

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 21

Chapter 201 – Jamie – The Man-Boy

Jamie, Mark and Mario were driving north up the coast to the Guadalupe dunes, with Jamie proudly behind the wheel of Mark's truck. As the boys talked surfing, Mark dozed in the passenger seat musing on the plans he had to help Jamie become more assertive, to assume more authority and take his rightful place as one of the senior boys in charge.

Mark knew that Jamie had the makings of leadership in him because he had seen him become a different boy in settings where he considered himself an expert, such as now, authoritatively teaching Mario some of the finer techniques in surfing. Mark had admired him too in the office at home where, as Bob's assistant and with his patient guidance, the boy had learned quickly.

Bob and Mark had smiled to each other as they watched Jamie going over the construction company's budget with the boss, Randy. "No, sir," Jamie had said firmly, "you're wrong there. It can't be done under the current budget we'd have to transfer funds from one of the other projects otherwise we'd be going into deficit." (Randy had taken instruction from Jamie well, Bob had been pleased to note. One thing about Randy, he admired firmness and efficiency, especially in a boy.)

All this drifted through Mark's mind as he listened to Jamie with his eyes half closed, the strength and authority in Jamie's voice making the cop's cock hard in his jeans. Mark always loved the way the boy obediently offered his gorgeous ass to him every evening, but this commanding tone made him extra hot.

Mario listened to Jamie attentively, occasionally asking a question for clarification, but from time to time he glanced quickly at Mark and smiled. Through his half-closed eyes Mark saw Mario's look and acknowledged it with a soft smile of his own. It was at moments like this that he realized how much Mario understood of Mark's goals for Jamie.

Mark had not discussed his plan with Mario – that would have been too much like a conspiracy – but Mario had come to know Jamie and Mark intimately and was well aware of the dynamic between the master and his boy. The handsome young Italian had huge respect (and usually a hard-on) for the gorgeous cop, and had developed a strong affinity to Jamie – almost like a brother, though they came from totally different backgrounds – the blond Southern California surfer and the dark, sophisticated Italian from Tuscany. Actually, lovers would have been more accurate than brothers, as sex between them was sensational.

The thought of Jamie becoming more dominant turned Mario on too, but of course he knew better than to intervene in Mark's plans. He would stay in the background and help out only when called upon. He was quite sure that the cop could handle it – as he handled everything.

And so, heading north, Jamie talked, Mario listened – and Mark slept.

"Sir, we're here." Mark woke from a dream-filled sleep, shook his head and found himself looking through the window at Jamie standing by the truck with a beaming smile. "You slept most of the way, sir." Mark yawned and stretched. He was wearing the black tank top that turned Jamie on so much and now his muscles rippled under it. "OK, kiddo," he said. "Thanks for doing the driving – now let me help you boys unload the gear."

"Absolutely not, sir," Jamie insisted. "Me and Mario can handle all that. Don't forget – you're my guest this trip so why don't you finish your nap on the patio?"

"Aye-aye, captain if you insist."

"I do, sir," Jamie grinned. So, while he and Mario went about unloading the rowboat, jamming their surfboards upright in the soft sand and carrying the rest of their stuff into the shack, Mark stood on the patio, pulled the tank off over his head and stretched again, his glorious body gleaming in the sunlight. Watching from the truck with Jamie Mario said, "I hate it when he does that. Gives me a roaring hard-on and I want to jack off all over him."

"Maybe later," Jamie laughed. Mark sprawled in a large wicker chair on the deck, shirtless and barefoot in just his old cargo shorts. He shoved a pillow behind his head and closed his eyes. The boys came back to the shack and gazed down at him. A grin came to the cop's handsome face and he opened one eye. "What are you two looking at?" he asked drowsily.

"Oh, nothing, sir," Jamie blurted out, but Mario was not so bashful. "Actually, sir, we were looking at you – with boners in our surf trunks. But don't worry – we'll leave you in peace. We're gonna walk into town and shop for groceries and all the stuff we need."

"Nah," Mark said, "don't worry about that, kids. I'll take care of that after my nap. Why don't you go away and play – maybe find a way to take care of those bulges in your shorts?" And he closed his eyes again.

Jamie grinned at Mario. "OK, dude, let's do as the man says, eh?"

Jamie pulled off his loose tank top and Mario his T-shirt. Jamie grabbed a blanket from the shack, threw his arm over Mario's shoulder and they walked together over the dunes, barefoot in just their board-shorts. Maybe it was the feel of the hot sun on their backs or the warm sand

between their toes maybe it was the excitement of just being together in this wild and beautiful place or most likely it was the image of the gorgeous cop lying near-naked on the patio It was probably a combination of all this that made their cocks stay hard and their bodies tingle with anticipation.

They reached a sun-baked hollow in the dunes, where the only sounds were the seagulls overhead, the breeze whispering through the dune grass and the distant hiss of waves washing ashore. This was the place. Jamie shook the blanket and spread it on the sand. He threw himself down on it on his back and spread-eagled his arms and legs in blatant invitation.

Mario gazed down at the beautiful young surfer and flashed a gleaming smile. “Sei così bello, mi amico,” he breathed, loosening the drawstring of his trunks, letting them drop and letting his rock-hard cock spring free. Jamie wriggled his butt against the warm blanket, reveling in the thought of the hot young Italian’s cock inside it. But Mario had other ideas.

“Give me your hand, amico,” Mario said, reaching down. Their hands locked and Mario pulled Jamie to his feet. He smiled into Jamie’s surprised blue eyes and said, “Not this time, my friend. This time you are in charge, remember? It is what Mark wants” he kissed Jamie lightly on the lips “..... and what I want too – very much.”

Mario fell onto his back on the blanket just as Jamie had done and now it was Jamie’s turn to stare down at the dark, muscular Italian lying naked, propped up on his elbows. “Dude,” Jamie grinned, “talk of ‘belo’! That’s about as ‘belo’ as it comes. He unlaced his board shorts, let them drop and stepped out of them. He was suddenly charged with a surge of testosterone as he gazed down at the naked Italian – offering himself – waiting.

Jamie dropped to his knees and asked, “Do you really want it, buddy?”

“Jamie, mostly I fuck your gorgeous ass, and even when you do fuck me it’s gently. I’ve seen you in many moods, amico, but never rough. Give it to me, Jamie.”

Another jolt of testosterone gripped Jamie; he pushed Mario’s legs back and spat on his butt hole. The sight of the handsome, masculine young Italian added more fuel to the fire consuming Jamie and his jaw clenched as he drove his cock inside his ass. He fell forward and gripped Mario’s wrists above his head, staring down at him. “So – you want it rough? You got it, man.” His muscles flexed as he pulled his hips back, then again slammed his cock in hard and deep, drawing a loud gasp from Mario.

Despite the ache in his ass Mario was mesmerized by the change in Jamie. No longer the laid-back, boyish surfer-dude, his classic features were set in a look of rugged determination. His tousled blond hair still flopped over his face but his blue eyes pierced Mario’s like lasers as his cock gathered speed until it was a pile-driver in his ass. “Man, your ass has never felt this good,” Jamie growled. “This what you want, boy?”

“Yes, sir please your cock feels so good in my ass Aaah....” He groaned as the piston drove in even deeper. Jamie had never felt quite like this – empowered, in total command, with the Italian pinned to the ground, his prisoner, his athletic body writhing beneath him as Jamie pounded his ass. And suddenly he knew how Mark felt when he fucked him just like this. He remembered how Mark tamed his ass every evening. Mark was a master fuck and now Jamie copied him.

The ferocious fuck slowed and Jamie’s cock began to caress the tender membrane of Mario’s ass with long deep strokes, sending Mario into flights of euphoria, his head twisting from side to side. But just when he was lulled into a state of bliss Jamie picked up the tempo and soon his rod was driving into Mario’s ass even deeper than before. Alternating between a savage pounding and a gentle massage of his captive’s ass, Jamie was playing with him, like a cat plays with its helpless prey.

Jamie had learned from Mark that being in command meant more than just a raw, savage fuck. Controlling a man meant keeping him on edge, oscillating between pain and pleasure, never knowing what would come next. And Mario was learning that Jamie was capable of this he had the makings of a true top-man, just like his master. Jamie was on fire, his eyes blazing as he skillfully worked his friend’s ass. “Man, your ass is perfect,” he panted, “and it’s mine. “This time I own it – understand?”

“Capisco,” Mario said, reverting to Italian in his delirium. “Tu sei il migliore – you are the best.” He was looking up at a man, not a boy, and he moaned, “Fuck me, sir my ass is yours.”

And so it continued under the blazing sun as the seagulls swooped and screamed overhead. From that far up the perspective would have been of two small naked figures far below, moving in unison, one atop the other, alone in the emptiness of the dunes. A closer view revealed a tanned, blond surfer, his hard rod hammering the ass of a handsome, dark-haired boy, both of them moaning in the joy of sexual conquest and submission.

Jamie was reaching the pinnacle of passion and as his savage fuck slowed once more to a tender caress he grinned down at Mario. “Now you’re gonna do what I tell you, dude, ‘cause I’m the boss.” Mario gazed up in surrender. “Anything you tell me, Jamie. Anything.”

Jamie took another leaf out of Mark’s playbook. “I wanna see you shoot a load for me, boy, without touching your cock. Maybe this’ll help....” He pulled his cock slowly back up Mario’s chute and all the way out, then paused with its head resting on the warm hole. Mario gazed up at the strong, masculine features – the clenched jaw, strong cheek bones, tangled blond hair and that flawless sun-tanned physique. Gripped in the vise of Jamie’s hands over his wrists Mario held his breath – and waited.

Jamie’s eyes flashed as he said, “Here it comes, boy....” His hips slammed forward and his cock plunged into the hot ass like a jackhammer, forcing its way over the inner sphincter and coming to rest in the fiery depths of Mario’s ass. Mario’s eyes opened wide and he screamed

as his cock reared up and blasted a ribbon of cum high in the air, then raining down on his heaving chest. A second stream shot even higher and splashed onto his face.

While Mario's cock was still erupting Jamie pulled out his cock, held it steady in his fist, felt it pulse and watched juice pour from it, mixing with the pools of cum smothering Mario's body and face. They both stared in wonder and disbelief at the twin jets of semen flowing together, an outpouring of their twin passions.

It took a while for their juice to stop flowing, their heartbeats to subside. Then there was stillness as they stared at each other. It was Jamie's mouth that crinkled first, his eyes sparkling. Mario quickly followed and they both sputtered, choked and erupted in peals of laughter. Jamie was a high-spirited boy again, after his lusty performance as a macho stud, and impulsively he fell forward onto Mario's cum slick body. They rolled over the blanket in each other's arms laughing, kissing, licking in a giddy display of youthful high spirits.

When eventually their exuberance subsided they lay back on the blanket side by side gazing up at the sky. "Amico," Mario said, "you were magnifico you looked so hot. You are, of course, a beautiful boy, but as a man.....! Wow, spettacolo – almost like a young version of Mark. Is that how he fucks you?"

"Pretty much," Jamie grinned, pleased and flattered. Mario turned his face to his friend and said, "Jamie, he is going to love you like that. I guarantee."

With adrenaline still coursing through them they decided to work off their high spirits in the ocean. They raced each other over the dunes, down to the water and plunged into the waves, where they gamboled and tussled like playful young puppies. Jamie broke away and raced off through the shallow surf with Mario in hot pursuit. When he caught up they turned and ran back toward the shack, matching each other stride for stride. They detoured up to the dunes, grabbed the cum-streaked blanket and jogged back to the shack. They pulled up short as they saw in the distance that Mark was still motionless, sprawled in the wicker chair on the patio.

They approached silently and stared down in awe at the magnificent sight of the near-naked cop, his Greek-God face tilted slightly to the side, eyes closed, the perfectly sculpted features, lantern jaw and tangled blond hair and the trace of a smile on his lips. Their eyes ran down his sculpted torso, his muscles rippling slightly, catching the sun as his chest rose and fell evenly. It seemed he was dreaming as the trace of a smile played over his lips in sleep and the bulge in his shorts caught the boys' rapt attention.

Despite their recent orgasms Jamie and Mario both had huge erections in their shorts, inevitable as they gazed down at the stunning sight. Jamie pulled his cock out and nodded at Mario to do the same. Careful to remain silent they communicated in mute facial gestures. Jamie looked down at Mario's shorts 'Come on dude, let's do it.' Mario stared at him with a wide-

eyed question mark 'Are you sure?' Jamie shrugged and grinned, urging him on 'Sure I'm sure.' Then he whispered, "Can't let this go to waste, dude."

And so they did it – stroking their cocks, gazing down at the beautiful cop. When he moaned and stirred in his sleep his head flopped to the other side, his muscles flexed and gleamed in the sunlight and that did it. The boys pounded their cocks faster, they clenched their jaws to stifle their shouts and two streams of cum splashed down on Mark's chest, followed by others on his ripped abs and onto his face.

They saw his head shake, he waved his hand as if swatting away a fly, he licked his lips and the bitter sweet taste of cum made him open his eyes. It was as if he were still dreaming as he looked up through a film of cum at two boys in board shorts, one blond, one dark, both gorgeous. They were holding their cocks and as full consciousness returned Mark realized what they had just done.

"What the fuck?" he yelled, bracing his elbows on the arms of the chair, looking down at the pools of cum on his chest and feeling it run down his face. "This is your fucking jism all over me. You wait 'til I....."

"No, sir!" Jamie's authoritative voice rang out. "You wanted me to take charge this trip, so I did. Don't blame Mario he busted his load over you 'cause I told him to. And he does just what I tell him to."

Startled, Mark stared up at Jamie and his initial anger, born of surprise, dissipated. There was something different about the boy – way different. His look, his attitude, his beaming face that rivaled the sun in its brilliance. It was a Jamie he had rarely seen before – and it was a massive turn-on.

Jamie was still in charge as he decreed, "And now, sir, me and Mario are gonna clean you up." With a glance at Mario he knelt on the deck at one side of Mark's chair and Mario did the same on the other side. Mark stirred as if to rise, but Jamie quickly grabbed Mark's discarded tank top off the floor and used it to tie Mark's wrist to the arm of the chair. Mario looked around, saw the T-shirt he had taken off earlier and bound Mark's other wrist.

Jamie knew that Mark could have got free in a second so he directed a steely gaze at him. "Sir, we want you to remain still while we clean your body." Mark saw the determination in Jamie's eyes and felt an urge to obey this man-boy. With a sense of relief and excitement he willingly surrendered to his boy's order and relaxed back into the chair. Jamie unbuttoned Mark's shorts and slid them down over his legs and off. He and Mario stared at the rock-hard cock that sprang free, salivating over the naked muscle-cop bound to the chair.

Then the boys went to work on him, leaning over him and lapping up the cum from his tanned flesh – Jamie from his chest, Mario from his washboard abs. They licked, slurped and kissed with increasing ardor. The cop stirred and moaned, instinctively trying to grab his cock, but his

wrists were tied. He was helpless, at the mercy of his boy, and the cop's unaccustomed feeling of powerlessness was a massive turn-on. Jamie was in charge he was Jamie's prisoner and god, it felt good.

The boys licked the contours of Mark's torso – between the ridges of the abs, up through the cleft between his bulging pecs, up to his cum-soaked neck and up to his face. Mark pressed his head back into the pillow offering up his face, and felt one boy's lips kissing his eyes, while the other boy licked cum from his mouth. Their tongues ran over his forehead, then his cheeks, until both of them settled on his lips.

Mark opened his eyes and looked down at two heads, the tousled blond hair of one, the other with curly black hair, and both beautiful young faces in profile as they kissed his mouth, forcing their tongues inside. He reciprocated, searching their mouths in turn with his tongue, sucking in their breaths, moaning as he tasted the sweet essence of youthful passion.

Slowly their mouths moved off his face, back down over his neck, down to his chest his nipples. "Aaah!" "He inhaled sharply as he felt a mouth close over each nipple, tongues licking them gently. He looked down and saw the boys feeding hungrily on his chest, felt the exquisite pain as they began to bite on them. Again he pulled at his bound wrists, eager to press their heads against his chest, and again he had to surrender to his boy's control.

As they felt the chest flex hard under them the boys caught each other's smiling eyes with the recognition of shared lust. God, Mario thought, Jamie was good at this. Once he grasped his own manhood he could drive a man wild – as he was doing to Mark. So Mario followed Jamie's cues as they pulled their teeth off Mar's tits and moved quickly lower, over the abs to their primary target.

Soon they were burying their faces in Mark's tangle of sweat-soaked pubic hair, licking it, munching it, buried in the musky smell and taste of the macho cop. Working in perfect unison the boys moved their mouths off the hair and onto the balls, licking them, kissing them, and then, incredibly, closing their mouths over them, one boy on each swelling globe, sucking hard, pulling on the scrotum.

"Aaah," Mark gasped. His tortured body writhed in the chair, his muscles flexing hard. He moaned, "Jesus Christ, that feels Oh Jesus Untie my wrists, man I gotta touch my cock so bad." With one last yank on the testicle Jamie pulled his mouth off and raised his head. "No, sir. No need. We'll take care of that." He grinned down at Mario, lowered his head again and together they started work on the huge cock standing straight up, rigid as a pole.

They began at the base, one tongue on each side, licking, kissing, wrapping their lips round the thick shaft. Slowly they moved upward, to the sound of the cop's ragged breathing and ecstatic moans. It was a long way up but they finally reached their goal – the corona, the hard rim at the base of the head – and they flicked their tongues at the most sensitive part of the cock. "Aaaah No I can't take it, man you're gonna make me"

“No!” Jamie reared back on his knees and glared defiantly at Mark. “You will not cum until I say so. You gave me control and I’m using it. If you cum before I give you permission I will have failed.” A slight smile flickered over his face. “And we don’t want that, do we?”

“No, sir,” Mark said, surprised to hear that word coming from his own mouth. Jamie looked down at Mario and said, “OK, buddy finish him off.” Mark felt the tongue move up the head of his cock then poke into the hole at the tip as Mario savored the pre-cum oozing from it. There was a pause, and then the mouth slid down over the head, down further over the length of the shaft until, incredibly, it slid to the back of Mario’s throat and his face was buried once more in the damp pubic hair.

Mark’s body was on fire and he trembled, desperate to hold back his orgasm. He wanted his boy to succeed in his dominant role but, more than that, he found himself wanting to obey him, to restrain his climax until the boy gave him permission. It was one of the most erotic sensations he had ever felt, at the mercy of his own boy, desperate to please him. And then things got more intense.

Jamie leaned over him, their faces only inches apart and Jamie’s steady, resolute eyes were staring into his. Mark moaned as Mario sucked his cock expertly, but he could not tear his eyes away from Jamie’s. “You see,” Jamie smiled. “I do have it in me. I can drive any man crazy with lust especially you, sir.” He leaned lower and pressed his lips against Mark’s in an open-mouthed, airtight kiss so they were breathing the same air back and forth. And still Mario worked relentlessly on Mark’s cock, sliding it deep into his throat.

When Jamie pulled his mouth back Mark was gasping. The cop was completely in his boy’s sexual power, his body on fire, every fiber of his being desperate for release. He was floating in a trance, hypnotized by the boy’s steel blue eyes and he heard himself plead. “I need to shoot so bad. Please, man, I submit to you let me cum please, sir.....”

Jamie smiled down at him and said simply, “OK, do it. Do it for me because you love me.”

The muscle-god’s naked body shook, spasmed, then flexed “Aaah Aaah Aaagh! I love you, Jamie!” Mario gagged as the cock exploded in his mouth, and he swallowed hard as semen poured down his throat. Wild-eyed he looked up and saw Jamie approaching. In a seamless transition Mario’s mouth pulled off the cock and was immediately replaced by Jamie’s, who gulped down the juice still streaming from the policeman’s cock.

Mario took Jamie’s place at Mark’s face and pressed his mouth against the cop’s, letting Mark’s cum flow between them. Mark was in a daze, unaware who was kissing him and who was draining his cock. Suddenly he felt more lips on his, more cum filling his mouth. Both boys were kissing him, licking his lips, his face, his eyes and still he was swallowing his own cum.

At last Jamie sprang to his feet and Mario did the same. They towered over Mark, arms folded across their chests, gazing down in awe at the naked cop tied to the chair, veins standing out in his rippling muscles, his cock drained, his eyes glazed, head thrown back in total exhaustion. As Mark's vision cleared his boy came into focus and he heard him say, "Now you know, sir. Now you know what it feels like when your boy takes charge – when he becomes a man."

Through heaving breaths Mark said, "Jamie, you were spectacular. I've never seen you like that. You are such a stud – such a fucking turn on."

Mario turned and grinned at Jamie. "Told you, didn't I? Told you he'd love it."

Jamie quickly untied Mark's wrists and pulled him to his feet. Mario took a discreet step back as man and boy came together in a passionate embrace. Then Mark opened one arm and beckoned Mario in. "Come here, Mario. You're one of us now."

When they finally pulled apart Jamie changed the mood and the topic. "Now I'm dying to get in those waves – look at them, they're perfect. I'll wax the boards, dude." Mark watched the tall young athlete stride over to the surfboards, then turned to Mario. "He's incredible, Mario stunning. What happened between you two in the dunes?"

"He fucked me, sir, but a fuck like none before. He was so macho – such a a *top*. It was an incredible fuck he said that's how you fuck him – he learned it all from you."

Mark grinned with pride, "He said that, did he? Well, wherever it came from, I want more of it. In the meantime I gotta go for a run – clear my head after all that sleeping – and waking up with jism all over me," he chuckled. He pulled on his shorts and they walked over to Jamie. "Hey, kid, I'm gonna go for a swim and a run along the beach. Then I'll circle back over the dunes to the village and get the groceries we need. Now I know I always say this, but you guys take care out there. I don't need to tell you how unpredictable those currents can be."

"OK, sir," Jamie grinned. "I'll take good care of myself and my Italian amico here." Mark ruffled Jamie's hair and took off running through the waves."

Now for something where Jamie really was the master – surfing. Mario had only moderate skills, having only begun to surf when he came to work at the Laguna Beach hotel. So as they stood on the sand looking out to sea Jamie said, "You can tell a lot about the conditions just by watching from the shore. See, the waves are breaking real nice – not too big but keeping their shape. Farther out it looks like there's a moderate current running so we have to pay attention in case it gets stronger. OK, buddy, you ready?"

They ran into the water, threw their boards forward and straddled them, paddling strongly to pierce the breaking waves. Once out in the slight swell beyond the waves they turned toward the shore and looked back over their shoulders. "OK, dude, this next set's a beaut...." With Jamie shouting instructions so Mario got the timing right they jumped up on their boards sped along the crest of the wave, howling with exhilaration.

Way up the beach Mark looked over his shoulder as he ran and saw the boys in the far distance, moving in perfect harmony. He smiled to himself, pleased that the boys were getting along so well. He always wanted Jamie to have a close friend and Mario, with his calm sophistication, seemed to fill the role perfectly.

But it was Jamie who most strongly occupied his thoughts – and his feelings. He kept seeing his boy's tough, determined face as he and Mario had worked him over, tied to the chair. He had rarely seen Jamie take charge in this macho way, but it was what he had wanted and it was a huge turn-on. And when he remembered Mario describing how Jamie had forcefully fucked him in the dunes he felt his cock grow stiff as it bounced in his shorts.

Then he caught sight of something else three other surfers in the distance being carried by the current parallel to the shore. They apparently didn't have Jamie's skill at staying out of the strongest part of the current. Still, Mark was pleased to see they had company. Safety in numbers if anyone got into difficulties. With a sigh of contentment he continued his run.

Out in the waves Jamie saw the three approaching surfers. They looked younger than him and Mario – not much over eighteen – and it was clear to Jamie right away that they were not very skilled surfers. "Hey, guys," he shouted cheerfully, "bitchin waves, eh?" As they floated closer he added, "Strong lateral current though, that's what carried you here. Stay a bit closer to shore so you don't catch the worst of it."

They acknowledged his instruction with a wave but didn't make any attempt to heed his warning. Jamie, Mario and the three newcomers caught a few more waves and Jamie saw, as he had thought, that they were not experienced surfers, unsteady on their boards. This increased his anxiety about the strengthening current and as they sat astride their boards waiting for the next set he said to Mario. "I don't like the pull of this current, dude look how far it's taken us. We better call it quits for now."

"Hey, guys," he yelled to the three youngsters. "That lateral current's getting real gnarly. Trouble is there's a rip-tide undercurrent too and they meet right around here. Me and my buddy are gonna ride the next wave in – you should do the same. Just follow us."

Luckily the next wave was a big one, strong enough to counteract the rip current. Jamie and Mario jumped up at just the right time and rode it all the way in to the shore, their best ride of the day. "Awesome, dude," Jamie grinned, jumping off his board and tucking it under his arm.

Mario gazed at him spellbound. This was Jamie at his best, a beautiful athlete glowing with health and excitement as he strode through the shallow water in his clinging shorts, his pumped muscles gleaming wet in the sunlight, his tangled blond hair blowing in the breeze. Enhancing the image was his air of authority, his ease in the elements of water and wind, his natural leadership in giving instructions to the younger boys.

But when Jamie turned his head and looked back his satisfied expression changed to anger and frustration. “Shit damn, those stupid assholes. They’re still out there.” Mario followed Jamie as he ran up the beach to the shack, planted his board in the sand and shaded his eyes to see more clearly. “See that dude? Fucking idiots – they’re caught in the current and doing exactly the wrong thing. They’re trying to fight it instead of going with it. Shit, I’m gonna have to take the boat out and help them.”

“I’m right with you,” said Mario, but Jamie protested. “It could get pretty hairy, buddy. Those currents can be wicked. Don’t wanna put you in danger.”

Mario looked mildly offended. “Hey, were amicos, right. You don’t think I’m gonna let you go out there alone, do you?”

Jamie grinned at him. “Sorry, dude. You’re right. Come on then – let’s rock.” The rowboat was beside the shack and Jamie threw in the oars and some lengths of rope. Together they hauled it down to the water, pushed it out and jumped in. “OK, dude, while I row, you be ready to help the boys when we reach them,” said Jamie, the natural captain of the ship. Mario sat in the stern and Jamie sat facing him. He slotted the oars into the rowlocks, dipped them in the water and began to pull hard on the oars.

Despite the anxiety of the moment Mario once again gazed in awe at his blond friend, at the clenched jaw, the tough, determined look on his face and his gorgeous body, his muscles straining to the max as he applied all his strength to the oars. Again his ocean skills served him well as he adjusted his speed depending on the current, slicing through the crests of the incoming waves.

They finally made it to the three boys who were obviously in trouble, wobbling as they sat astride their boards. “Help, we’re caught in the.....” one of them shouted but Jamie cut him off. “Save your breath, boy. Now here’s what’s gonna happen. The most important thing – don’t lose your board. Sitting like that you risk getting knocked off and swept away. So get down flat on your belly on the board and wrap one arm round it. My buddy here’s gonna throw you a rope each. Wrap it round your free wrist and hang on. We’ll tow you behind the boat. I’ll be facing you and if anyone feels he’s in trouble, just yell and my buddy will help you.”

“OK, sir,” one of them said. There was something in the authoritative voice that inspired trust in them, despite their panic, and they did exactly as the boss ordered. In a few minutes they were set. Mario had secured three lengths of rope to the stern and thrown them to the boys who

were lying on their boards and grabbed the ropes as ordered. Now it was up to Jamie and he pulled hard on the oars.

He was so intent on his task that he didn't look up to see the tall figure standing on the rocks in the distance. When Mark had walked over the dunes to the shack, laden with grocery bags, he looked puzzled as he saw Jamie and Mario rowing out through the waves. Then he saw the three figures waving frantically further out, obviously trapped in the current. Instantly Mark grasped what was happening – his boys were going out to the rescue. He dropped the bags on the sand and his impulse was to race into the waves and swim out to them.

But even as he began to run he realized that he was doing the wrong thing. One more body in the water was one more body to rescue, and the boat wouldn't seat three without becoming dangerously heavy in these waves. Besides, nobody knew these waters like Jamie, and Mark had trained him well in rescue methods. He would let Jamie handle it and keep watch from the rocks, ready to dive in if they had problems. He could see Jamie shouting orders to the boys and knew that he had things under control. A flash of pride ran through him his Jamie sure was growing up.

Out in the current Jamie was in total command. He was rowing with the lateral current but steering very gradually toward the shore trying to escape it. He kept his eye on the three boys and calmly gave orders to Mario if rope adjustments were needed. As Jamie rowed, the two friends concentrated on each other's eyes and, even in the middle of this predicament, there was something almost sexual about working together so intensely.

"It's working, buddy," Jamie panted, managing a grin. "We're pulling out of the current. You boys OK?" he shouted. "Yes, sir" "thank you, sir," came the responses. Jamie's muscles were cracking under the strain but he clenched his jaw and rowed hard, easing the boat ever closer to shore. Then he caught sight of Mark racing along the shore parallel with them, and that gave him a burst of adrenaline. Suddenly he was doing this for Mark, to impress him, to show that he was strong, a leader – not just a laid-back surfer boy.

Mark watched anxiously from the beach, knowing that the hardest part would be when the boat caught the strong waves crashing ashore, as it could easily upset. But he frowned as Jamie stopped rowing. What the hell was he doing? He had turned the boat pointing toward the shore and was looking back over his shoulder. He was like a patient surfer, riding his board, waiting for the next good wave to build.

And then Mark knew. That's exactly what he was doing – just what he would be doing on a surfboard. Sure enough, Jamie suddenly started rowing furiously as the swell under the boat lifted it higher. He looked quickly to both sides, adjusted his stroke and then.... "I don't believe it," Mark said out loud.

The boat rose on the crest of the wave and Jamie steered it so it rode the crest like an expert surfer, towing the three surfboards behind it. The boat was surfing ashore! It came closer and

closer on the curl of the wave and when the wave finally broke on the shore the boat landed evenly with a slight bump, skinning along the sand, with the three boys behind it as if they were riding surfboards to a perfect landing.

Mark dashed into the water, grabbed the prow and dragged the boat onto the sand. Jamie was slumped over the oars in exhaustion. Mark reached down, lifted him gently out of the boat and into his arms. "Jamie," he breathed into his ear, "that was magnificent. I've never seen anything like it. I am so proud of you, man, so lucky to have you."

Jamie lifted a jubilant face. "Thank you, sir. That's all I ever wanted – to make you proud."

Finally they broke apart and Jamie looked around him. He saw the three surfers up ahead walking along the beach with their boards under their arms, and yelled, "Hey Freeze!"

Mark looked at Mario and they both broke into a wide-eyed grin, hearing Jamie shout the cop's command. The boys turned round startled and Jamie said, "Come here." They approached, crestfallen and embarrassed – they had been too ashamed to face their rescuer. "Now listen up, boys. Me and my buddy here just saved your asses out there so a simple 'Thank You' would be way cool."

"Thank you, sir" "we're sorry" "very sorry," came the chastened chorus. "That's better, and the next time someone like me tells you to do something you do it, is that clear?" Another, "Yes, sir," in unison. They were trembling and the smallest one seemed close to tears.

"OK, OK," Jamie said, softening. "You've had a bad scare, I know, but you're on dry land now and in one piece. And you're not the first to get into trouble in those currents. Same thing once happened to me and my buddies and we were rescued by this gentleman here." The three youngsters looked wide eyed at the big muscle-god as if he had stepped off another planet.

"Now – give us a hand here. You two, carry an oar each in your free hand, and you take the ropes. Come on." They did as told and Jamie walked between two of them with an arm over each one's shoulder. "Right, now let me explain the rules if ever you get caught in a lateral current again. Here's what you were doing wrong....."

As the youngsters walked on ahead with Jamie, Mark and Mario smiled at each other, hugely impressed by the way Jamie had spoken to the boys with a mix of sternness, compassion and guidance – signs of a real leader. "Well," Mark grinned at Mario, "looks like you and I get the boat, kiddo." Mario lifted the bow and Mark the heavier stern and they carried it easily with matching strides.

At the shack they deposited their loads and Jamie said, "What are you guys' names anyway?" They introduced themselves and Jamie said, "OK, you know you can't surf for shit so you need

some instruction before you go out there again. Me and my buddy here will be out there tomorrow, so if you come by at 7am sharp I'll give you your first lesson."

"Thank you sir," they said, eyes shining. "That would be awesome." By now they were putty in the hands of their rescuer – so strong and commanding – and so totally gorgeous. They shook hands with him and the smallest one threw his arms round him, blushing deep red. Jamie grinned. "OK, OK, get off home now, and remember – 7 o'clock sharp."

They ran off and Jamie turned to the others and shook his head. "Jesus young jerks bit off more than they could chew. Still, I guess I was like them not so long ago."

"Not any more, though," Mark said. "Not by a long shot." He had watched Jamie take charge of the boys and they clearly looked up to him with respect bordering on worship. Mark realized that ever since the danger had passed he had had an erection in his pants watching his boy take command as a dominant young man. He caught Jamie's eye and said, "Come with me, Jamie." They walked into the shack and closed the door.

Mario smiled to himself and sat on the deck. He had never felt happier in his life, being so close to these spectacular guys, loved by them both. "You're one of us," Mark had said. Mario was smart enough to know when his presence was welcome, which was most of the time, but also when to pull back and give Mark and Jamie time to be alone. Now was one of those times and as he heard the sounds coming from inside the shack his smile broadened.

In the subdued light of the shack Mark gazed at Jamie as if he were seeing him for the first time – which in a way he was. He surprised Jamie by dropping his shorts and lying on his back on the bed, just as Jamie did every day when the cop came home from work. "Come on, man," Mark said softly. "You know the drill."

Of course he did – except that now things were reversed. It had been a transformative day for Jamie – first his ferocious fuck of Mario, then his forceful treatment of Mark, tying him to a chair and controlling his orgasm, and then the adventure in the waves where he had been in absolute command. Adrenaline still coursed through his body he felt pumped, empowered and now here lying before him, offering himself, was the spectacular naked cop. Yeah – he knew the drill, alright.

He flexed his muscles to excite Mark even more, then knelt on the bed and with his right hand pushed one of Mark's legs up high. He looked down at the cop's exposed ass, spat in his left hand and rubbed it against the hole, pushing first one finger, then two inside it, massaging the prostate as Mark had done so often to him. His voice was deeper than usual as he said, "Now I'm gonna fuck you, man."

His cock was rock hard and he pressed it against the hole, smiled down at the Greek-God face and suddenly plunged his rod deep into the warm ass. “Aaaagh!” Mark yelled, the first burst of pain quickly dissolving into a sensual warmth, then heat as his own glorious boy began to fuck his ass. Jamie’s eyes pierced his as he accelerated the thrusts of his cock, building to the speed of a piston driving into the tight ass.

Still holding the leg back with his right hand, Jamie put his left hand behind his head, flared his lats and flexed his chest and biceps like a bodybuilder pose in a junior competition. He looked spectacular and Mark breathed heavily. “That feels fucking awesome, Jamie you look so fine such a fucking *man!* “Fuck me, sir, fuck that cop’s ass take it it’s yoursaaagh”

The shaft became a pile-driver, pounding his ass. Mark’s flawless body bounced as it got hammered into the bed, his muscles flexed, his face thrashed from side to side, tears springing to his eyes. It was wild he was getting fucked by his boy no, no longer a boy. He had been fucked by his boy before, but not now now his ass was getting hammered by a man, a tough, dominant young athlete – a man he could submit to – a man he *needed* to submit to.

Jamie was stretching his arm up triumphantly like a cowboy riding a bucking stallion. “Yeah,” Mark howled, “ride that ass, stud fuck that cop. I submit to you, man, you are so fucking beautiful. Please, man, shoot your load inside my ass – I wanna feel a man’s juice inside me Please, man do it.”

Jamie’s eyes were wild as he gazed down at the stunning muscle-god beneath him. He yelled at Mark, “Don’t cum, man..... please don’t cum aaagh!” His body shuddered, then tensed, and his cock erupted inside the cop’s ass, again and again, pouring cum deep inside him. Mark made a huge effort to hold back his own orgasm as he gazed up at the triumphant face of the rugged young buck who had just topped him.

But suddenly he saw a change come over that face. It was as if the fire drained from Jamie, his face crumpled and he fell forward on top of Mark pressing his face against his. Hearing gentle sobs Mark held him tight and said softly. “What’s the matter, Jamie? You were sensational – the best ever. What’s up, kiddo?” Jamie gazed into his eyes. “Sir, will you fuck me, sir, like you always do. That’s why I asked you not to cum.”

Mark smiled and kissed Jamie’s cheek. He eased out from under him, picked him up and laid him gently on his back. He knelt over him, leaned forward, pinned his wrists to the bed and smiled at his beautiful boy. “Of course I’ll fuck you, kiddo – like always – like this.” He pressed his rigid cock against Jamie’s ass, felt it relax, inviting him in, and he entered his boy, sliding his cock gently all the way inside him. “You know I have to shoot real soon, kiddo – I’m ready to explode. You’ve turned me on so much today, taking charge like you did – a real stud. It’s an honor to fuck you, Jamie.”

Jamie sighed and gazed into Mark's blue-gray eyes, saw his magnificent body rising over him and moaned softly as he felt his master's long shaft sliding in and out of his ass. "I love you, sir. I love being your boy. I love feeling your cock in my ass. Please cum inside me, sir." Mark grinned at him. "OK, Jamie you're in chargehere it comes.... Aaah." They sighed together as the cop poured his juice inside his boy and they swam in each other's eyes.

A few minutes later they were lying on their sides gazing at each other. "Sir," Jamie said with a slight frown, "after today, will I still be your boy?"

"Jamie, you know you will always be my boy, now and forever. But after today you'll be a whole lot more – my boy, my man, my buddy, my lover. And it's gonna be so hot. See, kid, the great thing is you can be all those things together – being some guy's boy doesn't stop you being a man – even a top man. We'll fuck, get fucked, just as the mood takes us. And there's nothing like fucking a real man like you. It's gonna be so much fun. You are such a beautiful boy, and such a rugged, handsome young man. You know what you are, kid? You're my man-boy – and it doesn't get sexier than that."

Jamie grinned, "But you know, sir, it's real tiring being a top-man." Mark laughed and stroked his face. "Don't worry, kid, you'll grow into it. Stick with me and we'll be everything to each other."

"I think we already are, sir," Jamie said and snuggled closer.

Outside on the patio Mario smiled to himself. After all the love-making noises from inside had finally abated a stillness settled over the cabin, the only sounds now being the distant cry of the seagulls and the waves hissing onto the sand. Mario closed his eyes and drifted into a dream-filled sleep. His muddled dreams included the sound of a car, doors slamming and excited voices. The sounds persisted, grew louder and, as Mario stirred into consciousness he slowly opened his eyes, blinked, and found himself staring up at the smiling faces of the twins.

"Hey, Mario," they said excitedly. "Surprise!" He sat up and blinked again. "Mio dio – it sure is. Hi, guys – you here alone?"

"Of course not," said Kyle. "Bob brought us," said Kevin.

"Hey, Kyle, Kevin," said a deep voice. Mark too had been roused by the noise of the truck and now stood in the doorway, buck naked. "Where is Bob?"

"Right here, buddy." Bob came round the corner of the shack, shirtless in blue jeans. As he locked eyes with Mark their faces lit up with dazzling smiles.

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Chapter 202 – Surf, Sand & Sex

As Mark and Bob stood in front of the shack staring at each other, Mark laughed, “Shit, man – if I’d known you were coming I’d have worn some clothes.”

“Nah, stay just as you are nothing I haven’t seen already, big guy – and I use the word ‘big’ deliberately,” Bob grinned, looking down at Mark’s swiftly growing cock. Mark blushed, ducked inside the shack and re-emerged wearing boxer shorts, which did absolutely nothing to hide his erection. “Doesn’t work, buddy,” Bob said. “Just makes it look bigger – like a big old tent.”

“Come here, asshole,” Mark laughed, holding out his arms, that Bob walked into with a tight embrace. Mario looked up at the twins and raised his eyebrows with a big smile. They all knew that Mark and Bob had the hots for each other – were in love, even – and that this wouldn’t end with a simple embrace. And with Bob’s new look – his macho swagger, strong stubbled jaw and all the confidence of an alpha male – he was an even bigger turn-on for Mark.

“Hey,” came Jamie’s voice as he appeared in the doorway rubbing sleep from his eyes. He also was butt naked, obviously just post-sex. “I could swear I heard the twins just then....” he opened his eyes wide “and what d’ya know – we got company. Welcome to my humble shack, dudes.” He strode across to them, heedless of his nakedness and the cock swinging between his legs, and hugged them both together. “So what brings you to this neck of the woods?”

It was Bob who answered the question. “We just kinda came on spec. I tried to call your cell, Mark, but it kept going straight to voice-mail.” Mark chuckled, “Yeah well I was a bit tied up at the time.”

Bob glanced from Mark to Jamie “Yeah, I guess you were at that. Anyway, Randy and Zack have taken their boys fishing at the lake; Ben is with Jason, Nate with Adam and Eddie up at Hassan’s, so the house was left pretty much empty. I remembered what a great time I had with Zack up here recently and thought I could do the same for you.” He blushed deeply, remembering how he had done what Zack wanted – tied him up and whipped him. “Sorry, that didn’t come out right. I didn’t mean I mean what I meant was Hell, it’s just good to see you, man.”

“Good save, buddy,” Mark grinned. “Hell, you don’t have to have an explanation for coming here, man. It’s terrific to see you any time” He glanced down at the tent-pole in his shorts and it was his turn to blush.

“Sir....” The twins leapt into the embarrassed silence and Kyle said, “We’ve just been checking out the kitchen and there’s not a whole lot to eat.”

“Hey,” Mark said, “I went grocery shopping a while ago and” “Oh you did very well, sir,” said Kevin condescendingly. “You’re a good shopper but”

“... but don’t give up my day job, eh?” Mark laughed. “As a shopper I make a pretty good cop, that what you’re saying?” Amid the general laughter Jamie took charge. “OK, why don’t Mario and me take the twins to the grocery store and we’ll get what they want. I was thinking a barbecue would be awesome this evening. You guys know how to barbecue?”

The twins huffed scornfully. “Does a fish know how to swim?” Another burst of laughter as Jamie pulled on his shorts, got his wallet and led Mario and the twins across the dunes.

“Wow!” Bob said, “what’s happened to Jamie? I’ve never seen him take charge like that – a real assertive young stud – a leader. What you been doing to your boy, officer?”

Mark was glowing with pride. “It’s more what he’s been doing to us – topping first Mario and then me. And then, talking of leadership, three young surfers got trapped in the current and Jamie rowed out with Mario and towed them to safety. Man, it was awesome – I’ve never seen anything like it. In all those waves he fucking *surfed* the rowboat to shore, man. But you know the best part? After all that macho stuff, in the end he kinda melted and became my boy again, begging me to fuck him ‘like we always do.’ He’s one hell of a kid. I call him my man-boy.”

Bob gazed at Mark with growing affection. The pride in his eyes for his boy was moving, especially coming from a cop who had triumphed so often in amazing exploits of his own. It wasn’t just affection Bob felt, either – there was a heavy dose of lust, too. “Hey, I’ve still got the dust of the highway on me,” he said. “How about a swim?” He stood up, kicked off his boots, yanked open his jeans, let them drop and stood facing Mark in just his white boxers.

Mark stared at him and shook his head. “Jesus, Bob, this new tough look of yours – the stubbled chin, macho attitude – hell, you’ve set a whole new ideal of an alpha male for the boys – first Darius, then Pablo and now Jamie. Not to mention making me wanna cream my shorts just looking at you. “Yeah, let’s cool off in the waves – I need it bad.”

They raced each other to the water, launched themselves into the surf and swam strongly, piercing through the waves just before they broke. When at last they were in the calm beyond the waves they stopped to take a breather. “No farther, man,” Mark panted. “Don’t wanna get caught in the current. We don’t have Jamie to save us this time.”

Bob laughed and grabbed two driftwood logs floating by. He clung onto one and shoved the other toward Mark. Soon they were facing each other, the logs behind their necks, their arms stretched out sideways along them, their legs floating in front of them. They smiled playfully

and, as they floated closer together, they stretched out a foot trying to reach the other's crotch. It soon became a contest of who could score the most hits.

Mark scored a decisive hit and Bob grinned, "Fuck you, man." He let go of the log, took a deep breath and dived underwater. Mark looked down trying to see him, but he felt him instead, felt his boxer shorts being pulled down his legs. Bob burst to the surface, waving the thin, wet shorts in triumph. Then he pulled the shorts over his own head and round his neck. "A trophy," he yelled.

He took a couple more deep breaths, then dived again. This time Mark gasped as he felt hands grab his hips and a mouth close over his cock, pulling and pushing his hips so his cock pistoned into Bob's mouth. Still leaning back on the log Mark groaned with the erotic sensation of getting his cock sucked by an unseen man – unseen but visualized as Mark fantasized on Bob's rugged face working his cock underwater.

