

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 20

Chapter 191 – Eddie Gets Captured – Randy Gets Beaten

When dinner was over and Mark, Jamie and Mario went into the bedroom it was obvious to Mark what Jamie wanted. He was practically drooling as he gazed in awe at the young Italian with his handsome features and curly black hair. He was looking pornographic – a macho leather stud with his muddy black jeans and boots and the cum-stained studded leather vest stretched over his chest.

The three of them had not even cleaned up before dinner and now Mario looked at his dirt-streaked face and body in the mirror. “Disgusto!” he winced. “I cannot enter your bed like that. I look assolutamente

“... absolutely fucking gorgeous,” Jamie completed his sentence. He blushed, not quite sure where to go with this, so Mark jumped in and saved him. “Here,” he said, grabbing an old blanket and throwing it over the bed. “Now who cares about dirt and jism? Mario, I think my boy has something to say to you.”

Jamie stammered, “I don’t care about the dirt and the jizz, dude, I want you just as you are.” He sank to his knees and hugged Mario round the waist, pressing his face against the belt round his waist. “Dude, he breathed, “you are so fucking hot like that.” He licked the ridges of his washboard abs, then moved higher and pressed his face against the harness, feeling the metal studs against his cheek and breathing in the smell of old sweat and dried cum. Then he fell back down below the belt and licked the shape of the long hard bulge under the jeans.

He felt hands under his armpits and Mario pulled him to his feet facing him. “I know just what you want, Jamie. Look at me.” He took a step back and folded his arms across the harness on his chest. The young macho leather-boy looked spectacular and, acting on impulse, Jamie pulled off his T-shirt and board shorts and fell back naked on the bed, propped on his elbows.

They both looked over at Mark, who smiled and nodded slightly. Mark had always wanted this. Jamie had had friends before, especially Nate, but they were all just like him, boys who all mostly got fucked by their masters. But Mario was different, especially now after he had indulged in the leather scene and ended up fucking, of all people, Zack, the formidable leather master who rarely surrendered his ass and certainly not to a boy. Even though Mario was about the same age as Jamie he was mostly an aggressive top-man, and Mark knew, from daily experience, that that’s what Jamie loved most. Also, Mario was more sophisticated and worldly than Jamie, so Jamie naturally looked up to him.

So Mark enthusiastically gave his consent for what came next. Apart from anything else, the sight before him was highly erotic – the gorgeous young blond surfer lying naked on the bed, gazing up at the rugged leather boy wearing jeans, boots and a harness, his curly black hair tousled and his handsome face streaked with dirt. Mark grabbed a beer from the small fridge in the room, sprawled in an armchair and prepared to watch. “Go for it, Mario – it’s your show.

Mario knelt between Jamie’s legs, flashed his gleaming smile and said in his lilting Italian accent, “You and I will be friends for a long time, Jamie, I feel that. And if Mark permits it I will enjoy fucking your perfect ass. That is what you want, isn’t it?”

“Yes, sir, very much.” He caught himself and said, “Is it OK if I call you ‘sir’?” Mario smiled indulgently. “Jamie, you and I are equals, buddies – amici – but when we are like this you can call me sir if you like.” His voice hardened. “Because I am going to fuck your ass, boy.”

He pushed one of Jamie’s legs up high and stared at the downy blond fur round his ass. With his free hand he unzipped his pants, pulled out his long, hard dick and pressed the head into the soft fuzz and against the hole. “Are you sure you want this, boy?” Jamie’s heart was beating wildly. “Yes, sir – please, sir.....aaah.” He sighed deeply as he stared up at the piercing green eyes and felt Mario’s cock slide inside his ass.

The boys had already fucked each other at the hotel and again last night, but then it had been two young buddies getting it on. Now it was something altogether more exciting. This time Mario was a young leather stud, pornographically handsome in his leather harness, more master than boy. Still holding Jamie’s leg high Mario ran his free hand over his harness as he slowly increased the tempo of the fuck. “Now, Jamie, you will see how a leather-boy fucks.”

It was slow at first, with Mario staring down in wonder at his own big Italian cock moving gently in and out of the young surfer’s ass. Jamie moaned, “Aaah that feels so good. I love your cock in my ass, Mario. I love it.....” But as Mario saw Jamie’s hungry eyes feasting on him he said, “I know you want more than this Jamie” He pulled up Jamie’s other leg and let both of them drop over his shoulders. He leaned forward and pinned Jamie’s wrists to the bed, so their faces were only a few feet apart. “You want to be my prisoner – as you are now. And you want it rough like this....”.

Mario Pulled his hips back, stared into Jamie’s blue eyes and rammed his cock fast into the depths of the young surfer’s ass. “Aaagh!” Jamie’s scream echoed round the room and Mario said, “You want me to stop, boy?” In a sudden panic Jamie pleaded, “No, sir – I want it I want it real bad.”

“OK, boy, you asked for it – you got it.” He pulled back and plunged in again, his rod becoming a piston driving into the boy’s hot ass. Jamie looked up wide-eyed at the incredible sight of the dark Italian leather-stud, body streaked with dirt and dried cum, pinning his arms to the bed and

impaling his ass on his ferocious cock. The initial pain had dissolved into a kind of euphoria at being a helpless captive to the leather-boy, submitting to the relentless drilling of his ass.

Mario glanced over at Mark for his approval, and Mark smiled, sprawled in his chair, stroking the bulge in his jeans. It was a huge turn-on for him to watch his surfer boy get hammered by the beautiful young Italian. Mark knew his boy well and nodded his head in the direction of Jamie's trapped wrists. Mario got the message and smiled. He released his grip on the wrists and planted his hands instead on Jamie's chest so he was still pinned down.

His hands now free, Jamie reached up and ran them over the dirt-streaked harness on Mario's flexing chest. He grabbed the leather straps and pulled them toward him, matching the thrusts of Mario's hips. "You like it that much, eh, boy?" Mario grinned. In reply Jamie yanked the harness more fiercely, pulling the cock even deeper into his ass. Mario responded by pile-driving his iron-hard shaft mercilessly as he felt himself being pulled into Jamie's ass.

Again Mario looked over to Mark, who knew his boy's limits exactly and said softly, "Yeah – now." Mario looked back down at Jamie whose head was thrashing from side to side, his tangled blond hair falling over his face. Mario rolled Jamie's nipples in his fingers, increasing the pressure until Jamie was gasping in pain. But he welcomed the pain, caused by the gorgeous Italian leather-stud and he could take as much as Mario dished out.

But Mario had understood from Mark that Jamie was reaching his limit and he said, "Now you're gonna shoot that load for me, boy, while I pump jism into your hot ass." Jamie was on fire. "Yes, sir. Whenever you say." But suddenly Mario surprised him by smiling and slowing the pace of the savage fuck until it was back to the gentle rhythm he had begun with.

Mark gazed in awe at the boy's finesse. Zack had said he was a master fuck and here was proof. Mario took his hands off Jamie's chest and lowered himself onto his elbows on the bed on either side of Jamie so their chests touched and Jamie could feel the studs of the harness scraping his pecs and nipples. Their faces were inches apart and Mario's smiling green eyes gazed into Jamie's. "Jamie, my beautiful Jamie, we are going to have such good times together. We will make love like brothers, and sometimes I will be the rough leather-boy, tie you up and work on your beautiful body and ass. Would you like that?"

"Yeah," Jamie said breathlessly. "Dude, your cock feels so good in my ass I have to cum. Will you cum with me?" "Of course I will," Mario said. "You and I will always cum together. You see, Jamie – I think I am falling in love with you." He lowered his face onto Jamie's and they licked each other's lips, then pressed them together in mounting passion as their bodies shuddered and they felt warm juice flowing from their cocks – Mario's deep inside Jamie's ass and Jamie's between their bodies, smothering the already cum-stained harness.

“That was beautiful!” They looked up to see Mark towering over them, shirtless in just his blue jeans, and still stroking the huge bulge at his crotch as he gazed down at them. “How you doing, Jamie? You like that?” Jamie grinned up at the shirtless cop. “A whole lot, sir. It felt awesome. Looked awesome too.”

Mario pulled his dick out of Jamie’s ass, got to his feet and faced Mark. “Sir, that last thing I said to Jamie. “I’m sorry if I...”

“Don’t worry, Mario,” Mark smiled. “What I want most in life is to see my boy happy. You have made him very happy and I hope you do so again many times in the future. There is one condition, however. If I make my boy’s ass available to you – yours has to be available to me.”

“Willingly, sir. It would be an honor to be fucked by a man such as you.”

Jamie was floating in a confusion of conflicting images. He had just been mightily fucked by the dominant leather-boy whom he had called ‘sir’. Now that same boy was offering his ass to Mark – and calling *him* ‘sir’. Mark, of course, ranked highest in this macho chain of command, making him even more imposing to Jamie. And now Mark thrilled him by saying to Mario, “You did a great job on my boy, Mario. It was real hot to watch so hot that I’m all fired up.”

Mark turned to Jamie. “So boy, you just got fucked gutless by this young leatherman here and you looked spectacular with his dick pounding your ass. But now it’s my turn. You think you’ve got anything left for me?” Jamie’s eyes gleamed. “Of course, sir – my ass belongs to you always.” Mark was about to pull his dick from his jeans when Mario cleared his throat tentatively and said, “Er, sir if you would permit me to make a suggestion, there is something that would increase Jamie’s pleasure.”

“Sure, kid,” Mark grinned. “What did you have in mind?” Mario remembered how, earlier in the day, Zack had taken off his harness and placed it ritualistically on Mario. He now did the same, unclipping the harness, placing it over Mark’s shoulders and clipping it across his chest.

“Wow!” The exclamation came from Jamie. He was used to getting fucked by the cop in full uniform but he had never seen his Greek-god master in leather – had never even thought of it. But now....! Mark saw his reaction and smiled at Mario. “Great idea, Mario. You’re getting to know my boy real well. OK, Jamie. On your knees facing the mirror.”

Quick to obey he knelt on all fours before the mirror at the head of the bed and stared at the reflection of the blond leather-god behind him, his flawless muscles flexing under the cum-stained harness. He gasped as Mark yanked open his jeans and pulled out his massive rod. Mark walked behind Jamie and grabbed his waist from behind. He pressed his cock into the downy blond hair of the surfer-boy’s ass and slowly pulled Jamie’s hips toward him, forcing the ass back onto his cock.

As the long shaft slid into his ass Mark moaned, “Oh, man, I can feel the leather-boy’s jism in your ass – so fucking hot.” He began to fuck him gently while he said, “So Jamie. Looks like you’ve got a hot new buddy. Mario is one gorgeous stud. You both look great making love – I’m gonna get off watching that a lot.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Jamie, “but I will still be your boy, won’t I, sir?”

A flash of irritation crossed Mark’s face and he growled, “I’m not gonna dignify that question with an answer, boy – except for this...” He leaned further forward and grabbed Jamie’s shoulders, then pulled him back and at the same time slammed into his ass, impaling it on his cock. Again and again he drove his rod into the cum-slick ass, driven part by anger but mostly by wild lust as he gazed down at the rippling back sloping down to the tight waist and the white globes of the ass rammed down on his cock.

Jamie stared wildly into the mirror, his eyes filling with tears of pain and ecstasy that his magnificent master was drilling his ass. Mark was riding Jamie’s ass, making him feel like a young stallion being tamed by his master. So new was this image of Mark that in his delirium Jamie saw a new man, a spectacular leather-master, his chest straining against the harness, his blond hair falling over his chiseled features as he jack-hammered his boy’s ravaged ass.

“Now get this, boy,” Mark shouted, “This is your master fucking your ass. In uniform or in leather I will always be you master and your ass will always be mine to fuck – like this!” He increased the tempo of the savage fuck and said, “Tell me what you are. Let me hear it.”

“I’m your boy, sir,” Jamie howled in pain. “Again!” Mark yelled. “I’m your boy, you’re my master. My ass is yours, sir. Please, I beg you please cum in my ass, sir.” Through his tears Jamie stared into the mirror at the incredible sight of the blond leather-master, his muscles flexing, gleaming with sweat as his rod pistoned into his ass. He felt the cock pulse, saw the massive body shudder, heard his master scream, “Aaagh ... I’m cumming inside you, boy....!”

Jamie felt hot juice blast deep inside him, stream after stream, and he was only dimly aware of his own cock pouring cum over the bed. As their heaving bodies subsided they suddenly felt semen pouring over them. Mario had gazed in disbelief at this incredible display of raw masculinity as the muscular leather-god hammered his boy’s ass. Impulsively he had pumped his dick over them and added his own flood of jism to their cum-soaked bodies.

Mario fell to his knees beside the bed and Mark grabbed his head from behind and pushed his face down on Jamie’s. He ground them together, forcing them into a passionate kiss as he thrust his still-hard dick one last time deep in his boy’s ass. His adrenaline racing Mark proclaimed, “I’m the master here and I say you boys will love each other. Mario, when I order you to fuck my boy, you will fuck him. Jamie, you will always be my boy, but when I tell you to give your ass to Mario, you will obey. And I will watch as you make love to each other. That’s how it will be from now on.”

Jamie and Mario could not have wished for anything better.

Breakfast was early the next morning in the garden and everyone was there. That included Jason and Hassan who, with Mark, were leaving for the day to attend an inter-agency training course, testing the coordination of the police and fire departments with the military in the event of an emergency. They would be sequestered together for the whole day.

Mario was not due to leave the house until later that evening to prepare for the next day's early shift at the hotel. Before breakfast he had been shown round the garden by Nate, the houseboy. "Not much to look at," Nate shrugged. "Landscaping has kinda run riot. Need a gardener really, but none of us boys are much good at that." Darius, rarely out of earshot, pricked up his ears and the wheels started turning.

So it was that over the buzz of conversation at breakfast Darius suddenly spoke up loudly, addressing Bob. "Sir, is Mario coming to live with us?" Conversation stopped and they all stared at Darius. Pablo kicked him under the table.

"What?" he said defensively. "I'm only saying what all you guys are thinking. See, sir, the way I see it is this. You've said Jamie needs a part-time assistant in the office, and we need a gardener to take care of the mess out here. Mario was great with the landscaping at the construction site – he knows all about it 'cause he used to work in landscaping with his dad in Italy. Plus, Mario is obviously going gangbusters with Mark and Jamie. So here's the deal. Mario comes to live here, works part time in the office with Jamie, and part-time as our gardener. All that, plus the guy's hotter than a pistol. See? Bingo."

There was a stunned silence. In his youthful enthusiasm Darius had clearly said too much, infringing on the masters' territory on household planning. But Bob rescued him. "Well, Darius, perhaps not something for discussion over breakfast, but you do have some interesting ideas, so why not come and see me later in my office and we can go over them, OK?"

It was the gentlest, most subtle put-down, leaving Darius beaming that he would be huddling with the boss to discuss his ideas. But there followed another uneasy silence as Mario blushed to be the subject of so much talk. It was the twins who salvaged things with a change of topic. "Guys," Kyle said, "me and Kevin are planning a special dinner tonight. It's all gonna be organic, local fresh food. If we have time we're going up to Topanga Canyon to a little market there, way off the beaten track. It's quite a trek but they have the best home-grown produce."

There was a murmur of appreciation all-round (except from Randy who wasn't big on 'this organic crap' as he sometimes called it, him being more of a steak and potatoes kind of guy.) Then Eddie piped up. "Hey, guys, if you're too busy I can go and get it for you if you give me a list. I like driving in the canyons with those great views. I'd be happy to go."

Bob smiled at him and ruffled his hair. “That’s very good of you, Eddie. The twins do have a lot to do today. Just be careful – they’re forecasting rain.”

Right after breakfast Mark, Hassan and Jason all left together, but it wasn’t until the afternoon that Eddie set out, after he had finished all his household chores. The twins had given him directions to the little market, a complicated route off Topanga Canyon and down narrow, winding roads. Eddie was feeling good. He was being helpful to the twins, Bob had ruffled his hair, and Hassan had given him a tight hug before he left, with a promise of a special evening together when they got back.

Now here he was driving his little old truck up in the canyons enjoying the view, made even more dramatic by the big, dark rain clouds gathering on the horizon. It was not entirely smooth going as he got lost several times. He tried to call the twins for more directions, but he couldn’t get through as cell-phone service was spotty up here in the remote canyons. Also, his truck was acting up a bit, making a whining noise and driving rough. He told himself that as soon as he got home he’d ask Pablo to take a look at it. He’d fix it right away.

Eddie finally stumbled upon the market – more by luck than his sense of direction – and made all the purchases on the twins’ list. He loaded them onto his truck and covered them with a tarpaulin as it was starting to rain. Rain was something of a novelty in Southern California and this promised to be quite a downpour judging by the black clouds that now hung right overhead.

But Eddie, didn’t mind. Would be fun driving the canyons in the rain. He started off and realized that it was even harder getting out of the canyons than coming in. The twins’ directions had confused him coming, and now he had to follow them backwards. So inevitably he got lost again but he wasn’t overly concerned as he figured that if he drove long enough he would eventually hit the main Topanga Canyon Boulevard.

Trouble was, with the heavy dark sky, the increasing rain, and dusk falling, it was getting hard to see and for the first time he began to get nervous. He was driving along a narrow, remote road when suddenly the noise in his truck got worse. He steered to the side of the road – and it stalled. He turned the key in the ignition, the starter groaned half-heartedly, then went dead.

Shit. He thought of looking under the hood but by now the rain was torrential and he wouldn’t have known what to look for anyway. Nothing for it, he would have to call the house for help. Not Hassan ‘cause he was away with Mark and Jason, so he called the twins. No ring tone. He looked at the screen and his heart missed a beat “*No Signal.*” Not surprising, really, way up here in this remote spot.

A wave of panic surged through him but he suppressed it and focused on his situation. Always best to stay in the car, he had been told, and anyway, where could he possibly go on foot in this

weather? He would never find his way back to the market on foot, and there was absolutely no other traffic about on this remote road and in this weather.

Nothing for it, he would have to wait. He was way overdue at home already so the guys would soon get worried and send out a search party for him. The twins knew the approximate area he must be in and he had absolute faith that the guys would come to his rescue. Anyway, he smiled to himself, he wouldn't starve with all that food in the back. So he snuggled down in the seat, knowing it would be a long wait.

He was right about the reaction of the guys at home. The twins had become anxious about Eddie's continued absence – he was way overdue. They reported this to Bob and Randy. "It's easy to get lost up there, sirs," Kevin said. "We've done it ourselves several times. And now, in all this rain with darkness coming it would be a bit scary."

"But why wouldn't he call us?" asked Bob. The twins looked at each other with worried frowns. "Trouble is, sir, that up there cell-phone reception is kind of iffy. A lot of time there's no signal. 'Course, he could drive until he found a cell-phone signal unless unless he's had trouble with his truck. He mentioned the other day that it was acting up."

Randy wasn't saying anything but he was clenching his fists, his thoughts running back to when Eddie had just come to live with them and was harassed by two thugs who had known him when he worked as a bar-back in the Palm Springs leather bar. After the way Randy had dealt with them he was sure they wouldn't try the same thing again, but still he had an uneasy feeling and he sprang into action.

He called Pablo. "Hey, kid, get the boys in here now." They were there in seconds and Randy explained the situation. "OK, Pablo, I want you and Ben to take the twins and drive the exact route they tell you Eddie would have taken. The visibility's like shit but all of you keep an eye open for Eddie's truck that could have stalled anywhere. Jamie, I want you to try to contact Mark. I know he and the other two guys are pretty much sequestered on their training mission, but leave a voice mail, and keep trying. Same goes for you Darius with Hassan and Nate with Jason. Maybe one of them will check their voice-mails at some point.

Bob, you'll take charge here in case any calls come in, from Eddie or anyone else. I'm gonna drive fast straight up to that market. The twins can give me the address and I'll punch it into my truck's GPS tracker. I'll start the search from up there. My guess is Eddie's still in the canyons somewhere if he's got no cell signal. Any questions?" He didn't wait for any answer. "Good – let's get the fuck out of here."

Bob always loved Randy best as a man of action and he said, "If anyone can find him you can, buddy. Just be careful, that's all. Same goes for you boys. Drive carefully, Pablo." Then they were gone and Bob resigned himself to a long wait.

Eddie's long wait was almost over. Lulled by the drumbeat of rain on the roof he had dozed off for a while, but jerked back to life when he saw the flash of headlights in his rear-view mirror. "They were here! He was sure it must be the guys come to rescue him. He jumped out of the truck and, dazzled by the headlights, couldn't make out whose truck it was, or the shape of the tall guy striding toward him through the rain. Big guy must be Randy.

But he got a shock as the guy came closer and he recognized him. He was huge, tall, massively built with a rugged, scarred face and long dark hair soaked by the downpour. "Well, what d'ya know?" rasped the deep voice. "What the fuck are *you* doing in a god-forsaken place like this? Eddie, right? – the cute bar-back from the Springs? Remember me – Thor?"

"Yes, sir, I do." Eddie's heart sank. Thor had been one of the regulars at the bar, big, brash, with a bad reputation, and Eddie had done his best to steer clear of him and his leering smiles. The bar owner, Mike, had protected him then but" Eddie took a deep breath to control his panic and explained his situation. "I got lost, my truck broke down and there's no cell signal so I was waiting for my guys to come and rescue me."

"Well the cavalry has arrived, kid. I live up here now, not far from here. I'll give you a lift to my place and you can call your buddies from there." Eddie hesitated and said, "If it's all the same to you, sir, I think I should wait for the guys to find me here."

"Shit, boy, that ain't gonna happen. They'll never find you in this out-of-the-way dump. Come with me and you'll be talking to them in minutes. He grabbed Eddie's wrist and pulled him away. But just as they reached his truck Eddie yanked his hand free. "I left my phone in the truck, sir," he lied. "I'll just run and get it."

He raced back through the rain to his truck, leaned inside, pulled a notepad from the glove-box, scribbled on it and left it on the dashboard. As he walked back to Thor's truck thoughts flashed through his mind about ways of escape, like making a run for it, but he knew Thor would catch him so he had no choice but to climb into the truck beside him.

A short time later, guided by his GPS, Randy pulled up at the market which was closed by this time – no customers in this weather. Randy banged on the door and an old Asian man opened it grudgingly. "Hey," Randy said – winning no prizes for courtesy – "you seen a young kid up here come shopping for stuff?"

The old guy's mood lightened. "You mean the kid the twins sent? Those twins are real nice guys whenever they come up here. I always throw in some freebies for them. But you missed

the boy by a long way. He left here hours ago, just as it was starting to rain. He should been home a long time ago unless he holed up somewhere until the rain stopped.”

“Thanks, man.” Randy leapt back into his truck and drove off with an uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach.

As it turned out, Randy's anxiety was not misplaced. When Eddie and Thor arrived at the old, ramshackle house in an isolated part of the canyon Eddie tramped through the mud and followed him inside where Thor's up-to-now friendly attitude changed drastically. Eddie pulled out his cell phone but Thor snatched it from him.

“You're not gonna be needing that after all, kid. See, I've got other plans for you. You always gave me the cold shoulder in that bar. You coulda done yourself some good if you'd hooked up with me, but no, there you were struttin' around real full of yourself like your own shit don't stink. Well things are gonna change now, boy. See, you're mine now, you and that hot ass of yours.”

Once again Eddie suppressed his panic and thought fast. Useless to resist – his only hope was to play for time. “I'm sorry, sir, I never knew that you wanted me. I didn't think I was good enough for a man like you, but now, sir,” his mind went blank and he looked desperately around the messy, filthy room “now, sir, I would make a good houseboy for you. I could clean this room up and then scrub your toilet if you would like.”

Thor sat in a chair and rubbed his chin. “Yeah, that would look real hot. Strip down to your shorts, boy. Quickly Eddie obeyed and stood in his tight gray boxer briefs and sneakers, flexing his muscles slightly to turn Thor on. “Oh yeah,” growled Thor, rubbing the bulge in his pants. “Yeah, I could get off watching that for a while. Get me warmed up for the main event.”

Randy was speeding round the dark canyon roads, skidding on the rain-soaked curves. He knew in his gut that the kid was in trouble and that hunch was soon to be reinforced when he suddenly saw in his headlights through the rain a small truck by the side of the road. Eddie's! He leapt out but his heart sank as he saw the door was left open and there was no sign of the boy. “Damn young fool,” he thought, thinking at first that Eddie had set out through the rain on foot. But instantly he dismissed the thought as he knew the boy would have shut the door. And anyway he had drilled into the boys that in case of car trouble they should stay in their vehicle.

He looked inside and the first thing he saw was the notepad on the dashboard. There was one word scribbled on it: *Thor*. What the fuck? Randy's mind flashed back to the thugs who had attacked Eddie that time. Neither was named Thor but he remembered that the bar owner, Mike, had said a lot of guys lusted for the young bar-back so He yanked out his phone and

..... shit, no signal. He leapt back in his truck and drove fast to a more major road where he tried again. Thank god, he breathed and punched a stored number.

“Mike – thank Christ you’re there. This is Randy.” There was a laugh at the other end. “Hey, big-guy, how’s it hangin’? When you coming back out here? Always good for business when you show up. And how’s young Eddie doing with you guys?”

“That’s what I’m calling about, Mike. Does the name Thor mean anything to you?”

“Hmm, sure, if you mean the guy who used to hang out here a lot. Bad news, he was. I was glad when he moved back to L.A. Living in some shack last I heard, in the wilds of Topanga somewhere.” Randy’s blood ran cold. “Mike, this is real important. I think he’s got Eddie. Have you any idea

“Wait a minute, Randy,” Mike said, catching the urgency in his voice, and Randy heard him rustling papers. “Weird guy – he used to have his mail sent here to the bar – dodging debt collectors – and when he high-tailed it he left a forwarding address. Man, I hope I still have it here.” There was a long pause and Randy sent up a silent prayer to a god he didn’t believe in.

“Yeah, bingo. Here it is. You ready?” Randy grabbed his GPS and punched in the address Mike gave him. “Yes!” The GPS responded with directions from where he was – and it wasn’t far. “Mike, you’re a fucking saint. Remind me to suck your dick or something when I next come out there.”

“Hey, listen stud,” Mike said sternly. “You don’t wanna tangle with that guy. He’s real mean, about six-foot-four, built like a brick shithouse – used be a football linebacker. Last I heard he’s a professional wrestler on one of those shitty small-time circuits. Never lost a fight, but he fights dirty and he’s done real damage to some of the guys. Randy, you’re tough but, that guy ... take it from me – don’t mess with him, buddy.”

“I have to, Mike. He’s got my boy.”

Things were not going well for Eddie. For as long as he could he had tried to keep Thor amused watching him as he cleaned house, then scrubbed the toilet, trying to look as sexy as possible so Thor would jerk off and lose interest in fucking him for a while. But Thor’s attention span was as limited as his sense of humor and while Eddie was bent over the toilet Thor yanked down his briefs, stared at his ass and growled, “Oh, yeah,” and slapped the cheeks roughly.

Shocked by the pain Eddie’s reflex was to whirl round and confront Thor with blazing eyes. Thor snarled, “Oh, so that’s how you want to play this, boy. Fine with me.” He ripped off Eddie’s shorts, grabbed his neck and pushed him through the door to the garage where Eddie gazed in horror. The dingy garage had been transformed into a torture chamber with ropes,

chains and whips hanging on the wall. In the middle of the room was a wooden chair with arms, placed directly under a spotlight. Manhandling the boy Thor threw him into the chair and within minutes he was bound tight, his arms roped to the chair's arms, his ankles to the legs.

Eddie stared defiantly at the massive linebacker towering over him. He pulled off his dirty T-shirt and Eddie gasped, seeing his powerful body, the solid muscles scarred from his many bouts in the wrestling ring. His face twisted in an ugly leer as he raised his arms and flexed like a bodybuilder. "Great body, eh kid? Unbeaten in the ring. Nobody's a match for Thor, especially not you, boy. He unzipped his pants and pulled out a massive cock, already hard as a rock. He grabbed Eddie's hair, pulled his face up and growled, "Open up, boy." Eddie tried to resist but it was hopeless and when he opened his mouth he thought he would choke as the massive hunk of meat plunged into it and down his throat.

The face fuck was so brutal that Eddie was suffocating, on the point of passing out when, in an act of defiance, he bit hard into the cock. Thor howled and yanked his cock out. "You dirty little shit," he groaned. "OK, that's it boy – I don't take that from anyone, least of all a little ass-wipe like you. See this?" He pulled a long stock-whip off the wall and cracked it on the ground. He slapped Eddie across the face several times, then raised the whip. All the fight was gone out of Eddie and he closed his eyes, tensed his body and braced himself for the blow.

"You touch the boy one more time, asshole, and I'll rip your fucking balls off." Thor spun round to see that the garage doors had been flung open and the threatening voice came from a big, menacing figure backlit by truck headlights.

There was an ominous silence as the two men got the measure of each other. Despite himself Thor was impressed by this powerful, muscle-stud, a swarthy gypsy, standing there with water pouring off him, his boots covered in mud, his jeans and tank top clinging to his massive body. Randy realized that Mike had not been exaggerating. Thor was a mountain of a man, a muscular giant, his hulking, shirtless physique looming ominously, with the whip in his fist. Eddie could have sobbed with relief. Randy was here at last. Everything would be OK.

"Who the fuck are you, asshole?" Thor growled.

"The guy who's gonna tear you apart, stud, if you don't back off. That's my boy you got there. He belongs to me."

"Oh yeah? We'll see about that." For a man of his size Thor moved with lightning speed, cracking the whip in the air and curling it round Randy's back and chest. He yanked it back, spinning Randy round howling as he crashed against the wall. Stunned, Randy saw the lash coming again and it bit savagely into his chest. Thor was a master of the whip and slammed it against the helpless bodybuilder again, ripping his tank to shreds as he staggered round the garage in a futile attempt to avoid the lash.

Then Thor curled the whip round Randy's legs and yanked him off balance. He crashed to the floor in a daze, helpless to avoid Thor as he loomed over him, grabbed him by the shreds of his tank and smashed the back of his hand against his face, one side then the other.

He threw him down contemptuously in a crumpled heap, then picked up the whip again. "Now I'm gonna finish your off, asshole. See, nobody ever beats Thor." Through a haze of pain Randy saw the arm raise high and knew that another brutal lashing of the whip would finish him. As the lash fell he raised his arm, let the whip curl round it and he yanked hard, pulling Thor toward him, making him lose balance and crash against the wall. Randy staggered to his feet, shredded tank hanging round his waist, his chest and back stinging with pain.

Both men were stunned now and circled each other warily, while Eddie watched in horror, tugging helplessly against the ropes binding him to the chair. Randy had never met a monster like this, a born fighter with the strength and bulk to back it up. For the first time in his life Randy sensed he might be outmatched, but the sight of the terrified boy struggling in the chair made his adrenaline spike as he realized what his defeat would mean for the kid.

Suddenly the linebacker made his move, charging forward with head lowered for a head-butt to the stomach. But Randy bent forward, absorbing the blow, and wrapped his arms round Thor's waist from behind. He hauled him up high, legs in the air, then drove him down head first into his raised knee. With a howl of agony Thor slumped to the floor rolled onto his back and his eyes closed. That was enough to finish any man, Randy thought.

He moved fast. He grabbed a knife from the wall and cut the ropes round one of Eddie's wrists. He was going for the other when Eddie's eyes opened in horror and he yelled, "Sir....!" Too late Randy felt the cold leather of the whip curl round his neck from behind. Unbelievably Thor had recovered and grabbed the whip he was now using to choke Randy.

Knowing he wouldn't last long Randy, with the instinct of a street-fighter, grabbed the whip round his neck to ease the pressure and staggered forward, pulling Thor behind him, making desperately for the door. When they reached it Randy took a deep breath, flexed his whole body and suddenly bent forward, yanking Thor off the ground, over his shoulders, over his head, and hurled him far out into the mud. Then with a blood curdling war-cry he launched himself, flying through the air, and landed on top of Thor in the deep mud under the pouring rain.

So began the last brutal climax of the fight as the two men rolled over and over in the mud, trading punches, with Thor trying to gouge Randy's eyes but Randy strong enough to pull his wrists apart. Eddie watched in terror as the two muscular fighters wrestled in the mud. Stripped to the waist, their naked torsos and faces were covered in mud, streaked by the torrential rain. They were on their knees, slugging each other, blow for blow, trying to weaken the other man into submission.

Eddie was struggling to free his other hand but it was bound tight so he worked on his ankles where the ropes were looser. Outside the men were again rolling in the mud, straining for advantage. Randy was gaining the upper hand and struggled to his knees astride his weakened opponent, staring down at him. "You're finished, asshole," Randy panted and raised his fist for the knockout blow. On the verge of defeat Thor acted in desperation – like the dirty fighter he was known as in the wrestling ring. As he lay pinned to the ground he grabbed a handful of mud and gravel and ground it into Randy's eyes.

"Aaagh!" Randy released Thor and scraped frantically at his eyes but he couldn't open them. He struggled to his feet but he was temporarily blinded and swung his fists wildly, desperately. Back on his feet Thor easily avoided the aimless blows and taunted him. "You're finished man. I told you, nobody beats Thor, never has. Look at you man – the big stud fighter staggering around, swinging helplessly like a blind fool. Give up, man, you're beaten. Submit – beg for mercy and maybe I'll go easy on your boy." He laughed sadistically "Then again, maybe not. I'm gonna chain you up, man, work you over and fuck your sorry ass in front of your boy."

"Fuck you, man," Randy groaned, knowing he was finished. "Here it comes, stud," Thor yelled and smashed his fist against Randy's face, again and again, the big muscle-god staggering backward in the mud, refusing to give up. Thor slammed him in the stomach and then used a massive uppercut to send him flying backwards through the air and crashing to the ground.

Thor towered over him. "Now I'll make sure you never fuck ass again, stud. Like this." He raised his leg and smashed his boot down on Randy's balls, again and again, with Randy screaming in agony. In an instinct of self preservation he turned over onto his stomach and, face down, dragged himself a few yards through the mud before the pain overwhelmed him and he passed out. Thor hooked his foot under him and contemptuously flipped him over onto his back, snarling down in triumph at the broken man. The King of the Gypsies lay unconscious in the mud. He had been beaten.

"No!....." Before Thor could turn round he was hit from behind by a hard object that sent him crashing against the wall of the house. He managed to turn round and glimpsed a chair flying through the air, crashing into his face. Eddie had finally untied his legs from the chair with one hand but he still couldn't release his other hand. But when he saw his hero crash to the ground unconscious he stood up, holding the chair by the arm he was still tied to. He couldn't bear the sight of Thor standing in triumph over the boss so he wielded the chair like a club.

Taken by surprise, and weakened by the beating he had taken from Randy, Thor tried to shield himself but from somewhere deep inside Eddie found hidden reserves of strength and swung the chair wildly, smashing it down on the man he hated.

If it were not for the rain Thor would have triumphed, but the rain was pounding so hard on Randy's face that it washed away the mud and revived him. In a semi-conscious state Randy heard the sounds – Thor's howls of pain and Eddie's screaming obscenities. He struggled to open his eyes and saw the amazing sight of a brave young boy attacking the brute with a chair.

Randy crawled through the mud and a vision of Bob crossed his mind. "Help me, buddy," he groaned. Any other man would never have been able to stand after the beating Randy had taken, but no other man had Randy's anger. His legendary rage took over and transformed him into a wild animal. Propelled by adrenaline and fury he staggered to his feet and stammered, "OK, Eddie, great job. But stand clear now – he's mine."

Randy became a mindless machine wading into the muscular giant, smashing his fists into his face with devastating force. Randy had sworn he would tear apart any man who harmed one of his guys, and that's what he did now. Totally out of control, all he saw was the thug who had hurt his boy and he knew he had to destroy him. Thor had no defense left and was spinning round like a rag doll. Randy was beating him to a pulp and, with one last massive blow, the giant rose in the air and crashed down unconscious in the mud, a broken man.

Standing there in a daze in the pouring rain Randy felt Eddie fall into his arms sobbing with relief. "It's OK, kid," Randy said, "it's over. You were terrific we make a great team."

When Thor recovered consciousness he couldn't move. He gradually realized he was lying on his back on the garage floor, his arms stretched up and tied to hooks in the wall. He was also doubled over, his legs stretched back toward his head, his ankles roped to the same two hooks. He tried to move but he was firmly hogtied. He saw Randy towering over him in triumph.

"So, shithead, you've never been beaten in a fight, eh? Well I guess there's a first time for everything, asshole. And talking of assholes, look at that, Eddie. He nodded down to Thor's ass that was fully exposed now that his legs were stretched back over his chest and tied to the wall. He grinned at Eddie. "You wanna fuck it, kid?"

Eddie gazed at him wide-eyed. "Yes please, sir." Eddie stroked his dick a few times and it was soon hard. He knelt on the floor, leaned his hands against Thor's legs and pressed his dick against his ass. "No," Thor groaned I can't I've never been fucked." Eddie grinned. "Sorry, sir, all I wanted to be was your houseboy but now my master says I have to fuck your ass. After all, he won the fight." He drove his cock in like a spear, harder than he had ever fucked ass in his life. Thor screamed as he felt cock in his ass for the first time, and soon Eddie was pounding him brutally, deeper and deeper. It went on endlessly and it was a huge turn-on for Eddie to see the muscular giant writhing in pain, screaming for him to stop.

"Ask nicely, Thor," Randy said. "You've probably never begged for mercy, but give it a try." Thor screamed. "Stop I've had enough. I've never been fucked in my life I can't take

any more. Cum in my ass if that's what you want." Eddie grinned up at Randy. "I think he can do better than that, sir, don't you?" He pounded the ass like a wild young buck and Thor looked frantically up at him. "OK, stop, please. I beg you – please shoot in my ass. I give up I submit, sir. Please sir, you win I'm begging you Aaagh!"

"Now, sir?" Eddie asked Randy. "Good a time as any, kid." With one last agonizing thrust Eddie buried his cock deep in the beaten linebacker's ravaged ass and heard his scream of agony as his cock exploded inside him. Randy pulled Eddie to his feet, making Thor howl as the cock yanked out of his ass. "One last thing, kid." They stood on either side of him and Randy pulled out his cock. "This pig needs hosing down." Thor looked up in horror and screamed "No!" just as two streams of hot piss slammed into his face and over his chest.

Randy shook his cock dry and grinned with satisfaction. "Like I said, asshole, there's a first time for everything. You just got your ass ploughed for the first time, you called a boy 'sir, begged him for mercy and he shot his jism in your ass. Then two guys pissed all over you. That's a lot of firsts for you today, asshole. I'd like to stay and entertain you myself, but we gotta go. Man, I'd like to see your buddies' faces when they find you like this – hog-tied, stinking of piss, with a boy's jizz oozing out of your ass. Come on, kid, let's get the fuck out of this rat-hole."

As they left, the adrenaline drained from Randy and he became suddenly aware of how much he hurt. His entire body was on fire, covered in cuts and bruises, his head was pounding and, worst of all, his agonized balls were screaming with pain. As they reached the truck he fell to his knees and almost passed out. Eddie pulled him up and helped him into the passenger side. Eddie climbed in behind the wheel as it was obvious Randy was in no condition to drive.

They pulled away, with Thor's screams for mercy ringing in their ears, and Randy managed to open his phone. When he heard Bob's anxious voice he said, "It's OK, buddy, I got him. But I got beat up pretty bad man I need you I really need you." Bob told him that Mike had called him from the bar and filled him in, giving him Thor's address. Mark had come home and left again right away on his police motorcycle. Hassan and Jason were due home any minute.

Randy shut off the phone, rested his head back on the seat and closed his eyes. Bob ... he clung to the image of Bob. But his balls had become numb with pain and he panicked. Would he still be able to? He opened his eyes and said, "Pull over, kid." Eddie did as he was told and Randy turned to him. "Kid, you have a reputation as an epic cocksucker – best there is. Now I need you to prove it. See, my balls took a hell of a beating and I'm not sure if I can"

"I understand, sir. Leave everything to me." He unzipped Randy's jeans and pulled out his limp cock. He took a deep breath, leaned down and sucked the cock into his mouth. It was as if all the blow-jobs he had ever given, every cock he had sucked, had led up to this moment. The boss had saved him, and now he had to save the boss. He used every trick he had ever

learned, burying his face in Randy's wiry pubic hair, then pulling back with pursed lips and plunging forward again.

At first there was no life but then he felt the cock jerk. He kept working, using his throat muscles and his warm saliva to coax the cock back to life. Randy felt his cock start to stiffen. He put his hand behind Eddie's head, pushed his face down hard into his pubic hair, then pulled it back, and down again. Each time Eddie felt the cock deep inside him he clenched his throat muscles hard as the cock withdrew, like he was trying to suck the cum from it.

And it worked. Randy's cock was getting hard and he moaned, "Jesus you're good at this, boy. Touch my balls." Tentatively Eddie stroked the balls with one finger, then two. Pain shot through them but the effect was to increase Randy's lust. Eddie's head was now pounding down onto the cock and Randy yelled, "Keep going, boy stroke those balls, eat that meat, make it shoot. That's it, kid you're making me cum here it comes, boy Aaagh!" The huge body shook and Eddie felt hot juice pouring down his throat. He swallowed hard, big gulps as the cum kept flowing.

Randy breathed heavily and rested his head back on the headrest with a sigh. "Thanks, kiddo – man you are one fucking awesome cocksucker. Just what I needed." You've been amazing today kid – shit we make a great team."

Just then there was a knock at the steamed-up window and a red light flashed outside. Eddie lowered the window and found himself looking into the face of a cop Mark. He shone his flashlight and saw Randy resting his head, and Eddie with cum dribbling down his chin. "Everything OK in here, guys?" Mark asked.

Eddie grinned. "It is now, sir. Everything's working just fine."

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Chapter 192 – Bob & Randy, Hassan & Eddie – Playing Rough

"Jesus, Randy, you look like shit," Mark said. "Looks like you took hell of a beating, man."

"It's OK, buddy," Randy grinned "you should see the other guy. I guess you're on your way there now. You can't miss him. He'll be the shit-for-brains mother-fucker hog-tied, stinking of piss, with young Eddie's jizz dribbling out of his ass." Mark tried to stifle a grin. "Shit, man, when a guy messes with one of your boys you sure do a number on them."

"Yeah, well you could book the asshole on kidnapping, assault, sexual abuse, grievous bodily harm – hell, officer, you've got the book, you could throw the whole damn thing at him. Whatever you do with him, just know that me and the kid won't press charges. I've thrashed the mother-fucker and that's an end of it. The kid's already been hurt enough. And now, old

buddy, unless you're gonna arrest us for sucking dick on a public highway, we really gotta get home. I need Bob real bad."

Mark grinned, "How about you Eddie? You wanna charge this guy here with forcing you to suck his dick in his truck?" Eddie, always in awe of Mark's uniform, said solemnly, "No thank you, sir. Besides, I liked it and I'll do it again if he tells me to."

Mark shook his head. "Shit, you two make one hell of a team. OK, get the fuck out of here. Bob's waiting for you, buddy and Eddie, you'll find a big stud Marine, name of Hassan, waiting for *you*. Drive carefully – I'd hate to top all this off by giving you a speeding ticket."

As Eddie drove through the canyon Randy finally submitted to the demands of his body and fell into a deep sleep, always his way of healing himself. A few minutes later Eddie's cell phone rang. He put a bud in his ear for hands-free use and spoke quietly. It was Bob. "Hey, kiddo, I called you 'cause I figured after getting banged up in a fight Randy would fall asleep. How are you both doing? Anything I should know before you get here? The guys are all here – I'm gonna put you on speaker phone."

"We're OK, sir but, like you said, Randy's pretty banged up and kept asking for you. You're right, he's fallen asleep. It was a hell of a fight though, sir, and Randy was spectacular – beat the guy to a pulp. I did my bit too, bashing him with a chair while Randy was out for the count." Eddie knew he had an audience – and made the most of it, especially after he heard Darius's voice in the background – "Out for the count? dude!"

So Eddie poured out the whole story, barely pausing for breath. Bob let him go on, knowing that re-living the events was a catharsis for the boy, getting it all off his chest so he wouldn't bottle up the trauma he must have felt. Better he act like a hero – which he evidently was.

When Bob hung up the phone the guys looked at each other in amazement. Bob was worried about Randy, but he pulled himself together and said, "Well, Hassan, looks like your boy proved himself to be one tough young buck. Doesn't sound as if he got hurt too bad though unlike Randy..... his voice trailed off. Zack put his arm round him. "Hey, buddy, don't worry. You know that guy could get run over by a truck and still get up fighting. My bet is all he needs is you to put him back together good as new."

The only man absent was Mark, who was still in the canyon paying a not-too-friendly visit on the humiliated Thor. But Mario was still here. He liked Eddie a lot and, with all the uncertainty, he had stayed to support Jamie, calling his hotel to switch shifts. Pablo, Ben and the twins were back home and now that the pall of anxiety had lifted from the house the boys were buzzing with excitement, dissecting and embellishing the story Eddie had related. Darius, of course, was the embellisher-in-chief and Pablo was preening that his master was the hero of the hour.

Practical as ever the twins started to set the table in the big dining room for a much delayed dinner (it was still too wet to eat outdoors), while Nate helped Bob prepare the bedroom. It wasn't long before they heard tires crunch on the gravel outside and they all ran to the gate.

Bob and Zack helped a still groggy Randy from the passenger side, while Eddie jumped out the other side right into the arms of Hassan. The boys hovered around expectantly, but had the good manners not to crowd Hassan and Eddie in their passionate reunion. They all somehow made it to the dining room where Randy took a deep breath, shook off the guys supporting him and stood tall, the undisputed leader of the tribe.

"Guys, as you can guess right now I need a heavy dose of Bob, but before we go upstairs I just have one thing to say about the new hero among us – young Eddie here. He was in real danger but kept his cool and strung the asshole along until I got there. He even had the guts to bite the fucker's cock." An excited murmur ran through the crowd.

"This Thor asshole was brutal and fought dirty but Eddie was a match for him. With one hand still tied to a chair he swung the damn thing at him like a club. He saved us both without this kid I wouldn't have made it, guys. Hassan, you've got yourself one hell of a boy you should be real proud. Eddie, thank you, kiddo you're tough, brave, a hell of a fighter and a terrific member of the tribe." Eddie was blushing deep red. "OK, now before I keel over, I gotta see you in the bedroom, Bob."

As Bob helped him from the room cheers and applause rang out and Eddie was hoisted onto the table. The dinner preparations were disrupted – but the twins didn't mind a bit.

Jason came with Bob and helped him support Randy, who refused to sit down. As a fireman Jason had basic paramedic training so he gave Randy a quick examination, running his hands over his body, shining a mini flashlight in his eyes, feeling his balls and asking basic questions that Randy answered impatiently.

"Well," Jason smiled, "you must be made of cast iron, big guy, 'cause amazingly enough there seems to be no major damage. But you're obviously pretty banged up and you're gonna be plenty sore for a few days, especially your nuts. So I'd say no strenuous activity for a day or two – go to bed and get plenty of sleep. And for god's sake let Bob wash that damn mud off you. You look like you've been rolling around in it oh, I guess you were, eh stud?"

Bob grinned at him. "Thanks, Jason, I really appreciate this. Guess I'll take over from here." Jason shook Randy's hand and left the room muttering, "Fucking amazing."

Now Bob took charge – or thought he did. "OK, Randy, you heard what the man said. First we're gonna get you in the shower, clean you up and put you to bed so you can sleep this off.

Jason gave you good advice – no strenuous activity.” He put his hands on Randy shoulders to guide him to the bathroom, but Randy shook him off. “Fuck that bullshit.” After his speech to the tribe praising Eddie, Randy was still in King-of-the-Gypsies mode.

