted the fireman's thick rod, all of it. He had sucked it once before, during the sex games at the house, and that was when his lust for Jason was born. He had thought of the cock since fantasized about it, jerked off thinking about it. Now here it was, an inch from his face so close but out of reach.

It was driving him wild with frustration and he pleaded, "Please, sir please let me taste it, sir. You can do anything to me, sir just let me taste your cock. Please, sir....."

Jason smiled. "Sounds great hearing my wild little gypsy boy beg like that. OK, boy, here it is." At last Ben's tongue touched the moist head and soon the cock was sliding down his throat. He looked up and saw the gorgeous body moving up and down, like a bodybuilder doing

pushups over him, his muscles taut, his long cock pushing into his mouth. The cock had been semi-erect but as Ben squeezed his throat muscles tight it soon became hard as steel.

Finally Jason pulled out and knelt upright over Ben's legs. "I wanna see your ass, boy," he said, with a harder edge to his voice. Grabbing Ben's hips he turned him over onto his stomach. "On your elbows." Ben pulled himself up onto his elbows, his stomach still flat on the bed, and realized he could see everything in the mirrors at the head of the bed and on the walls. He saw Jason bend forward and felt him bury his head between the globes of his ass.

Jason licked the fuzz of black hair round Ben's hole then pushed his tongue deep inside, relishing the musky taste of the soft, warm membrane. He pulled back up, leaned forward and pressed his hands on the small of Ben's back. Ben saw in the mirror Jason smile at him. "You remember the day of the sex games at your house, what I said to you at the end?"

"Word for word, sir. You said, 'You're a real special boy and I want to really make love to you. But first I've gotta fuck that spectacular ass of yours – real soon'."

"Right, well that 'real soon' is right now. You didn't know that a couple of times after that I jerked off thinking about fucking your ass. And now it's right here and I'm gonna take it. That is, if you still want it."

"I do, sir," said Ben, a note of panic in his voice. "Please, sir, pleaseit's what I've wanted since you said that, sir..... I've cum thinking about it every day. Please, sir please fuck me."

"OK, boy. Keep looking in the mirror look into my eyes." Ben was hypnotized by the steel blue eyes, by the sight of the magnificent body easing forward. In a trance he almost didn't feel the cock entering his ass, aware only of a sensual warmth that began at his hole and spread slowly inside him, deeper and deeper until his whole ass was on fire. The heat spread through his body and he thought he would pass out, but he was strengthened by the blue eyes in the mirror boring into his.

The sensation was so intense that at first he didn't fully realize what was happening until the blue eyes smiled and the voice said gently, "I'm inside you, boy. All the way inside well almost. Here's the bit that says I love you, Ben." His hips pushed forward and the head of his cock slid over the inner sphincter into the fiery, deepest recess of all.

Ben's eyes opened wide and he hallucinated that the image in the mirror glowed, godlike. The man was inside him, deep in his ass inside him "aah aah aagh!" His body bucked wildly, forcing his ass up onto the cock, driving it deeper, pounding it like he was fucking the cock. His body shuddered violently and he felt hot juice pouring from his own cock and soaking the sheets beneath him. The face in the mirror was smiling at him and Ben shouted, "Fuck me, sir don't stop please fuck my ass, sir."

Gently Jason pulled back, then eased inside the ass again in a slow, tender fuck that went on and on, lowering the tension, a transition from fucking ass to making love. Finally Jason said, "Damn the mirror, kiddo. I don't want a reflection I want the real thing. Here...." Jason pulled his cock out, quickly rolled Ben over and hooked his legs over his shoulders. He leaned forward and clamped his hands round Ben's wrists above his head. "There, that's better, now I can really see you. The gypsy boy is my prisoner, at my mercy. He looks real hot but he can't get free and I can do what I like to him. Does that scare you?"

Ben grinned. "Not at all, sir. I don't want to get free ever. You can do whatever you want with me, sir."

"OK, boy. I'm gonna fuck you some more and make you cum again. But you don't cum until I do. You wanna feel my juice in your ass, boy?"

"More than anything in the world, sir." Ben felt Jason's cock sliding into his ass again and watched the glorious body rise and fall above him. It was slow, sensuous, and Ben was simply in heaven. Jason released his arms and Ben ran his hands over the flawless muscles of his chest and shoulders. Jason said, "Tell me what you feel, Ben. Talk to me make me cum."

Ben gazed at the spectacular, naked fireman. "You are so beautiful, sir, I love touching you." He reached up and touched his face. "I'd like to lick the sweat from your face, kiss you, kiss your eyes. I want to make love to you all the time, over and over. I'll be good for you, sir, do whatever you tell me to do. Your cock feels so good in my ass ... like it belongs there, sir. It's so hot it makes me want to shoot another load, and I want to feel your juice inside me. Please, sir please cum in me please, I'm begging you, sir."

Tears flowed down his cheeks and he had never looked so beautiful to Jason. "OK, Ben," he said. "Now stay quite still and just look into my eyes." Jason eased his cock deep inside Ben's ass and stopped. They were both motionless, gazing at each other, and they saw their own faces reflected in each other's eyes. Jason smiled. "That's just how it should be, Ben, and it's what will make you cum." His voice became hypnotic. "Look at me, Ben look into my eyes I love you Ben, and I'm going to cum inside your sweet ass. Now, cum for me, Ben. Cum for me now."

There was no movement, no sound as Ben felt hot juice pouring deep inside his ass. He stared into the hypnotic blue eyes and knew he had to cum for this man. Then he realized that he already was, as he felt his own semen flowing onto his stomach. It was like no orgasm he had ever had – no movement, no fucking, just pure love shining in Jason's eyes that made him cum.

And this time there was no doubt in Ben's mind. He had, totally and forever, fallen in love.

They stared at each other for a long time, basking in the feeling of joy. Then suddenly Jason sprang up, brought a big towel from the bathroom and wiped them off, cleaning most of the sweat and cum from their bodies and faces. Ben moved over and Jason wiped off the cum that the boy had poured onto the sheets under him. Jason tossed the towel aside and looked down at the naked boy. "You know, Ben, after everything we've done this evening, the talk and the sex, what I really wanted most was the simplest. To lie in bed with you and have you fall asleep in my arms."

He lay down on the bed behind Ben and scooped him into his arms. "You're trapped again, boy, and this time I'm not gonna let you go." Ben wriggled back against him. "I hope not, sir. This is the best I've ever felt, the safest too." Ben's earlier exhaustion had been dispelled by the sight of Jason standing naked over him. But now it returned and in less than a minute the boy was asleep, just as he had dreamed about, wrapped in Jason's strong arms.

It wasn't entirely uninterrupted sleep. At one point he was dimly aware of Jason sliding his dick into his ass, and he fell asleep again with a smile on his face, dreaming of the long rod resting inside him. Much later Jason pulled out and turned onto his back. Ben turned to face him, rested his head on Jason's chest, felt it rise and fall and felt his arms fold round him again.

In the morning it was Ben who woke first and eased himself off the bed. An hour later Jason stirred and reached over for Ben, but he wasn't there. It was the smell that brought him to his senses, the smell of food. He opened his eyes and saw Ben standing by the bed, wearing only the shorts Jason had given him, with a napkin over his arm and a big smile on his face. "Breakfast is served, sir." Jason sat up and rubbed his eyes, amazed by the breakfast set on a small table with two chairs.

"Juice, oatmeal, toast and scrambled egg-whites that you showed me how to cook last night," said Ben proudly. Jason grinned up at him. "Looks terrific, but you think it can wait a few minutes? See there's something else here that looks good enough to eat." He pulled down Ben's shorts, pulled him onto the bed and knelt over him. "See, boy, whenever you're with me you get fucked last thing at night and first thing in the morning. He licked his palm, ran it over his cock, then slid it easily into his ass. What Ben loved about it was that it was the everyday kind of fuck that he would always get as a matter of course, day and night, if he and Jason were to.....but he didn't dare complete his thought.

Afterwards they sat facing each other at breakfast in a comfortable silence as if they had been doing this for years. It was already getting late and Jason was due to begin his shift soon. They showered together – a long shower where Ben fell to his knees and sucked Jason's cock, making them both cum one last time. Then Ben watched Jason get dressed in his uniform and he was once again a fireman, the gorgeous fireman who had stripped naked last night, fucked him and then slept all night with him.

“Listen, kid,” Jason said, “I’m working a long shift today. I won’t be home until late and I’ll be exhausted. But I’m free tomorrow night. Do you think ...? I mean assuming you’re free would you like to?” But Ben didn’t let him finish. “Yes, sir, yes please, sir,” he said hastily. “I’ll be here, sir. Definitely.”

“Good,” Jason smiled. “Cause there’s something I want to ask you. Something important.” Ben’s cock jumped in his shorts and his knees went weak.

As he drove up the hill to the house Ben felt he was flying. ‘Something important I want to ask you...’ The words kept racing through his mind. He wanted to tell someone, and he knew who. At the house he ran across the garden, bounded up the stairs to Randy’s room and burst in. Randy and Bob were standing close together and pulled apart in surprise. “Oh, sorry, sirs should have knocked I guess but I’m home, sir I’m home.”

“We see you are,” Bob grinned, “and glowing so bright you could set the house on fire.” Randy had never seen his kid brother so excited. “OK, kiddo, sit down and tell us all about it.” The men sat on the bed and Ben sat facing them. Then it all came tumbling out, disjointedly, with Ben not pausing for breath.

“Well, sir, it was totally awesome. I mean I thought Jason would be in just his shorts, but he was looking real hot in a white T-shirt, jeans and loafers and he didn’t even talk about sex but took me to the kitchen where he was cooking this real healthy meal egg-whites and stuff and as we ate dinner he asked me all about myself so I told him except I was spitting out food guess I shouldn’t speak with my mouth full and he told me how tough it was sometimes for a real handsome guy and said I was gonna be a knockout and then we sat outside in the full moonthe Harvest moon, he said, so the harvesters could see and he told me all about being a fireman and then we went indoors to bed, and he took all his clothes off except these white Jockey briefs that made him look so hot I busted my load, and then he licked me all over, and then he fucked me and when we slept he wrapped his arms round me and in the morning I made breakfast egg-whites again

“Enough! no more egg-whites,” Bob said with a twinkle in his eye. “I think we get the picture, Ben. So what d’ya think, Randy? Think our little brother’s in love?”

“Sure sounds like it,” Randy agreed. Any lingering objections Randy might feel about Ben being with Jason were obliterated by the sheer joy on Ben’s face. He had never seen him so excited and his heart went out to him. “So, did he ask you to be his boy?”

“Not yet sir but I’m seeing him again tomorrow – if that’s OK, sir – and he said he wants to ask me something real important.”

Randy huffed. “Just tell him you want to be his boy. Be like me, when you want something just go for it – grab it. That’s what I did with Bob here,” he grinned.

Ben hesitated and turned serious. “There’s something I wanted to ask you, though, sir. See, whatever happens with Jason and me, I’ll still be your little brother won’t I sir? So I wondered, could I sleep with you tonight, sir, you and Bob, just to show we’re still family, and you can fuck me and everything, just like you did before. See, I wouldn’t be leaving you sir I never could I love you too much.”

Randy looked at Ben, then at Bob, with tears in his eyes and a lump in his throat. “Sure you can sleep with us, Ben – eh Bob? Nothing’s gonna change between us. You’ll always be my kid brother and I’ll always be here to protect you, you know that. Don’t forget, though, Bob and me, we get pretty horny at night so you better be good and ready for us.”

Ben laughed, launched himself onto the bed and hugged them both. “OK,” Bob said, “now if I know anything about this house, Darius and the boys will be waiting for you downstairs and they’ll demand a blow-by-blow account of your adventures, ‘exaggerations accepted’.”

“No need to exaggerate sir. The truth will blow their minds,” and Ben flew out the door. And Bob was right Darius and Eddie were waiting for him and Darius grabbed him. “Dude, the guys are waiting for you upstairs and you’re gonna spill all the beans. This is gonna be good.”

Eddie, Hassan’s boy, was hopping up and down with a crazy grin on his face, obviously bursting to speak. “OK, what’s up with you, Eddie?” Ben asked. Eddie glanced at Darius who said, “OK, kid, better tell him your news or we’ll never get this show on the road.”

“Well, sir,” Eddie said, “you know those videos Hassan makes for the Marines – recruitment or something – and Darius works on the crew as Second AD – that means Assistant Director, you know. Well they’re shooting another one day after tomorrow, but they’re short a third AD so – guess what? – Darius suggested *me!* They went for the idea so I’m gonna be working with all those hot Marines, and Hassan’s gonna be the lead actor as usual ‘cause he looks so gorgeous, and Darius is gonna be my boss and I’ll get to watch my master in his combat gear and everything. Darius says I’ll be just a glorified gofer but I don’t mind, just as long as.....”

“OK,OK, dude,” Darius cut him off, “Ben gets the picture. Now let’s get upstairs and hear Ben’s story.”

As they walked into the house Ben put his arm round Eddie’s shoulder and spoke softly in his ear. “And I’m going back to Jason’s tomorrow, dude, so it looks like you and me are gonna be real busy the next few days. Tell you what, when we finally get back here, what d’ya say we swap stories I’ll tell you all about Jason and you tell me about Hassan? Sound like a plan?”

“That’d be awesome, sir. I can’t wait.”

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Chapter 183 – Ben & Eddie Serve Their Masters

Good thing it was Saturday as the boys spent most of the day grilling Ben about Jason, every last detail. In fact it was such a hot story that Darius filmed Ben telling it. “Definitely one for the archives,” he said. “So, dude, does that mean you’re Jason’s boy now?” Ben blushed. “No, Jason didn’t say anything about that, but he put a toothbrush on one side of the sink and said that’s my side, and he put my clothes in a drawer and said that was my drawer.”

Darius threw his hands in the air. “Well what more do you want, dude, an engraved invitation? Your own side of the sink, your own drawer you’ll be wearing each other’s underwear next.”

“We already are,” Ben grinned. “I’m wearing his boxer briefs right now, a pair he’s already worn twice!” He blushed. “My own kinda got soaked in cum.” Then he frowned. “But I’m not gonna wait for him to ask me. Randy says I should just go for it and tell him I want to be his boy. Whenever Randy wants something real bad, he said, he just grabs it – like he did with Bob.”

“Yeah, well you’re not Randy, and Jason’s not Bob,” Pablo said with an edge to his voice. Although he and Ben worked together and had become best buddies, there was always a competitive streak between them. And while Pablo was envious of Ben and the idea of him maybe becoming Jason’s boy, on balance he was pleased, as that cleared the deck for Pablo with Randy. The adopted son wouldn’t be competing with the kid brother for his attention.

“Well, I think it’s brilliant, mate,” said Nate in his thick Australian accent. “I mean I know you’ve got Randy and Bob but that’s family, and it’s different when you have a real master, especially one as hot as Jason. I should know, mate I’ve got Adam. All the guys in Sydney lusted for him and now he’s mine or I’m his, I should say.”

Jamie put his arm round Ben and said, “It would be great for Jason too. Like I told you, Jason’s basically lonely – never had a relationship, never had a boy. If it works out for you two it would be the best thing for you both.”

The twins were practical as ever, and Kyle said, “Ben, if Jason does ask you to be his boy you’re gonna have to learn how to cook for him. And Jason eats real healthy food. So come and help us prepare dinner and we’ll give you some tips.”

“Thanks, guys,” Ben said, then he grinned at Eddie. “What about you, Eddie? You approve of Jason? After all, you’ve got your own master, Hassan, that hot stud Marine who’s every guy’s wet dream. Do you recommend it?”

Eddie blushed as all eyes turned to him. “You bet, sir, it’s awesome. And like I told you, tomorrow I’m gonna be working with Darius on that film shoot for the Marines that’s gonna star Hassan in all his combat gear and stuff. So I say definitely. If Jason asks you, you should just go for it. Any boy would be crazy not to say yes to that fireman.”

Surprisingly Eddie had the last word and now it just remained to see how it would all play out. Ben spent the afternoon in the kitchen learning all he could from the twins. They even suggested a dinner menu for Jason in case Ben ever got the opportunity to cook for him.

That night, as arranged, Ben slept with Randy and Bob and was kept busy seeing to their sexual needs. Finally exhausted he slept between them and, while he loved the warmth of their bodies next to his, his dreams floated down the hill to Jason, who must be getting home from work right about now.

Ben's love for Randy and Bob was the quiet, steady love of family, of absolute security, and he knew it would last forever no matter how many mistakes he made. But his love for the man he was dreaming of was different. It was new, exciting, and transformed him from little brother to a master's boy – or so he hoped. The uncertainty of this disturbed his sleep and made him even more determined to confront Jason with his request as soon as he saw him tomorrow.

Morning came at last and Ben woke early, too excited to sleep any longer. He slid quietly out of bed and went to the kitchen. The twins were already there, in just their undershorts, still drowsy with rumpled hair. They always went to the kitchen first thing to get the coffee going and make a start on breakfast for all the guys. "Jeez," Ben said, "you guys always look gorgeous even this early with sleep still in your eyes. Sorry I kinda monopolized Bob last night."

Kyle grinned, "That's OK, Ben. Bob's taking us out for the day and tonight he's gonna sleep with us, so he'll make it up to us." Kevin took over. "OK, so why don't you practice your cooking and make breakfast for Bob and Randy and we'll supervise? Kind of a rehearsal."

Soon Ben was walking into the master bedroom, proudly carrying a big tray laden with food. "Wow, Bob said. Well whoever's boy you end up as the guy is sure gonna be well fed. You all set for this afternoon with Jason?"

"Yes, sir. The twins have given me all kinds of notes about food and even suggested a menu for dinner. I know my way around Jason's kitchen so I'll give it a shot. That's if he even still wants me after I tell him I want to be his boy. Maybe it'll scare him off. Anyway, he'll be home from work at two in the afternoon so I'm going then. I'm real nervous though – kinda paranoid that he'll call me and cancel."

"Hey, kiddo," said Randy, "don't sell yourself so short. You're a great young guy, not to mention gorgeous, and what's more you're my brother. And we don't *get* nervous about other guys – we *make* them nervous. Hell, that's what I always seem to do anyway." He laughed and ruffled Ben's hair. "Now go and clean up and get ready for your big date. And don't forget – you have any trouble, you call me. I've got your back, little brother – always."

A bit later Ben was trying to decide what to wear. Last time he dressed preppy in a smart Polo shirt. But this time he would dress casually – for sex-appeal. He chose a basic white tank top that fitted him snugly across his chest, showing off his pecs and his ridged abs. Surfer shorts, he thought, his dark blue ones with a broad white stripe across the top of the ass that accentuated his perfect round buns. And flip flops.

When he went to say goodbye, Randy said, “Holy shit, kid, that looks sexy as fuck. Better get out of here before I change my mind about Jason and keep you for myself.” Bob hugged Ben and said, “You look good enough to eat, Ben. You have nothing to worry about – he’ll be crazy about you.” Ben wished he had Bob’s confidence. The closer the time came the more nervous he got that Jason would find some excuse to cancel.

Then, as he drove down the hill, it was as if his fears had come true as he heard the text-tone on his smart phone and he saw that it was from Jason. His heart missed a beat. He pulled over and rested his head on his arms on the steering wheel. “Shit, shit, shit”. He felt sure Jason was canceling. It had been a onetime deal after all. He felt crushed. He took a deep breath, his heart pounding, plucked up his courage and opened the text.

“Big warehouse fire. Big mess. Mopping up. Home a bit late. Make ur-self at home. Miss you, kid. Can’t wait. J.”

“YES!” Ben pumped his fists and gave silent thanks to whatever god was up there. Jason was coming – a bit late – but he missed him! ‘*Can’t wait,*’ he had said. Ben’s mind sprang into action. He had to be good and ready for him. He’d be weary after fighting a big fire, probably want a drink. Too tired for sex, maybe, but who cared? He was coming home – and he missed him!”

Even pulling up at the gate made Ben’s dick hard. He went round the side of the house as he knew the back gate was usually unlocked, and went in. At the house door he groped high on a ledge where Jason had said he kept the spare key. He couldn’t feel it at first and panicked.

No, there it was. He let himself in and walked through the silent house, remembering the first time. The kitchen where they had had eaten dinner and talked and talked. The bathroom where he had been so nervous he had missed the toilet bowl, pissed partly on the floor and cleaned it up in a panic. And the bedroom, where Jason had fucked him for the first time and then folded him in his arms as they slept. Ben had a strong urge to jerk off over the bed, but checked himself. He had to save it for when Jason came home.

‘When Jason came home !!’ He would want a drink and he’d probably be hungry. Ben got busy and a short time later he stood by the outdoor table where he had set out beers and sandwiches he had made – healthy ingredients, of course, he had made sure of that. And then he waited. He didn’t sit down but stood still like a footman waiting for his master to return. His master..... if only but at least he *felt* like his boy – standing at attention, waiting.

Then, at last, he heard a truck screech to a halt outside and a door slam. And the gate opened.

Jason came in and they stood silently gazing at each other. Jason was clearly exhausted after hours fighting the warehouse blaze. When they had finally got back to the firehouse he hadn't even stopped to change out of his firefighting gear and had driven straight home. Hot and sweaty he had pulled off his T-shirt and now stood stripped to the waist, suspenders dangling at the sides of his heavy yellow pants, his handsome face and muscular body streaked with smoke, dirt and sweat. He was a mess – and he looked spectacular.

His tired eyes brightened at the sight of Ben, standing nervously by the table, looking stunning in his surfer shorts and the white tank that contrasted with his dark gypsy looks. Still holding his T-shirt Jason silently raised his arms to the sides and Ben ran forward, whimpering like a dog whose master has just returned home. He fell against Jason's naked chest and felt the fireman's arms fold round him.

Jason gazed into Ben's eyes. "Hi, kiddo." He closed his mouth over Ben's and instantly they were locked in a ravenous embrace, tongues probing, lips grinding together. Finally Jason held Ben at arm's length and said, "You look so fucking gorgeous boy, a sight for tired eyes after the day I've had. Man I'm exhausted."

Ben took that as his cue. "Come and sit down, sir. You need a drink." He led Jason to the table where Jason sank down with relief, impressed by the beers and sandwiches Ben had set out for him. He laid his T-shirt on the table and pushed it across to Ben. "Here, you want this, Ben? It's so ripped, filthy and soaked in my sweat it's not even worth washing."

"Thank you, sir." Ben's eyes were shining. "I'll keep it always" he smiled mischievously "and I won't ever wash it."

Jason laughed and he took a long swig of beer. "God, that feels good. And you look at you. You are great to come home to, boy."

Was that a hint? Whatever, Ben decided to take the bull by the horns just like his big brother would have. "Sir, I know you're tired and need to rest, but before you do there's something I need to ask you."

"Hmm," Jason said, "well I need to ask you something too – but you go first."

Ben took a deep breath and clenched his fists round the T-shirt he was holding. "Sir, I would like" he gulped "I would like to become your boy, sir." So there it was the request hung in the air as Ben blushed, gazing at the blue eyes piercing his. Suddenly Jason threw his head back and laughed.

Ben was deflated. Was his question that funny? It suddenly felt ridiculous a man like Jason, who had never had a boy. Why in the world would he ever take on a kid like him? His eyes filled with tears but Jason grabbed his hands. "What's so funny, Ben, is that you just stole my thunder. That was gonna be *my* question to *you* how would you like to be my boy?"

Ben blinked in bewilderment, not sure what he had just heard. Then the truth hit him and he launched himself across the table and hugged Jason hard, kissing him all over his face. "Sir thank you sir, thank you. I can't believe you actually..... I mean I'll be the best boy you could ever have, sir. You'll see. Wow awesome totally awesome."

Jason pulled back for his own protection and smiled. "So can I take that as a yes?" Ben sat back down and gazed speechless at his gorgeous new master. Then Jason got serious.

"Look Ben, I'm gonna get a couple hours sleep soon and I want you in my bed with me – *our* bed I should say. But before that I want to make a few things clear. When I make a commitment like this it's for the long haul, like I told you before. I'll take care of you and I expect total loyalty and obedience from you. Now, Randy and Bob and their boys are your family, I know that, so I don't expect you to move out of your home up there. But I do insist on seeing a lot of you and expect you to come here whenever I want – or you want."

His mood lightened. "Now, I've never had a boy before, but I know what I want, so let's see here. Hot young stud? Check. Tough and independent? Check. Handsome? Check. Muscular? Check. Gorgeous butt? Check. But I'll tell you something else about that. I love fucking your ass but you're a real alpha boy, not a bottom boy all the time – what the Brits call a bum-boy. No, I'll get off watching my boy fuck, and I'm even gonna have you fuck me." Ben's cock was throbbing now. "You're a brave young buck and I like that. Which reminds me, how come you ever got up the courage to ask to be my boy?"

"Oh, that's easy, sir, it was Randy's idea. He said I should be like him when he really wants something from a guy he just goes for it – like he did with Bob. Said I should do the same."

Jason chuckled. "Damn, that big brother of yours is something else. Never ceases to amaze me. I see why you love him so much, and why you're so much like him." He took another slug of beer, then stretched. "Man, I'm tired. But you know what else I am? fucking horny as a stallion. When I'm fighting a big fire the adrenaline rush always makes my dick hard."

"Oh, I can take care of that, sir." Ben stood up, grinning mischievously. "A boy has to serve his master, doesn't he, and I can do that right here if you would just lie back on the grass, sir."

Jason grinned at his boy's confidence and enthusiasm, two of the qualities he admired most in him. He stood up and pulled his pants' heavy red suspenders up over his shoulders. He walked round the table, then lay on his on his back on the grass. He looked up at his boy, his excited, swarthy face set against the clear blue California sky, and sighed deeply this was the perfect antidote to the chaos and tension of the blaze he had been fighting.

Jason opened his mouth to speak but Ben said, "Sssh leave everything to me, sir." Ben looked down at his own arms and ran his hands over them – his forearms, biceps and up to his shoulders. Then his hands stroked over his tank top, over his chest and abs, then back up to his nipples that he squeezed through the thin cotton. He moaned softly, "Oh yeah oh yeah." He was getting off on himself, showing himself off, much as he would have in front of a mirror, though this time his master was his mirror. And his master was transfixed by the sight, his cock rock hard in his uniform pants.

Smiling down at Jason with a roguish look in his eye, Ben loosened the string round the waist of his shorts and let them drop. Wearing nothing underneath his cock sprang out at full mast and he stood over Jason naked except for his white cotton tank. With his thumbs he stroked the fabric over his nipples lightly back and forth making his cock jerk and his head roll from side to side. "Holy shit," Jason breathed, "that is fucking beautiful, boy," and Jason squeezed his own tits beside the red suspenders.

Ben was having the time of his life, turning on his master. He turned round and Jason gasped, seeing the perfect white globes of Ben's ass rising up naked just below the bottom of his tank. "Oh, man, I've gotta have that ass," Jason said, as Ben ran his hands over it, clenching his cheeks, almost like a stripper in a bar. Jason was stroking the bulge in his pants and said, "Shit, boy, you're gonna make me shoot my load."

Ben whirled round and his look was no longer mischievous it was fierce. "No, sir. You can't cum until I tell you to." Taken by surprise, Jason grinned. Just who was the master here, him or Ben? "I told you I would take care of you, sir, and I will." He walked forward and stood astride his master, then dropped to his knees straddling his chest. He lowered himself until he felt the tip of Jason's cock touch the cheek of his ass. Moving side to side he brushed his ass lightly against the rigid cock.

"Oh shit, that is so fucking hot, boy." Giving himself up to the exquisite sensation at the tip of his cock, sliding against Ben's ass-cheeks, Jason threw his arms above his head on the ground. Ben leaned forward and grabbed Jason's biceps, pinning his arms to the ground. The boy positioned himself so his master's cock was now pressing against the warm hole of his ass. Ben said, "Sir, do you want to feel inside your boy's ass, sir?"

"You know the fuck I do. Come on boy. Give it to me. I'm your master, goddamit. Give me that ass of yours." Still pinning Jason's arms to the ground and smiling down at him, Ben lowered his ass slowly so the head passed over the sphincter and just inside. Then he stopped he knew how to tease a man and drive him crazy. "More, boy, more. I'm ordering you now fuck my dick, boy."

It was more a plea than a command, but Ben obeyed, lowering himself until he was sitting on Jason's wiry pubic hair and felt the long pole pressing against the back of his ass. Then he rose up all the way and sat back down slowly, feeling his master's cock slide deep inside him,

watching Jason's face writhe beneath him. The muscles of Jason's perfect torso flexed and strained under the red suspenders, as he tried to get free. Ben rose and fell on his cock faster now, still holding the fireman captive and driving him wild.

Fuck, thought Jason again, who's the master here, him or me? He tensed his arms, exerted all his strength and pushed them off the ground, forcing Ben back up. Knelling upright now, Ben sat down hard on Jason's cock and the fireman impulsively reached up and grabbed Ben's tank at the neck. As Ben raised himself up off the rod inside him, Jason pulled down on the tank, pulling his boy back down on his cock.

And so the fuck went into high gear, the rhythm intensified, and it was hard to say who was in command, Jason yanking down on Ben's tank, or Ben, physically on top and dictating the pace of the action. All of Jason's pent up tension and adrenaline now drained from him and he lost the last shreds of inhibition. Ben gazed down in awe as his master's blue eyes flashed, the face flew from side to side, blond hair flying, and the muscles flexed, smeared with dirt and sweat, veins bulging, suspenders tight over the mounds of his pecs.

As Ben turned up the heat, his ass bouncing on the fireman's rod, Jason howled, "Come on, boy, show me what you got. Fuck my cock, boy ... harder ... Fuck me, boy ... Fuck me!" In his frenzy Jason yanked down on Ben's tanks so hard that it ripped down the middle and hung in shreds from his shoulders. The fantasy of the young buck riding his cock, like a wild young gypsy boy riding a stallion bareback, black hair flying, naked except for the shreds of his tank hanging on his muscular body it all drove Jason crazy.

"Man, I've gotta shoot," he yelled. Make me cum, boy. Please, let me bust my load in that gorgeous ass. You're driving me wild, boy. I'm so close..... please

Ben gazed down at the gorgeous fireman begging for release. He pounded the cock with his ass, grabbed his own cock and pointed it down at his master. "OK, sir, now....!" His body convulsed and a long ribbon of cum spurted from his cock all the way to Jason's handsome face, splashing down onto the sculpted features, into the open mouth and flying blond hair. He saw Jason's incredible body shudder, heard him scream and felt the cock erupt inside him.

The outpouring of their passion seemed to last forever, drenching Jason's body in semen and flooding Ben's burning ass. Master and boy were both pouring sweat, their breath heaving. But finally they were still, gazing at each other in wonderment, not quite sure what had happened. It was as if their roles had been reversed. Ben had got his ass fucked by his master, but it was as if the boy was in control. He was on top, setting the rhythm, dictating the moment of orgasm, with his master begging for release.

As for Jason, it had been perfect. From the start, what he loved about Ben was his youthful masculinity, his toughness, the fearless, macho young buck. That is why he wanted him as his boy, a boy who could match him. Jason recalled when Randy had first met him and thrashed him. Painful as it had been, there was something erotic about submitting to the spectacular

King of the Gypsies. And now Randy's kid brother was his boy, had just fucked his cock, still held it captive in his ass, staring down at him, his torn shirt hanging over his naked, heaving chest like pornographic art.

Jason grinned up at him. "One thing's for sure, boy. Randy would be damn proud of you. And so am I."

From then on Ben became the loving, dutiful boy serving his master. Jason's exhaustion returned and he allowed himself to be helped to his feet and led inside. Ben carefully undressed him, turned on the shower and took him inside, soaping up the magnificent body and running his hands lovingly over the flawless muscles, massaging his shoulders and back. He cleaned his face, then kissed it with a quiet, "I love you, sir."

He fell to his knees and washed Jason's feet and legs, then reached round and soaped the hard globes of his ass. He ran his wet hands over the balls and cock, which was already iron hard again. He looked up at Jason and raised his eyebrows questioningly. "Later, kid," Jason grinned. "Right now I want you in my bed."

Ben dried them both off and Jason sank thankfully into bed, pulling Ben down beside him. They turned onto their sides toward each other, their arms across each other, face to face on the pillow, feeling each other's breath on their faces. In seconds they were fast asleep.

A few hours later Ben slid carefully off the bed, went to the kitchen and pulled out the dinner menu the twins had given him. Jason woke to warm smells floating from the kitchen and he went in, amazed at the spread on the table and the boy bending over the stove, in just his surfer shorts. "Hey, kiddo," he said, "let me find one of my shirts for you." He chuckled. "Hell, first my undershorts, then my T-shirt before long you'll be wearing more of my clothes than I do."

Soon master and boy were sitting facing each other at the table. Their life together had begun.

Of all the boys in the house, Ben was one of the toughest, and young Eddie, the houseboy, one of the shyest, even calling some of the other boys 'sir', including Ben. But Ben wasn't the only one having one of the best days of his life – so was Eddie. The two boys had even made a pact. When they eventually got back to the house they would share their stories – Ben's experiences with Jason and Eddie's adventures with Hassan. And some adventure it turned out to be!

For some time now Darius had been putting his experience with his camera to use, working with the film crew that produced recruitment videos for the Marines, simulating actual battlefield operations – glamorizing them somewhat for maximum impact. They always used Hassan as the featured actor with his squared-jawed chiseled good looks and sculpted, muscular physique.

His exotic Arab/Asian features also satisfied the Marines' need for racial diversity, and over time he had become the Marines' publicity poster boy.

So today Eddie was at a pitch of excitement sitting beside his hero Darius, the stunning black boy with the huge cock who Eddie had always lusted for. It was before dawn and Darius was driving them to the remote canyon that the Marines publicity department used as a location for scenes of soldiers on active duty. Once again Darius went over the setup for Eddie.

"I'm real glad I could get this gig for you, Eddie, 'cause I know you'll have a blast. You'll be Third Assistant Director for the day, really just a glorified gofer doing the grunt work and reporting to me as Second AD. So no fooling around – it's all business, a tough shoot with a lot of frayed nerves. Except for lunchtime," he added with a mysterious smile. "The First AD is Christian – a Golden Boy whose rich mommy and daddy got him the job. He can be a real arrogant prick most of the time, but not with me not any more, anyway." Again that mysterious smile.

"Hassan is the star of the show but, although you're his boy and he loves you to death, don't be surprised if he pays you no attention. He takes the job real serious and enjoys the company of his fellow Marines, who treat him with awe and respect. Personally I think a lot of them would like to fuck with him, but that is definitely not on the cards. Anyway, you stay close to me and do what I tell you and you'll do just fine."

Eddie's eyes sparkled at the prospect of working all day with Darius, taking orders from him. For the rest of the trip they talked shop, with Eddie asking endless questions about filming and Darius answering willingly. He was proud of the skills he had learned and knew that the director valued him, sometimes even taking suggestions from him about specific shots.

Eddie's heartbeat quickened as they bounced over the rough terrain to the dirt parking lot. As they got out of the truck a distinguished older guy with close-cropped gray hair passed by. "Hey, Darius, good to see you. This the new guy? Welcome aboard, kid. You're in good hands with Darius – just do whatever he tells you. See you on set." For some reason his words made Eddie's cock stiffen in his shorts.

"That was the director," said Darius. "Now stay here a minute while I go sign us in. He walked behind some nearby trees and was lost from sight. Eddie was tingling with excitement, wondering where Hassan was, when suddenly he heard a voice. "You the new Third AD, boy?" It was a tall blond around thirty, good-looking but with a ton of attitude. "Well I'm the *First* AD, name's Christian, and I give the orders around here. What experience d'you have?"

Eddie gulped. "Hi, Chris, I'm Eddie. Experience? I don't have any really. I'm a houseboy."

"The man's eyes blazed. The name is Christian, never Chris, but you have to call me 'sir' always. Houseboy, uh?" he sneered. "Well the first thing you can do is get me coffee from the mess tent. A houseboy should be able to handle that." He sighed and rolled his eyes. "But with no experience, god knows what use you'll be or what you're even doing here."

“He’s with me, Chris.” They both whirled round to see Darius. He had changed into the gear he usually wore on set – fatigues, boots and a sleeveless denim shirt open down the front. He looked stunning. “Oh,” Christian said, visibly deflating, the air of pomposity hissing out of him. “Oh, sorry, Darius, I didn’t know. I was just er I was OK, guys, carry on.” He turned and hurried away, missing his footing and stumbling. Darius chuckled. “That’s Golden Boy.”

“Well,” Eddie grinned, “he shouldn’t wear such tight jeans ’cause you could see his dick getting hard as he looked at you. Is that why he gives you no trouble? I almost thought he was gonna call you sir.”

Darius laughed and ruffled Eddie’s hair. “You’ll find out, kiddo. Lunch breaks can be a lot of fun around here. Now come with me.” Eddie followed him behind the trees and gazed awestruck at the scene of feverish activity, several huge dark green tents, generator trucks, trailers, lights, camera equipment. Darius suddenly became all business, but there was still a sparkle in his eye. He tore a sheet off the clipboard he was holding.

“Here’s the latest revision of the call-sheet – changes all the time. I want you to take it to wardrobe and makeup – the middle tent over there – and give it to the guy sitting just inside.” He grinned. “It’s what Christian told me to do the first day I got here. You’ll see....”

Eddie walked through the chaotic set to the wardrobe tent, hearing the din of loud voices before he reached it. Inside he blinked as his eyes adjusted from the sunlight and his jaw dropped. The tent was crowded with Marines talking loudly, laughing, ragging each other, their coarse jokes laced with obscenities. But it was the way they were dressed – or not. Some were shirtless in fatigue pants and boots, others wore olive green tanks, some were stripped down to their skivvies. The air was heavy with testosterone and the stink of man-sweat.

Eddie was getting caught up in the fantasy when someone next to him said, “That the new call-sheet, kid?” He snatched it from him and Eddie was reluctantly about to leave when he heard, “Hey, Hassan, you get any hotter looking, stud, and the next movie you’ll be in’s gonna be porn. Guy like you could make a bundle in that racket.”

“Yeah, and you’d be watching every one, Sanchez. Nah, don’t fancy the idea of you and your big dick jerking off all over the screen watching me. I’ll stick to this – leave the porn to you, pal.”

Eddie stared wide-eyed at the make-up area where Hassan was standing stripped down to his fatigue pants with a couple of women rubbing stuff over his chest, black and brown smudges for dirt and grease, red strokes for cuts, and painting camouflage stripes on his face. Eddie almost came in his shorts, he looked so hot, head and shoulders above his buddies. Suddenly, across the noisy crowd Hassan glanced at Eddie and winked quickly, unseen by anyone else, then quickly refocused back on the activity around him. That wink almost made Eddie shoot his load. The spectacular Marine, undoubted star of the show, had noticed him. And Eddie was his boy!