Suddenly it stopped and Bob burst to the surface again, took in more gulps of air, then disappeared again. Again Mark felt hands grab his hips, but this time he felt the raw sensation of stubble grinding against his ass, then pushing between his cheeks and a tongue spearing his hole. "Aw shit, man," Mark groaned, though no-one could hear him. "Jesus Christ you're gonna make me shoot, man" But just in time it all stopped and Bob shot to the surface.

The exhilaration on Bob's face, streaming with water, the joy sparkling in his eyes were enough to make Mark almost bust his load, but Bob forestalled it by saying, "You like this new alpha guy, right, stud? Well here's what he's gonna do to you next." He reached under water and his hand reappeared waving his own white boxers that he hung round the cop's neck. "See, big guy. That means that out here we belong to each other and I'm gonna prove it."

He swam behind Mark, folded his arm round his chest, pressing his own chest against Mark's back, his cock against his butt. Mark flexed his arms on the log as he was now supporting them both. Bob rested his chin on Mark's shoulder, scraping his stubbled jaw against his neck. "Oh, yeah, man, that feels good," Mark moaned. "Come on, buddy, push that rod in my ass. Let me feel it..... aaah." He sighed deeply as Bob's cock slid inside him, then began fucking him slowly. The salt water made it sting, adding to the erotic sensation Mark felt in his ass.

Bob ran his palms over the hard mounds of Mark's wet chest, then squeezed the bulging nipples, rolling them in his fingers. Clinging to the log the two men rose and fell on the gentle swell, alone in the empty expanse of the ocean. Their bodies were crushed together, one man inside the other, both of them floating in the ecstasy of unleashed passion.

Mark looked back over his shoulder and glanced at Bob's Superman profile. "Shit, this is the best. I love you, man. Fuck me – make me shoot my load." Bob murmured in his ear, "Not yet, man. Hold back later. I'm going first. Here it comes, man aaagh." His scream sped over the surface of the water to be lost in the wind and the waves as his cock plunged in

deep and blasted a stream of cum in the cop's ass. Mark clenched his jaw, forcing himself not to cum as he felt the exquisite warmth of more hot juice pouring into him.

"Shit, man," he pleaded, "I gotta cum I'm real close..." Bob responded by suddenly pulling out of Mark's ass, turning around and striking out for the shore with long, easy strokes. "Hey," Mark yelled in protest. He let go of the log and swam after Bob. But his arms had been stretched out for so long that his stroke was weak until the blood started flowing through them again. Then he picked up the pace and was getting closer to Bob when he saw him stand in shallow water and stumble toward the shore.

Mark felt sand under his feet and ran after Bob, coming close enough to make one desperate leap forward, throw his arms round his waist from behind in a classic football tackle, bringing them both crashing down. They rolled over and over in the shallow surf, their muscles straining in combat until finally Mark had Bob beneath him, arms upstretched, wrists pinned to the sand.

They were panting hard, their eyes gleaming with exhilaration, Mark staring down at Bob in triumph. "Fuck you man," Mark panted, "you get your rocks off and what am I supposed to do? Oh right, I forgot, you're the big macho stud these days, uh? Well, we'll see about that..." In a sudden move he reared back, hooked Bob's legs over his shoulders then fell forward and clamped Bob's wrists on the sand again. A wave broke over them, making them sputter, and Mark said, "Good, that washed most of the sand off my cock – most of it anyway," he grinned maliciously. "So this won't hurt quite so bad."

Mark stared down at the rugged features of the muscle-god with water washing over him and pushed his cock slowly into his ass. There was no pain for Bob, just the sublime sense of being with Mark, the surf breaking over them, Mark's rod moving slowly in his ass as his blue-gray eyes smiled down at him. An especially big wave crashed over them, rolling them over, making them gasp, and they rolled back with the outgoing rush of water. And still Mark's cock drove into Bob's ass, plunging deeper with every thrust.

Mark couldn't hold back for long. He had already been brought to the edge of orgasm but held back when Bob came inside him underwater. And now that he looked down at the stubbled face, the dark wet hair spread over his forehead, Mark's shorts round his neck, the image was overpowering. "You're so fucking hot – and I'm inside your ass! "I gotta cum, man my balls are aching here it comes, buddy aaagh!!"

His ecstatic howl was drowned by the noise of the breaking waves as his cock exploded in the warm depths of Bob's ass. When his cock was drained he pulled it out, released Bob's hands, fell forward and the two men folded their arms round each other. It was a spectacular sight – two glorious muscle-gods rolling over together in the surf, hugging, kissing, their muscles gleaming in the sun-splashed spray. Suddenly they saw a string of creamy white jism float past and they erupted in laughter in the euphoria of this triumphant moment.

The glorious image of the two men did not go to waste. Four awestruck faces watched from the top of the dunes as Mark and Bob sprang to their feet, embraced again, then walked slowly up toward the shack, their magnificent naked bodies glinting in the sun as water streamed off them. Their chiseled features were set off by the other man's shorts strung around their necks, evidence of having made love out at sea.

The boys, all holding heavy shopping bags, held back, reluctant to intrude on this stunning scene, though each of them grabbed his crotch with his free hand and rubbed his swelling cock. But their hesitation dissolved when they heard Mark shout, "Hey guys – you got food there? Bring it on down – you got two starving men here."

That galvanized them into action and they ran down the dunes. With a last adoring look at the two masters they crowded into the small kitchen and unpacked the food. While Bob and Mark showered together in the outdoor shower on the side of the shack, the twins got busy in the kitchen.

Jamie and Mario brought a long folding table out of the house, set it up on the sand in front and threw a white sheet over it. They set the table for lunch, then brought out a bottle of white wine and two glasses for Bob and Mark, who by this time had dried off, pulled on shorts and T-shirts and were sitting at the table.

While the four boys worked inside, Bob said to Mark, "Your boy doesn't let up, does he, giving orders right and left, taking charge? I sometimes wish the twins would be a bit more assertive, come out of that comfortable shell they made for themselves."

Just then raised voices came from inside the cabin. One was Kyle's: "Look you guys, we need room to work in here, so you have to get out of the kitchen. Kevin's was the other: "It's a real cramped space and I'll remind you that in the kitchen we're the bosses. So please leave!"

Mark grinned at Bob. "Seems like your boys have no problem throwing their weight around, at least in the kitchen."

"Yeah," Bob said. "I guess what it comes down to is that all the boys see themselves as the boss in their own area of expertise – boss of their territory. There's Jamie in the office and in the surf, Darius with the boys and on the construction site, Pablo and Ben around heavy machinery and even Nate and Eddie when it comes to the running of the house, and now Mario working in the garden. Still, I'd like the twins to be kind of a bit more adventuresome."

Just then Jamie and Mario came out of the shack. Jamie grinned, raised his eyebrows and shrugged resignedly. "We got thrown out of the kitchen, sir."

"Damn right," said Mark. "That kitchen is pretty rudimentary – it'll be a miracle if the twins can produce anything halfway decent to eat. Here, you two, sit down and have a glass of wine."

As it turned out, a short time later the twins showed exactly how much they were masters of the kitchen when they appeared with trays bearing appetizers, braised trout, spinach and new potatoes, with berries and yoghurt for dessert. Like expert waiters they poured more wine for the four men and themselves, then took their place side by side on one side of the table.

Jamie and Mario sat opposite them and Mark and Bob sat at either end. They were all blown away by the sight of the spread before them, and Jamie raised his glass and said loudly, "A toast, gentlemen – to the twins, kings of the kitchen! I'm glad they booted us out."

"The twins!" they all chorused, clinking glasses and making Kyle and Kevin blush with pleasure.

Lunch was a predictably lively affair with everyone in exceptionally high spirits. Mario, on Bob's left, talked enthusiastically about his new job as gardener and landscaper at the house. "My dad back in Italy was a landscaper and I learned a lot from him. Actually the climate and conditions of Southern California are quite similar to those in Tuscany, so I feel right at home."

"Great," said Bob. "When we get back home we'll get together with Randy and you two can work out a plan for the garden. It's pretty much of a mess right now."

Jamie and the twins were planning the sleeping arrangements for that night. "Sir," Jamie said to Mark, "would it be OK if me and the boys pitch our tent in the dunes tonight. We four boys could all sleep out there if you and Bob don't mind sharing the bed in the shack," he said with a mischievous grin.

"Fuck you, kid," Mark smiled, with a playful slap behind Jamie's head. "Just because you're the new tough young stud around town don't mean you can dictate who we're gonna sleep with." He shrugged nonchalantly. "But, since you mention it, I guess there'll be no problem me and Bob sharing a bed. I'll check with him. Hey, big guy," he shouted to the other end of the table. "Seems the boys all wanna sleep in their tent tonight. That means you and me will end up in the bed in the shack. That OK with you?"

Bob stroked his chin in thought, then shrugged. "Hmm yeah, I guess I guess that's OK. As long as you keep to your side of the bed and don't snore." The four boys snickered with their hands over their mouths at the little charade the guys were playing. Everyone knew full well that Bob and Mark would be spending the night making love no matter what Jamie had planned. The way Jamie saw it, he was just being the perfect host. It was his shack after all.

They spent the rest of the afternoon lazing in the sun and, after the evening barbecue on the patio, they hit the sack early – and fell asleep late. Mark and Bob, of course, made love for hours, while in the tent it was pretty much the same thing, only much noisier and with lots of

laughter from the boys as they writhed together, testing all the possible permutations of four boys coupling together in ones, twos and threes.

Even though it was late before they finally slept in a tangle of limbs, Jamie was up with the dawn next morning, rousing the others. Come on, guys, the waves'll be bitchin' this early. I guarantee the guys won't be up for another couple of hours so we got plenty of time. Kyle, Kevin, you brought those boards that Bob bought for you?"

"Yeah," Kevin said sleepily, "they're in the truck, but Kyle and me are lousy surfers." Jamie laughed. "Never mind, kids, I'll take care of that." They all knew by now the story of the three young surfers and their rescue the day before, and Jamie said, "I'm giving lessons to those dudes so it just means I'll have a bigger class. I told them 7am sharp and what d'ya know? Here they come. There were introductions all round and the three youngsters gaped at the group of Jamie, Mario and the gorgeous identical twins. The twins got their boards and everyone paddled out under the stern direction of Jamie, the expert.

It was, as Jamie predicted, a couple of hours before Mark and Bob stirred, and the first thing they did was fuck each other, which was the last thing they had done before they slept. They lay together for a while, Mark gazing at Bob with a faraway look in his eyes. "You OK, buddy?" Bob asked.

"After last night sure I am – never better."

"But"

"Shit, that intuition of yours," Mark grinned. "Yeah, well last night was terrific but well, I guess I'm still a bit jealous of Zack – what you did to him and all, him submitting to the tough new superstud." Bob laughed. "Is that all? We can soon put that right. How about we take a jog down to Zack's shack after breakfast? Mark's eyes sparkled in agreement and they got up, showered together, pulled on their boxers and made a pot of coffee. They went out on the patio in the early morning sun, completely relaxed after the night's sexual exertions.

As they sat drinking coffee Bob looked out to sea and said, "Wow, what's that out there – surfer school?" There were seven boys out on the usually empty ocean, with one of them obviously directing the rest of the pack. Mark laughed, "That's my boy – leading a surfing class – Mario, the twins, and those three kids he saved from the current yesterday. Looks like they're about to pack it in, though."

Jamie had spotted Mark and Bob on the patio and knew they would be wanting breakfast. Bob caught the pride in Mark's eyes as he watched Jamie surf in with a graceful slide over the sand, the others doing their best to keep up. Jamie led the exhilarated group up to the shack and said, "Sorry, sirs, we got a bit carried away out there – the waves were awesome." The twins

planted their boards in the sand and Kyle said, “Me and Kevin will have breakfast on the table in no time, sirs,” and they went into the kitchen

“How about you guys?” Bob asked the three youngsters. “Would you like to join us?”

The boys blushed, looked nervously at each other, then the tallest of them said, “Well, sir, we’ve got classes later at Santa Rosa Junior College but we could stay for an hour or so.”

“That’s settled, then, said Jamie, but in the meantime, we gotta have a de-briefing I’ll let you know how you’re doing and give you some pointers on how to improve. He sat cross-legged on the sand and the boys sat in a semicircle facing him. The youngsters gazed at him, listening intently, clearly smitten by this dominant, virile young buck. Bob and Mark watched in awe and Bob said, Hell, they’re gazing at him like he walks on water.”

“He does,” grinned Mark, if you could see him gliding over those the way he does.”

The surf chat continued through breakfast as everyone sat round the long table wolfing down the food the twins had cooked. But finally the three boys had to leave and they looked expectantly at Jamie, who was by now their hero. Jamie smiled at them. “OK, OK, we can have one more lesson before we go back to town tomorrow. Seven o’clock again?”

“You bet, sir,” they said, shaking Jamie’s hand and looking nervously at the two muscular masters who before today they could only dream about, and would now dream about often. “Great kids when you get to know them,” Jamie said as they ran off over the dunes. “You just have to gain their confidence.”

“Which you did brilliantly Jamie,” Bob smiled – “not to mention their hero-worship.”

“Thank you, sir,” Jamie said, and blushed like a young boy.

As breakfast wound down Bob and Mark grew silent, glancing at each other often, and everyone sensed a tension building between them. Finally Bob stood up and said, “Thanks for the breakfast Kyle, Kevin. Gourmet as usual. Maybe you could go down to Zack’s shack later and reorganize his kitchen. Right now it’s a mess – can hardly boil an egg in it.”

“Right, sir,” said Kevin. The twins had always wanted to see inside the shack of the sexy black construction worker. “Thanks, guys,” Bob said. “Now Mark and I are gonna take a jog down the beach to check on Zack’s place. Be careful in the ocean – watch those currents.”

“I’ll take care of everyone, sir,” said Jamie cheerfully.

“I bet he will too,” Bob said to Mark as they began their jog. “Great kid you got there.”

But those were the last words that passed between them as they jogged together through the shallow surf. The boys' senses had been accurate – there was a tension between the two men as Bob picked up on the tightness in Mark's body and the set of his jaw.

There was something Mark had done that he never told to anyone. Zack had described to him how Bob had worked him over, tying him to the old doorframe, whipping him, fucking him until Zack begged to shoot his load. After hearing that, as soon as Mark was alone he imagined the scene and jacked off thinking about it, seeing clearly Bob's chiseled features, the stubbled jaw and moustache, and his muscled body wielding the whip. He pictured the black leatherman wincing and writhing in bondage, but then Zack's face morphed into his own. He saw himself at Bob's mercy, felt the strength of his body, heard himself begging for release.

That fantasy had never really gone away, and now it was even more vivid in his mind as he ran side by side with the very man he had fantasized about. That is why he was silent, stealing quick glances at the profile from his dreams, and that is why his cock was rock hard, bouncing under his boxer shorts.

When they reached the shack it was Bob who spoke first. "Let me show you where Zack hides his key." They went round to the back and Bob reached up to a ledge under the eaves and retrieved the key. "Let's take a look inside," he said, unlocking the front door. The air inside was redolent with sex, the faint, lingering traces of sweat and semen. Zack, never the tidiest of men, had left his used underwear and T-shirts scattered around. Mark's eye went straight to the wall where there hung, apparently as decoration, a bull whip and a cat-o'-nine-tails.

In the dim light Mark looked at Bob's rugged profile as he too stared at the whips. And finally Mark spoke. "I gotta have it, man. I never told you how how I beat my meat thinking about you giving me the same treatment as you gave Zack. You look so fucking hot such a tough alpha stud. Making love with you is perfect, but I gotta have this too, man. I need it bad."

Without a word Bob went outside and Mark followed. Bob looked at the weathered door-frame planted in the sand, the only relic of a shed that had once stood there. And what made his cock swell in his boxers was the ropes that still hung from the crossbeam, a reminder of the intense session he had had with Zack, the black leather master hanging naked from them.

Bob glanced at Mark, who knew what to do. He walked forward and stood in the doorframe facing Bob, reached up and, his arms in a V, grabbed the ropes above him. Bob approached and deftly tied the ropes round Mark's wrists. He stood back and marveled at the sight of the near-naked cop spread-eagled before him, his muscles flexing in bondage, his blond hair falling over his beautiful face, his steely blue-gray eyes staring at Bob with a pleading look.

"Do it, man," Mark said with a gravelly voice. "Please....."

Bob went into the shack and a few minutes later came out wearing a pair of Zack's black jeans. He had the bull whip in his hand. "Holy shit," Mark breathed. He had never seen Bob look more beautiful – the powerful Superman face, heavy stubble on the jaw forming a moustache on his upper lip. His spectacular torso gleamed in the midday sun - broad shoulders, the slabs of his chest, ripped eight-pack abs and the jeans clinging to his narrow waist.

Bob ripped the shorts off Mark and stood back to gaze on the magnificent naked cop straining at his ropes. "Yeah," the cop moaned as Bob raised his arm. He lashed the whip against Mark's chest and watched him wince and groan through gritted teeth. He raised his arm again, but as he saw the welt form on Mark's chest he paused, frowned and threw the whip contemptuously to the ground. He walked close to Mark and stared into his eyes.

"I can't whip you, man – not the man who made love to me all night. That's not the way it is between us. I know what you need but there's another way I can make you beg. And it'll be a lot more painful than the whip, believe me. It starts like this....." He leaned forward and pressed his lips against Mark's. The cop was so fired up by this time that he kissed Bob voraciously, probing his mouth with his tongue. He knew he could cum like this but at the height of his passion Bob suddenly pulled away.

Mark leaned forward, his arms stretching back, taut against the ropes, his tongue out, craving another taste of Bob's mouth. But Bob turned his back on him and started to walk away. "No please," Mark shouted. Bob stopped turned round to face him from ten feet away and folded his arms over his naked chest. "Please, man," Mark begged, "come back – I need to touch you, feel your flesh on mine, touch your lips with mine. Please, man, don't leave me"

"Oh I know what you want, stud, what you need," Bob said. "But I gotta be sure how much you want me. I gotta see you submit before I come back to you." Bob thrust his hands in the pockets of his jeans and pushed them lower down his waist, so the waistband of his white shorts showed above the top of the jeans.

Mark stared at the stunning bodybuilder, his muscles flexing, arms and shoulders bulging as his fists pushed down in the jeans. With his rugged superman face, his piercing brown eyes, he was spectacular. Mark pulled desperately against his ropes, every fiber of his body wanting to break free, run forward and throw his arms round the man he idolized. He narrowed his eyes to focus them more acutely, so all he could see was this incredible man, backlit by the sun so he took on the gleaming aura of a god. He was a god, a god to be worshipped – to submit to

The cop had to surrender. He pulled forward against the ropes, his whole body rigid with desire, his balls bursting, his cock rearing up as he screamed, I submit, sir. I submit aaagh!" A long ribbon of cum blasted from his cock, arched in the air then fell to the ground and was absorbed by the burning hot sand. Another stream followed, and another, accompanied by Marks groans and quiet sobs as his cock drained.

Bob came forward and kissed him. As before Mark searched Bob's mouth ravenously until, once again, Bob pulled away. He smiled at Mark and said, "Well that's a start, anyway." He squeezed Mark's nipples, rolling them savagely between his fingers, then his finger nails, causing the captive cop to scream with pain, a pain that was even more excruciating after his massive orgasm. Then suddenly the pain stopped and Bob walked back into the shack.

Mark hung limply from the ropes, his legs buckling. The pain in his nipples was subsiding, but the cop knew that he was entirely at the mercy of this Superman. Even if he had not been tied he would still have been in a state of submission, doing whatever he was ordered to do. Now there was silence, except for the sounds of the surf and the seagulls, and the breeze blowing through his blond hair as he hung abandoned in the blazing sun.

His mind was still focused on Bob, on the incredible image of him flexing his muscles, shirtless in black jeans with the white strip of his shorts poking above the waistband. Mark was desperate for more. Where was Bob – what was he doing – would he come back or had he deserted him as a demonstration of his superior power? Was this all part of his plan? The uncertainty was torture, far worse than enduring a whipping, as Bob had predicted.

Mark was growing desperate when suddenly the door of the shack opened and there stood Bob – butt naked. Mark's cock reared up, like a soldier springing to attention, and instinctively he pulled against the ropes, longing just to touch the naked muscle-god.

Bob walked over to him, put his hand behind Mark's head and once again kissed him. Mark knew that, as before, the kiss was a prelude to more action. But again Bob surprised him, his face moving down from Mark's mouth, his tongue licking his neck then his chest and finally settling on his painfully sore nipples. He bit them lightly, sending sparks of pain radiating from his chest, but pain that Mark welcomed as it proved Bob's renewed interest in him. "Yeah, man," he moaned, "let me feel it. Eat those fucking tits, man."

After gnawing on the tits for a while, making sure Mark's cock was good and hard, Bob moved lower, licking the ridges of his abs. What he did next amazed the bound cop. Bob fell to his knees, grabbed Mark's stiff dick and lowered his mouth over it. Mark felt his whole rod slide to the back of Bob's throat, then the face pulled back, plunged forward again and the action began.

Mark's thoughts were spinning as he gazed down at the stubbled face sucking his cock. Mark wanted to submit to this macho top-man, but here was the man on his knees before him sucking his cock. Mark shuddered with the euphoria of worshiping a man who was in the act of worshiping him. Bob was so self-assured, so dominant, that he had nothing to prove. His virility was so strong it allowed him to kick over all the conventions of top and bottom and do anything he wanted.

It was so exciting to Mark that he yanked at the ropes round his wrists, desperate to touch this incredible man. Watching the strong, stubbled, wide-open jaw swallowing his cock was so erotic that Mark knew he had to cum. He tried to hold back as he did not want this to end, but his cock was pulsing so hard it was impossible not to shoot a load, which he did with a howl that echoed round the dunes. As his cock emptied into Bob's throat, he moaned, "Man, I couldn't hold back I didn't want that to happen."

"But I did," said Bob after pulling back off the cock. He stood up, grabbed Mark by the hair and pulled his mouth onto his, letting the cum in his mouth spill into Mark's. They passed it back and forth, lubricating their mouths as they both swallowed the cop's semen. Finally Bob licked the remaining drops from Mark's lips and pulled away. "We're getting there," Bob grinned. "What d'you want next, big guy?"

That was easy. "My ass, man. I need to feel your rod in my ass. Please"

"Be careful what you wish for, stud." Bob walked behind him and looked down at the perfect globes, white against the tan-line of the golden-brown skin. He grabbed Mark's waist, pushed his cock between the ass cheeks and suddenly, savagely, plunged his cock into the depths of Mark's ass. At the same time he reached round him and squeezed the tits that were painfully sore after the punishment they had already suffered. The pain in the cops ass and chest was intense and again his screams drowned out the sound of the crashing waves.

Bob rested his stubbled chin against Mark's neck and shoulder and murmured, "Now you're gonna do the impossible and submit to me a third time. If you don't the pain will get worse."

But Mark was running on raw instinct now. He grabbed the ropes and pulled himself up off the ground in a reflexive move to try and escape the pain flashing from his ass and his chest throughout his body. But still the torment continued. Bob felt Mark's muscles flex hard against him until his strength failed and he slumped back to the ground, hanging helplessly from his restraints, resigned to endure whatever his captor dished out.

And still Bob cajoled him from behind. "You know how to end this, man. I told you I want proof of how much you want me. You've already shot two loads and now, while I punish your body, I need you to submit to me one last time. I'm here, man, giving you just what you craved, torturing your body. Picture me, man, that hot, macho stud you want to worship. I'm in your ass feel it man feel my big tool in your ass and my hands on your tits. You can't take any more you know you have to submit to me. Show me, let me hear that cop scream as his cock busts another load of jism. Do it, man"

"Aaagh!" The tortured cop, writhing in bondage pulled himself up on the ropes again with a burst of strength, clamped his hands over the bar. As he hung from it, his legs kicking wildly, muscles rippling his cock exploded with cum shooting across the sand. Exhausted he fell back to earth, and Bob's howls rivaled his as his cock erupted in the naked cop's ass."

Theirs were not the only orgasms at that moment. Hidden behind the dunes two awestruck boys had watched the entire scene, stroking their cock and busting their loads as the men screamed. Then the boys turned to each other and kissed. The twins, as Bob had asked, had made their way down the beach towards Zack's shack earlier than Bob had expected. From a distance they saw that some activity was taking place so they went up into the dunes and ploughed through the sand until they were high above the shack with a clear view of the action.

Stunned and aroused they had stood in silence watching every move the men made, knowing full well what was happening and what impulses drove the men. They had never seen anything so erotic as their master tying up the naked cop, then subjecting him to emotional torture and physical pain. When at last the climax came, so had theirs.

Now they watched in silence as Bob released Mark and held him in a long, passionate hug. The men walked down to the water and fell into the waves, washing away the sweat and cum as the cool water soothed away Mark's pain like a healing balm. When finally they walked up the beach the twins thought it safe to make their appearance. They ran down from the dunes and tried to appear calm as Kyle said, "Sir, we came, like you asked, to have a go at Zack's kitchen and try to put it in shape."

Bob saw their eyes trying to avoid the doorframe and its hanging ropes and, sensitive as ever, he knew they were not feeling as calm as they looked. But he smiled and said, "Thanks for coming, boys. The shack's open."

As the twins went inside Mark frowned. "Why do you think they came from over the dunes instead of along the beach?"

Bob grinned broadly. "Because they must have been watching us – probably saw the whole thing. Just now they couldn't even look at the ropes on the doorframe, the whip and your ripped shorts on the ground. Yeah, they watched it all, alright. They've expressed a curiosity about bondage before. Randy even gave them lessons on tying rope knots, even his famous escape knot. I know my boys, buddy, and I wouldn't mind betting Here, let's jog along the beach a way then circle back behind the dunes. Now it's our turn to watch."

Mark grinned, enjoying the little conspiracy, and they did as Bob suggested. By the time they had doubled back through the dunes and were standing in the spot where the twins had been, above the shack, things were developing as Bob had suspected. Kevin was tied in the doorframe as Mark had been – sort of. The twins had obviously forgotten Randy's lesson and they had to keep stopping when one of Kevin's wrists slid out of the rope.

Kyle was not so skilled with the whip either. He couldn't judge his own strength and sometimes hit too hard, prompting a howl from Kevin, "Ow, that hurt too much, bro. Not so rough."

Bob chuckled and whispered, “Hmm, those boys need lessons.”

Mark smiled, “Hey I have an idea. We’ll give them a lesson they won’t forget in a hurry. Quick, let’s run back to my place.” As they ran through the dunes Mark sketched out his plan. “You know whenever I go anywhere I always take my uniform with me. Occasionally I’ve been called back to emergency duty when the cops have got something big going down so I always have to be prepared. We’ll drive back quickly on the track behind the dunes and surprise them.

So it was that, soon after, Mark’s truck was bouncing along the track and stopped a safe distance from the shack. “We’ll walk the rest of the way and when we get behind the shack leave it to me for a few minutes.”

“OK, buddy,” Bob grinned. “It’s your show.”

Things were not going well for the twins. They had been so turned on by the sight of Bob and Mark and their sexual games that they were dying to duplicate it, to do the same erotic things to each other. But they were novices and making a complete hash of it. Kyle had taken his turn in the ropes but Kevin was even more clumsy with knots than Kyle had been. He had somehow managed to tie Kyle up but when he came to brandish the whip he missed a couple of times and Kyle snapped derisively, “That’s no good, dude – you gotta aim better.”

Then, all of a sudden “Freeze!”

They had been so focused on each other they had not seen the cop approach from the dunes and now they looked up at him in shock. The police officer was in his full black uniform, high motorcycle boots, mirror sunglasses and a cap pulled low over his eyes so they did not recognize him. All they saw was a tall, muscular cop towering over them and they froze as ordered – frozen in fear.

“What the fuck’s going on here?” barked the unfamiliar voice. “Tell me!”

But the twins couldn’t utter a word, terrified of what came next.

#

Chapter 203 – Sexual Discoveries

The cop walked round the boys, sternly surveying the bondage scene. Still disguising his voice by affecting an accent, he growled, “You know I could book you on multiple charges – forcible detention, bondage, slavery, grievous bodily harm. Can you give me any reason not to haul your sorry asses to jail?”

They gulped and Kyle at last found his voice. “Sir, we were only playing games. We’re very sorry officer.”

“Games?!” He picked up the whip that Kevin had dropped. “You call this a game? You could do serious damage with this.” The twins looked at him wide-eyed as he considered his next move. “OK, I should book you both and throw you in jail, but I’m gonna give you a break. I’m gonna show you that this is no game you’ve been playing. I’ll give you a choice. Jail – or me.”

“You, sir,” they said in unison, scared to death of ending up in jail.

“Right – you” (to Kyle) “stay where you are. I’m just gonna tighten the ropes your buddy here fucked up so badly.” He used just one of the ropes to tie both of Kyle’s wrists together then pulled the rope taut round the beam so Kyle’s arms were stretched up high beside his head. “You” (to Kevin) “get your ass over here.” He used the other rope to tie Kevin exactly like his brother, so they were standing side by side, their arms touching as they were stretched upward.

“Yeah,” the cop growled. “Two of you – identical – hot looking kids. I’m really gonna enjoy this....” and he cracked the whip on the sand, making the captive boys flinch. He raised his arm and brought the whip down lightly against their chests. It coiled round them both, effectively tying them together for a moment. The brief surge of excitement that made their cocks stiffen was overtaken by fear which prevented a full hard-on.

They closed their eyes waiting for another lash, but suddenly “Hey, what the hell’s going on here, officer?”

A familiar voice – Bob’s! A wave of relief swept over them. Bob would rescue them. The cop looked at Bob as he ran down from the dunes. “Nothing these two punks don’t deserve,” said the officer – but his voice had changed – it became a voice they recognized. The cop took off his cap and glasses. Mark, of course how could they have been so stupid not to recognize him? The shock of fear when they saw him appear so suddenly had blinded their judgment. In their panic the possibility of it being Mark never crossed their minds all they saw was a cop, his face hidden by sunglasses and the peak of his cap, speaking with an accent.

Bob was wearing jeans and one of Mark’s black tank tops stretched over his muscular torso. Mark undid several buttons of his black police shirt. They looked spectacular and the twins’ cocks rose in unison to a stiff erection, two identical rods standing at full attention. Tied up side by side, their bodies stretched upward, they were at the mercy of these two muscle-gods. It was one of their widest fantasies and they pressed against each other, sharing their excitement.

The cop said, “They were playing some kind of dangerous sex game but they obviously don’t know shit about tying ropes so I’m teaching them a lesson, showing them just how rough bondage can get.”

“Damn right,” said Bob. “Mind if I give you a hand with that, officer?”

“Be my guest,” said the cop, still showing no hint of a smile. The twins realized the two men were playing this for real, though they trusted Bob completely not to allow them to get hurt. Still, they wanted to feel what it was like to get whipped and they watched as Bob went into the shack and came back with the cat-o’-nine-tails.

Bob stood behind them while Mark, facing them, unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off, looking stunning in his white T-shirt, the contours of his chest showing underneath, the T-shirt tapering down to the tight waist of his black pants. His biceps bulged just below his short sleeves, especially when he raised the whip. “OK, man, let’s rock,” he shouted to Bob. “Here beginneth the first lesson.”

The twins’ bodies jerked and they almost busted their load as they felt whips simultaneously strike their chests and backs – lightly enough to sting but not cause real pain. Again the whips fell, slightly harder this time, and they moaned in excitement and trepidation. They felt one whip lash their abs while the one behind them bounced off their asses. After several more lashes Bob walked round and stood beside Mark facing them. “Us cops know how to handle boys like you,” Mark said. “It gets slowly worse – unless you can get free. Let’s see you try.”

As ordered, the twins pulled against the ropes binding their wrists, struggling, twisting in a hopeless attempt at freeing themselves. “Shit, man, will you look at that?” said Mark, his cock swelling in his pants at the sight the two beautiful, identical twins, their boyishly handsome faces grimacing, their bound, athletic bodies straining and gleaming in the hot sun. Bob walked closer and asked quietly, “Do you want to be set free?”

“No, sir,” Kyle said instantly. “No thank you, sir,” Kevin agreed. Bob’s concern for them overcame their fears and they knew they were safe.

Bob walked back to Mark. “OK, officer, that was their last chance. Let’s see how much these two young bucks can take.”

Mark reached behind his neck, pulled up on his T-shirt that pulled free of his waist, slid up over his chest and head, and was flung to the ground. Bob did the same, pulling off his tank top and tossing it aside. The boys gasped at their master and the cop, stripped to the waist, their muscles flexed, ready for action. This was one of their widest fantasies, being strung up at the mercy of two muscle-hunks. The image had often sparked mutual jack off sessions.

And so the whipping began – more teasing than torment as the blows were light – just enough to sting. The twins had never been so turned on as Bob worked on Kevin’s chest and Mark on Kyle’s. They gazed at the rugged cop and his buddy, both shirtless, their muscular torsos gleaming with sweat as they wielded the whips in the hot sun.

The brothers' reflexes were always in sync with each other and now their groans and rasping breaths grew louder in unison. The sting of the whips made their cocks shudder, but it was not so much the actual whipping as the sense of a fantasy come to life that sent them over the edge. They projected their former illusions onto their current predicament – they writhed in bondage as they imagined the real pain of the brutal lash, and they gazed at the two gorgeous men torturing their bodies.

“You ready, bro?” Kyle whispered. “You bet,” panted Kevin. “Aaagh” The twin screams were matched by the identical jets of semen that blasted across the sand and splashed down at the men's feet, followed by another. Then their heads fell forward in submission and they hung limply from their ropes.

Mark and Bob walked forward and pushed their chins up with the butt-end of the whip handles and the twins excited eyes told Bob that they were thrilled by every minute of this fantasy. The men twisted their nipples lightly between their fingers and Mark growled. “You punks are finally learning your lesson, surrendering to your masters by shooting a load of jism. But it ain't over. You gotta learn that when you're tied up helpless at the mercy of a horny guy he can do anything to you – even fuck your sweet ass. What d'ya say to that?”

“Thank you, sir,” they said in unison, their eyes shining.

“Turn around.” The brothers obeyed, hands still tied, the ropes twisting above them. “Oh, man,” Mark said, “get a load of those perfect white asses.” He stroked the handle of the whip between their ass cheeks and the boys thought for a shuddering moment that the cop was going to shove the whip handle in their asses. But instead Mark said to Bob, “Take whichever one you want, man. They're both identical after all. You two – face each other.”

The twins made a half turn and stood facing each other, their chests pressed together. Bob got behind Kevin and Mark behind Kyle and they eased their stiff cocks between the white globes. “Here it comes, boys,” growled Mark, and the brothers braced for a savage penetration of their asses. Instead they felt the exquisite sensation of a huge cock pushing slowly inside them, sinking to the depths of their ass, pulling back and sliding in again.

The boys sighed in ecstasy, sharing the exhilarating rush by gazing into each other's eyes, then staring at the rugged face over their brother's shoulder. Despite their orgasm minutes ago their cocks were rock hard again, pressed up between their bodies. The prolonged and gentle fuck launched the twins into a world of pure pleasure, their wildest sex dreams coming true as the men's cocks massaged their asses and their own cocks were squeezed together between them.

Instinctively they rubbed up and down against each other, their cocks stroking against each other, their asses riding up and down on the men's stiff rods. It was as if each boy was simultaneously fucking a man's cock and his brother's, causing ecstatic groans from Mark and Bob. Then it was the twins' turn to send their masters over the edge. Smiling into each

other's eyes their faces closed together in a passionate kiss their lips ground together as their asses rose and fell on the huge cocks.

The men were driven wild. "Hoy shit," Mark breathed. "That is un-fucking-believable. Come on, man, let's give it to them." They grabbed the boys' hips and, working in sync, increased the pace of their fuck, pounding the brothers' asses while Kyle and Kevin pressed their cocks and their lips hard against each other.

Men and boys were approaching their climax. The twins were so fired up by the feel of their brother's body and their masters' cocks pistoning inside them that their faces pulled apart and they yelled as hot cum pumped up between them. Their bodies were soon sliding together on a thick film of cum. The men were only seconds behind. Smiling at each other over the boys' shoulders, their pent up lust finally erupted, filling the hot young asses with their man-juice.

The men and boys clung together until their hearts and ragged breathing slowed down. Then the men reached up, quickly untied the twins' wrists and, as their arms fell, held them in a tight embrace. "There," Mark grinned, "you learned your lesson now?"

"Well," said Kyle slowly "maybe not entirely." Kevin joined in, "We think we may need another lesson soon, sir."

"You little fuckers," Bob grinned. "But listen, Mark was speaking the truth that if you try this together you gotta be more skilled. What you're doing can be dangerous, so I'll ask Randy to give you more lessons on tying knots and how to use the whip properly.

"Thank you, sir," they said, thrilled at the idea of sitting with the big boss getting instruction.

"Come on," Bob said, "we'll drive you back and you can get cleaned up."

"No thank you, sir," said Kevin. "Remember?" said Kyle. "You asked us to come and organize Zack's kitchen, so that's what we'll do. Then we'll jog back and rustle up a snack before dinner. Jamie and Mario will be starved by now and we don't trust them in the kitchen. Thank you for the lesson, sir. We'll take in the whips and leave the ropes up for next time.

As they walked into the shack, each with one arm over his brother's shoulder and the other hand dangling a whip, Mark looked at Bob and shook his head. "That is two awesome young boys you got there, buddy. You should be damn proud of them."

"I'm wild about them," Bob beamed. "Can't you tell?"

When Mark's truck drew up behind Jamie's shack, Jamie and Mario ran to greet them with wide questioning eyes. "Did you see the twins, sir," Jamie asked breathlessly.

“Sure did,” Mark smiled – and he said no more. But seeing the men stripped to the waist, their shirts slung over their shoulders, with Mark in his uniform pants and shiny back motorcycle boots, the boys knew there was a lot more to it than that – a whole lot more.

“Ask the twins,” said Bob with a wink. “Come on – let’s all go for a swim.” A few minutes later they were horsing around in the waves, with Jamie showing all of them the techniques of body surfing. Eventually they ran up the beach to the shack and Bob said, “Now, the twins don’t want you rattling around in their kitchen but do you think you can get us all a beer without mucking things up in there?”

So it was that they were all lounging on the deck when they saw two figures jogging up the beach. When they reached the shack Jamie and Mario gazed at them expectantly, agog for news, but the twin pointedly ignored them and addressed Bob and Mark. “Sirs,” Kyle said, “we did a number on Zack’s kitchen and it’s in good shape. As you said, you could hardly boil an egg there before, but you could do a whole lot more now.” “At least we could,” Kevin smiled.

Jamie was fit to burst. “Come on, dudes, tell us what happened. Bob said we’d have to ask you.” Mario was more cajoling, “We’re dying to hear what you all got up to at Zack’s shack.”

“Sorry guys,” said Kevin resolutely, “it’ll have to wait. Darius called our cell a little while ago and he’s calling a meeting of all the boys when everyone gets back to home base. Says we all have to share our experiences.” Kyle grinned, “In other words, spill the beans. He also said we can’t tell anyone before then. So that’s it – our leader has spoken.”

Jamie bristled at that for a moment, then said, “Yeah, we’ll see about that. OK, well even if you guys have lost the power of speech at least you can make dinner. Me and Mario would help you but we’ve been banned from the kitchen,” he said smugly.

“Touché,” Mark grinned at the twins. Mario chimed in, “Jamie’s right. You said it yourself, dudes – ‘We’re the kings of the kitchen – you’re the king of the waves’.”

“OK, you majesties,” Bob said. “If you four kings could stop bickering like a bunch of old queens maybe we can hope for dinner on the table sometime this century.”

“Not that long, sir,” Kevin smiled. “More like half an hour.”

Now that Bob, Mark and the boys had lived out their fantasies and purged their lust, they could kick back, relax and enjoy themselves. There was still sex to be had – plenty of it – but more as an expression of love than raw lust.

Early next morning Jamie roused the boys just as the three youngsters from yesterday came over the dunes for their surfing lesson with the athletic young man they had come to idolize. But this time the twins backed out. “We gotta make an early start home,” Kevin said, “so we’ll get breakfast ready while you guys go play in the surf.”

“It’s not playing,” Jamie scoffed haughtily, but then checked himself and said, “Sorry, dude.” He smiled and shrugged at Mark who had just appeared. He seemed to imply, ‘This assertiveness thing could get out of hand’.”

The three local boys stayed for breakfast again and before they left exchanged numbers with Jamie in their cell phones. “If you’re ever down in L.A.,” Jamie said, “give me a shout and I’ll take you surfing in Malibu. “Thank you, sir, that would be way cool,” the tallest one said, and all three hugged him shyly and went back over the dunes.

“OK, boys,” said Bob. “Party’s over. Let’s load up our gear. The twins cleaned up the kitchen while Jamie and Mario tidied the shack and began loading the two trucks with backpacks and surfboards. Bob was to drive the twins in his truck while Mark took Jamie and Mario. There was a lot of hugging among the boys and Bob laughed, “Hey, you’re not parting for life, you know. You’ll be seeing each other in a couple of hours. Jamie, thanks for letting us use your shack. You’re a great host and an awesome young man.”

Then Bob turned to Mark and, surprisingly, they shook hands, smiling at each other wordlessly. They knew the complicated and subtle rules that bound them. Randy had at last come to accept that the two men loved each other and sometimes needed to spend time with each other. His open-mindedness had come from the loss of his insecurity – a growing certainty that Bob would always come back to him as his main man, his love for him stronger than ever. Bob and Mark were aware of all this, so this was a separation – no hugs, just the warm knowledge that the separation was temporary. They both already had plans in mind for the next time.

It was Sunday so on the drive back down the coast traffic was light, mostly just beachgoers. The twins, sensitive to all Bob’s moods, broached the subject uppermost in his mind. “Sir,” said Kevin, “do you think Randy will be OK about all this when we get back?”

“Oh, sure,” Bob said. “We worked all that stuff out a long time ago.” Then he fell silent. Thing is, he thought, you never quite knew with Randy. That’s one of the things he loved about the big lug.

The two trucks arrived at the house within minutes of each other and chaos ensued. The boys gathered together in an effusive, noisy reunion. Hassan had brought Eddie home, Jason was there with Ben, and Adam and Nathan had come from next door. Bob, of course, was looking for Randy, and then, through the crowd he saw him and his heart missed a beat.

Randy was at his messy best, his old work tank-top, his cargo pants and his rugged face smeared with dirt and sweat as he planted shrubs in front of the new building. He seemed oblivious of the festivities taking place on the other side of the garden. He was bending over as Bob came up behind him and said, "Hey, big guy."

Randy stood up, turned round and their eyes met. Bob at once saw the confused mix of emotions in Randy's face – joy at seeing Bob again, a hint of pain that Bob and Mark had been away together, and uncertainty about what came next. But Bob's beaming smile, his handsome face, and the exhilaration in his eyes went a long way to making the rugged gypsy melt.

Bob opened his arms and said, "Pleased to see me?" Randy took him into a squeezing hug and didn't say anything. He just held him for a long while. When they finally broke apart Randy's eyes were moist with tears, but he pulled himself together and Bob saw his expression become one of pride. "Look, Randy said, waving an arm at the new building. It's finished."

Bob gaped in astonishment at the building, housing rooms for Mario, Eddie and Ben over three much-needed garages. "It's done? How in hell did you manage that?"

Randy was preening now. "When me and Zack got back from the lake we called up a couple of guys from the crew who needed some overtime and with Pablo and Darius we worked like shit on the place. All the major stuff was already complete so it was mostly just trim and paint, installing the windows and moving in the boys' furniture. I was just now putting in a few hedging plants that will eventually form a low box hedge."

By this time the rest of the clan had gathered round with oohs and aahs, especially from Eddie, Mario and Ben, the future occupants of the building. Randy planted the final box shrub and grinned at Mario. "So, does it meet with the approval of our new Italian gardener?"

"Si, signore," Mario said, examining the plants. "Good choice, a box hedge, but if you don't mind my saying so, sir, you've planted them a bit too close together. Box plants expand a lot and they'll crowd each other out."

"Hell, I don't mind advice like that, kid. Later you can help me move them. Bob tells me you're raring to go with the rest of the garden, so we'll get together and go over your plans." Randy gazed at the eager, handsome Italian face and his athletic body and grinned, "It's gonna be a pleasure working with you." Mario blushed under the boss's lustful gaze and said, "Thank you, sir. Likewise."

Randy let that hang in the air, then put his hand behind Bob's neck and said, "But right now me and Bob have some business to attend to while Pablo and Darius give you the tour of the new building. They helped build it, after all." He propelled Bob toward the main house and Darius said, "OK, guys, follow me, and after that I've called a boys' meeting."

"Would that be a "spill-the-beans" meeting, Darius?" asked Eddie with a mischievous smile.

“Damn right, kid,” Darius grinned.

While the noisy tribe explored the new accommodations, things were much quieter in Bob and Randy’s room, with an edge of tension. Bob got a couple of beers from the small fridge and Randy sprawled in the armchair, no matter that he was covered in dirt. Bob stood before him, not quite knowing what to expect from Randy but he should have known.....

“Did he fuck you?”

Bob sighed and sat on the bed facing him. He supposed Randy would never be able to resist this opening question. He was so used to it that he answered evenly, “We fucked each other.”