He grabbed Bob’s shoulder and held him at arm’s length. “You know me better than that, buddy. I don’t need a nursemaid – I need you, man. Listen, the only thing that kept me going in that fight was the thought of you. I knew I had to win and come back to you. That mother-fucker was tough and he fought dirty – blinded me with mud, thrashed me and left me unconscious in the mud. He’d have finished me off if it hadn’t been for Eddie smashing that chair over the son-of-a-bitch. As I crawled through the mud it was the thought of you that gave me strength to get back up and beat the fucker to a pulp.”

He grinned at his lover. “You know how I am, man, after a fight. Especially this one where I almost got beat. I need to prove I’ve still got it in me, man, and I want you more than ever.”

“I know that, Randy, but – after what he did to you, are you sure you can still.....”

“Hell yes! The kid gave me a blow job in the truck and I shot a gallon in his mouth. Shit, apart from being a tough young buck that boy is one hell of a great cocksucker. So don’t worry about that, buddy. Just give me what I need – what only you can give me.” And at last Randy lowered himself into a chair and watched.

Bob knew exactly what Randy needed – what he had needed so often in the past after a fight. Usually he would storm home and, without a word, throw Bob on the bed and rape the shit out of him. It always hurt but it thrilled Bob to his core to see Randy turn into a wild animal and prove his macho dominance to Bob and to himself. But this time was different. Randy had been hurt bad and was taking it easier – for him, anyway. Bob knew he had to make Randy’s dick hard, and he knew just how to do it.

Bob was wearing a plaid shirt over a white T-shirt, blue jeans and loafers. There was a full-length mirror on the wall just behind Randy and a bit to the side, so Bob had a perfect view of himself while he stood in front of Randy. He smiled at himself, undid a couple of shirt buttons and ran his hand under the shirt and over the T-shirt, feeling the shape of his flexing pecs. “Yeah,” he moaned quietly, rubbing his nipples.

“Fuck, man,” Randy groaned, “you are so *fucking* gorgeous. You blow me away every time, like it’s the first time.” He moved his hand down to his crotch but Bob said a stern “No!”

“Shit, man, you’re not gonna let me?” Again the sharp “No!” Grudgingly Randy moved his hand away and grasped the arms of his chair. Bob focused again on the mirror, undid a few more buttons and pulled his shirt open, displaying the full width of his sculpted chest. For Randy it was like watching Superman rip open his shirt. Bob shrugged the shirt off and let it fall to the floor. Pushing back the short sleeves of the T-shirt over his biceps he raised his arms to the side and pumped his biceps in a bodybuilder pose.

Randy gripped the chair white-knuckled to avoid touching his cock as he gazed in awe at Bob's muscular torso rippling under the T-shirt. From the broad shoulders it sloped down over the bulging pecs and ridges of the abs to the tight waist of the jeans. As he flexed and posed, the T-shirt pulled out of the waistband, giving Randy a glimpse of his stomach and the top of his white undershorts showing above the jeans.

Randy groaned, "Take off the shirt, man please"

As if he hadn't heard him, Bob gazed steadily into the mirror, reached behind his neck and pulled up the T-shirt, letting it slide slowly over his abs and chest, then over his head and he flung it at Randy's feet. "Aaahh," Randy gasped, mesmerized by the sight of Superman stripped to the waist. "That is fucking spectacular, man you're so fucking beautiful. I gotta touch my dick, buddy."

"No!" Bob said sharply. "I need to see that you're as potent as you ever were – that I can still make you cum." He looked back at the mirror, pressed his fists into his waist and flared his lats in another classic bodybuilder pose. Randy stared at his gleaming torso, but what turned him on the most was his slim waist, the white shorts showing above the waistband of the blue-jeans, setting off his golden tan. Suddenly Bob turned around and, still posing, gave Randy a view of his sensational ass, the twin globes straining against the blue denim.

"Holy shit, man, I gotta have that ass." Unable to hold back Randy released his grip on the chair, ripped open his muddy pants, pulled out his rigid cock and began stroking it. Bob whirled round and shouted, "I said no!" Quickly he yanked Randy's hand off his dick and slammed his wrists back down on the chair arms. He picked up his shirt and T-shirt and used them to tie Randy's wrists to the chair. "I told you I wanted to see if you've still got it in you, stud. What? You scared that guy ruined your nuts so bad you can't perform anymore?"

Bob's taunts struck home and Randy concentrated on his lover's glorious face and body. Still helplessly tied, his cock was sticking up like a pole out of his open pants. Gazing into the mirror again Bob unbuttoned his own jeans and pulled out his cock, hard as steel. He grabbed it with his right hand and used his other hand to squeeze his left nipple. At first he got off on his own mirror image, but then he walked squarely in front of Randy.

"You see this, big guy? You see your beautiful lover who can make you do anything? Yeah, out there you're the King of the Gypsies, the fighter who never gets beaten, the man who others kneel to. But in here I'm in charge – the only man who can make you submit. You'll do anything I tell you to do – that right?"

"You know it is, man," Randy growled. Bob smiled. "OK, then. You got your balls stomped on real bad in the fight, but you're gonna show me you've lost none of that sexual power you've always had. You're gonna show me now, man." Randy gazed up in awe at the man he

loved, the spectacular muscle-god who was now beating his meat in front of his face. He felt his own cock pulsing. His straining balls hurt but it was nothing to the fire in his cock.

He watched mesmerized as Bob threw his head back, his whole body flexed and he yelled, “Aaagh!” A white plume of liquid blasted from his cock, rose high in the air and splashed down on Randy’s chest and face. Randy shuddered, pulled frantically at his restraints and screamed as his own cock exploded with a massive eruption of cum. He opened his mouth and drank his own semen mixed with Bob’s. He swallowed hard, never losing eye contact with the man he worshipped, the man who could make him achieve anything, no matter how badly his body hurt, or how brutally he had been thrashed. He was as much a sexual stallion as ever.

Bob shook his cock dry and pushed it back inside his jeans. He smiled down at Randy, the big boss tied to the chair, his face and chest smothered with jism that dribbled down his chin. He had proved beyond doubt that his balls functioned fine, despite the beating they had taken. He had been so turned on by his shirtless lover that he had shot a spontaneous load of cum without touching himself.

And yet as Bob looked down at the bound bodybuilder, his head hanging down in submission, he knew that this was still not the supremely confident, powerful leader he had been before the fight. He had been beaten and humiliated by Thor and then dominated by his own lover. Sure, he was healed sexually and had put on a good King-of-the-Gypsies front to the guys. But deep inside, his confidence in himself still needed to be restored. His very manhood was at stake. To salvage his pride he needed to prove his physical dominance – and there was only one way to do that.

Bob knew all this, and he knew how to help. He grabbed Randy’s hair, pulled his head back, stared into his eyes and taunted him. “So, I made you shoot your wad, man. I can make you do anything you see now? I’m in charge I am the best.” He looked down scornfully at the open fly of Randy’s jeans. “Man, that dick of yours looks pretty tired it’s already shot a load in Eddie’s mouth and another one all over yourself. You look wasted, man. But I can do anything to you – even make you hard again – without even touching you. See, the big boss man is in my power.”

Bob knew that one of the biggest turn-ons for Randy was to see his lover bare-chested wearing only blue jeans, especially with the waistband of his white shorts showing just over the top of the jeans. He paced the room barefoot, moving deliberately under the ceiling spotlights, flexing his muscles, then looking in the mirror admiring himself. He knew he looked spectacular and knew the effect this always had on Randy. Now was no different. Out of the corner of his eye Bob saw Randy’s cock stiffen as he struggled against his wrist restraints. Bob turned his back to him, shoved his thumbs in his waistband and pushed his jeans forward, stretching them over the mounds of his perfect ass.

“Aaah! Aaah,” Randy groaned desperately, aching for his lover’s ass. Bob turned and was taken aback by what he saw. Randy’s cock was now stiff as a pole in his open jeans and his eyes were blazing with a mix of anger and lust – the look of a wild man. “You fucker,” he yelled. “You, Thor, and all the rest of them – you think you can beat me? Hell no! I am the best – and I’ll prove it. I’m gonna fuck your ass, man!”

His muscles bulged with his enormous strength, he howled like an animal, and Bob took a step back as he saw the veins bulge, the body like granite, and heard the sound of tearing fabric. The shirt and T-shirt binding his wrists ripped and fell to the floor, Randy’s hands sprang free and he leapt to his feet. Bob was actually scared by the wild look in his eyes and took a few steps backward toward the bed.

As Randy advanced he snarled, “So you’re the best, eh? The big boss is in your power, eh? Well, you’ll find out, asshole, just like Thor did when I thrashed him and he lay beaten in the mud. See, you belong to me, man I’m the master. Get it?” He put his hand on Bob’s chest and pushed him backwards down on the bed. He leaned forward, ripped open Bob’s jeans and pulled them down his legs and off. He yanked hard on his shorts and ripped them off. He picked up the torn T-shirt and used it and the shorts to tie Bob’s wrists to the bed posts.

“You challenged me, man, and you know what happens to a man who challenges my authority. Thor found that out and so will you. I should’ve fucked that moron’s ass but I gave it to Eddie. But yours is mine now.” He gazed down at the bound muscleman, spread-eagled on the bed. “Let’s see you get free, asshole.” Bob pulled on his wrists, his muscles straining, body writhing. He did it partly because he knew it turned Randy on, but also out of genuine fear.

His mind went back to that motel room long ago where he had met the rugged construction worker who had tied him up and worked him over. Randy had terrified him at the time – but he had come back for more. Bob was given the chance to leave but had stayed and never left. Despite Randy’s notorious anger he knew the man loved him passionately. There was no man like him and the mix of fear and lust he inspired was uniquely erotic.

It was like that now as Bob gazed up mesmerized by the dark gypsy face, the square, stubbled jaw, the heavily muscled body covered in dried mud and semen, bearing the cuts and bruises of battle. He was a dark demon – terrifying and thrilling. And the deep voice “You can beg me now, man, and I’ll go easy on you. Submit – admit I’m the master and I won’t hurt you.”

Bob knew what Randy needed to hear. “Go fuck yourself, asshole.”

“OK, you wanna play rough, eh?” Randy fell forward, his hands grabbing Bob’s bound wrists. “Oh man, am I gonna enjoy working you over. You think that mother-fucker ruined my balls? Well think again.” He eased higher so his balls, hanging out of his pants, were level with Bob’s face. He rammed then down onto Bob’s open mouth and Bob sucked them in – first one, then both. Randy howled in pain but wanted more, so he pulled back, stretching the ball-sac, his

balls on fire. He stared into Bob's amazed eyes and said, "See, man – I can take any pain you or that shithead Thor can throw at me. This is me, Randy!"

He pulled back harder until his balls popped out of Bob's mouth with Randy's final scream of pain. But, typically for Randy the pain only increased his lust. He eased back, knelt between Bob's legs, pushed them up high and pressed the head of his cock against Bob's hole. Bob saw all the love, lust and anger in his eyes as Randy said, "You knew as soon as we came in here that I was gonna ream your ass, didn't you, man? And you knew it would be like this."

With one massive thrust of his hips Randy plunged his huge rod deep into his lover's ass, watched his head fly back and heard his scream. "Remember that, man? Remember that first time, and every time after a fight? God, you look sensational getting your ass ploughed. You want it, man? You want more?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir. Fuck my ass. Do it hard..... aaagh!" The steel shaft drove into his ass like a piston as Randy became a savage, pile-driving his massive cock deep into Bob's gut. He gazed down at the tortured Superman face thrashing in pain, the muscular body writhing, pulling desperately at the ropes binding it. The sight added fuel to Randy's frenzy and the battle-scarred construction worker jack-hammered the ass without mercy. In his frenzied mind he was fucking Thor what he should have done to the shithead to prove his supremacy.

Bob hurtled into a world of pain, lust and passion as his man did what no-one else ever could. The savage ass fuck became savage love as Randy fell forward and ground his mouth against Bob while he ground the ass with his cock. Randy reached up and expertly untied Bob's wrists. Bob threw his arms round Randy and they grappled, with the relentless cock still spearing him. Bob pushed Randy over and found himself sitting astride him, riding his stallion cock. It was his turn to grab Randy's wrists and gaze down at him. "Your cock feels spectacular inside me. Thank you, sir. I love you."

Randy threw Bob onto his side, pushed one leg up high and watched his own ferocious cock driving into the hole. "Shit, that looks beautiful, man." And once again the erotic sight spurred Randy on to greater strength and intensity, making Bob howl with pain and ecstasy.

Finally they came back to where they had begun, with Bob's legs over Randy shoulders, Randy leaning forward and pinning Bob's wrists to the bed. They gazed into each other's eyes, seeing their own reflection in them and, as so often before, they entered a magical world where they lived alone, together – no one else, nothing else, except their deep and abiding passion.

Bob was all that really mattered to Randy. Fuck the rest of the world – it was to this man he had to prove himself to. He needed to show he was the undisputed leader. So he turned up the heat and pounded Bob's ass deeper and harder than ever. He looked into the tortured eyes and said, "You can make it stop, man. You know I'm the master, that I'm the best. Tell me submit to me let me hear you beg, man. I wanna watch Superman beg."

The pain in Bob's ass was reaching a crescendo and he knew he couldn't take any more. It was real now. He wanted it to stop, to feel Randy's juice in his ass. "OK," he pleaded. "I can't take any more. It hurts so bad. Please, sir, please cum in my ass. I'm begging you, sir. I submit to you. Please I submit.... aaagh!" His cock erupted, streaming cum up to Randy's chest, while the big man howled and blasted hot juice deep inside his lover's ravaged ass.

Their screams abated and they stared at each other in awe, their cocks draining at last. Randy pulled his cock out gently and fell forward, folding Bob tightly in his arms. The King of the Gypsies, who only hours ago had lain beaten in the mud, was back, his body still aching but his dominance restored. Only Bob could have brought about this transformation and Randy knew it. "Thanks, buddy," he said in Bob's ear. "God, I need you. Don't ever leave me, man."

"I could never leave the most exciting man in the world, Randy. I'm just glad the boss is back."

Though which of them was really the boss it was impossible to say.

The next morning dawned sparkingly clear, which is usual in Southern California after a heavy rainstorm. The air was pristine fresh, inviting deep breaths to clear the lungs. The leaves on the trees had been washed clean, the earth smelled sweet and there was a feeling of rejuvenation in the air. At breakfast spirits were high and the dramatic rescue in the rain the day before still resonated strongly.

Mark told them of the aftermath – how he had found Thor bound and humiliated, but his reaction to the arrival of a cop was one of fear rather than relief. This tipped Mark off to search the garage where he found in a cupboard, high up to foil sniffing dogs, a cornucopia of drugs – meth, cocaine, weed, heroin and a pharmacy of pills. Evidently a pretty large-scale dealer. Mark had called for backup and turned Thor over to the local cops. "Don't worry, Eddie," Mark grinned, "Thor won't be around for a long, long time."

"Oh, I'm not worried, sir," Eddie said perkily, "with all you guys around." Darius huffed, "Hell, you don't need us guys, kiddo – seems like you could waste that asshole all on your own." Eddie was still the hero of the hour and basked in the acclaim.

Randy was taking a rare day off work but, although his body still ached, he was still super-charged from his night with Bob and reinvigorated as the tribe's leader after his heroic rescue of Eddie. "OK listen up," he said. "I've got a few things to say. First the kid has to have a new truck. Pablo, you're kinda buddy-buddy with the car dealers around here after all the business you've put their way, so I want you to take Eddie around so he can find a truck he likes. Make sure you get a good deal and check with Jamie on the financing. And that piece of shit he's been driving, you can sell it, pull it to bits for spare parts or push it over a cliff for all I care.

“Now, about housing. Eddie, you can’t go on sharing a room with Ben, even though I know you’re off with Hassan a lot and Ben stays over at Jason’s. So Zack, let’s get together with Lloyd and see if he can draw up plans for turning that big storage area in back into a three-bedroom apartment for Eddie, Ben and Mario. Shit, this house is getting crowded.”

Mario, who was still there for one last day before resuming his hotel job, looked up in surprise. Randy faced him. “What? You are coming to live here I assume?” He didn’t wait for a reply. “Course you are. You’re one of us, boy – damned hot one too. Mark and Zack have seen to that. We need a part-time gardener and an assistant for Jamie, so you fit right in. Like I said, you’re one of us. Any questions? Good, so that’s settled. Now I’m gonna spend the day with Bob and I don’t want to be interrupted unless the house is on fire. On second thoughts, if the house catches fire, check with Jason.”

Randy sat back and resumed stuffing food into his mouth. Bob looked at Mark and Zack and shrugged with a helpless grin. When Randy took charge he *really* took charge. No one challenged him – didn’t dare to – and anyway everything he said made sense. That’s why he was the boss. After a respectful silence conversation quickly picked up, with the boys loudly congratulating Eddie and a stunned Mario, who pressed against his excited friend Jamie.

Hassan turned to Nate and said, “Nate, do you think you could spare Eddie for a couple of days? I wanna take him out to my place in the desert for a treat, and go visit that bar owner Mike – thank him for everything he did to help Randy locate Thor and rescue Eddie. Nate grinned and said in his thick Australian accent. “No worries there, sir. Who am I to say no to the resident hero? And he sure deserves a couple of days off.”

Eddie hadn’t expected this and he gazed adoringly at Hassan. The thought of spending a couple of days in the desert with him was thrilling, not to mention a visit to his old bar and seeing his old boss Mike for the first time since he left there. Seemed a long time, he thought, since his shy bar-back days. He’d changed a lot – just wait ‘til the guys there saw him again.

Breakfast was over and most of the guys went off to work. Zack was in charge of the construction sites in Randy’s absence and he took Darius, Pablo and Ben with him. Adam went to work at his airline, leaving Nate and the twins to care for the house as usual. They were careful to leave Bob and Randy to themselves, though they couldn’t help glancing through the kitchen window and watching the two men relaxing by the pool, frequently making love in and out of the water. Mark and Jason, like Hassan, had time off after their combined training exercise, so Mark took Jamie and Mario to spend the day with Jason.

And Hassan and Eddie hit the road. Eddie was glowing from the reception he had received from all the guys and especially the words of praise from big boss Randy. But mostly his happiness came from sitting beside the handsome Marine who steered his jeep with one hand and draped his other arm over his boy’s shoulder.

Most of the drive to the desert was spent in near silence. Hassan thought it better not to rehash the traumatic events of yesterday and Eddie was content to let the memories slide, nestled in warmth and safety next to Hassan. But he became more animated as the jeep finally bumped over the track to Hassan's little getaway house sitting like a mirage in the middle of the desert sand. When they arrived, Eddie jumped out of the jeep and immediately went into houseboy mode, helping Hassan unload the jeep, then busying himself opening doors and windows, airing the house and cleaning it up.

Hassan watched him scurrying around, doing his best to make his master comfortable. His heart went out to the boy. Only yesterday he had been in a situation of extreme peril where he had shown tremendous guts, and now here he was playing his usual part of humble houseboy. The Marine loved the boy more than ever, and as he watched him in his shorts and old ragged T-shirt he felt his cock swelling in his fatigue pants. Hassan knew what Eddie needed, applying the principle that if you get hurt falling off a horse the only thing to do is to get right back on. He needed the same as yesterday – only this time from a man who loved and protected him.

“Hey, kid,” he said. “How about you stop playing houseboy and take on the part you’re so good at – a boy who’s captured and worked over by a hot Marine? Let’s go downstairs.” Eddie’s body tingled as he allowed himself to be led down the stairs to the basement and he saw, under the dim red lights, the chains, ropes and whips on the wall – a replica of the far-off desert dungeon where Hassan had interrogated Mark all those years ago. Yesterday’s terror never came to Eddie’s mind as he placed himself at the mercy of the Marine he worshipped.

Much later they had a barbecue dinner and talked of the future, which seemed especially bright for Eddie. They chatted about what kind of truck Eddie wanted, and about the new living arrangement described by Randy. Hassan smiled, “I don’t want you to get too comfortable there, though, kiddo. You’re still gonna have to come up to my place whenever I want you, which will be as often as ever.” Eddie grinned mischievously. “Aye, aye, sir – all you have to do is whistle and I’ll be right there.” Hassan ruffled his hair and they sat for a long time watching the sun set in a blaze of red and gold behind the distant dunes.

They took a nap and it was late evening when Hassan jumped to his feet and said, “OK, kid, time for us to go visit that bar and properly thank your old boss Mike for all the help he gave Randy yesterday.” He was already wearing fatigues and combat boots and he pulled on a khaki tank top and an old ragged military-green sleeveless shirt. Eddie’s heart missed a beat as he gazed at the spectacular muscle-god Marine.

As for himself, he dressed with special care he wanted to look good for the guys in the bar who had last seen him only as the quiet young bar-back unobtrusively picking up bottles and glasses. He had brought with him (for this very occasion) an old pair of worn jeans with holes

at the knees, fitting him snugly and showing off his ass. He wore an old, white dirt-streaked T-shirt stretched over his torso, newly muscular thanks to many sessions in the gym with Pablo.

Hassan did a double-take. “Holy shit, boy, you look real hot in that. Man, I could take you downstairs right now and tie you up – rip that tank off you, whip your chest, pull down your pants and plough that sweet ass of yours. Later maybe. Right now you're gonna show yourself off at the bar. I know Bob told Mike on the phone all the details of how you fought that asshole off yesterday so I guess you're gonna be quite the hero.

When they got to the industrial part of town they drove in the dark past warehouses to the small bar with wide leather strips over the door. “This the place, right?” Hassan said. “I gotta go take a leak in the sand you go on in and I'll follow. Eddie was brimming with excitement as he ran up to the door, paused, then brushed the leather aside and made his entrance.

“Holy shit! Will you look what the wind blew in, guys,” yelled a loud voice. Mike came out from behind the bar and scoped Eddie into his arms. “Jesus, Christ, you look sensational, kid. Feel that body wow, you've sure been working out – not the skinny young bar-back I used to know. Hey, guys, you remember that big, mean linebacker Thor? Well meet the kid who beat him up – with a little help from that gorgeous muscle-hunk Randy.”

The story had already gone round the bar many times, as they had all disliked Thor, but no-one ever dared to challenge him, with his ‘undefeated’ reputation. The bar regulars all crowded round Eddie, congratulating him, running their hands over his tank top and feeling his hard young muscles. Eddie was basking in the noisy adulation but suddenly it stopped.

A hush fell as they all looked over to the doorway. Standing in it was a guy who looked as if he had stepped straight off the pages of a porn magazine – a military icon in fatigues, boots, and a sleeveless shirt over his khaki tank. He was tall, spectacularly built, his muscular arms gleaming under the red lights. His square jawed features were exotic – Arab/Asian, slanted eyes, high cheek bones, jet black hair.

There was a stunned silence and nobody moved – except Eddie who broke free of the crowd, ran over to Hassan, pulled him forward and announced proudly. “Mike, this is Hassan. He's a Marine – and I'm his boy.”

Mike looked from one to the other. “The hell you are, boy.” He pumped Hassan's hand and beamed. “Man, now I've seen it all – the construction boss, the cop, the black leather-stud and his boy, and now the Marine. Shit, what is it with you guys in that house – you put something in the water to make you all look so fucking pornographic? Huh, you guys ever make a movie you'd make a fucking fortune.”

“You haven't seen Randy's lover though,” Eddie gushed, “his name's Bob and he looks like Superman And there's a fireman too, Jason, and he was in a calendar – August – and his

boy is Ben, Randy's brother, a hot gypsy boy – and two Aussies, Adam's a big tall muscle-stud who used to hang out in leather bars in Sydney, and there's a gorgeous doctor who

"Hey, hey, enough, kiddo," Hassan said in his lilting accent. "The guys don't wanna hear all about us....." but he was shouted down by friendly objections from the crowd. "OK, OK," Hassan laughed, "but right now can I buy a couple of beers?"

'Absolutely not,' Mike insisted. "Are you kidding? For a muscle-hunk Marine like you and your handsome young hero, drinks are on the house – and whatever else you may need, too."

After about an hour Hassan was starting to get a bit restless. His mind floated back to what he had promised Eddie when they got back to his house and his basement – tying him up, ripping off his shirt, whipping and fucking him. But he had stood with his arm around Eddie, being plied with drinks and good-naturedly answering a million questions about life in the Marines, life in the house with "those other muscle-gods" and especially the life of Hassan with his boy Eddie.

As the beer flowed the guys got bolder and questions turned to their sex life. "Shit," one of them said, "I'd pay good money to watch you guys fuck." A chorus of agreement echoed round the group and when Hassan smiled down at Eddie he saw eager eyes sparkling up at him. "What we talked about earlier, kiddo – guess you'd really love an audience. You wanna show off?"

"No, sir," Eddie said. "I want to show *you* off. I'm so proud of being your boy, sir. When I worked here and I first saw Darius and Zack they put on a fantastic show in the back room they have here. I'd love the guys to see what we" He let the thought hang in the air and Hassan laughed. "I was wondering what reward to give you for being such a gutsy young kid yesterday. I guess now I know – something you'll remember for a long time. Hey, Mike, could you show me and Eddie that room he's talking about?" "Hell yeah," Mike grinned.

A short while later Mike came out of the room and said, "OK, guys, you're in for something spectacular that'll keep you pounding your meat for years to come. I want you to come in quietly and stay back against the wall in the shadows. And you know the rule – no cameras or cell-phones or I'll haul your ass out myself. They silently filed into the back room and did as Mike had ordered. It was almost black in the room except for a very dim overhead spot in the middle where they could just make out the vague shape of a man – or a boy.

They waited breathlessly and slowly Mike turned up the dimmer. The red light grew bright and there were gasps of, "Holy, fuck Man that's hot Jesus Christ....." It was Eddie, standing with his arms stretched up in a V, ropes round his wrists, the other ends tied to hooks in the ceiling. In his ragged jeans with holes at the knees and his thin, dirty white T-shirt

stretched over his chest pulling up from his waist showing a glimpse of his tight stomach just above his jeans, the boy looked like a captured young street urchin.

“I’ve got you now, boy.” The deep voice came from the half-shadows where they now saw the Marine, sprawled in a chair, a whip lying across his lap. “You think you can get away from me? Try it, boy.” Eddie looked up at his bound wrists and pulled on them. He yanked harder, desperately, his body writhing, trying to twist out of his restraints. He pulled himself up, hanging with his legs kicking, his handsome young face grimacing with pain and effort. His thin tank now rode up higher, showing the ridges of his washboard abs flexing hard.

“Aaagh!” The groan came from one of the spectators, unable to hold back his orgasm at the sight of the struggling young prisoner. The Marine stood up, paced round the room, then faced his captive, tapping the whip in his palm. “Yeah, you’ll do fine, boy. I need a boy like you – good-looking, tough, great body and a hot young ass. See, you’re mine now, boy. I own you – you’re my new sex-slave. Us Marines get good and horny, so maybe I’ll loan you out to my buddies to get gang-fucked. Now, you ready to submit to me, boy?”

“Fuck off,” said the boy defiantly. The Marine smiled scathingly. “So that’s how you wanna play it, eh boy? Good, I like a boy with spunk.” Hassan pulled off his military shirt and the crowd gasped to see his muscular torso outlined under the khaki tank. He stretched out his arms and growled, “Look at me, boy. Do I look like the kind of soldier who takes talk like that from a boy? Guys kneel to me, punk, and so will you. Or you’ll get this” He stepped back, raised his arm and cracked the bull-whip lightly across the boy’s chest, making him flinch.

“First, you’re gonna learn some manners – learn to call your master sir. Let’s hear it.” But the boy remained silent. The Marine cracked the whip over his chest again but the boy pursed his lips defiantly. The soldier’s eyes blazed, he grabbed the boy’s tank and ripped it from top to bottom, letting the shreds hang from his shoulders, his chest bare. He twisted the boy’s nipples hard, then used the whip again, curling it round his chest and back. “Oh shit....” There were more moans from the crowd as several guys bust their load watching the muscular Marine whip the young prisoner, his shredded tank hanging off him.

Hassan knew just what he was doing, and Eddie knew it too. He would whip him harder each time until Eddie really couldn’t take it anymore and would genuinely beg for mercy. The lash came again and again, wrapping lightly round his chest, his back and the mounds of his ass. But still the boy defied him. “OK, boy, you’re tough alright, but now I’m starting to get mad. He pulled the remains of the boy’s shirt off his shoulders and let them hang from his waist. Then Hassan faced the shadowy group against the wall, reached behind his neck and slowly pulled his khaki tank up, over his head and tossed it aside.

“Aaagh aaagh.” The moans and howls increased as many men shot jism on the floor at their first sight of the muscle-god Marine, stripped to the waist, his spectacular muscles rippling and gleaming with a sheen of sweat. He was magnificent, and most of the men would have willingly switched places with the boy in bondage. Hassan now put more strength behind the

blows, the bull-whip snapping round the boy's bare torso. Eddie felt real pain now and yelled, "No, sir. Please, sir I can't take any more."

The whipping stopped. "OK, boy, I'll give you a break – a choice." He unzipped his pants and pulled out his huge, hard rod, to more gasps from the onlookers. "See this, kid? Here's your choice. Either you take more of the whip – or you take this rod up your sweet ass. You get whipped or fucked." The boy shuddered. "No, sir, please. I've never been fucked – I could never take anything that huge."

"OK, boy, you've made your choice." He grabbed the boy's jeans, yanked them open and they fell to his ankles. He was naked underneath and his stiff dick sprang out. "Well, what do we have here?" Hassan taunted him, tapping the cock with the whip. "Seems you enjoyed your first taste of the whip." Then Hassan stroked his ass. "Oh, man, look at that incredible ass. Shit, boy, I'm gonna have that one way or another. He raised the whip and cracked it across the ass. As the crowd saw the perfect white globes bounce under the lash they yelled their approval and there were more gasps of orgasm.

But the pain in Eddie's butt was becoming unbearable. He took it as long as he could but one last savage crack made him scream, "OK, OK, sir please stop please, sir I can't take any more I beg you, sir." Hassan faced him, put the whip-handle under his chin and pushed his face up. "Right, you know the bargain, boy. You can't take the whip, so what do you want, boy? Tell me."

Eddie looked into the fierce, dark slanted eyes and stammered, "Sir, I want I want you to fuck my ass." He looked down at the massive shaft and said, "I want your cock in my ass, sir. I want to feel it in my ass. Please, sir – please fuck me."

"That's better, boy," the Marine said. "Maybe this'll make it easier for you." He grabbed the boy's head, pulled it toward him and ground their mouths together, probing deep with his tongue. Eddie had never been so turned on in his life. In front of an audience with their many orgasms he had defied his master, been whipped by him to his pain limit, and had begged him to fuck him. He heard the sounds of the enraptured spectators and knew that his glorious master was going to fuck his ass in front of them.

Hassan broke away, walked behind the boy, grabbed his waist and gazed down at the white mounds striped by the whip. He eased his cock between the cheeks – "here it comes, boy!" – and plunged it deep into his ass. Eddie screamed, pulled himself up on the ropes and stretched his legs out in front as if to escape the huge pole. It was a spectacular sight, the gorgeous young boy hanging from the ropes, his ass impaled on the Marine's massive shaft. Many of the men shot their load again for a second time.

Eddie couldn't hold on long, his feet fell to the floor and the fuck really began. They saw the long cock piston inside the boy's ass, saw his body shudder and jerk in his restraints, his head thrashing from side to side. They watched the shirtless Marine wrap his huge arms round

the boy from behind and squeeze his nipples. It was the most incredible sight most of them had ever seen, and it went on and on. Their bodies were streaming with sweat, glistening under the bright red light, and finally they heard the boy gasping with pain.

“You can make this stop, boy,” came the deep voice. “All you have to do is submit. Give into me as your master. Give yourself to me as my boy – forever. You know you have to you know you want to you know I can make you – like this” He pulled his hips back, his cock came clear out of the ass, then slammed back in, deeper than before, over the inner sphincter into the deepest cauldron of his ass.

“Aaaagh....!” Eddie’s scream echoed round the room his eyes opened wide, his body convulsed and his cock exploded with a stream of cum that flew high in the air, across the room and fell at the feet of the stunned spectators. “Aaaagh....!” Another blast followed, then another and another. “I submit! I submit! I’ll be your boy, sir. Please, I submit to you, sir. Please let me be your boy.”

Abruptly Hassan pulled out his cock, walked in front of the boy, reached up and untied his wrists. “I told you men kneel to me, boy. Kneel before your master.” Eddie fell to his knees and found himself gazing at the huge cock, hard as a rock and oozing pre-cum. Hassan wrapped his fist round it and stroked it. “You’ll be my boy forever? You’ll obey me, serve me, give me your body and you ass whenever I want it? I’ll whip you, fuck your mouth, fuck your ass. I’ll own you boy. You understand?”

“Yes, sir, please, sir. I want that, sir. I’m your boy, sir.” Hassan’s breath was heaving, his body flexing hard, black hair falling over his face as he yelled, “Open your mouth, boy. Eddie obeyed and felt hot liquid slam into his face and into his mouth. Blinded by jism he gulped frantically, swallowing his master’s semen until he thought he would drown. In his delirium he heard the noise, the growing crescendo of cheers and whoops of delight as the crowd erupted into a wild display of admiration.

Hassan reached down and pulled his boy up. He locked his arms round him, picked him up and spun him round and round, his feet flying out behind him. Eddie was laughing ecstatically as he whirled round, with the pure joy of being Hassan’s boy. Finally Hassan planted Eddie’s feet firmly on the ground beside him and raised his hand like a victorious boxer. “Gentlemen ,” Hassan shouted, “This is my boy – my hero and yours.” Mike turned up all the lights and the room erupted again, chanting “Ed-dee, Ed-dee, Ed-dee!” while Eddie made an elaborate bow.”

When calm was restored the guys filed out and Mike helped Hassan and Eddie clean up. “Shit, guys,” he grinned, “that was fucking spectacular. Like I said, those guys will be jacking off to the memory of that for years. Drop in again soon – and next time bring those Aussies with you, especially the stud from the Sydney leather bars. Australians can be real hot.”

Hassan and Eddie made a slow progress through the crowd and out to Hassan’s jeep. As they drove back to the house they were flying high. “You were awesome, kiddo,” Hassan said.

“Man, what a fantasy – and in front of all those guys. Now all that’s over I’m gonna make love to you real gently – no fantasy, just the real thing, until you fall asleep in my arms. And hey – what Mike said back there – what say we call up your pal Nate and Adam, see if they can come and join us? We’ll tell Adam to wear his leather he’d be a huge hit in that bar.”

“That all sounds great, sir,” Eddie said, exhaustion creeping into his voice – “especially that bit about sleeping in your arms.” But within seconds he was already asleep, his head resting on Hassan’s shoulder, and a smile spread over his face as he began to dream.

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Chapter 193 – Bob and Randy Split Up

Hassan did not get to keep his promise of making gentle love to Eddie – not that night, at least. When they reached the remote house Eddie was still in a deep sleep so Hassan carried him into the bedroom and laid him gently on the bed. He pulled off his sneakers and his jeans and stood looking at his beautiful boy, lying naked, fast asleep with a soft smile on his face. God, he loved the boy – and his cock got hard in his fatigue pants.

Hassan stripped naked and stroked his cock. He was longing to fuck the boy again but he knew that Eddie needed the benefit of sleep. Yesterday he had been at the mercy of Thor, the thug who would have brutally worked him over if Randy had not rescued him in a savage fight where Eddie had played his part by smashing Thor with a chair until Randy could finish him off. Then, today, they had fucked several times right up to the stunning climax in the bar.

So Hassan let the boy sleep, but the sight of him turned Hassan on so much he had to cum. Standing by the bed he gazed down at Eddie and stroked his cock until it shot ribbons of creamy juice that splashed down on the boy’s chest. Eddie stirred in his sleep and his smile widened as his dreams grew more vivid. Hassan, eased himself onto the bed beside him and folded him in his arms. So Eddie got his wish of sleeping all night in his master’s arms.

As houseboy, Eddie was used to getting up early and the habit died hard, even out here in the desert. He slid out of bed, leaving Hassan in a deep sleep, and set about preparing breakfast. For weeks he had watched and learned from the twins in the kitchen, the master chefs, and he had packed for this trip accordingly. The result was a tray loaded with an elaborate mixed-vegetable omelette, smoked salmon, toast, juice and coffee. Hassan was stirring when Eddie, wearing just his old shorts, presented himself in the bedroom.

“Hmm,” Hassan said, with bleary eyes. “Food looks tasty but the chef looks even tastier. Look at this, boy.” He pushed the sheet back and his morning hard-on shot straight up out of the

tangle of curly black pubic hair. "I was dying to fuck you last night, kid, but you fell asleep on me, and now I'm super horny. So guess what, kiddo, before you eat breakfast you're gonna eat me."

"Best thing on the menu, sir," Eddie grinned cheekily. He covered the hot dishes, put the tray on a side table and knelt between the Marine's spread legs. He leaned forward, braced himself with his hands on the bed, and lowered his head. The huge shaft glided easily inside the boy's mouth and deep down his throat until it came to rest. Eddie swallowed hard so his throat muscles squeezed the head of the soldier's cock. "Oh, shit." Hassan moaned, that is fucking incredible keep doing it, kid."

Eddie pulled his head back, pursed his lips and rubbed them back and forth over the hard rim of the head, making his master writhe with pleasure. Hassan pushed his hips up and groaned, "Again, boy, take it deep again." Eddie obeyed, burying his face in the soldier's damp pubic hair. Hassan had not showered since all the sexual activity of the day before, so his crotch stunk of man-sweat and semen. It was the same odor Eddie had once smelled on the film set, crowded in a tent with Marine's stinking of sweat, and he now reeled with sensory overload.

Once again the head of the cock was buried deep in Eddie's throat, filling it, and he determined to make Hassan cum like that. So, as before, he swallowed hard, squeezing the cock in the muscles of his throat. Long experience had taught him how not to choke, and his gulps now came in quick succession, squeezing the cock rhythmically – working it without even moving his head. He was driving Hassan crazy. "Fuck, what are you doing to me, boy? That feels so fucking great man, you're not even sucking my cock but you're still gonna make me I can't take it, boy you're making me.....Aaagh"

Now Eddie almost choked as he felt hot liquid pouring down his throat and he gulped desperately to avoid drowning in cum. The Marine's muscular body was bucking on the bed and his hands closed over the boy's head, pressing it down on his cock as it drained in his throat. Suddenly he yanked the head back all the way up off his cock and Eddie was gasping, tears flowing down his cheeks and jism dribbling from the corners of his mouth.

"Shit damn, boy, that was incredible. You've never blown me like that – fucking awesome. Trouble is it was so damn hot it made me shoot too soon. Look at this fucking boner – I need to cum again – and make you shoot too. So fuck me, boy."

Eddie stared at him in confusion, blinked and said, "Excuse me, sir?"

"You heard, boy. I don't wanna get up, so fuck me while I lie here - fuck my ass – make me cum. That's an order." He drew his feet back toward him on the bed and raised up his hips displaying his ass. Eddie was still coming to grips with Hassan's demand. Fuck his master?! He had assumed that he would always play the role of the bottom boy whose ass got pounded by the Marine – often several times a day. So it was a huge leap to reverse roles and "I said that's an order, boy!"

Eddie looked down at the rugged soldier and the thought of pushing his cock in his ass made him hard as a rock. He eased forward between the bent legs and pressed his cock against the warm, moist hole. But he hesitated – intimidated by the whole idea. Hassan’s voice now had a hint of anger as he shouted. “What the fuck’s the matter, boy? I said – ‘fuck – my – ass! What – are you my boy or not?’”

That challenge made Eddie’s adrenaline surge. He stared down at the exotic chiseled features and the blazing eyes, took a deep breath and slammed his cock into his master’s ass. “Aaagh...!” The Marine’s huge body bucked, his head reared back, and his arms flew upward on the bed. He looked magnificent – and Eddie was inside him! His inhibitions vanished – he fell forward and pressed his hands over the flexed biceps, pinning the soldier to the bed.

“Yeah, that’s my boy,” Hassan groaned. “Show me what a stud you are.” Eddie felt the same blaze of energy as when he had attacked Thor the shy houseboy transformed into a dominant young buck. He had sucked cock many times, had his ass ploughed often, but had rarely fucked anyone. But now all the action was in his cock, which was on fire. Hassan gazed in awe at the transformation as he gazed up at the wild look in his boy’s eyes and felt the cock pull back out of his ass then plunge in again.

Getting fucked was a novel experience for Hassan, especially by a boy, but he soon got caught up in the rhythm of Eddie’s cock driving into him. It felt hugely erotic, but the real turn-on was watching his boy become a man, losing all his deference and shyness, grabbing the reins of manhood and riding his ass. Eddie took on a different kind of beauty – not the innocent, urchin cuteness of youth but the dominant look of an alpha stud taking charge.

He was in a whole new world, hammering the ass of the big Marine, and it wasn’t long before he said, “I’m close, man,” (losing the ‘sir’). The heat of his master’s ass was driving him crazy and his cock had become a piston. “Here it comes, man Now!” Hassan felt the eruption of cum flood his ass, with all the abundance of youth, and it took only a few strokes of his own cock to blast his own juice up onto Eddie leaning over him.

As Eddie’s orgasm ended and his heartbeat subsided, the adrenaline drained from him and he came back to earth – suddenly nervous about what had happened. “I’m sorry, sir,” he stammered. “I don’t know why I said I mean I kinda lost control and

“Did you like it, kiddo?” Eddie’s eyes sparkled. “Yes, sir. It was awesome, sir, but

Hassan pulled him down on top of him. “No butts, kiddo, no apologies. What you did was natural for a boy who’s becoming a man. First you help Randy beat up that thug, then you fuck a Marine. That’s my goal for you Eddie. You’re my boy and I’m gonna help you grow into manhood that’s a promise.” He gave a lascivious grin. “Besides, now you know how one Marine wakes up another who won’t get out of bed. I’ve seen it often.”

Just then Hassan's cell phone rang and he grinned when he answered. "Sure I meant it – we'll have a blast. Of course bring your leather – give 'em something to drool over. What? That's terrific. We'll all meet at the bar then – they're having a beer-bust this afternoon – and then take it from there. Perfect." He shut off his phone and smiled at Eddie. "That was Adam – I left a message for him last night while you were asleep. He's coming out here with Nate. Mike wanted to meet the Aussies so we'll give him two of the best."

"But that's not all. Seems that Bob is on his way out to Palm Springs to visit a big client of his firm – sort out some kind of problem. Should take most of the day but when he's done he'll meet us at the bar. Of course, where Bob goes Randy goes to keep an eye on him, so he's coming out too. Looks like a full house so we better lay in some supplies and get this place cleaned up. Don't want it still stinking of jism when they get here."

Eddie smiled his urchin smile. "Oh, I don't think those guys'll mind, sir – they're used to it."

It was late afternoon and the bar was already crowded, as the beer-bust was very popular, with its \$2 draft beer and a great DJ. The patio out back was especially boisterous, lit by the setting sun, and inside the bar was dark as usual, lit by overhead spots. Suddenly the noise level went down and all eyes turned to the door, where two men had just come in, evidently a leather-master and his boy.

Jaws dropped as they looked over the tall, handsome guy with close cut dark hair and chiseled features. He was wearing boots, leather chaps over his jeans, and a black leather vest that hung open over his chest. His perfectly muscled physique under the vest was stunning – sculpted chest, six-pack abs, broad shoulders and bulging biceps. Next to him his boy – youthfully handsome with a lithe young body – wore leather pants, boots and a black tank top.

"Don't tell me," came the jovial voice from behind the bar. "Before you even open your mouth let me guess – the Aussies, right?" Adam strode forward and shook Mike's hand. "Too right, mate. The name's Adam and this is my boy Nate – works with Eddie."

"Man, you guys just don't quit do you? How many hunks are there in that house of yours anyway? Hassan called and tipped me off you were coming – Randy too and that man of his we've heard so much about but never seen – Bob."

The noise level picked up but now there was only one topic of conversation – the two Aussies. The bar patrons gradually lost their inhibitions and crowded round them, gazing at Adam like he was something from another planet – or at least the other side of this one.

Mike slid a couple of beers across the bar. "Shit, you guys should have seen the show Eddie and that muscle-stud Marine of his put on here last night. Floor's still slick from all the jizz

these guys here poured over it, couple a loads each. What a fucking sight!" He winked. "Maybe we could persuade you to show us how horny Aussie leathermen play."

"Why not?" came a deep voice from the doorway. "Hey, the boss man!" Mike yelled. "Randy my boy, you're looking as hot and nasty as ever." He came out from behind the bar and hugged the construction worker, who had evidently come straight from work judging by the ragged, sweaty tank stretched over his chest and the dirt-streaked jeans and muddy boots.

"Hey, man," Mike said, handing him a beer, you've been sharing some of the goodies from that man cave of yours in the city, letting them loose to come out and play – Hassan and Eddie, now Adam and his gorgeous boy here, and soon even the elusive Bob, I hear."

"Yeah, man." Randy grinned, pleased by Mike's portrayal of him as the big boss who controls the lives of the men in his care. "This isn't Bob's usual kind of hangout. Matter of fact we don't usually go out together in crowds like this so I'm not sure how he'll take it. But he'll have me to lean on – as always. I take care of him." If Mike detected a note of arrogance in Randy's attitude it only added to the macho mystique of the guy. Bob must be a very compliant bottom, he thought, if he accepted this kind of dominance from Randy.

But Mike's assessment of Bob was soon proved to be wide of the mark. Even as he spoke a sleek top-of-the-line Mercedes was purring into the parking lot alongside the motorbikes and trucks of the leather crowd. There were several guys milling around and all heads turned as Bob got out of his car. After his business meeting he had changed clothes, but only into his usual casual gear of smart blue-jeans, boots and a fresh white V-neck T-shirt that accentuated his stunning musculature. He made no concessions to the leather culture at all. Bob was Bob.

Felling very much out of place he looked over at the gawking men in their beat-up leather and grubby Levis. But, never easily intimidated, he gave them a dazzling smile that created instant hard-ons in their leather pants. He walked into the bar and stopped, letting his eyes get used to the darkness after the gleam of the setting sun outside. His mind flashed on the long-ago time when he had stepped off a sun-soaked Hollywood Boulevard into the gloom of a hole-in-the-wall bar and had become slowly aware of the construction worker at the bar.

And this time too, there he was, the same swarthy construction worker at the bar, talking to the bartender. There had recently been a few electric moments in the bar as spectacular guys had come through that door – first the Marine Hassan and his boy, and then the Aussie Adam and Nate. But the sight of the guy in the doorway now, with the face and body of Superman, brought the raucous crowd to a standstill. They gazed in disbelief as Bob smiled suddenly, and they parted for him as he strode toward the bar into Randy's welcoming embrace.

"Holy shit," Mike groaned. "Holy fucking shit." The two men separated and Randy grinned, "Mike, this is my man, Bob." Bob flashed another smile and shook Mike's hand warmly. "Hey, Mike, good to meet you at last and put a face to the voice that I relied on so much during the Eddie drama. Man, we have a lot to thank you for."

Damn,” Mike said, still dazzled, “you walking through that door was all the thanks I need. You know, I often tried to imagine the kind of guy who would be special enough make Randy, the big loner, fall in love, but I didn’t even come close. Shit, man, you are fucking gorgeous!”

Suddenly Randy was not the center of attention, and he reclaimed it by shouting, “Hey, guys – this here is my man – every gorgeous inch of him.” There was an eruption of applause and wolf-whistles as Randy grabbed Bob’s wrist and raised his arm high. But Bob blushed and pulled his arm away. He hated the idea of being put on display in this boorish way and was relieved when guys crowded round to talk to him.