The rest of the morning was pretty much a whirl as Eddie stood close to Darius and carried out his orders, fetching pieces of equipment, clearing things off the ground that shouldn't be in the shot, sometimes even tweaking the actor's uniforms to just how the director wanted them. Once he even had to throw more dirt over Hassan's sweaty green tank top, though by this time Hassan was so much in his role that he didn't even acknowledge Eddie when he darted forward.

Watching Hassan in his combat gear, the iconic image of a Marine in battle, Eddie was so turned on that he knew he would have to go somewhere quiet in the lunch break and jack off. But when lunch finally came Darius grabbed two bottles of water from the catering truck and pulled Eddie away. "We'll eat later, kid, when the crowd's thinned out. Come with me."

Eddie followed him up a slope away from the set, then quite a way up a secluded path and into a clearing ringed with bushes. He was bewildered but drank his water, trusting Darius to know what he was doing. He became even more concerned when he heard footsteps in the gravel and through the bushes came Christian.

The Golden Boy stared at Darius and then glanced nervously at Eddie. "Don't worry, he's cool," said Darius, a rough edge to his voice. He shucked off his shirt and stood stripped to the waist in his fatigues and boots. With his ripped ebony physique he looked spectacular as he assumed a commanding stance, legs wide, arms folded across his chest. Eddie stood back near the bushes, watching fascinated, and saw Christian swallow hard.

The tall blond approached the daunting black man and fell to his knees before him. Linking his hands behind his back as if they were tied he leaned forward and used his teeth to pull down the zip of Darius's pants. Then he probed with his tongue until finally Darius's huge tool fell out of his pants and hung down between his legs, all ten glorious inches of it. "Oooh," Christian moaned, the black horse-dick hanging inches from his face. As if in a trance he ran his tongue up the long shaft, from the bulbous head, all the way up to the wiry, damp, black pubic hair, burying his face in it and inhaling deeply.

It didn't take much of this for Darius's cock to swell to its whole magnificent length, with Christian gazing at it mesmerized. "OK, boy," Darius growled, "you know what to do and make it good." The handsome blond gazed up at the black muscle-boy towering over him. "Yes, sir," he moaned and took the cock in his mouth, letting it slide deeper and deeper, all the way down his throat. Breathing through his nose he didn't gag once and Eddie realized that he had done this many times before. This was Darius's hold over him. The arrogant, high-and-mighty, domineering rich boy worshipped the young black construction worker and his enormous dick, and here he was kneeling in abject submission before him.

Darius reached forward and grabbed a fistful of blond hair. He pushed the face back until only the head of his cock was in his mouth and Christian looked up at Darius, eyes brimming with tears. "Come on, boy," Darius growled, "show us what a good little cock-sucker you are." He

pulled Christian's head forward, impaling it on his cock, and so began a ferocious face fuck as the black boy pulled the blond's face back and forth, driving his cock deep into his throat. Now he was gagging and choking on the huge piece of meat, tears streaming down his face, as he beat his own cock in his fist.

But Darius wanted more. Suddenly he pulled out and Christian gasped, gazing up at him. "Hands and knees, boy," Darius barked. Christian obeyed instantly and Eddie watched in awe as the tall, good-looking blond knelt on all fours, his ass pointing upward. Darius grinned over at Eddie and stroked his long, hard rod, already lubricated by the man's saliva. He dropped to his knees behind Christian, pulled his too-tight jeans down below his ass and said, "Here it comes, boy – what you jack off every night thinking about." With one savage thrust he rammed his horsemeat deep into the blond's ass and grinned with satisfaction as he heard him scream.

"Boy," he yelled, "you're gonna get that rich white ass of yours fucked rotten by the construction worker's big black cock. Here feel it." Christian bucked and heaved as the huge rod pistoned inside him, pounding him into a world of ecstatic pain. After several minutes Darius paused and shouted, "You want more, boy? You wanna feel that pole work your sorry ass?"

"Yes, sir," Christian yelled. "Please, sir, give me more. I love that cock I dream about it please fuck my ass, sir." Darius grinned at Eddie. "Yeah, maybe. But I'm gonna let my buddy here decide that. If you give him a good time so he gets his rocks off I'll fuck your ass good. You think you can do that, boy?"

"Yes, sir, anything. Just please don't stop fucking me, sir." Darius smiled at Eddie and with a beckoned him over with a nod. Quivering with excitement Eddie took his place at Christian's head and pulled out his cock, already hard as a rock. Darius grabbed Christian's hair and pulled his head back so he was facing Eddie's cock, inches from his face. "See that dick, boy? Now I want you to suck it and suck it good. I wanna see the Golden Boy, the bossy First AD, get his face fucked by the young Third AD, the 'houseboy' you insulted. That'll turn me on and make me ream your ass so hard you'll never forget it. OK, Eddie, get to work."

Darius still gripped his head by the hair and Christian drooled open-mouthed, tears running down his face as he gazed at Eddie's cock. Darius said to the awestruck boy. "OK, kid, this is an order from your boss. You're gonna put your cock in that mouth and pound that face for me." Then he grinned. "Make me proud of you, kiddo, and make your friend back on the set proud too. I'll tell him what a stud you are."

The reference to Hassan did it, and Eddie felt a surge of the testosterone that had washed over him from the Marines. He pushed the head of his dick just inside the open mouth, took a deep breath and rammed it to the back of Christian's throat, just as Darius drove his cock savagely into the Golden Boy's ass. His body shook and he screamed into the gag of Eddie's cock. But Christian longed to please Darius, and he knew he had to please his friend. So he clenched his throat muscles round Eddie's shaft as it pounded his face.

Christian was getting hammered at both ends and he was afraid he would pass out, but the sheer euphoria of feeling the black pile-driver in his ass kept him going. Darius and Eddie were having the time of their lives as they grinned at each other. Darius was Eddie's hero and now here he was teaming with him to double-fuck their arrogant young boss. Eddie thought he had never seen Darius look hotter as his gleaming muscles flexed, his hips pounding against the pulverized ass.

After long minutes Eddie said, "Sir, I don't think I can hold back. You look so beautiful, I'm real close. Can we.....?"

"OK, kiddo. You here that, dude?" he shouted to Christian. "We're gonna shoot our loads inside your ass and your mouth. But we gotta feel you cum first. You wanna feel my jism in your ass, boy? So let me feel your body bust its load." His mouth stuffed, Christian was moaning loudly. His body started to shake, he screamed into his gag, his body bucked violently and then went rigid as semen poured from his cock onto the dirt beneath him.

His whole body tensed, his ass muscles clenched around the pole inside him, and his throat squeezed the cock in his mouth. Darius opened his eyes wide and yelled to Eddie, "Right on, kiddo. Let's drown the fucker in jizz." They both threw their heads back and howled as their cocks exploded, one pouring hot juice deep in the man's shattered ass, and the other blasting cum down his throat.

It took a long while for the trio to calm down but finally Darius's long pole slid out of the shuddering man's ass and Eddie pulled away from his mouth. Christian stayed on all fours for a while, regaining his breath and scattered wits, but finally Darius pulled him to his feet. Without making eye contact he pulled up his jeans, picked up his shirt and wiped the sweat from his face and chest. Then he dared to look Darius in the eyes and said, "Thank you, sir. Thank you." He stumbled across the clearing and disappeared through the bushes.

Darius and Eddie zipped up their pants and left too. As they walked down the sandy track back to the set Eddie gazed at Darius in adoration. "That was totally awesome, sir. Now I know why Christian would never dare give your orders never say anything to you."

Darius laughed. "Yeah, about the only thing Golden Boy ever says to me is, "Please, sir. Fuck my ass, sir. One of the advantages of having a big black dick I guess." He threw his arm over Eddie's shoulder and their peals of laughter carried all the way down the canyon.

So work resumed and the pace became even more frenetic as the day wore on. But finally the director said, "OK, let's set up for the last scene, guys. Now this one has to show the guts and brotherhood of the Marines, who always take care of their own. The idea is that after a battle one of the youngest soldiers has been hurt and we get a shot of the captain carrying him to safety. Hassan, you ready?"

Hassan came out of the wardrobe tent and Eddie gaped. He was shirtless except for the last shreds of a torn shirt hanging from his shoulders. Wearing torn fatigues and boots, his body was covered in grease and dirt and streaks of blood, signs of a brutal battle and he still had black camouflage stripes on his rugged square-jawed face. He was an almost pornographic symbol of a soldier after the heat of battle.

“OK, who’s the wounded young soldier?” the director barked. Christian stepped forward and murmured, “Sir, the young guy we were gonna use was called away by his commander. But all we need is a young-looking guy who’s light enough for Hassan to carry for several takes.”

“Jesus Christ,” said the director in frustration looking around at the assembled men. “Shit, you guys are all too old or too fat. Jesus fucking Christ.” Darius was standing behind Eddie and gave him a shove. Eddie stumbled forward, confused, and the director said. “Hey you’re the Third AD aren’t you? You fit the bill exactly young, innocent looking, nice body but not too heavy. Do you need him anymore Darius?” Darius shook his head decisively.

“OK, kid you just volunteered. No big deal, you just have to play dead or unconscious at least. Think you can do that?” Eddie blinked and tried to think of a response, but the director said, “Good, then for god’s sake guys get the kid kitted up – just fatigues, no boots – too heavy – and dirt and bloodstains on the chest and face. And do it fast before we lose the light.”

The next few minutes were a daze for Eddie as he was whisked into wardrobe, stripped and given fatigues to wear, while the makeup women daubed dirt and bloodstains on him. He stumbled outside and came face to face with Hassan. But Hassan was all business and barely glanced at him. Darius was speaking quietly with the director.

“Sir, instead of just opening on the soldier why don’t we have him come through those bushes there. They’re not too thick and it would look pretty dramatic.” The director grinned. “You’re full of neat ideas, kid. OK, guys, throw some lights on those bushes over there for me.”

Someone grabbed Eddie’s arm and pulled him round behind the bushes, where Hassan and the director joined him. Eddie felt himself being scooped by Hassan with one arm under his back and the other under the crook of his legs. Lying in Hassan’s arms he heard the director say, “Here, try this,” and he draped one of Eddie’s arms loosely behind Hassan’s neck.

“Yeah, perfect. Now go limp boy, close your eyes and drop you head back like you’re unconscious. That’s all you have to do leave the rest to the soldier here. The director disappeared and they were left alone behind the bushes. Hassan looked down briefly and said, “You OK?” “Yes, sir.” “Good, do just as he said.” Hassan looked straight ahead again, his jaw clenched as the director shouted, “Stand by everyone. Mark it. And action.”

With Eddie lying across his arms, his arm limply round his neck, Hassan moved forward and stumbled through the bushes. He paused, looked down at the young soldier, then gazed

determinedly ahead, strode across the set, the camera following him, until he was out of camera range. “Cut! That was perfect guys. But I want a couple more takes for coverage – close-up and longshot. I’m nervous that we’re losing the light, so can we go again right away?”

Without loosening his grip on the boy in his arms Hassan strode back behind the bushes, and once again, “Mark it and action.” And so it went for several more takes. Behind the bushes once Eddie opened his eyes a crack and he saw above him the exotic sculpted features the Marine, the broad shoulders and hard biceps taking the strain, and the strips of shirt clinging to his naked chest. He stunk of sweat and Eddie felt drops falling from Hassan’s face onto his. Eddie was glad that the fatigues they had given him were loose, or everyone would have seen the shape of his huge boner inside them.

Before the last take there was a slight delay for a lighting adjustment and as Eddie lay in Hassan’s arms his tendency to fantasize, learned from Darius, kicked in. He actually felt like a wounded soldier being rescued by his captain and carried to safety in his strong arms. It felt so real, with Hassan so much in character, his body taugth, his expression tense and resolute. Eddie’s imagination ran riot and he wondered what would happen to the young soldier when the captain got him to safety and laid him down. Would the captain stay with him, take care of him?

His fantasy blotted out the shout of “action” – this was too real – and he felt himself being carried once more through the bushes and across the set. But instead of stopping, this time he was aware of Hassan striding forward energetically and the sounds growing faint.

On the set the director was saying, “And that’s a wrap. Thanks guys, great day, we got some terrific footage.” Everyone not involved in the last scene had already left and the rest of the crew now followed them. The director grinned at Darius. “Thanks for your help, Darius and for your suggestions. That last idea was brilliant – made the shot. Hassan seems to have done his disappearing act again. Always leaves right after we wrap. Run after him and make sure he and the boy are OK. The kid was perfect might use him again.”

As he left, Darius winked at Christian who nodded with a slight smile. There was no sign of Hassan or Eddie so he gathered his gear and ran toward the parking lot. He finally saw them up ahead but what the fuck? Eddie was still lying limply in Hassan’s arms, and he was striding toward his jeep. Was it Darius’s fantasy or ...? It was as if the scene was continuing as if the Marine captain really was carrying the young soldier away from the scene of battle.

His jaw dropped as he saw the Marine lay the limp body carefully across the back seat of his jeep, then jump in behind the wheel and drive slowly away. “Holy shit,” Darius said, “what the fuck’s going on?” He jumped into his own truck, made sure his camera was there, and took off after the jeep. Darius’s fantasy wheels were spinning into overdrive a fantasy where a handsome, muscular Marine was driving a wounded young soldier away to a place of safety.

But where too, and what was he gonna do with him then?

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Chapter 184 – The Marine Captain & The Rookie

Lying in the back seat of the jeep Eddie was in a daze. Maybe it was simply fatigue or a fantasy or both. He was exhausted, that was for sure, having got up before dawn and spent a long, hectic day at the beck and call of Darius and the crew. Not to mention hot sex with Darius during the lunch break where they had double teamed the arrogant First AD, the Golden Boy. Excitement and adrenaline had kept Eddie going, but now, lying on his back, fatigue caught up with him and he was drifting between waking and sleep.

But it was more than just fatigue much more. Hassan had carried him to the jeep without a word, as if he were actually carrying an unconscious soldier. And now here Eddie was lying half asleep stretched out on the back seat, still shirtless, wearing nothing but military fatigues.

His mind drifted, his limbs felt heavy and he confused fatigue with injury. His floating memory saw a young soldier, his chest and face smeared with dirt and bloodstains, lying limply in the strong arms of the handsome, muscular Marine captain, being carried to safety. He saw the captain gently place the injured young private in the jeep and drive him away.

He hallucinated that he was the young soldier, drifting in and out of consciousness, the only sound being the rush of air outside and the hum of traffic, which lulled him inexorably towards sleep. The drive seemed endless and the last thing the soldier was aware of before his mind shut down was that he was in the power of the Marine and that his cock was growing hard in his fatigues.

Then Eddie was fast asleep – and dreaming.

How long had it been? Was this all a dream? The boy was only dimly aware of the jeep bumping over rough ground, coming to a stop, and then strong arms lifting him out. His eyes flickered open and he thought he glimpsed the tense face of the captain, but he instantly lapsed again into unconsciousness.

Much later his senses returned one by one. Hearing first – the persistent dry chirping of cicadas. Otherwise silence. Then the sensation of warmth and softness beneath him. And finally light – a dim light pressing on his closed eyes. Where was he? What was happening? He tried to unscramble his thoughts, but they were jumbled fragments a crowd of Marines. noise, activity a soldier carrying him a journey.”

His arms ached and he tried to move them but he couldn't. A sudden panic woke him up and his eyes jerked open. He looked up at his wrists – tied to bed posts. He was lying on a

bed. He looked down and saw that he was wearing only military fatigue pants – shirtless, barefoot. He was helpless - a prisoner.

Reflexively he pulled on the ropes binding his wrists and writhed in what he sensed was a futile attempt to get free. He soon gave up the struggle and fell still, awaiting his fate. He focused now on his surroundings, a dim room lit only in the middle by an overhead light where he lay on some kind of bed. The edges of the room were in shadow, but by straining his eyes he could make out something on the walls – hooks, chains, a whip was it? In the ceiling above him was a heavy beam, from which hung chains and shackles.

A mild panic seized him, heightened when suddenly he saw something stir in the darkest corner of the room. It was a tall shape – a man – and as it came forward he gasped. It was the Marine captain – tall muscular, stripped down to camouflage pants and boots, with the shredded remains of his shirt hanging over his naked chest that was covered in sweat and the marks of battle. His black hair hung over his chiseled Arab/Asian features, still bearing black camouflage stripes.

The effect on the boy was awe and confusion. A normal reaction would have been terror, but somewhere deep down Eddie knew this was Hassan, a man he worshipped and trusted completely. But that was deep in his subconscious, serving only to remove the panic that would otherwise have gripped him. In his real-life fantasy he was still the young wounded private who had been carried away from the other Marines and brought to safety. Safety? Here in this unknown place, tied to a bed in a dim room with chains hanging on the walls?

He winced, not sure of anything – except the one thing he could not deny. As he looked up at the rugged Marine his cock was rock hard in his pants. The soldier had tied him to the bed so what was he going to do to him? He thought of the chains, the whip so he was surprised by what came next. The captain took a bowl and a cloth from a side table and pulled up a chair beside the bed. He sat next to the soldier, dipped the cloth in the warm water in the bowl and rubbed it gently over his face and chest, cleaning off the grime and marks of combat.

“I checked you out while you slept, soldier, and there are no bones broken. You feel OK?”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir except – where are we – and why am I tied up? The captain’s almond shaped eyes stared down at him and then glazed over as if he were drifting to another time and another place. “I will tell you a story, boy, and then you’ll know why you’re here. Years ago I was a young corporal in an Arab army in the Middle East. I ended up in an interrogation unit, a cell equipped with instruments of what we called persuasion but others called torture. It was our job to extract information from enemy soldiers we captured.

“One day I was assigned to work on a blond American, a corporal like me. He was a spectacularly handsome soldier, like a Greek god, chained to the cell bars, stripped to the waist in camouflage fatigue pants and boots. He faced a mirror on the opposite wall so he could watch everything that happened to him. But he was a tough son-of-a-bitch and wouldn’t talk,

so I worked him over good electrodes attached to his nipples and balls that made his magnificent body jerk with pain then the lash across his chest and back. His screams echoed round the small room but he wouldn't submit.

"I found myself sexually roused by the sight of this muscle-god in chains, tears running down his handsome face, his tortured muscles gleaming with sweat. Leaving the electrodes on his nipples I went behind him, pulled down his pants and pushed my huge cock in his ass. As I hammered his ass I turned up the electric current so pain radiated from his chest and his ass impaled on my cock. Moving from a world of pain to a world of ecstasy, the soldier gazed at his tortured body in the mirror and in his delirium screamed, 'Fuck me Fuck my ass!'

"I felt his body shudder, his muscles flexed, and his ass muscles squeezed my cock as he howled and a huge ribbon of semen blasted from his cock across the room and slammed into the mirror. I shot the most glorious load in the soldier's ass, then walked round to confront him. As his blue eyes met mine we both knew. Despite the extreme circumstances there was lust in both our eyes an understanding, a respect a kind of love.

"He told me his name was Mark, and I knew I had to own this man, so I told him my plan. The torture would end, I would release him and take him to my small house in the middle of the Arabian desert from where escape was impossible. There the American soldier would become my sex slave, chained naked to the wall, there for me every day for me to use as I pleased. I would fuck his ass, his mouth, stretch his body on the bed, whip it, devise new torments so I could watch his magnificent body writhe for my pleasure. And sometimes, when my lust was sated, I would make love to him, kiss his handsome face, fuck him gently, make him fall in love with me all over again.

"But it was not to be. He goaded me into longing for him to fuck me, and the thought of this muscular soldier's cock in my ass overcame my judgment. I released him, and gave my ass to him. But while he was fucking me he overpowered me and left me bound and helpless on the floor of the cell as he escaped.

"All I knew was that he was a Marine living in Los Angeles and that his name was Mark. After our war ended I gained asylum in the United States and joined the intelligence branch of the Marines. Recalling my house in the Arabian desert I bought a small, remote house here in the Mojave Desert, an old ranger station. I dreamed of using it to make amends to Mark.

"I learned that he had become a cop and began a search for him. When I found him I begged him to come to my house in the desert. In the basement, the very room you are lying in now, he found me chained naked to the beam you see above you, as I had chained him in that prison cell all those years before, and he did to me what I had done to him. He whipped my naked body, my ass and my cock. And at the end we made love, here on this very bed.

"Mark became my friend, but I always harbored the fantasy of capturing a soldier and bringing him to this house as my sex slave. Then, today, I knew the time had come. When I picked

you up and carried you away in my arms I looked down at you and knew I had my man. I brought you here and tied you to the bed, knowing you would try to escape. But there is no escape. Outside there is only sand, as far as the eye can see, so you are my prisoner. You are a beautiful boy, soldier, and I will own you.”

Eddie knew that every detail of Hassan’s story was true – he had heard it told by the boys many times and had fantasized about what it would be like to be a sex slave to this incredible man. And now it was true, though the fantasy he had jerked off to so many times was clouded by the confusion in his mind. Ever since he had lain in the Marine captain’s arms he had felt like the wounded young private, taken away to safety, but waking up in this dimly lit basement, tied to the bed, dressed in only in military fatigue pants.

He was entirely at the mercy of the Marine gazing down at him with lust in his eyes, and he felt a stab of fear run through him. His throat was dry as he stammered, “Sir, what are you going to do to me?”

The captain walked over to a switch on the wall and slowly the light became brighter. Eddie gasped as he saw more clearly the chains and shackles on the bare brick wall and hanging from the beam. There was a mirror on one of the walls and in the ceiling above him. The Marine smiled. “I don’t have all the equipment I had in that cell in the desert, but enough to work on my young private and take him into my special world of pain and infinite pleasure.”

“I told you my story, boy, because you are my new Mark, my new soldier in chains. I will work on your beautiful body chained to the wall and will bring you to such a state of ecstasy that you will finally beg me to fuck your ass. So I will fuck you, you will drink my semen and I will make you fall in love with me, just as I did to Mark. You are young, potent, full of juice, and I’m sure your cock can shoot many loads of that juice. You will cum again and again for me, the floor will flow with your cum, until I have drained you dry. You see, soldier, I am not only your captain I am your master.”

By this time the bound young soldier was breathing heavily, his heart beating wildly. He was at the mercy of the magnificent Marine who would use him as his sex slave, day after day. This was his life, now he would belong to him, serve him, worship him. The captain would own his ass and his huge cock would fuck it again and again, time after time he would”aagh!” The soldier yanked desperately at his restraints, his head thrashed from side to side, his body bucked and writhed and Aaagh” his cock exploded in his fatigues, blasting so much cum that a wet stain began to spread over the fabric at his crotch.

He looked up wildly at his master, who gazed at him with a satisfied smile. “I see you know how to please a man, soldier. And every time you please me I will show my favor by making love to you. I assume that you have never given your ass to another man, never felt a man’s rod driving inside you. It is painful, but a pain that becomes a pleasure like no other.”

The captain unzipped his pants and pulled out a long, thick hunk of meat that he let swing between his legs. "This," he said, "is the weapon I will use to spear your ass. Watch do not turn your head away." Eddie watched mesmerized as the Marine stroked his cocked and it began to swell in his fist.

And now the fantasy was complete. The dark basement became a prison cell, and the Marine captain was so persuasive, so ominous, that Eddie became the young private, an innocent young man who had never before had a sexual experience with another man, never contemplated it, but who had, despite himself, just spilled his load in his pants simply by looking at the incredibly beautiful Marine, heard his story and learned his own fate.

The cock had now grown to an iron-hard shaft and the boy was afraid of how it would feel. "Look at it, boy," the captain said. "Look at this rod and tell me you want it in your ass."

But the young soldier responded only by pulling hard at the ropes binding him in another futile attempt to free himself. A scowl of displeasure crossed the Marine's face and he quickly knelt on the bed, straddling the boy's body. "You will learn that it is useless to deny me anything boy," he growled. "I can make you submit like this." He leaned forward, rolled the boy's nipples between his fingers, then squeezed them hard. Pain speared through the captive's chest, his body arched, tears sprang to his eyes.

"This is an order, soldier. Tell me you want my cock inside you beg me to fuck your ass." The pressure on his nipples was brutal now as the fingers rolled over them, pulling, squeezing. Tears poured down the soldier's face as he shouted, "Yes, sir please, sir. Please fuck my ass sir I beg you, sir."

The pain stopped and through his tears the young soldier gazed up at the warrior's dark, chiseled features, still striped with black camouflage paint. It was so ruggedly beautiful, so erotic that, even though the pain had stopped the boy murmured, "Please sir, please put your cock in my ass."

"Your ass is mine to do with as I please, soldier. I could shatter it with this huge tool of mine but you have pleased me so I will instead make love to it. And when you feel my juice pouring inside it, you will beg to become my slave. First we shall see if you truly want me, boy."

He leaned forward and untied Eddie's wrists and freed his arms. He stood up and said, "Show me your ass, boy." Eddie lowered his arms, grabbed his legs behind his knees and pulled them back, displaying his ass. "Oh yeah," the Marine moaned, standing at the foot of the bed. "That sweet ass belongs to me and now it will feel a man's rod in it for the first time." He knelt between the raised legs, spat a gob of saliva onto the ass and massaged it with his fingers. He pressed the head of his rigid cock against the boy's trembling hole and said, "Are you sure you want this boy? I could take you by force, but I prefer you to want me."

“I do, sir. I want your cock inside me, sir. Please I beg you.” The captain’s hips pressed forward, the head of his cock slid inside the moist young ass and moved slowly forward until it pressed against the warm membrane deep inside. The boy’s eyes opened wide and he moaned loudly, absorbing the initial shock of pain that slowly transformed into an indescribably erotic pleasure.

The Marine grabbed the boy’s wrists, letting his legs fall onto his shoulders. Holding onto the wrists he fell forward, pushing his arms once again above his head and pinning his wrists to the bed. The young soldier gazed in silent awe at the spectacular body poised over him, the straining arms, bulging pecs, ridged abdominal muscles and flared lats that tapered down to the tight, slim waist cinched by the heavy belt of his fatigues.

The dark exotic face smiled down at him. “This is how I dreamed of Mark – at my mercy, my cock deep inside him. Now I have you, and that beautiful body looks perfect impaled on my rod. So now, soldier, I am going to fuck you.” The cock drew back, then pushed slowly into the ass again, easing in and out, the tempo increasing, until the young man’s ass was being rhythmically pounded by the piston of the Marine’s cock.

Eddie felt the drip of sweat falling from the Marine’s face into his, as the rigid shaft hammered into him. He looked over the captain’s shoulder and saw in the ceiling mirror the reflection of the young soldier pinned to the bed, and the broad back of the Marine rising and falling over him. He caught glimpses of the massive cock as it withdrew from his ass, then plunged back in again and again and again. It was driving him wild and his own cock began to shudder.

Eddie’s mind went dark. All he knew was that he was a young rooky Marine in bondage, at the mercy of this powerful captain, the uniformed muscle-god reaming his ass. When the captain finally leaned back and released his wrists, Eddie instinctively reached up and ran his hands over the muscular shoulders, down the wide lats then over the hard abs. Then he pressed his palms against the mounds of the sculpted chest.

He was hypnotized by the eyes that gazed down at him and by the low, deep voice that said, “Now, soldier, you will feel your master’s juice in your ass, and you will shoot another load for me.” He saw the magnificent body flex, saw the face rear back and the mouth open in an animal howl as warm liquid erupted deep in his ass.

The boy dug his fingers into his mater’s solid pecs and felt his cock shudder, then blast a stream of cum that shot upward and slammed into the captain’s chest. “Again, boy.” The slanted eyes mesmerized him and in total obedience he shot another blast of cum, then another until semen was pouring down the cleft between the Marine’s bulging pecs.

The boy now surrendered totally to the power of this incredible man he belonged to him. He offered no resistance as the battle-scarred captain lifted him off the bed, and he must have

blacked out momentarily. When he came to he was aware that he was standing, half hanging, his arms stretched upward with manacles round his wrists. He opened his eyes and gasped at the reflection he saw in the mirror on the opposite wall.

The young rookie Marine, shirtless, barefoot, in ragged fatigue pants, was chained to the beam high above his head, his lithe young body stretched upward. Barely recognizing himself, the sight of the bound soldier made Eddie's cock grow stiff in his pants once again.

"Beautiful, is he not?" The deep voice came from the shadows and the boy strained to see the Marine walk slowly forward. Reflexively he pulled at the shackled wrists as he stared in wide-eyed fear at the whip hanging round the captain's neck. The Marine held up a wide, black leather collar and ritualistically buckled it round the boy's neck. The hypnotic voice resumed.

"That is how I remember my beautiful Mark, chained in the cell, waiting for the whip to lash his incredible body. But first I did this." He unzipped the boy's pants, pulled them down just below his ass, and his raging hard cock sprang out. "Yes Mark's cock was hard as steel also just from looking at me, waiting for me to work on his body. And I will do the same to you, soldier, as I did to him. I brought him to a stunning orgasm."

The captain stood back, pulled the whip from around his neck, a whip made up of loose leather braids, a cat o' nine tails. Genuinely scared now that the towering Marine was really going to hurt him Eddie tensed his body and closed his eyes. But when the whip fell across his chest it was light – more a caress than a lash. Eddie opened his eyes and saw the dark eyes boring into his with a hint of a smile. Then he knew he was safe and that no harm would come to him.

With fear removed, Eddie once again drifted into the fantasy of the mirror image of the young soldier in chains, undergoing the initiation of the whip administered by the exotically beautiful captain. It fell across his chest a little harder now, enough to make his flesh tingle and his cock tremble. He felt it curl round his shoulders and he tensed his six-pack abs to absorb blows against them.

The Marine sighed. "Ah, your body looks so beautiful in chains, flexing against the whip, like a young captive soldier under interrogation. Tell me, soldier who do you belong to?"

"To you, sir. I'm at your mercy, sir."

The captain walked behind his prisoner and lashed his back several times, harder now, knowing that the boy's pain tolerance was greater in his back. Eddie groaned in ecstasy, watching the chained soldier in the mirror, his rigid cock standing out before him, his body jerking each time the whip fell across his back.

Then it stopped and Eddie felt his master's hands stroking the white globes of his ass. "Beautiful," the Marine sighed. "The ass I have fucked, and will fuck again and again. But now it will feel the sting of the whip, and this time you will do for me what I made my beautiful Mark

do. I watched the muscles of his gorgeous body tense, he screamed, and a ribbon of semen burst from his cock and splashed on the floor of the cell.”

Eddie felt the first lash fall across his ass, hard enough to make his hips jerk forward and his cock to pulse. By now he was mesmerized by the chained soldier in the mirror, getting his ass whipped by the rugged muscle-god behind him. The soldier was in a trance, yelling, “Whip me, sir. Please, sir, whip my ass.” Eddie was drowning in the erotic sight a pornographic image of uniformed Marines come to life, one torturing the other.

He felt another blow, then another, heard the whip snap across his ass, saw the half-naked soldier writhing in chains. He felt heat rising up his legs and into his balls and his heart was pounding as he saw the boy in the mirror open his mouth in a scream. He saw his cock shudder and erupt in a stream of cum that shot across the room and splashed onto the glass.

But the whip only increased, in speed and intensity. “Come on, boy, let me see more I want the floor flooded with your juice.” Eddie lost all control as he watched the writhing soldier pour streams of semen onto the floor. His body was stunning – stretched upward, every muscle flexed and trembling as his cock kept spewing cum. In his delirium the reflection became an image of Mark, the tortured muscle-god in military fatigues, chained just like this, his ass whipped and fucked by his Arab enemy, screaming as he blasted semen across the cell in the desert. Then Eddie went blank.

He felt the Marine’s hand under his chin, raising his head, and he opened his eyes to see the handsome face staring at him. “That was spectacular, boy. You have proved yourself worthy. You will stay here forever, your only task to please me. You will be fucked, whipped, chained every indignity my fertile imagination can dream up. You will be my prized possession.” Eddie gazed into the hypnotic eyes, whimpered, and a final spurt of cum oozed from his cock and dripped to the floor.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a vehicle outside. The Marine smiled. “And, I will share my prized possession with my buddies. I will show you off, let them work on that pretty body of yours. You will be theirs to enjoy.” He left the basement and went upstairs.

A stab of panic ran through Eddie. This was something new, completely unexpected. He had never been so sexually aroused as the last few hours and he loved the fantasy of Hassan, a Marine captain, holding him captive. But just him and Hassan, nobody else, not a stranger who would not love him as Hassan did. He had heard how scenes like this could get out of control, how men could get carried away and really hurt a helpless young guy like him.

His euphoria drained from him, his cock went limp and his head fell forward in despair. He heard the faint sounds of voices from the room above. But all he could do was wait.

"I had a feeling you would come," Hassan was saying, "and I'm glad you did. I've got quite a scene going on here and I want you to be part of it." He explained the details of the boy he had chained in the basement. "Now I know you'll tune into this real easy, and you look perfect for it, so follow me."

Eddie's heart beat fast as he heard heavy footsteps on the basement stairs. The door opened and Hassan stepped from the shadows. "A buddy of mine just showed up," he said, "and I know he's really gonna enjoy you. We'll probably trade off fucking you, and then maybe I'll leave him alone with you let him work you over in his own way."

That scared Eddie and he moaned, "No, sir Please, I"

"Did I give you permission to speak, boy? You forget already? I own you, I can do what I like with you, and so can my buddies." Trembling now Eddie saw another figure come in and stand in the shadows. His face was obscured but Eddie could see that he was a tall, black, muscular guy, another Marine apparently in military camouflage pants and boots, with a rough sleeveless denim shirt hanging loose over his sculpted chest. Eddie could only imagine what this tough black Marine would do to him when they were alone.

A heavy silence hung in the air as the newcomer gazed from the shadows at the young soldier helpless in chains, his pants pulled down below his ass and his balls. His cock hung limp but dripping with cum and the floor was slick with it. The room was stinking of sweat and semen.

"Shit damn," the black soldier said, "You've got a live one this time, buddy. He's a gorgeous young stud, a real keeper. Man, am I gonna have a great time working this kid over."

The words terrified Eddie and fear blinded him to all else, even the soldier's voice. But then surely he recognized the voice. It couldn't be, but And then the man stepped forward, with a big smile on his handsome face. Darius. His friend Darius, his hero, the man he had always lusted for. Relief poured over him, so strong that tears came to his eyes and he began to sob quietly with relief.

But Darius did not react. Instead he turned to Hassan and said, "Hey, I gotta get a shot of this it's so fucking hot." He turned the lights up brighter and held up to his eye the camera he had been carrying. He circled the chained soldier filming him from all angles, then pulled up his pants and zipped them up for a shot of him simply stripped to the waist. He kept filming as Hassan walked up close and smiled to see the look of relief and gratitude in the kid's eyes. "Arms hurt do they, soldier?" he asked running his hands up and down the up-stretched arms.

"Yes, sir," said Eddie, realizing that his arms really did ache from being pulled up for so long. The Marine reached up, unclipped the shackles from the chain and reattached the chain to the back of the collar round the boy's neck. As his arms dropped with relief to his sides the shackles were re-attached behind his back. "At ease, soldier." The boy spread his legs and his head fell limply forward.

“Holy shit,” Darius groaned, “that is so fucking hot. Let me see his face. The captain grabbed the boy’s tousled hair and pulled his head up to face the camera. “Perfect,” said Darius. Eddie looked in the mirror and saw a young soldier, stripped to the waist, chained by the neck, his hands shackled behind his back. The rugged Marine captain was pulling his head up by the hair, like a trophy on display for the black muscle-boy who was filming the whole thing. Eddie had never felt so degraded – or more turned on – in his life. He was a captive to be used any way these men wanted.

“OK,” Darius said, lowering his camera, “enough for now.” He went over to the shadows and grabbed something he had put down on the floor when he came in. “Here, man, I picked up a six-pack on the way. Care for a beer?”

“Do I?!” Hassan laughed. “Working this kid over has given me a giant thirst. Here he pulled over a bare table and a couple of chairs..... “park it here, man.” They sat at the table, facing the boy from a few yards away, opened their beers swallowed deeply. Darius tilted back in his chair put his feet on the table and wiped his mouth. “Shit the young rookie looks hot like that. What you done to him so far, buddy?”

“Oh, I tied him to the bed and got him all fired up by telling him my story of torturing that gorgeous, blond American G.I. back in my army days in the desert. Shit, he was so fucking turned on that he shot a load right there in his fatigues. Then I tortured his tits and made him beg me to fuck his ass. So I fucked him and he shot another load of jism. I chained him up like you saw him, whipped his chest and back, and when I whipped his ass he shot another load of juice clear across the room. Man, it just wouldn’t stop pouring out of him. That’s why the floor’s so wet.”

“Hell, the guy’s a real gusher. Three times already eh?”

“Damn right, but I aim to drain the fucker dry. Long way to go yet. Hey, look at this.” He jumped up, walked over to the prisoner, unzipped his fly and pulled out the boy’s cock. “See, what’d I tell you? Hard as a rock again.” He pushed the mouth of his beer bottle between the boy’s lips, tilted his head back and he gulped thirstily. Then he poured the rest of the beer over his captive’s head, watching with satisfaction as it ran down his face and over his body. He sat back down, opened another beer and grinned at Darius. “Tell you what, I bet you a twenty I can make the fucker cum again just by sitting here and talking to you.”

“No way,” Darius laughed. “OK. You wanna throw your money around, man – you’re on.” He reached in his pocket and slapped a twenty-dollar bill on the table, which Hassan matched. They drained their beers and opened another, drinking freely. They loosened up – two muscle-stud Marines, one an exotic Arab/Asian, the other a handsome black buck – two soldiers getting drunk, laughing about what they were going to do to the chained rookie.

“I tell you one thing, man, that boy has gotta get a taste of this.” The black guy stood up and ran his hand down his right leg, tracing the shape of the long rod that stretched from his crotch almost to his knee.

“Holy shit,” said the Marine. “Man that poor fucker’s gonna scream like a stuck pig when you shove that pole in his ass. Tell you what – we’ll toss for who goes first. He pulled a coin from his pocket. “OK, call.” The black guy laughed. “Hell, I want me a hot piece of tail, so ‘Tails’.”

Eddie was deep in fantasy world. He looked in the mirror and saw the shirtless young rookie, barefoot in military fatigues, chained by the neck, hands manacled behind his back. And in front of him were two drunk Marines raucously debating how they were going to work him over, betting on which one would get to fuck him first while the other whipped him. It was an erotic scene out of a wet dream and his cock was dripping with pre-cum. He watched spellbound as the soldier tossed the coin, caught it and yelled, “Tails it is. Lucky bastard, you go first.”

Eddie looked again at the reflection of the muscular young soldier in chains waiting helplessly for the two Marines to get to work on him. He thought of the long bulge in the black guy’s pants and shuddered at the thought of the huge club driving into his ass while the captain whipped his chest. It was driving him wild and he felt his balls and cock bursting.

The two Marines were still drinking and laughing, and the black guy was saying, “So how long you gonna keep him here?” The captain replied, “Indefinitely, man. Like you said, he’s a keeper so he belongs to me now, my new sex slave. Shit I can fuck and whip this boy’s ass forever and he’ll stay chained here as long as Aaah!” Suddenly his head jerked back as hot semen slammed into his face and poured over both of them.