“Oh yeah? What else?” Randy’s look of hurt resentment slowly changed to smug satisfaction as Bob described in detail how he had tied Mark up to the doorframe. Randy’s cock stirred in his pants as he vividly imagined the whole thing – Bob wearing a pair of Zack’s black jeans, his square Superman face, heavy stubble on his jaw, moustache on his upper lip, his broad shoulders, bulging chest, ripped eight-pack abs and the jeans clinging to his narrow waist.

“You whip him?” Randy asked.

“I started to but then decided to torture him with sexual frustration.” Randy smiled broadly as Bob described Mark straining for a touch of Bob’s lips, getting his tits tortured and ending up begging Bob to fuck his ass.

“Shit, I shoulda been there to see that.” Then Randy’s expression changed. “But, you got off on it big time.” He stood up and paced the room. “You got off on dominating the hot cop. After all, you’re the alpha-stud top man now. The guy I used to fuck hard is now as tough as me.” There was confusion in his eyes. “The guy I first met has gone all stubbled macho on me.”

Bob understood just what Randy was wrestling with and he knew what he had to do. “Sit down, buddy – relax and give me a few minutes.” Bob went into the bathroom and closed the door.

Randy sat nurturing his beer, sullen and confused, feeling out of his depth, his confidence ebbing. But then the bathroom door opened – and everything changed.

Bob stood there buck naked – and clean-shaven. The stubble was gone. To Randy he looked like the clean-cut guy he had first met all that time ago in that shabby bar, his preppy look out of place as he sat at the bar, glancing at the greasy, sweaty construction worker sitting near him, quietly getting drunk. This was the man who had innocently gone with Randy to his motel room and had ended up naked, tied to the bed, the victim of the construction worker’s anger.

Randy stared at him, stood up and said in a deep voice, "Fucking gorgeous, man. On the bed."

Quick to obey, Bob lay on his back on the bed and stared up at the sweaty, grimy construction worker in his dirt-streaked tank top stretched over his muscled chest. Randy paced back and forth round the bed, his eyes never leaving the naked muscle-god lying there, his chiseled clean-cut features, perfect torso, strong arms, the slabs of his chest, his washboard abs, slim waist and muscular thighs. Randy ran his hand through his hair in a gesture of frustrated lust.

"You are so fucking beautiful, man – *too* fucking beautiful. I wanna eat you, man, devour you."

Suddenly Bob turned over on his stomach and Randy stared at the perfectly round white globes of his ass. "Holy shit," he groaned, "that ass! I gotta have it."

Bob raised his head and looked at the image in the mirror at the head of the bed. The blue eyes gleamed in the dark gypsy face as he ripped open his pants and pulled out his long, thick piece of horsemeat. He stroked it slowly, transfixed by the perfect ass waiting for it. The man was taking his time, savoring the moment when he would feel his lover's ass close round it.

Finally Randy could take it no more. He fell forward and clamped his big hands on Bob's waist, pinning him to the bed, his ass helplessly exposed. Bob looked in the mirror, their eyes met and Randy said, "Remember the first time I fucked you, buddy? Not at the motel – weeks later in the forest in the pouring rain. Remember? It felt just like this....."

"Aaahh," Bob sighed as he felt Randy's huge pole driving deep into his ass. Instinctively he tightened his ass muscles round the cock in a loving embrace. This is when Bob felt most complete – with the big man's cock in his ass. Randy pulled back and Bob tensed, waiting for the usual savage fuck to begin. But it didn't. Instead, Randy pushed in deep again, insistently but without pain.

Randy was staring down at the gorgeous ass and watched his rod pushing inside it. There was a time when, after Bob had made love with Mark, that this would have been a brutal punishment fuck. There was a time when Randy would have been driven by his own wounded pride, not by the desires of his lover. But that was in the past. This was not punishment – there was nothing to punish Bob for. Randy's worship of Bob was now so intense that it banished the baser feelings of anger and revenge.

Now, all Randy wanted was to give the ultimate pleasure to his man in the way he knew best. And he had learned that, by focusing his passions on Bob, he himself felt reciprocal sensations of a joy beyond all others. As he continued to ease his long cock deeper and deeper into the welcoming heat of Bob's ass, he said softly, "Do you want it hard, buddy? You want it to hurt?"

Bob gazed at him in the mirror. "I want you to make love to me, Randy."

Randy's eyes blurred with tears and he quickly, expertly flipped Bob over onto his back, his legs over Randy's shoulders, all the while with the gypsy's cock buried deep inside him. Randy leaned forward, bracing himself with his hands flat on the bed beside Bob's head, smiling down at him. "So, you like it like this, eh, stud?"

"Yes, sir – just like this." Bob ran his hands over Randy's sweaty tank top feeling his pecs flexing underneath as he rose and fell above him. His ass was on fire, his lust building as he reached up behind Randy's back and dug his fingers hard into the tank and the back muscles rippling underneath. Their breath was becoming ragged, their hearts pounding as Bob's nails pierced the tank and ripped it off his back. It fell forward, a rag hanging loosely round Randy's neck and over his chest.

Bob gasped. Looming over him, Randy had never looked more exciting – his intense, dark gypsy face, the square stubbled jaw clenched, long black hair falling over his brow, the shredded scraps of his shirt hanging down from his neck as he fucked Bob's ass relentlessly.. Driven wild, Bob wanted to see pain on Randy's face, so he reached up and dug his fingers into Randy's nipples, squeezing them hard. The big man winced and his reflex to the pain was to fuck Bob harder until his rod became a piston.

They were both being driven to the limit and as they gazed into each other's eyes they entered that transcendent world where only they existed, a world of raw sex and passionate love. The pain in Bob's ass was matched by the pain in Randy's chest and they were united as one – one body, one mind, one soul.

Randy moved his hands behind Bob's head, howled as he fell forward and pressed his lips hard against Bob's. Their writhing bodies shuddered against each other, chest to chest, their mouths grinding ravenously together, kissing, licking, biting, as Randy slammed his cock one last time into the fiery depths of Bob's ass. They screamed into each other's mouth as their passion erupted in simultaneous orgasms, Randy's juice blasting into his lover's ass and Bob's streaming between their bodies.

Reluctant to break the magic spell, they lay together for a long time, licking each other's moist eyes, kissing each other's face, their bodies pressed hard together. At last Bob smiled into Randy's eyes. "Buddy, there is nothing, nothing in the whole world like that. I love you, man."

"Yeah, well just so you know, you pay for damages around here, buster." Randy pulled off his shredded tank. "You rip it, you own it."

"Asshole," Bob grinned, before he was stifled by the sweaty tank being jammed in his mouth.

It was late afternoon when Bob and Randy finally emerged to join the other men having drinks in the garden. The boys were still up in Pablo and Darius's room 'spilling the beans' about their

weekend adventures under Darius's enthusiastic direction. But suddenly they heard Randy's booming voice blast up from the garden. "Hey, you punks, any chance of getting something to eat around here? Move those cute asses of yours or you'll feel my dick up 'em."

"And we wouldn't want that, would we?" Darius grinned. "Would we, guys?" When their laughter subsided, "OK, dudes, meeting adjourned until tomorrow. And next time I'll bring my camera."

They rushed downstairs – the twins, Jamie and Mario into the kitchen – Darius, Nate, Eddie and Ben into the garden to put together the long table and set it for dinner. Dinner was the usual raucous affair, with so many men in the house, and it didn't break up until late when Hassan and Jason had to excuse themselves. They would both be getting up before dawn, Jason for an early shift and Hassan to be on the set early for another Marine video shoot.

They hugged their boys and Jason said to Ben, "Enjoy your new room, kid, and tomorrow I'll spend the night there with you." Eddie looked expectantly at Hassan who said, "That goes for me too, kiddo. We'll try it on for size – give it the right vibes, eh?"

They left and the party broke up. Randy grinned at Ben, Eddie and Mario. "OK, you kids, get your asses up there and give your rooms a test drive. You'll probably find some kinks that still need fixing – always are in a new building – but just let me know and I'll take care of it."

The boys all thanked him and Eddie added, "And thank you for building it so fast, sir. First time I ever really had a room of my own."

The boys had, of course, explored the rooms earlier, which were already furnished, and had moved their clothes and all their gear in. There were stairs at either end of the building and a small balcony that ran in front of the rooms. Mario's room was at one end, Ben's at the other and Eddie's in the middle. Eddie wasn't used to sleeping alone and somehow felt more secure with a boy on either side of him. As Mark also had a very early shift and it was already late, he offered to let Jamie sleep with Mario to 'christen the room' as he put it.

They all went to bed and Eddie felt excited but a bit apprehensive in his new room, especially as a wind had kicked up outside. But a room of his own was one more step for the boy on his road to self-esteem and confidence – a step on the road to manhood. He climbed into bed, pulled the covers round his neck and was starting to doze when a loud noise made him sit up with a start. A strong gust of wind had rattled one of the windows and it was shaking in its frame.

He got up and tried to prop a broom against it, but that only seemed to make it worse. The looser it got the louder it rattled. Damn, he thought, one of the kinks Randy mentioned. He got back into bed and pulled the covers over his head, but that didn't help. Boy, he missed Hassan. He climbed wearily out of bed again, frustrated and a bit scared. He knew he couldn't sleep if this wind kept up.

He thought of getting help from Mario, but he knew Jamie was with him and he didn't want to interrupt whatever they might be doing. There was Ben on the other side, but Eddie had always been in awe of Randy's brother. Still, he went out to the balcony in just his boxer briefs and tapped on Ben's door. No answer, so he tried the door and it opened.

Inside he went over to the bed where Ben was fast asleep. Ben had pushed the covers off him and, despite his anxiety, Eddie couldn't help staring at the naked young gypsy boy who looked so much like his older brother – black hair, high cheek bones, a boyish stubble on his chin and a lithe, muscular body. Eddie felt his cock growing in his shorts but suddenly snapped back to his senses. He felt foolish standing here and he turned to leave, but in the darkness he stumbled against a table, making enough noise to wake Ben.

The light snapped on and Ben jerked upright. "What the....? Oh, it's you, Eddie. What's up?"

Eddie blushed and stammered, "I'm sorry, sir, I didn't mean to wake you I I was just just leaving, sir."

"Hey, dude, calm down and tell me what the trouble is. You look scared as a rabbit."

Hearing that, Eddie pulled himself together and explained about the loose window in his room. "Shit," Ben said. "Yeah, that thing was giving us trouble from the start and we worked on it and thought we'd fixed it. Never mind, I know how to mend it. Not now though – the hammering would wake the whole house. I'll do it first thing in the morning."

"Thank you, sir," said Eddie, turning to leave. "Hey," Ben said, "where you going? You won't get much sleep in that room. Why don't you bunk in with me? I don't mind – and I don't snore – promise," he grinned

Eddie hesitated but realized it was the only solution, so he climbed in bed beside Ben. "Thank you, sir," he said.

"Hey," you don't have to call me sir, you know."

"Oh, I prefer to, sir – you being Randy's brother and all and me just the assistant houseboy.

"Enough of this 'just the houseboy' stuff. You're also the boy of that big stud Marine, Hassan. That's quite something, dude – he's a hunk. Most boys would envy you. Still, just as you like," Ben grinned and dimmed the light down low. Eddie turned his back on Ben and clung to the edge of the bed, fearing that his cock would get hard again next to the hot, naked young gypsy.

Ben looked at him and, like so many before him, felt a wave of affection for the shy kid. He was about to turn the light off but he couldn't stop staring at the beautiful young body, the curve of his neck and the tousled hair. Eddie sure was cute and Ben felt his cock getting stiff. He

turned over and tried to sleep but the thought of Eddie beside him kept his cock rock hard. He turned over and said quietly to Eddie's back, "You asleep yet, dude?"

"No, sir. You neither, uh?"

"Trouble is," said Ben, "I got this huge boner keeping me awake." Eddie turned over to face him and said earnestly, "Oh I can take care of that, sir, no problem."

"Yeah," Ben grinned. "They tell me you give the best blow-jobs in town."

"They tell me that too, sir. You want me to show you?" He pushed the covers off them and turned his body round to the foot of the bed, head to toe with Ben. "Oh yes, sir, that's a boner alright. Here" And matter-of-factly he took the long rod in his mouth and swallowed it smoothly down his throat. Then he clenched and unclenched his throat muscles, working on Ben's cock without moving his head.

When he started sucking its whole length Ben gasped in amazement as he felt his cock slide right down the boy's throat, getting alternately squeezed and released. "Shit," Ben groaned, "that feels fucking awesome, boy. Keep doing that." Eddie was everything he was cracked up to be and used all the skills he had learned as a busboy in the desert leather bar. The taste and smell of the gypsy boy's cock turned him on big time, his face buried in Ben's black, sweaty pubic hair, and he felt his own cock get hard in his shorts.

This was not lost on Ben whose face was now inches from Eddie's crotch and the bulge in his shorts. He used his teeth to pull the shorts down below Eddie's balls and was almost hit in the face by the cock as it sprang free. All he had to do was open his mouth and the boy's sweet-tasting dick slid into it. Ben gulped it down and soon picked up the rhythm of the mouth moving expertly over his own rod.

Feeling the heat on his cock Eddie realized that Ben was sucking him, which spurred him on to suck faster and squeeze harder. He heard the muffled sound of Ben moaning as he sucked, and Eddie ran his hand over Ben's thighs and stroked his ass. Ben did the same and the two boys moved in unison, savoring the taste of each other's pulsing cocks.

Eddie had 69'd before but it had never felt this good. Ben was giving as good as he got, having had lots of practice while hitch-hiking to California, giving blow-jobs to the drivers as payment for the ride.

All Ben's tiredness and Eddie's nervousness vanished as the ecstatic feeling in their cocks radiated through their bodies. They were both expert young cocksuckers but this was something special as Ben's gypsy face and Eddie's eager, boyish features rose and fell on the other boy's cock. As they moved in perfect unison, lost in each other, it was an awesome sensation – almost as if they were sucking their own cocks.

But inevitably the sensation overwhelmed them. Their cocks shuddered, their balls were ready to burst and they felt cum racing up their cocks. They plunged their rods in deep, clenched their throat muscles hard and screamed into the gag of the other boy's cock as hot cum streamed into them. They swallowed hard, gulping frantically, determined not to spill a drop.

When their cocks had drained Ben pulled away, spun to the other end of the bed, grabbed Eddie's face and clamped their lips together in an open-mouthed kiss, sharing each other's cum back and forth. Finally he pulled away and they stared into each other's sparkling eyes. "That was intense, dude," Ben said. "You are one hell of a cocksucker, like the guys said – totally fucking awesome. Can we do it again in the morning?"

"Definitely, sir," Eddie said, cuddling up to him and laying his head on Ben's chest. As they let their heartbeats slow, Ben said softly, "You know Eddie, I've never told you this but you're pretty much a hero of mine. After everything you went through, alone in the desert, servicing the guys in that bar, you were a shy kid when you came here, from what the guys told me. But when that thug captured you and Randy came to rescue you, you joined in the fight, swinging that chair like a gladiator, and saved Randy from a beating. That's real hot stuff, kiddo."

"Thank you, sir," Eddie said, becoming drowsy on Ben's chest.

"I really like having you in my bed, Eddie. Tell you what, maybe I won't be in a hurry to fix that window. It'll rattle every night and you'll have to come in here and sleep with me. And we'll sixty-nine every time you do. How's that sound?"

"Works for me, sir," Eddie said drowsily. Ben cradled his head on his chest and Eddie was soon asleep with a blissful smile on his face.

The next afternoon Randy and his boys came home early from work. Randy was eager to inspect the plans Mario had drawn up for re-landscaping the garden, while the boys were dying to go to the meeting Darius had re-convened after abruptly adjourning it the day before. As promised he had brought his camera, which he trained on the twins whose turn it was to tell their story of being tied up in the dunes by the cop.

The only one absent from the meeting was Mario, who had been working hard in the garden and had spread his landscaping plans over the outdoor table by the pool. As soon as Randy got home, without bothering to change out of his work clothes, he joined Mario and they were soon side by side, with Mario explaining his plans in detail. He described the plants and shrubs he intended to use and the landscape design he had created for them.

"Jamie's given me a budget, sir, so I know what we have to work with. One big problem I have, though, is that huge tree-stump over there, right in the middle of the ivy. I'm having to work my designs around it."

“Why don’t you just remove the stump?” Randy asked.

“Oh that’s not possible, sir. It was obviously a huge old tree with a deep root network. It’s in the ground for good.”

Randy grinned. “Kid, when you get to know me better you’ll realize that when a guy tells me something’s impossible I rise to the bait. Me and you together can do the impossible, boy. Wanna give it a try? I’ll loosen the soil with a pick axe while you clear away the ivy.”

“OK, sir,” said Mario doubtfully and they went over to the big expanse of wild, ivy-covered land.

Upstairs in Darius and Pablo’s room the boys’ meeting was in full swing. The twins had been talking for some time to a wide-eyed audience of awestruck boys as Darius circled with his camera, carefully filming them from various angles. But the twins were becoming hoarse so Darius said, “Cut! OK, take five, guys. Let the twins rest their pipes.”

The boys stood up and stretched their legs, and Eddie strolled over to the window. “Hey, guys, he said excitedly. “Take a look at this.”

They all crowded round him and gulped hard at the sight below them. Randy, in his work clothes of grimy old tank top, cargo pants and boots was swinging a pick-axe at the base of the tree stump, his shoulders and biceps pumped, muscles gleaming with sweat in the hot sun, the wet tank clinging to his chest. He was an icon of erotic masculinity – at his magnificent best.

Nearby Mario, disheveled in an old dirt-smothered white T-shirt, jeans and boots, was bent over, yanking up fistfuls of ivy. The young Italian gardener stood up straight and ran the back of his hand across his sweaty forehead, leaving streaks of dirt on his handsome face, his tousled, curly black hair falling over his forehead. He smiled at Randy with the satisfaction of hard physical labor. And even from the bedroom window above, the boys could see bulges growing in Randy’s work pants and Mario’s jeans.

“Shit damn,” said Darius, grabbing his camera. “This is gonna be one for prosperity.”

“*Posterity!*” the boys all chorused, crowding together at the window to watch the action below.

#

Chapter 204 – Visions of Ancient Rome

Randy and Mario looked admiringly at each other. “Great work, kid,” Randy said. “That ivy can be a bitch and you’ve cleared a shit load of it. And you’re right about this tree-stump – it’s a mother-fucker, but I felt it move. We’ll have to work on it together.”

His piercing blue eyes smiled directly into Mario’s as he pushed his sweaty tank top off his shoulders and let it fall, hanging round his waist. Mario felt his cock rear up in his jeans at the sight of the shirtless construction boss, his muscles bulging from his strenuous wielding of the axe, sweat running down his rugged face and stunning torso.

Mario, less confidently, pulled off his filthy T-shirt and averted his gaze, feeling intimidated by the tall, swarthy gypsy as so many had been before him. But Randy, in his outspoken way, boosted his confidence.... “Shit, boy, that’s some body you got on you – outstanding. No doubt about it, you’re a looker, dude – good enough to eat.” Mario blushed, flattered by the praise, especially coming from a man like this – and especially from a man with a bulge in his pants.

“OK, kid,” Randy said, all business now. “Let’s see how we’re gonna attack this son-of-a-bitch. The soil’s pretty loose around it now so I think if we work it together we can loosen the fucker some more. You get on one side and push while I pull from the other and we can rock it loose. It’ll take a while but if we do it long enough it’ll be ready for the next step.

They faced each other across the stump and Randy grinned. “OK, signore, let’s see if those muscles are real or just for show. Mario smiled back, “Pronti, signore – I’m ready.” He planted his boots firmly in the earth, leaned forward and grasped the log. He took a deep breath and pushed hard while Randy pulled. It barely moved but they both heard a root tendril snap somewhere deep down. And so they began working it hard, rocking it in a steady rhythm.

All their energy was focused on each other so they were unaware of Bob coming through the gate with Mark, who he had met outside getting home from work. They saw from a distance what was happening and Mark said, “Jesus, they’re trying to uproot that old tree-stump. We gotta go help them.”

He started to move but Bob put a restraining hand on his arm. “I don’t think so, buddy. I’ve seen that intense look in Randy’s eye before and I know what it means. See how he’s looking more at Mario than the log? I don’t think he’d appreciate the interruption. Let’s go upstairs to the office.” Silently, unobserved, they crept into the main house and up the stairs to the office, where Jamie was standing alone at the window.

“Hey, kiddo,” Mark said, kissing him. “What’s up? I thought you boys were all in a meeting?”

“Adjourned, sir,” Jamie grinned. “The guys found something much more riveting downstairs. They’re all standing at the window now pumping their dicks but I was afraid of shooting a load ‘cause I was saving it for when you came home, sir, so I came in here.”

Bob had gone to the window and said, "Jeez, I see what the boys mean. Take a look at this, Mark." At the window Mark put his arm round his boy and the three of them stared down at the action in the garden. Bob glanced over at the other building and saw the awestruck faces of seven boys at the two windows of Pablo and Darius's room. He also happened to glimpse Randy's fleeting glance up at them.

"Son-of-a-bitch," he grinned. "Randy knows he's got an audience. Normally he doesn't give a shit how he looks – he's the least vain guy I know. But even he's not entirely immune. When he's working like this with a guy like Mario and being watched by the whole house he knows how damn hot it looks and he'll play to the gallery."

Jamie said, "And Darius is filming the whole thing, sir, as you might expect."

"Of course he is," Bob laughed. "One for 'prosperity', I bet."

"That's what Darius said, sir."

Down below the action was becoming intense. Randy and Mario had been wrestling with the stump for quite a while and it was taking its toll. Their muscles were straining, pumped so hard the veins stood out, their faces and bodies pouring with sweat. But their labors were having an effect as the stump was now considerably looser, with the sound of snapping roots as it was rocked back and forth.

Randy had momentarily forgotten their audience and was no longer looking at the tree-stump. He was staring like a laser at the handsome Italian face and the stunning green eyes, hooded with long black lashes. Mario himself was hypnotized by Randy's piercing gaze and, as they labored in unison, their eyes locked, it was as if they were drawing strength from each other. But it was more than mutual hard labor. As they alternately pushed and pulled in unison, muscle-for-muscle, feeling each other's strength, the rhythm became hypnotic sexual.

Each time Randy pushed the stump toward Mario it bumped his crotch and the bulge in his jeans. When it hit hard, making him gasp, he saw the lascivious smile in Randy's eyes, and then he knew Randy was playing this for sex too. When that realization hit Mario, Randy was transformed from a rugged construction worker into a raunchy sex object, his dark demon face tense with effort, his magnificent body straining, muscles flexed, sweat pouring off him. The picture was pornographic.

Randy was a master at this and Mario knew he was entirely in the man's power. "OK, stud," Randy said, "we've almost got it. I think if we exert the pressure on only one side we should be able to push it right out. I have an idea. See that rope up there?"

Mario looked up and saw above Randy's head a thick rope knotted round an extended tree branch. "That should do the trick. Here, come round this side and lean your back against the stump. I want to maintain its position – don't want it settling back down in the earth."

Mario did as directed. Facing Randy up close he jammed the heels of his boots in the earth and leaned back hard against the stump, keeping one side half lifted out of the hole. "Don't ease up, boy," Randy growled, pressing against him to make Mario hold firm, and reaching high up to the knotted rope.

"Son-of-a-bitch," Bob said to Mark up at the office window. "Look at that the man knows just what he's doing. He's totally seducing the boy. Just watch, buddy."

Mario was indeed being overwhelmed with lust. Randy was taller than the young Italian and as he stretched upward Mario found his face pressed into the deep cleft between the slabs of the construction worker's pecs. The sweat rubbed off on his face – the smell was pungent, the taste sour. His face was buried in the chest hair and reflexively he licked it, his cock pounding in his jeans as Randy's body rubbed against his face while he struggled to untie the rope high above.

"Shit," he heard Randy's voice rumble, "tough mother-fucker. Must have used it to tie up one of the boys when I punished him. Or maybe even Bob," he added pensively, and Mario felt Randy's cock jerk in his pants, pressed against him. Mario was intoxicated by the raw sexuality of this incredible man and began fantasizing about him roping a naked Bob to this very tree and working him over. Those stories were legendary in the house and now he himself was feeling the same muscular power Bob must have felt – and fallen in love with.

Mario was trying desperately to hold back his orgasm – but suddenly things got worse. "Almost got it," Randy grunted. "A bit more on this side." He reached to the side and, as he moved, Mario's face slid away from the cleft in his pecs, over the hard nipple, further sideways and into Randy's rancid armpit. He choked as his face was buried in the stinking pit-hair soaked with man-sweat. The smell, the taste were overwhelming.

"Aaah, that's it," Randy moaned, and with one final effort pressed harder against Mario who thought he would suffocate in the stench of Randy's pit. He felt pre-cum oozing into his shorts and knew he was about to shoot, when "Got it!" Randy pulled away and held up the rope in triumph. "Good job, boy," he said, "you held the stump right where it was.

"Thank you, sir." Mario blushed, feeling disproportionately thrilled by praise from this man. Like many a boy before him he was hooked he would do anything for this man.

"OK, kid," Randy grinned. "Stand by for the big finish, boy. It's real simple." He looped the rope round the tree-stump, made Mario hold one end in each hand and pull, while Randy on the other side himself pushed forward against the stump. In that way they were both exerting pressure in one direction, Randy pushing, Mario pulling. "OK, kid let's finish the fucker off."

Mario pulled on the ropes, his adrenaline racing as he stared at Randy pushing against the tree-stump, first with his shoulder, then pushing with his hands, his arms outstretched, every muscle in his body straining and rippling as his boots dug hard in the earth for maximum thrust. The dark gypsy's massive body was spectacular, displayed in all the glory of rugged manhood. Mario had never seen anything like it.

Yes he had – in the movies! His mind flashed to his boyhood after Italy had been churning out Hercules movies where the muscular super-hero was forced to push a boulder, the overseer whipping his back to spur him on. Mario used to jack off in the dark of a near empty movie theater watching those scenes, and as sweat misted his eyes now, that's the erotic fantasy he saw again. The muscle-god's handsome face twisted in pain, his muscles bulged and sweated in agony as if he were being whipped into superhuman effort by his captors.

Suddenly Randy turned his back to the stump, pressed his lower back against it, flexed his legs and pushed backward, inching the tree further out of the ground. Mario was mesmerized by the wide back, muscles flexed, the flared lats tapering down to the narrow waist and the tank round his waist drenched with sweat. In his fantasy of Ancient Rome Mario imagined the streaks of dirt were whip stripes across the tortured back and the nape of the thick neck, with black hair hanging to the shoulders. No movie had ever been this erotic and the boy felt his balls ready to burst.

Randy turned round again to face him and groaned, "This is it, boy." He leaned down and grabbed the bottom of the stump rearing out of the ground and pulled on it, trying to tear the roots out. His agonized torso was spectacularly erotic, muscles screaming with pain, his face contorted with effort as he urged them both on to the final effort. "Aaagh," he groaned "mother-fucking son-of-a-bitch. Pull, man, pull – we've almost got the fucker. Do it man, let me see that body flex let me see you shoot, man!"

"Aaagh!" Mario was lost in a homoerotic fantasy of rugged warriors, muscles, sweat and pain. All he saw was his own real-life Hercules in the ultimate trial of strength, his body being tortured beyond endurance. He could save his hero if he pulled hard on the rope, harder, harder "Aaagh ... aaagh ... aaagh!" His cock erupted in a massive orgasm, gushing hot juice into his jeans, and pouring down his leg as a huge stain spread over his crotch and down his pants leg.

"That's it, boy, I've got it now," Randy panted. "Come next to me and help me push – one last big heave will do it." In a total daze Mario ran round beside Randy and grabbed the bottom of the tree stump, Shoulder to shoulder they felt each other's muscles flex as they used all their remaining strength to heave the stump up out of the ground, roots tearing and snapping as nature submitted to man and the tree yielded up its century-old home in the earth.

"Yeaahh!" Randy howled triumphantly as it lurched free and crashed on its side, pulling the men with it, stumbling and falling forward onto the ground. They lay on their stomachs beside each other, face down in the tangle of roots, fibrous tendons and churned earth, their hearts beating

wildly, breath heaving. They turned to face each other and Mario – his body exhausted, mind ablaze – gazed at the wild gypsy, his rugged features covered in dirt and sweat, his blue eyes gleaming.

Still in his world of super-heroes Mario was hypnotized by the muscle-god's jubilant face and fell on it, locking his mouth over the man's lips, ferociously kissing him, tasting his hot breath, inhaling the stink of man-sweat. In a frenzy he ran his hands over the veined muscles of the spectacular body, able at long last to touch the mythical Hercules he had so often lusted for in a darkened theater, the man who had just made him blast a massive load.

Randy, his body still on fire from his Herculean task, shared Mario's lust and he grabbed the boy, squeezing him tight as they rolled over in the dirt and roots. Randy was soon on top gazing down, and their eyes locked. "You know what you want from me, boy, don't you?"

"Yes sir – I want you inside me please, sir, let me feel that massive cock in my ass."

Randy knelt between the Italian boy's legs and pulled his jeans down to his knees. He ripped open his own pants and yanked out his iron-hard rod. Randy ran his hands over his own chest, still streaming with sweat, then pushed two, three wet fingers into Mario's wide open mouth, forcing Mario to suck them and swallow his sweat. Then Randy wiped the sweat from Mario's face and this time pushed the dripping fingers into his ass, making him wince with pain. Mario gasped as Randy stroked the membrane in his ass and his prostate.

"Afraid, boy?"

"Yes, sir," Mario stammered. "The guys say it really hurts when you fuck a man."

"Yeah," Randy grinned, with a flash of pride, "I do have that reputation. But it depends on the man – on whether I like him or he's pissed me off. You I like, kid – a lot – and you sure haven't pissed me off. But, boy, I've gotta have that ass."

He pulled out his fingers, grabbed Mario's boots and pushed his legs in the air. He pressed the head of his cock against the boy's lubricated and loosened hole and paused, knowing exactly how to play on a boy's building desire.

Mario's mind was reeling and the wildest of all his movie fantasies now took over. He saw again the tortured Hercules, bare-chested, his ripped tunic whipped from his body, hanging round his waist. But now he was not pushing against a boulder. He was gazing down at the Italian servant boy – and he was going to fuck his ass. The muscles flexed, the black hair fell over his forehead and his eyes gleamed with lust.

This was the most homoerotic image of Mario's life. In his youth he had sat many times in dark theaters, jerking off as he watched the muscle-god's body enduring the labors of Hercules, whipped to super-human efforts, his clothes ripped to shreds. And he had dared to dream that

this same demi-god was leaning over him, fucking his ass! Alone in the dark he had seen it, felt it, and pounded his cock until he shot his load.

But now *now it was all coming true!* He gazed upward and howled as he felt the hero's huge rod push deeper and deeper into his ass.

Upstairs the boys were silent, gazing down in rapt amazement at the astonishing sight on the bare earth, every one of them stroking his cock, except for the twins who stroked each other's. Of course, the boys could not know of Mario's pictorial fantasies, but they had home-made fantasies of their own. The leader of the tribe was asserting his rights as the ultimate master by claiming the ass of the young Italian gardener. Half naked in the dirt the handsome boy was getting fucked by the King of the Gypsies.

At the office window three other faces gazed down mesmerized. Bob had watched his lover display his incredible manhood – the phenomenal strength of his body and his hypnotic sexuality that held every man in thrall. The dark demon was fucking the gardener's ass – and Bob knew that he would be next. He longed for it, craved it. He too was under Randy's spell and at this moment would have done anything Randy ordered.

Mark was standing behind Jamie, his hands massaging his shoulders as they both watched the stunning scene. Mark pressed against his boy's back, both of them with roaring hard-ons. He had only recently come home from work, still in his uniform, and he was, as usual, horny as hell. His usual welcome-home fuck of Jamie had been waylaid by the events in the garden, but now as he watched Randy continue to plough Mario's ass, Mark's lust overwhelmed him.

He reached round Jamie's waist, untied the string of his surfer-trunks and let them fall to his feet. Frozen to the spot Jamie heard the zip of the cop's pants, heard his master spit saliva over his cock. The boy gasped and held his breath as he felt the familiar sensation of Mark's cock press between his cheeks and push gently but firmly down the chute of his ass.

This was always the epic moment of Jamie's day but now, with the air electric with sexuality, it was more intense than ever. He saw in the window the reflection of Mark's face over his shoulder, then looked down at his friend Mario being ass-fucked by Randy while Mark fucked him. He knew exactly what Mario felt because he felt it too. It was almost as if he were watching himself get fucked.

"Thank you, sir," Jamie breathed. "Please don't stop, sir."

"Not a chance, kid," Mark grinned., grabbing his waist and pumping harder.

By now Mario was floating between fantasy and reality. The dreams of his youth had become real as he watched the muscle-god above him, the rugged intensity in his dark, stubbled face, his body slamming down on him, pouring sweat over the boy's face and into his mouth. The sensation of the rod pistoning into his ass was overwhelming and he desperately tried to hold back his orgasm.

He just wanted to see it one more time – the fantasy he had created as a youth and lived with ever since. His imagination was at its peak. He wanted to see pain again in the hero's face so he reached up and dug his fingers into the slabs of his chest, into the sinews of his pecs, harder and harder. The handsome face twisted, the mouth opened and screamed in pain. It was magnificent.

This was it - the apex of all his fantasies. He was back in the darkened theater, looking up at the screen, at the captive Hercules being tortured physically and mentally, being whipped and forced to fuck his young servant boy, forced to pound his ass, knowing the lash would not stop until he came in his boy's ass. The boy looked up at the demi-god, grimacing in agony, pounding his ass harder and harder, faster and faster until the man screamed, "Cum, boy for god's sake shoot your load I'm begging you aaagh!!!"

The body shuddered and Mario felt the huge cock explode in his ass, hot juice slamming into him as his own cock jolted and a long ribbon of cum shot from it and onto the heaving chest of his hero.

Suddenly Randy reared back and pulled out his cock. He reached forward, put his hand behind Mario's head and pulled his face forward. With his free hand Randy held his cock inches from Mario's face. His eyes wild, manic, he yelled, "You just got fucked by a master, boy. Here's more...."

Mario stared in disbelief at the huge rod in Randy's fist, saw it shudder and he closed his eyes just in time as blast of semen slammed into his face, then another. Instinctively Mario struggled to turn away but Randy held his head like a vise. Mario opened his mouth, felt the pungent taste of hot cum pouring into it.... and he gulped down it like nectar from a god.

Which in this case it was.

The two orgasms unleashed multiple climaxes at the windows above. All the boys blasted their loads almost simultaneously on cue as they watched the master pump his juice into the gardener's face. Through the cum running down the glass they saw across at the other building a naked Jamie flattened against the window, his cock spurting jism all over it. Behind him the uniformed cop was pressed against him, pouring the last of his jizz into his ass.

Down in the garden the two men lay together exhausted, their bodies smothered in dirt, sweat and semen. As their heartbeats subsided Mario gazed at the man who had brought to life the fantasies of his youth that he had never shared with anyone. "Sir," he stammered, "That was just spectacular, sir. You can never know how much it"

"Oh yes I can, boy. I could see you were flying in another world. Someday soon you should tell me about it and we'll *really* bring it to life. I love a boy with a sense of adventure – ready to drop all the inhibitions and let rip with the fantasies." There was a broad smile on Randy's dirt-smearred face. "Shit damn, you are one gorgeous young stud, boy. You belong here with us – you and that European classiness you have. Maybe some of it will rub off on our boys – they can be a bit rough round the edges."

"Rough diamonds, sir – the best kind."

Suddenly the calm was shattered by a clamor of cheers, applause and wolf-whistles as the boys poured out of the house in exuberant recognition of the two men. Randy jumped to his feet and pulled Mario up beside him, grabbing his wrist and raising his arm in the air in what Mario would have called a gladiator's triumphant salute.

Mario had shown yet another side of his rich personality, a far cry from the poised and elegant hotel employee they had first met. And Randy had once again firmly established himself as the supreme master, the boss, the homoerotic sex icon that took every man's breath away.

Bob came up to Randy with awe and lust in his eyes and said quietly, "You are one hot motherfucker. Got any left for me?"

"Always, man, but I warn you – I've got my blood lust up now."

"Wouldn't have you any other way," Bob grinned and they went upstairs.

After a smiling OK from Mark, Jamie ran up to Mario, his eyes gleaming. "Dude, that was totally awesome. I was dying to know what was going through your mind."

Mario grinned. "The man is amazing – unlocked a lot of my private fantasies. Come up to my room and I'll tell you. Besides, I can't believe my dick's as hard as a rock again. Maybe you can do something about that too while I tell you my story." And they too went into the house.

"Right, guys," Darius's voice boomed. "I got it all on camera – even while I jerked off. Not many people can do that, by the way. So, meeting in my room in ten minutes and we'll pick up our session that was so gorgeously interrupted. See you all there."

"Not me, you won't" The gruff voice was Pablo's.

The boys turned to look at him and Darius said threateningly, “Oh, and why’s that?”

Pablo shot back, “Listen, asshole, when you tell these other guys to jump they all say ‘how high?’ Not me. I’m the boss’s boy and that makes me the boys’ boss around here, not you. So you can shove your meeting up your ass.”

The boys looked stunned and Darius had the presence of mind to pull Pablo into the house and up to their room where the argument escalated. The twins, Eddie, Nate and Ben huddled together listening to the angry voices get louder. They knew this had been building for some time – ever since Pablo and Ben had attacked Nate and Eddie, and Darius had waded in, stopped the fight and punished the culprits. After that, the junior boys had looked up to Darius with respect and, if they had a leader, Darius was it.

The inevitable tension between the two had steadily become more and more bitter. They were squabbling over even petty things and their rivalry growing over the trumped-up leadership issue. The recent boys’ meetings Darius had been calling provoked Pablo’s resentment and insecurity, and now the sight of Mario providing Randy with such an epic fuck had unsettled him even more. Things had now come to a head as they as they faced off angrily in their room.

“Look, dude,” Darius shouted, “just because you’re Randy’s boy doesn’t make you the big enchilada around here. You have to *earn* respect, and all you seem to know how to do is beat other guys up.”

“That so, asshole? And where do you come off thinking that almighty club swinging between your legs gives you the right to throw your weight around? You think guys are dying to get it shoved up their ass. Well get this, dickwad, it’s just ten inches of black muscle, that’s all, and don’t think about using it on my ass anytime soon.”

“Who needs it?” Darius shouted. “That tired old ass is starting to sag anyway, and if it comes to that, I don’t even wanna sleep with you anymore. So let’s call it quits and I’ll move out and live with Zack – something I should have done a long time ago.” Barely holding in his fury Darius stormed round the room, ripping open drawers and stuffing clothes into a backpack. Pablo joined in, grabbing Darius’s stuff from the bathroom and jamming them in with the clothes.

His eyes blazing Darius sneered, “You know what? You act like you’re some kinda king around here, but the only k thing about you, pal, is you’re a royal pain in the ass.”

“Just get the fuck out of here, asshole.”

“Fuck you!”

“Fuck you!” And Darius slammed the door behind him.

The acrimonious split was common knowledge around the house in minutes and the boys began taking sides. The group was so tightly knit and interdependent there was bound to be fallout, and first among the casualties were Ben and Eddie. They had become close after that first sexual night they had spent together after moving into their new rooms, and many nights after that. Eddie was a sensitive kid and was more upset than most by the fight between Pablo and Eddie's hero Darius, so he turned to Ben for comfort

He tapped on Ben's door and got a surly, "Come in." Ben had become almost like a brother to Pablo and was in no mood to hear anything said against him. He naturally shared Pablo's animosity toward Darius. "Fucking asshole," he growled even before Eddie had sat down. "All he's got is that ten-inch schlong that he waves around like some kind of fucking trophy."

"No," Eddie protested, springing to Darius's defense. "Darius is a great guy – he deserves to be leader. He's my hero."

"Yeah," Ben sneered, "well that just goes to show what a dork you are if you think Pablo couldn't drop him with one punch any time he wants."

"I wasn't talking about fighting," said Eddie, stung by Ben's response. "I was just saying"

"Well maybe you shouldn't say any more, kid, if you're gonna badmouth Pablo. What do you know about us guys anyway – you're just the houseboy."

That went through Eddie like a knife, his eyes filled with tears and he stumbled from the room. Angry as he was, Ben saw the look of pain in Eddie's eyes, the boy he had come to care for so much, and he stood up to go after him. But he stopped in confusion and threw himself back down on the bed slamming his fist into the pillow. "Shit – shit – shit!"

Nate sided with Eddie and hugged him when he came to him in obvious distress. "Don't worry mate, he'll come around. Ben's like Pablo – they both have that Randy Rage in them that makes them say stuff they don't mean. Stay with me and Adam for a while 'til the dust settles."

Nate was dead right about the notorious Randy anger. Right now, fists clenched, Randy was pacing his room while Bob looked on anxiously. Randy seethed, "I knew this would happen the last time Darius broke up that fight. He humiliated my boy by fucking him in front of everyone and ever since he's been throwing his weight around. I blame Zack."

"Please, Randy," Bob sighed, "not again. That's what you said last time. For God's sake, this is just an adolescent squabble between two boys. Let them sort it out themselves – no need for the men to get involved."

“Listen asshole,” Randy said, his anger taking over, “anyone hurts my boy I’m there to protect him. Maybe you could learn a thing or two from that – do the same for your boys instead of letting them stay chained to that kitchen with no initiative to better themselves. I’m gonna talk to Zack.”

Bob shot to his feet. “Listen, pal, the way I treat my boys is my business – and you’re not going anywhere.”

“Out of my way, asshole,” Randy barked, grabbing Bob and shoving him aside so roughly he fell heavily against the wall.

Blinded by anger as he strode toward the gate, all Randy’s old instincts of protecting his boys, no matter what, flared up as it had done all his life. He crossed the street and stalked into Zack’s house. Sitting there alone Zack rolled his eyes and sighed as Randy came in. He had expected something like this and held up his hands in a conciliatory gesture.

“Now listen, man, I’m only gonna say this. Our two boys have had a fight and they’ll work it out for themselves in time. There’s no reason for us to be involved.”

“Yeah, well if you were a bit more involved in raising your boy this wouldn’t have happened. You’re just like Bob. I told him the same thing – paying no attention to his boys while they sweat their lives away in that damn kitchen. He neglects them like you do that damn boy.”

Zack stood up amazed. “You said that to Bob? You, er you didn’t hit him did you?”

“He was blocking my path.” Randy started sounding like a surly child. “I gave him a shove.” Zack frowned. “Did he hurt himself?”

“Dunno, I” Alarm spread over Randy’s face. “Shit – oh Jesus” He fled from the room, raced across the street muttering, “Fuck ... I’ve done it again ... fucking moron.”

He burst into his bedroom where Bob was nursing a bruised shoulder. Randy stared helplessly and said, “You’re still here.”

“Of course I’m still here. What? You scared I would run away because you shoved me. Shit, man you’ve done a lot worse to me than that and guess what? Take a good look, pal – I’m still here, large as life and twice as ugly.” Randy visibly relaxed and even managed a grin. “You’re right,” he said – “except for the ‘ugly’ bit. You’re right about everything, as usual. That stuff I said about your boys was bullshit and way out of line. Oh man here I go apologizing again – you know I didn’t mean all that stuff about....”

“Yeah, I know, I know,” said Bob impatiently. “Oh, and just so you know, my boys have found a place in life where they’re totally happy – both together, doing what they love and loved by me.

They've found their plateau and don't want to climb any higher." Randy crumpled before him and Bob's heart went out to him. "Now listen, man, calm the fuck down. You know me, buddy. I don't want apologies – give me action. Remember that old saying – 'Make love, not war?'"

"Shit, man, I don't deserve you," Randy grinned, pulling off his shirt."

Calm, of a sort, was restored, but the stalemate persisted for several days. The boys mostly kept out of the way of Pablo and Darius – all except for Eddie who, in his simple wisdom, gamely tried to play the part of peacemaker. He decided first to try with Pablo. He knocked on his door and went in to find Pablo sitting dejectedly on his bed, gazing down at one of Darius's T-shirts clutched in his hand. The room was still a mess, strewn with the clothes Darius hadn't taken with him.

"I was wondering if there's anything you need, sir?" Pablo looked up in surprise. "No thanks, Eddie. By the way, I, er, hear that Ben was kinda mean to you a while ago. He didn't mean it, kid. He loves you, he told me so, and he gets real juiced when you curl up in bed with him."

"Thank you for telling me, sir. But I'm sorry you're so lonely. Would you like a blowjob?"

The bold question made Pablo chortle in surprise. "Nah, but thanks for the offer, Eddie." He looked up at the eager young eyes. "Oh hell, why not? Maybe it's just what I do need." He lay back on his bed, unbuttoned his shorts and pulled out his limp dick. It didn't stay limp for long. Eddie knelt beside him and went to town, using all his expertise in rousing the cock to a hard boner. "Shit, Eddie," Pablo sighed, "I forgot what a badass cocksucker you are. That's fucking awesome, dude."