Bob was instantly the focus of the room. It wasn’t only his stunning good looks and flawless body. It was his natural warmth and modesty that shone through he looked like Superman, but with the diffidence of a mild-mannered Clark Kent. Even the way he was dressed was a turn-on. Most of the guys in the bar, in their leather or rugged denim outfits, had all dressed for effect. It was a pose, a performance to create the most striking macho image they could.

But Bob had made no such effort. He didn’t have to – it was the man himself who oozed masculinity out of every pore. In his plain and simple jeans and T-shirt, an almost preppy look, the effect he made was, in its subtle way, far more macho than anything this clamorous crowd could create. His affability soon put them at ease and in their own way they all fell in love with him, or in lust at least, as most men did who met Bob.

As the men crowded round him Bob’s sudden popularity was not lost on Randy who was reduced to watching from the sidelines. They had never been in this kind of setting before, with a crowd of lusty men, and Randy saw for the first time the magnetic effect Bob had on groups like this. They had spent most of their time together, in the private confines of the house, and Randy had naturally always thought of Bob as his guy – exclusively.

But now here he was, the big boss, eclipsed by Bob as the center of interest. It wasn’t exactly jealousy that Randy felt but a need to show this crowd that he was the master and Bob was his man. His insecurity was rising up and he needed to what? to re-establish ownership in front of them all.

First, Randy needed a distraction to pull their focus away. “Hey, guys,” he yelled, “what about that show the Aussies were gonna put on for you – let you see what leathermen and their boys get up to in Sydney?” There were howls of encouragement from the crowd and all eyes turned to Adam. In the excitement of Bob’s appearance Hassan and Eddie had finally arrived and, after an effusive greeting for Adam and Nate, the four of them were deep in conversation.

But suddenly Randy’s shout had turned the focus on them and Hassan grinned at Adam. “Why not, buddy? Let Nate show you off a bit can’t let Eddie have all the action.” Nate

looked expectantly at Adam who grinned, somewhat reluctantly. “OK, mate, as they’re all clamoring for it and you obviously want it, kiddo – but nothing elaborate, OK?” So without any fanfare they pushed their way through the crowd, which followed them into the back room with its red spotlights and equipment hanging on the walls.

While Mike and Randy kept the spectators in the shadows against the wall Adam stood in the middle of the room under the central spotlight. In his leather chaps and the black vest hanging open over his chest he looked spectacular, with his handsome square-jawed face and his gym-honed muscles, and there was applause and wolf-whistles from the crowd. He held his arms out to the side and said in his thick accent, “OK, mates, this Aussie is horny as hell and wants to get his cock sucked. Any takers?” There was a chorus of good natured offers – every man of them would love the honor of sucking off this gorgeous leather-hunk.

But it was Nate who stepped forward and faced him. “Ah, a boy! You think you can take my big tool down your throat, kid?” Nate nodded eagerly and Adam reached forward and pulled Nate’s black tank-top off him to reveal the lithe muscles of his young body. Adam turned him round to face the crowd, and asked them, “What d’ya say, guys? Think he’s up to it?”

More whoops and hollers from the crowd and Adam stroked his jaw. “Hmm, let’s give it a try, then.” He pulled off his vest, and gave it to Nate who draped it over a chair. Adam paced the room, causing gasps from the crowd. He looked pornographically beautiful, stripped to the waist with leather chaps over his jeans. After perusing the leather equipment on the wall he pulled down a couple of items – a pair of leather restraints that he used to fasten Nate’s wrists behind his back, and a black leather collar that he fastened round his boy’s neck.

Nate looked up at him, his eyes shining, and saw the hint of a smile on his face. Adam flexed his muscles and said, “Right, boy, look at this. You wanna eat this hot leatherman’s cock?” Nate forgot the spectators and saw only his spectacular master. “Yes, sir please, sir.” Slowly he dropped to his knees before Adam, his face level with the bulge under his jeans, framed and accentuated by the edge of the black chaps.

Nate leaned forward and rubbed his face against the bulge. Searching with his tongue he found the tag of the zip and pulled it down with his teeth. He pushed his face into the open crotch and closed his mouth over the cock inside. He pulled it out, leaned back and gazed at the rigid shaft pointing straight at him. His excitement was shared by the awestruck spectators, most of them already stroking their dicks. As he had done so often before Nate leaned forward, closed his mouth over the head of Adam’s cock and let it slide deep down his throat.

“Yeah, you little cocksucker,” Adam groaned, “eat that meat, boy.” He reached down with one hand, grabbed the back of Nate’s head and pulled his face into his wiry pubic hair, then yanked it back and forth, driving his rod ever deeper inside the boy. He raised his free arm high in the air like a cowboy riding a bucking stallion. He looked spectacular, the muscles of his shirtless torso rippling and gleaming under the red spot, the young leather boy, a collar round his neck, gagging on the long shaft that pistoned into his throat.

Suddenly Adam pulled the face off his cock and stared down at the panting boy, spit dribbling down his chin. “You had enough, boy?” Nate gulped. “No, sir, please sir, I want more.” And so it continued – the rugged Aussie leatherman pounding his boy’s face, urged on by the cheers of the onlookers and their gasps as they busted their loads.

Adam was so turned on by their reactions and the sensation of his boy’s hot mouth that he couldn’t hold back. “I’m cumming,” he yelled..... “here it is, boy – drink it!” He yanked the head forward one last time and Nate tasted the bitter-sweet jism pouring down his throat. He swallowed hard, and then, abruptly, Adam pulled out his cock, held it in front of the boy and slammed more cum into his face.

Nate leaned back, with cum smothering his face, running out of his mouth, down his chin and onto his chest. “Thank you, sir,” he yelled. He pulled against the restraints behind his back, his body flexed, his cock rose up and blasted cum high in the air, splashing down on his master’s boots. There were raucous cheers as the spectators gazed at the erotic sight of the young leather-boy on his knees, wrists bound, shirtless, collar round his neck, tears on his face mingling with his master’s cum.

“You gonna do something about that, boy?” Adam growled, looking down at his boots. “Yes, sir,” Nate said, leaning down, hands still tied behind him. He pressed his face on the boots, slurping up the cum and swallowing it, licking hard until the boots were clean. Many of the men chose this moment to shoot their loads, and their jubilant shouts echoed round the room.

Adam pulled Nate to his feet, grabbed his head and pulled his face forward, locking their mouths together and sucking his own cum out of Nate’s mouth. He reached behind Nate, untied his wrists and Nate flung his arms round him. Finally Adam pulled away, draped his arm over Nate’s shoulder and, facing the crowd, stretched his other arm out with a flourish in acknowledgement of their applause. The Aussies were a definite hit.

As the spectators trickled out of the room Randy looked around for Bob – but he wasn’t there. Bob was not big on public displays of sex ever since, soon after he and Randy met, they had put on a spectacular S&M show for a group of wealthy men, as they needed the money at the time. They had been very well paid, but after that Bob preferred that their sex be private, or at least kept within the confines of the house, shared only with the men and boys of their group.

So he had stayed in the main bar, along with a group of men who wanted to see and hear more of the gorgeous newcomer. In conversation Bob had come across a guy who also worked in finance and they discovered they had a lot in common. They sat at a table swapping stories, and a rapt group of guys followed their conversation avidly.

When Randy came out of the back room he stopped and stared at them. The guy was a bit older than Bob, but very handsome, with iron gray hair, and he, like Bob, was simply dressed in jeans and T-shirt. He and Bob were obviously getting along well, talking and laughing, with the rest of the crowd unable to take their eyes off Bob.

Randy – the boss, the King of the Gypsies – had only one insecurity his irrational fear that Bob would one day leave him for someone else. His fears were based on the stark difference between them – Bob with his urbane charm, privileged background and college education, and Randy the rugged laborer and street-fighter, raised in hard-scrabble West Texas.

Randy felt especially threatened by men who shared Bob's background and, whenever threatened, his only weapon was his fists. He had often used them on Bob in the early months of their relationship to prove his dominance over him, and on other guys he saw as a threat, like Mark, the Greek-god cop, and Lloyd, the degrees-up-the-ass architect as he called him.

And now this this handsome guy with the professional poise, the kind of guy Bob would go for – and they were in intense conversation, laughing together while the growing crowd of men watched and listened. This, on top of the reception Bob had received as soon as he walked in. There wasn't a man there who would not want sex with Bob, to have a relationship with him to *take him away from Randy* as Randy thought in his crazed insecurity and – worse – his mounting anger. No, he had to show all these guys, especially the gray-haired asshole, that Bob belonged to him. And there was only one way to do that.

He strode across the room, shoving guys roughly aside, until he towered over Bob. Bob looked up with a smile that faded as soon as he saw the familiar blaze in Randy's eyes. "Hey, buddy," Bob said, "I want you to meet this guy I've been talking to. His name's...."

"Yeah right," Randy growled, cutting him off and glaring down at his companion who was completely taken aback. "You enjoying my buddy, eh?" His voice rose. "All of you, turned on by this fucking gorgeous man here? Can't say I blame you. Thing is though, he's my man, see. He's mine and I don't loan him out. Any guy who wants him has to come through me, and that wouldn't be pretty. Hey buddy, how about we show them, eh? Time for us to put on a show of our own, I think."

Randy had been drinking a lot and Bob knew he had to placate him. "Oh, I don't think these guys want another show, buddy." Mike stepped forward. "He's right, Randy, let's get back to the beer-bust" he laughed "hell, I'm losing money here."

"Stay out of this, Mike," Randy growled ominously. He grabbed Bob's T-shirt and pulled him to his feet. Bob knew the only way to prevent a scene was to give into Randy for now, so he allowed himself to be propelled into the back room with the now stunned crowd following them. Randy looked round the room and saw what he needed. "Perfect". He pushed Bob roughly against the wall, facing it. Hanging from the wall above him were ropes with wrist restraints. Randy pushed Bob's arms up and expertly buckled the shackles round his wrists.

Randy was hitting his stride now, enjoying himself as he said to the silent crowd. “Now guys I’m gonna show you my most prized possession and I do mean possession.” In one swift move he grabbed Bob’s jeans and yanked them and his shorts down over his ass. The spectators gasped as they saw the muscle-god’s perfect ass naked. “See,” Randy gloated, “I’m the only guy who gets to use this and I’ll show you how.”

He ripped open his jeans and pulled out his massive cock that caused more gasps from the shadows. “That gorgeous ass – my big hunk of prime beef – match made in heaven. Here goes.” Bob was glad his face was to the wall so he couldn’t see Randy, but he knew what came next. Usually it would have excited him – but here, in public, in front of all these strangers “aaagh!” His thoughts were cut off and his scream echoed round the room as he felt the brutal shaft plunge deep in his gut.

There was no finesse with Randy, especially now he was proving that he was the master, that he owned this spectacular man. This time it was all anger. He pulled back and plunged in again, then again, and instantly he was a merciless fuck machine, driving his shaft deep inside the man’s ass, getting off on his agonized screams that were bouncing off the walls.

Mike took a step forward to cut this off but Hassan restrained him. He and Adam had seen Randy like this before they had both been at the receiving end of his anger, and they knew that any intervention would have caused a brawl where Randy would have torn the place apart. Anyway, nobody ever intervened in Bob and Randy’s relationship no matter how bad it got.

By now Randy’s cock was a pile driver and Bob was pulling frantically at the ropes above him, his biceps bulging below the sleeves of his T-shirt. He had taken an ass pummeling like this from Randy before, but now there was the added pain of being watched by a crowd of men in a public humiliation. Those men were watching in silence, with a mix of fear, fascination, and lust.

As in the past Bob knew how to end the pain. He had to beg. “You’re killing me, man – I can’t take any more,” he yelled. “Let me hear you beg,” Randy shouted as he hammered him. “OK, I’m begging you, sir. Please, I give up. Please, sir, cum in my ass. I submit to you, sir. Please, you’re my master I submit aaagh!” He felt his own cock explode against the wall and, as his ass muscles contracted round Randy’s cock, the big man howled in triumph and shot his load deep inside Bob’s ravaged body.

There was a deathly silence, broken only by their heavy breathing. Randy had expected cheers from the spectators for his display of domination over this beautiful man. True, it was an erotic leather fantasy to imagine one hot muscular alpha stud get his ass ploughed by another. But this was not that ... it was something different entirely. Everyone knew it had not been mutual – the pain caused by one man was not welcome to the other. And the gorgeous man they had

drooled over, this Superman with his easy-going charm, had been humbled before them all, hanging from the wall, submitting in degradation to the wild-man, begging him to cum in his ass.

Hassan and Adam broke from the crowd and crossed to the wall. Hassan pulled Randy away from Bob who groaned as the cock slid out of his ass. Adam reached up and freed his hands and Bob slumped against him for support. Mike wasn't quite sure what had happened here but it was his bar and he felt responsible. He helped Adam pull up Bob's jeans and guide him to a door that led straight into Mike's office. Nate and Eddie followed them in and closed the door behind them. The boys were shell-shocked and held on to each other. They did not understand the cause of all this, but they had a strong sense that something really bad had happened.

In the privacy of this room, away from the crowd, Bob made an effort to resume his poise and gently brushed aside the offers of help. "Wow," he grinned, wiping tears from his cheeks, "some show, eh? But I gotta go, now, Mike. Thank you again for everything you did for Eddie and I promise to drop by when I'm next in the Springs Er, is there a back way out of here?"

"Sure, this other door leads right out to the parking lot. You sure you're OK to drive, buddy?" Bob grinned. "Oh yeah that Mercedes practically drives itself." He shook Mike's hand and smiled at Adam and the boys. "Take it easy, guys." As he got to the door he turned and said, "Hey, Mike, don't go too hard on Randy, eh?" And he was gone.

Mercifully there was no-one in the parking lot – everyone was still inside chewing over the extraordinary events of the evening. So Bob slid thankfully into the soft leather of his car and drove quietly away, unobserved.

Inside the bar, Hassan brought Randy into the office and Randy looked at them in surprise. "Where's Bob?" Mike said simply. "He left." Randy clenched his fists. "The hell he did," and moved to the door but Hassan grabbed him and threw him into a chair. "No. You're not gonna follow him. You're not going anywhere except to my house with me in my jeep. Adam will bring the boys. We'll leave your truck here for the night, OK Mike?" Mike nodded, "Sure thing."

When Hassan took charge he swung into his role as Marine captain and defied any contradiction. Randy was quietly compliant, which was not really surprising at a time like this. His anger was so all-consuming that when it drained from him there was nothing left, and he sat there looking around him bewildered. The fact was that there were two Randys – the take-charge, impressive big-boss Randy and the out-of-control, rage-filled Randy – two sides of the same coin. As Hassan led him to the door Randy looked back at Mike, vaguely expecting his support. But Mike looked him hard in the eyes.

"Randy, I never thought I'd hear myself say this – but you're an asshole."

Bob was feeling numb as he drove out of Palm Springs along the dark sweep of Highway 111 and he was surprised to see rain on the windshield obscuring his view. He turned on the windshield-wipers but that didn't help. Then he realized, it was not rain running down the windshield..... tears were streaming from his eyes. He turned off the wipers, wiped his eyes and burst out laughing at his mistake. But he realized the laughter bordered on hysteria and he took a few deep breaths. He had to get a grip. So he did what he sometimes did when driving alone – he talked to himself.

Still shaken by what had happened he said, "It's no good – I can't do this anymore. I thought all this was over – Randy's insecurity about me, acting like a caveman to make sure I don't leave. How many times has he beat me up, then begged for forgiveness and swore it would never happen again? What? I can't get admired by a bunch of guys in a bar and talk to someone I like without him chaining me to the wall and fucking the shit out of me in front of everyone – just to prove he owns me. Owns me?!!"

He looked at himself in the rear-view mirror. "Jesus, man, what the fuck have you become – a guy who's the property of another and allows himself to get beaten up. Owns me?!! Look at yourself, Bob. You're a successful business executive, a senior vice-president of a big company where everyone respects and admires you. At the house the men look up to you and the boys worship you. Shit, when you walked into that bar they all looked at you like you were walking on water because you're totally fucking gorgeous. And this is the man Randy owns?!! The man he beats up, makes him beg, degrades him in a bar full of strangers? You're better than this, man. You gotta get away from him."

His mind wandered over the last few days. "And yet, when he took a beating in a fight the guy he needed most, the guy he longed for was me. And when he came home we had wild sex that totally turned him around. It was so good I was so in love. He made me promise never to leave him and I said how could I leave the most exciting man earth? But I've got to, Randy. I can't go on with this cycle of adoration and abuse. I've got to be my own man – regain my manhood – and I can't do that living with you, buddy – I just can't."

Once again the rain started flowing down the windshield and he chuckled – but no hysteria this time. He wiped his eyes, breathed deeply and murmured, "OK, one day at a time, Bob. What happens next? You need to be alone, time to think, and you should pamper yourself."

He pressed a button on his phone and called the Beverly Hills Hotel. His company used the hotel often for prestigious out-of-town clients and he knew the manager. He booked himself into one of the bungalows there where he would have complete privacy. A few days receiving deferential "sirs" in a luxury hotel might compensate for his own degrading use of the word in the back room of that bar.

"There," he said to himself, shutting off the phone. "That's a start anyway. The start of the rest of my life, as they say. New life – new me." And the tears welled up again.

At the hotel the warmth and courtesy of the staff's welcome went some way to compensate for the trauma of the last few hours – made him feel civilized. He had put on his suit jacket over his torn T-shirt to make himself presentable, though Bob was the kind of man who would get respect no matter what he wore, even if he showed up in Speedos. *Especially* in Speedos.

The luxury of his hotel bungalow was an absolute contrast to the dark leather bar he had left behind. But he was still in the same contemplative mood as before. In the car he had talked to himself looking into the rear-view mirror but now he stood before a full length mirror on the wall. He shrugged off the jacket and found himself looking at a stunningly handsome muscle-god in jeans and T-shirt, not quite so preppy now that the shirt was torn. Perhaps there was still a sliver of hysteria left in him, or hallucination at least. Whatever it was, it dispelled all his inhibitions and once again he tried to boost his shattered ego by talking to himself.

“Shit, man, that is fucking gorgeous – one big stud alpha-male – not the kind of guy who gets pushed around. Let's see that body, man take off the shirt.” He pulled the shirt off over his head and flexed his muscles in a bodybuilder pose. “Oh yeah, now that is fucking hot, man – fucking awesome.” He stroked his nipples, then squeezed them and felt his cock growing hard in his pants. “Wow,” he breathed and slid his belt from his jeans. “You're the master, big guy. Men beg you to whip them. Come on, see that guy there? Show him who's boss.”

Bob raised the belt and curled it round his back, again and again, getting off on whipping the handsome guy in the mirror, proving his dominance, watching him flinch, while feeling the lash on his own back. “OK, man,” he ordered his victim, “strip naked.” The man obeyed, kicking off his boots and pulling down his jeans and shorts. Bob gazed at the naked bodybuilder in awe. “Shit, that is one gorgeous fucking hunk – any guy would fall in love with that.”

He walked forward, pressed his body against his mirror image and kissed it, wiping his lips over the glass against the other man's lips, their stiff cocks pressed together against the glass. He broke away and stepped back. “Hell, you are so fucking beautiful you could make any man kneel to you. Come on, stud, this is an order. Kneel!” The naked man in the mirror fell to his knees obediently and began to stroke his cock.

“Man, imagine doing this in that bar. The guys would have gone hog wild drooling over you. Come on, man, let's give them a show. Let me see you shoot that load. Hell, I love watching those muscles flex. That's so fucking beautiful it's gonna make them all cum – hear that? they're all busting their loads, man. Look at me, big guy, look at that spectacular alpha stud. He owns you, man, he's making you cum you have to here it comes, man, aaagh!”

Ribbons of juice spurted high in the air and splashed on the mirror, pouring down the man's reflection, his body heaving as cum blasted out of him. Bob got to his feet and gazed at himself – buck naked, muscles rippling, cum dripping from his cock. He grinned. “Now that is one hell of a man. He is the best. No-one is ever gonna humiliate him ever again.”

The next day the other guys all drove home to L.A. in a convoy of three cars that, in its somber mood, resembled a line of cars driving to a funeral. The previous night Randy, fortunately, had been in a state of denial. The full impact of what was happening hadn't hit so he created no new upheaval. While he slept Hassan called Mark and explained the whole thing, while Nate called Jamie – who told Darius so it was all over the house by morning.

They arrived back early and Randy, without a word, went straight to work. His usual remedy in times of stress was physical labor, and he pushed himself and the crew hard all day. Hassan, Mark and the other men huddled gloomily and speculated on the ramifications. "So what do you think, Hassan?" Mark asked. "Stuff like this has happened before but you saw it all go down out there. How bad do you think it is?"

"Pretty bad," Hassan said and Adam agreed. "After that I really can't imagine Bob coming back any time soon. I know Randy can be rough but this time it was in public – he humiliated Bob in front of all those guys. Bob can't bounce back from that. I have a bad feeling that this time it might be the end of the road for them – the end of their story."

Mark clenched his fists. "God I wish I knew where Bob was. The only guys who do are the twins. I know Bob called them and asked them to bring some clothes to him, but of course they're sworn to secrecy and we have to respect that. Bob called Jamie too to make sure everything was running OK in the office, but he didn't tell Jamie where he was. He obviously needs time alone to think things out. Shit damn, I could murder Randy for what he did to Bob."

The day passed in a pall of gloom and everyone was on tenterhooks for when Randy came home. Actually no-one saw him when he did come in as he went straight up to the office, expecting Bob to be there. Randy's initial anger had abated but it was replaced by fear, which was even worse. Like a cornered animal he came out fighting. "OK, boy," he barked at Jamie, "has Bob called you?"

"Yes, sir," Jamie said timidly. "So where is he?" "He didn't tell me, sir." Randy exploded, "What? He called and didn't say where he is? You're lying to me, boy." He grabbed Jamie by his T-shirt and pushed him hard against the wall. "Now you know what I do to a boy who defies me," he shouted. Jamie pleaded, "I swear to you, sir – I don't know, sir. Please don't hurt me." Randy raised his fist but a hand grabbed his wrist and whirled him round. He saw the fist coming a split second before it landed and he crashed to the floor, gazing up at the cop.

Mark's eyes were blazing. "You even come near my boy again, asshole, and I swear I'll fucking rip your balls off." Randy tried to get up but Mark smashed his hand against his face again, sending him sprawling. Mark was protecting his boy, sure, but more than that, he was taking revenge for Bob, the man he had always loved from the beginning. He was about to haul Randy up again when Zack burst in and pulled Mark off him.

“Come on guys, this won’t solve anything,” he said sternly, holding Mark back. “Randy, it’s better you make yourself scarce. I’ll poke around and see if I can locate Bob.” Zack was Randy’s second in command and they were the most alike of any of the guys, both tough construction workers. So Randy grudgingly did as Zack said and left the room.

Pablo and Ben had a lot at stake in this as his adopted son and his young brother. They were both fiercely loyal to Randy no matter what he did, and they talked together for a long time in hushed tones. Finally Ben said, “I gotta go to Jason. I’m his boy so he’ll tell me what to do. I’m a bit scared of seeing my big brother right now, but can you try?” Pablo grinned, “Sure, kid, I’ll go to him. Randy don’t scare me none.”

Ben left and Pablo went to the foot of the stairs leading to Randy’s master suite. He squared his shoulders, went upstairs and knocked softly on the door. No reply. He turned the handle and walked in. Randy was lying face down on the bed, his shoulders heaving. He was sobbing. Pablo went straight to him and crawled onto the bed beside him. Randy turned over ... and folded Pablo in his arms.

“At least I’ve got you, kiddo, you and Ben. I don’t need anyone else, least of all that guy. I’m better off without him. Me and him – never were a good match. You know, he’s the only guy who ever made me nervous. I always knew I was never good enough for him and now he’s gone. He’s probably with that guy from the bar – they were real into each other. Well screw him. From now on it’ll be just the three of us – you, me and my little brother.”

His words died and Pablo held him tighter. “Sir would you like to fuck me, sir?” Randy looked at him with affection. “Sure I would kiddo, and I’ll prove that I can be real gentle when I fuck – if I really love the guy. You’re my rock, kiddo.” And so he made love to Pablo tenderly, and slept the night with his arms round him, drowning his sorrows in the certain knowledge that Pablo, at least, would never desert him.

Bob was pacing the floor of his luxurious bungalow on the grounds of the Beverly Hills Hotel when there was a knock on the door. He looked through the door’s peephole to make sure who it was. He knew how determined Randy could be and he was scared it might be him. But he smiled and opened the door and the twins came in, each carrying a suitcase.

“We brought everything you asked for, sir,” said Kevin. “And a few more things we thought you might need,” added Kyle. “Wow this is quite a place,” Kevin said staring around, both of the boys carefully avoiding the obvious subject. Bob smiled at their tactfulness. “You know what?” he said, “I suddenly realize I’m starved – haven’t eaten all day. So let’s make the most of this

fancy hotel and order dinner from room service. Here, take a look at the menu and order whatever you want. God it's good to see you guys," and he held them both tight in his arms.

They unpacked Bob's clothes and then room service came, wheeling in a table loaded with food. They ate by the window with a view of lush banana plants and blazing red bougainvillea. Then Bob got down to business. "OK, guys, let's talk. First of all, does anyone know I'm here?" The twins gazed at him and said in turn, "No, sir. We haven't told a soul, like you said."

"Good, cause I really don't wanna talk to anyone about this until I've made a few decisions. I'll call Mark soon, 'cause I know he'll worry, but until then it's just the three of us, OK? And that's the way it may be for a long while. See, Randy did stuff that well, you know Randy, but this time it went really over the edge and I don't think I mean I really think it might be over for us. I've been running it over in my mind last night and all of today and well, I think I may be going back to San Francisco." They suddenly looked startled.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm taking you with me. See I can easily transfer to my company's Head Office up there. They've been trying to lure me back there to take up a real senior position – a great opportunity. So maybe all this has happened for a reason. But all that's in the future, and right now I need some love and affection. Do you guys think you can stay the night?"

The twins smiled at each other. "We were hoping you'd say that, sir," said Kevin. Kyle hesitated, then asked, "Does that mean you want to make love to us, sir?" Bob laughed. "Hell yes! What, you think we're gonna be share a bed without me fucking your sweet asses?"

And so it was that Bob and Randy spent the night seeking solace in the loving arms of their boys. They had rarely slept a night apart since they met, but now they tried hard to dismiss each other's image from their mind.

But, of course, they both failed.

#

Chapter 194 – Bob's Transformation

The next morning Randy moved out. Pablo got up early and Randy looked at the empty space in the bed beside him. A shaft of pain ran through him and he knew he could never spend another night in this room now that he and Bob were through. He threw a few clothes in a backpack and went to work on the construction site. At the end of the day he checked into a motel.

It is a fact of life that when trauma strikes and men feel bereft, their instinct is to go back to their roots and seek refuge in long-familiar surroundings. Randy was contemplating a move back to Texas, where he would resume his old life of itinerant construction worker, free of personal entanglements, free to do 'whatever the fuck I want' in a world where no problems arose that

couldn't be solved with his fists. Similarly, Bob was contemplating a move back to the refined world of San Francisco, as he had told the twins.

In the meantime both men sought solace in local roots. In the past Bob had often stayed in the Beverly Hills Hotel on his trips to visit the L.A. branch office – this was his world. As for Randy, almost without thinking he had moved in to the shabby, cheap motel at the ratty end of Hollywood Boulevard, in room 14 where he had spent that fateful night with Bob that began it all. This was him, the kind of guy he was – a loner, a free man, owing 'nothing to nobody'.

It was symbolic of the vast difference between them – Bob, the consummate business executive, in one of the best hotels in town – Randy, the rugged gypsy construction worker shacking up in a cheap motel. And soon Bob would be driving his Mercedes back up to the rarified air of Marin County, while Randy would pile into his truck and hit the road for the hard-scrabble back streets of West Texas.

"Shit," Randy thought as he flopped down on the motel's thin bed-sheets after work, "he's out of my fucking league a wonder we ever got together in the first place." But they had, in this very room – this very bed! – and the vivid memories came flooding back. Randy sprang up and paced the room – "Damn, can't I ever get away from this man." He needed a drink, and robotically he walked round the corner to the run-down bar with the half-lit 'Cocktails' sign flickering tentatively over the door, the place where he had spent many evenings getting drunk..

It hadn't changed – still the same dark, shabby room with a pervasive smell of desperation. For the first time he noticed its name – it actually had one – '*The Last Call*.' Yeah, they got that right, he thought. The bartender Sheila, his regular fuck at the time, was no longer there, replaced by another seen-better-days blond who smiled at the construction hunk seductively, but he paid no attention.

It had been a one-in-a-million chance, but this was the bar where he had first met Bob. Randy had been sitting on this very barstool when he had seen the guy come in – tall, handsome guy, built like a brick shit house, casually dressed but, even so, totally out of place in this dump as he blinked in the sudden darkness after the blinding California sun outside.

He had sat at the barstool Randy was looking at right now. They had got to talking – seemed the guy was on his way down south and had come off the freeway for a drink and a nap. Rather than sleep in his car, he had accepted Randy's offer of a lie down in his motel room. But as they slept he had "Shit, shit, shit....." Randy jolted back to the present and slammed his hand on the bar top. "Everything OK, sugar?" asked the barmaid. "Sure," he growled, "just give me another beer and keep 'em coming."

And so later, shit faced, he staggered back to the motel, room 14 and passed out.

The end of Bob's work day was similarly troubled, but in much fancier surroundings – drinks came from white-gloved room-service rather than a beer slid across a grubby bar. But misery grips high and low alike and when Bob walked into his bungalow in his business suit he was overcome with a pall of loneliness. He couldn't call the twins back as he knew they had their culinary duties for all the guys at the house. No, there was only solution and he reached for his cell phone.

"Sure, buddy," said Mark's cheerful voice. "My shift just ended. Be there in twenty minutes." Bob smiled, recalling the often-stated local belief that everywhere was twenty minutes from everywhere in Los Angeles. He called room service and soon had a table set with drinks and canapés. As if to prove the old saying, in exactly twenty minutes there was a knock on the door, Bob opened it and in came Mark, straight from work in his uniform.

In the unfamiliar surroundings and tense circumstances they looked at each hesitantly, with a hint of mutual shyness. But when Mark grinned, "Hey buddy," they fell into each other's arms and held each other tight. Words may have momentarily failed them but lust did not and they both had instant erections in their pants. They gazed into each other's eyes, their lips joined and impulsively their tongues pressed together in a ravenous kiss – Bob seeking comfort and Mark eager to provide it.

But soon Bob pulled back with a trace of embarrassment and said quickly, "Drink?" Mark detected Bob's hesitancy, accepted a drink and they sat facing each other across the table. "So, buddy, how are you?" Mark asked as lightly as possible. Bob shrugged and waved his arm round the room. "Comfortable, as you see – pampering myself." Mark reached forward, closed his hand over Bob's, and said slowly, "No, buddy, I said *'how – are – you?'*

Bob's eyes became moist. "Lonely, Mark. Damn lonely. I can't hack it in this town, man. I associate everything in L.A. with Randy. I gotta split. Like I told the twins, I've decided to go back to San Francisco – take up an offer of a great job in my firm's Head Office. I'll take the twins with me." He stared forlornly into Mark's blue eyes. "I can't stay here, Mark. I can't."

Mark sighed deeply. "So – you and Randy – it's really over?"

"It has to be. I can't do that humiliation-apology-forgiveness thing over and over again. It's never gonna change. Randy is what he is – a wild gypsy. Funny thing is, that's what I loved about him – the thing that turned me on so much. He's the most exciting man I ever met. But it's kinda like a drug – and I've got to kick the habit so I don't entirely lose my own sense of self."

Mark stared hard at him and they each knew what the other was thinking. Almost from the moment they met Bob and Mark had been in love with each other but the most they ever did to express it was occasional bouts of passionate sex together. Randy always stood between them and Mark knew that the big construction worker always came first for Bob. Until now, apparently.

When the dust had settled, was it possible Bob and Mark had a future together? Mark squeezed Bob's hand but he pulled it away and stood up. "I can't right now, Mark. It wouldn't be"

".....fair to Randy?" Mark stood up and glared at him in frustration. "That's what you were gonna say, right? Man, I thought you said it was over between you two, and here you are still showing some whacko sense of loyalty. You can't have it both ways man either it's over and you're free or you're still tied to him. Let me put it this way, buddy if Randy and Zack were on a lunch break in the trailer and they were both pumped up and horny, you think Randy would hesitate out of loyalty to you? Hell no – he'd jump on Zack and they'd fuck. You know I'm right, man."

Mark frowned. "Or maybe you've cooled on me too." Bob was stung. He gazed at the handsome cop's earnest eyes and he knew what he said was right. Randy was gone, Bob was free free to..... There was a long silence as they stared at each other, their cocks getting harder in their pants. Suddenly, impulsively, they threw their arms round each other in a passionate embrace, crushing their bodies together, their open mouths grinding against each other, tongues searching inside in a pent-up explosion of desire that had been building almost since the day they met. The day they met

"Sit down," said Mark, suddenly pulling away from him. Surprised, Bob sat down, with Mark towering over him, their faces flushed, their chests heaving. The day they met As they gazed at each other, both were transported to a place and time long ago, on a remote road in Griffith Park. Then, as now, Bob was wearing his business clothes – smart suit, white shirt and tie, and Mark was in his police uniform. Mark had pulled him over for doing an illegal U-turn.

"That's exactly how you looked that day," Mark said, "the first time I saw your face as you lowered the car window. You were a bit drunk and asked if there was any way you could avoid a ticket."

Bob stood up and said, "You made me get out of the car and bend over it while you frisked me – much longer than necessary. You made me walk to a clearing in the woods. We stood facing each other and"

"..... and I told you to strip – slowly. First I told you to take off the tie"

He waited expectantly but Bob said, "Not this time, officer. It's my turn – pay back." There was a tone in Bob's voice Mark didn't recognize – a look in the eye. He was tougher, somehow, liberated, a new Bob. He was the boss. "Unbutton your shirt – slowly."

"OK," Mark said. Bob's eyes flashed. "Don't police officers usually call civilians 'sir'?"

"Yes, sir," said Mark, falling under the spell of this dominant man. He undid two buttons of his shirt and Bob stepped forward, pulled the open shirt wider and ran his hands over the white T-

shirt underneath. “Yeah, that’s good,” he breathed, and stepped back. “More.” Obediently the cop unbuttoned his shirt all the way down and pulled one side out of his waistband.

“Oh yeah raise your arms.” Mark raised his arms to the sides and bent his elbows, flexing his biceps in a bodybuilder pose. Again Bob walked forward, pushed the black shirt’s short sleeves higher and stroked the flexed biceps. “Shit, man, you look fucking spectacular. Huh – that first day you were the one in uniform so you had the authority and made me strip. But here’s what you really wanted. The minute you saw that handsome business executive, the minute you frisked him and felt that muscular body, you felt challenged and you wanted to show him how beautiful you were. Am I right?”

“Yes, sir.” Bob stepped back. “You were so turned on in that clearing, with the stunning businessman facing you, you wanted to show him your muscular body – to prove you were worthy of him, right?” “Yes, sir.” “So show me – slowly.”

It was a whole new experience for Mark to yield to the dominant stud that Bob had become. Even more erotic, Bob had framed it as the fantasy of a cop pulling over a business executive then falling under his control. In a role reversal of that first day, the cop was submitting to the executive, obeying his orders. His cock was roaring hard in his uniform pants as he pulled the other side of his shirt free of his waist, opened it up to reveal the T-shirt stretched over his chest, then slowly pulled the shirt off and tossed it aside.

Bob took off his suit jacket, loosened his tie and paced around. From the other side of the room he gazed at the cop, stripped down to his T-shirt, and said again, “Show me, officer.” Mark pressed his fists into his tight waist, pushed his shoulders forward and flared his lats in another classic bodybuilding pose.

“Oh, man,” Bob murmured, rubbing the bulge in his slacks. He pulled off his tie, rolled up his shirtsleeves and opened the shirt halfway down, exposing the white tank-top underneath. He rubbed his own nipples through the thin cotton and groaned, his muscles rippling. “See that? He’s fucking gorgeous. Try to match it show him what you’ve got, cop.”

Mark rose to the challenge. Slowly he pulled the T-shirt clear of the pants and raised the bottom far enough to show off his eight-pack abs. Then he reached behind his neck and pulled the T-shirt up slowly – over his abs, the mounds of his chest, over his shoulders and off. “Wow,” Bob gasped, seeing the cop stripped to the waist, clasping his hands behind his back and flexing his pecs.

“Shit damn,” Bob moaned. He undid his shirt and tossed it off, his torso flexing under the white tank. Mark gasped and rubbed one hand over the bulge in his uniform pants. Bob glared at him. “Did I say you could do that?” “No, sir.” The shirtless cop again clasped his hands behind him. “Yeah,” Bob said, “that’s what you did that first day – rubbed your crotch and came

in your pants looking at me. But not this time, officer. This time I'm in control and I've got other plans for you."

Bob pulled off his tank and held his arms out displaying his naked torso. "Remember what you did that day, officer, when you first saw this?" "Aaah," Mark groaned, desperate to touch his cock. But this time he was not looking at a compliant driver obeying police orders. Now he was gazing at a superb alpha male, a handsome executive with a cop in his power and the cop couldn't hold back. "You are so beautiful, man," Mark groaned, "such a fucking stud, you're making me Aaagh!"

Still gripping his hands behind him, his body flexed, his head flew back and his cock erupted in his shorts. Bob watched the stain spreading over the uniform pants and saw the cop's pleading eyes. He walked up to him, gripped his head with both hands and pulled his face toward him, kissing him hungrily, their chests pressed hard together. When he pulled back he said quietly, "I know what you want, Mark."

Grabbing the back of Mark's neck he pushed him over to face the mirror, the same mirror he himself had cum on the day before, admiring himself. Mark braced himself by pressing his hands high up on the wall, on either side of the mirror. Bob gazed at the muscular back, flaring down from broad shoulders to a narrow waist cinched by the heavy black police belt, with the mounds of his ass clearly outlined in the uniform pants. "Man, that is beautiful," Bob said. "Shit, it's what I should have done that first day – pushed you against a tree, pulled down your pants and fucked that cop's ass. It's what you wanted, right? It's what you want now."

"Yes, sir," said the cop, staring into the mirror at the shirtless businessman behind him. Bob reached round, loosened Mark's belt and yanked the pants down below his butt. He ripped open his own slacks and pulled out his iron-hard cock. He spat on it and pressed the head between the cheeks, then paused. "Please, man," Mark groaned. "It's never been like this. I want it so bad. You wanna hear a cop beg? OK, I'm begging. Please, sir, fuck me in the ass."

Bob reached round to Mark's chest and twisted his nipples in his fingers. Mark groaned louder – "please, man I aaagh!" He howled as the shaft slammed into his ass and drove deep into his gut. It pulled back up the chute, then plunged in again, pinning the cop's body to the mirror. Bob stared into the blue-gray eyes in the mirror and said, "I love you, man – always have. But you've never known me like this, never felt it like this. You want it hard?"

"Oh yeah," Mark grinned. "Give it to me, stud. You're fucking spectacular." Bob wasn't brutal as Randy might have been. But he pistoned relentlessly in the cop's ass, sending him to the brink of pain but not over – keeping him suspended in a state of pure ecstasy. As his ass was pounded Mark looked at the Superman face in the mirror and pressed his lips against the reflection in a desperate attempt to feel the warmth of his lips.

His cock was pressed against the glass, grinding against it with every thrust of Bob's merciless rod. And always, over his shoulder, the stunning face, the brown eyes boring into his. The

shaft jack-hammered the cop's ass endlessly and Mark knew he couldn't hold out much longer. So did Bob. He reached up high, clamped his hands over Mark's wrists against the wall and breathed in Mark's ear, "OK, officer – this is what you get for pulling over a man like me and making me strip in the woods. It's payback time, cop, and you're gonna beg me again – beg me to let you shoot that load again. You ready, officer?"

"Yes, sir – please, sir," Mark gasped. "I have to cum - you're making me so damn hot. Please let me bust my load. You win, man – I give up, you are the best – I submit, sir...."

"OK, cop – shoot that load." He felt Mark's body shudder against him, saw the eyes open wide, heard the howl as the cop came again, this time shooting a stream of juice between his stomach and the glass. As his body shuddered and his cock drained he looked into the mirror and moaned, "Oh, man, that was fucking unbelievable. It was never like that before."

"No, never like this either!" Bob yanked his cock out of his ass, pulled Mark away from the mirror and hurled him onto his back on the bed. Bob had held back his orgasm up to now, but that was about to change. As he gazed down at the shirtless cop his eyes blazed as adrenaline raced through him and he felt himself at the peak of his manhood. He leaned down and yanked off first one of Mark's boots then the other. He grabbed the bottom of the uniform pants, pulled them clear off and flung them contemptuously aside. He wrapped his fist round the cop's shorts and with one jerk ripped them off him.

Naked now Mark looked up at Bob with shock and awe. This wasn't the mild-mannered man he had always known. This was Superman, flexing his muscles and proving his supremacy. In an act of complete surrender Mark bent his knees, put his hands behind them and pulled his legs up, offering up his ass. Bob kicked off his loafers, dropped his pants and shorts and towered naked over the submissive cop.

Bob held his arms out and flexed his biceps. "You see this, man? This is me, the real me – get used to it, 'cause I'm gonna fuck that ass of yours a whole lot – starting now. He dropped to his knees, pushed his cock into the thicket of soft blond round Mark's hole and once again rammed his cock deep into his ass. Bob raised his arms, linked his fingers behind his own head and flexed his muscles as his hips thrust forward against the cop's ass. Mark gazed in disbelief at the incredible muscle-god, his muscles rippling, the ripped, eight-pack abs, the slabs of his chest, flexing in a another bodybuilder pose.

Incredibly, after two orgasms, Mark's dick was already hard as a rock. "Take a good look," Bob said, "'cause this is the man who's gonna make you shoot another load. You know you can't resist me, stud. And you sure as hell can't resist this" He fell forward, pinned Mark's wrists to the bed, gazed into his eyes and smiled. "I love you, Mark." He lowered his face to Mark's and they kissed, long and passionately.

Mark felt he was floating, when Bob pulled back and gazed into his eyes, seeing his own reflection. "You're looking at a new man, Mark. And it's not only physical dominance – it's

this. His cock still worked on the cop's ass as Bob's eyes pierced Mark's like a laser. It was as if Mark entered them, hypnotized by them, under their spell.

"You'll do anything for me Mark, I know that. So now you're gonna feel my juice spilling into your ass and, as you do, you're gonna shoot another load. Feel my abs pressing against your cock, rolling over it as I fuck your ass. Now look into my eyes and tell me you love me."

"I love you, man. I'll do anything for you. Please, cum in my ass. Please" Bob stopped moving and there was a deep silence. And then the semen started to flow – inside Mark's ass and, for the third time, from Mark's cock. There was no noise – words were superseded by the language of their eyes. It felt like a slow-motion dream as Bob finally pulled his cock out of Mark's ass and fell onto him, their open mouths clamped tightly over each other, breathing in and out, sharing the same breath.

Eventually Bob rolled off him, lay beside him and asked, "You think it would be OK with Jamie if you spent the night here, buddy?" Mark grinned. "It would if he knew I was with you. The kid's crazy about you." He pulled his cell phone from his pants' pocket on the floor and had a brief conversation with Jamie. "He's fine," Mark said. "OK," said Bob, "here's what's gonna happen. I'll call room service and order a big dinner, 'cause were both starving. Then we'll spend the rest of the time in bed. OK with you, buddy?"

"Aye, aye, sir," Mark grinned. "Wouldn't dare say no to the new stud in town. Guess I'm gonna be taking orders from you from now on. I guess everyone is everyone.."

The night with Mark had been a catharsis for Bob, where he had flexed his muscles, physically and figuratively, as a newly minted muscle-stud, a dominant top-man, taking orders from no-one. However, he still didn't feel up to returning to the house yet, fielding questions from the guys to which he himself didn't yet have answers. During the next few days he did check at work to see if the senior position in San Francisco was still open and was told that they were holding it open for him. It was his if he wanted it. Other than that, Bob made no definite moves and went daily straight from work into the comforting arms of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Randy was following roughly the same trajectory, though without the luxury Bob enjoyed. Oddly he found comfort in the shabby motel, though he would never have admitted to himself that it was because Room 14 reminded him so much of Bob. He went every morning from the motel to the construction site where he lustily resumed his role as boss, absolutely in charge, barking out orders and expecting them to be carried out. As for Texas, he needed to make no plans for when the time came. All he had to do was grab a few clothes, jump into his truck and go. Though, like Bob, he was not yet ready to do even that.

And just as Bob had Mark to confide in, Randy had Zack. Working together they had long ago developed a firm friendship based on mutual respect and admiration – two hard-working bosses

who were on top of their game. Not that Randy really opened up too much about 'the situation' as everyone was calling it. Randy had always been something of a loner and Zack respected his privacy, though he was ready to help him in whatever way he could.

His opportunity came a few days after Bob and Randy had split. Zack was in the trailer office having a sandwich and a beer when Randy stomped in and slammed the door behind him. He was in a mood and, typically, he didn't beat around the bush. "This thing with Bob," he said, opening a beer, "and what I did in the bar. I'm not sorry I hurt him – he's used to that." (Zack rolled his eyes.)

"And I'm not saying he didn't deserve it, but I guess I humiliated him in public and I know he hates that. Guess I went too far – I was so damn mad that all those guys were falling over themselves to get near him and he was getting real thick with one of them. Yeah, I was wrong and I need to get punished, Zack. You're the only guy I can turn to, man."

Zack felt anger rising "Man, I'd really get off punishing you, not for what you did but for what you just said. 'You're not sorry you hurt Bob 'cause he's used to that' 'he deserved it' you were 'mad that the guys in the bar lusted for him'. Man, don't you ever learn? What is he, a beautiful, gentle man who loved you, or a fucking farm animal who deserves whatever you dish out? You're my buddy and I respect you a lot, but you can be your own worst enemy and sometimes you fucking make me see red. Yeah, I'll punish you, asshole."

Zack grabbed him and pushed him forward over the drafting table. Randy spread his arms and gripped the top of the table as Zack yanked his work pants down over his ass. Randy was, as usual, wearing his dirty old tank top and Zack, as usual, was shirtless in black jeans. Zack ripped open his jeans and pulled out his long, thick black weapon. He spat on it, stroked it a couple of times, then rammed it brutally into the boss's ass.

There was no scream as Randy gritted his teeth against the searing pain. Zack usually refrained from sex when he was angry, knowing the dangers of a top man losing control. But this time his anger overcame him and he pounded Randy's ass with all his strength. Randy clenched his jaw as long as he could but the pain of the relentless jackhammer became so intense he groaned louder and louder.

He looked back over his shoulder and saw the magnificent ebony body slamming against him, muscles flexing, glistening with sweat. Randy knew Zack was a powerful son-of-a-bitch and he braced himself for a brutal pounding from his pile-driving cock.

"This is what you need, man," Zack sneered, "a taste of the crap you dish out. I'm tired of you brutalizing that beautiful guy we all love just because you claim to own him, like some dog." Zack's mounting anger made him drive his cock ever deeper into the shattered ass. "Feel that, man? That's what it feels like when you torture the ass of the man who loves you. You proud of yourself, asshole? Shit, I don't know why I'm wasting my time on your sorry ass. Here it comes, man."