“Holy shit,” the captain said, wiping semen from his eyes and seeing the incredible sight of the rookie Marine tugging against the collar round his neck while his cock shot ribbons of cum onto the table before them. The two soldiers gazed in awe, then roared with laughter. “Guess I win the bet,” said the captain, pulling the two twenty-dollar bills toward him. “Hey, buddy, you think these twenties are still legal tender if they’re stuck together with jism?”

More boisterous laughter, and the black guy stood up, shrugged off his shirt, and said. “OK, the young punk just shot a massive load, so it’s time to strip for action.” He shrugged off his shirt and let it fall. “Hey, boy, feast your eyes on this.” He unzipped his pants and pulled out his massive ten-inch black pole. “This is what’s going into that sweet ass of yours, boy.” He walked toward him and stroked his face. “Shit, you’re a real beauty. Am I gonna enjoy fucking you!”

The captain picked the whip up off the floor and stood in front of the boy. He held his chin and gazed into his face. He surprised Eddie by coming closer and kissing him hard on the lips,

pushing them open with his tongue and grinding their mouths together. He pulled back and, in a tone Eddie knew so well, said softly. "I love you, boy."

He stood back, grabbed Eddie's hips and turned him sideways to the mirror. Turning his head to the mirror he said, "Watch." Darius yanked the boy's pants down and they pooled round his ankles. He spat in his hand, rubbed his wet fingers over the boy's hole and pushed two inside. Then he spat on his cock and stroked it slowly. "You ready for this, boy?"

"Yes, sir," Eddie croaked. "Yes please, sir." He and Hassan watched in the mirror the incredible sight of the long black pole pushing between the rounded white globes, then disappearing, inch by inch, into the naked boy's ass. Hassan twisted Eddie's nipples hard in his fingers and the boy gasped, looking first at the huge black cock sliding in and out of his ass, then up at the chiseled, dark features of the Marine, striped with camouflage paint, and the dark eyes smiling at him.

From the moment Hassan had said 'I love you, boy' the words had the effect of shifting the scene from fantasy to reality. And in Eddie's mind the reality of being chained in Hassan's house and worked over by his master, Hassan, and his hero, Darius, was, if anything, even more erotic than watching the young rookie Marine get tortured by two drunken soldiers.

As if reading his mind Hassan smiled at him and said, "Now, while Darius fucks your gorgeous ass, kiddo, what else do you want?" Eddie knew exactly what he wanted, the thing that had made him shoot a load just hearing about it. "I want you to whip me, sir. Please, sir."

And so began what could have been a nightmare for any boy, being worked on by both men at once, but for Eddie it was far from hell more like heaven. Hassan raised the whip and lashed it lightly across his chest, while the black cock pushed ever deeper into his ass. Both men knew Eddie's limits and took him right up to them. The cock hammered faster, the whip stung harder until Eddie knew he could not take much more.

"I'm still gonna drain you, boy," said Hassan. "So if you don't wanna get hurt, cum for me again.... Now!" On command Eddie obeyed and blasted yet another load of cum, once again splashing on his master's chest.

And there were more orgasms to come. The men switched roles and as Hassan fucked him and Darius worked on his tits he came again. Then the chain was lengthened so the boy was able to kneel, with the sight of two huge cocks inches from his face. Using the wet cloth he had used to clean the young soldier's body, Hassan wiped the two long shafts clean and they took turns fucking his face. Eddie was unaware when he shot another load, which he did again and again all of them merging into what seemed like one continuous orgasm.

It went on and on, but what had become an orgy of lust finally died down from sheer exhaustion. Hassan grinned at Darius. "Think our boy's had enough, buddy?" Darius sighed. "Dunno, but I know I sure have. I just have to get another shot of this, though."

He grabbed his camera from the table and aimed it at the pornographic image of a muscular young soldier, butt naked, kneeling on the floor, his hands shackled behind his back, his head help taut by the chain that stretched from his collar to the ceiling above. His eyes were hollow with exhaustion, tears flowed down his cheeks, semen spilled from his mouth, over his chin, and dripped onto his dirt-streaked chest.

For Darius it was a final dramatic shot of a young rookie soldier who had been carried off and imprisoned by a rugged Marine captain, hung in chains and worked over for hours by two drunken soldiers. He now knelt in abject degradation, knowing that his fate was to be an everlasting slave to the magnificent muscle-god, who now towered over him. Hassan grabbed the boy's hair, pulled the head up and said, "There, look in the mirror, boy. A rookie soldier keeling in total surrender to his captain." Eddie whimpered and a final spurt of cum oozed from his cock. "That's what your life's gonna be from now on. You get it?"

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir." Darius pushed in for a tight close-up of the boy's pitiful, cum-soaked face. Hassan unhooked the chain from his collar, released his hands from the manacles, and Eddie fell forward on his stomach. Hassan and Darius stood at a distance and the boy dragged himself over the cum-drenched floor toward them. Coming closer he reached out, clamped his hands round Hassan's boot and pulled himself forward, dropping his head on the boot in total exhaustion.

Hassan looked down at him and smiled. "I think this is where we came in, boy." He bent down, lifted the boy up and held him lying limply across his arms, just as the young rookie had lain in the arms of the Marine captain on the film set, what seemed like a long time ago. Hassan carried his naked boy upstairs into the bedroom and laid him gently on the bed. Darius had followed, and the two men stripped off their pants and boots.

Too exhausted to do anything else they lay down on either side of the boy. Sleep came quickly but, before they drifted off, Hassan whispered in Eddie's ear, "You OK, young Eddie?" Eddie pressed against him and murmured, "Best ever, sir. That was awesome. I love you so much, sir" And he was asleep in his master's arms.

They slept late, and when they stirred it was to the stink of sweat, semen and stale beer. "Shower," ordered Hassan and the three of them went outside, dazzled by the desert sun, to the outdoor shower. It could easily have become a continuation of the night's activity but Hassan grabbed Eddie's rigid cock and said, "Enough! I'm starved and I'm gonna take you two into Palm Springs for breakfast."

"Sir," said Darius tentatively. "I gotta tell you that last evening when I followed you here I called Zack on the way and he said the construction site's closed for a couple of days so he's coming out this morning to join me. I hope that's OK, sir."

“That’s terrific. We’ll make a great foursome. Hey, tell you what. Why don’t we spend the weekend in the Springs? I’ll treat us to one of those private, secluded hotels and we can lie back in luxury room service, drinks by the pool. Be a contrast to last night but we can still get up to stuff. Maybe even entice a couple of hot pool boys to join us. Think they would?”

Darius laughed. “Us four you kidding? Try keeping them away.”

“OK it’s a deal. But I better call Bob and let him know what’s going on – see if he can spare Eddie for a couple of days.”

Bob was enthusiastic. “Great idea, buddy. Only thing is I imagine you guys got up to some pretty hot stuff last night and I’m sure Darius filmed it, so the boys will be dying to see it. Seriously, though, your timing’s great. The house is pretty quiet right now. Seems to be a time for the masters to get reacquainted with their boys. ‘Quality time’ Mark calls it.

“With the construction site closed Randy’s taken Pablo up to the lake for some fishing and who-knows-what else. Mark’s taken Jamie down to San Diego, Ben’s with Jason of course, and Zack’s coming out to join you guys. That leaves me and the twins in the house, and Adam and Nate are coming from next door to join us. Actually, you know me I have plans for the five of us, so just as well no one else is here. So go for it, buddy. And take care of young Eddie.... but I imagine you’ve already done that.”

Hassan shut off his phone with a grin and murmured. “Hmm, ‘*quality time*’ – so that’s what they’re calling it. Now that would be something to watch.”

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Chapter 185 – Quality Time

The ‘quality time’ at the house turned out to be pretty quiet at first. Soon after Bob hung up the phone the gate opened in the hedge separating the guys’ big house from the Aussie House next door – as Darius always insisted on calling it – and in walked the Aussies themselves.

The tall, muscular Adam with his golden tan and stunning good-looks worked for an Australian airline and was more-or- less permanently based here in Los Angeles. His boy Nate had moved from Sydney not so long ago, initially to be with his friend Jamie. But his dream had been to become houseboy for this tribe of gorgeous men and their boys, and that dream had come true.

It was almost inevitable that Nate would become Adam’s boy and when Randy and Bob bought the house next door they leased it to the Aussies. As houseboy Nate worked closely with Bob’s boys, the twins Kyle and Kevin, as they were the chefs for the whole group – or master chefs Bob called them as they had previously worked in a gourmet restaurant and always came up

with awesome meals for this hungry bunch of guys. They may have been Bob's devoted boys but in the kitchen they were the masters.

As soon as he came in Nate huddled with the twins and they went off to the kitchen together to prepare breakfast. Bob greeted Adam with a hug, feeling his solid muscles under his clothes. He was wearing jeans and an old sleeveless T-shirt that, although it hung loosely on him, did nothing to hide his perfect physique. Bob was in his usual plain white V-neck T-shirt and cargo shorts and, as Adam said in his thick Australian drawl, "Looking spectacular as always, mate."

"Yeah," Bob grinned. "Well you're not exactly chopped liver yourself, though you look good enough to eat a hot Australian stud that Nate's a real lucky guy. Which brings me to a plan I had in mind for the five of us. Looks like we have the place to ourselves with everyone away so here's what I was thinking." Then he checked himself. "Hey, first let me go and get the coffee – save the boys a trip." Adam sat at the long table by the pool, the guys' usual gathering place, while Bob went to the kitchen.

He heard voices as he approached, but when he opened the door they stopped abruptly and the boys faced him with a guilty look. Nate actually blushed, and Bob didn't need a blush from the twins to tell him they were up to something. He knew his boys well. "Just came to get the coffee," Bob deadpanned. He breathed in the cooking smells. "Mmm – something smells good in here...." he grinned playfully.... "whatever it is you guys are cooking up."

He left and Nate said, "You think he heard?" Kyle shook his head, "Nah," and Kevin added, "Anyway, we've nothing to be ashamed of. We'll be doing it all for them. Just hope it works."

Outside Bob put the coffee tray on the table and sat facing Adam, who stretched his arms up, turned his face to the sun and said, "Hmm that feels good, mate – another 'perfect day in paradise' as they say here." Bob's cock stirred in his shorts as he watched Adam's muscles ripple as he stretched, his handsome upturned face catching the morning sun. "So," Adam said, "what about these plans you're hatching, mate?"

"Well," Bob grinned, "I'm not so sure now, after my trip to the kitchen. To misquote Robert Burns – 'The best laid schemes o' boys and men oft get fucked up'...."

They sat chatting over their coffee for only a few minutes before Nate and the twins came out looking rather coy and holding a tablecloth and cutlery. "Sirs," Nate said, obviously plucking up courage, "me and the twins have been talking." Here we go, thought Bob suppressing a grin. Nate was already faltering so Kyle took over. "Sirs, we would like to make this day special for you by waiting on you, allowing you to simply enjoy each other's company." He looked for help to Kevin who continued for him. "Think of it as being poolside at a classy hotel with three pool-boys to serve you, waiting on you hand and foot."

Bob laughed. “Only thing about that, guys, is there’s no hotel anywhere that has such gorgeous pool-boys as you three. Hmm, hand and foot, eh? I did have other body parts in mind, but hey, what the hell? What d’ya think Adam?”

“What do I think? Let’s see, now – great house, great pool, gourmet food, three hot young studs to serve it all that and a flawless muscle-god to share it with. Yeah, I think I’ll give that a try.” He grinned. “Like I said, buddy, another perfect day in paradise.”

Growing in confidence Nate said, “OK, sirs. If you would kindly move over to the chaises here we’ll set the table for brunch.” Kevin added, “Bit late to call it breakfast.”

Bob leapt to his feet. “We’ll do better than that. How about a swim, Adam? You wanna borrow some Speedos?”

“Borrow?” Adam gasped in mock horror. “I’m an Aussie, mate, and I’ll have you know that Speedos were invented a hundred years ago in Sydney on Bondi Beach. I lived in Speedos back home. See?” He pulled his loose shirt over his head and dropped his jeans. He smiled broadly and held out his arms in a stunning display. Under his jeans he had been wearing dark blue Speedos that hugged his hips and set off the ridges in his eight-pack abs and his rock hard thighs – but most of all his perfect bubble butt.

There were four instant hard-ons under shorts as Bob and the boys gazed in awe at the spectacular Aussie with the flawless, muscular physique, golden tan, classically handsome features, short black hair and a bulge that looked like it was gonna burst from his Speedos. He grinned at Bob. “OK, buddy – your turn.”

Bob smiled back and pulled from his pocket a pair of black Speedos. He waved them in the air and said, “See I too come prepared.” He kicked off his sneakers and dropped his shorts. The guys watched in awe as Bob’s still-hard cock sprang free. Looking sexy as hell in just his white T-shirt he now teased them by taking his time – picking up his shorts, folding them and placing them on a chaise. Then, with his back to the pool he reached behind his neck and slowly pulled up his T-shirt – over his washboard abs, over the slabs of his pecs and off.

The guys had all seen him naked before, especially the twins, who slept with him often, but it was always an awe-inspiring sight – the square-jawed Superman features and spectacularly ripped body, with the iron-hard cock standing out from a thicket of black pubic hair. Under the intense gaze of four spellbound faces Bob grabbed his Speedos from the table, bent down, pulled them over his feet and up his legs.

He had difficulty stuffing his rock-hard cock into the Speedos and, when he held out his arms in a copy of Adam’s display, there was a long bulge under the Speedos stretching sideways up to the waistband, the tip of his cock visible at the top.

There was a stunned silence, and then the boys fulfilled their pledge of taking care of their masters. The twins dropped to their knees before Bob and leaned forward. Kevin ran his tongue over the Speedos up the full length of the bulge, while Kyle pressed his tongue into the hole at the head of the cock poking out the top, licking the pre-cum oozing from it. Nate copied them, kneeling at Adam's feet and licking the bulge through the shiny fabric. The boys' plan was progressing nicely.

Bob and Adam were staring at each other, each mesmerized by the other's beauty as they felt the damp warmth of their boys' mouths over their Speedos. In unison they raised their hands to their chests and slowly stroked their nipples, groaning in ecstasy. "Shit, man," Adam groaned, "you are so fucking gorgeous. I could bust my load just looking at that smoking hot body." Bob smiled, "Same here, buddy, but don't cum yet. I think our boys have other ideas."

They sure did and even while they were licking their masters bulges they shot glances at each other to make sure they were acting in sync. Both men's cocks' were now swollen to their full length and the boys grabbed the Speedos at the sides, slowly pulled them down to below the balls, and just missed being hit in the face by the rigid cocks that sprang out.

Kyle and Kevin together licked their master's shaft, and then Kyle took the full length into his mouth and down his throat. At the same time Nate, who had Adam's huge rod all to himself, pressed his lips over the head, put his hands behind Adam's now naked ass and pulled his hips forward, savoring the taste of the long pole as it slid down his throat.

The two men couldn't take their eyes off each other. It was mutual muscle worship while their boys worked their cocks. "Oh, man...." Adam sighed, raising his arms and linking his hands behind his head, flexing his biceps and flaring his lats as his hips thrust forward. He smiled at Bob. "That look good to you, mate? Your turn. I wanna watch Superman fuck the beautiful young faces of the boys kneeling at his feet." Bob clamped his hands behind the twins' heads and his pecs bulged as he pulled their faces toward him – one boy sucking his cock while the other licked his balls.

While the twins performed the sensuous double act on Bob that they had perfected over time, Nate clenched his throat muscles round the hard Aussie cock pounding his face. Bob and Adam, two flawlessly ripped athletes, naked except for their Speedos pulled down below their balls, gazed at each other's body then into each other's brown eyes, seeing in them their own reflection. As they fucked their boy's faces it felt as if they were fucking each other. It was sensual overload, each man overwhelmed by raw lust for the other and finally Bob said, "I can't take this, man. You and the boys are gonna make me bust my load."

"Whenever you're ready, mate." Their hearts pounded in their chests, their breathing got ragged and they shouted in unison, "Yes!....Yes! Aaagh!" Nate felt one last thrust of Adam's hips against his face and his cock erupted deep in his throat. Nate gulped frantically, determined not to spill a drop of his master's warm juice. The twins' faces were pressed

together side by side as Bob's cock poured semen into Kyle's mouth. When he felt drained he pulled out, thrust his cock into Kevin's mouth and was rewarded with another explosive orgasm.

And still the men gazed at each other, their shuddering bodies subsiding and a smile coming to their eyes. Finally Bob came out of his trance said to Adam, "OK, stud, now how about that swim?" The boys jumped to their feet and watched as the men pulled up their Speedos, went to the edge of the pool and dived in, their bodies flashing in a perfectly synchronized dive.

Some boys might have felt they were being ignored, but not these three. It was all part of their plan. "You think it's working?" asked Kevin.

"You kidding?" grinned Nate. "You see the way they looked at each other? Our plan's working just fine, mates – it's foolproof."

Bob and Adam spent a long time in the pool, rough-housing in the water with as much physical contact as they could get away with without actually cumming again. When they dived under the water, out of sight of the boys, their lips brushed together and soon their mouths were grinding against each other, clamped so tight they were able to stay underwater longer by sharing the same breath back and forth. Their arms were clamped round each other, their Speedos pressed together, and when at last they burst to the surface they took in great lungfuls of air, laughing with the sheer joy of male intimacy.

They reluctantly pulled themselves out of the pool, water streaming down their glistening bodies, and the twins were waiting with big white towels. They dried them off, standing behind them and pressing their crotches against the men's asses. Then Nate announced with a flourish, "Sirs, brunch is served."

The boys had been busy while Bob and Adam frolicked in the pool and now the men gazed at the fruits of their labors. The table was set with a white linen cloth, silverware, elaborately folded napkins, jugs of juice and a pot of coffee, and standing behind the table were three of the most beautiful waiters ever to serve food. "Wow," Adam said, wrapping the towel round his waist, "this really is a five-star hotel."

"We'll be right back with the food, sirs," said Kevin, and the boys ran back to the kitchen. Bob and Adam sat at the table opposite each other and there was a sudden shyness between them. They became aware just how shamelessly they had flaunted their bodies in a blatant display of muscle worship and mutual lust, to the point of orgasm as their boys sucked their cocks. They remembered their long underwater kiss, and knew it was time to cool things down a bit

So desire was replaced by formality as Adam said, "You know, Bob, even though we live right next door to each other you and I we never seem to spend time alone together. Either you're

just leaving for work or I am. Sure, we're together at group functions like meals, but you've got Randy and the twins and I've got Nate so well, the fact is that we don't have any....."

".... quality time together," said Bob, completing his thought "get to really know each other." He grinned. "Still, I think we just made a start on that, Adam." There was that topic again and Adam tried to shift the subject. "So what was this plan you thought the boys were hatching?"

"Oh, that," Bob laughed. "Tell you the truth I think we're living it. Don't you have a kind of feeling we're being manipulated?" As if on cue the exuberant boys came from the kitchen bearing gifts – gifts of mouth-watering smells and dishes of food. They spread the feast before their masters, refilled their glasses with juice and stood back with napkins over their arms.

But Bob was frowning. "Adam, old buddy, you say this is like a five-star hotel. Well in that case it seems to me that the guests should get whatever they ask for even if they ask for the company of the wait staff. What d'ya think?"

"Hmm," Adam mused. "I agree, but on one condition that they take their shirts off and let us see if they're hot enough to join us."

"OK," Bob grinned. "So, you pool-boy-waiters, how about it?"

Solemnly Nate and the twins pulled off their T-shirts and held their arms out to the side just as Bob and Adam had done earlier. They were all wearing colorful board shorts tied at the waist and they flexed their naked torsos. "Holy shit," said Adam, "now that's what I call service with a smile. Look at those fucking bodies, man. I say they're in."

"And I'd say you're right. OK, guys, come and eat with us. Take a pew." Eagerly the boys sat at table – the twins on either side of Bob, and Nate next to Adam. If ever Darius's camera was needed it was now – a stunning domestic shot of two shirtless muscle-hunks and three shirtless boys, their bodies gleaming in the midday sun.

With healthy appetites they dug into the food and the first part of the meal was eaten in virtual silence, with words replaced by the language of the eyes. Bob and Adam looked up frequently from their pates, stared into each other's eyes and felt their cocks stiffen in their Speedos. Their unspoken thoughts were more powerful than words could ever be. The boys caught every nuance of their looks and shared secret smiles between them. It was going well.

But eventually conversation resumed and rapidly became more animated, with Adam and Bob sharing stories about their work, and the boys gossiping and exaggerating about what might be going on between Hassan, Eddie, Zack and Darius in the desert – not to mention Randy and Pablo in the mountains, Mark and Jamie in San Diego, and Ben and Jason down the hill.

As the meal finally wound down the boys jumped up and started carrying dishes back to the kitchen, leaving the men talking softly to each other over coffee. When they came back out the boys were carrying a large blanket, a sheet and pillows. They spread the blanket on the grass, laid the sheet on top and put the pillows at the head – almost like an outdoor bed.

Kevin took the lead. “Sirs, we were thinking that as you’re still wearing Speedos and all you might like to relax in the sun after such a big meal.” Kyle added, “We’ve got it all ready for you,” pointing to the sheet and pillows on the grass.

Bob smiled at Adam and rolled his eyes. “Better do what they say, I guess. Always best to take the advice of hotel staff – especially if they’re young and gorgeous. Come to think of it I could use a nap after all that food.” He stretched his arms upward, flexing his shoulders and biceps, and once again Adam was dazzled by the stunning looks of the tousle-haired muscle-god, his square jaw stretched open in a wide yawn.

“Just lead the way, buddy,” grinned Adam. They got up from the table, walked across the lawn and flopped down on the sheet that was already warmed by the sun. They lay on their backs close together, luxuriating in the warm softness of the grass and the blanket beneath them and the pillows under their heads. “Man, Adam sighed, “doesn’t get much better than this.”

“Sirs,” said Nate, “maybe you should have suntan lotion on you in case you fall asleep in the sun. We could help you with that if you like, sirs.”

Closing his eyes lazily Bob said, “Sure, why not? Go ahead – we’re in your hands.” Nate grinned at the twins and raised his eyebrows with a look that said, ‘He sure got that right.’ They grabbed tubes of lotion they had brought out with them and Nate knelt between Bob and Adam at their legs, while the twins knelt straddling their waists. The men moaned as they felt hands smoothing lotion over their chest and legs, hands that hovered erotically over their nipples and their inner thighs just below their crotch.

Nate stood up, then knelt behind their heads, the bulge in his shorts between their faces as he gently smoothed lotion over their necks. He and the twins were now moving in perfect unison and, at a signal between them, the twins lowered themselves slowly until they were sitting on the bulges in the men’s Speedos. As they reached forward and ran their hands over the corded ridges of the men’s abs the twins moved their hips back and forth, the asses of their board shorts rubbing against the bulging Speedos.

Bob and Adam moaned in ecstasy and both now opened their eyes, first looking upward at the intense boyish face of Nate, then forward to the incredible sight of the twins grinding their asses over their throbbing dicks. They groaned as they watched the twins’ beautiful young faces turn to each other, they licked each other’s lips and then kissed each other long and hard.

The display of boyish love overwhelmed Bob who turned his head toward Adam. “You ready, man?” Spurred on by the erotic sight of the twins, Adam moved his face close to Bob’s, their

lips met, their mouths locked and they were sharing the same breath back and forth, just as they had under water. They each felt the same intense sensation, making love to each other while the twins ground their asses over their cocks in their Speedos.

There was no holding back. The men's rippling bodies shuddered against each other, they screamed into the gag of the other's mouth as they felt their cocks erupt into their Speedos. The boys watched the men beneath them in awe and intuitively pulled their cocks from their shorts. It took only a couple of strokes before their cocks were streaming cum down on their masters, smothering their heaving bodies with splashes of white, creamy juice.

The silence that followed was broken only by the heavy breathing of five men and the soft breeze blowing over their exhausted bodies. Finally the three boys stood up, then knelt beside their masters, the twins beside Bob, Nate beside Adam. They were back in service mode as they bent down and began cleaning up the men's still-heaving chests. Voraciously they licked the gleaming flesh, slurping up the pools of semen they themselves had just poured over them. The taste was a pungent mix of cum, sweat and scented lotion, but they reveled in their task.

When they had swallowed most of the semen they grabbed the big fluffy towels the men had dropped and wiped their chests clean, then replenished them with lotion. They gazed down at the repairs they had made and realized there was one more task. The Speedos were now soaked in cum and had to be removed. They pulled them down, over the cocks that flopped out and hung to the side, slid them all the way down the legs and then off.

"But what about the tan line?" Adam protested. Bob laughed, "Fuck the tan line, buddy. With or without you'd always look gorgeous and you know it."

Now to finish the cleanup. Switching masters, the twins knelt and buried their faces in Adam's thick pubic hair, wet with sweat and sticky with cum. Nate did the same with Bob and in unison all three boys licked clean the cum-soaked crotches, cocks and balls. This time, though, they savored the taste and smell of their masters' juices rather than their own, and their cocks grew stiff. Again the men moaned but this time it was partly from fatigue as well as pleasure.

The boys stood up and Nate said. "Now we'll let you sleep, sirs, while we clean up the kitchen."

The men sighed and closed their eyes, their shoulders and thighs touching lightly. After having shot their loads twice, with another near-orgasm under water, the men were exhausted and their minds drifted lazily over the image of each other's stunning body and face. Halfway toward sleep Adam murmured dreamily, "That was great, buddy, but what I really wanted was"

"You read my mind, Adam" said Bob, but then their minds went blank and they slept.

These final thoughts just before sleep haunted their dreams, which were similar for both men – an erotic jumble of two men in bulging Speedos swimming together, kissing, writhing naked over the ground. They saw vivid images of the faces, the ripped bodies and the raised asses, and saw themselves crawling toward the ass but somehow being restrained from touching the perfect white globes.

Tossing in frustration the men ended up on their sides, turned toward each other, still deep in dream-filled sleep. Adam flung out his arm and it came to rest over Bob's waist, the hand settling on the cheeks of his ass. Bob's arm lay straight down between them and his fingers curled automatically round Adam's semi-erect cock.

In the kitchen the boys had finished loading the dishwasher and cleaning the counter-tops, and now gazed through the window where they had a perfect view of what was happening on the grass outside. "Told you," said Kyle. "How much you wanna bet, Nate?" Nate grinned, "A tenner. I know I'm right – it'll be Adam on top look at the way he's grabbing Bob's ass." Come on, let's go outside for a closer look.

They approached quietly and stood at a discreet distance. As the men stirred in sleep they moved close together, their chests touching. There was a placid smile on their faces sensing, even in sleep, the scent of the other man's breath wafting into his face. The incredible sight of the two gorgeous muscle-hunks entwined in sleep fascinated the boys, who were all rubbing the bulges in their shorts.

Adam stirred and turned over onto his stomach. As he slid his arm from around Bob's waist Bob jerked, his dream interrupted. His breathing became shallow and his eyes opened slightly. His hazy vision saw only the muscular back next to him, sloping down to a slim waist, then rising up over the rounded white globes of the ass he had been dreaming off. Was this still a dream? Bob forced his eyes open, inhaled deeply and reassured himself that this was real – the man was real – the ass was real the same ass he had tried so desperately to reach in his dream.

Obsessed by the ass he ran his hands over it, lightly so as not to wake the sleeping man. Bob was wide awake now, fixating on the ass. He had to have it, to taste it. Carefully he edged away from Adam, stood up slowly, and gazed at him, sleeping on his stomach, his arms stretched up in a V on the sheet, biceps and shoulders hard, his flared lats sloping down to the tight waist – and that ass.

Bob lowered himself to his knees between the splayed legs. He leaned forward, gently pulled the ass cheeks apart and salivated at the sight of the hole, surrounded by a dark fuzz of soft hair. "Holy shit," he murmured. He lowered his head and gently licked the ass, savoring its musky taste and smell. He pushed his tongue into the hole and probed the warm, damp membrane inside.

Adam was stirring now but not yet awake, still wallowing in erotic dreams of the man like Superman. He felt his ass getting wet, something probing it but, in that common dream state,

his body became limp, unable to move. His arms upstretched, he dug his fingers into the sheet in a hopeless attempt to drag himself away. His body slumped he was helpless at the mercy of surrendering his body to Bob. He moaned in his sleep, "Help me fuck me, sir fuck my ass"

Bob knelt upright, his cock hard as a rock at the sight of this rugged alpha male, the ultimate top-man, spread-eagled on the ground, his body flexing as he tried hopelessly to crawl away. And the muscle-stud was begging to get fucked that glorious white ass with the Speedo tan lines waiting for another man's dick to push inside it.

Bob eased forward and clamped his hands over the tight waist, pinning it to the ground. Adam was now as helpless in reality as he was in his dream. But suddenly his dream world was shattered by a searing pain in his ass. Barley awake he screamed, "Aaagh no!" as he felt an iron rod driving in and out of his ass like a piston. "My ass," he screamed, "you're killing my ass! What the fuck's happening....?"

Suddenly the pain stopped, he felt himself being thrown over onto his back and he was gazing up at the chiseled torso and intense face of the man from his dreams. "*This* is what's happening, stud." Bob stroked his huge cock in his fist. "This, in your macho ass. I'm gonna fuck you, man. Sure, you're every guy's wet dream of an alpha fuck-machine they line up to get ploughed by your massive pole, but not this time, big guy. This time the big Aussie stud is gonna take it in the ass."

He grabbed Adam's legs behind the knees and pushed them back. "Here it comes, man." He pressed the head of his cock against the hole and jerked his hips forward, driving his shaft into the helpless ass, burying it deep. Adam's head jerked backward with another scream, but instantly the pain dissolved, replaced by a feeling of euphoria.

He gazed up at Bob's intense eyes, at the magnificent body pounding him, and he pleaded, "Yeah, fuck me Bob hard I need it. Aaah...!" as the cock drove even deeper inside him. He groaned, "Ever since I saw you stuff your gorgeous cock inside your Speedos I knew what I wanted. I wanted it in my ass. God you're a beautiful man. Fuck me, Bob. Fuck me hard."

Bob released his legs and fell forward, pinning Adam's wrists to the ground above his head. Their faces inches apart, their eyes bored into each other's as Bob's cock pounded Adam remorselessly. "Man, it feels so good to fuck the ass of a dominant top-man like you," Bob said. "Your ass is so fucking hot. That body that face." He leaned lower and their mouths joined in a ravenous kiss.

Watching spellbound Nate pulled a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and gave it to Kyle. "You win the bet, guys. I never thought I'd see my macho master beg to get his ass fucked like that. And he's loving it. The boys pulled their cocks from their shorts and stroked them hard as the incredible fuck continued.

The kiss had finally ended and now the men locked eyes as Bob's body rose and fell over Adam, the cords of his muscles flexing hard, gleaming in the midday sun. Bob smiled. "Shit, as soon as you dropped your jeans this morning and I saw your bubble butt straining under your Speedos I knew I had to fuck it. It looked so fucking hot. Man it feels good my cock's on fire I can't hold back much longer, buddy."

"Me neither," Adam groaned. "Come on, man. Really give it to me and let me feel that hot jism gush inside me." Bob grinned, "You got it, man." He knelt upright, grabbed Adam's ankles and pushed them high in the air. With that leverage he increased the tempo and the force, his hips pounding back and forth, his rod jackhammering the Aussie's burning ass. "That's it, man," Adam yelled. "Take it, man take my ass aagh!" His body shook and his cock exploded with cum that blasted up and slammed into Bob's chest, just as Bob howled and his cock poured semen deep inside the gorgeous man beneath him.

It was only a moment before Adam slid from under Bob, leapt to his feet and used his foot to push Bob onto his back. "It's not finished, man," he said. "*This* is not finished," grabbing his cock that was amazingly still hard as steel. "Tell me you want this in your ass, man. Tell me."

"Yeah, fuck me, man. That cock is so fucking gorgeous I want it in my ass make me shoot another load." Bob put his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs back, exposing his ass to the man towering over him. Adam fell to his knees, grabbed Bob's hips and in one ferocious move drove his cock into Bob's ass. Bob screamed with the sudden shock, but then opened his eyes and stared up at the muscle-god gazing down at him, his sculpted square-jawed features, his muscular, athletic physique, bronzed down to the tan line at his waist.

"Oh man," Bob moaned, "you look so fucking hot, and you sure know how to use that dick. That's why you're a top-man, why everyone wants you to fuck them. Man, you fuck so good you're gonna make me bust another load, man. Cum inside me, stud – let me feel your jizz in my ass." Yelling in triumph they shot yet another load of cum, one blasting up to Adam's chest, the other flowing deep inside Bob.

Adam fell forward and they held each other tight, rolling over the ground and laughing in the sheer joy of raw masculinity shared by two spectacular men.

Kyle grinned at Nate and handed back his ten dollars. "We all win, dude. We're even our masters are even. Come on, let's show our respects."

Bob and Adam had fallen exhausted onto their backs side by side, gazing up at the sky, their breath still heaving. Suddenly there came into their field of vision three young faces gazing down at them. The three shirtless boys standing beside them moved in unison, unlacing their shorts, letting them drop and stroking their stiff cocks. They took it in turns to speak.

Nate: "Sirs, we want to thank you for making our plan a total success." Kyle: "You gave us exactly what we wanted and much more." Kevin: "You were spectacular, sirs, and we're proud to be your boys."

"And now you're gonna take your reward," Bob grinned.

"Yes, sir," they said in unison. The pumped their cocks harder and harder, turned on by the incredible sight of two muscle-gods lying together, their bodies gleaming with sweat and semen. The boys tensed, they howled ecstatically and three cocks exploded in a flood of semen that showered down on their masters. Laughter again rang round the garden, until Bob jumped to his feet and said, "Jesus, we're a fucking mess. Everyone into the pool."

The water churned and laughter rang out as they grabbed, groped and wrestled each other. But finally, tired out, they came to rest, propping their arms on the edge of the pool side by side. It was Nate who plucked up the courage to ask Bob, "Sir, you've seen what our plan was and it worked a treat. But didn't you have a plan too?"

"Oh that," Bob laughed. "That's for later. Seems to me we've done everything this morning or almost everything. As I recall, the pool-boys have not yet got their asses fucked. Now I call that a complete waste of three hot young asses, so we're gonna correct that. After all, I never knew a pool-boy who didn't want to get fucked in the ass. But to make it more interesting, we're gonna switch boys I get Nate and Adam gets the twins. And when we're finished ploughing you, we'll switch back and start all over. You ready for that?"

The boys grinned at each other and Kyle said, "Like you said, sir, there isn't a pool-boy in the world who wouldn't want to get fucked in the ass by men like you. And we're no different."

While their boisterous weekend continued, the mood was more mellow in the big truck barreling along the Angeles Crest Highway toward the mountains. Pablo was in his favorite place, sitting between his hero Randy and his faithful dog Billy, who was hanging his head out the window inhaling the enticing smells in the air speeding past the truck. Randy had a satisfied, even smug, look on his face as he concentrated on the road, and Pablo was simply in heaven.

After a long silence Pablo smiled up at Randy. "Good, ain't it, sir?"

"Yeah, kiddo – the best." Another silence, then Randy took his eyes off the road to glance at his boy. "You know, Pablo, I brought you up here for a reason other than fishing – and I don't mean sex." He grinned. "I can have your ass any time and any place I want it."

"Yes, sir," said Pablo emphatically.

“You see,” Randy continued, “I thought it was about time we cleared the air between us, kinda got reacquainted. Ever since my kid brother Ben appeared out of nowhere your nose has been a bit out of joint. I know it was tough for you suddenly feeling you had to compete with my brother, a boy very much like you. Not that you ever complained to me.”

“I didn’t feel I should say anything, sir. Didn’t want to unload my troubles on you.”

“But that’s just the point, boy. You’re becoming a man now and I’m raising you to be like me – well, minus some of the anger, maybe. When I feel bad about something I don’t bottle it up – I charge right in and say it. I want you to be man enough to do that too, especially with me. I love you, boy, and when I had to break up that fight between you and Ben I hated having to punish you both.

“Listen, kid, there’s one thing I want you to remember. You are my boy, my number one boy, my adopted son, and I’m crazy about you. That’s why, in the end, I gave way and didn’t stand in the way of Ben becoming Jason’s boy. Jason’ll be good for him, and I hoped it would make you more secure, make you feel less competitive toward him. You understand that?”

“Yes, sir.” Randy grinned at him again. “Good I’m glad we cleared that up. Now we can enjoy ourselves at the lake. They drove on in silence, feeling more comfortable with each other than ever. Pablo casually reached over and wedged his left hand between Randy’s thighs. It was not an overtly sexual act, he just wanted to feel closer to his master. But he hadn’t realized that Randy’s cock ran down his right leg under his jeans, and Pablo’s fingers automatically curled round the huge bulge.

“Easy, kid,” said Randy. “I’m driving. Save it for the lake.” Pablo withdrew his hand but his own cock was already swelling and soon his fingers were back round the bulge of Randy’s cock, even stroking it lightly as he felt it get hard. “I said cool, it boy,” Randy snapped. “Go stroke your dog, or something.”

“Sorry, sir,” Pablo said, with his familiar crooked, mischievous smile, and without moving his hand. “But I thought you liked it when I did that. See, your cock’s getting real hard.”

It was true, Randy was feeling a familiar heat rising up his legs into his balls. “Goddamit, boy.” He slammed his hands down on the steering wheel and wrenched it to one side, spinning the truck off the road and onto a dirt track leading into the forest. Startled, Pablo withdrew his hand and sat with his hands folded demurely in his lap. But it was too late – Randy’s blood was up – and flooding into his cock. The truck screeched to a halt under a stand of trees. Randy jumped from the truck, strode round the other side and yanked open Pablo’s door.

“Out,” he barked. Billy leapt to the ground and Randy reached in and pulled Pablo out by the scruff of his T-shirt. He hauled him round to the back of the truck, pulled down the tailgate and pulled himself up backwards so he was sitting on the tailboard, leaning back against the rowboat tide down on the flatbed. Pablo was left standing, facing him, a bit scared by Randy’s

sudden change of mood. He watched as Randy yanked open his jeans and pulled out his massive beer-can cock, hard as iron.

“You see this, boy?” he growled. “You’re responsible for this so now you eat it.”

“Yes, sir,” Pablo said obediently and, resting his hands on the tailgate he leaned forward and slid his mouth over the huge rod, swallowing it down his throat with practiced efficiency. Randy reached forward and clamped his hands over his boy’s head. He pressed it down hard onto his cock, then pulled it back and rammed it down again. It was a savage face-fuck, the kind that thrilled Pablo who swallowed hard, trying desperately not to choke. He knew his master’s cock well having sucked it countless times, so when he felt it shudder he braced himself for the sudden blast of semen slamming down his throat.