A plan was forming in Eddie's mind and he intensified his efforts on Pablo's now-pulsing prick. He knew exactly when to tease, to delay, and when to force a man's orgasm. This was a time for force. He licked, sucked, squeezed, gulped until Pablo was writhing on the bed, his moans growing louder and louder into a howl "Yeaahh!" and he shot a massive load in Eddie's mouth. Eddie swallowed some, but held the rest of the jism in his mouth, his cheeks bulging."

"Dude, that was epic," Pablo said. "Just what I needed. D'you wanna stay and....."

Eddie didn't speak, but his eyes smiled his thanks as he squeezed Pablo's shoulder and ran from the room, leaving Pablo gaping after him.

Eddie ran downstairs and across the lawn. Jamie almost bumped into him and chuckled, "Hey, kiddo, what's the rush – where's the fire?" But Eddie remained tight lipped and ran through the gate, leaving Jamie staring after him, puzzled and a bit anxious.

Eddie rushed into Zack's house and found Darius alone, exercising. "Hey, Eddie," he grinned, "what are you....?" But he was stifled by the boy's lips pressing against his. Eddie's tongue pried open Darius's lips into an open-mouthed kiss and all of Pablo's cum poured from Eddie into his mouth. Darius swallowed hard, feeling the smooth, warm juice flowing down his throat.

"Jesus, dude," he was able to say at last. "You sure are full of surprises. What, did you cum in your own mouth?"

"No, sir," Eddie smiled, his eyes sparkling. "That was Pablo's."

Darius blinked and gulped, tasting the last of the cum and his eyes blazed. "You made me swallow that asshole's cum!!? You stupid little jerk – what the fuck were you thinking?" He jabbed at Eddie's shoulder. "Just get the fuck out of here, dipshit. Get out!"

Stunned, rejected once again by someone he loved, Eddie turned and stumbled from the house into the arms of Jamie. Uneasy when Eddie had rushed past him Jamie had followed him across the street and into Zack's garden. The boy sobbed on his shoulder as Darius rushed out, pulled him away from Jamie and threw his arms round him. "Eddie I'm sorry Eddie I didn't mean that. I love you kiddo I was being a total asshole it's just that....."

"Sir," Eddie interrupted him, "I did it for you – to bring you two back together. I gave Pablo a blowjob and thought if you tasted his cum..... See, you're my hero, sir. I came to L.A. for you and I've always worshipped you. But now I've fucked everything up." He pressed his face against Darius's chest and Darius held onto him forlornly.

Jamie had watched with rising anger. "OK," he barked. "This has all gone far enough. It ends now!" He pulled Eddie gently away from Darius and dried his eyes with his fingers. "Eddie, you're terrific. What you did was the act of a true friend. We should all be as generous as you. Now I would like you to do something. In a few minutes round up all the boys and come and join us in the garden. This time it's me calling a meeting, OK? You, Darius – come with me."

Darius kissed Eddie, then sheepishly followed Jamie across the street and allowed himself to be pushed into a chair at the outdoor table. Then Jamie yelled up to Pablo's bedroom, "Pablo – get your ass down here."

What Jamie didn't know was that Bob and Mark were sitting out of sight round the corner sipping cocktails in the small pergola Randy had built. Hidden behind bushes they could see and hear the boys. At the sound of his boy's voice Mark stood up but Bob pulled him back down again. "Best not, Mark. We'll just listen and only butt in if they need us."

They saw Pablo emerge reluctantly from the house and Jamie sternly indicated the seat beside Darius. The two chastened boys glanced at each other, both wanting to say something, but their pride got in the way. Sitting in front of them Jamie took a deep breath.

“OK, guys, all this horseshit has gone too far. You both call yourselves leaders of the boys, so let’s just see where you’ve led them this time. Because of your bone-headedness your anger has infected the whole group, and they’ve all taken sides. Ben has fought with Eddie and thrown him out of his room. Darius yelled at Eddie, called him a jerk and shoved him out. Even Randy and Bob got into an argument, not to mention Randy and Zack.”

“All these guys love each other, but you took care of that, didn’t you? You turned harmony into chaos because of some petty argument over what you call leadership. Well, way to go, guys. You should be proud of yourselves. You’ve set an example we can all follow. Not!”

Pablo and Darius wilted under Jamie’s tongue lashing but they were saved from replying by Eddie’s voice. “Now, sir?” The other boys were clustered round him at the gate and Jamie called out, “Surecome and join us guys.” Eddie, Nate, the twins, Mario and a sheepish Ben crowded round the table and looked wide-eyed at Jamie.

“OK, dudes, I wanna make one thing clear. I’ve called this meeting to put an end to all the bullshit around here, not as some kind of ‘leader of boys’ – whatever the fuck that means – but as your friend. Darius is fond of calling us a ‘band of brothers’ and that’s what we are. We have to protect each other, not attack each other. And we have to make our masters proud.”

“And – get this straight – there are no leaders. We’re all bosses of our own turf – the twins in the kitchen, Pablo and Ben in the motor pool and so on. But in this group we are all equal.”

“Even me, sir?” Eddie said uncertainly.

“*Especiallly* you, Eddie. In fact you’re more equal than any of us.” Jamie hesitated and blinked, confused about what he had just said.

“Thank you, sir,” Eddie beamed, “I know what you mean.”

“Good,” said Jamie (because *he* sure didn’t – well, sort of). “And that leads me to another thing kiddo. There’s no reason in the world you have to call any of us ‘sir’. The only guys we address as sir are our masters. You, Eddie, are a full member of this group, a great one – hell, if anything we should be calling you sir.”

Eddie blushed red and said, “Thank you, sir er, Jamie. Hey, that sounds cool.”

That lifted the tension and they all broke into laughter and clapped him on the back. “Right,” Jamie said when they all quieted down. I’ve almost finished and then I’ll go back to being just one of the dudes like all of you. Now, when one of us is in trouble you know the drill – we

circle the wagons and take care of each other. So now we'll heal the breach and make love, not war. As I see it Pablo and Darius hurt each other and Ben hurt Eddie. So stand up, guys – you know what you have to do. You've just gotta decide who fucks who. And you other guys, feel free to join in when the mood takes you."

Ben came up to Eddie and hugged him. "I'm sorry about that stuff I said to you, dude. You know I love you and now, to make things right, I want you to fuck my ass." Eddie beamed. "I always wondered what that would be like, sir – er, Ben." "Well now's the time to find out," said Ben, dropping his pants.

Darius looked at Pablo and said, "Dude, you know I didn't mean all that bullshit about your ass. It's still the finest ass on the planet. In fact, over at Zack's I kept on jacking off thinking about it."

"You did?" Pablo gave his crooked grin. "And all the time I was spilling my load thinking about that ten inches of yours. What I said about it earlier was a bunch of crap. Man, I want it bad."

Darius grinned, "OK, well I guess that settles who's gonna fuck who. On the ground, boy."

Back in the pergola Bob and Mark were dazzled, gazing at each other in disbelief. "Wow," Bob said, "that boy of yours is something else. A great little speech. Now *that* is leadership. He'd make a great cop – almost as good as you, officer."

Mark had tears of pride in his eyes. He could hardly contain his admiration or wait to give his reward to his naked man-boy. But for now it was the boys' scene and Mark said to Bob. "What do you say, buddy? Time to make our appearance, I think."

"Right there with you, officer. Lead the way."

#

Chapter 205 – The Boy Orgy – Eddie & The Aussie

The boys' preparations for their big reconciliation ground to a halt as they suddenly saw Bob and Mark striding across the lawn, both in jeans, Bob in his usual V-neck white T-shirt, Mark in a sleeveless flannel shirt over a gray tank top. As always the sight of these handsome muscle-hunks caused a stir but Bob immediately put them at their ease.

"Sorry to interrupt, guys, seems like we dropped by at a bad time." Mark smiled warmly at Jamie, who guessed from the cop's look of pride that their arrival was no coincidence, that they had heard the whole thing as Jamie had lectured the boys.

"Looks as if you guys have finally patched things up – or were about to," Bob smiled. "But the officer and I were thinking your fighting caused a lot of problems for the other men, too, and

they have a right to see proof that it's all over. Randy and Zack will be home from work any minute and I've invited all the other guys for dinner. So Pablo, get up off the ground, and Ben, pull up your pants and wait until they all get here. We'll just postpone the ritual for a bit."

Of course, they always obeyed Bob without question, and the twins ran into the kitchen to get pre-dinner drinks and munchies. They didn't have to wait long for the guys. Randy and Zack came in straight from work, having quickly resolved their earlier differences when Randy's anger had briefly flared up. They were once again good buddies – and united in their need for an ice-cold beer. They were soon followed by Steve and Lloyd, Adam and Jason.

Hassan arrived last, having come straight there from work still in his Marine fatigues. He had been concerned about his boy, Eddie, as he always was when there was any kind of turmoil in the house. But he needn't have worried as Eddie ran up to him and said effusively, "It's all OK again, sir, everyone's made up, thanks to Jamie, and I'm going to fuck Ben."

"Hey, hey, back up a bit there, kid," Hassan laughed. "I must be missing a piece in there somewhere." Before they all sat down Bob filled the men in briefly on what had taken place and the imminent event they were to witness. "Hey, great," Randy grinned, "be like one of those old Roman banquets where they all sat around stuffing their faces while they watched the entertainment of slaves fucking each other."

"Well, not quite slaves," Mark grinned. "Better actually – our boys. They'd beat Roman slaves in a fuck-fest hands down."

The mood was boisterous as the guys all sat down and were served drinks and appetizers by the twins and Mario. The young Italian slipped back into his old role of elegant luxury-hotel waiter, a stark contrast to the earthy Italian gardener who had been fucked in the dirt by the boss, Randy (of which Darius's film had been screened many times to much acclaim and many cum shots.)

Having prepared much of the dinner earlier, the twins were soon spreading it out on the table – but only for the nine men. The boys gathered on the lawn a few yards away and Jamie ran out of the house with a huge blanket that the boys spread on the ground in full view of the table.

"OK, guys," Randy shouted. "In the past few days you boys have pretty much rocked the house, and I don't mean that in a good way. Your temper tantrums have fucked things up around here big time. But Bob tells me you've all made peace, and that we have Mark's boy Jamie to thank for that. But you know me – I'll believe in this kumbaya shit when I see it. Actions speak louder than words so let's see some action, boys. Let the games begin."

Bob grinned at Randy. Finesse and class did not spring to mind when describing the rough-hewn gypsy boss, but his blunt words, delivered in his deep voice, had the ring of authority and

set the tone for the event – atonement, rowdy action and, above all, exhibitionist sex. The boys stood in a line a few feet back from the blanket, and Pablo and Darius stepped forward onto it.

Pablo said, “I guess it was kinda me who set the ball rolling this time, sirs. I was pissed off by Darius calling his stupid meetings” – Darius squeezed his wrist hard – “his, er, cool meetings, and I guess I kind of over-reacted.”

“I’ll say,” Darius retorted. “You said my dick was nothing more than just ten inches of black muscle and you wouldn’t let it get near your ass.....”

“Good one, kiddo,” Randy chuckled and was promptly silenced by a fierce glare from Bob.

“Yeah,” Pablo weighed in, “well you said my tired old ass was starting to sag anyway – which is not true by the way – and “ Jamie interrupted with a loud clearing of his throat, and they looked at each other and grinned. “Anyway,” Darius said, “Eddie did his best to bring us back together and we found out we’d both been jacking off thinking about each other – about his ass and my dick, so so here we are – us and his ass and my dick. Show em, dude.”

Pablo turned his back to the group, dropped his shorts and bent forward, clenching the cheeks of his perfect butt to the whoops and cheers of the spectators. Darius unzipped his jeans and let his ten inches of black muscle flop out, redoubling the cheers. “Like I was saying before – on the ground, dude.” Pablo stepped out of his shorts, pulled off his T-shirt and lay naked on his back on the sheet.

Darius grinned at Eddie. “Kiddo, we owe you a lot already, but d’you think you could do the honors here?” Eddie glanced at Hassan who smiled and nodded his approval. The boy grinned widely and said, “Sure thing, si sure thing, dude.” He dropped to his knees in front of Darius, gazed with his expert eye at the cock swinging in front of him, then grinned up at Darius. “Shouldn’t take me more than a few seconds, dude.”

He slurped the limp dick into his mouth, gulped it down his throat and clamped his throat muscles round it. Instantly he felt the cock pulse, so he pulled all the way back, pursed his lips and eased forward again, squeezing the cock with his lips as he went down, giving Darius the sensation of entering a tight ass. His estimate of ‘a few seconds’ was overly generous as the cock got stiff immediately.

Eddie pulled his mouth off and grinned at the rock-hard ten-inch club pointing at his face. He jumped to his feet and waved his hand at the cock as if presenting a trophy. “That good enough for you guys?” he grinned. Cheers erupted from the spectators for Eddie’s expertise and he bowed elaborately, with a broad grin directed at Hassan. He stepped back leaving the field clear for Darius.

Darius dropped to his knees between Pablo’s legs and stroked his enormous rod. “So, how d’you like the ten-inch black muscle now, eh boy?” “I like it,” Pablo grinned. “My dad wants

to see for sure that we're really back together, so let's show him, dude." Darius raised one of Pablo's legs high in the air, the leg closest to the table so the men got a clear view of the gorgeous ass, and of the rigid pole entering it, inch after inch after inch.

Darius raised his free arm high and wide, showing off his muscular torso as his hips moved back and forth with increasing speed. When Darius fucked he knew, with the practiced eye of a cameraman, how great it looked and he milked the audience's cheers and whistles as Zack yelled, "Yeah, fuck that ass, stud – show 'em you're my boy."

Soon Darius and Pablo became lost in each other's lusty gaze as the fuck continued, so Ben took this moment to step forward next to Eddie. "My turn to confess now, sirs. I lost my cool and really badmouthed Eddie here, said a bunch of things I didn't mean. I guess I inherited my big brother's anger."

"Not from me, you didn't," Randy yelled, "I got no anger." This prompted a gale of raunchy laughter and protests from the men and an affectionate hug from Bob.

"Anyway," said Ben, shouting above their laughter, "I was way out of line and I had to do something to apologize to Eddie. I thought of giving him a big bunch of roses...."

"Nah" chorused the men, with boos and thumbs down. "OK, OK," Ben said. "So that was Plan A. Plan B was to give him my ass so I'm going for that one," he grinned, to rousing cheers this time."

Eddie's eyes were gleaming. "I've often wondered what it would be like to fuck Ben. I mean, to tell the truth, I sleep with Ben a lot and suck his dick, but I never thought he would...."

"Hey," Hassan shouted, "shut up and fuck, kiddo."

Eddie beamed at him. "Okey-dokey, sir – if you say so." Ben leaned close and whispered in his ear, "This is gonna be fun, dude – just you and me – plus a couple dozen other guys." Eddie giggled and Ben did an elaborate strip routine, mostly for Jason's benefit who rewarded him with loud wolf whistles. Naked, Ben sank down onto the blanket next to Pablo who was still enjoying Darius's ten inches he had so recently ridiculed.

Ben smiled up at Eddie, hooked his hands behind his knees and pulled them back to display the gift he had decided on in place of roses. "Wow, dude," Eddie said, "you've got a gorgeous butt." Relaxing into the spirit of the game, Eddie grinned mischievously at Hassan. "What should I do with my present, sir?"

The whole crowd answered for him, chanting, "Fuck it ... fuck it ... fuck it ..."

"OK," Eddie said "I guess I'll fuck it."

Eddie dropped his shorts, knelt down, spat in his hand and rubbed his wet palm against the black fuzz round Ben's hole. Then he eased two fingers into his ass and massaged inside with his finger tips. Suddenly the hilarity faded away and they forgot the lively audience as they stared into each other's eyes. This was just between them. They had shared a bed many times but this was something new in their friendship. Eddie rubbed his wet hand over his cock, pressed the head against Ben's hole and pushed gently, sliding his cock deep into the gypsy boy's warm ass.

"Aaaah," they both sighed as they shared a greater intimacy than ever before they were making love. A silence fell over the spectators. It was an open secret in the house that Ben and Eddie often slept together ever since moving into their new adjacent rooms, but seeing the young houseboy fuck Randy's little brother was like watching two youngsters make love for the first time. Eddie was the kind of cute young boy who usually got fucked, in addition to giving his legendary blow-jobs, so what they were watching now was special.

Beside them Darius slowed his macho fuck as he and Pablo picked up on the gentle rhythm of the boys next to them. The fuck-fest was turning into a love-fest, as Eddie smiled down at Ben, his usual timidity melting away. He was on top he was fucking the boss's kid brother. "This is intense, dude," he murmured. "You're so beautiful I could fuck your ass all day."

Only the twins, with their gentle serenity, could get away with talking over a scene like this, which is what they did now. They addressed the men in their usual way of speaking in turn. "Sirs, we would like to pay tribute to Jamie..." "... who took charge and made all this possible." "You all know we do most things together...." ".... so this is our way of saying thank you."

They pulled the modest Jamie forward and undressed him – one pulling off his shirt while the other unlaced his surfer trunks and slid them down his legs. Then they took off each other's clothes in perfect unison. "Please," Kyle said gently to Jamie. "Please kneel down," said Kevin.

Jamie glanced at Mark, who nodded, smiling proudly. Jamie fell on his hands and knees, Kyle knelt behind him and Kevin in front. It was pretty clear what form their double teaming would take as Jamie felt the head of one cock against his ass and the other on his mouth. "On behalf of all the boys, Jamie" "this is our way of saying..." "....thank you," they said in unison.

Bob gripped Mark's arm as they watched their boys fuck, the naked twins pushing their cocks simultaneously into the blond surfer's mouth and ass. Jamie's muscular body, tanned golden except for the white flesh of the globes of his ass, shuddered as he was gently invaded at both ends and he groaned in ecstasy into the gag of Kevin's cock.

The meal was forgotten as the group of men gazed spellbound at the boy orgy before them – Darius driving his long black pole in Pablo's perfect ass Eddie and Ben locking eyes as Ben

gripped Eddie's hips and pulled him deep inside his ass and Jamie in a daze as identical twins fucked his mouth and ass.

Then a lilting Italian accent filled the air. "Eh, amico," Mario said to Nate, "don't you feel a bit over-dressed at this party?" Nate said, "You read my mind mate" He grinned seductively "I will if you will." Laughing, they quickly stripped naked. Nate looked down at Mario's cock standing up like a flag-pole, and said in his thick Aussie accent , "If that's what I think it is – an offer to fuck my ass – I say good on ya, mate. I accept."

Nate glanced over at Adam who yelled enthusiastically, "Do it for international relations, mate – a goodwill act between Italy and Australia – with the Aussie down under." A howl of laughter from the men lightened the mood after the intensity of the other boys, and Mario and Nate took their place on the blanket, Nate on his back holding up his legs, Mario on top of him sliding his cock inside him while he leaned forward and kissed him.

The tableau was complete now that the handsome Italian was pounding the ass of the young Aussie, with a multi-lingual mix of, "Cosi bellissimo," and "Brilliant, mate." It was a scene of writhing young bodies, beautiful faces in the throes of passion, joy and laughter. The men were on their feet now, cheering their boys on, and Randy shouted, "Now that's what I call burying the hatchet." Bob grinned at him. "Always the warrior – how about just 'kiss and make up'?"

"Whatever, man don't know about you all but they're making me horny as hell. These kids need help with the big finish. Come on, guys." Randy led them all out from behind the table and they stood in a circle round the mass of writhing limbs. He pulled out his rigid cock and began stroking it, and the other men reflexively followed suit.

"Come on, boys, let's see what you're made off," Randy yelled. "You know what they say – a fuck's not a fuck without jism. Show me the money shot, boys Here, this'll separate the men from the boys. You ready men? Let's do it here it comesyeah!"

The sight of Randy gushing a full load onto the mass of bodies beneath was enough to push any man over the edge and howls echoed round the garden as the other men, in quick succession, jerked their rods to a climax, aiming their juice at their own boys. Rivers of semen splashed down on backs, butts, chests and faces, drenching the boys as their bodies shuddered in a final eruption of passion.

Darius yelled, "I love you, dude," as his cock gushed in his lover's ass like a garden hose and Pablo blasted a load over himself. Eddie and Ben stared at each other in silent wonder as Ben felt Eddy cum in his ass for the first time. Jamie shot his load knowing the twins were kissing each other above him as one brother came in his ass while Jamie gulped down the warm juice of the other. And Mario and Nate came together laughing, "Viva l'Italia!" and "Go Aussies!"

The boys collapsed in a seething mass of tangled limbs, lubricated by the jism of their masters, as they laughed, kissed and licked pools of cum off each other. The men, at a signal from a grinning Randy, quietly zipped up their pants and took their seats back at the dinner table. The boys were still swimming in cum and euphoria when, above the din of their own laughter, they heard Randy's voice roar, "Hey, who the hell d'you have to fuck to get a drink around here?"

Instantly the twins and Mario disentangled themselves from the group, staggered to their feet and approached the table to tend to the men. But Mark recoiled in mock horror. "Jesus, is this how you guys wait at table, your naked bodies smothered in jism? Standards must have slipped at that hotel of yours Mario."

The Italian and the twins blushed but Bob rescued them. He laughed, "Why don't you and the boys jump in the pool to clean off? Then come and join us as the table. You must be starved after all that action, especially after spilling all that protein."

Soon the water in the pool was seething as nine boys thrashed around like piranhas in a feeding frenzy, apparently trying to drown each other. Somehow they managed to survive, dried off and took their places beside their masters, their eyes shining in triumph. "OK," Bob said, "I guess even Randy has to agree you guys really have made peace with each other like a ... what is it you call yourselves – a band of brothers? Now dig in and eat."

Then he frowned, sniffed and looked at the wrinkled blanket on the ground. "That thing is disgusting," he winced, "soaked in sweat and jism. When we've finished here which of you wants to take it up to your room?"

"Me, sir, please sir!" And every hand shot high in the air.

The boys wolfed down their food, talking non-stop with their mouths full in the excitement of their dramatic reunion. "Jesus, look at those kids," Randy said to Bob, focusing on Ben and Eddie spraying food as they talked to each other. "Remember how you once took Pablo on a trip up north to some fancy hotel to show him the finer things of life – took the street urchin out of the boy for a while? He cleaned up well, as I recall. Looks like those two boys could use a dose of that right now."

"The thought had crossed my mind," Bob grinned. "I don't think I've ever seen them in anything but grubby pants and old T-shirts. Maybe they do need spiffing up a bit once in a while. I'll have a talk with Hassan and Jason about it, see if we can't come up with a plan."

"Talking of a plan," said a voice next to them. "Sorry, guys," Steve smiled, "I couldn't help overhearing. See I also have been watching Ben and Eddie – Nate too."

"Uh-uh," said Bob, "the therapist strikes again."

Steve chuckled. "Old habits die hard, buddy. And you know how my methods can be a bit how should I put it a bit unorthodox."

"No kidding," Randy grinned. "This from the guy who threw the rule book out the window and invented his own rules – the sex-shrink of Beverly Hills."

"I've had no complaints," Steve preened, "especially from you, big brother. Anyway, here's my thought. See, there's nothing more harmful to a relationship than complacency. A man and his boy get too comfortable with each other they risk falling into a rut – the same old routine, the initial excitement wears off. You have to keep the magic alive, give the relationship a jolt once in a while.

"And you're the guy with the cattle-prod, I suppose," Bob smiled.

"Nicely put, Bob," Steve said, "though maybe cattle prod is too physical an image – I was thinking of something a bit more man-boy friendly." He paused and rubbed his chin, with a twinkle in his eye. "Though now you mention it, maybe I should keep a cattle-prod in my office for those real difficult patients."

Randy and Bob burst out laughing and Randy said, "Shit, bro, it's a miracle nobody's filed a complaint."

"They all enjoy it too much," Steve grinned – "keep coming back for more. But seriously, those boys' masters, Hassan, Adam and Jason, are real laid-back, easy-going, not big on giving their boys a jolt. Unlike yourself, big brother, where dramas come thick and fast in your relationships. No likelihood of *them* ever getting stale, god knows – a bit *too* stimulating if you ask me."

"Well I'm not asking you, bro, though I take your point. You should talk to the three guys and set something up. Just make sure nobody gets hurt.

Steve laughed. "Don't worry, no one gets hurt in my therapy – quite the contrary."

So after dinner Steve did have a long chat with Hassan, Adam and Jason, all of whom liked him a lot and trusted him, after hearing of the results he had achieved during various crises in the house. This was no crisis, to be sure, so Steve emphasized that it would just be part of a fun weekend. "Lloyd and I don't get to see you three guys very often, so we'd like to invite you and your boys up to the house for the weekend – call it a two-day pool party. Plus it'll be our way of thanking Nate and Eddie for being such great houseboys, keeping our place in shape."

It was settled. The men embraced the idea since, as Adam said, “If nothing else it’ll be a great weekend for our boys lounging by the pool in a great house atop the Hollywood Hills with spectacular views of the city. Who’s gonna say no to that?”

The three boys, of course, leapt at the idea. Eddie and Nate had been firm friends since Eddie started working as Nate’s assistant houseboy. And Eddie and Ben had become really close, with adjacent rooms and sharing a bed several nights a week when they were not with their masters Hassan and Jason.

When the three men and their boys arrived on Friday afternoon Nate and Eddie took the lead at first, showing Ben, Adam and Jason around the property that they knew so well. The two boys had a contract to clean the house two afternoons a week and, of course, the small guesthouse Hassan rented just down the path was where Eddie spent a lot of his time with his hot Marine.

Lloyd showed Adam and Jason to their rooms, and it was taken for granted that Eddie would be in Hassan’s house. The boys helped Lloyd prepare dinner which they ate outside by the pool with its 360-degree view. The city of Los Angeles spread out on one side in a carpet of twinkling lights stretching to the ocean, and the San Fernando Valley on the other side was a ribbon of lights all the way to the mountains.

Sitting there with their masters, and with the gorgeous Doctor Steve and his lover Lloyd, the boys were in heaven, not talking much as the beauty of the place sank in. But soon Steve’s little speech jolted them out of their daydreams, much as he hoped to jolt their lives just a bit. He welcomed them all to the house and hoped they’d all have fun. “And part of that,” he said, “is a little plan I have that I’ve already shared with Hassan, Adam and Jason.

He explained his reasoning, just as he had to Bob and Randy, and then tried to put it in terms the boys would understand. “You know, Nate and Eddie, it’s kind of what you do every time you’re here – spiffing up the house making it fresh again. And you, Ben, could think of it as the preventive maintenance you do on vehicles all day with Pablo – like an oil-change to keep the engine ticking over nicely. Yeah, an oil change is a good way to think of it. See, I thought it would be fun if, just for one night, everyone changed partners – the boys with different masters.”

He paused to let that sink in and watched the boys’ reactions – mostly surprise and frowns as they tried to digest what Steve had said. Suddenly Eddie brightened and said, “Sir, my home town in Nebraska was pretty small and quiet, nothing to do, and people’s lives were kinda same-y. So every once in a while some of the married couples got into wife-swapping. From what I heard they all had a good time and the next day everything was back to normal, except that they all had big smiles on their faces. Is that the kind of thing you mean?”

Everyone stared at Eddie and Steve was taken aback. “Well yeah yeah, Eddie, I guess that’s just what I mean, though I confess I hadn’t really thought of it as wife-swapping in Nebraska. Thanks for the thought, Eddie.” Eddie glowed with pleasure at the compliment and Hassan gave his arm a squeeze. That was just what he loved about his boy.

“OK,” Steve said, “we’ll have drinks now while you men and boys talk it over. But I want to make it clear, there’s no pressure. Anyone doesn’t want to take part, that’s just fine. I just thought it might be fun to mix things up a bit.”

As it turned out it didn’t take long for everyone to get on board, after reassurances from the men to their boys that this was just a one-night deal and that they could stop anytime they wanted to. Steve had already put four pieces of folded paper in a baseball cap and explained, “These are the names of the men, and the boys will each pick one. And to make the numbers even Lloyd has agreed to pick one too. If anyone gets his own man, we’ll go again.”

Nate, with his ebullient Aussie sense of fun went first. He grinned when he opened the paper. “Steve!” A cheer went up, then Ben reached out and picked. “Hassan,” he said looking anxiously at Eddie. “That’s great, dude,” Eddie said cheerfully, “I’m glad it’s you.” He grinned mischievously at a smiling Hassan. “You better give him a good time, sir. He’s my friend.”

Then it was Eddie’s turn. He blushed as he opened his paper. “Adam.” Nate laughed, “Good on ya, mate, you’re gonna love it. Now you’ll see what I have to put up with every night.” Adam slapped him playfully behind the head.

“Right,” said Steve, “that leaves Jason and Lloyd together. Don’t think there’ll be any complaint there, knowing Lloyd’s lust for blond muscle-gods. Now that the die is cast we’ll declare dinner over and leave the cleanup ‘til tomorrow. So guys, get thee to thy rooms – and I wish you all a Good Night.”

The boys got a hug from their men and a final check that they really were OK with the plan, and then they paired off.

Hassan was especially tender with Eddie, making sure he would be OK with Adam. “He’s a good guy – solid as a rock, and I don’t just mean his body. You’ll have fun – and so will he. I think you should use my house, you’ll feel more at home there, and I’ll use Adam’s room with Ben. I’m glad I got Ben ‘cause he’s become such a good friend for you.” Hassan grinned. “Maybe I’ll ask him what you two get up to when you sleep together.”

They parted with a hug and Eddie found Adam waiting for him indoors. Eddie said shyly, “Hello, sir. Hassan suggested we use his house and he’ll take Ben to your room if that’s OK.”

“Of course, Eddie, whatever’s most comfortable for you. I’m glad I got you, mate.”

Eddie smiled at his thick Aussie accent and said confidently, “Follow me, sir.” He led Adam down the steep path to Hassan’s small house and Adam smiled watching him walk jauntily ahead. God, he thought, Hassan was a great master, knowing that Eddie would be more at

ease in the house he loved. Adam caught up with him and threw his arm round the boy's shoulder.

Inside the guesthouse they went through to the bedroom where Eddie busied himself tidying things. Adam smiled as he watched him gathering up Hassan's clothes and folding them carefully and lovingly, like precious objects. "You love him a lot, don't you, Eddie?" Adam said gently. "Oh yes, sir," Eddie replied, surprised by the question. "I can still hardly believe he's my master – he's the most beautiful man in the world. Oh," he blushed, "except for you, sir."

Adam laughed and hugged him. "You don't have to say that about me, mate. But you're right about that hunky Marine – gorgeous. OK, what say we start by taking a shower?"

Adam was neatly dressed in a blue shirt whose short sleeves hugged his biceps, tan slacks with a smart brown leather belt, and loafers with no socks. At his open collar was a flash of white underneath. Matter-of-factly Adam began unbuttoning his blue shirt and Eddie saw the ribbed tank top underneath stretched over his muscular pecs. He unbuttoned it all the way down, pulled it out of his waistband and let it hang wide open.

Eddie was standing watching him like a deer in headlights. Adam frowned in mock embarrassment. "Hey, what was I thinking, mate? An Aussie who doesn't offer a bloke a beer. You'll start to think I'm not a real Aussie."

Eddie snapped out of his trance. "Oh, I'd never think that, sir. I'll get them – I know where they are." He ran out to the kitchen and came back with two beers that he opened and presented one shyly to Adam, who raised it and clinked it against Eddie's. Here's to a great night, kiddo."

"Cool house," said Adam walking around and inspecting the bedroom. "Whoever keeps it clean does a hell of a job," he grinned and Eddie blushed. He was sitting clutching his beer staring at the tall, athletic man striding around, his shirt flapping open, his muscular body clearly evident under the white tank. Eddie was rarely alone with the handsome Aussie – usually Nate was there too – and he was intimidated by the prospect of spending the night with him.

Adam sat beside him. "Not nervous, are you Eddie?" Eddie grinned at him. "A bit, sir."

"Well, we'll soon put that right," Adam said cheerfully, "starting with that shower." He stood up and shrugged off his shirt, making Eddie inhale sharply as he stared at him in the white tank that emphasized his shoulders and arms, with the bulge of his pecs straining against the ribbed cotton. Eddie had seen Adam undress before when he was with Nate, but never prior to showering with Eddie and then taking him to bed and He didn't project any further as his cock was already getting stiff in his shorts.

Adam kicked off his loafers, unbuckled his belt and stepped out of his slacks, tossing them casually over a chair. Eddie stifled another gasp as he saw Adam stripped down to his

underwear, the ribbed tank and the white boxer briefs hugging his hips. What riveted Eddie was the long bulge stretching down inside the shorts almost to the bottom.

Adam picked up his beer and took a swig, then reached behind his neck and pulled off the tank. Now Eddie's gasp was audible as he saw Adam's flawless torso with its dark tan, the slabs of his chest darkened by a slight covering of black hair, his ripped six-pack abs and his slim waist ending at the waistband of his boxer briefs. Eddie felt pre-cum dribbling into his shorts.

Adam turned round to pick up his beer again, so Eddie got a full-on view of the perfect mounds of his ass straining against the shorts. Adam raised the bottle, tilted his head back and drained it. He set it down and disappeared into the bathroom. Eddie was confused and disappointed. He had thought they might shower together – but apparently not. On the other hand, maybe Adam was waiting for him. Uncertainly Eddie got to his feet and went to the door of the bathroom.

Another disappointment. Adam was evidently in the shower with the curtain closed, though no water was running yet. Eddie saw Adam's briefs draped over the sink and he picked them up. He held them to his face and inhaled deeply, smelling the faint odor of Adam's crotch and even a trace of cum – pre-cum probably. Eddie's cock pulsed in his shorts could the pre-cum have happened when Adam looked at him? Nah, Eddie dismissed the idea as impossible, when suddenly

The shower curtain was yanked open and there he stood. Adam was buck naked, a white towel slung over his shoulder, one arm raised with his hand casually holding the curtain. His brown eyes pierced Eddie's with a slight, sexy smile, his dark hair and eyebrows highlighting his finely etched features, strong cheekbones and lantern jaw.

Eddie stared at him in a daze, then allowed his eyes to wander lower over his muscular chest, and abs, down to the waist and ... "aaah." He was mesmerized by the wide, untanned stripe of white skin below Adam's waist etched by sharp tan lines and contrasting with the golden bronze of his body. From a tangle of black pubic hair a long, uncut cock swung between his muscled thighs.

He was the kind of perfect man he had seen in erotic drawings online. As he stared in a trance Eddie gripped the sink to steady himself, his chest felt tight, his breathing became ragged, his cock shuddered and "aah.... aaah ... aaagh." He felt warm liquid pour into his shorts – he couldn't help it – his cock kept spurting cum. A damp patch soon spread over his shorts, moving lower until juice was running down his thigh and shin.

He blushed deep red and blurted out breathlessly, "I'm sorry, sir ... I didn't mean to but I couldn't help it, you look so awesome, sir." He rattled on as if words would cover his embarrassment. "It's something I do when I mean it happens when I see Hassan in his fatigues with no shirt and and looking at you, sir, I couldn't hold back. I'm sorry if I fucked everything up, sir....."

“Hey, hey, hey,” Adam laughed, stepping forward and pulling the boy against him in a tight hug. “No worries, mate, you were brilliant.” His heavy Aussie accent was comforting. “I’m real flattered that you shot a load just looking at me. No apology necessary.” He pulled back and smiled into Eddie’s troubled face. “But, in case you hadn’t noticed you’ve got jizz running down your leg so we gotta give you a shower.” Eddie relaxed and surrendered to the strong arms of this beautiful man. Adam pulled off Eddie’s T-shirt, unbuttoned his shorts and let them drop. He stood back and admired the naked young boy.

“You know, you’re a real looker, kid. I can see why Hassan snapped you up as his boy. He’s a lucky guy. Now let’s hit the shower.” Mention of Hassan jolted Eddie, but with no hint of anxiety. Wow, the things he would have to tell him tomorrow!

“I’ll do it, sir.” In the shower Eddie grabbed the washcloth, soaped it up and ran it lovingly over the tall Aussie’s neck, shoulders and chest, feeling every muscular contour, lingering over the washboard abs, then down to He hesitated as he reached the tangle of pubic hair, out of which swung the cock, stiffening as the boy massaged his body. Adam removed the temptation by turning around and leaning forward with his hands high on the wall, the globes of his white ass clenching as Eddie went to work on his back.

Then he turned round again and Eddie’s eyes immediately fixed on the semi-erect cock. Adam smiled. “Word has it that that’s kind of a specialty of yours, Eddie. Any truth to that?”

“You want me to show you, sir?” Adam nodded eagerly and Eddie sank to his knees with hot water pouring over them both and steam filling the shower. Eddie loved uncut cocks and this one was a real beaut. Tenderly he pulled back the foreskin and licked the head as it was revealed. Finally he ran his tongue over the crease at the base of the head and his head swam as he tasted the musky male essence of the man.

With practiced expertise Eddie sucked the cock in and eased forward onto it, keeping his mouth wide open so the cock rested easily in his throat. Suddenly Eddie clenched his throat muscles and mouth hard round the cock and Adam yelled above the sound of water and steam. “Holy shit that’s fucking incredible.” He tried to pull back but his cock was held in a vise. Eddie was in charge.

The boy relaxed his throat slightly, pulled his head back and let the cock slide free, then plunged forward again, beginning a long, erotic blowjob – the kind he was famous for. Adam grabbed Eddie’s wet hair and pushed his cock in deeper than he ever thought possible. Eddie let him hold his head and pound his mouth, but he still controlled the fuck by alternately squeezing and relaxing his throat at exactly the right time.

Adam was going wild, his iron-hard rod pistoning in and out of the young mouth. “Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he yelled. “You’re making me bust my load, kid. I can’t take any more..... Come on,

mate, drink that hot Aussie juice..... here it comes aaagh!" With expert timing Eddie swallowed hard, gulping down jets of semen as they slammed into his throat. He was suffocating on Adam's jism when suddenly Adam pulled him on his feet, wrapped his arms round him and clamped their mouths together, sucking his own semen out of Eddie's mouth.

He felt Eddie shudder and warm cum spurting up between them as Eddie climaxed for the second time. Adam held him tight, letting their breathing subside and their cocks drain. Then he held Eddie at arm's length and gazed at him. "That was bloody marvelous, mate. And you shot another load."

"Oh yes, sir," Eddie looked at him earnestly. "That's another thing I'm good at, sir – cumming. I got lots of jizz in me, sir. I can cum as many times as you like."

Adam was enchanted by the innocent frankness of this eager young boy gazing up at him, not to mention his handsome, open face and lithe young body. "Shit damn," he said, "I gotta get you in that bed, kiddo." Am I glad you picked my name out of the hat!"

They dried each other off, Adam scooped up Eddie and carried him to the bed where he laid him down gently and knelt astride him. "Eddie," he smiled down at him. "I wanna fuck your ass so bad, but I know you're Hassan's boy and your ass belongs to him."

"Oh that's OK, sir. Hassan gave me the OK – said I should have fun with you – and getting your dick shoved in my ass sure sounds like fun."

"Good on ya, mate" the Aussie said. "I promise, I'll be gentle. Look, see what you do to me? My schlong's hard again already." He pushed his cock between the cheeks of Eddie's ass and paused, teasing him. "You sure you want this, mate?" Eddie nodded, "Yes please, sir," his eyes wide with excitement as he stared up at the handsome, athletic man leaning over him. He felt the tip of Adam's cock enter him, then pause before the whole long rod slid into his ass.

"Feel OK?" "Feels awesome, sir. I can take it harder than that. Hassan taught me."

"I bet he did," Adam laughed and started to fuck the boy's ass, carefully increasing the intensity. His jaw clenched, his eyes flashed and soon he was pounding ass. Eddie moaned in ecstasy, his face thrashing from side to side until Adam saw him wince. That was the sign he was waiting for. He slowed right down and fell forward onto him, keeping his cock in his ass.

"Now I'm gonna make love to you, Eddie. You think you can cum again?" Eddie flashed his mischievous grin. "Can a fish swim, sir?" (borrowing a phrase he had heard from the twins). Adam laughed and pressed his lips onto Eddie's, probing his mouth with his tongue, all the time easing his cock slowly in and out of his ass.

Eddie was over the moon feeling the Australian's long cock massaging his ass, and he soon moaned, "Sir, it feels so good I don't think I can hold back any more." Adam smiled, "No worries, mate, you don't have to. See, I'm cumming inside you." As Eddie felt warm liquid flooding his ass he gazed into the soft brown eyes and felt his own cum spurting over his body.

Adam held his gaze for a long time, then pulled slowly out of him, inch by inch, until his cock plopped out of his ass. He lay down beside him and Eddie sighed with the satisfied whimper of a puppy snuggling against his master. Adam stretched his arm behind the boy's head and they relaxed against each other, falling into easy conversation that consisted mostly of Eddie pumping Adam with questions about his job, which Eddie had always found quite exotic.

"Sir, what's it like to be in a plane?"

"You mean to work in a plane like I do?"

"Well, yes, sir – but I meant just to fly in a plane."

"But surely you've I mean you came out here from Nebraska didn't you?"

"Yeah, but I hitch-hiked. I was headed for L.A. but the last guy dropped me off on the 10 Freeway not far from Palm Springs so I walked there, but I had no money left so this guy who owned a leather bar hired me as a bar-back and that's where Darius and Zack found me."

Adam's eyes brimmed with tears as he imagined this determined young kid's courage hitching halfway across the country all on his own to chase his dream. He could see why Hassan was crazy about him.

He stroked Eddie's cheek and said, "So you've never ridden in a plane. Well, we'll have to do something about that. I'll have a word with Hassan."

"Thank you, sir." Eddie paused. "Sir, what we did just now – can we do that again later?" Adam laughed. "You bet your life, we can, mate. After what you said, I wanna see how many times you really can cum."

"No problem there, sir – you'll see," and Eddie rested his head on Adam's chest. "Wonder how the other guys are doing – not as good as us, I bet." And even when his eyes closed there was still an urchin smile on his lips.

Eddie would have been pleased to know the other guys were all doing just fine.

Nate was nervous at first being in the master bedroom with the gorgeous Steve, a cleaned-up version of his brother Randy, but Doctor Steve had ways of putting a boy at his ease.

Lloyd had a boner the minute he walked into Jason's room. The handsome architect loved being around beautiful men – drooled as he followed them around at the gym – and the blond fireman was a knockout – a calendar guy. Even better, Jason was vain and loved to show off his body. Hell, a gorgeous narcissist fireman, a full-length mirror and a bed – who could ask for more? God was good.

As for Ben, he had listened to endless stories from Eddie about the exotic muscle-god Marine in and out of uniform. Now, at last, he could get to see those homoerotic fantasies come to life.

No doubt about it, there would be a whole lot of action that night in the big house on Mulholland Drive.

#

Chapter 206 – Nate & The Doc – Lloyd & Jason, Gym Jocks

From the moment Steve led Nate into the master bedroom the boy was overwhelmed – by the room and the man. The room was spectacular with French widows looking over the city lights of Los Angeles on one side and the Valley and mountains on the other. It was a big room, furnished with elegant but masculine taste, befitting the two professionals – the architect, Lloyd, and the gorgeous doctor, Steve. The bed was huge too.

Even though it was all familiar to Nate, because of course he and Eddie cleaned it regularly, tonight was different. He was here as a guest, not a houseboy, and he was to spend the night here with the doctor.

After the coziness of the small house that Nate shared with Adam, he now found the place rather intimidating, but not nearly as overpowering as the man himself. Steve was the image of his brother Randy (who was older than Steve by a year) with the same chiseled, rugged good looks and muscular physique. But Steve was the cleaned-up version, the smart Beverly Hills professional, in contrast to the roughneck gypsy construction boss.

Nate had been intimidated by Randy too when he first joined the tribe, but the boss's down-to-earth mix of toughness and kindness became easy to like. But Steve, a muscled stud like his brother, also had that veneer of professional poise that made the innocent young Aussie feel out of his depth. Steve, the astute therapist sensed all this and smiled. "Big room, eh, Nate? A boy could get lost in it unless he has a man to guide and take care of him."

The soft, deep voice and the "take care of him" made Nate feel the first stirrings of his cock in his shorts. "Have a seat, Nate. Let me tidy up in here a bit, and then we'll get comfortable." Nate perched on the edge of a chair and watched as Steve moved around the room. He was wearing a smart pale blue dress shirt, blue jeans with no belt, and loafers. His shirtsleeves

were rolled up to the elbow and, with three buttons undone, the neck of the shirt flapped open casually, giving intermittent glimpses of his muscular chest.

Moving gracefully around the room the man was gorgeous and absolutely belonged in an elegant room like this, which made Nate feel all the more out of place so, to hide his nerves, he chatted aimlessly about the house he shared with Adam.

“Sir, when me and Adam first saw our house next door to Randy and Bob’s it was empty, with no furniture, but there was a blanket in the bedroom so Adam laid it on the floor and we made love on it to sort of christen the house. Adam fucked me, sir, and it was awesome and we said we’d be happy in that house without any furniture, but we have plenty now, sir, except our bed is not nearly as big as this one, but it’s plenty big enough for us to, well, you know

Steve laughed. “Wow, don’t Aussies ever pause for breath? They all talk like this down under?”