The searing pain became unbearable and Randy screamed, "I can't take it, man. I give up. Cum in my ass please I submit..... Aaagh!" Two screams echoed round the small space as Zack emptied his cock into the boss's gut and Randy spilled his own load on the floor."

Zack yanked his cock out of the ravaged ass, wiped it off and stuffed it back into his jeans. He stared down at Randy contemptuously, then spun round and walked out the door, leaving behind him the construction worker's muscular body slumped over the table, naked except for the work pants crumpled round his boots. It wasn't so much the physical pain as the agony of hearing Zack's scathing words that left him heaving with sobs.

And so the week dragged on at the house in a cloud of gloom and uncertainty. Bob had spoken often by phone with the twins (about the household) and with Jamie (about the office), while Randy, of course, saw Pablo, Ben, Darius and Zack on the construction site. The episode in the trailer was never mentioned, but Randy and Zack seemed closer than ever, having shared raw feelings man-to-man. Deep down Randy knew Zack had been right, though he did not admit it to himself consciously, so deep was his state of denial.

Jamie had called Mario, too, confiding in him about the unfolding drama, and Mario had responded by coming up to town and joining the group again. In the continued absence of Bob and Randy, Mark took charge of the house, trying to hold things together. To dispel the anxiety and rumors, Mark and Zack decided to convene a meeting, with everyone present including Steve, whose expertise as a therapist they felt was needed.

The men sat at the long table in the garden and all the boys sat cross-legged in the grass gazing up at them. Mark chaired the meeting and called on Steve first, though he was able to give them less comfort than they hoped for.

"There's very little you guys can decide about now until the situation between Bob and Randy resolves itself – one way or the other. All you can do is go day to day, trying to keep the routine as normal as possible. I know you you'd like me to intervene between them but I can't do that. As Randy's brother, one year younger than him, I'm the last guy he would take advice from. And as a therapist I cannot approach them – they have to come to me. It's a basic principle of my job. Right now you're in a holding pattern. Sorry I can't be more helpful than that, guys."

They all accepted the truth of Steve's words and Mark said, "OK, thanks Steve, so let's be practical. Jamie, I know Bob is in touch with you daily about the office but my guess is you're really up against it in there. You need help. The last time we were all together Randy assumed that Mario would join us and assist you. But Mario, I have to warn you that such a move would be risky right now as we don't even know what's going to happen to the company from here on."

“That’s not a problem for me, sir,” Mario replied confidently. “It’s the slow season at my hotel and they’ve encouraged us to take vacation. So I have taken my two weeks and intend to spend it helping Jamie – if he wants me.” The two boys grinned at each other and blushed. “After that, if things work out, I would love to make my stay permanent” .

“Excellent,” Mark said. “I appreciate that and,” he grinned, “I’m sure Jamie and I can find a way of thanking you later. Now the men have to talk about contingency plans for the future of the company, so I suggest we adjourn to the office, gentlemen, and continue our discussion there.”

They got up and went into the house, leaving behind a group of bewildered boys in a state of anxiety and confusion

There was an uncomfortable silence at first as they all looked at each other, waiting for someone to take the lead. Suddenly Eddie surprised them by blurting out, “It’s not fair everyone’s blaming Randy ‘cause we all love Bob so much, but Randy is my hero. When I was gonna get beaten by that thug I heard his voice – “You touch the boy one more time, asshole, and I’ll rip your fucking balls off. That’s my boy you got there. He belongs to me.” He had come all that way to rescue me and he took a real beating for my sake. He called me his boy and and I don’t think we should” But his words trailed off and he broke down in tears.

Pablo was sitting next to him and put his arms round him and hugged him tight. Darius leapt to his feet and faced them leaning against the table, taking the lead. “OK, guys, I think Eddie speaks for all of us. It’s all a fucking mess. Does anyone else have anything to say? Pablo, Ben, maybe – you’re closest to him, after all, as his boy and his brother.”

But Pablo and Ben were reticent. All they knew was that they would stay loyal to Randy no matter what. “I just wanna say,” Pablo said, “that if Randy goes back to Texas he’ll take us with him.” Kyle said, “Same goes for us twins and Bob,” and Kevin added, “Bob said when he goes to San Francisco he’s taking us with him.”

“I’ll stay with Adam, of course,” Nate said, “and Eddie will go and live with Hassan.” Jamie added, “Naturally I’ll stay with Mark and you, Darius, would never leave Zack.”

This prompted a buzz of conversation and Darius cut through it. “OK, OK, so us boys will never leave our masters, but.....” He couldn’t think what to say next, except, “Shit, this leadership thing is tougher than I thought.” He looked down at the boys who were now gazing up at him expectantly. Darius found them moving and he choked up. “Yeah, guys but what about us? We were always a band of brothers, always together – we circled the wagons when there was trouble. But this time, I don’t know what” He wiped his eyes, holding back tears.

The silence was heartbreaking but suddenly they were saved, once again, by Eddie’s clear voice. “Well, guys, Doctor Steve said all we can do is take it one day at a time. So what

about right now? We all know we love each other – a band of brothers, like Darius said. So let's prove it." Impulsively he turned to Pablo, who still had his arm round his shoulder, and kissed him hard on the mouth. Then he leaned down, unbuttoned Pablo's shorts and pulled out his cock. It was limp but with Eddie's cock-sucking skills he soon had it hard, deep in his throat.

Nate was next to turn to the boy beside him – Ben. "Hey, mate, about time we did this. After all, we might not have much longer." Ben grinned at his Aussie directness and they kissed. They grappled for a while, ending up on their sides head to toe, facing each other's dicks.

Darius gazed in awe at what was happening. He fell to his knees and found himself facing Mario. "Hey, dude, I never did really make amends for the time I lost my mind and whipped you while you were tied to that tree. No time like the present. He pulled off his shorts and lay naked on his back, pulling up his legs and offering his ass. "Go for it stud."

Jamie and the twins had been sitting near the back of the group closest to the floor-to-ceiling window of the house. They all looked at each other shyly. Caught up in the general shedding of inhibitions Kyle said, "We never told you, Jamie, that a California surfer was one of our biggest turn-ons, and the other day when you came home from the beach barefoot in your board shorts and that old tank, your hair all tangled, we really envied Mark who got to fuck you right away. We jerked each other off thinking about it."

Jamie grinned, looking over the field of frenzied activity. Well, guys, looks like today's the day. He got on hands and his knees in front of the window and looked at his own reflection and the twins behind him. He pulled his surfer trunks down below his ass and said, "OK, guys – who's first?" The twins were mesmerized by the sight of the surfer's white globes, with tan lines above and below. And Kevin went first.

Jamie's yell as Kevin's dick drove into him was added to the howls and shouts of all the other boys as the garden became the scene of a writhing boys' orgy. Eddie who had started the ball rolling, had given Pablo the unique pleasure of getting his cock sucked by an expert, and now climbed on him, sat on his raging hard-on and was bouncing up and down while Pablo howled, "Shit, Eddie, you're fucking awesome – a real stud. Fuck my cock, boy."

Ben and Nate were going at it like young demons, feeding on each other's cock in a 69 contest, seeing who could suck the hardest and get the other guy off first. Mario was showing Darius just how macho of a top-man he was, pounding his ass while he wrapped both hands round the black boy's huge ten-inches and pumped it hard.

And Jamie on his hands and knees was backing up to the cocks of first one twin then the other. Then, when Kyle pulled out, he rolled Jamie over, bent forward and sucked his cock while Kevin took his turn at the ass, sliding his cock down the chute and deep inside. The young blond surfer was being treated to the erotic sensation of being fucked and sucked at the same time by identical twins.

The initial screams of pain had now become howls of delight (from those who didn't have their mouths full), and the joyous sounds blended together in one harmonious chorus. The frenzied, youthful activity was made all the more intense and poignant by their knowing that this could be their last time together, maybe. They were making their own music, not unlike the band playing on the sinking Titanic (no 'maybe' there).

The shouts of joy reached a crescendo as they started to shoot their loads. Pablo exploded in Eddie's ass while the boy shot over his face. Ben and Nate's 69 contest was a draw as they shot in each other's mouths simultaneously. Mario stroked Darius's long black dick hard with both hands and, when he saw it erupt he came himself, deep in Darius's ass. Jamie was on his back beating his meat as the twins stood over him emptying their cocks over him.

Cum was everywhere. The young bodies, slick with hot jism, were sliding over each other, their hearts pounding, bodies heaving, their cocks already hard again. They were caught up in a wild orgy of lust, writhing together in a heap, unaware of which mouth they were fucking, what cock was fucking whose ass. All they knew was that they loved each other, a true band of brothers, taking perhaps their last chance to say a final passionate farewell in the way they knew best.

The deafening noise of course reached the men upstairs and they stared down at the astonishing scene below, at the heap of naked young bodies writhing all over each other in a tangle of limbs. "Shit damn," said Zack, "will you look at that! The kids must know all this could end soon and they're making the most of their last time." Mark gazed down and murmured, "Yeah, their last goodbye," and he turned away to hide the tears brimming in his eyes.

The mantra Steve had given them was one day at a time and that's how they played it. The next day the forced euphoria of the day before was gone, replaced by the comforting routine of work. Zack, Darius Pablo and Ben went back to the construction site and didn't attempt to talk to Randy about anything except the project at hand. Mario joined Jamie in the office and was soon being schooled in the everyday tasks of keeping the business running.

The twins, Nate and Eddie put in extra effort to keep the house in shape, with Nate keeping a keen eye on Eddie, who he knew was hurting bad. The twins were the calmest of them all, as if they had some secret knowledge that things would turn out OK. To this end they spring-cleaned the suite of Bob and Randy, leaving it pristine, with a big vase of flowers that they changed every day. It would be a warm welcome for whichever of the men returned, if they ever did.

The days dragged on and Bob came to despise the luxury of his surroundings at the hotel. He didn't deserve this, he was pampering himself selfishly when others were hurting and there was so much to be decided. He had to come out of his luxury shell and face up to reality, but he still could not bring himself to go back to the room he and Randy had shared for so long.

Randy was going through similar melancholy. He too was starting to hate his cheap motel room, because subconsciously it was his last link with Bob and leaving it would be like cutting the cord forever. He knew he needed Bob more than ever but hated himself for needing him. So he took increasingly to drink, spending more time in the bar and staggering back nightly to the motel in drunken oblivion.

It was one evening when Mark was visiting Bob at his hotel that things finally came to a head. Mark's visits were what was keeping Bob from going crazy. The cop had come straight from work and they were sitting down to another room-service dinner when Mark's cell phone rang unexpectedly. "Hey, Joe, what's up buddy?" As he listened his expression clouded over with frustration. "Jesus Christ, when? How bad? Yeah, yeah I know him yeah I'll vouch for him. How long before you transfer him downtown? Heck, that soon, uh? Listen buddy, do me a favor and delay it as long as you can – I'm on my way. Thanks, Joe, you're a real pal."

Mark spoke quickly. "A pal of mine at the Hollywood Police division. They responded to a drunk and disorderly call at one of those cheap bars at the wrong end of the Boulevard. It was Randy, drunk as a skunk threatening to beat up a guy in the bar. The cops hauled his ass off to the cells at the Hollywood Police Station where he's yelling that he's gonna tear the place apart. Trouble is, in half an hour they're gonna transfer him to the Glass House in Downtown L.A. I have some pull at Hollywood, know a lot of the guys there, but once he's in the downtown jail all bets are off. I gotta get over there, do what I can. Don't move from here, Bob. I'll call you."

With a quick hug Mark ran from the room, leaving behind him a bereft man with tears in his eyes. "Stupid fucking idiot," he said, talking out loud as he did in times of trouble. "Of course he got drunk – and in the old days he'd take it out on me. But those were the old days. I have no responsibility for him now. Let him rot in jail." As soon as the words were out of his mouth he took them back. "No, no – he got drunk because of me, he's missing me."

He paced the room feeling helpless, with no idea what to do. He took a deep breath trying to stay calm. "OK, what would Randy do, even now, if he heard I was in trouble? I know damn well what he'd do. He'd come right away to help me. Remember the time those assholes ran me off the road and he carried me all the way up the sides of the ravine to the road? In the hospital he didn't leave my side while I was in a coma and he brought me back to life."

He rushed to the door. "I gotta go to him – he needs me like he's always needed me." He stopped. "No, Mark said to stay put here. Gotta wait for him to do his thing." He sat down and took a swig of wine, trying desperately to stay calm. "Shit, isn't that what I've always done? He beats me up, I leave, then go crawling back. I can't do that again but he needs me." Bob was confused and exhausted. He rested his head on his arms on the table, forced himself to clear his mind and finally drifted off into a troubled sleep.

He was woken by his cell phone. How long he had slept he didn't know. He almost sobbed with relief to hear Mark's calm voice. "It's OK buddy, everything's OK. Luckily the guys on that shift know me well and owed me some favors, so we worked things out, bent a few rules and they released Randy on my recognizance. By that time he was pretty much beat, whacked out from booze. I took him to some rat-hole of a motel he's been staying in round the corner from the bar he had roughed up. I ordered him to stay put there all night until he sobered up, and he was in no shape to protest. I know he'll pass out for the night."

Mark paused. "Funny thing, though, as I left the room I looked back at him, lying on his back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling and I suddenly felt real sorry for him. Such a great guy, but now he's a wreck. And you know what? As he lay there tears were running down his cheeks. Not something you see often, the big boss man, the so-called King of the Gypsies, in tears."

Bob was staring at the wall. Mark had signed off saying he had to get back to Jamie, and was Bob OK now he knew Randy was safe? Yes, Bob had said, he was just fine. But that wasn't true. Bob knew now where Randy was – "some rat-hole of a motel he's been staying in round the corner from the bar." Had to be their motel – the one where His eyes glazed over as he thought of that first night together when it had all started with Randy roping him to the bed and punishing him for, as he mistakenly thought, Bob's coming on to him. He saw the swarthy construction worker towering over him – he felt the pain as if it were yesterday.

Suddenly he snapped back to the present and everything was crystal clear to him. He knew what he had to do. He pulled on an old pair of jeans, heavy boots and a wide belt that he hardly ever wore. He put on an old white tank top and a frayed denim shirt, sleeveless, hanging open over his chest.

He looked at himself in the mirror and saw the rugged muscle stud who had so recently dominated Mark, forced him to strip and then jack-hammered his ass. With a two-week growth of stubble on his jaw it was an alpha male he hardly recognized – the new Bob, released from his bondage of humility and subservience. "The stupid asshole motherfucker," he growled, and left the room.

As he drove along Sunset Boulevard toward Hollywood it was all déjà vu. He remembered that distant day when, after Randy had released him from his nightmare in the motel, he had checked into a luxury hotel. He remembered his restlessness, his strange inability to leave the city. Now, as he dropped down to Hollywood Boulevard and headed away from the glitz toward the shabby end he recalled his aimless wanderings that night when he had no idea what he was doing but felt himself inexorably drawn back to that motel.

He remembered bumping over a rough paving and coming to a halt in the small motel parking lot. And now, as his Mercedes purred to a halt – here he was again. That first time he had stayed in his car for a long time gazing at the door of Room 14 before plucking up the

courage to approach it. He had been nervous, knowing he was going back to the savage domination of the man he was obsessed with.

Not this time though. Bob felt his whole body flex as power surged through him. He got out of the car and strode to door 14. As he had done before he peered through a crack in the window blinds and saw exactly the same sight as he had seen before. Randy was lying on his back on the bed, his hands linked behind his head, staring up at the ceiling.

Last time Bob had knocked nervously and waited. This time he grabbed the door handle, turned it and walked right in.

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Chapter 195 – Bob Tames Randy

At the sudden sound Randy's head jerked round, he pulled himself up on his elbows and gazed up at Bob in disbelief – as if he were watching him walk in just as he had that first time so long ago. His thoughts were reeling, events of their lives together speeding though them, just as a whole life is said to run before the eyes of a drowning man. And it was a bit like drowning. He took a deep breath – a gasp – to keep from suffocating. Everything else faded from view except this glorious man, and he knew at that instant, without a shadow of doubt, that he could never live without him.

Randy's cock was hard, his body suddenly on fire, and he swung round, sitting on the bed about to stand up. But Bob dampened the fire instantly. He raised his leg, planted his boot squarely on Randy's chest and shoved him roughly onto his back. "No! Not this time, man. This time it's different – I'm in charge." Randy opened his mouth to speak but Bob raised his hand. "One word from you – one wrong move – and I will walk through that door and never see you again."

His mind clearing a little Randy could hardly believe what he heard and saw. He stared up at the man towering over him – it was Bob wasn't it? – but barely recognizable. Gone was the clean-cut preppy look. Bob had not shaved for over two weeks and now his square jaw was darkly stubbled and his unruly dark hair fell over his face. Gone too was the smart business suit. Now he wore old jeans and boots, a sweat-stained white tank under a ragged, sleeveless denim shirt.

It wasn't just the clothes – it was the wide stance, the clenched fist and flexing muscles – and the fire in his eyes. Randy had never seen anything like this before – except when he looked in the mirror and saw a swarthy gypsy staring back at him. The man looked magnificent, a rugged muscle-god, and Randy had a desperate hunger for him. He would do anything to prevent him from leaving the room he was cowed into silence.

Bob looked round the shabby room and his eye settled on an object on the floor. “Shit, man, you even brought that black bag of yours. What, you were hoping you could work me over with your rough-sex gear like that first time? Think again, asshole.” He opened the bag and pulled out the objects he remembered from all that time ago. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Randy stir, but he whirled round and speared him with a fierce look that made him freeze.

Bob selected from the bag four leather restraints and short lengths of rope. He gazed down at Randy and clamped a hand over his throat. “It’s payback time, man. It has to be like this – it’s the only way. You know what to do.” Randy was hypnotized by the brown eyes he knew so well – but had never seen like this. Trancelike, he spread-eagled his arm and legs out to the corner bedposts and Bob quickly buckled the restraints round his wrists and ankles and roped them to the posts.

But suddenly Randy came out of his trance and realized he was at Bob’s mercy. He struggled to free himself, his muscular body thrashing on the bed, eyes wide with anger and fear. “Yeah, that’s what you always made me do,” Bob said. “You got off on watching me struggle. But you won’t get free – I learned from the master – all the times it happened to me.” Bob’s anger was mounting as he gazed down at the man who had caused him so much pain, and saw himself tied up at Randy’s mercy. All those times

For a moment sadness mixed with his anger as he said, “Randy, I *loved* you – how could you do that to me? You debased me – sucked the manhood out of me. You said you loved me – I *know* you loved me – and yet you” His sadness vanished leaving mounting anger. “Fuck you, man – fuck you.” He pulled the belt from his jeans, swung it through the air and smashed it across Randy’s chest. “Fuck you, man – fuck you.”

Bob knew that Randy could withstand any amount of pain but, still, he had to make him feel what he had felt – all those times” His muscles flexed, he felt the power of adrenaline racing through him, and the anger he had nursed ever since the bar incident now found brutal expression. The belt lashed across the construction worker’s chest, his ridged abs and his muscled thighs, again and again with mounting ferocity.

Randy flexed his body hard to withstand the searing pain and he never took his eyes off the spectacular muscle stud, his muscles rippling as he whipped him punished him hurt him. He had never seen Bob look more magnificent and Randy clenched his jaw, determined to absorb the flogging without a sound.

“That’s how it felt being your man, you mother-fucker. That’s the pain I felt all those times you whipped and degraded me.” Bob was sweating through the white tank as his fury mounted and he lashed Randy’s writhing body. “What the fuck’s this?” Bob said suddenly, staring at Randy’s shorts that were standing up like a tent. He ripped them open and Randy’s massive cock sprang out, rock hard. “What the fuck...?” Bob yelled, slapping the rigid pole hard, back and forth. “You get off on this don’t you, you sick son-of-a-bitch? Fuck you....”

He pulled the bag across the floor and pulled from it a short whip with one single heavily braided leather strand. "Get off on this, asshole," Bob growled, raised his arm and curled the whip round the thick rod. He yanked it off, then lashed it round the cock again ... then again. The pain was excruciating and Randy groaned in agony. He gazed up at the beautiful savage whose muscular body was pouring with sweat, his chiseled features snarling with rage as he vented his fury on Randy's cock. Pulling hard on his restraints the construction worker writhed in pain this spectacular muscle-god was torturing him his body was on fireit was agony it was beautiful it was "Aaagh.....!!"

A plume of white cream shot from his tortured cock high in the air, then splashed down on his ravaged chest, followed by more ribbons of semen as his cock erupted. In all this time away from Bob Randy had not masturbated, had not cum once. It was as if he had been saving it for this one spectacular moment, with Bob taking his revenge, thrashing him, torturing his cock. And all Randy's pent-up passion, frustration, doubt and misery now poured from him in one massive orgasm.

And yet as his cock drained, as his body stopped shuddering and he gazed up at the rugged man towering over him, Randy knew it wasn't over. There was more to come

"Look at you," Bob snarled. "The tough construction worker, my so-called master, the macho stud who whipped and tortured me. Look at you now, asshole – not the big boss anymore spread-eagled, roped to the bed, your muscles striped by the whip, your own jism smothered over your chest."

Bob pulled off his shirt. His thin tank, drenched in sweat, clung to his torso's pumped muscles as he gazed down at the shattered man. "All that time ago when you stopped whipping me, you know what I felt? Relief that it was over. But it wasn't was it? You had to own me so you kept me in this stinking room for three days, breaking me down body and soul. You pissed on me, made me crawl on my belly, made me beg you made me worship you made me love you." Tears came to his eyes. "And it never really stopped, did it? Oh yeah, we fell in love, but you never trusted me. I put one foot out of line and you were on me again – the brutal savage taming his man."

Bob snarled, "No, I haven't finished with you yet, you bastard. Here – remember this?" Bob knelt astride him on the bed and ripped his own tank so it hung in shreds over his chest. "Get a good look, man, 'cause this is how I remember you as you knelt over me and did this." Randy instinctively tensed his pecs as Bob began brutally pec-punching him. But however long it went on the construction worker's pecs remained like rocks, so Bob moved down to his eight-pack abs and gut punched him with both fists, using every ounce of his strength.

Randy was wincing with pain, but his body was like granite. "You're one tough son-of-a-bitch," Bob snarled, "but here's something you won't forget – I sure didn't." He reached forward and

clamped his fingers over Randy's protruding nipples – no preamble, no foreplay – just instant intense pain as he squeezed the tits mercilessly, digging in with his nails. And this time there was no gritting of the teeth to keep quiet. This time the construction worker's mouth opened in a scream that echoed round the room. "No! I can't take it, man I give up Please I submit, sir.... Aaagh!"

"Yeah, big guy, let me hear you scream the way I screamed. Beg all you want, there's no safe word here, no mercy – just like you showed me no mercy. Just so we don't disturb the neighbors, I'll show you how you silenced me." Bob reached behind him and ripped off Randy's shorts. From the floor by the bed he picked up one of Randy's stinking socks and stuffed it in his mouth. He twisted the shorts into a gag and tied it round Randy's mouth, tight against the sock. Then he attacked the nipples again and took satisfaction at the muffled sound of the bound muscleman screaming for mercy into the gag.

"Now you know how it felt, asshole," Bob snarled. "This is what you did to the man you were falling in love with tortured him like this, like you would tame a stallion until he was broken. Remember this too?" Taking one hand off the nipple he reached behind him, curled his hand round Randy's scrotum and squeezed his balls. Randy's head flew back, thrashing from side to side, his black hair flying, tears pouring from his eyes, the gag muting his agonized screams. His muscles bulged, the veins protruding as he pulled desperately against his restraints.

With Bob sitting on Randy's stomach, one hand reaching forward twisting the nipples, the other hand reaching back squeezing the balls, he looked like a muscular, shirtless cowboy on a bucking horse, the massive body heaving under him. "See, mother-fucker? Now it's me taming the stallion to submission. Here it comes, man" Applying all his strength Bob brutally crushed the nipple and the balls, causing the muscle-bound stallion to buck and thrash and then become still. He had momentarily blacked out from the pain.

It took only a few seconds for him to regain consciousness and he became aware of the shape of a man standing beside the bed. The first thing he felt was his pulsing cock, rock hard again, whether from the searing pain coursing through his body, or the incredible sight of the stunning muscle-god stripped to the waist except for the shreds of his tank clinging to his chest. Bob's gleaming body heaved, his stubbled jaw clenched and his tousled dark hair hung over his face.

"Welcome back to hell, stud. As I recall, all that time ago you gave me a chance to leave but by then you had me so much in your power I stayed. I'll give you the same chance." He untied the gag and pulled the sock from his mouth. Randy gasped for air and gazed up at Bob with fear in his eyes. "See this?" Bob said holding up the belt. "Feel this?" as he brushed the back of his fingers over Randy's inflamed nipples. The belt lashing those tits will be the worst pain you ever felt. But here's the deal. All you have to do is scream, just make a sound, and I stop, release you and walk out the door and out of your life. It's your choice. Oh, and one more thing....."

Bob leaned forward and pressed his mouth hard against Randy's. Still gasping for air after the gag, Randy felt the new gag of the mouth and breathed in sharply, sucking the air from Bob's mouth, tasting the essence of this extraordinary man – his captor, torturer and lover. He gasped again, breathing in and out, desperate for more of the man's breath. But Bob pulled his mouth away and ran his stubbled chin hard over Randy's lips, his cheeks and forehead.

Randy was driven wild he wanted Bob more than he ever had before – wanted to give his body up to him, to be worked over, tortured and abused, to apologize, to beg, to prove his love for the man. He knew he couldn't live without him – he would take anything, suffer any pain to stop him leaving. As he gazed up at the rugged avenger towering over him, stripped to the waist, the belt in his hand, he moaned, "Whip me, sir please, hurt me I won't scream please, sir whip me."

Staring down at him Bob saw himself all that time ago, tied to the bed and it all flooded back – the agony and torture he had suffered at the merciless hands of this man. "Mother-fucker," he screamed, raised the belt and slammed it across the construction worker's chest, across his ravaged tits. Randy's body jerked, his eyes opened wide, spurning tears and his mouth opened in a silent scream. The searing pain in his tits was the worst pain he had ever felt and his entire body flexed hard, his fists clenched as he pulled frantically against his restraints.

Another blow fell, then another. Bob stared down at the beautiful naked bodybuilder, at the magnificent, muscular body thrashing in agony, jerking under the lash, sinewy muscles gleaming with sweat, the rugged features twisting in pain, the stubbled jaw clenched to prevent any sound escaping. He was magnificent, more beautiful writhing under torture than he had ever been and, incredibly, his cock was roaring hard. Bob whipped his chest again and again, but finally the sight of the beautiful agonized man with his iron determination not to scream, lessened Bob's anger and he lowered the belt.

Randy's tears stopped flowing and he gazed up at the glorious face staring down at him. Even in this agonizing scene of suffering and retribution their eyes met and it was still there, stronger than ever, that mystical union of souls from which they could never escape. Randy's pain-racked body shuddered, then flexed, his breathing became ragged, he gazed pleadingly at Bob and his cock exploded in a shower of cum that rose in the air and splashed down on his whip-striped chest and ravaged nipples.

Bob grabbed his own cock, stroked it a few times, pointed it down and blasted hot juice that slammed into Randy's face. He stared down at the naked, bound muscle-god, the King of the Gypsies, his muscles striped by the whip, his chest heaving, his face and body smothered in cum. It was the most beautiful sight Bob had ever seen.

"Now you know how it felt, man – to be tied up and brutalized. But you didn't stop there, did you? The physical pain was bad enough, but then you started on my mind – the degradation,

the humiliation as you made me crawl across the floor and eat from a bowl like a dog. You debased me, man and then left me alone. That was the worst" Bob pulled something from the black bag and held it up. "Remember this, asshole?"

Randy's eyes opened wide and he gasped in fear. "Yeah, terrified me too. But you've gotta learn how it feels. Bob bent down and pulled the black leather hood over Randy's head and face and fastened it round his neck. There were zipped slits for the eyes and mouth but Bob left them closed. He knew from experience that Randy could breathe fine and would come to no harm – not physically anyway. His mind was another matter. No light, no sound, spread-eagled in bondage. All he could do was wait and think.

Bob ripped off the torn remains of his tank, used it to wipe the sweat from his face and chest, then tossed it across Randy's chest. He pulled on his sleeveless denim shirt, checked one last time that Randy was not hurting in any way and left the room. Randy felt a moment of panic as he sensed that Bob was no longer there. He was alone, abandoned would Bob come back? He had to, if only to release him. So Randy resigned himself to his fate, alone with his thoughts.

Sensually deprived of sight and sound Randy was left with taste and smell. It was all Bob – the overwhelming smell and taste of his semen that still smothered his face and grew warmer and more pungent under the hood. The feel of his sweat-soaked tank lying across his raw nipples, hurting them every time he breathed. Bob Bob He felt no more anger, no need for revenge, only a gnawing hunger and insatiable lust for him. And there was no more denial. He still felt pain blazing through his body but it was Bob's pain! the pain he had inflicted that first time, and then so often afterwards, on the man he loved, the man he worshipped.

For the first time he realized the full extent of what he had done. All his life he had been the boss, the master, using physical force to get what he wanted and keep it. Then Bob had come along and Randy wanted him so he took him, by force at first, and then used force to keep him. He didn't trust love – the only thing he had ever trusted was his physical supremacy, so that's what he used on Bob. Love, pure and simple, would have done fine, but love like that for another man was something he had never felt, he couldn't trust it, so in his arrogance he resorted to force. If he had to put a collar round Bob's neck and tie him down, even whip him into submission – so be it. He needed to own him.

The enormity of his mistake overwhelmed him and he started to sob. His words were muffled by the hood as he murmured, "I'm sorry, man. Forgive me no, that's what I've always said before, and you did forgive me, but I did it again. I dunno man" The image of the gorgeous muscle-stud in the ragged tank with his stubbled chin and blazing eyes flashed vividly before him. "Do whatever you have to, buddy. I can take it – I can take anything just so long as you don't leave me. I don't deserve you, man, I know that, but please"

Bob's entrance into the shabby bar round the corner caused a stir, as it always did wherever he went. It was a slow night, but every head there turned to look at the spectacularly handsome man who had just walked in. Under the dim lights, men who were looking to pick up girls surreptitiously stroked the sudden bulges at their crotch. The barmaid was drooling when she gave Bob his beer but he ignored her, lost as he was in his own thoughts.

He was sitting on the same barstool he had used when he first caught sight of the grimy, muscular construction worker sitting at the bar. So long ago And now here he was again, and that same construction worker was in the old motel, bound, hooded, his body racked with pain. What's going through Randy's mind? Bob wondered. And what the hell am I doing with him? His treatment of Randy did not come naturally to him. Bob was a man of reason and conciliation, not brute force like this like Randy was.

But that was the point. Bob was speaking to Randy in the only language he really understood. In fact all this time, despite the passionate feelings they shared, when it came to communication they often spoke two different languages. Bob's was the language of compassion, Randy's the language of confrontation. Bob wanted desperately to go back to Randy but not on the same terms as before, and this was the only way he knew to jolt Randy and transform their relationship. And he knew he was having an effect when Randy had looked up at him, still tied up and racked with pain, and had blasted a load of semen high in the air.

Bob had inflicted intense physical pain on Randy in an eye-for-an-eye retribution, no worse than Randy had subjected him to so many times. But Randy had applied one other form of abuse that for Bob was even worse than physical pain – public humiliation. The degradation Randy had inflicted on him recently in the desert bar – leaving him naked, beaten and humiliated hanging on the wall in front of a crowd of men – had been the last straw. Randy had to know how that felt. It would not be easy for Bob, and tough on Randy, but he shrugged off his scruples, drained his beer and walked resolutely from the bar.

Randy knew that Bob had come back, even though he could not see or hear. He just knew whenever Bob was close. He felt the hood being loosened and pulled off and, as his eyes adjusted, he found himself gazing up at the man who now obsessed him. Bob looked down at the rugged, stubbled face, pouring with sweat, semen and tears, his black hair matted to his forehead. It was intensely erotic and Bob felt his cock get hard in his jeans.

Randy was terrified that Bob would release him and walk out of his life, so he felt relief wash over him when he heard him say, "I'm taking you home." Randy started to speak but Bob silenced him. "But before I do there's one more trial you have to go through. A few weeks ago at that bar you humiliated me, the latest in a long line of humiliations. You tied me up in public and fucked me brutally with everyone watching. Just like you, I am a proud, strong alpha male but you treated me like a captured animal. You have to know how that feels, Randy – how public humiliation feels.

“Anything man,” Randy said humbly. “I’ll do whatever you say.” Bob reached down and untied him, but left the leather restraints buckled separately round each of his wrists and ankles. He pulled him to his feet and Randy stood before him, his head hanging down in subservience. Bob reached into the bag one last time and pulled out a wide, studded leather collar, which he buckled round Randy’s neck.

He picked up Randy’s torn undershorts that he had used as a gag, shook them open, pulled them up over his legs and secured them round his waist so the shredded remains hung down, barley covering his huge cock swinging between his legs. He put Randy’s boots in front of him, pulled them open and guided his feet into them. Then, gathering up the ropes that had secured Randy to the bed, Bob pulled him by the collar, opened the door and led him outside.

There was a ceiling beam in the room that jutted right through to the outside under the roof. Bob threw the longer rope over it, attached the ends to Randy’s wrist restraints and pulled his arms up so they were stretched high. The shorter rope he attached to the ankle restraints, tying his feet close together. Finally Bob fetched his own torn tank top, twisted it and tied it round Randy’s mouth in a gag.

Bob checked to make sure he was securely tied, then startled Randy by walking over to his Mercedes. Randy panicked that he would drive away, but that didn’t happen. Instead Bob got in, reclined the big leather seat a little, pulled his cock out of his jeans and stroked it. His car was facing Room 14 from across the small parking lot and he had a clear view of the prisoner bound naked outside it.

“Jesus Christ,” Bob breathed. The muscular construction worker was pulled taut as if his body was being stretched on the rack, his biceps bulging, his chest and ripped abs flexed rock hard. His incredible body gleamed under the porch light, buck naked except for the shredded shorts hanging from his waist and the boots on his feet, laces hanging wide open. The wide leather collar round his thick neck set off his handsome, dark, square-jawed face, the face of a rugged gypsy grimacing in humiliation, biting into his gag.

It was an extraordinary sight, like a scene from a pornographic S&M fantasy where the big, muscular construction boss is tied up naked and left helpless on full degrading display, awaiting his fate. Bob stopped beating his meat as he was so close to cumming, and he sat back to watch and wait.

At first the only sound was the muffled noise of traffic out on Hollywood Boulevard, drivers passing the shabby motel, unaware that in the enclosed parking lot a bodybuilder was bound naked and helpless, vulnerable to anyone who came in. And so time passed with Randy numb with apprehension about what would come next. Once or twice he looked up at his bound wrists and tugged at them, twisting his stretched body. He pulled himself up toward the beam,

trying to break the ropes, his bound legs thrashing in the air, but he dropped to the ground in defeat. He was bound tight ("I learned from the master..."). And always he was aware that Bob was watching him from the comfort of his Mercedes.

Occasionally voices could be heard. As people left the bar drunken voices and raucous laughter could be heard from the sidewalk but Randy was hidden from view and they passed by. Until Through the archway a man and a woman walked unsteadily across the parking lot toward their room, but they lurched to a halt unable to believe their eyes.

"Shit damn," the man said, "will you look at that?" They walked over to Randy and the big hefty guy ran his hands over Randy's chest and abs. "Shit this guy works out!" he said, his words slurring. "But look at those tits, they've been worked over big time." He squeezed the nipples hard and Randy winced in pain, howling into his gag.

Two more guys staggered into the lot and came over to see what was going on. They were fat and bearded, stinking of booze and piss. "They too ran their hands over Randy's body and he tensed as their clammy hands mauled him. With every fiber of his being he wanted to punch, kick, but he was helplessly stretched in bondage and had to endure their hands on him.

One of the guys said, "Shit, take a look at these marks across his chest. This stud's been whipped good. He probably pissed off some guy, fucked his girl or something, and he's being tortured for it. And look at that stuff on his chest – fuck, it's dried jism. Hell, we better not mess with this. The guys who did this must be plenty mad and they'll be back. Let's watch from inside."

The woman stroked Randy's chest one last time, reached down and felt his cock. "Oh, honey," she slurred, "would I like to fell that club inside me! Any time you're free, sugar," which made them all whoop with laughter. "Tell you what," her guy said, "if he's for sale by his owner I'll buy him for you, work him over real good, and then make him fuck you while I whip him – that sound good?" They laughed again as they went to their respective rooms.

Randy hung there after being mauled and jeered at, feeling like a tethered animal for sale.

After a brief silence an old Nissan rattled into the parking lot and two young, skinny guys got out. They couldn't have been older than twenty and looked the worse for liquor, having spent a couple of frustrating hours cruising the Silver Lake leather bars and coming up empty handed. But their luck was about to change. "Dude..." one of them said, "what the fuck?" They stumbled across the lot and gazed awestruck at the naked captive bodybuilder.

"Shit, dude," the scrawny youth said, "this is straight out of Tom of Finland. He's fucking gorgeous and that gag and the collar round his neck looks like some S&M fantasy going on here." "Yeah," said the other, "and look at these whip marks on his chest. This guy's been fucking worked over." He leaned forward to lick the stripes, but recoiled. "Dude, the fucker

stinks of sweat and tastes of stale jism. The guys who tortured him must have busted their loads all over him.” He licked Randy’s raw nipples making him flex hard and groan into his gag.

“Hey, man, we better get out of here before the guys come back to work on him some more. They must be pretty brutal to have broken a muscle-stud like this fucker. Hey, wait a minute – feel this, dude!” His buddy followed his lead and groped under the ripped shorts. “Shit damn, that’s a fucking huge piece of meat, man. I gotta get me a mouthful of that. Keep a lookout for me, ‘case the guy comes back.” He dropped to his knees and Randy winced as the boy grabbed his half-hard cock and stuffed it into his mouth. He sucked on it hungrily and, despite himself, Randy felt his cock getting hard.

After working hard on the thick rod the boy pulled back and gasped, “Shit, dude, this is prime beef. Here grab some for yourself.” The other youth knelt beside him and took the now-hard shaft deep into his mouth. The two scrawny boys worked feverishly, taking it in turns to suck the massive cock of the tortured muscle-hunk hanging helplessly before them.

It was the ultimate scene of abject degradation. The construction boss, the rugged, muscular master, the King of the Gypsies, had been whipped and punched, his tits and balls tortured, and he was now hanging naked, gagged, in full view, sneered at, laughed at, mauled by grimy hands running over his ravaged chest. And now, the final humiliation, two skinny youths were taking turns to suck his cock as he hung bound and helpless. He was dimly aware that others were watching from their windows. Like a captive slave he was on humiliating public display.

And all this Bob watched from his car, stroking his rock-hard cock. His reticence about subjecting Randy to this misery was overcome by lust as he gazed in awe at the incredible spectacle. It was pornographic Randy had never looked more magnificent. Mesmerized, Bob was pounding his cock furiously as he pushed back into his seat, his body tensed and “aaagh!” he blasted a load of pent-up jism all over the dashboard.

But as soon as he had cum he was overcome with guilt at what he was doing. Sure, Randy had degraded him in public, but he had never let any stranger touch him, let alone suck his cock. Bob had learned from Randy to take a man to the limits of his endurance – and then a bit over – and that’s what he was doing now. But it was too far, too much. Now it was Bob who was out of control and he hated himself for it. He had to put a stop to it, all of it. He zipped up his pants.

Meanwhile, Randy knew there was only one thing he could do to end his torment. As the boys worked on his cock he closed his eyes and thought of Bob, the man he had brutalized and who had now taken brutal revenge. He wanted desperately for them to make love, soft, sweet love in the comfort of their own bed. He imagined Bob, that beautiful man with the soft brown eyes staring down at him, fucking his ass tenderly, lovingly ... God, he wanted Bob to fuck him.

But suddenly the image shifted and Bob was sucking his cock, taking it deep into his throat. His gorgeous lover was sucking his cock he had to cum shoot in his lover’s mouth here it comes, buddy “Aagh!” He screamed into his gag his gag? He opened his eyes

and jolted back to the horrifying reality that he was cumming in a boy's mouth. Then another mouth took its turn and drank the semen pouring into it. The boys stood up and together ground their mouths over his he tasted his own cum, smelled the beer on their breath, gagged to stopped himself from throwing up and closed his eyes in an agony of humiliation.

"That's enough!" The deep voice rang across the lot. The boys whirled round and one said, "It's one of the other guys come back. Shit, look at him, he's incredible." Bob was striding toward them, looking formidable with the denim shirt hanging open over his chest, the belt hanging from his fist. "Get the fuck out of here, assholes," Bob yelled. He raised the belt and whipped them as they cowered and stumbled away to their room, slamming the door behind them.

For one wild minute Randy thought Bob was going to whip him next, subject him to a public flogging while everyone watched and cheered him on. But Bob pushed his hand gently under Randy's chin and raised his head. Their eyes met in a penetrating gaze and, even in this miserable place, as they saw their own reflection in the other's eyes, they became one in that magical world of their own. But this was a new world, a bright world of true equals, purged of anger, conflict, and the fear of separation the former sepia world was now shining with color.

As Randy gazed into the soft brown eyes tears began flowing down his cheeks – tears of penitence for the pain he had caused this man, for all the mistakes he had made. Through his sobs he said, "I'm sorry, man so sorry. I love you, buddy."

Bob said simply, "I'm taking you home." He went into the room and picked up the room key and the keys to Randy's truck. With one last look at the room that had featured so large in his life, he walked out and locked the door behind him. He knelt at Randy's feet, gazed up at the naked muscle-god stretched above him, and untied the rope from his legs. He got to his feet, reached up and freed his wrists. The instant Randy's arms dropped down to his sides Bob pulled them behind his back and re-clipped the wrist restraints behind him, then he threaded the rope through the ring on his collar.

Pushing his shoulder into Randy's abs he slung him over his shoulder. Under the astonished eyes of spectators behind windows he walked across the parking lot with the broken muscleman slumped over his shoulder, naked except for his unlaced boots, the shreds of fabric round his waist and the leather collar round his neck. At the truck Bob pulled down the tailgate and heaved his load onto the tarpaulins in the flatbed of the truck and closed the tailgate. He looked down at the naked, beaten man. "One last memory, buddy. Remember the time you drove me from the desert in the back of the truck with my hands tied? This is how it felt."

He jumped into the cab and drove out of the parking lot, leaving the Mercedes behind him, with Randy's naked body rolling from one side of the truck to the other with each bend in the road. As he drove out of Hollywood headed for home, Bob phoned Mark. "Good, you're there, Mark.

I know it's late, buddy, but I'm bringing Randy home yeah, that's right so could you leave the gate open? Thanks, man."

In the bedroom Mark turned to Jamie's questioning face beside him and explained the call. While Mark got dressed Jamie called Darius with the news, knowing that's all it would take. Within minutes everyone knew, even the guys in other houses. The news was so momentous that everyone was soon gathered in the garden and the twins had already brought out coffee. All the outside lights were on and, with so many men sitting around, the garden resembled a stage set. The performance was to be short and shocking.

The buzz of conversation died as soon as they heard a truck pull up outside. A door banged, then the tailgate clanged open. They were all holding their breath, but they gasped when Bob came through the gate – a new, rugged Bob dressed in old jeans, boots and a sleeveless denim shirt, a two-week growth of stubble on his square jaw and his tousled dark hair falling over his forehead. Over his shoulder he had a rope, pulling behind him

The place fell silent as they saw Randy pulled through the gate, the rope attached to the collar round his neck, hands tied behind his back. The powerful, dark gypsy muscle-god was also a changed man. Naked except for his unlaced boots and the shredded undershorts hanging from his waist, his muscles were striped with obvious marks of the whip, his body was gleaming with sweat and smothered with dried cum. The dry traces of tears streaked his face and there was dried cum round his mouth. The man had obviously been tortured and broken and they all gazed spellbound as he stumbled across the grass in abject submission.

The two men disappeared through the doorway leading up to their suite leaving behind them a stunned group of men and boys, their conversation resuming in a burst of amazement and excited speculation. Eddie, who had been severely affected by the recent turmoil, having so recently been rescued by his hero Randy, sat frowning in confusion. "Sir," he said to Mark, "does that mean that Randy and Bob are back together like before?"

Mark smiled at him. "Oh, they're back together alright, kid, but not like before. It'll never be like before. But I'll tell you this I'm pretty sure they're closer than ever, and there's no way they will ever break up again. Does that put your mind at rest, young Eddie?"

"Yes, sir – thank you, sir," Eddie beamed.

Upstairs the men were facing each other. Bob unbuckled the collar from Randy's neck and released the restraints from his wrists. Instantly they locked in a passionate embrace, arms wrapped tight around each other, mouths clamped together in a ravenous kiss. When they separated the eyes of both men were brimming with tears. Bob said, "I went too far, man – that last thing in the parking lot – I let it get out of control"

Randy put his finger to Bob's mouth to silence him. "No, buddy, you did the right thing. You know me, it has to be really over-the-top to get through my thick skull and make me understand and now I do, buddy. Besides, you looked fucking spectacular, man." He ran the back of his hand lightly over the dark stubble on Bob's chin that turned him on so much. "Especially this," he grinned.

Overcome with emotion Bob turned his head and looked round the room – pristine, sparkling clean with a huge bowl of flowers on the table. He smiled and relaxed. "Look at that – that's the twins. I bet they've kept the room like this every day since we....." He was on shaky ground and took refuge in practicalities. "What we need right now, buddy, is a hot shower."

They showered together but without touching each other in the spacious twin shower, not sure of the new boundaries of their relationship. After they dried off they wrapped towels round their waist and and hesitated at what came next. They were saved by a knock on the door. "Come in." The door opened slowly and Eddie poked his head inside. Seeing them near naked, he blushed. "Oh, sorry, sirs, I didn't know I shouldn't have come sorry, sirs."

"Hey, Eddie," Randy called out to him, "come in boy, don't be shy. What's up?"

Eddie edged into the room and stammered, "Sir, I couldn't I mean I wanted" he cleared his throat "I just wanted to say thank you for coming back home, sir. I couldn't stand it when I mean, if you had gone away, I couldn't have I mean, you saved me, sir, you're my hero." He swallowed hard. "You are going to stay aren't you, sir?"

"Come here kid." Randy opened his arms and Eddie fell into them, feeling safe against the muscular body of his hero. "I'm not gonna leave you, kid, or the other guys. You can go down there and tell them that if you like." Eddie looked up at Bob who smiled at him and said, "Since you're here Eddie I have a big favor to ask. Here" He handed Eddie the keys to his Mercedes, and the door keys to the motel room and to his bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. "First thing in the morning I'd like you to collect Nate and the twins and drive down to the motel. You know where it is?"

"Oh yes, sir – everyone knows that." Bob grinned. "OK, I want you to clean the stuff out of Randy's room, number 14, and pay the bill at the office with my credit card here. You bring the stuff back here while the twins pick up my Mercedes from the parking lot and drive it over to the Beverly Hills Hotel, pick up all my clothes from my bungalow there and check me out at the reception desk." He laughed, "Sorry - it's a bit like cleaning up after the parade has gone by, but you think you and the guys can manage that?"

"Absolutely, sir," Eddie beamed, proud to be entrusted with such an important job. He gave Bob a quick hug and almost skipped out of the room. The two men smiled after him, then turned to each other and sat together on the bed. "You know, buddy," Randy said, "all the time I was without you – and especially today at the motel – one thought kept me going. The

thought of you fucking my ass. Shit, man, you look so fucking hot like that, such a fucking.... stud. Please, Bob – please make love to me and fuck me.”