“Nah!” Randy pulled out his cock leaving the boy gasping. “Not like that. You got me all fired up, boy and you’re gonna get the whole works. Stand up.” Pablo pushed himself back off the tailboard and stared into his master’s blazing eyes. “Take the shirt off.” Instantly Pablo yanked his shirt over his head and tossed it aside. Randy was leaning back on one elbow, stroking his cock with his free hand. “Flex for me.”

Pablo put on a show, posing like a professional, knowing what turned his master on. “Oh, yeah,” Randy moaned, “yeah, that looks hot – you’re coming along just fine, kid. Beautiful. Now turn around – show me your back.” Pablo obeyed, pressing his hands into his hips and flaring his lats. They were nicely ripped, but what had Randy’s attention now was the perfectly molded bulge in the shorts. Intuitively Pablo put his hands in his shorts’ pockets and pulled them forward, stretching the fabric tight over the mounds of his ass.

Randy stopped stroking his cock to prevent an orgasm. “Drop the shorts.” Immediately Pablo complied and stood naked, his shorts round his ankles. “Holy shit, that’s an ass that could make grown men weep.” Randy jumped down from the truck and ran his hands lovingly over the flawless white globes. “Hell, I remember when Mark and me first rescued you from those thugs in the desert. We both drooled when we saw that ass and I knew I had to own it.”

He pressed his cock against the boy and it slid upward, crushed between his own stomach and the ass cheeks. He moved it up and down against the crack and moaned, “Man, my cock feels good. It belongs in your ass. You want it, don’t you boy? You wanna take your master’s pole in your ass?”

“Yes, sir. Please, sir. Please fuck me, sir.”

Randy spun him around and clamped his hands round his waist. He lifted him off the ground, held him up high and shouted, “You’re mine, kiddo, my number one boy – and I’m gonna fuck your gorgeous young ass.” His muscles rippled as he held the boy, then threw him down on his back on a patch of grass. Billy, who been sitting quietly watching, half rose from his

haunches ready to spring to his master's defense. But he sat down again, a growl dying in his throat. This was his master's master and he knew he would not harm the boy.

Pablo pulled up his legs from behind his knees, offering his ass to the swarthy King of the Gypsies. "That's it, boy, show me your ass," Randy said, pulling off his T-shirt and revealing his chiseled torso. He dropped to his knees and fell forward, supporting himself with his hands beside the boy's head, his stiff rod touching the hole of his ass. He smiled down at Pablo.

"This is what you want kiddo – it's what you always want. Here it comes...." He slammed his cock deep into the boy's ass and Pablo's mouth opened in a soundless scream. He was used to the pain, which dissolved in an instant as soon as his master began hammering his ass. He reached up and ran his hands over the slabs of Randy's chest and, as the pounding continued, he rolled his nipples in his fingers and started to squeeze them hard.

"You little fucker," Randy grinned. "OK, kid, you asked for it." The fuck was ferocious, and Pablo tried to inflict maximum pain in Randy's chest. Their bodies were alive, on fire, as the pain and the passion intensified. Pablo stared up into the steel blue eyes and groaned, "Sir, I can't I can't aagh...!" His cock blasted a ribbon of cum up so high it splashed into Randy's face, just as Randy's cock exploded in his boy's ass. Their bodies shuddered as their cocks kept pumping juice, but at last Randy fell on top of his boy and kissed his face, his eyes and his mouth, grinding their lips together ravenously.

Finally Randy pulled back, his eyes gleaming, and said, "Shit damn, I love you, boy. You're a sensational fuck you and Bob are the best." Pablo beamed with pride at being compared with the spectacular Bob. "And that's just the beginning, kiddo. I'm gonna take you to the lake and we're gonna do a whole lot of fishing and a whole lot of fucking. I'm your master and I'm gonna prove it. Man, you don't know what I've got in store for you. You ready?"

"Yes, sir, of course. I'm the boss's boy, sir."

Randy hauled him up to his feet, Pablo pulled up his shorts and they both stuffed their cocks back into their pants. Randy led Pablo to the truck and pushed him inside, then walked round and jumped in behind the wheel.

"Hey," Pablo said, "where's Billy?" The dog had sat calmly watching the whole show and now he was ambling around sniffing at the spot where Pablo had lain and got fucked. He lifted his leg and pissed long and hard on the very spot. Then he leapt into the truck beside Pablo.

As Randy turned the truck around he grinned. "Never fails. That damn dog of yours always has to have the last word."

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Chapter 186 – Randy & Pablo – Man & Boy

The rest of the drive continued in a comfortable silence. Pablo again slid his hand between Randy's thighs, resting it lightly on his jeans, but this time the action did not lead to an explosion of lust as it had before. They had released the sexual tension in their loins and could now relax, though Pablo always had a semi-erection in his shorts when sitting next to his master.

Randy appeared to be deep in thought and at one point, almost absent-mindedly, he touched Pablo's hand and said quietly, "When we're up there, kiddo, there's something important I need to discuss with you." Then he fell silent again, leaving Pablo in a state of some apprehension. He was afraid of any change between them as, right now, he felt as happy as he could ever be.

But the excitement of arriving at the lake cleared any such anxiety from his mind. They bumped over the long dirt trail through the trees and came to a halt at the clearing and small beach that had long been a secret hideaway of Randy's that they had come to regard as their own. There was not another soul for miles.

In a burst of activity they unloaded their gear and Pablo helped Randy lift the rowboat off the truck. Even Billy joined in, leaping onto the flatbed and dragging his own special blanket down onto the ground at the back of the beach. "Creature of habit, that dog," Randy laughed.

He stood back and watched Pablo's earnest face as he worked energetically to sort out their gear on the beach, always trying to prove himself to his hero. His heart went out to the boy and a wave of man-to-boy love swept over him. He walked forward and pulled the boy into his arms, holding him tight for long seconds. No words were spoken – none were needed.

It was already hot, with the late-morning sun blazing out of a cloudless blue sky, and Randy said, "OK, last man in the water gets his ass fucked." Instantly they stripped naked, which gave Pablo an advantage as he was in shorts and sneakers while Randy had to take off boots and jeans. So Pablo was in the lead as he made a dash for the water, but Randy's powerful strides soon overtook him and the big man launched his body in a long dive into the water an instant before his boy.

They stroked out to deeper water, with Billy barking madly from the beach. Randy turned round to confront Pablo and pushed his head playfully under the water. When he broke surface again and took deep spluttering breaths, Pablo stammered, "You win, sir. Do I get fucked now?" and he pressed his naked ass against Randy's cock.

"Later, kid," Randy laughed. "Don't worry, you're gonna get your ass fucked good, but I don't want this trip to be nothing but a fuckfest. There's stuff we have to discuss – not to mention fish to catch. Let's get the boat." They ran out of the water, pulled on swim trunks, then dragged the boat to the water's edge. They loaded their fishing gear, a six-pack of beer and a boisterous Billy into the boat. Pablo jumped in and grabbed the oars while Randy shoved the boat into the water and leapt in.

In just a few minutes they were anchored in the middle of the lake, fishing lines stretched over the side. Master and boy lay together on their backs in the stern, Pablo resting his head on Randy's outstretched arm, while Billy sat up front, his head resting on the side, tongue hanging out, gazing lazily at the birds swooping over the still water.

Again Pablo said, "Good, ain't it, sir." Randy edged closer to him. "The best, kiddo."

Pablo felt he was in paradise as he lay with the man he worshipped as mentor, master and dad. They lay for a long time, just enjoying the closeness, but then a niggling thought surfaced that Pablo had been storing in the back of his mind – the 'serious subject' Randy had mentioned. "Sir," he said, breaking the peaceful silence. "Earlier you said there was something important you wanted to discuss with me."

Randy stirred. "Yeah, right well this is a good a time as any, I guess. Why don't you break out the beer?" They sat astride one of the bench seats facing each other and Pablo unscrewed the tops of two beers. He gazed into Randy's steady blue eyes, waiting a little nervously. Randy took a deep breath and began.

"You know that Bob and me, and Zack and Mark are the directors of the construction company. Well we had a long meeting before we left and made some major decisions about the company. Thing is, it's grown so big lately with four sites and a fifth about to come on line, and we feel it's become a bit unwieldy. Companies that grow fast tend to do that. The chain of command is muddled, so we decided to split the company into several divisions.

"On the operations side I'll still be the boss with Zack as my second-in-command and Darius my assistant. But the mechanical maintenance, the heavy machinery, will become its own division – and you'll be in charge. I've watched you work, kiddo, and nobody knows those trucks, bulldozers and all the rest like you do, but with five sites there's a shitload of work and you're stretched too thin. So you're gonna have to hire some new workers to help you.

"What about Ben, sir?"

"Yeah, I've watched him too and he seems to really love the work and helping you. How do you think he's doing?"

"He's come along great, sir. He has a real knack for it and he's gonna be a great mechanic."

"Right, so he's gonna be your assistant, sometimes working on his own when you're on other sites. Now, you'll be reporting directly to me, but you're gonna have to get involved in procuring new machines, leasing, budgets, hiring, and you'll be liaising with Jamie on all that stuff. Bob is

the big money man, of course, working with the banks, but he wants to create a finance division – budgets, personnel, a shit load of stuff and put Jamie in charge. You get on OK with Jamie?

“We’re good buddies,” Pablo said. “He’s real solid – takes after Mark, always real calm, and keeps me calm when I flare up – as I do, sir, just like you. I guess most of us boys become like our masters, don’t we, sir?”

“I like to think so,” grinned Randy. “Anyway, all this is part of my big plan for you, boy. If all goes well I eventually want to spin off the maintenance into a separate company – and it’ll be your company. With a big enough staff you can even contract with other outfits and do their maintenance too. Think you’ll be able to handle something like that, kid?”

Pablo’s eyes were shining. “With you backing me, sir, I know I can.”

“Good, so we’ll see how things go. But I warn you, if you fuck up I’ll whip your ass.”

“And if I don’t fuck up and I do real good, sir?”

Randy smiled. “I’ll still whip your ass.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Pablo with his trademark crooked grin. Suddenly it all sank in and he threw himself forward, pulling Randy into a tight hug that gave them both hard-ons. “I’m so happy, sir. I don’t know how to thank you.

“I do,” grinned Randy, stroking the bulge in his swim trunks. He reached forward and pulled Pablo’s shorts down over his cock that sprang out rock hard.

Randy stood up, balancing himself in the gently rocking boat. He pulled off his swim trunks and stood naked astride the bench facing Pablo, still sitting astride it, his face now inches from the thick club swinging between his master’s legs. “OK, boy, you wanna thank me? Go for it.”

Pablo leaned forward and gripped Randy’s muscular thighs to steady himself. He was salivating as his face bent close and closer. Almost there he stopped to gaze at the long horse-dick and ball-sack, hanging from the bush of wiry black pubic hair. He inhaled deeply, savoring the musky smell of the sweaty crotch. He had to have it, to taste it, to give pleasure to the man he worshipped.

He stretched out his tongue and touched the tip of the cock, tasting the first hint of pre-cum. Then he ran his tongue up the length of the shaft feeling it grow stiff against his mouth. He heard the deep voice growl, “Come on, boy, eat it go for the balls. Pablo swooped under the now-rigid cock, opened his mouth wide and sucked in both of the musky balls. His mouth

was jammed full and he had to stop himself choking, breathing through his nose. When his mouth relaxed he rolled the balls round inside it, squeezing them, pulling on the ball-sac.

“Shit that feels good,” Randy groaned. He reached forward, grabbed his boy’s head and took charge. He pressed it hard against his balls so Pablo’s nose was pressed into the sweaty tangle of pubic hair. Then suddenly Randy yanked the boy’s head off his balls, howling with the jolt of pain as his nuts were squeezed and plopped out through the tight lips. He grabbed Pablo’s hair in one hand and his own stiff rod on the other.

“I know you’d like me to pound your mouth with this rod, boy, but not this time. This time it’s to show you how much I love you, kiddo.” Gently he pulled Pablo’s head forward by the hair and his mouth opened wide to take in the beer-can-thick pole. Pablo felt it sink slowly to the back of his throat, rest there a while, then pull slowly back and pause. Pablo raised his eyes upward and saw the swarthy gypsy face gazing down at him. “Man, it feels so damn hot fucking my boy’s fine young face. You like it like this, kiddo?”

Pablo managed to nod slightly and mumble, even though his mouth was crammed full of his master’s meat. Randy began a slow sensuous fuck of his mouth, pausing often to tease the boy, making him desperate to feel the cock slide in deep again. Randy was a master at using his cock to drive a man wild.

When the head touched the membrane at the back of his mouth Pablo felt the bitter-sweet taste of pre-cum trickling down his throat. His face pressed against Randy’s damp pubic hair, he inhaled deeply through his nose, intoxicated by the musky smell of man-sweat. He swallowed hard, squeezing his throat muscles round the thick pole. He was mesmerized by the touch, the smell and the taste of this spectacular man, his master, the man he worshipped.

Randy now had his hands round his boy’s head, moving it slowly back and forth on his cock. Pablo reached round and cupped his hands over his master’s naked ass, pulling it toward him and watching the slim hips move forward. He felt Randy’s cock throb in his mouth and knew what came next. He heard Randy’s low voice. “That’s your master’s cock making love to you, boy. Now you’re gonna show your dad how much you love him by drinking his juice and shooting your load without touching your cock. Here it comes, boy..... here it comes.”

“Aaah,” he sighed deeply as his cum began to pour down his boy’s throat. Pablo swallowed hard and fast, his muscles clenching tight as if he were squeezing the cum from his master’s cock. He was in heaven, here in the middle of the lake, servicing this glorious man, drinking hot liquid from his cock while his own cock blasted a load onto the bench before him. His cock drained, Randy pulled it out of Pablo’s mouth and sat down astride the bench facing him.

“God I love you, boy,” he said. He pulled his head forward and locked their open lips together, sucking the cum from Pablo’s mouth as they breathed the same air back and forth.

Eventually Randy stood up, pulled a blanket out of the small aft locker and spread it on the floor of the boat. "Look what you do to me, boy," he said stroking his still-hard cock. "Shit, I can't get enough of you, kid you drive me crazy." Pablo, ever the perfect boy, always anticipating his master's needs, scrambled off the bench and lay on his back on the blanket.

Sitting quietly in the prow of the boat Billy watched his two masters attentively, his head cocked to one side. Whenever they fucked he knew never to intervene, but curiosity always kept his gaze riveted on the action. Now he saw Pablo grab his legs behind the knees and pull them back, displaying his ass to the rugged muscle-stud towering naked over him.

"Damn that ass," Randy growled. "I'm a fucking slave to it." Then he asked the familiar question. "What do you want from me, boy?"

"Please, sir, I want to feel my master's cock inside me. I want you to fuck my ass, sir."

Randy dropped to his knees and leaned forward, pinning Pablo's wrists to the floor above his head and pressing the head of his stiff rod between the perfect white globes of his ass. "OK, boy, you thanked me by sucking my dick and drinking my jism. Now I'm gonna thank you for being the finest boy a man could have. I love you, kiddo." Gently he eased his hips forward and felt the head of his cock pass over the sphincter and into the soft warmth of the young ass. He paused and asked, "You want it all, boy?"

"Yes please, sir." Pablo felt the exquisite sensation of his master's cock sliding slowly into his ass, past the sensitive velvet membrane, deeper and deeper until it passed over the inner sphincter and came to rest in the innermost cavity. Pablo gazed up at the swarthy gypsy face staring down at him the long black hair falling over his forehead, high cheekbones, square, stubbled jaw and the eyes the steel blue eyes like lasers boring into his.

Pablo had a sudden impulse to touch his shuddering cock and struggled to get free, but Randy effortlessly held his wrists tight. "God, I love to see you struggle like that, boy. But you know it's hopeless – you're in my power, my prisoner – always will be. I'm your master, I own you, and I'm gonna make love to your ass."

Pablo was overwhelmed with emotion and tears sprang to his eyes. He felt the long pole pull out of his ass, pause, then push gently back inside. Nobody knew how to fuck like Randy. He could use his cock as a battering ram, pile-driving a man's ass until he begged for mercy. But sometimes, as now, he could use it to make exquisite love – to tease, tantalize, enthrall, drive a man wild with desire. Pablo could hardly believe that this thrilling man was his master and that he was here, in the silence of the lake, making love to him.

The tears now flowed from his eyes and ran down his cheeks as he moaned quietly, "Thank you sir. I love you I love you so much." Randy said nothing – just smiled down at his boy and continued to massage his ass with his long, hard cock. It was as if they were drifting beyond

time and space, master and boy making love, floating on the gentle swell of the lake in a world of water and sky.

Pablo was on such an emotional high that tears continued to flow. He closed his eyes and suddenly felt a long warm tongue licking his tears. He looked up and saw Billy's face up close, felt his hot breath as he tried to comfort his weeping master. He heard Randy chuckle, "It's OK, Billy, he's not sad. He's doing just fine. That right boy?"

Reassured, Billy withdrew to his seat in the prow and Pablo gazed up at Randy. "That's right, sir being with you, your cock inside me, it's just" but he choked up. He was on such a high that he never wanted it to end, and he felt a stab of fear. "Sir, I'll always be your boy won't I? Even when I'm more grown up and have a company of my own, you'll still make me feel like this, won't you, sir?"

"Hey, you're stuck with me, kiddo. Feel this." He pressed Pablo's wrists down hard on the blanket in a vise-like grip. "You're mine, boy – I'll always be your master and I'll fuck you and make love whenever I want. You'll see – when you're grown up it'll be even hotter. Get used to it – this is your life now, kid. And right now what I want is to bust my load in your ass."

Randy moved his hands from Pablo's wrists to the blanket beside his head, still gazing at him, still rhythmically sliding his cock deep in his warm ass. Free now, Pablo reached up and ran his hands gently over the swarthy face, hypnotized by the pale blue eyes. He stroked his neck, then rested his palms against the square slabs of his master's contoured pecs. "Please, sir," he said in a trance. "I think I have to cum, sir. Please help me, sir."

"Whatever you say, kiddo." Pablo felt the huge rod shudder in his ass, felt hot juice flow into him as his own cock shot a ribbon of cum up to the big man's chest. For a moment there was silence, then Randy's powerful voice echoed across the lack – "I love you, boy! Aaagh!" He threw his head back with a primitive howl, like a wild coyote baying at the moon.

Then he fell forward and covered his boy's body with his own, their cheeks pressing together, breaths heaving in complete harmony. The intense emotion had exhausted them. There were no more words, just the feel of each other's naked bodies, then silence and sleep. Billy did not take his eyes off them even as he flopped onto his belly and rested his head on his outstretched paws. He watched them intently until, lulled by the gentle rocking of the boat, even his eyes became heavy and finally closed.

And there they all slept, in a rowboat riding silently at anchor in the middle of the lake – a man and his boy and his dog.

The soothing motion of the boat was suddenly interrupted by a tug to one side. The fishing line went taut, causing Billy to growl and Randy to stir. "Hey, kiddo," he said. "Wake up. I do

believe that's lunch." He realized his cock was still inside Pablo's ass and eased it out gently, causing Pablo to stir with a sleepy "mmm".

Randy knelt at the side of the boat and checked the line. Pablo, quickly wide awake, tugged the line on the other side and shouted, "This one too sir." He hauled in a heavy largemouth bass and displayed it to Randy, who compared it with the bass he had just reeled in. "Oh," Pablo said, disappointed, "Yours is bigger than mine, sir."

"You can say that again, kid," Randy grinned looking down at the long thick club swinging between his legs. Pablo opened his eyes wide and licked his lips hungrily. "So what are we having for lunch, sir?"

"The fish, asshole. We'll save the other thing for desert."

"Mmm, Swiss roll," Pablo deadpanned. "My favorite."

Randy smacked his boy lightly round the head. "You're getting way too full of yourself, kiddo. Just because you're a sensational fuck. Now just for that you get to row ashore let's see how fast you can do it."

Randy was always challenging his boy and Pablo loved proving his strength. He pulled up the anchor, sat down and grabbed the oars. Randy sat in the stern facing him, his arms folded like the slave-master in a galley, urging him to row faster. A smile crossed his face as he watched his tough, eager kid flexing his muscles, his arms and shoulders bulging as he pulled frantically on the oars. Billy stood up in the prow like an ancient figurehead, his ears flying backward, as the boat skimmed over the water and soon crunched up on the beach.

"Not bad, kiddo," Randy said, "not bad at all. From now on you're the official oarsman. Now let's get this show on the road, I'm fucking starving." They hauled the boat up the beach and unloaded the fish and their gear. Randy pulled out of his backpack two pairs of old, thin boxer shorts and threw one pair to Pablo. Wearing only the shorts, they hauled the small barbecue from the back of the truck and Pablo set to work on the coals while Randy cleaned the fish and Billy sniffed around waiting for scraps.

It was a scene of quiet domesticity, but for master and boy it was almost as good as sex (though not quite). Pablo loved being alone with his hero, working alongside him, feeling his flesh brush against his, and it was pure happiness that made his cock strain against the thin fabric of his shorts. Pablo put the foil-wrapped potatoes on the grill and Randy produced the fish. But they were getting in each other's way and Pablo said, "Hey, you're cramping my style here, sir. Why don't you crack open a beer, relax over there and watch the master chef at work?" He loved putting on a show when Randy was watching him.

Randy, often so keyed up, now relaxed totally. He sat on the ground leaning against a tree, swigging beer and watching Pablo go to work at the barbecue, his hands skimming and back

and forth over it like he was playing a Giant Wurlitzer. His athletic young body moved gracefully, his bright-eyed face concentrated intently on his task, and Randy's heart went out to the boy who was trying so hard to please him.

His heart wasn't the only organ that stirred, and he rubbed his hand over the bulge in his shorts. He had a side-on view of the boy, of the mounds of his perfect ass straining against the thin shorts, accentuating his slim waist and muscular thighs. The bulge under the front of his shorts suddenly brushed against the warm barbecue, causing a loud "Ouch!" But instantly he grinned over at Randy and said, "Not to worry, sir. No damage done."

"Good, 'cause I'm gonna need that later." That sent another frisson through Pablo's cock, though he wasn't sure what Randy meant.

Soon the meal was ready and, after dishing up a bowl of dog food for Billy, Pablo served up the food on the beach and all three of them sat together wolfing it all down. The conversation was dominated by Pablo who, in his mind, was already firmly in his position as Director of Maintenance. Randy listened, amused and impressed, by his boy's enthusiasm.

"See, sir, the guys I hire are gonna have to want to work with us not only for the money but because they love big machines and engines. And I'll try to assign each of them to just one or two of the sites so they get familiar with the equipment. See machines are like people, sir, you really got to get to know them.... and even then they surprise you." He smiled his crooked smile. "Just like you, sir."

Randy grinned, knowing that he still had a few surprises in store for his boy. "By the way, sir," Pablo rattled on, "that backhoe on site three is on its last legs – I'll have to get together with Jamie and see if it's best to buy or lease a new one." And so the stream of consciousness continued until even Pablo ran out of words.

"Very impressive, kiddo," said Randy, finally getting a word in edgewise. "I can see I'm gonna have to be careful or my maintenance director's gonna steal *my* job." Pablo grinned and looked down at Randy's shorts. "It's not your job I want, sir."

"Asshole," Randy grinned, pulling Pablo beside him. They lay together, Randy's arm round his boy, Pablo resting his head on Randy's shoulder. They sighed with utter contentment and Randy became nostalgic.

"You know, I still remember that day at that rundown gas station in the desert when Mark and I rescued you from those thugs, the Baxters. My first sight of you was when you were tied up in their dingy garage, body stretched, striped with grease, and wearing those old overalls you still wear. I knew right away I had to waste those fucking bastards and get you free."

"And as I recall, sir you demolished them and left them chained up, screaming for mercy with those serrated jumper cables clamped on their tits."

“Yeah, but here’s something I never told you, kiddo. That first sight I got of you made my cock go stiff in my jeans. You looked so fucking gorgeous straining against those ropes, that muscular young body of yours flexing and rippling under the dim lights. And then when I got a look at your ass bulging inside your overalls……. Shit, if the fucking Baxters hadn’t been there I’d have worked you over myself. I could have shot my load just looking at you.”

Pablo had a confession of his own. “When I saw you burst in there, sir, at first I thought you were one of the bad guys, a biker buddy of the Baxters come to take over from them. But even though I was in real danger, you were the hottest man I’d even seen and my cock got hard waiting for you to start in on me. I hated those guys, but you took my breath away and I would have gladly taken whatever you dished out.”

There was a log silence as Randy stared at his boy, thinking about that time, seeing the young mechanic struggling in bondage. Finally Pablo said, “The Baxters are not here this time, sir – just you and me.”

Without a word Randy stood up, walked over to the truck, pulled a bundle out from behind the seats and threw it over to Pablo. “Here’s another of the surprises you talked about, kid. Pablo picked it up and knew immediately what it was – his old mechanic’s dungarees.

It only took Randy a few minutes before he was sitting back in the ground against a tree, another beer in his hand. But this time Pablo wasn’t next to him. Randy was gazing at him and moaning, “Yeah, that’s it, that’s just how it was. Shit damn, boy, you look so fucking hot.”

It wasn’t the derelict garage in the desert but it looked just as good. Pablo, the young mechanic in old gray greasy dungarees held up by a strap over one shoulder was tied to a tree. His wrists were tied behind his back and there was a rope round his neck. A three-foot length ran from it, the other end tied round the tree. He had some room to maneuver but he was otherwise helpless, at the mercy of the same gypsy biker-stud who had burst into the garage so long ago.

Pablo stood still, staring at the man he had wanted from the first moment he saw him. As if reading his mind Randy said, “Yeah, look at you, boy. That day in the desert I was cheated out of busting my nuts looking at you and working you over. Instead I rescued you from those thugs, told you get behind me on my motorbike and to hang on tight as it was gonna be a long ride. And I still remember what you said ‘I’ll hang on tight to you as long as you like, sir.’ So I took you home, made you my boy and adopted you, so that scared young mechanic I had first seen in tied up in a garage would always be mine to do what I like with.”

“Yes, sir,” Pablo whispered.

Randy leapt to his feet and yelled, "What, boy? I can't hear you boy. I said I can do whatever I like to you."

"Sir, yes sir," Pablo shouted. "I'm yours, sir, to use however you want, sir."

"That's better, boy." Randy took another long slug of beer, then wiped his mouth with the back of his fist. He paced around the beach keeping his eyes on the young mechanic, rubbing the bulge in his shorts with his free hand. Pablo saw the blue eyes flashing, the body tense, muscles flexing, and he knew what that meant. In this state Randy was as much animal as man, a stallion pawing the ground, nostrils steaming, before the charge. Deep down Pablo knew he was safe but the sight of this muscular gypsy glaring at him sent a frisson of fear through him. It was as if they were back in the gas station – except now they were alone.

Randy drained his beer, threw away the bottle and came close. He ran his big hand over the boy's face, over the forehead, the neck and cheeks, and Pablo had a moment of panic that he was going to hit him. But Randy grabbed his hair and pulled his head back, their faces inches apart. "I'm gonna let you off easy for now, boy, just so long as you do exactly what I say so I get my rocks off."

He ran his hands over Pablo's chest and squeezed his tits, making him inhale sharply. Then he reached round him and squeezed his hard, round butt. "Oh shit, boy, that is fucking gorgeous. Man, you are gonna get that ass ploughed over and over, and I warn you, I fuck hard." Finally he unhooked the single strap at Pablo's shoulder and let it fall, so the young mechanic was naked to the waist, his dungarees hanging loosely round his hips.

Pablo braced for an expected blow of some kind but nothing. Instead Randy walked back across the small beach and leaned against a tree staring intently at the nervous mechanic. "I said I wanna get my rocks off, boy, but this time you're gonna do all the work. You gotta turn me on, boy – make me bust my load."

Pablo knew exactly what to do – what turned his master on the most. He craned his head round trying to see his roped hands behind his back. He tugged at them, trying to pull them apart, growing quickly more frantic. He paced around, as much as the rope round his neck would permit, then tried to walk farther, jerking his head forward in a vain attempt to snap the rope. His frenzy increased, his attempts to get free became ever more desperate.

"Holy shit," Randy breathed, "that is fucking spectacular." He rubbed the bulge in his shorts with one hand, and twisted his nipple with the other as he watched the young, shirtless mechanic, his dungarees hanging round his waist, his muscles flexing and straining as he paced desperately, tugging at the ropes round his wrists and neck. His handsome features twisted in pain and his black hair flew as his face jerked from side to side. As his arms strained behind him his shoulders and biceps bulged and his chest heaved.

Through narrowed eyes Pablo saw Randy reach into his shorts, pull his massive cock out over the waistband, clamp his fist round it and start to stroke the long shaft from head to balls. That sight made Pablo groan and redouble his frantic efforts. Now it was real he was desperate to touch his master, kneel before him, wrap his mouth round his cock. Tears of frustration welled in his eyes, as he struggled in helpless bondage.

Randy dropped his shorts and, still stroking his cock, walked toward the young bound mechanic. "Man you're driving my cock wild. It's bursting to shoot, but not until I see you bust your own load." He reached into Pablo's dungarees and pulled out his rigid cock.

Pablo knew what he had to do but he couldn't do it, despite his hard-on and despite the erotic sight of the rugged gypsy standing right before him ordering him to cum. It was not so much that he had already cum so often already. It was the frustration that his bondage had not involved any real pain. He had waited for his master to hurt him, longed for it, and he knew that pain would release the juice building in his balls.

"You little punk," growled Randy, his eyes flashing with anger. He knew his boy well and knew what he was waiting for. "OK, asshole, you asked for it." He strode over to the truck and reached into the glove compartment. He came back to face the boy who winced with fear. "This is gonna hurt, boy, until I see jizz spurting from that cock of yours." Pablo gasped as he saw the serrated alligator clips Randy was holding. He held his breath as his master clamped them over his nipples then howled when he felt the first stab of pain radiate over his chest.

In truth the pain was not extreme.... Randy had not chosen the most brutal set of clips, the kind he would have used on a beaten enemy. But Pablo had to flex his pecs hard to ease the pain that seared his nipples and made his eyes water. He stared desperately at the dark, stubbled face and saw in it what many a terrified rival had seen before – a savage – a man who always got his way.

Pablo instinctively struggled harder, desperate to free his hands and pull the clips off. He braced for more pain from his master, but he was shocked to see the big man drop to his knees in front of him. He leaned back on his haunches, his magnificent naked body flexing as he gazed up at his boy and pounded his meat. "OK, you're my boy and I can make you do whatever I want, right?"

"Yes, sir," Pablo stammered through a haze of pain in his chest.

"So do it, boy, I'm ordering you. I wanna feel your jism all over my body and in my face. I wanna drink your juice, boy. So do it Now!"

Pablo flew into a world of pure lust. He gazed down at his spectacular master on his knees, leaning back on one elbow, pounding his cock with his free hand, offering his muscular body for his boy to anoint with semen. The pain in the boy's tits disappeared, replaced by a burning sensation that spread over this entire body, shooting up his legs, into his balls, his cock and

“Aaagh” exploding in a shower of semen that splashed down onto his master. A second stream slammed into his face, into his open mouth, and Randy gulped it down, swallowing his boy’s warm sweet juice.

When Pablo’s body stopped trembling and his cock ran dry, the pain suddenly returned to his chest and he moaned loudly. Randy leapt to his feet and slowly, gently squeezed open the clips, hearing his boy gasp as the serrated edge broke clear of the flesh. He leaned forward and licked Pablo’s nipples tenderly, making the residual pain fade away. Randy’s mouth was still full of cum and he pressed it over Pablo’s, sharing the pungent taste between them.

Eventually Randy pulled back and smiled at Pablo. “Not bad, eh boy?” Pablo’s eyes sparkled. “Awesome, sir. Thank you. You are totally awesome.”

They went for a swim, a lazy swim as they were winding down from all the sexual activity of the day so far – Pablo getting fucked on the drive up here, getting fucked again in the boat, then roped to a tree and splashing semen into his master’s mouth. Nevertheless, their sexual antennae were still tuned to high, as evidenced during their swim.

Randy playfully rubbed the back of his hands against Pablo’s still-raw nipples under the water, making the boy gasp and his cock spring to life. He grabbed a piece of driftwood, rested his arms over it and sighed as Randy swam up behind him. He felt the hard rod press against his ass underwater, then slide into it. Randy reached round his chest and gently rubbed the back of his fingers against the boy’s nipples while they floated on the gentle swell. And that’s all it took. In less than a minute Randy’s juice was flowing into Pablo’s ass and the boy watched as his own cum floated to the surface of the water.

“Shit,” Randy said, after they had left the water, dried off and settled down to beer and snacks, watching the sun begin to sink toward the surface of the lake. “I said I didn’t want this weekend to become a fuckfest, but I can’t keep my hands off you, kiddo, or my dick out of your ass.”

“You haven’t heard me complain, sir,” Pablo grinned. He got up to prepare dinner and the rest of the day could only be described as mellow. After dinner they took Billy for a walk through the woods, then decided to call it a day and turn in. The night was warm and the full moon began to rise over the lake turning the water to silver. Billy sank down with a contented sigh on his own blanket and the two men lay together naked on their big, soft quilt on the sand. But they both had an impulse that, before they slept, they needed to vent their lust one last time.

“Kiddo,” Randy said, “you’ve done so much for me today, given me your ass over and over, there’s something special I want to do for you, something to show you just how much I love you.” Pablo looked at him with wide-open questioning eyes. “What, sir?”

Randy smiled at him. “I want my boy to fuck his master’s ass.”

Pablo gasped but Randy put his finger to the boy's lips to silence him. Everything was quiet now except for a breeze rustling the leaves, and the moon bathed them in an ethereal light. "It's perfect," said Randy softly. His body tingling, Pablo pulled himself up and knelt between his master's legs. He pushed them up, pressed his hard cock into the thicket of black hair round the hole and said, "I love you, sir." Easing his hips forward his cock slid easily into Randy's ass, then pulled back and drove in again.

It felt unreal Pablo who had been ploughed so many times was now fucking his master's ass. He gazed into the smiling blue eyes, leaned forward and rested his palms on the mounds of Randy's chest. Randy licked his own fingers, reached up and gently stroked Pablo's still-tender nipples. Even Billy opened his eyes at the unusual sight of a boy fucking his master. As he gazed into Randy's dark rugged face Pablo was seized with the kind of raw, animal lust that Randy felt when he worked on a man's ass, the power that made him such an incredible fuck. Randy saw that light dawn in his boy's eyes and he said, "Do it, boy the way I would."

Pablo reared back, let one of Randy legs drop and pushed the other high in the air so he could look down and see his cock driving into his master's ass. The fuck became ferocious, his cock a pile-driver and Pablo threw his head back and howled at the moon. His body shuddered, his eyes opened wide and he shouted, "I love you, sir I love you!" His juice erupted in Randy's ass as Randy pumped his cock and spurted cum over his own heaving body.

After he had emptied his load into Randy Pablo fell forward into his outstretched arms. "Thank you, sir ... thank you." Randy grinned, "You did great, kid. Just the way I would do it." He twisted onto his side so that Pablo was lying behind him, his cock still buried in his master's ass. It was only then that exhaustion caught up with them. Close by, Billy closed his eyes with a heavy 'show's-over' sigh. Randy grinned, "He's got the right idea, kiddo. Sleep."

But it wasn't so easy for Pablo whose cock still tingled in the warm ass, and he kept wriggling against Randy's back. Randy growled drowsily, "I said go to sleep, boy. That's an order."

And, as always, Pablo obeyed.

While Randy and Pablo were in the wilderness, another man and his boy were in an environment that could not have been more different. Mark had taken Jamie away for the weekend headed to San Diego, and on the drive down Jamie had talked excitedly about the new plans for the company where Jamie would become the finance manager, reporting to Bob.

Mark had been involved in the decision making and had pushed for Jamie's promotion, and he was happy to sit back and listen to his boy's enthusiastic plans. "Yeah," Mark said when he could get a word in sideways, "I was thinking that this calls for a real celebration, which is why I decided to change our plans and made you dress up a bit." They were both neatly dressed in

jeans and Polo shirts, with slacks and jackets stowed in their luggage. “This weekend we’re gonna live it up, kiddo. You deserve it.”

So they didn’t make it as far as San Diego. Instead, a few miles south of Laguna Beach, Mark pulled off Coast Highway and drove down a long, palm-fringed driveway, ending up at the grand entrance to the Ritz Carlton in Laguna Niguel. “Wow,” said Jamie, gazing out at the well-manicured forecourt and the uniformed attendants serving the well-heeled guests.

The staff were used to seeing Mercedes and Jaguars sweep up to the door, and the snooty ones among them frowned at the unusual sight of a truck drawing to a halt. But their attitude changed as they saw who got out – a tall, handsome man with a muscular build, blond hair and the stunning profile of a Greek god. With him was a young man, maybe in his late teens, who was a junior version of his companion – a beautiful boy with his youthful, finely etched features, unruly blond hair and athletic build. They caused quite a stir on the forecourt and a young attendant rushed forward. “Welcome, sirs. Allow me to take your luggage.”

Heads turned as Mark and Jamie walked across the marble lobby to reception, where a clearly impressed, attractive young man welcomed them and checked his computer. “They’re all gorgeous,” Jamie whispered. “Yeah,” Mark grinned, “they hire them for their looks.”

“Sir,” the receptionist said, “I would be happy to offer you an upgrade to an ocean-front suite with balcony on the top floor. We are pleased to provide it to our special guests. With an accent on the ‘special’ he gave Mark and Jamie a dazzling smile.

Once inside their spacious room Jamie ran to the window stepped onto the balcony and gazed at the sweeping ocean view. “Wow,” he kept saying. “Look at that huge pool down there.”

Mark put his arm round him. “Impressive, eh, kid?” I thought you’d like it. It’s the same place Bob brings Randy sometimes when he feels that his man should shed the grease and grime of the construction site, lose his dirty tank top and become civilized. Though I gotta say Randy in a blazer and slacks looks like a fish out of water. You know what they always say – you can take the guy out of the construction site

“..... but you can’t take the construction site out of the guy,” Jamie laughed. “But that’s why Randy’s so incredibly hot, why Bob’s so crazy about him.” Suddenly a light dawned on Jamie. “Sir, is this the place where Bob and Randy met that Italian pool-boy? Darius tells the story often and it gets sexier every time. He even knows the guy’s name – Mario I think.”

“Yeah, this is the place,” Mark grinned. “Talking of which, why don’t we go down to the pool and have lunch there. Your board shorts will be fine.”

A short while later they were lounging on chaises, drinks by their side. Many eyes focused on the two men in swim trunks with flawless muscular bodies, their handsome faces turned up to

the sun, their eyes closed. Jamie felt he was in a dream, when suddenly they heard a heavily accented Italian voice say, "Buongiorno, gentlemen. Do you have everything you need?"