Nate blushed. “Sorry, sir, I’m talking too much aren’t I? It’s ‘cause I’m a bit nervous, sir and...”

“Of course you’re not talking too much, Nate. I like it you forget, it’s my job to listen to people talk. Most of my patients are far less interesting than you and not nearly as good-looking.” But Steve knew that Nate could not really relax in this room so he said, “Hey, what say we crack open a bottle of wine and go sit out by the pool and enjoy the view? There’s a mild Santa Ana breeze blowing in from the desert, so it’s real warm outside. Come and help me in the kitchen.”

While Steve was opening the bottle of white wine Nate got two glasses from the cupboard he had cleaned many times. “We’re all set,” Steve smiled. Holding the wine bottle to one side he leaned forward and kissed Nate on the lips, with a little tongue action too. Then he pulled back, turned round and said over his shoulder in a mock Australian accent, “Follow me, mate.”

Easier said than done. Nate’s legs were still weak from the kiss that had jolted him when he tasted the male essence of the man, wrapped in a slight musky scent of a sandalwood cologne. Nate’s cock was hard in his shorts as he followed Steve out to the pool. “Wow, it really is warm out here,” said Steve. “Those Santa Anas sure heat things up. Let’s get comfortable.”

He put down the wine bottle, and Nate, still holding the glasses, stared in awe as the handsome doctor unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it open. He yanked it up at the waist and as it sprang free of the jeans it pulled up with it a small white strip of his undershorts showing above the jeans at his waist. He pulled the shirt off and threw it over the back of a chair. Nate held his breath, afraid to move in case the apparition disappeared. Steve looked spectacular stripped to the waist, his chiseled torso gleaming in the moonlight.

The boy was mesmerized as Steve kicked off his loafers and moved around the deck barefoot, pulling two wooden chaises close together, with a small table beside one. He threw long, dark blue cushions on them and said, “There – that should do us, don’t you think, Nate?”

Nate gulped and squeezed the wineglasses hard in an instinctive attempt to steady himself. Steve grinned. "Here, let me take those before you crush them, kid," he said, pulling the glasses gently from his grip and putting them on the table. He poured wine in each glass, set the bottle down and smiled again at Nate. Nate's cock was bulging in his shorts and he was starting to sweat, not so much because of the warm Santa Anas, but because of the proximity of this half naked muscle-god.

Steve noticed and chuckled, "You gotta get comfortable, Nate. Try this for a start." He pulled Nate's T-shirt off over his head and laid it over the back of the chair right on top of his own shirt. Even that piece of symbolism made Nate's cock jerk. He kicked off his sneakers and felt the comforting texture of the wooden boards under his bare feet, still warm from the day's heat.

Steve gazed at him approvingly. "You've been working out hard, kiddo. When I first met you you had a nice lean young body but you've really pumped up those muscles. You look terrific." He reached forward and ran his hands lightly over Nate's chest, rubbing the back of his fingers briefly over his nipples. Nate inhaled sharply and he could feel pre-cum oozing into his shorts.

Steve was attuned to Nate's every inflection and didn't want him to cum yet, so he turned away and waved his hand up at the sky. "Looks like Mother Nature approves of us, don't you think? Bright full moon tonight, and look up at those stars, much clearer up here way above the lights of the city. Talking of which....." He picked up the wineglasses, gave one to Nate and threw his arm casually over his shoulder, steering him to the edge of the deck overlooking the wide expanse of the city.

His low, deep voice had a hypnotic effect on Nate. "The stars are giving the city lights a run for their money tonight but they still look pretty spectacular. Look – over to the right is Century City, and in the other direction Downtown L.A. That long ribbon of light over there is La Cienega Boulevard, and that one Vermont Avenue. You can even see in the distance planes taking off from LAX, and beyond that the ocean, lit by the moon."

He turned his head and smiled at Nate. "Doesn't get much better than this, kiddo." He raised his glass and clinked it against Nate's. "Here's to us, Nate – the night is ours." They both took a sip of wine, then Steve suddenly closed his lips over Nate's who felt himself drinking wine from Steve's mouth – an exquisite mix of cool, sweet wine and the warm scent of Steve's flesh with its musky cologne. Steve turned back to face the city, his arm still round Nate's shoulders, and they sipped their wine.

Nate was floating in a kind of enchantment – standing next to this kind, beautiful man in the silver light of the full moon, the sparkling city of lights spread out far below them, the stars, the soft, warm breeze blowing against their naked flesh. Eventually Steve slid his arm away from Nate's neck, pulled the glass from Nate's hand and set both glasses down on the deck. Facing him Steve put his hand behind Nate's head and said, "I'm sure glad you pulled my name from the hat, Nate."

Nate was mesmerized by the blue eyes smiling into his, by the handsome face that came closer and closer until it was almost touching his. "Such a beautiful boy," Steve said softly. Nate felt strong arms encircle him, felt the hard-muscled chest press against his and felt their cheeks touch. Enfolded in Steve's arms Nate felt like they were floating together high above the city.

In a trance he heard the deep voice whisper in his ear. "I want you to relax, Nate – give yourself to me. This is our moment – you and me." Nate felt the bulge in Steve's jeans press against his, but it wasn't just Steve that suddenly made him cum. It was all of it – the man, the place, the moonlight – the magic. His body shuddered and he felt warm liquid flow into his shorts. But still Steve held on, kissing his cheek. "There, that's better," Steve said softly. "Now you're mine and we can relax at last, get to know each other."

He pulled away, gave Nate a gleaming smile, took him by the hand and led him to the chaises. "Lie down, Nate. Make yourself at home. Have some more wine."

They lay on their backs in silence for a while, gazing up at the stars and taking sips of wine. An ethereal peace settled over Nate, lying out here in the moonlight, the breeze blowing over him, his arm resting against Steve's on the armrest. Steve was not only stunning to look at. He exuded an almost hypnotizing power that wafted over Nate like a billowing bed-sheet falling lightly onto him. It was a whole new sensation for the young Aussie and his cock stirred again at the sound of the doctor's soothing voice.

"You feel OK about this, Nate – you and me, I mean? No qualms about Adam?"

"Oh, no worries there, sir. If I know Adam he's probably already fucking Ben.

"And how do you feel about that?"

Nate giggled. "The guys said you would say that – it's, like, the shrink question."

Steve squeezed his arm and smiled. "Yeah, once a shrink always a shrink, I guess. But don't worry – you're not on a therapist's couch. You're lying on a chaise under the stars, looking gorgeous, I must say, in the moonlight. And I'm not gonna interrogate you, but I am gonna make love to you and fuck you." He chuckled. "So how do you feel about *that*?"

"Well, sir, I'll let my cock answer for me. It's rock hard again in my shorts."

"Good." Steve eased his back off the cushion and propped himself up on his elbows, which made his shoulders and chest flex. He turned his head to face Nate. "But I did just wanna make sure that you're happy with your life in the house – your job and being Adam's boy."

“Never happier, sir,” Nate said, loving this conversation with the wise, handsome doctor who was soon going to fuck him. Nate too leaned back on his elbows as he continued. “My life in Sydney was quite lonely and when I read this story on-line, a fantasy about a bunch of great-looking blokes and their boys living in L.A., I dreamed of being their houseboy – used to jerk off thinking about it. I came here on vacation on my own to see if it’s true what they say about all the gorgeous men in L.A., and it was. I went to a quiet beach and happened to see in the dunes two of the most beautiful, Mark and Jamie, making love.”

“Wow, that must’ve made your head spin.”

“It was like a porn movie, sir – so exciting. They saw me and invited me to spend the rest of my vacation with them, and then things happened fast, like in a dream. Mark sent Jamie back with me to Sydney for a week or two, and on the plane was this handsome flight attendant, Adam and.....” He paused for breath.

“Anyway, long story short, I think I must’ve had a guardian angel ‘cause I got to live my dream and I can still hardly believe that I’m living with Adam as his boy. I love my job too, sir, taking care of the guys and coming up here with Eddie, cleaning your house, even making the bed that you and Lloyd sleep in.”

“Not tonight, though,” Steve cut in. “Today you made up the bed for you and me, Nate – that’s if it’s not too intimidating for you.”

“Oh, no worries there, mate er sorrysir.”

He blushed at his slip of the tongue but Steve laughed. “No worries here either, kid. You can call me mate if you like. It’s one of the things that makes you what you are. I love it.”

Steve eased himself off the chaise and jumped to his feet. Nate, leaning back on his elbows, stared up at the stunning muscle-hunk, barefoot, shirtless, his perfect torso tapering down from his broad shoulders over his chest and ripped abs to his tight waist hugged by his blue-jeans and the glimpse of white shorts above them. Nate felt he could cum again just staring at him.

Steve reached down, grabbed Nate’s hand and pulled him to his feet. “I don’t think I can take much more of this, kiddo, and neither can my cock that’s straining against my jeans. I gotta fuck you, kid.”

Nate thought they would go inside but instead he stood in a daze watching the shirtless doctor pulling the cushions off the chaises and laying them side by side, making a big mattress right on the edge of the wooden deck. Nate didn’t move even when Steve stood before him and said, “I gotta see you naked, boy.” His voice now had a guttural sound, no longer the cool tones of the doctor, more like the growl of Steve’s brother Randy when he was getting a boy ready for sex.

Nate's heart missed a beat when Steve reached forward and ripped open his shorts, pushing them and Nate's briefs down to his ankles. Nate stepped out of them and stood butt naked before the powerful man like an offering, willingly submitting to whatever he wanted of him. "Oh yeah," Steve groaned, "that is fucking beautiful, boy. On your back – now!"

Nate instantly fell on his back on the mattress, feeling a tinge of fear as he stared up at the rugged muscleman pacing round the deck, much as Lloyd must look up at him every night before he gets his ass ploughed. Steve was transformed from the smooth-talking doctor into a sexual animal, his lustful, gleaming eyes reminding Nate of Randy's. The fraternal likeness was remarkable, especially the overpowering need to fuck.

As if reading the boy's thoughts Steve said, "Yeah, runs in the family. We may be different, my brother and me, but when it comes to fucking the ass of a boy as hot as you our blood-lust is the same. See, we're both masters of our world and a boy does as he's told." Fiercely he yanked open his jeans, let them drop and stepped out of them.

Nate gasped as the bodybuilder towered over him, naked except for his white boxers, the outline of his hard rod pushing against the thin cotton. Steve plunged his hand under the waistband, grabbed his cock and stroked it inside his shorts. His muscles rippled in the moonlight and his bicep flexed as he pounded his meat, his laser eyes piercing Nate's. "Yeah," he groaned, "feels incredible, but it's gonna feel even better inside your sweet ass. Grab your cock, boy."

Nate obeyed, wrapping his hand round his raging cock but stroking it only lightly as he knew he was on the edge of another orgasm. "I gotta know if you're ready for me, boy – ready for the doctor to shove his rod in your ass." He pulled his hand out of his shorts, then cupped both hands over them round the base of his crotch, squeezing the shorts so his balls and cock strained in a huge bulge under the thin fabric. With one hand he stroked the bulge and he threw his head back, moaning in ecstasy.

Nate was dazzled by the sight of the awesome stud grabbing his crotch with both hands, tensing his body so his lats flared, his biceps, pecs and abs flexed hard like in a bodybuilder's pose. Nate could see pre-cum staining the shorts as Steve stared down at him and growled, "You ready for this, boy. You ready for this huge prick in your ass?"

"Yes, sir Please sir....."

"Then show me...."

Nate lost control. The sight of the muscle-god's rippling torso gleaming in the moonlight was too much to resist and Nate pounded his cock until he screamed, "aaagh!" and a ribbon of white cream shot high in the air, then splashed on the deck at Steve's feet like a tribute of surrender to the man who now had him in his power.

But Steve didn't let up, staring down at the boy with a look of triumphant satisfaction. "That's only the start, boy." Nate gasped as Steve at last took off his shorts and his cock sprang out, hard as a rock, his balls still straining for release. "On your stomach, boy." Still in a daze Nate flipped over on the mattress and found himself looking over the edge of the deck where the land sloped sharply away. It was a strange feeling, looking down over the glittering city so far below as he heard behind him, "Man, that ass is spectacular. Shit, I gotta have it."

Steve gazed at the white globes of Nate's butt, fell forward and planted his hands on the small of his back, pinning it to the cushion beneath him. Nate knew that his ass was trapped and he felt the inevitable touch of the cock pressing between his buns, then pausing. "You really want this, boy?" came the deep voice over his shoulder. "You want the doctor's big dick in your ass?"

"Yes, sir. Please, I want it a whole lot. Please, I..... aaagh!" His scream flew out into the void and over the city as the doctor's cock plunged into his ass, then pulled out and drove in again. It was rough, but took Nate just to that fine line between pain and exquisite pleasure. He knew that the big man could hurt him – Randy might have – but he sensed that Steve was firmly in control of his desires and wanted to give him only pleasure. And what pleasure!"

As the rod pushed ever deeper into his ass Nate reached up and curled his fingers over the boards at the edge of the deck. The hill slope was so steep he could see no land beneath him, only the sparkling lights far below that a traveler sees from a plane flying over the city before landing. And that's just what it was like. Nate had the incredible sensation of flying over the city with Steve on top of him, rising and falling over his ass.

Steve shifted his hands, pressed them on Nate's forearms and lowered his chest onto the boy's back. Nate felt Steve's hot breath in his ear as he whispered, "Magnificent isn't it Nate? We're flying, you and me, and I'm inside your sweet ass. We're all alone way up in the air and I'm fucking you. Feel my body on yours Nate. Feel the doctor fucking your ass as we float above the city. Show me you love it, boy. Do it for me I know you can"

Nate was in a dream – a dream where he was flying in the strong arms of this superman, holding him safe, fucking his ass. "Hold me, sir, he moaned fuck me, sir I love you, sir aaah" he sighed deeply as he shot yet another load. He watched for his sperm to spray in the air and cascade down onto to the city below. But, in reality, it simply pooled under his body onto the chaise beneath him.

Nate lay in a daze, still feeling he was flying – which in one sense he was. He felt the body on him shift, the cock pull out of his ass, and his fingers get pried off the deck. He was aware of being flipped onto his back and he lay for a minute with his eyes closed. When at last they

flickered open he was so dazzled he shut them again. He was still dreaming – had to be. But no, when he opened his eyes again there it was still – the face, bending over him, smiling.

Until now the boy had been transfixed by the flawless body, by the feel of the cock moving inside his ass. But now it was the face, the beautiful chiseled features, the square jaw, strong cheekbones, tousled dark hair falling over the high forehead. And the eyes – the pale blue eyes set in the tanned face, smiling into his.

But it was much more than that. Behind Steve's head was the moon, bathing him in an ethereal silver glow, with the bright panoply of stars surrounding him so that his godlike face seemed to be part of the heavens. "Sir, I" Nate stammered but Steve said, "Sssh – no need for words at a time like this."

They gazed at each other for a long time, then Steve grinned. "Just now that was me playing Randy, fucking your ass. Now you're gonna feel the real me – making love to you. I've made you cum twice but my balls are still bursting. You gonna help me out there?"

"Yes, sir. I want to make you cum, sir? I want to feel you cum in my ass. Please, sir." Nate gripped his legs behind the knees and pulled them back, offering his ass to the handsome, naked doctor. Steve leaned forward, grabbed Nate's wrists and pushed them up to the edge of the deck. Nate twisted his hands and curled his fingers backwards over the edge of the deck, bracing himself for what he knew was coming.

"Oh, man!" Steve shook his head and smiled, "Such a hot young Aussie stud." He rested his palms on Nate's chest, stroking his nipples with his thumbs. He pressed the tip of his rod against his ass, then eased in, sliding it slowly deeper and deeper until it came to rest against the soft tissue in the back. He paused, smiled at Nate, then pushed deeper so the head of his cock slid over the inner sphincter and came to rest in the hot secret chamber deep inside.

"Aaah aaah," Nate shuddered. "Sir, that feels Aaah." Steve, like his brother Randy, was an expert. He pulled his cock back over the inner sphincter, then eased in again, just enough for the hard rim of his cock's head to rub against the sphincter. And that's how Steve made love to Nate, massaging the tender sphincter with the corona of his cock in small, gentle thrusts back and forth.

Nate was driven wild by the incredible sensation deep in his ass. He reached up and ran his hands over the muscle-god's ripped abs and his chest, then dug his fingers into the rock-like slabs of his pecs. He gazed up at the godlike face among the stars, back-lit by the moon, the blue eyes smiling down at him. "Yes, boy," came the deep, hypnotic voice. "That's the man who's fucking your ass, driving you wild. Look at him, Nate – love him – worship him Now feel his man-juice pour deep in your ass. Here it comes, boy yeah, that's it Yeah...!"

Nate was in heaven as he felt Steve's body shudder, saw his eyes open wide, the head fly back and felt hot cum flowing into his ass. Nate shouted, "I love you, sir. I love you" as he

felt his own cock erupting one more time with a plume of white semen that splashed up on his chest and into his face.

They stared at each other in wonder. And just at that moment the hot Santa Ana wind picked up, blowing excited gusts of hot air over the two men as they fell into each other's arms.

After showering together they walked into the bedroom drying themselves, but Steve noticed a furrow in Nate's brow. "What's up, kid?" he asked. Nate looked confused. "Well, sir, what I said too you out there like 'I love you' and all that. I mean, I'm in love with Adam, but when I said that to you I kinda meant it."

Steve faced him and put his hands on his shoulders. "Nate, in my opinion love is not so much a matter of duration as of intensity. I think when two people have great sex and say, in the heat of the moment, 'I love you', it's perfectly real. Even if the feeling disappears in the cold light of dawn, it doesn't mean it wasn't real at the time.

"Of course, what you have with Adam is real solid, the kind of love that lasts. But, just for tonight you and I can love each other, and then tomorrow you'll run back to Adam and tell him all about it – and he'll tell you about his night with Eddie. And Adam's gonna love you more than ever, I guarantee. Now come here..."

Steve led Nate by the hand into the bedroom and pulled back the covers of the bed. "I hope Lloyd doesn't mind being kicked out of his bed, sir," Nate said. Steve laughed loudly. "Let me tell you something, Nate, Lloyd loves gorgeous men. It's why he came to California in the first place. Hell, if he sees one at the grocery store he follows him around drooling. Now, tonight he's with Jason, the calendar-boy fireman, who of course is one of the most beautiful men of them all, so don't worry about Lloyd. Trust me – he's in hog heaven right now."

Steve looked down at the bed. "Now, I hope you're not intimidated by this bed anymore, kiddo, 'cause you are gonna get fucked in it and loved in it."

Nate flashed his playful Aussie grin. "Oh, no worries there, mate. No worries at all."

Steve was usually right about most things – and he was certainly right about Lloyd. When Lloyd went to join Jason in his assigned room they broke open a couple of beers and sat nervously making clumsy small-talk about trivialities. "Santa Ana's sure kicking up tonight." "Yeah – real warm out"

Jason was casually dressed in a loose check shirt hanging open over a faded red T-shirt that clung to the contours of his chest. He wore tan jeans with a leather belt and boots. Lloyd, like

his lover Steve, was rather more formally dressed in a white dress shirt, sleeves rolled up to the elbows and the waist tucked into gray slacks, with loafers on his bare feet.

Despite their uneasiness with each other there was an undeniable aura of sexual desire in the room. Their awkwardness probably resulted from their being so much alike, in that they were both obsessively turned on by physical beauty in men, which in Jason's case often took the form of infatuation with his own image in the mirror. They also knew they shared this sexual compulsion for body-worship.... it was just a matter of breaking the ice.

Which Lloyd did when he broached the subject head-on. "Look, man, I gotta come right out and tell you that I was hoping I would pull your name out of the hat. It's no secret that I'm obsessed with great looking guys. Shit, sometimes I'm scared to go to the gym 'cause I'll probably see some Adonis that I'll follow around and make a fool of myself.

"But you, man – shit, you beat any guy at my gym hands down. You're fucking gorgeous – and what's more you know it. Vanity turns me on like crazy, watching a man preen and strut in the gym, getting off on himself exercising in front of a mirror. Every time I see you come into a room my cock springs into action and many's the time I've jacked off thinking about you.

"You know, once I even snuck into the twins' room down at the guys' house, pulled that calendar from under their bed and jerked off looking at your picture on the August page. And once when you were lying by our pool in Speedos I stood behind a curtain in my bedroom and beat my meat watching your gorgeous body stretched out on a chaise." Lloyd paused. "Shit, listen to me running off at the mouth. Sorry, man, I'm making a fool of myself." He grinned. "Not unusual for me when I'm with a man like you. Not that there *are* any other guys like you."

He stopped talking and actually blushed as Jason smiled at him. "What would you say Lloyd if you knew that that same day, lying on my stomach by the pool, I watched you walk round cleaning the pool with that leaf skimmer – so handsome, that flawless body of yours looking so fucking hot, and with that big bulge in your blue Speedos? The other guys were indoors so I eased myself up and down the chaise, rubbing my crotch against the canvas cushion until I shot my load in my Speedos. I was afraid you heard me gasp, and my crotch was soaked in jism so I dove straight into the pool so you wouldn't notice.

"Wasn't the first time, either. Sometimes when I stand and beat off in the mirror I picture you standing beside me doing the same, you're so fucking hot."

Lloyd stared at him, his face creased in a grin and they both burst out laughing. They stood up and Lloyd said, "Hey, buddy, let's just cut to the chase here we're wasting time. And this room's no good. I've got somewhere much better in mind. Follow me.

“Wow,” said Jason as he looked round the room. “You guys sure know how to live. This is great.” They were standing in the basement room that had once been used for storage but Lloyd, with his architect’s flair, had converted it into a gym, and it doubled as a sex playroom, with mirrors on all the walls. Sexual accoutrements hung from hooks – whips, restraints, ropes – but it wasn’t that which the two guys focused on. They were gazing at the gym equipment itself – and fantasizing.

They stood side by side, looking at themselves in a mirror, then turned to face each other. They reached out and ran their hands over each other’s chest, Lloyd over the thin, faded T-shirt, feeling the rock-hard pecs underneath, while Jason pushed his hands under Lloyd’s shirt and moaned as he felt the smooth skin of the flawless gym-honed torso. Both of them had roaring hard-ons in their pants.

Lloyd pushed Jason’s shirt off leaving just the tight T-shirt, its frayed sleeves tight over the fireman’s biceps, and a tear at the neck that Jason had skillfully arranged, running a few inches down from the neck and pulled open by his bulging pecs. They took a few steps back, gazing at each other. Lloyd unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it out of his pants and shrugged it off, while Jason reached behind his neck and slowly pulled his T-shirt off over his head.

“Holy shit,” Lloyd breathed as they gazed at each other, both stripped to the waist. “Man, that’s so fucking beautiful. Hey, you want a workout partner, man?” Jason grinned. “You read my mind.”

“Right,” said Lloyd, “might as well do this right. God knows we’ve fantasized often enough, so let’s make it real. In the bathroom there you’ll find some of my old gym gear. Put it on and start your workout. I’ll be right back.”

Lloyd left the room and Jason went to the bathroom, which was a mess, strewn with gym clothes and equipment. Jason rummaged around in the clothes and pulled out black gym shorts, old sneakers and a stained jockstrap the he held up to his face and breathed deeply. It stunk of sweat, piss and dried semen from all the times Lloyd had cum into it at the gym. Jason stripped naked and put on the workout gear.

When he went back into the room Lloyd was still not there, so Jason stood in front of a mirror admiring himself, dressed only in old black gym shorts, unlaced sneakers and a sweat-stained white tank top stretched over his chiseled torso. He grinned with satisfaction, then began his workout with a few warm-up chin lifts on the bar. Next he loaded weights onto the bench-press, lay on his back, reached up to the bar, took a deep breath and began to bench press.

He had put a lot of weight on the bar as he really wanted a good pump to show off to Lloyd. It was heavier than his usual weight and after about eight reps he began to struggle. He was dimly aware of the door opening and heard a voice – “Need a spot, man?” Lloyd stood behind Jason’s head, leaned forward and held the bar lightly, assisting with the lift. Jason looked up

and almost lost his concentration as he saw above him muscled thighs and a long cock swinging over him under loose gray gym shorts.

He managed ten reps, heaved the bar back into its cradle and sat up on the bench gazing into the mirror at himself and the man standing behind him, Lloyd, looking hot as hell in shorts and a sleeveless black T-shirt with the sides cut low. "Thanks, man, that was intense," Jason grinned at Lloyd, who acted like they were strangers who had just met. "You wanna work out together, man?" Lloyd asked.

"Sure – why not?" So they did. For a good half hour they swung into a muscle crunching workout routine – bench presses, cable flies in front of the mirror, pushups – without a break until their bodies were streaming with sweat. They stopped for a breather, grabbed bottles of water and each took a swig.

They stood side by side admiring each other in the mirror, their soaking shirts clinging to their chests, veins standing out on their pumped muscles. Their wet shorts clung to their rock-hard thighs and through the thin fabric could be seen the outline of their bulging jockstraps.

Jason grinned, raised his bottle and poured water over his head, soaking his body and clothes. Lloyd did the same and said, "Jesus that looks hot." He pulled his T-shirt off over his head, Jason yanked off his tank and they gazed at each other, water streaming down their faces, over the slabs of their pecs, rippling over their eight back abs and soaking their shorts. "Time we kicked this up a notch," said Jason. "No more pussyfooting around eh?"

This was a long-time fantasy of Lloyd's – working out at the gym with a beautiful bodybuilder, getting up close to him, smelling his sweat, hearing him grunt with effort, and eventually..... here his fantasy crossed into the impossible. Except that tonight everything was possible.

By now Jason was in front of the mirror, standing between the cables, his arms stretched up and out in a V, gripping the cable handles and pulling them across his chest making his pecs bulge. "Here, Lloyd said, "try it at this angle." He stood behind the shirtless jock, pressing against him, and reached up to grip the handles over Jason's hands so they could work the cables together. "That's it," Lloyd said, feeling Jason's body flex and smelling the sweat of his armpits as they pulled together.

The effort made Jason's mid section push back and Lloyd felt the hard round globes of his ass pressing against the straining bulge in his shorts. He stared over Jason's shoulder into the mirror, watching the blond muscle-god flex and strain as he had surreptitiously watched so many men in the gym. But this time he could feel the man's naked back pressing against his chest, his ass thrusting back against his cock with each pull of the cables. It felt almost like fucking the ass of the spectacular blond jock in the mirror.

As workout partners do, Lloyd encouraged him. "Yeah, one more, man, you can do it. Look at that fucking body in the mirror, stud. Come on pull harder man push that butt back

against me ride that huge cock in your ass.” They were both close to orgasm so they pulled abruptly apart.

By now the gym routine was all geared to their sexual impulses. Jason went back to the bench-press and this time Lloyd faced him, straddling the bench and planting his own ass firmly on Jason’s crotch. As he helped Jason push the bar up, every lift caused Jason’s cock to push up against Lloyd’s butt. Now it was Lloyd’s turn to feel as if he was getting fucked up the ass. “Feel that, man?” Jason groaned. “Feel your gym buddy’s dick in your ass?”

Lloyd was desperate for the real thing and jumped off Jason, standing by the bench watching Jason continue to press the bar. How many times had Lloyd watched a man do this in the gym, always from a distance? How many times had he lusted for that man, wanted to

“Shit, that is fucking spectacular,” he moaned as he gazed down at the muscular blond jock, biceps straining, shirtless in black gym shorts, his legs open astride the bench, unlaced sneakers firmly planted on the floor. Lloyd had dreamed of this so often – dreamed of doing what he did now.

He knelt on the floor beside the bench, reached forward and pulled the waistband of Jason’s shorts down below his crotch, gasping as he saw the stained, bulging jockstrap tight round his waist. In a trance he leaned forward, breathing in the smell of sweat and dried cum, and clamped his mouth over the rough frayed cotton, sucking on the sweaty balls and cock through the fabric, his head swimming as he smelled, tasted, the raw essence of Jason’s manhood.

Jason dropped the bar in its cradle, but kept a firm grip on it, his arms stretched upward as his gleaming body writhed under the relentless hot mouth clamped on his jock. “Yeah suck that stinking crotch, man. Lick that jock, bite it make your gym buddy bust his load, man aaagh!!” Lloyd felt the jockstrap suddenly become wet with the sticky cum oozing through it. He sucked hard, squeezing the juice from the jock as he felt the cock pumping underneath.

Feeling he might pass out Lloyd stumbled to his feet and stared in disbelief at the man on the bench, his magnificent body stretched upward, still gripping the bar. The head of Jason’s cock was poking up above the jockstrap’s waistband and Lloyd howled as it he saw it pump one last long stream of jism up over the writhing torso of the young fireman.

Lloyd reached into his own shorts, pulled out his straining rod and it instantly blasted a shower of semen that splashed down on the cum-covered chest and handsome face of the muscular blond jock – his gym partner.

From here on it was all sex. Jason jumped up, cum running down his face and chest, and issued a challenge. “We’ll see who can press the longest, and the loser submits to whatever the other guy wants.” Lloyd’s eyes gleamed. “You got it, stud.” They pulled two incline

bench presses side by side in front of the mirror. They dropped their shorts, so both were naked except for jockstraps and sneakers, and each sat on one of the benches, at an incline so they could clearly see themselves in the mirror. They reached up, grabbed the bars and began to press in unison.

Both were muscular gym fanatics so they benched a good number of reps until they began to tire. Straining, groaning in muscle-crunching pain, their action became labored, even as they gazed defiantly at each other in the mirror. It was the sight of Jason that defeated Lloyd, the thought of submitting to this glorious man, being in his power. With a howl of pain he let the bar crash back into its cradle and Jason yelled in triumph, "You lose, man!"

Jason jumped to his feet and acted quickly. He grabbed two lengths of rope from a hook on the wall and used one to bind Lloyd's wrists together behind the bench. The other he put round Lloyd's neck, securing it to the upper part of the bench. He stood back and gazed in awe at the muscular, handsome young architect, naked except for his jockstrap, bound helpless to the bench. Jason gloated, "You're mine now, man. You're finished, helpless. God you look hot." Jason pulled his cock out of his jock and began stroking it.

Lloyd instinctively pulled at his restraints but he knew he was the captive of this beautiful athlete. This was a fantasy even he had not dreamed of. He had jerked off thinking about Jason often, even over his picture in the calendar, but now he was his prisoner and the near-naked blond fireman was pounding his rod before him. "You know what's gonna happen to you, big guy?" Jason growled. "See this huge piece of meat? You're gonna eat it. I'm gonna fuck that gorgeous face. The big muscle-jock is gonna fuck his workout partner's face."

Lloyd shuddered as Jason stood astride the bench, leaned forward and grabbed the bar above Lloyd's head, pushing his hips forward until his long hard rod was inches from his face. "You ready to submit, man?" Lloyd was brimming with lust as he gazed up at Jason's sculpted features. "Yes, sir. I submit to you. Please, sir, let me taste your cock."

He dropped his eyes to the cock pointing at his mouth but it didn't move. He could see pre-cum dripping from it and he poked out his tongue to lick it, but it was out of reach. Lloyd was drooling, pulling at the ropes behind him, desperately trying to free his hands. "Please, man. Please let me taste your cock, let me feel it in my mouth. I'm begging you, sir."

Jason relented. "I needed to hear you beg. I need to have men worship me, worship my cock." He eased forward and slid his cock into his captive's mouth. Lloyd swallowed it all the way down until his face was buried in blond, wet pubic hair. He inhaled, drowning in the bitter-sweet taste and smell of the young fireman's sweat and semen. Jason growled, "Now eat it, man."

The face fuck was slow at first, building in speed and intensity as the muscle-jock pounded his gym partner's face, choking him to the point where Lloyd was screaming into the gag of the cock, suffocating on it. He felt the cock shudder, heard the man howl and felt the rush of

semen pouring down his throat. He swallowed hard, gulping frantically, when suddenly the cock pulled out, and the triumphant jock blasted the last jets of cum hard into his gym buddy's face.

Jason stepped back and stared at the bound bodybuilder, tears streaming from his eyes, cum pouring down his face. "Now that," Jason said, "is totally fucking awesome, man. Beautiful."

Jason released Lloyd and as they took a breather, letting their heartbeats subside, Jason's thoughts went to his boy Ben, wondering how he was enjoying his night with Hassan. But he knew he had nothing to worry about. Ben would really get off on the fantasy of the gorgeous, muscular Marine and would be full of it when they met again in the morning.

Reassured, Jason turned his focus back to the handsome architect and the erotic gym which was now stinking of sweat and semen. Jason's vanity was kicking in and he wanted more. He wanted to really show off.

As for Lloyd, he still had one more fantasy to play out – the ultimate dream. "Come on, man. This is so fucking hot, I'm gonna show you something that'll blow your mind." They pulled off their jockstraps and faced each other, naked at last. Then Lloyd went into action

A few minutes later he stood back and gazed into the mirror. Jason was between the cable posts again but this time he was spread-eagled to the four corners. His arms stretched up and his wrists were tied to the cable handles. His legs were spread wide, his ankles roped to the bottom of the posts.

He wasn't totally naked. Lloyd had made him put on the sweat- and cum-stained white tank he had worn, which now stretched over the muscular torso of the bound bodybuilder. The frayed bottom of the tank ended just above his cock swinging between his muscled thighs, and behind it ended just above the twin white globes of his naked ass. Jason was gazing in awe at himself in the mirror knowing just how spectacular he looked.

Lloyd placed a chair by the mirror and sat down, back to the mirror, gazing at the young fireman, tied helpless, naked except for the thin, frayed tank clinging to his chest.

"Man," Lloyd breathed, "I have never seen anything more beautiful than that. Now for some real body-worship. You know, those hunks at the gym drive me crazy, and it's always been a huge homoerotic fantasy of mine to have one of them tied up in my power so I could work him over, make him beg. And now here I have the most beautiful muscle-god of them all, the narcissistic, arrogant blond jock spread-eagled in bondage, at my mercy."

Lloyd stood up, and ran his hands over the thin tank, feeling the solid pecs and hard nipples underneath. "You're my workout partner, man, but you fucked my face and made me beg. Well guess what, stud.... it's payback time."

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Chapter 207 – 1. Body worship 2. The Marine & The Gypsy

The payback did not come right away. Instead Lloyd sat back in the chair, simply gazing at the apparition of the bound jock, his magnificent body spread-eagled before him, more beautiful than anything he had ever seen at the gym. He would have been happy to stare at him like this all night, beating his meat, cumming, jerking off some more and cumming again and again.

And that's kind of what Lloyd did at first – rousing Jason's vanity to a peak. Jason was hugely turned on by the sight of his own bound body in the mirror, but his arousal was magnified by the fact that his gym partner was watching him, mesmerized by his beauty, stroking his cock in a supreme act of body worship. It was a profound experience for both men and led inevitably to the most intense kind of fantasy – one that seemed totally real, and one they shared.

They were gym buddies, workout partners who got off on pushing their bodies to the extreme, challenging each other to trials of strength. They were straight, macho jocks, the muscle-crunching workouts an expression of their manhood. They showed off to each other and the other guys at the gym but, if sex had been lurking deep in their subconscious, it had never surfaced – until now.

Finding themselves alone in the gym their competitive impulses grew intimate and finally brimmed over. When one triumphed over the other in a contest of strength the winner exacted a sexual prize tying his exhausted buddy down and forcing him to give him a blow-job. They were like two drunk straight guys who find themselves alone together, intimate, sharing a bed. Feeling sexual attraction to each other for the first time their inhibitions vanish in mutual masturbation and a blow job. But then it gets serious and the loser takes revenge.

“What are you gonna do to me, man?” the blond asked.

“Nothing for now – just sit here and admire that gorgeous body of yours. It's such a fucking turn on, man.” He stared at his buddy – at his exquisitely sculpted features, his short blond hair and blue eyes, and the most beautifully proportioned, muscular physique he had ever seen, a stunning athlete straining in bondage.

But far from the humbled captive, Jason was gazing in awe at himself in the mirror, a handsome jock on display while his gym buddy sat staring at him, salivating as he pounded his cock. Jason had admired his own body often enough and now it was being worshipped by another jock. “Come on, stud – you know what I want,” Lloyd said, “and you want it too.” Jason knew exactly. He struggled against his restraints, knowing full well that a beautiful body is viewed at its erotic best when the muscles are straining in bondage.

But they both knew that there was a unique added feature to this pornographic display. Jason's hands were tied to the handles of the cables and he could still pull them down just as he would in a normal cable-fly exercise. So his arms were not held rigid, and as he struggled to free his hands he pulled the cables down across his chest. In anticipation of this Lloyd had loaded on extra weights so the exercise demanded enormous effort. When Jason reached his limit his arms sprang back up, but he pulled down on the cables again, his body twisting and writhing as his arms bent, biceps and chest flexing hard.

At one point Lloyd gasped as Jason flexed and pulled down on the cables so hard that he fell to his knees on the floor, his arms taking the strain as his fists touched each other across his chest. He held the painful pose as long as he could but, when his strength was exhausted and he released the hold, the cables wrenched his arms back up to the top, yanking him off his knees and stretching him brutally back in the spread-eagled position with a howl of pain and writhing muscles.

Lloyd was spellbound. "Jesus Christ, man, that's the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen. Man, you're hot – that torn, sweaty tank stretched over your chest, your huge cock swinging between those thighs as your body jerks against the ropes. Fucking pornographic, man. You've never looked more beautiful and you know it – and it turns you on like crazy."

"Yeah," breathed Jason, staring at his magnificent body in the mirror as if looking at a glorious stranger. He struggled harder, yanking on the cables and moaning, "Shit he's gorgeous. Worship him, man, pound that meat." They were both in ecstasy, their bodies on fire as they watched the muscle-jock struggle in front of his gym partner.

And that's the fantasy that now consumed them – two straight workout partners dropping their pretences, opening up to their sexual lust, one jock straining in bondage before the other who was pounding his cock in a frenzy. The fantasy became real as the captive bodybuilder moaned. "What you gonna do to me, buddy? I've had enough, man let me go. I can't take anymore, you're breaking my body."

Consumed with lust Lloyd growled. "Nah, I love watching a stud like you suffer, man. We compete in the gym, but I am the best and you have to submit. You know what to do, man."

Jason struggled mightily, gazing at the homoerotic image of his rippling muscles, the thin tank soaked in sweat and clinging to his chest, sweat pouring down his handsome face contorted with exertion, his cock standing out like a steel rod. Again Jason pulled mightily on the cables and sank to his knees.

He held the agonizing pose to exhaustion, then yelled, "OK, man, I give up. You win. I'm finished – I submit Aaah Aaagh!!" His strength failed, the cables jerked him up off his knees, his body sprang agonizingly upward and stretched tight just as his cock blasted a huge stream of cum that shot high, slammed against the mirror and poured down the glass.

Watching the vain, arrogant blond jock surrender in agonizing humiliation made Lloyd hallucinate and he pounded his cock as he screamed, "That's so *fucking* gorgeous, man yes....yes....yeess!!." He slouched back in the chair and a long ribbon of cum shot from his cock, then another and another, splashing in a pool of semen at Jason's feet, in worshipful homage to the bronzed athlete, hanging exhausted, head dropping down in defeat, sweat pouring down his magnificent body.

"Shit damn," Lloyd moaned, throwing his head back, "fucking hellthat was unbelievable, man. You wanna go some more?"

Hell, yes," Jason said, staring at Lloyd then at himself. "This is too good to stop now. I love it."

"OK, buddy, just take it easy now leave it all to me." Jason calmed down, his spread-eagled body relaxed in the ropes waiting for what Lloyd would do next. He was gazing at himself, at the mercy of his workout-buddy – back in the gym fantasy.

Lloyd eased himself from his chair and fell to his knees facing the mirror. Now I wanna worship you man – I mean real worship. His view of the bound jock was blurred by the white liquid running down the mirror so he leaned forward and licked the glass, tasting his buddy's bitter-sweet cum. As he cleaned the glass he found himself licking the mirror-image of the near-naked bodybuilder, kissing him, sucking up the last remains of his semen off the glass. "Man, that looks hot," he groaned "but I want the real thing.

He turned round to face Jason, fell on his stomach and crawled across the floor until his head dropped on Jason's foot. Again he licked voraciously in a mounting frenzy and he grabbed the muscular thigh, hugging it as his tongue moved higher and higher up Jason's leg until it reached the holy grail of his sweat-soaked pubic hair and his balls.

Spurred on by the captive's moans he sucked the balls into his mouth and pressed his tongue against them. He was driving Jason wild, seeing in the mirror the bound muscle jock being worshipped by the handsome stud on his knees, his mouth wrapped round his crotch, reaching up and grabbing his waist through the thin cotton of his soaking tank.

Lloyd pulled his head back and gazed up at the chiseled face staring down at him. Although Jason was the man who was bound, he was the man who ruled – the man who was the object of groveling worship. Lloyd moaned, "Thank you, sir," as he buried his head in the sweaty tangle of blond pubic hair, sucking in the sweat oozing from it. In a daze he pulled back, gazed at the semi-erect cock and flicked out his tongue. In seconds he was licking its whole length, from the bulging crown right up to the stinking pubes.

"I need to suck it, sir. Please, let me suck your cock."

“Do it, man,” Jason said, half to the bound man in the mirror, half to the man begging at his feet.” Lloyd sucked in the head of the cock and eased his mouth over it, feeling the stiffening rod slide down his throat until his face was once again buried in damp pubic hair. He pulled back, pursing his lips hard round the cock, which was now hard as steel.

Jason gazed at himself in the mirror and the dark-haired stud on his knees, the muscles of his broad back rippling as he moved back and forth, faster and faster, moaning in ecstasy. “Man, that looks fucking awesome,” Jason groaned, flashing on the sight of the roped jock having his cock sucked by his gym partner. “Un-fucking-believable. Come on, do it, buddy. Suck my dick, worship it.” Jason tugged at his restraints, making his body writhe as it got sucked, indulging in the ultimate act of narcissism.

Jason groaned, “You're gonna make me shoot another load, buddy. Man, I can't hold back.” Lloyd felt the shaft pulse on the verge of orgasm, but at the last minute he pulled his mouth off the cock and gazed up at the ecstatic face. Jason had been about to shoot his load looking at himself as usual, but now, surprised, he stared down at Lloyd, at the square-jawed handsome face, saliva dripping from his open mouth, tears running down his cheeks. He was holding Jason's cock in his closed fist, pointing it at his gaping mouth.

And it was that erotic image of his good buddy waiting to drink his juice that made Jason howl, “You are so fucking gorgeous man – this is for you Aaagh!” A flood of semen spurted from his cock and slammed into Lloyd's face. The second stream, and those that followed, all hit their target of his mouth as he gulped hard, swallowing as much as he could, and holding the rest in his mouth.

Lloyd reached up, dug his fingers into Jason's chest through the tank and pulled himself to his feet. He clamped his mouth over Jason's and let the semen flow from one mouth to the other as they ground their lips together in a wild celebration of muscle-worship and narcissism.

Lloyd became a sexual animal, leaning down to lick the sweat-soaked tank, smothering it with the cum still oozing from his mouth. He bit the hard nipples, tearing the thin cotton over them, ripping it down with his teeth. He pulled back, leapt to his feet and stood behind Jason, looking over his shoulder into the mirror, both of them gazing at the athlete stretched in bondage.”

“Look at yourself, man,” Lloyd said. “You've never looked more beautiful than that. Fucking amazing. Shit, man, you're driving me crazy....” Lloyd pressed against his back, reached round and clamped his hands over the tank. He scraped his finger nails down the shirt, pulling it, tearing it as Jason yelled, “Yeah, do it, buddy rip that fucking shirt off him, man.” Intoxicated by the sound of ripping fabric Jason pulled down on the cables, his torso flexing hard, as he watched his chest and eight-pack abs being exposed.

When Lloyd finally lowered his hands he stared in awe at the mirror, at the bound jock, naked now except for the shreds of his tank hanging from his shoulders over his chest. “Holy shit,” Jason groaned, “that looks fucking incredible. I could bust another load just looking at it.”

“Not yet, buddy – not until I....” “Aaaagh.” Jason screamed and his body arched forward as he felt the long hard rod penetrate him and drive deep into his ass.

Lloyd howled in triumph. “You feel that, stud? You feel that pole in your ass? Remember how you tied me up, fucked my face, made me beg and submit to you? Like I said, man it’s payback time.” He grabbed Jason’s hips and pulled them back, slamming him onto his cock again and again as it pistoned inside his tortured ass.

The image in the mirror was unbelievable. The arrogant blond muscle-god was helpless, spread-eagled, the shreds of his tank hanging from his shoulders, sweat and tears pouring down his sculpted face, his gorgeous naked body writhing in pain, impaled on his workout buddy’s cock.

The sight was pornographic and sent Lloyd spinning out of control. Of all the men in the gym Jason was the most beautiful, swaggering around the gym flaunting his perfect body. But now here he was tied up naked with a cock pounding his ass. Lloyd was jack-hammering him, his huge shaft pile-driving deep into his shattered ass, as Jason’s body thrashed, pulling desperately on the cables. There was pain but Jason was numb to it, so turned on by the incredible mirror image of the tortured bodybuilder.