“I fully intend to,” Bob grinned, but then turned serious. But I need to say a few things to clear the air – lay a few ground rules if you like. What’s happened between us is just between us. As far as the other guys and the boys are concerned you are still the big boss and always will be. Hell, you’re a natural leader and nobody can deny that.”

“As for us, I’ll still think of you as the rough, macho construction worker who drives me wild with lust. I still want you to fuck me the way you always have – I can’t get enough of that – only it has to be because we both want it, not because you’ve flown into a rage and lost control. It’s the rugged alpha male in you that I love. It’s just that now there’ll be two of us.”

“A couple more things. While we were apart Mark was a good friend to me and we had sex several times – hot sex. You know that Mark and I love each other and so we’ll be having sex from time to time, with no fear of you losing your temper and beating him up. Within the group you and I can have all the sex we want – and nobody gets jealous, OK?” Randy grinned at him. “OK – just as long as I get to watch you and Mark fuck once in a while. That would be so fucking beautiful.”

“And finally,” Bob said, “to make sure all this works I want us to have regular therapy sessions with Steve to keep us on the right track. First thing tomorrow we should make an appointment.”

“Fuck that shit,” Randy bristled, “I don’t have to make an appointment to see my own fucking brother!” Bob shot him a warning look and Randy instantly calmed down. “Sorry, man,” he grinned sheepishly, “that was the old Randy rearing his head there. And I know what happens when I do that.” He looked down at his chest and touched his nipples gingerly. He took Bob’s face in his hands and kissed him gently. “OK, buddy, agreed. But Steve’s methods can get pretty wild, so we better be ready for that.”

They slipped off the towels and climbed into bed between the cool white sheets. They held each other close, their faces rubbing against each other. Randy pulled back and said, “Oh, that reminds me – I have one condition of my own.” His face broke into a grin. “Just don’t shave for a while, man. You look so damn hot like that.”

“Asshole,” Bob smiled. “Come here....”

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Chapter 196 – Sexual Reunion – Erotic Therapy

Throughout his recent pain and suffering Randy had found the strength to endure by thinking of Bob making love to him – “soft, sweet love in the comfort of our own bed,” as he later described

it. “Man, I wanted so much to feel your cock in my ass.” So now here they were in bed between soft sheets and Bob gave him his wish.

He pushed Randy over and wrapped his arms round him from behind. The head of his hard cock pressed between the cheeks of his ass and Randy slowly eased back onto it, feeling it slide gently into him until it came to rest deep inside him. “Aaah,” Randy sighed. “Shit, that feels good. Let me feel it, man.” Bob grabbed Randy’s waist, pushed him away, then pulled him toward him again and onto his cock. After weeks of stubborn separation, culminating in the agonizing confrontation in the motel, Bob and Randy were finally making love again – two dominant but equal masters, one fucking the ass of the other.

Suddenly Randy pulled away and flipped over on his back. “I gotta see you, man, I gotta look at you while you fuck me.” Bob knelt between his legs, pushed them back and eased his cock inside him again, gazing into his eyes. As he felt the cock sliding in and out of his ass Randy stared up at the beautiful face – the soft brown eyes, the tousled dark hair, the square stubbled jaw. “Man,” he breathed, “you are so fucking gorgeous. I’ve been such a damn fool. Nothing in the world is better than this I love you, man.” He narrowed his eyes and everything else faded into shadow. All he saw was the incredible face, all he felt was the shaft gently massaging his ass.

Bob’s chiseled body rose and fell above the naked gypsy, and they lost all sense of time as they drifted together into their own private world of quiet harmony. They could have cum many times, but they never wanted it to end. But gradually Bob’s expression changed and he pulled his cock out, to Randy’s surprise and disappointment. “Randy,” Bob said, “you told me that while we were apart you thought all the time of my cock in your ass.” He smiled. “Well what the hell do you think was going through my head? The image of a tough construction worker bursting into this room, throwing me on the bed and pounding my ass as only you can. Please, man, I want it so bad. After all that’s happened I need it.”

A glint came into Randy’s eyes that Bob knew so well – and he knew what came next. Randy sprang to his knees and pushed Bob roughly onto his back. He pushed one of Bob’s legs high in the air, spat in his free hand and rubbed it against Bob’s asshole. Then he rubbed his wet hand over his own huge cock. “You see this, man? It belongs in that sweet ass of yours.” His voice hardened. “Shit, man, you hurt me bad out there tonight, and no man gets away with stuff like that without getting punished. You know that, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” said Bob, pre-cum oozing from his cock, his heart beating wildly as he stared up at the savage gypsy face. “And you know how I punish a guy, don’t you? Like this!” He rammed his cock hard into Bob’s ass. Bob’s eyes opened wide – “aagh” – and he stared up at the macho construction worker with the wild demon face and startling blue eyes, his massive chest still bearing the angry red stripes of the whip. He was magnificent, and he was fucking him this was the excitement Bob craved. “Fuck me, sir. Fuck me hard. Punish me, sir.”

Randy grinned down at him and growled, "You asked for it, big guy. Hell, I love ploughing the ass of a stud like you. Here it comes" It was vintage Randy – ferocious, wild, a stallion driving his huge piece of horsemeat in a hot ass. The first shafts of pain quickly died away and Bob felt a euphoria that only Randy could create. Randy looked down at his shaft driving into the hole and spat down on it. "Oh yeah, man, feel that – feel your master's rod hammering that ass. Yeah....!" He threw his free arm triumphantly in the air like a rider at the rodeo.

Soon he shifted position, threw Bob's legs over his shoulders, leaned forward and clamped Bob's wrists to the bed, piercing him with his penetrating blue eyes, while his cock pistoned in his ass. Their faces were close and Bob could feel Randy's sweat dripping on him, he saw his jaw clench and the muscles of his powerful body flex.

Randy growled, "Now let's cut the bullshit here, man. This is what you crave and we both know it. Feel this" he slammed his cock deep into Bob's gut making him howl"that's what you need and you always will. You're never gonna leave me, mother-fucker, 'cause you can't get this from anyone else. And I sure as hell can't ever leave you because you are so fucking gorgeous and I'm crazy in love with you. Who have we been kidding? we're stuck with each other, big guy, so let's cut the crap and enjoy it."

He turned up the tempo and his pile-driver hammered Bob's willing ass. "Show me I'm right, buddy. You know you love me show me how much. Come on, stud do it now!" His hips pulled back, paused, then fell against the cheeks of his ass, his long pole driving deep into the furnace of his gut. Impaled on the bed, his arms trapped, Bob felt pain flare from his ass and ignite his shuddering body. "I love you, man aaagh!" A jet of white juice blasted straight up from his cock and splashed on the slabs of Randy's chest.

Randy didn't move, his cock still buried in Bob's ass. "So, I made you cum, man, like I always can. But my balls are still heavy with juice and my cock is still hard as steel here, feel this." And once again his cock pulled back and the fuck resumed, slowly at first, but building in strength as Randy stared at Bob's fearful face. "Yeah, scared now, eh, buddy? My cock can do that to a man, especially when he's just busted his load. Hurts now eh, after you've cum? A while ago you tied me up and made me beg, remember? Now it's your turn. You're a big stud mother-fucker, but I've got you pinned to the bed, my dick up your ass, and I can make you beg like this."

Randy's cock became a merciless piston driving into the ravaged ass as he growled, "You want me to shoot inside you, eh? Well you're gonna have to beg for that, big guy, and beg real good. It's the only way the pain will stop." His eyes blazed down at the macho, stubbled face twisting in pain as tears began to flow down Bob's cheeks. "I can't take any more, man," Bob groaned. "Please, the pain in my ass please, sir, please cum inside me. I beg you, sir you win I submit to you, sir. I'm begging you please shoot your load in my ass. If you love me, sir, cum inside me."

Suddenly Randy slowed the attack and he smiled down at Bob. “God, I love to hear you beg like that, man – turns me on like crazy. You are so fucking gorgeous – I love the hell out of you buddy, and it’s making me do this” He stopped still, there was silence, then Bob felt the huge cock pulse inside him and warm juice pour into his ass. Their eyes locked, they saw themselves reflected in each other, and they were joined in a union that transcended all else. The conflict, pain, doubt and fear – it all melted away in the fire of their passion.

“Yes!” Randy howled and fell on Bob, their beautiful bodies entwined as they rolled over and over – kissing, licking, biting in the exhilaration of two glorious men in love. This was the culmination of all the turmoil they had endured, ever since their first meeting in the shabby motel. Their love had been put to the test and they had emerged triumphant.

Actually the climax had been inevitable because, despite the many trials and setbacks, a love story this intense could never really end, could it?

Before dawn the next morning everyone was still sound asleep except for four boys who quietly left the house. The previous night Bob had entrusted Eddie with a mission. “First thing in the morning I’d like you to collect Nate and the twins and drive down to the motel. I want you to clean the stuff out of Randy’s room and pay the bill at the office with my credit card here. You and Nate bring the stuff back here while the twins pick up my Mercedes from the parking lot and drive it over to the Beverly Hills, gather up all my clothes from my bungalow there and check me out at the reception desk. Think you can handle that?”

Of course they could. In the current euphoria of the masters’ return to the house the boys were thrilled to do anything for them. They climbed into Nate’s truck flushed with the pleasure of being entrusted with a task that would most likely bring an end to this harrowing episode in their lives. And they tingled with the anticipation of finally entering the motel room where so many dramatic events had occurred and where a saga had begun that eventually embraced them all.

Dawn was starting to break as Nate drove the truck over the pot-holed entrance to the parking lot. The four boys climbed out and walked excitedly to Room 14 where Eddie fumbled with the key Bob had given him. Finally the door creaked open, they walked inside – and their jaws sagged open.

First it was the smell that hit them, a heavy odor of sweat and semen still hanging in the air from the night before. “Wow,” they said in unison, inhaling the rancid air and feeling their cocks get hard. The place was a mess – the bed sheets rumpled, hanging half off the bed. But it was what was spread over the bed and on the floor that made them gasp. “Look, mates,” said Nate, staring wide-eyed at the floor. Randy’s black bag was lying open with leather paraphernalia spilling out of it – restraints, ropes, collars, whips

Tangled in the sheets on the bed were Randy's old work jeans and sweaty tank that he had stripped off before Bob had got there. Nate picked up the tank and saw that it was ripped and striped not only with dirt but with traces of blood. The boys knew, from what Mark had told Jamie, that Randy had got into a drunken brawl at the bar, had been arrested, then bailed out by Mark who had brought him back here. Lengths of ropes hung round the bedposts, apparently used by Bob to tie Randy to the bed.

"Hey, dudes, look at this," said Kyle, picking up a length of cotton fabric twisted into what had been used as a gag. He shook it out and saw that it was the shredded remains of an old white tank that the twins knew had been Bob's. "Must've got ripped while Bob was working Randy over," said Kevin. Eddie was poking around and suddenly his eyes opened in disbelief. "Hey, guys – what the fuck.....?" He held in his hand a leather hood. "What's this for?"

Nate had learned a thing or two about leather from Adam and said, "It's a hood. Bob must have put it on Randy." He took it from Eddie, smelled inside it and recoiled. "Wow, Randy's face must have been covered in jism and sweat. You know what happened, mates? Bob must have blasted a load in Randy's face while he was tied up, then put this over his head and face. Shit, that must have been awesome for the boss – no sight, no sound, only the stink of his own sweat and Bob's jizz. Just try to imagine what that's like, mates."

It wasn't hard to imagine as the hood was passed from hand to hand and each boy in turn held it open to his face, inhaling deeply. Their cocks were rigid now as they were transported back to what the room must have looked like as the two bodybuilders were locked in a trial of pain and retribution, the naked gypsy muscle-god bound and whipped by the rugged Superman.

In the fetid air of the room the boys felt a mix of sexual arousal and giddy excitement, knowing that this was the scene of the macho ordeal that had culminated in the men's reunion. Impulsively Eddie jumped onto the bed and sat with his back resting against the head board. That spurred Nate on to join him and they sat shoulder to shoulder reaching up and grabbing the rail at the top of the headboard trying to imagine what Randy must have looked and felt like.

"Man, what must Randy have been thinking when he stared up at Bob in that ragged tank, with his stubbled jaw, about to work him over," Nate said to the twins. "Hey mates, you're Bob's boys. You must know how it feels." The twins glanced at each other, as always reading each other's thoughts. They pulled off their shirts and shorts and picked up from the bed the two torn tank tops. Kyle pulled on Randy's old tank and Kevin put on Bob's.

They climbed onto the bed and stood astride Nate and Eddie, who gazed up at them in awe. The brothers were naked except for the shredded tanks that hung loosely on them, which only seemed to accentuate the muscles of their lithe young bodies. Their cocks stood out straight as poles and they had a fierce look in their eyes that the boys had never seen before. All the boys in the house instinctively tried to be like their masters and now the twins were imitating the newly rugged alpha male that Bob had become. "Hell, you really are Bob's boys," Nate said. "You gonna work us over like Bob did Randy?"

“You bet your life we are,” growled Kyle. He and Kevin picked up from the bed several lengths of rope, leaned forward and used them to tie Nate and Eddie’s wrists loosely to the top rail of the headboard. It was only symbolic bondage – the guys could have pulled their wrists free – but it was enough to send a thrill through them, imagining how Randy must have strained to get free on this very bed.

All of Eddie’s fantasies came alive and he fell easily into the role of a bound captive. As he looked up at the twins he imagined how Bob must have seemed to Randy and said with feigned nervousness, “What you gonna do to us?” Without replying the twins fell forward and grabbed the same top rail the boys were tied to, with their feet planted between the boys’ legs. Keeping their bodies stiff, the twins stretched at an angle above Nate and Eddie, their cocks pointing straight at their faces as the boys sat with their heads resting back against the headboard.

“Open your mouths,” said Kyle. When the boys resisted the twins kicked them lightly in the balls. “We said, open you mouths,” growled Kevin and this time Nate and Eddie obeyed. They were amazed to see the twins begin what looked like a series of push-ups against the rail. Their biceps flexing they bent their arms, lowering their bodies and their cocks toward the captives. With perfect aim the cocks slid into the mouths – Kyle into Nate’s, Kevin into Eddie’s. Then their arms pushed hard against rail, the cocks eased back, then lunged in again.

Both Nate and Eddie had eaten cock many times before – Eddie was the acknowledged house expert – but they had never been face-fucked like this before. The sight of the beautiful, identical twins doing push-ups in perfect unison against the headboard mesmerized the boys. The bodies rose and fell above them, the cocks sliding in and out of their mouths. Wearing only the torn tanks of the masters the twins looked stunning, losing the gentleness they copied from Bob and assuming instead his new-found ruggedness. “You feel that,” Kyle snarled. “Eat that meat, boy. And you kid, suck my brother’s cock good or you’re balls are gonna get hurt bad.”

The boys pulled at the ropes as if trying to get free, just as Randy must have strained his muscular body to escape the pain he was suffering from Bob. Deep into the fantasy, Eddie was in heaven, doing what he did best and liked most – giving head. And Nate was swimming in a succession of images – first Adam fucking his face as he did so often, then Bob and now Kyle. The twins picked up the pace and the old bed rocked and creaked under the frenzied boys, the air filled with the sounds of slurping, heavy breathing and gasps of ecstasy. Their cocks were shuddering, seconds away from orgasm when suddenly the twins pulled out.

Kyle shouted, “Not like this guys we gotta leave our mark on this room.” They leapt off the bed, slid the boys’ hands from the ropes and pulled them up beside them. “Look at that,” Kevin said, as the four of them stared down at the rumpled bed. “That’s where it all started. That’s where Bob and Randy first slept, that’s where Randy tortured Bob and where, just last night, Bob took his revenge. We gotta pay tribute in the way we know best.”

The twins pulled off the tank tops, threw them down and began stroking their cocks. Nate said, "Wait a minute, mates. What about these tanks? They're no use to the guys anymore so we should take them but who's gonna get what?" Eddie shouted excitedly, "I know – a cum contest. We'll jerk off over the bed and whoever shoots the farthest gets first choice."

"Brilliant," said Nate. "OK, mates, let's give this bed what it deserves." Immediately four boys, standing shoulder to shoulder, gazing down at the bed, began frantically to pound their meat. After the euphoria of the blow jobs it took only seconds. "I'm cumming," shouted Eddie as a ribbon of juice shot from his cock, landing halfway across the bed. Instantly Nate blasted his load, which landed right beside Eddie's.

The twins turned to each other, smiled, and their faces came together in a warm, fraternal kiss. That did it. Their bodies shuddered, their lips ground together, and in perfect unison twin streams of juice shot from their cocks, rose high in the air, and splashed down at the far side of the bed. Nate grabbed Kyle's wrist and raised it in the air – "The winners!" The boys all erupted into joyful laughter, all the fear and tension of the past week finding release in their playful exhilaration – not to mention four spectacular orgasms.

The twins naturally chose Bob's ripped tank as a memento of all that had happened here, and Nate and Eddie took Randy's shirt, erotically stained with dirt, sweat and blood. They quickly repacked the leather gear into Randy's black bag and gathered up Randy's work clothes.

At the door they looked back at the shabby room with its messy bed, peeling paint and torn blinds. Decrepit as it was they looked on the room as a shrine – redolent of man sex, with its smell of sweat and semen and the vibrations of extraordinary men grappling in a sexual trial of strength that would bind them forever. It was the crucible in which their story was forged.

The boys departed in silence and locked the door of Room 14 behind them.

Nate and Eddie paid the bill at the motel office to the bored-looking clerk, then drove off in Nate's truck with the spoils of Room 14. The twins slid respectfully into the soft leather of Bob's Mercedes and drove across town to the Beverly Hills Hotel where Bob had been staying. This was the other side of Bob, wildly different from the savage disciplinarian he had been in the motel. This was the world of the refined, successful business executive, admired and respected – and the bungalow room the twins walked into at the hotel was as radically different from the run-down motel as two rooms could be.

The bungalow oozed luxury and as the twins looked down at the bed, remade immaculately by a maid, they knew what they wanted. This was the bed Bob had slept in and made love on with Mark. So, to shake off the grime of the motel and re-connect with this more refined image of their master, the brothers climbed into the bed and made love, fucking each other in turn until they shot their second load of the early morning. They packed up all of Bob's clothes, paid his

bill at reception and drove off in the Mercedes. They had never felt so at peace, knowing that Bob and Randy were reunited and that their own place in the house they loved was secure.

Actually, when they got back to the house their place there had been temporarily taken over by Nate, Eddie and Jamie. Today being Sunday the house stirred late and breakfast became brunch, a more elaborate meal than the usual workday breakfast and served closer to noon. By prior arrangement the other three boys had made a start in the kitchen while the twins were busy in Beverly Hills, but now they assumed their usual role of kings of the kitchen.

Jamie returned eagerly to his room where he knew Mark would be stirring and reaching for what he always needed in the morning – Jamie's ass. The houseboys, Nate and Eddie, began the elaborate ritual of setting up the long table by the pool where the tribe always gathered for meals. It was going to be a crowd today, not only because it was Sunday, but because word had gone round (thanks largely to Darius and his 'megaphone mouth' as Randy called it) that Bob and Randy were back and fears of the group's breakup were, it seemed, put to rest.

So Nate and Eddie were on hand to welcome first Jason, Adam and Hassan. The Marine folded his arms round Eddie and smiled, "Missed you last night, kiddo. You'll just have to make it up to me later today. Think you can get off work early?" Eddie grinned. "You bet, sir. Looks as if Nate and Adam have the same idea," nodding at the Aussies who were in a fierce hug.

Steve and Lloyd came in next, as the rest of the guys began trickling out of the house. Mario was there too, having taken his vacation from his job as hotel waiter to support Jamie in the office during Bob's absence. Soon they were all sitting round the table over coffee in a buzz of exuberant conversation, with everyone catching up on the fast-moving events of the day before. Mark and Jamie were late arrivals, with Jamie pulling on his shirt and blushing. "Hi, guys, what kept you?" teased Zack, unleashing a round of wolf whistles and lewd suggestions.

By this time the twins were bringing out the food and Steve said, "So you say Bob and Randy are back in the house? Where are they, then – making some kind of dramatic late entrance?" Zack laughed, "Nah, just fucking their brains out would be my guess – first day back together and all. Takes those guys a long time to say hello."

"Someone taking our name in vain?" came a loud, deep voice. All heads turned to the door through which Randy and Bob had just emerged, their arms round each other's shoulder. An awed silence fell over the group. The men looked spectacular – two muscle-gods dressed alike in blue jeans and clean white T-shirts stretched over their muscular torsos, each of them sporting a growth of stubble on their square jaws. They looked so alike they could almost have been brothers and there was a definite glow about them. The only signs of their recent conflict were the fading marks of the whip on Randy's arms.

The group gazed in silent awe at the tableau of the two men, but the silence was suddenly broken by young Eddie who sprang up impulsively from his seat and yelled, "Yeah!" and began clapping and cheering. Hassan stood up beside him, amused by his boy's youthful high spirits,

and joined in his applause. Immediately all the men and boys were on their feet in a standing ovation, and as Bob and Randy approached they were engulfed in effusive handshakes and hugs from the men.

When calm was eventually restored Randy sat took his place at the head of the table with Bob on his right. Bob banged his fork against his water glass and there was instant silence. “Guys I know you’re all dying to dig into this terrific meal the twins have cooked but I did wanna say a couple of things. First, I want to apologize to you all for causing all the anxiety and uncertainty of the last couple of weeks about the future of our family. Randy and I just want you to know that the trauma is over and the tribe is stronger than ever. We thank you for your patience and support, and I would like to say a personal thanks to Mario for giving up his vacation to help Jamie keep the office running while I was gone.”

Another burst of applause and whistles erupted as Bob ended his remarks, but they died down as Randy raised his hand for silence. This was the moment they had waited for. Late last night they had watched the extraordinary sight of a naked, whip-marked Randy being pulled by Bob into the house in humiliating submission, a rope attached to his leather collar. Bob had clearly tamed him, so they were now all agog to know how much Randy had changed.

Not much, it seemed. What had happened between him and Bob was, apparently, entirely between them. One of Randy’s qualities as a leader was his remarkable resilience after being beaten and bruised in a fight – his ability to rebound and resume his role as leader. He had taken his place at the head of the table as a matter of course and he now made no mention of past events, looking only to the future.

“OK,” he said, his voice as firm and authoritative as ever. “Speaking of Mario, I assume that you are now gonna make your temporary position with us permanent, young man, which means we’ll be going ahead with the project I mentioned before – building the new three-bedroom apartment for Eddie, Ben and Mario. I won’t have any member of this group living in makeshift accommodation.”

“Now, Lloyd, I know you’ve been drawing up plans, so what I’d like is for you, Zack and me to discuss them and I want input from the three boys to make sure we’re giving them what they need. I want construction to being right away, with help naturally from Pablo, Darius and Ben, and even Eddie and Nate when possible, if that’s agreeable to you, Hassan and Adam. They’re your boys after all so you make the decisions there. OK, that’s all I have to say for now, except that I’m fucking starving, so let’s eat.”

As Randy tucked into his meal Bob looked at Mark and grinned. The boss was back, full bore, but they had glimpsed the change in him when he deferred to Hassan and Adam, something his bluster would have ignored before. As the lively conversations resumed Bob said quietly to Steve, who was facing him, “Steve, there is one other important thing. Randy and I would like to have regular therapy sessions with you just to make sure things keep running smoothly.”

“Great,” said Steve, “just what I was waiting for. As you know, I couldn’t get involved professionally until you approached me, so now let’s go for it. I always recommend starting right away while the issues are fresh in your mind, so how about this afternoon? Lloyd’s gonna be working in the garden on some landscaping, so if you guys come by the house we can have our first session in my home office. How’s that sound?”

“Sounds perfect,” Bob smiled. “Excellent,” Steve said. “OK with you, Randy?”

With his mouth full of food Randy said, rather sullenly, “Yeah, yeah, whatever Bob says.”

Steve grinned and raised his eyebrows in surprise at Bob. There was no doubt that Randy was still the big boss of the tribe and always would be, but when it came to Bob and Randy the big boss no longer ruled the roost. Not anymore.

It was late afternoon of the same day when Bob and Randy, still in jeans and T-shirts, sat together on a couch in Steve’s comfortable home office. Facing them Steve, in slacks and a white shirt and tie, sat with his legs crossed and a clipboard on his lap. The two guys had not spoken much on the drive up to Steve and Lloyd’s Mulholland house. Bob knew that Randy basically resented therapy sessions with his brother, a year younger than Randy, as the self-assured therapist was definitely in charge.

In fact Randy always felt a bit like a fish out of water around these two professionals – Doctor Steve and the architect Lloyd, whom Randy had once disparaged as having “college degrees up his ass.” Though it was a far different Lloyd they had glimpsed as they came in, working shirtless in the garden, his muscular body sweating as he pulled up shrubs from the hard earth.

Steve sensed Randy’s discomfort and muted resentment so he trod carefully. “OK, guys, what I want first is to hear each of your stories of this recent separation. As I understand it, you Bob were holed up in the Beverly Hills Hotel and Randy was in that notorious motel. So Bob, why don’t you go first?”

And so Bob told his story, going into detail of what had precipitated the breakup and the complex feelings that had troubled him. Randy’s account was more earthy, liberally laced with ‘fucks’ and ‘bullshits.’ Steve did not interrupt them, busy writing notes throughout, and when the stories were over he allowed a moment of silence for their passions to simmer down.

“OK,” Steve said at last. “Now let’s stipulate that you both love each other deeply and, while you come from totally different backgrounds, you have a lot in common – both gorgeous men, universally admired, both opinionated alpha males. But that inevitably leads to competitiveness and conflict. And in my experience problems like these almost always come from insecurity.”

“So you first, Bob. What I hear in you is a feeling that Randy’s possessive behavior toward you makes you feel less of a man, belittled and often humiliated. What was the term you used? ‘Randy sucked the manhood out of me’. Which is why you decided to butch up your image. But I gotta say that it takes more than rough clothes and a two-week stubble to make a man. Let me ask you this. Last night when you saw Randy tied up naked, whipped and humiliated, did that make him look less of a man to you – or more?”

Bob’s reply was immediate. “Much more of a man. He looked magnificent as he suffered – a real man’s man.”

“There you go then – naked, beaten – and yet a spectacular picture of manhood. Now you, Randy. We’ve known for a long time that your insecurity comes from your loving Bob. He comes from a much more privileged and sophisticated background than yours and you’re scared to death he’ll leave you. And God forbid he should feel attracted to another man. That’s why you’ve always tried to control him by force – often brute force. So Bob, what’s the most brutal thing Randy ever did to you?”

“Hmm,” Bob pondered. “I guess the time he tied me naked to the back of his truck and dragged me over the burning sand of the desert.”

“And why did you do that, Randy?”

Randy’s eyes blazed for a second. “Because I caught him and Lloyd after they had spent the night together in a hotel fucking. Drove me fucking crazy.”

Steve smiled to himself – he had often heard this story from Lloyd himself. “Right, it’s all coming together. You, Bob, need to learn that you can retain your manhood, lose none of your virility even when you get worked over. And you, Randy, need to learn that just because Bob gets fucked by another guy doesn’t diminish his love for you one bit and certainly doesn’t mean he’s gonna desert you.

He smiled in a self-satisfied way and they looked at him expectantly. He didn’t disappoint. “OK, I think I have just the solution – and you both know that my methods can be unorthodox.” He stood up, opened the door and shouted, “Hey, Lloyd. Would you mind coming in here, buddy, and helping us out for a while?” They heard footsteps and there, standing in the doorway, backlit by the setting sun, was Lloyd, stripped to the waist in dirty, ragged jeans and boots, his handsome face and perfect, gym-honed body smeared with dirt and sweat from his toil in the garden.

“What can I do for you guys?” he grinned. He looked spectacular, reminding Randy of the first time he met the elegant, preppy hunk and decided to ‘dirty him up a bit’, giving him all the messy jobs to do on the construction site until his clothes were ripped and he had mud and oil smeared over his perfect body. Noting Randy’s and Bob’s reaction Steve asked, “Lloyd, you always told me that you find Bob a huge turn-on, isn’t that so?”

“Hell yes,” Lloyd grinned, “who wouldn’t? The man’s a god. Shit, I’ve got a boner in my jeans just looking at him.”

“Good, I hoped you would say that, buddy, ‘cause I want you to fuck him.”

There was a stunned silence and Randy half rose from the couch in protest until Steve waved him back down. “Stay put, Randy. This is called therapy. I want Lloyd to fuck Bob on the floor in front of you, while I note your reactions. And to add a little spice I want you all to imagine a scenario where this gorgeous, hot, sweaty gardener comes into the house, throws the homeowner on the floor and fucks the shit out of him while the owner’s lover is forced to watch.”

“See, what I’m trying to prove is that Bob can get seduced and fucked by a laborer without losing an ounce of his manhood. And Randy, that you can be comfortable watching your lover get fucked by another stud, even if he is just the gardener.”

“This is bullshit!” Randy’s eyes blazed as he leapt to his feet. “Come on, Bob, let’s get the hell out of here.” Bob stood up and faced him coolly. “No, Randy. I’m man enough to get fucked if you’re man enough to sit and watch.” Randy glared at him for a moment, but the challenge of Bob’s determined gaze made him sit down, growling, “What the fuck... whatever.”

Bob turned and stared at the shirtless hunk – the gardener maybe – at any rate a man who made his dick get hard. It wasn’t hard to be seduced by a man like this. Lloyd walked up to him and ran his hands over Bob’s T-shirt, feeling his rock-hard chest underneath and squeezing his tits gently through the thin cotton. Then he pressed his bare, dirt-caked chest against Bob’s clean T-shirt and kissed him hard, so Bob smelt and tasted the sweat on Lloyd’s face.

Lloyd eased back, pulled Bob’s T-shirt up over his head and tossed it on the ground in front of Randy. Lloyd stared at the shirtless muscle-god, stripped down to just blue-jeans and boots. “Man, that looks spectacular,” Lloyd breathed. Again he ran his hands over the hard-muscled chest and twisted his nipples between his fingers. Bob rolled his head back and moaned, instinctively clasping his hands behind his back.

Lloyd stepped back, unzipped his own pants, pulled out his already stiff cock and began stroking it. “On your knees, stud.” Bob obeyed, falling to his knees with his hands behind his back. This was too much for Randy and again he half-rose from the couch, only to catch Steve’s piercing gaze that made him reluctantly sit back down.

As Steve scribbled notes on his clipboard this was agony for Randy on two levels. He couldn’t help buying into the fantasy of having to watch the handsome stud gardener sexually dominating his employer – Randy’s lover. Even worse was the reality of Bob kneeling to the muscular architect who Randy had always slightly resented and enjoyed “dirtying up”. But he knew this was a test set by Steve and he never backed down from a challenge. So he forced himself to watch the unfolding drama before him.

Bob was gazing up in awe at Lloyd, the macho, shirtless gardener, sweat running down his sculpted chest, streaking it with dirt. Lloyd reached forward, put his hand behind Bob's head and pulled his face forward onto his long rod, sliding it slowly into Bob's mouth and down his throat. Randy flinched as he saw Bob gag, but Lloyd immediately pushed Bob's head back, then pulled it forward again, beginning a slow and erotic face-fuck.

For the first time Randy felt his dick stir. The image of a gorgeous man, a Superman, on his knees being forced to suck the gardener's stinking cock was such a turn-on that Randy reflexively ran his hand over his own now-bulging crotch. Steve smiled to himself and made a note on his pad.

The sight of the beautiful face impaled on his cock was bringing Lloyd close to orgasm so he pulled out, leaving Bob tear-stained and gasping. Fully immersed in the fantasy, Lloyd assumed the role of the lusty gardener. "You're always the arrogant boss, aren't you, sir, looking down on the filthy gardener on his knees in the dirt? Well now it's you on your knees, sir, sucking the gardener's big dick – and loving it! And now the gardener's gonna fuck your hot ass."

He walked round behind Bob and shoved him forward onto his hands and knees. Bob raised his head and found himself staring into a floor length mirror on the opposite wall that Steve and Lloyd often used in their sex games. But Bob was no longer thinking of Steve and Lloyd. He had been consumed by the fantasy of the homeowner being forced to kneel on the floor and submit his ass to the handsome, muscular gardener while his lover was forced to watch. Bob's cock throbbed as he gazed up at the shirtless, dirt-covered man towering over him.

Lloyd dropped to his knees behind Bob, reached round him, ripped open his jeans and pulled them down over his ass. "Oh, yeah," he said as he leaned forward, spread the cheeks and buried his face between them. He licked and slurped, then pushed his tongue deep into the musky hole while Bob groaned in ecstasy. He massaged the warm membrane with his tongue, then pulled out to forestall his own orgasm and Bob's. He reached forward, grabbed Bob's tousled dark hair, pulled his head back and they both gazed into the mirror.

"OK, what do you want, man? What d'you want the gardener to do to you?" Bob moaned, "I want you to fuck my ass." Lloyd had a fair idea of how far Steve wanted him to go, so he barked, "Call me 'sir'." Bob obeyed. "Yes, sir, please please fuck me, sir." Bob looked at his own sculpted features with the stubbled chin, the rugged face of an alpha top-man and that's what he was. The fact that he was begging the gardener to fuck his ass did not diminish his masculinity – he was too sure of himself for that. In every sense he was a man's man – one stud getting fucked by another – which made the scene even hotter.

He felt the head of the cock touch the spit-slicked hole of his ass, felt the pressure increase until, "aaah", he sighed as the gardener's pole slid deep inside him and began to fuck. Sensing that Randy was on a knife edge Steve moved over and sat beside him on the couch, whispering

softly into his ear. “That looks so hot, don’t you think, bro? Man, look at that big stud gardener fucking that gorgeous man’s ass. And the guy is so getting off on it.”

Steve paused, hoping for the right reaction and he got it. “Yeah,” Randy breathed, “that is fucking hotter ‘n a pistol. Shit that is so fucking beautiful. And that’s my man there, bro, my man getting fucked and loving it. Makes me feel good when my man’s feeling good.”

Steve shifted his emphasis, letting the gardener fantasy fade back to reality. “How do you feel about Lloyd fucking Bob, Randy? Do you want to stop it and punish Lloyd?” Randy was staring at the men mesmerized. “Hell no – it looks so fucking hot I wanna join in.”

Bingo, Steve thought. “So go for it, man. Don’t punish Lloyd – thank him – make him feel good.” Randy didn’t need telling twice. He stood up, pulled off his T-shirt, yanked open his pants and let them fall round his ankles. He knelt behind Lloyd and did what Lloyd had done to Bob – reached round and pulled his pants down over his ass. He spat in his hand and stroked his cock. Then, in typical Randy style he plunged it into Lloyd’s ass. Lloyd yelled, his whole body tensed and his cock drove deeper into Bob, making him howl.

Bob was stunned by the sight in the mirror of Randy, his Randy, pounding the ass of the man who was fucking him. He saw the gleam in Randy’s eyes and they smiled at each other in the mirror. They had reached a new level of closeness – no inhibitions, no fear or punishment – just a hell of a great time with another guy. As Randy and Lloyd fucked in unison Steve beamed with satisfaction. His technique – wildly unorthodox though it was – had worked better than he could have hoped.

But Steve was not just an analytical therapist. He was every inch a man, a gorgeous muscle-stud in his own right – and he was Randy’s brother. As he watched the incredible scene he tossed his clipboard aside and stood up. He stroked the bulge in his pants, opened his fly and pulled out his rigid cock. “Yeah,” he said to himself. “Why not? Why shouldn’t the doctor join in the fun?”

He tore off his shirt and tie and knelt behind Randy who looked up at him in the mirror. Randy was having the time of his life and he smiled broadly at Steve. “Go for it, Steve. What’s a brother’s ass for, after all?” Steve pushed his cock between the globes of Randy’s ass and plunged it in. The room rang with the ecstatic howls of four men as they quickly found their rhythm – a chain reaction flowing through their bodies as man fucked man in perfect unison.

By now Lloyd’s cock was roaring hot, having fucked Bob’s face and now his ass for some time. He knew he had to bring things to a head but Steve, intuitive as always, did it for him. Taking a page out of Randy’s sexual playbook he pulled his rod all the way out of his brother’s ass, paused, then slammed it ferociously into the hot inner depths. “Aaagh” Randy screamed, his body bucked and a shockwave surged through all the men, cresting in Bob’s ass.

The blowback was just as sudden. Bob blasted a rope of cum onto the floor, clenching his ass tight, making Lloyd explode inside him, instants before Lloyd felt Randy's massive load fill his ass. Steve, like the engineer driving the train, pumped his arms in the air and whooped in triumph as he flooded his brother's ass with hot semen. Steve fell forward, pushing the rest of them into a heap on the floor, four beautiful men rolling together in a jubilant mass of writhing manhood, kissing, licking, pressing muscle against muscle.

But finally their frenzy abated and they pulled apart. When at last they were on their feet Randy shook Steve's hand firmly and pulled him into a warm embrace. "Thanks, man," he said. "You threw away the textbook on that one – but hell, it sure worked. I'm proud to call you brother." Steve's therapy had been a wild success. Trust and confidence had been restored, insecurities dispelled – with nobody's manhood being lost along the way.

The California Board of Psychology would not have approved. But even they, surely, would have had to admit that the scene had been spectacular – if somewhat unorthodox.

During the next few days it took a while for the dust to settle and for the everyday routine to be restored. Darius immediately convened a meeting of the boys where they swapped stories of the dramatic events – Eddie, Nate and the twins being the stars when they related the wild scene at the motel. With the help of Jamie and Mario in the office Bob ensured that the construction company had not taken a financial hit, while Randy and Zack huddled with Lloyd, going over plans for construction of the new apartment.

When the drama had come to its climax the group breathed a collective sigh of relief – except for two of its members. Pablo and Ben, fiercely loyal to Randy, had been shattered by the sight their master, bruised and whip-marked, being led naked through the house by a rope attached to the collar round his neck, stumbling after Bob in humiliating surrender. The rest of the guys were focused on the well-being and survival of the tribe but Pablo and Ben had a narrower focus – avenging Randy.

Pablo, as Randy's adopted son, proudly describe himself as "the boss's boy." Ben had picked up on Pablo's hubris and, as Randy's young brother, thought of himself as being something special. So there was no way they could accept the concept of Randy being in any way diminished. He was the boss, he always would be, and if he had to use his fists to prove it, so much the better. And if he didn't – they would.

They had no concept of the nuances that had been at play between Bob and Randy – all the talk of what makes a real man. To them, Randy was a dominant man because he was tough, ruthless, and could beat any man into the ground. And if anyone thought differently, Pablo and Ben would deal with them. All the boys tended to model themselves on their masters and Pablo and Ben took this to a macho extreme. They were now tighter than ever and thought of themselves and Randy as a fierce tribe of three – against all the rest.

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Chapter 197 – The Downfall of Pablo & Ben

Plans went ahead for the construction of the new apartment for Ben, Eddie and Mario, a priority project for Randy. A preliminary task was to prepare the site by pulling down the existing sheds and clearing out all the trash. It was a simple job and the boys eagerly volunteered. Randy agreed to let them do it themselves and, as Pablo and Ben were already experienced young construction workers, he nominated them to supervise the other boys.

But that was Randy's mistake. With no masters involved, Pablo and Ben made it clear right from the start they were in charge and they didn't hesitate to throw their weight around. And if ever the other boys touched on the subject of Randy's recent humiliation Pablo shut them up. "We're here to work, guys, not waste time talking about something that should never have happened in the first place. Randy's still the boss, we're his boys, so you take your orders from us."

The senior boys, Jamie and Darius, rolled their eyes to each other. They had experienced Pablo's 'boss's-boy' bravado many times before and took it all in stride. In any case, Jamie and Darius were not really involved in this project. Jamie was working hard with Mario on the backlog of office work that had accumulated in Bob's absence. And Randy had told Darius, "I need you for a while on the construction site to help with a couple of new projects. Later today you can come back here, see how the boys are getting along and lend a hand if necessary."

The twins had their hands full, as always, in the kitchen, so it mostly fell to Nate and Eddie to assist Pablo and Ben – and to bear the brunt of their bossy attitude. With Nate's cheerful Aussie spirit and Eddie's youthful enthusiasm they accepted Pablo's orders without question – for a while. But his heavy-handedness gradually got to them, aggravated by Ben's tendency to adopt Pablo's domineering swagger. They were both trying to ape Randy, proving their own dominance and, by extension, his.

Eager to please, Eddie was working energetically on clearing away the remains of an old shed, but Pablo didn't let up. "Hey, boy," he barked, "did I tell you to start work on that pile of crap? You only do what me and Ben tell you to do, get it?" Chastened, Eddie blushed and looked to Nate for support. With his typical Aussie directness, Nate said, "Hey, back off, mate. Eddie's working damn hard and he don't need you tearing him down all the time."

Pablo's eyes smoldered and he poked Nate in the chest. "Listen, asshole, Randy put me and Ben in charge and he's the boss of this house. If he was here he'd smack you around for talking back like that."

“Not if Bob had anything to do with it,” Eddie said impulsively. “You saw what he did to Randy. Seems to me he’s the real boss. Dude, Randy’s my hero after he saved me from that guy Thor and the only one he’d be smacking around here is you. So like Nate said, back off.”

Eddie had pushed the wrong button by referring to Randy’s domination by Bob and Pablo’s response was instant. He swung the back of his hand across Eddie’s cheek, sending him sprawling to the ground. Nate stepped forward to retaliate but Ben grabbed him under his arm in a vicious head lock, propelled him forward and slammed his head into a post. Nate slumped to the ground, barely conscious.

Eddie staggered to his feet. His arm had been badly hurt in his fall but he punched Ben in the chest with his one good arm – without much effect. Ben simply flexed his muscles and smiled, then jumped behind Eddie and clamped his arms round him and up behind his neck in a full-nelson. Eddie was helplessly trapped, facing Pablo, who sneered, “See, kid, Randy trained his boys to be fighters like him, so we don’t take crap from no one, especially from the houseboy.”

He punctuated his words with punches to Eddie’s stomach, knocking the wind out of him. “Hey, Ben,” he said, “how about we show this kid how Randy’s boys deal with assholes who talk back. Hold him against that post.” Ben released the full-nelson and pushed Eddie face-first against the post, pulling his arms forward from the other side so he was pressed helplessly against it.

Pablo came up behind him, yanked down his shorts and sneered, “Oh yeah, that ass is just begging to get reamed. And you know how Randy would do it? Like this....!” He drove his dry cock into Eddie’s ass making him howl in pain. Ben was stretching Eddie’s arm’s forward and he screamed, “No! my arm....my arm hurts real bad.” It was worse even than the pain in his butt as Pablo gave him what he called a Randy special, a savage, merciless pounding.

The noise became loud enough to rouse the other boys in the house. The twins came running from the kitchen and Jamie and Mario from the office. Aghast at the scene of Eddie screaming, getting brutally fucked against the post, and Nate lying beneath it, they all piled on, trying to pull Pablo and Ben away. But their efforts played into Pablo and Ben’s delusion that they and Randy were battling the rest of the guys for supremacy. They let Eddie slump to the ground and pulled back against a wall, standing shoulder to shoulder, their fists raised.

Wild-eyed, Pablo yelled, “This is payback for everything you guys did to Randy. He’s still the boss of this house and we’ll prove it.” Totally out of control Pablo was, of course, misstating the situation. Devoid of logic, all he and Ben saw was the image of Randy’s humiliation, and all they knew was that they had to avenge him. Pablo directed his fury at the twins. “You two, you’re Bob’s boys and he started all this, so let’s see what you got, assholes. Bring it on!”

Outraged by the sight of Nate and Eddie on the ground, the twins charged in first, but they were Bob’s boys – conciliators, not fighters – and Pablo and Ben easily beat them back with karate kicks to the stomach, making them double over on their knees. Jamie and Mario got in a few good punches, but Randy had trained his boys well and they easily sent the two sprawling on

the ground. Pablo sneered at them. “Come on you losers – six of you against two of us and look at you all, groveling at the feet of the boss’s boys. Nothing but a bunch of pussies.”

“Does that include me, dude?” It was Darius. Engrossed in the fight, no one had noticed him come in – sent by Randy, as he said, to ‘check on how the guys are doing and see if they need any help’. Did they ever!

Darius sized up the situation in a flash. He had known of Pablo’s fury at Randy’s humiliation and had an idea he might take some kind of physical revenge. Darius was not only Zack’s boy but Randy’s construction assistant and over time he had developed into a leader of the boys. His easy going manner masked a fierce determination underneath, and his strong muscular black body was something to be respected or, as in this case, feared. He modeled himself on Zack, a tough black muscle-stud who took no crap from anyone.

“What the fuck?” Darius growled, staring at Pablo and Ben in their defensive stance. “Have you two shitheads lost all your fucking marbles?” Jamie scrambled to his feet and said, “Thank God you’re here, Darius. They’ve gone ape-shit – totally out of control. I think they’ve hurt Eddie and Nate bad, but we don’t know how to”

Darius cut him off. “I’ll take care of this, dude. Listen, has Mark got any spare handcuffs in your place?”

“I know he does,” Jamie said breathlessly. Darius grinned. “Good, go get a couple of pairs fast. We’re gonna need ‘em.” Jamie sprinted toward the house and Darius strode fearlessly toward Pablo and Ben, who flinched for the first time. Like Zack, Darius always worked stripped to the waist, in black jeans and boots, and he was an intimidating sight as he flexed his gleaming ebony muscles. “So, boy, what was it you called us – a bunch of pussies? Well this cat has claws, dude see?” He raised his hands and cramped them in the shape of steel claws pointing straight at their faces.

Unnerved, Pablo and Ben both took a swing at Darius, but he ducked and charged forward, simultaneously ramming his head into Pablo’s chest and slamming his arm against Ben’s stomach in a forearm smash. As their knees buckled, Darius formed his menacing claws again, one behind each head and slammed their foreheads against each other. “Aaagh!” Pablo and Ben recoiled, screaming in pain, and fell to their knees.

Before the boys could recover their wits, Mario sprang forward and helped Darius pull the stunned boys back to back, their hands behind them. Jamie raced out of the house and together they cuffed the boys’ hands behind their backs. Darius roped the cuffs together so the boys were tied to each other back to back. Dazed, they slumped against the wall.

“Over here, guys” the twins shouted, on their knees attending to Eddie and Nate. Kyle said, “I think they’re hurt bad. Can you talk, guys?” Painfully Eddie said, “I hurt my arm when Pablo punched me to the ground it got worse when Ben held my arms while Pablo fucked me. I

saw Ben slam Nate's head against the post. Is he OK?" Nate managed a painful grin. "I've felt better, mate Got a sledgehammer in my head, though."

Darius took charge. "Listen, dudes, I know we boys stick together and solve our own problems – but not this time. These guys need medical help so we've got no choice – we gotta get the men involved. Let's hit the phones, guys."

Darius called Zack who said he'd bring Randy from the construction site right away. The twins called Bob, knowing that his level-headed approach would be needed in this volatile situation. But someone else got home before they did – Mark. His shift had ended and he was looking forward to Jamie waiting for him, as usual, in their bedroom. Instead, Jamie came running toward him as he came through the gate, still in his uniform.

"Holy shit," Mark said, "what the fuck's going on here." Jamie calmly and concisely told him what he knew. "The four boys were working on the project, sir, but it seems that Pablo and Ben were doing their big-boss number over Eddie and Nate and ended up beating them bad. Ben held Eddie while Pablo fucked him and his arm's been injured. Ben slammed Nate's head against a pole so he's not in good shape either. But Darius saved the day and we handcuffed Pablo and Ben with the cuffs you had in our room. Hope that's OK, sir."