They opened their eyes and found themselves staring up into a square-jawed handsome young face with high cheek-bones, dark curly black hair and stunning green eyes. He was wearing the informal pool-attendant uniform of white T-shirt and white pants. "Ciao – my name is Mario. If there is anything you need, anything at all, please feel free to call on me."

Mark was the first to recover and said, "As a matter of fact, Mario, we could use another round of drinks when you have a moment." Mario flashed a set of gleaming white teeth set off by his darkly bronzed face. "I have a moment right now, signore. Always for you I will have 'a moment' as you say." Bowing slightly he left and they watched him move smoothly between the chaises toward the bar. "That's him!" said Jamie excitedly. "That's Bob and Randy's guy, Mario – he still works here."

"Yeah, he works it alright, Mark smiled. "Look, he coming back already." They watched as the tall young Italian wended his elegant way back to them bearing a tray with their drinks. His tight white T-shirt and pants left little to the imagination, with his broad shoulders, muscular arms, rounded pecs and very slim waist and hips. As he bent over them to put down their drinks they couldn't miss the long bulge in his pants. And when he turned round and reached up to adjust the umbrella Mark and Jamie rolled their eyes at each other. The round globes of his perfect ass bulged under his tight pants.

Mario smiled at them again. "Signori, if you will be taking dinner in the restaurant later I can enter your name now as reservations fill up quickly."

"No thanks, Mario," said Mark. "I think we'll call room service and have dinner in our room."

"Ah, molto bene," smiled Mario. "After the pool closes I join the room service staff. I know your room number and will make sure I am your waiter if you would like."

"Yes, we would like," Jamie blurted out, and blushed at his own impulsiveness.

"Until later then, signori." Mario flashed another smile and, as he turned to leave, the guys could swear he flexed his ass under his pants. Mark smiled at Jamie's lustful expression. "You want him, kiddo?"

Jamie blushed again. "Well only if you want it too, sir. But do you think he wants us?"

"Are you kidding?" Mark laughed. "He was practically eating us alive. So yeah, it's fine with me – he's a beautiful young man so we'll entertain him together. We'll have fun. It'll be a little adventure for us. You sure you're OK with that?"

"You bet, sir. Absolutely."

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Chapter 187 – Mark, Jamie & the Italian Pool-Boy

Mark and Jamie spent much of the afternoon by the pool, ordering more drinks and a light lunch, which were all served by Mario, despite the fact that there was a fleet of other pool-boys weaving through the chaises attending to guests. It seemed that Mario had designated himself as their sole waiter. His attention to them was always the polished professionalism the hotel was known for, but behind the proficient smile that he bestowed on all the guests they detected an extra gleam in his eyes for them, a subtle hint of intimacy that went beyond simple courtesy.

And on the several occasions they got up and dived into the pool together many gazes were fixed on them, but they couldn't miss the ardent green eyes of the young Italian staring at them. Eventually, as the sun began to get lower in the sky Mark said, "Hey, kid, enough of eating, drinking and lounging. You wanna keep that gorgeous body of yours toned up for me, don't you? So let's go for a run on the beach."

They walked over to the gate and Jamie glanced around to catch another glimpse of Mario but he was busy at the bar concentrating on drinks orders. So Jamie followed Mark down to the long winding path from the cliff top to the beach and they began their jog, splashing through the shallow surf of the long, curving beach.

They ran in silence, Mark full of his usual confidence and pride in his boy, but Jamie with more conflicting thoughts. He loved being out of town with Mark, just the two of them, and the taste of Ritz luxury was the icing on the cake. But he couldn't rid his mind of the sexy Italian his muscular body, square-jawed features, curly black hair and piercing green eyes. The image even caused his cock to swell in his shorts as he ran.

But no, this was not how it was meant to be. His hard-on should be for Mark, not Mario. Did Mark have a hard-on, he wondered, and if so was it for Jamie or the pool-boy? Jamie was in a whirl of confusion. He had told Mark he wanted Mario, and he did, but so did Mark, and who did Mark want most, and which of them did Mario want most? They had never had three-way sex outside of their group, certainly never with a stranger as gorgeous as this... and...

"You OK, Jamie?" Mark's voice broke into Jamie's troubled thoughts and his attention snapped back to the man he idolized, running steadily beside him. "Don't think so much, kiddo. This is our time to relax together. Just go with the flow and everything'll be just fine, you'll see."

Trust Mark to read Jamie's mood so accurately. His words reassured him and he smiled at Mark, saying simply, "Thank you, sir." And they both understood what the thank you was for. Jamie took a deep breath and looked forward to the evening.

When they got back up to the hotel they walked through the pool area where the action was winding down, with only a few guests left. There were only a couple of pool-boys working now and Mario was nowhere to be seen. Jamie didn't know whether to be disappointed or relieved. Maybe it had all been harmless flirting and wouldn't lead to anything anyway. Italians are probably like that, he thought vaguely.

When they got to the room they showered together, which would normally have included sex – at least Jamie on his knees sucking his master's dick – but this time they just hugged and kissed, repressing their sexual urge without really knowing why. Maybe intuitively holding it in reserve for later. They pulled on shorts and T-shirts and Mark ordered drinks from room service.

"Ten minutes," said Mark as he put down the phone. It was a long, mostly silent ten minutes with Jamie's apprehension at seeing Mario again transmitting itself to Mark. When the knock at the door finally came it made them jump. Mark went to the door while Jamie held his breath.

But it wasn't Mario. Instead a distinguished-looking older man wheeled in the drinks cart with a smile and pushed it out onto the terrace. "Going to be a great sunset, gentlemen. Enjoy your drinks, and call us when you're ready to order dinner." Mark signed the bill, tipped him in cash and the waiter left.

He was right about the sunset. Hovering close to the horizon was a string of clouds into which the sun was sinking, setting them on fire with scarlets and golds in contrast to the pale turquoise of the sky, and flaming the tips of the cresting waves. Mark and Jamie sat facing each other on the terrace, Mark poured the drinks and they clinked glasses. "This is the life, eh, kiddo?"

"It sure is," said Jamie. "Thank you for bringing me here, sir." But Mark noticed that the usual effusiveness in his boy was somehow muted, and he guessed why. "OK, Jamie, this is about Mario, isn't it? Come on, level with me. The truth, now."

Jamie looked into Mark's steady eyes and blurted out, "What if you like him more than me, sir?"

Mark took a sharp intake of breath and turned his face to the ocean, controlling the flash of irritation that ran through him. When he turned back to face his boy the annoyance was gone but his expression was serious. "Jamie, people say that there is no such thing as a dumb question, but that was the exception – the dumbest I've heard. I thought you were over that insecurity you've always had about me. Let me make it clear one more time – you are my boy – I love you and you will always be my boy – just you, no one else."

He took a couple of deep breaths to stay calm. "You know, kiddo, I'm beginning to be sorry we ever met the guy if he's gonna get in the way of what should be a perfect time for us. It's not a big deal, after all. The pool boy is just a little adventure for us, a bit of fun, but if he upsets you then we won't see him, it's that simple."

“No, it’s not that sir it’s just that he’s so good-looking, so sexy.”

Mark stood up, grabbed Jamie by the elbow and marched him off the terrace and inside to face the full-length mirrored doors of the closet. He yanked Jamie’s T-shirt off over his head and pointed to the mirror. “What do you see there, boy? Describe it.”

Jamie gulped hard, then stammered, “A young man, sir.” Mark insisted, “I said describe him.” Jamie knew he had to obey and cleared his throat. “He’s tall, good body – really ripped – handsome face, dark tan, messy blond hair like a surfer. That’s about it, sir.”

“No it’s not,” said Mark. “Let me help you out here. The boy is fucking drop-dead gorgeous, one of the finest I’ve ever seen, and he’s also bright, funny, kind and real masculine – when he’s not being stupidly insecure. Any man would be proud to have him as his boy – but I’m the one who got him and I’m not gonna let him go.” He took him in his arms and kissed him. “OK, end of lecture. Now – how about those drinks?”

Jamie grinned at Mark – “sorry, sir”. He put his T-shirt back on and they went back out to the terrace. “Anyway,” Jamie said as they sat down and resumed their conversation, “maybe Mario’s forgotten all about us – he was just flirting. After all, he didn’t bring our drinks. But I don’t care,” he said brightly, “I have the most important man in my life with me in this awesome place and” He gazed at Mark whose face was illuminated by the golden light of the setting sun. “..... and you look incredible, sir – like a god. I love you so much, sir, and I promise I won’t go all stupid again.”

“Yeah,” Mark said, draining his drink. “Well, even if you do you’ve always got me to give you a kick up the ass. Talking of which I’m hungry – for dinner and for your ass. They went inside and looked at the room service menus, made their choices and Mark phoned in the order. “Half an hour? Thank you,” he said and put down the phone. “That gives me just about enough time to prove to you what I was saying. Actions speak louder than words, kiddo, so how about a little action here?”

Jamie knew what preceded ‘action’. He stood up, pulled off his T-shirt, dropped his shorts and smiled shyly at Mark. Mark gazed at him in awe, came close, ran his hands over his chest, then shoved him hard enough for Jamie to fall on his back on the bed. Again Mark stared at his naked boy and said, “Jesus, you’re gorgeous. You’re everything I want, kiddo – nobody else. Look at this....” He dropped his shorts and out sprang his already hard cock. “That’s what you do to me, kid. And now I’m gonna fuck my boy’s sweet ass.”

Wearing just his T-shirt he fell forward and clamped Jamie’s wrists to the bed. “You know what to do, boy. Jamie raised his legs, offering his ass, and the head of Mark’s cock instantly pressed against into light fuzz of blond hair round the warm hole. “See, I told you – they belong together,” Mark smiled. “You want your master’s dick in your ass?”

“You know I do sir. It’s what I wait for every day when you come home from work. I always aaagh!” His words were stifled by the sudden invasion of Mark’s long rod and the momentary jolt of pain, which immediately faded into a euphoria that was as intense as the first day Mark had fucked him.

Mark leaned back, releasing the boy’s arms and pulled his T-shirt up over his head, very slowly, knowing the effect his naked torso had on his boy. In a trance Jamie reached up and pressed his hands lightly on Mark’s magnificent chest, feeling the muscles rippling under his palms. Although this was a daily event in their lives Jamie always fell under the spell of the chiseled Greek-god features and the hypnotic blue-gray eyes.

His hips rising and falling as he eased his cock in and out of the warm, moist ass, Mark sighed, “Jesus your ass feels beautiful, Jamie. Every time is like the first” he smiled, “...though fucking you in these surroundings makes it even more special. You’re my prince, Jamie, my young blond Prince Valiant, lying there on this soft bed looking so handsome, so fine. And I’ve made you my prisoner, put a spell on you and you’ve begged me to enter you.”

In tune with Mark as ever, Jamie saw the whole picture, stretched his arms up and clutched the headboard, writhing, tossing his head as the powerful muscle-god impaled his ass on his long shaft. “Holy shit, that looks spectacular, boy. You are so fucking gorgeous you drive me wild. Man, I’ve gotta have that ass.” His eyes blazed now as he increased the tempo and his cock became a piston driving remorselessly into his boy’s ass. He grabbed one of Jamie’s legs, pushed it up high and looked down at his own cock drilling into the hole.

Jamie’s eyes opened wide as the onslaught continued and gazed up at the wild-eyed face with the blond hair flying. “Yes, sir, yes,” he moaned,. “Fuck me, sir hard pleaseI love it when you fuck me hard. I love you, sir I want more but, I I think I have to I I’m sorry, sir.....aaagh!”

Mark watched the beautiful young body shudder, saw the boy’s cock spasm and blast a long stream of cum over his chest and face and into his tangled blond hair. The sight was too much for him and he yelled, “I’m cumming, Jamie I’m cumming in your ass Aaah.” His breathing was ragged as his cock poured its load deep inside the awestruck boy. When he was almost drained he pulled out, grabbed his cock, and blasted a final load over Jamie’s heaving body.

He gazed wildly down at Jamie’s sparkling eyes, both men panting and gleaming with sweat. He was about to fall on top of him when suddenly..... there was a knock at the door. “Fuck!” Quickly Mark got to his feet, wrapped a towel loosely round his waist, walked to the door and opened it.

“Dio Mio!” Mario gasped and took a step back from the meal cart, gazing in disbelief at the muscle-god standing before him, naked except for the towel, his body heaving, sculpted muscles rippling and gleaming with sweat, his eyes wild, tangled blond hair falling over his

handsome face. It was the most spectacular sight he had ever seen. There was a stunned silence and then, from somewhere deep inside, Mario's professional instincts kicked in and he struggled to regain his poise.

"Er good evening, signore room service."

They stared at each other in silence for a moment, then Mark smiled. "Hi, Mario ... sooner than expected," he said, as a rather lame explanation of his near-naked, breathless state. Mario needed no explanation, however, as it was obvious what Mark had been doing. This impression was dramatically reinforced as he wheeled the cart in and saw Jamie lying on the bed.

Jamie had hastily pulled a small towel over his still half-hard cock but he was otherwise naked and as breathless and sweaty as Mark, his eyes shining and his wet blond hair clinging to his forehead. To clinch the matter his body and face were smothered in what had to be semen. "Hi," Jamie said weakly, blushing deep red.

Despite the fact that Mario's cock was throbbing in his pants he had by now completely regained his professional poise and, like a good room-service waiter who has seen it all and been trained not to react, merely smiled and said, "Good evening, signore." Even as Jamie lay cum-covered on the bed, with only the fragile fig leaf of the small towel hiding his hard-on, the only thought that flashed through his mind was that he wished Mario would stop calling him 'signore' and call him Jamie instead.

Mario was now wearing the room-service uniform of monogrammed white polo shirt and black slacks – still quite informal given the location of the hotel on the laid-back Southern California coast. "Would you care to have dinner on the terrace, sir?" he asked Mark.

"Yeah er.... sure," Mark said, but as he strode past him to open the terrace door wider for him the towel dropped from his waist and he was facing Mario buck naked. "Aaah," Mario sighed, unable to divert his gaze from the long, thick cock swinging between this gorgeous man's muscled thighs. Mark quickly scooped up the towel and tied it back round his waist, saying with a sheepish grin, "Sorry about that."

There is no need to apologize, signore. Room service staff see many things in the course of our day, though never any as beautiful as" Mario checked himself and blushed. "Now it is my turn to apologize, sir. I spoke out of turn." He busied himself setting up the dinner on the terrace, then wheeled the empty cart back and presented Mark with the bill. Mark signed it, then pulled out his wallet to give the tip in cash, but Mario rested his hand lightly on Mark's arm.

"Please, signore, I wish no offense, but could you do me the honor of not offering me a gratuity? I serve you with the greatest pleasure and – somehow"

“I understand completely,” Mark smiled, putting his wallet away. “You’ll come later to clear away the dinner things?”

“Indeed, sir. Buon appetito, signore.” And with a slight bow he turned to go, smiling at Jamie as he left. “Arrivederci, signore – until later.” He left the room and they heard the rattle of the food cart grow fainter down the hallway.

“What was all that about, sir – the money and all?” Jamie had not grasped the subtleties of what had just happened, so Mark explained.

“Mario was making it clear that he doesn’t want us to think of him as staff that should be tipped. He’s putting himself on a different level. Money can be demeaning and tends to muddy the waters, and Mario wants to serve us just because he likes us. ‘Course – exactly what he wants to serve us I’m not certain, though I’m pretty sure it’s not just dinner. Also, it was a roundabout way of suggesting that he can’t be bought – that whatever he does is not for money unlike some guys who rent themselves out to hotel guests for a generous tip.” Mark grinned. “I like him for that – the guy’s gone up in my estimation.”

A frisson of irritation shot through Jamie – that was not what he wanted to hear – but it disappeared just as quickly. Mark put his arm round his shoulder. “OK, kiddo, that’s enough about Mario. We’re not gonna make this trip all about him. A quick shower – no funny business – and then dinner.”

A few minutes later, wearing clean T-shirts and shorts they were sitting facing each other. The table had been immaculately set with classic silverware and crystal, and Mario had left the silver dish covers over the food to keep it warm until they were ready. Mark removed them and gazed at the food. “Wow,” he said, “now we know we’re in a classy joint kiddo. Just look at that.”

Jamie’s eyes opened wide and he realized how hungry he was, so he dug right in, without the constraint of having to observe the decorum of the main dining room. It was just the two of them the only person he had to impress was Mark. And he had already done that.

It was a magical time for them, with a bright moon illuminating the terrace and flecking the sea with silver. Conversation flowed easily, mostly about the guys back home, and as Mark watched Jamie talking effusively he congratulated himself that he had helped his boy shed his unfounded anxiety that he might somehow lose Mark’s favor. After their sensational pre-dinner sex surely, Mark thought, Jamie could no longer fear anything from Mario, even though the waiter had practically caught them in the act and seen Jamie near-naked and covered in cum.

So it was with confidence that, when the meal was over, Mark picked up the phone and asked room service to come and clear the table. The atmosphere suddenly became rather more tense, charged with anticipation about what came next. As they sipped coffee Mark's soft blue-gray eyes fixed Jamie with a reassuring smile.

Then the knock came. "Come in!" The door opened and Mario entered pushing the meal cart, empty on top but with an array of bottles on the shelf below. Still dressed in his white Polo shirt and black slacks, Mario was, as usual, the consummate professional, with his gleaming smile and lilting Italian accent. "I hope dinner was to your liking, gentlemen. It is my pleasure to offer you drinks of your choice as a token of my happiness at being able to serve you today."

"Gee," Mark smiled, "you didn't have to do that, Mario, but it sure is appreciated. Er, what time do you get off tonight?"

Again the sparkling smile. "I am already 'off' as you call it, signore. This is my last task of the day. Would you care to take coffee and brandy inside, sir while I clear the terrace?"

"Mario, would the hotel allow you to join us in a drink?" There – Mark had broken the ice.

"Probably not," Mario said. "The management has a policy of staff not – come se dice? – not fraternizing with the guests." A surge of disappointment ran through Mark and Jamie. Then another smile. "Pero, as I am now off duty I consider myself my own man – free to choose my own friends to fraternize with."

"OK, then," Mark beamed. "Let's fraternize."

Mario busied himself clearing away the dinner, stacking the dishes on the cart, then setting up coffee and drinks on the table inside. It occurred to Mark that as he worked Mario was now halfway between staff and friend, until he became fully the latter by sitting at the table with them. Instantly the tension eased and Mario changed from attentive waiter to charming Italian friend. As they sipped cognac he conversed easily, mostly with Mark, as Jamie was overcome with an attack of shyness, despite Mark's efforts to include him.

Mario said suddenly, "I would like to make clear that this is the first time I have befriended guests in their room, sirs." Then he blushed. "No, to tell you the truth, the second time."

"The first time being with Randy and Bob?" Mark grinned. Mario inhaled sharply. "How did you know that, sir?"

Mark laughed. "They're friends of ours – we all live together." Mario frowned. "They did mention the men they lived with – two beautiful black men, I think, and a blond police officer who" suddenly he stopped and sat back in his chair with a look of alarm.

“Yeah,” Mark chuckled, “that would be me. I’m the cop, but don’t worry, kid, I’m not gonna arrest you – maybe handcuff you but no arrest.” He was teasing, of course, but he saw a flash of excitement cross the dark, handsome face and Mark winked at Jamie. Now that the sexual constraints had been breached Mark said, “OK, guys, let’s cut to the chase here. We all know what we want and it looks as if I’ll have to get the ball rolling.” He stood up. “Come on, Mario, don’t be shy.”

Slowly the Italian got to his feet and both Mark and Jamie gazed at the huge bulge under the black pants, stretching halfway down his thigh, the obvious result of the mention of being handcuffed by a cop. Jamie remained seated, still shy and unsure of himself. Mark reached behind his own neck and pulled up on his T-shirt. Mario watched mesmerized as first the cop’s washboard abs were revealed, then the slabs of his chest, his flared abs and finally his wide shoulders as he tossed the shirt aside.

Mesmerized, Mario did the same, pulling his shirt off over his head. Mark and Jamie gasped as they saw for the first time what they had guessed, from the moment they saw him by the pool, lay under his tight shirt. His body was just about perfect – lean, finely sculpted muscles, tight, ridged abs, beautifully etched pecs, broad shoulders, and smooth, tanned skin. To say nothing of the square-cut Italian features and curly black hair – a classical Roman statue come to life.

“Damn that’s gorgeous,” Mark breathed. “You are a beautiful young man, Mario. Come here.” In a trance Mario came and stood before the blond muscle-god and sighed as Mark ran his hands over Mario’s face, down his neck and over his chest. “Your skin is like silk, boy god you’re hot.” He could feel the body tremble under his hands as he stroked the nipples with the back of his fingers, then rolled then lightly in his finger-tips.

Gazing into Mark’s eyes Mario raised his hands and did as Mark was doing, daring to rest his hands on Mark’s shoulders, then his waist, stroking the ridges of his abs, then his chest, and finally squeezing his nipples. The two men stared at each other and increased the pressure in their fingers until they were squeezing hard. The Italian’s breathing became ragged as he felt the pain in his chest radiating through his whole body and he saw himself reflected in Mark’s blue-gray eyes. “È magnifico – cosi bellissimo” His body shuddered and “aaah.” He sighed deeply and threw his head back as his cock gushed warm semen in his pants.

Mark smiled at him and said softly, “That was beautiful, Mario.” He pulled the boy’s head toward him and pressed their lips together. But at last Mark pulled back and looked over Mario’s shoulder to tell Jamie to join them. But Jamie was gone.

Startled they both glanced quickly round the room, then heard a sound out on the balcony. “Shit damn,” said Mark, partly at his own neglect of Jamie but mostly his impatience at Jamie’s apparent petulance and – again – that damned insecurity. He made a move toward the window

but Mario put a restraining hand on his arm. "Please, signore, allow me to go to him. I know exactly what your boy is feeling. I can make it right." With a sigh of frustration Mark let him go.

Mario picked up two brandy glasses and went out to the terrace, still shirtless. He sat facing Jamie, who turned his head to the ocean. "Please, signore may I call you Jamie?" Surprised by the charming way the heavy Italian accent pronounced his name with a soft J, Jamie tuned to look at him and said, "Sure, dude, I don't like all that 'sir' business anyway."

"I thought you would not," Mario smiled. "Jamie, I have to apologize for what I have done. I know exactly how you feel. Mark is your man – your master, as I think you say – and you are very protective of him. If I were in your happy position I too would fight to hold onto a man as magnificent as that. But you have nothing to fear, Jamie. You are a very beautiful boy and Mark is fortunate to have you. I see the way he looks at you and he is crazy in love with you.

"What you two have is rare and special, and I have blundered between you. That is unforgivable of me. Never would I harm the love you share together, so I will leave. I had hoped you and I might become friends, but I see now that cannot be. I am sorry, Jamie, and I will leave you alone with your Mark. You are a wonderful boy."

Mario brushed his arm and stood up to leave but Jamie pulled him back down. "No, Mario, please don't leave. That's not what I want. I'm being stupid. Mark told me that and now that you speak to me I can see just how dumb I've been. It's just that you are so fucking gorgeous and when I saw you and Mark together I guess I kind of panicked. But please don't leave. I really want you to stay, dude, and I'm sure Mark does."

There was a long pause as they both sipped their brandy and Mario gazed into Jamie's earnest blue eyes. Then he flashed that smile and said, "If you really wish it, Jamie, I will stay – but only on one condition. Come with me." He took him by the hand and they went in to confront Mark. "Sir," Mario said, "I thought I should leave, but Jamie says he wants me to stay, so I will on one condition. Please, signore would you allow your boy to fuck my ass?"

Mark smiled broadly. As a cop he was expert at sizing people up quickly and he understood exactly what was going on. "Well sure, if that's what Jamie wants? Do you Jamie?"

Still a bit stunned Jamie said, "Yes please, sir."

"OK," said Mark, "but I have a condition too that you let me watch. Wow, watching my beautiful blond boy fuck a handsome Italian stud? Doesn't get much better than that."

Mario turned to Jamie and gently pulled up his T-shirt and tossed it aside. Then he unbuttoned Jamie's shorts and let them drop. He was wearing nothing under them and Mario stood back to gaze at him and his rock-hard cock. "Che bello! It will be an honor to offer myself to you,

Jamie.” Mario kicked off his loafers, unzipped his pants and let them drop. He was wearing tight gray boxer briefs and he deliberately took his time folding his pants knowing that Jamie and Mark were staring at the incredible mounds of his ass bulging under the thin cotton.

He smiled at Jamie, slid his fingers under the waistband of his shorts and slowly pushed them down. His cock sprang free and Jamie and Mark saw for the first time the long rigid pole that they had up to now only seen outlined in his pants. “You see, Jamie, your master made me ‘shoot my load’ as you say, but my cock is already hard again as I gaze at his beautiful naked boy and wait for him to take my ass. Are you still sure you want me, my friend?”

Jamie grinned at him and matched his refined Italian accent with his best macho American. “You bet your sweet ass I do, dude. But first, I’m gonna clean that jism off your cock.” He fell to his knees and licked all the way up the long shaft, tasting the sticky cum that Mark had made him shoot in his pants. Then he stood up and said, “OK, dude, now for your ass.” He put his hand on Mario’s chest and shoved. Mario fell heavily on his back on the bed and smiled up at him. “I am all yours, amico. Do with me as you want.”

“Damn right I will.” Jamie knelt on the bed and pushed Mario’s legs up high. He gazed down at Mario’s hole, surrounded by a curly fuzz of black hair, then looked up at Mark. “Look at this, sir. Get a load of this gorgeous ass.” Mark stood beside him and Mario watched as the two gorgeous blond studs, master and boy, looked down appraising his ass. It was so erotic that Mario almost shot another load. “You’re right, boy, it’s perfect,” Mark said, “and it’s all yours.”

Jamie bent forward and buried his face between the cheeks, pushing his tongue into the hole, loving the musky taste of the hot Italian ass while Mario moaned, “Oh...oh Jamie – that feels so good.” Jamie had learned this from Mark who did it often to him before he flipped him over and fucked him, and now Jamie ate Mario’s ass hungrily, bringing him to the edge of orgasm.

But he pulled back up on his knees, let Mario’s left leg fall on the bed and pushed the other leg up high so he had a clear view of his ass. He pressed the head of his cock against the hole and felt it flinch. With some alarm Mario said. “You must be gentle with me Jamie. I rarely get fucked – I am, as you say, a top man.”

Not this time, buddy,” Jamie growled. Now I’m on top. You want to be my friend? mi amico? Then you gotta learn to take my dick in your ass, dude.”

He glanced up at Mark who grinned down at him. This rough-trade kind of talk was unusual for the usually soft-spoken Jamie, and Mark realized that Mario’s tactic of giving Jamie the upper hand had worked and replaced Jamie’s shyness with macho toughness. “OK, amico, here it comes.” Jamie could have slammed Mario’s ass but his gentle side prevailed and he eased his cock gently inside, pausing whenever he saw Mario wince. Mario breathed deeply to absorb the pain and closed his eyes.

“Hey, Mario,” he heard Jamie’s voice. “Look at me. I’m inside you, dude. Look at my eyes and the pain will go away.” Still frowning Mario did as he was told and found himself gazing into the smiling blue eyes of this beautiful fair-haired boy. And he was right the pain was gone and infinite pleasure suffused his body. He saw the young surfer’s muscular body pull back, then lower itself onto him as the rod slid inside, deeper and deeper coming to rest at the back of his ass.

Jamie grinned down at the dark, model-handsome face. “Now, dude, I’ll show you something Mark taught me, something he always does to me. His hips eased forward, the head of his cock pressed against the deep membrane and then suddenly slid over the inner sphincter into the deep, hot chamber that no cock had ever visited. Mario’s eyes shot open, his body shuddered and suddenly – “Aaagh Aaagh Madre di dio! Aaagh” – his cock exploded, blasting ribbons of cum up over his chest, his face and into his curly black hair.

For Jamie the sight was spectacular, the muscular young Italian writhing beneath him, his handsome, masculine face thrashing from side to side as he smothered himself in his own cum. It was enough to make Jamie blast a load deep in his ass but he heard Mario’s desperate voice pleading, “Don’t stop, Jamie, please don’t stop. Keep fucking my ass – I love it so much.”

That’s all Jamie needed to hear. Holding Mario’s left leg high he looked down at the gorgeous ass and began to drive his cock in and out with increasing force until his rod became a piston. Mario was going wild, staring up wide-eyed at the beautiful young American hammering his ass. Jamie’s eyes gleamed as he said, “This is what I wanted, dude, from the moment I saw that gorgeous ass flex under your white pants by the pool. You’ve got a sensational ass, man. Yeah, we can be friends, Mario I’ll fuck your ass, you’ll fuck mine and I’ll fuck you again.”

He let Mario’s leg drop onto the bed and Mario pulled his heels toward him and pushed his ass up to receive the full power of the boy’s pile-driving rod. Jamie dropped forward, grabbed the Italian boy’s wrists and pressed them onto the bed above his head. Sweat dripped from his face onto Mario’s and he said, “This is how it feels to get your ass fucked by a young American buck, dude. This is why I’m the cop’s boy because I’m so fucking hot and so fucking gorgeous, and that’s why I’ll always be his boy.”

Mario was drifting into a world of raw carnal pleasure where all he could see was this beautiful boy dominating him. Without thinking he moaned, “I love your cock in my ass I love it I love you, Jamie.” Jamie glanced up at Mark who was standing over them naked, awestruck, stroking his iron-hard cock. “Please, sir,” Jamie said softly, and Mark smiled.

He walked behind Jamie, leaned forward and gripped his waist. He looked over his shoulder and caught Mario’s disbelieving, wild-eyed gaze. “Non,” he moaned, “non è possibile.”

But it was more than possible – it was inevitable. Mark could not watch the incredible sight of his boy being so macho, so dominant, without giving Jamie the same treatment. He always loved fucking Jamie the boy, but fucking Jamie the hot-blooded man, that was a whole different

thing. All he had to do was position his cock between the white globes of Jamie's ass and the boy did the rest. Jamie's cock slammed into Mario's ass and, as he pulled back, he found himself impaled on his master's huge shaft.

"Aaagh" he yelled and the spasm that jolted his body was like a charge of electricity running through his cock to Mario's ass and surging through Mario's heaving body. "Aaagh!" Mario echoed Jamie's cry of ecstasy as he felt Jamie's cock pulse in his ass like it was about to explode. But one thing Jamie had learned, getting fucked every day by the gorgeous cop, was how to hold back his orgasm. He took a deep breath and his hips rocked between Mark's cock and Mario's trembling ass.

It was a sublime experience for them all. For Mark, as Jamie did all the work, it was like getting his cock fucked by his boy's ass. Jamie felt like a bottom boy and a top man all at the same time, feeling his master's rod piercing him while his own cock drilled into the Italian boy's ass.

And for Mario it was like something in an erotic dream. He gazed up at two stunning faces, the young surfer pounding his ass and, smiling down at him over Jamie's shoulder, the spectacular blond muscle-god. As Mark's rod drove into Jamie's ass it pushed Jamie's cock deeper into Mario. For the young Italian it was like getting fucked by master and boy at the same time.

"That's it, dude," Jamie said breathlessly "you feel my master fucking your ass, you feel both our cocks?" But Mario was lost for words as he looked from Jamie to Mark and back, sensing the thrust of Mark's cock into Jamie's ass and Jamie's into his own. As the rhythm intensified the sensation was overwhelming and Mario pleaded with Jamie. "Prego, amico it is so beautiful I have to I cannot stop mi scuso, amico aaagh!"

And once again Jamie was treated to the sight of the handsome young Italian pouring juice over his already cum-soaked chest. "Do it, Jamie," he heard Mark's deep voice in his ear as his master pushed his cock deeper into his ass and at last over the inner sphincter. "Thank you, sir!" Jamie howled and his cock blasted hot semen into the cauldron of Mario's ass.

Jamie and Mario stared into each other's eyes, bewitched by the sensation of having made love for the first time. Jamie fell forward onto him, feeling his ass pulling off Mark's cock, and the boy's mouths came together in a ravenous kiss that they had both craved from the first moment their eyes had met. They kissed each other's lips, cheeks, eyes, and Jamie licked the cum from Mario's face and shared it with him as their mouths joined once again.

"Stand up, Jamie!" The command came from behind him and Jamie immediately got to his feet and stood to one side. Bewildered Mario stared up, his eyes opened wide in disbelief and he gasped, "Dio mio!" Standing before him was the unbelievable sight of the muscle-god Mark, naked except for one thing, a black police uniform shirt, unbuttoned, hanging open over his bulging chest.

Out of habit Mark always packed the shirt when he went on a trip in case he encountered an emergency where he had to exert his authority until the local cops arrived. But Mario knew none of this. All he saw was the spectacular police officer towering over him with his steel-hard rod standing out from his mass of blond pubic hair and pointing straight at him. The black shirt bore the police badge on the breast pocket, his name plate, and police flashes on the short sleeves that gripped tight to his rock-hard biceps. But what riveted Mario was what hung out of his breast pocket. Handcuffs.

Shocked, he realized that Mark had not cum with him and Jamie, that his balls were still bulging with juice that had to be released. He remembered first entering the room, seeing Jamie who had just been fucked by his master, and longing to know what it felt like. He knew now that he was about to find out. In an instinctive gesture of submission to this god-like man he flung his arms up above his head, stretched them in a V and gripped the bars of the headboard.

Without a word Mark picked up his and Jamie's thin T-shirts and tied one round each of Mario's wrists. He pulled out the handcuffs, two sets, and with a cop's quick efficiency, secured one end of each round Mario's protected wrists and the other round the bed posts. Mario lay frozen in fear and exhilaration, having never experienced anything like this before, though he'd had dreams about it – wet dreams.

Mark stood back and stared at his handsome young prisoner. "Now, my boy here told you that if you wanna be his friend you have to take his dick in your ass, which you did magnificently. But one thing he didn't tell you, kid. You wanna be his friend, you have to take his master's dick in your ass too. You ever been handcuffed and fucked by a cop before?"

"No, sir, never." "You want it?" "More than anything, sir." Mark grinned. "Yeah, well don't worry, kid – my boy here gets it every night of his life and he always comes back for more. OK, Jamie, tell your friend what he has to do first."

Jamie grinned down at Mario, "First of all, dude, you have to try to get free."

As if born to play the role of captive Mario knew instinctively how to act. He looked up at the handcuffs and tugged at them. The steel did not cut into his cloth-covered wrists so he was able to pull hard and in seconds his muscular young body was writhing on the bed, his handsome face frowning in desperation, his curly black hair falling over his forehead.

Mark gazed down in awe. "Oh, shit, that is fucking gorgeous. That macho young Italian stud handcuffed to the bed, trying to escape, knowing he's gonna get that perfect ass fucked by a cop. OK, boy, this is what it feels like to take a cop's night stick up your ass." He grabbed Mario's ankles and pushed his legs high in the air. He was a master at this and it took one swift move to kneel between his legs, push his knob into the thick black fuzz round his hole and sink his long shaft deep into the boy's hot, cum-filled ass.

Mario's body shuddered and his breathing was ragged but he didn't scream as he felt no pain, only the intense euphoria of the cop's rod sliding into his ass. He gazed up at the Nordic blond face, at the mesmerizing blue-gray eyes and the incredible chest under the open black shirt. As if I in a dream he heard the cop's deep voice. "That feel good, boy? You like getting your ass fucked by a cop's big club?"

"Si signore," Mario moaned. "Thank you, sir. Please fuck me sir."

Mark reared back and pulled off his shirt. Mario lowered his legs, pulled his heels toward him as he had done with Jamie, and raised his ass as an offering to the master, gazing enthralled at Mark's now-naked torso. Mark fall forward and pressed his hands round Mario's biceps pinning them to the bed, the boy's arms still stretched upward to the handcuffs round his wrists. Their faces close, Mark stared wildly at his beautiful young Italian prisoner.

"OK, kid, I already let my boy fuck you and my dick is wet with the cum he poured into your ass. But you've got the master inside you now, boy.... and it feels like this." Instantly Mark increased the tempo and force of the fuck, his cock pile-driving into the cum-slick ass and watching as the dark, sculpted face went wild, tossing frantically from side to side, groaning, pleading for Mark to stop, begging him to continue.

In a blur he saw the god-like face staring down at him and he lost himself in an ecstasy of pure lust. All he knew, all he wanted, was this spectacular man pounding his ass. He lost all restraint, all inhibitions and laid himself bare as tears flowed from his eyes. "Aaah," he moaned breathlessly, "please fuck me, sir, hard hurt me I am yours, signore, do anything you want with me. Fuck my ass, sir. I love you sir. I will do anything you say"

Mark realized that Mario was becoming delirious, out of control, and knew he had to end it. "OK, boy, you'll do anything for me? So cum for me let me see you bust your load, kid. Do it for me it's an order I'm cumming in your ass, boy Now!"

Mario lost all sense of time and place, all awareness of anything except the heat of the cop's juice pouring into his ass. He didn't hear himself scream, hardly felt his cock gushing once more over this own chest. Then his mind went blank and he felt he was drifting away, but he was brought back to consciousness by the sound of Jamie's voice. "Mario Mario amico open your mouth."

Mario opened his eyes and saw through his tears the blurred image of his blond friend standing over him. Obediently he opened his mouth and instantly felt warm liquid splashing into his face and down his throat. "Drink it, dude. Prove you're my friend. Drink my juice." Mario swallowed hard, realizing he was drinking the cum of the beautiful boy who had fucked him, whose master had fucked him. It felt like a ritual bonding as he gulped his friend's semen, savoring the musky taste, gulping down every last drop.

Finally he lay back on the bed exhausted and Mark and Jamie gazed down at him in awe the beautiful, proud Italian boy, so poised gliding through the hotel, admired by all and now lying handcuffed to the bed, his body smothered in sweat and semen, cum splashed his black hair and mixing with tears on his face. He had taken both their cocks in his flawless ass, master and boy, but still he managed to smile weakly up at Jamie. Jamie grinned back. "That does it, dude – no question about it. From now on we're buddies – friends – amigos capisce?"

After showering together Mark asked Mario when he was back on duty. "Not until eleven tomorrow morning, sir, for lunches at the pool." Mark glanced at Jamie who nodded enthusiastically. "Would you be able to spend the night with us, sleep with us and maybe let us see some of that top-man side of you? Is Jamie's ass a big enough temptation?"

Mario flashed his smile. "The only temptation I need is to be with you and Jamie, sir. It would be an honor to share your bed." And so that's how their weekend shaped up, with Mark and Jamie blissfully alone while Mario worked, and then welcoming him back when he was free.

In addition to more sexual exploration, Jamie's liking for Mario deepened and it turned out they had a lot in common, not least their aptitude for finance. In his spare time, Mario explained, he was taking classes in business administration, but what he really wanted was on-the-job training, an intern position with a company if he could find it. Jamie looked sharply at Mark, who knew exactly where his mind was going, but they let the subject drop for now.