But eventually the pain took over and Lloyd saw the man open his mouth and scream, “That’s enough, man. You’re ripping me open I can’t take any more my ass aaagh.”

“Beg, man,” Lloyd yelled.

“OK, OK, I’m begging you, man. Please, sir – I submit. I give up – you’ve beaten me. Please, man, cum in my ass..... I can’t aaagh!!” He watched the agonized muscle-jock in the mirror as his strength failed, the cables jerked his body up taut, his ass slammed back onto the rod inside it and his cock blasted another ribbon of cum that slammed against the glass.

“Here it comes, man,” Lloyd howled as his cock exploded in his gym buddy’s ass, pouring hot semen inside him as he wrapped his arms tight round his sweat-soaked body. As his cock drained he stared in disbelief at the image of the defeated man. Nobody would believe the picture he saw – so Lloyd knew what he had to do.

He pulled his cock out of Jason’s ass, grabbed a whip from the wall and gently pushed the smooth leather handle into Jason’s ass. The movement was so subtle that Jason hardly felt it as he hung exhausted from the ropes. Lloyd went to a closet and pulled out a camera that he and Steve sometimes used in their sex games.

Lloyd wanted a record of this, the ultimate muscle-god worship. With the camera to his eye he walked around the prisoner, starting close on the whip, its raw-hide braids hanging from the perfect white globes of his ass, the body still shuddering, cum oozing from his ass and running

down his legs. Then Lloyd worked round to the front, sat in the chair and trained the camera on the most homoerotic sight he had ever seen.

The beautiful blond jock hung spread-eagled, sobbing quietly, tears and sweat streaming down his rugged face and onto his chest. His shuddering body was naked except for the shredded remains of his tank top, hanging from his shoulders and clinging to his chest. His muscular legs were stretched wide apart and his cock swung between them, still dripping cum.

“What happened to you, man?” Lloyd asked quietly.

Jason stared at himself in all his bound glory and said, “My workout buddy tied me up and got off looking at me, pounding his meat until he shot his load. He crawled to me, worshiping me, and he sucked my dick and made me shoot in his mouth. Then he ripped my tank off my body, and shoved his prong up my ass. He fucked me so bad I shot another load over the mirror.”

He fell silent, gazing at an image of himself he had never seen before, so pornographic that, incredibly, his cock started to swell again. Lloyd walked around keeping his camera trained on the broken jock for many minutes, then moved in for an extreme close-up of the handsome, tear-stained face. “Tell, me, man,” Lloyd said.

Jason stared straight into the camera lens. “We competed in the gym and you beat me. You win, man. I can’t take any more. That whip is torturing my, ass. I give up I submit man. You are the best.”

Jason’s head fell forward and Lloyd pulled back for the final shot of the broken jock, his spectacular body hanging from the ropes, his head hanging down in total humiliation.

Lloyd turned off the camera and said, “That’s a wrap buddy.” He walked up to him, took his face in his hands and kissed him, and both of them probed hungrily with their tongues. Then Lloyd pulled back and smiled at Jason. “Un-fucking-believable, man. God that was beautiful. Whenever I need to jack off in the future all I have to do is remember that.”

Jason grinned. “You made it look so fucking good, man. We gotta do this again soon.”

“Absolutely,” Lloyd said. “And in the meantime I got something to show you.” Quickly he untied Jason, pulled the whip gently out of his ass and led him over to the far corner of the big room where a small couch faced the wall, on which hung a large video screen. He plugged the camera into the computer beneath it, then grabbed a couple of beers from the small fridge and they sat together on the couch.

Lloyd pressed the remote and the screen lit up with the stunning sight of the muscular bond jock in bondage, a whip hanging out of his ass. Lloyd took a swig of beer and said, “Now this, buddy is one of the best porn sequences you’ll ever see. You get off looking at yourself? So let’s see how many times we can bust a load watching it.

And so the house fell quiet. While Lloyd and Jason settled into their jack-off marathon downstairs in the gym, Eddie was fast asleep in the arms of the Aussie-hunk Adam, and Nate was in the master bedroom being woken intermittently by Steve's cock in his ass.

But what of Hassan and Ben, the fourth couple brought together by Steve's inventive partner-swapping therapy? Actually, they weren't in the house at all. After the drawing of names when the couples had paired off, Hassan had grabbed a couple of beers and taken Ben to their assigned room, where Ben fidgeted nervously, much like Eddie and Nate before Adam and Steve had put them at their ease and loosened their inhibitions.

That task now fell to Hassan. They sat together on a couch, opened their beers and took a swig. Ben glanced sideways at the handsome Marine wearing jeans and a V-neck khaki T-shirt that stretched over his muscular torso, leaving little of his flawless body to the imagination. He felt a bit scared of the big soldier but also felt his cock stiffen in his shorts.

"Well, Ben," Hassan smiled, "we've never spent much time together before. Guess now's the time to get to know each other. So how did you feel about drawing my name from the hat?"

"Actually, sir, a bit nervous. I mean I heard all the stories of the times you've tangled with my big brother Randy and fought with him. They still talk of the time Pablo followed you down to Pendleton 'cause you were so hot and he thought he was in love with you. Randy hit the roof and you two had a huge fight then."

"You're right, kid," Hassan shrugged, "but that's all pretty much water under the bridge. Randy and I have made our peace."

"On the other hand...." said Ben

"Oh good," Hassan grinned, "there's an 'other hand'."

"Yes, sir. See I've got pretty friendly with Eddie and he's crazy in love with you. He tells me all about you and the sex you have and all the fantasies you've taken him on. They sound wild, sir, and I was kinda hoping...."

Hassan laughed. "As the movie says, 'you'll have what he's having'. I think we can arrange that, but first things first. You seem to know a lot about me, so why don't you fill me in about you. You came from Texas not long ago, right?"

Loosening up now Ben told his story – how he was the youngest of six brothers who were pretty much raised by their oldest brother Randy. "We moved around a lot, sir, kind of a band of gypsies and Randy took care of us all – he was great with his fists, sir, which he had to be

often.” Ben’s expression clouded over when he recalled how Randy had got married, so Ben lived with the next oldest brother Charlie for a while.

“I went through a lot of shit, hit a real rough patch and missed Randy a lot – his protection and all. So I hit the road and hitched and walked from Texas to California. I found Randy and it was great being with him again, but me and Pablo didn’t see eye to eye for a while. But then we got close – he even thought of me as his boy for a while. Then I met that gorgeous fireman Jason and I couldn’t believe that he liked me so much he asked me to be his boy – his gypsy boy, he calls me.”

“So you’re pretty happy with your life right now?”

“Sure am, sir.” Hassan had made Ben tell his story so he’d become relaxed, which he was now, taking a long swig of beer. “You know, sir,” he said, “I think Steve’s plan was a great idea – the boys spending a night with a different master...” He let the thought hang in the air and Hassan realized the boy had given him an opening.

Hassan said, “You remember how Eddie told me I should give you a good time as you’re his friend?” Ben nodded, with a gleam in his eye. “OK, so I gotta do what my boy wants.” He turned and smiled at Ben. “Do you want a little adventure, kiddo?”

“Yes please, sir. I want that a lot.”

“OK. But, but there’s something real important you gotta trust me completely. Now if ever a stranger tells you to trust him, don’t! Ever.” Ben grinned, “Oh, I know that sir. Randy tells me that all the time. And I learned it the hard way hitchhiking had to slug a few of the guys who picked me up. But, sir, I do trust you. You’re so good to Eddie I know you would never do anything bad.”

“Yeah,” Hassan smiled, “plus you’re Randy’s kid brother and if I let anything happen to you he’d come down on me like a raging bull. So, good, that’s settled and we can have some fun.” He stared at the muscular young boy with the wild dark looks of a gypsy. “Hmm, the gypsy boy, eh? Always been one of my fantasies. I’m gonna take you on a little trip, boy.”

Ben hadn’t realized that Hassan’s ‘little trip’ was meant literally. The Marine led him out of the house into the bright moonlight and the warm Santa Ana breeze and in a few minutes Ben found himself with Hassan in his jeep, driving along the crest of the Hollywood Hills on the winding Mulholland Drive. They didn’t speak and Ben knew from Eddie that Hassan usually fell silent when he was he was planning something hot. Shit, just sitting next to the gorgeous soldier, their arms touching on the armrest, was already giving Ben a boner in his shorts.

They had been driving for a while when Hassan veered off down a quiet narrow road where the terrain was heavily wooded, with no houses. He turned off again along a dirt track and they bumped along until the track petered out in dense trees. Hassan said, "This is where the local Marines come for training sometimes – it's real remote. I know my way around here but a man could get lost in these woods. A boy definitely could. That sent a shiver down Ben's spine.

OK, Ben," Hassan said with a half smile. "You wanted a fantasy like Eddie's, so here goes. Get out of the jeep."

Ben's heart was thumping in his chest as he stumbled out of the jeep and stood under Hassan's piercing gaze. "OK, strip." The command surprised Ben but he quickly obeyed, pulling off his T-shirt, shorts and briefs and tossing them in the jeep. He bent to untie his sneakers but Hassan ordered, "No – leave them on. You're gonna need them. Now, it's a full moon tonight and a stiff Santa Ana breeze, which is all to the good. So take off through the trees, boy, and I'll follow."

Ben gazed at Hassan and realized why he had insisted that he trust him. His resolve flickered, but he did trust the dominant Marine so he obeyed, plunging through the trees and into the woods. Hassan smile and reached into the jeep behind the seats. Before leaving work earlier he had change out his Marine uniform and stuffed it into the jeep. And that's what he pulled out now – his military combat gear. He smiled to himself as he pictured the naked gypsy boy struggling through the woods.

And struggling he was. The trees were dense , the undergrowth thick, but as he stumbled forward he got the hang of it, sometimes swinging from low branches over the brush, feeling a bit like Tarzan's boy swinging naked through the trees. It was an enchanted world with shafts of moonlight streaming through the canopy of trees, and the Santa Ana winds shaking the leaves as gusts whistled through them.

When his muscles began to ache Ben stopped for a breather and listened. But the only noise was the wind and muted sounds of animals scratching around somewhere in the forest. But there was no sound of Hassan following him and he suddenly felt very alone. A sudden strong gust of wind blew a branch across his face and it spooked him. A frisson of panic ran through him and his instinct was to get back to the jeep.

He turned round and was confronted by a wall of leaves and tangled branches. Which way had he come? No way of knowing. "*A boy could get lost in these woods.*" Hassan had been right – Ben was lost and again he felt panic. He stumbled through the trees, looking for something, anything that he recognized, but it all looked the same.

With increasing anxiety he picked up the pace, staggering forward, and saw in the distance a spot where the moon was brighter, the forest less dense, so he made for that. It must be a

clearing, he thought, but just as he reached it his foot caught on a fallen branch, he stumbled and fell on his face on patchy grass. One of his sneakers had come loose so he knelt on one knee to tie it tighter. As he focused on the shoe something – a sound – made him raise his head and he saw, a few yards away, heavy brown combat boots.

Slowly he raised his eyes and saw camouflage fatigues tucked into the boots. There was a wide belt at the waist, an olive green tank stretched over a powerful chest, with a sleeveless combat shirt hanging loose over it showing off muscular shoulders and arms. Ben gasped as he finally looked at the face – a rugged, squared-jawed face, the eyes hidden behind mirror sunglasses and a khaki cap pulled down over the high forehead.

Ben's panicky first impulse was to run. He turned but stumbled again and fell into the brush on his back, staring up at the formidable soldier, arms crossed over his massive chest. The voice was stern and deep. "What the fuck are you doing here, boy? This land is private – property of the U.S. Marines – off-limits to civilians. What's a naked young gypsy boy doing here. You living in the woods? You spying on the military? Talk, boy!"

Ben gulped, "Sir, I I ..." but words failed him and he lapsed into silence. Every fiber of his body was tense with nervous anticipation. Deep down at an almost subconscious level he felt relief, knowing it was Hassan, but in the shock of the moment his wildest fantasy kicked in. He was naked, lost in the woods, had stumbled into a clearing and was now at the mercy of this intimidating Marine. But even his fear did not prevent the tingling sensation in his cock.

In the silence Hassan gazed down at the swarthy young boy with the beautiful gypsy face, long black hair hanging over his brow, his pale blue eyes shaded by thick black eyebrows, his strong jaw dark with stubble. His body was stunning – youthful, perfectly formed muscles as he crouched before him, a long, uncut cock hanging from a dark mass of wiry black pubic hair.

"Come closer, boy," the Marine said. Ben had recovered from his first shock and now there was a streak of insolence in his eyes as he stared at the soldier. "I said, come here, punk!" the soldier barked. The naked young gypsy fell on all fours and crawled forward until he was kneeling at the soldier's feet. He felt a hand grab his hair, pull his face up and he found himself staring up at the exotic slanted brown eyes of the Marine who had taken off his glasses and cap and tossed them on the ground.

"Now, are you gonna talk, boy, or do I have to make you?" Ben clenched his jaw in silence. "Right, that's how it's gonna be. The soldier walked behind him and pulled his arms behind him. Ben struggled but it was useless and only made the soldier angrier. "Fuck you, boy," he yelled, pulling a rope from his pocket and securing the gypsy boy's wrists behind his back. He walked away to the edge of the clearing, took off his shirt and leaned against a low branch, stretching his arms sideway along it.

The young gypsy on his knees inhaled sharply as he saw the outlines of the Marine's muscular torso under the tight tank, saw his shoulders and biceps flex and fists clench. He saw the black

hair under his armpits and could almost smell the sweat dripping from them. But what he focused on most was the huge bulge at the crotch of his fatigues.

His deep voice resonated across the clearing. “You think you’re tough, boy, but you should know that I can make a punk like you talk in seconds. In the Arabian Desert it was my job to torture enemy soldiers until I broke them. And I always broke them. So you will talk, boy, but I’m gonna enjoy working you over first. You may be a gypsy, but you’re a damn hot young buck – that face, that mouth, your muscular body. In the Marine Corps I don’t get my rocks off as often as I need and I get plenty horny – build up a head of steam – like now.”

“Sir,” the boy said defiantly, “I don’t have sex with men.”

The soldier strode across the clearing and slapped his hand across the gypsy’s face, but so lightly that it merely stung. “Listen, punk. I call the shots here and you’ll do what I tell you, is that clear?” Shocked into submission Ben shouted in Marine style, “Sir, yes sir.”

The soldier grabbed his hair again and pulled his face hard onto the bulge at his crotch. Ben’s open mouth was forced onto the rough fabric of the fatigues and he felt the rigid length of the man’s cock underneath, smelled the faint odor of piss, cum and sweat through the greasy pants and even tasted the wet spots where pre-cum was already oozing through.

“You know what I need, boy. So, you’ve never sucked dick before eh? Well that stiff pole of yours tells another story – and I’m horny as hell.” Ben’s cock was standing straight out from his tangle of pubic hair. His hands still tied behind him, he leaned his head forward and his tongue found the tag of the pants’ zipper. He clenched it in his teeth and slowly jerked it down.

The pants fell open to reveal a khaki jockstrap underneath. Ben pressed his open mouth over it and tasted the even stronger essence of the soldier’s pungent juices. He sucked hard, felt the cock swell and saw the head push up over the jock’s waistband. He bit into the sweaty cloth and pulled the jock down over the cock, over the balls. Intoxicated now he buried his face in the pubic hair, sucking in the rancid taste, then licked the swinging balls.

“My cock, boy,” the Marine growled. “Suck my fucking prick.” He grabbed the boy’s hair and pulled the head back, the huge cock pointing straight at it. Then he yanked his face forward, slamming his cock straight down the boy’s throat. Ben choked, breathing desperately though his nose as the cock pulled back and slammed in again. Instinctively he pulled against the ropes binding his wrists, frantically wanting to push against the hips pounding him, but he knew he was at the mercy of the powerful Marine.

Contrary to the fantasy lie he had told the soldier just now, Ben had become a great cocksucker, coached by his pal Eddie, the expert. And now he put all his skills to the test as he sucked hard on the piston driving down his throat. “Shit, boy,” the soldier yelled, “that’s fucking awesome – your mouth’s like a furnace. “Eat that soldier’s stinking meat, punk.” He put his big hands behind Ben’s head and forced his mouth again and again down the length of his pole.

In a euphoric daze Ben thought he would suffocate, but he remembered Eddie's lesson and in one last desperate move he clenched his throat muscles round the cock, trapping it deep in the cauldron of his throat. He felt it shudder as the Marine howled, "Aaagh, you fucking little prick," and his cock erupted in blasts of semen that poured down into Ben's gut. Ben's own cock opened up and shot hot juice down over the soldier's boots.

When the boy had sucked the cock almost dry the soldier suddenly pulled out his cock and shot one last jet of cum into the boy's face. "Look what you did to my boots, punk. Clean 'em up!" Ben leaned down and licked the combat boots, sucking up his own jism until they were clean. Then the Marine paced round the clearing as he stuffed his cock back in his jock and zipped up his pants. He stopped and looked down at the gypsy boy on his knees, wrists bound behind him, tears, sweat and jism running down his dark, handsome face, semen oozing from his sagging mouth and running down his chin.

"Shit," the Marine groaned, "you are one hot mother-fucker, boy. Hell, I can feel my cock getting hard again just looking at you." He went back to the branch at the edge of the clearing, leaned against it and pulled off his tank. "Aaah!" Ben let out a gasp at the sight of the rugged Marine, stripped to the waist, the sculpted muscles of his torso gleaming in the moonlight.

The soldier smirked, "You think that's hot, eh, you straight little gypsy boy? Happened a lot when I worked in interrogation. Some of the captured soldiers fell in love with me even as I tortured their asses. Whenever I had a young soldier in chains, you know how I finally broke him? I fucked his ass, that's how. Even thinking about some of those fine asses makes my dick hard." He ripped open his pants again and pulled his dick out of his jock. "See?" His cock was hard as steel and he stroked it.

"There was an American soldier, blond, the most beautiful man I had ever seen – a Greek God – and he fell in love with me – lust, anyway – as he hung in chains and I tortured his gorgeous body. I planned to take him to my house in the desert, chain him up and keep him as my sex slave. But he overpowered me and escaped. But you're a hot young stud, so maybe I'll do that to you – chain you up in my basement and fuck your face, then your ass, every time I get horny – which is most of the time. Show me your ass."

Ben turned round and flexed the mounds of his perfect ass. "The Marine ran his hands through his hair, "Oh, man, that is perfect. I want that ass." He walked over to Ben, untied his wrists and barked, "Assume the position, boy." Ben bent double and held onto his ankles. "Shit damn!" The Marine grabbed Ben's hips, leaned down and pushed his tongue into the crack of his ass. The boy groaned with pleasure, especially when he felt wet fingers ease into his ass and massage the warm membrane inside.

They withdrew and then nothing – just the hands still gripping his hips. Then suddenly, “Aaaagh!” Ben’s scream echoed through the woods as he felt the Marine’s long, wet shaft slam into him. He would have fallen forward but the soldier held his body firmly in place as he hammered his captive ass. The bolt of pain that shot through him was quickly replaced by the euphoria of the moment – the shirtless Marine pile-driving the ass of the naked young gypsy boy standing bent double in the middle of the forest under the silver light of the full moon, the hot winds whining through the trees and around their bodies.

Suddenly the soldier jerked his knees behind Ben’s legs making him fall to his knees then onto his stomach, with the soldier on top of him, still fucking his ass with no break in the rhythm. The Marine leaned forward, pinned the boy’s arms to the ground and growled in his ear, “I’m gonna ream your ass until I hear you submit, boy. I can always break a man this way and I’ll break you. Like this” He increased the speed and intensity of the fuck, slamming his long shaft again and again deep into the boy’s ass.

Ben tried to hold out, tried to defy him, but the pain was becoming intense and he knew he couldn’t win. “OK, sir,” he yelled. “I can’t take that huge cock anymore sir. I give up I submit to you, sir. I’ll be your sex slave sir. Please, sir I surrender....!!” The savage fuck stopped, Ben felt himself being flipped over and he was gazing up into the exotic, slanted brown eyes staring down at him, black hair falling over them, sweat dripping down onto Ben’s face.

“Shit, you are one wild young gypsy stud, boy. I’m gonna shoot my load in you but you’re not gonna cum – that’s an order.” Ben gasped, “No, sir, I won’t cum. Thank you sir Thank you. Please let me feel your juice in my ass.”

It took only seconds. The Marine’s ferocity was gone, replaced by a benign strength as his cock moved gently inside the boy’s ass just a few times before it shuddered and shot hot semen deep inside him. Ben had promised not to cum but it took every ounce of control not to, as he felt the Marine’s man-juice pouring inside him. Hassan knew the struggle the boy was having so he suddenly pulled out and astonished Ben by rolling on his back on the ground.

Hassan pulled his pants and jock down to his knees and said, “That soldier I wanted to kidnap and chain in my house overpowered me like I said. But before he left, he pinned me to the ground and got his revenge. He fucked my ass and that’s when I fell in love with him.” His eyes filled with tears. “Fuck me, Ben. Let me see that beautiful gypsy boy fuck the ass of the hot stud Marine.

The words alone almost made Ben lose his load. In a daze he climbed on top of the soldier, grabbed his boots and pushed his legs up high. He spat on his cock that was oozing pre-cum, pressed it against the soldier’s hole, then sighed as he eased it into his warm ass, watching the handsome face twist from side to side in ecstasy. “Man, that feels so good,” Hassan moaned. “You’re such a beautiful boy, Ben. Fuck me fuck that big Marine fuck his ass, boy.”

And so he did, slowly, gently, watching the soldier writhe in ecstasy under him. There was a sudden gust of wind and Ben felt he was floating in another world, a secret world where the naked gypsy boy got lost in the forest, was captured by a gorgeous Marine, and ended up fucking the soldier's ass. Ben smiled at Hassan and said, "Thank you, sir. I love you, sir. Permission to cum in your ass, sir?"

"Permission granted, boy" Hassan grinned. He pulled Ben on top of him, kissed his eyes then his mouth as he felt the boy tense, heard him sigh as his warm juice flowed into his ass. The hot wind whirled over them as their heartbeats subsided and Hassan gazed into Ben's moonlit face.

"We'll stay here for a while before we go back to Steve's house," Hassan said. Then his face broke into a grin. "Or maybe I really will take you to my house in the desert and keep you there as my sex slave."

Ben laughed. "I don't think Jason would approve of that, sir."

"Nah, neither would Eddie," Hassan said. "Like you said, he's crazy in love with me and I'm crazy in love with him."

"Glad to hear it, sir. Eddie's my friend."

Hassan wrapped his arms round Ben and they clung together in silence, listening to the wind winding through the trees and the sounds of animals hidden in the dense forest. They could almost imagine pairs of eyes shining in the brush, gazing in awe at the soldier and the gypsy.

The following morning in Steve's house everyone, naturally, slept in late. When they finally emerged into the sunlight they blinked in surprise. A long table was set up by the pool at the edge of the deck, elaborately set for breakfast, and smells of cooking and coffee wafted from the house. Bob had brought the twins up to the house on a hunch that all the guys would sleep late and need a good breakfast when they finally woke. He had helped the twins prepare it.

"Shit, man," Steve laughed, hugging Bob, "what are you, the genie from the lamp? All I have to do is rub the lamp and you rise up from it."

"Not the lamp, buddy. Have to rub something else to make me rise up," Bob said, pressing his crotch against Steve's.

The boys were happily reunited with their real masters and pressed close to them at the table. Steve was gratified to see man and boy gaze lovingly at each other with renewed affection his plan had worked. "Chalk another one up to the sexy shrink," Bob grinned.

After the meal the boys gathered in a tight group, everyone talking at once about their adventures of the night before. The twins came over to Lloyd. "Sir, you think we could borrow your camera? Darius will never forgive us if we don't get this on video." Lloyd fetched his camera from the basement and gave it to the boys, along with a disk. "Here's a copy of a video Jason and I shot last night." He winked. "Think you might enjoy it."

A few minutes later the boys were taking turns telling their stories under the unflinching gaze of the camera lens. At the table the men watched in amusement, chatting with each other casually but subtly making sure their boys had been well treated by their one-night master and had a good time. "Seems like you worked you magic again, Doctor Steve," Bob said. Steve gave a satisfied smile. "Yeah, seems to have worked well. If nothing else you guys sure got to know the other men's boys a lot better."

"That young Eddie's a real champ," said Adam. "You're a lucky bloke, Hassan. But one thing Eddie said surprised me claims he's never ridden in an airplane."

"Yeah, that limited life of his has been bothering me too," said Hassan. "Seems he's never quite shaken off the role of shy bar-back. I gotta broaden his horizons."

"Same goes for Ben," Jason said. "Never been in a plane. Even when he left that hard-scrabble life in Texas, he hitched and walked all the way up here to L.A. You know what they say – you can take the boy out of the gypsies but you can't take the gypsy out of the boy. Not that I'd want to, but all the same I'd like to give him a glimpse of the finer things of life."

"You know," Bob said, "Randy was once concerned that Pablo was becoming not much more than a grease monkey, with his love of cars and all. He asked me to clean him up, fly him up to San Francisco, stay in a fancy hotel a couple of days..... show him there's more to life than leaning under the hood of a greasy old truck."

"You've got a plan," grinned Lloyd.

"Well, I was thinking. Hassan, Jason, maybe we should do the same for your boys – help them spread their wings. Ben and Eddie are good buddies, after all. They'd have fun."

Jason was enthusiastic and Hassan smiled, "You're just like Steve, Bob – you always have a plan. But if it's even half as successful as Steve's, I say let's go for it."

Over in the group of boys Eddie and Ben were talking animatedly to each other, unaware of what was in store for them.

#

Chapter 208 – The Boys Of L.A. Do Chicago

The rest of the day was a lazy one, with everyone recovering from the night before, men re-coupling with their boys more affectionately than ever as they listened to their stories. Bob and the twins were persuaded to stay, having made sure that Jamie and Mario back at the house were taking care of the men's appetites for dinner and of Mark's appetites later in bed.

Bob, Hassan and Jason unveiled their plan to Eddie, Ben and the twins, whom Bob wanted to include in the trip. The details would all be settled later, but the mere notion of taking a plane trip for the first time thrilled Eddie and Ben who talked of nothing else, and pumped the twins for details of a couple of plane trips Bob had taken them on in the past..

It wasn't until Sunday evening that the party in the hills broke up, with effusive goodbyes and thanks to Steve and Lloyd. Nate pulled Steve aside and whispered, "Sir, could we do that again sometime soon? And maybe you could make sure I pull your name out of the hat again."

"Cheat, you mean?" Steve smiled in mock horror. "Well, let's just call it bending the rules, something I happen to be good at. I'd sure get off spending another night under the stars with you – if Adam doesn't mind, of course."

There were similar promises all round to 'do it again soon' and then they all left. Steve turned to Lloyd. "Hey, listen to that silence. I miss them already. Now, about that show you and Jason put on for each other down in the gym. Feel like giving me a demonstration?"

Arriving back at the house the boys all huddled in what Darius, with his overblown sense of drama, called emergency session. Actually it was a glorified film fest, replaying the video of the boys telling their story. The undoubted climax was the video Lloyd had made of Jason, the muscle-jock fireman spread-eagled, naked, covered in sweat and cum, begging to be released. That one was played over and over in a continuous loop, accompanied by howls of orgasm.

As for Bob, all through dinner he was very aware of the impatient look in Randy's eyes as he fixed his gaze on him. As soon as the meal was over Bob excused them both and allowed himself to be pulled into the house and upstairs to their room.

"And that," Mark grinned, "is what, in the past, used to be called Randy re-establishing ownership."

"Still is, if you ask me," Zack grunted.

In the bedroom Bob and Randy opened a couple of beers and kicked back. They were both in jeans and T-shirts – Randy's an old frayed gray one and Bob's a crisp white V-neck shirt, his biceps bulging just below the tight short sleeves. Randy looked him over and shook his head.

“You know, buddy, I still come unglued when you go away and spend time with the other guys – even for a weekend.” He tried to hold back his next question but force of habit compelled him to ask, “Did anyone fuck you?”

Bob sighed and smiled wearily. “No, Randy – nobody fucked me. But they did talk a lot about sex, especially Lloyd and Jason’s body-worship marathon in the gym.”

“Yeah, I heard about that. Jason was full of it at dinner. Seems like they’ve got a scalding hot video of it.” Randy grinned finally and changed the subject. “So, you’re gonna do one of your cleanup numbers on Ben and Eddie, just like you did that time on Pablo.”

“Yeah,” Bob said. “You OK with me taking your little brother off to some fancy hotel – maybe rub some of the gypsy boy off him?”

“Sure, I’d trust him with you anywhere. Probably do the kid some good, though you’re never gonna take the gypsy out of him, anymore than you could out of me. Me and my brother have gypsy blood in us and we’re proud of it. I remember when you cleaned me up and took me off to some luxury hotel – made me wear a coat and tie. Maybe you prefer me like that.”

“Get out of here,” Bob laughed. “You’re not the preppy type, far from it. Nothing stylish about you, man. You’ll always be the rough, tough construction boss with the stubbled jaw, muscle-stud body in a ragged tank top and greasy cargo pants – arrogance for days and a huge, permanently-hard dick. Which is just as well – ‘cause that’s exactly what turns me on.”

Randy grinned at the Superman face, the square jaw, high cheekbones, tousled dark hair that fell over his forehead, and the soft brown eyes that always made Randy go weak at the knees. “Shit, buddy, you’re so fucking gorgeous. I’m fucking crazy about you, man, you know that?”

“Yeah, actually I do know that,” Bob said haughtily. “Worked that one out the first day we met.”

“You vain son-of-a-bitch,” Randy grinned. “Now who’s arrogant? You know, one of the greatest pleasures of my life is knocking that cocky, too-cool-for-school business executive down to size – making him crawl to the construction worker. And you are gonna get your ass so fucking fucked, pal. But as we’re talking vain here, first you’re gonna give me some of what Jason gave Lloyd in that gym.”

“No problem there, man,” said Bob, jumping to his feet, raising his arms and flexing hard in a bodybuilder’s pose so every sculpted muscle in his torso bulged under his T-shirt. Randy sprawled in his chair ready for the show, unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. He stroked it as he watched his gorgeous lover go to the wall and adjust the lights, leaving on just the overhead spots that shed pools of pink light onto the floor. Randy had installed the spots for just such a moment as this.

Bob knew his lighting (he got lessons from Jason) and stood under the central spotlight that cast a pink glow over his white T-shirt highlighting his muscular torso underneath. Randy stroked harder, murmuring, "Fucking beautiful, man. Shit damn, to think that I'm gonna sleep with that stud tonight – tonight and every night. Come on, big guy, take it off."

"Is that an order?" Bob grinned.

"Damn right it is either that or I'll rip the fucker off."

Bob raised his eyes to the wall mirror behind Randy's chair. He ran his hands over his T-shirt and squeezed his nipples with a sharp intake of breath. Finally, after teasing Randy almost to the point of orgasm, he reached behind his neck and slowly pulled his shirt up, exposing his eight-pack abs and square pecs, then off over his head. He tossed it like a stripper to Randy who caught it, held it to his face and inhaled deeply, beating his cock faster with his other hand.

Again Bob struck a pose, pressing his fists into his waist, flaring his lats and pushing his shoulders forward. "Aaah," Randy sighed deeply, staring wide-eyed at the muscle-god stripped to the waist. "Damn that's so fucking...." He pulled his hand sharply away from his cock to stop himself pumping a load of cum." Bob smiled at himself in the mirror, proud of his talent for driving Randy crazy. There was more than one way to torture a man.

He paced round the room, walking through the alternating pools of light and shadow, letting the spots play over his flawless physique like a slow-moving disco ball. Even though Randy had ordered this show, Bob, the stripper, was totally in charge, playing Randy, reeling him in like a fish. He stood in front of Randy, his legs spread wide, and opened the top two buttons of his jeans, showing the fine hairs on his stomach poking over the top of his boxer briefs.

"Man, I can't...." Impatiently Randy started to rise from his chair but Bob ordered, "Stay right where you are, stud. You ain't seen nothin' yet." He kicked off his loafers and resumed pacing round the room letting his loosened jeans ride lower and lower on his waist. Randy was stroking his cock again, slowly, carefully, as he moaned, "Come on, man, please. You're driving me insane here. Feels like I've already cum a dozen times watching you. I wanna see you naked, man please....."

"All you had to do was beg," Bob grinned. He ripped open his jeans all the way and let them drop, stepping out of them wearing only tight, white boxer briefs that vividly displayed the bulge of his hard cock and the mounds of his ass as he paraded them before the tormented construction worker. Bob reached up to one of the ceiling beams and pressed his hands against it, leaning slightly forward right in front of Randy, every muscle of his body flexed.

"Holy shit," Randy moaned and again whipped his hand away from his cock, he was so close to busting a load as he gazed up at the stunning, near naked muscleman leaning over him. Bob sprang back and laughed, "Nearly had you that time, big guy. You know I've got you by the balls, don't you? I can reel you in just when I want."

“Yeah,” Randy growled, surrendering to a man he idolized.

“OK, so try this on for size.” Bob slid his hands down his sides, under the waistband of his briefs and pushed them slowly down, letting them pool round his ankles. His huge cock sprang out like a pole and he grabbed it in his fist. Randy was sprawled in his chair mesmerized and Bob stood between his splayed legs, pointing his cock down at him. “I can play you like a flute, buddy, and you know it. I can make you cum just when I want. I just wanna hear that big tough construction boss beg me for release.”

Both men were beating their meat now, staring at each other, floating into their small private corner of paradise. In a trance Randy groaned, “Please let me cum, man. You wanna hear me beg? OK, I’m begging. You’re so fucking gorgeous let me cum for you”

Bob smiled a satisfied smile. Without another word he stroked his cock harder, gazing down at the rugged gypsy face, with its stubbled jaw and tangled black hair. He pointed his cock straight at it and howled, “I love you man,” as a jet of white blasted from it and hit Randy full in the face.

“Aaaagh!” Randy’s scream echoed round the room as his cock exploded in a shower of semen that spurted up high and fell on his own face and the T-shirt stretched over his chest, mixing with the pools of his lover’s cum.

Bob again grabbed the beam and leaned over Randy, the remains of his jism dripping down onto his face. Randy looked up at him in awe. “Son-of-a-bitch,” he growled. “You’re the only man who can make me beg like that.” But whenever Randy was facing near defeat in a trial of strength he was empowered with a surge of adrenaline to even greater effort – and now was no exception. He pushed Bob back and sprang to his feet.

“Guess you’re real proud of yourself, eh, stud, making me bust my load like that? Well like you said, ‘you ain’t seen nothin’ yet’ either starting with this.” He pulled off his sweaty, cum-soaked T-shirt and pressed it against Bob’s face, holding his head tight so he couldn’t wriggle free. Bob had no choice but to breathe in the pungent stink of Randy’s cum and his own. The smell of the construction workers juices, his sweat and semen, always drove him wild and he could already feel his own cock growing stiff.

Then Randy did something he had never done before. He pressed his mouth against the shirt, feeling Bob’s lips through the thin fabric. He ground their mouths together, both of them biting the cloth, squeezing the cum from it and swallowing the musky juice. Through the shirt they could feel each other’s hot breath but had the exquisite frustration of their tongues almost touching, but impeded by the frayed cotton.

Randy pulled away, grabbed the shirt and wiped it hard over Bob's face. When he let it drop Bob's Superman features were gleaming wet with their juices, his eyes wide with exhilaration. "Shit damn that's hot," Randy breathed and he licked Bob's face all over, cleaning off the cum. Then he fixed Bob with his steel blue eyes. "OK, buddy, so you think you've escaped getting your ass fucked by draining my dick. Well think again asshole.... get a load of this."

His cock was still out of his pants and was astonishingly as hard as steel so soon after his orgasm. "See that? They don't call me a fuck machine for nothing, pal, and you're gonna feel it. Get over here." Grabbing the back of Bob's neck Randy steered him over to face the mirror on the wall. Standing behind him Randy gripped Bob's wrists and forced him to bend forward with his arms spread upward, his palms flat against the glass.

Randy pulled away, spat in his hand and lubricated his cock with his saliva as he gazed with satisfaction at the muscled back and the white globes of the ass pushing outward as Bob leaned against the mirror. He kicked Bob's legs wide apart so he was, in effect, spread-eagled looking at his own reflection. Randy said, "Yeah, take a good look, big guy. Look at that fucking gorgeous muscle-stud come on, flex those muscles, man. Looks incredible, eh?"

Bob got off on being forced to stare at himself so close to the mirror. "Yeah that looks hot," he breathed. "Shit, he's gorgeous look at that face, the body, he's so aaagh!" Bob screamed as he felt the rod pile-driving into his ass, saw the raging gypsy face over his shoulder. "No, man Jesus, it hurts so bad. Take it out, I....."

"You telling me what to do, asshole?" Randy barked "You telling me to stop?" Bob said urgently, "No, sir, I would never please, sir, don't stop. Please fuck my ass" Tears ran down his face as he braced against the mirror for the onslaught that he knew was coming. Randy grabbed Bob's hips and the huge cock pistoned inside him, time after time, so hard that Bob thought he would collapse against the mirror.

But suddenly it stopped and Bob heard Randy's soft voice in his ear. "We both know I could rip you open, stud, but why would I do that to the man I love more than anything in the world? Here, let me show you how much."

His cock eased gently in and out of Bob's ass as Randy kissed the back of his neck, bit it lightly, ran his tongue up into the dark hair curled at the nape. There were tears in Randy's eyes as he whispered, "God, you feel good. I love you like crazy, man. You're my life. I'll show you. I want you to feel my jizz flowing in your ass. You think you can cum again, buddy?"

"For you, Randy, always, anywhere. Fuck me, buddy. My ass is yours." Randy pushed forward until Bob was pressed against the mirror, his cock stretched up between his stomach and the glass. Randy reached up and put his hands over Bob's, pressing them against mirror. He pushed his face over Bob's shoulder and kissed his reflection in the mirror. Bob pressed his own lips against the glass so it was like four men with their mouths locked together.

Their faces turned to each other and Randy murmured. "I'm gonna cum inside you, Bob." Their lips joined, they moaned into each other's mouths, their bodies tensed as Bob felt his lover's juice flowing inside him and his own cum spurting up between his chest and the glass.

They stayed pressed together for a long time, breathing as one, their hearts beating in unison. But at last Randy's jubilant enthusiasm took over. He pulled out of Bob's ass, grabbed him by the waist and with a triumphant yell picked him up and tossed him onto the bed. Bob's eyes sparkled as he gazed up at wild gypsy kicking off his boots, yanking open his pants and letting them drop. With a whoop of sheer joy the naked man launched himself down on his lover and they rolled over and over, kissing licking, bighting as their passion overflowed.

Exhausted, they finally lay in each other's arms and Randy said, "Man, I'm gonna miss you when you take the boys on that trip. You gotta call me every day, right?"

"Sure," Bob laughed. "And when I get back...."

"When you get back you're all mine, and we'll celebrate. I've already got plans for us...."

"Don't I have a say in that?"

Hell, no," Randy growled. "I'm the boss remember?"

"Oh yeah, so you are," Bob smiled. "I keep forgetting that."

"Asshole," Randy said, pulling him closer.

Next morning Jamie was already working in the office when Bob walked in, looking disheveled despite the glow that surrounded him. "Good morning, sir," Jamie grinned mischievously. "Sleep well?"

Bob laughed, "No, not really I'm glad to say." His high spirits were infectious and Jamie eagerly broached the next topic. "Sir, I assume you want me to help you plan this fancy trip you're taking the boys on."

"You wouldn't mind doing that? You feel OK that we're taking only Ben, Eddie and the twins?"

"Oh, no problem there, sir. Mark takes me lots of places, and we've already done the luxury hotel thing down at the Ritz in Laguna where we met Mario. It'll be great for the guys – provided they bring back pictures and videos for Darius's 'family album' as he calls it. He'll insist on de-briefing them."

“Of course he will,” Bob smiled. “OK, here’s the plan. There will be seven of us, me, Hassan, Jason and the boys. We’ve decided on Chicago, for several reasons. I want a decent length for the boys’ first flight and LAX to Chicago’s four hours. Also, my firm has a branch office there that’s overdue for a visit, so that’ll make it a business trip for me and the firm will pay my share. And we have a deal with the Four Seasons Hotel there that gives us a good corporate rate.

“Sir,” Jamie said, “you don’t have to worry about the flight. We run all the construction company expenses through our airline credit cards so we’ve earned a ton of frequent-flyer miles – more than we’ll ever use. You could even push the boat out and fly first class. The boys would go crazy for that, and you did promise to show them how the other half lives. If you leave it to me, sir, I can book the airline and hotel for you. I’d love to do that, sir.”

Bob’s eyes sparkled. “Boy, you are not just a pretty face, are you? But I always knew that about you. Hell, I’d tell Mark how terrific you’re being except that, knowing that hot cop, he’d probably want to give you some big reward that I suspect might involve your ass.”

Jamie blushed and smiled. “Oh, no problem there, sir. No problem at all.”

Later, out in the garden in the late afternoon lull before dinner, all the boys were gathered round the table as Ben and Eddie excitedly pumped the others for information about what to expect on the plane and in a classy hotel. Jamie and Nate, who had flown together to Australia, explained many things, starting with going through airport security. “You should wear loose fitting shoes ‘cause you’ll have to take them off at security,” Nate said.

Ben gave him a withering look. “Dude, don’t you know that all the cool guys wear unlaced sneakers? So no problem there.”

Eddie frowned as he asked Mario, “You worked at a fancy hotel, dude, so you’d know this. At the hotel, if I I mean, if I kinda well, if any of the hotel staff are hot guys, is it OK to have sex with them?”

Mario laughed heartily. “Well, Eddie, it sure worked for me. It all depends whether the staff is into it. I sure was the minute I clapped eyes on Jamie and Mark so I worked my ass like crazy and well, the rest is history and here I am. Of course, you can’t do it behind Hassan’s back, but I’d say that once any of the hotel staff get a look at you and that hot Marine they’ll be dying to get double-teamed by you.”

Darius adopted a serious tone as he said to the boys, “Now listen dudes, I’m thinking about prosperity here....” Interrupted by a chorus of “*posterity*” he waved it away with, “Yeah, yeah, whatever. Anyway, I’m lending you my camera and I want you to bring back as much footage as you can, especially the sex stuff – you know, stuff a dude can jack off to.” Met with howls of laughter Darius stared at them wide-eyed. “What? You know, you guys’ll be thanking me later

when you're old and on the couch, jacking off to these videos of when you were all hot young dudes."

Just then Bob came home and pulled the twins aside. "Kyle, Kevin, tomorrow I'd like you to take Eddie and Ben shopping at one of the malls – the Beverly Center is good. Use my credit card to buy them a couple of smart outfits – you know, slacks, polo shirts, loafers, and they'll need a dress-shirt jacket and tie. They've probably never worn a tie so you might show them how to tie it. While you're at it, pick up something for yourselves – whatever you want."

The next few days were a hive of activity and mounting excitement as preparations got under way. Bob, Jason and Hassan arranged time off work as they would be staying three nights in Chicago. Jamie had discovered a hotel deal – pay for two nights, get the third night free.

The morning of the group's departure was clamorous, with elaborate farewells by the boys as if Ben, Eddie and the twins were trekking to the North Pole instead of taking four-hour plane ride to Chicago. The young travelers were all smartly dressed in new jeans and polo shirts – and new sneakers, carefully unlaced.

Zack grinned at Hassan and Jason who were wearing slacks, jackets and casual shirts. "Shit, guys, hardly recognize you out of uniform. You still put those fancy pants on one leg at a time, do you, like us peasants do? Hell, when you come back from all that first-class treatment there'll be no living with you. I'll have to introduce you to the leather world all over again."

"It's a date," grinned Jason as images of himself and Zack in full leather flashed before his eyes.

Finally the luggage was loaded, the boys flung last minute advice at Ben and Eddie and they piled into two vehicles. Randy drove Bob and the twins in the Mercedes, and Pablo drove Randy's big truck with Hassan, Jason and their boys.

At the airport there were last-minute hugs at the curb, and Randy said to Bob, "It's a great thing you're doing for these guys, buddy – just like you did for Pablo way back when. You'll get your reward in heaven Nah, better than that, I'll scoop heaven and give you your reward myself."

"Sounds a lot hotter than heaven," Bob grinned. "Better you than Saint Peter."

A final hug and they parted, with Randy driving off in the Mercedes, Pablo in the truck, while the guys checked their luggage with the skycap.

As the guys made their way through the various airport procedures Eddie looked around in wonder, his eyes as wide as saucers. Ben, however, being Randy's brother, sauntered along like it was all second nature to him, assuming an air of nonchalance that was not entirely

convincing. He was every bit as excited as Eddie. At security the boys easily kicked off their unlaced sneakers, and Ben gave Eddie a smug 'told-you-so' grin.