"Thanks, Jamie, you did great," said Mark grim-faced and walked over to the group. He dropped on one knee and checked out the injured boys, using his cop's basic medical skills. Touching Eddie's arm made him squeal in pain. Nate's vision was blurred and he looked like he might pass out. "I'm taking them to the hospital," Mark said. "They need emergency medical care. Give me a hand you guys."

Jamie and the twins helped Mark lift the boys up gently, just as Zack, Randy and Bob came through the gate together. They had all been given the basic details on the phone and Randy now strode ahead of them across the lawn with a face like thunder. But Mark forestalled him. "I'm taking Eddie and Nate to the emergency room. I can drive fast with the flasher and siren on my truck. I think it's best if you all stay and clean up here and, Bob, maybe you could call Hassan and Adam at work and alert them to come to the hospital."

Bob helped Mark get the boys in his truck while Randy glared down at Pablo and Ben, who were still sitting dazed against the wall. Pablo looked up at Randy and stammered, "We we did it for you, sir."

"Untie them, Jamie," Randy ordered, but Jamie frowned. "Sorry, sir, I'm afraid I can't do that. We used Mark's spare handcuffs and he's the only one with the key."

"Right – they'll have to stay here then 'til Mark gets back. The rest of you – inside." He strode ahead of them and the boys saw that his fists were clenched.

It was a solemn group that met in the living room. Jamie, Mario and the twins were still shaken and sat close together on the big couch. Darius stood behind them, mad as hell that Pablo and Ben had lost their cool but rather proud of himself for having saved the day by overpowering them. Randy, Bob and Zack sat facing the boys and Randy took the lead, under Bob's watchful eye.

"OK, we know how you guys always circle the wagons when one of you is in trouble, but this time it's serious and I want the truth – all of it – no holding back, no exaggerating," glancing at Darius. And so, bit by bit, the whole story was pieced together with all the boys giving their own accounts in turn. The three men looked grim and Randy had one question: "Pablo said, 'We did it for you, sir'. Any idea what he meant by that?"

The boys shifted uncomfortably and exchanged looks. It was Kevin who spoke up. Well, sir, one thing Pablo said to us was, 'This is payback for everything you guys did to Randy. He's still the boss of this house and we'll prove it.' Randy glanced uneasily at Bob who touched his arm lightly.

Bob took over. "Boys, it seems you're to be commended for the way you acted in all this, especially you, Darius, for beating back Pablo and Ben. You're a credit to Zack. For now, we should wait for word from Mark at the hospital. I've called Hassan and Adam and they're already on their way there. Now Randy, Zack and I need to talk, so why don't you boys go out and keep an eye on Pablo and Ben until Mark can release them?"

As they headed to the door Zack shook Darius's hand warmly, then pulled him into a hug. "Bob's right, kid, I'm real proud of you. You're becoming quite the leader seems like I owe you a reward. They grinned knowingly at each other and Darius said, "Thank you, sir. But there's one more thing me and the guys have to do." He walked determinedly out the door.

As the five boys approached them Pablo and Ben looked up defiantly, though deep down they knew they were in a whole mess of trouble. "What the fuck's going on?" said Pablo. "Take these damn cuffs off us."

"Shut the fuck up, boy," Darius barked. Darius and Pablo had been lovers from way back so the tone shocked Pablo as the shirtless black muscle-boy towered over him. "From now on I do all the talking, and I tell you right now that I've had it up to here with this 'boss's-boy' bullshit you keep spilling. If anyone calls the shots around here it's me, got it?" He glared down at the two of them, and they flinched under his gaze.

“You know, asshole, that kid Eddie is real special to me. He admired me when he was just a bar-back in that leather bar and the reason he’s living here now is because of me. He may be just a houseboy to you, but he’s tough, hard-working – a real good kid, worth ten of you. He fought off that guy Thor and saved Randy – and he worships Randy for rescuing him. Randy loves the kid and now you’ve put him in the hospital – and ‘you did it for Randy’ whatever the fuck bullshit that is. You two are fucking shithead bullies for picking on that kid.”

Emboldened by Darius’s tongue lashing Jamie lit into Ben. “What Darius says about Eddie goes for Nate too. Mark and I met him first and he became my best friend we went to Australia together. He’s a lot of fun and I love his easygoing Aussie attitude to things. What the hell did the guy ever do to you, Ben, that you should beat him up so bad? You better hope to god that’s he’s got no serious brain damage.”

Mario and the twins stayed silent but they joined Darius and Jamie in a semicircle round the boys slumped against the wall. It was a version of circling the wagons but this time not for protection but punishment. Darius sneered, “Words won’t have any effect on these shit-for-brains assholes after all they call themselves ‘men of action’. So let’s give them some action, Jamie. Kyle, Kevin, get behind them.”

Darius untied the rope linking their handcuffs, freeing them from each other but leaving their hands cuffed behind them. The twins stood between them and the wall so Pablo and Ben were leaning back against their legs. Darius grabbed Pablo’s hair and pushed his head back against the twins’ legs. Taking his cue from Darius, Jamie did the same to Ben and they both looked up with fear in their eyes for the first time.

Darius laughed mockingly. “Hey, you’re the tough boss’s boys – red meat kinda guys. So you’re gonna enjoy this big hunk of prime beef.” He unzipped his jeans and pulled out his massive ten-inch prong. “Open up, asshole.” He forced Pablo’s mouth open and drove his huge shaft straight into it and deep into his throat, making Pablo gag helplessly. Ben knew he had no choice and opened his mouth that was instantly filled by the young blond surfer’s dick.

“Come on, dude, let’s give their faces the pounding they deserve,” Darius said. “You guys, hold their heads tight.” And so the punishment began, increasing in intensity as Darius and Jamie slammed their hips forward, ramming their cocks deep down the throats of the ‘boss’s boys’. They gagged and choked, tears streaming from their eyes, breathing desperately through their noses to avoid suffocating on the merciless cocks.

Pablo especially was having a hard time swallowing Darius’s huge black club. He had sucked Darius’s cock many times before but Darius had always gone easy, knowing that his cock was a weapon. Not this time, though. His anger was building as he thought of Eddie getting knocked to the ground, then being held by Ben and raped by Pablo. So now he showed no mercy as his rod pistoned into the ravaged mouth and Pablo screamed into the gag. As for Ben, he was accustomed only to giving gentle blow-jobs to his master Jason, and now, as Jamie picked up on Darius’s frenzy, Ben felt the full savage force of a relentless dick pounding his face.

Darius was savage but he had learned a lot from Zack – like don't lose control, and know when a guy reaches his limit. "OK, that's enough," he growled and pulled his long dick out of Pablo's mouth, nodding at Jamie to do the same. Free of their gags, Ben and Pablo coughed and choked, drool running from their mouths and down their chins, tears streaming from their eyes.

Standing with his legs astride, arms folded across his bare chest, Darius was a formidable sight looking down at them with contempt. But Pablo slowly regained some of his former defiance. He had inherited much of Randy's notorious anger, and his humbling by Darius in front of the other boys was devastating for him. Although he was still sitting on the ground he suddenly managed to kick out his leg against Darius's in a futile attempt to drop him with a karate kick.

But that served only to make Darius even more scornful. "Oh yeah, I forgot – you're the big karate champ. Well listen to me, champ, one more move like that and I'll twist your fucking nuts off get it?" Again his hand formed a claw and he squeezed it round Pablo's balls.

As pain flashed through him Pablo pleaded, "OK, I get it. Please, sir I'll do whatever you say, sir." Darius released his balls and grinned. "That's better." He grabbed their T-shirts and hauled them to their feet, ripping the shirts clear off their bodies in the process. "OK, guys – give me a hand here." They all helped him manhandle them over to the long table by the pool where Darius shoved them forward, bending them chest-down across the table, side by side.

Darius yanked their shorts down over their asses and they dropped round their ankles, their naked asses pointing upward, helplessly exposed. He slapped their asses a few times and said, "See that, guys? I think these pussy boys want a little ass-play here. You know how Randy always says the punishment should fit the crime. Well now, let's see here. Young Eddie got held down by Ben and got his ass raped by the boss's boy. Guess the punishment for that is pretty obvious. Come round here, Jamie."

He and Jamie walked round to where the boys' heads were pressed on the table, turned sideways to face each other. They reached over them and pulled their cuffed wrists high up their backs, their arms bent up behind them in a painful hammer lock. As Pablo and Ben groaned, Darius said, "Yeah, that'll hold them good. OK, Kyle, Kevin, I know you're pretty peace-loving, you being Bob's boys and all, but these guys hurt you too and Zack taught me there are times in life where you have to hit back. So prime the pumps, dudes, and go for it."

The twins' cocks were still hard from watching the savage face-fucks so they licked their palms, lubed their rods and walked up behind Pablo and Ben. Acting in unison as always, they leaned forward and clamped their hands on the small of the boys' backs, pressing their stomachs hard against the table, while Darius and Jamie pulled their arms tight up their backs from the other side of the table. The twins pushed their dick-heads between the cheeks of their asses and looked up at Darius for the signal.

By now Darius was the undisputed leader of the pack. Mario was hanging back, not feeling qualified, as a newcomer, to actively join in, and he looked uncertainly at Darius who said, "That's OK amico just stand back and watch how the boys take care of business in this house. OK, twins, rough is the only language these guys understand, so let 'em have it."

The twins glanced at each other and jerked their hips forward, plunging their cocks into the asses, watching their bodies buck helplessly and hearing their painful groans. The twins were not used to this kind of action and again they looked up at Darius who was grinning at them. "Good start, dudes – now harder next time. Look at me, guys. Remember your buddies Eddie and Nate, what these guys did to them. Right now they're at the hospital. You gonna let these motherfuckers get away with that? Your cocks are weapons, boys. Use 'em!"

The twins were inspired by the determined look in Darius's eyes and they did as he told them. Soon they were fucking ferociously, harder than they ever had, doing it for Eddie and Nate, with Darius urging them on. "That's it, kids, pound their sorry asses, hear them scream. You gotta humble them by shooting your jizz inside them – but they gotta beg for it. Hear that, assholes?"

Ben gave in first. He was not used to getting his ass ploughed like this and he moaned, "OK, guys, I can't take any more. Please cum inside me please." Darius said, "Yeah, but we gotta hear it from your buddy too. Wanna hear him submit to the twins. How about it, Pablo?" Ben's face was pressed sideways staring into Pablo's eyes. Like his master, Pablo was not one to submit, but Ben pleaded with him. "Please, man, just say it. My ass hurts so bad. Please beg them to cum."

Despite his anger and defiance Pablo could not stand seeing Ben get hurt, so he shouted, "OK, I submit. Shoot your load inside me. Please, sirs. I....I'm begging you." Darius grinned at the twins. "OK guys, that did it for me, so let loose. I'll help you." Puling on Pablo's arms Darius flexed his biceps, his shoulders and chest, flashing a dazzling smile that lit up his handsome face. He looked magnificent and it was the sight of the black muscle-boy as much as their need for revenge that made the twins pump their loads into the asses of the sobbing boys bent over the table.

It took only a few seconds for the positions to be reversed. The twins stood at the heads of Pablo and Ben, pulling their arms up behind them in the same hammerlock, while Darius and Jamie stood behind their butts, their cocks good and ready. Darius knew Ben could not take his huge ten-inches so he left him to Jamie. "OK," he said triumphantly, "stand by for the big finish guys!" He drove his cock mercilessly into Pablo's cum-slick ass, and he bucked and screamed so violently that it was hard for the twins to hold him down. Jamie followed suit with Ben, though not as savagely as Darius, knowing how sore Ben's inexperienced ass must feel.

Already Ben was groaning with pain, though not as loudly as Pablo's screams when Darius started going full bore, his huge black rod tearing into the cauldron depths of the boy's tortured ass. "OK, boy, you know that my weapon can spilt your ass wide open, so you better start talking. First of all, who's the boss around here – who's the leader of this group?"

Feeling the intense pain deep in his ass Pablo knew he was finished and there was no way to resist. "You are, sir," he screamed. "Please, sir I submit to you. You're the boss."

"Damn right, so if I order it, you'll apologize to Eddie and Nate by kneeling to them and taking their dicks in your mouth?"

"Yes, sir. I'll suck their dicks, sir. I'm sorry for what I did just stop hurting my ass, sir, I beg you. I can't take any more. Please, have mercy on me."

Darius grinned at Jamie. "That's good enough for us, eh, buddy? What say we put these two pussy boys out of their misery?" Jamie nodded, "Any time you say, dude." Darius shouted, "Let's do it. This is for Eddie and Nate yeaahh.....!" He felt the warm jizz speed through the length of his cock and explode deep inside the blazing ass, just as Jamie screamed "Yes!" and let loose a torrent of juice in Ben. Their orgasms had been building pressure throughout the punishment and now erupted again and again in a final act of retribution.

Darius yanked his long cock out of Pablo, bringing one last agonized scream, and he turned to face Mario who had been watching the whole scene in awe. Darius's face broke into his dazzling smile. "And that, amico, is how the boys take care of business."

Indoors, Bob, Randy and Zack had heard the commotion coming from the garden, but Zack said the boys were simply dealing with the situation in their own way. Bob agreed that they should be left alone, though Randy looked tense, thinking of his adopted son and young brother. So it was a relief for him when the shouts and screams died down and they felt it was safe to go outside and check on things.

They stood astonished at the sight that met their eyes – Pablo and Ben bent over the table, hands cuffed behind their backs, cum running out of their asses and down their legs. Darius, Jamie and the twins were busy stuffing their dicks back in their shorts. Zack went and talked earnestly to Darius, a kind of debriefing, making sure that things hadn't got out of control and gone too far.

Mark simply said to Jamie, "Everything OK here, kiddo?" Jamie grinned, "Very much so, sir." Mark looked at the juice running down the boys' legs. "You gonna have any of that stuff left for me later, kid?" "Absolutely, sir. For you, always."

Randy was checking on Pablo and Ben, still slumped over the table, when suddenly the gate opened and Jason came in. He had got Bob's call explaining briefly what had happened and as soon as his shift ended he had jumped in his truck still in his firefighting gear. "What the fuck?" he yelled, seeing his boy Ben bent over the table, cum running down his legs, tears drying on his face. He blazed at the men. "What the fuck have you done to my boy?"

"Jason," Bob said, touching his arm. "There's an explanation. I think you'll understand when...."

His words trailed off as the gate opened and Mark came in with Hassan and Adam – and with a much better explanation than Bob could ever give. Hassan was supporting Eddie whose arm was in a sling, though he was managing a wan version of his usual smile. Adam had his arm round Nate whose neck was in a brace.

There was a stunned silence, then Mark addressed them all. "OK, guys, it's not as bad as it could have been. Eddie broke his arm and dislocated his shoulder when it was pulled so hard by" He let that sit, glancing briefly at Jason. "But they reset the shoulder and the arm is a simple fracture and should heal quickly. Nate had a CAT scan and there's no permanent damage, though they recommend wearing the brace for a while to support his neck, which got badly bruised." He smiled. "But they have no other problems that a good hot meal won't put right." He pulled a key from his belt and un-cuffed Pablo and Ben.

A commotion erupted as the other boys crowded round Nate and Eddie, wanting to hug them but holding back, afraid of hurting them. The men shook hands with Mark while Jason held a sobbing Ben in his arms. Bob checked with Randy and Jason to make sure that Pablo and Ben were OK, physically at least, then consulted briefly with all the men.

Bob raised his voice. "OK, guys, listen up. I suggest that Pablo and Ben go up to Pablo's room and take a hot shower. The other boys, you go to the kitchen and help the twins rustle up some hot food for Nate and Eddie and the rest of you. And Darius, as you seem to be in charge here I trust you to keep the peace in there."

"Absolutely, sir," said Darius, fully into his leadership role. Zack had his arm round him and his eyes shone as he said quietly, "That's my boy."

After the boys left, the whirling emotions among the men round the long table were daunting – shock, anger, regret, humiliation. Bob saw the guys as a confused and struggling orchestra that would need all the conductor's skill to keep them from becoming discordant. And Bob had to assume the role of conductor.

"First, guys, I want to say a big word of thanks to Zack. His boy seems to have really blossomed into a leader and, whatever just went on out here, I think we can say that the boys took care of things in their own way under his guidance." Zack grinned at Bob and the pride in

his eyes was enough response. “Look, guys,” Bob continued, “there’s obviously a lot of strong feelings around this table, but I think we owe it to Hassan and Adam to speak first as their boys were the victims. Hassan?”

“My first concern is to get my boy the hell out of here,” Hassan said. “You all know Eddie’s a plucky, hard-working young kid and the thought of him getting beaten and raped by a couple of thugs for no reason except to prove how tough they are” He unclenched his fists and took a few deep breaths to check his rage. “I won’t try to assign blame, though I damn-well know who’d be first on my list,” glaring at Randy. Seeing Bob wince he concluded, “I better say no more. But when I go home later I’ll be taking Eddie to stay with me, at least until emotions have cooled around here and he’s not in danger anymore.”

“Thanks, Hassan,” Bob said, “I understand your anger – we’d all be just the same if our boys were the victim. Adam?” The Aussie looked around at them all. “Well, mates,” he said, “I can only echo what Hassan said so er forcefully. I’ve gotta take care of my boy so I’ll be keeping him home with me for a while. No way he and Eddie can work as houseboys, anyway, until they’ve healed. I leave it to you guys to decide whatever punishment has to be dished out.”

Bob said, “Thanks, Adam but, knowing how this house works, I have a feeling that you’re gonna be involved in the punishment. Now there’s a lot of blame to go round here – starting with me. The boys were obviously reacting to the humiliation of their master and part of that’s my fault. After we left the motel the other day and the boys saw me dragging Randy in here I should have realized how shattering it must have been for Pablo and Ben to see their hero degraded “

“Now stop right there, buddy,” Randy interrupted. “If anyone’s to blame it’s me. I’ve been humiliated a lot lately and I’ve learned a lot, thanks to you, Bob. But that’s nothing like the shame I feel at the way my boys have behaved. Trouble is, all I’ve ever taught them is how to use their fists to stay on top.” He grinned ruefully. “Bob’s knocked the caveman out of me but I still have two junior cavemen licking their wounds upstairs. And I apologize to Jason. Ben’s an impressionable young kid and seems to have fallen under the influence of Pablo and his take-no-prisoners toughness. They think of themselves and me as three against the world.”

“Don’t go so hard on yourself, Randy,” said Jason. “He’s my boy now and I should have worked harder to soften him and counteract the other influences in his life. By nature he’s a tough young gypsy kid, which I love about him, but I gotta teach him better. I plan on taking him to live with me full-time and work on that. As for punishment, I know how things work around here and I know I’m responsible for my boy, so I’m ready.”

“Yeah,” said Bob gently, “so since you bring it up, let’s talk about punishment

Upstairs in Pablo’s room the two boys under discussion were sitting mournfully on the bed after their shower with towels wrapped round them. It was only when they had seen Eddie and Nate

walk in, with Eddie's sling and Nate's neck-brace, that the enormity of what they had done hit them. And now neither of them could quite remember exactly what had made them act so stupidly in the first place. Nate and Eddie had both been working hard and they were great guys Pablo had even taken Eddie under his wing when he first arrived at the house. All they knew right now was that they had fucked up big time and would have to be punished.

The mood was heavy and they were sitting in silence when the door opened and there stood Randy. They leapt to their feet so fast that Ben's towel slipped off him and he stood naked, reflexively covering his dick with his hands. "No need for that, kid," Randy said. "Nothing I haven't seen before." Ben blushed and grinned nervously.

"OK, sit down guys." They sat on bed and Randy sat facing them. "OK, so we all fucked up, all three of us. You know, I've learnt a lot from Bob the last coupla weeks and I should have passed some of it onto you – not let you run roughshod over the boys as you have been. Pablo, I'll do my best to correct that in the future, and Ben, I'm sorry you have been influenced by me and Pablo as some kind of macho ideal – slug first and ask questions later – or maybe never."

"So here's the deal. Ben, I'm gonna split you and Pablo up on the work site. Instead of working as a mechanic you'll be working under Darius. Pablo, right now I'm delaying the plan to have you become the equipment manager. You'll still be the mechanic – you're the best there is – but after today I can't trust you to hire and supervise other guys. That'll come later. Huh, right now new hires would probably be suing us for workplace abuse."

"Ben, Jason will be taking you to live with him full-time. He's a great guy and can teach you things I can't. I'm too black and white – more black than white if it comes to it – and he can show you the grays in life." He paused and gazed at them with a mix of love and frustration. Deep down there was a small part of Randy, the residual caveman part, that couldn't help being proud of their physical strength.

He sighed. "The thing is, guys, whatever my failures with you, there is absolutely no fucking excuse on god's green earth for you beating up the boys the way you did. It's by far the worst act of brutality among the boys this house has seen. You could have severely injured them and Hassan is dead right to take Eddie out of here. Apart from anything else you've humiliated me far worse than Bob ever did. And you know what hurt the most? It's when you said, Pablo, that you did it for me."

Pablo flinched. "You are gonna punish us, sir, aren't you."

"Damn right," Randy said. "Now it seems that the boys already taken their revenge in the traditional way – face-fucking and ass-fucking you both. And I hear we've got Darius to thank for that he's turning into real solid guy. Anyway, what I have in mind for you is something else and, believe me, it's gonna hurt you much more than Darius's ten-inch pole ever could.

There was a punishment that Randy had used before – and it had since become something of a house ritual. Pablo and Ben had committed the ultimate crime of attacking and injuring two of the most vulnerable boys – and everyone knew they had to be punished beyond the summary revenge the boys had already dished out. The men had already agreed on the form of punishment it had to be public, and would involve the two boys' masters – Randy and Jason.

So the next day, as the guys came home from work, they all gathered solemnly in the garden, most of them still in their work clothes. The men were quite a sight – Randy in his usual cargo pants and greasy old tank top, Zack shirtless in black jeans and boots, Mark in his full cop uniform. Jason was still wearing his heavy firefighting pants, with red suspenders over his blue uniform T-shirt, and Hassan was in military combat fatigues and boots with a sleeveless camouflage shirt open over his chest. Adam came in wearing jeans and a white shirt, and Bob hovered in the background in dress slacks and white shirt, his tie loose at the open collar.

The boys stood nervously in a group – this was the masters' show. They all knew Pablo and Ben had committed an unforgiveable act but their instinct, as always, was to feel a certain solidarity with two of their own group. Nate in his neck-brace and Eddie with his arm in a sling, felt uneasy at being central to all this and stood close to Darius and Jamie for moral support.

Zack stepped forward with two chairs, placing them side by side, and called Pablo and Ben to the front. "Sit down," he ordered. They obeyed and Zack roped their wrists behind them. They knew their punishment was about to begin as Randy and Jason came forward holding whips. They both braced themselves, almost welcoming a whipping from their masters to prove their remorse. So they were surprised when Mark stepped forward.

"You all know," he said, with the authority of a cop, "that these boys have to be punished. But in the tradition of the house, the masters are responsible for their boys' actions and have to share in the retribution. The injured parties were primarily Eddie and Nate, the boys of Hassan and Adam. So, gentlemen?"

Hassan and Adam stepped forward and faced Randy and Jason. The spectators held their breath watching the erotic tableau of the Marine and the handsome Aussie face to face with the construction boss and the fireman. A gasp went up as Randy and Jason ritualistically handed the whips to Hassan and Adam. Pablo and Ben looked on in fear, assuming, like everyone else, that their masters were inviting the Marine and the Aussie to administer the whipping, as their boys had been the victims. Hassan and Adam stripped for action – Hassan shrugged off his camouflage shirt and Adam pulled off his T-shirt.

But what happened next brought expressions of shock from the onlookers and an anguished "No!" from Pablo and Ben. Randy and Jason fell to their knees before the two shirtless men who opened their pants and pulled out their cocks that they stroked to a rock-hardness. "No!" The boys pulled frantically against their restraints as the shattering realization hit them that

Randy and Jason were to endure the punishment on their behalf, beginning with a submissive act of contrition. And it would be their agony to have to watch.

Hassan and Adam draped the whips round the kneeling men's necks, grabbed their heads and pulled them forward onto their cocks, sliding them down their throats. The men gagged, took a desperate breath as the cocks withdrew, then tried to relax their throats as the rods plunged in again. The group watched in an awed silence as the face-fuck picked up speed until the rods were driving like pistons into the handsome, tortured faces of the fireman and the construction worker. Pablo and Ben tried to avert their heads but found themselves horribly mesmerized by the sight of their masters' faces being hammered – because of them.

Hassan growled down at Randy, "This is what you get, man, when your boy injures mine. The so-called 'boss's boy' beat and raped an innocent kid – my boy – and it's the boss who'll pay. You ready Adam? Let's give it to them." They pulled their cocks all the way back, then plunged them in one last time, blasting a stream of semen deep inside, forcing the men to gulp down the bitter juice.

Their cocks pulled out immediately and slammed another load of jism into the rugged faces. The fireman and the construction worker gazed up in abject submission, their mouths sagging open, oozing cum that mixed with the tears and semen running down their faces and onto their chests.

Adam and Hassan stepped back and stuffed their cocks back in their pants, while Zack and Mark came forward and pulled the suffering men to their feet. They led them over to a tree where they had previously hung two sets of ropes from a long branch with leather restraints at the ends. Mark pushed the fireman's suspenders off his shoulders then tugged on his T-shirt until it tore and fell to his waist with the dangling suspenders. Zack grabbed Randy's tank and ripped it hard so it fell in shreds round his waist. It was the work of seconds to secure their wrists in the shackles and pull the ropes taut, so their muscular bodies were stretched upward as if they were bound on a rack.

The crowd was mesmerized by the pornographic sight of Randy and Jason bound side by side stripped to the waist with cum running down their faces and chests. The handsome blond fireman's sculpted muscles rippled as his stretched body twisted in helpless bondage, the red suspenders and ripped blue T-shirt hanging from his waist. Next to him the dark, muscular gypsy gazed stoically ahead, his shredded tank hanging round his washboard abs.

Adam and Hassan took over again. They stood behind the bound men, pulled the whips from around their necks and began to lash their naked torsos, lightly at first but gathering force until the whips were curling round their backs and chests, their bodies writhing as they pulled themselves up on the ropes, their legs thrashing wildly. The onlookers were spellbound and Pablo and Ben sobbed as they watched their masters twisting in pain.

When the lashing finally stopped, Hassan and Adam took a break, leaving the men on humiliating display, their muscles striped with marks of the lash, sweat and cum flowing down

their chests and soaking their pants. Pablo and Ben had tears streaming down their cheek as they gazed at their masters – and it was all their fault! It was the worst pain of their lives.

After a few minutes Bob went quietly over to Hassan and Adam and said softly, “Time to end it, guys.” They nodded and went back to the tree, but this time they faced the boys. Adam unzipped his pants and said, “Now we’re gonna fuck your masters in the ass but we already shot a big load so you’re gonna service us. Open up, boys.”

Grateful to at last take some part in the punishment Pablo and Ben opened their mouths and felt the semi-hard cocks push into them. They wanted their masters’ torment to end and it seemed this was the only way so they sucked hard on the cocks, which soon became stiff in their mouths. The desperation they felt was acute, knowing that they were making the cocks hard so they could be driven into their masters’ asses.

And that’s just what happened. The men pulled out, walked behind their captives, reached round and yanked open their pants, which pooled round their ankles. Seconds later the two muscular bodies bucked as their asses were impaled on the poles spiking into them. They clenched their jaws as they hung on agonizing display before the group, getting their asses pounded by the Aussie and the Marine.

It was the ultimate humiliation and the spectators were disturbed by the sight of the big rugged boss and the muscle-god fireman enduring the mental and physical anguish of being ass-fucked in front of them all. Their stretched, naked bodies jerked with each thrust of the pistons in their asses, their muscles flexing and straining against the ropes binding them. Bob caught the eye of Adam who nodded in assent and shouted to Hassan, “OK, soldier, let’s finish them off. You boys, on your knees. You can end this by making these men bust their loads.”

Eagerly the boys dropped to their knees before their tortured masters. Their hands still tied behind their backs they sucked the cocks into their mouths and worked on them feverishly, desperately trying to end their masters’ misery by making them cum. As Randy and Jason were pounded from behind their hips jerked forward, slamming their dicks down their boys’ throats.

Finally the boys felt the cocks pulse, they heard their masters howl and felt warm liquid blast into their mouths. They swallowed hard, then opened their mouths and gazed pleadingly up at Hassan and Jason, letting cum stream down their chins as proof that they had done as ordered. This erotic display was enough to end it. “Aaagh...” Hassan and Adam yelled as their second orgasms of the day erupted deep in the asses of the two tortured men.

The sight was extraordinary. The construction worker and the fireman hung their heads their naked bodies covered in sweat and semen, asses impaled on the cocks of the Marine and

the Aussie, while their boys sobbed at their feet. Mark and Zack ran forward to release the men while Bob untied the boys' wrists and scooped them up into his arms. They wept on his shoulders and Pablo pleaded through his sobs, "You won't give up on us, will you, sir?"

"Hey," Bob consoled him, "I haven't given up on Randy, have I, so why should I give up on his boys? I love you guys, and the next step for you two is a session with Doctor Steve – see if he can straighten you out."

Bob pulled back and addressed the group. "Guys, I want you to take one last look at this, because all of it has to end right here and now. Randy and I, in resolving our personal problems, set in motion a train of events that escalated and led to this, which none of us can be proud of. We are a tribe, a family of men and their boys. We love and support each other, so there is no room for this kind of anger and discord. That's enough, guys. It ends now!"

In response they all ran forward, the boys clustering round Pablo and Ben, folding them in their arms, embracing them back into the 'band of brothers'. The men were showing their admiration for Randy and Jason with hugs and handshakes.

There was one man who held back. Zack was gazing in awe at the magnificent Bob, his shirt and tie now hanging open over his chest, his stubbled jaw set, his fists clenched. Zack recalled a long time ago when they were together up in the dunes and he, Zack, overwhelmed by Bob's beauty, had impulsively tied him up and worked on his perfect body. Then Zack was the leather master and Bob was submissive. But now things were different, and this was a new Bob, a macho, alpha stud who aroused a whole different kind of lust in Zack.

"He's fucking gorgeous," the black leatherman murmured to himself, starting to fantasize. "I gotta get him back up to the dunes – but this time it'll be different. He'll be in charge, like he is now. I'll do whatever he says, give him whatever he wants. Man, I need that." And Zack rubbed the bulge throbbing in his pants.

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Chapter 198 – Burying The Hatchet

Bob had decreed that the cycle of pain and punishment should end and they must all put it behind them. But doing so would involve a lot of fences to mend, a lot of hurt feelings to be pacified. The boys grouped around Darius, now their natural leader, and he typically confronted the tensions with humor. "OK, guys, time to bury the hatchet – and I don't mean between the other guy's shoulder blades. Come on, dudes, are we a band of brothers or what?"

It was Eddie who made the first move. His left arm still in a sling he walked up to Pablo, held out his good arm and shook Pablo's hand. "I'm sorry things kinda got out of control, Pablo. I've always admired you and you helped me a lot in the gym. I've tried to be like you" he

grinned and blushed “minus some of the rough stuff.” Eddie leaned forward and kissed Pablo warmly on the lips.

Pablo’s eyes teared up. “Dude, I’m sorry for what I did. Hell, it’s me who should try to be more like you. You’re a great kid.” He pulled Eddie into a tight hug but Eddie flinched at the pressure on his broken arm and Pablo instantly pulled back. “Shit, there I go again,” he grinned.

Ben tentatively approached Nate and gently stroked his neck-brace. “Nate I’m real ashamed about that I dunno what happened I mean, I didn’t mean to you’re the last guy I would ever” Nate put his arms round him. “Hey, no sweat, mate. What’s a little neck-brace among mates? Let’s just say tempers got overheated and well boys will be boys. Look at it this way – it means I’ll get a few days off work. I’ll probably get bored as shit so if you wanna come and keep a young Aussie company.....”

Darius turned to Pablo. They both had the uncanny feeling that, once again, the boys’ actions mirrored their masters’. Bob had rebelled against Randy’s irrational rough treatment and asserted himself as the real power in the relationship. Now Darius had done the same, establishing himself not only as the acknowledged leader of the boys, but also as the dominant partner in his relationship with Pablo.

“You OK, dude?” Darius asked simply. “You can fuck me tonight if you like – get your own back.” Pablo grinned at him. “You kidding? You’re so fucking hot as the big black boss-boy that I want more of that monster club in my ass.”

“What? You were squealing like a stuck pig when I fucked you over the table.”

“Yeah, well I had to make it sound like punishment.” Darius jerked back in surprise, then flashed his smile. “Asshole – boy, are you gonna get it in that sweet ass tonight! I’ll be wearing my leather, and you know what that means.”

“Thank you, sir,” Pablo said, submissively bowing his head in stiff-cock anticipation.

Pleased to see that breaches were being healed so soon Bob asked everyone to stay for dinner. It was important, he felt, after everything that had happened, that the tribe should gather together for the evening meal. “Nate and Eddie can’t work yet,” he said, “so Pablo and Ben, go and help the twins in the kitchen – they’ll tell you what to do – while Jamie and Darius set up the table. Let’s see – we’ll be fifteen for dinner, so nothing fancy, guys – just a lot of it.”

Eager to please Bob, the designated boys ran off to start work while Bob sat down with the men, with a satisfied – some might say smug – smile on his face. Pressing close against him Randy said quietly, “Pretty pleased with yourself, eh, buddy? Quite the big boss-man. But you know all that changes when I get you upstairs.”

“Randy,” Bob replied, “I know from long experience how you are when you come home bruised after a fight. I know what I’m in for.” Randy gave a satisfied grin. “And you know you love it, stud. Tell me you don’t have a huge boner in your pants just thinking about it.”

“You know me too well,” Bob said, adding with a grin, “Thank you, sir.” Then he brought Jason into the conversation and they all agreed that, while Nate and Eddie were on sick leave, Pablo and Ben would take over the houseboy duties. “It’ll be good for them,” Jason said, “bring them down a peg.” “Yeah,” Randy said, “but I don’t want them working together for a while. I can spare Ben from the construction site in the mornings and Pablo in the afternoons. I’ll make the announcement at dinner.”

“Hmm,” Bob said, “better let me tell them in private, I think. You proclaiming it in front of everyone will add to their humiliation and seem like extra punishment, which I guess it is in a way. But like you always say, Randy, they’ve done wrong, they’ve been punished and that’s the end of it. They feel ashamed enough already, so let’s not make it worse.”

Randy grinned and shook his head. “You’re something else, stud, you know that? Now I know why you’re the big-shot boss around here – at least until I get you upstairs.” And now they both had hard-ons.

When the meal was over the boys all helped clear the table and clean up the kitchen, even Nate and Eddie – as much as they were able – as they wanted to prove they were part of the group with no hard feelings. Bob chatted to Adam and Jason while they waited for their boys. “I wanna thank you guys for taking part in that scene earlier. I’m well aware that Pablo was the instigator of the attack and that Ben, young and inexperienced as he is, was drawn in by Pablo’s influence. But, you know how this house works – a master shares the blame with his boy.”

“Hey,” said Jason, “don’t sweat it, Bob. Led astray or not Ben had to be punished and I had to be part of it. Besides,” he added, his well-known vanity kicking in, “it must have looked real hot, and it was no real hardship to get fucked by the Aussie here. Just as long as I get my own back one day soon.” Adam grinned, “Just name the day, mate. Long time since I got worked over by a fireman. You can even wear my leather – now that would look awesome.”

“I hate to break up this little coffee klatch,” came the gravelly voice above them, “but Bob, time you got your ass upstairs.” Randy’s meaning was lost on no-one – ‘his master’s voice’ – and Bob grinned at Adam and Jason. They understood the new dynamic between Bob and Randy and knew that Randy, after being whipped and fucked in public, would re-establish his macho authority with one of his legendary fucks. They just wished that they could watch.

The boys came out of the kitchen and everyone paired off. Eddie went home with Hassan, Ben with Jason, and Nate with Adam. Before he went off with Zack to get his promised reward

Darius said to the twins, "Hey, guys, can you keep Pablo company for a while until I come back and take care of him? I got something special in mind for him."

In Bob and Randy's master bedroom a ritual unfolded that had taken place many times before. Randy sprawled in an armchair sipping on a beer. After getting his ass fucked earlier he had pulled up his cargo work-pants, ripped off the shredded remains of his tank and pulled on a thin, gray, V-neck T-shirt. Now he looked up at Bob as if he were inspecting him.

Bob had not yet changed out of his business clothes and had re-buttoned his shirt that had hung open over his chest, his red tie hanging loose round his collar. He looked as if he had just got home from the office. Randy didn't say a word – he didn't have to. Bob knew what he had to do. He looked into the mirror on the wall behind Randy and ran his hand through his tousled dark hair. "Mmm," he murmured, admiring his reflection. Slowly he unbuttoned his shirt and let it fall open over his chest.

He looked down and locked eyes with Randy, who was stroking the bulge in his pants. He slid his tie from round his collar and tossed it aside, then undid the last few buttons and pulled his shirt from the waistband of his slacks, letting it hang loose. Reaching behind his back he pulled on the bottom of the shirt so it slid back from his neck and hung wide open, almost off his shoulders. He had fully exposed his torso and now Randy gazed mesmerized at the slabs of Bob's sculpted chest and his ripped eight-pack abs.

"Oh, shit," Randy groaned in frustration and desire. "Man you are so *fucking* gorgeous you're too beautiful you drive me crazy that's why I always want to tie you up and whip that perfect body and ream your ass." Bob didn't react except to shrug off his shirt and stand stripped to the waist, gazing at himself in the mirror again. He flexed his muscles, flared his wide lats in a bodybuilder pose, then raised his hands to his chest and squeezed his nipples, moaning as his handsome features winced with pain.

"God dammit," Randy roared as he yanked open his pants, pulled out his massive cock and stroked it. Whenever Bob put on this show Randy became nervous, tormented, hardly able to believe that Bob was doing it all for him, that Bob was actually his man. And Bob knew how to work it. He kicked off his loafers, turned his back on Randy, bent over and pulled off his socks, the mounds of his ass bulging under the light fabric of his slacks, right in front of Randy's face.

Randy's every instinct was the leap up, rip the pants off Bob, throw him on the bed and slam his cock in his ass. But this feeling of growing desire and frustration was so erotic, like being physically tied, that he let it play out a bit longer. Bob unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and stepped out of them as they fell round his ankles. Now the perfect globes of his ass were clearly etched under the thin cotton of his white boxer briefs, and Randy was drooling. Bob turned around and his briefs were bulging with the outline of his long cock stretching diagonally up from his balls up to the waistband, the tip poking out above it.

Bob again locked eyes with Randy, slid his hands under the waist of his briefs and slowly pushed them down, off his hips and past his crotch so his dick sprang out of it, stiff as a pole. Gazing in awe at the spectacular, naked muscle-god Randy stopped pounding his cock and willed himself not to shoot a load. Bob turned away again, pressed his fists into his waist and flared his V-shaped back in another pose, and when he flexed the white cheeks of his ass Randy couldn't hold back any more.

"Fuck you!" He flung himself from the chair, raised his arm and slapped the ass-cheeks, alternating the back of his hand and the palm until red handprints glowed on the white flesh. "Fuck you, man fuck you for being so goddam gorgeous. You drive me insane." He clamped his hand round the back of Bob's neck, pushed him roughly toward the mirror, and pressed him face first against it. "Fuck you, man," he yelled again, "there's only one thing I know how to do when I see you like that. This"!

"Aaaagh...." Bob howled as Randy's hips slammed forward and his huge beer-can cock filled his ass, driving in deep. Bob looked at his own agonized face in the mirror as the pain in his ass roared through his whole body. Randy ripped off his T-shirt, Bob stared at the magnificent whip-striped physique and "Aaaagh!" he screamed as the pile driver rammed into him again. But the sight of the shirtless gypsy and the feeling of his cock in his ass transformed the pain into warmth, then heat he was on fire as the construction worker pounded his ass.

Pushing his face over Bob's shoulder, Randy pressed his cheek against Bob's, their faces side-by-side in the mirror staring into each other's eyes. Bob gazed in awe at the wild-eyed gypsy face with the square, stubbled chin, the long black hair and the steel-blue eyes. And this was the same man who was hammering his ass, sending him into flights of ecstasy.

"Man, you are so fucking beautiful," Randy growled in Bob's ear, "I have to do this. I want to fuck you, whip you and watch that body writhe in bondage. You drive me crazy, man

I wanna own you, keep you naked in a cage – my prisoner, my sex slave – drag you out whenever I want and work you over. Feel that, buddy? Feel that cock in your ass? Your perfect body is impaled on my rod. I gotta fuck you, man

it's the only thing"

Bob stared at the wild-man in the mirror and pressed his lips against the glass, licking the image of the dark gypsy face. Randy did the same, consumed by the erotic image of two men making love to their own reflections. Then their lips brushed against each other, their faces turned toward each other and their mouths clamped together in a searing kiss – licking, biting, probing, ravenously trying to eat each other. And still the merciless piston driving into Bob's ass.

Bob's cock was pressed between his stomach and the mirror, riding up and down the glass as Randy fucked him. "Come on, stud," the deep voice growled, "you know you have to. I'm your master – I can make you do anything. It's an order – show me you love me, man now!" He rammed his pole into the fiery depths of Bob's ass and "aaagh" a hot plume of juice spurted up between Bob's body and the glass, then another, then again.

“Aaagh,” Bob screamed again. “Thank you, sir I love you”

But the jackhammer didn't let up. Still the relentless pounding in Bob's ass. “Get down, fucker,” Randy barked, and they both sank to their knees. Bob leaned forward and braced himself against the cum-slick mirror while Randy grabbed his hips and pulled him back onto his cock in an ever-faster rhythm. Having just shot his wad the pain in Bob's ass returned and he groaned, “No.....”

“You want me to stop, boy, is that it? You want me to stop fucking that ass?” Bob looked up at the reflection of the construction worker. “No, sir, please keep fucking me, sir please.... Aaagh!” Randy slammed his cock deeper and Bob fell forward against the mirror, his face pressing into the cum streaming down the glass.

“Lick it,” came the order and Bob obeyed, hungrily sucking in the musky cream. It was an incredible sight – the handsome muscle-god who had so recently reigned as the alpha leader of the tribe now on hands and knees, licking his own cum from the mirror while the wild, savage gypsy pounded his ass with his massive cock. They were both pouring sweat as the endless, ferocious fuck continued.

“Look at yourself now,” Randy sneered. Bob pulled back and gazed at his own handsome macho face, tears flowing from his eyes, mouth oozing semen, the square, stubbled jaw smothered with cum. “Don't look like the big boss-man to me – big muscle-stud on his knees getting his ass pounded by the real boss – begging for it. Now who's the master? Tell me!”

“You are, sir. I submit to you – I'll do anything you say, sir

“Damn right you will.” Suddenly Randy pulled his cock out but still kept a tight hold on Bob's waist. He stood up pulling Bob with him, his body doubled over, hanging limply from Randy's iron grip. Randy carried him across the room and flung him bodily onto the bed face down. He smiled with ruthless satisfaction seeing the muscular body bounce as it fell on the bed.

Randy knelt behind him, leaned forward and pressed his hand on Bob's lower back, pinning him to the bed. Bob was trapped and once again the white globes of his ass were at the mercy of Randy. Randy raised himself up, arching himself over Bob. Only his feet touched the bed, his hands firmly planted on Bob's back, his iron cock pointing down at his ass. “You thought it was over, eh, stud? But this is the boss, the master fuck who's never satisfied. And this is what that feels like.....”

“Aaaagh.....” Once again Bob's screams echoed round the room as Randy's hips fell forward and his lance speared Bob's ass in one agonizing plunge and the savage fuck resumed. Randy smiled grimly as he watched Bob instinctively reach upward, clawing at the sheets in a futile effort to drag himself off the relentless cock. But Randy had him helplessly pinned, his ass impaled on his pile-driving cock. Bob looked back over his shoulder at the rugged

bodybuilder rising and falling above him and again the pain dissolved. At this moment there was nowhere else on earth he wanted to be than at the mercy of this incredible man.

But slowly Bob felt the pace of the cock slowing in his ass and he heard Randy's voice. "I wanna look at your face, buddy." He pulled his cock out, knelt down and flipped Bob over onto his back. With Bob's legs were hooked over Randy's shoulders, Randy fell forward and pinned his wrists to the bed above his head. The mood had changed. Randy smiled down at Bob's wide-open brown eyes and asked, "What do you want, buddy."

"I want you to make love to me."

Randy pressed the head of his cock between the mounds of Bob's ass and pushed gently forward, his cock sliding almost imperceptibly into the raw membrane of Bob's ass. Bob closed his eyes and sighed with pleasure. "I love you, Randy," he whispered as Randy slowly, tenderly eased his cock in and out of his lover's ass. This was the wild man who, minutes ago, was pounding his ass like a stallion in heat – and now he was making exquisite love to him. Randy smiled at Bob and asked again, "What do you want now, man?"

"I want you to stop still and look at me." Randy stopped moving, his cock buried deep in Bob's ass. They gazed at each other and the inevitable happened. They saw themselves reflected in each other's eyes, drawing them into the private world where they were alone together, in love, inseparable. "Randy," Bob said, his voice coming from that magical place. "You said you could cum just looking at me, and I know I can do that to you. Just like you, I can do anything to you. So here's where I take over. I'm in control now. Now it's my turn to say, 'show me how much you love me'."

Randy was drowning in Bob's eyes – it's all he saw, all he knew. This was his life, he belonged to Bob, he would give him anything he wanted – including this. He smiled as he felt his cock stir in Bob's ass, felt the juice rising from his balls, flowing along his cock and out into the welcoming warmth of his lover's ass. Bob smiled, "Thank you, Randy," and his own cock pulsed, pouring semen over his washboard abs.

Randy fell on top of Bob, pressed his cheek against his and Bob started to sob quietly. Randy wrapped his arms round him and said gently, "It's OK, buddy, I've got you you're with me ... you're safe. And the only thing in the world you need to know is that I love you."

While Randy was restoring the balance in his relationship with Bob, his kid brother was having a harder time. As Ben sat next to Jason driving to Jason's house down by the arroyo, he felt diminished and ashamed, far from the cocky young buck who thought that he and Pablo ruled the world. He was still confused about how his loyalty to Randy had taken such a wrong turn and, while he knew his own punishment by the boys was well deserved, he cringed at the

thought of Jason getting punished instead of him. Seared in his brain was the image of the naked fireman stretched in bondage, his body writhing as he was whipped and fucked.

They drove in silence until they walked into Jason's garden and Jason said gently, "Hey, full moon tonight, kid how about we sit by the stream for a while over a couple of beers? Come with me while I get out of this uniform. They went into his room and Jason pulled off the T-shirt Bob had given him after his own got ripped, then lowered his heavy work pants that he had worn ever since his shift had ended in the late afternoon.

Ben watched, dazzled as always by the sight of Jason getting naked, revealing the flawless muscles of his perfect physique, still marked by the stripes of the whip. He pulled black briefs on over his semi-erect cock and his tight, rounded ass, and couldn't resist glancing at himself in the mirror. Yeah, if anything the marks of the lash made his body look even hotter. He put on old cargo shorts and sneakers and finally pulled on a dark-blue ribbed tank top that hugged the contours of his chest and abs.

Ben's cock was roaring hard in his shorts and one thing became crystal clear to him no way did he deserve this man. Jason was a god – he could have any boy or man he wanted, but he had chosen Ben and now Ben had let him down so thoroughly. "Sir," he blurted out, "if you don't still want me as your boy I understand, after what I did and all. I'll leave right away – don't worry, I can walk back up to the house."