As Mark re-packed his cop shirt his thoughts turned briefly to his job and, unaccountably, to Jason and his work as a fireman. Maybe it was a premonition, though Mark was not to know that he was soon to witness a traumatic and dangerous event that would leave Jason emotionally shattered and near to despair. It would fall to Mark to help Jason regain his manhood, a task that would bring the cop and the fireman closer together than ever before, physically and emotionally, and test the strength of the love they had always shared.

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Chapter 188 – The Cop & The Fireman – Sex Therapy

It was late Sunday afternoon when Mark and Jamie reluctantly left the cosseted world of the Ritz-Carlton and headed back to the regular existence of mere mortals. But not before they had said affectionate farewells to their handsome new friend with his dark, sculpted features, green eyes, curly black hair and his flawlessly muscular body. To say nothing of his dazzling smile and his lilting Italian accent.

They had spent the rest of the weekend exploring their growing friendship where, among other things, Mario had proved the truth of his claim to be a top-man, much to Jamie's delight and his

sore ass. Mario gave Jamie as good as he had gotten from him and they felt they were equal – ‘amicos’ as Jamie kept calling it.

“Actually, Jamie,” Mario smiled at him, “the correct Italian word is ‘amici’.” Jamie laughed, “Whatever, dude that’s what we are anyway. I’ll jack off thinking about you, Mario, and I hope you’ll do the same.” They parted with vows to stay in touch and for Mario to visit Jamie in L.A. When Mark hugged Mario goodbye and kissed him hard on the lips that clinched the deal as far as Mario was concerned. He had to see these guys again.

Later as Mark and Jamie drove north on the San Diego Freeway Jamie was still smiling and Mark said, “So, looks like you’ve found a new friend, kiddo. OK if I get to fuck him again when he comes to visit?”

“Of course, sir, provided I get to watch. He’s totally in awe of you, sir he told me you’re like a god – and I agreed of course. I really like him, sir, and not only because he’s totally fucking gorgeous. We have a lot in common, even though he’s Italian and all. You heard what he said about the course he was taking in business affairs? That’s what I do for the Company and now that Bob’s made me the head of the new finance department I’ll have to hire new staff and”

“Hey, hey, let’s not get ahead of ourselves here, kiddo,” Mark laughed. “Let’s let the dust settle first, OK?” Mark was eager for Jamie to find friends outside of their group – spread his wings a bit – but he was a realist too. “You ever heard of a shipboard romance, kiddo?” Jamie shook his head. “Well, it’s when two people meet on an ocean liner and have a hot and heavy affair. When the voyage ends they think they’re in love and promise to get together but they never see each other again.”

“It’s not gonna be like that with me and Mario, sir, Jamie insisted. We’re amicos – or amici or whatever.”

“Maybe so,” Mark grinned, “but right now you should be bracing yourself for the inquisition when we get home. You know Darius and the guys are gonna want a blow-by blow account” and Jamie added with a laugh, “..... exaggerations accepted.”

Mark was right, of course. Because of the heavy homebound Sunday freeway traffic he and Jamie were the last to get home from their weekend trip, and the boys pounced. They dragged Jamie into the kitchen where all the boys had gathered while the twins cooked dinner. The others had already traded their own weekend stories and now, when Jamie mentioned a drop-dead gorgeous Italian pool-boy, even dinner preparations stopped dead while Jamie told his story to the awestruck upturned faces of Darius, Pablo, the twins, Ben, Nate and Eddie.

“That is so cool, dude,” Darius gushed. “When we gonna meet this stud?” Jamie replied rather formally, “Not right away Mark said we have to let the dust settle – make sure it’s not a

shipboard romance.” This obscure reference let loose another barrage of questions, which were fortunately curtailed when Bob walked in and suggested that they set up two tables in the garden – one for the men and the other for the boys.

“Wise move, buddy,” said Randy later as they began to eat dinner. “Listen to that racket.” The boys were all talking over each other, the volume mounting as they each tried to be heard, one-upping each other on their various adventures alone with their masters. Mark had called the master/boy weekends ‘quality time’ and now Randy growled, “Shit, you call this quality time? Next time I vote we gag the little fuckers.”

Conversation at the guys’ table was much more businesslike, focusing on the workweek that would start next day. Mark and Jason both had early shifts and they realized they would be covering the same general territory, which was not unusual as Jason’s firehouse and Mark’s police station were not far from each other.

The dinner broke up earlier than usual as they were all tired from their weekend exertions. Adam and Nate went back to their house next door; Ben went home with Jason; and Eddie left with Hassan. In the master suite as Randy and Bob got undressed for bed Randy said, “At last I’ve got you to myself, buddy, and I’m gonna treat you to my own version of ‘quality time’ before we hit the sack.”

“I’m all yours,” said Bob. “I know you are,” Randy grinned.

After the exhilarating events of the weekend break most of the guys were glad to get back to their work routines. Mark was the first to leave the house after his usual early-morning fuck leaving Jamie lying on the bed with a dazed smile on his face. An hour later Mark was astride his motorcycle, making heads turn to look at the police officer, stunning as ever in his black uniform, high leather boots, helmet and mirror sunglasses complementing his handsome, square-jawed features.

The throb of the machine between his legs always juiced him up and kept his cock in a state of semi-erection in his pants, especially when he thought of his surfer-boy waiting for him naked on the bed when he got home. Looked like a fairly routine, quiet shift, he thought, with sunny weather as usual, and no major traffic tie-ups. Monday morning was usually his easiest shift, as he imagined with a cynical smile that most gang members would still be sleeping it off after a heavy weekend.

Then suddenly came the first call from the dispatcher. He was needed for backup at a house-fire that the local fire company was responding to – the usual thing, crowd and traffic control to leave the field clear for the fire-fighters to do their job. He turned on his emergency lights and siren and sped on his way. Often calls to house-fires were nothing special – a kitchen fire that

the guys knocked down easily. But as he approached this one he realized it was a major job, with the house engulfed in flames.

He quickly checked in with the police captain and turned his attention to the gathering crowd that was pretty much already under control. He saw from the fire-trucks that it was Jason's unit doing the heavy work. Seemed that the family was already safely out of the house, huddled together in a dazed group, but suddenly one of them, a young girl, started screaming that her aunt was still inside, apparently trapped in her bedroom.

One of the fire-fighters reacted instantly and charged into the house. Despite the heavy uniform and helmet Mark could tell that it was Jason. Inside the house Jason realized he only had seconds as the smoke was thick and the flames taking hold. Following the woman's screams he reached a bedroom and saw through the smoke that she was trapped under fallen furniture.

Frantically he tore at the table and a heavy chest covering her and grabbed her arm trying to pull her free. He felt her moving but just then a burst of flame shot from the ceiling and he could see that the roof was about to collapse. He tugged desperately, but as flaming beams rained down he had to withdraw, a split second before the roof fell in and he lost sight of the woman. All he could hear were her agonized screams. The whole house was about to collapse and, running on instinct and adrenaline, Jason blundered through the dense smoke in the direction of the front door.

For once Mark was losing his professional cool as he realized that his good buddy was inside this inferno risking his life. His reflex was to run in after him but he knew this would be futile and against all his training. There was nothing he could do but watch in horror and wait. He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the fireman stagger out through the door, choking and retching from inhaling so much smoke.

Instantly paramedics ran forward to support him, laid him on the ground and clamped an oxygen mask over his face. Mark came close and watched, careful not to get in their way. The paramedics pulled off Jason's flame-singed helmet and jacket, checked him out and, after tense minutes, told Mark there was no physical damage, apart from some smoke inhalation. "He looks a mess – all that smoke and all – but he's damn lucky he escaped without a scratch – physically at least – though he'll probably be a basket case mentally for a while. They were proved right when Jason suddenly tore the mask from his face and, despite their attempts to restrain him, staggered to his feet. "Gotta go back in," he was saying repeatedly.

But the fire captain was at his elbow holding him back, speaking in soothing tones. "It's finished, Jason. God knows you did all you could – way beyond the call of duty – but nobody could have saved her." Jason was staring vacantly at the pile of rubble and said to no-one in particular, "I didn't do enough I let her die."

The fire captain turned to Mark, whom he knew well. “A common reaction, blaming himself. It’s tough to lose one. He’s mostly in shock. Look, Mark, we’re up to our eyes in this, no men to spare, but you’re a buddy of his. Could you take him home? – he needs to feel safe with a buddy like you. I’ll get the medics to drive you there and I’ll clear it with your chief, OK?”

Mark saw the sense in this and agreed. By this time Jason’s eyes had glazed over as visions of the disaster traumatized his mind. But he dimly recognized Mark and allowed himself to be led to the paramedics’ truck, moaning incoherently, “... the screams she was screaming for helpI let go of her hand.... I let her die I good as killed her....”

“It’s OK buddy, this is Mark and I’m taking you home. You’ll feel better there – just you and me.” They sat together in the paramedics’ truck, Mark with his arm round Jason’s shoulders, both of them staring into an indeterminate distance.

At the house the medics reassured Mark that all Jason needed right now was bed-rest and not to be left alone. “And down the line a good therapist familiar with the needs of first responders. Sorry, but we gotta get back. Good luck with him, officer.”

Alone now, Mark managed to get Jason to his room and let him fall fully clothed onto the bed. His instinct was to undress him and clear the smoke and dirt from his face, but he restrained himself. Jason had to be left alone so he could sleep. Plenty of time for a cleanup later. And almost immediately Jason closed his eyes and fell into a fitful sleep, a result of exhaustion and shock, nature doing its job of shutting down the mind to block out the trauma.

Mark watched over him for a while, gazing at the troubled face, still handsome even under a coating of smoke stains. The thought flashed through his mind that at least Jason’s stunning beauty was still intact. Strange, he thought, how the ever-vain fireman had given no thought to that as he had rushed into the burning house. Now all that needed to be repaired was his mind.

With that in mind Mark went quietly into the next room and called Steve. Steve was therapist to various police and fire departments and had been Mark’s anger management therapist years ago. Now, as Randy’s brother, he was also kind of the unofficial shrink for the close-knit tribe of men and boys. Steve took Mark’s call immediately and listened as the cop calmly and concisely explained what had happened.

“OK,” buddy,” Steve said. “It’s gonna be real rough for a while losing a fire victim like that is traumatic and can have a profound effect on a fire-fighter. He’ll second-guess himself, blame himself and hear her screams as if they were real. I won’t come over for a while because he would resent my presence and wouldn’t listen to anything I say. What he needs right now is rest and the company of a strong buddy like you but not a crowd. Don’t let the other guys

come over, except maybe a couple of the boys as backup to provide essentials like food and drink so you can stay with him. I'll come over later."

Mark's next call was to Bob who agreed with Steve's advice. "Yeah, last thing he needs is a bunch of guys standing round his bed. I think I'll send Jamie over to the construction site to pick up Ben and drive him over there. I'm here in the office with him right now. Here, have a word with him. Good luck, Mark." Mark had a quick conversation with Jamie, explaining what was needed and Jamie listened calmly. Some of the cop's professional efficiency had rubbed off on his boy – a great kid to have around in an emergency.

Mark shut off the phone and took a deep breath it was going to be a long day. He stretched, unbuttoned his uniform shirt and shrugged it off. His white T-shirt was stretched over his torso and tucked into his uniform pants, his slim waist cinched by a heavy black belt, and he was still wearing his tall, shiny motorcycle boots. He sat down to take a breather but instantly shot out of the chair when he heard Jason screaming next door.

He rushed into the bedroom to find Jason writhing on the bed, drenched in sweat, still in the throes of a nightmare, doubtless hearing the woman's screams. Mark did his best to calm him down with a soothing voice, laying his hands lightly on him to control his thrashing body. When he settled down Mark realized he had to get Jason out of his soaking T-shirt so he pulled the suspenders from his shoulders and, as gently as possible, pulled the T-shirt off over his head. Now he lay stripped down to his protective yellow uniform pants and heavy boots.

But the feel of the stinking wet shirt brushing over his face stirred Jason again and he looked up wildly at Mark. In his delirious state he didn't recognize him and when he saw the cop's belt, pants and boots he became highly agitated. "No!" he yelled. "Stay away from me I gotta get out of here gotta go back." He leapt up from the bed and shoved Mark aside with such force that the cop fell heavily against the wall.

Shirtless now, his suspenders hanging to his sides, Jason darted from the room and out of the house. Dazed, Mark pulled himself together and ran after him. Outside he saw Jason sprinting across the lawn toward the gate, and he knew he had to stop him before reached it. He sprinted across the grass and launched himself at Jason's waist in a flying football tackle. The cop and the fireman crashed to the ground and rolled over the grass but Jason, with the adrenaline strength of a wild man, ended up on top, astride Mark, pounding on his chest.

"You fucking asshole I gotta go back she's still screaming you can't stop me." In a blind rage Jason grabbed the neck of Mark's T-shirt, yanked it up so Mark's back came up off the ground, and he slapped his palm and the back of his hand across both sides of his face. As Mark jerked back from the blow the T-shirt ripped and he fell back on the ground, leaving Jason holding the shredded remains of his shirt.

Flailing wildly Jason looked down at the naked torso and began pounding his fists onto the ridges of Mark's abs that the cop flexed hard to absorb the blows. Through the turmoil and the

pain Mark instinctively knew that Jason was venting his anger at himself and the world through physical action, lashing out in a blind frenzy at anyone, anything, to assuage his own guilt. Mark could have overpowered him, but for now he suffered the brutal gut-punching if it would drive the hysteria from Jason's tortured mind.

Just then the gate opened and Jamie and Ben came in. The boys gazed in stunned disbelief at the scene, the cop and the fireman on the ground, both shirtless, muscles flexed and bulging as the fireman knelt astride the cop, gut-punching him savagely. The two blond muscle-studs strained in combat, Mark's rugged, chiseled features twisted in pain, Jason pouring with sweat that ran down his soot-covered face. It was a wildly erotic scene but it horrified the boys.

Ben took a frantic step forward but Jamie grabbed his arm and held him in check. "No, Ben, don't. This is between the masters, and boys don't get involved – it's a rule. Bob warned me that we mustn't intervene no matter what happened." He held fast onto Ben, knowing that, like his big brother Randy, it was hard for the tough young gypsy boy to rein himself in.

Then suddenly the balance of power changed. Mark had taken all the beating he could and he bent his leg, pressed his boot against Jason's chest, and twisted him over onto his back. He knelt astride him, their positions reversed. The fireman's fists were still flailing wildly so Mark grabbed his wrists, forced them back and pinned them to the ground above his head. Their faces were now close and they gazed at each other wild-eyed, bodies heaving. "Asshole," Jason yelled. "I'll kill you, mother fucker. I gotta go back, gotta save her I'll fucking kill you, man I'll"

His words were stifled by Mark clamping his mouth over his and grinding their lips together in a savage, passionate kiss, forcing his tongue deep inside Jason's mouth. Mark was acting on raw impulse now, using any means to control his agonized friend. Jason's biceps bulged as he struggled to free himself, trying desperately to force Mark's hands up off the ground, to twist his head aside and escape the mouth grinding against his. But he was trapped and his body weakened.

He slowly became conscious of the warm lips pressing against his. It was the taste that brought him to his senses, a taste he knew, and instinctively he relaxed his mouth, stopped struggling and returned the kiss, finding refuge from his storm in the taste and scent of a man he knew – a man he loved.

Mark felt him relax, pulled back and gazed into the troubled eyes. "It's me, Jason Mark. I'm here, buddy. Take a deep breath and let me help you." Jason's expression changed from anger to despair as his delirium cleared and he saw the real world – in all its darkness. He felt Mark's strength, pinning him to the ground, and welcomed his captivity, willingly abandoning himself to the control of his friend.

"Help me, man," he pleaded. "I'm losing it I'm a fucking wimp I need your strength manplease, I"

He broke off in confusion but Mark instinctively knew just what the fireman needed. He let go Jason's wrists, eased himself back between his legs, ripped open his fireman's pants and pulled them down below his ass. He gazed deep into Jason's eyes, into his dirt-streaked glorious face, and his cock got rock-hard in his pants. He yanked them open, pulled out his stiff rod and pulled Jason's legs over his shoulders. Again his eyes pierced Jason's and he said, "You don't get it, buddy. You're no wimp – you're a fucking hero, a real tough alpha stud and I'll show you just how tough like this...."

"Aaagh..." The scream rang round the garden and the two boys watching gripped each other's hand in awe as they saw the shirtless cop slam his cock hard into the fireman's ass, making his body convulse, his head jerk back and his mouth open in a scream. Jamie and Ben had been scared and aroused by the sight of the two superb blond muscle-gods in a savage trial of strength, the cop and fireman, both shirtless. Now the boys felt their cocks go from stiff to hard-as-steel in their shorts as they watched the cop's rod pierce the fireman's ass.

"Yeah," Jason yelled, "fuck me, man fuck my ass do it hard hurt me punish me I need it man, real bad." Mark became a machine, his cock a jackhammer as he took Jason at his word. He knew that Jason needed this, an overpowering sensation to drive the agony and guilt from his mind. And so he fucked him savagely, mercilessly as the fireman screamed, all other thoughts and memories shattered, every fiber of his being consumed by the incredible sensation of being brutally fucked by this spectacular cop.

Their superb muscles flexed and strained, gleaming with sweat as Jason was impaled on Mark's rod pistoning inside his ravaged ass. "You feel that, stud?" Mark yelled "Take's a real man to ride this cop's big club. You want more, man? You want it harder?"

"Yeah!" Jason howled, staring wild-eyed up at Mark. "Hard do it hard I want it to hurt I wanna feel the pain. Is that all you got, officer?"

Mark rose to the challenge and now it became a contest between two wild stallions, one savaging the other. Mark fell forward and again pinned Jason's wrists to the ground. He rose up off his knees onto his feet so his taut body arched over his victim, poised for maximum impact. From high up his hips fell forward and his iron rod plunged into the hot depths of Jason's ass, pulled all the way back, then drove in again.

The boys gripped each other's hands harder as they watched the cop rise and fall over the screaming fireman, his wrists and ass pinned to the ground. The spectacle was pornographically erotic and the boys impulsively pulled their cocks from their shorts and stroked them hard, knowing that the climax was close.

There was no way either Mark or Jason could take much more of this, and yet Jason still clenched his jaw and stared defiantly up at Mark, refusing to give up, proving his strength and his manhood that he had so recently scorned. Mark sensed all this and knew it was he who

was beaten. His cock was on fire, about to explode inside the ass that he could not conquer. He stared down at the flawless body, the sculpted muscles, the beautiful face and he was lost.

Mark felt his cock pulsing and he yelled, "OK, man, you win. I can't take anymore. You are so fucking hot, I gotta cum. Please, I gotta bust my load. You win I submit I submit to you, siraaagh!...." Mark's body jerked, his head flew back and his cock erupted in the fiery cauldron of the fireman's ass. Having won the sexual trial of strength Jason now let go and, with a final scream, blasted ribbons of cum over his chest and into his face, streaking it with a mix of semen, sweat and dirt.

The boys could hardly believe what they had just witnessed – the cop and the fireman, stripped to the waist, with the cop taking a savage gut punching, but then turning the tables so the fireman was begging to get his ass fucked. The fuck had been brutal but the fireman endured the onslaught and, incredibly, it was the cop who finally begged for release, who submitted to the fireman pinned to the ground. That was when Jamie and Ben gave in too, pounding their cocks and blasting cum that arched high and splashed on the ground at their feet.

Mark smiled down at Jason. "You are one hot, macho stud, Jason. Few men could have taken the pounding I gave you and end up making me submit to you. Man, I am so proud to call you friend." He fell forward and held Jason in a tight embrace, kissing him passionately. Jason responded for a while, but then turned his head to one side and his mind seemed to wander.

"You should have seen her face pleading with me, buddy, heard her screams for help. But I let her go. If only I had held on longer, pulled harder. With a bit more strength I could have moved that table pulled her free, but when I saw the roof about to collapse I chickened out. I abandoned her to save my own life."

Mark simply held Jason in his arms and let him talk. As a cop who had witnessed so much loss he was familiar with the so-called five stages of grief and this was a classic. At first, in his delirium, Jason had denied that he had failed, struggling to go back and save the woman, thinking she was still calling for him. Then came the anger – anger at himself – and Jason had found an outlet for his rage, illogically, on his best friend, pounding him mindlessly.

Now here he was bargaining – 'if only he had what if he had?....' So Mark let that run its course until Jason slumped against him. Mark knew full well what came next – depression – and he braced for it. "You know what you need now," he said cheerily. Jason looked at him expectantly. "You need a shower, man. You're a fucking mess." He stood up and pulled Jason to his feet. Jason looked up at the sky, took a deep breath and stretched. Jamie came quietly up to Mark and asked, "Are you OK, sir? That gut-punching thing was...."

"Nah, I'm fine," Mark interrupted. "But there's still a ways to go with Jason. He was totally wrecked by the trauma of losing that woman. Now I want you to keep Ben away from this for a

while until I've spoken to Steve again. Being with his master like this will be a shock for the boy and Jason might be feeling that he's no longer worthy to have a boy – not man enough. So stay in the kitchen, clean things up and make a few snacks and maybe some tea for later. I'll try to get Jason to sleep a bit. I'm glad you're here, kiddo. Just the rock solid boy I need."

A short while later a hot shower was doing more for Jason's physical well-being than anything else could. At least it was washing away the physical signs of the incident, the dirt and sweat – even the semen – and the acrid smell of smoke. Jason relaxed under the jets of hot water and the tender touch of Mark who was rubbing soap over his body, gently massaging his tired muscles and stroking his sore ass. Mark knelt down and ran his hands over the muscled thighs. He looked up through the steam and said, "I'm kneeling at the feet of a hero, buddy, and it's an honor. God, standing there naked with water pouring off that spectacular body you look fucking gorgeous. I've told you that before, I know but"

He leaned forward and ran his tongue up the length of Jason's cock. He took it into his mouth and felt it stiffen. He eased it down his throat several times but then pulled back. Sure he could bring him to orgasm but he knew that cuming again so soon might provoke a post-orgasm depression that would make things worse. So he stood up and kissed Jason under the hot water. When they separated Jason smiled at him. "Thanks, buddy. I don't think I could make it without you."

After they dried off and pulled on boxer shorts, Mark phoned Jamie in the kitchen and the boys soon came in with sandwiches and hot tea. Mark caught the gaze that passed briefly between Jason and Ben, nervous and uncertain on the part of the boy, and confusion in Jason who quickly looked away and said nothing. Mark flashed a glance at Jamie who put his arm round Ben's shoulder and quietly led him from the room.

After they had eaten, and drunk the soothing tea, Jason was overcome with fatigue – not the frenzied kind as before, but calmer this time – almost too calm, Mark thought seeing the bleakness in Jason's eyes. As before, when he was sure Jason was sleeping peacefully, Mark went to the adjoining room to check in with Steve. He described in detail what had taken place between him and Jason and Steve said, "Yeah, I think you're right about the stages of grief, Mark. I'm usually suspicious of pat formulas like that but this time it seems to fit."

There was a silence as Steve chewed it over. "You've been great, Mark, doing the heavy lifting to get Jason over his immediate shock and anger, but the depression part's gonna be a bit harder. I suspect from what you've said that it is rooted in Jason's intense sense of failure, the feeling that he's not the man he was, that his masculinity's been shredded and he's no longer that dominant lifesaving stud. His reaction to Ben, or rather his non-reaction, indicates that he doesn't feel man enough to be the master of a boy. No use telling Jason he's a hero, he won't believe it – he let the woman die.

“So that’s what we have to work on, Mark – give a boost to his masculinity – and it’s time for my intervention. I’ll come right over and work something out on the way.” He chuckled. “But you know me well, buddy. My methods are far from conventional, so be prepared.”

Mark’s next call was to Bob, asking if he could spare the twins to come over and cook dinner, as Jason had eaten little all day. Bob readily agreed and the news came as a relief to Jamie and Ben who didn’t feel up to cooking the full meal that Jason needed. The twins came within a few minutes, and When Steve arrived he went first to the kitchen and talked to the four boys, explaining the situation exactly, holding nothing back and making sure they were OK. He sensed Ben’s nervousness and confusion but he reassured him that things would turn out fine.

Next he spoke briefly to Mark. “I’ve been thinking, buddy. Jason’s a tough son-of-a-bitch but his one weakness is his vanity, and that’s what we’ll go for. So stand by.”

He then went in to see Jason, who was awake by now, feeling refreshed but still despondent. Steve’s take on his mood and feelings had been dead right. He talked to Jason mostly in general terms, not offering any solutions but gaining his confidence, and he eventually brought him to the point where he trusted Steve to use whatever methods he thought would help him.

Steve took a deep breath and hoped that what he was about to do would work. He called Mark into the bedroom and then, surprisingly, summoned Jamie, Ben and the twins. They all looked up to the handsome therapist, a refined version of his brother Randy. Several of them had already benefitted from his unconventional methods, often involving sex. Ben especially, Steve’s kid brother as well as Randy’s, recalled his first therapy session with him where Steve had worked on his sexual inhibitions, seducing him into a sex marathon.

“OK, guys,” Steve said, “I’m not gonna explain my methods here, you’ll just have to take me on trust. Jason, I know everything that happened earlier with you and Mark, how you fought, then asked him to fuck you. But I’m not sure that’s what you wanted or what you needed. Tell me – and be honest – what was the hottest thing for you – what finally made you blow your wad?”

Jason blushed slightly, admitting this before them all, even the boys, but he said, “It was hearing Mark submit to me. He was pounding my ass like a pile-driver but I wouldn’t give up – I wanted to show him I was still a tough guy – and he ended up begging *me* for release.”

“Exactly,” Steve said. “And that is precisely why you’re gonna do what I tell you next. See, Mark’s not only your buddy – he’s a cop, a gorgeous muscle-stud cop – commanding, respected, the ultimate macho top man, as Jamie can attest, several times a day, eh Jamie? But Jason, you are just as tough, just as much an alpha top-man, and you’re gonna prove it. You’re gonna fuck this dominant cop in the ass while we all watch – and this time you’ll make him submit while *you’re* on top.”

There was a stunned silence as all eyes focused on the fireman, sitting on the bed naked except for his boxers. His body language signaled a refusal as he shrugged and said, "I dunno, man, I can't see how....."

"Hey," Mark cut in, "you turning *this* down, buddy?" He dropped his shorts, stood naked under the overhead spotlight and spread his arms to the sides, flexing his muscles that gleamed under the light. His long cock swung between his muscled thighs and they all watched in awe as it slowly stiffened, got harder and harder until it stood out like a pole from the tangle of blond pubic hair. "See, that, man? A fucking gorgeous macho cop, a top man, a fuck machine. Takes a real stud to top him think you're man enough, sergeant – you think you're hot enough?"

It was an obvious challenge and spoke directly to Jason's vanity. Jason sprang to his feet and pulled Mark over to the full-length mirror. Standing side by side they looked at their own reflections and Jason said scathingly, "Hot enough? You don't think I'm hot enough? Look at this, man." He dropped his shorts and raised his arms in a bodybuilder pose. As he gazed at his magnificent naked body his cock swelled and was soon as hard as Mark's. "Now that's hot, man – no one else comes close."

"You don't think so?" Mark said and copied Jason's pose. Steve and the boys were treated to a spectacular pose-off between the two naked, blond muscle-gods. It was erotic to the point of pornographic, better than anything the boys had seen in muscle magazines or videos, and there wasn't a limp dick in the room. "Yeah," Jason growled, "get a good look at yourself, officer, cause that cop's gonna feel a fireman's cock drilling his ass."

Jason grabbed Mark and whirled him around so he fell on his back on the bed. "OK," Jason said, "we might as well pull out all the stops here, go all the way." He reached under the bed and pulled out some lengths of rope that he used in sex games with Ben. He worked efficiently and in a few minutes he and the others were staring down at a stunning sight. The naked cop was spread-eagled on the bed, arms and legs stretched to the four corners, wrists and ankles tied to the bedposts.

Mark gazed up at Jason and tested his restraints, tugging at the ropes, his arms and legs straining as he writhed on the bed, his muscles flexing and gleaming under the lights, his rugged face contorted with effort, blond hair flying. It was a spectacular display and soon there came two gasps from the corner of the room. The twins were blushing – they had stroked the tight bulge in their shorts and shot a load of cum that was now running down their legs.

But, undistracted, the fireman still gazed down at the naked, muscular cop who was bound and totally at his mercy. Mark growled in defiance, "OK, asshole, so you've tied me down. What you gonna do to me?" Jason leapt onto the bed and knelt astride Mark's waist in gloating triumph. "I'm gonna show you who's boss here. Sure you're the big stud cop they all worship, but not me, man. I already made you submit while you were fucking me, but now you're gonna submit again and beg me to let you shoot your load. Here's what it feels like when a fireman subdues a cop and work's him over."

Jason leaned forward, clamped his fingers onto Mark's nipples and twisted them hard. "Aaaagh!" Mark's head flew back and he flexed his pecs hard to withstand the pain that speared through it. Jason jeered, "That's it, man, let me hear you scream. See how much you can take of this tit-torture. See how long it takes before you give up."

"Go fuck yourself, asshole," Mark groaned between screams as his body thrashed on the bed, pulling against the ropes in a futile attempt to escape the pain. To the boys he looked like a naked Greek god tied to a cross, his perfect body tortured by another muscle-god displaying the superior strength of his sculpted physique. Steve looked over at the distress on Jamie's face but he nodded and smiled, reassuring him that everything was going to plan.

Mark had stopped struggling and now lay still flexing hard to absorb the pain, staring defiantly up at Jason. "You know you're not gonna make me submit to you like that, man. I'm a cop – we're tough. I can take anything you can throw at me, asshole."

In frustration Jason leapt off the bed and glared down at him, "That so, eh? We'll see about that. He turned and walked to the mirror, seeking strength in his vanity. Again he flexed and admired himself, talking as much to himself as to Mark. "Look at that, man. No one can resist that, not even you. It's so fucking hot and just the sight of it is gonna make you give up, man."

He turned back to the bed and growled at Mark. "Man, you are one tough son-of-a-bitch. I could whip that body, gut-punch those abs, split you ass wide open. But there's another way I can top you, man, make you surrender to me. And not even you can withstand that."

Jason grabbed a pillow and stuffed it under the small of Mark's back, raising his ass off the bed. He had deliberately left some slack in the ropes tying his ankles and now he slid Mark's feet up the bed toward his ass as far as the ropes would allow. With Mark's knees now slightly bent Jason had a clear view of his ass – exposed, vulnerable. "Oh, yeah, look at the cop's ass," he gloated. "It's mine, officer – all mine."

He knelt on the bed between Mark's legs leaned forward, grabbed his waist and pulled his mid-section up so his torso was straining backward against the ropes, his ass level with the fireman's rod pointing straight at it. "This is it, man. No one can resist this." He eased his hips forward, pressed the head of his cock into the blond fur round the cop's ass and Aaah." Both men sighed as the long shaft pushed slowly and inexorably down the warm, soft chute and came to rest in the depths of his ass.

"You feel that, officer? You feel this gorgeous fireman's dick in your ass?" Look at me, man, look at my face, my body while I fuck you." He began a long, slow sensuous massaging of the velvet membrane of Mark's ass, gazing into his eyes, mesmerizing him. With the ass firmly impaled on his cock Jason pulled his hands from Mark's waist, fell forward and clamped them round Mark's biceps, pinning them to the bed. Their faces were now a foot apart and they

could see their reflection in each other's soft blue eyes. Jason was smiling now and said quietly, "Tell me, man. Tell me how it feels."

Trapped by the fireman's strong grip, helpless beneath him, feeling his rod moving in and out of his ass, Mark groaned, "You're fucking gorgeous, man. That incredible body, beautiful face you're like a fucking god, man and you're fucking my ass. Shit, I love you, man. You are such a stud, a fucking hero, and I'd give you anything my ass, my submission anything to feel that dick inside me and watch you fucking me."

The boys watched in awe, the cop tied naked to the bed, offering his ass to the muscular fireman pinning his arms, rising and falling over him. They knew now that Jason truly was a top man that no other man could resist. He was supreme.

Jason's voice became hypnotic as his eyes pierced Mark's. "I know what you want, Mark, but you have to ask for it, beg for it, before I will give you release. Let me hear you, Mark, let me hear you submit to me, to the master who is taking your ass. You know you have to."

"Yes," Mark moaned, "I can't take anymore. You are such a fucking stud, you're driving me wild my balls are bursting I gotta cum, gotta bust my load, man. God, I want to feel your juice pouring into my ass. Please, sir, please let me shoot. Please, I'm begging you. You win, sergeant, you've beaten the cop. I surrender to you I submit, sir I submit....."

Jason smiled in triumph, pulled his cock all the way back, paused, then plunged it savagely one last time all the way down to the inner sphincter and over it so that his cum gushed into the deepest chamber of the cop's ass. Mark's body shook, convulsed, he writhed in bondage and screamed "Aaagh!" His cock exploded, pumping ribbons of cum up onto Jason's chest and face. It was still for a moment, then blasted more semen over himself.

Their cocks were still draining when Mark became aware of five men standing by the bed, drawn there by the incredible sight of the cop submitting to the fireman, begging him for release. Steve and the boys were all stroking their cocks, and suddenly five simultaneous orgasms erupted – rivers of cum pouring down on the two muscle-gods, a tribute to their erotic display of rugged manhood.

Through the veil of semen Mark caught sight of Steve smiling down at him and nodding – Mark had played his part well. But in truth he had not been playing a part. Every sensation Mark had felt, every word he had spoken, had been absolutely real. Jason had been magnificent.

In a few minutes Mark and Jason hit the shower again while the boys went back to the kitchen to put the finishing touches to the food that had been simmering slowly. Dinner turned out to be a fairly muted affair, as it was hard to find words to follow the extraordinary event they had

just lived through. Jason especially seemed to draw back into himself, wrapped in his own thoughts, still grappling with his inner demons.

With Mark's help Jason had conquered his denial and anger, and under Steve's direction had proven to himself that he really was the dominant stud he had always believed himself to be before the trauma of the fire. It had been a feat of real virile sexuality to overwhelm the powerful, rugged cop into begging for release and humbling himself in total submission. But that had been a public exhibition of Jason's manhood. Inside he still heard the private, critical voice telling him he had failed, that far from being the hero people were calling him, he was still something less than a man.

When Jason got up and went to the bathroom Steve used the opportunity to quickly explain these issues to Mark and the boys. They looked at him expectantly, waiting for a solution. His methods, strange as they were, had worked up to now. So what came next? Steve looked from one to the other and his gaze settled on Ben.

"The public spectacle is over," he said. "It's the private, intimate part now and that's where you come in Ben. If Jason can regain the certainty that he is man enough to have a boy, to deserve a boy, to be the object of worship to a boy, then he's well on the road to recovery. This will be his first full night after the fire drama and he should spend it with his boy in his arms." Many doubts and questions flew to Ben's mind but just then Jason came back to the table.

Steve once again took the lead. "OK, guys, I gotta get home and I suggest you all do the same. Jason, normally Ben would stay the night with you, right?"

"Well, yeah, I guess, but...."

"Good, then tonight should be no different. Get back to your normal life and routine. Boys, why don't you clear away the dinner and we'll leave Jason and Ben alone together?" They hurried to do as he asked and Steve went home, leaving Jason alone with Mark. Jason grabbed Mark and pulled him into a tight embrace. "Thank you, Mark. I don't know what I've done to deserve a buddy like you. You're an incredible guy. I love you, man."

At about the same time Ben was alone in the garden on the phone. "I'm scared, sir," he was saying to Randy. "I don't know what to do." Bob had been filling Randy in on the events of the day and now Ben had told him of Steve's latest request. The boy was nervous and turned naturally to the man he trusted most in his life. "I mean, Jason is so different now and I'm not sure he even likes me anymore. Steve says maybe Jason doesn't think he deserves a boy anymore, so I'm scared, sir."

Randy's voice was firm but gentle. "Now listen kiddo. What Jason has been through is real tough. Mark always says that the worst thing for a cop or fireman is to lose someone who's begging him to save them. So Jason's mind is really fucked up. But I tell you this, kid. When a man is in trouble the place for his boy to be is by his side. It's up to you now, boy, and

I know you can pull this off. You're my tough little brother, dammit, and we guys can do whatever it takes. Our brother Steve has done his part and now it's your turn."

Randy's voice softened. "Listen kid, you love the guy and I'm damn sure he's crazy about you. That's really all it takes just be yourself and love him. Go for it, kiddo. Make me proud of you."

Ben shut off the phone and took a deep breath. As always Randy had given him strength and courage, and he was determined to make him proud. Just then Mark and the boys came out of the house. "We're off," said Jamie. "Take good care of him, Ben." He hugged him, followed by the twins. Mark, surprisingly, shook Ben's hand firmly, man to man. "He needs you now more than anyone, Ben, and I know you can do it. Shit, Randy and his brothers can do anything."

After they left there was a sudden silence and Ben stood alone in the darkness. He looked up at Jason's window and the light was still on. He braced himself, marched to the house and went straight into the bedroom. Jason was lying on the bed in just his boxers, with his back to Ben. The boy cleared his throat to get his attention and Jason turned over to face him.

"Listen, Ben, I'll be straight with you. I don't think a guy like me should have a boy. I don't deserve one, and I don't think I can give you what you want." Ben stood his ground without a word. "God dammit it, what do you want from me, boy?"

Randy's words echoed in Ben's mind – "Just be yourself and love him. Make me proud...." He cleared his throat again and his voice was firm. "I want you to love me, sir. I want you to let me be your boy and love you back."

"After what I did? You still want me after that? I'm a fucking coward."

"No, sir!" Ben said defiantly. "You're a hero you're my hero. After what you did today I'm prouder than ever to be your boy – if you still want me." His voice faltered. "I love you so much, sir. I worship you. Please don't send me away."

Jason looked at the brave young gypsy boy, standing so straight, his fists clenched, trying to be tough and hold back the tears brimming in his eyes. And suddenly Jason was swept with a love deeper than he had ever felt. It was the love of a man for a boy – the love of a rugged male, a master, for his boy. And suddenly he felt whole. The boy needed him, he needed a strong man, a master, a man he could look up to and Jason knew now that he was still that man.

"Take your clothes off, boy." His heart surging Ben quickly obeyed and stood naked before his master. "God, you are so beautiful, Ben. Come here." Still lying on the bed he held his arms wide and Ben fell into them. Jason folded them round him and held him tight against him, burying his face into Ben's neck.

And then Jason began to weep. Tears streamed down his face and onto Ben's neck, uncontrollable tears, his body shaking, racked with heaving sobs. The floodgates had opened and this was the catharsis he needed, with his boy wrapped in his arms. Tears poured from him until at last his passion was spent. Ben pulled his head back and licked the tears from his master's cheeks. He kissed his forehead, his eyes and his lips, still holding onto him tight.