As the group walked through the airport to the gate they were unaware of all the heads turning in their direction, men and women alike. (Well, maybe Jason was aware.) The sight of three stunningly handsome men and four beautiful boys, two of them twins, caused quite a stir, and one tourist even asked to take a picture of them – “a souvenir of Los Angeles,” he said. In the boarding area all four boys ran to the window to look at the plane parked at the gate. “Wow,” Eddie said. “That huge thing can actually fly?”

The twins laughed and Kyle said, “You better believe it, dude, or we’re in real trouble.”

When the departure was announced the agent called for first-class passengers to board first and Bob shepherded the group to the door. Eddie looked dubiously at all the other passengers lining up to board, and said to Hassan, “That don’t seem fair, sir. They were all here before us shouldn’t we line up too?”

Hassan smiled at him, loving his sense of egalitarian fairness. “Bob booked us in first class, kiddo, so they let us board first. So make the most of it. Don’t worry, most of your life you’ll travel in coach, lining up with the rest of the world.”

Eddie nodded solemnly but slightly misunderstood. “Well, sir. I don’t care if I’m in a coach or a plane as long as I’m with you.” Hassan grinned at him and threw an affectionate arm round his shoulder.

The seven of them took up almost half the first-class cabin. Hassan and Eddie sat together across from Jason and Ben. The men suggested the boys take the window seat and they were already gazing out at all the activity around the plane. Behind them the twins sat together and Bob sat across from them in the aisle seat, smiling as he saw them discreetly holding hands.

Takeoff was exhilarating but scary for Ben and Eddie and they instinctively grabbed the hands of their masters, trusting them to protect them no matter what. When they were safely airborne the two flight attendants began beverage service. One of them, a smiling man, handsome in his uniform, asked Eddie, “Would you care for juice or champagne, sir?”

Still feeling a bit overwhelmed Eddie gulped and replied, “Juice please, sir.”

When he had left Hassan smiled gently at his boy. “You don’t have to call him ‘sir’, Eddie, just ‘cause he’s in uniform. It’s his job to serve us and it’s natural that *he* calls *you* sir.”

Eddie blushed slightly. “Thank you, sir, I wasn’t sure. But I still call you sir, don’t I?”

“If you like.”

“Oh, I do like, sir.” He pressed closer to Hassan, starting to relax and enjoy himself.

As Bob had hoped, the four-hour flight was a constant source of exciting new experiences for the boys, who quickly lost their anxieties and were on their best behavior during the meal service. No yelling or throwing food across the aisle, Bob noted with relief. The time passed quickly and as the plane prepared for landing the boys again gripped their master’s hands.

When they left the plane and picked up their luggage Bob was about to look for taxis but saw a uniformed man holding a sign bearing his name. “Your limo’s waiting outside, sir. It’s a stretch so it’ll seat all seven of you comfortably.”

“Who arranged this?” asked Bob, frowning.”

The driver looked down at the order form. “Says here, ‘Compliments of Randy’.” Bob smiled, “Ah, I see. Thank you.” He pulled out his cell phone and punched a number. His face lit up with a smile as he said into the phone, “You shouldn’t have. You’re really spoiling us.”

“Hey,” came Randy’s cheerful voice, “you’re my man, and my man’s a limo kinda guy, not a taxi or, god forbid, a dirty-beat-up-old-truck kinda guy.”

“I’ll take the beat-up old truck any day of the week,” Bob grinned, “provided it’s got the right driver – grubby construction guy I know, looks like a gypsy, who’ll throw me into bed and fuck my brains out.”

“You can bet on that, stud the minute you get home. You guys have fun out there.”

The fun was already underway as they piled into the long black limo, the boys holding themselves in check, trying not to break out like partying frat boys. The hotel was another whole new world for them as they were taken up to the 46th floor and the two-bedroom suite Jamie had booked for them, with another adjoining room in case they needed it.

There was a huge bowl of fruit on the table with a note: “The Boys of L.A. do Chicago. Knock ‘em dead, guys. Mark & Zack.”

Ben and Eddie were walking round the luxurious suite in awe, especially at the incredible view of Lake Michigan from the window. Far below them they saw people jogging along the lakefront trail and they instinctively stretched their limbs after sitting for so long on the plane and in the limo. “Hey,” Jason said, “you boys wanna go out and take a walk by the lake?” The boys’ enthusiasm was instant, and Hassan said, “You coming too, Bob.”

“Nah I got that business meeting at our office here and I'd like to get it out of the way as soon as possible. Should only take a couple of hours, and after that it's all pleasure. But the twins can go with you, eh, guys?”

The twins shuffled uncomfortably. “Sir,” Kyle said, “if it's all the same to you we'd like to settle in here, have some time to ourselves.”

Bob knew his boys well. They valued the time they spent together, just the two of them, and he was happy to give them their space, though he never quite knew what they did together. That, he thought, was their business.

So it was settled. Ben and Eddie went off with their men to explore their new wonderland and Bob was in a taxi headed for his firm's branch office. When he arrived the vice-president's secretary greeted him effusively but was embarrassed to explain that her boss had been called away on a sudden emergency. Bob re-scheduled their meeting and did a quick walk-through of the offices as everyone was eager to shake hands with the handsome young senior vice-president from the Los Angeles office.

It wasn't long before Bob was in a taxi on his way back to the hotel much sooner than expected. He took the elevator to the 46th floor but when he got to the door of the suite he hesitated. This was to have been the twins' alone-time and they weren't expecting him back so soon. Oh, what the hell, Bob thought. It was a big suite and he would just go in, quickly change clothes and join the others at the shore. So he slid the key card into the lock and opened the door quietly.

Good, the main living room was empty. The guys were probably asleep together in one of the bedrooms. Quietly he took off his suit, his shirt and tie and, wearing just his boxers, padded into one of the bathrooms to pee. It was then that he heard the sound. Muffled voices at first but then a distinct, “Fuck you, asshole.”

Startled, Bob walked quickly and silently to the door of the bedroom from which the sounds came. The door was open a crack and when he pushed it wider he gasped at what he saw. Kevin was on his back on the bed, naked, his wrists tied together by a T-shirt above his head and attached to the headboard.

Kyle was on his knees straddling his waist and was evidently squeezing Kevin's nipples hard while he taunted him. “I'm gonna teach you a lesson, asshole. We're brothers, supposed to be identical, but you've been getting real pushy lately – think you're better than me – so it's time you learned which one of us is boss around here. How do you like this, dude?”

Kevin gasped as Kyle increased the pressure on his tits and his body writhed on the bed in a futile effort at escape. Bob looked on in horror. The twins fighting? They had always been

soul mates, inseparable, holding hands on the plane for god's sake. This had flared up out of nowhere and he couldn't let it happen.

He was about to step forward but stopped himself when he heard Kevin say, "No, no, dude that's too hard."

"Sorry, bro" Kyle said gently. "Like this? That better?" Kevin sighed, "Yeah that's good." Then louder, "You mother fucker. You wait till I get free, I'll take you apart, man."

Bob smiled to himself.... so that was it. He knew Randy had given them bondage lessons – ropes, knots, scenarios, and now here they were acting out the fantasies he had put in their mind (with an apparent glitch or two when over-enthusiasm made them slip out of character.) So this is what they did in their free time – a far cry from when they were living rough on the streets and had hugged each other to sleep, protecting each other from a hostile world.

Bob knew he should withdraw, give them their privacy, but they looked so damn hot, two competing, gorgeous identical twins with those beautiful faces, their lithe bodies tanned golden except for the wide white strip round their hips and the mounds of their ass. The fantasy of two battling brothers was so hot Bob could almost believe it was real, so he stayed. He found a spot behind a curtain where had a clear view but was out of their sightline. In any case, they were so absorbed in each other that they were unaware of anything else.

"Let me go, asshole," said Kevin. "What you gonna do to me?"

"What a master always does to his boy – fuck your ass."

"No, I don't get fucked by guys," Kevin pleaded. "It's never happened."

"There's always a first time, pal, and this is it." Kyle pushed one of Kevin's legs up high and looked down at his ass. "Oh yeah," he said, "I'm gonna enjoy working that sweet ass." He leant down and licked the inside of his brother's thigh, moving higher until his face nestled in the softy, downy fur round his hole. He pushed his tongue past the sphincter and licked deep inside, eating his brother's ass, hearing Kevin's loud protests fade into sighs of pleasure.

Bob suddenly knew what he had to do. He crept silently back to the living room and rummaged in the twins' suitcase. He pulled out the camera Darius had given them and went quickly back into the bedroom. This was so hot he had to get it on film, knowing he would never show it to anyone without the twins' approval. He would delete it if they asked him to.

Kevin was still moaning as his brother ate his ass, but he became more agitated as Kyle pulled out his tongue and replaced it with his finger, first one, then two, three. "This'll put you in your place, boy" Kyle snarled. "How'd you like my big fist up your ass?" Kevin's eyes opened wide. "No, I can't take a fist, man. You'll rip me open. Please, man, not your fist." There was fear in his voice though he knew well that his brother would never hurt him.

Kyle relented. "OK, bro, you're at my mercy but I'll take pity on you – give you a choice. Either my fist goes up that tight ass or my cock does." Kevin struggled mightily against his restraints, his lithe young body frantically thrashing from side to side. "Fuck you, asshole. I told you I've never been fucked."

"OK, you insolent prick, here comes my fist," and again Kyle pushed his fingers into his brother's ass. "No, no OK, OK, your cock. Fuck me with your cock."

"You can do better than that, brother. Let me hear you." The twins gazed at each other and Kevin said, "Please put your dick in my ass. Please, sir, I want you to fuck me. I want to feel your cock inside me, sir."

"That's better," Kyle said. "OK, here goes." He grabbed a jar of lube from a bedside table, scooped out a load and spread it over his stiff dick. He pushed the head against Kevin's hole and said, "You think you're hot stuff, boy, but here you are all tied up and your ass is gonna get fucked by your big brother. Here it comes."

Kyle hooked his brother's legs over his shoulders and eased his long rod into his ass, deeper and deeper as Kevin's breathing became more and more ragged. Kevin winced in apparent pain, but soon learned to relax as the big cock moved steadily in and out of his ass. As the fuck went on and on the brothers gazed into each other's eyes with a mix of the elation of fantasy and the real affection of two brothers who lived as one, in love, inseparable.

Bob had difficulty keeping the camera focused as he watched the incredible fuck, one brother rising and falling over the other – two beautiful, athletic identical twins making love, living out a fantasy, exploring a world of make-believe they had just discovered. Bob knew them so well he guessed they were both close to orgasm – they always came at the same time.

"OK, bro," Kyle said, "I wanna hear you say which of us is the best before I empty my load in your ass. Come on, man Give up." Kevin felt his cock about to explode and said, "OK, OK, I give up. You're the best. You've beaten me. I can't take any more. Shoot your load in me, bro. I can't"

"Aaagh!" It was simultaneous. The two identical bodies shook, they yelled and Kevin felt his brother's cum pouring into his ass as his own cock shot a ribbon of cum up over his own body and face. Kyle bent to lick the juice off his brother, then reared back in triumph. "I win, dude!"

But when they had calmed down Kevin was still defiant. "OK," he said, "you beat me that time 'cause I was tied up. You're scared of setting me free, scared of a fair fight, 'cause you know I'd beat you in a wrestling match."

“Is that so?” Kyle shot back. “You calling me a coward? Shit, boy, you know I’m tougher than you.” He reached up, pulled one end of the T-shirt and it unraveled from Kevin’s wrists. Bob grinned – they had obviously used the escape knot Randy had shown them over and over. Kevin pushed his brother back and they both sprang to their feet.

“OK, you know the drill, asshole,” Kyle said. They both picked up T-shirts they had deliberately left by the bed and put them on. They were thin, ragged shirts, the deal being that whoever’s was ripped off first was the loser. They knelt on the bed facing each other, sizing each other up, then clamped their hand behind the other’s head in an opening wrestler’s hold. They strained against each other and in seconds they were writhing on the bed, limbs locked together, rolling over and over, off the bed, onto the floor grunting, struggling for the advantage.

‘Damn,’ Bob thought, ‘the other boys are gonna go apeshit if they ever see this – the men too. Fucking awesome.’ As the twins rolled over the floor, first one on top, then the other, Bob realized they were using wrestling holds Randy had taught them. The struggle was punctuated by sounds of ripping cloth as they clawed at each other’s body, and soon both shirts were hanging on them in shreds.

Kevin got the upper hand and was kneeling over his brother, pinning his arms to the floor. “See, bro,” he gasped, sweat pouring off him, “I am the best.”

Kyle stared up at him defiantly. “I don’t think so asshole.” He managed to fold his leg between their bodies and press his foot against Kevin’s chest. “See how you like this, asshole. You’re finished man.” With all his remaining strength Kyle drove his leg upward, hurling Kevin backward, staggering against the wall to the sound of ripping cloth.

Kevin slammed against the wall stunned. But instead of gloating with a triumphant yell, Kyle lay on the ground with an agonized “No!” as he stared up in disbelief at his shirt in Kevin’s hand. In the split second before he had been shoved away Kevin had grabbed Kyle’s shirt and held on as he reeled backwards. It had ripped clean off Kyle was naked he had lost.”

“I am the best,” Kevin shouted waving the shredded remains of Kyle’s T-shirt in the air and ripping off his own. “You made a big mistake, bro, when you tied me up, fucked my ass and made me beg. Now it’s my turn.”

He again fell on his knees astride his brother’s chest and fell forward, pinning his arms to the floor. His cock was pointing straight down at his face and it was rock hard again, pumped by the erotic wrestling match. “You fucked my ass, brother Now I’m gonna fuck your pretty face.”

Kyle screamed into the gag of the cock as it plunged down his throat. He struggled to get free but he was pinned helplessly to the floor, his face impaled on his brother’s cock. The face fuck was fast and furious. They were both nearing exhaustion and needed to bring their fantasy to a head. “Here it is, bro. Drink your brother’s cum. Swallow hard, boy yeah!!”

They both shot another load and Kyle gulped frantically as his mouth filled with the musky taste of semen. Suddenly Kevin pulled out and fell on top of his brother, their mouths locking together, awash in the jism that passed between them. Then suddenly they were laughing, rolling over the floor, hugging each other, laughing uncontrollably.

Bob decided that would be his closing shot and put the camera down. As the twins fell on their backs next to each other they stared up at the near-naked muscle-god, pulling his cock out of his shorts, pointing it down at them and stroking it. As if in slow motion, a string of white juice burst from it and their vision blurred as their master's semen splashed into their faces.

"What the fuck? Holy shit, I bet this fancy room has never seen action like this." It was Hassan, who had just come in with Jason and their boys, who were all staring in amazement at the scene in the disheveled room – Bob in his boxers, still holding his dripping cock, the twins lying naked beneath him, their faces and bodies smothered in jism.

"Hey, guys, you're back," Bob grinned cheerfully, "Have a good time? Sorry for the mess but the twins have been kinda busy." Hassan and Jason roared with laughter and threw their arms round Bob as Ben and Eddie fell on their knees beside the twins.

"Dudes," Eddie beamed, "you two look totally awesome."

The twins smiled and Kevin asked, "So how's Chicago?"

"Radical, dude," Ben said. "But listen, you'll never guess what we saw downstairs. You're not gonna believe it."

#

Chapter 209 – King Of The World – Twins Of The World

The twins propped themselves on their elbows and looked at Ben and Eddie wide-eyed, speaking, as usual, in sequence. "So spill," Kyle said. "Spill the beans, dudes," Kevin urged. "What did you see downstairs?"

"Well," Ben began breathlessly, "there was this " But Eddie interrupted and flashed his mischievous grin. "No wait. Let them see for themselves later. They always know everything first 'cause they're Bob's boys, so a bit of suspense will do them good."

That's what Ben loved about Eddie, his sense of mischief, so he readily agreed, overriding the protests of the twins. And anyway, at that point Bob took charge. "Come on Kyle, Kevin.

Let's jump in the shower then go for a jog by the lake – work up an appetite for dinner. These guys probably want to relax after their walk, make the most of this classy suite.

“Right, Bob,” Jason said, “but I’m not sure about the ‘relax’ part.” Hassan agreed with a smile and addressed Eddie and Ben. “Yeah see, you guys, the thing is when you walked ahead of us by the lake, displaying those buns of yours, there was only one reason for that – trying to turn us on.”

“Oh,” Ben blushed, “how’d you guess sir?”

“Pretty obvious,” Jason laughed. “When you shove your hands in your pockets and push them forward it stretches the shorts over the mounds of your ass. Hey, you’re dealing with a pro here, kid. I know every trick in the book about showing off and getting attention.”

“He’s got you there, boys,” Bob grinned. “I’d say you’re in for it now, judging by the bulges in your masters’ pants. Never forget the old saying – be careful what you wish for.” Then to the twins, “Come on guys shower.”

In a few minutes the twins were golden-fresh in clean T-shirts and shorts, and Bob was in jogging shorts and a white T-shirt. Bob looked at them approvingly. “OK, guys, let’s hit the road pronto before I throw you back on the bed and ravish those gorgeous bodies.” Then to the other men, “Back soon, guys, in time for drinks in the bar and then dinner in the restaurant. Don’t forget, this is our dress-up night.”

He left with the twins, and Hassan said to Eddie, “What say we lay claim to the extra room next door?” There was a connecting door from the suite and they found themselves in a spacious bedroom with a view of the lake.

Hassan, typically, had chosen the privacy of this adjoining room, in much the same way as he had chosen his quiet little house on the grounds of Steve and Lloyd’s house. With his noisy work environment, surrounded by boisterous Marines, not to mention the attention he attracted in public because of his exotic beauty, he sought peace and quiet at home – especially when he was with his boy Eddie.

Eddie ran out onto the large balcony and looked down at the Lakeshore Trail far below, where they had walked a short while ago. “Hey, I think I can see the twins,” he said. “Hey guys,” he yelled, jumping up and down excitedly.”

Hassan came up behind him and nuzzled his neck. “Don’t think they can hear you, kiddo, from way down there. It’s real private up here, screened off from neighbors, and from the ground no-one can see us 46 floors up – unless they have binoculars. So, it’s just you and me, kiddo – the way I like it.”

“Me too, sir,” Eddie said, gazing in awe at the muscle-god Marine, still not quite able to believe that he was actually his boy.

Hassan smiled at his boy’s innocent, wide-eyed expression. “You OK, Eddie, with all this? All this first-class stuff, I mean – fancy hotel, getting dressed up for dinner and all?”

“Oh yes, sir, it’s real different – kinda fun. Only I’m a bit nervous, ‘cause I want to make you proud of me, sir.”

“Eddie.” Hassan rested his hands on the boy’s shoulders. “I love you and I’ll always be proud of you – even if you drop your food on the floor.” He grinned. “Just try not to throw it across the room. We’re not at home now at that rough-house table by the pool.”

Eddie giggled. “I’ll try to remember that, sir.” Then more seriously, “You know I’ll do whatever you say, sir.”

“Yeah, well now you mention it boy, like I said, you flaunting that ass walking in front of me was a real turn on. Feel this.” He guided Eddie’s hand down and pressed it against the huge bulge at his crotch. “I know you know how to deal with that if you’re ready.”

“Well, sir, the major boner I have in my shorts pretty much answers that. ‘Course, I always have one when I’m with you. Would you like one of my specials, sir?”

“Now you’re talking, kid. But, hey, like I said, it’s real private up here so let’s do it right.” He pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his sneakers and dropped his shorts, and Eddie copied him. As they stood staring at each other on the balcony, butt naked, a stiff breeze blew off the lake, as it did so often in the Windy City. It made their flesh tingle but did nothing to diminish the big erections they were both sporting.

Hassan threw his shorts on the floor at his feet for Eddie to kneel on and he made the most of them, dropping to his knees and steadying himself by holding onto Hassan’s muscled thighs. He looked up at the tall, naked Marine staring down at him, his swarthy, square features, broad shoulders, massive chest and ripped abs. The boy lowered his eyes to the stiff pole rising out of the nest of black pubic hair right in front of his face. Fancy surroundings or not, this was Eddie’s area of expertise and he started in.

He cradled his master’s balls in the palm of his hand and licked them all over, squeezing the scrotum to make the ball sac stretch tight and the balls bulge, more sensitive to the wet warmth of his tongue. He buried his face in the wiry pubic hair and inhaled deeply, relishing as always the bodily essence of the man he called master. He rubbed his cheeks against the soldier’s cock, then looked up and said, “I love you, sir.”

Then he went to work on the cock. He licked the bulbous head, pressed his lips against it and, keeping his lips pursed, pushed them tightly over the head and along the length of the shaft. There was no hint of hesitation as the cock slid into his mouth and down deep his throat. "Man," Hassan groaned, "that mouth of yours is incredible, boy. Damn, I love fucking your face."

He pulled his cock halfway out and put his hands behind Eddie's head while the boy reached round and grabbed the mounds of Hassan's ass. They both pulled so the mouth slid forward on the hard rod that plunged in even deeper and Eddie's face was buried in the damp tangle of black pubic hair.

They quickly established a rhythm and Eddie went to work, alternately clenching and relaxing his throat muscles, massaging the cock so expertly that it hardly had to move. It was getting fucked by the boy's mouth. Eddie was so excited by the taste and smell of the man he worshipped that his muscles instinctively relaxed even more, focused as he was on bringing pleasure to his master in the way he knew best.

Hassan gazed out at the expanse of the lake, glittering gold now as the sun sank lower, and he allowed himself to submit to the exquisite sensations burning in his cock and flaming up through his naked body. Then he gazed down at the sunlit, urchin face of the boy at his feet. "That's it, boy," he growled, "eat that soldier's big chunk of meat. Nobody makes me feel like this except you. I should keep you permanently tied to the bed so I can shove my prong in your mouth whenever I want."

That image sent Eddie's pulse racing and he became a wild young buck, pulling Hassan's body toward him, his cock ramming inside him like a piston. The boy knew every pulse and inflection of his master's cock and was aware when he was bringing him close to orgasm. Hassan's breathing was ragged when suddenly he felt his cock spring free and Eddie gasped, "OK if I make you shoot, sir?" He was teasing him into an even greater frenzy of lust.

"Fuck yes," Hassan yelled frantically as he again felt the heat of Eddie's throat round his cock. "Eat that cockmake me cum in your mouth, boy. Swallow your master's hot juice Here it comes, boy aaagh!"

Eddie didn't spill a drop. He loved the bitter sweet-taste of the Marine's creamy jism pouring down his throat and he gulped in time to the jets basting from the cock. He knew what always came next. Hassan yanked his cock out of his mouth, pointed it straight at him and slammed the final blasts of his semen into his face.

Eddie was gasping, feeling as if he would drown in the cum that choked and half blinded him, when suddenly he felt himself lifted up by his armpits, felt a mouth close over his and the breath of life pump into him, then suck out the juice swirling in his mouth. The face pulled back and Hassan was staring at him in elation. "Damn, you're sensational, kid. You give great head, the best cocksucker on the planet. Here, now it's your turn."

He spun the dazzled Eddie round to face out over the balcony railing and, as the film of cum drained from his eyes, the boy saw the waters of the sun-kissed lake far below him and the turquoise sky meeting it at the distant horizon. "This is so awesome, sir," he said, proud of having pleased Hassan, still tasting his cum in his mouth, feeling his body behind him, his strong arms round his waist. Resting against the railing he leaned out, trusting Hassan to hold him safe as he thrust his arms up in a V as if he was on the prow of a ship and shouted, "Just like Leo DiCaprio in 'Titanic,' sir."

"I think we can go one better than Leo," Hassan grinned. Still holding him round the waist with one hand Hassan reached down over the railing and felt Eddie's cock standing out stiff through the bars. He grabbed it and stroked it, saying, "Feel my body against you, Eddie? Feel my cock against your ass. Tonight the big Marine is gonna tie you to the bed and fuck your face then your ass. He's gonna make you shoot one load after another – just like you're going to now. Come on, boy make me proud."

Eddie was ecstatic the sound of Hassan's deep voice in his ear, the fantasy he described, the feel of the soldier's cock against his ass and his hand pumping his cock there could be only one response. Eddie screamed into the wind as his cock exploded in a long stream of cum that was carried by the wind far out from the balcony of the 46th floor.

As his cock pumped jism that floated slowly down to the city below Eddie again flung out his arms like Leo and yelled, "*I'm the King of the World!*"

Hassan spun Eddie round and threw his arms round him, laughing at the thought of his boy ejaculating over the balcony of a luxury hotel. "I think it's safe to say that's a first for this hotel, kiddo," he chuckled. As he began to calm down Eddie was a little more serious. "Sir, I suppose that a well-behaved young gentleman like I'm supposed to be would probably not bust his load over the hotel balcony."

Hassan roared with laughter again. "Eddie, you're my boy, you're Hassan's boy, so you can do whatever you damn-well want. Come on, let's hit the shower and then go join Jason and Ben. That's if they're not asleep."

Actually, although Jason and Ben preparing for bed, sleep was the farthest thing from their minds. While Hassan and Eddie were playing out their balcony scene for the world to see, Jason and Ben were playing it more privately in the second bedroom of the suite, the one not already mussed up by the twins. They were still hot from their brisk walk by the lake and Jason grinned as he stripped off his clothes, knowing that always gave his boy an instant hard-on.

Jason threw himself down on the bed, on his back with his hands linked behind his head, his elbows bent, biceps flexed and lats flared. Ben stared down at the glorious muscle-god with

the handsome square-jawed face, gym-honed body tanned golden, and the boy's whole focus was how to please his master.

Jason was used to being worshipped but with this boy it was different. He had grown to love the wild young gypsy with the eager, shining eyes, and Jason too, more than anything, wanted to give Ben pleasure. For starters, he knew that just the sight of the gorgeous fireman lying there naked would stir the boy's lust and make his pulse race. Not much doubt of that as Ben fell to his knees by the bed and moaned, "You are so beautiful, sir, I feel like I want to eat you."

Jason grinned. "Go ahead, kid, do what you want to me I'm all yours." That was all Ben needed to hear and he began at Jason's feet. He kissed them, licked them, then moved slowly up over the sinewy thighs, the slim waist, washboard abs and chest, sucking in the trickles of sweat that ran down the cleft between the slabs of his chest. He kissed Jason's neck and licked his chin, his prominent cheek bones, his high forehead and finally kissed his eyes, to the sound of Jason's deep, satisfied sigh.

Then he stared down at him and said, "Sir, I love you like crazy – I'm proud to be your boy and I wanna thank you for bringing me on this trip. I wanna please you every way I can."

"So do it, Ben," Jason said softly. "Do it because I love you, kid. Use my body."

Ben's cock pulsed and he felt a new surge of adrenaline course through him. He dived down to Jason's crotch, licked his balls, then took his steel-hard cock deep into his mouth. Using all the tricks he had learned from Eddie Ben worked feverishly on his master's cock, bringing him to the point of orgasm and then abruptly pulling back, leaving Jason longing for more. "Ah, man, don't stop. You make me feel so damn good, boy. Don't stop."

Ben got off his knees and stood looking down at the naked fireman, who knew how to display his superb body for maximum erotic effect. Jason threw his arms up and grabbed the headboard, stretching his legs out so he was spread-eagled, offering his body to his boy. "I know what you need, sir," Ben said. "You need this...." He turned round and clenched the cheeks of his bubble butt.

Hearing his master's groan of anticipation Ben got onto the bed and stood astride him facing him. He bent his knees and slowly lowered himself down until he was kneeling, straddling Jason's waist. Jason was salivating as Ben said, "My ass belongs to you, sir." Slowly he let his ass sink lower until he felt the tip of Jason's cock ease in between his cheeks. His own cock jerked as he felt the fireman's rod press against his sphincter. He paused, teasing Jason, then lowered his ass onto his cock, feeling it slide inside him, deeper and deeper until he was sitting on the bush of pubic hair.

He rose off it, then sank down again, accelerating the rhythm as Jason moaned, "Yeah, fuck my dick. Ride it, boy, take it all the way up you. Shit that feels awesome." Lust for his master consumed Ben as he bounced up and down on the long shaft, taking it deeper than ever with no

fear of hurt as he was in control. He leaned forward and squeezed Jason's nipples hard, mesmerized by the sight of the handsome blond head tossing from side to side in total euphoria.

Ben rode his master's cock for a long time, all the while working on his nipple with one hand while raising his other arm like a cowboy on a bucking stallion. Jason gazed up in amazement at the swarthy young gypsy riding him, until the pornographic image of the naked young buck whooping in triumph became too much. "I can't take any more, boy. Shit my cock's on fire. My tits you're killing them. I can't take it aaagh..." His body bucked upward, he yelled and his cock erupted deep in Ben's ass. But Ben didn't stop.... he rode the long pole harder than ever, forcing more jism from Jason's cock until it was drained.

Then everything was still as Ben sat motionless on the cock, to the sound of heavy breathing of man and boy. They gazed at each other in awe until Jason broke the silence. "That was fucking spectacular, Ben. God, you're a hot young stud." He looked down at his chest and frowned. "But you didn't cum – you didn't get your rocks off."

"No, sir," Ben grinned. "I was saving it for this." With a sudden burst of renewed energy he pulled up off Jason's cock and leapt to his feet, towering over his master. There was mischief in his eyes as he took a step back, then fell to his knees again between Jason's spread legs. He pulled them up, hooked them over his shoulders, leaned forward and clamped his hands over Jason's upstretched biceps.

He smiled down at the startled fireman and said, "I was saving it for this." He thrust his hips forward and buried his raging cock deep in his master's ass. "No," Jason screamed, "I can't take it, boy. I just shot my load damn that hurts damn that feels" His cries of protest faded into moans of pleasure as Ben eased his cock gently in and out of his ass. And Jason's cock stiffened again into the rigid shaft that had just been inside his boy.

But now it was different. Now it was the fervent young gypsy who was fucking the ass of the muscular fireman, pinning him to the bed as master submitted to boy. "Jesus," Jason moaned, "that feels incredible, boy. Come on, fuck you master's ass – bust your load inside him."

"Not until you do, sir."

"What? I just came in your ass, boy. I can't do it again I've got nothing left."

"That's not what your cock says, sir," Ben grinned, looking down at Jason's steel rod. "You'll cum when I do sir guaranteed."

He let go Jason's biceps and clamped his hands on his chest, twisting the already tender nipples in his fingers. "Aaagh...." Jason screamed and instinctively reciprocated, reaching up and squeezing Ben's tits hard. Ben howled and from then on it was a trial of strength as each took the other to his threshold of pain and Ben's cock became a jackhammer pounding the fireman's ass.

Jason had a higher pain threshold than Ben, who gave up first, yelling, "I submit, sir. You win, sir." Jason stopped instantly and Ben, too, dropped his hands. But despite the pain in his chest Ben wasn't quite finished. He grabbed Jason's cock and pumped it with both hands in time with the driving thrust of his cock in his ass.

Jason howled and flung his arms back up to the headboard, his magnificent body writhing, head thrashing from side to side, blond hair flying over his face. Ben had never seen his master look more beautiful – and that's all it took. "I'm cumming, sir you're making me cum in your assaaah," he sighed as he felt his balls bursting, cum racing up his cock and pouring into his master's ass.

Jason stared in disbelief at the wild young gypsy boy who had just fucked his macho ass and he yelled as his own cock erupted. Ben held Jason's cock pointing straight up himself. He opened his mouth and caught the stream of cum in his mouth, the rest splashing over his face and chest.

The boy had fucked his master's cock and then his ass, and now he swallowed his cum in triumph. Jason had offered his body to his boy – told him to use it. And Ben had taken him at his word. Jason grinned up at him and said, "You win, boy no doubt about it."

"Anyone home?" There was a knock on the door but Jason was feeling too good to move, so he shouted, "Come in!" The door opened and in crowded Hassan and Eddie, Bob and the twins, just back from their run. "Pardon us," Hassan said, but we heard shouts coming from this room and thought someone might be in trouble.

"That would be me," Jason grinned, "as you see." He lay helpless on the bed, impaled on his boy's cock. The newcomers applauded and cheered but suddenly Kyle shouted, "Freeze!" borrowing a term from Mark. He was circling the bed with Darius's camera that he had brought in on the hunch that it might be useful. Was it ever! Ben had bent forward, again pinning his master's arms to the bed, his cock still deep in his ass. Cum dripped down from his face and his eyes sparkled as he turned his face to the camera and said, "Ready for my close-up, dude."

The room erupted in laughter as Eddie and Kevin knelt beside the bed and Kyle captured the whole scene on video for "prosperity" (Darius's insistent misuse had forced the term into common usage).

Bob's voice rose above the racket. "So, looks like my plan failed miserably. We bring the boys all this way, put them up in a fancy hotel to teach them some manners and how to behave like young gentlemen – and what do we get? The twins fucking each other's brains out; Eddie jerking off over the balcony and treating the City of Chicago to a shower of jizz; and now this – the 'young gentleman' with his dick up a fireman's ass. Oh God, where did I go wrong?"

Another gale of laughter, which Bob waved into silence. “But I’m not giving up. Tonight I’m making one last attempt – the big test. Tonight we go for dinner at the five-star restaurant downstairs and we’ll see if we can get through it with no food being thrown. Now, the restaurant doesn’t actually require coat and tie, but that’s what the boys will wear and we guys will wear jackets too. Any questions?”

Eddie’s hand went up. “Sir, Pablo told me that at a fancy dinner you never know what knife and fork to use ‘cause half a dozen of them are lined up by the plate.”

Smiling affectionately Bob explained. “That’s the grand old-fashioned way, Eddie. In the restaurant these days the waiter usually changes the knife and fork for you, setting out what’s appropriate for each course. But,” he grinned, “if you ever find yourself at an embassy banquet the general rule is to use the silverware from the outside working in.”

“Thank you, sir,” Eddie beamed. “I didn’t know that.” He grinned mischievously. Now I’ll know what to do at the next banquet thing I’m invited to.”

“OK, guys,” Bob said, “so let’s shower and ‘dress for dinner’.”

A short while later in the quiet of the adjoining extra room, Eddie was looking at himself in the mirror, not quite recognizing the guy who stared back at him, wearing new slacks and loafers and a crisp white dress shirt. “Looks kinda weird,” he frowned.

Hassan smiled at him. “You look great, kid – well, maybe not quite as hot as the “King of the World” shooting jism over the balcony, but still good enough to eat. Here, let me do this for you.” Hassan stood in front of his boy, threaded a pale brown tie under his collar and proceeded to tie it. Eddie looked up at him earnestly and, as he worked on the tie, Hassan said, “If you wanna know the truth, what I really want is to rip these clothes off you, throw you on the bed and fuck you. But we gotta eat first.”

“Whatever you say, sir,” Eddie grinned. “You know, it don’t matter how smart these pants are they sure don’t stop me getting a boner inside.”

Hassan slipped a dark blue blazer onto him and stood back in admiration. There, the perfect young gentleman – and you’re not the only one with a boner.” He tried to brush Eddie’s hair neatly but gave up and let the tousled mop stay as it always was. “OK, let’s join the others.”

The group gathered in the main room of the suite and the boys giggled as they looked at each other, all of them dressed similarly to Eddie in sports jackets and ties. The twins wore their identical outfits with easy assurance as this was not the first time, but Ben looked uneasy, being

the rough and tumble gypsy boy from rural Texas. The men looked immaculate, Bob in a suit and tie, his familiar work outfit, Hassan and Jason in sport coats with casual open-neck shirts.

“OK, troops,” Bob grinned. “Let’s go knock ‘em dead.”

Actually that’s kind of what they did as they walked into the bar for cocktails. Every head turned to look at the eye-popping group of three gorgeous men and four smart, handsome boys. The host glided up and seated them at a prominent table (he was skilled at ‘dressing the room’ and these guys certainly ‘dressed’ it). A waiter took their drinks orders and the boys at last relaxed and looked around, trying to be discreet as Bob had taught them.

“OK,” said Kyle to Ben and Eddie, “you two were all worked up earlier, gushing over something you’d seen in the lobby. Is it still here?”

“Not yet,” said Ben. “But look at those two over there,” said Eddie, pointing excitedly at two men seated not far away. “Those dudes are hot – do you think they’re lovers?”

He caught Bob’s eyes and realized he was not being discreet. Actually, he could not have been more obvious if he had sent up flares. “OK,” Bob said, “here’s a tip. If you want to point someone out without giving yourself away imagine a clock face. You’re facing 12, a bit to the right is one-o’clock and to the left is 11 o’clock and so on. You say the figure quietly and your friends know which direction to look.”

“OK, sir,” Eddie said, “sounds cool.” Things calmed down after that as they sipped their drinks until suddenly Ben hissed excitedly, “Hey guys, two-o’clock – no, one-o’clock – twelve.” Evidently a moving target but the twins followed directions and picked out a young waiter moving smoothly through the bar – a tall, slim Asian boy, probably Chinese, with exquisitely fine features, neatly combed jet-black hair and an obviously lithe, graceful body under his waiter’s uniform of well-tailored white dress shirt, black bow tie, black slacks and a short black apron tied round his waist.

“Oh, yeah,” Kevin said approvingly. “He’s hot. Look at that sexy walk. Is that what you were going on about earlier?”

Eddie grinned, “Wait and see.” Another pause as the waiter picked up his drinks order from the bar and went back into the restaurant. Suddenly Eddie said, “OK,” struggling to keep his voice down, “3-o’clock, 3-oclock.”

The twins looked up and saw the same guy coming from a side door in the other direction. “There he is again,” said Kyle, “and look at that ass,” as the waiter leaned forward over the drinks station at the end of the bar, his back to them. “No wait, wait.” Eddie was on the edge of his seat. “OK, now, 10-o’clock.” The twins and the three men looked across to the other side room and their jaws dropped. Another waiter came and joined the first at the drinks station. They were identical. Had to be twins.

The twins gazed in awe at the handsome Chinese boys – their opposites. Kyle and Kevin were all-American, with their light brown hair and eyes, their golden tan and open, friendly faces. These two were exquisitely Asian with their pale skin, jet black hair, slanted dark eyes and fine, inscrutable features. An immediate buzz of excitement gripped the boys, so loud it was starting to attract attention, so Bob was relieved when the host approached and said, “Gentlemen, your table is ready.”

When they were ushered into the dining room the seating, which could have been a shambles given the boys’ state of excitement, was accomplished by the maitre d’ with professional expertise. He had, like the bar host, seated them prominently, knowing how decorative the group was and how well they lit up his room.

Still agog for another sighting of the Asian twins the boys nudged each other as they spotted them talking to the maitre d’ and and looking over at their table. “They’re coming this way,” Ben hissed. “Don’t look – pretend you haven’t noticed.” The boys talked airily together affecting a nonchalant pose that fooled nobody.”

Highly amused, the three men looked up at the maitre d’ who was all courteous efficiency as he distributed menus. “It’s a pleasure to welcome you, gentlemen. Lee and Toni will be your waiters this evening and will take your drinks order. If there is anything you need, don’t hesitate to call on me. Bon appétit.”

The men and boys looked up into the beautiful dark almond-shaped eyes of the Chinese twins who bowed their heads slightly. “Good evening, sirs,” Toni said, making strong eye contact. Lee said, “Would you care to order fresh drinks, sirs?” Their voices were almost hypnotic, accented and with a soft, lilting cadence.

The boys were so tongue-tied there was no way they could make decisions about drinks, so Hassan came to the rescue. Half-Asian himself, he felt a natural affinity to the Chinese waiters. “Why don’t you bring us a couple of bottles of good Chablis to start us off?” he said.

Lee leaned over and pointed to an item on the wine list. “I would recommend this one, sir.” As he spoke he raised his eyes slightly and made a discreet sweep of the table, lingering longest on the twins. “We’ll probably stick to white wine through the meal too,” Bob smiled.

“Very good sir,” said Toni, going round the table to pick up the red wine glasses, imperceptibly brushing the boys’ shoulders as he leaned between them. As soon as they left the boys broke out in excited chatter but Bob cautioned, “Take it easy kids, you’re still in a restaurant, you know. Though I gotta say, they are gorgeous and I have a feeling that when they were talking to the maitre d’ when we were seated they were asking to be assigned to this table.”

But the boys found it impossible to ‘take it easy’, and when the waiters came back with the wine Eddie, especially, was irrepressible. “Hey, dudes,” he asked boldly, “are you Chinese?” Toni smiled and said, “We are, sir, though our first names have been slightly Americanized to make them easier for our clientele.”

Their friendliness emboldened Eddie even more and he charged on, “Well, dudes, whatever you call yourselves you sure are.....” Bob cleared his throat loudly, threw him a stern look, and Eddie swallowed his words. But Ben wasn’t so easily reined in. “Hey, guys, is it true you asked to be our waiters?”

The waiters blushed and Toni said, “Well, sir, it is the maitre d’ who makes serving assignments” He trailed off uncomfortably and Lee, the bolder of the two, said, “...but yes, sir, we did ask if we could be assigned to your table.” Then looking at Bob he asked, “May we pour the wine, sir?”

“Good idea,” Bob grinned with relief. “A very good idea.”

The ice had been broken and from then on everyone relaxed, though the Chinese waiters maintained their professional politeness. When Eddie pointed to the menu and said, “Hey, Lee, what’s this ‘fricassee’ thing here mean?” Lee explained in detail with consummate courtesy but with a hint of a smile in his eyes. And when later they removed the finished salads, the waiters replaced the salad forks with the correct knife and fork for the next course. Eddie grinned at Bob and said, “You were right, sir.”

Jason and Hassan were pleased with the way Ben and Eddie maintained their manners but never lost the natural boyish charm and impulsiveness of their extrovert natures. The twins, more used to an environment like this, were completely at ease, though rather more subdued than usual, looking intently at the Chinese twins whenever they appeared, and nudging each other under the table.

The meal passed without incident and Bob got the impression that the boys were doing their best to behave well so as not to let themselves down in front of the poised twin waiters. Near the end of the meal, over dessert and coffee, Eddie said to Hassan, “Sir, I wish they wouldn’t keep calling me ‘sir’. Would it be alright if I asked them to call me Eddie?” Hassan grinned at Bob and Jason and said to his boy, “Well, I think that might embarrass them a bit, at least while they’re on duty.” Eddie quickly latched onto that and said eagerly, “And what about when they’re *not* on duty?”

Hassan was saved from the difficulty of answering that by the waiters themselves who appeared just at that point. Lee looked slightly flushed as he asked, “Sirs, it has been such a pleasure serving you this evening that Toni and I would be honored to offer you after-dinner drinks. If you are returning to your suite we could serve them there. That is if you would like, sir.”

“Hell, yes, we’d like,” said Eddie impulsively. “My name’s Eddie by the way.” Lee smiled, “A pleasure to meet you Eddie,” and shook his hand. Eddie looked over at Hassan triumphantly.

Toni looked enquiringly at Bob seeking confirmation and Bob grinned broadly. “Looks like Eddie has spoken for us, and on behalf of us all I accept your generous offer with thanks. It’s been a long day for us and drinks in our room would be the perfect way to end it. Agreed, boys?”

“Agreed,” the boys said in unison and, not for the first time, the American twins and the Chinese twins held each other’s gaze a little bit longer than good manners required.

Upstairs in the suite the first thing the boys did was take off their ties, shrug off their jackets and kick off their shoes. They undid several buttons on their shirts, slumped in armchairs and exhaled as if they had been holding their breath all the way through dinner. “Boys,” Bob said, “I think I speak for Jason and Hassan in congratulating you. You came through this evening with flying colors, the perfect young gentlemen.”

“Even me, sir?” asked Eddie, “blurting out that ‘hell yes’ thing and telling Lee my name?”

Hassan threw his arm round him. “Kiddo, good manners don’t mean you have to stop being yourself. You will always be one of nature’s gentlemen.”

“Hey, Kyle, Kevin,” Ben grinned, “those gorgeous Chinese dudes kept looking at you a lot. I’d say you’re in there, dudes – I guess twins like twins, eh?”

“Look Ben,” cautioned Jason. “We don’t even know if those waiters even like guys in that way, so don’t get your hopes up. They may just bring in the drinks and leave, and that might be the last we see of them.” He rubbed his chin. “Although it’s true they did ask to serve at our table. That could mean something.”

And just then came a knock at the door. The boys tensed and looked expectantly at each other as Bob jumped up and opened the door. “Hey, guys wow that looks great. Over here I think.” The twins came in wheeling a small drinks trolley with numerous bottles of brandy, dessert wines and soft drinks. They followed Bob to the terrace window and set up the table, then stood beside each other, almost at attention.

Lit by the low lights of the room and the moonlight coming through the window they looked even more exotically handsome than before, with their long, neatly brushed black hair and finely sculpted features. They were dressed as before, except the boys noticed that they no longer wore bow ties, their white shirts open at the neck. And it was now obvious that under the shirts their slim bodies were finely muscled, perfectly proportioned.

“What would you like us to pour for you, sirs?” Lee asked. There was a moment of uneasy silence, then Bob said, “Look, guys, I’m sure you have other duties but do you have time to stay and join us for a while?”