"Hey, hey, hey," Jason frowned. "Don't you want to stay as my boy?" Ben's eyes teared up. "Yes I do, sir, more than anything, but I don't deserve"

"And did you hear me say I wanted you to go?" "No, sir," Ben said meekly. Jason smiled. "Then let's forget all this bullshit, grab a beer and go outside."

They sat opposite each other at the old wooden table by the stream and Jason gazed at Ben. "Shit, my young gypsy boy looks beautiful in the moonlight." Ben blushed and replied, "You look like a god, sir, so gorgeous I could cream my shorts just looking at you."

Jason saw an opening. "Yeah, well I'm proud of the way I look, Ben. I get off looking at myself in the mirror, and when other guys look at me and stroke their cocks, like the boys did when they came all over my picture in the calendar. But here's the thing, I never let my pride get in the way and hurt others. Quite the reverse, I use it to give them pleasure. Can you see where I'm going with this, kiddo?"

"I think so, sir. I let my pride get in the way?"

"You're proud of your skill as a fighter, Ben, and that's OK. But you used those skills to attack two innocent boys and injure them badly. That debases your skill – cancels it out – when you use it against good guys like Nate and Eddie. Your loyalty to your big brother does you credit,

but look, I'll level with you – you were under Pablo's influence and he led you astray. Randy will handle Pablo, but in the meantime you got punished and I think you've learned your lesson."

"Yes but why did they punish you too, sir? It wasn't fair – and it hurt me so bad. Watching it was the worst feeling of my life." Jason laughed. "You just answered your own question, Ben. Randy devised that rule a long time ago and he was dead right. Nothing punishes a boy like having to watch his master get whipped and fucked for something the boy did. But it's over and we gotta plan for the future". Ben brightened up. "I'll do anything you say, sir. Anything."

"Good. Now, for a while you'll be living here full time with me. You'll spend all the time with me when you're not at work, and you'll only go up to the house when I go, like for meals, for example, get it?"

"Sounds good to me, sir," Ben grinned, regaining some of the mischief that had been stifled by events. Jason tried hard not to smile. "And during that time, and in the future, you'll try to model yourself on me – not Pablo or Randy. You're my boy now, and from now on you'll do as I say and do as I do. I don't want you to lose that tough little gypsy boy image – it's real sexy – but we just have to knock off some of the rough edges. And to help with that Bob will schedule some therapy sessions for you and Pablo with your brother, Doctor Steve."

Ben gazed at the handsome fireman and a warm felling spread over him. "Sir, when I first realized I loved you I thought it was all because you're so totally gorgeous. But now it's much more than that. I love you because well because I love being near you, watching you, listening to you talk. I'm not good at explaining things, sir, but I just love you. No matter if we have sex or not, I love being with you, sir."

Jason reared back in mock disappointment. "You mean you don't care about having sex with me anymore?" Ben's eyes opened wide with confusion. "No sir – I mean yes, sir – I mean no, I didn't mean that. I do want to have sex with you please I love it when you make love to me, sir I love seeing your naked body over me in bed, feeling your cock sliding in my ass. Please, sir, my ass is yours – you can take my ass as often as you want. Please, sir....."

"OK, kiddo," Jason grinned, "I'll take that as a yes. But words are easy – you gotta back them up with actions. So get that ass of yours in my bed, boy." Ben scrambled to his feet and ran toward the house. Jason smiled and shook his head, watching the young gypsy boy scamper across the grass like an eager young rabbit. 'Yeah,' Jason thought. 'He'll do he'll do very well.' Jason was definitely in love.

When he got to the bedroom Jason grinned in surprise. Ben was all ready for him, butt naked on the bed, on his back, propped up on his elbows. "Good boy," Jason smiled, and for the second time Ben was treated to the sight of the muscle-god fireman undressing. He kicked off

his sneakers, unbuttoned his cargo shorts and let them drop. Slowly he pushed down his black briefs and his long, hard dick sprang out.

Jason stepped out of his briefs and shorts and looked at himself in the mirror behind the bed, unable to resist the habit of admiring his own reflection. Ben gazed in awe at the blond fireman, naked except for his dark blue, ribbed tank top. Stretched over his torso the tank revealed the perfect shape of his rounded pecs and the ridges of his eight-pack abs, and the dark blue contrasted with the golden tan of his powerful shoulders and arms. Under his arms the fabric was damp from the sweat trickling from his armpits.

His face, with its strong cheek-bones, square jaw, and piercing blue eyes, broke into a dazzling smile as he ran the palm of his hand over the tight tank, over his pecs and abs, inhaling sharply as his fingers touched the shape of his nipples. He smiled down at Ben and said in his deep voice, "You like that, kiddo? You like knowing that man is your master? You like being his boy?" The image was spectacular and almost rendered Ben speechless, but he managed to croak, "Yes please, sir."

"OK, then." Jason knelt between his legs and pushed Ben gently on his back. He leaned over him, bracing himself on one arm, his palm flat on the bed beside Ben's head. He lowered his hips until their cocks were brushing against each other. With his free hand he grabbed both cocks in his fist and began stroking them together.

Mesmerized Ben reached up and ran both hands over the ribbed tank, feeling Jason's chest muscles ripple underneath, then up over the broad shoulders and down the sloping lats. The room faded away and all he could see was this glowing god-like figure smiling down at him. He floated away in a cloud of euphoria, felt his cock rubbing against Jason's, felt the semen surge through it and aah....aaah.... aaagh!" Ben shuddered, his cock exploded and shot ribbons of cum up high, splashing against Jason's tank.

Ben's eyes opened wide and he said breathlessly, "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to cum but I couldn't stop you look so hot, sir I'm sorry....."

Jason laughed. "Don't beat yourself up, Ben. You don't have to apologize for cumming looking at me. Does me good. Besides, I did that to you on purpose. Now when I shove my cock in your ass it'll hurt a bit and you won't shoot right away. It'll give me time make love to your ass the way I like. Shit, look what you did to my shirt gotta take it off now." He pulled it over his head and Ben almost shot another load seeing Jason naked now, a sheen of sweat gleaming over the muscles of his spectacular torso.

Jason crumpled the shirt and pressed it against Ben's face. The boy gasped, inhaling the taste and smell of his own cum mixed with Jason's sweat. Jason pulled it away and laid it on the bed. "Better keep that, kid. Keep it for during the day when I'm not around. Right, now I'm gonna fuck my boy's ass. You ready, kid?"

“Yes please, sir,” Ben said, trying to stay polite when what he really wanted was to scream, “Fuck me, sir Hard!” But he didn’t have to scream ... Jason knew exactly what his boy wanted – the only thing that would erase the memory of his harrowing day. He pressed the palm of his hand on the cum-covered tank beside Ben and used the wet hand to lubricate his own cock. Then he put his hands behind Ben’s knees, pushed them back and eased his cock between the white cheeks of Ben’s ass.

“Aaah.....” Each of them breathed a long sigh of pleasure. Jason rested his cock deep in Ben’s ass and said gently, “So, you’re my boy, kiddo, and you’ll be a good boy for me?” Ben gazed up into the steady blue eyes. “Yes, sir.” “No more fighting, no more anger?” “No, sir.” “Any problems, you come to me?” “Yes, sir. Thank you sir. I’ll be good for you, sir. I promise.”

Jason smiled. “Good answers, kid. And now I’m gonna fuck your ass for a long, long time.”

And so they were joined in the way they had both longed for, in a way that was to be repeated several times during the night whenever the young gypsy boy stirred in the strong arms of the naked fireman – his master.

Scenes of reconciliation were enacted all over the house that night. Mario’s Italian sensibilities had been rattled by his first exposure to the sometimes savage acts of retribution the house went in for, so Mark invited him to spend the night with him and Jamie, and they easily dispelled any vestiges of concern by showing him all the permutations of love between three men.

But two of the other boys were being treated very cautiously by their masters. Because of their injuries, the wounded warriors, Nate and Eddie, were unable to service their masters as they usually did. “Well, mate,” Adam grinned, stroking Nate’s neck brace. “Looks like you’re not gonna be up for any blow-jobs for a while, and I better not fuck you tonight me pounding your ass would fuck up your neck real good. So, kid, you’re just gonna have to make do with sleeping in my arms all night long.” Nate gave a cheeky grin. “Sounds good to me, sir. I think I can handle that.”

Meanwhile, up at Hassan’s house the Marine was touching Eddie even more tenderly, almost as if he might break. He undressed him carefully, avoiding the broken arm, then picked him up, laid him gently on the bed and eased his arm from the sling. “You’ll be OK in bed if you don’t move your arm too much.” Eddie lay still looking up at the exotic, muscular soldier as he shucked off his sleeveless shirt, unlaced and kicked off his combat boots, and dropped his fatigue pants. As always Eddie’s gasped and his eyes gleamed as he saw the soldier naked, his ripped, athletic physique, his olive-skinned, Arab/Asian features and slanted dark eyes.

Hassan gazed down at him and shook his head. “Holy shit, boy, you look good enough to eat. But I’m gonna have to curb my appetite. No sex tonight, with your arm the way it is.”

“Yes, sir,” Eddie agreed reluctantly, and then his urchin grin broke though. “But I still have one good arm, sir. Do you think it would be OK if I jerked off looking at you, sir if you don’t mind, that is?” Hassan smiled down at him. “I don’t mind, kid if you don’t.” He grabbed his own stiff cock and began stroking it. Eagerly picking up on his cue Eddie did the same. Soon the Marine and his boy were pounding their rods gazing at each other.

“You’re a great kid, Eddie and you look so damn hot. But you’d look even hotter with your naked body covered in jism. Maybe I can’t fuck you tonight, but I sure as hell can blast a big load over you. You want that? You wanna feel a soldier’s hot jism pouring down on you? You wanna feel it on your face, in your mouth? You wanna taste it, swallow it swallow you master’s cum?”

“Yes, sir,” Eddie shouted. “Yes, sir, please, sir, cum over me sir. See how much I want it, sir? See? Eddie stopped pumping his cock, held it still, pointing upward, and suddenly it spurted like a fountain high in the air, again and again, his juice splashing back down on his body.”

“Man, that is fucking gorgeous,” Hassan yelled. “Here it comes boy gulp it down – every drop aaagh!” The Marine’s magnificent body jolted, his head jerked back, black hair flying as his cock exploded. It was like a hose turned on full, pouring hot liquid onto Eddie’s chest, in his face, into his open mouth, forcing the boy to swallow hard, determined not to spill a drop. Eddie’s own cock spurted again until he felt his was drowning in cum.

When he finally opened his eyes he saw through a film of cum Hassan bending over him with a towel. “No, sir,” he pleaded. “Could we sleep just like this, without – you know – cleaning up.” “Whatever you say, kiddo,” smiled Hassan, lying down beside him and scooping him ever-so-carefully into his arms. And that’s how they slept all night.

But the next day was a different story. When Hassan went to work he told Eddie to rest up and take it easy. But Eddie looked round the messy room and had other ideas. Hassan came home later in the afternoon and as walked along the path down the hill he heard a sound coming from the house – the vacuum cleaner. He flung open the door and stopped short. There was Eddie in just his cargo shorts and sneakers, his left arm in a sling while his right arm worked back and forth as he ran the vacuum over the floor. “No!”

Eddie looked up startled to see the uniformed Marine outlined in the doorway. “Switch that damned thing off. I told you to rest up.” Eddie flipped the switch and stammered, “I’m sorry, sir I tried to rest but the house was such a mess and I wanted to do something for you because.....well you know I love you, sir, I’ve told you before and I just wanted

His voice trailed off, his expression a mix of remorse and nervous defiance. Hassan softened, walked up to Eddie and hugged him gently. “Thanks Eddie, the place looks great – I just didn’t want you to hurt that arm.” Then he pulled back and stared at him with mock severity. “But you know what this means, boy. If you’re recovered enough to clean house you’re well enough to take my cock in your ass.”

Eddie's face lit up. "Yes, sir absolutely, sir." Carefully he lay on his back on the bed, slid his arm out of the sling and spread his arms out flat on the bed. Hassan pulled off his uniform shirt and towered over him in his fatigue pants and combat boots, his khaki tank top stretched over his chest. Eddie was dazzled by the erotic sight of the muscle-god soldier and when Hassan asked, "Are you sure you want this, kid?" he replied instantly. "Yes please, sir. I want it real bad."

Hassan knelt on the bed, pulled Eddie's shorts round his ankles, grabbed his shorts and sneakers with one hand and pushed his legs high in the air. He looked down at the boy's exposed ass and moaned, "Yeah I've been thinking about those buns all day." With his free hand the soldier ripped open his fatigue pants, pulled out his stiff rod and pushed it slowly, carefully into his boy's ass. "Don't move that arm, boy. Just leave everything to me."

Eddie was thrilled to do just that as he gazed up at the rugged soldier in his battle fatigues, his huge cock moving gently inside him. Gone was the pain and fear of the recent fight. That was yesterday. Today he was home – safe – the Marine's boy.

Meanwhile the previous night, while all the men and boys were reconciling in their various ways, for Zack and Darius it was more of a celebration than a reconciliation. Zack had been mightily impressed by his boy for taking charge of the situation and saving the day by overpowering Pablo and Ben. "I'm real proud of you, kid," he had said. "You're becoming quite the leader seems like I owe you a reward." And so, after dinner, having asked the twins to keep Pablo company for a while, Darius walked across the street to Zack's house to claim his reward.

When he went into the house he was surprised that Zack wasn't there, even in the bedroom. But something else was. There was a note on the bed. "*From now on these are yours – put them on.*" Darius's jaw dropped – it was the best reward he could have been given. He put on the clothes by the note and stared at himself in the mirror. "Jeez, dude, you look *hot!*"

A handsome black muscle-boy stared back at him, dressed heat to foot in leather – black leather pants with a studded belt round the waist, and heavy boots. Crossed over his bare sculpted chest was a studded harness, and hanging open over that was a leather vest. He wore a peaked black cap and mirror glasses. "Awesome, dude," he said. "Fucking awesome!"

But where was Zack? Darius wanted to show himself off to him and guessed he must be in the garden. He was right – but once again he was in for a shock. Across the garden, his back to Darius, was a tall, muscular black man with a shaved head standing between two trees – spread-eagled, legs wide apart, arms stretched out and tied to the trees with leather wrist restraints. He was buck naked and Darius was riveted by the round globes of his ass, a paler brown than his ebony body.

Darius regained his breath and walked round to face the man. Zack's cool gray eyes stared at him and Darius took off his cap and glasses, saying simply, "Thank you, sir." The leather-boy went back and stood behind him. He shrugged off the vest, unzipped the leather pants and pulled out his ten-inch cock that was roaring hard ever since he saw himself in the mirror, and especially now he saw his muscle-god master in bondage, waiting for his boy to fuck his ass.

Darius looked over Zack's shoulder and realized that he had leaned a mirror against a shed facing him. Darius stared at the reflection of the naked black bodybuilder, the slabs of his pecs and ridges of his abs, his shoulders bulging as his arms stretched sideways, his wide lats tapering down to his tight waist. His long black cock hung from his mass of wiry pubic hair and swung between his splayed legs.

Reflexively Darius moved forward and felt his cock brush against Zack's ass. He looked down and there they were – the perfect coffee- colored mounds rising up from below the slim waist. Without even touching his cock Darius pressed the head of his shaft between the cheeks.

He grabbed Zack's hips, pulled them toward him and watched the bound muscle-stud in the mirror react as the long pole slid slowly – inch after inch after inch – deeper and deeper into his master's ass. He saw the rugged, square-jawed face flinch as the black bodybuilder was slowly impaled on his boy's long pole. Darius felt his cock touch the back of Zack's ass but he pushed harder and it passed over the inner sphincter and came to rest in the fiery chamber deep, deep inside.

"Shit, boy," Zack moaned, "that feels fucking incredible. Come on, show me what a macho leather-stud you are. Fuck your master, boy." Darius didn't need telling twice. He pressed his chest against Zack's back, wrapped his arm round him and stroked his rock-hard pecs, then squeezed his nipples. He pulled his cock all the way back, then drove it in deep and in seconds it became a jackhammer, endlessly pounding the ass of the black master.

Darius felt Zack's muscular body writhe against his, saw him in the mirror flexing hard as he pulled against the ropes binding his wrists. It was such a massive turn-on that finally Darius couldn't hold back. Zack felt the cock pulsing in his ass and shouted, "OK, boy, this is it. You're fucking your master's ass make him bust his load aaagh!" Darius saw a stream of cum blast from Zack's cock and slam against the mirror, as his ass contracted round his cock and Darius screamed, "Thank you, sir," and his cock erupted deep in his master's ass.

Zack pulled his arms from the buckled restraints (he had pushed his hands in loosely and could always have pulled free) and they stood facing each other. Darius beamed, "That was the most awesome reward a boy could ever have, sir." "Yeah, well you deserved it, kid, now you're the big stud leader of that pack of boys." Darius went to unbuckle his harness, but Zack stopped

him. “No, kid, the outfit’s yours to keep – a master’s gift to his boy. Better still, keep it on, go across the street and do your thing with Pablo. He’ll freak out when he sees you.”

That turned out to be an understatement. The twins were still with Pablo and they had all got real comfortable – that’s to say naked on the bed, groping and kissing, the twins proving to Pablo that there were no hard feelings after he had knocked them down in the fight. Suddenly the door burst open and a voice growled, “What the fuck’s going on here?” Pablo broke free of the twins, propped himself on his elbows and gasped.

Darius looked spectacular, looming over them in full leather, legs astride, arms folded over his chest. Pablo was mesmerized by the sight of the beautiful black leather-boy and jumped off the bed to face him. “Kneel,” Darius growled, and Pablo obeyed. “Now, let me hear you say it again. Who is the leader of the boys?” Pablo replied meekly, “You are, sir.”

“Right, and what do you want now?” “I want you to fuck my ass, sir.” Darius’s severe expression changed into a broad grin. “Good answer, dude.” He put his hands under Pablo’s armpits and pulled him to his feet. “So get back on that bed, kiddo.” He threw him down and the twins scrambled off the bed, prepared to leave. “No, guys,” Darius said, “stay here. I want witnesses to this. You’ll enjoy it, and when I’ve finished with him you can join in. We’ll make a night of it.” He pulled out his cock and knelt on the bed.

And so the twins witnessed the passing of the torch of leadership from one boy to the other.

Across the street Zack welcomed the chance to spend time on his own. He pulled on his ragged gray boxers and lay back on the bed, his hands linked behind his head. There had been so many striking images that chaotic day – the vengeful boys, the tortured men, culminating in the exhilarating sight of his boy becoming a man, an alpha stud in full leather. But as Zack lay there staring up at the ceiling there was one image above all that obsessed him. In his mind he saw again the spectacular new, macho Bob, taking charge, exerting his authority over the group, his shirt and tie hanging open over his chest, his stubbled jaw set, fists clenched.

Then the image morphed into another, from a long time ago. Bob was naked, tied spread-eagled to the remains of a doorframe on the beach in the dunes, being worked over by Zack who was agitated and provoked by Bob’s beauty. Bob had been submissive then, accustomed to submitting to Randy – but recently Bob had rebelled and been transformed into a leader – a macho, alpha stud who aroused a whole different kind of lust in Zack.

As Zack lay there in his quiet room he again thought to himself, ‘He’s so fucking hot. Man, if I got him back up to the dunes things would be different. He’d be the boss. Me, the big leather-master, I’d do whatever he wanted.’ But suddenly he blinked and shook his head, coming down to earth with a jolt. ‘Forget it, Zack – ain’t never gonna happen, it’s just a fantasy.’ He sighed deeply – ‘never gonna happen.’

There's a saying that if you wish hard enough for something fate steps in and makes it happen. Zack wasn't exactly wishing on a star – not his style – but he sure did fantasize long and hard about Bob. And after all, what's the difference between a dream and a fantasy?

Anyway, he could make a part of the dream come true. He'd been thinking for a while that he needed a bit of time to himself – blow the cobwebs away, as he thought – and whenever he felt antsy like that the remote dunes were the perfect place. After all, that's why he had bought the old shack in the first place – a place where he could get away from the world – flex his muscles, physically and mentally. So yeah, after all the turmoil in the house, now was as good a time as any to take a break. He'd take a couple days off and go there – and maybe fantasize some more about Bob while he lay on the beach, looking at the old doorframe and jerking off.

So he saw the big hand of fate stirring the pot when a few days later Bob mentioned casually, "I gotta go up to my firm's branch office in San Louis Obispo in a day or two, deal with some problems up there, light a fire under those guys. As it's so close to the dunes Mark asked me if I'd look in on his shack up there – officially Jamie's shack now – make sure it's still standing and everything's OK. I could do the same for you, Zack, if you like, as yours is just down the beach."

Zack's heart skipped a beat and he wondered if his fantasy had kicked in again and made him imagine the words. But no, there was Bob smiling at him waiting for his answer. "Well that's weird," Zack said, "cause I had just decided to go up there myself, spend a few days in my shack to unwind – you know, take a few big gulps of good sea air."

Bob laughed. "Great minds think alike, eh, buddy? Well, I'll still go check on Mark's place and maybe drop in on you for a drink before I head back. But I don't want to disturb you're solitude – you probably want to be alone."

"No, no," Zack said a little too quickly. "That would be great hell, you could even stay the night if you don't wanna rush back."

"That's a thought," said Bob. "It all depends on how long it takes me to sort things out at the branch office. I'll call you from there and we can play it by ear, OK?" Zack felt the hard-on bulging in his jeans as he replied, "Sure thing, man – play it by ear."

In bed that night Bob mentioned the conversation to Randy. "Would you mind?" he asked. Randy smiled at him. "Nah Zack's a good guy you'll be in safe hands go have some fun." He paused. "Just so long as you don't run away with him kidding!"

"You better be kidding, asshole," Bob said squeezing closer to him. He knew Randy had finally got beyond his insecurities – but it was a bit like a fear of flying. You know it's

completely irrational but deep down there's still that stab of anxiety every time you get on a plane – especially when the plane hits turbulence.

It turned out that Bob's visit to the San Luis Obispo office was more tedious and long-winded than he had anticipated. But all the staff liked the handsome, charismatic, young senior vice-president and he eventually won them over and restored peace. "Whew," he breathed as he loosened his tie, driving his Mercedes the short distance down Highway One toward Guadalupe Dunes. "I'm beat. Maybe I will ask Zack if I can stay the night." He felt a stirring in his cock at the thought, but he refocused, took a deep breath and his boner subsided.

It wasn't long before he was bumping over the sandy track through the dunes. He had decided to go straight to Zack's and wait 'til next morning to visit Mark's shack. Right now he needed a stiff drink with a good buddy. And suddenly there he was in the distance, outside his shack, naked except for ragged shorts. As Bob drove closer the image became more distinct – the tall black man with the shaved head, handsome face – and a body that wouldn't quit.

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Chapter 199 – Bob & Zack – Obsession

A tremor ran through Bob, and his boner was back – harder than ever. But again he tried to ignore it. This was just going to be a quick visit with a good buddy. He didn't feel like driving all the way back to L.A. after the day he'd had, so he'd relax with Zack and hit the road in the morning. And that was all.

As it happened Zack was having similar thoughts as he saw the Mercedes coming over the dunes. Bob's mind would be on his work – the smart executive in his suit and tie. So Zack's fantasy of two naked alpha males squaring off in sex games on the beach suddenly seemed mildly absurd – completely out of place – and he banished the fantasy from his mind. It would be good just to spend time chatting with Bob. They'd go out for dinner, couple of drinks – and that would be that.

But when the car drew up, the window slid down and he saw the handsome, smiling face with the dark stubble over his strong jaw and upper lip, Zack's hard-on was back. Shit, he thought, that cock has a life of its own. His ebony features broke into a dazzling smile. "Hey, not often we get a top-of-the-line Mercedes in this neck of the woods with a suit-and-tie executive behind the wheel. What's this, a formal visit from the local squire checking up on the peasants?"

Bob grinned up at him. "No squire – no checkup – and no peasants that I can see. Just an old buddy gasping for a double scotch after a bitch of a day." He got out of the car and they

hugged, laughing at the joke and at the pure pleasure of seeing each other. “You do have scotch, don’t you?” Bob asked with mock concern.

“For you, my man, anything to satisfy all your desires – and then some.” The flippant comment with its vaguely sexual innuendo made them both uneasy and they instinctively pulled apart. The boners in their pants didn’t help, either. “Come on in, buddy,” Zack covered. “Make yourself at home in my humble abode.”

Humble it may have been, but the cabin was redolent of Zack – the musky scent, his clothes scattered all over – and Bob already felt the day’s tension draining out of him. “This is perfect, Zack,” Bob said, taking off his jacket and loosening his tie some more. Zack produced the scotch and two glasses and they sat in Adirondack chairs facing each other at a table on the small, raised deck overlooking the beach. “Gotta watch the sun sink over the horizon, man, it’s a ritual around here. A couple of scotches will make it go down a treat.”

But Bob’s mind was still on his office. “Bitch of a day,” he said again. “Jeez that office needs a shakeup – lots of square pegs in round holes. I gotta make some personnel changes around there.” He took a slug of scotch and looked vaguely into the distance. Zack smiled at him and said, “Hey, Earth to Bob. We’re on the beach, dude. Now you’re not gonna be one of those yawn-making guests who only talks about work, are you?”

Bob snapped back to life and laughed. “Sorry, man, I apologize. No, I promise I won’t make you yawn I’m here and I’m all yours.” On the tip of Zack’s tongue was some tacky joke about his mouth yawning open to take Bob’s cock, but he suppressed it and said instead, “Hey, first thing you gotta do, big guy, is get out of that suit.” Bob looked uneasy. “Trouble is I thought this would be just a day trip so all I’ve got is these damn business clothes.”

“No problem there,” Zack grinned. “Hey, you are gonna stay the night aren’t you? I made dinner reservations for us and all.” On Bob’s skeptical grin he shrugged. “Yeah, well OK, you don’t actually make reservations at that little Mexican joint in the village – but it’s the thought that counts. In any case you can’t drive drunk after downing all that scotch. If you get pulled over, chances are it won’t be by a Greek-God cop like that first time that Mark pulled you over.”

“OK, OK,” Bob laughed. “I was gonna ask if I could stay over anyway.” Zack got up, went inside the shack and brought out an old pair of thin gray shorts just like the ones he was wearing. “See, the rule is that when you’re at the beach drinking and watching the sun set you have to be nigh on naked. Otherwise, legend has it, the sun stops dead and just fucking glares at you.”

“Asshole,” Bob grinned, grabbing the shorts. He stood up and pulled off his tie, unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off too. Zack sat with his eyes peering over his drink, not wanting to gawk but not wanting to miss a second of this show either. As always, he was awestruck by Bob’s muscled torso, tapering down to the slim waist where his white shorts showed above the belt of his slacks.

Without any modesty Bob casually unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and let them fall as he kicked off his loafers. He pulled off his socks, hesitated, then dropped his white boxers. Ignoring his semi-erect cock, he pulled on Zack's old shorts and instantly his cock stood fully erect, stiff as a tent-pole under the thin cotton. He blushed. "Sorry about that."

"Hey," Zack said, "before you start boasting, man, take a look at this. He scraped his chair back from the table and his own identical tent-pole pushed against his shorts." He laughed. "Look man, I was gonna say you know you always turn me on but I was thinking that your little visit here should be just that – a social visit, eh? I mean, after all the sex in the house the last few days, consensual and otherwise, we should probably cool it and just enjoy each other's company. After all, there's Randy to consider and....."

"You read my mind, Zack," Bob chuckled. "Hell, I sometimes think that in that house we let sex rule our lives. So let's prove that we're made of stronger stuff and not slaves to our cocks. He looked down at the two tent-poles and grinned. "And we'll just treat these as uninvited guests."

Zack clinked his glass against Bob's and smiled. "Here's to uninvited guests."

Bob was really mellowing out now as the sun cooperated and sank slowly toward the horizon in a blaze of red and gold. The two handsome muscle-studs looked even more spectacular in the golden light as they sipped their drinks, feeling more at-ease now that the subject of sex had been dealt with and taken off the table. "That thing you said about having to consider Randy," Bob said. "It's not like the old days. He knows he can't just wade in and beat up any man I sleep with."

"Yeah," said Zack. "You guys really seem to have finally worked out that equality thing."

Bob pondered that and said, "You know it's not a simple question of being equal – that would get boring. It's more like a see-saw where first one guy is raised up high, then the other, but it all balances out and becomes equal."

"Shit, you have a weird way of describing stuff, buddy, but I get your meaning. Now," he grinned, "like I said, that little Mexican joint in town don't take reservations but I'm starved so let's mosey on over there and get a bite to eat."

"Well I can't go like this," Bob laughed. "And all I have to wear is my business suit."

"Hell, I can soon fix that." Zack went inside and came out with some clothes he shoved at Bob. "Here, I've always got extra gear lying round this place. These are kind of clean – sort of. Couple of rips maybe."

Bob looked at the black jeans, old boots and black T-shirt – Zack’s usual outfit for work, except when he was shirtless. Bob pulled on the jeans, then the unlaced boots and the T-shirt. The two men were about the same size and the clothes fit perfectly, except that Zack had been right – the shirt was frayed at the neck and had a rip in both sleeves. But he was wrong about ‘sort of clean’. Zack had already worn the shirt several times and a slight smell of his sweat clung to it.

Zack was in the shack getting dressed in jeans and a pale gray V-neck T-shirt. He looked up as he heard, “What d’ya think?” Bob was on the patio, the glare of the sunset behind him. “Holy shit,” Zack breathed softly as he gazed at Bob – a Bob he had never seen before. In Zack’s clothes he looked like a tough construction worker with his chiseled features, strong cheekbones and square stubbled jaw. His muscles bulged under the threadbare T-shirt with its frayed neck and rips in the short sleeves gripping his biceps. The pornographic image was completed by the old black jeans and grubby boots.

Zack’s pulse was racing and he could feel his cock oozing pre-cum in his shorts. Trying to act nonchalantly he walked up to him and said, “Shit, man, you look like one of my work crew – except none of my crew ever looked as good as that. Here.....” He ruffled Bob’s hair so that it hung in tangles over his forehead. “That’s better,” Zack grinned, “picture perfect.”

But despite his feigned self-assurance Zack’s cock was throbbing in his jeans and he knew he would never get through dinner facing this man across the table. “I better take a leak before we leave, buddy. I was drinking beer before that scotch.” He turned abruptly, walked into the bathroom that was directly off the bedroom and shut the door behind him.

He stood behind the sink and looked at himself in the mirror. “Shit, shit, shit” he banged his hands on the sink. His reflection morphed into the erotic image of the rugged muscle-hunk outside and he rubbed the bulge in his pants. He went to the old wooden door that had a gap between two planks and peered through it. He caught his breath as he watched Bob hanging up his suit and dress shirt. He moved round the room with an athletic grace, the last rays of the sun through the slatted blinds catching his handsome face, his muscular arms and the shape of his pecs under the shirt.

He was breathtaking and Zack unconsciously pulled out his cock and stroked it as he watched. He started to fantasize about Bob, dressed just like that, being spread-eagled on the ground, his wrists and ankles tied to stakes driven into the sand. Zack was standing astride him, gazing down at him, Bob’s arms stretched, his biceps bulging out of the rips in his sleeves. “Shit, man, that is fucking pornographic,” Zack moaned softly, feeling his cock shuddering and watching semen pour down on the shirt and face of the writhing construction worker.

Feeling stickiness in his hand he jerked back to reality and realized he had basted a load all over the door. “Shit,” he said, grabbing a towel and wiping his hand and his cock. Then he wiped away the cum running down the door and onto the floor. He stuffed his cock back in his pants, washed his hands and splashed cold water on his face. He took a few deep breaths to steady himself, then opened the door.

Bob looked up at him with a dazzling smile. "Hey, big guy, you ready to go?"

"Let's hit it, buddy," Zack said, his self-assurance completely restored.

Bob, instinctive as ever, had sensed a certain tension in Zack since he had arrived, but now, as they walked over the dunes to the village, he was pleased to find that the tension had somehow evaporated, with Zack chatting comfortably beside him. And so dinner was an easygoing affair.

The restaurant was quite full and when they had entered a hush fell over the room and all eyes turned to the two handsome, muscular men. Bob took it in stride, but Zack couldn't help feeling a tinge of pride that he was accompanied by this stunning man. The hostess wanted to seat them at a prominent table in the middle of the room, but the guys chose instead a more secluded side table.

As they hungrily wolfed down the Mexican food and drank Dos Equis beers, the relaxed atmosphere made Bob pleased that they had decided to steer clear of any sexual distractions and simply enjoy each other's company. Though even he would admit that, looking into Zack's gray eyes set in the handsome, ebony face, made his cock swell, so he more-or-less had to accept a permanent semi-erection in his pants. Added to that was the persistent scent of Zack in the T-shirt that now clung to Bob.

Their wide-ranging conversation about work, home and especially the men and boys in the house gradually pushed thoughts of sex to the back of their minds, though as they walked back over the dunes, pleasantly drunk, Zack flashed on the image of Bob sleeping naked beside him and there was no 'semi-' about his erection now.

Bob had an easier time in that regard. His visit to the office had really drained him and that, along with the scotch and the Dos Equis, were catching up on him and he felt exhausted. So when he thought of the bed, as he did now, it simply involved putting his head on the pillow and sinking into a deep sleep. Which is just what he eventually did.

When they entered the room Bob said, "OK if we shower tomorrow, buddy? I'm totally beat and that bed looks real inviting." Zack laughed. "Hey, man, you're at the beach now. Don't have to shower at all if you don't want to. A dip in the ocean first thing in the morning will take care of that. What's two sweaty male bodies between friends, anyway?"

That had come out differently from the way Zack intended it and he turned his back to Bob as he pulled down his jeans and willed his flagpole to subside in his shorts. Bob was too tired for any of this to register and he kicked off his boots, pulled off his T-shirt, dropped his jeans and fell onto the bed. Naked, except for the shorts Zack had given him, Bob lay on his stomach, arms raised above his head flat on the bed his head turned sideways away from Zack.

As it happened the moonlight shining through the slatted blinds fell exactly across Bob's gorgeous body – the muscled arms, V-shaped back, his muscles forming a ridge down his spine and 'oh shit,' Zack thought, eyeing the round bulge of Bob's ass pushing up against the shorts. Zack's cock was rock hard and he thought for an instant of going into the bathroom again and jacking off looking through the door like before. 'Come on, man, get a grip,' he reproached himself silently. 'Don't let it get to you like that.'

Back in L.A. when Zack had fantasized about bringing Bob up here he had thought, 'Man, if I got him back up to the dunes things would be different. He'd be the boss. I'd do whatever he wanted.' And now here was Zack, his cock throbbing as he looked down at the muscle-god on the bed. He was totally in Bob's power he worshipped the macho stud with the athletic stride, chiseled features and stubbled jaw. Without doing a thing, without even being conscious of Zack's dilemma, Bob had overpowered him. His mere presence had turned the leather master into a submissive serf. Zack grinned ruefully. That joke about the squire and the peasant was not too wide of the mark.

'Enough of this,' Zack thought, going so far as to slap his rigid cock in his shorts, as if the cock really did have a life of its own and was the culprit here. Wearing just his shorts he lowered himself down beside Bob who was already fast asleep.

Zack made a valiant effort. Bob was lying with his back to him and Zack closed his eyes and hoped he would be lulled to sleep by Bob's heavy breathing – almost a soft snore. Zack made a conscious effort not to touch Bob's naked flesh, knowing that would rouse his lust even more, so he too turned his back. Zack too was tired from all the alcohol and eventually he did fall into a fitful sleep.

He didn't know how much later it was that he woke with a start, like an electric charge had jolted him awake. In his sleep he had rolled to the middle of the bed and touched Bob's arm, shining under a thin layer of sweat. Zack heard the rhythm of Bob's heavy breathing falter, then resume as steady as before. Bob was still in a deep sleep.

Zack turned his head to look at him and had to stop himself from moaning out loud. Bob was now lying on his back his arms stretched up toward the headboard, his chest rising and falling, his handsome features serene in sleep, his stubbled jaw relaxed, mouth slightly open, accounting for the faint snore – more like a purr. It was so fucking sexy, Zack thought, carefully raising himself on one elbow for a better look.

During the warm night Bob had somehow pushed the sheet off him and now his naked body gleamed in the soft moonlight entering the room. Zack gazed at the beautiful face, then ran his eyes down over the neck, the chest and lats stretched upward, the eight-pack abs, slim waist

and muscled thighs. The outline of his cock bulged under his shorts he was probably dreaming. Dreaming of Zack? Nah, Zack thought, more likely of Randy.

Zack knew he had rarely seen anything as beautiful as this sleeping demigod, and he reached out as if to run his hand over his body. But, still not daring to touch, his hand hovered an inch from his flesh as it floated down from his neck, over his chest and abs, then stopped, poised over the bulge in his shorts. This strange act was frustrating and thrilling at the same time and he drew his hand back and stroked his own bulge through his shorts.

He had to make a physical effort to stop throwing himself on top of Bob – kiss him, lick him, bite him. He imagined the upstretched arms tied to the bed, with Bob at his mercy. No, that was not the right image. Bob was a magnificent, dominant top-man and Zack needed to worship him. It was he, Zack, who should be tied up, facing this powerful top-man, yielding to him, begging him to..... what? whip him, fuck him do whatever he wanted to him.

Zack's cock was pulsing hard as he fantasized, mesmerized by the beautiful man lying beside him. Above all he didn't want to wake him so he moved cautiously stroking the bulge in his own shorts. With his arms upstretched Bob's armpit was close to Zack's face and he saw a trickle of sweat oozing from the thick black armpit hair. He leaned forward and gently licked the beads of sweat off his skin, tasting the erotic, musky essence of the man.

And that did it. He felt his cock shudder under his shorts and he clamped his jaw shut to stifle a scream as he felt warm liquid filling his shorts. He held his breath as his cock pumped juice while the man lay peacefully beside him like a marble statue.

It took a long time for Zack's heartbeat to subside, then he slowly reached for a towel on the floor and dried up the worst of the sticky liquid in his shorts. He was relieved to see that Bob was still in a deep sleep and he eased himself off his elbow and lay with his back to Bob. After his orgasm Zack was composed enough to invite sleep. But as he was dozing off he held his breath as Bob stirred beside him. Still sleeping deeply Bob rolled onto his side, his chest pressing against Zack's back and threw his arm over Zack.

It was what he did unconsciously most nights with Randy, only this night it was Zack. Zack tensed, then relaxed and eased back against Bob and lightly touched his arm. And at last sleep overcame him with the first of many dreams – not all of them dry.

Zack was the first to wake in the morning and he felt an urgent need to change his wet shorts, a result of his dreams that he tried to remember and cling on to before they faded, as dreams do. He went outside in the chill morning air and hosed himself down, then dried off and pulled on a fresh pair of shorts and his gray V-neck T-shirt from the day before. He grinned and in an act of mischief worthy of his boy Darius, walked behind the shack and tossed the old cum-soaked shorts through the open window of Bob's car. Something to remember him by.

Then he worked silently in the small kitchen and when Bob finally roused himself after his long, deep sleep his first sensation was the smell of bacon and toast. He opened his eyes and stared up at the black muscle-hunk smiling down at him. "Breakfast is served on the deck, squire." Bob propped himself on his elbows. "Man, talk about service with a smile. You really know how to treat your guests."

"You don't know the half of it," Zack grinned, though his meaning was not entirely clear to Bob, who pulled on Zack's T-shirt he had worn the evening before. Soon they were out on the deck, both wearing just T-shirts and shorts, sitting facing each other over bacon, eggs, toast and a steaming pot of coffee. Bob said casually, "Sleep well?"

"Pretty good," said Zack, without making eye contact, staring down at his plate. "Hell," Bob said, "I must have been totally bushed slept like a log."

"I know," Zack mumbled, and as Bob caught his eye he looked back down at the table"

"Something up, buddy?" Bob asked gently, his sensitive antennae on full alert.

There was a pause, then Zack looked him full in the eye. "Heck, this is ridiculous. We're friends from way back, man, and I should be able to tell you anything. So here goes, buddy."

"Since you asked, no, I didn't sleep that well at first because of you." Bob looked startled, but Zack ploughed on with his confessional. "You know you've always turned me on, man, no secret about that. But when I saw you laying down the law to the group the other day, with your fists clenched, muscles rippling and that sexy dark stubble over your chin and upper lip shit, you were like a new man – an incredibly hot, dominant alpha male."

He paused, then said, "It's a well-known fact that men are attracted to other men who resemble them and I've always been turned on by rugged, macho top-men like myself – and like Randy, who I admire a lot. Throw in some leather gear and I've got a dick like a ramrod. Adam's a hot leather-master and that's why I let him tie me up and whip me. Hell, that's why I wanted Darius as my boy – and he's turning into a real tough young buck and I love that."

"Anyway, yesterday when you put on my boots, jeans and that old ripped T-shirt, the gear I wear at work, you looked like a macho construction boss – like me. You were fucking awesome and kicked my fantasies into high gear. And I had to do it, man I I went into the bathroom, watched you through a crack in the door and jacked off a huge load all over the door. Then I felt safe having dinner with you."

He paused, lost eye contact and stared down at his plate, digging at his food. Bob was impressed by this confession from a man like Zack and knew how hard it was for him. So he coaxed him gently. "But, that thing about not sleeping well because of me"

“Yeah well,” Zack said, looking up again with a grin. “You have no idea, do you, of how fucking gorgeous you look when you’re asleep, naked, with moonlight streaming over that smoking hot body. Even your breathing was sexy. And you were inches away from me! But we’d agreed on that no-sex thing, and I didn’t dare touch you or risk waking you so I shit I leaned on my elbow and whacked off in my shorts just staring at you. After that I guess I fell asleep, but God knows how many wet dreams I had. In the morning my shorts were soaked and stinking of cum.” He grinned self-consciously. “I threw the shorts in your car – kind of a keepsake.”

Bob stared at him, his eyes crinkled and he started to laugh, and Zack joined in, saying between helpless guffaws, “So in that top-of-the-line Mercedes, lying on the soft leather of the passenger seat, is a filthy pair of wet undershorts, stinking of cum and sweat – my gift to you, buddy.”

That set them off again, laughing uncontrollably. When it finally subsided there was silence for a while, broken only by the lapping of the waves on the shore and the cry of the seagulls whirling overhead. They were both pondering the implications of Zack’s long speech, looking tentatively into the future, wondering what came next. Bob found himself gazing at the old doorframe, still planted firmly in the sand a few feet from the shack, the only remains of a shed that had long ago succumbed to the implacable weather.

Zack saw where Bob was looking and said, “Remember that?” Bob looked directly into Zack’s gray eyes. “How could I ever forget that, Zack? Sometimes, when Randy’s away and I’m all alone, I still jerk off thinking about it.”

“I felt so bad about that at the time,” Zack said. “But like I said back then, you were so fucking beautiful I couldn’t stand it. Your beauty hurt me I had to hurt it back, damage it. It was something I always felt when I faced extreme beauty – like a perfect sunset. I had to own it. I was the big leather-stud, after all, so I could do anything. I tied you up, but I lost control and gave you the whipping of your life. But things are different now so different.....”

Zack’s voice trailed off and, as images of the past flew through Bob’s mind, things seemed to be getting a bit too hot for comfort. He stood up, not bothering to disguise the huge erection in his shorts, and said, “You know, buddy, I should take a jog up the beach to Mark’s shack. I did promise him I’d check it out. I’ll get the key. He went inside, got the key from his suit pocket, came back out and took off his T-shirt, making Zack’s cock pulse in his shorts once again.

“Won’t be long.” There was no mention of Zack joining him neither man wanted that right now. They needed to think, to allow themselves to feel, to be led by the powerful instincts building inside them, straining for release. As Zack watched the near-naked figure jogging powerfully into the distance his cock was dripping with pre-cum, but he was determined not to jack off again. He wanted more than that much more. And he knew what he had to do.

At Mark's shack Bob unlocked the door and it creaked open. Inside it was all Mark and Jamie, their clothes scattered around, surfboards propped against the wall. Bob took a deep breath and thought of Mark. They had spent good times up here together and Bob thought how sex loomed so large in his life – Randy, Mark, Zack Randy was Bob's life – they worshiped each other. But Bob's feelings for Mark and Zack differed from each other. Bob loved Mark – they made love. But with Zack it was more carnal. The man was such a powerful sex figure – always working shirtless, not to mention being a leather icon, those rippling black muscles.

What Bob was feeling right now was not exactly love for Zack, though he loved him as a buddy. It was raw lust, carnal desire, and as Zack had said, things were different now. Bob's instinct had formerly been to submit to this macho leather master, but he was aware of the transformation he himself had recently gone through. He rubbed his stubbled chin and smiled – it was the stubbled face that the guys always mentioned first about his new macho image – and it did look hot.

He lusted for Zack but he couldn't put his finger on what he wanted to do to the big leatherman. Fuck him, sure – but that wasn't enough. He wanted a lot more than that. Could it be that he was feeling the same visceral need that Zack had felt all that time ago – a need to own all that beauty, to subdue it, hurt it? He began to understand the exquisite pain that the beautiful alpha male felt when confronted by another stunningly beautiful man. That was it – it was a contest – man to man – mano-a-mano. Testosterone surged through Bob and he flexed his muscles.

Suddenly he knew what he wanted.

His body was on fire, as his feet pounded the wet sand and splashed through the shallow surf. In this vast expanse of sea, sand and sky he felt alive, in total harmony with nature in all its beauty and power. He was alone, omnipotent, his body charged with a primal craving for action. "YES!" he screamed jubilantly to the world, and the seagulls screamed back, wheeling overhead in startled admiration.

Then suddenly he was not alone – not quite. In the spray-misted distance he saw the dot of the shack nestled between the beach and the dunes. Bob felt his cock get hard and bounce in his shorts in time to his pounding feet. The shack slowly became larger, more distinct he could even pick out the doorframe next to it but what was the? Then, as he came closer he knew – something he had known deep down all along.

His heart was beating wildly, his breath heaving as he finally came close and stood facing Zack. Spread-eagled in the door frame, wrists and ankles loosely tied to the corners, naked except for thin, ragged shorts, the black body gleamed in the dazzling light of the sun. Their eyes met and an understanding passed between them – between two alpha males who at last accepted the reason for their meeting in this wild and lonely place.

Bob stepped forward and tightened the ropes which Zack had looped round his ankles and wrists. He watched Zack tug on the ropes, his muscles bulging, his body twisting, and they locked eyes in the shared realization that the naked leather-master was helplessly bound at the mercy of the demigod whose beauty had conquered him. The look of defiance in the captive's eyes spurred Bob to action.

Looking toward the shack Bob saw something hanging over the railing of the deck. He walked over, picked up the items Zack had left for him and went inside. Zack was alone, bound, spread-eagled, his arms, shoulders, chest and thighs flexed in reparation for what was to come.

Zack's cock was rock hard. It had been that way since he had made his decision, tied himself to the doorframe and fantasized as he waited for Bob's return. He knew what was coming but the reality far surpassed his fantasies.

"Aaah," he gasped as he saw Bob emerge from the shack. The muscle-god was in full leather – boots, leather pants clinging to his muscled thighs, heavy black belt, and a leather vest hanging open over his chest. Mirror glasses made his face look even more rugged, enhanced by the heavy stubble on his chin and upper lip, and his tangle of dark hair hanging over his brow. And hanging round his neck was a black, single-tail bull-whip. The man was a pornographic icon of domination and Zack tugged against the ropes binding him, not only to get free but simply to touch the man in an act of worship.