For all the heroic efforts of Mark and the wisdom of Steve in easing Jason's tortured soul, finally it was the simple love of his boy that had enabled Jason to conquer his demons once and for all. "Thank you for not giving up on me, Ben," he said softly. "You're the finest boy a man could have. I love you kiddo. I know you want me to fuck your sweet ass, and I want it too. But right now, would it be OK with you if we just go to sleep, with you asleep in my arms all night?"

"Of course, sir. I dream of that often. I want to give you whatever you want, sir. I'm your boy."

What was it Randy had said? 'When a man is in trouble the place for his boy to be is by his side.' And here Ben was, by his side, in his arms. Randy would have been proud.

On the ride back home after leaving Jason's house Mark and Jamie were mostly silent at first. Then Mark reached over and squeezed Jamie's hand. "You were great today, kiddo, steady as a rock. You'd make a good cop, you know that? You were perfect backup – calm, in control – and the way you supported young Ben! He wouldn't have made it without you. I wasn't sure about leaving Ben alone there with Jason, still so unpredictable. I sure hope the kid's having the effect on Jason that Steve anticipated."

"I wouldn't worry about that, sir," Jamie said. "Ben's tougher than people think – something he learned from his big brother he's a junior version of Randy. I know Jason's crazy about him and you know what they say, sir – 'love conquers all'. I bet they're asleep in each other's arms right now." Jamie's youthful insight was right on the mark.

Mark squeezed his hand tighter and they drove on in silence, which was suddenly broken by the ring of Jamie's cell phone. He thought it might be Ben, but the excited voice at the other end said, "Jamie, mi scusi, amico, for calling so late but another waiter has just traded shifts with me and I have two days off. I have to come to L.A. for some – come se dice – some errands, yes? and I would love to drop by to see you. I know you are very busy with your work, but"

"Hang on a second, Mario" said Jamie excitedly. He checked with Mark who grinned and said, "Sure, tell him he can stay a couple of nights if he wants to." Jamie gave Mario the good news and they promised to touch base next morning. Jamie's eyes were shining as he looked up at Mark. "Thank you, sir. Wow, I wonder how he'll react when he sees all the guys."

Mark chuckled. "What I wanna to see is how the guys react to him. A hot young Italian in the mix should really stir things up. I can't wait.

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Chapter 189 – Mario, The Cop & The Construction Boss

The following morning Eddie was raking leaves outside the gate. It was a part of the day he really loved, when all the guys had gone to work leaving him alone to get on with his job of cleaning the house, doing yard work, making it ready for when they all came back. He looked forward to their praise, especially from the big bosses, Randy and Bob, who never failed to thank him for his efforts, with one of them usually ruffling his hair.

This was his territory, and today he was king of the house as Nate had gone out shopping for supplies with the twins, leaving him alone except for Jamie working upstairs in his office. Eddie had never been happier in his life than he was working for these sensational guys, especially now that he was Hassan's boy. As he worked his thoughts ran in a continuous loop on the night he had just spent with the handsome Marine, folded in his arms after getting fucked by him.

But suddenly his daydreams were interrupted by a small car that drove by slowly, stopped uncertainly, then backed up and pulled into the parking area. A head with black curly hair leaned out of the window and a heavily accented voice said, "Scusi, but is this the house of Mark and Jamie?"

"Er, yes, sir," said Eddie, taken aback, "and of Randy and Bob and Pablo and the twins and..."

"Excellent!" The man jumped out of the car and flashed a gleaming smile. "I have come to see Jamie. My name is"

"Mario, I know."

"You know my name?"

"Oh yes, sir, Jamie said you would be coming." For Eddie, this beautiful young man with a lilting foreign accent, dressed in blue-jeans and a sexy white linen shirt, might as well have come from Mars instead of from Italy by way of Laguna Beach. His exotic looks and flawless physique, visible under the thin shirt that hung open nearly to the waist, stunned the shy young houseboy, whose nervousness took refuge in words – lots of them. Impulsively, without pausing for breath, he launched into what Nate always laughingly called his nervous babble.

"Jamie told us a lot about you, sir, and Darius asked lots of questions he's Zack's boy and he keeps tabs on what's going on in the house they live across the street, and they work with Randy and Pablo and Ben Pablo is Randy's boy, the boss's boy, and Darius's lover, and I'm the assistant houseboy and work under Nate he's Adam's boy, they're both Aussies and live next door Darius calls it the Aussie house and I'm Hassan's boy, he's the hot

macho Marine who lives up at Steve and Lloyd's house and most of the time I spend the night with him and he fucks me a lot and I cum a lot I can cum lots of times, sir the other day I came seven times and Hassan calls me his regular little gusher and....." he was finally running out of steam "... my name's Eddie, by the way."

Highly amused at this confusing deluge of names and information Mario stepped forward, shook Eddie's hand and said with a smile, "Buongiorno, Eddie."

"Bon what, sir?"

"Buongiorno – it's Italian for Good Morning. And the Italian for friend is amico, and that's what you and I will be. Is it OK if I hug you?" Despite his nerves Eddie nodded enthusiastically and allowed himself to be wrapped in a tight, warm embrace. He felt Mario's exposed pecs pressing against him and the long bulge in the jeans rubbing against his. The scent was intoxicating, a warm, musky smell, (an Italian cologne that Mario sometime splashed on).

This time Eddie's impulsiveness took the form of action, not words. He gazed into Mario's exotic green eyes and, without thinking, pressed his lips against Mario's mouth, pushing it open with his tongue. He was floating as he tasted, smelled, the exotic essence of this handsome young man. Eddie clung tighter, his body shuddered against Mario's and he sighed, "Oohh..." He pulled back, blushing deeply, and looked down at the cum stain spreading down his shorts and the juice running down his leg. "Sorry, sir, I couldn't help it, I...."

"No need for apologies, Eddie. After all, you are as your Hassan says – come se dice? – a regular little gusher, yes?" Eddie grinned shyly and, to relieve the boy's embarrassment, Mario said, "You know you do not have to call me sir, Eddie."

"Oh, I pretty much call everyone here 'sir'. I don't mind – I like it, sir." Mario smiled at the eager face staring up at him. "By the way, Eddie, is Jamie at home?"

Eddie jerked back to reality and welcomed the chance to be of service. "Yes, sir, he's in his office. Follow me." As he led Mario across the lawn Eddie was cursing himself. Shit, he had talked too much, he knew that, and losing his load like that what would Mario think of him?

In fact, Mario was totally charmed by this sexy young boy's shyness and impulsiveness. Of course, Eddie had not yet learned that these were the very qualities that all the guys loved about him – and hopefully he never would.

Jamie was concentrating so hard on the spreadsheet on his computer that he didn't even hear the door open. "Che cosa, Jamie? The numbers on your screen are more interesting than me?" Hearing the lilt of the familiar Italian accent Jamie's head jerked up. "Dude! You're here!" He stood up and threw his arms round Mario, then held him at arm's length and gazed

at his gorgeous friend, his linen shirt hanging open casually but elegantly over his muscular chest. “Wow, you look spectacular, dude – that shirt is so sexy.”

“Oh, just something I brought from Italy. And look at you, amico, the hot young surfer. Is that what you wear to the beach?” Jamie was, as usual, barefoot in his old surfer baggies and loose, faded tank top. Eddie was staring open mouthed – “wow!” – the elegant, dark-haired Italian boy meets the casual, blond Southern California dude. Jamie turned to him and said, “Hey Eddie, this is my friend Mario from” He broke off noticing the big wet patch over Eddie’s crotch and grinned. “Oh, you already met, I see. He’s pretty hot, eh?”

Eddie stammered, “I’m sorry sir, I couldn’t help” but Jamie cut him off, laughing. “Don’t worry, Eddie, he has the same effect on me.” Just then the door opened and Bob came in, straight from his office in a smart business suit and tie. “Hey, is this a private party or can anyone join in?” He took off his jacket, threw it over a chair and beamed at the young Italian. “Mario! Jamie told me you were coming. Good to see you again. Randy and I still talk about that time we met at the hotel.”

“I too, signore, think fondly of our meeting.” Mario blushed and went to shake hands with this man whose face reminded him of Superman, but Bob pulled him into a tight hug. Mario’s dick got hard in his jeans as he felt the muscular torso rippling under the shirt. Bob pulled back and looking approvingly at Mario’s classy, well-tailored shirt, flapping open over his chest. “Hey, nice shirt, kiddo – Italian I bet. Sure beats this plain old thing of mine I call it my uniform shirt – standard Brooks Brothers issue – buy them by the dozen.”

Mario smiled the dazzling smile that had first seduced Bob and Randy a long time ago. “So welcome to our house of ill-repute, Mario. I hope we’ll be seeing you here often, and I’m sure we will if Jamie has anything to do with it. And talking of Jamie...” he looked at his watch “isn’t Mark working the early shift today? Which means he’ll be home any time now, kiddo.”

Jamie glanced at the time on his computer and jumped to his feet. “You’re right, sir.” His whole laid-back demeanor changed and he was suddenly charged with energy. “I gotta go is it OK, sir can you take care of Mario for a while?” Bob grinned lasciviously – “Love to.” Jamie dashed out of the room and Mario smiled at Bob. “Is it always like this when Mark comes home, sir?”

“Always. Jamie knows that after several hours of that police motor-cycle throbbing between his legs Mark will be horny as a stallion and there’s only one remedy for that. It’s a daily ritual with those two and just in time, too, judging by the sound of that truck outside.” In a minute the door burst open and Mario gasped.

Standing in the doorway was a cop in full black uniform – the shirt, with badge and police flashes, stretched over his muscular chest and a triangle of a white T-shirt at his neck. The shirt sloped down from broad shoulders to a tight waist cinched by a heavy black leather belt.

The black pants were tucked into high shiny motorcycle boots and he was still wearing his helmet – white with its silver badge and black peak.

The vision was incredibly erotic, something straight out of pornographic drawings Mario had seen often. He had never seen Mark in his police uniform (only the shirt when Mark had fucked him in the hotel room) and now his jaw dropped and his dick grew rock hard again. But Mark had eyes only for Bob. He took off his helmet, ran his hand through his tousled blond hair and said, “Come here you gorgeous stud.” The two men wrapped their arms round each other in a long, tight, sensuous embrace.

The electricity between them was palpable and Mario was mesmerized by the sight of the gorgeous, dark-haired business executive and the iconic blond cop locked together. This house doesn’t quit, he thought. He had only been here a few minutes and already the cute houseboy had shot his load hugging him, then his handsome young surfer friend Jamie had welcomed him, and now this – two spectacular alpha males in an erotic embrace. What was it with these guys – something in the water?

Finally the two muscle-gods separated, Mark beamed at Mario and shook his hand effusively. ‘Hey there, Mario, great to see you again. You look terrific. Does Jamie know you’re here?’ Bob answered for him. “Your boy left here a few minutes ago and he's probably waiting for you.”

“He’d better be,” Mark grinned. “Why don’t you come with me, Mario – see the kind of welcome a cop gets from his boy?” Ready for anything by this time, Mario grinned at Bob and Eddie and followed Mark out of the room.”

Only then did Eddie speak up. “I should get back to my yard work, sir. I kind of got sidetracked.”

Bob looked down at the wet stain on Eddie’s shorts and grinned. “I see you did – an Italian distraction would be my guess,” and he ruffled the boy’s hair affectionately. Eddie loved it when Bob did that. “You know,” Bob continued, “those leaves out there can wait. Why don’t you stay a while and tell me how things are going for you here? Long time since we had one of our chats, and I’ve missed that. Here, have a beer.”

Bob took two beers from the small fridge and Eddie sat down. After Hassan, Bob was the man Eddie loved most – one of the big bosses but so kind, not to mention totally gorgeous. Eddie was in heaven. And one thing he knew when Bob hugged him, as he knew he would, the stain on his shorts would grow even bigger.

Mario knew what to expect when he followed Mark into the bedroom Mark shared with Jamie, but still he was dazzled by the sight that met his eyes – the beautiful young blond with the seductive face and athletic surfer’s body lying naked on the bed, his eyes sparkling as he

looked up at the uniformed cop towering over him. “Hope it’s OK with you, kiddo,” Mark said, “but I invited Mario here to watch. Thought he should be witness to the highlight of our day.”

Jamie’s smile broadened he didn’t mind at all. He loved showing off to his new friend, and in a light-hearted way he was boasting to the classy young Italian. Look at me, he thought, just a California surfer dude, but look what I’ve got I’m the boy of the most gorgeous cop ever to straddle a Harley, and he fucks me every time he comes home from work.

Mark’s mind was running on roughly similar lines, but unlike Jamie he gave voice to his thoughts. “Look at that, Mario, and that’s what I always find on my bed when I come home, waiting for me to shove my dick in his ass. I’m usually so fucking horny I don’t even wait to get naked just get right down to it. OK, show me, boy!”

Watching in awe, Mario had another huge hard-on in his pants. Seemed like he’d had a more or less constant erection ever since walking into this house. Jamie put his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs up high, showing off the perfect globes of his ass – white against the tan lines of his golden skin. “Shit, see what I mean, Mario? You know what turns me on most? – that light fuzz of blond hair round his hole. Man, all day long I think of burying my face in that.”

And that’s what he did now. He knelt on the floor at the end of the bed and pushed Jamie’s legs farther back. He leaned forward and licked the soft fur, then pushed his tongue deep inside the warm, velvet ass. Mario almost came in his jeans as he watched the police officer eating his boy’s ass, and saw Jamie throw his head back with the ecstatic sensation of his master’s tongue licking the sensitive membrane inside him.

Suddenly Mark pulled back and smiled up at Mario. “Hey, kid, you gotta get a taste of this – it’s fucking awesome.” For a moment Mario didn’t grasp what he was hearing but when Mark stood up, grabbed Jamie’s ankles and pushed his legs higher he knew what he had to do. Flashing a smile at Jamie he knelt on the floor between Mark and the foot of the bed. Jamie’s ass was right in front of him, the downy blond hair wet with Mark’s saliva, and it was irresistible.

Just as Mark had done, Mario pushed his face into the warm, wet ass, hungrily licked his friend’s hole and pushed his tongue inside. Jamie groaned as he saw the curly black hair of the young Italian munching on his ass. Jamie looked up at Mark and moaned, “Thank you, sir.”

Mark finally pulled Mario’s head back and said, “Hey kid, I know you Italians can get pretty hot-blooded, but leave a piece of that ass for me, won’t you?” He let go of Jamie’s legs, stood back, and Mario got to his feet and smiled at Mark, licking his lips. “Taste’s great, eh kid?” Mark said. “But let’s find out what the boy really wants. Usually he tells me, but why don’t you ask him this time?”

Mario looked down into Jamie’s shining eyes. “Cosa vuoi, amico? Tell me, Jamie – what do you want?”

“I want to feel my master’s cock in my ass. I dream of it all day. I want the police officer to fuck me.”

“Just what I thought,” Mark said, yanking down the zip of his uniform pants and pulling out his long, hard pole. He pulled Jamie right to the edge of the bed, grabbed his ankles and pushed his legs high and wide apart. Mark was still standing, legs astride – no kneeling this time – with his cock pointing straight down at the waiting ass. “Shit, boy, you make me so fucking horny. Here it comes, kid.....” From high up, his hips fell forward and his rod plunged into Jamie’s hole, driving all the way in and coming to rest deep inside.

Jamie’s ass was well lubricated by the spit of two men but he screamed at the sudden invasion of his master’s huge tool. Leaning forward on his boy’s ankles, Mark pulled his cock back, then buried it once again into the warm, moist ass. Mario gazed in disbelief at the rugged cop in full black uniform, his boots planted firmly on the floor, his cock pistoning in the ass of the writhing young surfer whose tousled blond hair was flying as his face thrashed from side to side.

“Yeah, take it, boy,” Mark growled. “Feel that cop’s huge club pounding your ass.” Soon Mark felt the body shudder under him and he looked up at Mario who by this time had pulled his cock from his jeans and was stroking it hard. “My boy’s real hot this time won’t last much longer without losing his load. See that cock of his? Help your buddy out, kid.”

Mario dropped to his knees by the bed, leaned forward and slid his mouth over the shuddering cock. Mark knelt on the bed, dropped one of Jamie’s legs onto the bed and pushed the other leg further back, giving him a clear view of his ass, of his cock driving into it and the head pounding up and down on Jamie’s dick. With his free hand Mark grabbed the curly black hair, pulled the head back, then forced it back down on the cock, making Mario choke and gag. Jamie was moaning loudly, gazing in awe at the cop who was simultaneously pile-driving his ass and pounding his friend’s face down on his cock.

Jamie was going wild and Mark taunted him. “You feel that, boy? You feel you’re master’s rod in your ass and your buddy’s mouth on your cock. What d’ya say, boy?”

“Thank you, sir. Thank you but I don’t think I can hold back

“You don’t cum ‘til I say you can, boy,” the cop ordered. “I wanna hear you plead first. Turns me on hearing a boy beg his master for release.”

Jamie was close to sobbing by now, the strain in his bulging cock and balls was so intense. “Please, sir, I love you, sir – I love feeling your cock in my ass and my buddy’s mouth on my dick. It feels so hot I gotta cum, sir. Please please let me shoot my load, sir. I’ll be a good boy for you, sir, but please help me. My dick hurts so much, it’s gonna burst. I’m begging you sir..... have mercy let me cum, sir.”

“That’s what I wanted to hear. OK, kid now!” Mark slammed his cock one last time deep into Jamie’s ass and jammed Mario’s head down on his cock. Jamie screamed out loud and Mario screamed into the gag of his cock as it exploded in his mouth, spewing hot jism that Mario gulped down frantically. Swallowing hard, Mario was barely aware that his own cock had erupted over Jamie’s writhing body.

“Here, boy,” Mark ordered, pulling Mario’s face up to his and clamping their mouths together. Mark sucked Jamie’s cum from Mario’s mouth and they passed it back and forth while Jamie gazed up mesmerized at the rugged cop and the young Italian stud, both drinking his cum.

But far from feeling sated Mark’s lust had been fired up even more. It had been a long shift on the throbbing motorcycle – and he had not even busted his load yet. He pulled his dick from Jamie’s ass and leapt to his feet. “You, boy,” he ordered Mario. “On your feet – and get naked.” Without hesitating Mario obeyed, pulling off his shirt, kicking off his loafers and dropping his jeans. He was wearing only black European style briefs that accentuated his ass and the bulge of his cock that he had stuffed back inside.

“Turn around!” Mario obeyed. “Shit, that ass is fucking gorgeous. I gotta have it. OK, get on the bed naked, beside your buddy.’ Again Mario obeyed instantly and, with a quick, excited glance at Jamie, lay on his back beside him. They watched the cop pace the room like a stallion in heat, and then gasped as Mark unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off. The T-shirt underneath stretched over his chest and accentuated his shoulders, biceps and V-shaped lats tapering down to the leather belt round the narrow waist of his pants.

He dropped to his knees between Mario’s legs and said, “So, you saw what I did to your buddy’s ass. You want the same treatment, boy?” Mario, even though he prided himself on being a top man, wanted it more than anything. “Si, signore. “Yes, sir. Please, sir.”

“Right.” Then Mark delivered the final seduction. He reached behind his neck and slowly pulled up on his T-shirt, revealing his slim waist, eight-pack abs, the slabs of his chest and his broad shoulders as the shirt came off. “Dio mio,” Mario gasped, dazzled by the sight of the muscle-god, stripped to the waist, preparing to fuck his ass. Hypnotized by the pornographically erotic image Mario intuitively raised his legs, offering his ass to the shirtless cop.

Mark spat in his hand and stroked the boy’s ass, lubricating it and pushing two fingers inside. Mario groaned and grabbed Jamie’s hand beside him on the bed. Jamie squeezed it and they glanced at each other, two young buddies at the mercy of a cop. Mario braced himself for the forceful fuck Jamie had endured, but he was surprised as Mark pressed his cock against his ass and gently slid it inside. Warmth suffused Mario’s body as he gazed up at the gorgeous blond cop, his naked torso rising and falling over him as his cock massaged his ass.

“Dio mio,” Mario sighed, “è magnifico. You are so beautiful, sir. Fuck me... please” Although Mario had cum so recently it was not long before his cock was throbbing. Mark expertly brought him to the edge of orgasm and suddenly pulled out. He looked at Jamie and said, “You want more of this, boy?” Jamie grinned, “Always, sir.”

And so began a long slow fuck of both boys, with Mark alternating from one to the other, bringing each one to the brink of shooting his load, then teasing them by pulling out and focusing on the other. He was driving them wild as he pushed his cock first in one ass then the other. They looked at each other and felt closer than ever, knowing that they were both feeling the same intense thrill as they got ploughed by the same magnificent cop.

Mark smiled, “So what do you want, guys?” They replied in unison. “Come inside us, sir.”

“You first, signore,” Mark grinned, pulling Mario’s legs over his shoulders and easing his cock back inside his ass. “OK, boy,” Mark said as he fucked his ass. “This time I’m gonna pump my juice inside you and, when I do, you shoot that load – and that’s an order.” Mario’s body was shaking as he felt the cop’s shaft pulse inside him, saw the muscular body flex, heard him howl “aaagh” and suddenly his ass was bathed in the juice of this incredible cop. “Thank you, sir,” he shouted as his own cock shot a ribbon of cum over his chest, then another all the way up to his face.

Instantly Mark pulled out, pushed his cock into Jamie and shot another stream of cum deep into his boy’s ass. As they recovered he smiled down at their glowing faces – the young blond and the dark, handsome Italian. Mark sprang to his feet and Jamie grinned, “Welcome home, sir.”

“Thanks, kiddo. It’s always a pleasure.”

Later in the day Mario was treated to the homecoming of the other members of the tribe. First came Nate and Kyle, home from their shopping trip. “Hi, mate,” said Nate genially, “I’m Nate, one half of the Aussies.” Mario shook hands with the good-looking, cheerful young man. “And I’m Kyle.” Mario gazed mesmerized at the tall, beautiful boy with the flawless, athletic build. “And I’m Kevin.” Mario did a double take seeing the twin come through the gate with a shopping bag. “Two of you!” he gasped, and his head was starting to reel.

He was spared any more introductions for the rest of the afternoon until Nate and Eddie started setting the outdoor table for dinner and he sat down with Bob, Mark and Jamie over drinks. Suddenly the gate burst open and in strode the big boss, Randy, with two boys. Randy was wearing his habitual work clothes of old, faded tank top, dusty cargo pants and boots, and he walked straight over to Mario and took his hand in a bone-crushing grip.

“Hey, Mario, good to see you again – long time since our hot session in the hotel all that time ago. Jeez, I’d almost forgotten how fucking hot you are. Here meet the boys. This is my boy

Pablo and my kid bother Ben.” Pablo shook hands tentatively, always a bit slow to welcome a newcomer to the house, him being the boss’s boy and all. Ben was more effusive. “Wow, I’ve never met a real Italian before. I’m Jason’s boy – he’s a fireman and..... oh, here he is now.”

In came another stunning blond, like something out of a fireman’s calendar (which he was) in casual clothes that seemed designed to display his spectacular body (which they were). He put his arm round Ben and shook Mario’s hand. Next, through the gate from next door, came a tall athletic man with dark hair, chiseled features and a generous smile. Nate rushed up and said, “This is Adam, the other Aussie. I’m his boy and we live next door.” Adam shook Mario’s hand and said, “Good on ya, mate, you finally made it up here. Welcome to the fun house.”

They all took their places round the table and Eddie was bringing up more chairs when he suddenly spun round and ran to greet the man who had just entered. He was a tall, exotic-looking muscle-stud of a man, (a mix of Arab and Asian, Mario guessed) with square-jawed features and jet black hair. He was wearing military fatigues and a sleeveless olive-green shirt and Eddie pulled him over to Mario. “This is Hassan,” he said proudly. “He’s a Marine and I’m his boy.” Hassan grinned, ruffled Eddie’s hair, and said, “Happy to meet you, Mario”

Dinner was brought out by the twins and conversation got louder, with many questions for Mario about Italy, and cheeky enquiries from the boys about his adventures with guests at the hotel. “Not so many,” Mario smiled good-naturedly. “Only two actually.” Bob laughed, “And all the men involved are sitting at this table. We should feel honored to be in such an exclusive club.”

Randy’s commanding voice interrupted the banter. “Where the fuck are Zack and Darius? Working late, I hope, not fucking their brains out. Plenty of time for that later.”

As if on cue a truck drew up outside the gate and Mario nearly dropped his fork as he saw two tall, muscular black men walk in, one older than the other, both dressed alike – shirtless in black Levi’s and work boots. They had presumably come straight from the construction site, Mario thought, and they were spectacular. Both had perfect, sculpted physiques, the older with a stunning face and shaved head, his body gleaming like ebony, the younger one boyishly handsome with a mischievous smile.

Mario had not had that much experience with black men. There were none in the Italian village where he was raised, and at the hotel where he worked he had just a few black friends on the staff. But he had seen photos and erotic drawings in magazines of black bodybuilders and these two looked as if they had stepped straight from those pages.

The younger one ran across to the table, flashed a smile at Mario and pumped his hand. “Hey, dude, you must be Mario. Shit, you’re even hotter than the guys said. Great shirt by the way. Yeah, we’ve heard all about you, dude, first from Randy and Bob and then a few days ago by Mark and Jamie. Man, you guys sure work it at that hotel by the sounds of things.”

“Only twice,” Jamie interjected, embarrassed by Darius’s loose tongue. Zack came up to intervene and said, “Hey Mario, good to meet you at last. I’m Zack and this motor-mouth is my boy, Darius.” Mario stood up and shook hands. As Zack’s big hand squeezed his and he looked into the hypnotic gray eyes he felt his cock grow rigid in his pants. But Darius, still gabbing on, squeezed himself onto the bench beside Mario and pulled him down beside him.

“Now listen dude, us boys tell each other everything here – we call it spilling the beans – and we wanna hear all the stories a hot stud like you must have. I film a lot of stuff too so I’ve gotta get footage of you,” he grinned, “especially if I can get you to take your shirt off.”

“OK, kiddo,” Zack grinned indulgently, “why don’t you pause for breath and leave the guy alone for five minutes?” Mario turned to Jamie on his other side and conversation picked up again.

During dinner the one subject that was avoided was what exactly Jamie and Mark had in mind for Mario – whether he might even be a candidate for joining the group. From what Jamie had already told them about him it seemed like a possibility, especially as the company was expanding and being reorganized, with new staff hires likely. But they all trod carefully as it was early days – the guy had just shown up for god’s sake – and it would be a business decision, not an appropriate subject over dinner..

But there was one guy who played by his own rules – didn’t give a shit about what was ‘appropriate’ – and just charged in. That would be the boss. Randy’s mind was racing ahead and, in the middle of the conversation, said suddenly, “You know kid, if you’re thinking of coming to work for us it would be a good idea if you took a look at one of the construction sites and got to know what our company does and how it works. There’s a lot of grunt work goes on.”

There was a pause in the conversation and Mark looked pissed that Randy had stepped in as the big boss and made assumptions and suggestions about the young guy he and Jamie had brought here. Sensing the undercurrents round the table as always Bob looked over at Mark, grinned and gave a helpless shrug of his shoulders. Mark couldn’t help smiling back at him.

These subtleties were lost on Randy who ploughed ahead. “Take tomorrow, for example. Darius is my assistant but he’s currently working on the landscaping for the site that Zack’s in charge of, so I can assign him to show you around there. What d’ya say, kid?”

Mario was bewildered that everything was moving so fast, getting his first taste of Randy’s macho style. There was an exchange of looks around the table – an encouraging nod from Jamie who loved the idea of Mario joining them; a resigned smile from Mark who saw no harm in it; and an enthusiastic look from Darius, his eyes shining. Mario himself was in a magical world surrounded by these spectacular men and their boys, and the thought of joining them was enticing. Plus, though he could barely allow himself to admit it, the thought of spending time with these two incredible black men on a construction site gave him a huge boner in his pants.

So.... “Molto bene,” Mario said. “Excellent, sir. I would like very much to do that – very much.”

So early next morning Mario found himself walking through the gates into a world heavy with testosterone, with the clamor of heavy equipment and the shouted obscenities of rugged construction workers. “Welcome to our world,” Darius said by his side. This is what keeps our lives ticking and the money rolling in. Just watch for a minute and get the feel of it.

As Mario looked wide eyed at the ferocious activity and the crew of macho guys he once again had the familiar feel of his cock getting hard. But amid the grime and swirling dust he felt out of place in the same white linen shirt and blue jeans he had worn yesterday.

But Darius’s chatty enthusiasm was infectious as he showed him around, explained the various projects going on and greeted most of the crew cheerfully by name. Then suddenly Mario caught sight of a broad black back bending under the open hood of a truck. The man straightened up, turned and Mario’s jaw fell open. It was Zack, shirtless as always in black jeans, his incredible body pumped with exertion, gleaming with sweat and striped with dirt and grease. His chiseled, ebony features broke into a gleaming smile and he said, “Hey, Mario, welcome to the madhouse. My boy treating you OK?”

“Perfectly, sir. He is an excellent guide.”

“Yeah, that’s not his only talent, as you’ll probably find out. Darius, why don’t you show him what you’re doing with the landscaping?” And Zack dived back under the hood of the truck.

Mario said, “I’d love to see it, Darius. Before I left Italy I worked in my father’s landscaping company so I learned a lot about it, though I’m sure the soil is different here.”

“Tell you the truth,” Darius grinned, “plants and stuff are not my strong point so if you feel like giving me a hand that would be real cool.” Mario agreed enthusiastically and Darius said, “OK, but first we gotta get you kitted out. Can’t get down and dirty in those clothes, dude.” He led Mario to the trailer office and poked through a pile of dirty laundry heaped in a corner.

“Here,” he said, “an old pair of Zack’s jeans and my boots. They should fit. He stood back and watched as Mario changed clothes, with no hint of embarrassment, no inhibition. He unbuttoned his shirt and threw it over a chair. “Jesus,” Darius said, “Jamie said you were hot but that is some kickass body you got on you dude.” Mario merely smiled, kicked off his loafers, unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down his legs.

“Holy shit,” Darius said as he looked at the tall, dark Italian wearing only the black briefs that showed the bulge of his ass and his crotch. “That ass is flawless, dude. Right up there with my lover Pablo’s, which I might mention I plough at least once a day. Lose the briefs too, dude.” Mario grinned, flattered by Darius’s effusive praise and slowly pulled down the black briefs, letting his still-hard cock spring out. He stood there naked with his gleaming smile.

Darius gulped and said, “Dude, you are fucking gorgeous – no wonder you got fucked by the cop and his boy. Is it OK with you if I.....” Without waiting for a reply Darius unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. “Merda!” Mario gasped out loud, gazing in disbelief at the huge black club that sprang out. “I have never seen such a it must be at least twenty-five centimetri.”

“Don’t know about all that shit, dude, but it’s a good ten incher. Lots of guys have measured it. You don’t mind if I?” Darius wrapped his fist round his cock and began to stroke it, gazing at the beautiful naked Italian standing before him. Mesmerized by the handsome black boy with the long pole Mario instinctively stroked his own cock. “Magnifico,” he breathed, “bellissimo!”

“You said it, dude,” Darius grinned. “In English that’s ‘abso-fucking-lutely gorgeous.’ Either way, dude, you’re a fucking knockout.” Darius walked closer and with his free hand tweaked Mario’s hard nipple. Gazing into Darius’s eyes, as green as his own, Mario licked his own fingers and rubbed them against Darius’s nipple. The heat rose quickly as they pumped their cocks and squeezed each other’s nipples hard.

“Damn,” Darius said, “I can’t take this, dude, you’re so fucking hot. Come here.” He leaned forward and pressed their mouths together, each one probing with his tongue, tasting, smelling the essence of each other. They stopped kissing and gazed into each other’s eyes, seeing their own reflection. “That’s when it gets awesome, dude,” said Darius softly. “It’s making me real close. Come on, man, stroke that fucking dick. Splash that jizz all over my hot body.”

Darius was so raw, so earthy that Mario couldn’t hold back. “OK, my friend,” he shouted. “Here it comes Aaah....” Their cocks erupted at the same time, blasting ribbons of cum that passed each other in mid air before splashing on their heaving chests. “Incredible, dude,” Darius gasped. Their hearts were beating so fast and their breath rasping so loud that they didn’t hear the trailer door open.

“So how’s the landscaping coming along, guys?”

They broke apart and looked at Zack in alarm, but were relieved to see him smiling. “It’s OK, guys, I understand. You leave two hot over-sexed boys in a small trailer and this is what you get,” he grinned, his eyes focused on the jism running down their chests. “I’d have joined you except I was working,” he said pointedly, “and that’s where you should be, Darius. As for you, kid” He walked up to Mario, grabbed the back of his head and pulled it toward him, grinding his mouth against the boy’s, almost suffocating him as he sucked the air from his mouth.

He pressed his sweaty, greasy chest against Mario’s, then suddenly pulled back and laughed to see Mario gasping, wide-eyed, his cock already hard again. “You’re lucky I’m so busy, kid, so the stuff I had in mind for you will have to wait.” He turned and strode out of the trailer.

Darius grinned. “You heard what the man said, dude – back to work. Come on, put on those jeans and boots and if you need a T-shirt you’d better take this,” reaching into the laundry pile again. “It’s an old shirt of Zack’s – stinks of grease, his sweat and probably some of his dried jism he’s wiped off his chest, but somehow I don’t think you’ll mind that.”

When they stepped out of the trailer Mario felt like a different man – the cool, well dressed Italian transformed into a young construction worker in the boss’s stinking clothes. And when Darius led him over to the wall at the edge of the site he somehow felt fired up, ready for work, his testosterone surging. But first he made a quick call to Jamie. “Jamie, my friend, I have a confession. I kind of had sex with Darius, and got kissed by Zack.”

“No sweat, dude,” Jamie laughed. “That kind of stuff goes on all the time in this group – just as long as it stays in the group. Everyone’s fair game, especially a hot newcomer like you. I can’t wait for you to come home, ‘spill the beans’ as Darius would say, then spend another night with me and Mark. Oh – sounds like he just got home. Gotta go, dude you know..”

When the landscaping work began it turned out to be mostly a combination of Darius’s brawn and Mario’s brain. There were a lot of different varieties of large shrubs in terracotta pots that Darius was able to heave around on his own, his muscles rippling as he worked. “Wow,” Mario said, “I see now where that sensational body of yours comes from, amico. But if you want my advice I would position the pots differently. Ecco – this variety needs shade so it should go against the wall, and this one has to have full sunlight so it needs to be in the open.”

“Who knew?” laughed Darius. “Shit, I’m glad you’re here man or I’d fuck up royally. Give me a hand here.” They worked well together, with Mario more than pulling his weight. The sun was blazing down so when Mario straightened up to take a breather he pulled Zack’s filthy T-shirt off over his head, wiped his face with it and stuffed it in his back pocket, determined to take it home with him. He decided that some of the pots needed topping up with soil, a process that soon covered his naked torso and face in dirt that streaked as sweat ran down him.

Darius stood back and gazed at him. “Holy shit, dude, you looked hot before in those fancy Italian duds, but now you look fucking spectacular, stripped to waist all filthy and stinking with sweat – a hot young construction worker. Stud, I could shoot another load all over you.” After placing the pots and topping them up they were now watering them with hoses. Darius laughed. “But maybe this instead of jism.” He pointed his hose at Mario who immediately fired back.

They were screaming with laughter, getting good and wet, when suddenly they heard Zack shout, “Hey you guys, quit horsing around and give me a hand here.” They looked up and were surprised to see the site mostly deserted. The crew had come to the end of the project they were working on so Zack had let them leave early and now only he was left, struggling with a beam he was trying to move into position. He looked incredible, his muscles straining as he held the beam high above his head, his arms stretched wide.

They ran over to him and he grunted, "See the hooks on the top of each end? They need to be hooked over the loops at the end of those cables hanging down. I want one of you on each end and as I raise the beam, hook it up." They got into position and Zack said, "OK, one at a time – Mario first."

Mario reached up and grabbed the rope while Zack strained to raise the end of the beam high enough to hook it. Mario was pressed close to the straining body, the flared lats close to his face and he was intoxicated with the smell of the sweat running down the flexing muscles. Suddenly Zack repositioned himself and his stretched armpit pressed over the boy's face that became buried in the soaking wiry armpit hair. Mario was stifled and breathed in hard, the hair in his mouth, smelling and tasting the pungent sourness of the black muscle-god's stinking pit.

He choked and felt his cock pulse in his jeans. He would have busted a load had not Zack shifted again and with a final heave raised the beam high enough for Mario to slip the hook over the loop. "Great, kid," Zack grunted, "one down one to go. Hey, Mario, I keep losing my footing, the ground's so soft. Get down there and slide that plank under my feet."

Mario dropped to his knees and pushed the plank forward so Zack could plant first one boot on it, then the other. Seconds later a shout from Darius meant that the other side was hooked in place. With a sigh of relief Zack lowered his arms and grinned. "Great teamwork, guys and talking of teamwork" he looked down at the shirtless Italian stud kneeling at his feet, his handsome face streaked with sweat and dirt, his black curly hair matted, and water running down his muscular chest. "What do you see down there, Darius?"

"A gorgeous grungy face, sir, a hot young stud construction worker, real down and dirty."

"Yeah, me too, kiddo, but I see something else too a hungry mouth. You know what I think?"

"Right there with you, sir." In a daze Mario gazed up at the two spectacular, black bodybuilders, stripped down to black jeans and boots, towering over him. He guessed what came next but he could hardly believe it and he shuddered with fear and exhilaration. The men unzipped their pants, pulled out their huge black cocks and let them swing between their legs, inches from his face.

"I'm the boss of this site," Zack growled, "and the job comes with some perks. New hires have to pay their respects to me and my boy. I think you know what to do, kid."

The usually poised, elegant young Italian was in a whole new world. Here he was, filthy dirty, sweating like a pig, on his knees before the black muscle-stud construction boss and his boy, their huge black cocks swinging in front of his face. He pulled out his own cock and stroked it a few times. Then he leaned forward, poked out his tongue and licked the tip of the boss's cock, tasting the pre-cum oozing from it. Intoxicated by the taste and smell he licked the whole shaft, from the tip to the rancid black pubic hair.

He felt the huge club swell, growing longer and thicker until it stood out stiff as a pole pointing straight at his mouth. He took a few deep breaths, opened wide and leaned forward, letting the whole stinking shaft push into his mouth and down his throat. He choked, gagged, tears spurting from his eyes, but instinctively breathed through his nose so he could continue, pulling back to the head, then pushing forward again on the massive cock.

“Shit,” Zack grunted, “for a classy Italian kid you make one hell of a cocksucker, boy. Yeah, swallow it, stud, eat that big hunk of meat.” Mario was losing all sense of where he was. All he felt was the thick cock stuffing his mouth, all he knew was that he had to please this incredible man. He stretched out his arms and grabbed Zack’s hips to steady himself as his face moved faster, pulling back then plunging his face down into the damp mass of pubic hair, breathing in hard so he was filled with the taste and smell of the boss’s sweaty crotch.