“Actually, sir,” Toni smiled, “you are our last clients – we are off duty as of now. So we would be honored to join you.” Jason leapt to his feet and said, “Great, so no more waiter/client thing, eh? Let’s do the introductions – I’m Jason. They held out their hands but, with the confidence of a beautiful man, Jason hugged them each in turn. “Hell,” he said, “you guys are gym regulars I can tell just by feeling those hard bodies. Very impressive.”

Lee blurted, “You too, sir, obviously,” but then blushed at being so forward. But Jason’s warm and friendly manner helped the twins relax as he continued with the introductions – Bob, Hassan, Ben “and Eddie you already know,” he grinned as the men shook their hands and then Ben and Eddie hugged them enthusiastically. A little overwhelmed the twins instinctively retreated into their Asian formality for a few seconds until Jason said, “And here is our American version of twins. Lee and Toni, meet Kevin and Kyle.

A sudden silence fell over the room as Kyle and Kevin stood up and approached. They were less effusive than Eddie and Ben and everyone waited to see if they would hug or shake hands. You could hear a pin drop as the two sets of twins gazed into each other’s eyes as if entering a new world. Slowly Kyle folded his arms round Lee, and Kevin around Toni and.... their lips met in a long, soft embrace.

The others looked on in stunned silence until at last the twins separated and blinked as if they were returning from somewhere far away. Nobody knew quite what should come next – except for Eddie, who bounced around holding the camera.

“Hey, Lee, Toni, do you mind if I take a picture of you, a video? See there’s this hot black stud at home called Darius who wants us to film anything that would make a guy shoot his ... I mean anything that looks good, and you guys sure fit the bill. Don’t worry, the videos are real private and only shown in our house. There’s this big boss, Randy, gorgeous like a gypsy, built like a brick shithouse, and he made us promise. And you don’t disobey Randy if you know what’s good for you ‘cause he’s real fierce and he’ll kick your ass. He can get mighty rough....”

He pulled up short, looking nervously at Bob. “Oh, sorry, sir....” Looking back at the twins he explained, “See, Bob and Randy are lovers, real intense and..... oops, sorry again, sir. Every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it, don’t I? OK, I’ll shut up.” Everyone burst out laughing, including the newcomers, and Lee said, “Eddie, with a charming explanation like that, how can we refuse? Of course you can take our picture.”

The ice was now well and truly broken and Hassan said, “OK guys, make yourself comfortable. I’m the bar tender. Your orders please, gentlemen....”

It wasn't long before they were all knocking back the Cognac and the Chinese twins were telling their story. Their parents had died when they were young and they had been raised mostly in orphanages. The big thing they were scared of was being spit up, so if that was about to happen they ran away and lived rough. "We were, and are, very close," said Lee, "and would not survive without each other." Bob glanced at his twins as this was identical to their story.

Lee and Toni finally got menial jobs at the Four Seasons in Shanghai, worked their way up and put in for a transfer to the Chicago hotel. The hotel needed Chinese speakers and the twins spoke fluent Mandarin and Cantonese, "And so here we are," Toni said, looking directly at Kyle and Kevin. The twins were spellbound by the Chinese boys' story as it was so close to their own and they could identify with that profound fraternal relationship better than anyone else. It was exactly what they felt for each other. It was them.

Soon the four twins were all talking softly together and it was clear to the others that something intense was happening, as if the twins were in a world of their own. Conversation among the men and boys slowed and then ceased as Tony and Lee stood up and went to the middle of the room. They stretched out their hands to the Kevin and Kyle who rose from their chairs and, as if in a trance, walked toward them until they were face to face – Kyle with Lee, Kevin with Toni.

The amazing thing was how they all four moved in total unison, as if performing a ritual. Each one reached up and slowly unbuttoned the shirt of the boy facing him. Then they ran their hands under the shirt and over the chest, sighing deeply as they felt the velvet smooth skin. They pushed the shirts off over their shoulders, stood back and gazed at each other.

Shirtless for the first time the Chinese boys' slim bodies were flawless. Smooth, pale, hairless and fat-free, their musculature was exquisitely defined, with rounded pecs and washboard abs. Their dark, almond-shaped eyes smiled at the American twins who drew close and pressed their bare chests against them. Their mouths met in a building, passionate embrace, each inhaling the brandy-scented breath of the other.

Bob looked over at Jason and Hassan and raised his eyebrows, a sign that maybe they should leave the twins alone. But they were clearly totally oblivious of anyone else, in their own private world where the presence of others meant nothing to them. So the three men and two boys sat still, hypnotized by the scene unfolding before them. They heard Lee speak softly.

"Kyle, Kevin, you are such beautiful brothers. Toni and I knew when we were serving you at dinner that there is one more service we would like to perform. Please permit us." Kyle and Kevin smiled in reply and the Chinese twins sank to their knees. Again in unison, they unzipped the boys' slacks, pulled out their raging-hard cocks and closed their mouths over them.

Moaning softly Kyle and Kevin ran their hands through the silky black hair of the boys kneeling before them and pulled their faces forward so their cocks slid slowly, inexorably deep into their throats. The Chinese boys were soon massaging the American boys' cocks with the warm

membrane of their mouths, while Kyle and Kevin sighed deeply. The spectators could hardly believe their eyes, the exquisite symmetry of the dark, exotic twins on their knees paying homage to the handsome all-American twins towering over them.

The Asian boys made love to the twins' cocks for many minutes, increasing in intensity and building to the inevitable climax. Suddenly, Toni and Lee pulled back and Lee said, "Please, friends, let us taste the juice of your bodies." They plunged their faces forward, the cocks drove into their throats and all four boys moaned loudly as Kyle and Kevin shuddered and poured their cum deep into the throats of their new friends. The Chinese boys swallowed hard, with tears running down their cheeks, then stood up and kissed Kyle and Kevin softly.

"Thank you," Toni said. "You are so beautiful," Lee whispered.

Kevin smiled. "It's we who thank you, and we want to reciprocate – and a lot more. D'you think you could like spend the night with us?"

Toni said, "We have just worked six days straight and now have two days off. So we are entirely at your service." Kyle laughed, "No, not service – not anymore. We're friends now and we'll show you how friends make love in this country."

Suddenly the twins all looked around them as if they had just arrived in the room and were seeing the others for the first time. Eddie and Ben were gazing at them in awe and Lee held out his hand. "Please, we would like you to join us also, Eddie and Ben. When my brother and I watched you two handsome boys in the restaurant we both had a how do you say....?"

"A hard-on," Eddie beamed – "a boner, erection, woody – they all work. Sure we want to come with you. It's what we've been wanting ever since we laid eyes on you, eh, Ben?"

At this point Bob, Jason and Hassan stood up and hugged the Chinese twins. Toni smiled and said, "And maybe, if you would allow, sirs, we would like to know you better too eventually, though you are such incredibly beautiful men, so far out of our reach, that we would never presume to"

"Why not?" Bob laughed. "Presume away kids. We've got needs too you know. But for tonight, why don't you six boys spend the night in that bedroom as it has two king beds, which I'm sure you can put to good use. Jason, Hassan and I will take the other room."

The boys didn't need telling twice and, after thanking the men for a great day, they crowded through the bedroom door and closed it behind them. Bob turned to Hassan and Jason and grinned, "Hope you don't mind, guys. I did seem to take over there, didn't I?"

"Works perfectly," Hassan said. "As a matter of fact Jason and me were saying that you've been so terrific at arranging this trip, mostly for our boys' sake, that we want to show our appreciation."

“Yeah,” Jason grinned. “I know we’re just a humble fireman and a soldier and you’re this big executive type, but maybe there’s something we can do to give you pleasure.”

“Oh, I think we can work something out,” Bob laughed. He opened the main door a crack and hung out the “Do Not Disturb” sign. “Looks like a contest to see which of the bedrooms sees the most action tonight. I guess we’re about to find out.”

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Chapter 210 – Twins v. Twins – Fireman v. Marine

When the six boys went into the large bedroom it had been tidied by the maid but it was still redolent of the twins’ earlier erotic exploits there with Bob. The boys all felt the sexual vibrations but they were not quite sure what to do about it. Despite their hard-ons shyness overcame them and they all sat somewhat awkwardly, avoiding eye contact and sipping the drinks Lee had brought in from the main room.

As usual it fell to outspoken young Eddie to break the ice. “Hey, guys,” he blurted out to Lee and Toni, “so what’s China like?” They glanced at each other and Toni replied with a smile. “Well, that’s a big question, Eddie, because it’s a big country – a bit like asking what America is like. The best way to find out is to pay a visit. You should persuade Hassan to let you go, or even take you there, and we’d tell our friends over there to take good care of you.”

“Huh,” Eddie grinned, “this flight to Chicago is the first time I’ve ever been on a plane.”

Then the floodgates opened, hand gestures and all. “But our friend Jamie flew to Sydney, Australia he’s the gorgeous blond surfer who lives with us, and his master is Mark, this spectacular cop everyone calls him a Greek god ‘cause he looks like one (though I’ve never actually seen one – except for him). Anyway, Jamie went to Sydney with Nate – he takes care of our house and I’m his assistant houseboy – and they met this handsome flight attendant, Adam, on the plane, and Nate became Adam’s boy and now they live next door – Darius calls it the Aussie House.

“Oh, you don’t know Darius, well he’s Zack’s boy Zack works with Randy on the construction site and he’s a big black leather master and looks totally awesome in leather with his shaved head and all. Actually all the men in the house are really gorgeous, you wouldn’t believe well, you’ve met Jason who’s this awesome fireman and his picture was in a calendar that everyone beats off over.”

Eddie was on a roll and didn’t pause for breath. “Ben’s Jason’s boy, but he’s also Randy’s kid brother like I said before, nobody messes with Randy ‘cause he’s this big badass boss, but he takes care of us all and he saved me once from a thug and they had a massive fight.

Randy's crazy in love with Bob, of course, and he has another brother Steve who's a big handsome hunk just like Randy – he's a doctor and does some real sexy therapy stuff and he lives in this posh house in the hills with Lloyd, Randy's architect who really gets off looking at hot men – well, who doesn't?

“And – oh, I nearly forgot Mario he's from Italy and he's kinda classy with this cool accent and all, but he looks super hot when he's working in the garden with no shirt on. And you know Hassan, of course, he's this gorgeous muscle-stud Marine and I'm his boy and....and”

“And that pretty much covers the whole tribe,” grinned Ben, cutting off Eddie's flow and throwing his arm round his shoulders.

Eddie blinked, blushed and said, “Oh shit, there I go again gabbing too much. Darius says I have verbal diarrhea. Sorry guys, here I am rattling on and all you guys want to do is have sex with each other.”

Well that sure broke the ice and Ben, being Randy's brother, realized that someone had to be boss here so he stood up and said, “I think we all owe Eddie a vote of thanks for giving Lee and Toni such a great description of our tribe.”

There was a burst of applause and Eddie blushed deeply as the Chinese boys came up to him. “Thank you, Eddie,” said Toni, “You make your house sound very exciting and when Lee and I get vacation maybe we could come to L.A. for a visit. You would make a great guide if you have time to show us around and make the introductions.”

Eddie beamed with pleasure and he was about to crank up again when Ben forestalled him. Time to take charge – like Randy would. “OK, guys, enough of this kumbaya stuff” (aping one of Randy's stock phrases). “Let's get down to business here.” Eddie, you're so good with the camera that Darius made you his assistant on those Marine photo shoots with Hassan. So go for it, dude – do you stuff.” He pushed the camera into Eddie's willing hands.

“As for me, I gotta tell you that in all those lonely years in Texas I got real good at giving myself hand-jobs – several times a day. I still get off on it when there's something hot to jerk off to, like that fireman picture of Jason. Course I've got the real thing now he's my master, and he puts on a show for me and then fucks my ass.” He grinned, “Shit I'm starting to sound off like Eddie so what I meant was, there's never been anything like you four twins getting it on. It's real intense and I want to whack off watching you. So that's it, guys. The ball's in your court.

Eddie and Ben took their places in the background while the two sets of twins stood up and faced each other. After Eddie and Ben had talked up a storm all the twins were relaxed, helped along by generous gulps of brandy. After the show they had put on in the other room, where

the Chinese boys had sucked off the Americans, they had pulled on their dress shirts again which now hung open over their chests.

And, as before, they stared into each other's eyes, drifting into their own unique world, oblivious of Eddie and his camera, and of Ben quietly stroking his cock in the corner. Kyle was facing Lee and Kevin faced Toni. Again they ran their hands under the shirts and over the other boy's chest, feeling the smooth-as-silk flesh, tracing the perfect contours of their pecs and abs.

Kyle and Kevin glanced at each other in that mystical way they had of silently communicating in a split second. They knew what they wanted and Kyle broached the subject tentatively. "Do you guys er have you ever like well, taken a dick in your ass?"

Lee and Toni looked at each other and blushed. Lee plucked up the courage to say quietly, "Only each other's. We've never told anyone else that 'cause it sounds so weird."

"That's great," Kevin smiled. "We do that too. It was a secret with us too until we became Bob's boys and we told him – we tell him everything. Bob laughed, said it was awesome and he wanted to watch. He told us not to worry. 'It's not as if you're making babies or anything,' he said.

The Chinese twins smiled with the relief at these easy-going Americans' acceptance of their 'secret'. Nobody had ever known until now, and as they looked at the growing bulge in the Americans' pants they suddenly knew they were in for something they had never done with another guy before.

As before, the twins' moves were in perfect harmony – ritualistic. Smiling at each other they all shucked off their shirts and pulled off their loafers and socks. Eddie had difficulty holding the camera still as he watched them unbuckle their belts, let their slacks drop and step out of them.

The Chinese twins were wearing black briefs that accentuated their pale skin and showed off the shape of their stiff cocks and the perfect globes of their asses. The American boys, with their golden tans, were in tight gray boxer briefs, their gorgeous physiques more muscular than the lithe, finely etched bodies of Lee and Toni. They were seeing each other near naked for the first time and instinctively embraced in a sensuous hug, stroking the other's back and kissing gently, savoring each other's lips.

Kyle and Kevin let their hands roam down until they were cupping the mounds of the other boy's ass through their briefs, feeling Lee and Toni tense suddenly and kiss more fervently. They slid their fingers under the twins' black briefs and grabbed the naked flesh of the ass cheeks, then pushed the briefs lower as the Chinese twins did the same to Kevin and Kyle. In seconds the boys were naked and they finally separated, gazing at the four cocks that all stood out like swords challenging each other.

Ben was beating his meat hard at the incredible sight of the naked twins facing each other, and had to pause frequently to avoid busting his load. He wanted to prolong the pleasure – this was too special to waste on a quick load-spill.

Finally the twins separated and Kyle said softly, “You know what to do.” The Chinese brothers turned to each other and kissed, a gesture of mutual understanding and support. Then they lay on their backs on one of the large king-size beds, gazing up at the tall, tanned Americans with nervous anticipation, waiting for what they knew was coming. Kyle and Kevin knelt on the bed, Kyle straddling Lee, and Kevin over Toni. They leaned forward and gently twisted the twins’ nipples in their fingers.

The Chinese inhaled sharply and Toni said, “Aah, that feels so good, Kevin. Please don’t stop.” He and his brother reached up and reciprocated. And in that symbiotic connection they had already developed between them they all understood exactly what the other was feeling, as they were experiencing the same sensation.

Instinctively they increased the pressure on the tits until the pain became too great and they stopped. It was almost as if they were playing with their own tits, knowing exactly when they reached their pain threshold. The difference here for each boy was the thrill of seeing in his counterpart’s eyes the same ecstasy he himself was feeling.

Kyle and Kevin glanced at each with that familiar flash of understanding, eased themselves back on the bed and with one strong move flipped the Chinese boys over onto their stomachs. Lee and Tony turned their heads sideways and saw themselves in the nearby wall mirrors, lying with their flawless white asses pointing upward, vulnerable to the muscular American boys straddling them. They felt strong hands grab their cheeks and pull them apart. “Dude,” Kevin said softly to his brother, “look at that so damn beautiful.”

They were gazing at the two perfect holes, completely smooth except for a fuzzy trace of black hair ringing them. Eddie and Ben had moved closer and the twins were vaguely aware of Ben’s voice saying, “Eat them, dudes. You gotta lick those gorgeous asses.” The prompt was unnecessary as the twins lowered their heads, licked the dimpled globes, then pushed their faces between them into the black fuzz and pierced the sphincter with their tongue.

“Aaah,” the Chinese twins sighed together, pushing their asses higher, inviting the tongues in deeper. They looked into the mirrors at the Americans’ muscular shoulders and arms flexing as they pressed their hands on the small of their backs and ate their moist asses hungrily, slurping, sucking, savoring the musky juices of these exotic boys.

Ben and Eddie gazed in awe at the Chinese twins as they moaned and writhed on the bed, their muscles rippling under their thin, almost translucent skin. Forgetting his role for an instant Eddie lowered the camera and said to Ben, “Holy crap, dude, this is real intense.” Then he remembered himself and quickly raised the camera to his eye. “Hell, Darius will murder me if I don’t get this.”

Suddenly Lee and Toni turned their faces towards each other, their eyes met, glistening with tears, and they kissed – hard, passionately, while Kyle and Kevin probed their asses, massaging the sensitive membrane with their tongues in a feeding frenzy now, knowing that they were bringing the twins to a climax.

By force of will Eddie was keeping the camera steady, hearing Darius's voice in his head – “watch for the money shot, kiddo.” And Ben was going wild, pounding his rod as he watched his friends work on the bucking asses, heard the Chinese twins' muffled screams into each other's mouth as they kissed frantically and their cocks erupted beneath them.

“Aaagh!” The scream was Ben's as he could hold back no longer and blasted a shower of semen onto the heaving backs of the Asian boys, then another on the nape of their necks and into their hair. More followed, this time from Eddie who didn't even need to touch his cock for it to explode all over the twins, who were now looking into the mirrors at the amazing sight of two Chinese boys soaked in American jism.

Eddie and Ben retreated to the side of the room leaving the action once again to the jubilant American twins. Kyle and Kevin flipped the bodies over on the bed and watched them sliding on the pools of cum beneath them. The cum-streaked Asian faces stared up at them through their beautiful almond-shaped eyes. “You have sensational asses,” Kyle said, “but we're not finished with them yet. You're dealing with two red-blooded Americans here and we're gonna show you just what we can do with another guy's ass.”

“We were kind of hoping you would,” Toni smiled. Kyle and Kevin each licked their fingers and slowly pushed one finger into the already spit-slicked ass of the boy beneath them. They knew just what they were doing as Bob loved to do this to them and taught them how to really turn a man on. Each one curled his fingers inside the ass and massaged the prostate, eliciting moans of ecstasy from the twins. Then they used two fingers, three, and the twins opened their eyes wide at the first stab of pain.

Toni gasped, “We have only ever done this to each other. We have never let another man do it, though many have wanted to.”

“I bet they have,” grinned Kevin. “Don't worry, dude, you know we would never hurt you.” Deep down he wished he and Kyle were more skilled at knowing when a guy was right at his pain threshold. Bob had said they should get lessons from Randy, the real expert, but right now they had to go on instinct.

He and Kyle continued to loosen the twins up with their fingers, sending them into a delirium of brand new delights. As their heads twisted from side to side Toni and Lee instinctively threw their arms up above their heads and grabbed onto the lowest rail of the headboard, gripping

hard, biceps flexing, as their bodies writhed. Kyle looked at Kevin and both had a gleam in their eyes. They pulled out their fingers and leaned forward, bracing themselves on their hands on either side of the twins' heads.

Their faces were close and there was excitement in the slanted Asian eyes as the twins sensed that something new was in the air. Kyle bit the bullet and picked his words carefully as he asked, "Guys there's something that turns us on a lot and maybe you might I mean you don't have to if you don't want to, of course but, have ever been, like tied up?"

With a sharp intake of breath Lee and Toni looked at each other then back up at the twins. "No," Lee replied, "but we've often talked about it. We once tried it between ourselves but it was a mess and just made us laugh."

"Yeah," Kyle said, "well a guy has to know what he's doing, and Randy always drums into us that you have to really trust a guy. And you can trust us 'cause we're the same as you, plus we have a lot of experience. We were taught by Randy and he's the best. Matter of fact, as soon as we got here today the other guys went out and I tied Kevin to this very bed here and fucked his ass. It was great, eh bro?" Kevin nodded enthusiastically.

"You did?" said Toni, his eyes wide. "Right here on this bed?" Their eyes shone and at once there was a tacit understanding.

"Can you give us a hand, guys?" Kyle said to Ben and Eddie, who had been listening with mounting excitement. Eddie put down the camera and said, "Leave it to us, dudes." He ran next door and rummaged in the discarded clothes, then returned to the bedroom holding up the four neckties the boys had worn at dinner. "Here, these will do fine. They'll get screwed up but who cares? We're not gonna be needing them again for ages – years probably."

"Do you know how to do Randy's escape knot?" Kyle asked.

"Hey, I'm Hassan's boy remember? He taught me all that shit." Eddie and Ben went to work.

A few minutes later the two boys were back by the wall watching the action, Eddie holding the camera and Ben holding his dick – and stroking it.

Kyle and Kevin were looking down into the anxious faces of the Chinese twins, pulling at their bound wrists. Their arms were stretched up and out in a V, one wrist tied to the headboard at the corner of the bed, their other wrist tied to their brother's and attached to the center of the headboard. Bound as they were, they managed hold hands for fraternal support. Ben and Eddie had huge boners as they looked at the pornographic sight of two identical Asian twins, their lithe young bodies spread-eagled, writhing side by side at the mercy of the muscular American brothers kneeling over them.

“How’s that feel,” asked Kevin with concern?” Lee forced a grin as he replied, “Weird, actually. Kinda scary.” Kevin leaned forward and said, “Here, look at this.” He reached up to Lee’s outer wrist and pulled at a loose end of the tie. Instantly the tie fell loose and the wrist was free. “See, that’s Randy famous escape knot. If you panic I can free you in a second. Also you have to have a safe word in case you want us to stop.”

Toni, now feeling more excited than scared said, “How about ‘Randy’? His name keeps coming up a lot.” Kevin smiled, “OK, Randy it is the boss would like that.” He re-tied Lee’s wrist.

Ben had put a tub of lubricant on the bedside table and Kyle scooped out a generous wad and gave half to his brother. They slathered it on their cocks, pulled the twins’ legs over their shoulders and pressed the heads of their cocks against the smooth holes. The Chinese boys held their breaths, but the twins took their time. A little teasing would make them more eager.

“So you’ve never let any man shove his dick inside you,” Kyle said, “except each other, right? So are you sure you want this? We’ve got pretty big cocks, maybe too big for your tight holes. Maybe we should cum just like this.”

“No,” said Lee with a hint of panic, pulling at his restraints. “We do want it ... we do.”

“What do you want, boy?” Kyle asked, with a harder edge to his voice.

“We want your cocks inside us ... all the way in. You’re so beautiful. Please, sir Please fuck my ass.”

Hearing that, Ben pounded his cock hard as he watched Kevin say, “You know why we’re doing this, guys because you’re just like us. We love to take it in the ass and so will you.” He looked at Kyle and they kissed as they always did before fucking. Then they smiled at the bound twins and Kevin said softly, “Here it comes, boys ... you’re gonna love it.”

Kevin was right. They were very gentle as they eased their rods over the sphincter and let them rest so the twins could get used to them. “That feel OK?” Kevin asked.

Toni smiled. “It feels what you say here? totally awesome. Please, fuck me Kevin. Let me watch your beautiful body fuck me.”

Again everyone moved in complete harmony. As the twins pulled their hips back and slid their long shafts in and out of the warm, tight holes, Lee and Toni raised their asses to meet them, urging them to push deeper. Kyle and his brother increased the tempo and had the Chinese boys moaning in ecstasy. “Oh,” Lee gasped, “that feels so beautiful. Please keep doing it, guys. You look so good over us don’t stop, please.”

The bound twins instinctively wanted to touch the gorgeous chests rising and falling over them and pulled helplessly at their wrists. But the frustration of being at the twins' mercy only increased their excitement and they surrendered themselves entirely to these muscular, golden American boys. Kyle and Kevin gently lowered the twins' legs off their shoulders and onto the bed and the Asian boys lifted up their asses to better receive the cocks moving implacably inside them, faster now like a piston gathering speed.

The twins reached forward and twisted their captives' nipples in their fingers, making their bodies thrash from side to side, their muscles flexing, rippling under their thin skin, making them pull more frantically at their restraints. They were going wild and Lee pleaded, "Please, sir, we want to touch your bodies as you are touching ours. Please allow us to do that."

"Nothing easier," Kyle grinned. He and Kevin reached forward and pulled at the ties, which unraveled from both wrists and set them free. The Chinese twins instantly reached up and stroked the nipples of the boys fucking them. There were gasps from the side of the room as Ben and Eddie watched enthralled. It was the perfect meeting of East and West as the pale, exotic Chinese twins submitted to the American brothers, two gorgeous, muscular young bucks ploughing their asses, showing them just how American boys fuck.

It was clear to Ben and Eddie that the end was near. None of the four could hold out much longer – and neither could they. "Come on, kid," whispered Ben to Eddie. "Let's help them bring it home. You with me?"

"Damn right," Eddie beamed. "Bring it home – I like the sound of that. Just let me take care of this." He placed the camera on a table, adjusting it so that it was perfectly focused in a wide angle shot of the bed. They quickly shed their clothes and silently moved behind the twins, unnoticed by any of them, so engrossed were the twins in each other. But the boys soon got their attention. Kyle and Kevin were smiling down at the twins, pounding their asses when suddenly "aagh!" each one felt a rod piercing his ass from behind.

"Thought we'd give you a hand," Ben shouted in Kyle's ear. "He means a cock," laughed Eddie ... 'two of them, actually.' The shock drove the twins' cocks suddenly deeper into the asses of the other twins whose arms flew upward. Kyle and Kevin fell forward and clamped their hands over the Chinese boys' biceps above their heads, pinning them to the bed.

When Lee and Toni recovered from the shock they saw over the twins' shoulders the excited faces of Ben and Eddie and realized they were pounding the asses of the boys who were fucking theirs. "OK, guys," Ben said, his black gypsy hair flying wildly. "We'll show you something else about our group. We can make you bust your load without even touching your cock. Get ready, kids, we're in control now. You've never felt anything like this."

Fortunately the camera caught it all. This, as Darius would say, was one for the archives. Ben and Eddie grinned at each other and really piled it on, hammering the twins' asses and forcing them to pound the Chinese boys. Lee and Toni were flying in a fantasy world as they saw the

four faces over them dripping with sweat. These were the proper, well behaved young boys they had courteously served at dinner, and now here they were getting their asses jack-hammered by all four of young American studs.

Ben had been right. The Chinese twins needed no hands they couldn't stop themselves. They stared up wild-eyed at the four beautiful boys above them, felt their asses getting pounded by the twins – by all four of them – and they lost all of their natural inhibitions in a scream that echoed round the room.

“That’s it,” Eddie yelled. “Bring it home, guys.....!”

The mass orgasm was epic. The Asian boys’ cocks exploded, pouring stream after stream of jism over their own chests and faces, as they felt Kyle and Kevin blast their loads deep in their asses and watched the twins howl as Ben and Eddie pumped loads inside them. There followed the sound of heaving breaths and beating hearts as the tableau of entwined young flesh became still as a marble statue.

Suddenly Ben and Eddie yanked their cocks out of the twins’ asses and the twins did the same. In seconds they were standing beside the bed, Kyle and Ben on one side, Kevin and Eddie on the other. “You got any left, guys?” grinned Ben as they all stared down at the shell-shocked, exhausted Asian brothers. The twins said in unison, “For these guys? Of course.”

They stroked their cocks and blasted one last stream of juice down onto the already cum-soaked young bodies. There was a long silence and then suddenly the room shook not with screams but with laughter. The boys all collapsed in a heap on the bed, sliding together on the pools of cum they had all poured out, filling the room with the jubilant laughter of six beautiful young men who had just had mind-blowing sex.

Meanwhile, in the men’s bedroom, the atmosphere was nothing short of smug. Bob, Jason, and Hassan had brought in their glasses and the brandy bottle, unbuttoned their shirts and let them flop open. They sank into armchairs with self-satisfied smiles on their faces and Bob expressed what they were all feeling. “Well, I think our boys were champs tonight – the young gentlemen we hoped they would be, looking so cool in their jackets and ties.”

“Yeah, but what impressed me,” Jason said, “was that, as well behaved as they were, they never lost their own youthful high-spirits. They weren’t cowed by their surroundings. Under those fancy clothes Ben was still the hot young gypsy boy I’m crazy about.”

“Even Eddie,” Hassan grinned, “even though he can talk a mile a minute and sometimes puts his foot in his mouth. But he carried it off. Who’d have thought that only a few hours earlier the ‘young gentleman’ had been whacking off over the hotel balcony, spraying the City of Chicago with his jizz?”

“Yeah,” Bob grinned, “kinda reminds me of myself. Many’s the time I have sat at a board meeting, all correct in my business suite, staring round at those up-tight faces and thinking, “Shit, if you guys could only see me a few hours ago, tied up naked getting worked over by Randy, the big, sweaty construction worker I’m nuts about.”

Amid howls of laughter Hassan said, “But seriously, I’m impressed by the way Eddie has evolved from that shy, naïve young boy, how he’s come out of his shell and become the cheeky, outspoken kid of the group. Don’t know how that transformation happened so fast.”

“Oh you don’t?” said Bob, tongue in cheek. “Maybe becoming the boy of a handsome stud Marine had something to do with it? *You* are what transformed him, buddy. He’s Hassan’s boy, for god’s sake, and he’s in heaven.”

Jason punched Bob in the arm and laughed, “You should talk, big-guy. Hell, what about those twins of yours? Have you ever seen anything hotter than those gorgeous Chinese boys kneeling in front of your guys sucking their dicks”? It was so fucking homoerotic. Good thing Eddie got it on video. Darius is gonna come unglued when he sees it.”

“Yeah, and god knows what they’re up to right now,” Hassan grinned at Bob. “But what’s more on my mind right now is you, buddy. We said we’re in your debt for arranging this extravaganza. All we have to decide is how we’re gonna repay that debt.” He nudged Jason. “Guess we better let Bob decide that, eh, buddy? One thing’s for sure, we can’t leave all the action to the boys. I bet they’re steaming up that room already.”

Bob stood up and faced them, large brandy glass in hand. They were all a bit drunk by this time and Bob looked at them unsteadily. “So,” he said, “it’s up to me to choose my reward, you say. Pity there are no hot guys round here ‘cause I could just fuck their asses and go to bed.” He was greeted by howls of derision from the fireman and the soldier, two of the more gorgeous men on the planet.

“Well, either way,” Bob continued, “looks like I’m in for some action so I guess I better get ready.” He walked over to the entertainment console, pressed the search button and finally breathed, “perfect,” coming to rest on some hot, steamy jazz. He dimmed the lights a bit, came back and stood facing the guys who sprawled in armchairs about a dozen feet in front of him.

He took another slug of brandy and, with the jazz playing sensuously in the background, threw his arms out to the sides with a “Ta-da!” He was looking even hotter than usual, still wearing his well-tailored suit pants and white dress shirt, open over his chest, his red tie hanging loosely round his collar.

“Behold,” he said, swaying a bit. “This is the hot young Senior Vice-President you see before you – though if you crash my board meeting next week and tell those stuff-shirt board members

about this I'll deny every word and have you thrown out." He frowned. "Though come to think of it, you guys would be more than a match for our security guards."

Amid the ribald laughter Jason yelled, "Hey, cut the crap, big guy, and take it off," unleashing a chant by both men of "Take it off Take it off."

Bob jabbed his glass at them and, slurring slightly, said, "Be careful what you wish for, assholes. I did this for Randy the night before I came here and made him bust a monster load." Bob took a last big swig of brandy, put the glass down and grinned at them. In time to the music he slowly jerked his tie out from under his collar, it fell free and he tossed it to Jason who licked it extravagantly and deftly tied it round his own neck.

Next came the shirt. Bob undid the rest of the buttons while pacing the room, then pulled out one side from the waistband, then the other, and shrugged his shoulders seductively until the shirt fell off. More cheers and laughter as Hassan and Jason gazed at the muscular business executive stripped to the waist and started to rub the bulges in their pants.

Bob kicked off his loafers sending them flying across the room, then planted a foot in Hassan's lap for him to pull off the sock. He did the same for Jason to remove the other sock, then went back to the middle of the room, pulled his belt from his pants and threw it at Hassan who buckled it loosely round his own neck. Bob pulled down his zip and jerked his hips until his pants fell and pooled round his ankles. He stepped out of them and faced the guys wearing just his usual white boxers.

To redoubled cheers he pulled the shorts down slowly and let them drop, releasing his long cock that sprang out as proud as a flagpole. Again he spread out his arms in triumph and the guys stared in awe at the flawless, muscular body and chiseled features of the dark-haired Superman standing naked before them. They pulled their hands off their crotches as they were both on the verge of cumming in their pants, and they wanted to save it. The show wasn't over yet, and they suspected that they may be next up.

Bob refilled his brandy glass and sat on the bed, his back leaning against the head-board. "OK, guys, let's see what you got." Hassan and Jason stood up facing him. Each one's shirt was hanging open loosely and they shrugged them off, though Jason kept the tie round his neck and Hassan the belt round his. They flexed their arms at their sides and their pecs, as if presenting themselves for inspection, which in a way they were.

Like a naked potentate Bob sipped his brandy and appraised the shirtless men offering themselves before him. "OK," he said, "I've got my choice of a fireman and a Marine – and I take back what I said earlier about not having any hot men in the room. You two are abso-fucking-lutely gorgeous. Makes the choice real hard, so I'm gonna leave it to you.

“Yessir,” they slurred in unison with a drunken salute and a broad grin.

“I wanna watch you compete in a trial of strength – nothing elaborate – a simple arm-wrestling contest. And you can guess what happens to the loser. He gets his ass ploughed by the Senior Vice President here. Superman!”

Hassan and Jason were really into this and set it up quickly. They pulled a small table to the foot of the bed and placed a chair on each side, sideways on to Bob so he had a full view. They sat facing each other and Jason said to Hassan. “Don’t know why you bother, stud, you might as well quit right now. You know I was champ in the Southern California firemen’s arm-wrestling league. You don’t stand a chance.”

“That so, eh?” Hassan grinned. “Well I’d bet on a Marine over a firefighter any day. We do this kinda stuff all the time, and those guys are real tough. Have to be to be a U.S. Marine.”

“OK, guys, cut the crap and get ready,” Bob ordered. “Put your muscle where your mouth is.”

The guys planted their right elbows on the table and locked hands, palms together, curling their thumb and fingers round in a vise-like grip. They stared defiantly into each other’s eyes and waited. Bob’s cock was rock hard as he stared at the two muscle-god contestants. He paused, then barked, “Now!”

He stroked his cock as he watched the muscled biceps and shoulders flex hard, taking the strain. They were virtually motionless for a while as they were so evenly matched in strength and determination. Both men would have welcomed Bob’s cock in their ass but that would have meant losing and their pride was too great to suffer that humiliation in front of the man they idolized. The brandy didn’t help. They had both arm-wrestled drunk before in the macho atmosphere of the off-duty firehouse and the Marine camp, but it sure sapped their strength

Bob guessed much of this and taunted them. “I know you both want my dick in your ass, guys, and you’re both drunk as skunks, but no throwing the match, you hear?”

They weren’t about to. They exerted all their strength, and suddenly Jason made his move, howling as he forced Hassan’s arm back toward the table. The both shuddered with intense effort and Hassan’s hand was almost touching the table when he found a reserve of strength and forced Jason’s arm back into the upright position. From then on it became a test of wills rather than strength as the men stared defiantly into each other’s eyes, psyching each other out.

Adrenaline sobered them up a bit and sweat poured down their faces – the dark-skinned, black-haired Arab soldier and the square-jawed blond fireman – and it was all Bob could do to hold back from blasting his load as he watched mesmerized. It looked as if the match might go on forever but then one of them saw the other’s eyes flinch and that was it. With a sudden thrust he forced his rival’s arm back and slammed the back of his fist on the table.

“Shit ... shit ... shit.” Jason buried his face in his arm in defeat. Hassan leapt to his feet in triumph, shouting, “I win, stud, but at least you get the consolation price of having your ass reamed by our good buddy here. Better prepare yourself, man.” Hassan stripped naked and fell on his back on the bed beside Bob, each of them leaning against the headboard with their hands linked behind their heads, watching.

Still smarting from his defeat Jason at least recognized that he had an audience, something that always turned him on, narcissist that he was. So he stood up and faced them, shirtless but with the tie still round his neck, instinctively flexing his muscles in an erotic display of his flawless physique.

He raised his arms and flexed his biceps in a classic bodybuilder pose, turned around and flared his back, showing off his rippling muscles. But what caught the guys' attention was the perfect mounds of his ass straining against the fine fabric of his dress slacks. “Come on, man, you know what we wanna see,” chided Bob. Hassan said, “You lost, buddy. You know you gotta do it. Bob here owns that sweet ass of yours.”

Without turning round Jason kicked off his shoes, unbuckled his belt, opened his pants and let them drop. He was wearing pale blue briefs that stretched breathtakingly over the twin globes of his magnificent ass. “Fuck, I gotta have that,” Bob said. “Take ‘em off big guy.” Jason slid his hands under the briefs and pushed them down, revealing the white mounds of his ass bulging below the tan-line at his slim waist, curving down to another sharp tan-line below his butt.

Unable to control himself anymore Bob leapt up, followed by Hassan, and ran his hands over the rock solid ass-cheeks. “Shit,” he said to Hassan, “have you ever seen an ass like this?”

Hassan grinned, “I sure envy you pushing your rod between those cheeks, buddy. Maybe you'll let me have a piece of the action after you've finished with it. They were like slave-owners inspecting the captive muscle-god before working him over.

Bob turned Jason round to face him and smiled. “Jesus, you're a spectacular-looking guy.” He kissed him on the lips and their tongues searched inside each other's mouths. The gleam in Jason's eyes told Bob that Jason was as turned on as he was. “OK, big guy, on the bed.”

Jason obeyed and the guys looked down at the muscular fireman lying naked on the bed. Well, almost naked. He was still wearing the tie round his neck and hadn't taken off the black socks he had been wearing. Hassan said, “Jesus that looks hot – just like a guy in uniform who's been made to strip naked except for his socks and tie. Here, let me pin him down for you.”

Hassan, the belt still looped round his neck, climbed onto the bed and knelt behind Jason's head. He pulled Jason's arms up and knelt on his palms, pinning them to the bed.

Jason looked up at Bob and twisted his body as if trying to escape but in reality showing off his stunning body. Bob knelt between his legs and Jason taunted him. “Shit, man, you’re so drunk you won’t be able to get it up.”

Bob grinned down at him. “That so? You’re full of it, buddy. You know damn well you’re so fucking gorgeous that any man who can’t get a hard-on for you is either comatose – or dead.” Jason smiled at the compliment. “Here look at this,” Bob said, holding up his rock-hard cock and spitting on it. “Man, drunk or not, I coulda cum half a dozen times just looking at you and now I’m so stoked I’ll probably bust a load as soon as my dick’s in your ass. Hey, soldier,” he said to Hassan, “grab a hold o’ these.”

He pushed Jason’s legs up and Hassan reached forward and grabbed the black socks round the ankles. He slid the belt from round his neck and buckled it round the fireman’s ankles. He held the end in one fist and yanked the legs back so hard the ass was fully exposed to Bob’s lustful gaze.

Bob spat in the ass and pressed the head of his cock against the hole’s soft fuzz of golden hair. He leaned forward and planted the palms of his hands on the slabs of Jason’s chest, smiling down at him. “Been a long time since we did this, buddy. You’re so fucking gorgeous – a blond god – and it’s a privilege to do this.”

Jason moaned as Bob eased his dick into the furnace of his ass, pushing without pause until it was pressing against the soft membrane deep inside. He reached one hand forward, grabbed the tie round Jason’s neck and pulled his head up off the bed while he fucked his ass. Jason struggled but he was a helpless captive, like he was hanging from a spit, his hands trapped above him, his face hanging from the tie in Bob’s fist and his bound legs held high by Hassan.

It was like something out of a porn movie, except there had never been one as hot as this – three drunken muscle-studs getting their rocks off, the one like Superman fucking the ass of the blond fireman, pulling on his neck, while the rugged soldier pinned him down.

It was partly the booze but mostly their exploding lust that made their heads spin and they knew they had to shoot their load. “Man, I can’t hold on,” Bob moaned. “Your ass feels so hot and you are so fucking gorgeous I gotta do this.....” He pushed his cock in deep so it passed over the inner sphincter and came to rest in the fiery depths of Jason’s ass. The fireman’s eyes opened wide and he screamed as his cock spurted hot juice upward onto Bob’s chest.

Bob’s cock exploded deep inside Jason with the pent-up eruption of semen that had been building all night. He gazed at Jason spellbound, let his head fall back on the bed, then raised his eyes to Hassan’s. “Your turn, soldier,” he grinned. Hassan eased forward so his balls rested on Jason’s mouth, which was wide open as he took rasping breaths. “Eat those fucking cojones, stud” Hassan growled. “Suck ‘em in your mouth and lick the soldier’s big nuts.”

Hassan winced as his felt Jason's mouth close round his balls. He looked at Bob and said, "I love you man." They both leaned forward until their lips touched and they were grinding their mouths together ravenously. Hassan sucked in the brandy-rich taste of Bob's breath and felt his balls bursting inside Jason's mouth. The Marine's naked body jolted, he screamed into Bob's mouth and shot a monster load of hot jism over the cum-drenched body of the fireman trapped beneath him.

The three drunken buddies collapsed together on the bed side by side, their heads spinning as they gazed up at the ceiling. They even dozed a little until Bob and Hassan stirred and pulled themselves unsteadily to their feet. They looked down at Jason and Bob said. "He's fast asleep, and I'm not surprised. He was so fucking hot. Think he had a good time?"

"Are you kidding, being looked at and worshiped by two men like us – the main attraction, getting worked over by both of us? It's a narcissist's dream. God I love the man. But right now I gotta go out and see if my boy's OK."

"Yeah, me too," Bob said. They quietly left the bedroom and in the living room they saw Eddie and Ben sprawled on a couch dozing in each other's arms. Hearing the men come in they woke with a start and Bob said, "Hey guys, you have fun with the twins – and the twins?"

"It was totally awesome," said Eddie, blurry eyed. "But Ben and me thought the twins would like to be on their own now as all four of them fell asleep with their arms wrapped round each other. We thought we'd sleep out here."

"The hell you will," grinned Hassan. "Eddie, you're coming with me into that extra room. It's our room, yours and mine, and you're gonna sleep with me if you're up for it."

"You bet, sir," Eddie smiled. "But sir, I'm real tired and I'm not sure I could ... you know" Hassan laughed and pulled him to his feet. "Hey kiddo, I'm not gonna fuck you. It's been a long day and I'm exhausted too so I'm just gonna wrap my arms round you and fall asleep. You up for that?"

"You bet, sir," Eddie said again, but cast an anxious glance at Ben. Bob stepped in and said, "Ben, I'm sure you'd like to crawl in bed with Jason, who's fast asleep and would love to feel you beside him. If it's OK I'll come in shortly and join you both. Sure you can handle the two of us?"

"Absolutely, sir." Ben hugged Eddie – "see you tomorrow, dude" – and walked quickly into the bedroom. Hassan grinned at Bob and said, "Spectacular, man – fucking awesome." Then he threw his arm round his boy and they went through the connecting door into the third bedroom.

Left alone Bob suddenly felt bone weary, but he had one more thing to do. He picked up his phone from the table, pressed a button, held the phone to his ear and smiled. “Hey, big guy. Didn’t wake you, did I?”

There was relief in Randy’s voice as he said, “I was just thinking about you buddy. Didn’t wanna call and interrupt anything you were doing.” He let the thought hang like a question.

Bob grinned, knowing his lover well. “As a matter of fact we had a great first day but it’s over and I’m gonna hit the sack. And no, before you ask, I haven’t been fucked – not yet anyway though it’s still in the cards.” The silence at the other end told Bob that Randy was still uneasy with that concept had never quite let go of the idea that he owned Bob’s ass. So Bob said, “But I miss you like crazy, Randy, and I’ll be home in a couple of days.”

“Miss you too, buddy, and I’ve got a few ideas for when you get here. I got something for you.”

Bob chuckled, “You gonna tie me up and whip me like the old days?”

“Close but not exactly,” Randy said, “I might talk about it, though – a lot.”

“You’re not making sense,” Bob laughed. “Guess I’ll have to wait ‘til I get home. By the way, you’ve gotta give the twins some lessons about bondage and knowing a guy’s limits. They’re confused about that and want you to teach them.”

“Glad to,” Randy said. “You know I love those kids as much as you do. Shit, it’ll be good to have the family together again. I miss you, Bob. Guess I already said that, didn’t I?”

“You did, but I like hearing it. I miss you too, and I love you.”

“You know I’m crazy about you, man,” Randy said. “Get some sleep now. ‘Night, kiddo.”

‘Night, Randy.” As Bob shut off the phone he realized that his heart was beating fast and his cock was stiff as a flagpole.

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