Bob pulled off his glasses and wordlessly approached his prisoner. Gazing into the gray eyes, he buckled round his neck a studded black collar he was holding. He paused, then ceremonially removed the whip from his own neck and placed it round Zack's. The significance was clear to both of them. This was the whip Zack had used that first time on Bob, bound in the same place. Now their positions were reversed and control of the whip had passed from Zack to Bob.

His eyes piercing Zack's, Bob growled, "You're mine – at last." He reached down, grabbed Zack's thin shorts and ripped them clear off, freeing the long black rod that sprang out, already oozing pre-cum. Bob walked back about six feet, turned and faced the naked construction worker, his magnificent ebony physique stretched in bondage. With a hint of a smile Bob pressed the torn shorts to his face and breathed deeply, savoring the smell of crotch-sweat, dried cum and piss. Then he tied the shredded remains loosely round his own neck – a trophy seized by one master from another.

Zack was mesmerized by the incredible image of the man he had masturbated about so often now standing before him, his magnificent body sheathed in leather. The brown eyes stared back at him hypnotically and Zack pulled frantically at his restraints. The man was so beautiful, so fucking hot – that face, that body he was desperate to touch him, touch his own cock so

he could shoot in an act of homage. His body writhed and thrashed, muscles gleaming his balls were bursting, his cock straining and “Aaaagh

Bob watched in amazement as the superb black body arched, the biceps bulged, the hips thrust forward and the monster club blasted a long stream of white juice high in the air, a tribute to the leather-god, splashing down on the sand at his feet. Bob watched the body shudder as it shot more jism, then became still, hanging limp in the doorframe, head hanging down.

Bob walked forward, slid the whip from round Zack’s neck, pushed the nub of the handle under his chin and raised his head until their eyes met once again. Hoarsely Zack pleaded, “Whip me, man please

 Bob turned, walked back, and again turned to face his captive, the whip hanging from his fist. His eyes glinted, he raised his arm and cracked the whip hard against the helpless body, curling round the back and chest, the tip slamming against the nipple.

“Aaaagh!” The agonized scream pierced the air, drowning out the crashing waves and screaming seagulls whirling overhead. The savage blow had been too much, Bob knew that. Randy had trained him well on how to test a man’s limits with a heavy first blow, and he taunted his prisoner.

“That enough? you wanna stop?” Slowly Zack raised his head and stared defiantly at the Bob. “Whip me,” he growled. Bob shrugged off his leather vest and Zack stared in awe at the leather-master, naked to the waist in leather pants and boots, stripped for action. Mesmerized, Zack pleaded this time “Whip me.”

And so it began, bringing to life the scene Zack had fantasized about so often. Bob’s arm rose again and, less savagely now, the whip lashed across the slabs of Zack’s chest, then lower, curling round his flexed washboard abs and lower back. The tempo increased relentlessly – the arms next, then the heavily muscled thighs. The black body thrashed and twisted against the ropes as pain flashed through his body from each succeeding target of the whip. The rugged face, with the high cheekbones and shaved head, jerked from side to side as his screams raced along the beach.

Bob went behind Zack and gazed at the man’s muscled back. The upstretched arms pulled it in a tight V from the rock-hard shoulders, tapering down the lats to the slim waist, then rising up over the perfect mounds of the light brown ass. As Bob stared at the magnificent black body hanging before him he felt a sudden surge of testosterone engulf him. This is what it was like to be a master – to be in control – to have a top-man like this at his mercy. But Bob knew Zack’s limits and an inherent restraint made him respect them. Being at the receiving end with Randy so often had trained him well. Bob also knew that he was giving Zack what he craved.

And so the back felt the sting of the whip, blow after blow until the black flesh was crisscrossed with dark red lines. Then the globes of Zack’s ass bounced under the lash as the whip sliced through the air. When the ass was striped with whip marks Bob eased off, walked back round to face Zack and saw the ecstasy in his eyes. His body on fire, Zack gazed at the rugged

leatherman and, in a near trance, groaned, “More please.....” As the whip fell again Zack lost all control and howled, “Yeah, whip that body, man hurt me, man. Harder.”

Bob heard the wild delirium in Zack’s voice and knew it was time to bring things to a climax. He saw his long rod pointing straight out, hard as steel again, and with another lash he curled the whip round it, then yanked it back so it uncoiled painfully. “Aaagh,” Zack groaned, and Bob knew he had him. Once again he lashed the whip round the cock and pulled it off.

Tears streamed down Zack’s cheeks as he stared wildly at Bob. “Thank you, sir,” he moaned. Bob coiled the whip round his cock one last time, Zack’s whole body flexed, the cock shuddered and “aaagh!” a plume of cum spurted from it, splashed on Bob’s thighs and ran down the leather pants. Zack stared into Bob’s eyes and moaned through his sobs, “Thank you, sir.”

Bob threw the whip onto the sand, came close to Zack, put his hand behind his head, pulled it toward him and kissed him hard on the lips. “You’re magnificent, man,” Bob said softly. “You know what I have to do now.” Zack bowed his head in submission.

Standing behind him again Bob looked at the whipped-marked back and ran his hands lightly over the stripes. The flesh was tender and he felt Zack tense, with a sharp intake of breath. Then he cupped his hands round the striped cheeks of his ass and again felt them tense. All this time Bob’s cock had been raging hard in his leather pants and he now yanked them open, pulled out his rod and eased the head between the cheeks. He put his hands on Zack’s narrow hips, paused, then pulled them roughly toward him so his cock drove hard into the helpless ass.

“Aaagh.” Once again Zack screamed as he felt the cock bury itself deep inside him and felt the pain of Bob’s wiry pubic hair scrape against the raw, whipped flesh of his ass. Bob eased back, then again pulled the hips toward him. But this time he leaned forward and his chest pressed against the whip-striped back. He pressed his cheek against Zack’s neck and whispered in his ear, “That stubble on my face turned you on like crazy, man. Let’s see if you like how it feels. He ran his stubbled chin along Zack’s shoulder, scraping the raw skin damaged by the whip.

Again Zack howled and pleaded, “Fuck me, man. Fuck my ass!” Bob wrapped his arms round him, stroked the ravaged chest, then closed his fingers over his nipples, already raw from the whip. It is said that a man can feel only one source of pain at a time, but Zack felt them all – the hammering in his ass, the chafing stubble on his neck and the searing pain in his chest.

Through Zack’s howls of pain Bob yelled into his ear. “You can end it, man you know how.” But Zack wasn’t thinking or hearing any more – only feeling feeling the pain inflicted by the man he had lusted for so badly, feeling his piston inside his ass, his hands working his chest and his hard body grinding against him.

He had dreamed of this moment, yearned for it, and now he screamed, "Shoot your load in my ass man please here it comes, man" One last piercing scream, one last shudder of his cock, and one last eruption of semen onto the hot sand, as he felt Bob shoot in his ass, an eruption of cum that had been building since the moment he arrived.

Their bodies pressed together for a long time, breath heaving, hearts pounding as they slowly recovered from the sexual fever that had gripped them. Finally Bob pulled away, walked round to face Zack and quickly untied him. Zack sank to his knees and clasped Bob's leg, pressing his face hard against the cum-splashed black leather, kissing it, licking it, sobbing with relief and exhilaration. At last he pulled back and gazed up at the beautiful muscle-god towering over him, the man who had dominated him so spectacularly.

And then, as reality flooded back, in a sudden revelation Zack understood the truth. Intense beauty had always pained and frustrated him, so he wanted to hurt it, to own it, as he had hurt Bob all that time ago. But ultimately that was unsatisfying and now he knew why. What he really needed was not to dominate and own beauty but the opposite – to submit *to* it, to be owned *by* it, to surrender to it as totally and magnificently as he had just surrendered to Bob. Only then could he truly love it.

Bob stripped off his leather pants and boots so both of them were naked – equal. They ran down the beach into the waves and felt the healing balm of the ocean, though the salt water stung Zack's tender flesh and he grinned at Bob as he recalled the sting of the whip. When they ran out of the waves and up onto the deck Bob draped a soft towel over one of the chairs and Zack eased his tender body onto it, wincing as his back rested against it. Bob went inside and came out with two beers, which they sipped silently facing each other.

It was Zack who broke the silence. "You can't go back right away, buddy. Please, say you'll stay one more night." Bob smiled. "I think we owe that to each other. Except last night you were scared to touch me in bed 'cause you felt so much lust. Tonight I'll be scared to touch you because you feel so raw."

"Don't sweat it, man," Zack laughed. "I want those arms round me no matter how much it hurts – all the better if it does if you know what I mean."

While Zack showered Bob called Randy and told him he would be back tomorrow. He heard the disappointment in Randy's voice but it was soon replaced with something like pride when Bob described what had happened with Zack. Randy was turned on even more by the thought of fucking Bob after he had so totally dominated a stud like Zack. "Can't wait, buddy," he said.

Randy and Mark were kicking back in Mark's apartment and Randy grinned as he shut off the phone. "Man, seems Bob really did a number on Zack up there in the dunes. He's turned into such a mean mother-fucker, working over that tough son-of-a-bitch leatherman."

Mark smiled. "No, not mean, Randy, you know that. Bob only did what Zack craved from him. You saw the way Zack was looking at Bob the other day. Anyway, now that's over maybe you can turn your attention back to those boys of yours. There's trouble brewing there."

"Yeah, I know," Randy sighed and took a slug of beer. "I separated them 'cause I saw that Pablo was being a bad influence over Ben – that stupid fight and all. But they resent filling in as houseboys and now they're not talking to each other – some kind of weird animosity building up – resentment, competition – something, I dunno. They're basically great kids but, by god, they can be a handful."

"They're just trying to be like you," Mark grinned. "Seems like they've succeeded a bit too well."

"Asshole," Randy grinned. "Anyway, I'm gonna send them to my brother Steve for some therapy – or whatever it is he calls therapy. Maybe he can lick them into shape. Shit, I envy you sometimes with that boy of yours. Jamie did a great job helping Darius break up that fight."

"Yeah," Mark said, "I love the kid to death, not to mention that gorgeous ass of his. But you know, buddy, he's so laid back – you know, that surfer vibe. I wish he could learn to be more assertive, especially with the other boys."

"More like you, you mean."

"Well yeah, kinda. Trouble is, I don't think he ever really recovered from that time I caught him doing drugs with that loser and I came down real hard on him."

"Hard?! Man, you were gonna throw the kid out on his ass as I recall – even threatened to remove that tattoo from his arm. That was cold man, way over the top – you were a mean son-of-a-bitch to the boy."

Mark flinched. "Don't rub it in, man I'm not proud of it. Sometimes I act too much like a cop – it's bred in the bone. But I think Mario's a good influence on him with that mature European thing he's got going. Anyway, I've decided to take them both up to my shack in the dunes, make a long weekend of it. See if I can kinda take a back seat and let Jamie take charge."

"Should be interesting," Randy grinned. "Take it easy though, officer. You guys always seem to get in some kind of trouble up there."

Just then the door opened and Jamie came in. "Oh, sorry, sir – I didn't know you were....."

Randy stood up. “No sweat, kid, I was just leaving.” He looked down at Jamie’s round ass straining at his surfer trunks and grinned at Mark. “Yeah, I see what you mean. Like I said, officer, take care of the boy. This too” – and he patted Jamie’s ass on the way out.

#

Chapter 200 – Turning Boys Into Men

Mark had just come home from his shift and had not changed out of his police uniform before kicking back with Randy over a couple of beers. Now he lay back on the bed, propped up on his elbows and staring at Jamie who glowed with that sexy look of the young Southern California surfer, with his disheveled blond hair, smiling blue eyes, and dressed in his usual outfit of faded surfer shorts and a loose tank top over his lithe, athletic body.

Mark’s cock was growing visibly hard under his uniform pants and he said, “Well, you heard what the man said, boy. What you gonna do about it?”

“Sorry, sir,” Jamie said, kicking off his sneakers and pulling his tank top off over his head. He stood still, letting Mark admire him, stripped down to just his board shorts. Jamie knew exactly how to excite his Greek-God master. He also knew how horny the cop always felt after eight hours astride that throbbing bike, and Jamie smiled at the growing bulge in his uniform pants.

“God, that’s beautiful,” Mark sighed. “Turn around, kid.” Jamie turned his back to Mark, thrust his hands in the pockets of his shorts and pushed them forward, stretching the faded fabric over the perfect mounds of his ass as he flared his lats. “Holy shit,” Mark moaned softly. Then Jamie loosened the drawstring of his shorts, pushed them slowly down over his ass-cheeks and let them drop. Mark was mesmerized by the round white globes, the sharp tan lines separating the ass from the golden brown of his naked body.

The cop stopped rubbing the bulge in his pants to stop from losing his load. Still with his back turned, Jamie continued his usual evening ritual and lifted one of the cop’s boots between his legs, pressing it up against his balls. Mark raised his other boot and pushed the foot against one of the white mounds of the naked boy’s ass. He pushed hard, the boot slowly slid loose and Jamie stumbled forward as the boot came off. The same ritual was followed for the other boot, and Mark said, “You’re driving me crazy, boy. Come up here.”

Instead of getting up to fuck Jamie as he usually did Mark lay back on the bed, his hands linked behind his head. Jamie got on the bed and knelt astride him, his ass sitting firmly on the cop’s bulge, feeling the rough serge of the pants against his bare cheeks. He flashed a smile at Mark, leaned forward and slowly began to unbutton his black uniform shirt. When it was open to the waist he pulled it apart and stroked his palms over the white T-shirt underneath, feeling the rounded pecs flex under his touch.

Jamie wriggled his butt on the bulge of the pants, feeling the rock-hard outline of Mark's cock under his ass. At the same time he rubbed the backs of his fingers against the shirt right over the shape of the cop's nipples. "Oh, man," Mark groaned. "yeah, work 'em, boy." Jamie squeezed the hard nipples through the T-shirt as Mark gazed up at him and ran his hands over Jamie's chest, settling on the boy's tits, squeezing them as Jamie was doing to him.

Gazing into each other's eyes they rolled each other's nipples harder between their fingers while Jamie rubbed his ass back and forth over Mark's crotch, driving Mark wild. The cop threw his arms upward on the bed and grabbed the rail of the headboard. Jamie worked the tits harder and gazed in awe at the cop's biceps bulging below his short sleeves as he pulled on the rail as if he were tied to it.

Mark's handsome face thrashed from side to side and he moaned, "Shit, that feels so fucking hot." He stared up at his beautiful, naked boy, his young muscles rippling as he moved his body erotically on top of him, grinding his ass on the cock pulsing in his pants. "Yeah," Mark moaned, "come on, work it, boy, punish those tits, work that sweet ass over my cock." Suddenly he inhaled sharply. "Man, it feels so hot.... I can't take it you're making me aaagh!" and he creamed his pants with streams of hot jism.

Mesmerized, Jamie stared at the handsome blond cop bucking beneath him, gripping the bed hard as he emptied his load in his pants. Jamie's ass felt the sticky dampness of the pants as cum oozed through the fabric. Jamie leaned forward and braced himself with his hands on the bed beside Mark's face. "You are so beautiful, sir. I love you like crazy."

He fell onto Mark's body, chest against chest, and felt his cock press against the buckle of the heavy police belt. He ground his cock against the leather, gazed into Mark's blue-gray eyes and said, "I love you, sir." His lips met Mark's, their mouths opened and they shared the same breath back and forth as Jamie uttered a stifled moan and his cock erupted between their bodies, semen streaming up onto Mark's T-shirt. The cop folded his arms round his boy and squeezed him tight.

After their heartbeats slowed Mark rolled Jamie off him and they lay on their sides, staring into each other's eyes. "That was real special, Jamie," Mark said, "and you know why? It's because you were in control – on top. I was just saying to Randy that it's a big turn on for me to see my boy take command, assert himself. And that gave me an idea. What would you say if I took you and Mario up to the shack in the dunes? It's your shack now, of course, so I guess I should really ask if you would invite us to stay."

Jamie's eyes shone mischievously. "Hmm, I'll have to think about it." He grinned "OK, I've thought about it and you're invited. You want me to take charge, so I will. I'll plan all the activities, and that includes teaching Mario to surf. He didn't do much of that in Europe – only a bit down in Laguna. I'll take you both to dinner too...." Then he curbed his enthusiasm and added modestly, "...if that's OK with you, sir."

“Sounds perfect, kiddo. Shit, even your take-charge tone of voice makes me hard. But before you become the big boss-man you gotta help me off with this cum-soaked T-shirt and throw it in the laundry for Pablo and Ben to wash. Or, add it to my other stinking shirts you’ve got stashed away that you jack off over.” Jamie grinned bashfully and blushed.

“By the way,” Mark asked, “how are those two boys coping with filling in as houseboys while Nate and Eddie are off sick?”

“Not well at all, sir. They see it as a big come-down – them being Randy’s son and brother. They’re feeling bad about the big fight but I think in a way they blame each other. Pablo was showing off to Ben and Ben was influenced by all that macho stuff. Anyway, they’re not talking to each other much right now. Not sure what’s gonna happen.”

“Therapy – that’s what’s gonna happen. Randy’s gonna send them to Doctor Steve to see if he can sort them out. Steve’s methods can get pretty weird but he gets the job done. Now, how about helping me off with this uniform, then we’ll jump in the shower and you can take charge again – show me how aggressive you can be.”

The next day Bob and Zack came home from the dunes. Zack had already had a long phone conversation with his boy Darius, but he might as well have used a public address system because by the time they came in every detail of what had happened was all over the house. Gathered over drinks after work the group stared in awe as the guys walked through the gate.

Zack was in jeans and a black tank-top that did little to hide the whip marks on his arms and shoulders. In fact he flaunted them as a badge of honor. Bob was still wearing the black jeans, boots and old torn black T-shirt Zack had lent him. With his stubbled face and macho strut it was the rugged look that had turned Zack on so much he had jacked off a huge load just looking at him. And now there wasn’t a limp dick in the crowd – including Randy’s massive hard-on.

Ignoring everyone else Randy stood up from the table and said, “Hey, buddy, welcome back. Come upstairs. He threw his arm round Bob’s neck and pushed him toward the house.

“That goes for you too, boy,” Zack said to Darius. “Come across the street to my house and help me get cleaned up.”

Zack and Randy both knew what they wanted. Zack had willingly submitted to being bound, whipped and fucked by Bob, the leather-stud he lusted for, but now he needed to re-assert his role as master, and who better to do that with than Darius, the newly dominant young black buck who now led the boys.

Randy had heard with pride how Bob had worked Zack over, had overwhelmed the macho leather-master and made him submit to the beautiful and powerful Superman. Now there was only one thing Randy wanted to do he had to. His cock demanded it.

Upstairs in the master bedroom Randy faced Bob. “So,” Randy grinned, “you’re the big new boss around town, eh? Guess you’re gonna tie me up and whip me like you did Zack.”

Bob smiled. “Sounds like a plan.”

“Course,” Randy shrugged, “on the other hand I could just throw the new boss on the bed and fuck the shit out of him.”

“Sounds like a better plan,” Bob grinned.

Randy pressed his hand in Bob’s chest and pushed him hard onto the bed. He looked down at the rugged alpha stud lying on his back, his arms flung upward, his T-shirt’s torn sleeves pushed up so high it looked like a sleeveless shirt. Randy moaned, “Shit, man, that looks so damn hot. Let’s see now.” He reached down to the frayed neck of the shirt and ripped a few inches down the middle. He stepped back and grinned, “Yeah, even better. So you’re the macho stud who topped the big leather master. Now look at you – your ripped T-shirt, gorgeous stubbled face – waiting for this.”

Randy pulled off his tank top, ripped open his pants, pulled out his beer-can-thick cock and stroked it. “You may be the big top-man around here, stud, but you know where this is going?”

“Yeah – in my ass,” said Bob, his body trembling with desire. “Damn right,” Randy growled. “Just so you remember who the real boss is in this house.” Springing into action he ripped open Bob’s jeans and pulled them down over his ass. He knelt on the bed grabbed one of Bob’s boots and pushed his leg up high, the other splayed on the bed, his ass exposed. Randy pressed his cock between the cheeks and growled, “Here it comes, big guy.”

The massive cock plunged inside Bob’s ass. He winced but stared defiantly into Randy’s eyes. Bob had long ago learned to endure Randy’s classic power fuck and the pain quickly faded into a unique sensation on the fine line between agony and ecstasy. Randy’s blue eyes penetrated his as his cock pistoned inside him. He pushed Bob’s leg further back and with his free hand grabbed the ripped neck of his shirt and pulled Bob’s head and shoulders forward off the bed.

With his upper torso hanging from the shirt in Randy’s fist Bob stretched his arms out on the bed and gazed up at the wild, shirtless gypsy, his abs flexing as they slammed forward, his bicep bulging as he held Bob suspended from his shirt. Bob moaned, “You’re incredible man. Fuck my ass fuck it hard, sir.”

Randy redoubled the pace of the ferocious fuck, and each thrust of his cock jerked Bob's body back to the sound of ripping cloth. The shirt was taking a pounding along with Bob's ass and as the pile-driver slammed into him the shirt ripped more and more. Randy gloated. "Not the big boss now, are you, stud? That gorgeous body is mine – your ass is mine. You can make other guys submit to you, even Zack, but not me. Even a tough muscle-stud like you meets his match and submits to his master. Let me hear the big tough Superman beg....!"

"Yes, sir. You're my master – my ass is yours. Please, sir, cum in my ass. Please...."

Randy pulled his cock all the way back then pierced his lover with one last savage thrust. The T-shirt finally ripped in two and came off in Randy's fist, releasing Bob who fell back on the bed. His face thrashed wildly and he screamed as he felt Randy's hot cum streaming into his ass.

The dark demon's chest heaved as he stared down at him, the sweat from his chest dripping down onto the exhausted man. Randy tied the shredded remains of the shirt loosely round his own neck, much as Bob had done with Zack's torn shirt, a trophy of dominance. The picture of the savage gypsy was complete and Bob shuddered at the spectacular sight.

Randy hooked both of Bob's legs over his shoulders and fell forward, pinning his wrists to the bed above his head. His eyes blazed down at him as he growled, "And now, mother fucker, you're gonna shoot your load for me. I can make you do anything like this. On a count of three, man." Again he pulled his hips back, then slammed his cock into the depths of Bob's ass and let it rest there. "That was one."

His cock withdrew, then slammed in again, making Bob howl. "That was two," Randy gloated. "OK, here it comes, buddy this one's because I love you." He pulled back one last time, paused, then shouted, "Three," as he drove his cock in deep, over the inner sphincter and it came to rest in the cauldron of the deepest chamber of Bob's ass.

"Aaaagh....!" Bob's scream echoed round the room as his cock reared up and blasted a ribbon of cum that arced high and splashed against Randy's chest, then another even higher that slammed into the swarthy face. He howled again as Randy suddenly pulled his dick out, then fell forward, wrapped his arms round Bob and kissed him voraciously.

Their hearts thumped against each other as they kissed and ground their stubbled faces together. Finally Randy rolled off Bob and lay beside him. As their breathing subsided Randy turned his face to Bob's and grinned. "Un-fucking-believable man. You look so fucking hot in Zack's clothes. Like I said, there's not a man who can master you – except me, buddy. Shit, you must have done a number on Zack. Tell me about it – all the details. Spill the beans, man."

"You know," Bob laughed, "you're starting to sound just like Darius."

"Yeah, I should have damn well made that boy follow you up there with his camera, told him to film the whole thing. And as he would say, that movie would definitely have been...."

“..... one for prosperity!” they chanted in unison and collapsed laughing in each other’s arms.

As it happened, at that very moment, Darius was doing his best to restore Zack’s confidence in his own manhood, which had taken a beating when he had offered himself up to be whipped by Bob. Now in Zack’s house, master and boy stood facing each other.

Zack reached behind his own neck and pulled up on his tank that slid slowly upward, and an awestruck Darius gazed in turn at the sculpted abs, chest and arms, all striped by the marks of the whip. Zack threw the shirt to the floor and Darius reached forward to touch the muscular black torso, his fingers gently tracing the long lines crisscrossing it, evidence of the brutal lash.

“You look so hot, sir,” the boy breathed, then leaned forward, his tongue replacing his finger, licking the whip-marks slowly over his master’s gleaming body. Far from making Zack look diminished by the dominance of another master, the whip marks were a sign to Darius of his master’s strength and endurance, and his cock grew hard as he imagined Zack’s powerful body writhing under the lash.

He kissed the striped flesh, licking between the pecs then down over the washboard abs to the waistband of his black jeans. Resting his hands on the slim hips he sank to his knees before his master. He pulled open Zack’s jeans and watched the long black rod spring out, hard as steel. Darius licked the sweaty balls, then sucked the head of the cock into his mouth and pushed his face forward, letting the cock slide inside him until his face was buried in the wiry, black pubic hair, moist with crotch-sweat.

He heard Zack moan, felt the big hand grab the back of his head and pull it back off the cock. Zack said, “Now make me feel good. Suck it hard, boy like this” and he yanked the head forward, forcing his shaft deep into Darius’s throat, making him choke. As the monster cock filled his mouth Darius breathed desperately through his nose which was buried in the wet pubic hair the boy felt he was drowning in the stink of Zack’s crotch.

Suddenly Zack pulled his cock out and Darius gazed up at the shirtless muscle-god, his monster cock slapping his face from side to side. “You want more, boy? You wanna feel your master’s pole busting a load deep in your throat?”

“Yes, sir please, sir,” Darius gulped, and the ferocious face-fuck continued. Zack was massively turned on knowing that the boy was such a tough young buck, leader of the boys, and yet here he was, on his knees getting his face pounded by his master. “Here it comes, boy,” he yelled at last. The smell and taste of the pile-driving black rod intoxicated the boy, tears ran down his face, and he was on the verge of passing out when the cock swelled in his mouth and pumped a river of pungent juice that Darius gulped down frantically.

He swallowed desperately, choking on the semen that poured into him. When the cock was drained Zack pulled out, took a few steps back, folded his arms across his chest and gazed down at the boy, his mouth sagging open, cum running down his chin and tears down his face. "That's my boy," Zack growled. "Now cum for your master."

That didn't take long. Darius had already held back from creaming his pants and when he pulled out his stiff ten-inch dick it was oozing pre-cum. He stared up at the spectacular leather-master, stripped to the waist, arms crossed over his muscled chest and, in an act of worship, Darius stroked his cock and yelled, "I love you, sir." A plume of jism shot from his cock, hung in the air, then splashed down on his master's boots, stream after stream until the boots were smothered in jism, a tribute from his boy.

The hot young black stud fell on his stomach, reached forward, grabbed one of Zack's legs and dragged himself forward over the ground. He lowered his mouth to the boots and lapped at them hungrily, sucking up his own juice, licking the black boots until they were sparkling clean. He reached up, grabbed Zack's thigh and pulled himself up on his knees.

Zack linked his hands behind his own head, his elbows out to the side and flared his lats in a bodybuilder pose. Darius raised his arms and ran his hands over the eight-pack abs then over the slabs of Zack's chest, feeling again the raised stripes of the whip. Zack's face broke into a gleaming smile, he put his hands under his boy's armpits and pulled him to his feet facing him.

"That's just what I needed, kid. You're the perfect boy for me – a tough young alpha stud submitting to no-one but me, your master. You like the look of that whipped body, eh?"

"Oh wow, you've never looked hotter, sir," Darius said. "I just wish I had been in the dunes with my camera. What a video!" Zack grinned, "One for prosperity, eh?"

"You said it, sir."

And so the pendulum that had lately been swinging so wildly in the house finally slowed and came almost to a rest – almost. There was just one piece of unfinished business, which came to a head at the end of the week. The houseboys, Nate and Eddie, would soon be back at work after Nate took off his neck brace and Eddie the sling on his arm, both unwelcome mementos of the attack by Pablo and Ben. In the meantime, at Randy's order, Pablo and Ben had been filling in as houseboys, a demeaning task for two cocky boys who prided themselves on being Randy's son and brother.

But Randy was wary of letting the boys work together as Pablo had proved to be a poor example for the inexperienced Ben, teaching him how to fight and little else. So he had separated them on the construction site and had decreed that Ben would work in the house in the mornings and Pablo in the afternoon. But in a way their separation had backfired, driving a

wedge between them. As Randy had explained earlier to Mark, “They resent filling in as houseboys and now they’re not talking to each other – some kind of weird animosity building up – resentment, competition – I dunno.”

By week’s end the situation had worsened to the point where a clash was inevitable. And it came, as domestic conflicts so often do, over something petty. While the twins were busy in the kitchen preparing food for the evening meal, Ben had just finished tidying up when Pablo came in to take over. They didn’t speak or make eye contact, as was usually the case now, and Pablo opened the dishwasher to put some plates in that the twins had been using.

“What the fuck’s this?” Pablo said. “Hey, asshole, you didn’t empty the dishwasher like you’re s’posed to.” Ben bristled. “Oh yeah? Who says I am? You’re not my boss anymore. You’re not anyone’s boss now that Darius took over.” He had struck a nerve and the resentment that had been building for over a week erupted.

Pablo lunged at Ben and shoved him against the counter, sending the pile of dirty plates crashing to the floor. Instantly the boys were grappling, trading punches, causing havoc in the kitchen. The twins rushed forward and tried to separate them, getting thrown against the wall for their efforts. The place was getting trashed as the fight intensified.

“What the fuck?” boomed a deep voice, making everyone freeze. Randy had come home to go over the budget with Jamie, but on his way up to the office he had heard the racket coming from the kitchen and now he loomed in the doorway, an intimidating figure in his grubby work pants and old, greasy tank-top. “What the fuck’s going on here? Speak!”

The boys gulped and Pablo found his voice first. “Sir, it’s just that Ben hadn’t emptied the dishwasher like he’s s’posed to.” Even as the words came out the boy realized how lame they sounded. Ben glared at Pablo. “He can’t make me do that. It’s his job to”

“Enough!” Randy roared. “Jesus Christ, you sound like a couple of girls squabbling over whose turn it is to do the dishes. Fuck, is that what you two have come to?” He turned and paced the room, running his hand through his hair in frustration. He faced them again and raised his arms in a helpless gesture of surrender. “That’s it – I give up – I can’t handle you two anymore. You’re running wild. I thought you respected my authority but apparently not.”

He paced some more, then said, “OK, the only thing left is my brother Steve. Maybe the shrink can get through to you. And make no mistake, I’ll tell him he can do anything to you young punks to whip you into shape – anything. I’ll see if he can take you after he’s finished work today. In the meantime, you can clean up in here, then you Ben get back to the site, and Pablo, carry on cleaning the house.

He turned away in disgust and left the room shaking his head – “Holy fucking shit,”

Way up on Mulholland Drive, when Steve got home from work his lover Lloyd had already made martinis and they sat sipping them by the pool facing the panoramic view of the city spread far below them. It was something of an evening ritual between the two successful professionals, architect and psychologist – drinks, sex, dinner and a Netflix movie. But now Steve sighed.

“Sorry, buddy, but the rest will have to wait a while. I’ve promised to see Randy’s boys up here. I wouldn’t have, but he sounded desperate, at the end of his wits. Apparently the boys had been acting up – fighting again – trashed the kitchen this time apparently.” He grinned. “My guess is they’re both just acting like he does. Two junior Randys – can you imagine?”

Lloyd laughed. “No sweat, Steve. I’ve got some blueprints to go over. And the wait will make me even more horny ...” he grinned lasciviously “.... more receptive, so to speak.”

Steve smiled, “Hold that thought, buddy,” and went into the house. He changed out of his business suit and pulled on jeans and a pale blue Polo shirt, in the hope that a more casual outfit would help the boys relax. But that proved to be harder than he anticipated. He was sitting in his office when the doorbell rang and he heard Lloyd’s voice. “Hey, Ben, good to see you again. Yeah, he’s in his office – straight through on the right.”

Ben tapped on the door and came in looking nervous. He always found Doctor Steve a bit intimidating, though he still tingled when he thought of their first session together soon after he arrived in California – a doctor/patient fantasy that he still beat off to. A one-on-one with the handsome doc would have been great, but now Pablo would be there too, which he resented.

“Ben,” Steve smiled, looking up from behind his desk. He didn’t see his little brother that often and whenever he did he was startled by his looks, the dark haired, blue-eyed gypsy boy, a clone of Randy, only a younger version. He had obviously showered and changed after work into clean cargo shorts and a white T-shirt that set off his tanned face.

“Good to see you, little brother.” Steve came round from behind his desk and gave Ben a tight hug. As Ben felt the muscular body under the Polo shirt pressing against him he felt his cock stiffen, despite his resentment at being here in the first place. The gorgeous Steve looked so much like Randy that he couldn’t help being turned on. Steve pulled away and said, “OK, Ben, take a seat on the couch there – Pablo not with you?”

“No sir, we don’t drive together anymore I mean he’s coming in his own truck, sir.” So much for togetherness, Steve thought. The separation seemed to be complete. Just then they heard a car drive up, signaling Pablo’s arrival. He came into the room without knocking with a surly look on his face. He clearly hadn’t changed from his grubby work clothes, a small sign of defiance, Steve guessed.

“Ah, Pablo,” Steve smiled. “Take a seat beside Ben.” Ben was at the far end of the couch and Pablo sat at the other end, as far away as possible, pressing against the arm in an attempt

to distance himself even further. Well, Steve thought, as of now we're batting zero. "Right," he smiled, "now Randy has filled me in on some of the problems but I'd like to hear what you have to say. Pablo?"

Pablo pouted sullenly. "All I have to say is that I don't wanna be here. I wanna be home with my *dad*. He emphasized the last word for Ben's benefit being Randy's son trumped being his brother. But Ben was having none of that. "Well I'm his brother – always have been since I was born." Unable to deny that clumsy piece of logic Pablo glared at Ben, and Steve quickly interjected, "Well, by my reckoning, Ben, that would make you Pablo's uncle."

His attempt at humor worked, taking the wind out of their sails. "Anyway," said Ben, "I want to go home to my master – the *fireman*," stressing the last word in an act of one-upmanship."

"Of course," Steve said, "I did clear this meeting with Jason, and he approved." He could see this was going nowhere so he tried a different tack. "Ben, as I recall from one of our earlier sessions, soon after you and Pablo met you were best buddies. You told me you loved him and thought of yourself as his boy."

"Yeah, but a lot of water's flowed under the bridge since then." Ben's tone became wistful. "At first I looked up to him and he took care of me and taught me a lot about mechanics and stuff. I thought he loved me too, and he promised to always take care of me. But then I became Jason's boy and, I dunno, I guess he kind of got jealous."

"That's fucking bullshit – jealous of a kid like you?" Pablo snarled and clenched his fists. Steve could see that the heat was rising but he decided to let things run their course.

"See that?" Ben bristled, his wistfulness all gone. "He's become an asshole and he looked down at me 'cause I couldn't fight as good as him. He said we had to defend Randy and fight those guys and I ended up hurting Nate real bad, and he broke Eddie's arm, and now we have to work as houseboys, and..... and he's a bad influence on me – I heard Randy say so to Bob."

"He did not," shouted Pablo, and they both stood up. "Take that back, boy, or I'll" "You'll what?" snarled Ben, "break my arm like you did to that poor kid Eddie? Try me, asshole."

"Fuck you, man," Pablo yelled and hurled himself at Ben. They fell against the couch that tipped over and sent them struggling on the floor, rolling over trading punches and shouting obscenities. Steve looked on calmly, a plan forming in his mind. He could see they were not doing any real damage to each other and he had a sense that they were instinctively putting on a show for him, proving to Randy's brother how tough they were.

But the fight was starting to get out of hand, with the sound of shirts ripping, and Steve was about to make a move when – suddenly he didn't have to. On their feet, straining against each other they fell against a book case, and a big ornamental vase on the top shook and toppled forward, crashing to the ground with a deafening sound of shattered china.

Everything stopped. On their knees amid the shattered porcelain shards the boys stared up in fear as Steve towered over them. There was a knock on the door and Lloyd's voice said, "Everything OK in there, guys?" Steve said calmly, "Nothing I can't handle, buddy. Thanks."

It was Steve's steely composure that scared the boys most. Randy would have waded into them, fists flying, but his brother now eyed them with the cold look of a professional deciding what to do with them. "Sit down," he said evenly. They righted the couch and sat back on it, but closer together this time for moral support, a fact that didn't escape Steve's notice – progress at last. He assumed an attitude of cold anger.

"The bill for the vase will go to Randy with an explanation of how it got broken. As for you two I don't know how much you get away with in that house or how far they let you go, but you're dealing with me now. I may be a professional shrink, but I have a very short fuse – and it just burned to the end. Apparently you trashed the kitchen at home and now you've trashed my office. And now you'll pay."

"I remember the first time Randy came into my office, out to prove he wasn't my brother. He threw me over the desk and raped my ass – pounded it mercilessly – the worst pain I ever felt. I learned later that his brutal fucks were legendary – his chosen form of punishment. Well I'm not his brother for nothing." Steve pulled his shirt off over his head and the boys gasped in awe and fear at the sight of the muscular doctor stripped down to his jeans.

"Randy and I are alike in many ways. We both have huge cocks and we know how to use them – but there's a difference." His voice became menacing the boys had never seen Steve like this and it scared them. "See, Randy's a master fuck he can sense a man's limits and knows when to hold back. But I'm not as good as him. I'm not good at judging limits and there's always a danger I'll split a guy's ass wide open. But we'll just have to take that chance. I'm a doctor and I can get away with a lot of crap. OK, so who's first?"

The boys edged closer together on the couch, their bodies touching. Another good sign, Steve thought so far so good. "Right. Ben, stand up." Ben jumped to his feet, his heart pounding with fear, as Steve positioned a chair with its back to the couch, opposite Pablo who remained seated. "Kneel here." Steve guided Ben to the chair and he knelt on the seat facing backward. His chest was pressed against the chair's back, his arms wrapped round it, his face level with Pablo sitting on the couch.

Steve stood behind him admiring the shape of Ben's ass bulging against his shorts. "Oh yeah, I'm gonna enjoy working on that ass," Steve said. "Let's take a closer look." He pulled Ben's shorts down over his ass and stroked the bare cheeks, pushing his finger into the moist hole. Ben looked back over his shoulder and said desperately. "Please, sir, I only get fucked by Jason, and he's always real gentle with me."

“Yeah, well Jason’s a good, gentle guy. But this is me now, boy, and I’m not so gentle – once you get to know me.” He leaned forward and grabbed the boy’s hips, gazing down at the upraised ass. He pushed the head of his cock between the cheeks, then in one savage move plunged his cock fast and deep into the boy’s ass. Ben howled as the cock pulled back and plunged in again, even deeper. Pain radiated from Ben’s ass all through his body as he hugged the chairback tight and bit into the padded top.

Steve disliked causing the boy pain and hoped it would be short and swift. As he pounded the young ass with his huge cock, as massive as Randy’s, Ben’s tear-filled eyes stared at Pablo, who was watching in horror. “Aaaagh,” Ben yelled “it hurts so bad, dude help me you said you’d take care of me” and the tears started to flow down his cheeks.

The strongest instinct Pablo had inherited from Randy was the big man’s protection of his brothers, and later the boys in his house. That impulse overwhelmed Pablo now and he looked up at Steve. “No!..... please, sir don’t hurt him. Please, sir, stop fucking him, sir please.... he’s my friend”

“Too late for that, kid,” Steve growled. “He’s gotta get punished gotta get ass-fucked, and there’s no-one here to do that except me. I sure can’t trust you to do it.”

Seized by fear and pity for the young gypsy boy Pablo pleaded, “We don’t fuck, sir, not since the one time when we first met”

“OK,” Steve said, “so he’s all mine.” He thrust his hips harder and Ben screamed in pain, his wide eyes staring desperately at Pablo. “OK, OK, sir,” Pablo shouted. “Let me, sir. I’ll fuck him, sir I’ll do it real hard. Please, sir please stop and let me fuck him.”

That’s what Steve was waiting to hear. He pulled his cock out and Ben gasped with relief. “OK,” Steve said. “Ben, get naked and lie on your back on the fur rug here – quick, boy.” Ben scrambled off the chair, quickly pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his sneakers and dropped his shorts. Naked, he eased himself down on the rug, his ass still aching.

“OK, Pablo. His ass is still mighty sore but you gotta fuck it. Do it, boy!” Pablo took off his shirt, dropped his pants and knelt between Ben’s legs. Ben looked up at him with fear in his eyes. “It hurts so bad, sir. My ass hurts bad.” Pablo smiled down at him. “Don’t worry, kid, I’ll take care of it. I promised I’d take care of you.”

Pablo pushed Ben’s legs up and, with extreme care, pressed his cock against Ben’s hole and eased it very slowly inside him. Whenever Ben flinched Pablo stopped for a moment, then eased in again. “Just relax, Ben and I’ll make the pain go away. Trust me, dude look at me.” Ben locked his eyes on Pablo’s and gradually surrendered his body to him. Pablo was using all the skill he had to give the tenderest fuck of his life, slowly massaging the inflamed membrane with his gently sliding cock.

“Feel better yet, kid?” he asked softly. “Yes, sir – thank you, sir. The pain’s going away – your cock feels good inside me.”

Steve stood at a distance smiling quietly. He had hated hurting Ben but it was the only way. In fact, he had taken his cue from his big brother. He had seen Randy savagely punish a misbehaving boy but, if ever that same boy were being hurt by someone else, Randy’s powerful protective instinct took over and he roared in like a lion to protect the boy. Steve knew that Pablo copied Randy in everything – and this time was no exception.

As the fuck became loving Ben gazed up with something close to adoration and saw the same handsome young stud he had first met, and had later asked to become his boy. All the rest – the resentment that had since crowded in – faded away. Sighing with relief Ben said, “Sir, all that stuff I said to you – I didn’t mean any of it.”

“Me neither, dude. It’s that temper of ours – that old Randy-rage.” By now Pablo was able to push his cock deep into Ben’s warm, welcoming ass, to Ben’s moans of pleasure, not pain. As he fucked, Pablo said, “But you were right about one thing, kid. I have been a bad influence. I’ll do better in future. Hey, you wanna shoot a load for me, buddy?”

“Yes please, sir,” Ben grinned. Pablo braced himself forward on one arm, his hand pressed on the floor beside Ben. With his other hand he stroked Ben’s cock, feeling it pulse each time his cock touched the back of his ass. “Let’s do it together, eh, kid? Show that we’re good buddies again?” Ben nodded and Pablo took full control as a wave of protectiveness swept over him. It felt good to take care of a kid like this – made him feel like a man.

He slowly increased the rhythm of his fuck and his stroking of Ben’s cock. “OK, dude, here we go – let’s do it, kiddo – friends again.” They both moaned loudly as Pablo felt his cock pour hot juice in Ben’s ass and saw the boy’s cock shudder and shoot ribbons of cum over his own naked chest. Ben gazed up and said, “Thank you, sir.” Pablo fell forward and kissed Ben, their bodies sliding on the creamy cum as their cocks continued to pump juice.

They were still kissing when they felt warm liquid splashing down on them. They separated and looked up at the glorious sight of the shirtless doctor, the muscles of his spectacular body rippling as he beat his meat, cumming all over them. They stared at Steve in awe, and Pablo said to Ben. “You got any left, dude?” Ben grinned, “For the doc, sure,” and both boys shot a final stream of jism as they opened their mouths and drank the doc’s juice.

“That was my seal of approval on you boys,” Steve grinned. “Good job – a very successful session.” He was back to being the doctor again. He stuffed his cock back in his jeans and pulled on his shirt. He tossed a towel to the boys but they preferred to pull on their shirts over their cum-covered chests. In a few minutes they were sitting facing the doc like before – only this time shoulder to shoulder on the couch.

“OK, full disclosure,” said Steve, all business again. “One thing I told you was incorrect – that thing about telling Randy what happened. Everything that went on here is protected by doctor/patient confidentiality, so I can’t tell Randy or Jason without your permission.”

“Oh, no sweat, doc,” Pablo said. “Me and Ben will tell Darius – he’ll squeeze it out us – and once we do that, confidentiality is pretty much shot. It’ll be all over the house in ten minutes.”

“Got it,” Steve grinned. “Well in that case I feel free to recommend to Randy that you two start working together again – chief mechanic and his assistant – if that’s what you want.”

“Fuck yes,” Ben blurted out, then blushed and said, “Sorry, sir – I mean ‘yes please’, sir.”

“Right,” Steve smiled. “Hang on a minute.” He left the room briefly, then came back and sat down. “Now, I just checked with Lloyd and we were thinking of asking you boys to join us for dinner.” Their eyes sparkled but then dimmed as Steve added, “However, that would be a breach of the doctor/patient relationship.” They frowned in disappointment – but Steve was playing with them. “On the other hand, since I am Ben’s brother and Pablo’s uncle, there would be no such restriction there, so how would you like to stay for dinner?”

“Yes please, sir,” they said in unison.

“There’s one other thing. Before dinner Lloyd and I usually go into the bedroom and make love.” There was a silence as he stroked his chin and the boys perched expectantly on the edge of the couch. Steve shrugged. “Course, you boys already got a lesson in making love, so another one wouldn’t hurt. So you could always come into the bedroom and watch us – if you don’t mind the delay in dinner.”

They rushed to reassure him. “We don’t mind, sir,” said Pablo. “Not at all, sir,” Ben agreed. The thought of watching these two gorgeous men fuck, the doctor and the architect, and then having dinner with them, was a huge turn-on and their cocks were already hard again.

“Right, that’s settled,” Steve said. “Pablo, you should phone Randy, and Ben you call Jason, to get their permission and we’re all set.” He rubbed his hands together and said, “Like I said, a very productive session – we accomplished a lot, don’t you think? Randy will be pleased.”

“Absolutely, sir,” they said in unison. Then Pablo asked, “Sir, would it be OK if we left Ben’s truck up here when we go home later? We want to drive back together.”

Bingo, Steve thought. “Oh, I don’t think that would be a problem no problem at all.”

And so Pablo had taken a few more steps on the road to becoming a man, the senior boy he had always boasted of being, without much justification given his immaturity. Darius had recently taken similar steps to manhood, having brought order to the chaos of the boys' fight, where he had exhibited all the signs of leadership.

Mark, the authoritative cop, not unnaturally, wanted to nudge his boy Jamie in the same direction. Jamie was the third of the most senior boys but he was still content just being a laid-back young surfer – California mellow. Mark encouraged Jamie's friendship with Mario, the sophisticated, self-assured Italian boy, but he wanted Jamie to shed his remaining insecurities, to take charge and assume his rightful place as one of the senior in-charge boys.

To this end Mark had proposed a trip to the same Guadalupe dunes where Bob and Zack had recently indulged in their macho sex games. Some time ago Mark had made a gift of his own shack up there to Jamie, and now he made clear that Jamie would be the host to him and Mario. And so, a few days later, they had loaded the rowboat onto Mark's big truck along with the rest of their gear and were on their way north along the coast.

Easing Jamie into a leadership role right away Mark had pleaded tiredness after back-to-back shifts and asked Jamie to drive. So now Jamie sat proudly behind the wheel of the big truck, with Mario beside him. The cop was content to doze in the passenger seat, listening with amusement to the boys' surfer talk. And on the subject of water and waves Jamie was literally in his element, a real expert, and naturally assumed the role of guide and mentor.

Beyond that Mark's thoughts drifted and he had no firm idea how to help Jamie take charge – but as it turned out he didn't have to. Fate stepped in and thrust Jamie into a situation where his leadership qualities would be sorely tested, ending in either catastrophe or triumph – and maybe even a reward from a proud cop.

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GO TO BOOK 21