He was so overwhelmed that his cock was trembling, close to orgasm, when suddenly Zack pulled out and said, “OK, now do my boy.” Darius’s cock was rock hard, all ten inches of it, and Mario gasped, “Non è possibile is too big I can’t” but his words were stifled by the massive pole pushing into his mouth and sliding all the way down his throat. Darius was used to the reaction of guys sucking him, their wide-eyed shock, their desperate gagging, and he knew Mario could not take much of this.

He crammed his rod several times into Mario’s mouth but soon glanced at Zack. “OK if I finish him off, sir? Zack grinned, “Go for it, kid.” Darius pulled back, then drove his rod deep into the Italian boy’s throat where it exploded, blasting a hot load of juice that Mario gulped desperately. But he had no time to recover before the cock pulled out and was replaced by another, gushing more jism deep inside him. He was swallowing frantically but he was suffocating on cum. He thought he would pass out when suddenly the cock pulled out and he heard Zack’s voice.

“Look at that face, boy” he said to Darius. “Fucking filthy. He needs a wash. You got any more, kiddo?” “For this young stud? Sure, sir. Let’s do it.” Mario stared in disbelief at the two huge black cocks pointing at his face. He saw them pulse, the holes open and he was blinded by the final blasts of hot jism splashing into his face.

Zack and Darius gazed down in awe at the handsome young Italian on his knees, his mouth sagging open with cum oozing down his chin. His face was wet with tears, sweat and semen streaking the dirt on his face and flowing down onto his muddy chest. He gazed up at them and moaned, “Thank you, sirs. Thank you..... I Aaagh!” His cock exploded with ribbons of thick cream that rose high, then splashed down onto the boots of the two construction workers. Impulsively he fell onto his stomach and hungrily licked his jism off the boots.

When they were clean Zack hooked his foot under Mario’s stomach and flipped him onto his back. The humbled Italian stud lay there exhausted, his beautiful body and face smothered in dirt, sweat, and the cum of two dominant black construction workers. Zack laughed, “Welcome to our world, kid. That was your initiation. You look fucking spectacular. Come here....” He

reached down, grabbed Mario's hand, pulled him to his feet, and wrapped his arms round him.
"You OK, kid?"

"Very OK, sir. That was all new for me, sir, and it was wonderful."

"You were pretty spectacular yourself, stud. Tell you what, if we cut out now and go to our place we'll have a couple of hours before dinner. I'd like to show you a few of the scenes me and my boy get into. You into leather?"

"In pictures, yes, sir. I have jerked off looking at drawings of leather-men, but I've never actually seen.... well, I mean I would like to very much, sir. But I have to call Jamie first."

Jamie was all for it. "That would be so cool, Mario," Jamie enthused, pleased that Mario was fitting in so well. "I've played out a few scenes with them and it's really, really hot. So go for it, amico, and I'll see you for dinner. Mark and me can't wait to sleep with you tonight now you've learned some new things getting the 'Zack treatment'.

"By the way, Mario, it's important to know that you can trust Zack completely – he's an expert at all that. Darius can get carried away sometimes with all his fantasies, but Zack will take care of you trust me."

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Chapter 190 – Zack & Randy – From Top To Bottom

As Mario sat between Zack and Darius in Zack's truck his mind was spinning, his emotions confused. What was he doing here? – being driven to a house he didn't know to 'play out a few scenes' as Zack had called it? 'Was he into leather?' Zack had asked. Well, he was into it only to the extent that he had often jacked off over pictures and drawings of exaggeratedly muscular leather studs, but he had never met one or even been to a leather bar. He knew, though, that leather sex usually involved bondage and some kind of rough treatment.

But Jamie had taken the prospect lightly, enthusiastically even, and that had reassured Mario. But even more than that, it was Mario's own lust that made him want this as he sat between these incredible black construction workers, master and boy, who, like him, were shirtless, in black jeans and boots. They all looked the part, at least, streaked with dirt and dried cum and smelling of sweat and semen.

As Jamie had said, Zack was an expert, which included putting a nervous new guy at his ease. "There's nothing to worry about, Mario," he said cheerfully. "The whole thing is about having fun, trusting each other and avoiding any real pain." Darius added, "After all, it's all a big fantasy, making those pictures you jerk off over come to life. I myself have been called the King of Fantasy and I take that as a compliment."

Mario was reassured by their light-hearted tone and found himself eager to arrive at their house – with a huge boner in his black jeans.

It was a small house set among trees, right across the street from the main house where Jamie and Mark were no doubt together right now. That thought alone comforted Mario. What harm could come to him with the other guys so close?

Zack led him and Darius into the garden and brought out beers for them all. As he sat there astride a bench with the shirtless black muscle-god and his handsome boy, Mario felt the same surge of testosterone as when he had walked onto the construction site. Forget the subtle refinements of Europe – here the air was charged with raw, rugged masculinity and Mario's cock throbbed, his excitement tempered by nervous anticipation.

Out of the blue, direct as ever, Zack asked him, "You ever been tied up, Mario?"

This was it. Mario had known bondage would come into it and he answered nervously, "Only once, sir – recently in the hotel when Mark handcuffed me to the bed." He added pointedly, "But he made sure it didn't hurt by wrapping cloth round my wrists under the handcuffs."

"Yeah," Zack grinned, "Mark's a good guy, you can always trust him. One word of advice, if you ever do stuff like this with a stranger don't believe him when he says you can trust him. Only trust guys you know well, like me and Darius here. I promise you'll get no more pain than you want. If it gets too rough you just say our name and we'll stop instantly. It's what we call the safe word. That make you feel better?"

"Yes, sir, thank you." It made him feel *much* better as he looked excitedly at two trees at the edge of the garden, about six feet apart, with ropes tied round the trunks at the top and bottom. As if drawn to them he walked over to the trees, stood between them and said, "I'm ready, sir."

"Yeah, good and ready, I'd say," grinned Zack. He went over to a box by the wall and pulled out four leather restraints that he clipped to the ropes on the trees, two at head-height, two near the ground. "Spread you legs, boy." Mario obeyed and Zack attached the lower restraints, one round each ankle. Then he pulled Mario's arms up and attached the upper restraints loosely round his wrists so he could pull out if he panicked. He stood back and said approvingly, "Oh, yeah, now that's hot. Here, boy, take a look."

He stepped aside and suddenly Mario found himself staring at a beautiful, dark-haired young man spread-eagled, his arms and legs stretched, tied to trees. He was looking across the small garden at a big window of the house that was mirrored, giving him a perfect reflection of the man in bondage who he found hard to recognize as himself.

Working on the construction site, getting covered in dirt and then cum, he had not seen his own reflection, and now, for the first time, he gasped at what he saw. The handsome, muscular boy was stripped to the waist in filthy black jeans and heavy work boots, his chest and face streaked with dirt, his legs and arms stretched tight. Instinctively he pulled on his restraints and as his body writhed, his chest, shoulders, biceps and flared lats all flexed hard, dappled by the sun that streamed through the leaves above him.

Mario had admired himself in a mirror many times, even jacked off looking at himself, but he had never seen himself look as erotically beautiful as this. It was like something out of a leather porn movie and his cock was throbbing in his jeans. It had the same effect on Darius gazing at him, his fantasy wheels spinning out of control. “Oh shit, that is epic, man. So fucking gorgeous – a hot Italian stud stripped down to jeans and work boots, helpless in bondage.”

Suddenly Zack reached up and pulled the restraints tight round his wrists. Mario gasped – he really was a prisoner now and he pulled at his wrists in a moment of panic, until he heard Zack’s voice. “See, that’s part of it, boy. Now you’re really at my mercy and have to trust me. But you *can* trust me, Mario. I promise you will not be hurt – any more than you want, that is. Just use the safe word. OK, Darius why don’t you keep him amused for a while?”

To Mario’s dismay, Zack left and went into the house. Darius grinned and came close to Mario. “That looks so hot, dude, I could shoot a load in my pants just looking at you. Look what you done to me, man.” He unzipped his pants and pulled out his massive cock. “See this, stud? It would feel so good spearing that hot ass of yours, you tied up and all.

Mario’s reflex was once again to pull at his restraints. The thought of this ten-inch black monster disappearing into his ass scared him and he watched apprehensively as Darius moved behind him. He pressed against Mario’s ass, rubbing his dick between the mounds against the rough denim. Mario trembled, feeling the huge rod rubbing against his jeans and imagining what it would feel like pounding his ass. Then Darius pulled back and began slapping the bulge of the ass through the jeans.

Even though his ass was protected by denim, Darius was becoming rough and the pain became so intense that he was about to use the safe word and shout ‘Darius’ when suddenly everything stopped. Darius stuffed his cock back into his pants and they both stared, awestruck.

Out of the house came a sight that made Mario’s jaw drop and his heart beat wildly. It was every hot picture he had jerked off over come to life, the ultimate, pornographic leather-god. Zack was wearing black leather pants that clung to his muscled legs, and heavy black boots. A studded leather harness was crossed over his massive chest, and over that a black vest hung open. He wore a leather cap and mirror glasses.

The Italian captive stood spellbound as the leather-god approached him. Mario gazed up at the eyes but saw only his own reflection in the mirrored glasses, the sculpted, square-jaw features and black curly hair of a shirtless prisoner, spread-eagled, at the mercy of this phenomenal

man. Suddenly Zack whipped off the glasses and Mario found himself staring into the steady gray eyes and hearing the gravelly voice. “Now now you know what you want, eh, boy?”

“Yes, sir you are magnifico. Please, sir, do whatever you want to me, sir.” The gray eyes pierced his and Zack took off his cap, the shaved head and ebony features a perfect fit for this powerful leather-master. “Even this?” said the deep voice. Zack pulled out the whip that had been hanging out of his back pocket. “Aaah,” Mario gasped, but he nodded his head eagerly. “This is an easy one, boy, a cat o’ nine tails,” Zack said. “These thin leather braids are nothing like the bull-whip I use on some men. Here, let me show you.”

He stepped back, raised his arm and snapped the whip lightly across Mario’s chest. “Aaah si more, please, sir.”

At that moment Zack knew that Mario was really into this, even though the boy had never realized it before. Zack looked at the writhing Italian stud and was fired up at the prospect of initiating him into leather sex. He threw off his vest and stood there, a leather icon, naked to the waist except for the studded leather harness crossed over the shiny black muscles of his chest. Mario was spellbound and moaned, “Please, sir – again.” So Zack whipped him again, harder this time, and increased the pressure as he lashed his chest and then his back. Zack was a master and knew just how much strength to apply to bring the boy to that delicate balance of pleasure and pain.

From behind he reached round, unbuckled Mario’s belt and pulled his jeans down below his ass, noting with satisfaction his rock-hard cock springing out of his pants. “Oh man, that ass is hot,” he said. “Here we go, boy.” Zack lashed the whip across the flexed white globes, more lightly now as he knew how tender the flesh was there. “Aaagh!” Mario gasped, shocked by the sharp sting that hurt too much for an instant but then turned into an exquisite pain that suffused his whole body with warmth.

Seeing the body tense momentarily and then relax, Zack knew he had him and whipped the ass again and again, bringing the boy to a state of ecstasy. Mario looked at himself in the mirror, jerking in bondage, and at the black leather-stud behind him. And for the first time in his life he stepped over the line into real, graphic fantasy. It wasn’t him in that mirror...he was watching a wild pornographic scene between a leather-master and a captured boy, where he not only saw but felt what the tortured prisoner was enduring.

Another layer was added to the fantasy as he heard a voice describing it. Darius had watched his master in action and now joined the fantasy, even if only with a word picture. “Holt shit, look at that hot stud construction worker, covered in dirt, stripped to the waist, tears pouring down his face. He’s tied up helpless, his muscles flexing as he gets thrashed by that gorgeous black leather-god. Look at the white globes of his ass bouncing under the lash. The whip hurts, it stings, he can’t take any more, the pain’s too much, he has to give up. Come on, man, submit to your master. You know you have to. Submit, manlet me hear you scream....”

The graphic description, the pain of the whip, the scene in the mirror all overwhelmed Mario. “OK, I submit,” he screamed. “I give up, sirI aaagh!” A huge ribbon of cum blasted from his cock across the garden, followed by another and another as his beautiful body writhed and thrashed and finally sagged in exhaustion.

In an instant Zack was in front of him wrapping his arms round him, licking the tears from his face, then kissing him gently on the mouth. “You OK, boy? You feel OK?”

Mario gazed into the concerned gray eyes and smiled weakly. “I feel absolutely wonderful, sir. That was so you are so ...” Zack grinned, “OK, Mario, I get the picture. I sensed you were one of us and would go for all that, and I took you right up to your limit. Now I’m gonna leave you with Darius again for a few minutes. I gotta go across the street and get something from Randy that I know you’ll like. You be OK?”

“Yes thank you sir.” Zack left and Mario, relaxed now, though still tied up, smiled as Darius approached him. But Darius was in a different mood. As easy as it was for him to slip into a fantasy it was not so easy for him to leave it, especially a fantasy as intense as the one he had just witnessed. His reality was not what he saw but what he imagined. He still saw not Mario but a handsome young construction worker tied up and at his mercy. So, locked in the fantasy, his commentary, which had been interrupted by Mario’s orgasm, now resumed.

Holding Mario’s chin he pushed his face up and stared wildly into his eyes. “So you think you’re hot shit, do you, boy? Just because you took an ass-whipping from the leather-master. Well I’m his boy and now it’s my turn – and I’ve got a weapon more scary than a whip.” He took a step back, unzipped his pants and again pulled out his monster ten-inch dick. He spat in his hand and stroked the long pole slowly, grinning lasciviously at his prisoner.

“See this, boy? You think you’re such a macho stud. How d’you think your sore ass is gonna feel with my big piece o’ horsemeat here shoved inside it. You’re gonna get fucked good, boy.”

The look in Darius’s eyes scared Mario – like he was lost in a different world. Jamie’s words flashed in his mind – *‘Darius can get carried away sometimes with all his fantasies, but Zack will take care of you.’* Mario pleaded frantically, “No, man,” he said, “I can’t take that. I just shot my load let’s wait ‘til Zack comes back.”

”Not a chance, stud. When Zack’s away I’m the master and you’re all mine – especially your ass. He walked behind Mario and stroked the bare ass, still striped with the faint marks of the whip. “Oh yeah, a flawless piece of ass just waiting to get fucked. Look at yourself in the mirror while I.....” he pressed the head of his dick between the white cheeks “....while I do this. Let me hear you scream, boy.....” His hips lunged forward, his thick rod pierced the ass and drove deep into the prisoner’s gut.

Across the street Randy was saying, “Shit, man you always look so fucking hot dressed like that. We should tangle again some time. So, you’re subjecting the new boy to that, eh?” He and Bob had been in the garden when Zack came in, and now Bob said, “You’re sure he’s OK, Zack? He’s new to all this and I’d trust you with any boy, but”

“Hey, no sweat, man,” Zack grinned, “he’s taking to it like a duck to water – having a great time. You know me, buddy – I’m the expert at this. I know his limits and I’d never hurt him.....”

“Aaaagh!” The harrowing scream from across the street pierced the afternoon air. “No, please I can’t. Darius, please Darius, Darius, Darius aaagh!”

They all sprang to life but Zack held them back. “Stay here, guys – I’ll deal with this,” and he sprinted through the gate. When he burst into his garden his eyes opened in horror. Mario was screaming, writhing desperately, pulling frantically at the ropes binding him, tears pouring down his face. Behind him was Darius, with a deranged look in his eyes, pounding his massive dick into the tortured ass.

Zack sprang forward behind Darius and grabbed him by the waist. He pulled him slowly back until he saw the long pole slide out of the ass, causing Mario to howl in pain. Then Zack picked Darius up bodily and hurled him across the garden. “Quickly, expertly, Zack untied the ropes from Mario’s ankles, then his wrists and Mario fell limply into his arms.

Zack held him tight and whispered in his ear, “It’s OK, Mario, I’m here now I’ll take care of you. I want you to breathe deeply – just hold onto me and breathe deeply.” He felt the body stop shuddering and then relax as the pain in his ass subsided. Clinging to him Mario whispered, “I’m sorry, sir. I just couldn’t take that huge cock, it hurt so bad. I used the safe word like you said – Darius – but.....”

“I know, I know, Mario. Save your breath, I know exactly what happened.” He pulled the boy’s head back and gently licked the tears from his face. Then, gazing into his eyes he said, “This was all my fault, Mario and I apologize to you deeply. I promised I would take care of you and I failed. I’m ashamed of myself and my boy. Now I have to do something and I want you to relax ‘cause I won’t hurt you.”

He reached behind Mario, stroked his ass, then very gently pushed one finger into the hole and stroked the membrane inside. He felt Mario flinch and said, “It’s OK, Mario, that’s all I needed, it’s done. He raised his finger and looked at it carefully. “Good, excellent, no blood. There’s no real damage – it’ll just be real sore for a while. Now come with me.”

Zack led him over to a wicker chair with a soft cushion and Mario eased himself into it. “Thank you, sir,” he said, “I’ll be fine now. It’s already feeling better. I think I just need to sit for a while.”

“Good boy. Let me know if you need anything.” Then Zack turned to face Darius.

It wasn't in Darius's nature to cower, but he was cowering now, crouched in a corner by house. It was as if he was coming out of a trance, his fantasy collapsing all round him. Zack had warned him often enough that his obsession with fantasy, the more vivid and real the better, would one day make him lose control and get him into trouble. Now, as Darius's mind cleared and he landed with a bump back in the real world he realized the enormity of what he had done. And if he was in any doubt about that he knew Zack would enlighten him. He gazed up nervously at the leather master looming over him.

“On your feet!” Darius sprang to his feet and stammered, “Sir, I don't”

“Not a word! not a word out of you boy.” Zack paced round the garden, trying to calm down, then confronted his boy again. “Have you any idea what you've just done? You disobeyed the cardinal rule of a real leather-man. You never, ever hurt a man beyond his endurance and if he uses the safe word you absolutely, absolutely stop instantly. I've known men seriously hurt when some moron loses control like you did.” Darius started to speak but Zack cut him off.

“Oh, I know what happened. You and your fertile mind got so immersed in your fantasy that you completely lost touch with the real world. Your fantasy actually *became* your reality. God knows how far it would of gone if I hadn't been close by. As it is, you have hurt a young man who's just come as a guest to the house, a man I was introducing to the pleasures of this kind of sex, a man who trusted me to keep him safe. You have humiliated and dishonored not only yourself but me as well. And your punishment will reflect that. You know what to do.”

Darius was terrified by the tone in Zack's voice. He always loved the fact that this powerful, dominant man was normally so calm and easy-going, but knew that when he was enraged he was transformed into a raging bull, eyes blazing, veins bulging in his muscles. Men trembled before him. Darius had some idea what his punishment would be and ran over to the trees, reached up and looped his hands through the restraints that Mario had vacated.

Zack pressed himself against the boy, their faces inches apart, reached up and pulled the restraints tight round his wrists. “You let me down, boy, but god help me I still love you and that's why I have to punish you.” He picked the whip up off the ground and, seething with rage, lashed it across Darius's chest, again and again with all the strength he could muster.

Desperate to show his love and respect for his master Darius clenched his jaw and maintained a stoic silence, even though the pain in his chest was so intense he wanted to open his mouth and scream for mercy. He was terrified, knowing that Zack was being consumed by his unrestrained fury. If he had been using the bull-whip instead of the lighter cat o' nine tails there would have been some serious injury.

And suddenly, through the blaze of his anger, Zack knew that too and his arm fell to his side. He was guilty of the same crime as Darius, losing control and causing physical pain beyond the boy's endurance. He slowly calmed down and felt ashamed. But his eyes were still hard as steel as he grabbed Darius's chin and glared into his eyes.

"No, I'm not gonna lower myself to the same conduct as you. Besides, you're my boy, you're tough and I know you can withstand physical pain. Like I said, boy, you have dishonored not only yourself but me as well, and I have to share the blame. And this will be a far worse punishment for you a punishment we both deserve."

Darius hung his head in humiliation and Zack turned to Mario. "Mario, can you stand up now and come here?" Mario pulled himself slowly to his feet. "Yes, sir. The pain's not quite so bad now." He walked over and stood before Zack, a few feet from the bound and whip-marked boy. Zack spoke to him gently but seriously.

"Mario, in this house all the men abide by certain rules of discipline. Darius broke one of the cardinal rules and has to be punished. But a master is responsible for his boy and if the boy misbehaves the master must make amends for that. I have apologized for what you suffered but I must do more." His next action took both boys completely by surprise. He unclipped the harness from his chest and pulled it off. Then he ritualistically placed it over Mario's shoulders and clipped it across Mario's chest. It was the first time Mario had ever worn a leather harness.

Darius looked on in shock, knowing what this signified Zack had yielded a symbol of his dominance to Mario. Zack looked steadily at Mario with a faint smile in his eyes. "Mario, soon after we met you told me that you were mostly a top man, and I can understand why men always want you to fuck them. Now you can prove it. And one more thing it will have the benefit of removing all pain from your ass completely. This is how a man makes amends to a man he has wronged.

Mario still wasn't sure what was happening but Zack made it clear by dropping to his knees, unzipping Mario's pants and pulling out his semi-hard cock. He leaned forward, licked the full length of the cock and buried his face in the boy's curly black pubic hair. Then he took hold of the cock, eased it into his mouth and swallowed it down his throat. He pulled back, pushed forward again, and soon he was pounding down on the cock, which was now rock hard.

As his blood surged into his cock, Mario's ass was suddenly free of pain as Zack had promised. The focus of all sensation now moved from his ass to his cock and as the clouds of confusion parted Mario was transformed. Since he arrived in this group of men the handsome young Italian had been fucked by Jamie and then the rugged cop Mark, then later knelt in submission before two huge black cocks and drunk their semen. And finally, spread-eagled in bondage he had been whipped by the black leather-master, shot his load, and finally had been savagely ass-fucked by the ten-inch pole of the master's boy.

Now all that changed. Mario felt the master's leather harness against his chest, still warm from the master's flesh, and he looked down at the black leather-god on his knees, his shaved head moving back and forth, the muscles of his broad shoulders and back rippling as he abased himself by sucking cock. Mario felt a surge of testosterone and macho strength consume him he became again what he had always been, a young alpha male, a top man – tall, beautiful, strong and ready to fuck ass!

He grabbed Zack's face and pulled it onto his cock, feeling it slide deep inside and making the leather-man choke. Tears flowed down the ebony face as the rod hammered against the back of his throat. But Mario now knew what he really wanted – what he had wanted since he first saw the black construction worker walk through the gate. Mario had fucked many men in the past, from elegant young Italian aristocrats to sexy young low-rent boys off the street. But he had never, ever, fucked a man such as this – a spectacular, muscle-stud leatherman, a dominant alpha male, master of his world.

This was the man who now offered himself to him, stripped to the waist in leather pants and boots, enduring the humiliation of having a cock pound his face. But for Mario it was not enough. He pulled out his cock, reached down and pulled Zack to his feet. He took a step back, folded his arms across his chest and gazed steadily into the leather-man's gray eyes.

For a moment Zack faltered. As he looked at the handsome young Italian with the unwavering gaze, the leather harness crossed over his chest, Zack saw a new man – no longer the boy he had first met, hesitant in a strange new world. He saw the real Mario, with all the elegant poise of a well-bred European but lacking none of the toughness and raw determination of the most macho American. With his chiseled features, his curly black hair, and his muscular physique he was stunning.

Mario smiled. "Do I look now like a mere boy who can be tied up, whipped and have his ass brutally fucked by your boy? I think not. Non è vero, signore. I am a man who likes to *fuck*, who needs to fuck ass. It is I to whom men have always knelt. Look at me, Zack. I think you know what to do."

Zack too was transformed. This had begun with his boy's mistake and a ritual need to make amends, which is why he had knelt before the injured man. In previous acts of retribution, though, Zack had always remained a top man – man enough to kneel in remorse. But this was different. What started out as a symbolic act of apology had been transformed into raw lust for a beautiful young man, lust for his cock to feel it inside him. Yes – Zack knew what to do.

Maintaining eye contact with Mario, Zack kicked off his boots, ripped open his pants, let them drop and stepped out of them. Buck naked, his ebony skin lit gold by the setting sun, he held out his arms, flexed his muscles and said simply, "Fuck me Mario. My ass is yours."

“NO!” The scream came from Darius, pulling frantically against his restraints, his body thrashing wildly. He had watched appalled as Zack had offered to take the punishment for his boy’s mistake, and was even more distraught to realize that part of this punishment was to offer his ass. But now he was in a total panic realizing that Zack actually wanted to get fucked by this man he lusted for him. His master, his hero, the macho fuck machine, was asking to get fucked. And it was all because of him!

“No,” he yelled again. “It’s all my fault fuck me instead.... whip me, torture me....but not this.”

Tears poured down his face as he saw his master fall to his knees and then onto his back on the grass, splaying his legs and arms in a spread-eagled pose. Ignoring Darius’s pleading voice Zack looked up in awe at the beautiful young man in black jeans and heavy boots, leather harness stretched over his bulging pecs, flexing his muscles as his hypnotic green eyes stared down at him. The lilting, accented voice asked, “What do you want, Zack? Tell me.”

“I want you to fuck me. You look so fucking beautiful. I want to feel your cock in my ass.”

Mario fell to his knees between the leatherman’s legs, reached sideways and grabbed his feet, pushing them high in the air and gazing down at the black ass. His cock was hard as steel and he eased the head into the furry hair round the hole. He smiled at Zack and said, “This is what you want, Zack, and I will give it to you. The smile disappeared, replaced by a flashing intensity that pierced Zack’s eyes. Mario’s hips lunged forward and he impaled the ass of the black muscle god on the iron spike of his cock.

“Aaagh!” Without a pause, Mario pulled back and speared his ass again. “Aaagh”. The leather-master screamed, his body bucked, his head thrashed from side to side as he felt the long pole sink deep into his gut. Zack had been fucked in the past, but not lately and seldom like this. His screams were caused by a blend of pain and euphoria, feeling the piston in his ass while mesmerized by the beauty of the young Italian fucking him.”

“You see,” Mario said, “I can use my cock to cause pain, just as your boy did to me, but there are other ways, more come se dice? more subtle ways to make you beg.”

Mario had said he was a top man and now he proved it. He was a master at working a man’s ass and dominating his mind. Zack watched the body pull back over him and braced for another pile-driving blow but instead he felt the long pole ease into him so gently it was a surprise to feel it touch the back of his ass. It rested there for a moment, then glided gently over the tender inner sphincter and came to rest in the soft, warm hollow deep inside.

“Oh, man,” Zack sighed, “that feels so fucking hot.” But it was only the beginning. Mario pulled back slightly, enough for the head of his cock to pass over the inner sphincter, then edged back again, so the hard rim of the cock’s head, the corona, was massaging the rim of the

sphincter. The most sensitive part of Mario's cock was rubbing against the most private, most tender part of Zack's ass and it drove him wild.

"Oh, shit," he moaned, "shit that feels incredible. Oh, man, keep doing that god I've never felt anything so fucking" But suddenly Mario pulled back all the way up the chute and almost out, then massaged the outer sphincter with the head of his cock. "Aaah," Zack moaned, "you're driving me crazy god that feels oh man" His body was writhing, muscles gleaming, head tossing from side to side in pure ecstasy. "Go deep again, boy. Do it again."

Mario pushed in deep, massaged the inner sphincter for a few seconds, then pulled back as before. "No, dammit, I said go deep, boy. Do it!" The master instinct was flaring but Mario simply smiled at him and said in his soft lilting voice. "I am not your boy, Zack, so you will not call me that again. Yes, I will push my cock deep inside you but if you want the infinite pleasure that brings you will have to ask in the proper way."

"OK, OK, I'm asking you please." Mario sighed, "Better than that. I know you can do better." He teased Zack by pushing deep inside and Zack felt the same flash of exquisite pleasure for an instant then it stopped again. "No! I said" Zack looked up at the strong green eyes and surrendered. "Please, man, do it again. I need to feel it. Please, sirmy ass is yours I'm begging you, sir."

"Perfetto. It is a joy for me to hear a man such as you beg. Here, this is what you want." Slowly, tauntingly he slid his cock back down to the depths of Zack's ass, paused, then pushed against the inner sphincter and massaged it slowly with the head's firm corona. Once again Zack was launched into flights of ecstasy, his eyes opened wide and he gazed at the beautiful young man above him. He reached up and ran his hands over the studded harness across the flawless chest and moaned, "Thank you thank you, sir. God, you are so beautiful you're making me feel so fucking hot. Keep doing that, please, sir."

Sir! The macho leather-god was calling the boy 'sir'. Darius had stopped struggling and watched helplessly as he saw his master submit to the beautiful Italian. This was torture for him, far worse than the physical pain of the whip. But even now, in his shame and despair, Darius's flirtation with fantasy still seduced him. As he watched the gorgeous young leather-boy in his leather harness, his hips moving slowly, his cock deep inside the master, Darius's cock was rock hard.

Zack was in a daze, the incredible sensation in his ass spreading in waves through his whole body, making his cock shudder. "Man, I'm close I can't take any more. Please, let me cum, let me feel your juice in my ass." Mario smiled and nodded. "We shall climax together, Zack. We understand each other now. We shall cum as one man."

Mario reached down, grabbed Zack's rigid cock and held it pointing straight up at himself. He pulled his hips back, then lunged forward, driving his cock hard into the master's ass, over the inner sphincter where it exploded in a blast of semen that bathed the inner depths. "Aaagh!!"

As Zack screamed Mario felt his cock bulge in his fist, felt the juice race through it and burst from it, shooting high in the air as the leather-man howled like an animal. Mario threw his head back and felt Zack's cum splashing down on his face, into his mouth, then over his neck and the harness across his chest.

Zack reached up, grabbed Mario's harness and pulled him down on top of him, their mouths locking in a grinding embrace. As their bodies writhed together they heard another scream and felt a shower of semen splash onto them. Writhing desperately in his restraints, awestruck by the scene of his master being topped by the young Italian, Darius had shot a massive load over the two men.

Suddenly aware of Darius's plight Mario slid his dick out of Zack's ass, jumped to his feet and quickly unbuckled the restraints from his ankles and wrists. Darius fell exhausted into Mario's arms and Mario held him tight, kissing him warmly. Surprised at first, Darius returned the kiss and Zack looked with satisfaction at the two boys burying any animosity that may have lingered.

Zack stood up and when the boy turned and looked at him for guidance he grinned broadly. "Mario, there's one more rule of the house I didn't explain. When a boy misbehaves he gets punished ... and that's an end of it. As Randy would say, it's in the past, lessons learned, get on with your life. Now I don't know about you guys, but I'm starved. Dinner!"

Most of the guys were gathered over drinks in the garden and the twins were setting up the dinner table when the gate opened and in walked three men who made their jaws drop. They were all shirtless in black jeans and boots and Mario was wearing a cum-splashed leather harness. All three were smothered in dirt and cum, with sweat trickling down their faces and rippling muscles.

There was a momentary silence, then the whole group stood up with cheers and wolf-whistles. The three guys had obviously had hard-core sex and stood there looking well pleased with themselves. "Welcome back to reality, guys," Randy shouted. "You look as if you've been living one of Darius's fantasies." Zack flashed a smile. "Buddy, we created our own fantasy ... that right, Mario?"

Jamie was the first to run up to them and throw his arms round Mario. "Dude!" he said, "you look totally awesome – way different from that hotel waiter. Will you wear the harness when you fuck me next?" They were interrupted by Bob who looked at Mario with concern. "You sure you're OK, Mario? When we heard you shout like that....." Mario grinned, "I'm excellent, sir. I had a great time with Zack and Darius – as you see," and he stretched out his arms, displaying himself in all his raunchy leather glory.

Eddie and the twins had set up one table for the men and one for the boys and Zack said, "Mario, you wanna come sit with us?" But Mario shook his head. "I appreciate the honor you

give me, sir, but I am still one of the boys, no matter what happened across the street. So I will sit with my friends.”

The boys went into an instant huddle, listening wide eyed as Darius took the lead in a graphic description of their adventure. After all, he had been at the center of the action, and didn't even hold back from admitting to his own rule-breaking behavior. It was all part of the fantasy, after all. The other boys were shocked at first by what Darius had done to Mario, but their instinct as always when one of them was in trouble was to circle the wagons and support him. Mario was impressed by their fierce loyalty to each other – a true band of brothers.

At the less noisy men's table Bob was saying, “Wow, Mario looks completely different from the classy Italian boy we first met, and I don't only mean the dirt and the leather. He looks kind of – tougher somehow, confident, more man than boy.” Zack laughed. “Yeah, well fucking a leather master in the ass can do that to a boy.”

After that Zack had to tell them the whole story. “Guys, that boy is incredible – he really knows how to fuck – like a real master. You know me, top-man macho stud and all, but I swear I was on my back begging him to fuck my ass. You should try it some time.” While he talked, Randy shot Bob a look that Bob for once was unable to decipher – until they got to the bedroom.

They had showered together before dinner as usual, but what wasn't so usual was after dinner when finally they got up to their bedroom and Randy instantly stripped off his shirt, kicked off his boots and lay on the bed in just his jeans. Usually it was Bob lying there watching as Randy put on a macho show of slowly stripping for action in preparation for ploughing Bob's ass. This time the positions were reversed and Bob decided to take his time. He could put on a show as well as the next man.

He pulled a beer from the fridge, took a swig and paced the room. He leaned against the wall and said casually, “So – that's a turn-up for the books – that big black muscle-stud getting his ass fucked by a boy – and really getting off on it, apparently. It's a real hot image, though – a master, a big tough boss getting fucked. Makes you think, eh?”

Randy just smiled and put his hands behind his head on the pillow, his elbows outstretched, lats flared – and he watched. Bob was wearing a sleeveless denim shirt hanging open over a white T-shirt, blue jeans and loafers. The slabs of his chest were outlined under the tight T-shirt and his biceps bulged below the short sleeves. Under the ceiling spotlights he looked sensational – Superman personified. Randy breathed, “Fucking gorgeous! Have I ever told you how fucking gorgeous you are, man? You are one massive turn-on. Show me, buddy.”

Bob sighed, put down the beer and stretched, flexing his biceps. He paced a bit more, then faced Randy and shrugged off his shirt. His T-shirt hugged his perfect torso, from his broad shoulders down flared lats to a slim waist. Even his eight-pack abs were visible, etched under

the shirt. He folded his arms across his chest and, already knowing what was running through Randy's mind, said, "What do you want from me, man?"

"You know damn well what I want – you know me so well. I want that beautiful muscle-god buddy of mine to fuck my ass. You said it was a turn-on hearing about a master getting fucked by a boy. Well how about the big macho construction boss getting his ass fucked by another alpha male. Please, buddy I wanna feel your cock in my ass."

Silently Bob reached behind his neck and pulled his T-shirt up, over his abs, his chest, his shoulders and off. He kicked off his shoes and stood before the bed, stripped to the waist, and gazed down at Randy. "Now we're even, buddy – no shirts, just jeans. Could go either way except for this" He leaned forward, ripped open Randy's pants, then pulled them from the bottom. They slid off easily and he tossed them aside.

"Well now, will you look at that? That tough construction worker naked on the bed. Man, I've seen you fuck so many times the ultimate top man – fucking like a stallion. There's not a man who wouldn't be scared of getting ploughed by you. But look at you now. Tell me again what you want." Randy looked up pleadingly. "I want your cock inside me, man. Please I want to feel it in my ass. Fuck me, man."

"You got it, buddy." Bob knelt on the bed, pulled Randy's legs over his shoulders and pressed his cock against his ass. "I love you, Randy. You know I would give you anything you want including this...." He eased his cock into Randy's ass, let it slide deep inside and come to rest there. "Man, your ass feels good – so tight. Here" He pulled all the way back, then pushed slowly back in and stopped again.

Randy looked up at the square-jawed Superman face and the spectacular physique, reached up and ran his hands over the rock-hard pecs. "Man, you are so fucking beautiful getting fucked by you is the best feeling in the world. I'm crazy about you, man. Don't ever leave me, buddy. I need to look at you, be with you, feel your body, get fucked by you. Don't stop, man. More I want a lot more."

And so began a long, loving fuck, with Bob's hips moving rhythmically back and forth, his long pole massaging the inside of his lover's ass. Randy pushed against Bob's chest, then squeezed his nipples in his fingers. Bob smiled and did the same to Randy, both of them increasing the pressure until their chests were on fire and their faces grimaced in pain and pleasure. And still the swollen cock drove in and out of the muscle-stud's ass. It was as if the world had shrunk and closed around them, so all that was left were two men, united in the glory of man-on-man love.

Randy gazed up into the soft brown eyes and murmured, "Harder, man. You know how I fuck. I want to feel what you feel when I fuck you." Bob grinned down at him. "You asked for it, buddy." He pulled back gently, his eyes grew steely and he suddenly slammed his cock savagely inside the ass, pulled back and speared the ass again. Randy threw his head back

and howled, his long black hair flying over his face. In seconds Bob's cock became a pile-driver, pistoning in and out of the naked construction worker whose body writhed beneath him.

Bob fell forward and pinned Randy's wrists to the bed. And now the always-gentle, unassuming man was transformed. The latent dominance that was always buried deep within Bob now leapt to the surface and Randy gazed in awe as his lover became a wild stallion, his chiseled features staring down at him, his muscle's flexing, his steel pole mercilessly impaling Randy's ass. It was Superman in action, and Randy had never seen anything more spectacular. The pain in his ass was intense and he loved it.

Bob looked down at the swarthy, rugged face, twisted in torment, and he said breathlessly, "God, I love to see pain on your face, man. You look fucking gorgeous – that massive body thrashing beneath me. Oh man, seeing a muscle-god pinned down, his ass getting hammered awesome. You're tough, man, but you know you can't take much more. Let me hear the big boss scream let me hear him beg."

"Aaagh the pain in my ass! I gotta cum, man. Please, I can't take any more. I give up – you win – you are the best. Aaagh....! Please, shoot your load inside me. I'm begging you, man it hurts so bad I gotta shoot, man aaagh...! His body spasmed, his cock pulsed and a plume of white cream blasted from his cock, splashing onto Bob above him."

"I love you, man!" Bob screamed and felt his cock release a torrent of semen deep inside his lover's ass. Their orgasms seemed eternal. But at long last they subsided and the two men gazed at each other breathlessly, their hearts pounding. Randy reached up, curled his hand behind Bob's neck, pulled him down on top of him and said, "That was epic, man. Totally unfucking-believable."

Bob smiled. "Yeah, but I don't want you to get too domesticated, buddy. We've seen a lot of your kind and gentle side lately, but you know how I love my wild animal, anger and all. No matter what, you're still King of the Gypsies."

"You bet your life I am, buddy. You don't have to worry about that. Anyone challenges me – hurts one of my men – they'll be sorry they tangled with me. I'll fucking tear them apart." Bob smiled to himself. That's my man, he thought, nestled in Randy's protective arms, and slept."

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